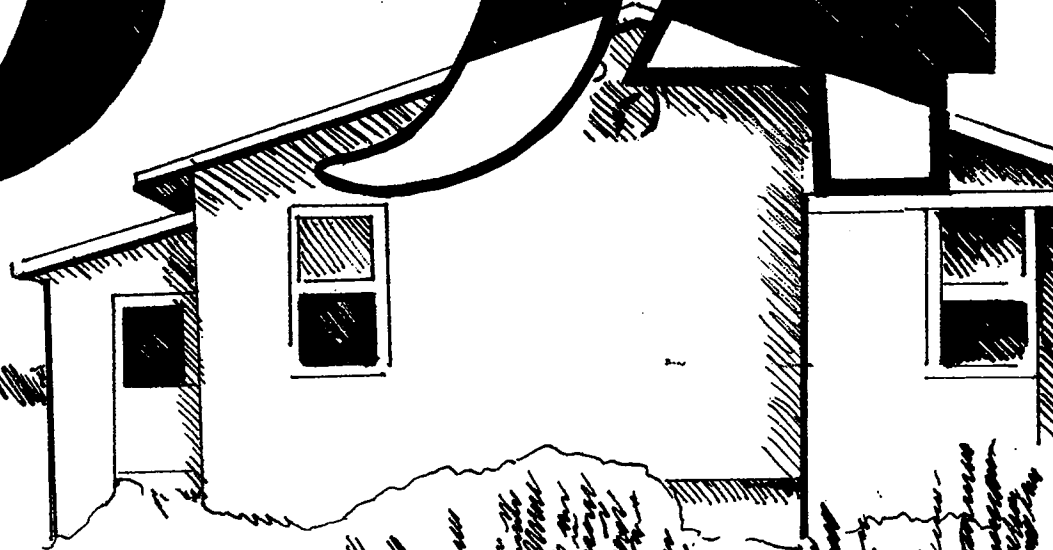
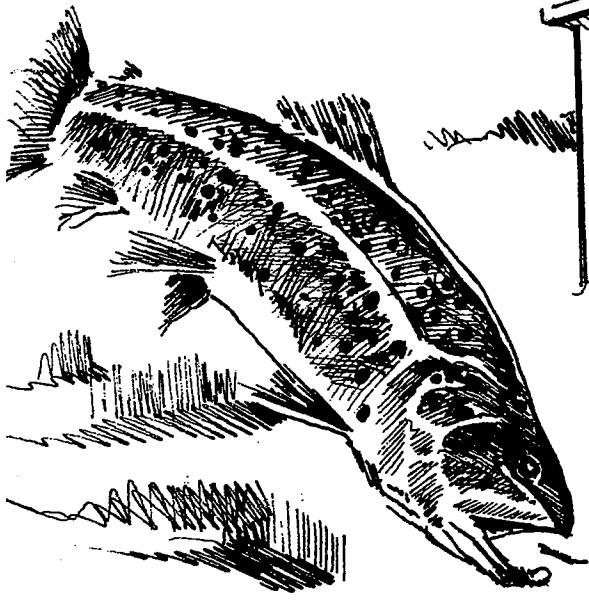


1994



J. Howard '94

Introduction



↑ Doug Runions, President; Ernie Girard, Vice President

Fellow Club Members:

It is an honor to be your President, this the 100th year of the Mad River Club's existence. There have been many presidents before me who managed to keep this club together and going through good times as well as bad.

Behind the leaders of our club stood the members: those who founded, built and maintained this outstanding organization. I must thank you, the sportsmen and sportswomen who came before us, and you, the members of today.

This book traces our history from when the Mad River Club was merely an idea to the strong and vibrant

organization it has become. It takes us down a road that you dream of on watch, when the big buck actually does materialize.

So read, look, and remember the members before us, as we hope those over the next 100 years will remember us!

*Doug Runions
President
Mad River Club, 1994*

Editors

Ben Gardiner
Allison Kanaley
Yvonne Petrie
Chuck Parker

Layout and Design

Mitchell Printing Co.
Allison Kanaley

Cover

Tarrant "Ginny"
Hovendow

A Few Words From the Centennial Committee

It is an honor and a privilege for us to present to you, our fellow members, The Mad River Club 1994 Centennial Yearbook. We have endeavored to produce as accurate and complete a publication as possible. From our standpoint, the opportunity for us to research the history of our Club was one not to be missed. It was entertaining, educational, and inspiring. We are grateful for having the chance to assist in preserving the Club's history for the benefit of future generations of Mad River Club members. Indeed, the process has deepened our respect for the Club as an organization, the beautiful hunting grounds we occupy, and each and every member, past and present.

Many of our colleagues in the Club have contributed stories, memories, photographs, and advertisements. We thank all of you for your contributions to the Yearbook regardless of what form they have taken. The support of the Club leadership and the membership has been invaluable. Try as we have to be thorough, there are no doubt some members whose stories or accomplishments should have been included, but, for one reason or another, were left out. For any such oversights, we sincerely apologize.

It is a remarkable achievement for a sportsmen's club, such as ours, to have not only survived, but to have flourished for 100 years. How different the world was in 1894; a time of horses and buggies, gaslights, and outdoor plumbing. What a period of history that our Club has passed through! We were merely four years old when the Spanish-American War broke out. When we were nine years old in 1903, the Wright Brothers made their historic flight at Kitty Hawk. The Club survived World War I, Prohibition, and the Great Depression. In our 50th year, 1944, the world was deeply embroiled in its second world war. Our first 50 years saw many wondrous things: elec-

tric lights, automobiles, radio and TV, motion pictures, Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig, to name just a few. In our second 50 years, we witnessed the dawning of the atomic age and went to war again in Korea and Vietnam. By our 75th anniversary in 1969, we watched an American walk on the Moon. How far we have come! Such is history, a never ending succession of events: many good, many not so good.

Paralleling the flow of world history, the Mad River Club has lived its own history. We hope that you enjoy this journey into our past, but while you explore the rich heritage that is our past, never lose sight of the fact that events, in our Club, in our Country, in the World, do not stand still. Enjoy our look at the past, learn from the mistakes we have made, and keep an eye on the horizon ahead for the events and forces that will shape our "future history." Many forces of change threaten the outdoor sports we love and, perhaps, the very existence of our Club. We, the current and future members of the Mad River Club, must take a pro-active approach to those forces of change and meet them head-on.... more importantly we must "head them off" before they can become significant.

We must take inspiration from the achievements of the members of the past, work hard in unity such that our second 100 years may be as rich as our first!

Sincerely,

The Centennial Committee

*Chuck Parker
Ben Gardiner
Chuck Kinne*

*I shall pass through this life but once.
If, therefore, there is any kindness
I can show, Or any good I can do any
Fellow being, Let it be now!
Let me not deter or neglect it,
For I shall not pass this way again.*

Author unknown

*Congratulations to the Mad River Club,
George and Gertrude Lane*

JEFF-COMM

Burrville, New York

315-786-0000

COMPLETE CELLULAR SERVICE

Congratulations!

LUMBER

**Gutchess Lumber Company, Inc.**

Manufacturers of HARDWOOD LUMBER

Forestry Division

P.O. Box 5478 McLean Road

Cortland, New York 13045

607/ 756-8233

FAX: 607/ 756-9269

Mad River Club
P.O. Box 171
Pulaski, New York 13142

March 8, 1994

Introductory Note:

We would like to take this opportunity to openly write to all of the members and leadership of your club so that you may get to know more about our company. We sincerely congratulate your clubs strength and endurance of 100 years and growing. We wish you good health and success in future activities.

Cortland Wood Products and Gutchess Lumber Co. of Cortland, N.Y. are proud to have such a fine club lease 12,000 + acres of our Tug Hill timberlands located in the cold water region. This certainly is the ideal location for your interests in fishing, hunting and recreational purposes.

A large portion of this land was acquired in October of 1987 from the Lyons Falls Pulp & Paper Co. with long term forestry interests being our primary goal and commitment. From 1988 to the present time we have enjoyed our relationship with your club in supporting many of our activities such as: harvesting timber-pulp & cull trees, rebuilding main truck trails, building a permanent ford (crossing the Mad River), encouraging fair & equitable tax assessor surveillance, road gate installations and the aerial spraying to control excessive forest tent caterpillar tree defoliation. Looking to the future, we are very mindful of all our resources and welcome your continued wise use of our deer herds and keeping them under control in the browse areas. We certainly want to encourage more beaver control as they have been very destructive to the timber base and vegetation growth. We seek protection for the fisher as to help control the porcupine. We thank you for your stocking of fish in the rivers and keeping our lands unpolluted of waste items. It is always a pleasure to inspect these timberlands as you are all good keepers of the land. Good forest health certainly compliments our wildlife habitat also.

LUMBER

**Gutchess Lumber Company, Inc.**

Manufacturers of HARDWOOD LUMBER

Forestry Division

P.O. Box 5478 McLean Road

Cortland, New York 13045

607/ 756-8233

FAX: 607/ 756-9269

As your club is enjoying its 100th. year of service to the sportsmen and sportswomen, our company is working in our 101st. year as a leader in the Hardwood Lumber Manufacturing business. We own and maintain many thousands of acres of central New York's finest timberlands. In the mid 1970's we began purchasing Tug Hill timberlands and since then these investments have been improved by good resource management practices. As you are aware, our lands are not harvested heavily but are harvested for sustained yield productivity. This reflects in our company's ability to purchase with many millions of dollars annually the standing timber and logs needed to sustain our manufacturing demands. We are always in a strong competitive position to purchase from individual, town, State and Federally owned timber, logs or timberlands within a 150 mile radius of Cortland. We also pay finders fees to people supplying us good information pertaining to the purchasing of these commodities. Our strong forestry staff, timber harvesters, log buyers and site preparation crews are some of the best professionals in the industry.

I thank you for this pleasure of writing to you. We look forward to many years ahead as being supportive to your interests and being good neighbors to all in the Tug Hill area.

Sincerely,

Keith E. Gutchess
Vice President
Gutchess Lumber Co., Inc.



THE ASSEMBLY
STATE OF NEW YORK
ALBANY

FRANCES T. SULLIVAN
Assemblywoman 117th District

ALBANY OFFICE
Room 529
Legislative Office Building
Albany, New York 12248
(518) 455-5841

DISTRICT OFFICE
200 N. Second Street
Fulton, New York 13069
(315) 598-5185

HANKING MINORITY MEMBER
Committee on Energy

COMMITTEES
Agriculture
Education

MINORITY TASK FORCE
Life Care Communities

January 21, 1994

Mr. Chuck Parker
RD #1, Box 447, Co. Rt. 40
Mexico, New York 13114

Dear Mr. Parker: *Chuck*

It is my great privilege to have been invited to contribute in the special project commemorating the 100th anniversary of the founding of the Mad River Club. Enclosed please find a New York State Assembly Citation in recognition of this momentous occasion.

Having had the opportunity to attend a meeting of the Mad River Club, I know first hand that the members are a special group of individuals who are truly committed to sportsmen ideals and practices and to the conservation of the natural resources of the State of New York. I am grateful for your continued support and advice on issues of importance to sportsmen and to our area.

Congratulations and best wishes to all.

Sincerely,

FRANCES T. SULLIVAN
Assemblywoman 117th District

FTS:clm
Enclosure



New York State Assembly Citation

Whereas, The Mad River Club which is celebrating its One-Hundredth Anniversary in nineteen hundred ninety-four has been and continues to be a positive and influential force for sportsmen locally and throughout New York State; and

Whereas, The Mad River Club is the second oldest Sportsmen Club in New York State and is an active and distinguished member of the Oswego County Federation of Sportsmen's Clubs; and

Whereas, The Mad River Club is located on 12,000 acres of land in the Town of Lacona, Oswego County, New York, and on its property are facilities including rifle range bunkers and lighted trap-shooting areas, hunting and fishing lands, ATV and snowmobile riding, cross country skiing and camping; and

Whereas, The Mad River Club has provided its 250 plus membership with a large, fully equipped clubhouse for monthly meetings and club functions as well as organizing family outings and social events including picnics, dinners, Big Buck Contests, Club Deer Hunts, and rifle raffles; and

Whereas, In keeping with its goals, the Mad River Club is involved with the youth of the community in providing hunter safety and education programs; sponsoring participants each year in the Department of Environmental Conservation Summer Camp; as well as holding annual ice and trout fishing derbies; and

Whereas, The Mad River Club, promotes interest in hunting, fishing and other natural sports; in addition, the Club serves as a leader and advocate in advancing the protection, preservation and conservation of birds, fish, game and all of our natural resources; and

Whereas, In 1994, a yearbook which includes various letters of commendation from State and Federal elected officials, articles, short stories, anecdotes and photos will be completed, and events will be held in honor and celebration of the Mad River Club's Centennial; now, therefore, be it

Resolved, that I, Frances T. Sullivan, Member of the New York State Assembly, do hereby issue this Citation, to offer my sincere Congratulations to the officers, members and supporters of the Mad River Club on the grand celebration of its 100th Anniversary.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Frances T. Sullivan".
Assemblywoman, 117th District

**NEW YORK
STATE
SENATE**



JAMES W. WRIGHT
SENATOR 46TH DISTRICT

ROOM 814
LEGISLATIVE OFFICE BUILDING
ALBANY, NY 12247
(518) 455-2346

CHAIRMAN
ADMINISTRATIVE REGULATIONS
RIVER W. COMMISSION

CHAIRMAN
STATE MAJORITY TASK FORCE ON
DEFENSE SPENDING

COMMITTEE MEMBER
FOREIGN AFFAIRS
ENERGY
LOCAL GOVERNMENT
SOUTH RECREATION AND
COUNTRY DEVELOPMENT
VETERANS

June 29, 1993

Dear Chuck:

Just a brief note to extend my sincere
congratulations on the up and coming 100th
Anniversary of the Mad River Club Historians.

I would like to take this opportunity to say that
I'm looking forward to working with you on issues of
mutual concern. Furthermore, enclosed please find a
1993-94 Red Book and a 1993 State Directory. I hope
these are helpful in obtaining the information you need
for your Year Book.

Again, congratulations and best wishes.

Sincerely,

JWW:kvh

Mr. Chuck Parker
Historian Mad River Club
R.D. 1, Box 447
Mexico, New York 13114



STATE OF NEW YORK
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER
ALBANY 12224

MARIO M. CUOMO
GOVERNOR

February 8, 1994

Dear Friends:

It is a pleasure to offer my warmest greetings and congratulations to the members of the Mad River Club as you celebrate your 100th anniversary as a hunting and fishing club.

As the Mad River Club's members well know, enjoyment of hunting and fishing is among New York's most longstanding traditions. Responsible stewardship of our natural resources, excellent management of our fish and wildlife and a deep appreciation of these treasures comprise the essence of sportsmanship in our state. It is precisely because these values have been passed from one generation to the next that enjoyment of our fish and wildlife and the sports they support have endured for so many generations.

Your members have every reason to be proud of their participation in the history of the Mad River Club as you mark this milestone. Please accept my best wishes for a successful celebration.

Sincerely,

Mario M. Cuomo

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

January 6, 1994

I am delighted to honor the Mad River Club as you celebrate your 100th anniversary.

One of the most rewarding of human experiences is the coming together of people to share common experiences and interests. For 100 years, the Mad River Club has maintained and built upon the wonderful legacy of your founders. The strength of your organization today is a testament to the vision of your founders and to your commitment to your shared goals.

I congratulate you on your achievement, and I extend best wishes for many years of continuing success.

Bill Clinton

**NEW YORK
STATE
SENATE**

ALBANY, NEW YORK 12247



RALPH J. MARINO
SENATOR, 5TH DISTRICT
PRESIDENT PRO TEM
AND
MAJORITY LEADER
PLEASE REPLY TO

☐ STATE SENATE
ALBANY, NEW YORK 12247
(518) 455-2392

☐ DISTRICT OFFICE
220 TOWNSEND SQUARE
OYSTER BAY, LONG ISLAND
NEW YORK 11771
(516) 922-1811

☐ 1785 NEW YORK AVENUE
HUNTINGTON STATION, LONG ISLAND
NEW YORK 11746
(516) 674-4550

June 29, 1993

Mr. Chuck Parker
R.D. #1, Box 447
Mexico, New York 13114

Dear Mr. Parker:

Please extend my warmest congratulations to the membership of the Mad River Club upon the occasion of the centenary anniversary of the founding of your organization.

Your membership inherit and embody many of the most important ideals which helped our ancestors build this great Empire State but which are, unfortunately, sometimes forgotten in the rush of modern life. A love of nature, self-reliance, good sportsmanship and the spirit of companionship and cooperation between young and old are some of the many outstanding character traits which organizations like the Mad River Club help to renew and to perpetuate from one generation to the next.

As custodians of such traditions, the members of the Mad River Club can be justifiably proud of their Club's history and its accomplishments in this milestone anniversary year.

As the Mad River Club embarks on a second century of service to its members, I commend its achievements and offer my very best wishes for its continued success.

Sincerely,

Ralph J. Marino

RJM:bc:mac

Enclosures

**NEW YORK
STATE
SENATE**

ALBANY, NEW YORK 12247



NANCY LARRAINE HOFFMANN
SENATOR 48TH DISTRICT

PLEASE RESPOND TO:

☐ ALBANY OFFICE
ROOM 606
LEGISLATIVE OFFICE BUILDING
ALBANY, NEW YORK 12247
(518) 455-2665
☐ STATE OFFICE BUILDING
SYRACUSE, NEW YORK 13202
(315) 428-4107

February 11, 1994

Mr. Chuck Parker, Historian
Mad River Sportsmen Club
RD #1, Box 447
Mexico, New York 13114

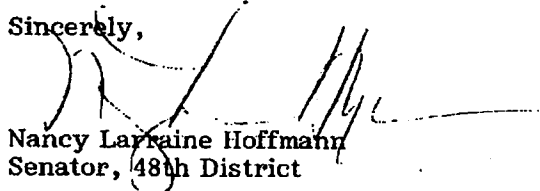
Dear Mr. Parker:

Congratulations to the Mad River Sportsmen's Club on having achieved this outstanding milestone of 100 years of outstanding activity.

I have long been both a participant and supporter of the rights and goals of sportsmen and women in New York State. Your club, along with other sportsmen's clubs in my district, show concern about the environment and for the safety measures necessary for responsible sportsmanship.

It is my pleasure to participate in the yearbook commemorating your 100th year. I extend my best wishes for the second successful 100 year period.

Sincerely,


Nancy Lorraine Hoffmann
Senator, 48th District

NLH/kg



THE ASSEMBLY
STATE OF NEW YORK
ALBANY

MICHAEL J. BRAGMAN
Assemblyman 18th District

305 South Main Street
North Syracuse, New York 13212
(315) 452-1044

Room 830
Legislative Office Building
Albany, New York 12248
(518) 455-4567

CHAIRMAN
Transportation Committee
Subcommittee on
Wildlife Management

COMMITTEES
Environmental Conservation
Local Governments
Tourism, Arts & Sports
Development
Rules

September 9, 1993

Chuck Parker
Historian
Mad River Club
RD #1, Box 447
Mexico, New York 13114

Dear Chuck:

I would like to extend my congratulations to the active and life members of the Mad River Club on the momentous occasion of the Club's 100th anniversary.

As Chairman of the Assembly Subcommittee on Wildlife Management, I am pleased to know that distinguished sportsmen organizations such as the Mad River Club continue to prosper. Your commitment to our State's wildlife and natural resources is to be commended. Please be assured of my continued support for issues important to the Mad River Club in the months and years ahead.

Again, all best wishes to the Club members, and if I can be of assistance in any way, please do not hesitate to call on me.

Kindest personal regards to all.

Very truly yours,

Michael J. Bragman
Member of Assembly

MJB/djv

H. Douglas Barclay
6871 Port Road
Pulaski, New York 13142

February 9, 1994

Mr. Charles Parker
RD #1 Box 447
Mexico, New York 13114

Dear Chuck:

I send my deepest and hardest congratulations to the Mad River Club on its 100th anniversary. It's an outstanding occasion, and I have been privileged to be a member for so many years. The Club has had a long and illustrious history, and I feel close to the Club since my Grandfather also was a member more than 70 years ago.

The Club has provided great sportsmanship and camaraderie throughout the years and has put the sportsman's interest first. I have had great times with members such as John Snyder, Dave Lee and Floyd Nolan. The members are the strength of the Club and that has allowed it to exist for 100 years. I know the Club will continue to exist another 100 years and service the sportsman equally as well.

Best regards.

Sincerely,



H. Douglas Barclay

HDB:bb

JOHN M. McHUGH
24TH DISTRICT, NEW YORK

416 CANNON HOUSE OFFICE BUILDING
WASHINGTON, DC 20515-3224

TELEPHONE
202-225-4811



**COMMITTEE ON
ARMED SERVICES**

Subcommittee on Military
Installations and Facilities
Subcommittee on Oversight
and Investigations

**COMMITTEE ON
GOVERNMENT OPERATIONS**

Subcommittee on Environment,
Energy and Natural Resources
Subcommittee on Employment,
Housing and Aviation

**Congress of the United States
House of Representatives**

June 28, 1993

Mr. Chuck Parker
Mad River Club
R.D. #1, Box 447
Mexico, New York 13114

Dear Mr. Parker:

It is with distinct pleasure that I take this opportunity to recognize the Mad River Club as it approaches its centennial. Next year will mark the 100th anniversary for New York State's second oldest organization for sportsmen.

The Mad River Club, with more than 250 active and life members, has long served as a catalyst organization for enjoyment of the many recreational and sports activities in Central and Northern New York.

On the occasion of its 100th year, I wish your group all the best in promoting the enjoyment and wise use of our natural resources. Here's to another century of great hunting and fishing in our great outdoors!

Sincerely yours,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "J. M. McHugh".

John M. McHugh
Member of Congress

JMM/cap
Enclosure

JAMES T. WALSH
MEMBER OF CONGRESS
25TH DISTRICT, NEW YORK

COMMITTEE ON APPROPRIATIONS
SUBCOMMITTEES
SUBCOMMITTEE ON AGRICULTURE, RURAL DEVELOPMENT,
FOOD AND DRUG ADMINISTRATION, AND
RELATED AGENCIES
(Ranking)
SUBCOMMITTEE ON THE
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Congress of the United States
House of Representatives
Washington, DC 20515-3225

To the Members of the Mad River Club:

Congratulations on your 100th Anniversary! I am sure this is an exciting time for you all, as you reflect on what you as a club have accomplished and look with hope to what the future will bring.

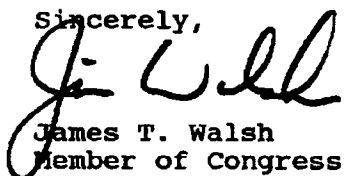
As a fellow hunter and sportsman, I was thrilled to hear of the generations of members in the Mad River Club. I have always felt that the love for the outdoors is something to be passed along and shared from generation to generation, creating a lasting bond as enduring as nature itself. I, myself, was taught at an early age to hunt responsibly, a lesson which I have passed on to my children.

As the Representative in Congress for many of you, and a member of the Congressional Sportsman's Caucus, I will continue to protect and advance the rights of sportsmen. You do have an ally in Congress.

I wish you well as you celebrate and look forward to working with you in the future.

Keep in touch.

Sincerely,



James T. Walsh
Member of Congress

1336 LONGWORTH BUILDING
WASHINGTON, DC 20515-3225
(202) 225-3701 (202) 225-4042 FAX

POST OFFICE BOX 7306
SYRACUSE, NY 13201
(315) 423-5657 (315) 423-5669 FAX

1 LINCOLN STREET
AUBURN, NY 13021
(315) 255-0645 (315) 255-1369 FAX

45 CHURCH STREET
CORTLAND, NY 13045
(607) 758-3918

PRINTED ON RECYCLED PAPER

ALFONSE D'AMATO
NEW YORK

United States Senate

WASHINGTON, DC 20510

Mr. Chuck Parker
Historian, Mad River Club
R.D. #1, Box 447
Mexico, New York 13114

Dear Mr. Parker:

Congratulations to you and the members
of the Mad River Club who will be celebrating
the 100th Anniversary of the Club in 1994..

You certainly live in a beautiful part
of New York State, blessed with extraordinary
natural resources. Clubs such as yours have
been wise conservators of the waters and
forests and are to be congratulated for
continuing the tradition for a century.

Best wishes to all.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "Al D'Amato". The signature is fluid and cursive, with the first name "Al" being particularly prominent.

Alfonse M. D'Amato
United States Senator



UNITED STATES SENATE
OFFICE OF THE REPUBLICAN LEADER
WASHINGTON, D. C.

BOB DOLE
KANSAS

September 3, 1993

Dear Friends:

It is a pleasure to join with many others in saluting the centennial off the Mad River Club.

While the hunting and fishing in New York is not as good as it is in Kansas, I know that you have provided recreation for countless members, and made a difference through your promotion of conservation.

Again, my congratulations.

Best regards,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "Bob Dole", written over the printed name.

BOB DOLE

The Mad River Club
R.D. #1, Box 447
Mexico, New York 13114



NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

INCORPORATED 1871

1600 RHODE ISLAND AVENUE, N.W.

WASHINGTON, D.C. 20036

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT

February 3, 1994

Mr. Charles Parker
Historical & Centennial Chairman
Mad River Club
RD #1, Box 447
Mexico, New York 13114

Dear Mr. Parker:

As president of the National Rifle Association of America, I would like to extend my congratulations to the members and directors of the Mad River Club in this, your 100th anniversary. On behalf of the 3.4 million members of NRA, our board of directors and staff, we salute you.

Your long history of support for the National Rifle Association contributes greatly to the strength NRA wields in defense of the Second Amendment. Equally important are the programs that you and our network of over 13,000 NRA affiliated clubs bring to local gun owners, ensuring the tradition of the shooting sports for generations to come.

As we move forward to meet the challenges of the next century, we march shoulder-to-shoulder with the members of the Mad River Club.

Sincerely,

Robert K. Corbin



March 15, 1994

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE MAD RIVER CLUB

It has come to my attention that you will be celebrating your 100th Anniversary.

That is almost twice as long as I have been on the face of this earth, but I guess from the time I was very young, I have heard of the Mad River Club.

It's too bad that there are people who don't understand that the real shepherds of wildlife and conservation are the sportsmen of the world.

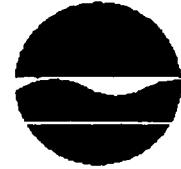
Our President and the wildlife activists are attempting to put our sport and traditions and our firearms in a pine box forever. We, as sportsmen, must take a much more active role than we have in the past or anniversaries like the one you are celebrating will cease to exist.

I know that you have strong and loyal members in your Club, and I urge all of you to become even more active with the youth of your acquaintance if we are to have a next generation of hunters and fishermen.

You have a long and glorious history, and I extend to you my warmest congratulations for the past 100 years and my fondest hope for your Club and our sports for the future!

Sincerely,

William J. Saiff, Jr.
Host, ROD & REEL



Thomas C. Jorling
Commissioner

New York State Department of Environmental Conservation
Region 7 Headquarters
615 Erie Blvd. W., Syracuse, NY 13204-2400
(315) 426-7400

February 22, 1994

To The Members of the Mad River Club:

On behalf of the New York State Department of Environmental Conservation, it is a pleasure to congratulate the Mad River Club on its 100th anniversary.

As the second oldest sportsmen club in New York State, current members can be proud of their club's long history and its continued contribution to the support of hunting and fishing in the Tug Hill area and throughout Central New York.

Let me also commend club members for your interest in current conservation issues, promotion of sportsmen education and hunting safety and support of outdoor education through the Club's yearly sponsorship of students to attend DEC summer camp.

Enjoy your anniversary and best wishes as you continue the Club's traditions into its second century.

Sincerely,

Ralph Manna
Regional Director

RM:fn

MEMBERS OF COMMISSION

RICHARD E. MARK
ANNE C. SCHULER
STEPHEN L. RICH
HAROLD F. WOOLSHLAGER

State of New York
Tug Hill Commission

Dulles State Office Building
Watertown, New York 13601-3782

(315) 785-2380

Fax: (315) 785-2574

JAMES M. McMAHON
Chairman

JEONIA M. CHERESHNOSKI
Vice Chairman

MIRACYL J. DAMON
Secretary

BENJAMIN P. COE
Executive Director

7 October 1993

Chuck Parker, Centennial Chairman
Mad River Club
RD 1, Box 447
Mexico, New York 13114

Dear Chuck:

Congratulations to the Mad River Club on its *100th anniversary*.

I cannot think of another organization that has more to do with the very essence of Tug Hill than the Mad River Club. As land stewards and responsible sportsmen that want to see Tug Hill stay the way it is, the Club captures the spirit and flavor of Tug Hill. As a guy that first came to this area just 20 years ago -- clearly a newcomer -- I am completely impressed that the Club has been about its business for a century.

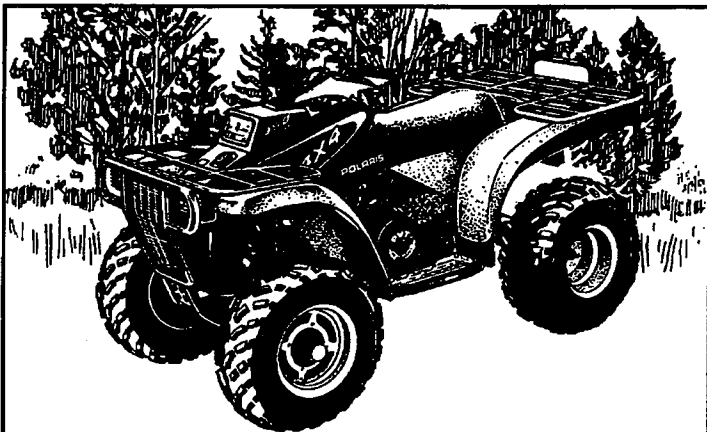
Best wishes to all of you as you continue to enjoy the riches of Tug Hill's remote areas, for at least another century.

Sincerely,



Robert R. Quinn
Executive Director

RRQ:spt



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Looking for power? This machine was born with it. The Polaris 4x4 350L has a huge, liquid-cooled 350cc engine with on-the-fly four-wheel drive. Plus automatic Polaris Variable Transmission (PVT), heavy-duty brushguard, steel floorboards and sturdy front and rear racks. Sure, it might not roll over parked cars or spit flames. Then again, you probably wouldn't take a monster truck deer hunting.

Before you climb on, understand that ATVs can be hazardous to operate. Never ride on paved or public roads. Always wear a helmet and protective clothing. Polaris ATVs may not be driven by anyone under 18, and all riders should take a training course. For safety and training information, see your dealer or call 1-800-POLARIS.

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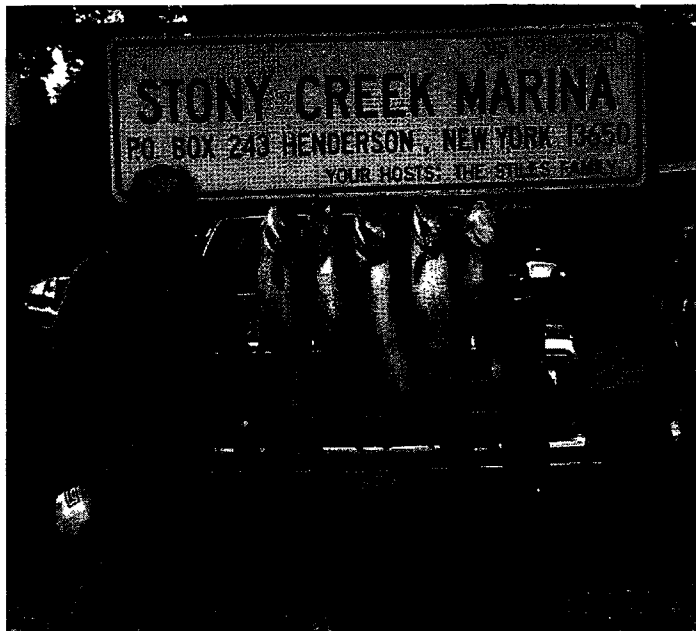
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History

The Mad River Club and Environs

by Ben Gardiner

The Mad River Club is situated in the northeastern corner of the Town of Redfield, Oswego County, bounded by Jefferson County on the north and Lewis County on the east. Indeed, the Club's almost 15,000 acres occupies over 25% of the total area of the Town of Redfield.

Redfield and 38 other townships in Oswego, Jefferson, Lewis, and Oneida Counties constitute the Tug Hill Region, a vast, largely forested area 40 miles wide by 50 miles long. Tug Hill's 1,285,000 acres is half again as large as Long Island, with a total population of around 80,000. It should be noted that the majority of the population is contained in communities such as Central Square, Camden, Adams, West Carthage, Lowville, Lyons Falls, Boonville, etc. located on the outer "rim" of the Tug Hill Plateau. Vast areas exist within the interior of the Region which are sparsely populated and/or totally uninhabited.

Tug Hill is neither a hill nor a plateau in the strictest sense of geographical terms. It has no "summit" as with a hill, and lacks the perfectly flat surface that one would expect to see with a plateau. Rather, it more closely approximates a wedge, rising gradually from an elevation of 250 feet near Lake Ontario on the west to around 1900 feet 40 miles inland at the "eastern escarpment." The highest point of Tug Hill is a small "knob" known as Gomer Hill, near Turin in Lewis County. Gomer Hill has an elevation of 2115 feet, and the last firetower still stand-

ing on Tug Hill is located there. Elevations on the Mad River Club typically ranges between 1300-1700 feet. As is the case on most of the Tug Hill, one has little sensation of changes in elevation while traveling across the Club property.

Tug Hill, in the lee of Lake Ontario, and with its high elevation, is subject substantial lake-effect snowfall. Moisture-laden prevailing winds, originating on the Lake, blanket the Region with the highest annual snowfalls east of the Rocky Mountains. Yearly totals usually exceed 200 inches, with some areas receiving over 370 inches during the winter of the now-famous blizzard of 1977.

No doubt that the heavy winter snowfall must have made mere survival a challenge for early Tug Hill residents. Over the last two decades, however, winter snows have provide an economic boost to the sparsely populated Region. Snowmobiling, cross-country skiing, dogsledding, and snowshoe hare hunting attracts people from all over the Northeastern United States and Southern Canada.

The Tug Hill Region is largely forested and criss-crossed with rivers, streams, and brooks. These streams, swollen by spring runoff, have, over time, cut deep gullies and gulfs into the Tug Hill bedrock. The pure waters of Tug Hill streams hold thriving populations of native brook trout, and are, for the solitary angler, a dream come true. In some western Tug Hill streams, salmon and steelhead complete their spawning runs to headwaters far from the mad-

dening crowds of the Salmon River and South Sandy Creek.

The Mad River Club is bisected, from north to south, by its namesake, the Mad River. The Mad River joins the north branch of the Salmon River off Club property just north of the Redfield Reservoir. As it makes its journey through the MRC, a number of tributary streams add their flow to the Mad River.

Prominent among the tributaries are: Slide Creek (itself the confluence of three branches further east), Roaring Brook, Beaver, and Rat Creeks. Cold Brook works its way east from the northeast section of the Club and then due south joining the Mad River south of the Club line. The Mad River and its tributaries are alive with native brookies, some in excess of 16 inches in length.

The Tug Hill, though sparsely populated and more than a little remote, is nonetheless accessible through a network of gravel and dirt roads. Many roads receive only minimal seasonal maintenance and are left over from the hey days of Tug Hill log-

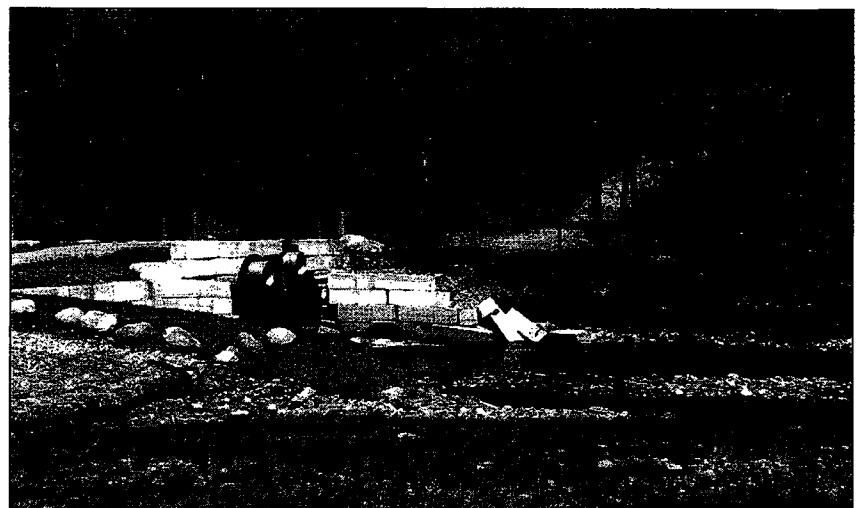
ging. The Mad River Club property is still actively logged by our landlord, the Cortland Wood Products Company. Cortland Wood does an fine job maintaining roads and trails on the property, with the assistance of the Club membership. Roads and trails provide access to the far corners of the Club via four wheel drive vehicles, ATV's, or "just plain shoe leather."

Littlejohn Boulevard crosses the Club west to east over the Mad River bridge and exits at the East Gate to become the Salmon River Road to Sears Pond and New Boston. Camp #1 Road (west of the Mad River) and Camp #2 / Winter Road (east of the River) run north - south off Littlejohn Blvd. to the northern boundary of the Club and themselves branch into trails. Cortlandwood Road and Jess Drive enter the southern half of the property from west of the Mad River. The southeastern portion of the Club is accessible from Millstream Road, through the South Gate, which branches to Cold Brook on the west and Twomile Creek on the North.

The heavily forested Tug Hill abounds with wild game. The region supports healthy herd of white-tail deer. Snowshoe or "varying" hare are plentiful as are ruffed grouse. Fox, coyote, and bobcats are still encountered. The Mad River Club, founded primarily as a hunting club, affords members and guests with fine deer hunting. Trophy bucks may still be found on the club. Suffice to say, the interests of sportsmen peacefully coexist with those of a timber producing forest.



◀ A load of Tug Hill saw logs on Camp #1 Road



The new bridge over Mad River ➡

The Founding Fathers of the Mad River Club

*by Charlie Knauf
Edited by Ben Gardiner*

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following was written by Charlie Knauf, Rochester, NY, Mad River Club member since March 1993, and an avid flyfisherman. This scholarly work includes biographical sketches of the MRC founding members (themselves Rochester area residents) and keen insight into the social and economic conditions which spawned the conservation movement of the late 1800's and the formation of the Adirondack Forest Preserve. We are grateful to Mr. Knauf for a fine effort! - BG.*

The Mad River Club, established in 1894, was founded at a time of great change in the lives of the people of the United States of America. The new technologies of the Industrial Revolution were creating vast wealth, demanding more resources, while shrinking distances and accelerating the transfer of information. The ravages of the environment of the cities by industrialization and the growing privatization of natural treasures and undeveloped lands fostered the growth of the parks movement. Depletion of fish and game resources through both habitat loss and over-harvest caused the rise of the conservation movement. New political philosophies founded in the perception of inequitable distribution of the goods of capitalism and concerned with improvement of the lives of the working class attracted followers in cities on both sides of the Atlantic, threatening the establishments of wealth and society. The circumstances of the Club's founding and the involvement of its founders must be viewed in the context of these forces of change.

The northern lands of New York State have always been viewed as desirable, but unattainable. Vast expanses of timber dotted with lakes and ponds, crossed by snakelike streams and often un-fordable rivers, all teeming with fish and populated with game greeted the first old world explorers who entered these lands. Even the Native American Indians who knew the valleys and harvested the lowland woods of the northeast viewed the mountains and the plateau as desolate lands, its rivers useful for travel routes and trapping but its higher grounds to be used only for spiritual challenge. When lands in the Adirondacks were offered to veterans of the American Revolution, there were few takers, the lands eventually selling for nine pence an acre. Early

attempts at settlement, including John Brown's tract in the western Adirondacks, were plagued by the difficulties brought by such a harsh terrain and even harsher climate.

Nevertheless, the resources were plentiful in the Adirondacks, and a burgeoning population in the cities and along the coast demanded those resources. The State led the nation in lumbering in 1850, but over-cutting, fire, and waste had badly depleted the woods (New York dropped to fourth place in 1880). Much of the waste land left over after lumbering was left to the State in satisfaction of back taxes.

The fishing and hunting that made sportsmen some of the earliest visitors to the region also fell victim to the development of the region. Market hunting and fishing, along with continual harvest, so depleted the game and fish populations that, in 1886, one man staying at Grif Evans' in Nobleboro came out with 57 pounds of trout and not one of them was over seven inches. Bushels of little trout taken from the headwaters of streams were shipped to New York, Philadelphia and Boston markets. Deer were hunted with packs of dogs during the day or from jacklit boats at night, and market gunners were sent into the mountains to kill all the "mountain mutton" they could find, not only to feed the lumberjacks in the many woodland camps, but also for shipment to game dealers who sold them to hotels and restaurants in the large cities. By 1880, the deer had been all but wiped out throughout most of the State.

The depletion of the natural resources of northern New York, and the abandonment of much of the degraded land into state ownership had two major political consequences. The first was the rise of the conservation movement, composed of sportsmen

and land advocates who espoused limited harvests and wise use of resources based on scientific management principles. The tireless efforts of the early conservationists did indeed help to bring about adoption of fish and game laws designed to restore depleted species by managing the harvest to provide for a sustainable resource.

Furthermore, the realization grew that the water supply for the cities and fish and game resources were both dependent on the health of the forests of headwater areas. Awareness of the abuse many of these lands had suffered in early attempts development of the region, coupled with the state's ownership of large tracts of northern land, made possible the creation of a forest preserve, as a second consequence, and, in 1883, the Legislature prohibited further sale of state lands in ten northern counties.

Sportsmen supported the creation of a "people's hunting ground," joining with other groups such as the New York State Association for Fish and Game, the New York State Forestry Association, and the Adirondack Park Association to promote actions that culminated in both the creation of the Adirondack Park and the adoption of a constitutional amendment keeping the lands of the park "forever wild."

At the same time that large tracts of northern land were being preserved for public use, other tracts were acquired by private individuals. Wealthy sportsmen from the cities saw opportunities to establish holdings that offered them privacy in their pursuit of fish and game along with protection from the depletion that occurred on public lands. The Adirondack League Club was founded in 1890 with the purchase of 104,000 acres of prime forest and 25 lakes for \$4.75 an acre in the southwestern Adirondacks. Perhaps 30 other such clubs of wealthy men from the East Coast and the Midwest bought large tracts in the area.

The Mad River Club, located on a large tract on the headwaters of the Salmon River, was one of these private clubs, founded to allow its members quality hunting and fishing in a protected, private, managed environment.

The founding members of the Mad River Club - Alexander B. Lamberton, Myron T. Bly, Vincent Bly, Robert Bannard, William R. Bolton, John R. Pulsifer, G. Alfred Tanner, and Julian Leslie Weller - lived around Rochester, New York. Rochester in 1894 was a rapidly growing city known for its mills on the Genesee River, its developing technology, manufacturing excellence, and its prominence as transporta-

tion center linking Lake Ontario and the Erie Canal. Information on the lives and business of most of the founders is scant, but it can be ascertained from their home addresses that these men were fairly well off; at the very least well-appointed members of the new middle class, and most likely among the wealthiest citizens of western New York. All were probably sportsmen, as well as shrewd investors who could see the advantage offered by lands in the Tug Hill, which was closer and more accessible from western New York than the Adirondacks or the Canadian wilds, yet still offered quality hunting and fishing. Certainly, they were also aware of rising land prices brought about by the pressure for a state forest preserve, and would have known that wild land peripheral to the new park could also appreciate.

There is no record of a G. Adolph Tanner in the Rochester Directories of the period, but he must have lived nearby, as the *Rochester Union and Advertiser* carried a small article pertaining to his arraignment on a civil matter in 1895. Julian Leslie Weller was a dentist with offices in the Elwood Building. He resided at 32 Centennial Building. Robert Bannard was a bookkeeper with offices at 47 East Main Street and residence at 32 Cleveland Street. Although the directory lists William Bolton as a shoemaker, the existence of a Bolton Shoe Company in Rochester at the time suggests that he was more than a cobbler. He lived in Greece, New York, at the time a rural area between the growing city and the lake, but lists a business address at 93 Andrews Street. John R. Pulsifer is listed in the Directory as a treasurer who conducted business at 70 East Main Street and boarded at 29 Lake View Park. He was proprietor of the Rochester Carbon and Manufacturing Company. Vincent Bly was a commissioner of deeds who married Chloe Cluxton of Martinsville, Ohio in 1897.

More is recorded concerning Myron T. Bly, probably the brother of Vincent. An attorney with offices at 19 West Main Street, Myron Bly resided at 63 South Goodman Street, an easy carriage ride from work. He was born in 1854 on a farm in Henrietta, a rural area south of the city. As a boy, he participated in rescue and relief efforts after the 1865 flood on the Genesee River, an experience he later recounted in an essay for the Rochester Historical Society. He worked his way through law school as an editorial writer for the *Rochester Herald*, earning a wage of \$1.50 per day. After graduation, he became associate editor of the *Herald*. He interviewed George

Eastman, founder of Eastman Kodak, during this period, writing the first published story on film photography. He married Hallie Davis of Rochester in 1889, and the couple raised a son and two daughters. He authored two books on business law which set a standard for business texts for many years, as well as genealogies of both the Davis and Atwater families. In his later years he donated 14 acres of woodland to the Boy Scouts near Durand Eastman Park. He died in 1933, and the obituary carried in the *Rochester Times Union* indicates that the funeral was well attended by representatives from business, industry, and government, as well as by a color guard from the Scouts.

Alexander B. Lamberton was born in Rich Hill, Ireland on Feb. 28, 1839 and emigrated to this country in his youth. He studied for the ministry, graduating from Auburn Theological Seminary in 1864, and the University of Rochester in 1866. He married Mrs. Eunice B. Hussey in 1864. They shared life together until her death in 1898, raising three daughters. He served two years as pastor of the Tompkins Avenue Presbyterian Church in Brooklyn, NY, but was forced to leave his urban ministry by failing health. He returned to Rochester, where he became active in the lumber business. This may have been the start of his association with Myron T. Bly, who had a connection with the Atwaters, prominent lumber men of the period. Lamberton was also listed in the city directories of the period as a real estate developer.

In 1876, Lamberton purchased the Brown's Tract in the western Adirondacks near the Fulton Chain with the goal of developing a tourist resort. A large parcel of land that had originally included 210,000 acres from the Black River on the east to the Fulton Chain on the west, the Brown's Tract was the site of two early and unsuccessful attempts to settle the western mountains and exploit its resources. After his purchase of the tract, Lamberton must have also harvested the lumber resources of the area, taking advantage of the spring flood of the Moose River to float the hemlocks and spruce to the downstream mills and using the Erie Canal and the expanding railways to ship the forest products to their final markets. The lumber industry took its toll on the forest of the area, however, and fires that started in the slash left over from timbering were common. One fire in 1903 destroyed 25,000 acres of woodlands.

Lamberton was also a sportsman and an active promoter of conservation. The *Rochester Union and*

Advertiser carries an account of a hunting trip to Canada that he took in 1873. He wrote a monograph of great scientific value during the period on the game birds, animals and fish of North America. Rochester at the time was home to Seth Green, builder of the hatchery that still operates in Caledonia, NY and credited as the father of fish culture in North America. Lamberton must have known Green, as the former is given credit for introducing the first artificially propagated trout into the North Woods. He was also an early advocate of fish and game protection, was elected President of the Monroe County Sportsman's Club in 1876, and President of the State Association of Sportsman's Clubs at the convention in Buffalo in 1878.

During these middle years of his life, Lamberton was also active in politics. He ran unsuccessfully as the Democratic candidate for mayor of Rochester, State Senate in 1875, and Congress in 1878. In 1894, he was appointed to the Parks Commission in Rochester. He was also a Mason, president of the East Side Savings Bank, manager of the State Industrial School, president of the Rochester Chamber of Commerce in 1901, and a member of the exclusive Genesee Valley Club.

Lamberton's activities in the Brown's tract make it certain that he was aware of the newly formed Adirondack League Club, which bordered his lands on the south. His activity in the lumber and real estate business must have brought him into the Tug Hill Plateau, where the flat topography and large areas of alder-choked wetland made navigation and development difficult but also provided excellent habitat for game and trout. With much of the Adirondack Forest already lumbered and being opened to public use through the creation of the park, the lands around the Mad River became more attractive as a private preserve for sportsmen from western New York. Lamberton had the political and social connections to organize a group with the finances and abilities necessary for the establishment of such a preserve.

Thus, in 1894, the Mad River Club was granted a charter by the State of New York that remains in effect to this day. The newspapers of Rochester in 1894, however, carried no mention of the Club's formation.

Lamberton's appointment to the Rochester Parks Commission in 1894 was the beginning of a period of public service that lasted until his retirement in 1918 at age 79. Lamberton served under Dr.

Moore, founder of the Rochester Parks System, and was elected his successor in 1902. With Mayor Hiram Edgerton's support, Lamberton set out to create a system of parks that offered varied recreational opportunities and a contrast to the bustle of the city. "Its parks when completed will have no superior anywhere," Lamberton wrote of his goals for Rochester at the time. Today, the citizens of Monroe County owe a great deal of good fortune to the foresight and dedication of Alexander B. Lamberton, as they continue to enjoy one of the finest municipal parks systems in America.

These, then, were the founders of the Mad River Club. Although some may criticize their desire for a private preserve as selfish, the lives and activities of these men show that they were also concerned with the general good, with the promotion of conservation and sportsmanship, and with

the guarantee of outdoor opportunities not only for themselves. We can be proud to celebrate 100 years of this tradition!



↑ Snowmobile races like this one, held in the 1970's, show the pride and commitment of the Mad River Club members

The First 100 Years

by Floyd Nolan, Sr.

***EDITOR'S NOTE:** Floyd Nolan, Sr. is currently the most senior member of the Mad River Club. A past President, Floyd has served in countless other capacities during his long tenure with the Club. As a sportsman and a leader of the MRC, his many accomplishments insure that the positive impact he has had on the Organization will survive well into the Mad River Club's second century. Mr. Nolan, an author and historian in his own right, shares with the reader, in the pages that follow, his unique perspective on the Mad River Club's first 100 years. Mr. Nolan's writing is an extremely important work from an historic standpoint, in that he not only relates the history of the Club, but also has lived it. Indeed, Floyd Nolan himself is a living part of that history. We are, therefore, honored to present Floyd Nolan's historical account of the Mad River Club's first 100 years. - Ben Gardiner.*

PROLOGUE

First in all of this story is to the life long dedication of my friend, partner, hunting and fishing companion for over 60 years and now in the happy hunting grounds of the sky:

ROYCE BURGESS (SLIM) (1910 - 1992)

His ceaseless work for the Mad River Club can never be repaid. Aerial photos taken 10,000 feet

down to 100 ft in aircraft costing \$1,800 to operate, private planes costing \$300 to rent for detail photos, hours of posting the Mad River lines, laying out new trails and "blazing" new ones, ceaseless in hunting for "lost hunters" and always sharing in camp duties and always smiling, Slim was a joy to know and to be with.

There are many others, some are no longer with us, but all contributed to making the club what it is today! I've listed them as best my memory serves me today:

EARLY MEMBERS (1937 - 1946)

1. Erick Will; Will & Balmer Candle Co., Syracuse
2. Carl Bausch; Bausch & Lomb, Rochester
3. Bill Leask; Leask Garment Factory, Oswego
4. Bill Downey; Downey Chocolates, Oswego
5. George Blount; Blount Lumber Co., Lacona
6. Floyd Blount; Blount Lumber Co., Lacona
7. Jack Zell; Hotel Syracuse Men's Shop, Syracuse
8. Carl Henry; Drug Store, Syracuse
9. Bernie Eppler; G.E., Syracuse
10. Elmer Karker; G.E., Syracuse
11. Burt Gifford; Paper Co., Syracuse
12. George Colvin; Logger, Lacona
13. Frank Steele; Adams Light & Power Co., Adams
14. Jack Barzee; Joe Cashier Co, Syracuse
15. Bill Hickcock; Hickcock Leather, Rochester
16. John Burrell; Woodland Mgr., Gould Paper Co., Lyons Falls
17. George Novas; Syracuse Armature, Syracuse
18. Harold Samson ; Author (Tug Hill Country), Lacona

I did not intend to forget that there are many, many Mad River Club Members in the early years of the club who were very helpful in leading to the success of the club.

1. Jack Burt; Brewerton, N.Y.
 2. Parker Rockwood; Syracuse, N.Y.
 3. Harry Komrowski *; West Monroe, N.Y.
 4. Harold Komrowski *; Redfield, N.Y.
- * Note: These last two members contracted and built the Mad River Club House**
5. Lee Hyler (Past President) ;Syracuse, N.Y.
 6. Stan Klocek (Past President); Syracuse, N.Y.
 7. Bob Clemens (Past President); Stillwater, N.Y.
 8. George Mundy; Syracuse, N.Y.
 9. George Lane; Syracuse, N.Y.
 10. Louis Hermantez; New York City, N.Y.
 11. Frank Steele; Adams, N.Y.
 12. Dick Hosmer; Rochester, N.Y.
 13. Rusty Cheranzia; Syracuse, N.Y.
 14. Dave Lee; Dewitt, N.Y.
 15. Herm Fehlman; Jamesville, N.Y.
 16. Wes Quackenbush; Pulaski, N.Y.
 17. Don Kator; Altmar, N.Y.
 18. Ray Salisbury; Syracuse, N.Y.
 19. George Plummer; Altmar, N.Y.
 20. Doug Frackelton; Cayuga, N.Y.
 21. Spike Nolan; Pulaski, N.Y.

22. Morris Hurch; Pulaski, N.Y.
23. Senator Douglas Barclay Pulaski, N.Y.
24. Joe Gressler; Pulaski, N.Y.
25. Jim Hartigan; Syracuse, N.Y.
26. Gordon Storings; Syracuse, N.Y.

There are probably many more, but you will have to forgive my fading memory.

After the 1970's, the Mad River Club became not just a successful Game Club but also "Big Business." Unless the leaders understand "Good Business Practices," the results could be harmful to the Club! Unfortunately, some of the leaders failed to understand this, and it was only through the efforts of a recent President that "good business practices" were installed, and the club's losses in membership and income are being replaced.

As a big business, we have the potential of affecting County, and State Game Regulatory Groups. There are many things we can do for the New York State Sportsman. As an example, our "N.Y. State Perimeter Deer Form" in 1983 was almost as large as the Adirondack White Tail-Deer Form and found ready acceptance by the sportsman. There were many other types of hunting and fishing that need good solid backing by a well led sports minded group.

We must not lose out on the many opportunities an organization such as ours has to have a substantial and lasting impact upon outdoor sports.

The Mad River Club is, I believe, either the #1 or #2 Club in New York State in the land it controls and the financial backbone it has developed over the first 100 years. Only the Adirondack League may control more land.

This single effort of producing the 100th Year Book is an outstanding effort that very few clubs would be able to afford.

Note: Much of the following material is borrowed from my book, Bark-eaters Hunting Grounds, The Story of Tug Hill.

The Second Oldest Incorporated Club in New York State

The Civilian Hunters and Fishermen of the

1870's, '80's, '90's either had to go by train, then boat, then horse and wagon to their favorite hunting areas, taking two or three weeks to come and go in the Adirondacks. The "businessman" was more inclined to forego such a long period and was constantly looking for a closer area to Syracuse and Rochester. Hence, the area of the "Tug Hill Plateau."

A group of Rochester, Syracuse, Oswego, and local businessmen formed the Mad River Club by leasing land from the Gould Paper Co. in 1892. In 1894, The Club was incorporated. The men from Rochester would take the train to Syracuse, join the group from Syracuse and take another train north to Lacona, join with the Blount Lumber Co. executives, and by horse and wagon journey to the Settlements of Greenboro or LittleJohn for an annual bear and deer hunt.

They hired the locals for guides and drivers, ate large breakfasts and suppers and hunted all day with the guides. In the summertime they fished all the streams and rivers for trout. Gradually the forest cutting became threatening to their area, and in the 1930's the State of New York started to buy up areas. With the help of the CCC Corps, they replanted great areas, built good roads, and the cutting stopped in many areas on the Tug Hill Plateau.

The Gould Paper Co. area, LittleJohn, was the last big uncut area remaining. As the Blount Lumber Co. had large areas under their ownership still uncut, they had the Fire Tower on Castor Hill constructed and manned by Net Clifford. Net was the area's best bear hunter. Net was also the first operator of the Fire Tower. In order not to have to work too far away from the tower, he had it erected in his backyard! Net trapped, shot and captured bears. They were sold to zoos, for carnivals and circus'. The hides were prized for coats and rugs. The bear fat was a favorite arthritis cure. Indians prized the claws for neck bands. I have a tape made by Percy Caster that tells of Net killing a bear down in Roaring Creek Valley. This took place about 1905.

The deer herd had been wiped out by a group of N.Y. City hunters who slaughtered the deer in the depths of winter. The deer were in their yards when killed. It was recorded in the Lowville Journal that over 300 deer were lost on the Mad River due to an early spring thaw. They had been piled up on the ice for taking to N.Y. City Hotels for game dinners.

As the logging continued, and with the State buying the Blount Lumber Co. timber lands, the Hamlets of Greensboro, Center Square (Redfield),

Boyston, LittleJohn, and Smartville either disappeared or fell into disrepair. Sawmills, box factories, molding shops, hotels, boarding houses, horse barns, Post Offices and One-Room Schools all ceased to do business and gradually fell down.

The '20's and '30's

As the automobile came, somewhat better roads completely changed the area for the hunter and fisherman. The purchase of Homesteads and Farms by sportsman's clubs became more and more common. The Mad River Clubhouse became the former home of the Clifford's, down in the Hamlet of LittleJohn. The sawmill, boarding house, and whatever other structures remaining, fell from no repair and only the farmhouse, horsebarn and schoolhouse remained. The dam from the sawmill remained but with the road becoming abandoned, the Judds moved from the farmhouse up to a site (now burned down) on the LittleJohn Road and continued to work for the Blount Lumber Co., as a bookkeeper.

As the road was abandoned in 1929, the year of the "Crash," the Judds' new home became The Mad River Club house and additions were made to the home to accommodate the hunters and fishermen. One upstairs bedroom had 12 double beds (iron frames) in it with a connecting bathroom. The house was lighted by kerosene lamps and Aladdin lamps. The downstairs rooms were also wired for a Delco light plant, which was housed down cellar and had about 12 large jars filled with the electrolysis material. The exhaust was conducted outdoors and a muffler contained the exhaust too low, ".....putt, putt, putt....." all the time it was running. Many's the night coming back to the camp by flashlight you were homing in on the ".....putt, putt, putt" of the light plants exhaust!

Some of the members from Rochester, Syracuse, Oswego, Pulaski, Sandy Creek and Orwell still hunted from the clubhouse. They were:

1. Bill Leask; owner of a garment factory in Oswego, N.Y.
2. Carl Bausch; Bausch & Lomb Glass Lens Mfg., Rochester, N.Y.
3. Bill Hickcock; Hickcock Leather Co., Rochester, N.Y.
4. Sherman Downey; Mfg. of Chocolates, Oswego, N.Y.

5. George & Fred Blount; Blount Lumber Co., Lacona, N.Y.
 6. Jack Zell, owner of Hotel Syracuse Men's Shop, Syracuse, N.Y.
 7. Carl Henry, owner of Henry's Drug Store, Syracuse, N.Y.
 8. Jack Barzee; cashier for Henry's Drug Store, Syracuse, N.Y.
 9. Elmer Karker; purchasing Agent for G.E., Syracuse, N.Y.
 10. Eric Will; owner of Will & Balmer Candle Factory, Liverpool, N.Y.
- ... And others that I have forgotten.

As I was transferred from Utica back to Syracuse in 1940, to start an industrial business for the Onondaga Supply Co., I had my first chance to stay at the Mad River Club House that fall for deer hunting. Here is how the day's hunt went:

Trying to get some sleep in the upstairs bedroom, with all the horseplay going on. Eddie Chamberlain had saved all the beer bottle caps and after things had quieted down, he spread all the caps on the bathroom floor, cutting side up! Well the first guy that got up to relieve himself, on stepping on these caps, let out a yell. Woke everyone up and spent 1/2 hour picking the bottle caps out of his feet! Up at 6:00 a.m. to a hot breakfast of pancakes, maple syrup, fried eggs and sausage, toast and coffee. Each one of the hunters had a brown bag lunch (1:00) waiting for him.

Mr. Judd and John Brown acted as guides. About 12 to 14 of the members would start at 7:00 a.m. and walk in back of the clubhouse, straight north for two hours. We were then split into two groups and the first drive was straight east (from Beaver Brook to Gillman Creek, about where Camp I is now). Drive 2 was from Gillman Creek, east across the Christmas tree swamp to the river (above the Winter Road). Then, lunch at the river.

After lunch the drive was straight south, paralleling the river, but slightly to the west and ending in the old club house clearing. Remember, there were no roads, only two trails, one trail the old N-E Trail was on the other side of the river (north) to the big trout holes, and the trail going to the club house, the old road which had been abandoned. That was all. The dam with boards missing was still across the river. The school house was still standing, but nothing else. It was a long walk back to the Judd farmhouse from the river and it was usually dark when we got back.

This routine was followed up to 1942, but as the Judds became employed at Blount's, all hunting parties stopped because of lack of gasoline and did not renew until 1946.

George Colvin was the first logger to contract with the Gould Paper Company to log all their holdings on the west side of the river. He started by clearing out the road to the river. Then he started on the Camp I Road, and as the logging along the Camp I Road began, Hinman Trail was the first off-shoot to the east. Next was Burgess Trail to the east. The State line to the west was rarely over 100 yards from the Camp I Road and that led to a mistake by George Colvin.

The map #1 indicates the "corner-cutting" of the State Land Line, by Colvin's men. It must be understood after the State had bought "Blount's" lands, the surveyors merely "blazed the trees," not painted them and the "blazes" became dull. The result was the Gould line and the State line were hardly visible and were earlier overlooked.

At the same time the logging was made off the Camp I Road, they were logging along the main Little John Road up to the "60-Acre Patch" (the old club house lands), and up the Pole Road along the river. This operation, by George Colvin was from 1946 to 1950 on the west side of the river with the Mad River Club being told that "no hunting" in the area where men were logging. The year 1949 - 1950 saw the change of Colvin's logging from the west side to the east side of the river. A bridge across the river, from the end of the "Winter Road" to the east side, the main road, Little John, had a new bridge and Camp II was established, with the bunkhouse, cookhouse, tractor repair garage, and a reservoir made by damming up a small creek to provide water for the horsebarn.

The main road into Camp II was up the Gully Creek Bed, alongside of what is now the main road. This road had a good hard bottom and George had built a small bridge across Main Slide Creek, up this creek into the branch that led into Camp II ground. More and more tractors were used and less horses. Tractors were becoming more powerful, making the hauling of logs easier and trucks were becoming bigger to haul out the logs. After the logging was finished and trails, such as The Beltway, Morris Mt, The Loop Creek, Less Harris Drive, Muddy Slide and the "Winter Road-to-Camp II" had been made, George moved to Camp III.

Camp III was the largest of all the camps! It

would accommodate about 40 men. The entire west wall of the bunkhouse was lined with bunks 7 ft. long, 3 1/2 ft. wide and four tiers high. The cook had his equipment on the east side, with stove, counter for eating, 20 ft. long in the south end of the main room and a stack of welded together standard oil drums on end, making a heating stove 16 ft. high and it was really hot in the room. The loggers were mostly French and no cars were allowed beyond the bridge and gate (which was locked) at the Mad River.

If the loggers wanted entertainment on Saturday night, they were driven to the gate at the Mad River, then with their cars to Redfield or Lorraine, and when they returned, they had to walk from the river to the bunkhouse and by that time they were cold sober!

Camp III created "Sunser Trail" by driving up the creek bed of Roaring Brook as far back as almost to Slide Creek, Earl's Trail (named after Earl Clemens), Roaring Brook Trail (by driving down) the creek bed as close as 100 yards of the Mad River. The Meteor-Holes Trail leading off to the south from Roaring Brook, near the end of the Brook. The Mad River South Trail, climbing out of Roaring Brook Valley and going south along the edge of the Mad River Valley, through "Bear Swamp," to the Mad River line, going east. It ended in a clearing that contained a ramp for loading logs onto trucks which crossed the river on a log bridge, which laid in the river and was held into position by cables, tied to trees upstream. The bridge also had planks bolted to the logs to act as runways. This bridge was later replaced by another which was out of the water, 6 ft. high, at the end of where Cold Brook empties into the Mad River, upstream from the Otto-Mills Clubhouse. There was an old camp, horsebarn, next to the old bridge that laid in the water upstream and was owned by Earl Noble and had been used to log part of the Otto-Mills Club lands.

All of the logs harvested in this area were from the east side of the Mad River and were brought across the river on trucks and out through the Otto-Mills Club lands on the west side of the river, then out the Otto-Mills Road to County Rte. 17. These two bridges only lasted for one year and were washed away by the spring high waters. George Colvin also built two bridges on the loop of Cold Brook. One was 6 ft. in the air over Cold Brook and about 300 yards from the east gate. This bridge was over 200 ft. long and about 15 ft. wide. Later loggers bypassed this bridge by changing the main road to a

new location south of the old bridge. George also had a horsebarn about where Two Mile Creek joins Cold Brook. He also had a horsebarn and tractor repair barn on the base of the hill on Komrowski's Trail, that led about 100 yards past the gate on the trail.

As it was a practice of George's to sell all structures after logging an area was finished, and the result was the contractor was allowed to harvest all the rough lumber, log frames of buildings, tractor repair shops and bridges that were still standing! I can remember measuring the length of the logs, spanning the Mad River at the main road as being 33 ft., 8 in. long and were 41 in. thick at the butt end. There were five of these logs forming the base of the bridge. After leveling out the logs to form a level base, planks 3 ft. thick and 12 in. to 14 in. wide were fastened to the logs by lags. After the bridges were taken out, we had no way of getting from one side of the river to the other except by fording the river. We did have a cable across the river but it was only for walking. A picture in the clubhouse shows George Plummer riding his snowmobile across this bridge. Many a member plunged into the river, and had to wade to shore and get help. I was one!!



↑ *The first camp at Mad River off of Pole Road, taken sometime around 1950.*

In 1948, when the Judds no longer were able to take us in, the Club no longer had a homebase and, in order to stay up there on weekends, we put up a tent on the Pole Road. Our camp was at the top of the hill on the Pole Road in a level spot. It consisted of a 12' x 14' tent with the back 7' of the tent for sleeping and a table stove and small table for the cook to work on. It sure was crowded with 8 to 12 people in it! I can remember Jackie Burt sleeping on the table one weekend as there was no room on the ground! This went on for two years till 1950 when George

Colvin moved to the east side of the river and established Camp II.

Through the generosity of Bob Hinman and Slim Burgess, they bought, down in New York City, two Army Pyramidal Tents which we moved into the Camp I clearing. One tent was used for cooking and eating and drying clothes. One was for sleeping. This sleeping tent used the two doors of the tractor repair shop as a platform on the ground with a large canvas covering the doors and with five bales of straw covering the canvas and then another canvas over the top of the straw. We all had sleeping bags by this time and what a comfy bed that made! We used another canvas as a lean-to between the tents to store firewood and anything that porcupines could not eat. At night we had all the porcupines in the woods along with the raccoons clattering around in the camp dump, cook tent and sometimes in the sleeping tent! Left in Camp I was a ten hole outhouse with no roof! James Whitcome Riley once wrote a poem about "The Passing of the Backhouse". We experienced everything he wrote about with our 10 holer.

Everyday of hunting out of Camp I was a new adventure. Colvin's roads were still in good shape. "Klocek's Folly" went north across the east branch of Gillman Creek all the way to the north line. It paralleled the large beaver dam on Cottrell Creek. The Winter Road slanted south towards the river and was joined by the Pole Road at "Frozen Ass Corners." This corner got its name from an early member, Bill Lang. Bill was the chief weatherman for LaGuardia Air Field in New York City. Bill became a member along with Bob Hinman and Slim Burgess. His boss was Louis Hermatis, both great guys and good hunters. Well, one day we started out from Camp I making drives along both sides of the Winter Road. When we got to the corner of The Pole Road and Winter Road, Bill Lang said he would stay there while we made drives all around him. When we finally returned at 4:30 pm., he was shaking and shivering and named that corner "Frozen Ass."

There was a large beaver dam on the Winter Road west beyond Frozen Ass Corner to the river. At the river there was a large bridge across the Mad to the east side. One day our gang met the Komrowski gang on this bridge at lunchtime. We had been hunting on the east side of the river over the end of Slide Creek Valley and were on our way back to camp, hungry as wolves! Do you think those skunks would share their lunches with us? No, sir!

Charley Komrowski refused to share one of his sandwiches (he had plenty) with me! I never forgave him.



↑ A group of campers at Camp I in 1956.

There were two drives that were specialties for our kids out of Camp I. The "Christmas-Tree Swamp Drive" was from the ridge north of the Winter Road along the river to the east through the pine and spruce growth to a line of watchers, north of the Frozen Ass Corners. That drive always produced one or two legal deer. The second kid's drive was from Camp I Road opposite "Orly's Trail" to the east to the Winter Road. I'll never forget one day they made that drive and, if you have never had kids make a drive for you, you have missed one of life's greatest pleasures! When they first start, they make more noise, with yelling and hollering and ringing bells and blowing whistles. As the drive progresses, this clamor gradually gets lower and lower. Finally the reality of the situation sets in and they're not quite sure where they are! I was up in a slanting treestand watching them coming toward the watchers. All at once one of the kids yelled to my son, "Spike, do you know where you are?" The yeller's voice had a certain amount of terror in it! Spike's answer will remain in my memory forever. He answered the caller by saying, "No, but my father does!" Those were the days.

One of the requirements of our lease back in the 1946 - 1950 years was the requirement for us to paint the lines of the Gould Paper Co. Later, still more duties were added to the line-painting. On the original first time painting, it was quite a chore. The original blazes were dull, the DEC (or Conservation Dept. as it was called) required the lands to be outlined in the 1890's with a single wire. You'd be stumbling

along the line and here would be 200 yards of trees in a straight line all lined together with single wire and corner posts on the ground near a pile of stones and sometimes covered with leaves. Orly Salisbury and Mel Davis were paid \$75 each to do this job.

It took over two weeks with me starting them out in the early morning and picking them up a previously selected spot in the evening. In painting the north line, they carried sleeping bags, food, paint and shotguns. Two days later, at 6:00 pm, they came out of the woods on the east line at the gate. I had been waiting for them since noon. They were covered with paint: heads, shirts, sleeping bags and all their clothing. They had fallen down in crossing the river, stumbled in swamps, fallen into beaver dams and had waded up to their armpits in some places where the line went across soft ground. But they came out and did such a good job that all future line painting has been a fine walk.

Joe Gressler and I were painting a section of this line, western line, which came out to Beaver Creek and now what is called the Cable Road. At Beaver Creek, George had cleaned off all the trees next to the north side of the road except one great big beech tree. At the base of the tree was an upright "Donkey-Engine" which had used soft coal for fuel. The beech tree acted as a gin-pole and a cable ran from the cable spool of the engine up to a large pulley at the top of the tree (70 ft. high), then back down to the ground and was hooked to the "Wiffle Tree" of a large Belgian-Percheron horse. After a logger 300 yards back in the woods had felled a tree and cleaned the branches off and cut it to a 12 ft. length and had about a half dozen more lying around, the man with the horse would come pulling the cable to the tree to be pulled out and would follow along behind the log being pulled out, but not too close behind! That log would be climbing trees, sliding down through the tops of others, catching in crotches, uprooting small trees and plunging off the tops of 100 ft. trees. You didn't want to be within a half mile of that log! The operator would sit calmly by the Donkey-Engine which would be saying, "Chug, Chug, Chug" and as the log came up to the engine, he would very carefully pull it up to the top of the pile and a lumberjack would swing it into place and release the cable. Today the same job is done by skidders.

The biggest drawback to expansion of the Mad River Club in the late 1940's, 50's and '60's was the lack of a clubhouse. We would meet at Tubbert's in Syracuse, "Butch Martin's Chicken-On-The-Ruff" in

North Syracuse, "Bill's" at Maple View, the Randall Hotel and the Pulaski Hotel in Pulaski, and finally "Laff Petries" in Pulaski. Each time the lease was raised from the Gould Paper Co., we would have to increase the dues and increase the membership. In 1949 - 50 we didn't have enough money and I paid the lease, \$100, out of my own pocket. The Club later repaid me. Nobody ever wanted to increase the membership. When it was 30 and proposed to 75, it was compromised on 60. Other times from 60 to 100, from 100 to 150 and from 150 to 200, etc. The only paid members from 1950 to 1958 of the Mad River Club Officers, were the President and the Secretary. Later others were added. Meeting notices were sent by post card.

As long as the lease was low and with regular raises in the dues, we were able to pay all expenses and even lease land for duck hunter members. We leased 400 acres on Three Mile Bay which had about 200 acres that were flooded and 200 acres that were loaded with pheasants. What a combination! Later, I was able to lease "Deer Creek Marsh" in two sections:

1. 800 acres were owned by Ola B. Colvin. All on the north side of Deer Creek, for \$150.00 per year from Rte. 3 to the lake.
2. The south side of Deer Creek from Rte. 3 to the mouth of the Creek on Lake Ontario, the south along the lakeshore, to a point in back of the Selkirk Hotel, then back out to Rte. 3. The area is now known as "Brennan's Beach".

We might have still had this land had the Club not "forgotten" to send a check for the lease! All of this land was taken over by the State to create Deer Creek Marsh.

We had two bad hurricanes strike the Mad River lands. Thousands of trees were uprooted and blown down by the Big-Blow in 1950 and again in 1952. You could not make a drive in a straight line. You were forced to climb up on top of the downed tree and deer were shot while running underneath you. The areas hardest hit were both sides of the main road on the east side of the club. The trees would lay from southeast to northwest and the aerial pictures which I have show this blow-down.

Logging operations were all recorded by Slim Burgess aerial shots with pictures of the various "camps" standing structures and trails outlined by snow. We learned that the best time to take these pictures was just as the snow started to melt. The roads and trails would show up as white and the

streams would come out jet black. All beaver dams appeared as black Lakes. The aerial photo led to another project. As the club grew in members, more and more confusion was created by the lack of telling where different places were! Hence the need for a map.

Working with the aerial shots and naming the trails, roads and streams, Slim and I created the First Mad River Club map. It was printed by Angelo Bigliardi, a friend of Sam Senors, and is the basis of the map in the Clubhouse at the present time. In order to make the map, the trails had to be named. So the club sold the naming of the trails to the member that would contribute \$5. Sunser, Penoyer, Spike's, Komrowskis', Clemens, etc. were all named after contributing members. Maps sold at first for \$1 each. All of these activities added to the Club treasury. This form of contributing to the club was even followed in building the Clubhouse. Underneath the fine linoleum floor are marked squares, 8' x 4' with the donor's name that had contributed \$5 for that square of linoleum. Members in the early years were givers, not takers. One thing I forgot to mention, all of the signs for the trails and roads on the Club were made by Ken and Arthur Creech. The material was from wrecked trailer bodies and were cut and painted by the Creech's. All free!

Later cuttings by other contractors on the Mad River Club created some newer trails that do not appear on the original map. There were many other maps copied, "guess-worked" and faked, but none as good as the original! Later years many activities added to the growth and financial strength of the Club.

The "Enduro" years of the 1970's were the greatest financial rewards to the Club. Bob Clemens, Doug Frackelton, Spike Nolan, to name a few, used their machines to lay out the toughest Enduro in New York State. The hours spent on this one project aided in the growth of our treasury. The greatest achievement of all was the building of the Clubhouse, which was spearheaded by Herm Fehlman. That was the culmination of all of our Old Timers' dreams.

After moving our tent to Camp I and later (1950) having to fight off the raccoons and porcupines, we found it necessary to put a chicken wire fence completely around the enclosure. On top of the fence we also had to put a shock fence as used in cattle pastures. Many of the nights as we lay in bed we would hear the porkies climbing the fence and strik-

ing the shock wire and "*ker-plunk*" as they hit the wire and dropped to the ground 4 feet down! Many days after hunting and waiting for supper we would walk or ride up and down the roads and pick them off out of the tree tops where they were eating the tender branches.

We never lacked for deer but there was only one bear killed on the club that I know of. He was killed by the Mayor of Adams who was hunting with a group from the east side of the club, the Greenly Boys. The bear met his demise down in the bottom of two-mile creek, next to where Bob Clemens had a tent. That was quite a plug for new members and old ones, too! Nothing equaling that until the invasion of the moose! He was fond of some cows south of Adams and became a photographer's object.

During the years we camped in Camp I, 1950 - 1960 we had many odd things occur. The coy dogs would start howling about the first sign of daylight. And boy that would wake you up, but quickly! It was only after we had shot about six before they moved out of the territory and were heard no more. It really was a shame. Country boys would trap muskrats, beaver, raccoons, etc. and would gather some small amount of money which they could use for many things. The anti-trapping groups stopped all of this. Now we have beaver flooding miles and miles of trails, roads and streams. The same is true of muskrats, squirrels, etc., to the point of many have become rabid, even deer.

A deer processor this year has told me that the cost of him being tested for rabies after processing the meat is over \$400. All because of an anti-hunting clout with the legislature. This is where the Mad River Club should act to help the Trappers Association.

Many times at the end of the day, we would be called upon to find someone who was lost. In 1952 we were posted around a swamp along the north line after 3:00 pm (we never started a drive after 3:00 pm because you would not have time to organize a search party before it was dark). Well three of us stayed until almost 5:00 pm; Slim, Bob and myself.

All at once, down through the middle of the swamp came a guy hollering "Pearl, Pearl, Pearl!" and was walking into the declining sun dragging his gun, shirt torn, hipboots punched full of holes, no hat, etc. I waited till he was about opposite me, then I hollered at him making sure he could not see me. Then Slim and Bob did the same thing. That guy stood in one place and emptied his gun by shoot-

ing in all directions and hollering, "Where are you, where are you, where are you?" After he became silent, I called, "Over here." Boy he went right on by me as fast as a man could run. Again we all cried, "Over here!" and only then did he stop and began to cry. We gradually worked our way over to him being careful not to let him see us and reassured him that we would help him. He had come over five miles after wounding a deer and was really lost.

There was a dentist lost down on the southern end of the club for over five days and finally walked out of the woods over near North Osceola. Another guy walked into camp and demanded we take him to Adams because his brother-in-law had left without him. Some nerve! The door in camp opened one night about 7:00 pm and one of the members of the club asked if I would help find his brother who had become lost by Camp II. The wind was blowing and sleeting and if it had been any worse, we couldn't have gone out! Using George Lane's ambulance and taking our camp bell (the sound of a bell is so different than any wood noise, you can hear it for miles).

We found out he was trying to walk out after 5:00 pm from their end of the beltway out of Camp II. I drove across the club to the end of the loop on Cold Brook, Rimey's Corner and told Peter Hermentiz to get out and ring the bell and listen for a return shot. Boy, oh boy, Pete hit the bell and 10 seconds later there was a shot on the loop. Pete beat the bell again, jumped in the ambulance and we drove up the loop to within 100 yards of where the lost person was he glad to see us! He was soaked. He was smart enough to put the barrel of the gun in the top of his rubber-packs so as he stumbled in the dark, he wouldn't lose his gun. We finally got him back to camp, fed him some warm-up juice and a good supper and gave him a change of clothes. Was he ever glad to get out!

An early fall snowstorm dumped three feet of snow on the tents and we had to plan a way to get the tents out of Camp I. It would be a problem: it was 1959 and not many four wheel drive units were available. I had an old Army Jeep with a homemade cover-overall, so we decided to try to get back to Camp I and if everything was alright, we would fire up the stoves, dry out the tents and try to bring them out. Three kids, Orly and Dick Salisbury, and I started out. The snow was so deep that it would pile up on the radiator. When we got to the first Gillman Creek crossing, the ice would not support

the jeep and the kids with high top rubber boots slid the chunks of ice out of the way, and we got across with no trouble. When we reached camp, we had trouble up to our ears! One tent, the sleeping tent was down and ripped in several places (a picture of this is on one of the frames of the display).

We started a fire in the cook tent and soon had the snow off of it and drying out. We started work on the sleeping tent and frozen as it was, finally rolled it into a big ball and by using two small trees, we created an "Indian treavois" behind the jeep and rolled it onto it. The cook tent we folded up and put on top of the jeep roof. All the sleeping bags and blankets and whatever else was left we loaded into the jeep and started out. With everyone tucked into the jeep, we came out without any trouble.

That cured us of camping in Camp I. In the spring of 1960, after several attempts to purchase property near the Club land, we finally bought the camp on top of Castor Hill. The firetower was in the back yard. This proved to be one of the best moves we made. We had 150 acres which went south to the Little Buck Club and then east to the Mad River Club line south of the Little John road. The memories of 31 years of hunting out of that camp have lasted a lifetime.

Friends like George Lane, Angelo Bigliardi, Gordon Storrings, Chuck Kinne, Rust Chriwmsa, Bob Clemens, Harry Perkins, Art and Ken Creech, Bud Brown, Don Cator, Bill Quackenbush, George Plummer and many others would gladden the day by stopping and spending a little time relating their experiences for the day. All great guys!

In closing I must tell you one of the cases of looking for a lost hunter. I was alone in camp, when Mrs. George Plummer came in and asked me to help find George. George and his wife were a pair of good hunters. She was a better shot than her husband. They had been hunting on the south side of their 60 acres. Mrs. Plummer had a favorite stump she would stand on and she asked George to make one more trip around the stump at 3:30 pm. At 5:00 pm it was dark, so she called and called; No George, no answer! So she returned to camp, waited for one hour and then drove up to my camp for help. I got dressed and got the usual material together for a walk in the woods after dark, flashlight, gas lantern, pistol and bell. I told Mrs. Plummer to go on back to camp and I would go in the woods (about where Harry Perkin's camp is) and see if I couldn't "bell" George out of the woods. When I got down to the

place to got into the woods, I couldn't believe my eyes! There was a campfire burning down in the woods about 200 yards from where I was standing on the road. I watched the fire to make sure it was contained and saw someone move by the fire, so I called "George!" and rang the bell. Here was George almost out to the road, but had taken the time to prepare to spend the night in the woods. Were he and Mrs. Plummer happy, you can bet!

As most of the stories have been recorded in "Bark-Eaters Hunting Ground," I'm sure the portion relating to the Mad River Club will hold interest to some of the members who are of a later generation.

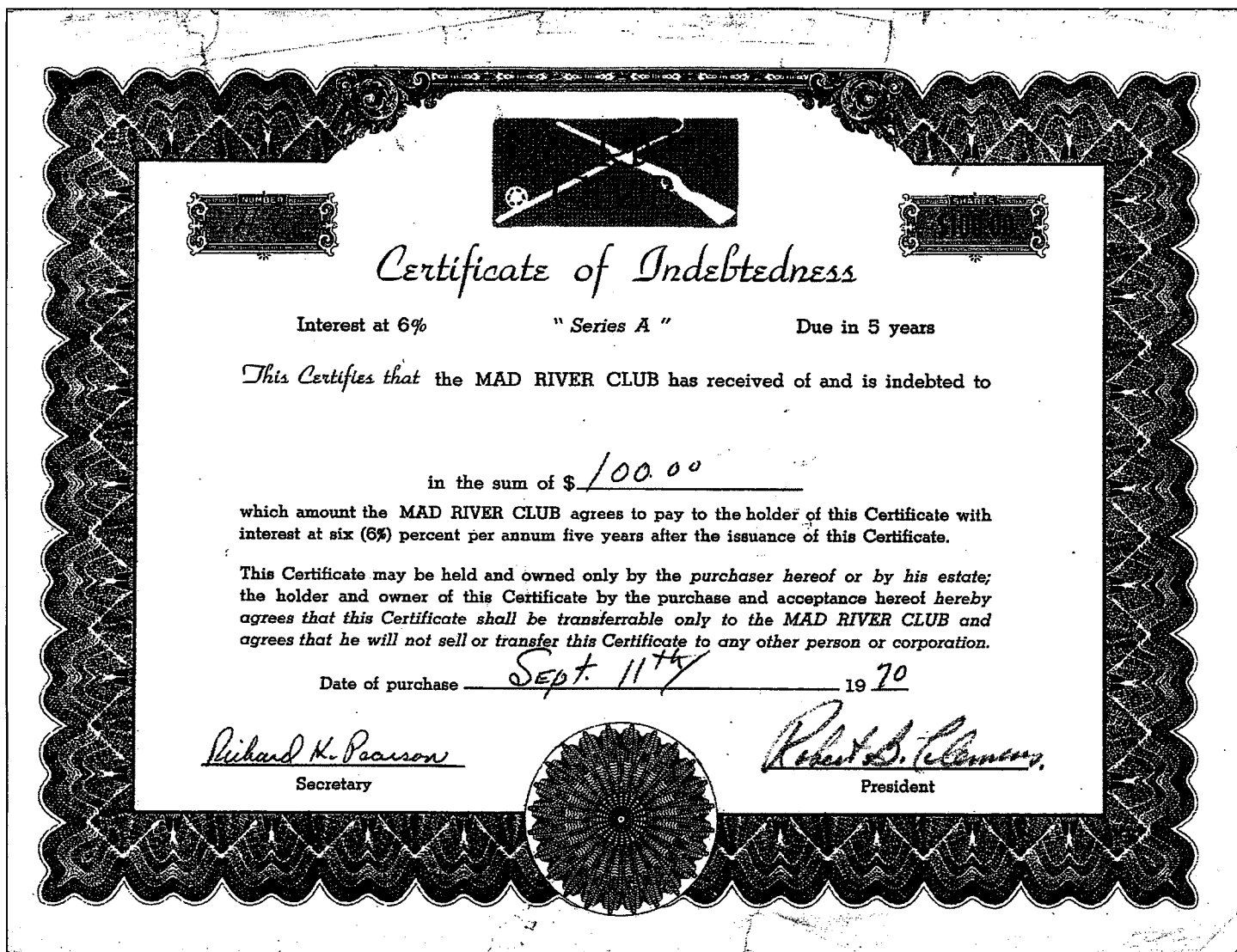
If I have offended anyone in relating my per-

sonal feelings in regard to the Club, I trust you will forgive me, but they were my own beliefs. To those many early and late members that I have known but have forgotten to mention, I ask your forgiveness.

Slim and I sold "Winter Woods," our camp, three years ago to a wonderful couple, Peter and Maria Mattison. They have the same pleasures that the area, club and camp gave to Slim and me.

The next 100 years for the Mad River Club should hold a wealth of events, good for the club and its members.

We "older" members have passed on to the present membership a very rich heritage. Use and protect it well.



↑ An example of one of the ways the Club raised funds for the building of the Clubhouse.

Panatela Profiles

The reason
for Bob's Burns?
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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED November 16, 1959

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↑ This article appeared in Sports Illustrated in 1959, recognizing a member of the Mad River Club.

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The Mad River Club Was My Playground

by Lloyd Hunt as told to Ben Gardiner

On 27 December 1993, I had the pleasure of visiting with Lloyd Hunt while he recounted his earliest memories of the Mad River Club. Lloyd's exploits as a master trout fisherman and deer hunter and his service to the club as president, vice president, and board chairman over the past 30-plus years are facts well known to most of the current members of the Mad River Club. He has been instrumental in the accomplishment of stream improvement projects, trout stocking, fund-raisers, and numerous other club functions. Indeed, Lloyd has been a key figure in the Mad River Club's last three decades. Few of today's members, however, are aware that Lloyd's introduction to the Mad River Club came much earlier than his joining in the early 1960's.

Beginning in May of 1918 and continuing through the end of deer season in 1920, Charles and Ina Hunt of Rodman were employed as resident caretakers of the Mad River Club. The MRC of those days was located on some 15,000 acres of timber lands owned by George R. Blount, a prominent lumberman from Lacona. The club catered primarily to wealthy big-city businessmen in those days, who sought to escape into the solitude of the Mad River and the thick, largely trackless surrounding woods. It was into this setting that Mr. and Mrs. Hunt brought their 8-year-old son, Lloyd. For three seasons, young Lloyd had all of the Mad River Club as his playground!

In the paragraphs that follow, this writer will faithfully attempt to relate Lloyd's recollections as accurately as possible.

Young Lloyd must have been ready to burst with anticipation that spring day in 1918 as his family made their first trip from Rodman to the Mad River club in their Model T Ford. Traveling over the "Old Military Road" (now County Route 17), the Hunts arrived in the hamlet of Greenborough and turned left at the Catholic Church onto the Mad River Road, which took them the remaining three miles to the club. The reader should note that Greenborough, including the Catholic church, no longer exists, having fallen victim to changing economic times and a depleted timber supply. Ironically, perhaps fittingly, all that remains of this Tug Hill ghost town is the cemetery.

The Mad River Road (now Littlejohn Drive) was, Lloyd said, "just two ruts about eight inches deep that lead directly to the club. Once you got your wheels in the ruts you couldn't get out. It's lucky that the Model T had high ground clearance."

The club in 1918 occupied the same 15,000 acres as it does today. The woods were much thicker, however, and property was traversed by a few footpaths and crude roads all but impassible to the vehicles of the day. Lloyd indicated that the club could still be crossed via the old Greenborough to Hooker Road. It would have been a slow and difficult journey as the Mad River and Cold Brook would have to be forded. No substantial bridges existed at that time. A crude cable foot bridge over the Mad River was the only means of crossing during times of high water.

The banks of the Mad River was the site of DeWitt Littlejohn's saw mill in the 1880's and '90's. By 1918,, Lloyd indicated that, "The saw mill was completely gone. A timber crib dam remained. It had a plank spillway on top; however, by this time the dam was breached so water was running out the bottom of it." The dam, nevertheless, still backed water six or so feet deep upstream a considerable distance. Below the dam was a swiftly flowing pool or "run" teeming with brook trout averaging 12 - 13 inches in length. More on trout fishing later.

The club compound was located in a large clearing a short distance inland from the river, across the road from where George Plummer's camp now stands. The Mad River Club buildings included a large farm house, barn, ice house, and hen house. The road ended at the club house, where a gate blocked further access to the property. The club was virtually self-sufficient. Water was supplied by a nearby spring, eggs and chickens were raised on site, and the menu often included fresh trout and "high speed beef," or "Tug Hill steer" (if you get my meaning). Provisions and game were kept fresh packed on Mad River ice. Ice was cut each winter from the still water above the Mad River Dam and hauled by horse and wagon to the ice house. Packed in sawdust in the thick-walled ice house, ice lasted year-round until the following winter.

As indicated above, the club catered to wealthy big-city businessmen in those days. The members thought nothing of driving their luxury cars over

the rutted Mad River Road to the club for a weekend hunt during deer season. Mrs. Hunt kept them well fed, and the majority never even left the clubhouse! They were content to occupy themselves visiting, playing poker, and perhaps taking a nip or two of strong spirits. Nevertheless, these big city sports did not leave the club without a trophy buck to take home! Each member would pay Charles hunt \$50 - \$100 apiece to shoot him a buck (good money in those days). Lloyd recalled that one season his father bagged 37 buck for the membership of the Mad River club. One can only imagine the stories told to wives and families when the sports arrived home (all this and probably a hangover too!).

The deer herd, as Lloyd recalls, was as exceedingly healthy in those days. During the summer, the Hunts enjoyed sitting on the screened porch of the clubhouse in the evening while as many as two dozen deer milled around the compound. Charles Hunt's hunting prowess was almost legendary in those days. One can only imagine how many bucks he harvested, at \$50 - \$100 each, during his three-year tenure at the club. It is important to remember that those were different times and different conditions, such that these practices were common and accepted (by even most game wardens). Lloyd recalls that on one memorable hunting trip, his father encountered two huge bucks fighting. After watching this ritual of the rut for a few minutes, the elder Mr. Hunt coolly and methodically harvested both bucks. Nowadays, it is a good day if you even see one buck!

"The trout fishing, in those days, was fabulous," Lloyd related. Lloyd fished the Mad River and all the major tributaries including Slide Creek. The laws allowed the taking of an unlimited number of trout in excess of six inches in length. Lloyd indicated that it was nearly impossible to catch one any less than six inches long! His favorite fishing spot was in the swift water below the Mad River dam. "You could stand there and catch trout twelve inches long, right after another," Lloyd said. "I enjoyed every minute of it."

Eight-year-old Lloyd, practically born with a fishing pole in his hand, was a fixture around the club and not a bit reluctant to demonstrate his fishing prowess to one and all. He recalled on occasion when he accompanied Shorty Allen of Fulton down to the Mad River Dam. Shorty had come equipped with the best rod and reel money could buy, a fancy creel, and bait box. Lloyd watched impatiently as

Shorty attempted to catch trout without any success. Shorty had the best of equipment, "but did not know how to use it," Lloyd recalled. Finally, Lloyd took the rod out of Shorty's hand and proceeded to catch several trout, the smallest being 12 inches long, while Shorty stood there flabbergasted. Shorty, along with his brothers, owned the Ox-Heart Candy Company. He was a kind man and a good sport and was so impressed that he gave Lloyd his rod and reel to keep. Shorty later sent Lloyd a 25-pound box of Ox-Heart chocolates. This was no doubt the first fee young Lloyd ever collected for giving a fishing lesson. Lloyd also made spending money by digging worms and selling them to members, cleaned fish, and packed them on ice for the big city sports.

Lloyd's experiences with Shorty Allen come as no surprise to the writer. I have always considered myself an accomplished fly fisherman, capable of catching my share of Tug Hill brookies on my own hand-tied flies. However, one fishing trip with Lloyd Hunt serves to return a bit of humility as I watch him catch four fish to my one using an old spinning outfit and worms! To this day he remains a master trout fisherman.

The Mad River Club area of 1918-1920 was far more isolated and sparsely populated than it is today. Nevertheless, the club was required to provide Lloyd with a school. Unfortunately, Lloyd's time at the club was not 100 percent fun and games. He was obliged to walk two miles back up the road toward Greenborough to a one-room schoolhouse where he was the only pupil. Lloyd's teacher was 80-year-old Martha Ackley, who had to walk to school herself.

After school, on the way back to the club, Lloyd would stop at the farm of Rolland Bagery, which was located on the Mad River Road near an area which today contains several beaver ponds. A stop at the farm was always good for some of Mrs. Bagery's homemade cookies, which helped give Lloyd the energy needed to propel him the remaining two miles home. Leaving Bagery's, Lloyd would stop at the camp of Nett Clifford on Castor Hill across the road from the old firetower site (yet to be built in 1918). Mr. Clifford was an old bear hunter who would terrify Lloyd with stories of killer bears and other adventures. It was usually dark when he left Clifford's. No doubt Lloyd picked up the pace substantially as he made his way through the dense, dark woods and heard panthers (painters) screaming their eerie greetings through the night!

Despite the distractions school caused, there was always time for fun. Lloyd and his dad spent many hours catching native brookies on the Mad River. More often than not, they were accompanied by the family's Jersey milk cow. The cow so loved Lloyd's father that she would follow him into the woods. What a sight that must have been!

Following the 1920 hunting season, Charles Hunt's tour of duty as Mad River Club caretaker ended. Lloyd left the Mad River club, not to return for over 40 years, joining the club in the early 1960's.

The club property had changed hands several times during that 40 years. The woods were not as thick, the deer and trout were not as plentiful, the dam was gone, and the old club buildings were no longer standing. As with the club buildings, the Clifford and Bagery properties, and the schoolhouse were gone, their locations reclaimed by the forest. Despite the preceding, the Mad River club was and is a sportsman's paradise. The MRC was no longer exclusively a rich man's club. It was now made up of largely ordinary working people.



↑ A photo of the original clubhouse, taken in 1913.

*Congratulations to the
Mad River Club on their 100th
Anniversary and good luck
on the next 100 years.*

Jim & Teddi Horth

In the ensuing 30 years, from the early 1960's to the present, Lloyd has participated in many projects that have improved the club as an organization, as well as its properties. He has seen the club grow stronger and more fiscally sound. He has seen the Mad River Club weather adversity, such as the proposed Horizon Development in the 1970's.

Lloyd's vision for the club's future is highly optimistic. He believes that the organization's strength will allow it to meet any challenge ahead and flourish. He feels that the current landlord, Cortland wood, is one of the best he has seen since becoming a member. He is pleased with improvements to the roads and the bridge they built over the Mad River.

Now 83 years young, Lloyd Hunt awaits the 1994 trout season with the same enthusiasm and anticipation that he had in 1918. The club owes him a great deal for his friendship and countless contributions over the years. It is my hope that, in reading the preceding paragraphs, you have, as I now do, an understanding of why Lloyd Hunt loves the Mad River Club as much as he does!



↑ Another common sight at the original Clubhouse.



↑ Lloyd with a record catch, September 30, 1992

Memories of the Mad River Club

by Charles Komrowski

Edited by Ben Gardiner

***EDITOR'S NOTE:** A life member of the Mad River Club, Charles Komrowski retired from active membership during the 1980's. Mr. Komrowski worked closely with Herm Fehlman in the building of the Clubhouse in 1964. He was also active in numerous fund-raisers, Sportsman's organizations, and was the recipient of many Club awards. We are happy to present this veteran member's reminisces of nearly 50 years in the MRC. - B.G.*

I joined the club in September 1946. The September meeting was at Judd's on the LittleJohn Drive. There were 24 members in the Club at the time, and my Club badge was No. 24 and would remain so for 30 years. Jack Burt joined the next year to make it 25 members. Floyd Nolan, Dick Salsbury, Jack Burt, and I were the only ones left of those first 25 members. Dick is no longer a member, so there are only three of us left as of 1993!

In those days the Gould Paper Company of Lyons Falls charged the Club \$100 per year to lease the hunting grounds. For the first five years I was a member, we held our meetings at the Judd's home. A big meal, a meeting, drinking party plus talk of last year's hunting and fishing on the Club's 15,000 acres. The members would plan a hunt and all would go hunting, putting on drives and standing watch. We would make about four hunts a day and were very successful, bagging an average of four to five deer a day! The older members liked the younger men because we did the dragging of deer. Great hunting at the Club every weekend. Staying at the Judd's was very enjoyable: three meals a day and lodging for \$15.00 a day plus tips. Hunting parties had to make reservations in advance for the next week. About 12-16 men made for a nice hunt. The Club left Judd's and stayed at numerous other places.

After leaving Judd's, we raised the membership limit to 50, charging \$25.00 per year dues, and we filled it up fast. The meeting places were all over, and two to six meetings a year were held up until a few years ago. Cedar Post, Lath Petries, Log Cabin, Goldmine, Tulbers in Syracuse were among the meeting places. The Board of Directors had their meetings all over too, including my cellar for all of three years. We had deer hunts and fishing derbies for the children of Club Members. I helped run the fishing derby for about eight years.

The next five years, there was another increase in membership to 100 members at \$25.00 per year. Again, we reached the limit in a short time. We started to have clambakes every year, and Ernest Norton and I chaired the bake. We held the bake over on Route 3 near the Railroad Museum, and attendance was generally around 200 to 225 people.

By the 1960's, with the membership increased to 125 members, Herman Fehlman started a drive to build a clubhouse. We sold bonds to help finance the building of the club house. Lester Harris and I tried to sell them, but without much success. The bonds sold for \$100 each with 6% interest and could not be redeemed for five years. There were less than \$200 in bonds sold. After the clubhouse had been built, a few of the members who didn't have any bonds wanted to have a "bond burning night." I told them I would burn one of mine for one of theirs. I guess I called their bluff!

Much of Clubhouse was built by my brothers, Harold and Harry, and myself. The cellar, outside shell, roof, windows and doors cost \$25,000. Herman Fehlman paid the bill. The Club paid Herman every month with interest.

The Club started to fix up the inside of the club house with the money we had on hand. The clambakes then started to be held at the Club. The first year at the Club, 300 people attended. George Plummer and myself made about \$2,100 for the Club that day. The money was in the bank and every year after that, the money was given to the Treasurer to be deposited Monday morning. Largest attendance at a clambake was 325 people and the club was given \$2,600 at the end of the bake. It was suggested that I guarantee the Club \$3,000 for the bake following year, with me personally paying the difference if we fell short! Needless to say, I didn't put on the bake the next year. The clambakes held at the Club financed the Pole Barn, plus repaired the Old Barn,

put in the trap shooting range, the rifle range, and planted evergreen trees on the Club's property.

Other fund-raisers included snowmobile races during the winter months, usually about two races per year, from which we usually made a profit. The snow, while good for the races, often caused us trouble on meeting night; the meetings were held in Pulaski when the snow was too deep.

The Club leased a second hunting land, The Deer Creek Marsh on Route 3. There was rabbit, squirrel, ducks, goose, deer and partridge. Fishing in summer plus cranberries in the fall. The property was eventually sold to the DEC.

After Gould Paper was purchased by Georgia Pacific, the Club had to negotiate a new lease with the new paper company. We also went to the Town of Redfield tax appeal day to see if we could keep the taxes down, and we were not always successful. As the lease went up, so did the dues on members.

The Club sold names of trails or roads or ridges to Club members for \$5. There were signs put up all over the Club for members and an arrow pointing out for anyone who was lost on Club property, but that didn't work too well. A few were put on maps and were sold to members for \$2.

It has been my good fortune to have received my share of awards over the years. I was the first to get the Sparkplug Award. Over the years in the club I received about one award a year for 15 years including the following: Bigbuck, Sharpshooters, Sparkplug, Sportsman, Rabbit hunter. I also was a delegate to the Oswego Federation of Sportsmen for about five years. Then the Club sent me to the Deer Forum at Tupper Lake, Old Forge. Now I am with the Onondaga Federation of Sportsmen. I have been to 19 Whitetail Deer Forums all over the state.

This year I will be in the Mad River Club 48 years. There is only one other Club member older than me, Floyd Nolan of Rainbow Shores, Pulaski. I have had a lot of fun and made many lifelong sportsman friends. I suppose there may have been a few fellows who didn't like me. Oh well.

I have seen many Club presidents and several, in my opinion, were outstanding: George Plummer, Harry Komrowski, Harry Perkins, Herman Fehlman, Jack Lehtonen, Lester Harris and Stanley Kloczek. You will note that George Plummer was the only member who was blackballed from the club. The next year George put in a new application for the Club and was accepted. The following year George was elected President and served for 5 years!

The Club has had a many other fine men as members: George Novas, Roy Glonn, Donald Wager, Slim Burgess, Joe Glessner, Robert Peel (Rod Hunter), Orla Salsbury, Sam Sunser, Bunker Thomas, Bill Crawford, Charles French, John Schneider, Jack Burt, Ken Creech, Donald Dower, Herman Fickeian, Donald Hawley, Richard Hosmer and Lloyd Hunt, among others.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The remainder of Charlie's story deals with fond recollections and selected anecdotes from his 48 years as a Mad River Club member.

Feeding Deer - 1948

In those days, The Club was still cutting timber and skidding it out with horses from Camp III. Horses were also used to plow the roads for the logging operation.

The Club had asked us to feed the deer during the winter of 1948. The herd was downstream on Mad River. We had to do it on Sunday, so we could park our car at the site of the old club house (now across from Lloyd Perkin's camp). Our group included Jack Burt, Charles Taylor and Jim Salsbury (Dick's son, he was about 14 years old at the time), and myself.

About five to eight feet of snow was on the ground. We used snowshoes and axes, saws and pruning shears. Off we went, found the deer yard and started cutting trees about three inches thick, planting them in the snow for the deer to browse on along the trail they were using. The deer went into the river and upstream, we cut until about 1:00 pm which yielded about 200 small trees. We saw about 25 deer eating the browse we had just cut. One deer got off the path and could not move, so we circled it and helped it get back on the path. He was alright and back in the yard. We all went home tired and glad we fed the deer! About a week later, four other fellows repeated the process, so you could say we helped save about 25 deer in 1948!

Posting the Line - 1965

One time the Club had to post the outside lines of the property after the big blowdown of 1965. On Sunday, we had about 20 men, which we split up into teams of 2 - 4 men each.

Ora Salsbury, Jack Burt, Louis Brown and I were

taken to the southeast line by car and left there. Ora and I had to go east and then north on the eastern line at 9:00 am. We were to cut, post, and mark with paint, and we were about 1/4 done with the east line at 2:00 pm. We started to go to the road crossing the Club and we climbed and walked up two miles and got out at Camp No. III at 7:30 pm. Everybody was walking the road and calling for us. They all had a dinner at the River. When we got out, they were all happy. Jack and Louis didn't get out till 8:30 pm and they did not get to the River with their posting. The Club didn't finish posting the property until about four years later. I think that was the hardest job I have ever had at the Club!

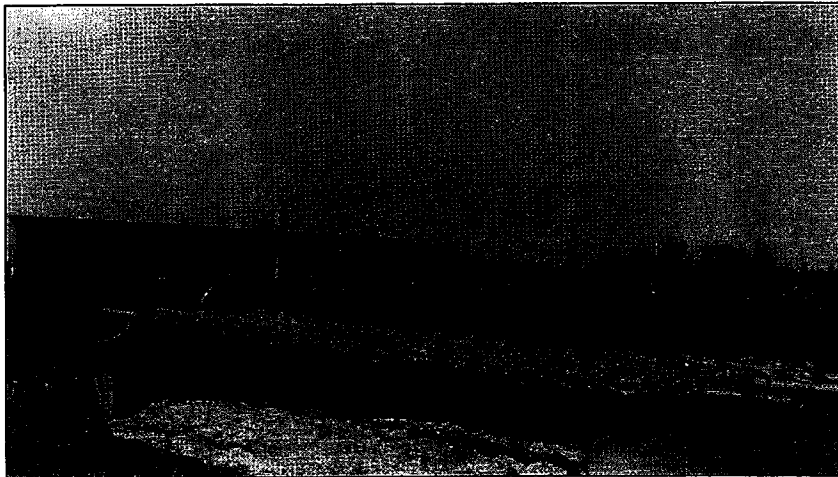
Submerged Jeep

I was hunting at George Plummer's Camp and it was raining cats and dogs all night. So we stayed in and played cards, 5&10 Poker. Jack Lehtonen and

his guest also came in, but said they were going across the river with his Jeep, and off they went. About 12:00 noon Jack's guest came in to George's camp and told us that Jack was stuck in the river. We all got dressed fast and we went to help Jack. George had a chain and he backed his Jeep in the water. Jack is standing waist deep in water with a clothesline tied to his bumper and onto a log on shore.

Bill Crawford and I were in back of George's Jeep, his bumper was down the water was running over the hood. I said to Bill to hold my legs and down I went with the hook of the chain into the bottom of the bumper and held the chain tight and out Jack's Jeep came. We towed it up to Plummer's camp, changed the oil, cleaned the carburetor and waited about an hour to dry off with a few beers.

Then Jack's jeep went home with the deer Jack and guest killed on the rainiest day of season and had washed in the Mad River!



← Four shafts of chicken, ready to serve at a Mad River Club Clam Bake.

↓ Winners of a Kids Trout Fishing Derby in the 1960's

***Congratulations to the
Mad River Club for
100 years of dedication
to Sportsmanship.***

**Anglers Association of Onondaga
Von Campbell – Paul Chilson**



Thanks For the Memories

MAD RIVER CLUB HISTORY PERIOD 1954 - 1983

By Robert B. Clemens

I must apologize right at the beginning of this as I am writing strictly from memory. In 1983, when I retired from active membership in the Mad River Club (MRC) I took all of my records up to the clubhouse and placed them carefully in the locked file cabinets so that they would be available for anyone interested in the history of the club. Of special interest would be the hand written records that I kept of the period 1964 - 1970 when I was the Club Treasurer and as such kept all the financial records of the purchase of the present clubhouse property, its financing and the subsequent pay off of that debt.

I joined the MRC in the Spring of 1955, just a year after my father, Earl S. Clemens, joined. At that time, the dues, per member, were \$15 per year and that included the price of the Annual Banquet. That was also the only meeting for the whole year. There was a limit of 60 members and the club membership was always filled. The owners of the club-leased lands, Gould Paper Co. of Lyons Falls, N.Y., charged \$200 per year for the lease. The club at that time owned no property and was very loosely organized. I took no active part in leadership of the club until the early 1960's.

Club members in those days hunted out of peripheral area camps as, with the exception of George Plummer's 60-acre patch, there was no private property within the leased lands of the MRC. My father and I had a camp that we built ourselves on the Firetower Road (in Oswego County), but called the Salmon River Road in Lewis County, where our camp was located. We were about 3 miles from the East gate to the club.

"Our side of the club" was at 1,450 ft. above sea level, compared to 1,150 ft. over on the western side, or west of the Mad River. As a result, our side received snow earlier in the fall. We rarely saw anyone from the western side of the club.

The main road running across the club over to Lewis County was a poor excuse for a road. The road was a Town of Redfield town road originally in early 1900's. During the Great Depression of the 1930's the town abandoned the road lying east of the Mad River. I did meet, years ago, a gentleman

from Rochester, N.Y. who had driven across the road as late as 1926. After WWII a logger/contractor named George Colvin did re-open the road across the club about 1948. At Gould Paper's request, he did build several loops out of the old road bed on the Gould Paper's private property so that the new road left the town roadway in several places and thus enabled Gould Paper to legally claim the road as a private road, as it still remains today.

With the Hurricane of November 1950, the road was closed by fallen trees and Colvin's logging operation ceased. From that time on, maintenance of the main (Firetower) road and what we knew then and now as the Camp #1 Road was all done by club members. We also had a Camp #2 Road that went up a creek bed, which is now changed. There was no bridge across the Mad River at this time and vehicles using the road had to ford the river. Mr. Colvin did also have a Camp #3, sited on the main road over the Cold Brook area near what was called Reimy's Corners (shown as a "dogs-leg" on your Club maps). The road leading out of Camp #3 and going down the hill across Cold Brook to the East and on over to Two Mile Creek, started at Camp #3.

In the early 1950's the only roads maintained for any vehicular traffic at all were the Main E-W road and the Camp #1 Road. The rest of Colvin's roads grew impassable as brush and new tree growth took over the roadways. Early vehicles used by club hunters ranged from my father's Ford Model A to some of the very early jeep vehicles with 4-wheel drive. Brush cutting, when done at all, was entirely by hand using brush clippers.

With the start of the 1960's, the club came somewhat alive with better leadership and a feeling that our club lands must be opened up with better roads. Gould Paper was also proving to be a difficult company to work with. Their Woodsmaster, John Bouralle, handled the lease and started raising our annual lease costs. This, in turn, caused the club to increase both membership limits and dues; sounds familiar today, doesn't it? By this time I had become the club's treasurer and we did start having monthly meetings year around, except for November.

Our monthly meetings were held on the 2nd Friday of the month, usually in local restaurants with bars. I remember my first annual banquet was at the old Randall Hotel in Pulaski, now the Log Cabin. We then went through a succession of Pulaski area restaurants, namely Dracos and Petrie's in Pulaski, Phil and Darcy Forbes in Maple View and then back to Wilson Yelle's Cedar Post in Pulaski, too.

The monthly meetings and better leadership started a new MRC. As I remember, we expanded membership limits by gradual increases over the years; first to 75, then 125, 150, 175, 200 and finally arrived at today's limit of 250 active members.

The club did buy a brush saw and a chain saw during this late period of the 1950's. In 1957 I remember using it to clear the road running from Camp #3 over to Two Mile Creek of all brush and trees. It was some job! Of course I had lots of help from my father and friends. Would you believe, it's named after someone else! Earl's Trail from Camp #3 was named after my father.

I remember back in 1957, hunting with my then 10 year old son, Bob, back on Two Mile Creek when the then Mayor of Adams, N.Y. and a club member, Sam Elliott, shot a big black bear over in the Grindstone Creek area. Sam yelled over through the woods, "I shot a f-----g black bear" and of course we went over to see it and sure appreciated using our Model A to get it out of the woods. This bear, of course, was killed over the Lewis County line where it was legal. The MRC leased lands lie in the extreme North East corner of Oswego County where bear hunting is not legal. This was the only bear I ever knew to be killed in our area. I will always remember our 10-year-old running into our house that night yelling, "Mommy, Mommy, they shot a f-----g black bear!" "Boy, did I catch hell for that one!

One of our old-timer Honorary Members, Granville Clifford told me that there were only black bears on the club, no deer, in the early 1900's. Seems they were not compatible with one another. He lived where Floyd Nolan's camp was, up on the Firetower hill as a kid. At that time the MRC did have a hunting lodge down by the Mad River on leased land, back when the road across the Club, going over to Lewis County was kept up by the Town of Redfield.

Gradually, over the time period of 1955 - 1965, our club roads were re-opened by the hard work of club members. I well remember the first time we were able to drive the Model A across the club from our camp and up the Camp #1 Road for a venison

dinner at Floyd Nolan's camp. It consisted of several used Army 16' x 16' x 16' tents. We finally realized how nice it was to be able to at last drive across the club.

In 1961 I can remember attending a MRC rabbit dinner held at a restaurant in Redfield. This was the first time I laid eyes on a snowmobile. It was owned by George Plummer and he let us all take a turn at driving his new Skidoo around the village square. That was the start of every Club member's romance with the snowmobile and it served to open up the club lands like we had never seen before. Needless to say, by 1964 we just about all had snowmobiles and they became our winter weekend obessions for years to come!

About this time, Herman Fehlman came into our lives. Herm operated a very successful garage that serviced cars excellently on Leo Ave., in Eastwood, a suburb of Syracuse, N.Y. I assumed he had lots of dough as he often bought a round of beer for everyone at our monthly meetings. His wife, Julie, probably never knew about this habit of his or would have undoubtedly put a stop to it to save us all. Being young and enjoying a free beer, I became a Herm Fehlman fan.

By 1964 we were making a name for ourselves in Oswego County, and Onondaga County too, as an active and viable club. We knew our local, state and federal legislators and used them. In turn, we supported and encouraged all of their very positive game conservation efforts. We became active supporters of our NYSDEC people then in Watertown, N.Y., as our club lands were at that time in DEC's Region 6. Our membership grew as a result of all the publicity we received and our leadership supply potential became quite outstanding. We also injected new blood into the Oswego County Federation of Sportsmen's Club of which I did serve several years as President of that organization.

In 1964, Herm Fehlman did buy the 75-acre farm on County Rte. 15 where our club house is now located, in the Town of Boylston. Herm felt that we of the MRC should own our own property and have a club house on it. Our Club membership at that time did need a big project to meld them together. Herm also felt that it would improve our meetings, by getting us away from the "bar" atmosphere. In any event, it did just that. One adverse affect was that Herm stopped buying all those rounds of beer.

So, by 1965 we had accepted Herm's offer of the property and we did go ahead and borrow the

necessary funds from our benefactor, Herman Fehlman. I handled all the financial affairs for the Club and to the best of my knowledge, we borrowed via a mortgage from Herm, the amount of \$6,000 at 6% interest. We faithfully made our monthly payments of principal and interest. To aid us in funding this effort the club formed the MRC Foundation.

You could join this elite club by buying at least a \$100 share in the foundation, which at that time was a considerable amount of money. As I remember, our club president at that time was George Plummer. George was club proxy for the longest period of time (five years). Knowing George as I did, it always surprised me how well organized he could be. I paid him ten installments of \$10 each to join the foundation. Later when I was Club president (1970 - 1974) George did volunteer to keep the records of paying off all the shareholders shares and accumulated interest. He was precise to the penny in this work and the foundation funds helped to not only pay off the mortgage, but to also finish off the interior of the club house.

So....in 1965 Harold and Harry Komrowski did build us our club house as we know it today. They obviously did a fine job. Funds from the foundation, which was successful, went into the construction expense and then into the interior finishing. As I remember, as I made up bids, the club house dimensions were 90' x 40' on the N-S axis and 40' x 40' on the wing running out to the west. We were a little primitive in the beginning, but did have inside plumbing, thank goodness, and the building was superbly insulated. Our present day club house is the finest around that I know of.

The club house became the centerpiece of all Club activities. We held our meetings there. The barn came with the property and under Herm's direction we did brace it up, laid a floor upstairs in it and made it presentable for square dancing and other activities such as headquarters for our motorcycle enduros we held in the early '70s.

Boy....does that bring back memories! As soon as we got the club house built, we began thinking up activities to use as fund raisers. Snowmobile racing was a fad in the late '60s and Spike Nolan and myself chaired the MRC Snowmobile Races once each winter until our big brother, the State of New York, made new rules and regulations that put us all out of business. Our races were always successful money raisers. Ed Robbins always helped us out by using his equipment to build the oval race track

and to clear the parking areas for the crowds that came to see the races and to eat and drink our refreshments. This activity also served to give the club lots of publicity as well as to give our membership lots of healthy work to do. Our membership really melded together in those years.

It should be mentioned here that in 1967 Gould Paper became G-P as Gould Paper sold out to Georgia Pacific. With Joe Ingalls as G-P's new manager conditions and relations between leaser and leasee improved, although our lease costs kept climbing. Norbert (Tubby)...he was really skinny....Kornmeyer was G-P's new Woodsmaster. He and their logger/contractor, Joe Kwasnewski (Squash) gave us many new roads on the club as a result of their extensive logging operations on our club lands.



↑ *Spike Nolan starts another race.*

In the spring of 1970 I became MRC's Club President. All through the 1960's I had handled the club's money as Treasurer. I had also founded the Club's newsletter as I became Editor of the monthly newsletter which I continued to write right up through until 1983. As the years went along, we added several paid memberships for my helpers that became necessary as our regular, honorary and life members roster grew to more than 300 by the mid 1970's.

By 1971 we went into motorcycle enduros. They were all American Motorcycle Association (AMA) sanctioned events too. They raised lots of money for the Club. I did head up this event for several years to come.

I bought myself an enduro motorcycle and along with my snowmobile and cycling friend, Doug Frackelton, we went to work and dollarwise put on the most successful events the Club ever had in rais

ing money. By 1973 all of the club's debts, over \$36,000 had been paid off.

I can well remember our annual meeting held in April 1972. My wife, Hilda, had told me, "two years is enough!" There were many MRC problems, it was not all roses! Debts still were there and meetings were often stressful for me. At this particular meeting the Club also adopted a new leadership plan in which the Board of Directors would have both a club proxy and a chairman of the B/D running the club. At this time we also, at my suggestion, split the treasurer's job into two positions; we made the Treasurer responsible for paying the bills and added a new Financial Secretary to handle all incoming monies. With this and the club debts to worry us, NO ONE wanted to be Club President. I can always remember past prexy Floyd Nolan saying, "is there anyone not here that might want to be President?"

With all of the "good guys" there at the meeting and no one speaking up, yours truly offered to run for another two years and was duly elected for 1973 and 1974. At the time I personally did not want to turn the club leadership over to someone who might not have their heart into it. You had to have your full interest focused on the welfare of the club. Hilda, needless to say, was not very happy about it but did as usual support me all the way. As previously stated by the end of my third year as prexy (1973) our club debts were all paid off. Oh yes, for those two years I was both club prexy and Chairman of the B/D, as I would not have served otherwise. For me and my ego, that was the only way I would have it and apparently it did work out okay.

I should mention here that many of the \$100 foundation shareholders, including myself, did give their shares to the club, thus making George Plummer's job somewhat easier. Many of the other shareholders with greater amounts invested also donated some of their shares. The club did make the pay-offs with interest as funds became available and I was pleased to see it all done by the end of my third year as club prexy in April 1973.

It was then that the B/D decided to place our extra funds into a sinking or reserve fund. That proved to be a good way to save our money as by the time I left the club as an active participant in 1983 it amounted to some \$48,000.

One thing that I do want to relate here is the fact that in the first year of my presidency in 1970 I did twice borrow money from the local Pulaski bank via 90- day notes, on my signature, on behalf of the

MRC to pay off debts and lease costs. This was a very personal risk on my part, but the club was always able to repay me, thus lowering my "pucker factor" considerably.

During all of those years, I remember major projects on the club that I worked on....maps, road names, road and club signs....I was the club painter of signs for years....planting trees on the clubhouse property, keeping the clubhouse property boundary lines painted and marked, cutting the club leased land boundaries from the East gate North to the Northeast corner and on over to the Mad River, year after year; laying out the beltway up North on club lands, working from March to June on the enduro year after year; climbing up onto the barn roof one time for Herm to plug a leak (he would have done it if I hadn't). I was so proud when he finally agreed to let the club name our meeting room as "Fehlman Hall".

I remember the first time I rode my snowmobile up Willow Creek Valley and Slide Creek Valley. I remember in 1971 getting a big buck award for killing a monster buck in the middle of the Christmas Tree Swamp. Our son, Bob, just back from a tour in Viet Nam as a combat infantryman, was with me at the time. I was a machine gunner in the ETO during WWII in an infantry regiment. Both of us had learned our shooting and map reading skills on the Tug Hill Plateau. These skills learned on the MRC lands undoubtedly made him a better soldier and as it did me, it brought us both back home safely. For that we will always be thankful to the Club.

I will always remember Herm taking care of Bobby's Ford Mustang while he was in college at Syracuse University. At age 12 Bobby had walked across the big Slide Creek beaver pond to stop a deer hunter going the wrong way on a late winter afternoon. That grateful hunter was Herman Fehlman.

God, I met some wonderful people in my years with the MRC and that is just one of many great benefits I got from the Club. I remember Roy Cummings, not even a member, taking care of the Club sign I had put on his property at the corner of the Rte. 15 and Ridge Roads. He cleaned and waxed it for years just because he was proud that the MRC was just up the road!

I remember all of the great bridges we built across Mad River and Cold Brook. I remember driving Hilda's Jeep Wagoneer across a roaring Mad River with the headlights under water and the windshield wipers on as the waves washed over the hood.

God, was she scared!

I remember standing back to back with Spike Nolan as we argued with ugly race contestants at our snowmobile races. The stressful times of both snowmobile and enduros were terribly hard times. That was the reason we stopped the enduros after we had all the big club bills paid off.

One of my favorite memories was a Club hunt when we actually brought back six bucks out of the woods. Floyd Nolan, who never hunted with us (too dangerous) was speechless, for once, when we brought them into his yard for weighing. I should



mention here that in the years of the Great Depression and WWII, Floyd did so much to keep the Club alive and by paying the leases sometimes with his own money to keep the MRC alive for all of us younger guys.

All of these memories have made it much easier to write this part of the MRC history...it has brought tears to my eyes, indeed. I was made a Life Member at a meeting that I did not attend in 1983 and have never been back up on the club as once I retire....I retire! Let's see, I was 58 when I retired from the MRC and I was more than ready to give up my role as prexy advisor to the many fine club leaders that succeeded me...thank you all!!

SHORTSPOTS

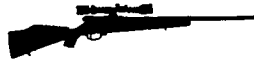
MINUTES OF THE MAD RIVER CLUB, 8 JANUARY 1965:

Floyd Nolan was responsible for having 13 trespassers prosecuted. They were found guilty in Williamstown Town Court on 19 December 1964. The guilty parties were all from the Syracuse area.

EDITORS NOTE: Trespassing is a problem which continues today. Security Chief Bob Touzin indicates that controlling trespassers and bringing them to justice can be a frustrating process. Floyd Nolan's efforts above serve to demonstrate that security is responsibility of all members.
- Ben Gardiner.

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violent crime lies in
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mere threat, of swift
certain punishment.”*

ERNST GIRARD

Home of the Snow and 40 Below ...

by Stanley Klocek

"The Mad River Club of Tug Hill, New York. Home of the snow and 40 below. And where did the deer go?"

In April 1964 I, Stanley Klocek, was elected president of this club and was given for a gavel a tail from a fresh-trapped beaver, a tax lien from the Internal Revenue Service, a letter from 1951 stating the membership wants a clubhouse, National Rifle Association members and a rifle range.

By April 1966, the lien was settled by the efforts of member Herman Noll. The tax law - a surcharge on club dues enacted during World War II to get more revenue for the government - was repealed (this is the law that got us in trouble). We had become an NRA member club and the club house was up on MRC land located in Lacona.

Member Herman Fehlman was appointed to seek out a place for the club house. Initially, a farm house on Littlejohn Road was to be purchased by a verbal agreement. However, before papers could be signed, the owner learned that the MRC would be the new owners and claimed that the club owed him money for members that lodged and had meals with him during previous hunting seasons.

Investigations did not substantiate this claim and it was decided, to avoid any future problems, to reject this site. Mr. Herman Fehlman was instructed to seek other areas and located the present site which was approved and this land was duly purchased. Mr. Fehlman was then directed to proceed with the erection of the club house. Meanwhile, the MRC, with the generosity of Mr. Fehlman, borrowed from him \$20,000 at 6 percent interest per year on unpaid balance.

With this club house fund, he had the cellar dug out by member Newt Van Deusen and hired members Harry and Harold Komorowski (twins, whose business was construction) to purchase building supplies and erect the structure, which stands today.

A few highlights:

Cement for the cellar floor was ordered and Jack Lehtonen and volunteers worked as beavers repairing a broken dam to trowel it to perfection.

Sheets of rough plywood covered the hall and kitchen floor. Floyd Nolan and Charles Komorowski sold those sheets to members, who in return had

their names painted on them and the money was used to purchase and tile the floor.

Because no dues monies were to be used to fund the club house and pay off its debt, much volunteer labor was used to complete the interior and appointments and numerous and ingenious methods were used to raise the money. For example:

Spike Nolan and Robert Clemens directing snowmobile races in winter and motorcycle enduro racing in summer.

Charles Komorowski and George Plummer directing clam bakes and steak bakes.

Jack Lehtonen putting on chicken barbecues.

Harry Perkins taking care of trap shoots.

You name it and the members probably did it. Some names that come to mind: Herm Fehlman, Earl Clemens, Herman Ficheisen, who sued his ability as a dowser to locate our well with a branch from a boysenberry tree which stood on the property. Charles Kinne's wife, Jane, was to make a few pies for use from these berries and Mr. Ficheisen, some wine before the tree succumbed to age. Robert Clemens, George Plummer, Floyd Nolan, Roy Glahn, Les Harris, and hey, if your name isn't mentioned here, please don't get mad. Check out the minutes of club meetings of these times. Your honor is perpetuated in them and here, a thank you for all those services rendered.

And to all the members of those days and to those to come and came to maintain the Mad River club house and grounds to beauty.

Yes, the MRC joined the National Rifle Association, New York Rifle & Pistol Club, Oswego County Federation of Sportsmen clubs, New York State Conservation Council, and Adirondack Deer Forum.

In the Spring of 1966, we planted several thousand trees on club house land.

In October 1966 we released 1,600 pheasants in Oswego County.

Members of the Mad River Club then and to this day - and I am sure to the future - will continue in sportsmanlike conduct, to do all to perpetuate the flora and fauna of the club so future generations may have them to enjoy. And to see to it that the whole nation shall not lose its ability to tell right from

wrong and lose its civic consciousness, especially that of the Bill of Rights, most significantly the right to bear arms. And we can thank Thomas Jefferson as one of the framers of the Constitution for that.

The future of the Mad River Club was not as rosy as now. It became as it is because of the inspiration and generosity of Herman Fehlman, who opened his wallet not only to loan, but give freely of its contents to the establishment of the club house. He also opened his hand and put in them a hammer, saw drill or whatever tool necessary to start and complete a job. To him, Herman Fehlman, I dedicate these pages and to all of the members who followed his example and gave of their time, labor and money to propel the Mad River Club into its second

millenia.

It is written, "The last shall be first," and here it is true. The deepest thanks and bouquets to the wives of the members who allowed this to happen. They, too, worked hard and unselfishly for the Mad River Club to become what it is today.

God Bless everyone and success to the second 100 years.

P.S. It was a cold winter night when the Mad River Club held its first meeting in its new club house. Member Earl Clemens presented the first toast to its success, followed by Herm Fehlman, Floyd Nolan, myself, George Plummer, Charles Komorowski, Harry and Harold Komorowski, Jack Lehtonen, etc. etc. Needless to say, it was a happy meeting!

A Roof Over Our Heads:

Herm Fehlman's successful campaign to build a club house

by Ben Gardiner

Herman F. Fehlman joined the Mad River Club in 1958. At that time the Club had about 50 members, but no clubhouse or permanent meeting place. The Club owned little more than the cigar box which held its meager funds. Herm soon realized that the nomadic nature of the Mad River Club was not conducive to its long term survival and expansion. The Club must have a homebase, Herm reasoned. It was at this point that he began a campaign which would ultimately result in a comfortable, modern club house owned by the Club, standing on property also wholly owned by the Club, without plunging the MRC into any substantial debt. In October 1993, Herm provided the MRC Centennial Committee with detailed notes on the project, which he painstakingly wrote over the preceding months. The following is a summary of Herm's hard-fought struggle. Indeed, had it not been for Herm Fehlman's vision, tenacity, and resourcefulness, the project would not have come to fruition.

Meeting nights for the Mad River Club in 1958 were a challenge for the Club leadership, to say the least. The Club, lacking a permanent home, bounced

back and forth between taverns. This was far from an ideal arrangement as, in most cases, the Club members had to wait until the dining rooms emptied before beginning their meetings. Meetings generally weren't called to order much before 9:00 or 10:00 P.M. Furthermore, some club members, with time on their hands prior to the meetings "were pretty well loaded," Herm recalled. Needless to say, meetings were sometimes disrupted and business was difficult, at best, to conduct.

For a short time the Club met in member Charles Komrowski's basement. Unfortunately, this arrangement fell through, and it was back to the barrooms.

Herm recognized the need for a permanent Club-owned club house. A clubhouse would mean stability and the potential for fund-raising events. The longer the barroom backdrop for Club meetings continued, Herm believed, the greater the jeopardy to the Club's long term survival.

Herm, an accomplished and dedicated deer hunter, had hunted all over the Tug Hill and Adirondack Mountains. He recognized, early on, that public land was becoming increasingly

crowded, and, hence, increasingly dangerous to hunt on. More and more privately-owned land was being posted to the exclusion, in many cases, of all but the wealthiest of sportsmen. Herm was inspired by the Mad River Club's 15,000 acres which offered its members, mostly ordinary working people, a safe place to hunt and fish. In 1958, Club dues were merely \$15 per year. Herm was well aware that undertaking a costly project, which resulted in a substantial debt, would necessitate a sizable increase in annual dues. A large increase in dues would likely make membership out of reach financially for most less affluent sportsmen.

Herm met the challenge at hand head-on. In the Fall of 1964, with the permission of the Club leadership, Herm began the search for a piece of property on which to build a club house. Accompanied by good friend Ray Solberg, he began negotiating with a Mr. Judd for an eighteen (18) acre parcel located on LittleJohn Drive. "I wanted to put a down payment, but being an old-timer (Mr. Judd), a handshake was enough and a man's word was his bond," Herm recalled.



↑ Senator Doug Barclay and Herman Fehlman talk about the Club House and foundation.

Returning in the Spring to close the deal, Herm and Ray found that another party had purchased an option on the property. As luck would have it, by the time the option ran out, Herm had already secured the parcel that the club house would eventually be built on. The difficult task of constructing a club house "on a shoestring", substantially supplemented by the personal resources of Herm Fehlman, now began. "From here on it was a lot of work on my part, and, with the help of a lot of the members

and friends, the club house was built," Herm recounted. Herm dove headlong into the project, recruiting skilled labor, bartering, and scrounging everything that could be had.

The property had a barn and milkshed which were both sound and could be used for storage. The existing farmhouse was not salvageable, and Herm arranged to have the Lacona Fire Department burn it down. Herm, along with Harry and Harold Komrowski, laid out the location for the new clubhouse in the driest and most advantageous area of the property.

Construction began in October of 1964. Herm was able to persuade his hunting partner and fellow club member Newton VanDusen, a contractor from East Syracuse, to bring a Cat dozer to the site. Newton and one of his employees dug a cellar in the mostly gravelly soil in about two and one half hours. Mr. VanDusen asked for no cash in return for his services, but rather wished to buy some "bonds" issued by the Mad River Club. He paid \$200 for these bonds, to be repaid by the Club at a later date.

At this stage of the project, deer season was well under way. Needless to say, Herm and the Komrowskis were avid hunters. To a man, they agreed to give up much of their hunting season to get the building up and closed in. Harold and Harry, stone masons by trade, laid up a beautiful cellar. The cellar filled with water following a rainstorm which necessitated the purchase of a sump pump by Herm. Approximately three years later, the Komrowski Brothers and Jack Lehtonen decided that a concrete floor should be poured. With concrete from Rural Hill Concrete, the floor was poured and finished including a complete drainage system. So much for standing water!

The building was framed and closed in by Herm and the Komrowski Brothers. The Komrowski Brothers finished the kitchen, while Herm and the Club membership insulated the building, installed ceiling tiles, and panelling. The wiring was done, free of charge, by a Mr. Brooks who was a friend of Charles Komrowski. Heat was initially furnished by Herm's large "Oak" parlor stove. A furnace was eventually installed, as well as the present woodstoves to heat the main meeting hall.

With the meeting of November 1964, the first held in the new club house, the nomadic wandering of the Mad River Club from tavern to tavern, from borrowed camp to borrowed camp, came to an end. The Club at last had a home of its own. With a home

Jack Chartrand: A Decade of Service to the Mad River Club

by Ben Gardiner

This article is based on an interview held with Jack Chartrand on 21 February 1994 at the Club house. Mr. Chartrand recalled the events and achievements of his (11) years as a member of the Mad River Club. In the span of little more than a decade, Jack has held the offices of board member, first vice president, president, and presidential advisor. He has chaired numerous committees and actively participated in many activities promoting the interests of sportsmen and firearms owners.

With any leader comes some controversy and occasional disagreements among members. Jack Chartrand experienced his share, yet never shrank from his responsibilities as an elected officer. His dedication and love for the Mad River Club and its members is undeniable. Also undeniable are the many achievements he is personally credited with and/or played a role in as part of the Club leadership.

Jack Chartrand joined the Mad River Club in the spring of 1983 at the urging of Club member and good friend, Merton LaLonde. At that time dues were \$75 per year. While new members often feel inhibited and reluctant to join in Club activities, Jack jumped in with both feet! In September 1983, he worked with President Bill Van Wormer and other members on the Hunting and Fishing Day at the club house, which featured a chicken barbecue and a black powder shoot. At the end of the day over 300 half-chickens remained unsold. Jack, Bill, and a couple of other members stayed long after the festivities ended to wrap the leftover chickens. It was this "roll up your sleeves and go to work" attitude that would come to typify the ensuing years of Jack Chartrand's service to the Club and its members.

In October 1983, Jack began to assist the entertainment chairman. In 1984, following Bill Van Wormer's reelection as president, Jack was appointed chairman of the entertainment and building and grounds committees. One of his first orders

of business was to "attack" the clutter in the basement of the club house. Jack admits that, "I can't stand clutter." Along with his sons, son-in-law, and others, he cleaned up the basement, built storage shelves, and helped make the basement habitable enough for the Board of Directors to hold meetings there.

As grounds chair, Jack began his love affair (he calls it his "obsession") with the club house lawn. Jack and his crew began sprucing up the grounds, removing brush and debris, and began gradually increasing the size of the mowed lawn. The grounds committee succeeded, with the Board's approval, in buying a 20 horsepower industrial mowing tractor. Jack was succeeded as grounds chairman in 1986, by Kent Taber, but stayed actively involved in caring for the building and grounds. Today, Jack's goal of "making the grounds look like a golf course" has been achieved. He is delighted and proud of the efforts of Kent Taber, George Lane, and Emil Molta in this regard.

As building and grounds chair in 1985, Jack along with Kent Taber, their wives, and families scrubbed the inside of the Club house, made, and hung new curtains. The committee bought several new kitchen appliances, during Jack's tenure, and built the kitchen at the pavilion for use at fund-raisers and outings. The new kitchen was dedicated to the late member, Jack Lentonen.

The kitchen was opened in time for the first annual Mad River Club Family Outing in 1988 which was attended by 250 people. Jack recalls, "those are days you really remember."

Jack also chaired a number of other committees, including: fishing derby, gun raffle, family outing, and awards banquet among others. It was perhaps the awards banquet that gave him the greatest feeling of satisfaction. Jack recalled that it was one of his greatest honors to present awards to members who had contributed some much to the Club.

One award which will live forever in Jack's memory was the lifetime achievement award that he had the privilege to present to Herm Fehlman on 29 April 1989. Tears welled up in Jack's eyes as he read us the inscription on the award to his close friend and colleague: "Mad River Club Lifetime Achievement Award: In Recognition of Herman Fehlman for his dedication to the Club and his efforts; Laid not only a foundation of mortar and stone, but a lasting foundation for which our Club can build upon for generations to come."

In 1988, Jack Chartrand was elected first vice-president along with his good friend Gene King, who was elected president. As first vice-president, Jack also served as chairman of the board of directors. Election to this post was one of the proudest days of Jack's life, however his term of office would turn out to be bittersweet, indeed.

Jack, Gene, and the board were aware that the Club, in 1988, was running a substantial deficit. It was the goal of the new administration to get the Club "out of the red." This was a goal that Jack Chartrand took to heart. In addition, they began to rewrite the bylaws and constitution, a task that would not be completed until 1990.

Midway through his first term in office, Gene King was stricken with cancer and underwent what would be the first of two (2) major operations. Jack ran the Club while his friend was incapacitated. Gene kept in constant contact with Jack, providing him with guidance and support. The resilient Gene King returned to active service as president in late 1988, was reelected in 1989, but was again stricken in 1989. Jack again took the reins of the Club and with Gene's advice and the support of the membership, kept the Club operating efficiently. Gene indicated that he would not be able to run again and urged Jack to run for president in 1990.

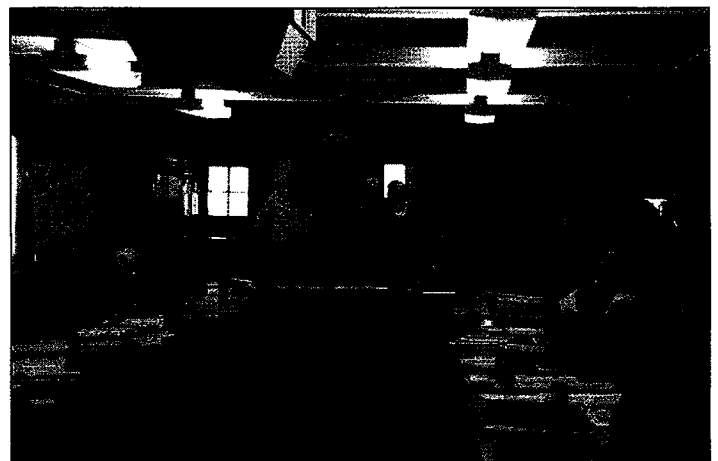
During 1989, as the Club leadership wrestled with finding a means toward solvency, dues were raised from \$75 to \$100. This increase failed to solve the fiscal crisis, and the Club was faced with the uncomfortable task of raising dues for a second year in a row in 1990. Jack lobbied for a raise from \$100 to \$200 plus \$50 for a workday. The alternatives included smaller raises in dues and doubling the membership limit to 500! Not an appealing scenario! Jack's rationale was that a raise to \$200 (plus \$50) would keep the Club solvent for at least five years. In the end, Jack's proposal was overwhelmingly approved. At this writing in 1994, it has not been

necessary to raise dues again.

In 1990, Jack Chartrand was elected president, merely seven years after first joining! His election as president was the culmination of his years of service to the Mad River Club. Jack credits the support he received from Herm Fehlman, other "Old Timers" (as Jack calls them), his friend and presidential advisor Gene King, and a number of the newer members for the successes he achieved as president.

One of the accomplishments Jack is most proud of is the excellent working relationship the Club developed with the Gutches family, current owners of the MRC hunting grounds at Littlejohn. Along with Kent Taber and Dave Orr, Jack met with Homer, Keith, and Gary Gutches owners of Gutches Lumber (i.e. Cortland Wood). Jack has nothing but praise for the integrity, professionalism, and consideration that the Gutches's have shown to the Mad River Club. He cites the building of the new Mad River bridge and extensive improvements to roads on the property as examples of the level of commitment of our "Landlords." Our relationship with these fine gentlemen, Jack reminds us, must be maintained through a spirit of cooperation, communication, and mutual respect.

In 1993, Jack decided not to seek a fourth term as president due to health problems, and he currently serves as advisor to President Doug Runions and chairs the Children's Icefishing Derby. He remains committed to the Club and is ever-willing to be involved when called upon. Sadly, in 1993, Gene King lost his courageous battle with cancer, and as Jack said, "went to the Big Hunting Ground in the Sky." Jack mourns the loss of his friend, but remembers the good times with him, his support, and his fellowship.



↑ Jack's dedication to sportsmanship shows through his participation in Hunters' Safety Courses.

Near the end of our interview, Jack paused to remember the many "old timers" who were his inspiration and mentors. Among them were:

Herm Fehlman
George and Lee Huyler
Floyd Nolan
Bob Clemens
Lloyd Hunt ("moving right along")
Ernie Girard
Stan Love
Stan Klosek
Charlie Kinne
John Schneider
The Komrowski Brothers;
and many, many, more

The outstanding Past Presidents he knew:

Bill Van Wormer (1983-85)
Fay Reid (1986-87)
Gene King (1988-89)

Many "newer" members:

Kent Taber Bob Touzin
Dave Orr Doug Runions
and many, many more!

A special remembrance to the many women of the Club: wives, sweethearts, members all! These

lovely ladies served, often in the background, and received little formal recognition. The Mad River Club was richer for their involvement and the roles they played and continue to play.

Jack's vision for the future of the Club is optimistic. He would like to see the barn fixed up as a monument to Herm Fehlman. He hopes to see the pavilion finished. More importantly, however, Jack asks the younger members to step forward, be inspired by the "old timers" as he was, and take the reins of the Club into its second century. There are dangers ahead, those who would take away the right to hunt and/or bear arms. Jack believes that, if we sportsmen and sportswomen unite, we can overcome these and all other threats and adversities.

It is this writer's hope that the preceding passages may serve as a fitting tribute to Jack Chartrand, for whom service to others is a deeply personal matter. While some may disagree with him, none can deny that he often put his commitment to the Mad River Club ahead of his personal life and, perhaps at times, his own health. Jack Chartrand genuinely loves this Club and each and every member. The greatest honor of his life, Jack recalls, "was the privilege of being a member of the Mad River Club... the greatest Club in the North Country."

A fitting closing for this story is Jack's own words: "Everything I did for this Club came from the heart. I salute you all, and may God Bless you."

SHORTSPOTS

Salmon River News (11/29/77)

"P.S. 4/19/77

Did you hear about the Mad River Club member who had his snowmobile break down while touring club property in Tug Hill last winter? He chained it to a little bush sticking up through the snow figuring to get back the next day to fix it but more snow came and he never did find it.

Until this spring, after the thaw, when he spotted it hanging from the top of a 35-foot spruce.

We don't know ... but we think Charlie Kinne knows who's snowmobile it was!

(Editor's Note: This sounds like one of the entries in our Fish Story)."

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Ben Gardiner, President

The Lean Years

by Stanley Love

In the 1960's and 1970's, Tug Hill was really known as the snow capital of New York State. Barnes Corners boasted a 344" snowfall.

The six- to eight-foot snow cover on the level also took its toll on the wildlife at Tug Hill. Deer herds were terribly depleted. The Mad River Club was unable to harvest any more than 12 - 15 bucks per year.

As the years went on, club membership dropped off. By the late 1970s the Board of Directors tried desperately to improve its enhancement for its members.

The suggestion was made that since club members came from throughout Central New York, maybe we should try to acquire or lease properties other than just the Tug Hill area.

Shortly thereafter, in 1979, several properties were leased in the Southern Tier area, including the Divine, McFeteridge and Guldys properties, for use by Mad River Club members. Interest in this program was immediate with the membership. At least 50 percent of the membership began using Southern Tier properties for Fall hunting.

Beginning in the 1980s, the Mad River Club had obtained approximately 1,500 acres of hunting privileges throughout Central New York.

We have also attempted to maintain a very good relationship with the land owners. Practically every new lease obtained is a referral from other leasers. For instance, the MRC's lease of the famous Bozoian properties on top of Crumb Hill started at a Saturday night church supper in Georgetown, with a conversation between Mr. Guldys and Miss Bozoian. She asked if he would recommend any way she could obtain extra revenue from her properties. The MRC has leased her properties for the last 12 years. She also subsequently recommended other neighbors to join MRC.

Another 500-acre lease in Taylor, NY (Child's property), also acquired in the early 1980s on referral, was lost after a few years to others who offered to pay a higher lease rent agreement. A short time later, Mr. Childs asked the MRC to again lease his property when the tenant didn't pay and ran into other trouble.

The MRC attempts to maintain a very close relationship with all the land owners and appreciate the privilege to hunt there.

Today, the MRC feels it has a very successful land-lease program going throughout Central New York for its diversified membership.

Barclay: One of Our Own

by Allison Kanaley

Tucked into the hills of northern Oswego County, the Mad River Club never aspired to fame or notoriety. But 30 years ago, one of the most well-known Oswego County residents joined the club: H. Douglas Barclay.

"I like to hunt," Barclay explained in a recent interview from the study of his Pulaski home. "I like the people. It's a great club and it's got a great membership, and it's reasonable." He was also following in the footsteps of his grandfather, Harry A. Moody, who was a member of the Mad River Club around the turn of the century.

Barclay wasn't able to spend as much time hunting, or involved with other club members, as he would have liked. His political career became busier, and eventually Barclay was forced to trim some of his social commitments. "I said I'd resign and they were gracious enough to say we'll make you an honorary member," Barclay recalls.

But that wasn't Barclay's last connection with the Club. When developers, the Horizon Corporation, tried to buy Tug Hill land in the 1970's, residents were outraged and set out to stop it. The Tug Hill Commission was created to protect the lands, and Barclay was involved in the legislation.

Barclay said he'd seen several similar land deals, where tracts of rural property was bought to promote festivals similar to Woodstock. "Jefferson and Lewis Counties didn't have the facilities to handle (things like that). That's how we started. The legislation passed. The idea was to try to be helpful to local governments and to make sure the area wasn't going to be used for these reasons. Coupled with that was the issue of Horizon. There was fear that they were going to do that (buy up the land). The economics weren't here, but people were still worried."

Today, Barclay isn't concerned about another such venture. If the land was sold, it would probably go to a timber company. "I think there's always a problem because land changes hands," Barclay said. Still, he said, "Nobody's going to develop it. Who's going to buy the lot? I think it's ideal (for the club). It's where we ought to be."

Among his memories of the Mad River Club and his time spend in the Tug Hill region, Barclay

said he used to fish and hunt with Floyd Nolan, and Bob Wart. "I used to go to the annual dinners. Darn good. I've been up to the club house. If you want to hunt and you want the outdoors, it's a pretty good way of doing it."

Barclay bought a camp and 1,100 acres about 20 years ago, and now leases that land to the Mad River Club. All along, Barclay has supported hunter's rights, and the right to bear arms. "I think it's damned important. The elected official knows he has to take you into consideration. The problem is there aren't enough upstaters. The good thing is you have a lot of seniority." He also warned against the threat of more restrictions on owning guns, from people "who don't have the foggiest idea of what hunting's all about," and says groups like the Mad River Club are important in preserving such privileges.

"I can't say enough about it," said Barclay of the Mad River Club. "It's good for the community. To have it exist as long as it has is extraordinary."

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November 16, 1932 . . .

HUNTING THE
TUG HILL
MARSHLAND

by Erwin Runion

Erwin Runions, Clair Runions and Perry Thompson decided to go deer hunting. We chose the Diamond section of Tug Hill and went into the woods to the Snellville Clearing at the southeast end, where a small swamp was attached. I told Clair to go to the south end of the swamp and watch at the southwest corner where a little creek ran, draining the swamp. I would come down to him. I did that and put a nice eight-point buck out to him. He shot a bit low and just cut his belly button off, a few drops of blood could be seen on the leaves.

We followed the blood spots and lost the trail, circled around and picked them up again about two miles (which was about half a mile from Mad River). A nice deer trail went through green moss. I looked through the evergreens and saw a deer laying on the ground. I called to the boys that we had our deer.

When I got to it, it had been dead about a week. Mice had eaten the main beams off the horns with five points laying on each side of the head, proving to be a 10-point buck. I stopped a few minutes to catch my wind, the others picked up a trail they thought was the right one and started on it. I took a minute to see if it was the right one but could see it wasn't. I called again that the blood trail was over here and started on it.

About half a mile coming down the hill to the river I saw a flip of a tail and shot the deer who was jumping over the center stream of the Mad River. I dressed my buck out and started dragging. The others were nowhere in sight. I called and called and kept dragging for an hour. I saw the boys coming. They said they thought they heard a drive on near the river and were waiting to see what came along. We got the deer out about 9 p.m. that night.

Tug Hill Hunt

by Erwin Runions - 90 years young

In the woods at Grenfield Farm at 4 p.m. it snowed real bad. We had about 16 inches on the ground. I went in at the foot of Mad River. The further in we went, the harder it seemed to be snowing.

The partridges were flying out. I was using my flashlight to see where I was going and the snow had drifted up around my waist. Around 11 p.m. I got to Sam Tift's camp. There were four other campers there and we were covered with snow that stuck to our clothes. Sam Tift said, "This is one thing I'll never forget."

The next morning, you could see the trail we came in on, so the other campers left early. We continued hunting and jumped a 10-point buck at noon. I got a shot through the evergreens and put him down. He jumped up and ran a half mile before I saw him again behind a stump. I shot him through

the neck, dressed and dragged him back towards the camp.

At 6 p.m., I hung him up in a pine tree and a young kid - I think it was George Plummer - hunting with Potter's gang, came along and started off Northwest to head to camp, and six of us got back after dark. Got up early the next morning and got to my deer as the Potter gang came over the hill. We dragged all afternoon back to camp and after hanging for a week the buck still weighed 198 pounds.

The next day Clair (my brother) and I started out again on another track and in a couple of miles saw a buck standing in timber heck of a ways away. Shot 15 times between the two of us. I finally put in one more shell and said, "Last one." It hit and the buck fell. Saturday night it snowed another four feet.

Mrs. Greenfield brought horse and wagon in to pick us up with our two bucks.

George Colvin Camp No. 1 and 2. Littlejohn Track

By George Niciu ("This is to the best of my knowledge," 10/25/93)

The Superintendent for the Gould Paper Co. in 1946 was Clarence Strife.

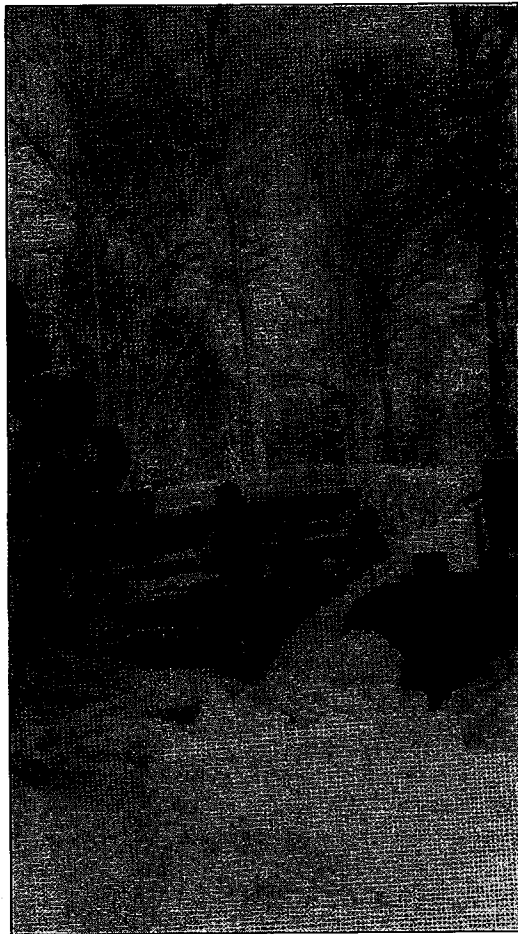
In 1947 it changed to John Burrell.

In the late summer of 1945 there was a wagon road started from the Littlejohn Road just north of where the Blount Lumber Co. had a lumber mill in the 1930's.

This Tote road went to the camp No. 1 site as everything had to be brought in by horse and wagon. The camp had four bunkhouses, one cookshack, one store, one blacksmith shop, one tractor shed, and a root cellar.

The building was framed up and had tarpaper for siding. This camp was in use from May 1946 to late 1949. We had over 35 men at the peak of the work.

Below are all of the men that I can remember working at both camps:



↑ Logging operation in the late 1940's

Carolyn Niciu (cook); died 2/28/47 from burns in a fire.

George Niciu, foreman and timekeeper, 5/46 - 7/47.

Clifford Judd, timekeeper, from 7/47 - 5/50.

Ernie Hebert, foreman, 7/47 - 10/49 at Camp 1.

Harry Powers, foreman at Camp 2, 1947 - 1950.

Charlie Morse, bulldozer operator.

George Uptage, Boonville, whistle punk (helped the bulldozer operator).

Ed Stinson, Boylston.

Harvey Carr, Boylston.

Orrin Colvin, Boylston.

Lynn Colvin, Boylston.

Bill Wadsworth, Boylston.

Bill Hort, Boylston.

Eddie Smith, Onondaga Reservation.

Red Shaner, Boonville.

Pete LaFrance, St. Regis Reservation.

Pearl Tilton, Osceola.

Leonard Dean, Osceola.

Doug McCumber, W. Va.

Dwight Faulke, Boylston.

Owen Currier, Osceola.

Andron Niciu Jr., Osceola

George Young, Boonville.

Fred Kastler, Boylston.

Jim Mitchell, St. Regis Reservation

Pete Mitchell, St. Regis Reservation

We had a number of men from West Virginia at that time because the coal mines were on strike. Some men worked in pairs and worked by the job. They drew an hourly wage until the spruce and hemlock were cut down, limbs cut off, bark peeled off, cut into logs then skidded into piles to a skidway with horses.

The skidway was put on a side hill with two poles about 30 feet long, laid horizontally about eight feet apart with the large end downhill on top of a log about three feet high so the logs would roll onto the skids in the winter.

When the logs were in piles they were measured and the jobber would be paid the remainder of his money. Most of the older lumberjacks would stay on the job until the job was done, then take their pay.



↑ Staging area, where logs will soon be ready for transport.

The peeling was from May until August, then we would have to wait for snow and freezing. Then we would take teams of horses with sleighs and tractors with drays behind. A dray is similar to a sleigh but only has a single sleigh with a 12-inch-by-12-inch bunk on top with two poles about 12 feet long hooked to the bunk going back about 12 feet and resting on the ground with a bunk across them about eight feet back from the front one. It slid on the ground like a runner, and would carry about four times more than the sleigh.

The logs were taken to a central place called a landing where the logs were put in a pile or loaded directly on trucks to be sent to the paper mill at Lyons Falls.

Boonville was the central stopping place for the lumberjacks. Just as an example, we had one man that had over \$2,000 when he left camp and in five days he was back to camp broke and with a grin on his face.

When anyone wanted men they would call Boonville and the men would be brought to the job site - usually broke, so the foreman would pay the taxi driver and the money was deducted from the pay.

After the softwood was cut there would be men cutting hardwood. It would take a team of horses to skid the hardwood, as it was a lot heavier than softwood. A lot of the hardwood was skidded by tractors; some in log length and tree length with

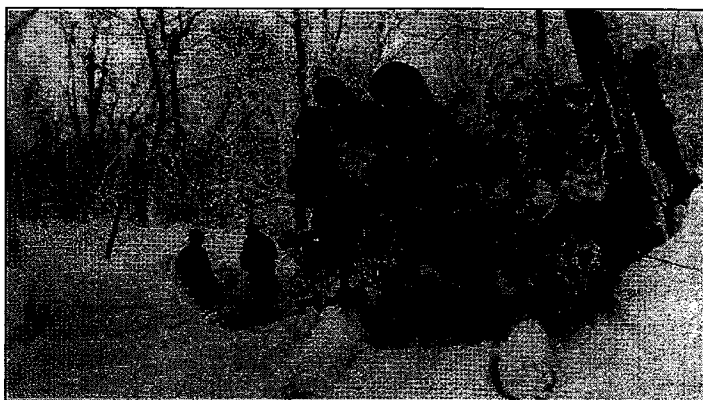
what we called an arch, which was a metal pole hooked to the drawbar and going back about six feet then into a Y where two large rubber tired wheels were attached, then it was built up about seven feet with a two-foot roller on top so the cable from the winch would go over the roller then out to the logs. The cable also had a hook on the end and a sliding hook.

The logs were pulled to the winch and could be picked up just a little so they wouldn't dig into the ground.

The hardwood was trucked to many different saw mills as it depended on the price and how many logs they wanted. The closest mill was just west of the tower hill on the north side of the road. The owner was a Mr. Fish.

In 1945, Old Lard Clemens had a lumber camp on the tower road on the hill just before the Mad River Bridge. Maurice Van Camp is the only one I know who worked for him.

In 1946, George James had a camp possibly in the same place as Old Lard, and I can't remember any of his men.



↑ A typical load of logs made ready by George Colvin's crew.

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The Skyscraper on Castor Hill

by Ben Gardiner

As a new member of the Mad River Club in 1990, I had been instructed to report for a workday at the firetower site on LittleJohn Drive. I drove the length of the road from County Route 17 to the River twice without finding a firetower.

Finally, I happened upon some other members who explained that a firetower had indeed stood in the clearing across the road from Floyd Nolan's former camp. However, it had been torn down in 1983! The clearing is still affectionately called the "firetower site." Old habits die hard!

Firetowers have always fascinated me, so I decided to do some research on the former Mad River tower, which I am told was one of the tallest in New York State. A trip to the Oswego County Historical Society yielded an old, undated newspaper article by an unknown author (from an unidentified paper) about the Mad River firetower and the fire observer at the time, Melvin A. Clemons.

Based on other corroborating information the Historical Society had, I believe the article was written in 1933. I

also found an article from

The Sandy Creek

News, dated 22

June 1983, written by Floyd

Nolan, which

speaks of the tower's

passing and hints

at the controversy its demise created within the Mad River Club.

According to Historical Society records, the tower was erected on Castor Hill in 1927. It was originally located south of LittleJohn Drive and was not moved to its final location across the road on the north side until 1979, when Floyd Nolan purchased

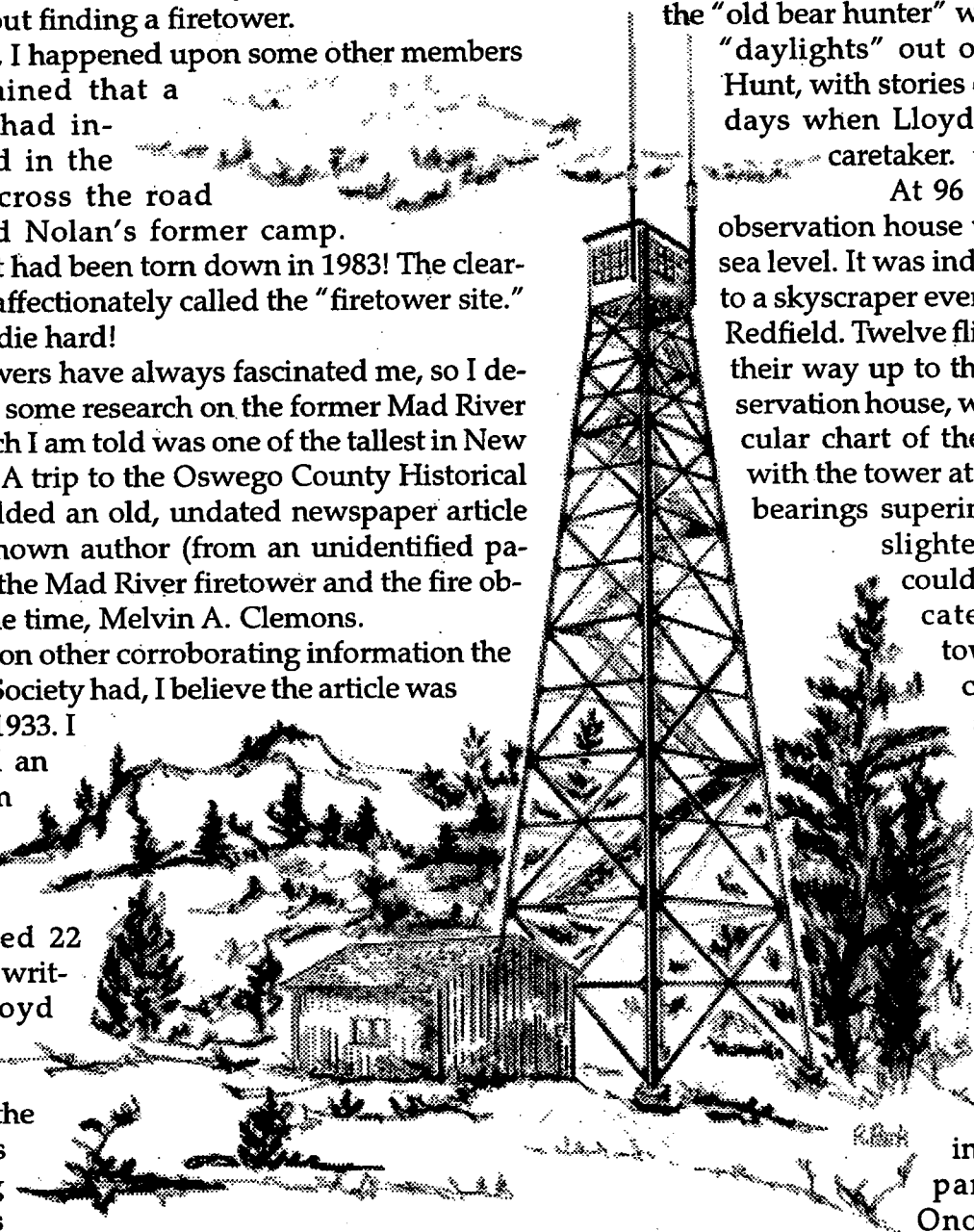
the former property. The property purchased by Mr. Nolan was formerly owned by Nett Clifford, who Floyd indicated was the first fire observer to man the tower. You may recall that Mr. Clifford was the "old bear hunter" who used to scare the "daylights" out of 8-year-old Lloyd Hunt, with stories of killer bears, in the days when Lloyd's father was MRC caretaker.

At 96 feet high, the tower observation house was 1,800 feet above sea level. It was indeed the closest thing to a skyscraper ever built in the Town of Redfield. Twelve flights of stairs wound their way up to the glass-enclosed observation house, which contained a circular chart of the area under watch, with the tower at center, and compass bearings superimposed over it. The

slightest "puff" of smoke could be immediately located relative to the tower, and a telephone connected the observer with any one of a number of "fire wardens" throughout the area.

In 1933 (i.e. Mr. Clemons' watch) the Mad River Tower was the only one west of the Adirondacks. The observer had a commanding view into Oswego, Jefferson, parts of Oneida, Onondaga, and Lewis

Counties. Lake Ontario was clearly visible, and, on a clear day Oneida Lake could be seen. The fire observer had a vast, mostly wooded expanse of land to protect. So vast was the territory, that Adirondack towers on Stillwater Mountain and the Moose River cooperated in guarding the northern fringes of the Tug Hill. Later, a tower was added on Gomer Hill in



the Town of West Turin, some fifteen miles due east of the Mad River Tower. The Gomer Hill tower is today still standing, and at 2,115 feet above sea level is located at the highest spot on Tug Hill.

For decades the Mad River fire observer and his contemporaries maintained their lonely vigil over the timberlands of New York State. No doubt, their efforts were responsible for protecting millions of acres of forest from the ravages of fire. The firetowers were a wonderfully effective, low cost, low maintenance system for prevention of forest fires. The 1933 article related that a fire broke out during a drought in 1932 in which "the earth burned." Apparently the fire actually burned to a depth of six feet in the mucky ground, and only through the rapid detection by the fire observer was it able to be quickly contained.

Gradually, firetowers were phased out by the Conservation Department in favor of periodic aircraft overflights. Many of the historic towers were torn down or fell down from neglect and were sold as scrap. A few remain standing, and fewer still are manned to this day. Times change, for better or for worse!

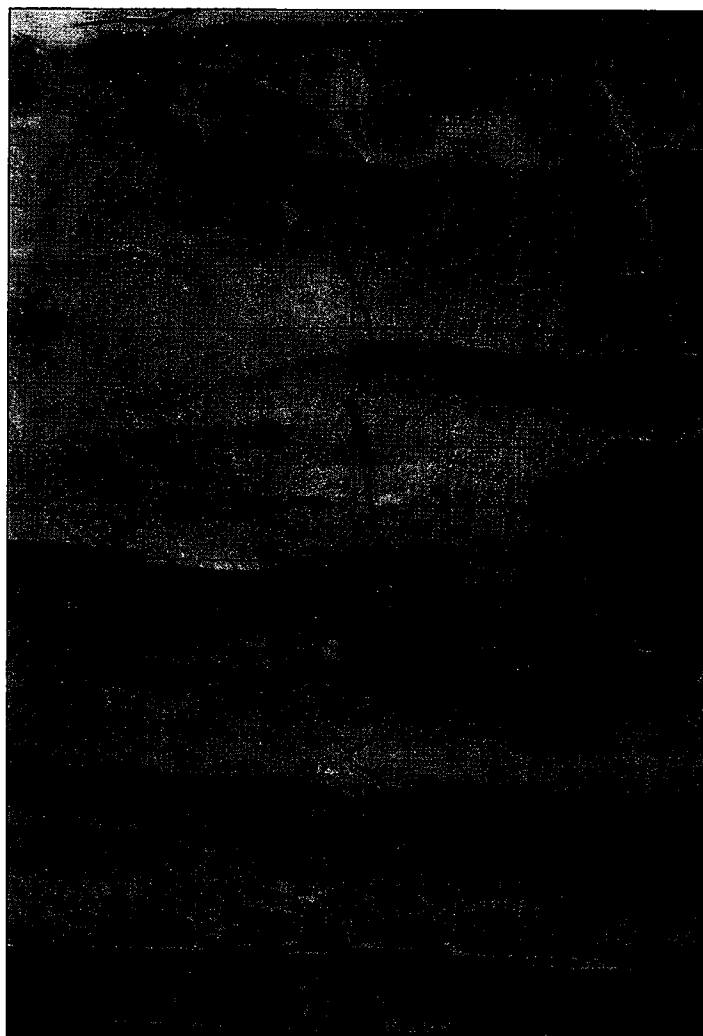
In 1982, the New York State D.E.C. ceased operations at the Mad River firetower, and the tower was put up for sale, to be removed by the highest bidder. Ironically, in its last months of existence, this tower which had quietly and tirelessly watched over the woodlands of Tug Hill for over five decades, became embroiled in controversy among members of the Mad River Club.

This writer has no desire to "open old wounds," so I will attempt to merely gloss over the more controversial details of the affair. Suffice to say, events occur from time-to-time within every organization which stir controversy and lead to disagreements.

The Board of Directors, in late 1982, decided to bid on the tower. The plan was to erect a portion of the historic tower on the Clubhouse grounds as an observation tower and monument to days gone by. The remainder of the structure was to be donated to the Audobon Society or otherwise utilized by the MRC.

The Club submitted the successful bid, but this action ignited a raging controversy among the membership. Ultimately, the Club elected to sell the structure to J&L Construction of North Syracuse, who tore it down for scrap. The Club made a profit on the sale. Whatever "hard feelings" in evidence soon were forgotten.

Sadly, by the summer of 1983, the Mad River firetower was gone forever! Floyd Nolan wrote a fitting epitaph for this noble structure: "It has been a source of enjoyment for families with children, who'd journey to this spot by car and allow their offspring to climb to the top and, when it was manned, talk to the forest ranger. It'll (the tower) be sorely missed by many of the inhabitants, because of its many years of prominence as a landmark in a now disappearing era!" Amen.



↑ One of the last maps showing the Littlejohn Settlement.

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In Honor and Remembrance

by Doris Schneider

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following was written by Doris Schneider, widow of the late John Schneider, past president of the Mad River Club. In addition to his service to the Club, Mr. Schneider was a successful businessman and community leader. - Ben Gardiner

First of all, John passed away September 30, 1990.

John became a member of the Mad River Club in 1957. He was President during the years of 1981 through 1983 and received Life Membership upon reaching age 70. John was born in Chicago, but at an early age he and his parents, brothers and sister moved to Sandy Creek. A short time later the family moved to Redfield where the children attended grade school. Later they graduated high school from Pulaski Academy. In 1928, following his graduation from high school, John set up a dealership and sold Chrysler products and had a repair shop in Pulaski.

John was very active in community affairs. He was a Volunteer Fireman for 60 years and a member of Northern Oswego County Ambulance Corp for 11 years. He served on several boards, i.e.; Water Board, Village, etc. at different times. He was a charter member of the Lions Club and Service Club in Pulaski. He was also a 50 year member of the Grange.

During the 30's John and four other men started an airport in the Pulaski area. They bought an airplane (Piper Cub) and hired a pilot to teach them to

fly. After getting his license to fly and whatever credentials that were needed, John taught others to fly. Among them were young men who became pilots in the war.

For several years John was Oswego County Legislator and Town Supervisor for the Town of Richland. Following this, he was Oswego County Highway Superintendent, retiring in 1977. Shortly after retiring he was appointed Court Attendant in the Oswego County Courthouse in Pulaski. This position he held until his illness and death.

Probably John can most be remembered in the Mad River Club for his years as President, but he served on the club's Board of Directors since the early 70's, and he was always active working on every club activity. John was not an ardent outdoor sportsman, but he preferred to go on the club hunts for the fresh air and fraternalism. He was always proud of the club's successes, especially as he helped so much in the early years of working on the clubhouse.

We had many good times attending the Ladies Night's Banquets, dancing and friendship among the members. Indeed, John spent many happy times with the Mad River Club and their activities.

Centennial Anniversary Celebration

By Lee Huyler, Past President and Member, MRC

I joined the Mad River Club in 1965. I served as chairman of various committees, Corresponding Secretary, Secretary and Vice President. In 1978 I was elected President. This certainly was a position of challenge and reward. The reward being the satisfaction of getting the job done to the best of my ability with the cooperation and help of the membership.

I am a staunch supporter of molding our youngsters into responsible sportsmen. Our programs such as Hunter Safety Courses, Conservation Camp, Kid's Perch Derby and Trout Derby do well in addressing this philosophy. I am very proud of the fact that my grandson, Daniel Perez, was the winner of the first "Rod Hunter Kid's Trout Fishing Derby."

In 1979 I represented our club at the 24th Annual Whitetail Deer Forum held in Watertown. It was at this meeting that we made a presentation of several points of concern that our club members had on Wildlife Management on the Tug Hill Plateau. The DEC accordingly addressed these concerns and responded with a point by point program to implement the required actions. It was indeed gratifying to realize the respect that the Mad River Club received from the members of the Forum including other Sportsmen Clubs, the DEC and the Tug Hill Commission. The Mad River Club has always been a highly respected organization and I know it always will be.

I have really enjoyed the 29 years of my membership in the club and hope to enjoy that many more.



↑ Taking a break from one of our Club hunts.

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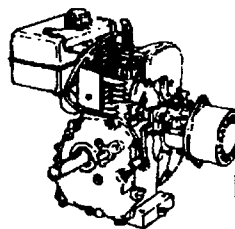
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The Airmen of the Mad River Club

by Ben Gardiner

As the reader peruses the Yearbook, remembrances of hunting trips and clambakes of yesteryear, members, some deceased, and so forth are brought clearly into focus. Much of the Club's history has been preserved by the written record. However, are you, the reader, aware that the Mad River Club once had its own air force? It was an air force, of sorts, which I will call "The Littlejohn Photo Reconnaissance and Assault Wing."

The L.J.P.R.A.W. was commanded by Air Marshall Floyd Nolan and Vice Air Marshall Royce "Slim" Burgess. The Unit flew numerous sorties over the tri-county area of Oswego, Jefferson, and Lewis. The valiant Mad River airmen distinguished themselves with many feats of heroism in the skies over the Club from the late 1940's to well into the 1970's. During that entire period of time, there was not a single successful invasion of the Mad River Club or surrounding area by a foreign power! Although I am sure a few were tried.

I am kidding, of course, and I do hope Mr. Nolan will forgive my "literary license!"

Seriously, the versatile Floyd Nolan, author, historian, outdoorsman, was also an accomplished pilot, who owned his own plane for many years. His World War II comrade and best friend, the late Slim Burgess, was a flight instructor for American Airlines based at Roosevelt Field, Long Island. Slim enjoyed hunting and fishing at the Club and made the trek from the New York City Area regularly, flying his private aircraft to the Richland Airport, where he would link up with Floyd.

Developing an accurate and detailed map of the Club was an early priority for Floyd and Slim. Generally utilizing private aircraft, costing up to \$300 per hour to operate, Floyd and Slim flew countless hours over the Club, taking literally hundreds of aerial photographs. The aerial photos provided the "amateur cartographers" with a unique perspective of the Club property, its streams, and topographic features. Floyd recalled that the circumference of the Club was some 24 1/2 miles! From these detailed photos, Floyd produced the first, and many say the best, map of the Mad River Club. It is still in use today.

It should be noted that private aircraft were not exclusively used to photograph the Club from the

air. Coincidentally, Flight Instructor Burgess used the air corridor between New York City and Littlejohn as a training route for his American Airlines student pilots! The reader should note that Floyd indicated that the flight from NYC took merely 19 minutes. Suffice to say, some of the photos used to produce the Club map were taken from the cockpit of a Boeing 707 intercontinental jet airliner! Floyd indicated that, even in the late 1950's, it cost \$1,800 per hour to operate a 707! This writer relates this information with the idea that the "statute of limitations" has run out, and I am sure that American Airlines is neither in the position nor has the desire to press the issue.

Floyd recalled what must have been the most spectacular 707 overflight of the Mad River Club area. One night Slim, with a cockpit full of student pilots, roared over the Mad River forest at tree top level. Approaching Castor Hill, Slim was surprised to see that his aircraft was lower than the observation platform on top of the firetower! What a sight that must have been: a huge aircraft, flying nearly at the speed of sound, less than 90 feet off the ground, with jet exhaust blowing partridges out of the tree tops! Slim was quoted as saying of his students that night: "Scared the hell out of them. They were all white and shaking." Needless to say, we again evoke the statute of limitations.

Lest the reader get the wrong impression, Slim Burgess was a highly competent pilot who did not take foolish chances. Although his low level flight was not without risk, it was *calculated* risk. Given his highly developed skill and extensive cockpit experience, Slim undoubtedly was much safer skimming the tree tops in a 707 than he was driving home from the airport after work! Floyd recalled that Slim's job as a flight instructor "was his whole life."

What a life it must have been!

Sadly, with passing years and dimming eyesight, our airmen sold their planes and were obliged to join the rest of us "earthbound" sportsmen. Although their days as pilots are long past, and Slim now flies at an altitude higher than he ever could with an airplane, the legend of the Mad River air force will live on as members, present and future, make use of the map produced by these gallant airmen!

Memories Of The Mad River Club

By Charles Kinne

In 1949 I took a job in Syracuse with a major Farm Equipment branch office in Field Service. I soon realized the great outdoor potential of the region. Almost everyone I was in contact with had a boat. I didn't, so I put a trailer hitch on the car so people would think I had one.

I soon met Floyd Nolan, a tool supplier to the business, and a great promoter of the Mad River Club. I attended several meetings with Floyd, as a guest. Shortly afterward, I got married and within a month was transferred out of the area. About seven years later I returned to Syracuse, bought a home and moved the family here. I joined the Mad River Club shortly after (1963).

That fall, Floyd invited Roy Bender, another Mad River Club member and me to go deer hunting out of his camp on Little John Road. It was Thanksgiving weekend and it snowed hard enough to stop any serious hunting on Saturday. Early Sunday morning Floyd announced "lake effect" and we better get out of here. We left about 8:00 am. Floyd with a Jeep, Roy and me with his Mercury and Dick Salisbury with Slim Burgess in Dick's Plymouth all equipped with tire chains. The Jeep broke trail and luckily had a winch. Every few yards we were stuck. We would pull out the winch cable and pull up the Mercury, go as far as we could and then do it again. A couple of times we had to drive a bar into the road to anchor the Jeep. At several points the snow was even with the door handles. When we reached Co. Rte. 17, it wasn't plowed so the effort continued. When we reached Lacona, it was better going. It took us six hours to get home to North Syracuse. Even though the car was still piled up with snow, it was a beautiful day and no one would believe our "lake effect" experience. For several years afterward the memory came back frequently as the tire chain grooves were visible in the blacktop on Co. Rte. 17 until it was resurfaced.

Another lasting experience developed when I stopped at the Mad River Club grounds to watch the Mad River Club Trap Team shoot a league shoot. I didn't consider my Winchester 97 pump gun to be a trap gun, but when I observed that there were shotguns ranging from a Browning Broadway O/U to a Mossberg 20 ga. bolt action, even a shotgun with a

"Thumb Hole" stock in use, I decided to join the team with the old pump. It was a great rabbit gun but tough to hit rising clay targets. A Winchester 101 O/U helped, but it was still a Field gun and 25s were still elusive. I finally bought an Ithaca O/U Trap gun and scores went from class C to AA in one season and for the next 15 years, I shot in class A, all due to the Mad River Club Trap Team. Unfortunately, the gas shortage of the '70's and distances caused the demise of the team, but the memories of the fun times linger on. One incident occurred when Mad River Club was shooting against the North Syracuse Team. A very dense fog rolled in and the clay birds were disappearing in the fog. The opposing shooters always wondered how we arranged that Handicap!

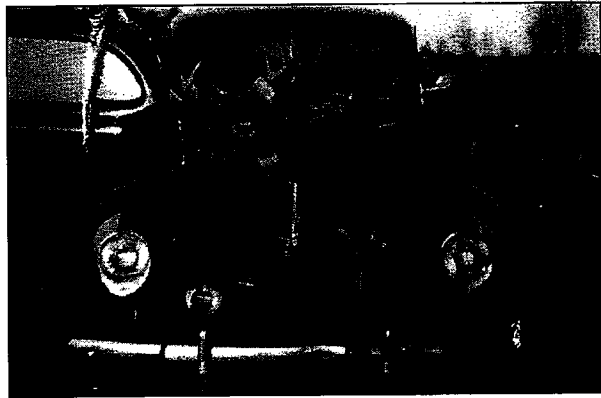
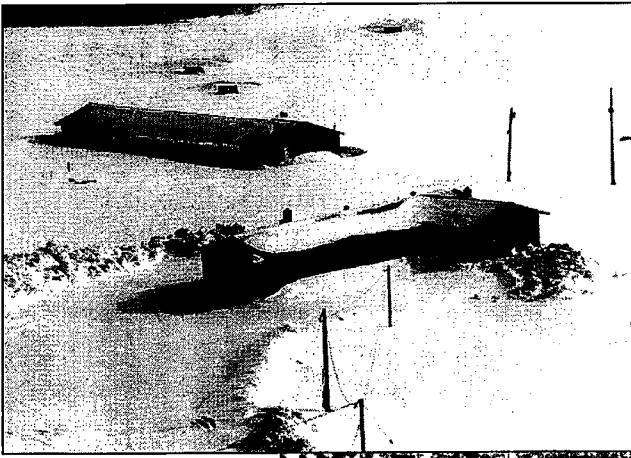
The memories of the Rabbit Dinners, Enduros, barbecues, the Hunting and Fishing Day Events with the Retriever Dog demonstrations, the Kid's Trout Fishing Contests, Snowmobile Races, etc. would fill a large book and certainly influenced our family's love of the outdoors. Many of our friends today were and are Mad River Club members.

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Confessions of a MRC Wife

By Jane Kinne

My name is Jane Kinne and I have been a Mad River Club wife for more than 30 years. I have many memories of people and events concerning the club. The first MRC member I ever met was Floyd Nolan. He took our family on several boat trips out of Henderson Harbor and he and Mickey, his wife, were great recruiters for the MRC. Charlie, my husband, joined the club and we became friends with the Salisburys (Dick and Louise), Royce (Slim) Burgess, George Plummer, Bob and Hilda Clemens, Bob Wart, and Charlie, Harry and Harold Komrowski among others.

I remember that the first time I ever rode on a snowmobile was at a MRC rally in Redfield. Mrs. Madison, the wife of Herm (DEC officer), gave me a ride when snowmobiles were very new. The next time I had a snowmobile ride was on the sled attached to Bob Clemens' "Husky." He dumped Betty Bender and me off the back of the machine coming up one of the hills in back of the MRC.

I remember some of the early MRC banquets at the Log Cabin and Cedar Post in Pulaski. At one restaurant in Central Square we used to square dance after the dinner. Most of the women took off their "heels" and ended up with no feet in the nylons because of friction with the floor. George Plummer was one who loved to dance and provided lessons and a lot of fun for many of us. George and Mrs. Plummer always hosted the "Kid's Fishing Derby" each summer at their camp. Our three kids had great times at the Derby even if we all got eaten alive by the black flies.

In more recent years, I spent many hours in the kitchen at the clubhouse. We worked for the snowmobile rallies (run by Spike Nolan) which were held just southwest of the clubhouse. We sold a lot of coffee and other food on those cold days. The motorcycle Enduros were another busy time. We also worked at the Clambakes and Venison dinners. We had a great kitchen crew - Jack and Mrs. Lehtonen, Charlie and Alice Komrowski, Irene, Harry, and Kip Perkins, Hank Medley and Norma, Elaine and Paul Baldwin, Bill and Barb Van Wormer, Mrs. Quackenbush and Mrs. Keator.

When we worked the Venison dinners, Harry Perkins always brought a jug of "Pink Catawba" to keep everyone in a good mood. For years, the Hurd

family played for our square dances and the clubhouse really rocked. We even had dances the night before the Enduro. The field in back of the clubhouse was completely filled with trucks, trailers, RV's, and tents. We prepared food all day before and danced and played games all evening and then fed hordes of people on Sunday, the day of the ENDURO. Bob Clemens was in charge of them for years. We served breakfast, lunch and a chicken barbecue. The entrance fee to enter the Enduro included a ticket to the barbecue, so most of the families also ate the chicken - very good merchandising. Those were fun days!! No one could have paid us enough to work as long and as hard as we did, but we did it for the MRC and for the fun we had working together.

There were also some good programs for National Hunting and Fishing Day. Charlie was in charge and had an outstanding "Retriever Dog" demonstration, Hunter Safety course (Ike Witty was always one of the instructors), and a chicken barbecue. We had very good attendance the first few years but unfortunately interest waned. Due to increased insurance premiums and more state regulations, all of these activities have "gone by the wayside." Too bad!!

For 30 years, the MRC has been a very big part of my life and of our family. Charlie has held office for a number of years as has Chuck, our son. Our three children, Chuck, Steve, and Peggy, grew up in the MRC; fishing the fishing derby, riding snowmobiles, camping at the club with the camper, attending events and helping in the kitchen, the barn or in the trap house. Charlie shot trap with the MRC trap team when the fog was so thick you could barely see the "birds." Chuck also shot a few times and developed his interest in guns and hunting at the MRC. Today Chuck and Steve are both good hunters. Both boys attended Camp Colby compliments of the MRC and in 1992, Patrick, Chuck's son, attended also.

I feel our family has given a great deal of time and energy to the Mad River Club but we have gotten much more from the club. Our kids have learned to love the outdoors, to hunt, fish and camp, but even more important, we've made lots of good friends whom we still cherish.

A Different View of the Mad River Club

by Chuck Kinne

It seems over the period of time that I have been involved with the MRC I have almost always been writing something. For a number of years I was the Recording Secretary. Then that job was combined with the Corresponding Secretary job. That involved taking all the minutes at meetings and also writing any club-related correspondence. Those days have since passed and for the last few (I'm not sure how many) years I've been the MRC Editor. It has been a great ride. Now I would like to write about a few of the memories I have had in my years with our great club.

To begin I was very lucky to have a Dad who enjoyed the outdoors and all that went with it. Shortly after moving to Syracuse, Dad got involved with the MRC through Floyd Nolan. That I believe was back in 1963. I have very fond memories as a 10-year-old riding the trails in the back of Floyd's jeep. I can remember trimming trails, hiking, trout fishing and other super experiences such as sitting with Floyd and driving that old jeep. Those type of experiences were very common those days. It seemed the family was always doing something that MRC was part of.

One thing I would like to interject is the fact that many of the activities were done as a family. Not just our family, all or many of the members' families. Today, I don't see that nearly as much.

I can recall the trout fishing derbies held at George Plummer's camp, when the day seemed like a big picnic, and Charlie Komrowski was the sheriff who went around and fined all the Dads he had caught for helping fish. I can remember the snowmobile races held at the clubhouse, the Enduro motorcycle races which helped the club as its major fund-raiser for a number of years. These were big events that a lot of members worked uncounted hours on. I also remember the truck pulls that we tried at the clubhouse when that activity was popular. Those were good times.

I can also remember with much pride when I was accepted to attend DEC summer camp at Lake Colby. Then, just as we still do today, MRC was the sponsor who paid the bill. That experience and all the many other outdoor experiences I had with the MRC forged the way for me to decide to attend Paul

Smiths College for a degree in forestry. Now, our son Patrick has attended Lake Colby in 1992, and our daughter Gretchen is looking forward to it as soon as she is old enough.

After I finished up college I returned to my love of the outdoors by teaming up with a group of MRC members known as the Rabbit Shack. These men were Herm Fehlman, Stan Klocek, Lee Huyler, Stan Love, Don Hawley, all very active members, many of whom had been president of the MRC at one time. I hunted with them as a guest until Harry Perkins suggested to me that he thought it was about time I joined the club. That was in 1976 and from there on I have had or seen many changes in our fine organization.

To that end I congratulate the MRC on its 100 years and may it continue for 100 more! Thank you also to all the fine men and women I have known through my association with the Mad River Club.

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Mad River Club History

By Neil Duell

I don't know if any of this will even be of interest to the centennial book, but here a few memories from an old member.

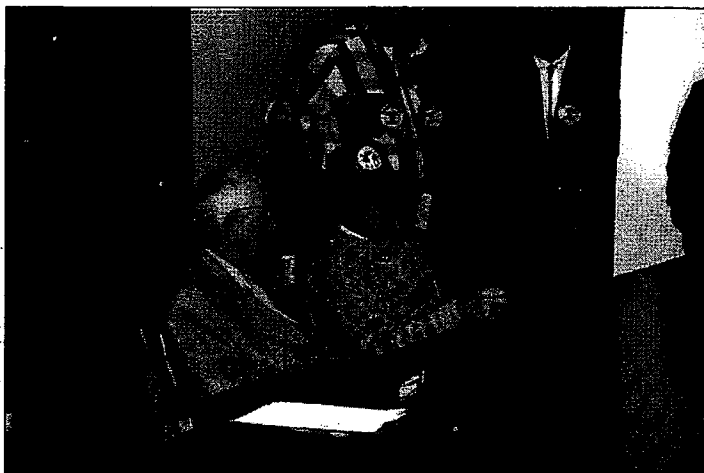
To begin with, I am not even sure of the exact date I joined the Mad River Club. I do know it was right after they raised the membership from 25 to 35 members. I have a button number 32 dated 1969, but I think I joined before that. I was recommended by Dean Williams, Jr., "Skeet" to most people from Redfield.

We used to fish a special beaver pond back in the club lands in the summer. I joined a few years

before the clubhouse was built. I remember the night we decided to build our own place, we had been meeting in the various bars in the area, after business slowed down. On this night, we were all gathered at a bar right in Pulaski on Rte. 11, and just about all the customers had gone home when about 9:30 two ladies came in ordered full course meals. They were still there at 11:00, just visiting. We were just about to give it up when the owner told us we could meet in an apartment he had out back. We were strung out in two different rooms, it was even difficult for everyone to hear the business meeting. That

night we decided we had had enough and voted to build a clubhouse. I am sure you already have all the information on the actual building.

Some anecdotes and special instances I recall are the white rabbit suppers we used to have in the building next to the store in Redfield. My son especially got a kick out of this as after we all were seated, there were no aisles left and the food was passed except for the baked potatoes which were pitched like baseballs. My son stood up catching them for everyone near him. Again, I don't know the year, but he retires from the Air Force with his 25 years in next year.



↑ Niel Duell and Bob Wart in conference at the Sportsmen's March on Albany.

We built the first bridge across the river by stringing cables. We made special wood pallets in our mill that laid on the cables, sort of a swinging

suspension bridge.

As time went on, I got some members from New Haven and I remember one year, Ken and Allen Cronk and I went up for the Club White Rabbit Hunt. By the time we got there, everyone with dogs had left, so we checked in at Nolan's camp and then went down and cut up the river and started walking through the woods. We started jumping rabbits and in a couple of hours took our limit back to Nolan's. He couldn't believe we were the first one checking back and without any dogs.

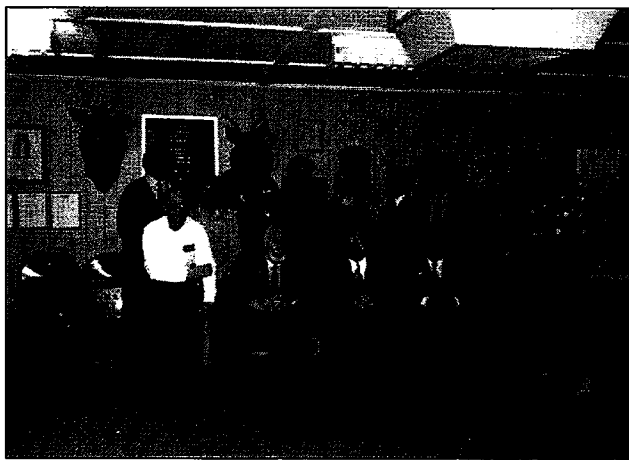
We never thought much about it, but at the Christmas Party, Allen was presented as the leader of the party with a gold rabbit. I'm sure this amused everyone there, especially George Plummer. There is a picture someplace of George riding his snowmobile over the river on the snow covered suspension bridge.

I was always on Spike Nolan's snowmobile race crew, generally as Track Security. I recall one incident where a machine had the throttle stick open and came careening down the track with the driver's arm stuck in the track. But when we got him out, he just suffered a couple bad lacerations. I remember burning the mortgage on the clubhouse just a few years after it was built.

I am 75 this year and have been accorded the honor of Honorary membership which I appreciate very much. Many of the old members I knew are gone, and time fades memories, but these are a few I can recall.



↑ Jack Chartrand draws the prize winners for the Ice Fishing Derby.



↑ 1993 - 1994 Board members.

Remember the Time ...

by Bud Brown

My Aunt Ethel and Uncle Arthur Castor worked for the club in the early 1900's. My aunt ran the club house and my uncle was guide and caretaker. My Grandmother Streeter, who was a Castor, lived and worked in the club house. My mother, who was four years old at the time, told about fishing with her mother, barefoot in Gilman Creek.

I joined the club in the fall of 1973. My first hunt as a member was the club hunt in 1973. The biggest thrill on that hunt was traveling on the roads of the club. I've had many rides since then in everything from Bob Clemons' utility trailer to George Lane's ambulance. Each ride was an adventure.

Some of the changes I've seen over the years:

There are many more beaver ponds on the club lands. These ponds have changed many of our hunts.

When I joined most of the drives were made by barkers. Today the drivers hunt with no barking.

A large portion of the club has been logged off. These areas have grown up with berry bushes and are hard to hunt.

When I joined the club I shared my wife, Alice's, famous squash pies with the group I hunted with. It has become a custom for George Lane and Alice to provide pie for lunch when we are in the woods.

Some of our adventures were:

"The Upside Down Deer"

Doug Frackleton was hunting around the beaver ponds on two mile when he saw a buck crossing a dam walking upside down. Doug, being of sound mind and sober, claims the deer was below the dam and what he was watching was the deer reflection on the pond.

"The Upside Down Dave"

Floyd Nolan had a rocking chair in his camp which would tip very easily. One night we were in the living room when Dave Lee came in with a piece of pie in one hand and a glass of wine in the other. Dave sat back in the rocking chair and did a complete backward somersault. When Dave completed this he had not spilled a drop of wine or lost his piece of pie.

"The Big Man Hunt"

A few years ago, George Lane was staying with Floyd Nolan at his camp. It was the middle of the week so George and Floyd slept in. When George woke and looked out the window, there were police and game wardens all around the camp. George, expecting to be arrested, called Floyd and told him they were surrounded. As it turned out, the law was setting up to find a lost hunter.

"The Tug Hill Wolverines"

This story is so horrible I think I will save it for the 200-year anniversary.

Harry Perkins: Bits and Ramblings of The Mad River Club

by Ben Gardiner

Harry Perkins has been an active member of the Mad River Club since the early 1960's. Within a year of first joining, he was elected to the Board of Directors and would later serve as President from 1968-70. As a participant in Whitetail Deer Forums, the MRC Trap Team, and as an aggressive fund raiser,

Harry has left an indelible mark on the Club. Furthermore, it was his long term goal to help make the Mad River Club a family organization.

This article is based on a tape recording Mr. Perkins made in March 1994, which describes his participation in the aforementioned events plus a num-

ber of interesting and often humorous anecdotes from his 30+ years as a Mad River Club Member.

The Mad River Club Trap Team was founded in the mid-1960's and competed in the Central New York Trap League until the mid-1970's, when the MRC team disbanded. League shoots were held on Tuesday nights at each member team's home grounds on a rotational basis. In addition to Harry, his wife, and three (3) sons, the MRC team consisted of Charlie Kinne, Harold Komrowski, Bill Quackenbush, Dick Wise, Don Keator, Dick Damon, and their wives, children, girlfriends, etc.

Harry recalls that the Trap team usually shot very well, and many good times were had. During one shoot on the MRC grounds, a thick fog suddenly rolled in. Visibility got so bad that the shooters were unable to see the end of the trap house! Harry recalled: "People would shoot and no one could see if the bird was hit. Everyone claimed that they shot a 25 that night!" Harry also recalled a May shoot, also at the MRC, when a sudden snowstorm blanketed the Club grounds with several inches of snow.

By the late 1960's, the Club found itself short of money to pay the lease and debt on the Clubhouse construction. Harry, as president, was among those who took the situation very seriously. Chicken barbecues, dinners, smokers, and even turkey (trap) shoots were organized. Hunting and Fishing Day festivities were held in September which included a chicken barbecue and displays by vendors, stores, etc., of outdoor related items. Harry recalls that Jack Lehtonen would actually "camp out" in the Clubhouse the night before to insure that all would be in a state of readiness for the event.

The above events brought in needed dollars, and, Harry added, helped to foster a spirit of teamwork and the strengthen the family-orientation of the Mad River Club. However, it was the snowmobile races of the 1960's-70's and the motorcycle enduros of the 1970's, Harry feels, that made the greatest contributions toward financial solvency for the Club. These events were extremely popular and highly profitable. Suffice to say, many hours of preparation of race courses was necessary, tons of food had to be prepared and sold, and, it seemed, a thousand other tasks had to be performed to make these events a success.

The snowmobile races took place during what was probably the height of popularity of snowmobiling, the late 1960's-70's. Harry recalled that those days were also times of consistently heavy

snowfalls. Consequently, snowmobile races and the Tug Hill were a winning combination!

The Motorcycle enduros were also highly successful, and were wild and "wooly" events themselves. Harry explained that an enduro is reminiscent of the hard riding done by World War I dispatch riders as they raced across the battlefields of Europe.



↑ *The Enduro Races were very popular.*

Harry and his wife, Irene, would generally station themselves near Camp #1 clearing to watch the riders cross "the bath tub", which was a 12- to 18-inch deep mud hole. The Bath Tub, Harry said, "sank quite a few riders." On one occasion, just after the race started, Harry met an 18 wheeler load of logs coming down Camp #1 Road from the opposite direction. Thinking quickly, Harry bribed the driver with a six pack. Harry, Irene, and the driver had an enjoyable time watching the race, a safe distance off the trail!

In addition to the money the Club made from the enduros, about a ton of top soil was deposited on the Clubhouse grounds by drivers washing their bikes after each race!

Harry had a hand at finishing the Clubhouse. He recalls that he and the Komrowski brothers placed and finished three (3) transit mix trucks (20-plus yards) of concrete in the Clubhouse basement. Harry had a sore back for two weeks!

He also recalls the Club selling "honorary" squares in the meeting hall floor for \$5 each to raise money and the formation of the "Shareholders Foundation." The Foundation sold shares for \$100 each and many members, he added, never redeemed their shares or claimed their interest.

Building his camp in the 1970's, while a great

deal of hard work, also provided a number of adventures for the Perkins family. Unable to get a transit mix truck to come onto the Club, Harry went to the plant and had five 55-gallon drums filled with concrete. Hauling the drums in his four wheel drive pickup, Harry placed and finished all of the concrete by hand for the foundation of his fireplace. One must have sympathy for this poor truck as, in addition to hauling concrete, Harry hauled every stick of lumber for his camp all the way up from Syracuse with it!

On one such trip, the Gillman Creek bridge was washed out and Harry forded the stream. The unlucky truck got stuck right up to the axles and had to be pulled out by Jack Burt. I wonder how much of a trade-in Harry got on this old truck?

Late one Saturday, after a long day working on the camp, a weary and soiled Harry and Irene decided to bathe in the River. Stripping down to their "bare essentials" (i.e. birthday suits), the Perkins' soaped up and went into the River. Without warning, Bob Clemens and several others rounded the corner on dirt bikes. Letting out a scream, Irene ran a fast "40 -yard dash" back to the truck where she quickly "covered up." Her understandable embarrassment was compounded by Mr. Clemens who exclaimed, "We have found the charter member of the Mad River Club streaking team!" Poor Irene would never live this incident down as, at a later meeting, she was publicly presented with a "Mad River Streaking Team" tee shirt.

Harry was involved in building the "first permanent" bridge over the Mad River, an event which nearly cost him his job. He had heard that there was a steel electrical tower which had been discarded at Altmar. Harry took the tractor and pole dolly from work and met several other MRC members in Altmar. The group, which included some state troopers, helped him disassemble the tower and load it on the dolly. Arriving at the Club, Harry drove the rig across the River. The crew hauled the tower sections into the River, put them back together, and attached wooden pallets to them to serve as a walkway. The project came to a successful end, but Harry had neglected to ask his boss for permission to use the tractor and dolly. His boss was so angry that he nearly fired Harry on the spot!

Porcupines were always a nuisance and a number of innovative ideas were tried to repel them. These practices included covering the wooden exterior of camp with used motor oil. The porcupines

would not be deterred and continued to chew on wood, aluminum, and anything else that contained salt. Harry and his associates regularly ambushed the quilled critters, and one weekend shot 15 of them! Unfortunately, the "porkies" had the last laugh. One Sunday night, Harry made his way out of the woods only to find that his truck had no brakes. The little devils had gnawed the rubber brake hoses! It was a slow and slightly "hairy" trip home that night.

Harry was active in the Whitetail Deer Forums of the 1970's. He recalls attending one in Pulaski where the proceedings were repeatedly interrupted by a woman who wanted to discuss the salmon that had been recently introduced into the Salmon River. Finally, Harry told her that she should be more concerned about the black bears than the salmon. "Black bears?" she asked. Harry responded, "Yes. The prevailing westerly winds will blow the smell of those salmon all the way into the Adirondacks. This will draw bears down to the Salmon River like flies!" The lady, looking a bit shaken, politely excused herself and left the meeting.

The reader will probably recall that the Mad River Club once rented property along Route 3 known as Deer Creek Marsh. This area was excellent duck hunting, which Harry and his sons regularly took advantage of. Harry also indicated that the marsh also held a large deer population. The Perkins often camped there during deer season. As a deer camp, the area also provided one unusual benefit: natural gas heat! An old gas well head was located in the marsh. Although the well was pretty much exhausted, some residual gas did remain. Harry would crack the valve, light the gas, and enjoy several hours of gas heat and lights! This provided all the comforts of home.

Harry hunted with the late George Plummer on many occasions over the years. On a hunt near the north line, Harry drove across the River and walked south on "Perkins Folly." George parked near "Frozen Ass Corners" and planned to cross the River by walking the cable stretched over it. Sometime later, Harry noticed a yellow hardhat floating down the River. Harry recognized the hardhat as belonging to George and ran upstream. He found his friend upside down, hanging from the cable, with his rifle dangling inches above the water. What a sight!

Harry also recalled that George always carried a roll of red surveyor's ribbon with him into the woods. George would tie ribbon on trees, shrubs, and branches with the idea of following them back

out of the woods. Unfortunately, he would often cross his own trail, leaving bits of ribbon as he went. "It looked like a Christmas tree," Harry recalls. Following these intersecting trails of ribbon, George could never understand why he got lost!

This writer hopes that the reader has enjoyed Harry Perkins' remembrances. Mr. Perkins is a dedicated family man first and an outdoorsman second. He has gone out of his way to include his own family in his outdoor activities and has worked very hard to help create a family-oriented environment at the Mad River Club. Harry

Perkins has set a fine example for us, his fellow members, to follow. The strength of the American family has been the foundation of our great country since before we won our independence. It has been only in recent years that some of the "mortar" of the foundation has begun to erode. Perhaps in following Harry's fine example we can work toward "re-cementing" that foundation!

In closing, this writer will pass on the following message from Mr. Perkins: "Congratulations to the Club and all the Members for staying together for all these years and becoming one of the best hunting clubs in the Northeast."



Issues of Today

The Dollars and Cents of the Mad River Club

by Ben Gardiner

EDITOR'S NOTE: Information on club finances was provided to this writer by Treasurer Jim Horth

Jim's avowed goal is to keep membership in the Mad River Club affordable for the average sportsman. As you might imagine, the preceding is getting more difficult with each passing year. Keeping the Club affordable is a challenge, to say the least, for Club leaders and, indeed, all of the membership.

The total annual budget of the Club is slightly over \$58,000. Dues (at \$200/member) account for

approximately \$42,000 or merely 80% of the total budget. It is clear, viewing the situation in these terms, just how critical the many fund-raisers undertaken each year are to the MRC's financial security.

The current annual lease payment to Cortlandwood is \$30,000. As their property taxes increase, the lease payment also increases. Utilities and taxes on Club-owned buildings and properties exceed \$12,000 per year. None of the above shows any sign of decreasing.

The Mad River Club leadership, with the approval of the membership, has shown a good deal of wisdom relative to financial matters in recent years. A money market account was established with earned interest reinvested. Mr. Horth indicated that the account currently stands at just over \$35,000. The account serves as a "contingency fund" to be utilized in times of adversity. For example, the account would pay a year's lease in the event of a shortfall in dues or some other unforeseen event.

Attached to this story is a typical breakdown of the Mad River Club budget based on 1992 figures. This writer is hopeful that the reader will have a



↑ Jim Horth and Chuck Kinne

better understanding of where our dues go, and the expenses associated with operating the Club.

As a Club primarily operating on leased land, our long term survival depends upon financial security. Only through continued strong financial management, innovative methods for raising funds, and the involvement of the rank-and-file membership,

may we be assured of continuing fiscal strength. If nothing more, we must sell all of our raffle tickets, encourage others to attend our fund-raisers, and donate our time and efforts to same. The alternatives are, at best, a substantial increase in dues, and at worst, a large increase in our membership limits.

We are all in this together!

MAD RIVER CLUB BUDGET - 1992

INCOME

APPROVED AMOUNT

| | |
|-----------------------|-------------|
| 50/50 DRAWINGS | \$200.00 |
| ADK WEEKEND | \$200.00 |
| ANNUAL BANQUET | \$150.00 |
| APPLICATION FEES | \$1200.00 |
| DAILY DRAWING | \$4000.00 |
| DUES (230 MEMBERS) | \$42,640.00 |
| FAMILY OUTING | \$150.00 |
| GUN RAFFLE | \$2,500.00 |
| INTEREST | \$2,600.00 |
| MISCELLANEOUS | \$100.00 |
| PATCHES, DECALS, KEYS | \$50.00 |
| PERCH DERBY/RAFFLE | \$1,000.00 |
| WORKDAY FINES | \$1,400.00 |

| | |
|-------------------------------------|--------------------|
| <u>TOTAL BUDGETED INCOME</u> | \$56,190.00 |
|-------------------------------------|--------------------|

EXPENSES

| | |
|------------------------------|-------------|
| ADMINISTRATION | \$1,500.00 |
| AWARDS AND RECOGNITION | \$650.00 |
| BUCK CONTEST | \$250.00 |
| BUILDING/GROUNDS IMPROVEMENT | \$2,000.00 |
| BUILDING/GROUNDS PLOWING | \$250.00 |
| BUILDING/GROUNDS MAINTENANCE | \$1,200.00 |
| CLUBS, FEDERATIONS | \$300.00 |
| DEC CAMPS | \$735.00 |
| DEER FORUM | \$300.00 |
| DONATIONS | \$250.00 |
| FLOWERS AND MEMORIALS | \$300.00 |
| INSURANCES | \$6,200.00 |
| LEASE LAND MAINTENANCE | \$1,000.00 |
| LEASE PAYMENTS | \$36,000.00 |
| NEWSLETTER | \$1,100.00 |
| NYS SALES TAX | \$1,800.00 |
| TAXES, PROPERTY | \$2,200.00 |
| UTILITIES | \$2,575.00 |

| | |
|---------------------------------------|--------------------|
| <u>TOTAL BUDGETED EXPENSES</u> | \$58,610.00 |
|---------------------------------------|--------------------|

Address to the Mad River Club

by Michael J. Kelly

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is part of a presentation made by Michael J. Kelly at an MRC dinner in 1993.

Thanks for the introduction, and it's nice to see all of you again. I always enjoy getting together with my fellow sportsmen, and especially with the members of the Mad River Club, one of the oldest and richest in tradition of all rod and gun clubs.

You know, occasions like this usually are reserved for passing out compliments and special awards, and all the words of praise you'll hear about your fellow club members tonight are richly deserved.

But if you don't mind, instead of just adding to that praise, I'd like to take a couple of minutes for a little pep talk, a call to action.

The fact is, in these strange times, our enjoyment of the outdoors is something we dare not take for granted. We must fight for the things we hold dear, or risk losing them.

Our sporting traditions are in danger.

Trappers have their backs to the ropes, hunters are under constant harassment from animal-rights fanatics, and fishermen are next on the do-gooder's hit list.

The anti's arguments are illogical, emotional and, in many cases, outright lies. But in the short run, that doesn't matter. If lies are repeated often enough, they are bound to be believed by a significant minority of people who just don't know any better.

Dozens of anti-hunting, animal welfare groups are now spending more than \$100 million a year in the United States. Not a farthing of that sum is used to protect wild animals from loss of habitat. Virtually all of that pile of money is used to convince the puzzled public that America's 65 million fishermen and hunters are barbarians directly descended from Attila the Hun.

Sometimes the anti's manage to dupe not only the little old lady down the street, but state legislators and judges. They stopped mountain lion hunting in California, spring bear hunting in Colorado, and for three years now have prevented New Yorkers from hunting black bears with tracking dogs.

They've won over most of Hollywood, now

they're trying to win the hearts of middle American kids by sneaking anti-hunting literature into our public schools.

You might think things look pretty grim for our side.

But it's not as bad as it seems.

On those rare occasions when sportsmen are aroused enough to take pen in hand or knock on legislators' doors in state capitols, we do all right for ourselves.

When we go on the ATTACK instead of just circling the wagons, we usually win the battle.

New York trappers stopped attempts to ban the foothold trap, temporarily, at least, by sponsoring their own bill to regulate the use of such traps in a manner that would minimize furbearer suffering and reduce the risk to non-target animals.

Maryland bowhunters beat the anti's at their own game. When 50 anti-hunters staged a media event at a wildlife management area on the opening day of the deer season, they were met by 250 hunters and supporters. The hunters, dressed in coats and ties, set up a tent with exhibits by sporting and conservation organizations, provided refreshments and press releases for TV crews and set up picket lines to counter the anti's chants.

Every spring, New York sportsmen hold a "March On Albany," and lobby for the causes we believe in. We've shown sportsmen in many other states how to work with their legislators and state wildlife agencies.

So you see, when we stick together and fight for what we believe in, we hold our own.

Unfortunately, we don't always stick together, and we don't fight hard enough some times.

We have the best of intentions, but how often do we resolve to make a phone call to our state senator, or write a letter to the local newspaper, and simply procrastinate until it doesn't get done?

I can vouch for the power of the pen. Editors listen to readers. They are impressed by a flood of letters on a controversial issue. The anti's send lots of letters to *The Post Standard* about how horrible it

is that we publish pictures of dead deer on the opening day of hunting season and how awful it is that the outdoors writer defends trapping. But my editor almost never gets a letter from a sportsman praising an article I've written, or thanking him for giving a page of coverage a week to hunting and fishing.

I appreciate the many kind words I hear about my articles when I go to dinner at a sportsman's club, but I sure could use a letter now and then to remind my editor that I have lots of readers who hunt and fish and trap and who think the anti's need to be put in their place.

We need to do more than write letters, of course. We ought to clean house, too.

I'm sure there are no slob hunters in this room, but I wonder if anybody here has ever failed to call the local C.O. or the TIPP line when he saw a lawbreaker in action?

Most of us, being human and wanting to get along, have sat quietly instead of speaking up when some barroom braggart crowed about shooting a deer on his wife's permit or keeping more than his limit of trout.

And when was the last time we asked our legislators to increase fines and penalties for the poacher who is, in the mind of the general public, just like

the rest of us?

We should be demanding that the lawbreakers in our midst, those few rotten apples who spoil the whole barrel, have the proverbial book thrown at them!

Well, I'd like to close on a positive note.

I firmly believe that none of our problems are too big to overcome, and I am convinced that if we work together, we can pass on a rich legacy of hunting and fishing opportunities to our children and our grandchildren.

The going will be tough sometimes, but we can get the job done.

This winter I attended the NRA's deer hunting seminar at the new convention center in Syracuse. On a cold, wet night, more than 1,500 men and women paid \$15 apiece to squeeze into uncomfortable seats and listen to experts talk about deer for three hours.

My editor thanked me afterward for covering the story. He said he had no idea that a program on hunting would draw such a crowd. He had no idea that that many people were that interested.

He didn't know how strong hunting was in the Syracuse area.

But who could fault him for that? Heck, sportsmen don't know their OWN strength, either.

The Next Century: A Challenge

By Doug Fuegel, President, NYS Outdoor Writers Association

Make no mistake: the next 100 years will be much harder and burdened with problems for the sportsman - harder than we ever dreamed of.

All we have to do is look back and remember the life-style of pioneer club members and remember what society and life was all about during those early years. One hundred years ago, even 50 years ago, a large portion of our population and this club's membership lived or worked on farms. They had a keen interest in the outdoors, and our resources. Hunting and fishing were a way of life. Society accepted this philosophy. Farm folks grubbed in the land, they appreciated it and took care of it. They raised and took care of animals for their food and

profit. They valued their animals, did not abuse them but also did not worship them and give artificial status as today's society does. We all know what Disney and Bambi did to change that thinking; today much of our population has elevated animals to human status.

One hundred years ago there were not the supermarkets as we know them today. Sunday dinner meant going to the barn and grabbing a chicken big enough to feed the family. Today most housewives think chicken comes cut up in a package all breaded for the oven or that hamburgers are manufactured exclusively by McDonald's. Yesterday we took for granted that something had to die so we could sur-

vive. Today with modern packaging and food preparation, that thought has no place in our modern society.

Hunting and fishing were accepted sports in the "good old days." Hunting provided much-needed recreation from long work days and often supplemented the pantry. No one questioned your right to hunt or your right to carry a gun.

If we could dig out minutes of Mad River club meetings of years past we would not read that we need a letter-writing campaign to combat the anti's. We would not be voting money to support the Wildlife Legislation Fund of America or money to support the annual March on Albany. My guess is that old minutes would reveal rules for big buck contests, fishing derbies, making plans for club game dinners or hunting breakfasts.

Have things changed? You bet they have. Today less than two percent of the population lives on farms. Our new generation has been brought up in a plastic, well-packaged world where everything is artificial. You want a pizza, just order it and it will be delivered. With a dial of a phone, a full course Thanksgiving dinner will be at your door. Every cut of meat you could possibly want is in the supermarket case wrapped and marked and ready for the grill or pan. There is absolutely no thought of how this meat got into these packages.

At a recent New York State Outdoor Writers conference, guest speaker Thomas Jorling, Commissioner of the state Department of Environmental Conservation, told of addressing a class of third graders. When asked where our drinking water comes from, the class reportedly responded, "the faucet." Commissioner Jorling stated this is what the outdoor world is facing: artificial values and no knowledge of our beginnings.

Today we have more well-funded anti-hunting, anti-trapping and, yes, even anti-fishing groups all

very well staffed, committed to stripping us of our right to enjoy our pursuits. Today, like it or not, we are looked upon with distaste because we love our guns and we enjoy competitive shooting and hunting. We are the only ones who realize all gun laws are directed at us, we will obey them and abide by them. We are the only ones who fully realize gun laws mean nothing to criminals.

The challenge for the future of the Mad River Club will be to survive this ever-changing world and with our actions gain the respect of the entire society. To do this we must all work together for our common interests. Many of the lively meetings we have today are the result of bickering and infighting between various groups of sportsmen. Bow hunters fighting gun hunters, gun hunters fighting the muzzleloaders, groups fighting various weapons like the crossbow. The same with fishing. Purists want their own private stretch of the river and con-

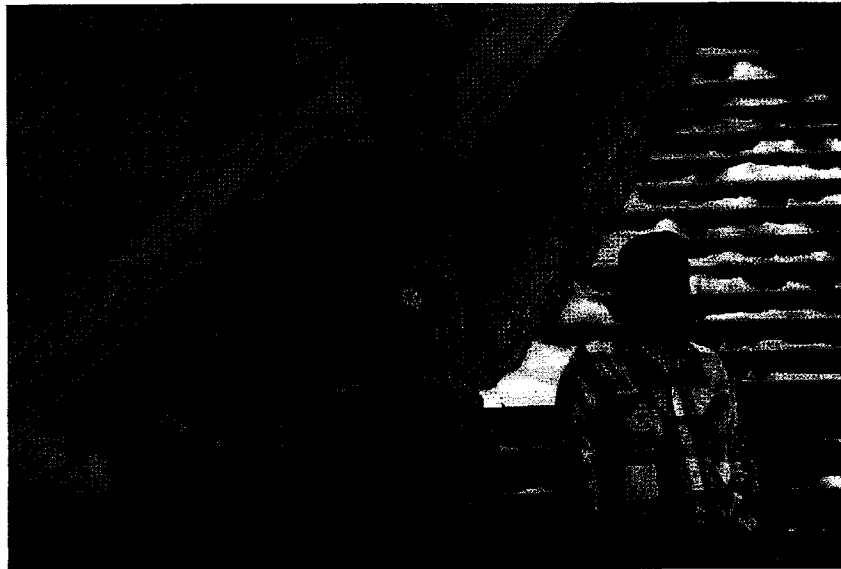
ventional fishermen refuse to negotiate. Add to this the self-serving interests of hikers, campers, boaters, bird watchers and God knows who else.

No longer can we just ride along. To survive there can be no let-someone-else-do-it attitude. Let me share the following with you.

That's NOT my job ...

This is the story about four people named Everybody, Somebody, Anybody and Nobody, all of whom hold membership in the Mad River Club. There was an important job to be done and Everybody was sure that Somebody would do it. Anybody could have done it, but Nobody did it. Somebody got angry about that, because it was Everybody's job. Everybody thought Anybody could do it. Nobody realized that Everybody wouldn't do it. It ended up that Everybody blamed Somebody when Nobody did what Anybody could have.

Congratulations on a great first 100 years and best wishes for the next century.



↑ Bob Wart and Pete Mattison at the Capitol Steps in Albany.

Where Will the New Sportsmen and Women Come From?

Presented to the New York State Sportsman Workshop
Ballston Spa, NY
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Bruce E. Matthews

Director, New York Sportfishing and Aquatic Resources Education Program
Department of Natural Resources
Cornell University

Good Morning. I am really pleased to be with you here today, and to see so many of us together in one place. It's a good feeling isn't it? Because it can get a little lonely out there at times, can't it?

You know, when I get to thinking about being lonely I like to remember my old friend Ole Oleson, who used to live by himself over on Tug Hill. Years ago Ole had this bluetick bitch named Annie that was so good on coons her reputation spread near and far. You might have heard of her. Anyway this rich dude from Syracuse heard about Annie and figured maybe he could talk Ole out of Annie for a considerable sum. He figured he'd breed her and make a bundle off the pups.

So he called Ole up. Ole let on as though maybe he'd consider a deal, so they arranged a hunt to show off Annie's prowess. Ole didn't bother to tell this guy that he had yet to see the horny hound that could get anywhere near Annie, even when she was in heat, without winding up with at least one ear, and his self-esteem, shredded in about equal parts. Not to mention acquiring a whole lot healthier respect for females.

So anyway the rich dude met up at the woods with Ole and Annie. Sure enough, 5 minutes later there's Annie striking up in a beautiful bawl. In three minutes she's sounding treed.

The rich dude was all excited. "This is the greatest coon dog around!" he enthused. "Let's see the coon!"

So he and Ole followed Annie's calls to the tree. The dude shined his light up into the branches as Ole sat down and waited. He was shining and shining, this way and that way, but he couldn't pick up any eyes.

"Can't see him!" the guy said as he circled the tree for the fifth time. Ole said nothing. Annie still barked treed.

Finally the rich guy looked at Ole and said, "There's no coon in that tree!"

Ole just turned and looked at Annie. "Good girl!" he said to her.

"Good girl?" the guy shouted. "You call that good?"

Ole calmly looked at the man. "Sure," he said. "Old Annie done it again. She's gettin' so good now she right regular gets to the tree before the raccoon does."

Well Ole's Annie got pretty good at anticipation, wouldn't you say? I think it's about time we sportsmen and women took a lesson from that dog and started doing a little more anticipating and a lot less reacting. Let me share what I mean.

But before I get going, you should know that you're not listening to a politician. I'm not necessarily going to tell you what I think you want to hear. I'm not going to sugar-coat what I know you probably don't want to hear. I am going to share what I think we all need to hear. So listen good, as I tell my students. Here's where I think hunting, trapping and fishing are heading. And this is how I think we can be more effective in combatting anti-sportsmen and women attitudes in our country.

What's Happening with Hunting. Fishing and Trapping?

Overall, the numbers of hunters and trappers are declining. Though the actual number of anglers is increasing, the number of anglers as a percentage of the population is decreasing. In other words, the percentage of anglers in the population has not grown at the same rate as the population.

There are a number of reasons for this, but it is not my intent to examine these in detail this morning. I will say that one of the reasons is a lack of someone with whom to hunt or fish. Another is the reported increase in observances of poor behavior, particularly on the part of hunters. We'll get back to these.

This decline is not likely to be reversed. Hunting, fishing and trapping are rural-based activities practiced mainly by rural and small-town residents. Our country is losing its rural roots. With the loss of rural culture and values, there is a reduction in the predisposition to hunt, trap and fish. In other words, recruitment is that much harder when the expectation to hunt isn't there.

Today, only one third of Americans over 70 have first generation rural roots. Only a handful of those 50 to 70 do. The U.S. has lost and continues to lose its rural culture at an alarming rate. And you know what's replacing it? The influx of suburbanites looking for their 'country lifestyle' on two acres of manicured chemlawn where Tom Twentymen's south pasture used to be. Whose values do these 'rurbanites' bring? Yours? Mine? Or Cleveland Armory's?

Given this loss of rural roots and culture, coupled with the changing family structure that includes many more single parent and two wage-earner households with highly mobile lifestyles, the support base that used to pass on the traditions of hunting, trapping and fishing is rapidly eroding. The decline in the numbers of hunters and trappers will continue. The only thing saving fishing right now is the yuppie interest in fly fishing.

Think about it. Nationally, hunters are male, white, rural and getting older. In New York in 1989, deer hunters were 93.5% male, 80% lived in small towns or rural areas, and had a average age of 41 with only 14% being under 25. Also in 1989, almost all of New York's trappers were from small towns or rural areas, two-thirds were over 30 and half were over 40. Though I have no data on it I think it is safe to assume they were mostly white. Just look around.

Think about it some more. Is that what the rest of the country looks like? Nationally more than half the population is female. The U.S. is a multicultural society and becoming more so every year. And we are overwhelmingly urban, in both population and cultural orientation. We don't all have to be rocket scientists to figure out what this means. What was once considered an honorable family tradition is increasingly being disconnected from mainstream U.S. society, the same democratic society that must at least tacitly approve of our activities if we are to continue them in any recognizable form.

But you know something? We can make a difference. We can, like Ole's bluetick hound, anticipate and act instead of being defensive and reacting to whatever the anti's think of next. Here are some ideas:

We could all have more kids . . . well, maybe not! But we can find new ways to pass on our traditions, and we must recruit others.

Who? Well, who isn't involved now?

Youth

Young adults

Women

Ex-sportsmen and women

Urban residents

non-Anglos

Non-Anglos? Yes, friends. Let me share my thoughts on what I think is a tremendous opportunity for sportsmen and women, and in fact an imperative for both human understanding and the perpetuation of our tradition.

It is natural for us to want to 'keep to our own kind.' But the resulting biases prevent us from reaching out to others who may be different, and from appreciating the differences. Ecology teaches us about the importance of diversity within populations, but we don't do a very good job modeling that among our-

selves. This is what I'm getting at.

In 1980, Anglo-Caucasian groups made up 80% of the U.S. population. By 2000 Anglo-Caucasians will comprise 76% of the population, and by 2025 they will be at 65%. The net growth in the population of the U.S. will come almost entirely in non-white groups. By 2025, white folks in Texas, California and Florida will be minorities.

In New York, the population growth rates in the 1980's offer a case in point. This chart illustrates:

| | Asian | African American | Hispanic | Anglo-Caucasian |
|-------------------|-------|------------------|----------|-----------------|
| metropolitan area | 125% | 12% | 35% | - 5 % |
| non-metro area | 115% | 60% | 88% | 1% |

The growth obviously came in non-Anglo groups. What does this mean? Even if we do a great job recruiting more women, youth, young adults, ex-sportsmen and so on, we'll still be a smaller and smaller proportion of the population, increasingly isolated from the U.S. mainstream.

We better start reaching out, right now, to the Asians, native Americans, Hispanics, African-Americans and others to get them involved. That's right. Reach out. And keep reaching out. Find the common ground. And you know, it may not be as far out as you think. The AFTMA estimates that, although by 2025 angling will grow by only .5%, 70 to 80% of that growth will be in non-white sectors.

Two key words are important here. Invite and include. And don't give up if at first you fail.

Now, the sight of a white guy with a gun, dressed in camouflage in the woods may generate a somewhat visceral response from many non-whites. It is not what you might call a confidence builder, and some of you may think it will never work. Yet in many of the cultural traditions there is a history of connection with nature through activities like hunting, trapping and fishing. The African tribal experience certainly had this connection. Even in the rural south, many African-Americans carried on their own hunting, trapping and fishing traditions. Native-American tradition is integrally involved with the outdoors. There is a strong Asian tradition with fishing.

Not only can our inviting them to hunt or fish with us help find the common ground connecting our cultures, it can help us better appreciate each other. In the process, a new, richer and uniquely American hunting, fishing and trapping tradition will emerge. Its worth the effort, don't you think?

You ever get up in your tree stand and have to pee? Yeah, you've been there. You drink those extra cups of coffee. You hike out to your stand. You stand under your tree, debating. Should you try to now? Naw, the scent'll scare the deer. All those zippers and buttons... and if you happen to be a woman... now there's a real commitment. I've often wondered if that wasn't why more women don't hunt. That big flash of white, in the woods, in deer season....

Do you do it? Naw.

So you get up there, and the mental battle begins, because 5 minutes later your bladder sends you that, 'sorry, I was really just kidding when I said I didn't have to go down there' message. You're cold, hunkered down, you don't want to move... The message gets more insistent. Dew drips off the leaves, a nearby brook gurgles, the air is just full of water sounds that you wonder why you never heard before.... Slowly you move from one foot to the other, you squeeze your knees together... you just know that 12 pointer will show up as soon as you start to move... and finally there's just no more denying it. Your bladder's telling you there's a five alarm fire out there somewhere and you're in charge of putting it out. Right now.

Sooo... do you do it from the tree? ...and risk all that scent wafting from a 10 foot arc, dispersing for miles around? You can just see that 12 pointer stop in his tracks, stick his big nose up in the air, and nudge his spikehorn buddy in the ribs as they collapse in fits of soundless laughter at your predicament....

Or do you take the time and effort to climb down, dig a little hole and hunker down over it to keep your scent contained?

You climb down. You mentally curse that extra cup of coffee. For the thousandth time you swear off zippers.....buttons are the only way to go when you've got to go through four layers to go. And soon you

release that immensely satisfying steaming stream of pee, at the peak of which.... the 12 pointer breaks out into the open just to watch. you've got your hands full, and your gun is two steps away.... Yeah, you've been there!

To pee or not to pee... decisions, decisions. But to my mind there is only one decision to make when I think about anti-sportsmen.... and that is deciding how many ways I can stand up and be counted for what I believe is right. And folks, there's just not enough of us doing that right now. We're supposed to be the sportsman educators, and we're not doing our job.

Now before you go and get defensive on me, and miss the point entirely, you should understand that I live for the fishing, hunting and trapping I get to do with my family, my friends and my students. (see Sept. Trapper/Predator Caller) And I'm a Trapper Training Instructor. But I'm calling it as I see it, and right now its not looking real good.

We've got a real public relations problem, both within and without our ranks.

We've gotten paranoid.

We've lost the sense of pride we used to have in being a hunter or trapper.

We preach to the choir, and no one else, about values and the importance of what we do. Some say we shouldn't be preaching to the choir at all, but folks, our choir is so full of sinners we better direct our attention to it!

Some of what we do is offensive to others. The drop of blood splatting on someone's windshield from the hood ornament buck passing at 60 mph; the "happiness is a large gutpile" tee-shirt; the "coon hunters do it all night" cap; the camo-clad loudmouth at the gas station or restaurant; or the guy dragging a salmon through downtown Pulaski with its guts trailing in the dirt.... nothing illegal about any of this. But it sure as hell is offensive, and it hurts all of us. Why?

Recent studies show that about 10 to 15% of the public hunts or is supportive of hunting, and about the same percentage is opposed to hunting. That leaves 60 to 80%, the vast majority, without much of an opinion on hunting one way or the other. How do you think a steady diet of shot-up signs, gut-pile tee shirts and obnoxious behavior is going to influence their opinion?

In fact some of these same studies show that of the 10 to 15% that oppose hunting, fully 85% feel that way not for ethical reasons, but because they simply don't like hunters and how they behave.

Let me share an experience with you.

We discuss hunting and trapping openly in my classes at Cortland. In a minute I'll share the results of a trapping survey I did with them a few weeks ago. But first the Hoxie Gorge experience.

I find the students, generally, to be naive, ill-informed, from urban or suburban areas, thinking they don't like hunting and surely not trapping.

I give them a chance to see hunting in a different light, through readings, class discussion, exposure to how indigenous peoples hunt and trap and fish, and their relationships with these animals, and through my own example. I share my stories. Most are then willing to see that there may be more than one side to this hunting and trapping stuff after all.

But then last spring we went to Hoxie Gorge to camp. While hiking up the dirt road we came upon the carcasses of a doe and buck. There was lots of hair, bones, a skull with the antlers sawed off. The deer had been butchered on the spot, most of the meat used, and the rest was left for scavengers. The coyote and fox scat offered evidence that the remains had been well-used. Yes, we decided, it was too bad that the hunters hadn't used the hides, and hadn't made more of an effort to make the remains less visible.

The next skeleton, a few hundred yards further near a woods trail, was that of a doe. Had it starved? A road kill? Coyotes or dogs? The red bone marrow refuted starvation, and with no roads nearby a road-kill was not likely. Predation was a possibility, but the skeleton was scavenged, not eaten. The likelihood was that it was a deer lost by a hunter. I explained how that could happen – poor judgement or timing, a bad hit, the hours of tracking, the sleepless night. The kids looked at each other uncertainly. In my own mind those opening day 5-shot fusillades rang out loudly. Too loudly.

The next two carcasses totally contradicted everything I had shared with my students. The first buck was intact. I hurried to show evidence of starvation, and then I noticed the half-hearted attempt at sawing off the antlers. So did the students. On the last skeleton only the antlers were gone.

Now maybe my students were still willing to give me the benefit of the doubt about the way I hunted, but they'd sure as hell seen more than enough evidence to support their original opinion of hunters as unethical slobs.

What's my point? Preach to the choir. Help them understand that even though an action may be legal, if it casts hunting or fishing or trapping in a bad light it shouldn't be happening! In your courses do you spend any time discussing what to do when bad behavior is witnessed? Do any role plays? Do you walk your students through a situation where poor behavior is witnessed, and help them identify and select the most appropriate options? Do you share with them how you deal with it? We can't just decry slob behavior, we have to give our students the skills and the motivation they need to deal with it. If we can't do this, folks, if we make excuses about why we're not including this in our courses, then not only are we not doing what most needs doing, we're signing the execution order for our sport. It is that simple!

The best way to convince the 60 to 80%, the great unwashed masses, as Ernie Prevost likes to call them, is to act so ethically that the only way the antis can criticize our behavior is to lie.

If we don't have enough time to get a whopping good dose of ethics into our hunter and trapper safety courses as they stand today, then let's see that we make that time. If we don't have the skills to teach ethics as they are best taught, then let's set up an ethics training program for our instructors. In my humble opinion, we need to institute mandatory recertification every 5 years. And we need to call for it ourselves, happily, willingly because we want a future for hunting and trapping.

Ann Causey, in her excellent presentation at the Governor's Conference on Sport Hunting held in Montana last summer, said "Moral hunters do not mindlessly follow rules and lobby for regulations which serve their interests; rather they follow their consciences, sometimes setting their own interests aside.... Ethics is guided by conscience and gives us something to aim for beyond self-gratification."

While we're weeding the sinners out of the choir we've also got to address the congregation, the public. Hey, we do good stuff! We do habitat improvement, we pay for land protection and acquisition, we use voluntary restraint, we support research, youth education, we spend huge bucks on things having nothing to do with the production of live targets. Let's be proud, not paranoid. Above all, we need to set the good example. We need to walk our talk. Here's one example of how this can work:

Twenty-nine SUNY Cortland College students were given identical surveys before and after a series of trapping and wildlife ecology awareness activities that took place while attending a ten day Adirondack Winter Studies Program held at the College's outdoor education center on Raquette Lake. The activities included a coyote skinning demonstration, an ecology hike focused on predator-prey relationships, setting a "trapless trapline" and returning to check the snow for animal sign, a predator calling demonstration, an autopsy of the coyote carcass, a lecture covering the ecological and biological justifications for trapping as well as a discussion and demonstration of traps and techniques, and lots of informal discussion with the instructor and among themselves.

The pre and post surveys included 61 statements. The students were asked to indicate their level of agreement or disagreement with 33 of the statements, and whether 28 statements were true or false. The following summarizes student responses to a selected few key questions, and indicates the general direction and degree of change in attitudes and knowledge. This is raw data only. No statistical treatment has been applied to determine a level of statistical significance. However, it is helpful in a general way in indicating change that may have occurred as a result of the program.

Students were asked to indicate their level of agreement with the first set of statements. The closer the value to 1, the stronger the agreement. The closer the value to 5, the stronger the disagreement. A value of three indicates neutrality.

In general, trappers can be characterized as being deeply appreciative of wildlife and the natural world.

Pre-test mean: 3.43

Post-test mean: 2.21

Difference: 1.22

Discussion: Almost 40% were neutral on this question on the pre-test. 46% disagreed or strongly disagreed. On the post-test 54% agreed with this statement, and 21% strongly agreed.

It is better to let nature control its own populations of animals than to use practices like trapping.

Pre-test mean: 2.41

Post-test mean: 3.66

Difference: 1.25

Discussion: On- the pre-test, 55% agreed or strongly agreed (34.5%) with this statement, with 31% disagreeing. The follow-up test had only two students (7%) agreeing, with 69% disagreeing or strongly disagreeing.

Leg-hold traps are cruel and inhumane.

Pre-test mean: 1.96

Post-test mean: 3.28

Difference: 1.32

Discussion: Fully 86.4% agreed or strongly agreed with this statement on the pre-test. 10% disagreed. By the post-test, only 20% agreed, with 62% disagreeing, and 17% neutral.

Trapping should be outlawed because it is inhumane and cruel.

Pre-test mean: 2.89

Post-test mean: 4.03

Difference: 1.14

Discussion: 43% of the students were neutral on this statement in the pre-test, with the rest about equally split between agreement and disagreement. There were, however, 3 students (10.7%) that strongly agreed.

On the post-test, no one agreed with this statement, and only two students were neutral. 83% disagreed and 10.3% strongly disagreed.

Animal rights have a foundation in scientific fact.

Pre-test mean: 2.76

Post-test mean: 2.72

Difference: .04

Discussion: On this question there was some slight movement on the part of the pre-test neutral students toward disagreement. It would appear, however, that no significant change occurred. This is interesting in light of the obvious changes in other attitude statements, and is worth looking into. It may be, in part, because no specific formal discus-

sion relative to animal rights was held, though a sentientist perspective on environmental ethics was explored and discussed.

Regulated trapping in New York State poses no threat to any rare or endangered species.

Pre-test mean: 3.59

Post-test mean: 2.72

Difference: .87 .

Discussion: On the pre-test, only two students agreed, with 55% disagreeing and 38% neutral.

By the post-test, more than half of the students agreed or strongly agreed with this statement, with 21% neutral. 27.5% still disagreed.

I believe trapping is morally wrong.

Pre-test mean: 2.93

Post-test mean: 3.93

Difference: 1.0

Discussion: Before the course, 34% agreed with this statement. On the post-test, no one did.

The following questions called for true or false responses:

Coyotes are endangered in New York.

Pre-test

Post-Test

True: 60.7%

True: 3.5%

False: 39.3%

False: 96.4%

A wild animal caught in a leg-hold trap will often chew its own paw off in an effort to escape.

P re-test

Post-Test

True: 85.7%

True: 3.5%.

False: 14.3%

False: 96.4%

Wild animals caught in a leg-hold trap are generally injured to the point that they cannot be released with any hope of survival.

Pre-test

Post-Test

True: 75%

True: 14.3%

False: 25%

False: 85.7%

Synthetic fur coats are more ecologically sound than natural fur coats.

Pre-test

Post-Test

True : 33 .3

True: 15.4%

False: 66.7

False: 84.6%

There is some scary stuff in here. This is how college students view trapping. Scarier still, most of these kids are juniors and seniors, and many are about to become teachers. Yes, teachers.

You can do a couple of things. Get involved with your schools and teachers. Offer to take them trapping or hunting with you, so they can see for themselves what it is really like. Take any kid who wants to go. Take them hunting or trapping or fishing. If you are in DEC Regions 3 or 9 get involved with the Apprentice Hunter Program. If you are anywhere in New York, get together with a friend or do it by

yourself, but get involved in the NY Sportfishing and Aquatic Resources Education Program. There is simply no substitute for direct, personal involvement with the youth, educators and people in your community. They should know who you are, that you are a hunter, or trapper, or fisherman, that you care deeply about wildlife, and are a walking refutation of everything the antis would say. It works. Here's an example:

Be careful, however, that you don't fall into the feel-good trap. Too many groups nowadays send money to Arizona, buy books or put the WLFA or NTA information into school libraries, figure they've done all they can do and so they feel good about it. There's nothing wrong with doing these things, but if you're not directly involved with your schools and community in seeing that the materials are used, if your righteous face isn't instantly associated with the words hunting, trapping, fishing or sportsman or woman, your feeling good isn't going to amount to a whole lot.

Anticipate. Stop reacting and start proacting. Be proud, not paranoid. You can make the difference. Above all, go pee before you climb into your treestand. Thank you.

What New York State Has in Store For Us

Courtesy of the NYS Department of Environmental Conservation

The New York State Department of Environmental Conservation, established in 1970, united the natural resource protection functions of the old Conservation Department and the environmental quality tasks formerly performed by the Department of Health.

Since then, DEC's activities have multiplied as new laws and programs developed to solve emerging environmental problems. As a result, New York State residents today enjoy the benefits of cleaner air and water, thriving wildlife and forests, accessible recreation and farsighted waste management policies.

DEC has two major areas of responsibility: natural resources management and environmental quality protection. The Department uses modern techniques to manage fish and wildlife resources and state lands. It uses permits to control pollution of air and water, transport and disposal of solid and hazardous wastes, pesticide use, mining and mined land reclamation.

New York's large and varied landscape provides a place to live for more than 760 species of mam-

mals, birds, reptiles, amphibians and freshwater fishes. Some require very specific conditions while other species like muskrats, spring peepers and bluegills thrive in a wide range of habitats throughout New York.

Wildlife populations continually change. Most species are now more secure than when the Division of Fish and Wildlife was founded in 1895. Changes in land use have helped many, such as Canada goose and opossum. Common terns, ospreys, wild turkeys, bald eagles and Atlantic salmon have rebounded as a result of management.

The mission of the Division of Fish and Wildlife, within the Office of Natural Resources in the DEC, is to serve the interests of current and future generations of New Yorkers by using their collective skills, in partnership with the public, to describe, understand, manage and perpetuate a healthy and diverse assemblage of fish, wildlife and ecosystems.

The Division of Fish and Wildlife has established five goals to help achieve its mission:

- To protect, enhance and restore New York's fish and wildlife and the ecosystems that support them.

- To help provide New York residents with the knowledge to appreciate and understand fish and wildlife and their habitats.
- To provide a wide array of opportunities to enjoy the benefits associated with fish and wildlife.
- To provide the public a role in planning, implementation and evaluation of fish and wildlife pro-

grams.

- To foster and maintain an organization that efficiently achieves our mission.

The State invites the public to join them in working as stewards of the State's fish and wildlife for today's and future generations.

The Responsible Sportsperson

by Chuck Parker with Ben Gardiner

Being a member of the Mad River Club must go beyond simply paying one's dues, hunting, fishing, and attending a few Club-sponsored events each year. Our beloved outdoor sports are coming under increasing pressure from highly organized and vocal special interest groups, specifically anti-hunting/firearms organizations. Our right to hunt and enjoy the outdoors as we have in the past can no longer be taken for granted. Times have changed. We must utilize our membership in the MRC as a vehicle to promote the issues of outdoor sportsmanship and sound conservation practices. We hunters comprise merely 10% of the general population. Eighty percent of the population is neither for nor against hunting. Our mission is to demonstrate to this segment of society that we are not just a bunch of blood thirsty vandals and poachers. The remaining 10% of our fellow citizens are actively aligned against us. We must counter their efforts in a constructive and positive manner.

As a member of the Mad River Club, you are represented in the Oswego County Federation of Sportsmen (we also belong to the Jefferson and Onondaga County Federations). There are approximately 25 sportsmen clubs belonging to the Oswego County Federation. Dues are \$20 per year, and each club is allowed up to four voting members. The Federation acts as an advisory group to the county legislature. The Legislature allocates between \$4,000-\$5,000 annually to the Federation.

The Federation annually sponsors Youth DEC Camp, 4-H shooting sports, Envirothon competitions and scholarships, Save-A-Tree program, fish and pheasant stocking, Annual Sportsmen's March On Albany, and legislative efforts at all levels of gov-

ernment. They also receive information from DEC and different legislators which they disseminate to the various sportsmen's organizations, such as the Mad River Club. As you can see the Oswego Federation is a very active organization. The money they are allocated by the County does not cover all their expenses, so they must hold various fundraisers during the year.

The Oswego County Federation along with 55 other county federations comprise the New York State Conservation Council. The NYSCC addresses issues and concerns on a statewide basis. Issues dealt with by the Council may end up as legislative initiatives, recommendation/requests to the DEC, or as information to be shared among sportsmen's clubs throughout the State. The Council also has several committees, such as the Firearms and Ammunition Committee. This committee reviews also related pending legislation in the State Senate and Assembly and issues statements in favor of or opposing same. In 1993, the Legislature was presented with 14,000 different pieces of legislation (of all types). Of the 14,000 bills proposed, only 900 were actually signed into law by the Governor. The success or failure of any bill on the floor of the Legislature can be greatly affected by groups lobbying on the issue. The Council is the primary lobbying group for the sportsman.

The New York State Conservation Council is a leading member of the Coalition of New York State Sportsmen. The Coalition deals specifically with firearms and ammunition legislation.

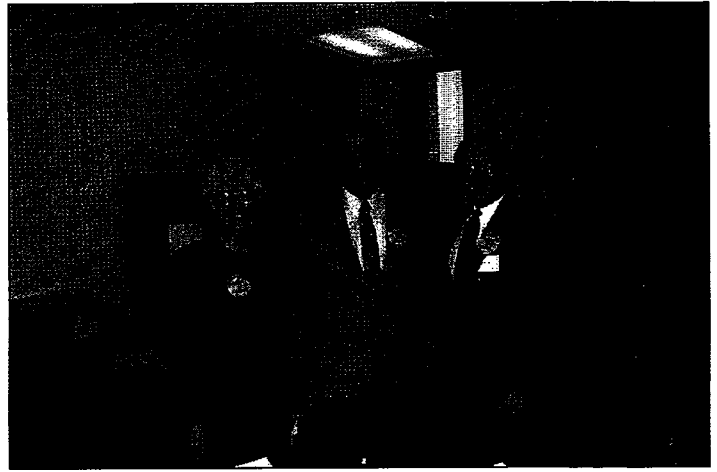
All of the above listed organizations, from the Coalition down to the individual clubs, work with the National Rifle Association toward preservation

of our Second Amendment Right, "To Keep and Bear Arms."

Much more indeed could be said about the efforts of all of these organizations. Suffice to say, that the success or failure of their efforts depends upon the support and active participation by the individual sportsman. What happens today may well determine the future of hunting, fishing, and outdoor sports in the future.



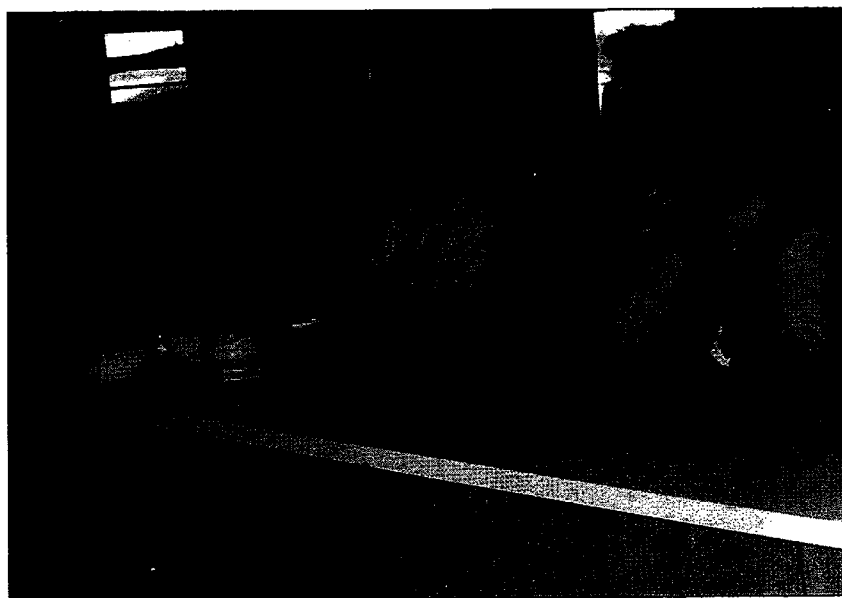
← Children are a big part of the MRC activities, including this 1993 Ice Fishing Derby



↑ Assemblywoman Frances T. Sullivan, left, and Congressman James Wright, right, show their support for the Oswego Sportsmen's Federation and the organization's president, Dave Von Holtz.

Past Presidents

| | |
|-------------------|---------|
| FLOYD NOLAN | 1948-51 |
| GEORGE PLUMMER | 1959-64 |
| LESLIE HARRIS | 1951-59 |
| STANLEY KLOCEK | 1964-66 |
| HARRY KOMROWSKI | 1966-68 |
| HARRY L. PERKINS | 1968-70 |
| BOB CLEMENS | 1970-74 |
| HERMAN F. FEHLMAN | 1976-78 |
| JACK LEHTONEN | 1974-76 |
| LEE HUYLER | 1978-79 |
| LLOYD HUNT | 1979-81 |
| JOHN SCHNEIDER | 1981-83 |
| BILL VAN WORMER | 1986 |
| GENE KING | 1983-85 |
| FAY REID | 1988-89 |
| JACK CHARTRAND | 1990-92 |



*With
Honor and Respect
to the
Women*

*who stand beside the
Mad River Club*

MAD RIVER CLUB

MEMBERSHIP LIST

| BADGE | FIRST NAME | LAST NAME | CITY | STATE |
|-------|----------------|----------------|------------------|-------|
| 94 | JAMES E. | ABARE | LACONA | NY |
| 192 | JOHN F | ABARE | WILLIAMSTOWN | NY |
| 224 | JOHN E | ABULENCIA JR. | MALLORY | NY |
| 177 | LOUIS | ADAMS JR | ADAMS CENTER | NY |
| 19 | KERRY | ALLEN | LYCOMING, | NY |
| 289 | HARLEY | ALVERSON | SYRACUSE | NY |
| GLD | ROBERT | ARCHIBEE | WINTER HAVEN | FL |
| 123 | RUDY | AUST | N. SYRACUSE | NY |
| 29 | DANNY E | BALCH | MANNSVILLE, | NY |
| HON | H. DOUGLAS | BARCLAY | PULASKI, | NY |
| 286 | SCOTT J. | BARNASKEY | SYRACUSE, | NY |
| 276 | NICHOLAS | BARTOLOTTI | CLAY | NY |
| GLD | HAROLD | BAUMGARTNER | JORDAN | NY |
| 175 | DANIEL | BEATTIE | LACONA | NY |
| 266 | STEPHEN J. | BERO | LIVERPOOL | NY |
| HON | ROBERT | BIRCHLER | BALDWINVILLE | NY |
| 173 | CHARLES C. | BOHM | NORTH SYRACUSE, | NY |
| HON | HON.MICHAEL J. | BRAGMAN | NORTH SYRACUSE | NY |
| 124 | HENRY | BRI ISCHNEIDER | NORTH SYRACUSE, | NY |
| 22 | RICHARD | BROCK | WATERTOWN, | NY |
| 179 | GEORGE M. | BROWN | PENNELVILLE | NY |
| 281 | GREG | BROWN | CENTRAL SQUARE | NY |
| 117 | ROBERT | BROWN | CLAY, | NY |
| GLD | WILLIAM | BROWN | BRIDGEPORT | NY |
| 149 | WILLIS A. | BROWN | SYRACUSE, | NY |
| 225 | HANK | BURNS | SYRACUSE | NY |
| 128 | JACK | BURT | MATTYDALE | NY |
| 100 | DAVID | BURT | MATTYDALE | NY |
| 160 | WALTER R. | BUTLER | PQRISH, | NY |
| 180 | MICHAEL W. | BUTLER | NEW HARTFORD, | NY |
| 299 | LLOYD A. | CAIRD | PIERREPONT MANOR | NY |
| 34 | ARTHUR | CAMPBELL | CAMDEN | NY |
| GLD | VON | CAMPBELL | SYRACUSE, | NY |
| 27 | JACK | CHARTRAND | ADAMS | NY |
| HON | JOHN | CHENEY | REDFIELD | NY |
| GLD | PAUL | CHILSON | NORTH SYRACUSE | NY |
| 283 | DAVE | CHRISTENSEN | UTICA | NY |
| 88 | TONY | CIMILLUCA | OSWEGO | NY |
| GLD | CARL | CLARK | PULASKI | NY |
| 212 | MARTIN D. | CLARK | FLORENCE | NY |
| 213 | MATTHEW D. | CLARK | FLORENCE | NY |
| 125 | THOMAS H. | CLARK | PULASKI | NY |
| 290 | WILLIAM K. | CLEARY | WATERTOWN | NY |

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|-----|--------------|--------------|-----------------|----|
| GLD | ROBERT | CLEMENS | LOWVILLE | NY |
| HON | ROD | COCHRAN | SYRACUSE, | NY |
| 254 | JUAN | COLLAZO | FULTON | NY |
| 185 | SEAN T. | CORCORAN | EAST SYRACUSE | NY |
| HON | HENRY | COSELMAN | OSWEGO | NY |
| 56 | ANTHONY | COSTA | CENTRAL SQUARE, | NY |
| 144 | ARTHUR | CREECH | SANDY CREEK, | NY |
| 83 | HARRY | CROWELL | BREWERTON, | NY |
| 52 | DAVE | CUCULICH | NORTH SYRACUSE, | NY |
| 197 | DOUG | CYBULA | PULASKI, | NY |
| 113 | RICHARD | DAMON | SYRACSUE, | NY |
| 111 | GARY | DANIELS | CAMILLUS | NY |
| 256 | KEITH A | DAVIS | PULASKI, | NY |
| GLD | KENNETH | DAY | WATERTOWN | NY |
| 90 | JOHN | DE SPIRITO | SOLVAY | NY |
| 68 | RENE' | DELANEY | SYRACUSE, | NY |
| 193 | RALPH | DEMARIO | VESTAL | NY |
| 82 | DAVE | DETLOR | LIVERPOOL, | NY |
| 280 | ALFRED | DIANO | CENTRAL SQUARE, | NY |
| 267 | BRIAN A. | DICKSON | SYRACUSE, | NY |
| 230 | FRANK L. | DIMOCK | CARTHAGE | NY |
| 250 | GARY | DIRIWACHTER | HASTINGS | NY |
| 74 | DONALD | DOBSON | PULASKI, | NY |
| 126 | JAMES | DOWLEARN | LACONA, | NY |
| 45 | ALAN | DOWNING | MEXICO | NY |
| HON | NEIL | DUELL | OSWEGO, | NY |
| HON | LT. DAVID A. | EGELSTON | OSWEGO | NY |
| 48 | MIKE | FARMER | LACONA | NY |
| GLD | HERMAN | FEHLMAN | JAMESVILLE | NY |
| GLD | HAROLD | FIELDING JR | FULTON | NY |
| 54 | ROD | FINWOOD | NEWARK, | NY |
| GLD | ROBERT E. | FORSYTHE | SYRACUSE, | NY |
| 121 | JOE | FOSTER | WATERTOWN | NY |
| 220 | DOUG | FRACKLETON | CAYUGA, | NY |
| 216 | DONALD P. | FRENCH | FULTON, | NY |
| | DOUGLAS | FUEGEL | CENTRAL SQUARE | NY |
| 40 | VINCE | FURFARO | SYRACUSE, | NY |
| 14 | BENNETT I C. | GARDINER 11 | WINDSOR, | NY |
| 101 | DENNIS | GARDNER | ROME, | NY |
| 99 | WILLIAM | GARVIN | ORWELL, | NY |
| 189 | ERNEST | GIRARD | OSWEGO, | NY |
| 116 | ROGER A. | GOODELLE JR. | SYRACUSE, | NY |
| 215 | BRIAN | GOODNOUGH | MANNSVILLE, | NY |
| 182 | ROBERT | HASELMAYER | NORTH SYRACUSE, | NY |
| GLD | DON | HAWLEY | SYRACUSE, | NY |
| GLD | CHARLES | HELVIE | SACKETS HARBOR, | NY |
| GLD | ALLAN | HEWITT | ADAMS | NY |
| 86 | ERIC L. | HILLENBRAND | PULASKI, | NY |
| 206 | FRANK | HILLIKER | LACONA, | NY |
| HON | HOWARD | HOFFMAN | LOWVILLE | NY |
| 30 | EDWARD | HOGAN | FULTON, | NY |

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|-----|------------|------------|-----------------|----|
| GLD | EDWARD | HOLDEN | PARISH, | NY |
| 104 | ROBERT | HOLT | PULASKI, | NY |
| 221 | HAROLD | HOMMEL | BALDWINVILLE, | NY |
| 145 | JAMES B. | HORTH | LACONA, | NY |
| 134 | JOHN A. | HORTH | PULASKI, | NY |
| 227 | HERB | HOVERSTAD | MANLIUS, | NY |
| 188 | TIMOTHY T. | HOWELL | NEW HAVEN, | NY |
| 204 | FRANCIS J. | HUEBER | NORTH SYRACUSE, | NY |
| GLD | LLOYD | HUNT | WATERTOWN, | NY |
| 24 | GEORGE | HUYLER | EAST SYRACUSE, | NY |
| GLD | LEE. | HUYLER | NORTH SYRACUSE, | NY |
| 232 | DUANE | IAUCO | SYRACUSE, | NY |
| 70 | JOE | IAUCO | SYRACUSE, | NY |
| 93 | STANLEY H. | INEICH | WEST MONROE, | NY |
| 156 | FRANK | IVES | ELBRIDGE, | NY |
| 252 | GERALD E. | IVISON | BYRON, | NY |
| 199 | NELSON K. | JACOBS | PROSPECT, | CT |
| 200 | DENNIS | JAREO | MANNSVILLE, | NY |
| 205 | PATRICK | JAREO | MANNSVILLE, | NY |
| 207 | MARK | JAREO | MANNSVILLE, | NY |
| 164 | DAVID | KANE | ADAMS CENTER, | NY |
| 167 | GARY | KASTLER | LACONA, | NY |
| 235 | MIKE | KASTLER | LACONA, | NY |
| 217 | JACK | KEACH | SYRACUSE, | NY |
| 274 | DONALD R. | KEATOR | ALTMAR, | NY |
| 15 | CLIFFORD | KEIL | CAMDEN, | NY |
| 262 | ED | KELLY | OSWEGO, | NY |
| HON | MIKE | KELLY | SYRACUSE, | NY |
| 162 | PAUL | KELLY | BROOKLYN, | NY |
| 165 | WENDELL | KENNER | MEXICO, | NY |
| GLD | PAUL | KENWAY | RICHLAND, | NY |
| 95 | WILLIAM | KILLAM | MANNSVILLE, | NY |
| GLD | PAUL | KIMBALL | FULTON, | NY |
| 77 | MATTHEW | KING | OSWEGO, | NY |
| GLD | CHARLEY | KINNE | NORTH SYRACUSE, | NY |
| 152 | CHARLES F. | KINNE | SYRACUSE, | NY |
| GLD | JAMES | KINSLOW | BALDWINVILLE, | NY |
| 10 | STAN | KLOCEK | CICERO, | NY |
| 186 | CHARLES L. | KNAUF | ROCHESTER, | NY |
| 237 | RON | KOHTANAICH | BALDWINVILLE, | NY |
| GLD | CHARLES | KOMROWSKI | MATTYDALE, | NY |
| 81 | FRED | KUCIK | SACKETS HARBOR | NY |
| HON | MERTON | LALONDE | ADAMS CENTER, | NY |
| 106 | GEORGE | LANE | SYRACUSE, | NY |
| 257 | MIKE | LANE | LAFAYETTE, | NY |
| HON | TOM | LAROCHELLE | BALDWINVILLE, | NY |
| 132 | JOHN | LASKOWSKI | SYRACUSE, | NY |
| 222 | FRED | LE CLAIR | LACONA, | NY |
| 118 | JOHN | LE CLAIR | ALTMAR, | NY |
| 244 | KEN | LEARY | PULASKI, | NY |
| 130 | DAVID | LEE | DEWITT, | NY |

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|------|---------------|------------|-----------------|----|
| GLD | HOWARD | LEE | ELLISBURG, | NY |
| 166 | DAVID A. | LEE JR. | ALBANY, | NY |
| 157 | TED | LEHNERT | SACKETS HARBOR, | NY |
| HON | JOHAN | LEHTONEN | UNION SPRINGS, | NY |
| 295 | TIMOTHY J. | LEMKE | CENTRAL SQUARE | NY |
| 300 | JAMES | LEWIS | WATERTOWN, | NY |
| 277 | CARL A. | LINDQUIST | VERNON, | CT |
| GLD | STANLEY | LOVE | NORTH SYRACUSE, | NY |
| 176 | JAMES H.MILLS | M.D. | LAFAYETTE, | NY |
| GLD | ALVA | MAJO | PULASKI, | NY |
| 249 | GEORGE J. | MARSHALL | WATERTOWN, | NY |
| 137 | JACK | MARTIN JR. | PITTSFORD, | NY |
| 138 | PETER | MATTISON | REDFIELD, | NY |
| HON | JOE | MAZOLI | PULASKI, | NY |
| 159 | DOUG | MCCLELLAN | CLARENCE, | NY |
| 153 | BOB | MCDOUGALL | CENTRAL SQUARE, | NY |
| 154 | JAMES | MCDOUGALL | CENTRAL SQUARE, | NY |
| GLD | ED | MCGAFFICK | ZEPHERHILLS, | FL |
| 110 | EDWARD J. | MCLAUGHLIN | SYRACUSE, | NY |
| 122 | RODERICK | MCLAUGHLIN | SYRACUSE | NY |
| 181 | BRUCE | MELDRIM | CENTRAL SQUARE, | NY |
| 171 | CRAIG | MENEILLY | PORT BYRON, | NY |
| 196 | JOHN | MENEILLY | BERNARDS BAY, | NY |
| 229 | MARTIN | MERTELL | E. SYRACUSE, | NY |
| 168 | ROBERT | MILLER | WEST MONROE, | NY |
| 50 | JOHN | MINCKLER | BREWERTON, | NY |
| 142 | EMIL | MOLTA | LAKELAND, | NY |
| 219 | MICHAEL | MONNAT | PULASKI, | NY |
| 236 | SCOTT | MONNAT | PULASKI, | NY |
| 115 | ALLEN J. | MORGAN JR. | SYRACUSE, | NY |
| 109 | JEFFREY | MOSIER | ADAMS, | NY |
| 298 | DONALD J. | MULDOON | MARCELLUS, | NY |
| 259 | WILLIAM | MULROY | LIVERPOOL, | NY |
| 203 | JOHN H. | MUSCH | CAMDEN, | NY |
| 148 | GERALD | NEELY | WEBSTER, | NY |
| 278 | GEORGE | NICIU | PULASKI, | NY |
| GLD | FLOYD | NOLAN, SR. | PULASKI, | NY |
| 155 | AUGUST | NOLDAN | FAYETTEVILLE, | NY |
| 269 | DAVID | O'NEIL | WATERTOWN, | NY |
| 209 | JOSEPH | OROSS | MARIETTA~ | NY |
| 17 | DAVID H. | ORR | PULASKI, | NY |
| 23 | DAN | OUDEKIRK | LACONA, | NY |
| 285 | DAVE | OUDEKIRK | REDFIELD, | NY |
| 247 | LEWIS E. | PALOMEQUE | WARNERS, | NY |
| 270 | RAYMOND W. | PAPPA | PULASKI, | NY |
| 133 | A. CHARLES | PARKER | MEXICO, | NY |
| 279 | JAMES A. | PARKER | WHITESBORO, | NY |
| 1 14 | JOHN | PARKER | WHITESBORO, | NY |
| 20 | GLENN | PARKHURST | OSWEGO | NY |
| 201 | RICHARD | PASCOE | NEWFANE, | NY |
| 226 | JAMES F. | PEACOCK | MEXICO, | NY |

| | | | | |
|-----|------------|----------------|-----------------|----|
| 184 | JEFFREY E. | PEBBLES | WATERJOWN, | NY |
| 32 | GORDON | PEEBLES | GLENFIELD, | NY |
| 28 | H. LLOYD | PERKINS | SYRACUSE, | NY |
| 170 | RICHARD | PERKINS | PULASKI, | NY |
| GLD | HARRY | PERKINS JR. | SYRACUSE, | NY |
| 140 | GENE | PERRY | SYRACUSE, | NY |
| 195 | PETER | PETERSON | WOODVILLE, | NY |
| 275 | GENE | PIASECKI | FULTON, | NY |
| 246 | GEORGE | PIERCE | PULASKI, | NY |
| 60 | RICHARD Q. | PIRON | SYRACUSE, | NY |
| 61 | DANIEL G. | PIRON | SYRACUSE, | NY |
| GLD | ALBERT | PRETORY | ALTMAR, | NY |
| 158 | NELSON J. | PUTNAM | FULTON, | NY |
| 103 | ROGER | QUACKENBUSH | ALTMAR, | NY |
| 5 | WESLEY | QUACKENBUSH | PULASKI, | NY |
| 98 | JERALD | QUIMBY | SANDY CREEK, | NY |
| 223 | STEPHEN J. | RACHFAL | CAMILLUS, | NY |
| 234 | MIKE | RADFORD | HAMILTON, | NY |
| 143 | GERALD | RANDALL | BREWERTON, | NY |
| 263 | MARTIN W. | RASINSKI | BLACKRIVER, | NY |
| HON | CHARLES | REDHEAD | CENTRAL SQUARE, | NY |
| | NYS DEC | REGION 7 HQTS. | SYRACUSE, | NY |
| GLD | FAY | REID | LACONA, | NY |
| 284 | MELVIN | REID | LACONA, | NY |
| GLD | WILLIAM | REITH | ELBRIDGE, | NY |
| GLD | BERNARD | REV# IE | CENTRAL SQUARE, | NY |
| 239 | JAMES | REV# IE | ONSTED | MI |
| 163 | JOEL P. | RICHARDSON | STERLING, | NY |
| 238 | DAN | ROBBINS | LACONA, | NY |
| 127 | EDWIN | ROBBINS | LACONA, | NY |
| 202 | LEONARD | ROBBINS | MANNSVILLE, | NY |
| 72 | RICHARD | ROBINSON | GREAT BEND, | NY |
| 12 | PARKER | ROCKWOOD | PHOENIX, | NY |
| GLD | ERWIN | RUNIONS | FULTON, | NY |
| 31 | DOUGLAS | RUNIONS | FULTON, | NY |
| 102 | GLENN W. | RUSSELL | WATERTOWN, | NY |
| 248 | WILLIAM | SAARIE | BALDWINVILLE, | NY |
| GLD | LOUIS | SACCH# H | WATERTOWN, | NY |
| 87 | DENNIS R. | SANTORO | FULTON, | NY |
| | JEFFREY J. | SARGENT | LIVERPOOL, | NY |
| 178 | CHERYL M. | SCERBO | LOWVILLE, | NY |
| 75 | RODNEY | SCHERBERT | PULASKI, | NY |
| 69 | KEN | SCHMIDT | ST. CHARLES, | MO |
| 84 | ALAN | SCHWARZ | CLAY, | NY |
| 66 | CHRIS | SCRIBER | OSWEGO, | NY |
| 218 | CHARLES | SELLE | CONSTANTIA, | NY |
| HON | JACK | SEQUIN | BALDWINVILLE, | NY |
| 293 | RICHARD | SEUBERT | CATO, | NY |
| 296 | BOB C. | SHELMIDINE | BELLEVILLE, | NY |
| 297 | BOB M. | SHELMIDINE | BELLEVILLE, | NY |
| GLD | PAUL | SHELMIDINE | LORRAINE, | NY |

| | | | | |
|-----|--------------|---------------|-----------------|----|
| 292 | STAN | SHELMIDINE | LORRAINE, | NY |
| 273 | RONALD | SHIRLEY | LACONA, | NY |
| 272 | WILLIAM | SHIRLEY | LACONA, | NY |
| GLD | RICHARD | SHOPIRO | DEWITT, | NY |
| 146 | THOMAS | SHRILEY | LACONA, | NY |
| 107 | ROY K. | SIDMORE JR. | BELLEVILLE, | NY |
| 261 | WILLIAM J. | SIMPSON | ADAMS, | NY |
| 211 | ROBERT K. | SMITH | CLAY, | NY |
| 97 | RAYMOND | SOLBERG | KIRKVILLE, | NY |
| 169 | GARY M. | SOUVA | PULSKI, | NY |
| HON | FRED DAVID; | SPORTS EDITOR | SYRACUSE, | NY |
| 210 | RICHARD | SPOSATO | LIVERPOOL, | NY |
| 108 | C. RICHARD | SPRY | ADAMS, | NY |
| 112 | C. RICHARD | SPRY JR. | ADAMS, | NY |
| 260 | WILLIAM | STAGE | WATERTOWN, | NY |
| 71 | CREGG | STANTON | ALTMER, | NY |
| GLD | ROWLAN | STANTON | WILLIAMSTOWN, | NY |
| 9 | GORDON | STORRINGS | SYRACUSE, | NY |
| 150 | WILLIAM | STRATTON | SOLVAY, | NY |
| HON | MRS. FRANCES | SULLIVAN | FULTON, | NY |
| 18 | KENT R. | TABER | ORWELL, | NY |
| HON | JOHN | THOMAS | PULASKI, | NY |
| 294 | MICHAEL | TODD | SYRACUSE, | NY |
| 253 | EDWARD | TORBA | EAST SYRACUSE, | NY |
| 198 | ROBERT | TOUZIN | MEXICO, | NY |
| 271 | LYNN | TRUESDELL | WATERTOWN, | NY |
| 255 | WILLIAM T. | UPTON | DEXTER, | NY |
| 120 | JAMES | VAN EPPS | BREWERTON, | NY |
| 228 | ROBERT | VAN EPPS | CENTRAL SQUARE, | NY |
| 76 | ROBERT S. | VEZENDY | RICHLAND, | NY |
| 131 | MARK T. | VROOMAN | PULASKI, | NY |
| 174 | RICHARD | WAITE | CENTRAL SQUARE, | NY |
| 139 | KENNETH | WALKER | CAMDEN, | NY |
| 187 | CHARLES S. | WARREN | LAFAYETTE, | NY |
| GLD | ROBERT | WART | PULASKI, | NY |
| 85 | ROBERT E. | WEAVER | EAST SYRACUSE, | NY |
| 191 | FRED | WEISENBERGER | PULASKI, | NY |
| HON | JOHN | WELLS | CAMILLUS | NY |
| 233 | WILLIAM B. | WHITE | CHAUMONT, | NY |
| 287 | DAVID J. | WICKER | SYRACUSE, | NY |
| GLD | FRED | WILSON | BROOKSVILLE, | FA |
| 258 | PATRICK | WILSON | PULASKI | NY |
| 245 | WILLIAM R. | WILSON | WATERTOWN, | NY |
| 39 | GARY J. | WOOD | MARCELLUS | NY |
| | CORTLAND | WOOD PRODUCTS | CORTLAND, | NY |
| 231 | FRANK | WOODARD | PULASKI, | NY |
| 25 | LARRY R. | YERDON | SANDY CREEK, | NY |
| 33 | CLARENCE | YOUNG | WATERTOWN, | NY |
| 64 | HAROLD | ZENTS | CENTRAL SQUARE | NY |
| 63 | THOMAS | ZENTS | MEXICO | NY |
| 96 | ANTHONY J. | RUSYNIAK | SYRACUSE | NY |

| | | | | |
|-----|---------------|------------|----------------------|----|
| 241 | DOMINIC | GAROFALO | SYRACUSE | NY |
| 240 | ROBERT | DIFLORIO | SYRACUSE | NY |
| 265 | THOMAS J. | DEMIDOW | CLINTON | NY |
| 242 | PATRICK A. | ROLLINS | GILMANTON IRON WORKS | NH |
| 214 | BRAD | PHILLIPS | FLORIDA | NY |
| 119 | JAMES R. | SCHREYER | CAMILLUS | NY |
| 190 | GLENN | CHAFFEE | GREAT BEND | NY |
| 57 | ANTHONY L. | COSTA JR. | PLYMOUTH | NY |
| 172 | ANTHONY E. | PRESUTTO | SYRACUSE | NY |
| 194 | PAUL R. | KELLY | VERNON | CT |
| 136 | LEONARD C. | COLE | LACONA | NY |
| 141 | DUANE LEONARD | COLE | LACONA | NY |
| 147 | MARSHALL | COLE | CANASTOTA | NY |
| 49 | BERNARD N. | HORAK SR. | ORWELL | NY |
| 91 | LYNN | JOHNSON | WATERTOWN | NY |
| 161 | PAUL E. | NEWTON SR. | CENTRAL SQUARE | NY |
| 264 | DANIEL | GRIFFITH | VERONA BEACH | NY |
| 105 | WILLIAM L. | MILTON | WATERTOWN | NY |
| 55 | DANIEL W. | KLOSEN | BALDWINVILLE | NY |
| 80 | WAYNE | SIDMORE | BELLEVILLE | NY |
| 37 | KEITH C. | HUFF | HAMILTON | NY |
| 57 | ANTHONY L. | COSTA JR. | PLYMOUTH | NY |
| 37 | KEITH C. | HUFF | HAMILTON | NY |
| 172 | ANTHONY E. | PRESUTTO | SYRACUSE | NY |
| 136 | LEONARD C. | COLE | LACONA | NY |
| 141 | DUANE LEONARD | COLE | LACONA | NY |
| 147 | MARSHALL | COLE | CANASTOTA | NY |
| 91 | LYNN | JOHNSON | WATERTOWN | NY |
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| 55 | DANIEL W. | KLOSEN | BALDWINVILLE | NY |
| 49 | BERNARD N. | HORAK SR. | ORWELL | NY |
| 194 | PAUL R. | KELLY | VERNON | CT |
| 129 | MICHAEL S. | RICE | PULASKI | NY |

— SHORTSPOTS —

From the *Salmon River News*, 1923:

“The Mad River Club is in thriving condition. The president is F. Stevens from Lacona. C.N. Judd and family are in charge of the club preserve. Beaver, deer and trout can be found there.”

In Memory

ROY GLAHN
 ROSS A. VINCENT
 HOWARD NUTTING
 PAUL CARL
 ASA CROSSETT
 GEORGE R. HORTON
 BERNARD CRANDALL
 ROY ERLENBACK
 ROBERT EWART
 JOSEPH BEATTY
 HAROLD BURTON
 GERALD FALCONE
 ERVIN WINTERS
 GRANVILLE CLIFFORD
 HERMAN FICKEISEN
 JOSEPH W. GRESSLER
 HENRY MEDDLEY
 BERNARD MORRIS
 CHARLES RICHARDS
 OWEN McNETT
 J. J. DOWNEY
 RALPH BERRY
 ALVIN KRAKAU
 LARRY McMAHON
 CHESTER ANDERSON '89
 LAWRENCE ABARE '89
 JOHN SCHNEIDER '90
 GEORGE STARKEY '90
 OWEN KELLY '91
 CARMEN SMITH '91
 CHARLES ELKIN '91
 HAROLD VAN EPPS '91
 STANLEY HAMLIN '92
 ROYCE "SLIM" BURGESS '92
 BOB PEEL (ROD HUNTER) '91
 RICHARD SALISBURY '92

MICHAEL CREATURE
 LESLIE HARRIS
 GEORGE MUNDY
 J. J. DOWNEY JR
 FLOYD A. GOETTEL
 HUBERT PENOYER
 DEWITT WAITE
 HAROLD E. SAMSON
 EARL S. CLEMENS
 STANLEY B. HINMAN
 ORLA SALISBURY
 JOHN ENGLISH
 ROBERT BACON
 DON JOHNSON
 GEORGE PLUMMER
 "IKE" WITTY
 FRANCIS OUDERKIRK
 JACK LEHTONEN
 FRED HOUSE
 TONY CHIARENZA
 JOE MARONEY
 KENT WOODARD
 CHARLES FRENCH
 DICK HOSMER
 HARRY GARDINIER '92
 JOHN DEMIDO '92
 ANGELO BIGLIARDI '92
 HARRY ELKIN '93
 ANDY LEWIS '93
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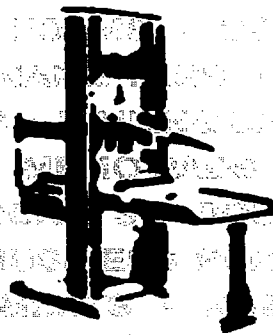
NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, pursuant to statute, by **J. A. Frederick Helbock**, owner, and by **The Mad River Company**, his lessee, entitled to the exclusive right to shoot or fish upon these lands and premises, being part of **Great Lot Number Nine** of **Township Number Twelve, Constable Purchase, Town of Redfield**, owned and occupied by said owners, being the same premises described in the **Deed** to him and another, recorded in **Oswego County Clerk's office** in **Liber 227 of Deeds**, at page 32, that all persons are warned against trespassing upon such lands or premises, and shooting, hunting or fishing upon the same is prohibited.

Dated April Fifteenth, 1899.

J. A. FREDERICK HELBOCK, Owner.
THE MAD RIVER CO., Lessee.

Mitchell Printing Company

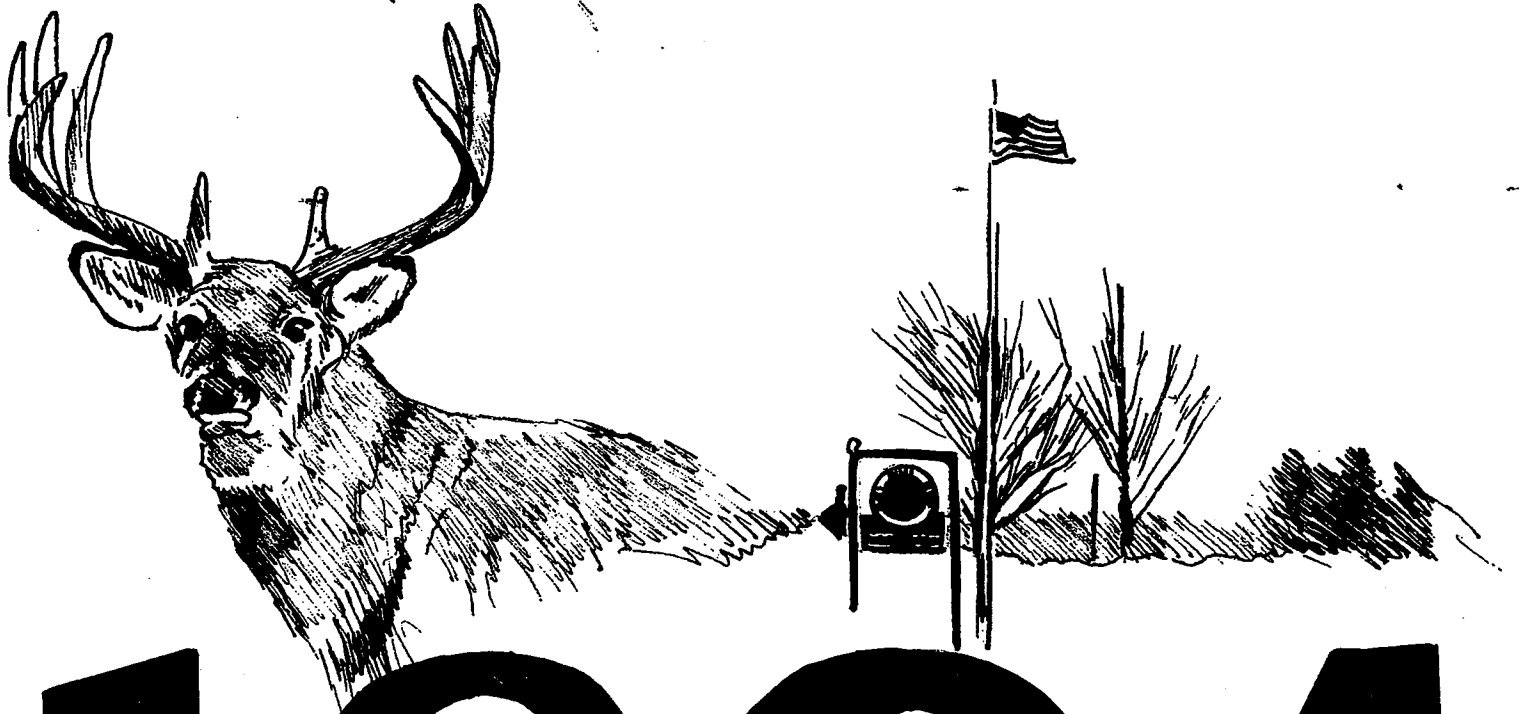
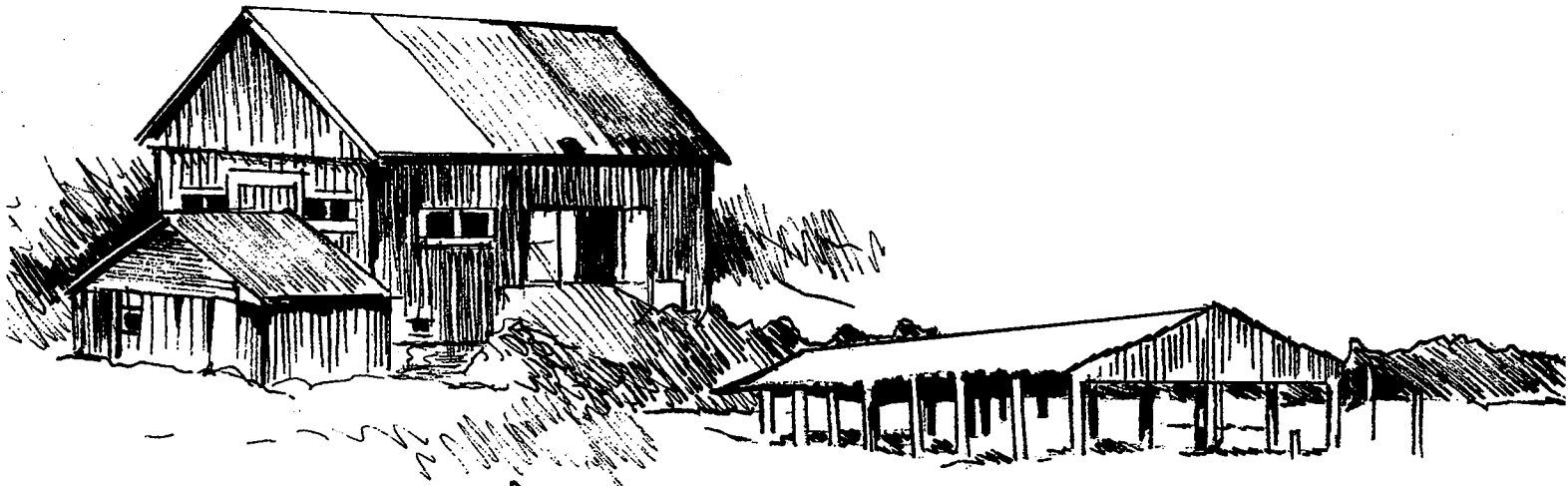


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