

LAKE TACONIC ASSOCIATION

ANNUAL DINNER

Saturday August 9, 1975

Williams Inn, Williamstown, Mass.

Committee

Mary Millard

Martha Rodier

Mary Kreiger

Brickie Duquette

Dorothy Barnes

Peggy Poulin

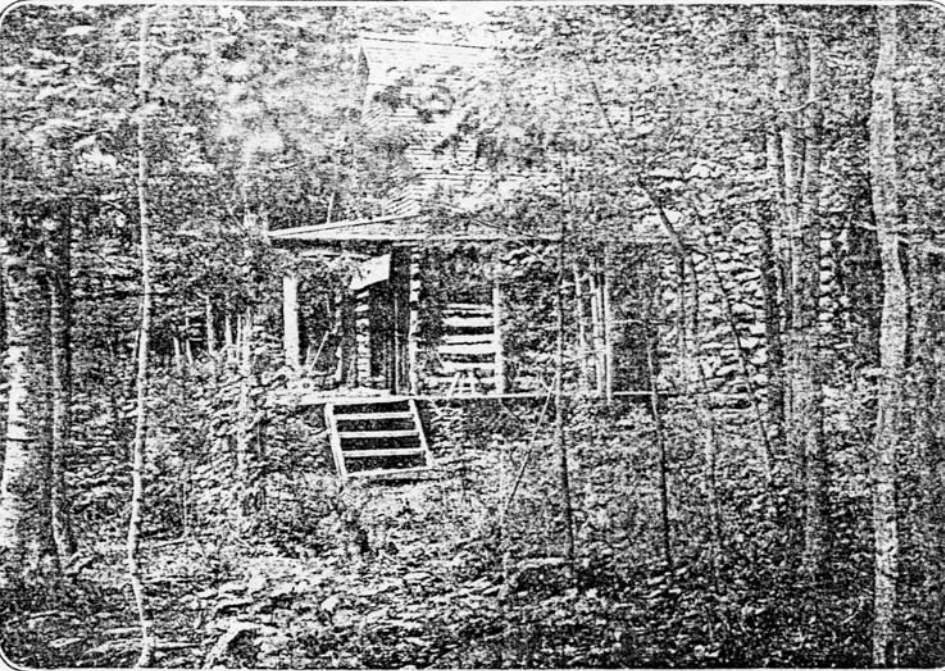


"There is good fishing"

*Lake
Taconic
Association*



PETERSBURGH
NEW YORK



Lake Taconic

AS SIR WALTER SCOTT has immortalized the Scottish Highlander and the Highland Lakes of Scotland, so J. Fenimore Cooper has thrown about the American Indian and the haunts of the so-called Six Nations—the chain of lakes and forests which were their former hunting and fishing grounds,—a glamour of romance. Every reader of the *Leather-Stocking Tales* who can recall the still, secluded beauty portrayed by Cooper in his celebrated word-picture of the *Glimmer-glass* will need no lengthy description of the charms of Lake Taconic.

When the Mohawk Indians forced the Mohicans from their village (the site of the present city of Troy), a remnant of the tribe worked its way over the mountains into Connecticut. The white settlers then living near Lake Taconic aided the red men fleeing from their conquerors. They encamped for several days upon the shores of this lake, and it is asserted by tradition that the chieftain of the party was no other than the celebrated Uncas, "last of the Mohicans."

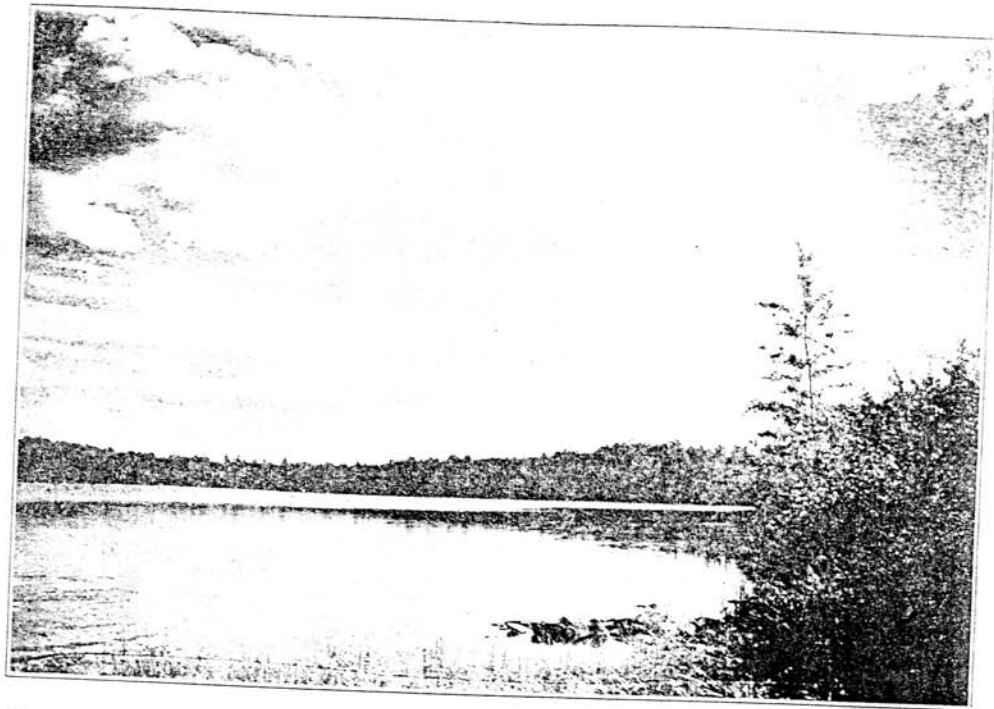
An old Indian dugout, reputed to have floated upon the waters of



Lake Taconic for more than a century, still exists in a fair state of preservation. For many years a rude log cabin, the only permanent dwelling ever constructed upon the shores of the lake, occupied the center of a grass-grown clearing. Once, in the long past, this cabin was the home of a pioneer lumberman. Standing unoccupied for many years, the deserted hut has served, in case of storm, as an occasional refuge for hunters and fishermen.

The lake itself, the easternmost of the Grafton chain of seven lakes, rests in a cuplike depression of the mountain, at an elevation of 1,850 feet above sea-level. The slopes of the mountain and the adjacent ridges are covered with native forests of pine, hemlock and spruce, interspersed with mountain-ash, soft and hard maple, tamarack, wild cherry, white and black birch, basswood, and the natural undergrowth and shrubbery. Many of the forest glades are banked breast-high with native brakes and ferns. All kinds of native berries, such as whortleberries, blackberries, raspberries and blueberries, are abundant in their season.

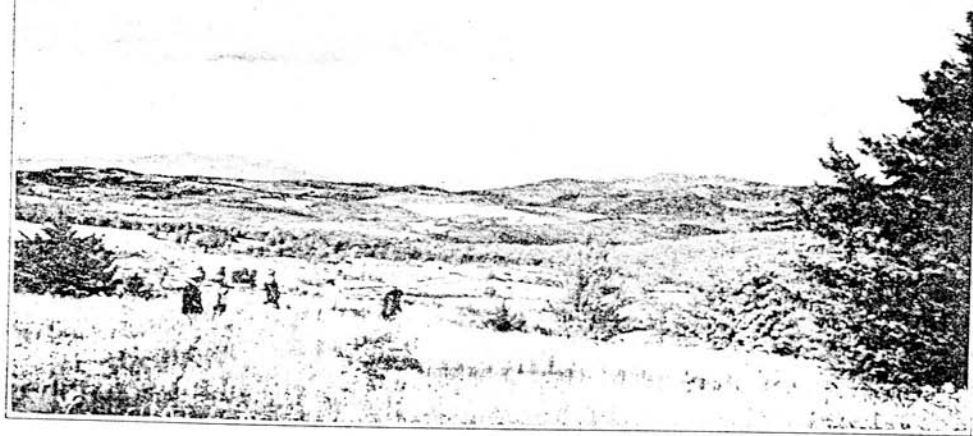
The eastern slope of the mountain overlooking the lake is crowned with a grove of spruces, often, no doubt, in times gone by the camping-



place of Indian sentinels. The mountain view from this point is one of great beauty. The observer's horizon includes the Green Mountains of Vermont, the Berkshires of Massachusetts and the Catskills of New York. The Adirondack forests are visible to the north. The view to the north and east is wonderfully extensive and enchanting. About four miles to the east is the Taconic range of mountains, with its outlying spurs, which marks the boundary line of New York and Massachusetts, and a portion of the boundary of New York and Vermont.

The corner of the state of Vermont, where it intersects the eastern boundary of New York, is a spot of historical interest. This corner was established only after seven years of bitter, almost warlike controversy between the authorities of New York and New Hampshire. Each claimed what now comprises the state of Vermont, and also the eastern part of the towns of Petersburgh and Hoosick, as well as Washington County, New York. Among those who were prominent in resisting the claims of New York were Ethan Allen and Seth Warner, who, soon after, gained undying fame by their patriotic services in the War of the Revolution.

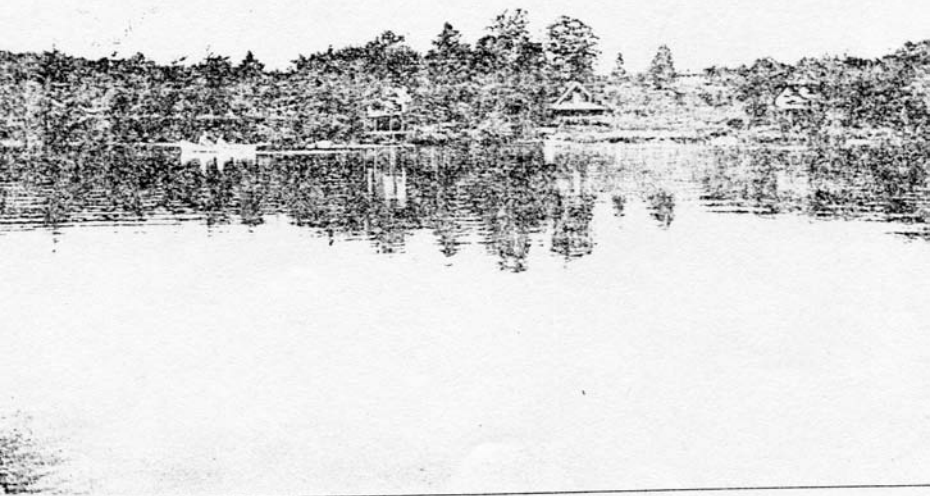
The principal peaks and heights of the Taconics visible are: Bear,



2,407 feet; Little Bald, 2,632; Bald, 2,693; White Rock, 2,628; Belcher, 2,347; Macomber, 2,804. Beyond the Taconics is seen Greylock, 5,535 feet above sea-level, the highest mountain of Massachusetts. Mt. Equinox, in Shaftsbury, Vt., looms boldly at the northeast. The Green Mountains, the farthest peaks dimly outlined against the skyline, form a background to the grand view for miles.

Lake Taconic has been much resorted to by hunters and fishermen and by occasional parties of picnickers. The natural beauty and possibilities of the spot were first fully recognized some years ago by the founders of the Lake Taconic Association.

An estate embracing four hundred acres of mountain and forest surrounding the lake was purchased, and the association was incorporated as a social club for the purpose of improving and enjoying the property. A group of several substantial cottages has gradually grown up along the lake front adjacent to the clearing of the pioneer above mentioned, an ice-house has been constructed and is annually filled by the executive committee for the accommodation of all, and a comfortable stable has been constructed, the privileges of which are shared in common.



The lake is fed by springs. The water is therefore pure, clear and cold.

The presence of a large body of spring water, together with the high elevation, produces a delightful Indian-summer-like atmosphere throughout the hot months. The thermometer averages 72° by day and drops to an average of 56° after nightfall.

Within short walking distance of Lake Taconic are two other spring-fed lakes, and several springs of purest drinking water are found in the immediate vicinity.

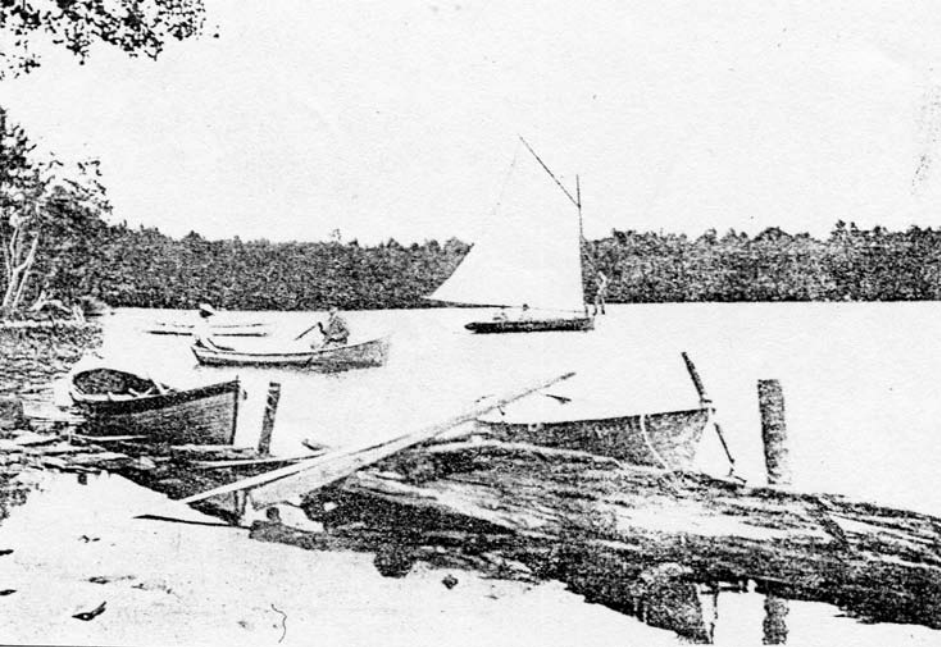
Within a few miles of the lake is the Snow Hole, a spot where the snow never melts. Fancy snowballing in the month of August within five hours' ride of New York City.

The mountain air is dry and balsamic. Colds, asthma and rheumatism are practically unknown in this vicinity.

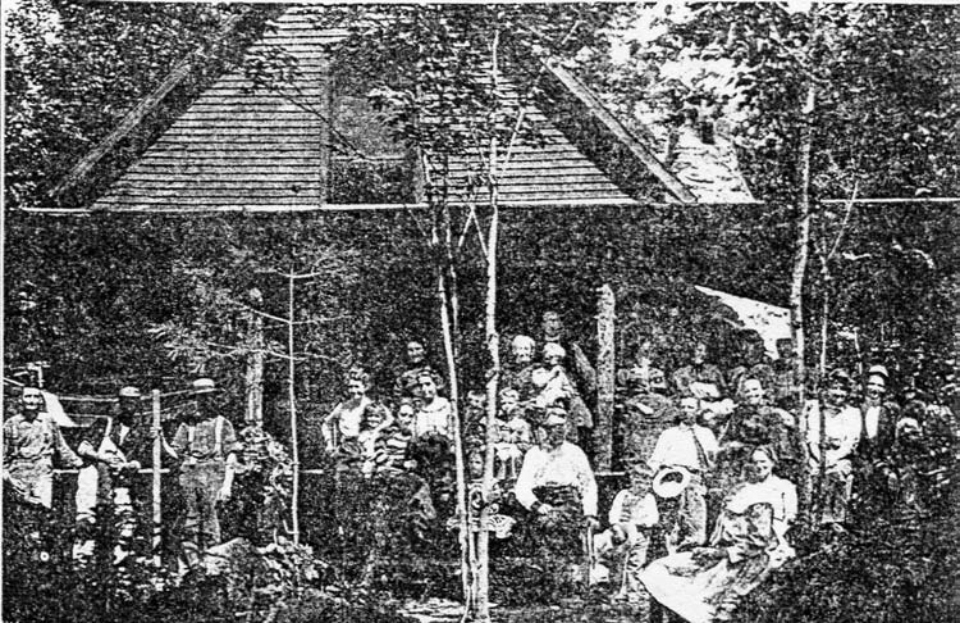
There are bathing, good fishing, and boating. Deer are occasionally seen in the vicinity of the lake.

There is no stagnant water to furnish a breeding-place for "skeeters," hence these pests are conspicuous by their absence.

For years the lake was used by camping parties who tented on its



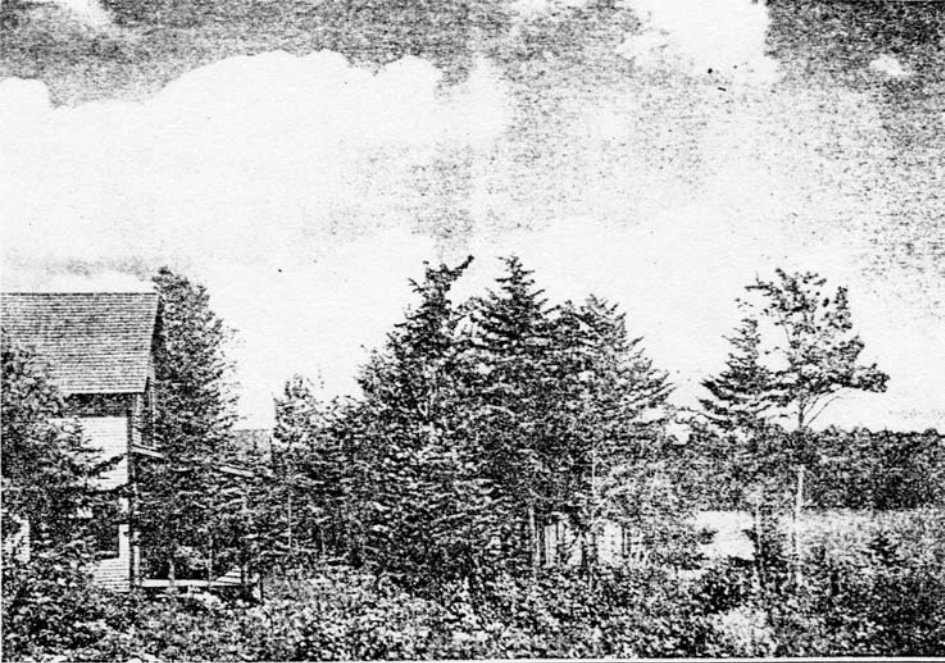
shores. Even now, club members form tenting parties, erecting tents on their own lots. Lake Taconic is not a resort for those who wish to continue the customs of the city. There is an unwritten law against "biled shirts" and style. A few years ago four gentlemen purchased Lake Taconic with the sole idea of making for themselves and their families a quiet, out-of-the-world rendezvous away from the cares of business and hot weather. While Lake Taconic is nearer New York or Boston than the Adirondacks, one who is camping there will find himself surrounded by a primitive wilderness. He will get all that the more pretentious resorts promise, and get it easier and much cheaper, and an "atmosphere" that will make him feel at rest. Friends of the founders who happened to visit them at the lake always became interested, and it was decided, for this reason, to found a club, the purpose being not to make money, but for all to get the most possible out of the money invested, and to insure a fairly good number at all seasons without impairing the original desire for quiet and rest. An article by Mrs. Donaldson, who has traveled all over the world, to be found in "The Christian Work and Evangelist," exactly pictures the impression one gets from a short visit to this wondrously



beautiful spot. The writer is in no way connected with the Lake Taconic Association; she simply records her own experiences.

If accepted as a member, one may join the association upon payment of a nominal fee, and in such event he will be deeded a lot 100 feet front by 200 feet deep. All moneys are deposited in the association treasury and are used entirely for the association. Several cottages have already been built and suitable persons may first rent a home for all or part of a season, and thus have opportunity to see for themselves how true is all that has been said. For particulars, address any of the officers named on page 16.

The village of Petersburg, Rensselaer County, on the Rutland Railway, is four miles by wagon from the lake. Petersburg is reached either *via* Chatham on the south or Petersburg Junction on the north. Petersburg is five hours from New York *via* Troy. The lake is reached from Petersburg in from one and a half to two hours. One can make connections at Troy for Petersburg at either seven A. M. or five P. M. daily, except Sunday.



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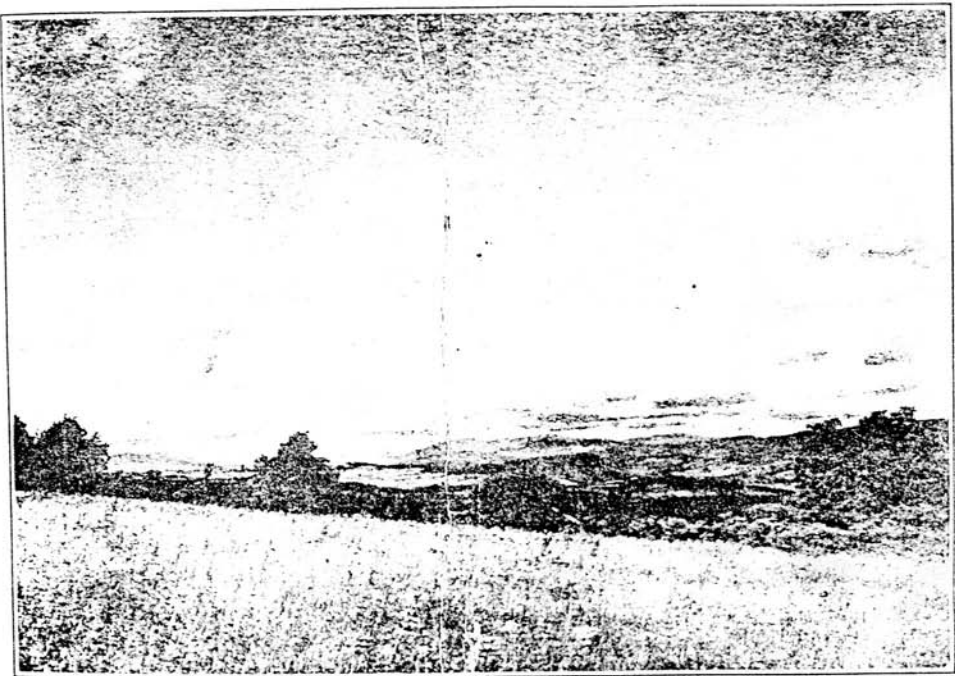
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