

# Crescent Lake Chronicles

Issue 003

Unity / Acworth, NH

Spring 1997

## From Your Lake Association President

By David M. Sloan

We are all saddened by the loss of our fellow Lake Association members:

Raymond Boyle  
Judy Brown  
John Kristof  
Edward Luke  
Robert Wolfe

Ray was a Past President and Director. Ed also served as a director. Ed and Ray were both very active and interested in happenings at or around the Lake. Judy always had a wave and a smile for all who passed by the Browns' Camp. We will miss John and Robert as well. They, of course, cannot be replaced. Go with God.

### Lake Patrol

There were no problems reported this year by the Lake Patrol.

### Lighthouse

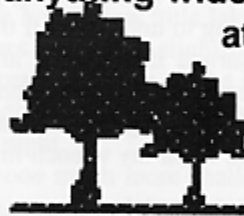
The lighthouse was anchored Memorial Day Weekend. Have a safe summer!

### Dedication and Thanks

This Newsletter is dedicated to the memory of our departed campers. See Fred Yates' tribute on page six of this issue.

Also our gratitude once again to Mike and Diane Walker, Camp 1, who generously printed these *Chronicles*. Finally, we appreciate the tireless efforts of our Association officers and the other volunteers who make everything happen!

**My kind of lake, the sort that sang to me across 45-plus summers, had to be all or most of the following: rounded and clear and blue, fringed with evergreen or birch, small enough for one to see the opposite shore but wide enough so you couldn't hear Dad shouting for the minnow bucket, remote enough that it wasn't connected by anything wider than a country road, and echoing at dusk with the silly cry of the loon.**



from "A Love of Lakes,"  
by David Butwin  
*Hemispheres*,  
June 1996.



## Calling All Campers

By Fred Yates, Lake Association Secretary-Treasurer

Another winter has come and gone. The only thing that survived the winter are those d-- black flies again. They are back with full force. Oh well, when they leave, their cousins will appear, MOSQUITOES. Other than that, I hope you all have a great summer at Crescent Lake.

Remember now, the Annual Crescent Lake Association Meeting will be held at the Unity Fire Station, as usual, the first Saturday after the 4th of July. This year that means the meeting will be held July 5, 1997, starting at 10:00 AM until 12:00 noon for two hours.

The annual dues of \$10.00 will also be due and payable by the time of the Annual Meeting. All dues can be mailed to:

Crescent Lake Association  
Fred W. Yates, Secy/Treas  
P.O. Box 56

Bellows Falls, VT 05101-0056

All checks must be made out to Crescent Lake Association. And, as we did last year, we welcome your extra donations for the 4th of July Fireworks! Last year your gracious contributions added \$550 to the pot, and we all agreed the fireworks were a wonderful, professional display. To help again this year, just add a little extra to your dues check, then get ready to enjoy the spectacle on July 4th!

See you all at the meeting. T-shirts will be on sale again before the meeting. The T-shirt winner this year is the Pert family, Camp 14B, the BEAVER. A new attraction this year: Crescent Lake hats. Please be early if you want to buy T-shirts and hats and pay your dues. The meeting will start at ten AM sharp!

## Notes from "The Penguin Cottage"

By Clark Moore, Camp 22

When we first arrived at Crescent Lake 13 years ago, we met Stella Ahearn, who remembers way back. "Oh," she said, "you live in the penguin cottage."



It seems that years ago, a priest owned the cottage and used to entertain the nuns from the Claremont parish. On Sunday afternoons, they would sit on the rocks near the water wearing their black and white habits. From across the lake, they looked like penguins.

### Opening Up

Has anyone had everything go perfectly during the annual opening up? Certainly not at "Forever Moore." There's always something that goes wrong. For us, it is usually about launching the boat or putting in the dock.

One year, I drove off in the boat with the car keys and left the rest of the family stranded at the boat launch. Then there was the time I couldn't get the motor started because I forgot to plug in the fuel line. Once, the steering linkage was stuck and I couldn't turn the boat. I ended up having to paddle back to the boat launch. Has anyone forgotten to put the water drain plug back in the stern? You only do that once!

Putting the dock in is always fun because everyone has a different memory about how it goes together. Somehow, it never lines up the way we remember it. Must be the lake shifts. This year we took pictures — now if we can only find them next year. The big trauma this year was to my head. I was holding a stake and

my son lost control of the sledge hammer and it hit a glancing blow to my head. It left me with a small scar and maybe more sense.

Then, there's closing up. That's the subject for another article.

### Wrenches at the Bottom

There is an area at the bottom of Crescent Lake near our camp that is filled with rusty old wrenches. You cannot see them or find them. They sunk into the mud over the years.

They got there when I dropped them while trying to bolt or unbolt the ladder to the raft. One in the Spring and one in the Fall, putting the raft in and taking it out.

No longer can I afford this. This year, I wired a wrench to the belt loop on my pants. It took twice as long to do the job, having to untwist it all the time. I'll be darned if I'll make any more donations to the lake bottom. You won't hear that giant sucking sound any more when my wrench hits the mud.

Does anyone have a better idea than wiring the wrench to my clothes?



### Cousins Weekend

Most cottage owners probably have moments when they wonder if the work and expense are all worth it. A cottage can be a useful catalyst to bring families together.

Ours is used one weekend a year just for cousins. No parents or others are invited — just the cousins. It's the only time when they know they will see each other. It is always on the same weekend and they travel long distances just to be there. They are grown now and most have families so a new generation of cousins will hopefully continue the tradition.

Each Monday following the weekend, I get a "damage report"

from my son, the "senior" cousin. I am always amazed that not one thing of consequence has been damaged. For 13 years, the report has been favorable including no personal injuries requiring a trip to the hospital. Luck is a big part of it, for sure, but it is amazing how each of them has shown more maturity than immaturity. Now that they are older and with children of their own, they are in bed early. Neighbors (who "spied" for us) say things are pretty dull now compared to the early years.

Maybe some other camp owners can use the "cousins weekend" idea. Sure, it is taking a risk, but not having you or other "adult authorities" around adds enjoyment and helps the bonding last for years. You want to be sure that there are a few older (over age 18) participants and that they are put in charge.

The result is one of those many things that make camp ownership seem worthwhile.

### Good News About Blackflies

Blackflies are called by other names like no-see-ums, hump backs and several four letter words. They are widely distributed throughout the northern U.S. and Canada — and, as we all know, concentrated around Crescent Lake. Some say they have pretty much disappeared by Father's Day. That's good news.

There are some other good things about them. That is, they are good in comparison to mosquitoes. According to scientist Allan West, they are considerate about your sleep. They pack it in when darkness falls—until the next morning. Funny, but I'm sure they wait around after dark for me.

They will not invade the inside of your camp, supposedly. Even during daytime activity. It seems they are claustrophobic and don't like enclosed spaces. Come to think of it, I've noticed they head for windows or screens when they get inside. That is good news, isn't it? Does that mean we should make our camps claustrophobic during blackfly season?

There are many different species of blackflies but only about six attack humans. The rest prefer animals and birds. Let's hope they don't inter-breed.

Blackflies require running water for growth of their larvae. They need the water to flow by them to absorb oxygen and food. The relatively still waters of Crescent Lake would seem to reduce that, but our several rushing inlets in the Spring are a perfect set up for them. Blackflies are known to travel as far as 25 miles after their larvae stage. We just need to encourage the Crescent Lake flies to go on trips.

Another idea. Let's encourage more beavers to dam up the brooks to reduce the running water. On second thought, that's not such a good idea. Beavers have done a job on my trees. A neighbor, the Bemis family, has a scoreboard on their lawn showing "Beavers 3, Bemis 0."

There must be good news about beavers. If I can find any, I'll report it in a future edition of "Chronicles." As for blackflies, they aren't all that bad, are they?

### The Big Hole Into Which You Pour Your Money

Those of us who own a motor boat know well what that title means. I imagine all of us have from time to time tried to do things ourselves. My attempts usually end in some sort of disaster. Here is a perfect example.



I needed to install a bilge pump. Simple, just mount it and hook up the wire. The boat was in the water and it meant drilling four holes in the bottom. Notice, I said **BOTTOM**.

For the first three holes, I paid close attention so I wouldn't drill too deeply. On the last, I produced a geyser. Water shot up and the boat started to fill.

My neighbor still says that

## Winter at the Lake

By Betsy Snider, Camp 43

This past summer, I moved up to my place on the lake (my piece of heaven) from Connecticut. After 25 years in suits, I decided to retire and live the good life. And it's been quite an experience! My camp is off North Shore Road, at the end of Anderson Road. I've always known that it's sort of hard to get to, being back a mile on the dirt road, but until this winter, I never appreciated how long that mile can get. Because I live on the part of the road that is privately maintained, I've had a few days this winter when it was good I didn't have to get out for work, because it took a while to get plowed out. And because I'm the only fulltime resident on this part of the road, it gave a whole new meaning to neighbors. My nearest neighbors were across the frozen lake.



But it's been great! Living at the lake full-time is the closest thing I can find to heaven. Even in the winter, when the lake freezes over two feet deep and the snow piles up to waist-height and the wind whips across the lake like it's frozen tundra. I explored the snowmobile trails (on foot) during the week and got a whole new perspective on the area. I snowshoed through the woods and skated on the lake (first time in almost 30 years). Right now, at the end of April, the lake is still frozen, there is still snow deep in the woods and along the road, and we are knee-deep in mud. I suspect that the only thing worse than mud season is black fly season which is soon to be upon us. I used to be able to escape the black flies by going back to Connecticut, but this year, I'm going to have to learn to live with the little demons.

But I'm looking forward to swimming again in the lake. This fall, I went swimming daily until the beginning of November (everyone on the lake thought I had lost my marbles) and I had hoped to begin again at the beginning of May, but swimming in a lake which is still frozen is not really much fun, so I guess I'll wait. Hope to see you all!

watching me hustle that boat to the boat launch with water spouting up was one of the funniest things he has seen.

### Advice From Fred

Fred Yates, Yeats, Yats, Yaets, Yaates, however spelled, is not the best speller of names. He'll forgive me if I didn't get his right.

Anyway, Fred has done much for our Lake Association and us camp owners. One piece of advice he gave me should be shared with everyone. As a new camp owner years ago, I was talking to Fred about the things I needed to learn. One thing has stuck in my mind and has saved me untold grief. "Leave it like you are never coming back," said Fred. He was referring to those many times when we

head for home or somewhere and are tempted to just leave things as they are. "We will be back tomorrow or next weekend or whatever" so we think. Plans change or things get in the way. Then we have to worry about how we left things, what could happen and if we have to bother neighbors to check on the camp.

The solution? Just spend the few extra minutes and leave like you are never coming back. Wonderful peace of mind.

(Note: Clark and Betty Moore recently sold their home in Windsor, Connecticut, and hope to move to Florida while continuing to "summer" at Crescent Lake. Many thanks, Clark, for your delightful contributions to our collection of Lake Lore!)



## The Race — 1996

As always, the Great Labor Day Canoe Race of 1996 was hotly contested. And the winners are:

### Men's Division

1. Bob Mumford & Bill Gamache — 26:49
2. Mike Boyle & Tom Jacobs — 28:37
3. Chris Walker & Todd Walker — 28:51
4. Jarrod Millar & Jonathan Millar — 29:46

### Men & Women

1. Stan Raseallis & Judy Raseallis — 26:43
2. Bethany Coursen & Scott Coursen — 27:49

### Women's Division

1. Kathy Mann & Karen Hemingway — 34:25
2. Carol Mumford & Maureen Walker — 40:30

### Adult with Under-14 Child

1. Pat Rousseau & Matt Czaplicki — 33:11
2. Paul Hallee & Marissa Hallee — 34:19
3. Erin Ryan & Mark Ryan — 36:12
4. Matt Millar & John Millar — 39:27
5. Andrew Kennedy & Brendan Kennedy — 39:50

### Under 14 Division

1. Nick Graff & Leah Haynes — 23:40 (Wow!)
2. Katie Rousseau & Nettie Compton — 27:51.



## Water Quality Talk

On Saturday, July 12, Jody Connor, a limnologist for the state Department of Environmental Services, and Jack Calhoun, executive director of the New Hampshire Lakes Association, will be on hand at the Unity Town Hall in the afternoon to discuss the results of the annual water testing of the lake, issues in the state legislature and regulatory system which may affect our lake, and what other lake groups are doing to address water quality issues. It promises to be an enlightening and informative session, and everyone is encouraged to attend.

### Milfoil at Massasecum

The issues are timely and concern us all. *Chronicles* has received several articles over the winter, including one [source not noted] announcing the arrival of the dreaded milfoil weed at nearby Lake Massasecum: "...[M]ilfoil, native to warmer climates, is a runaway success in New Hampshire Lakes where it takes root. The weed has no natural enemies and grows bigger and thicker than its native cousins. Unchecked, it could spread until it chokes Lake Massasecum..." The article goes on to quote Jody Connor on ways to combat milfoil. Prevention seems to be the best alternative. "Once it roots in a lake, milfoil grows as long as 17 feet, adding an inch a day in ideal conditions and creating a thick mat of vegetation. If a small piece latches onto a boat propeller, milfoil gets a free ride to another part of the lake—or to another lake.

"Massasecum is an ideal habitat because it is shallow and clear, perfect for sunlight to reach bottom-dwelling plants. The boat launch has no place to wash boats and trailers, so only the conscientiousness of boat owners ensures that milfoil isn't caught on their equipment before they

put in...

"The state has trained many lake-side residents to recognize the invader. A Massasecum homeowner first spotted it... and put out the alert. The state advised him to uproot the small patch, making sure to bag even the smallest slice so it wouldn't spread..."

"Within a week divers determined the plant was too widespread to remove by hand. Association members marked off that corner of the lake and posted signs warning boaters away."

### Wash Boats and Trailers!

One key to preventing the spread of milfoil is to wash all boats and trailers that have been in other lakes before putting them in our own. Please encourage visiting boaters to comply!



### Cookie Cutter

Dick Brown sent several other articles too, including one about a "cookie cutter"—a barge-like vessel with whirling metal blades which shred through thick cattails to open up channels in the wetlands. The cookie cutter, jointly funded by Ducks Unlimited, the Vermont Fish and Wildlife Department, and U.S. government agencies, was slated to clean some 50 acres of Vermont wetlands last Spring. Dick Brown asks: "Crescent Lake next?"

### Nutrients and Bacteria

Another article, from the September 15, 1996 *Boston Globe*, notes the nutrient problem caused when phosphorous from goose waste, septic runoff, and fertilizer promotes weed growth. Additionally, goose and septic waste cause bacterial problems such as E.coli and "...the swimmer's itch organism that has wreaked havoc on Winnepesaukee, Squam, Winnisquam, Sunapee and other lakes..."

Dick comments: "Should we try to keep white ducks off Crescent Lake too? My granddaughter had a rash for three weeks!"



These Chronicles printed courtesy of NewsBank, Inc., Chester, VT. (802) 875-2397. Thanks, Mike Walker!

**Ryan Property Services: Carpentry, Yardwork, Lawn Care.** Mark Ryan, Proprietor. 24 Cherry Hill, Bellows Falls, VT 05101 (802) 463-3790. Crescent Lake (603) 863-3935.

Keep up with area news and events! Subscriptions to the **Acworth Community Newsletter**, published monthly by the Friends of Silsby Library, are \$6.50 / year. Box 88, S.Acworth, N.H. 03607. Or visit the Library's web site <http://top.monad.net/~acworthlibrary>.

#### CLASSIFIED NOTICES

Another "local" publication — great reading, not for the faint of heart! — is the "zine" published since 1986 by our own Terry Ward, formerly of Acworth Dump. Titled **Notes From the Dump**, Terry's semi-monthly screed has loyal subscribers all over the world. Send 75 cents for a single issue or \$20 for a one-year subscription to NFTD, HC66, Box 87-4, E. Lempster NH 03605-7709. Remember, this is NOT your mother's magazine—unless Mom enjoys Jack Kerouac and his ilk...

We'll keep publishing **Crescent Lake Chronicles** as long as you keep sending material! To contribute, send copy to:

Colleen Kaftan  
228 Harris Road  
Smithfield, RI 02917  
Fax: (401) 232 5545  
e-mail: [ckaftan@aol.com](mailto:ckaftan@aol.com)

We're looking for comments on lake life, tips on the area, lost & found, for sale / wanted to buy, assorted announcements, news, reviews, letters to the editor...

## Now and Then by Colleen Kaftan, Camp 103

What makes a midwesterner fall in love with a gorgeous little lake in New Hampshire? Simple things: the wit, the easy friendliness of people here. The way the sun rises and sets in slightly different places each day to mark the time of year.

Labyrinths shoveled through heavy snow to permit skating on the lake. (Or, some years, the perfectly smooth 116-acre ice rink outside our door.) Traces of otters (?) sliding down snowbanks to amuse themselves until humans return to interrupt their fun. A fragrant, crackling fire on a frigid night.

FROST HEAVES that make spring visits *soooo* much more challenging. The sigh of relief, when passing the old Silver Beach Store, of seeing across icy water that the camp hasn't burned down over the winter. Hunger pangs on smelling the first barbecue from somewhere across the lake.

The mud and the black flies? Well, they warned us! And the bugs just might have turned me into the speediest Memorial Day flower box planter on the planet.

Hushed fishermen's voices at six on a summer morning. A houseboat-like view through crooked windows installed long ago by somebody who obviously loved the place too. A heron, an osprey, a chorus of frogs croaking late into the night...

The dubious thrill of learning what happens when toilets flush; why we really *should* have drained the water pump last winter; how to haul the renegade raft back from across the cove; why a sunken outboard boat can't just be dragged ashore...

Gratitude for neighbors willing to rescue a boater whose motor has ceased (yet again) to function. Embarrassment when lakeside observers actually *cheer* if the boat—by some fluke—happens to start...

The bittersweet beauty of fall...closing down just when the colors are at their blazing best. Memorizing the mist as it rises off the lake at dawn on departure day...

Remembering seasons of childhood at just such a place (minus the mountains) in Wisconsin. Recreating that childhood to the point where the canoe had to be *red*, although blue is my favorite color. Hoping the kids I love will learn to explore with that canoe, swim, dive, waterski, catch fish and frogs, scare themselves silly telling ghost stories around the bonfire ... creating memories for a lifetime. Understanding, at last, how adults could foresee chipped teeth and broken bones (and fear worse) in our "harmless" tarzan swings, dock diving contests and jousts for king-of-the-raft...

When our old family cottage was sold a few years back, I put in a special request for a piece I helped my mother frame many moons ago. It traveled out East in my sister's trunk to hang on my wall at "C-Side," uniting present and past:

#### The Angler's Song

All in the fragrant Prime of Day,  
Ere Phoebus spreads around his Beams,  
The early Angler takes his Way,  
To verdant Banks of crystal Streams,  
If Health, Content, and thoughtful Musing charm,  
What Sport like Angling can our Cares disarm?

(Colleen can often be seen at or near her dock, reading peacefully in the sun, begging people to stop rough-housing on the raft, towing waterskiers or kneeboarders... or cursing her exceedingly willful 20-year-old outboard motor.)

## **Tribute by Fred Yates**

To all campers, it is my sad duty to announce the passing of five of our beloved campers this year. *"They have passed into the light which is beyond the valley of the shadow of death. The places that have known our beloved Campers shall know them no more; but their virtues are written upon the tablets of love and memory forever."*

### **A Tribute to:**

**Judith M. Brown**, camp 4. The soft-spoken lady at the end of the Lake, the wife of Richard E. Brown, loved mother, very respected and loved teacher, will be missed by us all.

**John J. Kristof**, camp 109A. The quiet retired gentleman, year around resident of Crescent Lake, loved the game of golf as much as life itself. I bet he is playing now.

**Edward P. Luke**, camp 58. The big strapping of a man, settled in the shadows at the eastern end of the Lake. Past President of our Association, many times and years as a

Director. Always there to help. Going to miss that Boston Whaler slowly cruising the Lake at all hours of the day and evening.

**Robert J. Wolfe**, camp 55A. A camp owner of our Lake for over 50 years and the last 15 as a year around resident. Upon retiring from the hustle / bustle of New York City, chose us as his next love, and retired to the shores of Crescent Lake.

A Special Tribute: **Raymond L. Boyle**, RetUSN, camp 80. December 17, 1926 - March 13, 1997. Raymond Lavere Boyle was a man of courage. He was your husband, father, grandfather and friend. He was a man of the sea with a character forged in the fires of the Second World War. He was fiercely proud of his 22 1/2 years of service in the United States Navy. If any period of his life defined his personality, it was the years he spent in the service of his country.

He was as perfect and imperfect as any other human. He was the anchor in a family of free spirits and kept us grounded in reality. He taught

us the value of a spiritual belief in God, self-reliance and responsibility. Service to his fellow man in the form of membership in community/church/civic organizations was never an option—it was his way to assure that the world was a better place.

His dedication to two different careers and his sense of duty was a trait he passed to his children and grandchildren. If you ever doubted the importance of your life in his, it was quickly dispelled in the powerful warmth of his hugs or firm handshake.

He faced the prospect of his death as he did all the challenges in his life—with unwavering faith and stoic courage. He would be best remembered as a family man with a warrior's heart who made a difference in each life he touched.

We will miss you, Papa!

*written by Michael K. Boyle*

*March 14, 1997*

Ray was buried on March 28, 1997, with full military honors at Arlington National Cemetery.

***Crescent Lake Association  
P.O. Box 56  
Bellows Falls, VT 05101***

***INSIDE: The Spring 1997 Crescent Lake Chronicles!***

***Lake Association Annual Meeting: 10:00 a.m.-noon, Saturday July 5, 1997, Unity Fire Station.***

***\$10 Association Annual Dues are Due! Send your check to the address above.***