

Crescent Lake Chronicles

Issue 5

Unity / Acworth, NH

Labor Day 1998

Leave it like you're never coming back.

*Fred Yates, quoted by Clark Moore
Chronicles Issue 3*

Crescent Lake Weather

By Clark Moore

Did you ever notice that TV and newspaper weather maps seem to show a line that runs right through Crescent Lake? That is because the weather north of us is different than the weather to the south. Problem is, when the weather to the north is good and the weather to the south is bad, we get that sort of blah stuff. A little sun, a little rain/snow. You simply can't tell from the forecast when it is actually going to precipitate on Crescent Lake.

Do not despair! There are ways we can tell when it is going to rain or snow. Here are some:

1. When the wind shifts. That's easy to tell if you notice the Bushways out in their new sailboat. They can't get out of their cove. Sometimes that goes on for hours.



2. Crescent Lake insects cling to you more than usual. That's because humidity increases before it rains and the insects forsake the heavier air.

3. Many animals try to go

inside if it is going to rain (contrary to humans). Most birds and bees take to their nests.

4. "When spiders weave their webs by noon, fine weather is coming soon. When they crawl on the wall, expect the rains soon to fall." (Anonymous)

5. Did you know some people can feel rain coming in their bones? It's true. People with rheumatism and arthritis can sense increasing humidity "UNDER THE WEATHER" and decreasing air pressure that usher in rain. Also, being "under the weather" means your body takes in less oxygen when the air pressure is low.



6. Lower barometric pressure also affects some animals. When your pet scratches its ears, it may be because a drop in pressure is causing pain and itching in the ears.

7. Look westward at Sunset. This one is as old as the Bible: "When it is evening, ye say it will be fair weather for the sky is red." (Matthew 16: 2-3) Do you know why? A pink hue means the sun is viewed through a filter of DRY dust

particles in the atmosphere. A gray sunset indicates the presence of water droplets in the air. These will be arriving on Crescent Lake within 24 hours.



8. Watch plants. Dandelions, daisies, clover, and tulips close as air pressure drops, and poplar and oak leaves curl up and show their lighter undersides before it rains: "There gay chrysanthemums repose / And when silken fringes softly close / Against the shower" (Richard Iwards)

9. And finally, note the last time Sam Calkins went around the lake in his party boat. If it was over an hour ago, a storm is imminent.

Project Y2K

Y2K: Year 2000. It's almost upon us. How will Crescent Lake mark the occasion? There will be special events, a lake logo for the millennium, and more. Betsy Snider has already started work on a lake history. Any other ideas? How about a paddle boat parade, a regatta, and a waterski show after the canoe race? A Tai Chi demonstration set to the music of Pavarotti?

Please convey your thoughts and suggestions to Betsy, Marie Boyle, or any Association officer. And be ready to help organize!

THE Event

By Colleen Kaftan

There's a lot to discover at Crescent Lake. For instance, I had NO IDEA how much time, thought, and effort it takes to create our annual end-of-season Labor Day bash. A single late-July planning session at Marie Boyle's straightened me out in a hurry.

The list of jobs and responsibilities would be daunting for a Fortune 500 company. Marie marshals the troops and channels their creative enthusiasm to pull it all together:

- ♦coordinating with the Desbiens, who are our gracious hosts for the occasion (Marie)
- ♦printing the announcements (courtesy of Dick Brown) and delivering same (Janet Albright, Dick Brown, Paul and Barbara Graves, Betsy Snider)
- ♦hiring the band or DJ (Marie and/or Fred Yates)
- ♦ordering the port-a-potty (Mary Ellen Rousseau)
- ♦shopping for food (Marie)
- ♦repairing, setting out, and clearing the buoys for the canoe race (Dave Diotalevi, Dave Sloan, and the originator of the 1983 canoe race, Bob Spaulding)
- ♦registering contestants and timing the race (Gail Sloan assisted by Dave Diotalevi)
- ♦making brownies (Marie and friends) and ice cream (Dave Sloan)
- ♦managing the food line (Mary Ellen Rousseau), the drinks (Paul and Barbara Graves, Betsy Snider), and the dessert table (Charlie and Marian Ginter) [Did you know our volunteers hardly ever get to eat?]
- ♦cooking the 'dogs and burgers (Dave Diotalevi) and the corn (the Caravan family)

Summer Musings *By Betsy Snider*



I've just returned from a wonderful swim around the lake. It took me 4 hours (which included a little chat time with Marie Boyle) but it was a great experience. Now that I've finally done it once, I can make it a regular activity. It seemed a natural outgrowth of my daily swims across the lake to the Fullerton's dock, and swims along the north shore from the Leahy's to the Hirschberg's, with the occasional side trip over to Colleen's C-Side. I have no idea what the distance is around the lake, but I'm sure someone knows it. Since I've already run a marathon (26 miles) and biked a century (100 miles), I figure I have now completed the IronMan Triatholon. It's taken me a while, but I never thought that I'd be such a swimmer.

Summer at the lake is certainly a treat - very different from winter. The reflection of the light on the water in summer is so beautiful; it's as though diamonds have been sprinkled on the surface. The colors in the evening on the water, just as the sun sets, are the inspiration for so many painters, and yet always changing.

I grew up in a rural town just southwest of Cleveland. Every summer, we would rent a cottage on Lake Erie and, with all my siblings and cousins, we'd swim and play for two weeks solid. We also had a pond on our property, but nothing was like the lake for swimming. When I hear the sounds of children laughing and watch people floating in tubes and jumping off rafts and docks into the lake, I am reminded of my childhood. And I realize that time spent at a lake is truly magical.

I haven't had much time to go exploring and hiking on the snowmobile trails this summer, but I figure that the fall is probably an even better time to wander through the woods. Speaking of the fall, two weeks ago, I noticed that the trees on Gove Hill started to look different. But I told myself that I was just seeing some different colors of green. By that weekend, however, I had to admit that some trees are actually beginning to show some color. And now it's the beginning of August and there is no doubt that there is a sprinkle of color - hints of red and yellow - on some of the trees. Time certainly is flying by.

I think I'm going to go out and enjoy the beautiful days while they are still here - I need to store up all the memories for the winter, so that when I feel the warmth of the sun in January, I can remember the light on the water, with its diamonds, and the sound of people laughing and children playing.

- ♦running the T-shirt sales table (Lorraine Yates and Arlene Bates)
- ♦preparing the "baskets of cheer" raffle (Carol Calkins handing off this year to Janet Albright, Greta Perry, and Beth Boyle)
- ♦ditto for the kids' activities (David and Terry Levin)
- ♦and last but certainly not least, cleanup (Tim and Greta Perry, who might be persuaded to pass that particular baton next year...)

Then there's flare night and the evening boat parade. Fred Yates orders the flares, Marie sells them, and Charlie Ginter fires the cannon to tell us when to light them. And many boaters make an effort to

decorate or otherwise amuse us on their farewell run.

Hats off to those who make it all possible (and a big apology to anyone we've inadvertently left off the list). Many — like Marie Boyle — have been doing it since the very first picnic in 1984.

After years of tireless commitment, Marie has announced her "retirement" as Picnic Committee Chair after the Year 2000 event. Her shoes will be hard to fill, but she does have extensive records and recipes for how to pull it off. Who's the dedicated person who will step up for the job when Marie goes Emeritus?

What's In A Name?



By Colleen Kaftan

Plenty, according to some, uh, property owners on the lake,

who note that the word "camp" seems painfully inadequate for the little bits of heaven we have constructed here. Your faithful *Chronicles* editor (who grew up using "cottage" to describe any summer home on a lake) contacted the *Dictionary of American Regional English* to research the issue.

DARE—"a reference tool unlike any other"—is a work in progress, based on extensive field interviews in all fifty states and on a comprehensive collection of written materials covering the entire history of our country. Its aim is "not to prescribe how Americans should speak, or even to describe the language we use generally ...[but] to document the varieties of English that are *not* found everywhere in the United States—those words, pronunciations, and phrases that vary from one region to another, that we learn at home rather than at school, or that are part of our oral rather than our written culture."

The *DARE* editors are in it for the long haul: they've already published Volumes I - III, which bring us up to the letter O, and they foresee a six to seven-year timeframe for completing subsequent volumes.

Fortunately, "camp" appears in Volume I.



Here is *DARE* editor Joan Hall's response to my query: "*The DARE entry at 'camp' says 'a summer dwelling, whether modest or elaborate.' The regional label is 'chiefly NEast, Gulf States.' We defined it this way because for some people a camp is a snug little cabin (perhaps even without plumbing), but for others the term can denote the retreat where the CEO sends his family for the summer. When I lived in Maine, I was surprised to hear the term used for what I considered very lavish places; I couldn't tell whether it was a conscious attempt to downplay wealth. At any rate, there's a good reason for the state of confusion!*"

So...what'll it be? Should we come up with our own Crescent

Lake terminology to describe our places here? Camp, cottage, cabin, castle? Lakeside abode, vacation home, retirement haven? Property tax guzzler? (Couldn't resist.) Send in your suggestions, so we can figure out the proper way to identify people using their map site locations...

And another, more important linguistic dilemma: do we say party boat or party barge?

[You can find *DARE* in most good books, stores, or online at <http://polyglot.lss.wisc.edu/dare/dare.html>]



NOT The Crescent Lake News A Tall Tale by "Anonymous"

How often does one spouse have the chance to stay on at the lake, while the other is forced to face the daily grind back home? The following e-mail exchange took place on just such an occasion, when a sensitive neighbor felt compelled to report what he/she observed. The identities have been obscured for obvious reasons. Look elsewhere in this issue for further commentary...

Dear [Husband]:

I am sorry to have to be the one who breaks this to you, but word has spread so fast around the lake that I felt I should get to you quickly. The fact is that the party boat has stopped five times at your dock since you left this morning. [Wife] is there each time in a new outfit, and I could just make out through the binoculars that she seemed to be carrying bags of pills starting with the letter "V." Bill Clinton just called and wants to fly in tomorrow with Ted Kennedy. Maybe you should come back before things escalate.

By the way, your (newly repaired — good thing you got a permit) dock has been pretty well crushed by the party boat, but [Wife] has somehow managed to get what is left of your boat and row out to the party boat. The motor sank on her second trip.

"A Friend"

The Response

Dear "Friend":

Envy can be a sad thing. Being chosen to board the party boat is like being chosen for admission to an exclusive club from a crowd massed behind the velvet ropes. Some have it, and others are relegated to a pitiful wave from their (old and probably illegal) dock, hoping against hope that they will be chosen some day. If you'd like, we can put in a good word for you with [Party Boat Driver].

Signed, [Husband]

Minutes of the 1997 Annual Lake Association Meeting

CLA meeting was called to order by President David Sloan at 10am on July 11, 1997.

A minute of silent prayer was observed for our departed campers: Mary Griswold (March, 1996); Dorothy Ginkis (December, 1996); Pasquale Pesca (April, 1997); Priscilla Kowalczyk (July, 1997); Clarence "Dick" Herschel (September, 1997)

President Sloan asked the Unity Fire Department to make a presentation. The Fire Department is hoping to buy a defibrillator and asking for donations. The machine costs \$3199. After some discussion, a motion was made and seconded to donate \$300 from the Association to the Unity Fire Department. The motion passed.

Secretary's report was accepted.

Treasurer's report was presented. A question was raised about the escrow account for the dam which was not listed on the report. President Sloan said that it will be shown next year. A question was asked about the \$500 expense for lake patrol and it was explained that Dave Sloan and Charlie Ginter act as silent lake patrol during the year. The report was then accepted.

New camp owners were greeted:

Camp 38 - Raymond & Madelyn Genereux

Camp 41 - William & Polly Hirschberg

Camp 72 - Janet Albright

Camp 77- Walter & Sheryl Yarosevich

Camp 90A - Gary & Sunny Gizinski

Camp 109A - Ron & Liz Vavra

Election of officers: Association officers presented the following for election: one director for 3 years - David Diotalevi; the secretary/treasurer for 3 years - Fred Yates; the keeper of the gate for 1 year - Charlie Ginter & Dave Sloan. All were approved by the membership.

Reports of Committees:

T-shirts/s-shirts/mug/hats - Marie Boyle did not have a report to present, but announced that all material is being sold at her place, camp 80, from dawn to dusk. The price is the same as last year. The design was done by a 14-year old boy whose family actually did hit the shoal. Marie suggested that we have a contest for the best design for the year 2000 and that we bring designs to the picnic of 1999 to vote on it. After some discussion, it was agreed that the process would begin this year - all designs for the shirt for next year should be brought to the picnic to be voted on. An announcement will be placed on the flyer for the picnic, so that everyone will have notice.

Cheryl Lemieux, chair of Unity Old Home Day, made a brief presentation, inviting everyone to Unity Old Home Day on July 18. Celebrations include pancake breakfast, parade, exhibits, games, supper and dance.

Bass Restocking - Dick Brown thanked the *Chronicle* for including his questionnaire on fishing in the lake. He's gotten some responses, including a wonderful report from Leo Bray (camp 33) who also gave \$200 for fish restocking. The fish restocking account now has \$973.50; Dick asked that the association purchase more large mouth bass. A motion was made to use \$900 from the fish account to restock the lake. It was seconded and was approved.

Annual Picnic - Marie Boyle reported that last year's picnic was the largest ever, with well over 300 campers and guests attending. Leftover food was donated to the Kowalczyk family, whose wife and mother (Priscilla) had just died. Motion was made to give Marie \$1000 to use for picnic expenses. It was seconded and was approved.

Canoe Race - Gail Sloan reported that last year's canoe race was a success with a good turn out. The first three finishers in each category got a t-shirt; all the children who participated got one also. After some discussion, it was decided to change the adult w/child category by moving the age of the child from 14 and under to 12 and under. The other categories will remain as traditional.

Fireworks - Balance on hand is \$198. Because there were no fireworks this year, it was decided not to add any additional money.

Camp Patrol - Dave Sloan and Charlie Ginter reported that everything was quiet this year.

Water Quality - Geri Rudenfeldt gave the water quality report, but first asked whether the association would be interested in joining the New Hampshire Lakes Association, which had made a presentation at last year's conservation meeting. After some discussion, her motion to join the NH Lakes Association (at \$100) was defeated. Instead, a group of people (Geri, Arnie Antak, David Levin, Joe Tardiff, Herb Landon) will get information together about the Association and present it at next year's annual meeting. It was decided that Wendell Barry, of the Association, should be invited also to next year's meeting. Geri's report covered lake quality, which is still good, but which shows some sign of deterioration from last year in certain categories. She asked for volunteers who might be interested in monitoring for millefoil growth and also for volunteers interested in studying the effect of boating on the lake.

Old Business: Dave Sloan reported that the incorporation papers for the lake have been completed and filed with the state, thanks to Al Leahy, the lake lawyer.

New Business: Information about the Acworth dump was made available for campers. It was decided that a second edition of the *Chronicles* for the summer would be written and distributed at the picnic. The cost of printing the *Chronicles* will now be assumed by the association. There was a lengthy discussion about whether to continue using the word "camp" to describe the houses on the lake. No agreement or consensus was reached. A further discussion on the water levels in the lake and the boards in the dam ensued. The keepers of the gate noted that they will continue to monitor the lake levels closely and adjust the boards as appropriate.

The meeting was adjourned at 12:10pm.

Respectfully submitted,
Betsy Snider, Acting Secretary

Par-tay!

Sure, we all enjoy the quiet, reflective times we get to spend at the lake. But this is also a partying crowd, and not just at the big Labor Day blowout. We've read about kitty birthdays at the Antaks, and "Cousins Weekend" at Forever Moore. *Chronicles* has also learned that there have been at least three or four weddings around the lake in recent memory.

Our esteemed President, Dave Sloan, reports below on some great parties that took place over the summer.

Good Times in Party Cove

By David Sloan

The first and hopefully annual 4th of July picnic was held at David and Gail Sloan's camp #11A. It was a come as you are or want to be, with the hosts supplying hot dogs and hamburgs, soft drinks, etc. Others contributed salads, appetizers, and some very delicious desserts — albeit very filling. A good time was had by one and all with the usual camaraderie and your occasional joke. Approximately 70 friends and neighbors showed up.



On a lighter side, make that a much lighter side, the first ever Men's Nite was held at David Sloan's camp. In attendance were the usual free-food-and-drink-seeking campers, such as Fred Yates, Sam Calkins, and David Diotalevi, just to name a few. Eighteen to twenty men (at least they claimed to be) showed up to enjoy the food but primarily the cold beer. The after-dinner cigar smoking session was the perfect ending to dinner. This, of course, was the highlight of the evening — the men were separated from the boys. This will be an annual event for the men, suggesting perhaps that the women might get something going also...

Second Annual Lobsterfest At Walkers' and Lisischeffs'

Now I asked Mike Walker if he needed my tarp. Oh no—But did we get wet? Oh Yes—then again I am not one to say, "I told you so." It literally poured and the wind blew for several minutes. A super time followed nonetheless. The rain certainly got everyone a lot closer. Fifty-four campers enjoyed lobster, corn, potato salad, and much more. Party barges were used to their maximum thanks to Mike, Sam, and Bill. The cook-out lasted well into the evening with music and dancing by those with magic feet. Thanks go to Mike and Diane Walker, Chris and Karin Lisischeff, and of course the caterer, whose helpers continued to work right through the downpour. On a much more serious note, concerned campers are wondering if Ron and Liz Vavra found their vehicle yet. If anyone has information on this very important matter, please contact them. They can be found wandering about in other folks' gardens. Hoping that the lobsterfest continues, I remain your humblest of reporters, *David Sloan*.

Quote Contest

We'd like to begin every issue of the *Chronicles* with a pithy, thoughtful quotation related to lake life. In this edition, for example, we feature words of wisdom from our own local sage, Fred Yates. Now Fred says a lot of valuable things, but sooner or later we're going to

have to quote somebody else.

That's why we're asking for your help. If you come across a brief passage that somehow illustrates or illuminates the joys, the sorrows, the beauty and/or the duty of living at the water's edge, please submit it to your *Chronicles* editor along with your name and a reference to

the source of your quote.

The most evocative, amusing, lyrical, practical, and poetic submissions will eventually find their way to the front page of the *Chronicles*. And you, the contributor, will earn the admiration and adulation of all your neighbors at the lake...and a free subscription to the *Chronicles*...





Mystery Garden Indeed ! *By Liz Vavra*

It was finally spring at Crescent lake. The daffodils were long gone in Connecticut and we were eager to see what our mystery garden had to show us.

It began with the most incredible display of indigo blue lupines planted by the former owner. They greeted us at the front door and again at the lakeside garden where I had transplanted them. The lupines were tall and stately, undaunted by the winds off the lake. They lasted forever. I collected the pea-like seedpods in an effort to propagate them and in the hope of spreading their beauty around the lake in the form of tiny plants given to neighbors.

The rhododendron was also beautiful. I had forgotten what they could look like when not chewed to the nub by roaming deer.

The garden began to flourish. We arrived one afternoon, looked out the window and saw huge red flowers, their heads hanging over the lake. What could they be? (The same question was later asked by passing boaters.) They were roses! Roses from the gnarly root I had so roughly moved from its original home and stuck in the loamy soil of my new garden. It had been well protected by leaves I had put at its base and the plentiful snow last winter, snug as a bug apparently.

The feverfew, coreopsis and liatris bloomed. In August, the seeds from Mrs. Kristof's bachelor buttons and red and orange cosmos burst forth in a magnificent display. The phlox from her garden were glorious, whereas the phlox I brought from home withered and mildewed and died a slow death.

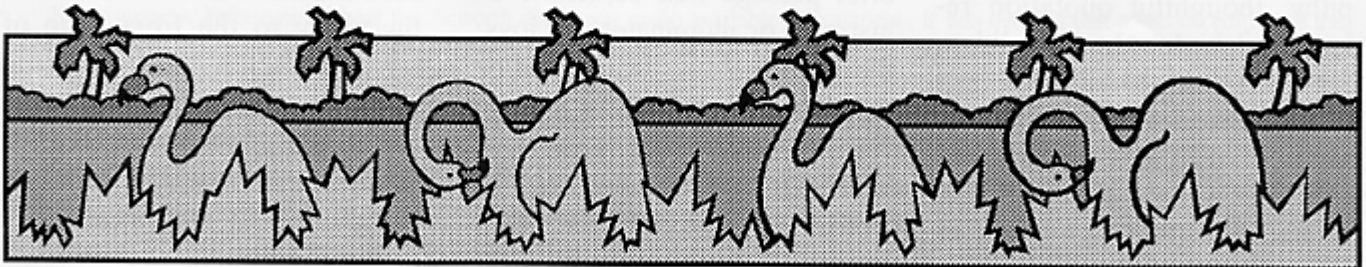
Every visit brought a new surprise, the most intriguing of which was precipitated by an e-mail from Colleen Kaftan. Colleen was kind enough to come by the house from time to time to water the garden and the planters we had put out on our new deck. One day, I received an e-mail at the office with what I thought was encouraging news. It said something like, "There are some very interesting additions to your garden. I think you'll be amazed to see how it has changed since you were here last." I was so excited. I wrote back to tell her what good news that was, since the groundhogs, rabbits and deer had destroyed every plant on the Connecticut property. I was looking forward to seeing what had presented itself in my lakeside garden.

As we drove north, I told Ron about Colleen's message and he too was eager to see the changes. We arrived after dark to find our motion detector light on, highlighting the property and the garden. Ron went to the window first and called to me, "You gotta see this!" I knew something was amiss - I know Ron takes pleasure in my garden, but he was just a tad too enthusiastic.

There was my garden in all its glory. The motion detector had been set off by pinwheels spinning in the wind. They had been stuck in the deck planters alongside plastic sunflowers and numerous other artificial bouquets. A lopsided birdbath sat on the deck and plastic pink flamingos were everywhere. Flamingos on the beach, flamingos on the lawn, flamingos throughout the garden. We thought these flamingos looked vaguely familiar. Only the Party Boat could have transported the flock.

After touring our transformed yard, we went to sleep in preparation for a daytime viewing of our tacky yard. The next day, we watched with amusement (and some embarrassment, I must admit) as boaters passed by. The looks on their faces were priceless. They must have thought I had put the finishing touches on my garden and...there goes the neighborhood! Ron refused to let me touch anything, so there we sat on the deck among the flamingos. They were there for several weeks before I finally put my foot down and removed them. Surely there was someone else on the lake who deserved to share these lovely decorations.

The flamingos have been returned to their rightful owners and the garden continues to bloom. I enter the house and approach the windows with trepidation these days, but, what the heck, it is a mystery garden after all.



Chronicles Comments

Consulting Therapist: Cheryl DaCosta

It has come to our attention that the article by "Anonymous," in the current *Chronicles*, generated some controversy among the full-time (and highly overpaid) staff at this newsletter. Hoping to maintain some sense of decorum on the lake, we called the eminent Greek psychiatrist, Dr. Ikan Stopalotathis. Reached by cell phone on an illegal dock at his waterfront camp outside Athens, the good doctor agreed to review the frequent references to party boats by "Anonymous" and other contributors to this issue. We reprint his remarks here:

*As you know, I specialize in marine psychiatry, where PBE (party boat/barge envy) has been a major concern for years, and I can see from your submission that it is rampant on your lake. We are working on a treatment but have so far been only marginally successful. The six-pack approach (patient waves forlornly from his dock, offering libations in exchange for the coveted invitation) seems only to exacerbate PBE symptoms, particularly when the barge still fails to stop. [Editor's note: To date, the barge has never failed to stop for a six-pack on Crescent Lake. Hence the six-pack method is by far the best approach in this climate and it has the unabashed endorsement of at least one *Chronicles* staff member.]*

[I.S. continues.] *I am currently developing the intervention method, which involves sending the patient out in a solitary canoe at sunset. (Handcrafted or handpainted canoes are best. Or at least give the poor guy a nice bent paddle!) Early trials suggest a slightly higher relief rate, but we have not been able to address the bizarre fixation on pink flamingos and plastic sunflowers that is so often comorbid with PBE syndrome. Please keep us apprised of your experiences. Regards, I.S.*

A PBE Sufferer Writes

Esteemed Doctor,

I'll admit it. I've been haunted by PBE for several summers now. At least ten times a day, I run into the house and peek out from behind my curtains, cringing in pain at the sound of happy revelers as the barge floats by, and thinking "What am I? Chopped liver? How come they never stop at my dock?" Please, Doc, help me before I do something rash (or give myself a rash obsessing about it!).

Signed, Aching in Acworth

Doctor Ikan Stopalotathis replies:

Dear Ack-Ache,

Do you see how self-destructive your avoidance behavior patterns are? Running and hiding behind the curtains? I mean, what's up with that?

In this case I would recommend an initial trial of the six-pack method. Stand on your dock. Look confident. Wave a six-pack in the air (it's also good for your triceps). Smile. Beckon. Welcome the barge. If that fails (which I understand is rare in your geography) try making your shoreline area more attractive, perhaps by planting a tasteful flamingo or a plastic flower here and there.

You simply must take charge of your life at the lake. Become the author of your own experience! Be bold! And good luck to you! I.S.

Another Boater Writes

Dear Doc,

Can't a guy just tool around a lake in a cool boat and have a good time without all the hoo-hah and Sturm and Drang about parties? I mean we do our part all year round what with the cookouts and the clambakes and the cigar nites and the bingo and the music and all the

rest. Now I've got people waving beer at me everywhere I go! Who wants a beer that's warm and all shaken up, anyway? Do I have to get a different kind of boat to get out of the middle of this?

Signed, Underappreciated in Unity

Doctor I.S. replies:

Dear Undie,

Mistaken identity always takes a toll. Of course you have the right to restore yourself with a solitary voyage in the moonlight. You must try to ignore the desperate petitioners on the shore. I can tell that you are too compassionate a human being; this could wear you out in the long run. Have you considered installing a panel similar to those on passenger buses, with which they communicate their intended destination? I suggest you do so and turn the message permanently to "Reserved - Private Charter." Be strong! You will save yourself a world of needless worry. My kindest thoughts, I.S.

Another Query

Hiya Doc,

If I ever really get the hang of my new boat I'd like to start my own tradition on the lake. Do you think I'd be a hit with my party sailboat?

Signed, Caught in the Cove

Doctor I.S. replies:

Dear CoCo,

No.

Last Question

Yo Dock [sic]!

PBE, Schmee B E ! Where's my beer?

Signed, Captain Big Dog

Doctor I.S. replies:

Oh Captain My Captain,

Would you consider giving me a ride on your boat? Please please pretty please? Respectfully, I.S.

Town of Acworth Dump

Hours: : Wednesday, 11am-6pm
Saturday, 8am-4pm
Sunday, 9am-1pm

Directions: Take Cold Pond Rd (Acworth) to Acworth. Take a left down the hill toward Rte 123A. Cross Rte 123A and take Beryl Mountain road over Cold River. Follow the road for about a mile - dump is on the right.

All garbage in bags for the dumpster.

Recycle separately:

- ♦ Tin cans (eg, pet food, soup, etc.)
- ♦ Cardboard
- ♦ Newspapers
- ♦ Magazines
- ♦ Bottles (can be mixed, but no caps)
- ♦ Clean wood (for burning)
- ♦ Aluminum cans (soda, beer, etc)

Sugar River Canoe. Cedar Strip Canoes, Bent Shaft Paddles — those works of art you see gliding by on the lake. Call Stan Rastallis, (603) 863-8838. Lake Road, Unity / HCR 66 Box 193 / Newport, NH 03773.

CLASSIFIED NOTICES

Soap Source: Do you use a dishwasher or a washing machine at the lake? Here's a source for non-polluting detergents. You can order "Seventh Generation" products from a catalogue called Harmony, at 1 (800) 869-3446. Seventh Generation markets a laundry disk that you leave in the washer for 700 loads. The dishwasher powder contains no phosphates (this is impossible to find at the supermarket) and no chlorine, and has not been tested on animals.

Crescent Lake T-Shirts: Get 'em while they're current, because they can't be re-ordered. If you have "vintage" shirts you'd be willing to sell or give to a deserving neighbor (or to the Association for resale or auction), please contact Marie Boyle at 863-3778.



Ryan Property Services: Carpentry, Yardwork, Lawn Care. Mark Ryan, Proprietor. 24 Cherry Hill, Bellows Falls, VT 05101 (802) 463-3790. Camp 4, Crescent Lake (603) 863-3935.

We'll keep publishing Crescent Lake Chronicles as long as you keep sending material. To contribute, contact:
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We're looking for comments on lake life, tips on the area, lost & found, for sale / wanted to buy, assorted announcements, news, reviews (how about a restaurant column, somebody?), letters to the editor...

These Chronicles printed by NewsBank, Inc., Chester, VT. (802) 875-2397. Thank you, Mike Walker! And please, please submit a bill for your expenses!

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



INSIDE: The Summer 1998 Crescent Lake Chronicles!