

Album  
of  
Familiar  
Noises

Sunday Sept 21-1941

The Gang

Russell D Bailey

Lee Weed

Bernard T. Tault

Carleton Stewart

Samuel Danes

The Host

Samuel Danes

The Banker

Russell D Bailey

The Chautauw

Bernard T. Tault

The Invalid

Lee Weed

The Fisher man

Carleton Stewart

The Start

Sam Daves

Acqueduct 8:30 AM

Lee Weeds 9:10 AM

Arrived

Eagle Lake 12:00 PM.

Introducing Our Host



Samuel Danes

Age ? ? ?



Age - Actions - 27

Hell of a lot younger than the  
rest of a gang

The Cabin



Eagle Lake

The Lake





The Gang





# The Gang Again



Banker Bailey



Lee "Wimpy" Weed



Bernard "Shrek" T. Mault

Parleton Stewart



# The Gold Dust Twins



They Clean Up Everything

The Fish



Landed by "One Fish"  
Bailey.

Fly Fishermen





Turtle Rock



# Kitchen Duty

R. D. Bailey



at - practice

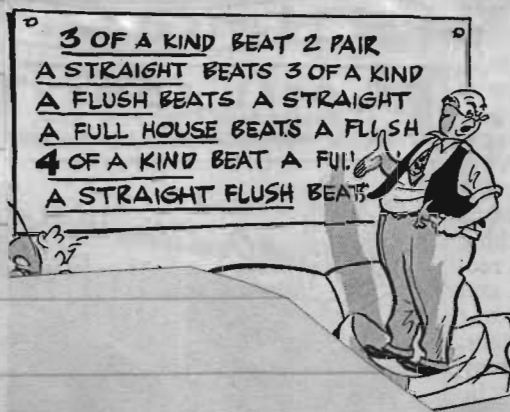
# Kitchen Police

R.D. Bailey



Lee Weed  
at practice

# Teaching Bailey to play Poker



At Case



Greetings

To Sam

A sincere wish for a Merry  
Xmas -

A hope for a Happy New Year

Many thanks for a pleasant five  
days - the fastest five days -

Sorry that it couldn't have been  
five weeks - which proves what a  
wonderful host you ~~are~~ were.

Carl Stewart



To Sam

The Youngest of us all

I wish to thank you again for  
the wonderful time as host, guide  
and cook, especially pancakes.

Wishing you a Merry Christmas

Russell D Bailey

To SAM

With Best Wishes for a very Merry  
Christmas and a happy and prosperous  
New Year

Many thanks for the best Vacation I  
ever spent in the Mountains and  
I only hope that we may get together  
again someday

Joseph L. Weed  
(WIMPY)

To Sam

For a very happy five days  
and the best pancake maker I know.  
A very happy and prosperous  
Christmas and New Year.

Ben and Tiffault  
(Sheila)



# Fishing Around

By MATT DANCY

(Batting

A few weeks ago I had the extremely great privilege of being entertained by a group of Ballston Big Shots, or anyway half-shot, sportsmen. There was a guy known as Sheik, I suppose because he crawled on his hands and knees on the desert, or something, or maybe it was just because he looked the part with those big brown eyes, and there was a sanctimonious and innocent wight by the name of Russell, who was the butt of many madcap pranks, and there was one Wimpy, the less said about the better. These constituted the support, or solid and substantial element, while the blitzkrieg department was in the hands of one Carleton, of evil renown.

Now it came about that these hellions were putting up at the camp of one Sam Danes, a person of previous good repute and chaste character. After they left, it is to be doubted if much remained of the camp, but that was Sam's worry, not theirs. This camp was located at Eagle Lake, a body of water once inhabited by a bass, which has been the object of the attention of numerous doughty anglers these many years past, not the least of whom have been our heroes.

In the company of Runaround Roscoe Gaddis, I arrived at the menage at about mealtime, and sure enough, there sat the entire crew, including the cabin boy, stuffing fish into their faces. It seems that they had spent the day pulling large perch out of a nearby pond, and having 132 of these succulent panfish, they had cooked up the whole mess. Of course, they also were nibbling at a few pancakes, some sausages, potatoes, bread, cake, jam, and had begun their snack with a pot of soup.

As we entered, Carleton inquired what we had brought to eat. We replied that as we were invited guests, we hadn't supposed that we were to bring any food, a hypocritical attitude, of course, but nice work if you can get it. Stewart promptly bawled us out for coming up there without a quarter of beef or a ham, or some such trifle, and we became comfortable, realizing that we were among friends. Sam invited us to eat. We would have starved to death before any of the rest of those lugs would have said anything about it.

So we put on the feed bag and cleaned up what few scraps they had left. Then they invited us to wash the dishes, replenish the wood pile, make up the beds, sweep the floor, and otherwise manicure the premises. Of course we did none of these things but we began to realize how a company with too many vice presidents can go haywire.

We tried to spend the evening talking, but there comes a time when anyone would get tired of hearing that delegate from the Tampa Chamber of Commerce, Gaddis, recite "Come to Beautiful Florida, the State That Has Everything," so someone suggested a game of rummy, Sam, after a lengthy search located a greasy and bent pack of cards, several missing, which we eked out with pieces of cardboard. After trying for two hours to educate Russell to tell the difference between a king and a jack, we gave up.

Morning came too soon, because we were hours getting to sleep an account of Wimpy snoring. We got up from bed but were not able to get up from the table for hours, because if we hadn't known before we now began to learn that when that crowd eats, it eats. Carleton was the worst, although this may only be a matter of opinion.

Rocko had to go to town on business. The rest of us went fishing. Russell and the Sheik went to a nearby pond, or maybe to call on a nearby blonde for all we knew, and

the rest of us hauled out into Eagle Lake in two boats. For my sins I had to take Carleton along with me.

We spent many hours trying to catch the bass that a native reported seeing back in the nineties. We tried everything but the kitchen sink. I found out one thing. I found out that whenever a new bait or plug comes along, if Carleton pans it enough, he sneaks a couple into his box when no one is looking.

Carleton and I stayed on the lake until we figured someone in the party must have broken down and gone back to camp and peeled the potatoes, and sure enough, Rocko had done just that.

While we stood on the dock, Carleton picked up Russell's casting rod and made a few casts. He got a bad snarl, cussed out the tackle and angrily threw it out into seven feet of water.

Russell vowed he would operate on Carleton's gizzard with a cleaver, but, sad to say, didn't carry out his threat, being too busy retrieving his tackle.

Rocko and I figured enough was too much and that the party was getting rough, so, pausing only to eat, and hurriedly nibbling a steak and some onions and potatoes, we got the hell out of there while the getting the hell out of there was good.

That's all there is and if you have been expecting a good story, I'm sorry to disappoint you. I'll be seeing you, babe.



# Seen and Heard

Tribute to a gentleman—Carl Stewart's death is blow to his friends in town—Yet he leaves behind him a priceless collection of humorous stories and yarns for those friends to enjoy.

—BY THE SPECTATOR—

Tribute to a gentleman: A man dies and with him goes a certain sparkle you have noticed in the town. . . . Such was the case Saturday when Carl Stewart, sportsman and humorist, succumbed to heart trouble at his Ballston Spa home. . . . His death was unexpected; probably the two most amazed persons in Boomtown were Matt Dancy and Vic Mion, close friends, who had visited him Friday and observed him up and around. . . .

We said a sparkle is gone from the town. That's the best way we can put it, because if ever a man furnished good cheer to his friends, Carl did. And his wasn't the wise-cracking kind; it was that rare Will Rogerish type of humor. . . . You see, Carl was a born humorist; his sense of lighter things, of unusual angles, ran through his make-up. His friends were ribbed unmercifully in his fishing column in the "Ballston Spa Journal," but they loved it because they loved Carl. He was a genius in his own way and it was evident in his talk and writings. . .

Among the friends he ribbed without cessation and with a gusto that was refreshing were Mion, Dancy, and Russell D. Bailey, a trustee of Ballston Spa. Nothing was sacred. When he could get them going, he was as delighted as they were. . . . Bailey, very close to him, was a favorite target. As trustee of the village, Bailey was dubbed "Superintendent of the Iron Spring" at the village, a non-existent job, since the iron spring is no longer used. . . . And Bailey, who runs a store, was once the object of determined picketeers. Stewart organized some Sch'dy friends, and they walked up and down in front of the store, "protesting" rationing, a factor over which Bailey heatedly said he had no control. He finally convinced them, and they went inside and ate some ice cream. It was sold out again.

him dead. For sale—One gun—see Al Knapp.

Lee Weed swallowed a quarter the other night. Someone asked him how he felt, to which he replied: "No change yet."

One of the most vivid fishing stories that ever came out of Carl's prolific brain was the one he told on Chet Woodin, who owns a camp at Ballston Lake, and does quite a bit of fishing there. This story, strictly a product of Stewart's imagination, was about a fishing expedition of Woodin's to the mouth of Cowhorn Creek, where it empties into the Mohawk, a highly polluted area.

"Mr. Woodin," recalled Carl, "caught a nine-pound catfish by a somewhat unusual method. He placed a saucer of milk on shore, and the cat-fish came up on land and started drinking the milk. At the same time, it purred, and Chet started petting it. It was a touching sight. The cat-fish just expired in Chet's arms."

*This writer received one of Carl's last letters, written on Thanksgiving. Nothing in it indicates sickness, despite the fact that he wrote it in bed. It reflects no griping whatsoever, yet Carl was in pain; died after a few minutes of agony. . . . His personality shines throughout; the letter goes into our book of good friends. . . . He was a gentleman, all man, and he loved God's country. He is terribly missed.*

Women in Office

Died Nov 26  
1943.



H. CARLETON STEWART  
Funeral Tomorrow

## Masonic Service Tonight for Stewart

A Masonic service, sponsored by the Ballston Spa Masonic group, will be held tonight at 8 o'clock for H. Carleton Stewart of Van Buren St., Ballston Spa, well known Schenectady businessman, sportsman and writer who died Saturday. Funeral services for Mr. Stewart will be held at 2:30 p. m. tomorrow at Christ Church. Burial will be in Ballston Spa Cemetery.

One of Stewart's "society items" we present in his own language:

"Mr. and Mrs. Mather Dancy of Schenectady called on Mr. and Mrs. Carleton Stewart Saturday night. Mr. Dancy is a note violinist. (Spec's note: Mat can play the scales pretty well!)

"Mr. and Mrs. Victor Mion, Schenectady, called on Mr. and Mrs. Carleton Stewart Saturday night. Mr. Mion is a noted violinist. (Spec's note: ditto).

*"Mr. Dancy and Mion fought a duet with their violins. Mr. Dancy and Mion rendered (meaning to tear apart) several solos, but owing to complaints by neighbors, were obliged to stop. An effort is being made to have Mr. Dancy and Mion act as air raid alarms."*

Other classics, as told by Carl:

The case of the trout and the black and white cat: Earl Phillipi and Victor Mion, both noted fishermen, and, according to their own confession, experts, went deep into the heart of the Adirondacks and after roughing it for three days, (roughing being sleeping in a feather bed with nothing to eat but chicken and a highball to ward off the effects of snake bite) came home with six native trout, the largest nearly eight inches. The trout was on exhibition for nearly a week, when some neighbor's cat stole them. . . WANTED: One black and white cat. Suitable reward. Dead or alive. Preferably dead.

Robinson and the time he awakened the village: George "Net 'em" Robinson hooked and landed a bass weighing exactly, according to George's scales, three-and-one-half pounds. This fish was the first that "Net 'em" had caught since July, 1942, and he awoke everyone in the neighborhood to show them the fish. Last seen about 2 a. m., he was trying to contact someone who could get the Union Fire Co.'s band to play: "When It's Bass Time in Ballston, I'll Be There!"

A Christmas gift story: Vic Mion, a well known Sch'dy contractor, asked his small son what he would like for Christmas. "A baby sister," replied the boy. "But it is only four or five weeks until Christmas, and that does not leave much time," replied Mion. . . "I know, father," answered the youngster, "but can't you put more men on the job?"

The bass that milked cows: R. V. "Colonel" Gaddis, was telling us about the monster black bass in the St. John's River, Florida, and that they were the only southern bass that had to swim down stream to go north. Any river of any size in the southern U. S. flows south or into rivers that flow south, except the St. John's, which flows north. . . So that the bass will know which way north is, guide posts have been erected every 500 yards with arrows pointing north. As this river also flows through cattle country, posts with bells on them have been placed at equal distance all through the territory with a rope which hangs down into the water. When the bass get hungry, they swim up and pull the rope, thus ringing a bell, and a cow will come down and the bass will nurse the cow. Thus Florida has become world famous for its milk fed bass and its lying fishermen!

Then there is the story about Knapp who discovered a . . . in his victory garden. . . n and got his gun. He . . . once—the rabbit cut . . . n front of his wife, who . . . up a stone and hit the . . . in the head, knocking