

Maitland DeSormo Lecture at LLHOA Annual General Membership Meeting

Date ?

Topic: *History of Loon Lake*

Mrs. Chase was a most unforgettable character. I think that some of you of course have heard quite a bit about her; her legend of course built up over the years until it was almost out of all proportion but in my particular case I had the opportunity and the privilege of knowing her quite well.

I grew up in Malone and during the summers from 1918 to 1930, I worked here at the Loon Lake House. When I was a kid of 12. I caddied and then you went through a regular echelon of jobs - caddy first and then tree boy and then if you went on to college you were qualified to apply for a job as bellhop and then if you were a little bit more energetic than some of the others you got some of the camps. By that I mean the jobs of serving the outer camps and also to have charge of some of the little programs around the place and to do some tutoring. From 1918 to 1930 I enjoyed this place very very much and I considered it almost my second home as did many hundreds of other people.

Now, Mrs. Chase, I want to cover that particular part of it because after all she is the subject of the lecture and your main interest. Mrs. Chase was born as many of the other hotel keepers in this area - Northern Adirondacks, and Vermont. Paul Smith was a Vermonter, Henry Allen of the Allen House in Lake Placid was a Vermonter, the Stevens brothers who ran the Stevens Hotel on Lake Placid also from Vermont. Those people knew a good thing when they saw it so they came across Lake Champlain to the Adirondacks and they abandoned the Green Mountains temporarily. Mrs. Chase was born in a little place called Jericho. Now, Jericho is just east of Essex Junction which in turn is just east of Burlington, Vermont so it's over in that general area where she grew up.

As a young girl she taught music and went around, as her private secretary told me later on, side saddle on a horse giving music lessons. When she was 19 she married Ferd Chase who came from a little place up on the New Hampshire border called Weelik Hollow, Vermont. Ferd worked for the United States and Canada railroad first as a conductor and then he was an express man and then later on had the job as station agent there in Essex Junction, Vermont. A little later on he took over the management of the Central House in Essex Junction, Vermont long since defunct, been torn down for a great many years as I found out when I visited the place couple of years ago to try to get more information about the Chases but they ran that hotel for about two years.

I have the registers for those two years. It was mostly one of the places where the drummers, the salesmen put up; it was right on Essex Junction because two railroads of course joined there but about 1872 the Chase's made their first trip over into this area. They stayed at a place - I don't know what the name of it is now - but it was known then as Loverings; Prentice Lovering -- his nickname was Payne. It was on the site of where the Wayside cottage is now

and this was more-or-less a drovers tavern on the old stagecoach route from Port Kent to Hopkinton. That was built, as those signs say along the road, there's one down on the golf course near, I think the 6th green, saying that the town was built in the 1820's possibly as a military route at the beginning, the war of 1812 of course was long since over; but it was used and troops did go back and forth from the St. Lawrence across this particular part of the State over to Lake Champlain.

Continue below.

The Chases then came over here on a couple of occasions, Ferd usually, to hunt. This was really prime hunting area; this old section was almost untouched at that time and he went back home and gave some rather glowing reports and they decided they would rather come over here.

Paul Smith had preceded them by nearly 20 years and Paul Smith incidentally got his start right down at the foot of the hill. Not the little school house but just upstream, the north branch of the Saranac from there, he built what was called Hunters Home and he ran it for about 3 years to about 1855. It was just a crude place; it would accommodate not over 8 or 10 people and they were mostly Doctors from the New York City area. One's name was Loomis and Mr. Loomis told Paul that he would have to consider building something so that the men could bring their wives up as this was altogether too crude sleeping on the floor, So Smith agreed to do this and he said of course I need some money and I need a better location; this isn't quite it. So Loomis asked him where he would like to go and he said there's a place over on lower St. Regis Lake it's all virgin timber but we can make our first money logging it; so that's exactly what happened. Paul Smith, another Vermonter, built that hotel in 1858 over there and of course you know what happened. It grew into probably the most fashionable hotel in the Adirondacks, next to one on Blue Mountain Lake - The Prospect House on Blue Mountain Lake. It was rather short lived because of a diphtheria epidemic from 1882 until 1902 and then the people didn't come back that summer because of the typhoid fever scare not diphtheria, typhoid fever. Well that's Blue Mountain Lake and Paul Smith of course built that up largely through the help of Loomis and a great many very wealthy Doctors so that he was in a position of course to really promote that area far better than Ferd Chase was this area because their personality differed entirely.

Paul Smith was a born mixer and the natural hotel man; quite a greeter, quite a story teller, quite a conniver and within about 20 years he had run a loan of \$500.00 and paid that back and he was in the millionaire class in much less than 20 years, selling real estate at \$25,000.00 a chunk on lower St. Regis and upper St. Regis but Ferd was not quite that slick an operator. Ferd was the sort of fellow who felt far more at home with guides and out with the stable help and Mrs. Chase was one of those naturals who took to business right off the reel and she was the one who master-minded this whole enterprise. Ferd at the beginning but later on he recognized the fact that she was far more astute than he was and he just was relocated to the background. Furthermore, Ferd had quite a reputation as a ladies' man so for that reason there was a very definite estrangement which started in the late 1880's and from that time on Ferd and Mrs. Chase communicated only through Charlie Stevens and only when business was the subject of conversation. She was very frosty towards him and she had very good reasons too.

The two, Mrs. Chase, Mary Chase and Ferd also differed in what they wanted for the Loon Lake House. Ferd of course thought of it as quite a money making proposition and he thought that money was made to be spent so that at the end of every successful season and they were successful from about 1885 on, fabulously successful.

Ferd would take his share of the profit and live it up and paint

continues below

the cities good and red and furthermore he built a rather elaborate hunting lodge in Northern Ontario. Ferd also before he got through went on two world cruises and the secretary, Henrietta Earl, told me that Mrs. Chase really winced when she saw those checks come back; the cancelled checkss for extremely large amounts. She of course was the thrifty soul who wanted to plow in every dollar she earned into this place, expansion, expansion, she had a mania for development and that later on cost her the place. But there was another fellow, this Charles Stevens was quite a conniver; he was a engineer who oversaw more-or-less the general development of the place. He had quite a bit to do with the plans for the place and acted more-or-less as the go-between as I said. He also was quite an informer. We always called him the submarine in the place. He took upon himself along with his other jobs as engineer to tell Mrs. Chase everything that was going on. He would go around and see who was goldbricking and who was working and give her a lengthy report and then she would send somebody out and catch the goldbricker in the act and he would have to go down and face her rath. She wanted 110¢ on every dollar she spent; she really expected to get her monies worth and she got it, she was one of those people. Well Charlie Stevens accompanied Ferd Chase on two world cruises with Chase footing the bill each time. The arrangement between the two became so strong that Ferd left Charlie Stevens half of this property in his Will and settled another \$50,000.00 long before that while as a result when Ferd died in 1916 Mrs. Chase was really up against it. She had to buyout Stevens who had to work for her, she didn't want to take orders from anybody. She wanted full control of the place. That covers quite a well know person, Charlie Stevens who died a number of years ago.

While Mrs. Chase as I said was a born organizer, she really knew how to get things done. She interviewed everybody who applied for a job and then she seldom paid any attention to them after that. She was one of those people with gimlet eyes, X-Ray eyes, she'd look right through you and size you up no problems whatsoever, if she didn't particularly like you, you weren't hired and if you did anything particularly that was harmful to animals you were through!

There were two bellhops around the place who had a passion for B-B guns and 22's later on. They had a calico cat named Spider and they took him down to Ferd Chase's deer park which was down behind where the garages used to be and that camp, Charlie Stevens' place on the left hand side as you go down toward what used to be the Jackson camp. While they were taking pot-shots at this calico cat and Stevens reported to Mrs. Chase and she said get them right up here and they were fired on the spot.

She always had a great passion for animals, particularly dogs and cats but the dogs came first, as a matter of fact she said that in her priority dogs and cats came first, men came next and women and children could share whatever affection was left over. She was also an extremely hard headed woman and as I said she wanted full mileage out of every dollar she spent. In one particular instance the laundry help decided they weren't being paid enough so a delegation went up to

see Mrs. Chase in her office and their knees were knocking all the way but one of them came up as spokesman, the others stayed outside,

Continues below

the spokesman went into the office and presented the case and said "you know it gets pretty hot and hard standing up working over an ironing board all day. We think we deserve more money" So they were threatening to strike for more money and she said "what do you want", well 25¢ more a day and she gave him a tongue lashing first and said "I know you work hard standing at the tables working, what do you expect me to believe that you were doing it standing on your head". She was one of the most sarcastic women that I have ever known but yet she never raised her voice. It was a low measured kind of sarcasm; the venom would just drip off every word she said.

There were three cases which bear this out very well. In one instance a very important, at least to him, important man and a party of friends came over one Sunday, went down the corridor to the dining room and demanded service right away. Well on Sunday the policy was, as it was every other day of the week, to serve the regular guests first and then the people who came in just for the Sunday meal. They, of course, were seated next and just about as fast as they could but this man stormed around a little bit and gave the head waiter a hard time, said he wasn't accustomed to this sort of treatment; he demanded service right away. The head waiter sent one of his men back to Mrs. Chase and said you have a problem here I can't handle it. So she went back and said what seems to be the trouble. This man said I'm so and so you've probably heard of me. I would like some service and I want it right away. She said, yes sir, you'll get it just as soon as it can be provided and she stuck him up at the head of the line and they got in first. So after the meal was over this gentleman, very expansive, blowing smoke rings out of his cigar, walked over to the desk and said I would like to see Mrs. Chase. She came out and he said Mrs. Chase I would like to have you know that was the finest meal I've ever had. I would like to come back here often. Now how much do I owe you. She said you owe me nothing sir, He said why, I can't come back here again if I don't pay you now,. She said, that's exactly the way I had it figured out. Mister, good-day.

On another occasion a woman by the name of Mrs. Vanderhoff from Philadelphia; very important family who had been coming up to this place since 1888 and they insisted upon special service and they usually got it. The matriarch of the tribe was about a 210 lb dowager and when she was in full sail she was a really impressive sight. So she'd. go in and the rest of the family, must have been 15 of them all together. They all gathered at the Vanderhoff camp so on this particular day she came in and it was raining; she forgot to take off her rubbers and that was one of the rules of the dining room, no tracking into the dining room at all, so when Laura Hart her waitress came over Mrs. Vanderhoff stuck her feet out and said take off my rubbers and the waitress said I was hired to wait on the table, I'm not your maid. She said, take them off. She [Laura] said I won't. So she [Vanderhoff] said all right we'll see about this just as soon as I have dinner we're going right down to Mrs. Chase; I'll see about this and you're

going to find out. So sure enough after dinner she filled up a full head of steam, went down to the office demanded Mrs. Chase to come out and her tone of voice was enough to get any kind of a concession

continues below (next page)

out of Mrs. Chase; but she [Mrs. Chase] wasn't that easily fooled. She knew the old gal, so she said, what seems to be the trouble and Mrs. Vanderhoff went into all the gory details about how this girl wouldn't do what she was told to do and Mrs. Vanderhoff said now this has reached the point where something has got to be done about this. "Either I go or that girl goes, or, either she goes or I go." Mrs. Chase said that's the way you want it, that's exactly the way it's going to be. "One of you is going to go." She turned to Laura and said, you stay and turned to Mrs. Vanderhoff and said, you're the one who's going. So this gives you an idea of the independent nature of the woman and it got to the point after awhile that she had such a reputation, she could be as charming as they come and the sarcasm was reserved just for special occasions but the woman was extremely charming as you will see in some of the pictures I'm going to show; but I was asked to give her the full treatment so I want to do that.

There was one other instance that I thought was quite good too. There was quite a bit of rivalry between the Loon Lake House and the Lake Placid at one time as to the quality of the meals. Melville Dewey thought that he served the best meals in the Adirondacks and Mrs. Chase was just as insistent that the Loon Lake House fair was much better. So some guests came over one Sunday for the chicken dinner and the man came out and congratulated Mrs. Chase after they had the dinner and said, that's the finest chicken dinner I've ever had, I have just one question to ask, I noticed that you served only white meat at the table. How can you do that anyways and still make money? She said well I'll tell you; we serve only the white meat we send all the dark meat, the legs and the wings over to Dewey's. So, it gives you an idea of the nature of the woman. Just a little bit more about the history of the place.

The Loon Lake House itself, as you will see from one of the early pictures, opened in 1879. As I said the Chase's had been over here before. They stayed at Payne Loverings which was the Wayside now torn down. That was torn down and the Wayside went up but it was on the same location. Then not having any money, they leased from Lovering. It had been there a considerable length of time - 10 acres right on that brow overlooking the lake and during that winter and early spring they built a very small place. I have a picture of it, a slide. It would accommodate 31 people only and from the very beginning because of the fishing. The North Branch and all these streams around here and the lakes of course were exceptionally good. They catered to hunters and fishermen mainly. Then the hunters and fishermen prevailed upon Mrs. Chase just as Dr. Loomis did with Paul Smith to make it a little bit more elaborate so their wives could come up. So they advanced a little bit of money, not too much, because she was the type of person who didn't like to become obligated to anybody. She wanted to do it on her own. But the place succeeded right from the very beginning and there is another point that very few people know and that is, that from the start Mrs. Chase did every bit of the work here in that very first year and until they had the 31 rooms occupied and she had some local help. But she did the cooking. She waited on tables and during those years they needed money desperately so she ran almost a sanitarium. She had a natural flare for nursing and probably her most important patient was the wife of President Benjamin Harrison.

She [Mrs. Harrison] contracted one ailment in Cape Maine, N.J., and came up here in 1892 and Harrison came up here on two occasions afterwards.

You won't find him in the register though, but there were articles in the Plattsburgh paper and he spoke at Saranac Lake..On these two occasions he was very reluctant to talk but he did come up here to visit his wife. She later died. But after about 1882 she [Mrs. Chase] gave up the work of trying to cure tubercular patients and she knew that would discourage a great many other people. So by that time Dr. Trudeau was in full stride over at Saranac Lake and that was being pretty well taken care of. He could take in a great many of the consumptives. But from 1882 on, the place was doing pretty well but just before that they were having really hard sledding. On one occasion they were so low on money that they got into the buckboard and travelled all one day and part of the night to get to Ausable Forks where a business firm, J & J Rodgers, who developed the iron mines and pulp mills in the Saranac Valley, trusted them for a couple of barrels of flour and staples. They came back and that got them going. They were able to feed their guests so they could get some money back in. I know that most of you have stopped at the Merrill Bar down here. I don't know how many of you know that that was a tavern on the Port Kent to Hopkinton stage route also at one time.

That big red building was the Littlejohn Tavern at one time and Jim Littlejohn is buried right in that cemetery. Incidentally, Paul Smith's father and mother are both buried in that little cemetery there at Merrillville. They both lived to be into their 90's. Paul Smith of course was buried over there at St. John's in the wilderness right near the campus, Paul Smith's College. But Littlejohn also staked them, grub; staked them many, many times. As a matter of fact when they were building the hotel, he sent some of his sons and some of his help over to help with the construction of it. He advanced them. He trusted them for the lumber. He used to send over sides of beef and chickens and oats and hay. He kept them going. That leads up to a fairly interesting story too to show you how times have changed.

Jim Littlejohn, Jr., his son, who used to be one of the coaches at St. Lawrence University, told me that his father of course had been quite friendly with Mrs. Chase but something had happened and he wanted to find out what had happened to this very pleasant relationship. So he came over in the late 1920's and went in and introduced himself and she came out. Then she heard the name and just about flabbergasted them with her cordiality and she said if it hadn't been for your father the Loon Lake House never would have gotten off the ground. She said he was wonderful to us and she said I've never forgiven myself for what I did to him. Well, Jim said, I've heard a lot about this. Just exactly what did you do? Well, Mrs. Chase said, I made a big mistake at one time and I was too proud to apologize. The story was this. At about 1881 when the first of these buildings, as you'll see when I start showing the slides, had been put up, Mrs. Chase, loving all animals had a pet bear. The thing was pretty well grown by that time. So she built a little hut for it outside for it to hibernate in. Well, some of the local guides and farmers who used to get crooked regularly at Ferd Chase's bar in

the original Loon Lake House thought it would be a lot of fun to drag this bear out of hibernation. It was chained in so they took the chain off, disattached it, and took it into the place and in their drunken stupor, they were having a great time with the bear, coaxing it and prodding it and the thing really came out of hibernation fast and the men went out of that room even faster. Well, just at that time Jim Littlejohn arrived on the scene, opened the front door and the bear wheeled around - the men had just left. It [the bear] saw Littlejohn and came for him and boy. He was in an ugly mood. Littlejohn didn't know what to do so he ducked around behind the stove and grabbed a poker that they used to poke the block wood in the stove to defend himself and that bear came pretty close several times and ripped off most of his clothes but Littlejohn succeeded in beating **it** to death with the poker. Well, Mrs. Chase found out that Littlejohn had killed her pet bear, so she didn't wait for any explanation at all. She said get out of here I don't want to see you again as long as I live, for as long as you live for that matter. Well, Littlejohn left the place anyway and it was years before Mrs. Chase finally admitted her mistake and that was the reason she was so pleasant and so cordial and so eager to do anything. She said come and stay all summer if you want to, She said to Littlejohn Jr. Well this gives you a little idea about the place.

From being more-or-less a sanitarium, it started to take hold and they started to build and finally about 1901 they were having problems, sewage problems mainly. Prior to that, they dumped their sewage. Here's your start of your pollution - dumped the sewage right into Loon Lake. Then the health authorities complained. Then the neighbors complained and everybody complained - people on the Lake complained, naturally. So they decided they had to do something about it once and for all. They built little cess pools in the area but they overflowed and they still contaminated the Lake this end of it anyway. So they decided they would have to lick this problem once and for all. They contracted with a firm by the name of Callahan and Keezo, The man came up, Len Merrill, You probably heard that name he was a local guide and the number one engineer in the State - at one time surveyor. He was number one man at the State Conservation Department. Well, Merrill surveyed for this thing and they started down at the laundry and at first this thing was over about 3/4 mile they had to go.

They started down at the laundry. First it was an open trench then, as they came up the hill, the thing went under the golf course over here down past the bar and as they came up the hill of course they found problems. They couldn't make open trenches and they had to start digging in, tunneling. While finally the tunneling reached the point where it was 92 feet below the surface and they had the problem of course of getting the dirt out. So then they had to work with lights, kerosene and there wasn't enough air in the tunnel, so they had to build what they call breathers. Well, they built two of them. They start at each end as I told you and they had a breather for one end and a breather for the other end - cost them \$5.00 a foot to go through just dirt and \$10.00 a foot. This was 1901 too, to go through the rock and they met in the middle right on target. Well to get the dirt out and the rock out of the tunnel they devised a little method such as used in the iron mines. They built a little track. They had a little brought it in. It was drawn by a donkey. A little burrow they got

from the west someplace via the Harkness Mines down there at Ausable Forks. Well, that little burrow never saw the light of day sometimes, it would work just before daylight until the men were in there just before dark. It took them about a year and a half to build that thing. Finally they built a great big disposal pit. If I haven't forgotten the measurements, it was 100 feet long, 30 feet wide and 15 feet deep,- still leakage, still sewage of course that went into the North Branch of the Saranac.

The only people around were the people in a little settlement called Goldsmith, down the river. that used to be a sizeable little town.- 15 or 20 buildings of sawmills, gristmills, charcoal kilns. It was a thriving little place. Okay, then Mrs. Chase, from an original beginning of the 10 acres, finally built up an estate of 4,000 acres around here from the original little hotel they built in 1892 and Annex No.1. The big one torn down; then the Irish cottage which was Annex No.2 and then they started putting the cottages up until they had 53 of them all together, the biggest of which became Seven Keys later on.

That was built in 1906 by a man named Ziegler from Philadelphia. The cost figures vary I've heard \$200,000.00 I've heard \$300,000.00.It's somewhere in-between anyway because that was a tremendous place in its day. Then later on that became Graylock,. Camp Graylock in the 1920's was a very swanky girls camp but the girls used to come up to the hotel occasionally for meals and to get their mail and they distracted everybody else in the place. They were the forerunners I believe of the miniskirt rage that's going on at present. So these girls apparently distracted so many of the help particularly that they weren't doing their jobs very well so she [Mrs. Chase] put a stop to that and she bought out Graylock and later used it as an overflow place for the hotel. Well it kept building and building up until 1912 I've been told the place had an assessed evaluation or at least a selling price of a million and a half dollars and Statler of the Statler hotel chain offered her that money but she refused to accept it. This was her life and as a matter of fact I don't think she left the place - this was according to her maid, June Jarvis. She didn't leave the place over five times from 1879 until her death in 1933. She had a sister who lived in Plattsburg. She went down to her funeral; she accompanied her husband's body as far as Plattsburg when he died in 1916 and I think she went to Plattsburg once and Burlington just once on very urgent business. She stayed here the rest of the time - didn't want to go anywhere Else; couldn't be persuaded to.

Well, the place grew and grew like topsy until finally at the end of World War 1. About 1919, cars started to get more and more common and the Adirondack vacation plans changed because the success of this hotel depended on people staying all summer and usually they came just about this time of the year for the July weekend and left Labor Day weekend - the great exodus Labor Day weekend but during that time they had anywhere from 500. The biggest season of all 1929 just before the crash there were about 800 people here in the hotel and in the cottages and some of the babies were sleeping in the bureau drawers, the accommodations got that crowded. But the crash really cleaned

her out but as I said during that period vacation plans changed and people wouldn't spend a whole summer. Prior to that they would come up the Northern New York railroad, which was the Adirondack division of the New York Central. Webblines were put through here

See below-next page

in 1892 and of course the railroad from Plattsburg through here, the Chateaugay Railroad, later part of B&H to Lake Placid was built just before that so down at Loon Lake station we had two railroads within 20 yards of each other, the New York Central from Utica right through to Montreal and the B&H which swung right close there. There are two stations for two railroads right there together, one of them is the Wild Goose Club place now. It was a station over there too. That's where Webb kept a lot of his workers on the Adirondack division of the New York Central. While this place, as I said the, started to go downhill, about that time because people wanted to cover a lot of territory to get a lot of mileage under their car wheels before the summer was over, that reason and the crash of '29 and two very very foolish bequests.

The head waiter was a philosophy professor at Syracuse University and I think he was a better head waiter than he was a philosophy professor, but be that as it may, he persuaded Mrs. Chase to lend him \$40,000.00 to start a laundry in Syracuse. But he picked the wrong year in which to start and he was no business man to begin with and he lost his shirt as well as her \$40,000.00 in a hurry; and even more sour or sourer, call it anything you want, to a deal came when one of the bellhops, a fellow by the name of Frank Hayes the night bellman, talked her into advancing \$150,000.00 to start an airport. This guy knew nothing about planes or anything else but he thought that since airports were being built and he liked planes even though he knew nothing about them, wasn't a manager, had no management experience whatsoever. So he proceeded to lose the \$150,000.00. So the \$190,000.00. In 1930 she was back exactly \$250,000.00. She owed a quarter of a million dollars. \$190,000.00 would have been covered by those loans that she foolishly made just a couple of years before.

Well when the crash came, the place in 1930 went into receivership. This was the last summer I was there and I could see it sliding downhill awfully fast. It went into receivership and in the Fall of 1932 her secretary told me that Mrs. Chase was called in by the Referee in Bankruptcy and told that she would perfectly welcome to stay here as long as she wanted to but she had nothing more to say about the management of the Loon Lake House. Henrietta told me that that was the only time she had seen Mrs. Chase cry and the tears just came down. She lasted only a year after that. Her heart was broken. On January 19, 1933, after a seige of pneumonia which lasted about two weeks, she died and she left in her Will which was made a number of years before some very large bequests. A fellow named Steve Leonard, one of her head cooks, was supposed to get \$10,000.00. Others who worked for her a long time were to get various sums. When it came time to probate the Will there wasn't a cent to be shared, not a nickel. She was absolutely, utterly cleaned out. Nothing at all.

According to her Will too she gave orders that she wanted no fuss no church service nothing. Something happened in her youth, she had been a fairly regular attendant at a Baptist Church over Essex Junction, Vermont but something soured her on Ministers and religion. So as a result she practiced what she called a type of very practical

charity and she didn't have any particularly strong religious beliefs whatsoever. So as a result she didn't want any part of the church service. She died on a Friday and was buried on a Saturday

the next day. Nothing, just get me in the ground as fast as possible - that's what she told the secretary and so specified in the Will. So they buried her the next day but all that day after the news came out she died, about noon and from then until Sunday the phones were ringing constantly down there and they wanted to know whether the funeral could be delayed or when the funeral is going to be. The funeral has already been held. Oh, we're sorry to hear about it. People from all over the Nation wanted to come and pay their respects to her but they took her over anyway to Jericho, Vermont where she was buried. About three years ago I went over and tried to find out where the place was and there's not even a marker in the cemetery. She was buried in the Howell lot and that's what it was. So far I haven't been able to find a thing, it was a rainy day and there was three Howell plots but I was not able, no stone whatsoever. This was a woman with very decided beliefs. Well, I think I've told you just about everything that I can about Ferd Chase; I think I've covered that quite well. There's a lot of other things that could be said but, oh, there's one other point that I want to make clear.

As I said she wanted to get full mileage out of every dollar that she spent so she, well, there was one particular occasion; I don't want to overlook this one. There was a fellow by the name of Bob Wood who was the head waiter in the chauffeurs dining room and Mrs. Chase even though she was anything but a soft touch for any charitable purpose put doctors mostly but a few engineers and lawyers through college. This was the way that she handled whatever benefactions she wanted to take care of and she paid the way, the full college medical careers of at least 40 I know of. Somebody said the figure reached 200, I think it was 40; probably 100 was closer. Some girls who wanted to become doctors some boys, mostly Vermonters and Northern New Yorkers, a few engineers and a few lawyers but one fellow tried to play it a little too cagey. She was paying his way through St. Lawrence University and in the chauffeurs dining room the tips weren't as good as they were for the bellhops or the waitresses so Mrs. Chase wanted to take care of that. So she was shrewd. She said I want an itemized bill every month of your college expenses so he'd supply her with the bills and Mrs. Chase noticed an item that caught her eye -- laundry services and then it turned out that the boy was paying his mother to do his laundry and she expected Mrs. Chase to reimburse him so that he could pay his mother and when she found that out that the mother wasn't even willing to do that much toward the education the checks stopped very abruptly after that. Well, that gives an idea of what the woman was.

She believed firmly in Reincarnation- they call it in Greek(I had two years of it) transmigration of souls. She was very kind to animals because she had the belief of the ancient Egyptians and the Syrians and Hindus did, that when a person died perhaps the soul of that person in the next existence would have the body of a crocodile or a monkey or whatever it happened to be, or a dog in her case. So she was taking no chances whatsoever. Those animals she loved to the point where while the donkey that hauled the dirt out of the tunnel that donkey got old in her service, blind and when she found out

that the poor thing was that far gone she said it's worked as long as it's going to, it's given its eye-sight to me, that donkey is going to live the life of Riley. Well it did but it finally got so

continues on next page. See below.

it couldn't even stand up on its four legs and she had it chloroformed. One other pet was Orefie. Orefie was a parrot; it came from Europe - a family who stayed here and they gave it to Mrs. Chase. While this thing was the most cantankerous creature I have ever seen in my life, a bird cage wasn't big enough. They put it in a monkey cage and one of the bellhops, a fellow by the name of Walter Malarney of Malone, taught that parrot a few words that didn't belong in its vocabulary and he also taught it, to say "tip the bellboys, tip the bellboys". She used to keep it in a cage right beside the main desk. She heard about that; the thing went over into her quarters. Well this thing I saw it one day put one claw on a Montgomery Ward catalog, the other claw underneath it and proceed to rip until it shredded that catalog. Once in a while somebody not knowing the creatures savage nature would stick a finger in and be minus the tip but Mrs. Chase loved it. She thought it was a fine creature. While as a result when she knew she wasn't going to be long for this world she asked June Jarvis to take care of it. She said you're the only person I trust it with. June said, I don't want any part of it; she said this as diplomatically as possible. Mrs. Chase said all right if you don't want it I want it to be with me. They chloroformed it and put it in the casket with her and that also is in the graveyard over in Jericho.

I'm giving you all the details so that you'll have a complete picture. I noticed that I've talked long enough, I'll go through these slides fairly fast and then if you have any questions afterward I'll be delighted to answer as many as I can. I won't guarantee all of them.