



Contributed to Maine Memory Network by Maine Historical Society
(Coll. 2216, Box 1/4)
Date: 1937
Description: History of the Parmachenee Club.

SEVERO MALLET-PREVOST
HARRIS D. COLT
HENRY MOSLE
HUGO KOHLMANN
HENRY A. STICKNEY
OTTO SCHOENRICH
JESSE KNIGHT
DAVID A. EMBURY
HAMILTON HICKS
JOHN H. WILLENBROK
FRASER M. HORN
JOHN E. LOCKWOOD
GEORGE A. REISS
DUDLEY B. BONSAI
EUGENE W. GOODWILLIE
MILO A. BORGES
WENDELL W. FORBES
VERNON R. Y. LYNN
CLARENCE U. CARRUTH, JR.
ROBERT C. FULTON, JR.

CURTIS, MALLET-PROVOST, COLT & MOSLE
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW
63 WALL ST., NEW YORK 5, N.Y.
TELEPHONE WHITEHALL 4-2062
CABLE ADDRESS "MIGNIARD"

Dear Harry
As you have been many times
at the Parmachenee Club in the North Western
corner of Maine and know it only in what
one may say in its old time age it occurs to
me that you may perhaps be interested in hearing
something of its younger days.
The first time I visited the club was in 1896. With
your grand mother Colt we spent two or three weeks
there in the month of September. Access was usually
via Colebrook N.H. One could reach the Monadnock
Hotel by train in the evening and an early
start had to be made the next morning. By
appointment Fred Flint of Wilsons Mills was
always impatient to leave about six o'clock.
Prayer for fair weather was in order because
the drive in a buckboard was not very
comfortable on a rainy day.
At Dixville Notch there was a small inn or
located
rather a boarding house ^ where the large Bal-
sams Hotel now stands. Flint despised breaks
so on the descent in the Notch, which by the way
was very steep, he tried a front wheel and
we practically coasted down the road which
was more exciting than nerve soothing.
Luncheons were an unknown meal in
those days and I believe still are in Maine

except in the summer hotels but hearty dinners were served at Errol Dam by Mrs Fred Allen who was a famous cook. You recall the road along the Androscogin River North from the dam which is a delightful drive but ^{when} we first travelled it in the Spring it was flooded by the river and luggage had to be above the floor of the buckboard, on leaving the river the road ascended and descended a steep hill whereas now it winds around it. Invariably I thought of the old song "The Noble Duke of York" had 10,000 men, he marched them up the hill one day and marched them down again" On reaching Wilsons Mills it was ^{home} necessary to transfer the luggage to a sled and sportsmen walked on what was called a trail but actually was more like a dry brook which led to the Magalloway River. Not far from where the Aziscohos Dam now stands was a small drivers dam where we boarded a small steam boat named the Black Cat. Navigation was difficult because of sunken logs - called dead heads? - and more than once ship wrecks occurred! Some 12 or 15 miles up the winding Magalloway we had the Meadows Camp, now many feet under the surface of Aziscohos Lake. If sportsmen came from Berlin Falls, as it was

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then called, the first night was spent at Dummer. The house was kept by a red headed man whose name I have forgotten who was a famous story teller. Later the house was destroyed by fire and cabins now have been erected on the site. From the Meadows Camp the trip to Caribou, as the camp in Parmachenee was called, was made by canoe and on foot. On foot is literal because if the river was low a good part of the distance was by wading and from the landing, so called, a five mile walk to the Lake. If the river water was sufficiently high the hike was only 3 miles. Caribou was very primitive compared to its present condition. There were only two cabins, Moose next to Caribou and a small one next to the dining room. The other beds were in a building called Caribou, since replaced, with a number of rooms small and not heated. The main building was three stories high, the room on top being known as "sky top". The assembly room, where all people gathered at night to swap their fish stores, was what later became the library. The Superintendent occupied the room immediately below*. For years he was a Frenchman from Notre Dieu du Bois now known as Chesham and a very competent woods man. All the "help" were

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[written on left side]

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French, in those days we maintained a hatchery at the farm. At the end of the fishing season seines were used to collect the spawning fish and between ^{and five} one hundred ^{thousand} trout were hatched every year.

Maintenance of the hatchery was so expensive it was later given up and trout and salmon fry were purchased.

In this connection I must mention one particular trout weighing some six pounds & over called the hump backed trout. It was seined several years and recognized because of the deformity. I also this fish released - after it had been stuffed, returned to the lake and that same evening it was again taken on a spawning bed near the Little Boys Falls. That year the water was so low that to get to the spawning bed its dorsal fins must have been out of water at Wells' Riffs.

The Outlet was one of the best fishing grounds and where some of our largest fish have been taken. One year Buckman had a lumber operation and falling water made driving impossible so he boomed the loop from the dam to the outlet. Apparently the deposit of bark from the loop has destroyed or changed the bed of the stream so that fish no longer are found there in any quantity.

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Caribou could not accomodate the number of members & guests wishing accommodations and reliance on the back camps was essential. We had 7 camps, Rump Moose, Barkers, Upper Lower Arnolds and the Forks. These were furnished with the exception of food and a stay, usually of one night, was made at each camp.

Record of occupancies was kept at Caribou so accidents and inconveniences were avoided. With the exception of Rump all these camps have disappeared, most of them having been destroyed by lumber operations. Caribou was an official post office and I recall that Clinton Bennett then a small young boy carried the mail from the Meadows to Caribou. His father Daniel Bennett was my guide on my first visit.

I built my cabin ^{the last erected} during the first ^{World} war year altho some of the guides predicted that the spring floods would float it off. Although the hurricane of ¹⁹¹⁷ lifted the roof and deposited it in Indian Cove it still stands

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