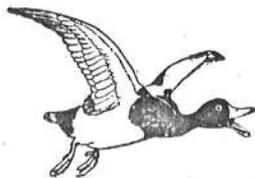


# FIELD AND STREAM

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## KAMP KILL KARE

THE ADIRONDACK HOME OF HON. TIMOTHY L. WOODRUFF

BY HENRY WELLINGTON WACK

KAMP KILL KARE PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEO. P. HALL & SON

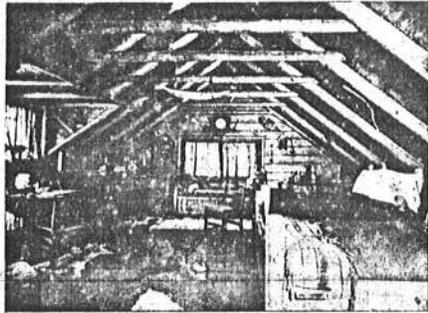
**W**AS it Napoleon who said, "That man's soul mounts highest whose toil lies nearest the soil"? I think not! Napoleon has been made to father many an epigram which he never conceived. In the hundred memoirs whose inspiration he was, fancy plays the greater part; at least that is my opinion and as it can make no difference to Napoleon, I'll let it stand. Perhaps Josh Billings hit the sentiment off a little more loosely in the vernacular when he said: "Gittin' back to Nature is the human critter's habit—when he's normal."

The inspiration for these quotations is the Adirondack camp of the Hon. Timothy L. Woodruff. The time was last November and the occasion a house party comfortably lounging before a huge grate fire in Kamp Kill Kare, which in its site and appointments is one of the most picturesque and commodious wilderness retreats in the country.

November 5th, 1902, had dawned on the success of the Republican party in the State of New York. Somebodies were saying "they had their doubts"; "'twa'n't so!" and the crier of "fraud" was abroad before breakfast, but the

votes were quietly having their say recorded and it was soon apparent that the man from Newburg would continue at the same old stand in Albany for another four and twenty months. The strain and dust and din and talk and spending had wrecked the liver of every leader on either side of the pow-wow. All parties were fagged and fevered and the time had come to "waltz away," as I hear them say in Little Hungary on the East Side.

Into a special car at the Grand Central Station a small company of interesting men and women was gathering just as the last edition of the evening papers arrived clinching election reports in favor of the Republican nominee. The oldest porter on the New York Central stood at the step, helping the ladies into the car, while an attaché of the road superintended the proceedings and saw the party off on the tick of the clock. The hosts were Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. T. L. Woodruff and the company was composed of Governor and Mrs. Benj. B. Odell, Robert C. Morris and Mrs. Morris, Judge and Mrs. Gaynor, Wm. W. Barnes of Albany; Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wellington Wack, of



GUEST CHAMBER IN WOOD BROWN

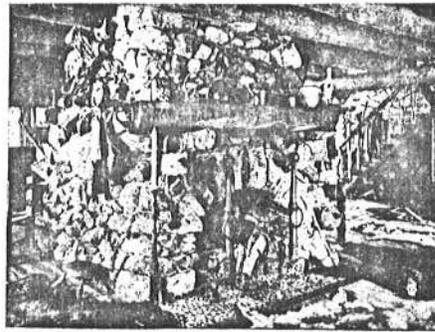
to greet Governor Odell before, albeit I had heard and read much of him. If one had the supineness to believe all the American newspapers print of a public man, I should have been prepared to meet a different kind of person than the quiet, magnetic gentleman from Newburg. The American press, more than any I have observed abroad, seems to be destructive in principle rather than constructive. It is a species of Iconoclast, forever demolishing every reader's preconception of the leaders in our national life. When every political factor in both parties has been hammered into pulp and the work of bludgeoning and maceration lags for lack of raw material, few American newspaper readers know whether Mr. Roosevelt and



MR. WOODRUFF'S PRIVATE OFFICE IN BUTTER-CUP YELLOW

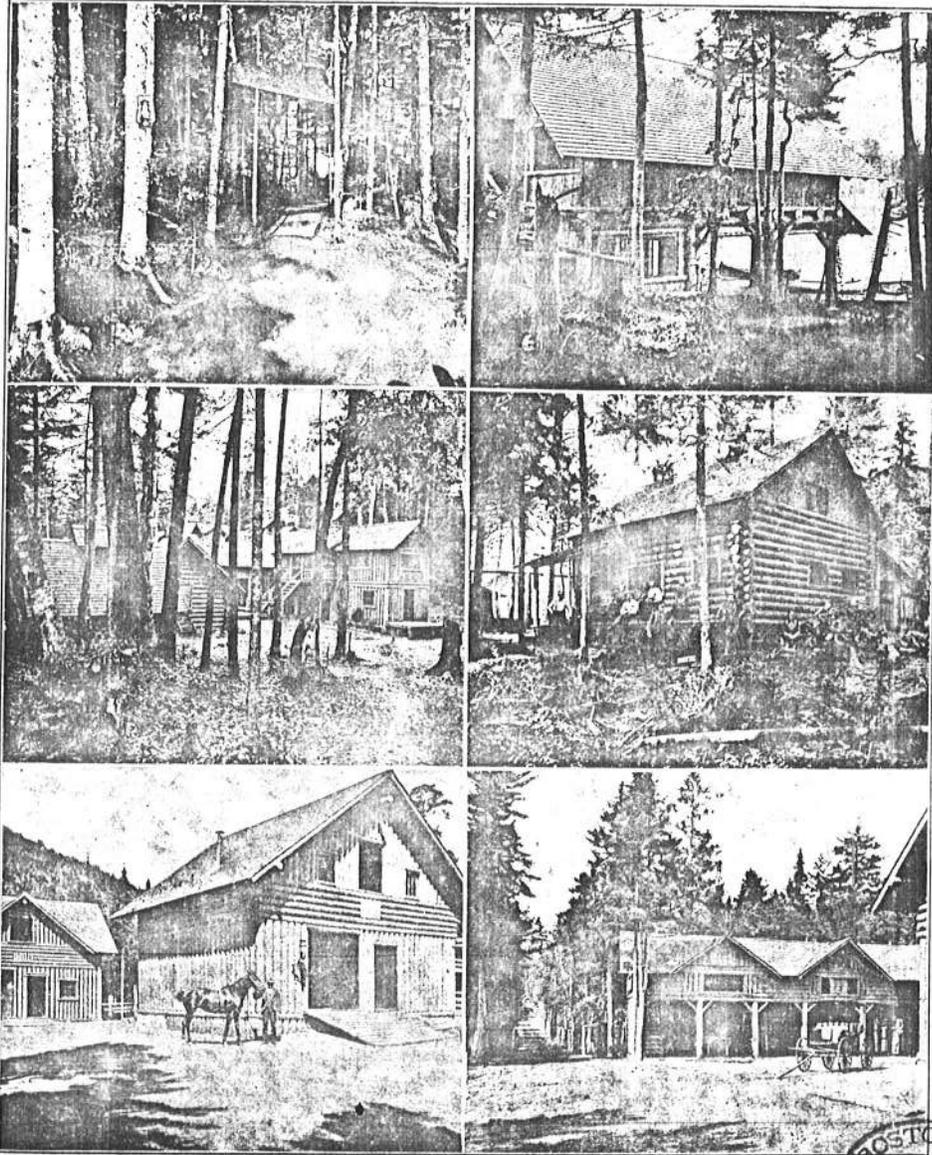
Mr. Odell are white, black or yellow in complexion, whether they have been convicted of murder and arson or elected to the highest offices in the gift of the country. When, therefore, I had opportunity of observing Governor Odell at close range, as I had often observed his host, Mr. Woodruff, I mused upon the days when I was a political reporter, painting fair men foul and foul men fair to conform to the sordid policies of my publisher and to meet the exigencies of party strife.

In a man's recreation you generally see him more plainly than in the market place. Kamp Kill Kare has had many notable politicians and State offi-

CENTER FIREPLACE IN KABIN  
"KARE KILLED A KAT—HERE WE KILL KARE"

cial in its cosy fold. Former Governor Black, Mr. Platt and a hundred other distinguished men have enjoyed its trails and lakes and rivers and its dinners in the evening glow when a strenuous or an idle day has been spent. If need there should be, seventy guests can be housed at Mr. Woodruff's camp. Think of such a summer party dotting the lake with canoe, barge, boat, and the fanciful gondolas which reached the camp from Italy last year.

On an island five hundred yards from the camp shore, Mr. Woodruff has erected a large casino which he calls the "Kabin." This is a symposium of sport, equipped with all that the heart of man might crave for amusement. There are phonographs, ping-pong tables, an Aeolian piano, a library, a buffet stocked with every "medicinal com-



1. PATH FROM BRIDGE TO KABIN, WITH LOG ARCH  
 3. KITCHEN, TOOL AND ICE HOUSES, ETC.  
 5. MAIN BARN AND SHEDS

2. BOAT HOUSE AND BACHELORS' QUARTERS  
 4. GUIDES' AND SERVANTS' QUARTERS  
 6. WAGON SHEDS AND DEER PARK



fort" known to "mixology"; a fishing corner, a trapper's corner, all sorts of nooks and corners made bewilderingly interesting with mounted specimens of fur, fin and feather. Great white bear rugs strew the polished floor; mountain

lion, wolf, tiger and black bear skins lie about in profusion. Here is a birch canoe filled with pungent spruce boughs to form a divan where John Woodruff's chums from Yale may drift into the Land o' Nod after lunch. There near

the huge fireplace are long Dutch oak settees contributed by Senator W. J. La Roche. Overhead are spears, assagai, guns, rods and a thousand emblems of the chase. It is a sportsman's dream "come true"!

The hunting and fishing at Lake Kora are excellent. Sportsmen do not measure their sport at the mouth of the game bag, but even such would find gratification at Kill Kare. The lake is stocked with brook trout—now five and six years old—and it is the only lake thereabouts which permits stocking of the *Salmo Salvelinus*. It averages only a few feet in depth and is but eighteen feet in its deepest channel. A catch of twenty two-and-a-half and three-pound trout an hour is not an extraordinary performance.

The subjects of this sketch reached camp on the evening of November 6th, driving in from Racquet Lake. Camp fires, within and without the log buildings were aflame with a warmth and welcome that was weird and beautiful. The best caterer in New York could not excel the dinner in flavor, variety and service. Then the star-strewn night, the moon and the lake, the hoot of the cock owl and the crackle and sputter of the birch-wood fires along the shore. On both sides of the long rustic way leading to the "Kabin" various-colored hanging lanterns cast their flitting lights upon the shimmering lake; here and there in the groves and along the lawn paths, Japanese lamps glinted and glowed as if in Fairyland; the night was gorgeous in this lovely spot between the Green Top and Whakely Mountain peaks and down along the rush-grown bed of the Moose River.

Early on Friday morning, Jack McSweeney, the major domo of the camp, reported in the kitchen that a naked lunatic had been seen in the lake below the boat-house. The supposition was that the gentleman had wandered in his sleep or quarreled with his wife. There had been a fearful slapping of bare skin and a sound similar to that which a walrus makes on going in and out of water. The boat-house landing had just been

examined and was found to be covered with newly-frozen ice over an area sixty feet square; the side of the boathouse facing it was also bespattered with ice and the trees around it for eight hundred yards were in a like condition. There had either been a geyser or a tidal wave during the night. The mystery was deepening when Dave McSweeney, the boss, nosed out a trail of two huge foot prints from the boat landing. These led to a room in the boathouse where, on entering, Dave found the writer combing his half-frozen hair like any other man who loves a cold bath on a crisp, frosty morning so near the heart of Nature.

On Friday evening Mr. Morris returned to camp and reported that he had killed a fine yearling doe—just to provide the company with a morsel of succulent venison. The other members of the party reported no game bagged. The next day Judge Gaynor shot the largest doe seen that season on Whakely Mountain and had a fine chance at another, which, with proper sportsman's feeling, he refused to accept. On Sunday resort was had to the canoes on the lake; ping-pong and other quiet exercises were enjoyed by the civilized members of the party, while the writer, who is one hundred and fifty per cent. Indian, stuck to the hunting trail in search of the buck no one had so far seen.

On Monday, Senator Joe Aulds walked over from Beaver Creek, pointed his rifle at a mountain and hit a doe, "bustin'"—as Maxim, the guide, said—"her career." The poor thing was brought into camp on the back of Joe Grennan, who, as he hung it beside Judge Gaynor's large quarry, said: "Dat petit doe mak' one grand meesteck when she try walk over Meester Ald!" Then he told the story to his mates down in the guide lodge while the Senator told another story when toasting his wet shins before a fire where all guests had congregated awaiting that welcome droning knell, the dinner gong at seven.

On Tuesday Maxim and I decided to hunt over a trail which none of the party had so far traversed. We crossed