

PINEHURST LODGE

The lodge stands on the shore of First Christopher Lake, near South Brookfield, and a private driveway leads to it from the paved Liverpool-Annapolis highway at the point where the stream from First Christopher runs into the west end of Pohnhook Lake. It was built during or before the First World War by a Queens County man named Byron Macleod, who also acquired the stretch of fine pine and other timber-land between the main highway and the lake.

Macleod had made a little money in the States, and he built the lodge with the intention of operating a luxurious hunting camp for well-to-do American sportsmen. At that time there was excellent trout fishing and moose hunting in this region. During the 1920's he gave up the idea and offered the whole estate for sale.

In the winter of 1923-24 a Liverpool man, Captain Laurie Mitchell, was employed as a sporting goods salesman by the New York firm of Abercrombie & Fitch. There he met a whimsical ~~hatted~~ bearded customer enquiring about suitable clothing and equipment for a prolonged hunting and fishing excursion in Canada. The customer gave his name as Lou Keyte, (pronounced KEET) ~~and~~ ^{he} said he was going to Canada at once; and that he wished to buy a comfortable sporting lodge, accessible by motor car, and not too far from a town.

Mitchell described to him Pinehurst Lodge in Queens County, Nova Scotia, and Keyte declared it was just what he was looking for. He persuaded Mitchell to obtain a fortnight's leave from Abercrombie & Fitch and accompany him to the spot. They arrived in Liverpool in February 1924, and Keyte took a room at the Mersey Hotel. The Annapolis road was deep in snow, passable only for horses and sleighs. (There were no paved roads in Nova Scotia then, and no snow-ploughs outside the towns.) Mitchell took Keyte by horse and sleigh to see the spot, and this eccentric American immediately bought the lodge and estate from Macleod. Presumably he paid Mitchell a fee or commission, and that was that. Mitchell returned to his job in New York.

Keyte spent the rest of the winter at the Mersey Hotel, ^{in Liverpool,} making plans for a complete renovation and refurnishing of the lodge, which could not be attempted until the roads were fit for motor traffic, towards the end of April. He found time heavy on his hands; he was obviously a city type, and the life in a small Canadian country town, especially in winter, impressed him as very dull indeed.

He was an odd sight in Liverpool. A middle-aged man, of pasty complexion, wearing ~~large~~ ~~rimmed~~ rimmed glasses, and with a thick black beard covering his jaws and upper lip. The town barbers kept the beard trim in a style like that of the British Navy. He was ~~quite~~ ^{quite} very dapper in dress, always wore spats and usually a white waistcoat. He bought a fur coat to fend off the winter air. His invariable headgear was a bowler hat. He was well spoken and affable in a suave sort of way. There was no trace of foreign accent. He spoke the flat idiom of the American Middle West to perfection. He mentioned casually that he had made a good deal of money in land speculation.

At that time a group of Liverpool young men had formed a small dance orchestra, calling themselves "The Bambalinas" after the name of a fox-trot popular then. The leader was Merrill Rawding, who long afterwards became a Minister of Highways in the N.S. Government. He played one of the saxophones. All these lads wore tuxedo suits on dance nights, and they put on a dance every Saturday night in the Assembly Room of the town hall. The dances were cheerful informal affairs but quite decorous. Anyone could buy a ticket and dance, but these affairs were patronized almost entirely by the better-class young people of the town, and even the strictest of Mammias regarded them with approval.

Lou Keyte soon found his way to the dance hall, got someone to introduce him right and left, and sent out to a restaurant for sandwiches, confectionery and coffee for everyone. This made him popular at once. At the next Saturday dance he did the same thing. And now he began to dance himself, at first inviting

only the plainer and older girls who could not get partners for every dance. He was polite and smiling, and he was an excellent dancer. It wasn't long before he was dancing with the prettiest girls in the room. They thought it rather a lark. Everyone knew by this time that he was a bachelor millionaire. He told them that he had purchased Pinehurst Lodge and intended to live there; and he talked of the fine dinners and parties he would give.

I met him at one of these dances. I was working in the Milton pulp mill ^{office,} up the river, but I always went to town on Saturday nights to see the movie and take in the dance. He was very affable to me, as he was to all the young people. He deplored the lack of amusement through the rest of the week and said he felt sorry for us. Then he invited ~~Franklin~~ fourteen to a week-day dinner and dance at Bridgewater, thirty miles away. It was now May and the roads were good, but of course Pinehurst was in the hands of a swarm of carpenters and decorators and would not be ready for occupancy for two or three months.

Keyte included two young matrons for chaperones, and he engaged ~~xx~~ all the taxis in the town (six) to convey us to Bridgewater and back. My partner was a Liverpool girl, and we were given a taxi to ourselves. On the seat of each car was a box of expensive chocolates and several packages of cigarettes. We had a ^{private} dinner at the Fairview Hotel in Bridgewater. Keyte had selected the menu and had special menu cards printed for the occasion. ~~XXXXX~~ He had engaged a bedroom for the ladies' use as a powder room, and another for the young men, where (in spite of Prohibition) there were bottles of whiskey and liquers.

At the dinner's end, and before we went on to the dance, I passed one of the menu cards about the table and asked everyone to sign it, for a souvenir. All did -- except Keyte. I insisted, however. Finally, with an odd little grin, he took up the pen, went over the list of signatures, and stopped at that of Roxie Smith, a handsome girl from South Brookfield. Beside her name he wrote -- or rather printed -- " and Lou Keyte." I thought nothing of it at the time, but later on I realized two things about that gesture. Keyte, a connoisseur of women, had marked down Roxie as a target. (She disappointed him, however, then and afterwards.) And Keyte never signed his name to anything. He printed it. Even his ^{signature} at the bank in Liverpool was done in this fashion, with a quaint style that at first sight looked almost like handwriting. None of the letters were joined.

All that summer the work at Pinehurst went on, and Keyte bought a flashy and expensive Franklin car and hired a chauffeur to take him back and forth. Apart from the changes in the lodge itself, Keyte built a large boathouse and filled it with skiffs and canoes for the amusement of his guests. He had tons of sand hauled from the coast to make a bathing beach on the shore of the lake. He hired a staff of servants, including an excellent chef.

1924

On a day in September, he gave a grand house-warming party, inviting practically everyone he knew in Queens County, male and female, old and young. I was one. There was a smart orchestra, fetched from The Pines hotel at Digby. A huge punch-bowl, constantly replenished. A most elaborate supper. For those who wished stronger drinks there was a bedroom in the north turret, stacked with assorted spirits and wines.

When we arrived we saw a beautiful young woman, dressed in white from head to foot. She was seated at one end of the big living-room. Keyte took us to her and said, "Let me introduce a dear friend of mine, Miss ... Miss... Miss White!" She made a little conversation and seemed a quiet and intelligent person, but she ~~was~~ kept in the background during the party. She was an American, apparently from New York.

Everybody had a grand time at the party, and several Liverpool business men got gloriously drunk in the turret room. At 1 a.m. everybody sang "For He's A Jolly Good Fellow" and departed. Everybody, that is, except Donald (now Senator) Smith of Liverpool, myself, and two American girls, summer visitors at Mill

Village, who had taken us to Pinehurst in their car. Keyte said to us, "Don't go. It's a lovely night. Stay and talk with me for a while."

We sat on the steps looking out on the lake for an hour after the rest ~~of~~ of the party had gone home. "Miss White" apparently had gone to bed. The talk was inconsequential, mostly about the funnier incidents at the party. But as the hour drew late Keyte talked a little about himself. He was diabetic and he drank very little if at all. I don't know what loosened his tongue. I know that he felt himself far up in the wilds of Canada, an enormous distance away from home.

As nearly as I can recall it he said this:-

"I come from Chicago, and I made most of my money in land deals. My first big profit came from a large area of swamp land on the Mississippi. An engineer looked it over for me, and said it could be drained. The soil was deep and black, the very finest kind of soil for rice-growing. So I raised the money to drain it, and two or three years later I was able to sell it at a whale of a profit for myself and for the people who lent me the money. Then everybody wanted me to find another piece of land like that and make another haul. They pushed their money at me. Well, I couldn't find another place like that, anywhere in the States. However I did find one, down on the Bayano River in Panama. After that I retired. I had enough, and I didn't want people pestering me any more."

Soon after this house-warming party, "Miss White" disappeared. Keyte said she had come up to Nova Scotia for a holiday and was now back in New York. Later on, when we ~~to~~ knew a lot more about Lou Keyte, we realised that she was only the first of a succession of dear friends who visited him at Pinehurst. All of them were goodlooking and most of them were ^{gorgeous} show-girl types, but at least one was a former waitress at the Green Lantern restaurant in Halifax. None stayed more than a week or so. Perhaps the girls grew bored with solitude at Pinehurst, but I think Keyte had a fickle and insatiable appetite for women. Sometimes a new "friend" arrived while the "old" one was still there -- but the old one invariably departed promptly. No doubt she was well paid for her "holiday".

Keyte had got enough of the small town society of Liverpool and of the country villages at South Brookfield and Caledonia. He made frequent trips by car to Halifax, staying at a hotel. With his ingratiating manner and his lavish spending he soon made friends in Halifax society. He bought an expensive motor-cruiser ^{yacht} ~~boat~~ and succeeded in getting himself a membership in the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron.

He was now living at a furious pace, dashing back and forth between Pinehurst and Halifax, giving parties and dinners, and passing from one woman to another like a hummingbird in a flower bed. Strangely, however, in the midst of all these activities, he maintained a courtship of a ^{country girl} ~~young woman~~ Queens County ~~girl~~. It had begun in the summer, when Pinehurst was still in the hands of the carpenters. In the course of his frequent visits ^{to his friends} ~~to his friends~~ he had made the acquaintance of the girl and her parents ~~at their home~~, often stayed at their home for a meal and the evening. Arabelle Lee (which was not her name) had neither the face nor the figure of his usual fancy, but she was pretty and slim and ^{in a country way} ~~vivacious~~ ^{lived for a good time.}

At first she was amused at ~~the~~ courtship of this odd character; but she relished the gifts and attentions he lavished ~~on her~~, and ~~to her surprise~~ her parents were flattered with the notion of Arabelle marrying a millionaire. The girl went in the car with Keyte to Halifax, chose a trousseau at his expense in a smart shop on Spring Garden Road (Mills Brothers Ltd.) and stayed with him at the Halifax Hotel, at that time the leading hotel in the city. There was ~~some~~ talk of a honeymoon in the West Indies, where they would spend the winter.

It was now late October. Keyte had ordered several suits of clothing from Stanford, ~~the~~ Halifax tailor, and to make sure of an exact fit of the jackets he had sent the tailor one of his own, made ~~obviously~~ by an expensive tailor in the States. One of Stanford's employees, Frank Hiltz, in going over the sample jacket, came upon a Chicago tailor's name-band, concealed in the usual manner

inside an inner breast pocket. It also bore the name of the tailor's client, Leo Koretz, and the date the jacket was made.

Hiltz had a chum who worked in a Halifax bank, and one evening ^{with him} he remarked on the odd difference between the name of Stanford's new client and the name as spelt by the Chicago tailor. As it chanced, ^{his} chum had noticed that day a poster, circulated to all ~~the~~ Canadian banks by the U.S. Post Office Department. It was dated September 15, 1924, and it offered \$10,000 reward for the arrest and return to Chicago of one Leo Koretz.

In detail it read as follows:-

WANTED

For using the mails to defraud.

(^ophotograph here)

Leo Koretz

(sample of handwriting here)

Nationality, Jewish; age 45 years; height about 5 feet 10 inches; weight about 180 pounds; medium heavy build; distinct paunch; shoulders slightly stooped; chest about 40 inches; waist about 34½ inches; hair light brown, thin on top; eyes, light gray-blue; cannot get along without glasses, which are usually shell rims; forehead high and wide; face round; complexion pasty. Is said to have a scar or birthmark on palm of left hand; speaks German fluently; also speaks Bohemian, and voice is low and suave. Suffers from headaches and has a habit of removing glasses for a short time to obtain relief. Lawyer by profession.

Koretz operated the Bayano River Syndicate, Bayano River Trust, and Bayano River Timber Syndicate, at Chicago and New York City. Obtained approximately \$2,000,000 through the operation of these schemes.

Indicted at Chicago for using the mails to defraud.

Was last seen in New York City, where he disappeared from the St. Regis Hotel on December 6, 1923.

The photograph on the poster showed Koretz clean-shaven, but everything else about "Lou Keyte" answered the description of Leo Koretz. Hiltz and his chum lost no time in notifying the Chicago police, and a pair of Chicago detectives left for Halifax at once. Armed with an extradition warrant, and accompanied by a Halifax detective, they went to the Halifax Hotel, and found their man in a room with Arabelle Lee. They had just returned from shopping.

Faced with the warrant, Koretz shrugged. He had only one thing to say. He asked them to spare the girl any publicity and to let her go at once. This they did, after some questioning. If she still retained ^{any} hope of marriage with her whiskered wooer it was crushed by news from Chicago appearing in the next day's Halifax papers. Koretz had ~~had~~ a wife and children there. Poor Arabelle hurried home, but she did not stay there long. The scandal was all over the countryside. She departed for ^{the town of Boston} ~~the western side of the great city~~ married a doctor there, & perished ^{in a nocturnal fire that destroyed their home} ~~with him years later~~.

The Halifax papers were agog over Koretz. It was the biggest story in years. Apparently what Koretz told me at Pinehurst was ^{mainly} partly true. He had made a large

profit for himself and his investors in an expanse of reclaimed swampland on the Mississippi. He then promoted the Bayano companies, sucking in more and more money, claiming that the Bayano soil would make rich farmland, that it held a fortune in timber alone, and finally that his engineers had discovered a huge oil field under the surface. While building up this airy castle he proceeded to pay "dividends" out of new receipts, that old device of the stock swindler.

He divided his time between Chicago and New York, and between business and women. Undoubtedly most of the \$2,000,000 was swallowed up in high living and in "dividends" between 1917, when he started operations, and December 1923, when the police came to look for him at the St. Regis in New York. Nevertheless he must have carried off a fairly large sum. He spent \$45,000 at Pinehurst, and detectives found sums of U.S. currency tucked away in safety deposit boxes in Halifax in the name of "Lou Keyte". Rumor persisted that Koretz had hidden a lot of money at Pinehurst, and various stealthy people dug holes in the grounds about the lodge -- and found nothing.

After leaving the ~~Key~~ St. Regis hotel he must have hidden himself in New York or that vicinity while his beard grew; and in the following February he turned up, beard and all, in the store of Abercrombie & Fitch, and met Captain Laurie Mitchell. That led him to Nova Scotia.

Had he chosen to live quietly and inconspicuously at Pinehurst he might have evaded capture for the rest of his life. But Koretz was not equipped with the temperament for a quiet and inconspicuous life. His retreat in Nova Scotia bored him after the years of gay living and he struck a new frantic pace to make it bearable. As a diabetic he knew himself to be a candle burning at both ends, and he tried to cram every possible pleasure into the time he had left.

At his trial in Chicago he was sentenced to a long term in penitentiary, but he cheated the law again, and for the last time. When little more than a year of his sentence had passed he succeeded in getting three pounds of sugar candy smuggled in to him. To a diabetic that was poison, of course. He committed suicide as only a diabetic can, by eating the whole three pounds. Before the prison doctor could do anything about it Leo Koretz was dead.

The title to Pinehurst Lodge, its furniture and the lands about it, were taken over with the other remaining assets by the Chicago Title & Trust Company, trustee in bankruptcy of the Leo Koretz estate. None of these amounted to much, and Koretz's creditors and dupes got little. A few years after the debacle the Chicago trust company sold the Pinehurst estate to F.B.McCurdy, the Halifax financier, for a fraction of what Koretz had spent on it. McCurdy and his wife and guests used it as a hunting and fishing lodge for a few weeks each year. After McCurdy's death his widow continued to come there for a week or two each Fall. She was still doing this in 1959.

The oddest part of the Koretz adventure was his pose as a wealthy sportsman eager to kill fish and shoot moose in Nova Scotia. By the time Pinehurst was ready for occupancy in the late summer of 1924 the fishing season had passed, so he was spared that. However when October came his guides and retainers insisted on a moose hunt, and Koretz went along in a canoe, dressed in his usual dapper way as if he were going for a stroll down Madison Avenue. When they reached a swamp, and the head guide began "calling" for moose, Koretz sat shivering in a fur coat and reading a small volume of poetry. At last a big bull ~~moose~~ moose appeared in the swamp, and the guide hissed, "There he is! There he is, Mister Keet!"

Keyte looked up. "Ah! So that's a moose, eh? Well, well!"

"There's the rifle, sir. Shoot! Shoot!"

Keyte turned his eyes back to the poetry. "Hell, I don't want to kill the damned thing. Let him go."



It not been shown

**ROCK BEHIND A LEG-
END.** Jim Charles Rock,
was finally found by noted



**ROCK BEHIND A LEG-
END** Jim Charles Rock,
was finally found by noted
Nova Scotia guide Watson
Peck, Bear River, after 30
years of searching. On a
venture into the woods of
southwestern Nova Scotia
with friend Stan Zimba,
shown photographing the
rock, Mr. Peck found the
site of Micmac Indian leg-
end. (Photo by Watson
Peck)

Search For Rock Over

EDITOR'S NOTE — For 30 years, the legend of Jim Charles Rock, has fascinated noted Nova Scotia guide and sportsman Watson Peck, of Bear River. On a recent venture into the deep woods of southwestern Nova Scotia, Mr. Peck found the rock he has sought for three decades. In the following article he recalls the legend.

By **WATSON PECK**

Not many miles from the new national park at Kejimikujik Lake, and near the back of Digby County, lies a huge granite boulder with a story.

It's known as Jim Charles Rock — so named because a

See **SEARCH** Page 24

DEED (Q. C.)

B. 55, P. 558. (Bridgetown)
Dec/ 1, 1862.
Jan. 13, 1863.
\$ 60.00.

Joseph Jeremy
John Jeremy
Sally Jeremy
Betsy Michael, widow.
Mary Luxie
(The widow and children of
John Jeremy, Sr.)
&
James Luxie, husband of Mary.

to

James Charles, Cecumcega.

A lot of land situate and adjoining Cecumcega Lake in the County of Annapolis, aforesaid. The same was reserved by Government for Mr. John Jeremy, aforesaid and containing 100 acres as by annexed plan.
NOTE: There is no plan attached as stated.

20 YEAR LEASE.

B. 83, P. 544. (Bridgetown.)
Aug. 19, 1871.
Mar. 17, 1875.
\$ 30.00

James Charles, Grafton

to

Syphorous Freeman, Harmony

"All the hemlock and spruce timber that is on his lot of land, the land that he bought of the Jeremy family at Fairy Lake, in the County of Annapolis, with full liberty to go on the land and cut and carry the timber away at the said Syphorous Freeman's convenience. The timber to be taken off said land anytime inside of twenty years, for the sum of thirty dollars"

25 YEAR LEASE.

B. 139, P. 447. (Bridgetown.)
June 5, 1908.
July 21, 1908.

The Department of Indian Affairs.

to

Clarence William Mills

All those lots of land situate in the Fairy Lake Indian Reserve, in the Counties of Queens & Annapolis, containing 1015 acres more or less. Being composed of lots numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, A, B, C, 1, 2 & 3 in the Fairy Lake Indian Reserve aforesaid in the County of Annapolis AND lots number 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 & 10 in the said Indian Reserve, in the County of Queens.

Soon after the acquisition of this Lease "Will" Mills and his wife, Josephine, began to develop the "Jim Charles" lot as a sporting venture, known as Kedge Rod and Gun Club. About the year 1912 Charles Whitman and Arthur Foster, who had just become Provincial Land Surveyors, made a survey of this area and laid out over a hundred lots. Many of these were leased for a period of twenty years and some were renewed for a like period.

On Aug. 14, 1919 - altho the Lease would not expire until 1933 - Josephine Mills, wife of C. W. Mills, obtained a Grant of this Jim Charles Lot from the Department of Indian Affairs. Josephine Mills died in 1941 devising all her Estate to her Husband, C. W. Mills, and to her three children. In 1944 they convey to Horton W. Phinney and he in 1945 to Kedge Lodge Limited. In 1959 Kedge Lodge Limited conveyed to Norman D. Phinney, son of Horton, and in 1960 Norman D. Phinney conveyed to Norman W. Bower of Quebec.

I am not sure when the old club house was built, but during the time of Josephine it was burned and a larger and better one built.

I have been shown where Jim Charles' house stood, about 100 yards South of the present club house. This is probably authentic as it is known that Jim Charles lived here at least a part of his time.

The "Indian Lands", consisting of twenty lots, were surveyed by Edward Barteaux, Deputy Crown Land Surveyor, Clementsport in 1897 and by his plan dated Sep. 21, 1897.

Hope This MAY BE OF SOME HELP OR INTEREST

Reg (Reginald Dickie, Provincial Land Surveyor, Jan. 21, 1967)

Search

(Continued From Page One)

Bear River Micmac wintered it its shelter a long time ago.

Big granites are not unusual in that part of Nova Scotia. For example, there's Boundary Rock or Junction Rock as it is sometimes called. It's a landmark located where Digby, Yarmouth, Shelburne and Queens counties come to a point.

Nearby, there's Flagstaff Rock, the size of a barn — a rock atop a rock.

LANDMARKS

To the naturalist, these rocks are a thing of beauty. To the hunter, they are landmarks and great spots from which to watch game.

To me, Jim Charles Rock has been a challenge for a long time. I wanted to find it

some years and area without revealing the secret of his mine. His body is buried beside that of his brother at Bear River.

The story fired my imagination. I wanted to see the rock. Over 30 years I have searched for it, sometimes by air, without avail.

Finally, this fall — and call it a centennial project if you like — I went on the hunt again. While traveling with a friend, Stan Zimba, from Philadelphia, I found Jim Charles Rock.

I lost track of the tall pines I climbed to pinpoint the site, but it was several miles beyond where others said it was.

It loomed high, like a two-storey house. The cave shelter I'd heard about gave it away.

In it there was only one sign of human presence — an old green bottle with the brand name well engraved — Galec Old Smuggler Irish Whiskey.

Ten Thousand Dollar Reward!

Case No. 100325-E

Post Office Department
OFFICE OF INSPECTOR IN CHARGE
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Chicago Division

WANTED

For Using the Mails to Defraud.



LEO KORETZ

[This photo was taken some time ago and Koretz looks considerably older.]

Dear Sir —
Remember your note re State Bank
and will take care of matters you may want
to Chicago — The oil is flowing nicely —
Respectfully
[Signature]

[Sample of handwriting.]

Nationality, Jewish; age, 45 years; height, about 5 feet 10 inches; weight, about 180 pounds; medium-heavy build; distinct paunch; shoulders slightly stooped; chest, about 40 inches; waist, about 34½ inches; hair, light brown, thin on top; eyes, light gray-blue; cannot get along without glasses, which are usually shell rims; forehead high and wide; face round; complexion pasty. Is said to have a scar or birth mark on palm of left hand; speaks German fluently; also speaks Bohemian, and voice is low and suave. Suffers from headaches and has a habit of removing glasses for short time to obtain relief. Lawyer by profession.

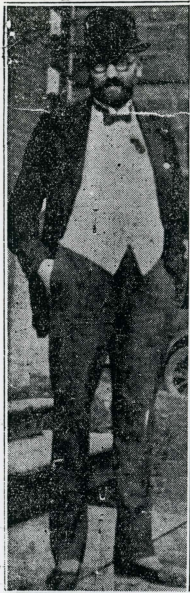
Koretz operated the Bayano Syndicate, Bayano River Trust and Bayano River Timber Syndicate at Chicago, Illinois, and at New York City. Obtained approximately \$2,000,000 through the operation of these schemes.

Indicted at Chicago, Illinois, for using the mails to defraud.

Was last seen in New York City, where he disappeared from the St. Regis Hotel on December 6, 1923.

The Chicago Title and Trust Company, Trustees in Bankruptcy of the Leo Koretz Estate, offer a reward of ten thousand dollars for the apprehension and return to this jurisdiction of Leo Koretz. This offer is to remain open until July 1, 1925, and it is understood that there is to be no liability of any kind under this reward after July 1, 1925.

Koretz having been indicted for the use of the mails to defraud in this case, the United States jurisdiction.



LEO KORETZ

THIS is an excellent picture of the dapper "Lou Keytes." He was the last word in style—grey suede topped shoes, white vest, bow tie, winged collar and black derby hat. This picture was taken at the County jail yesterday. His trousers which generally have a razor edge crease are a bit ruffled up after a night in the cells.

Menu card with autograph,
including that of "Lou Keyte"

MENU

Consomme, Asparagus Tips

Crisp Celery Sliced Ripe Tomatoes

Queen Olives

Fried Fresh Salmon, Lemon Tips

Saratoga Chips

Roast Stuffed Chicken, Cranberry Sauce

Mashed Potatoes Cream

Vanilla Ice Cream

Sponge Cake

Coffee

Fairview Hotel.
May 26, 1924.

MENU

Consomme, Asparagus Tips

Crisp Celery

Sliced Ripe Tomatoes

Queen Olives

Fried Fresh Salmon, Lemon Tips

Saratoga Chips

Roast Stuffed Chicken, Cranberry Sauce

Mashed Potatoes

Creamed Peas

Vanilla Ice Cream

Sponge Cake

Coffee

Mrs. Hoar.

Mrs. Jew

Geo W Putnam

Margaret Purdy

J. D. McLean

Cannie Andrews

~~W. H. Alden~~

~~H. M. Alden~~

Marion O'Reilly

Boyi Smith & Co. Kyte

Paul F. King

Dr. Evelyn Mackay

J. Kaddall

Menu card with autograph,
including that of "Lou Keyte"