

FROM THE SCRAPBOOK
A Magaguadavic Lake Excursion With Allen Hood, July 1993

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Reprinted from The Harvey Lionews July, 1993

One of the satisfactions of preparing these items for the Lionews is the enjoyment of the cooperation I get from others.

You might remember in an early winter item I told you that Allen Hood had promised to take me on a tour of Magaguadavic Lake. Well, on the beautiful 13th day of July we had that trip. What a delight! Leaving Allen's charming lakeside home, we cruised down the lake by Wildwood Island, Ross Island, and into Scoodie Cove where we visited Steve Savoie's famous island. Remember? --- the one where all the treasure had been buried? We kicked at the remains of Steve's stove, examined the carefully constructed root cellar, once under the two room 16 X 24 foundation, examined some of the deep pits on the island, where searchers had long ago sought for the English pieces of gold which had been buried by the Indians, and visualized the cabin door through which Steve's squaw shot him in the posterior with bird shot. We cruised by Money Point and carefully explored the mouth of Cranberry Brook where Mr. Henry's daughter had found the body of a drowned man; moved down to the site of the Scott Mill, which had sawed lumber for the Fraser Company in the early 1900's (the site is presently called Magaguadavic Siding, and is home for many summer cottages); went around Hill's Point and had a good look at the dam, then headed north up the Lake. With a brisk north westerly breeze I had the battery shaken out of my hearing aid but could still see to enjoy the Y Campsite; Vernon Finnie's beautiful resort area at Farm Point and then up through the thoroughfare to Little Magaguadavic. Had I not confidence in Allan's boat control that might have been scary, 35 horses pushing a light fibreglass boat through hairpin turns skimming lily pads, barely surfacing rocks and plug-casting fishermen. It was fun. Up into the calmer waters of Little Magaguadavic; up to the Gutta Moose Lodge (where I had married Richard Davis and Wendy Corey, the day of that exciting pontoon-raft ride which might have ended tragically), and then Allen shut off the motor and told me a bit of the history of the Gutta Moose Lodge. In the 1890's an outfitter from the Miramichi by the name of Moore established a hunting camp on a small island on the eastern shore. Another camp was built on a nearby island and subsequently a consortium of 'Sports' established Gutta Moose Lodge. It was later moved to the western shore and is the summer residence of Jim Thorburn's family and friends. We walked on to the island where the first lodge was built and marveled at the masonry of the front steps and the fireplace, which had been built in 1895.

Coming south down the thoroughfare one tiny island was a maze of wild roses whose scent blended with the scent of summer marsh grass in a hot summer sun. The beauty of summer at its peak!

You know something? We never hit a rock all day! Why? Because Allen knows the lake. Why wouldn't he! His great grandfather George Hood settled in Magaguadavic in the early 1800's; His son, George, born in 1847 built a hunting camp on the lakeshore in 1898. George's son, Albert established an outfitting business right there. I ate my lunch on the very spot. Lumber from that early camp was used by Allen when he built his lovely home. Roxie served us a delightful lunch and then Allen who had been a lake guide for forty years became a cemetery guide. With Roxie and Elaine we went up to Donald Hood's and behind the barn scrambled our way through rose bushes and briars to look at the family cemetery on the original Mood hood homestead. On a moss covered stone we read George E. Hood died December 1846, his wife Frances Amelia died July 14, 1856. There were other stones and names of children, but it was easier to see those inscriptions on Memorial windows in the Anglican Church. Someday we'll write up the Hood genealogy chart.

Now you know what I mean by getting cooperation. Thanks Allen. I hope you and Roxie have many interesting adventures on your trip to Alaska in August.