

**ANY LIST OF WOODS ENGINEERS WOULD INCLUDE BUD
VAN SLYKE
3/12/96**

On February 13, I introduced you to Lee Spinning, longtime resident of Woodhull Lake. Today I would like you to meet another.

Floyd Van Slyke, or Bud as he was known to most, is the other. Needless to say, both men were fast friends whose friendship ended on the same day, October 23, 1994.

Bud was the husband of Kathryn and father of Jason, Gregg, Martin Van Slyke and Jill Van Slyke Brownsell. The Van Slykes moved to Woodhull on May 1, 1949, when Bud went to work for the canal department, maintaining the dams on Woodhull and Sand Lakes. He continued on in that capacity until the end in 1994. They spent the season from ice-out until ice-in at Woodhull returning to their home in Dolgeville for the remainder of the year. The children divided their education between Town of Webb and Dolgeville schools. Gregg and his sister, Jill Brownsell, both live in the Inlet area.

The Van Slykes and Allens were neighbors for years and there were many occasions when we had to call on one another for help. Bud never failed to respond and he helped me out of many situations. Everyone on Woodhull and many League Club members on Bisby came to know Bud as a dependable and capable person. Whether it was removing a bass plug hook from someone or getting his or her outboard motor running, he could do it. The same was true for carpentry, plumbing or electrical.

He had a great sense of humor and whenever we met, usually on a daily basis, we had a favorite quip to throw at each other. We addressed each other as "Murph." Murphy's Law seemed to plague us both, so the nickname seemed appropriate.

Bud's wife Kate was no stranger to his humor. One day Bud and Kate's brother were deer hunting together, so Kate went out on her own and killed a nice four-point buck a short distance from home. Discovering she had no knife, she returned home, got the knife and came back. The deer was gone. Bud appeared shortly thereafter saying he heard a shot. Kate told her story and they began to look for the deer while Bud chided her for not making sure it was dead. He finally could stand it no longer and broke out laughing. He had hidden the deer.

This was typical of Bud; he enjoyed a good laugh and his sense of humor stands out in my memory, but not as much as how talented he was in so many different fields. In an area where we have a good many of what Dr. Dwight Webster called “woods engineers,” Bud was, in my opinion, at the top of the heap.

To make a long story short, Walt Mason said it better than I ever could.

There’s a man in the World who is never turned down.

Wherever he chances to stray;

He gets the glad hand in the populous town,

Or out where the farmers make hay;

He’s greeted with pleasure on deserts of sand,

And deep in the aisles of the woods;

Wherever he goes there’s a welcoming hand –

He’s the man who delivers the goods.