

**UNCLE STAN INSTILLED A LOVE FOR ADIRONDACK  
OUTDOOR LIFE  
9/24/96**

Long before I became a part of the Old Forge area, one local was fixed firmly in my memory. I regret that I never had the pleasure of meeting him in person. The man was Henry Thibado, native Adirondacker.

First I would like you to know the person responsible for starting that process and instilling in me my predilection for the Adirondacks.

Born in 1912 to Polish immigrant parents in Syracuse, he was christened Stanley Paul Narewski. He became my Uncle Stanley in 1934, when he married my Aunt Mary.

When he was 13, the oldest of seven children, Uncle Stan's mother died. His father, who spoke little English, depended on him to conduct business affairs.

At 15 he started working nights for the New York Central Railroad in the roundhouse and attended high school. A year later, when a day job surfaced, he left school to help support the family in earnest. Then 13 years later he started on the road as a brakeman, ending his 47-year career as a conductor.

There is no question he had it tough growing up, given times and circumstances, but one would never know it. He always made the best of any predicament, his sense of humor making the most unbearable conditions laughable. His outlandish outdoor attire and tall tales enlivened our many forays into the great outdoors.

Always on the go, he was constantly repairing or improving a tool, piece of equipment or outdoor gear. The only thing he loved more than hunting or fishing was giving a youngster the opportunity to learn either sport.

He thought every boy should learn how to make tip-ups, a philosophy that leads us back to the start of this tale. Since his own two sons were too young to benefit from this reasoning at the time, I became the direct beneficiary.

Many of my first real hunting and fishing trips were with Uncle Stan. Some were only day trips a few miles from home and others were extended ventures into the wilds of Canada and the Adirondacks.

My fondest memories are of riding on the buddy seat of his '39 Indian motorcycle to the Adirondacks.

Uncle Stan was an inveterate deer hunter and one of the best I ever knew. The Moose River Plains area was one his favorite spots.

He and his party spent a week camped on the pine point between the Sumner and Benedict streams every fall in the 30s and early 40s before the present road system was in place.

Their gear and deer were toted in and out by Henry Thibado and his trusty horses.

I only hunted the area once in the last 40s, but had the pleasure of many a fishing trip. One of my most memorable was a trip to Henry Thibado's log camp on a tributary of the Sumner stream. My uncle's frequent references to "Tip" sent my imagination racing as to what sort of person was able to enjoy such an enviable livelihood.

Now, 58 years later, I am finally finding out. In Uncle Stan's favorite admonition as we were starting a little push on a deer drive: "You better skin your eye."

**(Continued next week)**