

# The Quarterly

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE ST. LAWRENCE COUNTY HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION



GROCERY ON WHEELS

July 1963

# The Quarterly

Official Publication of The St. Lawrence County Historical Assn.

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COVER--This photograph introduces a sparkling story about an oldtime North Country merchant who operated a Grocery Store on Wheels -- it begins on page six of this edition. This is William J. Payne of Spragueville, his "rolling grocery" and old Duke who knew where to stop and when.

## The President's Report

Please check your address on the rear cover, and if your subscription has expired, send your check to Mr. Dave Cleland, Treasurer, Canton, N. Y. Spring Tour very successful; next tour Ottawa August third; Potsdam trip Sept. 14th. You will be notified.

Please volunteer for Booth Attendance at Gouverneur Fair.

Send your stories about local musical organizations to Mrs. Smithers. Pictures with names and dates desired. History Center is compiling data for permanent record. Sheet music, prior to 1900, is wanted.

*Lawrence G. Bovard*



ON THE REVERSE SIDE of this old photograph (actual size 2-7/8" x 3 1/2") in the St. Lawrence County Historian's collection, the following is written in pencil: Raft going down the St. Lawrence River on way to Gulf of St. Law. and Atlantic Ocean to England -- Opposite Crock Island. One

of the men is the French Cook on that dram. Girl (left) marked X is Amy Hardendorf Fortune, Woman & boy is Eva Matthews Hardendorf & Foss M. Hardendorf. Other woman is Jennie Holley. Picture taken about 1900-1902.

# RAFTING ON THE ST. LAWRENCE

By SUSANNA PERKINS

One morning in mid-summer "Sun-up", a party of jolly travelers who were stopping at a farm house on the shore of the St. Lawrence river heard the familiar blow of a river boat whistle, and all hands ran to see if it was the long-looked-for raft, as that was what these Bohemians had been watching for from the time of their arrival.

It is a well known fact that a trip down this river and through the Sault on a log raft is a most delightful novelty.

Having sighted the raft, our party of eight hastened to prepare for the sale. In a few moments we were down to water's edge and with the assistance of two row boats, propelled ourselves up to a position even with the raft, alighted and picked our way on to the great float, each one seeking a dry and secure place. We soon found ourselves exhilarated and our spirits buoyant as we glided along so smoothly on this 600 foot raft, which is sometimes called a drachm. This one was put together in five sections by means of chains, the logs fastened by withs or twisted

bark which were knotted about the logs. This is all skillfully done by machinery. Our raft, which was 50 feet wide, had two tents securely stationed on either side for cooking and sleeping accommodations of the workmen on board.

A French Canadian cook kept them good natured three times a day. The captain, also a Frenchman, commanded both the raft and the boat used in towing us.

All of the men were typical of their beloved occupation; men of brawn and muscle and whose flesh was seamed by contact with the wind and sun.

Our pilot, a man eighty-four years of age, was full of energy. He knew every turn and crook of this old river, and proved that he had piloted up and down this winding stream for sixty years without profit as to his generalship in his chosen line.

The oarsmen, eight in a row, stationed at either end of each section of the drachm, kept their eyes on the pilot watching for his signs. They propelled or guided the course

(Continued on Page Thirteen)

Susanna Perkins was the "Pen Name" of Helen Jane Carpenter, Mrs. Arch W. Fortune's aunt. This article was written after a trip on a raft through the South Sault rapids, while she was visiting at the farm home of James Matthews at Louisville Landing. Eva Matthews was married to the Rev. Charles W. Hardendorf, one time pastor of the Methodist Church and Louisville Landing. Rev. Hardendorf was the father of Mrs. Arch W. Fortune, nee Amy Hardendorf Fortune, who forwarded this story to the Quarterly.



# OLDTIME BEE HUNT

By WILLIS E. KITTLE  
(Macomb Town Historian)

A bee hunt, you say? Is the man out of his senses?

Not at all. This event -- and to an eight or nine-year-old, it WAS an event -- occurred on a warm, sunny day in the early autumn, about the year 1900. An elderly gentleman neighbor proposed the expedition into the fields and woods (which then seemed to me like the wild blue yonder) to hunt wild bees. At my age, parental consent was of course necessary, but since my host was a family friend, permission posed no problem.

A bee hunt might appear to some persons as some kind of sport, but to the people of those times it was a part of life. Sugar and other sweets were expensive, and while nearly everyone made maple sugar, people then as now liked to vary their diet. Wild honey being the one sweet which did not cost money (time being the price), bee hunting was a fairly popular pastime.

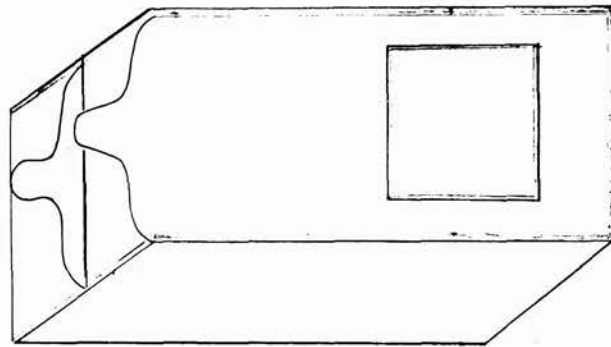
The only equipment required was a bee box, and nearly everyone made his own. For this reason, there seldom were two alike. All were similar, but they varied in size. The one, for example, now in the possession of the County Historian is much larger than any I ever saw before; also having handles for ease in carrying makes that one distinctly different. I have seen a great many which would measure five to seven inches in length, three to four inches wide and two to three inches deep. The box was provided with a sliding cover containing a small glass window; the cover was fitted into a groove cut around the inside of the box. A second slide was located midway between the top cover and the bottom; this seldom had a glass covered opening, although I have seen some made that way. In any event, a box of this size could easily be carried in a pocket.

In use, the hunter would place some sugar or sweet -- honey preferred -- in the bottom of the box, then walk through the fields in search of wild flowers where bees might be found gathering honey. A bright, sunny day was a must, of course. When the bees were found, the hunter attempted to get one -- or better yet, several, if possible -- into the box by any means.

Usually the method was to hold the box under the flower on which the bee was working, shake the flower or even push the bee inside, quickly close the cover, open the center slide and turn the box until the bee found the honey. The box was then placed on some convenient rock or stump to wait until the bee had its fill, when it would come to the glass window to escape.

If the hunter had captured only one bee, he would release it. If he had more than one, he would manipulate the center slide so that only one bee would be in the upper part of the box, thus permitting only one bee to escape at a time. If the first bee did not return, the hunter thus had another to release. As the bee escaped it was watched very closely -- and here the sharp eyes of a youngster were often useful and important. The bee would generally circle overhead, going higher with each succeeding circle, and then suddenly streak for home. This was the difficult part of the "hunt" -- to follow that one particular bee and see what direction it took. The hunter would check his watch to determine how long the bee was gone, because if nothing happened to it, it would return to the box, and almost surely it would bring a number of its relatives with it.

An experienced bee hunter could estimate very accurately the distance the bee had covered, by the length of time it had been gone. When the bee or bees returned, they would come directly to the box where the first one found so easy a



a bee box

meal. After they had entered the box, it was closed and the hunter then proceeded to walk in the direction taken by the first bee upon its release. After going in this direction over the distance the hunter estimated to have been covered by the bee, he again placed his box in a suitable place and another bee was released. Again the hunter closely watched the direction of flight and timed it as before continuing this procedure until he was led to the tree or other place where the swarm lived.

In those days, few people kept tame bees, but sometimes the hunter would capture one of his neighbor's tame bees and he would be led directly to his neighbor's yard, in which event the time spent was wasted and he had to start all over again.

Wild bees were generally found living in hardwood trees, basswood being the most frequent because of its tendency to be hollow. Then came maple, red oak, beech, and sometimes elm or hemlock.

Once in awhile a very large quantity of honey would be obtained from a bee tree, especially where the swarm was very large, vigorous and of long standing. The hunter would collect this honey in pails holding 12 to 14 quarts; sometimes several of these pails would be filled from one tree. Of course, removal of the honey often meant starvation for the bees, and it has been outlawed for many years.

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## THE OLD ACADEMY

By ANNA MATTHEWS COLE

A monument to scholarship it stands  
In dignity beyond the walk, the trees,  
Its true brick wall a deference commands,  
Its doors, to fame, the former indices;  
Wrapt in long quietude its belfry now  
No silver summons echoes from its sweep  
Across the village roofs, the far hills' brow,  
Teacher and scholar, they have gone to sleep;  
But more was here than learning, more than skill  
With chart and volume and recited lore,  
Something inwrought of stamina and will  
Impressed its seal on living evermore  
Where now, dark windows grown disconsolate  
Down the unanswering ages watch and wait.

# HOP PICKING ALONG BLACK LAKE



Trellis system on which hop vines are supported. Photograph taken in early April of 1953 on farm of A.S. Hardy of Malone before the dormant hop roots had sprouted.

By DORIS PLANTY

Black Lake is located four miles south of the St. Lawrence River and the village of Morrystown. It is over twenty miles long, muddy but good for fishing, and nowadays attracts many people.

In the early years farmers found the land along Black Lake good for raising crops. They had settled here from Connecticut, and some of them laid out their farms with neat stone walls. At first they used oxen for the heavy work, later they had horses.

The first crops were corn, wheat, flax, and potatoes--even today this land is considered best for raising potatoes. After a few years, hops were tried, and it was found that the land was good for this crop.

This was about the year 1862. Almost every farm had a crop of hops, and the hop pickers were important in those days. Before the season began, the farmers would make wooden crates for use in carrying the crop by wagonloads to Ogdensburg, where it was sold to breweries.

Girls and young men were hired to pick hops, each farmer employing the same group year after year much like the migrant workers of today. The girls all wore sunbonnets, long cotton dresses, full skirts and two petticoats, high button shoes and gloves. In those days the girls stayed out of the sunshine on hot days, so as to keep their skin nice and white.

So let us think of the difference today: Shorts, sunback dresses and scanty bathing suits--everything to help get a sun tan in comfortable attire.

The job was to fill the crates as soon as possible, so

there was competition, always bets and dares along with the work.

The wife of the farmer whose hops were being picked, called on the hired girls to help feed all the help many good meals. The girls all slept in the houses where rooms were made ready for them, and they had many good laughs. The boys slept in the barn, ready for a hearty breakfast at dawn. Real friendships grew among the group--and later wedding bells.

The hop fields were quite a sight, the rows four feet apart, poles about twelve feet high. The hops were planted to grow up these poles, strings being run from one pole to another. During the growing period they were cultivated with horses drawn slow and the long rows were a pretty sight.

After the day's work was done and the evening meal over--which they all did justice to--the girls would change and make ready for fun. Each evening was spent in a good old fashioned barn dance, and still the long dresses with many yards of goods. Others came to join the party.

The fiddler and the square dance caller were busy men all those summer evenings. They worked hard, they played hard, and before they hardly realized it, the hop picking was done for another year.

It has now been some time since hops grew along Black Lake. Now there are many modern dairy farms, and tourists and campers literally fill the shore line. My grandmother, then Harriet Petrie, was a hop picker and has related many incidents to me. Later she married George Barker and they lived on a farm near Black Lake where they raised flax and spun linen; this was about 1864.

# GROCERY ON WHEELS

By ANNA PAYNE SLYE

(Submitted by Laura Gillett with the author's permission)

This is a story from my childhood in Spragueville when my father, William Payne, had a peddler's cart and drove around the countryside selling groceries. At first, he had been a clerk in Abner Johnson's store, but when Mr. Johnson retired and when Mr. Carpenter across the street went out of business, my father opened a grocery for himself in the latter's place. Well, it was more than a grocery. It was a general store, for he sold most of the things that were needed in a small village and in the farming community surrounding it. His chief source of revenue was the iron ore mines about a mile from town where he had an outlet for heavy work clothes and shoes for the miners and for groceries at the boarding houses. But in 1907 there was a panic, a depression of some kind of financial upheaval, and the mines closed, never to open again.

With his main trade gone, my father decided to buy a cart and deliver groceries to the farmers around Spragueville. Perhaps I should explain that this was an age of peddlers. The first that I remember were pack peddlers. They were sometimes Syrians who came to town with heavy packs on their backs, selling laces. Others were of the Jewish race. Lawrence A. Johnson, in his book, "Over the Counter and on the Shelf" tells that Sears' and Roebuck's Julius Rosenwald, and Isaac Gimbel, and David May began as pack peddlers.

Then, there were tin peddlers. Each had a cart, probably the forerunner of the panel truck. It had a door in back and a dejected horse hitched to the front. The peddler bought up papers and rags and paid for them in tinware, very cheap, thin tinware. But this was before the days of aluminum and stainless steel, and the housewives were always glad to add to their supply of tins. These peddlers were usually Jewish, and I think many of them went on to become owners of large stores. They flourished before the automobile when the people in the country could not get to nearby towns easily and quickly.

Then there were meat peddlers. In Spragueville there was no meat market, so a man came once or twice a week delivering meat. And then there were the grocery peddlers. Some of the big tea companies started out by sending men around the country selling tea and coffee. This method is still used by some companies such as Watkins Products, the Jewel Tea Company, Cook coffee, Fuller Brush, Beauty Counselor and Avon Products, but, of course, we would never think of calling their representatives peddlers. They are salesmen or saleswomen.

But, to get back to my story. Since the day of peddling carts is far in the past, I have written what I remember about my father's cart, and here it is.

## THE CART -- A STORY OF OLD SPRAGUEVILLE

The cart is a symbol -- a symbol of an era that is gone. With its passing, a way of life disappeared, and conditions were never quite the same in our small town. The coming of the automobile wrought the change; a change for the better, of course, for it meant that roads were improved and rural districts were no longer isolated.

I think in these troubled times of cold war and atom bombs and insecurity, it is well to tell about the cart, for, while to the young, it may seem very dull, yet to those of my generation, it may bring back a memory of days when life moved at a more leisurely pace than now.

The car was horse drawn. Three days a week my father hitched Duke, the sleek bay, and, leaving Mother in charge of the store, set out on one of his routes along the dirt roads that meandered through the countryside around Spragueville. All day he rode slowly along, stopping at every farm house along the way, to sell groceries for cash, or credit, or in exchange for eggs.

There were three doors on the cart, one on each side and one in back. The back portion held dry goods, house dresses, men's straw hats, cotton stockings, heavy socks, overalls, samples of work shoes, boots and rubbers. The door on one side opened to display canned goods, cereals,

flour, granulated sugar in cloth bags, brown sugar tied up in paper sacks, and large three pound boxes of crackers.

But it was the other door that held enchantment for me, for behind that door were stored tea and coffee and the spices that my father sold. No chili, no curry, no unusual flavors for producing foreign dishes, but dozens of tiny packages of the old standbys: sage and thyme, all-spice, cinnamon, nutmeg, ginger and cloves. As the cart jolted over the rough country roads, tiny particles of spices and herbs evidently sifted out, giving off an aroma that I've never smelled since. Sometimes when I've opened my spice cupboard quickly, I've caught a slight suggestion of that fragrance, gone almost before I could quite sense it, and then for an instant I have recaptured a moment from the past.

Several times during the summer, I rode on the cart with my father. These were idyllic days. I can't remember that we talked much. We must have moved along the country roads with nature all around us, close to us, a part of us. Usually my father whistled and swung one foot at the side, tapping on the iron step, keeping time to his tune.

Sometimes the road went up steep little hills and the iron rims of the wheels clattered over the stones. Sometimes the car moved silently, and Duke's hoofs sank softly into the thick dust. The road wound around in most leisurely fashion, turning abrupt corners, winding back upon itself in hilly sections. Some days it lay along the quiet pools of placid Indian river. Some days it looked down on the big stones of Rockwell Creek, almost dry at this time of year.

The reins dangled loosely in my father's hand. No need to guide the horse. If, at a bend in the road, we met unexpectedly an oncoming wagon, there was no risk, for that driver would be progressing at a slow a pace as we.

My father and I would be a little strange with each other as we first started off, for it was not often that we were alone together, and my father was not a talkative man. But as we went along, he would begin pointing out things for me to see: a blue bird in a thorn apple tree, a chirping sparrow on the rail fence, the scarecrow guarding a farmer's corn, the minnows in a brook beside the road, a sleepy mud turtle on a half submerged log. "Watch at the next house. You may see an old lady smoking a pipe."

Our approach to a farm house was a signal for great activity on the part of the children and the farm dog. Long before we came in sight, the dog would suddenly rouse himself, crawl out from under the steps where he had been napping in the shade, and trot down the drive, barking excitedly.

"I knew you were coming," the farmer's wife would say, "by the way the dog was acting."

As we turned in at the driveway, the dog would be in a frenzy. Around and around the cart he would dash, barking furiously. And no wonder. For my father would be teasing him with every means he knew. Such lunges with the whip, such stamping on the floor of the cart, such whistling, such hissing, such grimacing, such mewing like a cat. The horse must have had a most placid nature not to be upset by such goings on, but evidently from long association with my father, he thought this was the natural way of dogs and men.

With the dog still acting like a thing demented, we would stop at the door. Then, my father, after all his taunting, would swing lightly over the wheel and drop to the ground at the very jaws of the barking dog. I never knew him to be bitten. I never knew him to be afraid of a dog. I never saw a dog he didn't love. As for the dogs, whatever breed or combination of breeds they might be, they seemed to sense that this was all a game which they were privileged once a week to play.

And the children, as soon as we drove in, came running from different directions, to converge on the hen house, from which they would each come out with an egg to be traded for a stick of striped candy. Then the farmer's

(Continued on Page Thirteen)



# WRIGHT NAME

By DORIS ROWLAND

The name Wright is closely interwoven in many St. Lawrence County families, who have reason to take pride in their ancestor, Alpheus Wright, veteran of the War of 1812 and one-time resident of Canton where he served as superintendent of the grist mill.

A relative of the late Governor Silas Wright, he was my great-grandfather; he and his wife, Anna Loveland Wright, are buried in Heuvelton.

In searching out his history some years ago, my mother received the following letter from the War Department: 2172010

The Adjutants General's Office  
Washington, June 6, 1914

Mrs. H. E. Rowland  
Boulder, Colorado.

The records of this office show that one Alpheus Wright served in the War of 1812 as a corporal of Captain Lemuel D. Sabin (1st Company of Infantry, 33rd. (Williams) regiment Vermont militia). His name appears on the rolls of the company, which show that his service began Sept. 24, 1812 and ended Dec. 9, 1812, that his place of residence was Grafton, Vermont, 135 miles from Burlington.

Geo. Andrus  
The Adjutant General

Alpheus and Anna Loveland Wright were the parents of 11 children, and their descendants are scattered from St. Lawrence county as far west as the State of Washington. Their children were:

1. Leverett Wright.
2. Arvilla Wright married Abner Gutterson and lived in Rensselaer Falls.
3. Jared L. Wright lived in Canton.
4. Dexter Russell Wright became a Judge in New Haven, Conn.
5. Roxana Wright married Horace Giffin of Heuvelton.
6. Hiram A. Wright.
7. Rhoda Ann Wright.
8. Matilda Wright married Charles Fling, a trunkmaker, and lived in Potsdam.
9. Alpheus Wright became a judge in Boulder, Colorado.
10. Angela Wright married George Chaffee of Edwards-vill.
11. Mary Jane Wright married the late A.X. Parker of Potsdam. (They were my grandparents.)

# Anaconda

By C. B. OLDS

A book, "The Anaconda" (which prompted this story) was written by Isaac Marcossou and is the history of the beginning and development of the great Anaconda Mining company. It illustrates how geography, history and circumstances combine to intrigue the reader.

Discovery of gold in California in 1849 incited a movement of easterners westward. The outbreak of the Civil War brought a halt to the gold rush. Interest in mining was rekindled following the awful conflict.

One of the regions which lured men was Montana where silver had been discovered. Many of those who came were men recently discharged from the arm. Two young men, brothers who had served in the Northern army, found

themselves in the rugged Montana country which was described as "rip-roaring mining region." The men were Edward and Michael Hickey.

The opening sentence in Mr. Marcossou's book records the fact that "On a crisp October morning in 1875, two former soldiers in the Northern army staked out claims on a hill overlooking what is today the city of Butte, Montana. The former soldiers were the Hickey boys." Later in the book Mr. Marcossou says, "The Hickeys hailed from St. Lawrence county, New York and were typical of those who served in the Northern armies."

Edward Hickey staked a claim high on a hill and named it the St. Lawrence. Michael made a claim nearby and named it "Anaconda". Asked later why he chose that name, he replied that while in the trenches before Richmond he had read a statement in the New York Tribune which had been written by Horace Greeley. Mr. Greeley wrote, "Grant will encircle Lee's forces and crush them like a giant anaconda." The name caught Hickey's fancy. In this way the name that has become a household word in mining language, was brought into being.

The Hickey boys remained on the scene and by 1880 had staked more than twenty claims. Taxes on these required an outlay beyond their means, and they eventually disposed of all their holdings.

Expert mining men were coming into the region with plenty of money, were able to purchase claims and set up adequate mining and processing facilities. Moreover, it was soon learned that the material removed in the search for silver was perhaps the richest copper ore in all the world. Use of electricity was mounting fast and stimulated a great demand for copper.

In the back of the book is recorded a speech by Cornelius F. Kelly, chairman of the executive committee of the Anaconda Copper company, given at an important meeting of its officials. He said, in part, -- "There is something symbolic about the name Anaconda. I am constrained to believe that there must have been a hope in the mind of the prospector, Michael Hickey, when 80 years ago he staked a claim on Butte Hill and christened it with a name that came from the pen of the great editor, Horace Greeley."

A check of the men who went to the war from the area along the St. Lawrence river discloses that Michael Hickey had signed up with Capt. Goodale's Co. K at Ogdensburg. It is thought that Edward joined in the township of Louisville. The boys grew up on a farm on Barnhart Island -- part of Massena Township.

— Reserve Now! —

St. Lawrence County Historical Association

OTTAWA TOUR — August 3, 1963

Mail reservations to Mrs. Doris Planty,  
Ogdensburg, N. Y., R-2.

I wish to reserve ----- places on the bus for the  
Ottawa Tour at \$3 per person.

Check enclosed for \$-----

Name -----

Address -----

Reservations Close August 1, 1963



THE PHOTOGRAPHS of the late model trolley car (above) and the horse car (below) appeared in the Ogdensburg Advance News September 28, 1940. The picture of the open

car on Ford Street (lower right) appeared in the Special Industrial Souvenir Number of Ogdensburg Illustrated in 1909.

## *When Trolleys Rumbled Through Ogdensburg Streets*

By L. G. BOVARD

Ogdensburg's street railway system made its last run over thirty years ago, but it was an important part of community life for just over a half century.

The first street cars appeared in Ogdensburg in 1881. These were merely wooden boxes mounted on wheels or sleighs, according to the season. H.B. Howard, father of the late Henry Howard of the Howard Lumber Co. was the principal stockholder.

The route travelled is not recorded, but in 1886, tracks were laid in the center of Ford Street, when Robert E. Waterman became a stockholder and legal representative. John Fox, one of the employees, described the duties of the driver as motorman, conductor, coal shoveler and kerosene lamp tender. He compared taking a ride on an

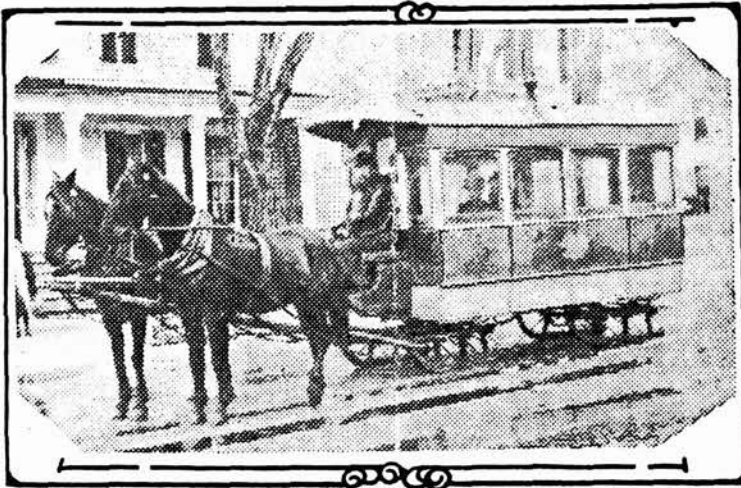
Ogdensburg street car in winter time in those days to a sleigh ride, except that the floor was covered with straw to protect passengers' feet from the cold, and there was a stove inside the car. The drivers and horses were outside in the rain and sleet.

The streetcar barns were located on Catherine Street, where five cars and 21 horses were kept. Tracks were laid from Barry Street along Ford to New York Avenue, thence to the city limits. Fare was five cents payable on entering. Theodore Dana and Thomas Herriman were drivers.

Horse drawn streetcars made good time and the service was dependable. When the horse drawn system was abandoned in 1895, the horses were sold at public auction.

Electrification of the Ogdensburg Street Railway began in 1894, and trolley lines were installed over ten miles of streets: State Hospital, (Sandy Beach later, a summer pleasure spot), along Ford; Patterson to Rutland Depot; across bridge along Main Street to New York Avenue; a spur to the New York Central railroad station; a main line out State Street to the Catholic cemetery; along New York Avenue to the 60 by 80 foot carbarns at the city limits. Tracks extended from New York Avenue along King Street to Woodford Farms. By-pass spurs were placed on Proctor Avenue at the Halfway House, Old Homestead and other strategic points. The business office, located at No. 1 Ford Street, was managed by E.E. Hawkins, president and treasurer, his brother, R.R. Hawkins, was superintendent, and Bert Holmes served as chief engineer in the early days. The wooden cars were 35 to 40 feet long, about 8' 6" wide and seated 32 to 50 people. Summer cars with cross seats without center aisles were boarded from the sides and canvas curtains were lowered for protection from rain.

The horsedrawn cars rolled on 20 to 25 lb. rails. In August, 1886, the entire system was 4 1/2 miles long





with rolling stock of five box cars, a few bench cars and three box car sleighs for weather.

When the system was electrified, tracks were replaced with 48 to 52 lb. rails, beginning with 10 miles of track, four box and six open electric cars. More were bought later including five double-truck cars.

When the Ogdensburg Street Railway absorbed by the Utilities under Edward Wright, president and James Daly, manager, made the final run on April first, 1932. Jesse S. Aust was superintendent. Other employees were: William Rowledge, Martin Perkins, Bert Hutchison, Adelaar Gagnon, Arthur Rivers, Edmund Bouchard, Michael Perkins, Delbert Hutchison, Fred Brown, Arthur Lalone, Wm. Lochren, Fred Bouchard, Pete Cunningham, Henry Kiah and John Fox.

The three short spurs were abandoned about 1916; the State Street line was discontinued 1928 and the main line to the State Hospital saw its final run on the first day of April, 1932.

Thomas A. Edison invented the motor, but Frank J. Sprague, Naval Academy 1878, developed a suitable motor for direct current at about 500 volts. He mounted the motor between axles on a spring, wheelbarrow fashion, and secured a sure mesh of gear teeth by having his motor engage with a cogwheel on the axle. The spring permitted the motor to move in the same arc as cogwheel, thus securing a mesh free of shock and insured engagement of cogwheels. Sprague used the under running pole trolley with a single overhead wire and rail return. Trolley wires were placed about 18 ft. above the tracks and were suspended from guy lines attached to poles 100 feet apart along the sides of the road. The trolley wire was shaped like the figure 8 to permit supporting clamps to be fastened to the upper O or half. The rails were used for a return line for the electric current, and often in wet weather contacts sparked with a vivid blue light. Vagrant electrical current from the return used to attack and pit hole underground water and gas lines, doing considerable damage.

About the time of World War I, unsatisfactory earnings of the street railway industry impelled a search for a

lightweight car, and in 1916, Charles O. Birney of Stone and Webster, in charge of car design, developed a short single truck about 28 ft. long, weighing 6.5 to 9 tons, -- a one-man car equipped with a "deadman control", whereby the circuit breaker was automatically cut out when the motorman's hand left the control handle. The trade called them "safety cars" but over the years they became known as Birney cars.

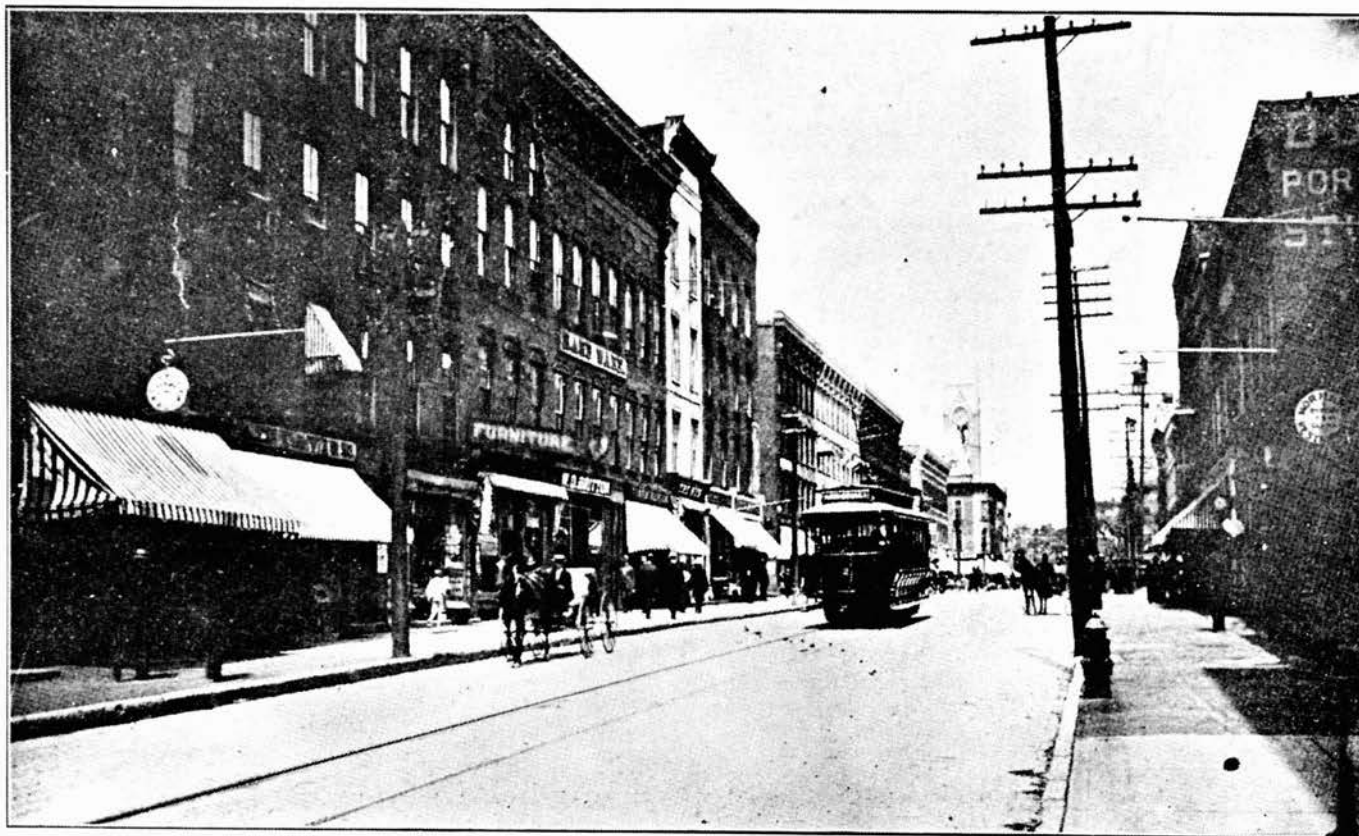
Joseph Bouchard, a longtime powerhouse engineer for the electric companies recalls that the Lake Street power station had three 150 horsepower water tube boilers to furnish steam power during periods of low water. The plant had three small 75 horsepower and one 150 horsepower waterwheels operating on a head of eleven feet, using canal water from an under-the-street penstock of about 12 square feet. One of these generators was direct current equipped with an alternator for use when railway power was not required. The streetcar motors were Westinghouse Series 323A of about 30 horsepower.

The streetcars fought a losing battle throughout their short lives. The "rich man's panic" of 1903 placed street railways in an unfavorable light for investors. Public patronage lost its snob appeal; track and equipment costs rose considerably with the use of bitumastic binders on road beds; slow-moving vehicles trespassing or staying in front of cars, free-riding passengers, but most of all the advent of the motorcar which permitted rider customers to have their own transportation and status symbol; all contributed to the decay of the "trolley car".

The streetcar people deserve a great deal of credit. They helped develop the electric motor, they had advanced designs on wind resistance, power conservation, every safety device was examined and used. Employees endeavored to maintain regular time schedules, in fair weather or foul.

Most of the street railway employees have passed on, as has the management and railways, but in their place we have their enviable record of service - Can we equal it?

(George W. Hiltons "Interurban Railways" furnished data as did Mr. Bouchard and Mr. Daly of the Utilities.)



# AX & TREE

By LEAH NOBLE  
(Edwards Historian)

Another summer has passed and everywhere, in the North Country, we can enjoy the beauty of the trees which adorn the mountains and the countryside. One cannot look upon the radiant foliage and beautifully garbed hillsides without retracing in one's memory the hardships and the labors which the early settler experienced in wielding his ax, in conquering the dense wilderness which was to become his home.

At first we are inclined to censor these settlers for the reckless and wanton cutting and wasting of the virgin timber of the forests. But to get rid of this barrier, which stood in the way of clearing the land, was the settler's major undertaking. Not only did he carve out his home and farm land from this forest-clad domain, but he also used the stumps to build his few fences. When the settler began to search for another source of income he turned to the sale of potash or black salts which were made from burning the surplus trees. For a time the sale of these ashes provided a lucrative trade with Canada and England. Cargoes of black salts were hauled as far as Utica by ox-cart. Quantities of oak, maple, cherry, hemlock and pine were at the settler's disposal. From them he built his home and furniture and obtained his fuel.

As the years rolled along more and more settlers were attracted to these parts to establish their homes and fortunes. Roads, crude but adequate, were constructed which greatly assisted in the influx of newcomers. With the arrival of these strangers a greater demand for building materials arose. Building "bees" became the order of the day. Lucky was the man who had inherited a stream which furnished water power to operate an efficient sawmill, efficient, at least, for the needs of the times. However, the sound of the ax was never completely silenced by the hum of the saw. The vertical saw, once set, roared laboriously along while the sawyer smoked his pipe and waited patiently until the giant blade had eaten its way through the log.

Each locality in the Northland has its list of names which might institute a saga of lumbering in the north woods. In Edwards, such names would include the Clarks, Squires, Maybees, Fairbanks, Rushtons and Woodcocks. Foremost in the lumbering industry were the Woodcock brothers--Milo and William--whose father, Jason Woodcock was a farmer in Canton or Jerusalem Corners prior to the Civil War. He was the father of two sons and two daughters. For a time the two boys worked on their father's farm but soon they left home to find work in other places. William, at twenty-one, worked in the Wainwright meat market at \$15 a month. Milo also became a meat cutter. Later the two were to go into partnership in the meat and livery business in Edwards.

Before the turn of the century, they branched out into the lumber business. The Woodcock Brothers Lumber company was organized in 1886 and continued to operate until dissolved in 1916, at which time Milo took over a tract of land in Canada. At this time the elder son of William, Glenn Woodcock, assisted his father on the farm and in the feed mill until 1921. The first lumbering job the men had was on a tract of land back of Talcville at which time they had a contract to supply four foot fuel wood for the Anthony Talc Mines. Eight years later in 1894, the Woodcock brothers built their sawmill, which is now occupied by the Lumley Feed Co. The annual output at one time from this mill was a million feet of flooring and veneer marketed in New York city.

In 1897-8 the men entered on their biggest venture, located at Skate Creek. The logs cut here were floated down the Oswegatchie to the sawmill in Edwards. Several parties used the river for these log drivers so a sorting boom was erected a couple of miles above the village of Edwards. Each man's logs were marked with an identifying symbol,

such as double naught for the Woodcock brothers' logs. Pockets were made for each dealer's logs until the time to release them to their respective mills. This sorting of the logs and pulp wood was a very hazardous job but was skillfully done by several able log drivers--Nelson Muir and Jim Humes worked at this job for years. Occasionally the logs became unruly causing a log jam and then the log drivers with peavey in hand endeavored to straighten out the tangled mass in an orderly way.

A smaller but profitable business was carried on in Stammerville. On Stammerville Creek, John Maybee, later of Canton, also did considerable cutting. The Stammer brothers also ran a sawmill in this section for years. Other companies have lumbered in these parts but for shorter duration.

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## Scripture Cake

The following elaborate recipe for a really delicious cake, doubtless survives from the early days of the country when the religion pervaded every phase of every day life. The cake is a favorite dainty at church fairs -- in addition to the interest attaching to the quaint combination of texts, housewives will find the cake most toothsome.

'Behold there was a cake baken'; 1 Kings, XI:6.

One cup of butter--Judges V:25 "He asked water and she gave him milk; she brought forth butter in a lordly dish."

Two cups of sugar--Jeremiah VI:20. "To what purpose cometh there tome incense from Sheba and the sweet cane from a far country."

Three and one-half cups prepared flour--1 Kings XIV:22. "And Solomon's provision for one day was thirty measures of fine flour and three measures of meal."

Two cups raisins and two cups of figs--First Samuel XXX:12 "And they gave him a piece of a cake of figs and two clusters of raisins, and when he had eaten his spirit came again to him, for he had eaten no bread or drink".

One cup of Almonds--Genesis XLiii:11. "Take of the best fruits in the land in your vessels and carry down the man a present, a little balm and a little honey, spices, myrrh, nuts, and almonds."

One cup of water--Genesis XXIV:29 "And she hastened and emptied her pitcher in the trough, and ran again unto the well to draw water, and drew water for the camels."

Six eggs--Isaiah X:19 "and my hand hath found a nest in the riches of the people, and as one gathereth eggs that are left, have I gathered all the earth; and there was none that moved the wing or opened the mouth or peered."

A little salt--Leviticus II:13 "And every oblation of my meat offering shalt thou suffer the salt of the covenant of thy God to be lacking from thy meat offering; with thine offering thou shalt offer salt."

One large spoonful of honey--Exodus XVI:31 "And the house of Israel, called the same manna and it was like coriander seed, white, and the taste of it was like wafers made with honey."

Sweet spices to taste--Kings X:2 "And she came to Jerusalem, with a very great train, with camels that bore spices and very much gold."

For mixing--First clause Proverbs XXV:14 "Thou shalt beat him with a rod."

As a plain, "unvarnished tale," the recipe reads: 1 cup butter, 2 cups sugar, 3 1/2 cups prepared flour, 2 cups raisins, 2 cups figs, 1 cup almonds blanched and chopped, 1 cup water, 6 eggs, a little salt, 1 large iron cooking spoonful of honey, and sweet spices to suit. An icing adds to the ornamental aspect of the cake.--Doris Planty.



# NICHOLS

TELEPHONE 393-2220  
OGDENSBURG, NEW YORK

FUNERAL

UNFALTERING SERVICE

AMBULANCE

Summer, 1963

To all our many Friends---

Ever since our farm was established on the Black Lake road before 1800, we have been part of the nearby Ogdensburg community in trade and service.

The old Parish Store records show that Willard Nichols and Benjamin Nichols Major purchased a barrel of salt at their store in 1809. We have traded with and served this community since that time. Coming from Vermont three Nichols brothers Benjamin, Isaac and Clark in 1798 searched out a choice piece of land along the Indian trail which became the Black Lake Road. The 400 acres originally purchased was first deeded in 1809 after the land surveys were made.

Most of the property has never left the Nichols family which continues to send its sons into responsible community affairs in both service, trade and in the work of its churches. Benjamin Nichols, the younger, first retailed milk in the city of Ogdensburg about 1890. His reputation for wholesome and healthful service to the public is continued by his son Willard Nichols today.

In my early years while attending Ogdensburg Free Academy, I determined that I would choose a profession of humane service to folks when they needed it most. The dignified and sympathetic care which our capable staff is able to render to families of all faiths when such assistance is appreciated most is our most valued asset.

Our personal service in an atmosphere of dignity, with all necessary facilities and equipment, makes the hours of decision and arrangement easier for all concerned. Many families have written that they appreciated our understanding and their relief from making difficult decisions on unfamiliar details. Many have come to us several times over.

We are able to serve the Ogdensburg and surrounding areas and any distant towns with latest ambulances equipped with oxygen and air conditioning. Local or distance, day or night, calls may be handled with dispatch and care. My wife as lady assistant is at hand at all times. John W. Robinson, licensed embalmer and funeral director, has been my assistant for over sixteen years.

We hope that the Nichols Funeral Service, this August recalling 25 years of service in the area, can look forward to another quarter century of friendship and assistance to every family needing our help.

Cordially,

*Benjamin U. Nichols*





# I Remember Greatgrandma

By LINDON E. RIGGS  
Town of Stockholm Historian

My Grandmother Graves was born Emiline Marsh, a daughter of Harry and Mariah (Smith) Marsh, and a granddaughter of Isaac Marsh, one of the early settlers of Stockholm.

She was one of five children. Easter married M. Artemus Steenberg, a Civil War veteran; Mary married Lewis Page; Rufus was a Civil War veteran; Edwin retained the home farm with his widowed mother.

The little red school house she attended was near the Marsh home. - "Cedar School House" - was torn down a few years ago and a nice modern log-style house was erected in its place.

Great-grandmother Marsh was a master hand at weaving, cloth, carpets, and the like, using the so-called barn loom. A pair of rug mittens knit by her are with Mrs. Smithers at the county historical office in Canton.

Young people were allowed to work out, and usually had no trouble finding a place to live and work although the pay was not high. Grandma went to work for a farmer and dairyman, a Mr. Ellis of Ellis Neighborhood. He made up his milk into butter and cheese, and this was the work she performed and sometimes she helped with the milking.

From her savings she prepared for her wedding. When she left the employ of Mr. Ellis, he presented her with a 35 lb. cheese.

Each of the three Marsh girls, when they married and

went to their new homes, took with them a complete spinning outfit, wheel, reel and swifts, also a four drawer chest and a lift-up top commode presented to them by their parents. This furniture was made by a local cabinet maker, a Mr. Sargent. I have the spinning outfit, also the chest of drawers, but the commode has left this locality.

Great-grandma saw the Northern Railroad become a reality, and took one of the first rides on it. She lived to ride with me in my first automobile.

Her brother, Rufus, while in the Union Army, wrote home for some supplies - a pair of leather boots, a whole ham and many other things. Notwithstanding the expense (the boots cost \$12), they were sent to him, but he never received them. Perhaps someone equally deserving got them.

In 1865 my grandparents bought the farm, where I have lived 45 years, from a returned disabled veteran, Edgar E. Streeter. They lived out the remainder of their lives here, just as I expect to do.

The house, when purchased, was new and not completed. Some years ago when doing some remodeling, I found the split-lath on the walls that had at one time been papered with "New York Tribune" papers of the Civil War period. A large bunch of lilacs still thrives in our yard, planted by Grandma who got them from her grandma's old log cabin home. The original clump still thrives but all traces of the log cabin are gone, and after next year, a new road will no doubt eradicate the lilacs.

## Waddington and Mr. Carnegie

By ETHEL CRAIG OLDS

An interesting story is related of the organ in the First Presbyterian church of Waddington.

Following a fire in 1908 which gutted the stone church but left the walls standing, the interior was restored. Pews, carpets and some other properties had been saved from the flames, but many other furnishings would have to be acquired. Replacement of the organ was a problem.

An Elder of long standing, Alexander Dunn, considered the question thoroughly and, without discussing his plans with anyone, went to Norwood and took the train for New York where he presented himself at the office of Andrew Carnegie, widely known for his philanthropic gifts including organs for churches.

At the office Mr. Dunn was asked if he had an appointment with Mr. Carnegie. Mr. Dunn said he had no appointment. He would not state his business, and was told Mr. Carnegie was not in. Mr. Dunn said he wanted to see Mr. Carnegie and would wait there till his return. The next day the same thing happened, and the third day he was still there.

His persistence finally got him a meeting with Mr. Carnegie. He told the story of the fire which had followed a fire of 21 years before, the struggle of the people to restore a place of worship, of the financial impossibility of replacing the ruined organ. Mr. Dunn must have been convincing, for Andrew Carnegie saw the need and the church was

promised the organ.

As with all Mr. Carnegie's gifts, there were conditions to be met. The recipients had to make some effort themselves. There had to be an adequate place for the organ and the people had to assume some responsibility for the installation. There is a notation in the records that \$1,500 was paid by the congregation. This Moller pipe organ, with its two manuals, 36 white keys on each, excellent in tone, is still in use in the church.

### -MEMBERSHIP UP TO DATE?-

Mr. David Cleland, Treasurer,  
St. Lawrence County Historical Association  
Canton, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Cleland:

Enclosed find \$2.00 in cash, check or money order to cover my dues.

Please send The Quarterly to me at this address:

NAME .....

STREET and NUMBER .....

or RURAL ROUTE .....

MAIL THIS HANDY COUPON WITH CHECK -- TODAY!

## RAFTING

(Continued from Page Three)

of the raft by great pieces of timber, 30 feet long and shaped for the purpose.

Chieftain, the boat used to tow these immense chained logs, was needed several times during the trip when an extra lift was necessary. Often the sections became unchained and would drift two and three miles apart when perhaps one raft would be entirely lost to view at an unexpected bend in the river.

Two kinds of timber, oak and pine made up this cargo which was valued at \$35,000 and was being hauled to an old Canadian town. From there, the logs were to be shipped to the Old Country.

A few historical points of interest along the way added to our pleasure. We passed a picturesque little piece of land, a small island, settled early in the eighteenth century by a Scotch Lord. It is now part of the United States. As we approached the Sault, we found ourselves watching the increased turbulence of the water for we were passing through what was known as the South Sault. The North Sault we saw plainly to our left, a distance of two miles, where the water is so rough that the waves dash fifteen and twenty feet in the air. This part of our journey was exceedingly interesting.

A single span bridge loomed up in the distance, its length being 9,450 feet, and the frequent toot of the engine making its way across the river so easily, proved the immense advantage of modern machinery over the slower methods of our forefathers.

After a few miles of undisturbed floating we reached our destination and landing place. By this time we were very hungry as our sail of twenty-three miles had taken us from seven in the morning until noon and the bracing air had given one and all a strong desire to "eat, drink and be merry".

As our eyes turned toward the river after reaching the shore, we joined with the poets, in our admiration along river and streams of all that is beautiful in the "Great out-of-doors" with plenty of room to live and breath and grow.

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## GROCERY

(Continued from Page Six)

wife would come from the kitchen with a pan of eggs to be exchanged for groceries. After the transaction and a bit of conversation, for my father had known these people all his life, we would be on our way. The children would stand shyly by, clutching their striped candy, the dog would give one final bark by way of farewell, and then we were on the dusty road again to ride quietly along, until the barking of a dog around the bend, told me we were nearing another farm house.

As noon approached, Duke would begin walking faster, his ears pricked forward in anticipation. Finally, at a level shady spot, he would suddenly turn off the road and stop. This would be the spot where they always stopped to eat. My father would jump down, remove the bit from the horse's mouth, and give him his oats. Then we would open one of the doors of the cart, reach far back and bring out our lunches, sandwiches, and homemade ginger cookies, a banana, and jars of milk, not refrigerated as it would have to be today to satisfy our palates, but fresh and rich and warm, and vastly satisfying.

At four o'clock we would be back in our town again, Duke again quickening his pace as he looked forward to a handful of sugar or a piece of wintergreen candy.

Then my father would take the money from his pockets and put it into the cash register, and pull down the crates of eggs from the top of the cart, to be sorted, the brown ones to go to Boston and the white ones to New York. He would replenish the groceries he had sold, so that the cart would be ready for the next trip over a different route another day.

Probably not much money had been taken in, but neither had the expenses been great. However, one thing we knew. It had been a good day. It was a good world. We were glad to be a part of it. Peace was of the essence of it. There

had been wars, but never any more. People knew better now than to fight. They had learned a great lesson. Arbitration was the answer. Surely, goodness and mercy would follow us all the days of our lives. Oh, halcyon days, the days of the cart!

\* \* \*

I have another story of Spragueville which I have always enjoyed telling.

One afternoon in the summer I was tending store. Tending store in the afternoon was not a strenuous occupation, for after the farmers had brought their milk in the morning and bought whatever supplies they needed and gone home again, there were very very few customers. Once in a while a housewife would drop in for a loaf of bread or some vanilla or baking powder for a cake for supper, but mostly tending store meant sitting on the bench on the front steps and reading a book.

One afternoon I was thus engaged when I heard the clop-clopping of a horse coming down the hill past the Methodist Church. Looking up, I saw that the driver was a Greek who came once a week selling bananas.

He stopped at the store, obviously disappointed at finding me there.

"The boss here?"

"No."

"You buy bananas?"

"No."

"When he be back?"

"Oh, in about half an hour."

"Alright, I wait. I know he buy bananas."

So he clambered down from his wagon and sat down on the bench beside me. I went on with my reading.

The banana man sat in silence. He looked up and down the street. Not a soul was to be seen. Not a sound was to be heard except for the buzzing of the bees in Mrs. Tuttle's apple trees and the occasional stamping of his horse as he brushed off flies.

Finally the man could stand it no longer.

"This town," he said, turning to me. "Is always like this?"

"Yes."

"You don't mind?"

"No, I don't mind."

He looked at me in wonder. Then a smile spread over his face.

"I know," he said. "You born here."

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## LOCAL HISTORICAL

# Associations

CANTON: The Grasse River Historical association had a fine talk prior to the canoe race by Atwood Manley, past president of County association on Roulston and his canoes. Double the number of entries were posted for the second annual canoe race. Crowds gathered at Lays Falls bridge to watch the canoe-maneuver the rapids there and thousands waited for the ending at the A&P parking lot. In the January elections Phillip McMasters was elected president; Ed Heim, town and village historian, vice president; and Frank Crary, secretary-treasurer. GOUVERNEUR: Association meetings have been discontinued during the summer months. Many articles of interest especially books have been given to the association recently.--Harold A. Storie. No word from NORWOOD AND MASSENA, PARISHVILLE: the annual meeting of the Parishville Historical association was held on April 23 with the following officers being elected: Elsie Bresee, president; Dalton Gushea, first vice president; Mary Katner, second vice president; Hilda Bassett, secretary; Bessie Duffy, treasurer, and two directors, Iva Bloss and Floyd Fenner jr. Plans for the summer include a supper with perhaps a program following. Several guests were at our May meeting at which our president reported on her visit to Fort Ontario.

FROM THE COUNTY'S

# Cracker Barrel

(Including the names of all Town and Village Historians together with a continuing report of their activities.) BRASHER: (Mrs. John Gray) CANTON: (Ed Heim) "So far 1963 has been a good year for replacing some of the records of Canton History which was destroyed in the fire of February 1962. Mr. and Mrs. Carlton Olds of Waddington, N.Y. sent a large envelop containing numerous clippings concerning the life and history of Frederic Remington and his family. For their fine gift has come a scrapbook of considerable worth. Mrs. Frank Fox recently gave many valuable items collected by her late husband, several framed pictures of well known people of Canton and vicinity, unframed pictures of parades, fire department activities and a number of almanacs dating back to the turn of the Century. Walter Russell gave a large picture of his father, Dr. Russell, a medical kit and a number of old medicine bottles. Mr. and Mrs. James McGaughey of West Street, Canton, friends of Canton History, turned over a large scrapbook, several buttons from her father's Civil War Uniform and a number of small items. The historian attended a Work Shop at the County Museum and exchanged times of historical value with Mrs. Nina Smithers, County Historian. The historian is active in the group responsible for putting on the Rushton Memorial Canoe Race, held on the Grasse River between Pyrites and Canton. It was sponsored by the Grasse River Historical Association and the Junior Chamber of Commerce on May 19, 1963. This year there were twenty canoes entered (double last year's entries). It has developed considerable public approval. Work with newspaper clipping continues and the Sorority members at ATI have been very helpful again this school year. RENNELAER FALLS: (Mrs. Nina Wilson) CLARE: (Mrs. Myron Fry) CLIFTON: (Mrs. Clara McKenny) COLTON: (Mrs. Lorena Reed) DEKALB: (F. F. E. Walrath) DEPEYSTER: (Mrs. Emery Smithers) is searching for local names of people who participated in the War of 1912 and has met with some success, placed flags on veterans graves in DePeyster's two cemeteries and at the memorial in the Village Park, and is doing Genealogical record work. EDWARDS: (Miss Leah Noble) has completed her article on the Edward's railroad and is getting data to finish the dance article and had a very pleasant morning at school talking to the 7th graders about county and local history. FINE: (Mrs. Rowland Brownell) is finishing material for an article on our town band of 1884 and has started a short history of the old Fine Tannery. (This was prompted by the fact that the new highway will go through the site of the old tannery. GOUVERNEUR: (Harold Storie) GOUVERNEUR VILLAGE: (Julius Bartlett) is working on a story of the 137 year old two story brick building situated at the rear of the Gouverneur Savings and Loan Association. This was the first substantial building for school purposes (1826). This building, always in use, is being torn down to make way for additional parking space for the Savings and Loan. HAMMOND: (Mrs. Edward Biondi) The Town Board finished new quarters in the Town Hall, waiting to get moved in. Has spent much time writing articles for publication, locally and otherwise. Still culling newspapers and sorting clippings. A townsman is helping with scrapbooks, and firemen asked for a copy of clippings discovered pertaining to their group. HERMON: (Mrs. Rebecca Brunet) has the dance and orchestra article well underway, also made a copy for the firemen and the files of the Veterans buried in all cemeteries in the town. HOPKINTON: (Mrs. Vaughn Day) LAWRENCE: (Mrs. Gordon Cole) LISBON: (Lee M. Marton) reports that the Lisbon Yorker club under the able direction of Miss Rachel Dandy has done a fine job of making models of all the buildings which were made at the time of settlement at Red Mills where the town of Lisbon began. These are in a glass case in Hepburn library. They make an interesting display. LOUISVILLE: (Mrs. Lorraine Bandy) has been setting up a room in the Massena History Center of Louisville artifacts. Loans and donations by the Beagan,

Hodge and Gay families of Louisville were made. Has complete cooperation of the Louisville Dept. in transportation of articles and with Massena Historian's office. This History Center will be open to the public this summer. Louisville is very grateful to be a part of it. MACOMB: (Willis Kittle) has been working on the history of the early churches in the town. Completed and had published the history of one church, also been doing work on the County Country Dance program. MADRID: (Mrs. Arthur Thompson) is working on the band project. MASSENA: (Anthony Romeo) MORRISTOWN: (Mrs. Ernest Planty) NORFOLK: (Mrs. Edith VanKennen) The Seventy-Fifth anniversary of the Norfolk Grange #541 was held on June 1, 1963 in Hepburn Library Hall in Norfolk. Very nice occasion. OSWEGATCHIE: (Mrs. Orma Smithers) has been making calls and sent in a report of State Markers in her town. Mrs. Smithers spoke on "Agricultural Vitality" at Grange Neighbor's night by Scotch Bush and Cedars Granges at Hammond Grange hall. HUEVELTON VILLAGE (Mrs. Ilea Downing) PARISHVILLE: (Mrs. Elsie Bresee) is a new historian for the town of Parishville and we extend to her a warm welcome. Has much material collected for general scrapbooks, also started two on "Racquette Reflections" written by Dr. Charles Lahey (town historian of Potsdam) for the Potsdam Courier. Sent a letter to the State Dept. of Public Works in Watertown on buildings or roads of scenic value for the tourism project. I have been collecting material of our (county) music project for 1963. Has compiled copies of the QUARTERLIES as complete as is possible. Took the matter up with Town Supervisor, Mrs. Fenner, and the Town Board paid for the copies Mrs. Smithers had saved. Has secured cards of veterans' records to complete the records. Mrs. Bresee enclosed an article on The Old Parishville Band and when the pictures can be available to go with this article, it may be printed in The Quarterly soon. PIERCEFIELD: (Mrs. Beulah Dorothy) is working with the teacher to save any records of the school which is being closed permanently after 73 years of service. PIERREPONT: (Frank E. Olmstead) is keeping scrapbook. PITCAIRN: Has no historian. POTSDAM: (Dr. Charles Lahey) has been publishing Racquette Reflections in the Potsdam-Courier Freeman since last fall. ROSSIE: (Mrs. Virgie Simons) is clipping, filing, keeping scrapbooks and doing research. RUSSELL: (Mrs. Jeanette D. Barnes) is working on service men's records. STOCKHOLM: (Lindon Riggs) WADDINGTON: (Mrs. Carlton B. Olds).

## Yorker Cracker Barrel

CANTON: Foote's Followers has three groups with two reporting in this issue. Mrs. Carl Ayers, 7th grade sponsor reports that her group "has completed a year's news in a scrapbook on the history of Canton during the school year 1962-63. Our news was gleaned from the St. Lawrence Plaindealer. I feel the students have accomplished a fine job. We also had a cupcake sale and raised enough money to buy a movie screen for our room." From Senior High school sponsor, Carl Knauerhase-- "Thirty-eight Senior High School Yorkers attended the Yorker Convention at Albany in May. We visited several buildings during our weekend in Albany and stopped to visit Howe Caverns on the way back home." GOUVERNEUR: Marble City Yorkers Club--A group of six girls attended the Yorker State Convention in May at Albany with their sponsor. The girls were Elaine Munch, Beverly Gass, Jeanne Shattuck, Nancy Tharpe, Jane Thompson and Patsy Coates. These girls worked on the club's main project of a cookbook featuring old and new recipes. The club also attended the Jamboree in Canton earlier.-- Georgiana Wranesh, sponsor. LISBON: St. Lawrence chapter visited Ft. Wellington and Remington Memorial May 1st. On May 10 and 11 Marjorie Thompson, David Wallace, Steven Jemison and Paul Russell attended State Convention in Albany. David received a Who's Who award. They exhibited a model of Red Mills of 1860. It is now on



display in Hepburn Library. On May 25th a group of 16 Lisbon Yorkers (8th graders) visited Fort Henry at Kingston, Ont. It was ideal weather and a very enjoyable trip, with a guided tour of the fort. At least five Yorkers are planning to accompany me on St. Lawrence County tour June 15. On May 1 Mr. D. R. Yates, principal of Lisbon Central school, Mr. William Hart sr., vice principal and his young son and Mr. R. Logan, social studies teacher went to Fort Henry. I went on all the trips.--Rachel Dandy, Sponsor. MADRID-WADDINGTON: no Grasse River Yorker chapter during year 1962-63. Hope to revive next year.--card from principal. MASSENA: (Miss Barbara Calipari, sponsor of the Andre Massena Yorker club--Yorker trip to Albany a success, capitol tour and Yorker ball and tour of Museum in State Ed. Bldg. stayed at Ten-Eyck.

#### MUSEUM NEWS

The Potsdam Museum has been host to six classes from several area schools as well as from Potsdam. Two more tree floor lamps have been purchased, the lighting from which greatly enhances the exhibits in the Sisson and Knowles cases. A double file for 4x6 cards and a movable stand were purchased, the cards printed for our need and Mrs. Keller is busy making a new comprehensive file of everything in the Museum.--Marguerite Gurley Chapman, president Museum association. TONY ROMEO, historian for the town of Massena, reports that the Massena Historic Center is about to open. Watch the newspapers for opening date.

## Tour

By MARY H. BIONDI  
(Hammond Historian)

The voice of an alert octogenarian kept a Richville church filled to standing room only at appreciative attention Saturday. Mrs. Miriam Roulston, soon to be 83, chose to sing a hymn tune familiar to most of the group assembled at the long-closed Welsh Church. The words sounded strange in the old Welsh but there were some who could not resist humming along with Mrs. Roulston as she sang, unaccompanied.

A book could not be found in the church which contained the music in familiar note form, as the old hymnals were written by letters only. Therefore the organist who had planned to accompany her felt that Mrs. Roulston could better sing the recognized tune alone. At the close of the hymn verses, with a sparkle in her eye she broke into two children's game songs which delighted the audience.

This was the start of a most enjoyable -- in spite of the weather -- spring tour of the St. Lawrence County Historical Association. On display at the old Welsh Church were articles brought over by fathers and grandfathers of folks on hand Saturday. The old Welsh Bible once more stood on the rostrum. Scrapbooks, Staffordshire dogs, treasure and trinket boxes were among the articles collected and loaned by the members of an active committee of Richville folk who opened the church Saturday. Cousins greeted cousins after many years. Welsh greetings rolled through the room.

Of interest especially was the mural which is painted on the wall directly behind the platform. A niece of the painter was on hand and many who recalled its being there in their childhood, yet none could describe the significance. The Historians assembled would welcome any explanation from anyone who knows about it.

A cavalcade of nearly sixty cars bearing red tour cards wound its way along Limekiln or the Davis road to the site of the old limestone quarries and limekilns. Following a map and brochure prepared by the program committee members were able to see and read about the caves and quarries and earlier industries of the towns of Hermon and DeKalb.

At Greenhill Mine, the cavalcade halted while members

walked among the piles of discarded stone and collected interesting colorful pieces. Continuing through East DeKalb and DeKalb Junction, the cars headed toward Stella-ville and the Stella Mines. A roadhalt only while members read their brochures with the history of the mines, then on to Hermon and the Lazy River Picnic Grounds. Nearly 150 members with their guests and families enjoyed the facilities with Mr. Grandy as host.

Following the basket picnic, Lawrence Bovard, association president, introduced Murray Latham, of Canton, a spelunker and speleologist. Mr. Latham told the group about the explorations he had made in the caves of Richville, including the Borland, or Boland, Cave the location of which had been noted on the map and brochure.

Tour August 3rd

Mrs. Doris Planty, Program Chairman, announced that the next organized tour will be to Ottawa on Saturday, August 3. The tour will leave by bus from the Ogdensburg Bridge at 8:30 a.m. sharp in order to be in Ottawa for the changing of the guard at the Parliament buildings, tour of city and places of interest, lunch at Chateau Laurier Cafeteria, tour of parliament buildings. Send reservations for bus to Mrs. Doris Planty, Ogdensburg, N.Y., R.R. 2. Price \$3.00.

A tour of Potsdam houses is scheduled for September 14.

Visit our Historical booth at the Gouverneur and St. Lawrence County Fair.

## GIFTS to the History Center

Among recent gifts to the History Center at the county court house in Canton, County Historian Nina W. Smithers lists the following:

BOOKS: Mrs. Nellie Dunn, Rossie, "Poems of Robert Burns"; J. Everett Todd, DePeyster, "Silas Strong, Emperor of the Woods" by Irving Batcheller; Mr. and Mrs. Carl Olds, Waddington, materials on Washingtonpageants; Mrs. Mary Biondi, Ogdensburg, various pictures; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Olmstead, Hannawa Falls, Book of Home Remedies; Howard M. Smith, Potsdam, Collection of old cookbooks, account books of Potsdam area businessmen; numerous priceless maps of St. Lawrence county, Civil War Letters; Catherine Rowland, DeKalb Junction, books.

More than 600 books were donated to the St. Lawrence County Historical Association to be used in whatever manner desired by Mr. and Mrs. Francis B. Burns, Ogdensburg, when they left their home on Jay Street. This home, the former Moreland Home, had a number of first editions, new books and travel books dating from 1880.

ARTICLES FOR DISPLAY in the museum area: Miss Lillian Todd, Gouverneur, man's old-fashioned homespun "red flannel" underwear; Bertha Mellon, Richville, "ear trumpet" hearing aid made in a Richville tin shop and pewter teapot. Mrs. Smithers reports that Howard M. Smith who has sold his home in Potsdam and plans to live in Arizona is making bi-weekly visits to the museum with loads of articles including a sword, a shotgun, ammunition, articles used in preparing food in home and camp; articles of luggage which included a cow-hide covered trunk which crossed the U.S. by stage coach, a "strong box" and articles too numerous to mention. Many of the articles came from the collections of his father, G.W.F. Smith of Potsdam.

Mrs. Smithers announces that back numbers of the "Quarterly" would be welcome.

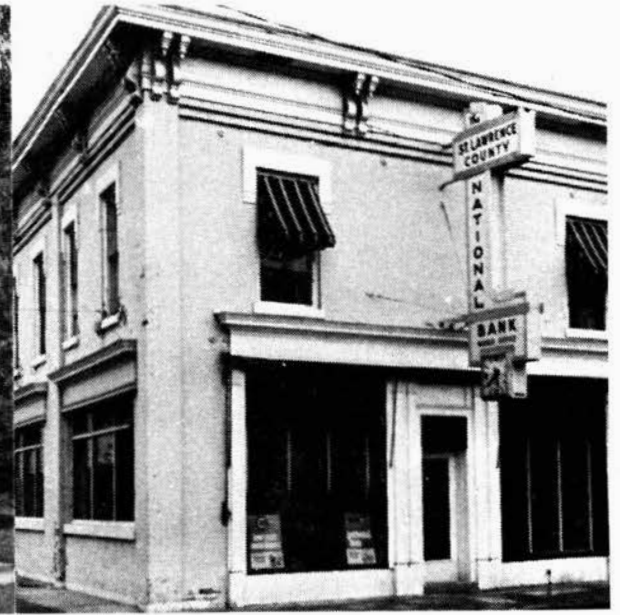
Lacking from our files are 1956--January, April, July, 1957--October, 1959--April, 1961--January, April and July, 1962--January and April.

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