

The Quarterly

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE ST. LAWRENCE COUNTY HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION



October 1965

The Quarterly

Official Publication of The St. Lawrence County Historical Assn.

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CONTENTS OCTOBER 1965 VOL. 10 NO. 4 Page

LOST DAUPHIN?
By Mary H. Biondi 3

REMINISCENCES
By Pauline P. Nims 4

FINE'S ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL
Contributed by Mrs. Catherine Brownell 5

THE CRANBERRY LAKE DAM
By Clara McKenney 6

FROM PODUNK TO ZIP CODE 13652
By Nina W. Smithers and Mary H. Biondi 8

MINING AT ROSSIE 1839
From the County Historian's Files 10

OLD TIME HOP PICKERS
By Jay S. Morris 12

OLD 1910 POST CARDS
From Mrs. Laurel Guiles' Collection 16

TERRACE PARK
By Doris Planty 17

ONE ROOM SCHOOL TO MOBILE HOME
By Mrs. L. W. Short 20

COUNTY HISTORICAL ACTIVITIES
Edited By Betty Mayhew 22

COVER: These Historical Association members "went back to school again" at the Fair this year, as they put life into a very complete historical exhibit prepared under direction of Harold Storie, Gouverneur. The display included a blackboard, ancient school desks, old maps, even the bell which once rang in the belfry of the old Gouverneur Wesleyan Seminary. In the cover photograph, County Historian Mary Biondi, as teacher, admonishes Student Storie to behave, while Mrs. Storie looks on from the dunce's stool.
(Photo by Betty Steele)

LOST DAUPHIN?



REV. ELEAZER WILLIAMS
(From a portrait painted about 1852)

By MARY H. BIONDI
(County Historian)

(reprinted from the Ogdensburg, Advance-News)

Whether he was the Lost Dauphin of France or half-breed Indian, there is no more colorful chapter in North Country history than the legend that the heir to the throne of France was hidden away in Northern New York.

Until 1851 no one questioned that the Rev. Eleazar Williams was anything but what he appeared to be, the son of one Thomas Williams, an Oneida Indian, and the grandson of Eunice Williams, daughter of a Deerfield, Mass., clergyman, who was stolen by the Indians at the time of the infamous Deerfield Massacre.

In 1851 during a chance meeting on the new train from here to New York the Rev. John H. Hanson, an Episcopal rector, was told by Williams that his mind was blank until he was 14 years old but that he had certain vague memories of seeing troops drilling in a garden and resting on a carpet with his head against the silken dress of a lady.

Williams also told Hanson that he had recognized instantly a portrait of Simon, the Cobbler, who had maltreated the young son of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette when he was held prisoner in the Temple prison. He also revealed that the Prince de Joinville, son of Louis Philippe, had sought him out in Wisconsin, and told him that he was the Dauphin and tried to get him to sign a paper denouncing his right to the throne. Williams had refused.

(Continued on Page Thirteen)



LOST DAUPHIN -- It was believed by many that the lost son of King Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette of France came to America and was buried near Hogsburg.



STEEP GABLED Queen Anne Styled cottage, Hogsburg, once home of the Rev. Eleazar Williams, thought to be the Lost Dauphin of France. This was visited on June 26 by the County Historical Association.

Reminiscences

By PAULINE P. NIMS

Dolls

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten -- yes, there were ten dolls under the Christmas tree, some repaired, some brand new. What was one little girl, whose playmates were mostly boys, to do with ten dolls? Playing dolls was nowhere near as exciting as sliding, climbing and racing with those same boys who teased unmercifully when the dolls came out. One boy did get his mother to get him a doll. I wonder if that could have been in appreciation of the girl's fearlessness. It was the girl who rescued his hat when it fell in the creek and he was afraid to get it or to go home without it. True, all the children had been told to stay away from the creek and the girl was punished when she came home dripping wet.

We've digressed from the ten dolls. Ten dolls could take a lot of dressing and undressing and a lot of dress-making. But who wanted to sew? Not our tomboy. Small brother took his toll of the dolls and a few were victims of Indian tomahawks. Accidents do happen in the best regulated doll families. They certainly did in this one. Two or three weeks after Christmas, all were incapacitated. The very last one was dropped on the sidewalk.

Names

Names are queer things, the handles with which one goes through life. What if anything is in the minds of some parents when they choose these titles? My own middle name was a family name but also a boy's name. As a result, I was very much teased until old enough to be so proud of that name, no amount of teasing could bother me.

On the other hand, if I had had a name like one of my friends at school, I would have resented it all my life. Can you imagine anything worse than Juanita for the given name of a girl whose surname was Husband? Think of answering all your life to Delphina, Fedora Ella Lazella or Chrystal Dalrymple. Why give anyone such a name as Birdie if Leak must be combined with it? What of MayNott? Nannie G? No matter what the G stands for, she'll always be Nannie Goat. These are but a few, nearly everyone could add to it, so could I. Why do otherwise sane parents so handicap a child? Birdie Bell, Cadie Adelle, Sadie Estelle were really the names of three sisters. When Icy Mount was named, were her parents carried away with missionary zeal? Theory Miles, IOK Pressley -- were there so many in the family they'd run out of names? Are some of these names picked out to attract attention? Too many Johns and Marys monotonous. There are so many lovely names, one wonders what is back of the fantastic or over-elaborate, possibly a misplaced sense of humor.

* * * * *

Father's people lived so far away, we went there very seldom but we went to Grandmother's for many of the holidays and I spent most of my summer vacations with her. There were always other cousins -- some in the house and some living near by. Eventually there were fifteen of us but I can remember only once when we were all at Grandmother's at one time. That time our fathers and mothers were all present. Grandmother had made arrangements for a yacht to take us from Ogdensburg to Clayton where we had dinner with friends of hers, and then back down river. Sometime during that day we had our pictures taken by Dow. Grandmother may have been very pleased with it and it was an achievement to get twenty-five together and still enough to get that picture. However, one look is enough to take the conceit out of anyone in it. That's now an inhabitant of my attic.

Grandmother was very proud of having so many grand-

children and was always having pictures taken of them. I remember one of my two oldest cousins, she called her twins as they were just a day apart in age but belonging to different families. There was another picture on her dresser, a group of several of us. As a new grandchild would arrive, a small picture would be added to the group.

Odd as it may seem, the oldest child in each family was a girl followed by a boy. Uncle Will, the oldest of Grandmother's children, had five children. Uncle Lon, next in order, had four. Mother, the fourth child but the third married, had three. Her older sister had two and Aunt Mabel, the baby of the family, one. I was the youngest of the first five grandchildren and one of the group that was always with Grandmother summer vacations. School would be out and Grandmother would appear. Sometimes we went right through to Ogdensburg or to Star Lake, but usually we stopped overnight to visit relatives or friends. Once we visited Aunt Dolly, an aunt of Grandmother's. Some one in that family kept a country grocery. I loved it. The variety of stock, the hard candies and best of all, the smoked herring. I'd never had any before nor since and I really don't like fish. Yet those have always lingered in my memory. Another time we stopped at Judge Neary's in Gouverneur. That visit I'll never forget. At supper, Mrs. Neary asked me if I'd like a glass of milk and I politely said, "No, thank you." For some reason, Grandmother made an issue of it and said I must drink the milk or go to bed. I hated milk, always had, even as a tiny baby, so I went to bed. Mrs. Neary told me long afterward she pitied me that night as she also hated milk.

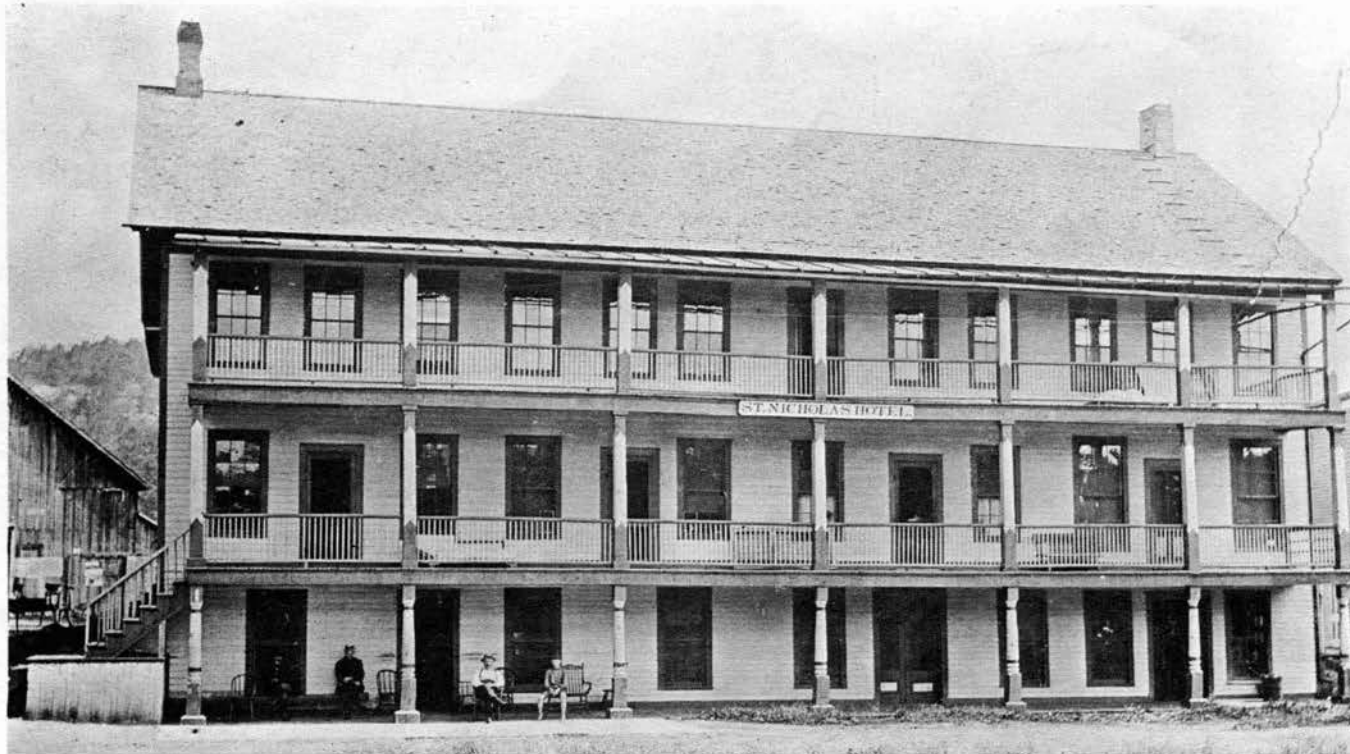
The house in Ogdensburg was a large brick one painted white, on the corner of Washington and Caroline Streets, with lawn on two sides and a marvelous place to play on the third floor on rainy days. There were bars on the windows up there so we couldn't yield to temptation and walk on the cornice. In the house next to it on Washington Street Aunt Minnie lived, and in the house on Caroline Street lived Uncle Lon. Aunt Mabel lived with Grandmother, always did. Uncle Will was in the western part of the state. By the time I was nine or ten, Grandmother had sold the corner house, Aunt Minnie was dead and her home rented, Uncle Lon was in British Columbia and Grandmother lived in his house. Uncle Will was in the state of Washington.

When I was thirteen we moved to Massena. One of my favorite diversions in those days was riding the ferry to Prescott. At that time the ferry docked at the foot of Caroline Street. I'd get on and ride steadily from about nine until dinner time. The library and its spacious grounds were good friends and I was very much at home there. In fact, among these cousins I was unique in one thing. I was a bookworm. It was a queer combination, a tomboy bookworm, but there have been others and famous ones at that -- witness Louisa May Alcott. Croquet on the big lawn is another of these recollections. Was there ever a game at which children could scrap more or were there ever children who didn't scrap at it? Follow the leader was of course a favorite and led us into all sorts of trouble. We even walked the rim of a disused cistern in a room without windows or lights. The mystery is why no one ever fell in. I wasn't so lucky the day I tried to jump a ditch workmen were digging in the street. Then all freshly cleaned for the afternoon, in I fell. Three older girls rushed me to a basement laundry and to the best of their ability washed and ironed my dress. Is that the day I was sent to bed and given bread and water for supper? The night that happened, I sent down word that was just what I wanted anyway.

In all this, I have just one clear picture of Grandfather. I was a little spitfire and he delighted in teasing me. One

(Continued on Page Twenty-one)

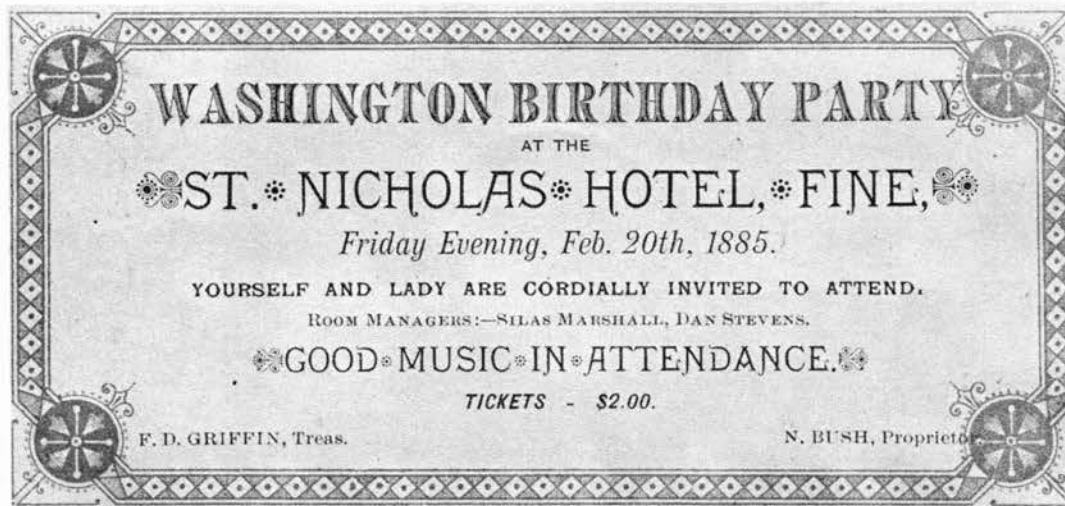
Pine's St. Nicholas Hotel



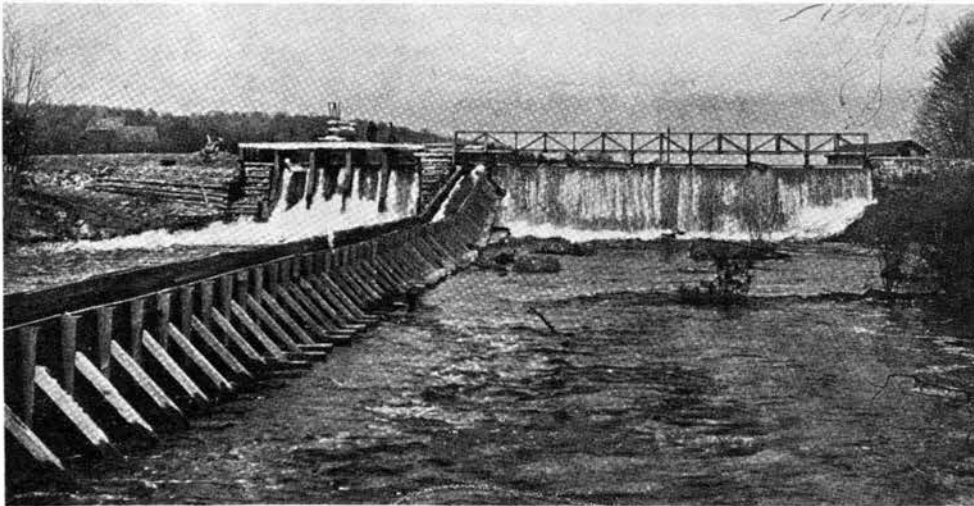
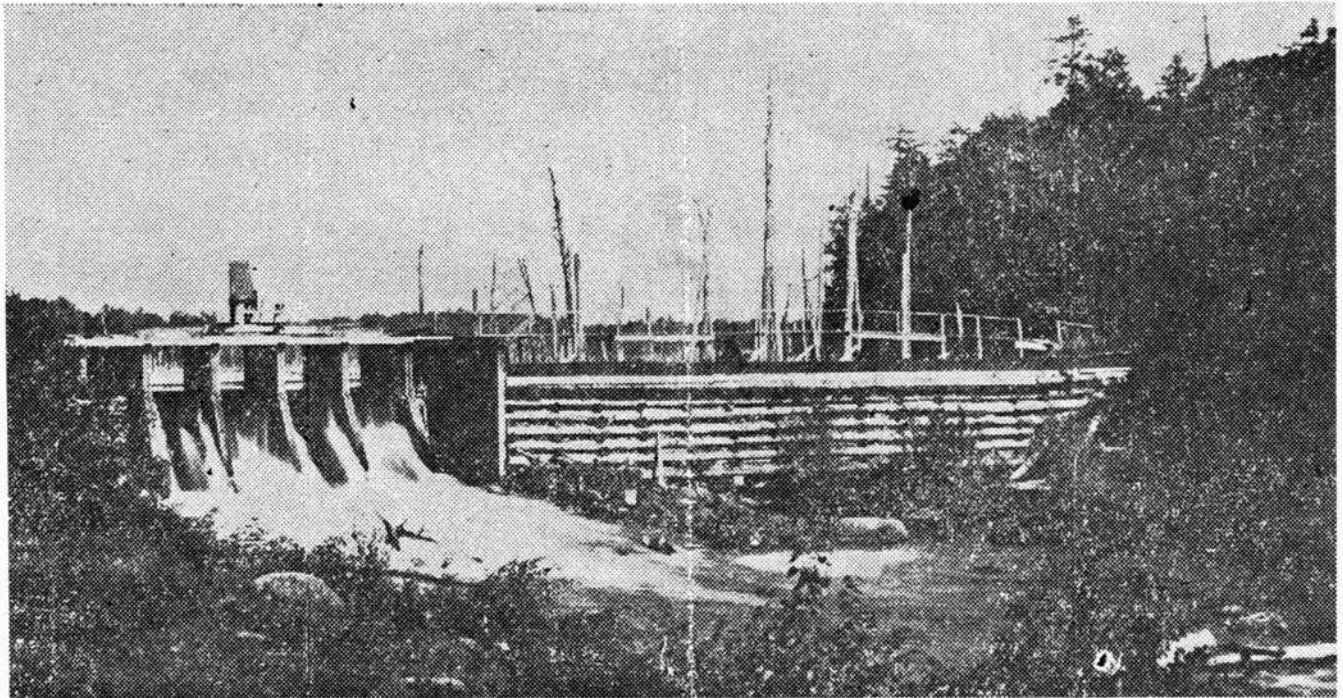
(Contributed by Mrs. Catherine Brownell)

The St. Nicholas Hotel, a three story building, was built in 1872 by Augustus Scott, the town's best carpenter. The third floor was used for a dance hall as well as various public functions. Since the village had a good band there was never a lack of music for these occasions.

Nicholas Bush was the proprietor for many years and was the father-in-law of Mr. Griffin whose name appears on the dance ticket.



THE CRANBERRY



EVOLUTION OF CRANBERRY DAM--The top photos show the first dam, built of logs. Picture above, left, was taken by Fred Howlett in 1890, the one at right probably sometime earlier. Center picture at left, taken from an old post card, shows sluice way of old dam. The present dam bottom left, is constructed of concrete. It was built just below the original dam. New York State Route 3 runs about where the log buildings shown in top right photo once stood.

LAKE DAM



By CLARA McKENNEY
(Clifton Town Historian)

Although most people know it today as one of the finest Adirondack lakes and fishing grounds, Cranberry Lake was actually developed, about 100 years ago, as a reservoir for commercial purposes.

The groundwork was laid in 1854 when the New York State Legislature passed "An Act delaring the Oswegatchie River a public highway and regulating the passage of logs and lumber down the same and for the improvement of said River."

The next step was taken a few days after Lee surrendered at Appomattox. The Act of April 21, 1865 was passed by the Legislature for the improvement of the hydraulic power in the Oswegatchie, and the checking of its freshets. To carry out these purposes, Chapter 505 of the Laws of 1865 provided for the organization of a number of owners of Mills and Manufacturing plants along the meandering 110 mile course of the river below Cranberry Lake through the towns of Clifton, Fine, Edwards, Fowler, Gouverneur, DeKalb, Canton, DePeyster and Oswegatchie before it empties into the St. Lawrence at Ogdensburg.

These users of water power were empowered by the statute to acquire, either by purchase or the exercise of the right of eminent domain, lands for the erection of a dam of such height as in their decration they deemed advisable. Executive authority was vested in three commissioners named in the act and giving the County Judge of St. Lawrence County the power of removal as well as the appointment of their successors.

All the expenses of maps, surveys, and construction together with the purchase price of the lands taken and the damages fixed were to be paid pro-rate by assessments levied upon the lands to be benefitted, with power to sell such lands for failure to pay assessments. Maintenance and repairs were provided for in the same way.

From the record, it appears that the Commissioners acquired title to 10,769 acres of land and water in the Township No. 1 Great tract No. 2, Macomb's Purchase, Township of Sherwood, and 400 acres in Township No. 2, Great

tract No. 2, Township of Harewood, making 11,169 acres all in the Town of Clifton, St. Lawrence County. The land was paid for by the assessments provided, and deeds to these acres were taken in the names of the Commissioners.

The dam was built and the water let in during the spring of 1867. Hugh McConnell, one of the men who helped build the original dam, was the first dam-keeper. He was followed by Jessie Irish, Michael Dodd and Sam Bancroft in 1890. In 1911 Herbert Dean took over and continued until his death.

The original regulating dam was a timber crib structure about 15 feet high, having a spillway 80 feet long, a logway 5 feet wide by 4 feet deep. There were four outlet sleuce-ways, each about 6 feet 9 inches wide, 13 feet 6 inches deep. The sides of these sleuce-ways were provided with vertical grooves into which 12 inch stop-logs were placed. The discharge from the reservoir was controlled by dropping in or removing one or more of these stop-logs.

This method of regulation was extremely crude and inefficient, and the exact capacity of the reservoir is unknown.

A report on the dam sent to the Conservation commission on June 8, 1912 describes the timber cribs as filled with stone. In 1915 the superstructure was described as very rotted. A new dam was urgently needed, to avoid possible damage if the existing structure went out.

In 1916 a concrete dam was built behind the original log structure and it has been rebuilt twice since.

The present dam delivers water from 134 square miles drained by the Lake to hydro developments at Newton Falls, Flat Rock, Oswegatchie, Brown Falls, South Edwards, Edwards, Emeryville, Hailesboro, Talcville, Gouverneur, Natural Dam and Heuvelton. The city of Ogdensburg uses the water for sanitary purposes. As a reservoir the Lode serves 30,000 people below the dam.

The Commissioners who have maintained the dam since the beginning, try to keep a leeway of six inches in the Lake level to control flash floods when necessary by shutting

(Continued on Page Nineteen)

From Podunk To Zip Code 13652

(Editor's Note: The following story was compiled in response to a request from the editor of the New York State Folklore Quarterly after he had seen a map of St. Lawrence County with its colorful place names. Much of it is documented, but much remains in the realm of folklore. The County Historian's office welcomes additional items of folklore and fact in the County names.)

By NINA W. SMITHERS,
County Historian
and MARY H. BIONDI
Deputy County Historian

The mystery and reasoning behind the unusual names on our St. Lawrence County map continue to pique the curiosity of the historian and resident alike. The sources of the naming of Galilee, Jerusalem, Lost Village and even Pleasant Valley become objects of research and folklore abounds.

Our names are full of history, geography and the music of the Indians who came before. There are several theories on the reason for the choice of so many foreign capitals and cities for our early communities, Madrid (but here pronounced MAD'rid), Lisbon, Canton, Potsdam, Stockholm and Hague may actually have been chosen from a geography book as some say.

And mentioning local pronunciation of established names -- whether our Norfolk came from the English city, Virginia's own Norfolk, or as some think, short for "North Folk", it is locally pronounced "Nor-fork"!

Our early French and French-Canadian background is everywhere evident. For the majestic St. Lawrence itself, the story begins with its discovery by explorer Jacques Cartier. Cartier claimed that he first sighted this great body of water on the natal day of St. Laurent, and so named the river after this saint.

Tradition has it that, after the hazards and rigors of their long journey up the St. Lawrence, the first party of white men came upon the point of land where the Oswegatchie river flows into the St. Lawrence and someone exclaimed, "This takes the cake!" or its equivalent in French -- so it was called La Galette, or the cake. However, Hough's history says that La Galette (meaning cake or muffin) was a post a short distance below Prescott, or on Chimney Island, on a baby of the same name. Whether it was named from the shape of the bay or the muffin-like appearance of the Island, is not told.

Racquette is French for "snow shoe". The river of this name is said to have been so called by a Frenchman named Parisien, long before settlements were made in that section, because of the shape of the marsh at the mouth. The Indians told the surveyor Benjamin Raymond that the Iroquois name meant "noisy river" so it has sometimes become written "Racket" River. Actually its translation from the Iroquois was "rapid" river, but rapids are noisy so it can easily apply to either.

Chippewa Bay and Chippewa Creek are often written Ojibway in many old deeds, corroborating their Indian background. This creek was a natural waterway for the Indians from whence they had a carry across to Black Lake. Other Indian names left in the original include Hannawa, Oswegatchie, Wanakena and Massawepie Lake.

Podunk itself is of Indian origin. The Podunk River in Connecticut was the dwelling place of a small tribe of Algonquin Indians called the Podunks. It came to be used for an imaginary or literary name for any small community or town, typical of placid dullness and a lack of contact with the progress of the world. Within our town of Her-

mon is a district actually called and put on the early maps as Podunk.

Today, in this modern world, Podunk has been forced to become covered by the unromantic Zip Code 13652.

History takes over in the name game and recent war heroes following both the American and French Revolutions and War of 1812 were among those who gave their names to the towns of DeKalb, Massena, Macomb, Fowler and Hailesboro. Theodosius O. Fowler, captain in the Continental Army during many decisive campaigns of the Revolution, later became the first supervisor of the town of Fowler. Baron DeKalb, a native of Alsace, came to this country first as a secret agent for the French government. Later he returned with Lafayette when he came to America in 1777 and our Congress commissioned DeKalb a major general. An American Brigadier General James Haile with settlers from Fairfield, Herkimer County, came by an ox team and his name remains on the settlement of Hailesboro.

However, the story of colorful Andre Massena is a fascinating one. Andre was a military hero, one of Napoleon's greatest marshals, and a poor boy who made good. Born in Nice, he became Marshal of France, Duke of Rivoli, Prince of Essling. In 1792, French lumbermen had settled in the area of the present town of Massena. In 1802 at the height of Marshal Massena's popularity a petition was made to name the town Massena.

In 1811, nine years after its naming, a movement was started to rename the town Jefferson following Wellington's defeat of the French.

Since there was a Jefferson downstate, the movement failed. An attempt was made to change the name to Americus, then to Liberty, in waves of nationalism, but Massena it remained.

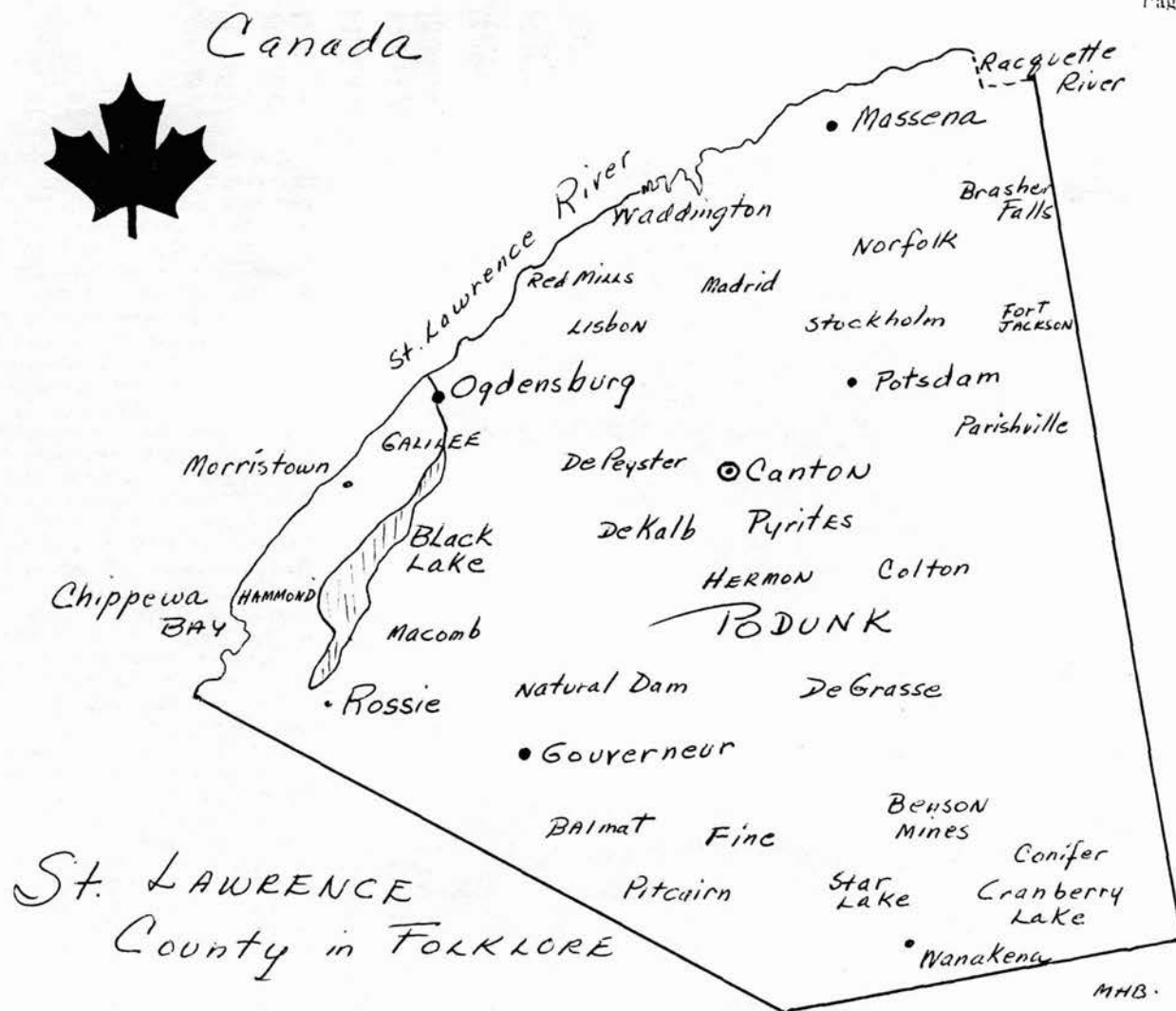
Another of Lafayette's officers accompanying him in 1777 was Major Gooden. His daughter Nancy married John D. Balmat, a Parisien, who later gave his name to the mining community of Balmat. Many French settled in the interior of the county including the descendants of Count de Grasse.

His daughter became the mother of Amelia DePau, who married Capt. Theodosius Fowler, all of whose names are still on the land in our county. Fowler's daughter later gave her first name to rename Sylvia Lake which had originally been Lake Killarney from that part of Ireland from which Daniel McCormick had come.

Both William Constable and McCormick named early communities in their vast holdings for their many children and other members of their families. One of the few still retained is Edwards, named for McCormick's brother Edward.

Other landholders and civic leaders whose names no longer stir our imaginations are recalled in place names long after the deeds of their time have been forgotten: merchant Alexander Macomb (Macomb), Judge John Fine (Fine), Abijah Hammond (Hammond) who never even saw his lands, William Lawrence (Lawrence), Gouverneur Morris (both Gouverneur and Morristown), Samuel Ogden (Ogdensburg), Henry and Stephen Van Rensselaer (Rensselaer Falls), Jacob A. Vanden Heuvel (Heuvelton), Judge Hopkins (Hopkinton), David Parish (Parishville), Benjamin Raymond (Raymondville), Benjamin Sanford (Sanfordville), Joseph Pitcairn (Pitcairn), Hezekiah B. Pierrepont, Russell Attwater (Russell), and son on. Jesse Colton Higley gave his middle name to a St. Lawrence County Community and more recently lent his family name to Higley Flow.

(Continued on Page Nine)



Fort Jackson in Hopkinton never was a fort. Everts' history tells us that in this part of the town were quarries which produced uniform blocks of excellent building stone, resembling the famous Potsdam sandstone. The stone also appeared in very fine ledges along the north bank of the St. Regis River and its wall-like appearance gave the look of a line of fortifications. This feature, coupled with the fact that the place was first improved in 1824 when "Old Hickory" was prominently engaging the attention of his admirers, suggested the name Fort Jackson.

One of the most interesting stories of how road names came to be is that told of the California Road in the Town of Macomb. One of the pioneer families announced that they were moving to "Californy", and their friends would see them no more. Winter went, spring came and they were found living nearby on what has since been known as the California Road, named at first in soft derision, but a reminder still of early days and colorful folks.

But for sheer poetry, we contemplate the joys which must have caused the early Scottish settlers to name their area Pleasant Valley, of which there are at least two in our county. Compared with the rocks and woods of most of the land, the Pleasant Valley along the rich bottom land must have been a pleasing surprise. Paradise Valley is a heavenly spot yet.

Lost Village along Black Lake has many theories for its naming. One seems to be that during an extremely snowy winter, this whole area was lost to the rest of the world and out of contact for many weeks. Another is that a small lost Indian tribe lived there before the settlement of the white man. However it was named, it is one of the few places in the county where one can still see bluebirds and other birds who like to nest in roadside bushes. In Louisville town there is a section called Lost Nation, which may have been similarly named.

During the early years a family of Yankees from Deerfield, Mass., the Hadlock brothers, came north and settled along the road still known as Yankee Street. "Those Yankees" taught school, were industrious coopers and blacksmiths and substantial citizens. On one map this was mistakenly spelled Yankey, which it never was spelled by these Yankee schoolmasters of local residents.

Two roads in the Town of Hammond sound more exciting than the explanations of their naming. The Brandy Road had no unusual reason for its title; it was the home of Frederick Brandy, a man of hearty voice and prosperous early owner of a team of oxen. The Triangle Road, sometimes called the "triangular road", was the third important road to be laid out, making a triangle with the first two. It was the site of some of the most productive farms in the town.

Flat Iron Street in Russell came about following a family disturbance during which a wife threw a flatiron at her husband!

Pinch Gut Road in the Town of Macomb takes its picturesque designation from the early days of the County's history when times were hard, food was scarce, and people suffered many times from extreme cold and hunger. Their thin faces frequently bore the pinched look by which the name of this road became known. Poverty Street and Hard-scrabble Road undoubtedly came about in a similar way.

St. Lawrence County was the scene of great activity in the mining industry. From this we have several colorful names, including Pyrites, Coal Hill, Leadville and Benson Mines. Former names have been shortened such as Clifton Iron Company to Clifton, Fullers Iron Works named for four Fuller brothers from Vermont now Fullerville, Philip Brasher's Iron Works to Brasher, and Parish's

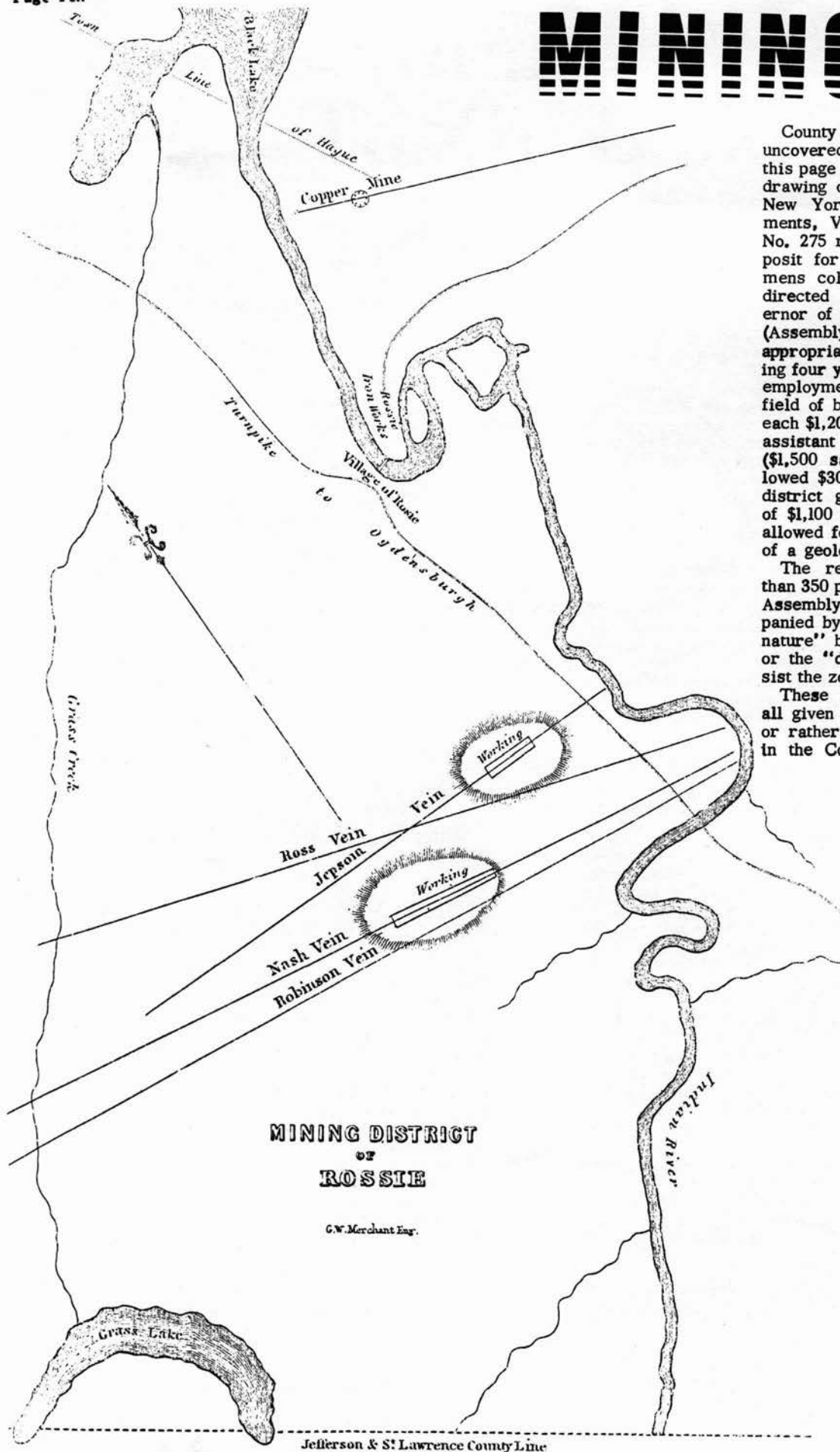
(Continued on Page Fourteen)

MINING AT

County Historian Mary H. Biondi uncovered the interesting map on this page and the equally interesting drawing on the following page -- in New York State Assembly Documents, Vol. V of 1839, Document No. 275 relative to a place of deposit for different mineral specimens collected by the geologists, directed to Wm. H. Seward, Governor of New York State. The Act (Assembly No. 275, Feb. 27, 1839) appropriated \$26,000 annually during four years to defray expenses for employment of competent men in the field of botany, mineralogy (salary each \$1,200); zoology (\$1,500) with an assistant at \$800, in palaeontology (\$1,500 salary) and each to be allowed \$300 for drawings; also four district geologists (one at salary of \$1,100 and 3 at \$1,500) with \$300 allowed for drawings during a year of a geological survey of the state.

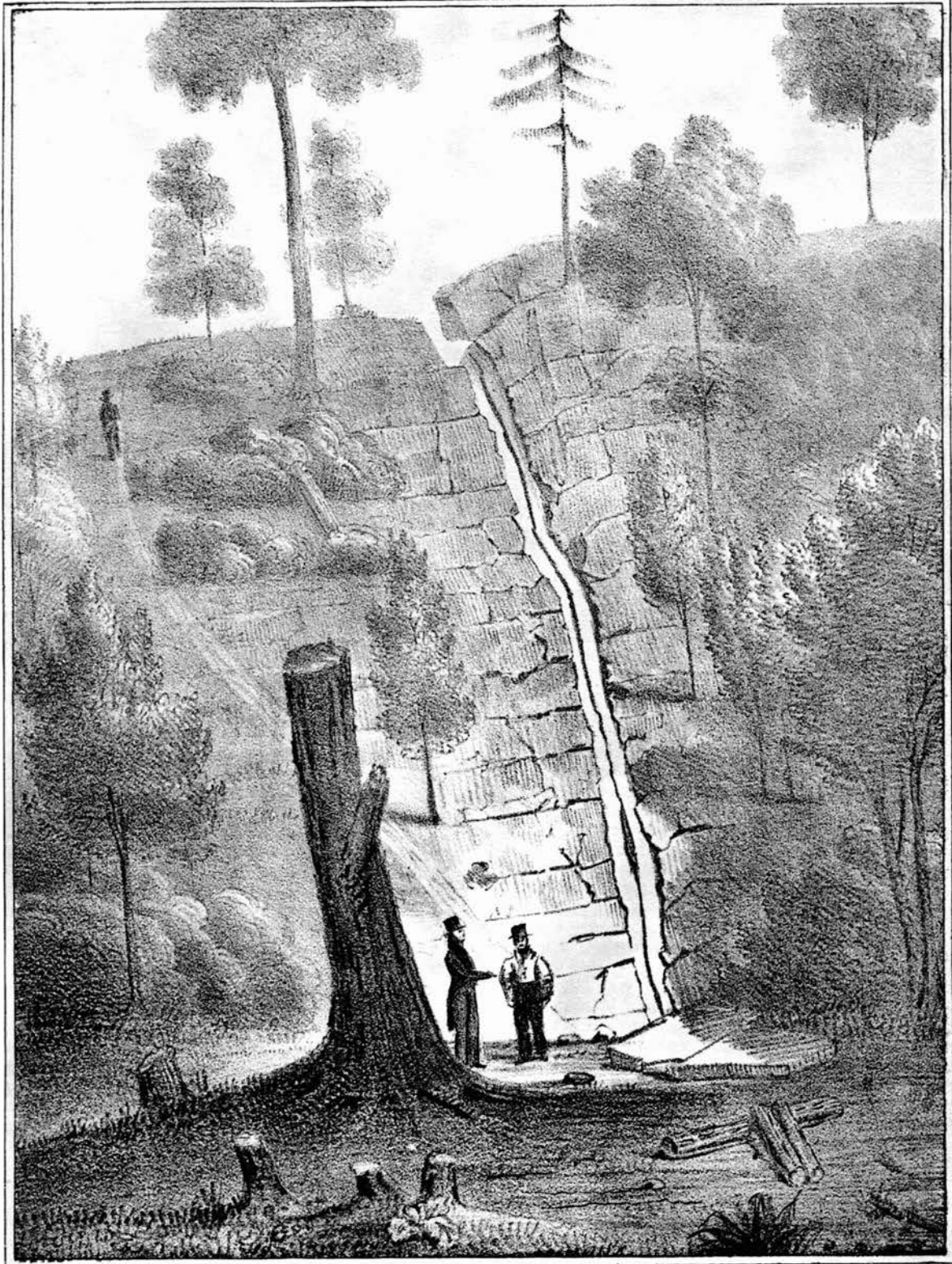
The resulting report of more than 350 pages was inserted into the Assembly record and was accompanied by some "delineations from nature" by the scientists involved, or the "draughtsman" hired to assist the zoologist.

These books, incidentally, were all given to Silas Wright and were or rather are part of his collection in the County Historian's library.



ROSSIE 1839

Pl.



Bufford's Lith.

ROSSIE LEAD VEIN.

OLD TIME HOP PICKERS

By JAY S. MORRIS

September 1 -- a Memorable day in the calendar of a country boy in northern New York late in the nineteenth century. The days were getting shorter and the nights longer, we had supper by lamplight, the great Gouverneur Fair with its exciting balloon ascension had opened, the district school had started, and, far beyond and above those minor events it was hop picking time.

Perhaps a preamble to this event is in order. In the late years of the nineteenth century, hops were among the three or four most important crops in St. Lawrence county. Prohibition had not yet reared its ugly head and California was way, way across the continent and in the eyes of most people was the region of gold and Indian, and, as yet, just barely crowded into the geographies. The breweries were working double shifts aided by cheap labor and, as yet, unencumbered by moral judgements or high taxes.

Hops did not require a particularly rich soil. A rather light clay soil satisfied the conditions and unlike most farm crops hops did not take a large toll from the soil. Best of all, they were perennial and required only one planting. For this reason and others, one out of every three or four farms had its quota of hops.

Hops, however, required the hardest kind of work from the farmer. First the ground must be plowed, cultivated and harrowed as for all crops and in addition special work of the most difficult work must be done. The hop poles must be set entirely by hand. A heavy crowbar called a hop bar must be driven into the earth to the distance of one foot entirely by hand. Since the bar weighed approximately about fifty pounds, it was no job for a week for a weakling.

I wonder what a modern eight hour day worker would say if he had to wield this instrument ten hours a day at the stipend of one dollar a day?

Then the poles must be set. These were of cedar, about ten feet long and sharpened at one end. They were set in the holes already prepared about eight feet apart. Since hops are a perennial, their roots are already alive and small green tendrils have started upward in preparation for their climb up the pole. Small green buds begin to appear, growing larger by the hour. When they reach the top of the pole their weight pulls them down and they hang suspended like a huge bunch of grapes. Occasionally their weight breaks the pole and the work must be done all over. A severe hail storm could destroy the whole crop and put the farmer into near bankruptcy.

I have never seen a more beautiful sight than a large hop yard on a sunny day just before picking time. The odor is indescribable and altogether it suggests thoughts of a world before Adam and Eve introduced sin to the willing recipients.

As the weeks progressed, the young hops climbed the pole and now must be tied to it with tough binding twine. Women with their nible fingers could do this work better than men and much faster. The hops must be hoed several times and frequently cultivated to avoid weeds and grass. Finally, the hops are sufficiently matured, ready for the harvest and the exciting time is about to begin.

There was no need to canvass for pickers. The neighborhood women had been doing this work as had a group of French Canadians from the Sand Hill area of Gouverneur who furnished the comic background. All arrived early equipped with enormous lunch baskets, gloves and in the case of women, huge and colorful sunbonnets.

Some had acquired a reputation as rapid pickers and altogether there was an air of expectancy akin to the opening of the Kentucky Derby. A yard boss had been selected; generally the current hired man, whose brief

authority compensated for the fact that he received only one dollar per day salary. In lonely grandeur my father established his headquarters in the hophouse a few yards from the field where he could command the whole situation.

Hop boxes and tables were set up. The latter was a wooden platform about ten feet long with the ends resting on a double hop box, each compartment holding four bushels. Above the platform and about two feet from it was a pole connected to uprights at the end. On this rested the tendrils of hopvines to which the hops clung. Along this platform sat or stood the pickers. The pole puller had no easy job. He had to adjust his knees around the pole and pull vertically. Since the pole and its burden weighed several hundred pounds, he frequently fell backward with the pole and the hops on top of him and almost concealing him. This was the occasion for derisive laughter and catcalls all over the yard: "Lay off the liquor, man, till the pickin' is over!"

Each picker or family was allotted a hop box and when full the cry went forth "Hop bag!" some male employee would appear, empty the hops into a homemade burlap bag and hand out a small pasteboard card bearing the legend "4 bushels of hops". At the end of the season the pickers would line up in a long queue at the hophouse before my father, hand in their tickets and be given the cash equivalent. They were paid ten cents a bushel. The pickers averaged a dollar and a half a day, but a few alert and ambitious women earned three dollars. My father used to say that the greatest talkers were the fastest pickers; a fact that should be of interest to the psychologists.

The hop tickets had a rather interesting history. Many of the pickers needed groceries and other necessities immediately and would take the tickets to the local merchants. The storekeeper would take the tickets, hand out the merchandise and later present tickets for redemption. Some tickets did not come in until weeks after the picking was over but were always honored by my father. If any of those tickets should be discovered today, they would be collector's items. I have often used this illustration when teaching the theory of money and credit to students of economics.

The sacks of hops were taken to the hophouse on a hayrack and prepared for the curing, drying and killing of the many insect pests which prey on them. In a special drying room they were spread out on a floor made up of parallel slats a few inches apart and covered with porous burlap. Far below in the cellar of the hop house sticks of brimstone were burned in crude stoves and the blue fumes would rise to the hops killing the insects and anyone else foolish enough to stick their heads inside in the misguided belief that it would cure their asthma. The result, of course, was disastrous and in one case medical aid had to be summoned to save a life. Finally, father had to threaten to discharge anyone attempting this stunt.

After the hops were dried and fumigated they went to the hop press which was similar to any other kind of press. Several hundred made their final appearance in bales tightly packed, covered by the inevitable burlap and weighing in the neighborhood of two hundred pounds. . . Only a few days before those same hops had been dangling from the poles in the yard. The final step in the hop cycle was putting them on the freight train which carried them to the Greenlaw Brewery in Syracuse.

The head of the brewery was a personal friend of my father and every Christmas sent him a keg of ale which he claimed was made from Father's own hops. This had to be stored in the barn since both my grandmother and mother were staunch Prohibitionists.

A sidelight on the aforesaid industry caused a good deal



(The Author is in the exact center of the front row)

amusement to my father and he often quoted it. The end of the nineteenth century was a period of great moral indignation and the most arrant hypocrisy. Hops were supposed to be very wicked since they were one of the principal ingredients of those devil beverages, beer and ale. They were lustily opposed by the clergy, deacons and the rest of the Baptist saints. However, strange to say, my father did a small but constant business with those same saints. They would take the hops, mix them with malt which was sold in small packages in the groceries, boil them in hot water and seal the resulting beverage in bottles. From time to time they drank this concoction for the numerous ailments current in those days. They always told Father how good it made them feel!

Today you will not find a hopyard in New York state and possibly not one east of the Mississippi. The industry has moved to California and Oregon where it flourishes more than it ever did before. With the rise of large factories in New York state, farm labor became scarce. The women who were once glad to earn an honest dollar in the hopyards are now members of various clubs in town and city and labor with their hand implies a loss of social status. In California there is an abundance of cheap Mexican, Japanese and Chinese labor suitable to such work -- they have no scruples about long hours and hard labor. Also they do not belong to Unions.

The old Morris farm has become a veterinary establishment, orchard cut down, the barn and hophouse dismantled and an automobile graveyard in front. But memory is one of the indestructible things in life.

"You may break the vessel, if you will;

"But the scent of the perfume lingers still."

DAUPHIN?

(Continued from Page Three)

Following this Hanson started to investigate. He found that there was no record of Williams' birth on the church register, although the other 11 children of Thomas and Mary Ann Williams were duly registered. They looked like Indians, and he bore a striking resemblance to the Bourbons of France.

During Hanson's investigation it also came to light that a man named Belanger on his death bed in New Orleans confessed to having brought the Dauphin to America and having him hid among the Indians of Northern New York. In France it had been publicized that the Dauphin had become sickly and had died in the prison.

Hanson wrote much on the subject and very soon there had been at least five books written on the legend which became one of the greatest controversies of the century.

There was much evidence that Eleazar might have not been born with Indian blood. Known in the tribe as "Lazare" he had none of their features, but strongly resembled members of the House of Hapsbourg. He foresook his education which had been paid for by "mysterious" funds at Deerfield, and in 1812 operated among the St. Regis Indians keeping them loyal to the United States. He was wounded in the Battle of Plattsburgh. When he died in 1858 he was buried in the little Episcopal cemetery in Hogsburg.

As late as 1946 descendants of the French royalty visited the site there. The Duke and Duchess DeMieur were making a study of legends concerning the lost son of King Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette. They visited the steep-gabled Queen Anne style frame building which was once the home of the missionary Eleazar Williams and the site of his church near Hogsburg. They spent hours talking with villagers and at the Murphy Hotel about the story.

PODUNK

(Continued from Page Nine)

Ore Bed is remembered with Ore Bed Road.

Rossie, a principal mining town, with its soft letters 's', was named after Rossie Castle in Scotland. David Parish's sister Rossie, usually called Rosa, was the inspiration for her husband's naming of Rossie Castle.

Biblical names are few but intriguing. The town of Hermon was changed from DePeau when residents became annoyed at having a name so like Depeauville in Jefferson County.

There is an area called Jersusalem in the town of Morristown with rather indefinite borders. The story is told that a young boy got the impression from Sunday school teachers and parents that he should pray every night "toward Jerusalem". He knelt by the window of his room, very naturally thinking that the grownups meant this Jerusalem. What was the true inspiration for its naming is unknown. There is also a school district known as Jerusalem Corners in another part of the county.

The legend of Galilee is told by the pioneer family who purchased the many acres of land along the original Indian trail which became the Black Lake road. Great-great-grandsons today still retain much of the land and tell this story about the origin of the name. Old "grand-sire" Nichols raised bees and sold honey locally. His brother was the purveyor of the first wholesome milk route in the nearby village of Ogdensburg. The Biblical land of milk and honey was brought to mind by the leading citizens when choosing one of the names for their application to the Post Office authorities for an office at that spot. To their surprise, the name Galilee, their alternate choice, was accepted and the citizens added a post office to the two stores, two churches and the school and farm homes which formed the community. So long has one church been known as Galilee Methodist Church that most parishioners were unaware that its true name was Second Methodist Church of Oswegatchie, until the trustees recently transferred its incorporation to the more familiar name. Other descendants of early settlers believe Galilee was chosen because its shape along Black Lake was similar to the Biblical Lake of Galilee.

The Bromaghin Settlement and Road by this name in the Town of Oswegatchie take their name from early Dutch settlers, Francis Bromaghin and his brothers who came from Canada. In 1798 Francis purchased a tract of land a mile square, five miles above Ogdensburg and about a mile and a half inland. Before roads were laid out in the settlement people were guided through the woods to and from Ogdensburg by blazed trees. Wolves and panthers were very plentiful at that time, as this incident shows.

Two of Francis' boys, Peter and William, in the spring of 1799, the oldest being about 17, went to Ogdensburg to fish below the dam on the Oswegatchie. After each had his string, they started for home following the blazed trees. Darkness overtook them when less than half way home. Groping forward they heard wolves snarling along the edges of the footpath and could discern their gaunt forms moving in the twilight. Hastening along, they were spurred by the howling of the wolves apparently calling others to the place as they could hear answers at different distances. Finally, the animals became so bold that one of the boys took a fish from his string and threw it as far behind him as possible. This was repeated until the two strings were exhausted.

They were still a mile from home when the timely arrival of their father with a torch and two fierce dogs saved the boys from becoming a meal for the ravenous beasts. By this time a large wolf pack had gathered and were only held off by the torch and the dogs. They followed them home and kept up a continuous howl about the place until daylight.

During the siege of Ogdensburg in the War of 1812, a party of 30 soldiers including several injured men found their way to the hospitable Bromaghin home where the wounded remained until they recovered in the following spring.

Piercefield has a colorful settlement known as "Conifer". In this foothills-of-the-Adirondacks community, a

committee once sat around a table pondering a name for the new village, when one of their number looked at the cones on the evergreen trees outside the window, and suggested (in utter and desperate boredom, no doubt) that they call it Conifer. The committee accepted it, the name stuck, and is still Conifer today.

Kokomo intrigues newcomers or new historians who search the old maps. This we learn is merely the name chosen for the post office located in the Town of DePeyster at Kings Corner, the name being suggested in the application by someone who knew or had visited Kokomo, Indiana. Incidentally, the colorful nickname applied to the village of DePeyster before the Civil War persists in the talk of the natives when referring to their place. "Punchlock", they say was so named because the punchlock guns were made here, hence the nickname.

Two of the most intriguing names have no explanation that we have been able to discover. In the Town of Hammond in the earliest days, two districts were named by, or for whom, no one knows. Although their spelling varies greatly, it leaves one wondering about their origin. Old records show Alamogen, Allemogen, Alimogen, which always pronounced Al-i-moo'je, with equally varied spellings. Calaboga is always said with a hard 'g' as Cal-i-bow-gie. Whether they are of Scottish (as most of the Calaboga settlers were) or if their origins are Indian, no one has been able to fathom. In Ontario there is an Irish community Calabogie, perhaps of the same origin, but locally believed to be an Indian name.

In spite of considerable searching, uncertainty still surrounds the naming of Potato Street in Brier Hill. Perhaps someone had a giant crop of potatoes or the inevitable potato starch factory was there. Even the naming of Brier Hill itself is unclear. Tradition has it that 'the Hill' was named following the great tornado in 1845 which leveled all the trees in the area and it grew up to briars. We ourselves are inclined to believe that it had already been so named before this great tornado.

In the winter of 1878 several owners of lands located in the Town of DePeyster united and built a bridge, supported on piles driven into the mud across Black Lake, near the Wall Farm. In 1879 the town of Oswegatchie voted to pay the parties \$350 "in consideration that the public may use it." Later when one of Ogdensburg's Iron bridges was replaced, the discarded bridge was brought to replace the Pile Bridge which somehow erroneously became recorded as Spile Bridge, along with nearby Spile Bridge road.

The various settlements in each town -- Irish, English and the ever-present Scotch Settlement -- gave rise to these names for roads, and these are understandable, as is the Eel Weir Road and bridge placed where the eel weir had been on the Oswegatchie. But where Jersusalem and Jerusalem Corners, Toothacher District in Pitcairn, Maiden Lane and Jingleville got their names remain mysteries in our records.

Podunk may be synonymous with the "end of the road." But what if you lived in East Podunk? It matters little these days since all the small scattered settlements with colorful names have become one in the modern designation for the Post Office delivering the mail, just as Hermon and Podunk were assigned Zip Code 13652.

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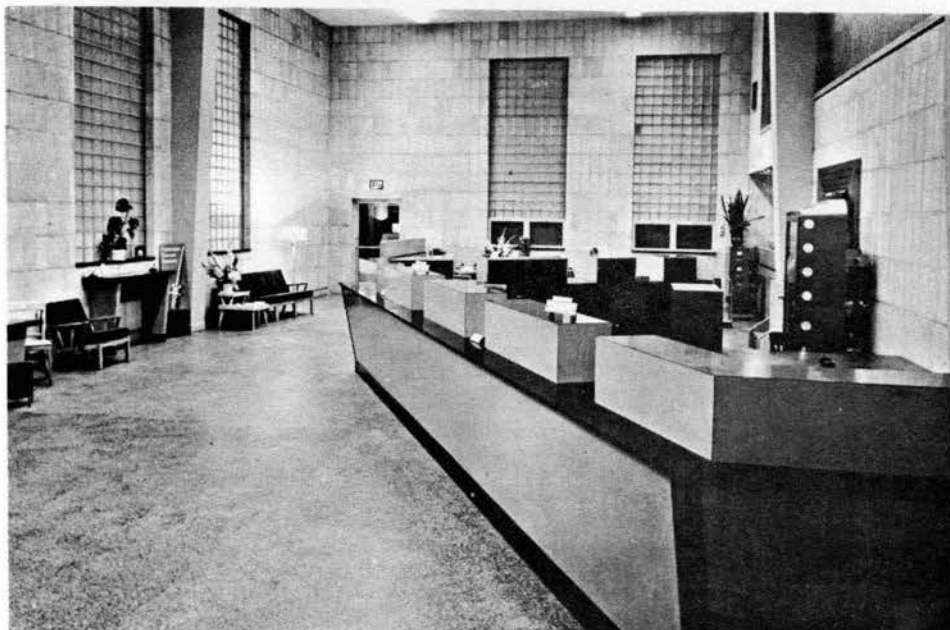
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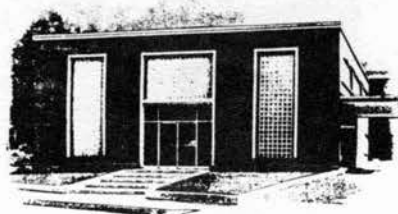
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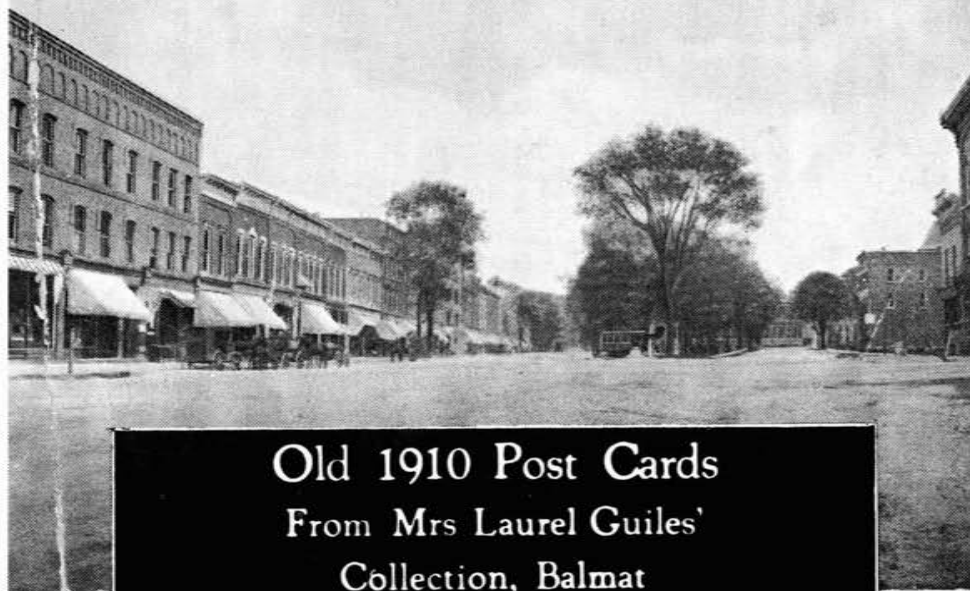


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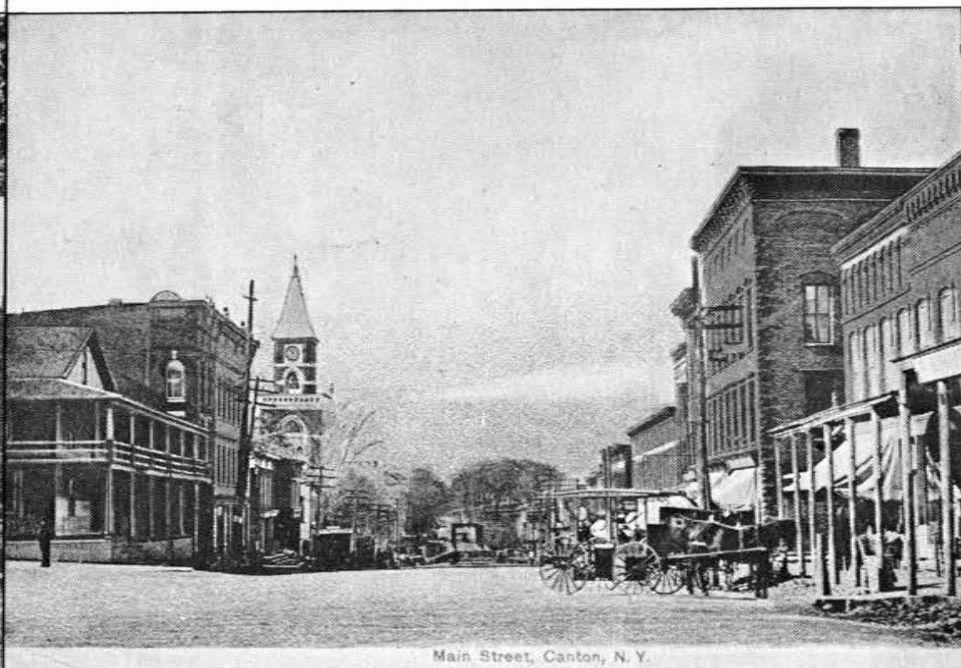


**Old 1910 Post Cards
From Mrs Laurel Guiles'
Collection, Balmat**



MAIN STREET, CANTON, N. Y.

South Side of Square, Gouverneur, N. Y.



Main Street, Canton, N. Y.



Grand Army of the Republic Reunion on steps of Terrace Park Hotel

TERRACE PARK

Compiled by DORIS PLANTY

(Reprinted from the Ogdensburg Advance-News for Sunday, December 29, 1957)

In the spring of 1874 a group of men from Oswegatchie and surrounding towns left Ogdensburg on the Steamer Henry Plumb for the bay east of the village of Morristown. Their wives and children and many baskets of food for a picnic lunch were also aboard. The steamer was towing a flat boat, which was drawn up between the steamer and the shore so the women and little ones could be helped to the land. While the men decided whether to choose East or West of Proctor's Point the women prepared the community lunch. Because the shore and river bed were more gradual in the slope, the West was chosen. This beautiful grove situated upon the main shore of the majestic St. Lawrence River was ten miles from Ogdensburg and Prescott, and one mile from Morristown and Brockville, Canada. The grounds contained twenty-three acres of land.

Thus began the International Morristown Campground, later to be known as Terrace Park.

The first officers were Rev. S. Call, president; Rev. A.D. Traveller, vice president; William Whitney, secretary; John Morris, treasurer; Rev. G.C. McRichie, A.W. Ferguson, William Coats, S. Manhard, H.C. King, W.H. Johnson, J.N. Wooley, D.H. Davis, C.D. Mego, Barney Whitney, James Miller, H.S. Tilden, trustees.

The first lot to be sold was to George T. Watt, but in less than an hour it was bought by Captain David Lyon. Later two pretentious cottages stood side by side at the left end of the grounds at the brow of the hill for J.W. Wilson, the Fort St. merchant of Ogdensburg, built next to the Captain's.

The first day sites were chosen for the pavilion and

six tabernacles, the latter to be erected -- wall and rafters only -- by six of the towns, while the pavilion was a huge tent. To tell of the raising of the canvas and tall poles really masts of ships, the preachers' stand, the many, many long benches, the walls and beams for scores of canvas covered tents, is a pleasant task.

It was beautifully fitted by the Association with all the convenience required to make it a most delightful summer resort. Mention must be made of the grand old wharf at which even side-wheeled steamers as well as all other kinds of boats, made regular landings. The men of the park were nobly aided by men from near-by towns and farmers. They wore hip length rubber boots, waded into the water, carried stones and logs to build the piers for the straight away and ell which were covered with heavy planking as were the two long board walks leading up to and past the hotel to Grandpa Arnold's cottage, which was the second one built on the grounds. The first was that of Grandpa Morris, later owned by Mrs. Drake and now by Mrs. Kitcham.

The railroad runs between the Park and the river, the New York Central. There was a depot, for people that came to stay at the resort and ones that commuted to work at Ogdensburg. There was a special train that came up from Ogdensburg and turned on the turntable at Morristown and returned for shoppers. They made stops at Wadhams Park, Terrace Park, Edgewater Park, Perch Curve, all flag stops but Terrace Park, which had the depot.

There were forty-two cottages not mentioning the boarding house. There was constant demand for cottages to rent during the summer months. It showed how well the

(Continued on Page Eighteen)

TERRACE PARK

(Continued from Page Seventeen)

place was appreciated as a quiet, healthful and inexpensive summer resort.

Some of the features of the place were worthy of consideration by all the lovers of a good camp meeting. First, the encampment was enclosed with a picket fence, six feet in height, by means of which the most perfect order was maintained within the grounds. This went way to the State Road. No doubt there are today but one or two who tethered their horses with carriages to that high fence, having a "season or day" ticket during the official ten days of services. Second, the large pavilion tent, lighted with gas, capable of holding two thousand persons, provided with seats having backs, and a good organ, insured a full congregation and was the most comfortable place on the grounds in all weather. Third, the abundant supply of water and ice, with the agreeable shade afforded all that the most fastidious could reasonably expect.

Old newspaper accounts tell the story in these words: 1878 -- There are several families living on the camp grounds, others have been there arranging their cottages for the season. July 10, 1878, a destructive Tornado passed over the International Camp Grounds. Fortunately little damage was done. Some trees were blown down, two cottages were damaged. Friday, August 22, 1879, at 2:30 p.m. Rev. W. O. Simpson of London, England, preached an excellent discourse. Rev. Winters of Ontario preached in the evening. Saturday, August 23, bright and beautiful weather greeted us this morning. Earnest prayers and Conference meetings were held till 10:30 when Rev. Abbott, of Massena preached a fine sermon from Luke 9-51. After preaching, a prayer meeting was held, interspersed with song and other devotional exercises. Elder Tesdal gave an exhortation with great force and eloquence. He is one of the most powerful preachers of the Methodist Church.

1881 -- Considerable improvement has been made to the wharf at the International Camp Grounds. 1882 -- The camp ground and hotel have been leased to E.L. Lockwood of Madrid. It will be known as Terrace Hotel. Last season it was impossible to accommodate all who wished to spend a few days there, and the building of the hotel was a step in the right direction.

There was a steam boat that docked and took excursions and small boats went to Brockville. "The Milton" was its name.

A very pretty sight was when wires were strung from tree to tree all over the grounds, bearing Chinese lanterns holding a white candle. These were carefully tinted by men in the nearest cottages, and in all those years no fires were ever caused.

1882 -- The International Camp meeting at Morristown closed Tuesday. The meetings had been in session for one week. Last Sunday was the climax, excursions from different parts of the river swelled the number to 3,000. The Terrace House, which was built this season at a cost of \$15,000 is now run by the association.

A band stand was erected and the Morristown Community Band played concerts there for the pleasure of the residents and Hotel guests.

Aug. 25, 1889 -- This meeting commenced on the 25th of August and closed Sept. 4. Everyone was delighted with the location and meeting last year. But improvements were made. The grand pavilion erected in front of the stand not only protected the audience from the heat of the sun and rain, but also rendered the voice audible. There were over one hundred cloth tents on the grounds, beside the beautiful cottages that gemmed the encampment here and there. A ride on the steamboat, and the scenery of the great river, and a residence in the grove, fanned by cool breezes from the water, contributed to all their happiness.

The Bible was the book that was read and expounded by the ministry, and all were taught that "Now is the accepted time and day of salvation." Wanderers were reclaimed and sinners converted. There were fifty converted at this meeting. It was believed that the International Camp Ground meetings would long continue to promote harmony and love between the Christians of both nations.



TERRACE PARK HOTEL

Built in 1882

A very familiar figure to all at the Park was John LaVigne. He had been a soldier. He joined the 106th Regular Infantry, New York Volunteers, Aug. 5, 1862, and was mustered in as a private on Aug. 27, 1862, in Company B at Morristown. Serving the "colors" faithfully for nearly three years, he spent eleven months in Libby Prison in Andersonville. He fought with U.S. Grant at the Battle of Gettysburg, the last battle of the Civil War. He was mustered out near Washington, D.C. on June 22, 1865.

Returning to his place of enlistment, he took up farming on a farm at Morristown Center, and after a time he became interested in the Methodist Camp Meeting ground on the river called Terrace Park.

LaVigne was not only a caretaker for the Park, but was manager of the old "Terrace Park Hotel". In addition to this, he also conducted a boat livery.

The tabernacle stood in the midst of the camp grounds. Captain LaVigne was the person to whom the ringing of the bell was entrusted. He resided in his home which he built himself on the state road about one mile north of Morristown, contiguous to Terrace Park, and from 1874 to about 1900 he rang the old bell which he loved for the camp meetings. He conducted a store at the Park. During the height of Captain LaVigne's career at Terrace Park, there were nearly fifty cottages for rent and they were nearly all occupied during the summer season including two which he owned himself. He was general agent and caretaker. He was commander of the Alfred L. Hooker Post No. 415 of Morristown, Grand Army of the Republic, public.

Grand Army of the Republic held an encampment at Terrace Park each year for a while.

July 14, 1890 -- The hotel at Terrace Park is now open and guests are arriving daily. August 26, 1891 -- Morristown Village -- The Frontier House run by J.F. Culligan has summer boarders and is accommodating one hundred during the GAR Encampment at Terrace Park. August 27, 1891 -- Several families are camping at Terrace Park during the GAR Encampment Aug. 25-27. December 25, 1892 -- Mr. Easton sold Terrace Park and is moving his family to Buffalo, New York.

August 25, 1898 -- The cottages are nearly all filled here. The GAR Reunion was a grand affair. We found no better Hotel accommodations this side of large cities than offered at Terrace Park Hotel, W.A. Mayers, prop. It was at this reunion the above picture was taken of the old soldiers on the steps of the hotel. The men came from all over. There are several in the picture from Morristown: Captain LaVigne, commander; Augustus Couper, senior vice commander who resided on Black Lake road in town of Morristown; Michael Brasitte, junior vice commander, residing in Gouverneur.

(Continued on Page Nineteen)

TERRACE PARK (Continued from Page Eighteen)

At this reunion the men marched from the lodge rooms in Morristown, headed by the Morristown Community Band, to the camp grounds at Terrace Park. There were 201 men from Morristown who served in the Civil War. And today on the lawn of the Congregational Church in Brier Hill is a monument and memorial honor roll with 201 names, sons of Morristowners, who answered their country's call in dark days of Civil War. There were many soldiers who came from different places to this reunion.

General Curtis was there and delivered the address at one of the reunions. Senator Erwin of Potsdam, New York, who was called the homeliest man, was also speaker.

August 27, 1889 -- The Black Lake Sunday School is going to the GAR Encampment.

There were also other lodges who used the grounds. August 17, 1895 -- The Foresters picnic held at Terrace Park was a grand success. Many delegates were sent from Watertown and all places along the line. Addresses were made by Rev. Brown of Watertown, Mr. Hastings of Evansville, and Mayor Derbyshire of Brockville, Ontario, Canada. The Hammond and Morristown glee clubs furnished music. This continued to be a popular place in the north country.

A year or so after 1900, one hot mid-summer day, a fire started in the basement of the hotel, with the wind directly from the south toward Canada, but as happened before, no doubt many times, it veered directly around taking that handsome building and eleven cottages, large and small. Grandma Hutchins and Mrs. Babcock passed out sandwiches and crullers, and two young men visiting in the Doyle cottage were the heroes of the day. They pumped water from the two artesian wells while others relayed the pails to aid the firemen in their small way, for help had come from nearby points and even across the river.

This was the first time a team of horses was put on the hook and ladder wagon at Morristown and hauled the vehicle down to the Park. It had always been drawn by hand before. The team was owned by Ed. Thomas, one of the lively teams.

But the beauty of the park had gone, for many of the tall trees fell prey to the flames, and the huge gap was left at the front of the beloved grounds.

The camp meetings did not go on much longer and after the camp meetings were discontinued, the old bell was only used to announce fires.

But let us thank God for the hymns and prayers that rose to Heaven midst those mighty trees, within the confines of that hallowed spot. People continued to come to the cottages each summer, the Churches used to hold ice cream socials and church suppers there.

Today there would be but few that recall but maybe as little children they ran on these grounds or had a swim with the group here. It was at these camp meetings that my own mother lost her engagement ring and never had another. So I always think of this when remembering those days gone by.

The cottages that are left are still in use but few know what it was like years ago.

CRANBERRY LAKE

(Continued from Page Seven)

the gate or greatly reducing the flow.

Before the dam was built the village at the outlet was called Harewood, but later changed to Cranberry Lake.

Years later, when Cranberry Lake had become a popular summer resort, cottage owners complained to the Commissioners about the water level which sometimes in the winter caused the ice to break up boathouses or lift them off their foundations; while in the summer sometimes the water was so low that boathouses and docks were left high and dry.

The campers eventually joined forces, hired an attorney and finally brought about a series of hearings before a special committee of the State Legislature named for the purpose. The controversy was resolved by joint efforts of cottage owners and the Commissioners, who now try to maintain a more or less constant level in the reservoir,

to prevent damage to camp property.

The following letter to the editor by an anonymous writer appeared in the Watertown Daily Times March 13, 1947. It recalls the original wooden dam and some interesting details of Cranberry history.

To the Times:

Amateur photography was in its infancy before the turn of the century but Fred Howlett was a pioneer in the art as evidenced by the above 1890 experiment. That was back when George Eastman was just another citizen of Rochester. Back when "Eben Holden" was just a germ in the fertile mind of Irving Bacheller. Back when Frederic (Fred) Remington sketched deer and big trout and dreamed of the Wild West which was to later make him famous. Back when Chester S. (Chet) Lord, editor of the New York Sun, was hatching the slogan which was to outlive him. "If You See it in the Sun It's So."

A great honor was bestowed on Mr. Lord when he was named Chancellor of the state board of regents but to his Adirondack friends he remained always "Chet" and not long before his death a letter to his old guide expressed the hope that he could once more throw a fly over the Three Stub Hole in Brandy Brook. Signed "Chet". Yes these and many other famous men heaved a sigh of relief as they broke out of the woods at the dam after the log drive over rough roads from DeKalb Junction. The old log hotel known as "Bishop's Paradise" was operated by the be-whiskered Witley Bishop and "Sportsman's Home" the large two story log house at the dam was operated by John Mills who also acted as dam keeper.

The dam was erected in 1865-67. Wages were high and men scarce in this country during the war and this caused an influx of laborers from Canada. In this group came Hugh McConnell who spent four years as laborer on the dam and as dam keeper after its completion. In 1869 Jesse Irish took over as dam keeper and held that post six years. Jesse had been a farmer down country but fate dealt him a poor hand. The weigher at the cheese factory found fish in his milk. Said he didn't mind Jesse watering the milk but he might at least strain the water.

In 1875 "Gil" Dodds took over as dam keeper and held the post for two years. He is best remembered by his wearing of a goatee and a little brown jug. In 1877 John Mills was appointed dam keeper and acted in that capacity until his death in 1885. John had operated a saw mill at the Old Forge three miles down the river previous to this but the promoters of the iron mine which was to open there ran out of capital and operations came to a sudden end. Sam Bancroft followed Mr. Mills as dam keeper and held the post until his death in 1904 and Herb Dean has held that post continuously since that time.

Old timers remember the record native trout weighing five pounds and thirteen ounces caught by John Mills in the pool below the dam. They remember also the one caught two years later by Fred Howlett weighing one ounce more. (If the truth were told this trout probably still holds the record for size.) Old timers remember too the view of the lake as they reached "Bishop's" with the shores fringed with dead trees and a tangled mass of driftwood. They remember too the Hop Poles at the mouth of the inlet, the floating bogs covered with cranberries after which the lake was named, and they will never forget the Chug Chug of the old steamboat "Howlett" with its wood burning boiler. The passenger on this tub who didn't have to stop enroute to help gather enough wood to run her into port could consider himself lucky. But at least she was sturdy and safe and that fact many times saved her from a sad fate as she ran onto those floating rocks during the low water periods. Cap. Wells boasted that with dry wood and a favorable wind she'd do close to six miles an hour.

Gone is the dam which ruined this Paradise of the Gods but which seemed to fit into the forest picture. It was replaced by an ugly mass of weather beaten, water stained concrete. Gone is the dead forest on the lake shores. Gone is the steamer Howlett. Gone are the Hop Poles. Gone are the floating bogs, but the Peaceful waters of old Oswegatchie flow on and on.

The Specter
Cranberry Lake, N.Y. March 11, 1947



ONE ROOM SCHOOL TO MOBILE HOME

By MRS. L. W. SHORT

The accompanying picture of the old Madrid school describes a building which stood on ground purchased March 5, 1867, by Abigail Shaw. Rumor says the price was paid with Civil War money. Years passed and the property came to be owned by one Jane Kerr in 1891, who deeded the property to her daughter, Bertha Kerr in the same year. Bertha, in turn, deeded the property to her daughter, Bertha Kerr Crump, wife of James I. Crump. Their daughter, Mildred Crump Bassett, in turn came to own the land on which stands the mobile home in the second picture. The mobile home is now owned by Glenn Lawrence Bradley, 5 School Street, Madrid.

Mr. Bradley completed this modern mobile home in November, 1963; he now occupies it together with his wife, a daughter and a son. The spacious lawn with flowers about the house and tall trees in the background provide a pleasant picture for the passerby. Mr. and Mrs. Bradley both hold positions in Potsdam. Mr. Bradley with the Potsdam welding Co., and Mrs. Bradley with the Van Ness CO.

Now let us go back to the one room school where my history begins in 1908 on School Street, Madrid, District No. 10. The school photo was taken in that year when Mildred Crump was six years of age and began her school life there.

The pupils from left to right, first row, are a girl named Gaddes, Pauline Murdie, Mildred Crump (from whom the writer obtained information for the story), James Seeley,

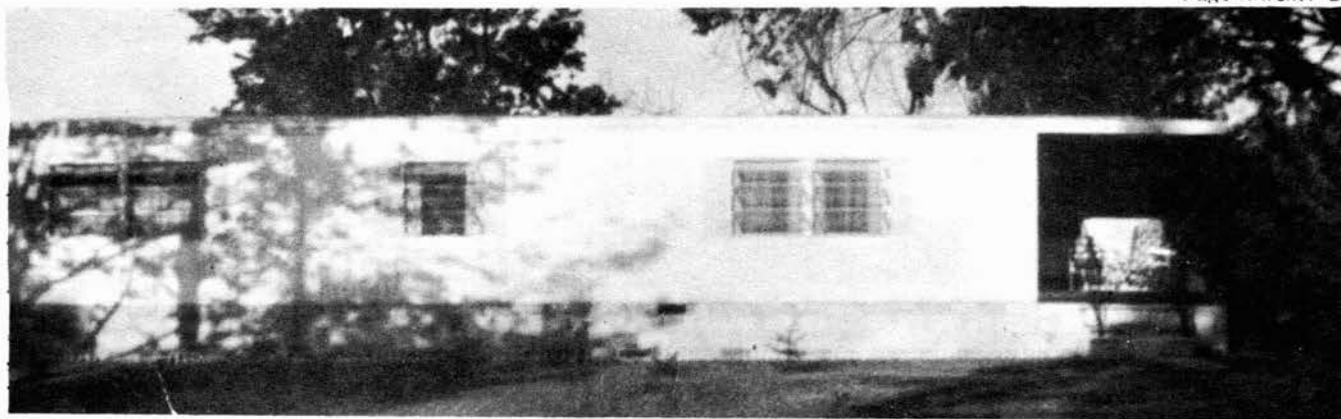
Harold Carter, Edna McGraw, deceased, Beulah Madill, Paul Murdie, Maurice Partch, Gaddes boy, Fay King; second row, Gaddes girl, Lina Empey, Charles Dumont, Bernard Savage, Georgia Morgan Koch, Eva Coffee Short, Jean Murdie Brown, Lottie Hough Pearson, deceased.

There are always items of interest about any school, and the writer would like to mention some of them. Trustees of the district during the years of 1908 to 1928 were Charles Bradley, Martin Rutherford, Mr. Rochie and Albert Finnegan.

District School Superintendents were Walter Andrews, Potsdam, Mr. Ault, Waddington, Mr. Gibbons, Russell and C.B. Olds. Teachers include Mrs. Mina Watson, Miss Mary Jane Rutherford (shown in doorway of school), Miss Bernice Wilcox, Ada Fletcher, Celia Donnelly, Mrs. Marion Cline, Anna Donnelly, Catherine O'Brien and Mrs. Isabel Marshall, all deceased. Only two ladies who taught in the district are living now, Molly Morgan Cameron an out-of-town resident, and Miss Luella Handlin, who resides in Madrid village.

A few of the memories of students go back to the days when the scholars stood around a wheezy old organ and sang popular tunes of that time and, of course, the annual Christmas program with Santa Claus, presents and Christmas tree; and the last day of school for which recitations were laboriously learned and recited with parents and friends as the audience.

The belfry atop the school building eventually became



unsafe and was taken down. The bell was given to Frank O'Brien, at that time proprietor of the Madrid Springs hotel. It was set up on the roof of the horsesheds (those were the "horse and buggy days") on November 11, 1918. When the Armistice was signed, the bell was rung from midnight to sundown the next day. It became so badly cracked that it never could be used again.

Education in the schoolhouse went along peacefully until December, 1926 when the question of centralization was placed before the voters. Differences of opinion arose as to the educational value of a centralized school system over the one-room schoolhouse with its one teacher. However, in December, 1928, the move to centralization won out. Those opposed to the original scheme, have over the years come to realize the advantages of modern education, but still in the distance can be heard the groans of some taxpayers over the ever-increasing rise of the burden to pay for advanced educational facilities.

Early janitors of this school included Loyal Bradley, who began his services at the age of eleven years and Margaret Barkley who began to work as the school janitor at the age of ten. It was nothing easy for a boy or girl to get up at five o'clock in the morning, build a fire either in a big iron box stove or Round Oak heater, and get a room comfortable for 9:00 a.m. -- especially when the wage for the whole school year was only \$12. But the type of education received was appreciated.

The beauty of the country scenery as the motorist drives along on hard paved roads in comparison to the school child trudging along perhaps unkept country roads on days gone by may cause the motorist to heave a sigh of regret when he thinks how he obtained his own education -- especially when he sees a one room school standing in silence on weed-grown grounds.

Would we go back to the "old days"? No! Yet we can look back over 50 years and see the modern buildings which have been built by taxpayers who began their own education in the one room school and grew to wealth and prominence thereafter.

The old schoolhouse was sold to Charles Gorrow and moved from its location on school street in 1933 to Ogdensburg where it is now a private dwelling on Patterson Street.

REMINISCENCES

(Continued from Page Four)

morning when he was sick abed he sent for me and was obtaining his usual results when they hurried me out and said I was tiring him too much -- not much of a recollection to have of one of the finest men in Ogdensburg's history. He died when I was only six.

I do have one anecdote that's always been a family favorite. In order to understand it, a little history is needed. Grandfather, W.L. Proctor, was general manager of the Skillings, Whitney and Barnes Lumber Company. This company employed a great many French-Canadians. Between these French Catholics and the Irish one there was a deep feud. They wouldn't even attend the same church or belong to the same political party. Grandfather was a very distinguished-looking man and was mayor of the city for seven years. A stranger seeing him, asked the nearest available person who he was. Here's the answer, "Shure and that's the Imperor av the Frinch." Our royal ancestry! After Grandfather's death, Grandmother couldn't bear to live in the big house, so she travelled a great deal, spent her summers at Star Lake and finally sold the house.

The summers at Star Lake will always be some of my most precious memories. Carefree, happy summers when I learned woodsigns and trails so well I was allowed to wander at will. I learned the various trees, flowers and shrubs, roots and birds of our north woods. Also I could handle rowboats and canoes. Absolutely without fear of the water, I couldn't learn to swim. I never could learn to master my dislike of snakes. How well I remember one day killing a garter snake and screaming at every blow. The adults came running and how disgusted they were. One rainy day I found a nest of deer mice in the blanket of my hideout.

The best times were passed in the open-faced bark camp where our beds of cord were laced with balsam boughs. The dining hall was a roofed platform with rustic table and settees. The cooking was done at an open fireplace and I early learned to use Dutch and reflector ovens, though most of the cooking was done by a woods guide. He had his own special teapot. No one but George ever had tea from that pot or wanted to do so. That pot was never emptied of tea or grounds until it was so full no more could be added. Then he'd empty it and start all over again. The same with his coffee pot.

Besides the open-faced camp, there was a cottage on the main highway, a cottage and boathouse combined and Mother's cottage out on the point. All the land in between and far back into the woods belonged to Grandmother. She and John Nill of Watertown bought up a good share of one end of Star Lake in order not only to have privacy but to keep it in its wild state. John Nill even bought all Maple Mountain and there was just one trail up, but what gorgeous views of the lake from certain points on that trail.

On my twelfth birthday, Grandmother gave me the deed to two of the choicest lots up there extending from one bay to another and just back of Mother's cottage. I certainly was one proud youngster and how I loved to walk my bounds. Those lots were my pride and joy and I still owned them when I was married. I sold them to help pay for my home.

Annual
Meeting
October 9 !

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: (Edward F. Heim). RENSSELAER FALLS VILLAGE, Town of Canton: (Mrs. Nina Wilson). CLARE: (Mrs. Iris J. Frye) Attended workshops in Canton on May 22 and is working on The Vanishing Americana projects and retaking pictures as two films did not turn out. "I am trying to get servicemen's records together." CLIFTON: (Mrs. Clara McKenny) Look for the pictures and a story on the State Dam at Cranberry Lake in this issue.

COLTON: (Mrs. Lorena Reed). DeKALB: (F.F.E. Walrath) During the summer months I made a trip to two old cemeteries located in the town of Russell; one was located far back in the wooded area, the other not too far from Lazy River. These two cemeteries were charted and the dates and names compiled, some dated as far back as 1828. Busy working on scrapbooks, and answering letters of inquiry relating to genealogy; completed the restoration work on all fallen and broken stones in the Porter Hill cemetery located above Hermon during the months of June and July. RICHVILLE VILLAGE, Town of DeKalb: (Mrs. Georgiana Wranesh) I have been doing some research and written an article on the Baptist Church in Richville. Also have started a colored slide collection of places of historic interest in our village. DePEYSTER: (Mrs. Emery Smithers). EDWARDS: (Miss Leah Noble) Has recently been given photographs including Anthony steamboat of Trout Lake and has been collecting data to write about Trout Lake. "If anyone has any Trout Lake information, folklore, etc., I would appreciate the loan of it." FINE: (Mrs. Catherine Brownell) Has sent in an article for the next Quarterly and has nearly finished last project of historians. FOWLER: (Mrs. Robert Yerdon). GOUVERNEUR: (Harold A. Storie). HAMMOND: (Mrs. Maxine B. Rutherford). HERMON: (Mrs. Harriet Jenne). HOPKINTON: (Mrs. Vaughn Day). LAWRENCE: (Mrs. Gordon Cole) Has been working on the current project, Medicinal Plants. LOUISVILLE: (Mrs. Lorraine Bandy) Geneological research has taken up most of my summer work. Tourist information on old homes and cemeteries has kept me busy too. Now starting to help students on local history projects. MADRID: (Mrs. Florence Fisher). MASSENA: (Mrs. Eldon Browne) Welcome to a new historian whose office has been moved from the rear to the front of the Historical Building of 64 Main St. The office was formerly occupied by Wendell Derouchie's barbershop which has moved across the street to the former Violi's shoe shop. The room is now being cleaned up and painted for the historian's office. The former room used as an office by Anthony Romeo will be used as a study or a reading room. Mr. Romeo resigned to look after his interests in Hollywood, Calif. Many cases of Massena antiques are on display upstairs. The historical building open to the public for visiting at 64 Main St. MORRISTOWN: (Mrs. Doris Planty) Completed Pine Hill Cemetery census and ready to make into cemetery records. Spent much time in arranging St. Lawrence County tours. NORFOLK: (Mrs. Edith Van Kennen). NORWOOD VILLAGE, Town of Norfolk: (Mrs. Susan Lyman) Has had several stories published in Potsdam Courier-Freeman. The village historian is allowed the privilege of attending each meeting of the Board and "am always asked to make any comment or report I care to make. Our board is composed of young men who are interested in Norwood's past, present, and future and are willing to help me in anyway possible. As the first historian, I feel it doubly important to make the office meaningful. I am called upon a great deal by students doing papers and from residents who desire a little historical information. It is a joy to serve." OSWEGATCHIE: (Mrs. Persis Boyesen) Still working on Civil War records as she is comparing the town records with other records for more information and identification. The results are amazing. The Town Clerk in 1866 evidently had the same trouble obtaining records of the service men as Town Historians do today!

Yorker Cracker Barrel

POTSDAM: Benjamin Raymond Yorkers Junior High plan to reorganize and take a trip to the Adirondack Museum this fall.--Mrs. McGill and Mr. Dunne, co-sponsors.

notice!

ANNUAL MEETING

The annual meeting of the St. Lawrence County Historical Association will be held on Saturday, Oct. 9, 1965, luncheon at 12:30 p.m. at Schine's Inn, Massena, N.Y., \$1.53 per person.

Massena Museum (300 feet from Schine's) open at 11:00 a.m.

Business meeting, Report of Officers and Committees, Election of Officers following program.

September Tour

The September 11th tour began at 9:30 a.m. in Waddington, where Mrs. C.B. Olds described historical sites at Chamberlain's Corners, the bridge erected in 1884 and the Underground Railway station. Thence the tour moved on to Madrid for a visit to the old stone mill and the old pants factory. At Buck's Bridge, the group visited the log house and the John Murray Lockwood stone house. John Beswick gave a talk on the church erected in 1837. Continuing on to Morley, the group were served lunch by the Firemen's Auxiliary and then visited the Morley School (1857), the stone mill (1840) and the Episcopal church (1870).

Can You Spare Any Of These?

County Historian Mary H. Biondi reports the supply of past issues of The Quarterly is seriously depleted; she is unable to fill many requests for back editions -- and the number of requests is constantly increasing.

These editions are missing from Mrs. Biondi's supply, and the Association would very much appreciate it if members possessing any or all of these would forward them to her as soon as possible: Vol. I, 1, 2, 3; Vol. II, 4; Vol. III, 2; Vol. IV, 3, (4 almost gone); Vol. VI, 2, 1, 3; Vol. VII, 1, 2; Vol. VIII, 2, 4; Vol. IX, 1.

HEUVELTON, Town of Oswegatchie, (Mrs. Ida Downing). PARISHVILLE: (Mrs. Elsie F. Bresee) Has been busy during July and August with Historical Industrial exhibit for Aug. 28. Also getting pictures and stories for the Americana project. Many hours spent sorting and filing and arranging clippings for scrapbooks. Has opened old museum in town hall for a book loaning library. PIERCEFIELD: (Mrs. Beulah B. Dorothy) "I have been helping collect material for a history of Massawepie." PIERREPONT: (Mrs. Iva R. Tupper) Other members from Pierrepont have carried on while historian was ill. They attended tours and kept notes and clippings. "I hope to be able to attend some of the Fall meetings." PITCAIRN: (No historian). POTSDAM: (Dr. Charles Lahey). ROSSIE: (No historian). RUSSELL: (Mrs. Jeanette Barnes). STOCKHOLM: (Mrs. Hazel Chapman) The First National Bank of Waddington celebrated its 50th anniversary June 7. It was opened Aug. 16, 1915. For an hour before the bank opened that day a large crowd waited all eager to make the first deposit. The houses were decorated with flags. One hundred and four depositors appeared and when the bank closed that day the figures showed that \$28,000 had been placed in the bank.

WADDINGTON: (Mrs. Ethel C. Olds) Mementos of the late Major General Harry K. Rutherford have been given to Waddington by his daughter, Mrs. John Crane, Washington, D.C. Mr. and Mrs. Crane will present a glass display case for the memorial and a copy of the book, "West Point, Key to America" which has a description of the military career of the general. He was a native of Waddington and a descendant of one of the first families to arrive in Waddington from Scotland in 1801. During his career from West Point graduation in 1907 to retirement in 1948, he rendered distinguished military service.

The President's Message

At the October 1965 Annual Meeting and Election of Officers for 1966 I will finish two years as President of our wonderful Historical Association. These have been successful years and the honor goes to our various Committee Chairmen and Membership. Active Membership is building up and inactive members and free riders have been eliminated.

Our tours have been carefully planned by Mrs. Planty and her committee and well attended. The Museum Committee may have an important announcement to make very soon; the Nominating Committee has worked for some time to present an excellent slate of active members to take over and continue the work of us old timers who need a rest; the Treasurer and Secretaries have done a good job and we owe a vote of thanks to Mason Smith and his Committee for the wonderful Quarterly bearing our name and news of St. Lawrence County.

We barely make expenses with our present dues and we must soon consider raising the annual dues if we plan to continue at our present pace.

It's been a happy and enjoyable two years for me and I thank you all for the fine cooperation you gave me. E.F.H.

Edmund F. Heim

LOCAL HISTORICAL Associations

NORWOOD: The Norwood Historical Association annual membership drive is presently underway. Considerable interest in the village has been aroused by the illustrated articles on various phases of Old Norwood. The annual meeting of the association will be held Oct. 21. Mrs. Marguerite Gurley Chapman has very kindly consented to be speaker of the evening. All are welcome. We have had gifts of interesting pictures and newspapers which have been the basis for some of the news articles I have had published in the Potsdam Courier-Freeman. We continue with the routine tasks of scrapbooks. Penny Hollinger, a NNCS student helped paste this summer.--Elizabeth Bancroft and Susan Lyman, co-chairmen.

LOCAL HISTORICAL MUSEUMS

Norwood Historical Museum: Although the Village of Norwood allotted a small, windowless, but nicely painted room to use as a museum, this room is located upstairs in the old wood frame firehall. The door to the building is open 24 hours a day with the result that the History room has been broken into twice. I am very reluctant to place much in this room due to possible damage from fire and vandalism.-- Susan Lyman. **POTSDAM PUBLIC MUSEUM:** On July 15, a Chinese exhibit was put on display for two months. It consisted of brocade hangings, men and women's garments such as mandarin coats, a wedding dress, etc. Also lacquer ware, cloisonne carvings in ivory, ebony and bamboo root, antique bronze mirrors, jade figurines, china, Ming vase and other porcelain dishes and shoes for bound feet. These were given the museum by Dr. Hans Scheyer -- items collected by him during his stay in China in the 1930s. Some of the items were loaned by him for this special exhibit. There were also two short mandarin coats loaned by Mrs. Chapman. A special exhibit consisting of three charts on easels showing the history of banking in Potsdam were prepared by the museum staff

Gouverneur Fair

This year's theme for the St. Lawrence County Historical Association booth at the Gouverneur and St. Lawrence County Fair was "The Country School House".

Articles arranged for display by Mr. and Mrs. Harold Storie included a teacher's desk used by Frank Sprague of Gouverneur in the Fowler District nearly 100 years ago; school bell from the Gouverneur Wesleyan Seminary, 1840-94 made at the Ogdensburg foundry in 1840; St. Lawrence County map of 1857; iron box stove, picture of George Washington, school flag, stool with dunce cap, water pail with dipper, wooden pencil box, bracket lamp, and desk bell of 1880's used by Stella Harris in the town of DeKalb; with dipper, wooden pencil box, bracket lamp, and desk bell of 1880's used by Stella Harris in the town of DeKalb; blackboard from Town of Macomb, and two kinds of school desks from the little red school house on Somerville road.

Books on display included Davies' Intellectual Arithmetic, used by Sara Carpenter, Town of Fowler, 1871; Improved Slated Arithmetic, 1872; National Pronouncing Speller, 1867; Swinton's Word Book of English Spelling, 1872; Brief History of Empire State; Helps in Teaching History, 1892; English Reader, 1824; Abridged History of the United States, 1860; Geography 1875; and Children's Story Books, including Little Red Riding Hood and others.

and put in the new Marine Midland Bank on July 6. After two weeks they were moved to the museum where they were on display through August. During June, July and August 603 people visited the museum. Mrs. Little, curator and Mrs. Covell, assistant, are presently working on an exhibit of early Potsdam in connection with the Sesqui-centennial events of Potsdam State University College during the current year. The State University is the outgrowth of St. Lawrence Academy dating from 1816. Open House one evening is being planned for the teachers in September.--Marguerite G. Chapman, President.

Christmas is coming!

Use This Handy Form -

THIS YEAR, why not give GIFT MEMBERSHIPS in the St. Lawrence County Historical Association to friends and relatives here at home or far away? At only \$2, the membership (which includes four issues of The Quarterly), is a real bargain -- and it can mean much in enjoyment to the recipient all the year 'round! Send in yours NOW -- to start with The Quarterly for January 1965.

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

Dear Mr. Cleland:

I am enclosing \$2.00 EACH for gift memberships to the following friends (Total enclosed \$.....):

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or RURAL ROUTE

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TABLE OF REDEMPTION VALUES

\$41.00 Deposit

WHEN HELD	VALUE	WHEN HELD	VALUE
3 Months	\$41.30	33 Months	\$45.72
6 Months	41.72	36 Months	46.18
9 Months	42.16	39 Months	46.64
12 Months	42.64	42 Months	47.10
15 Months	43.08	45 Months	47.56
18 Months	43.50	48 Months	48.04
21 Months	43.98	51 Months	48.52
24 Months	44.36	54 Months	49.00
27 Months	44.82	57 Months	49.50
30 Months	45.26	60 Months	50.00