

The Quarterly

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE ST. LAWRENCE, COUNTY HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION



AT THE SCHOOL DOOR

The Quarterly

Official Publication of The St. Lawrence County Historical Assn.

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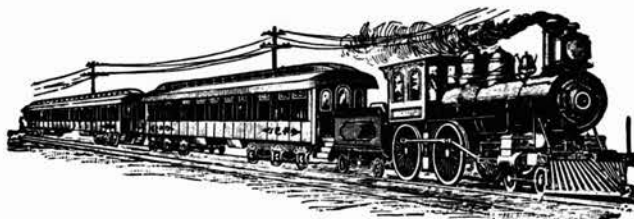
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COVER — Miss Harriet H. Shoen, whose interesting story begins on page three is shown here at her school door. She knew the combination of the padlock, but she did not know that it should have been lubricated with graphite. On cold days she had a hard time opening the door. (Picture by Charles A. Jenner) Except as otherwise indicated all pictures accompanying the story were taken, developed and printed by Miss Shoen — who has had her own camera since age 10.



HOGANSBURG, NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 1915--Teachers boarded in house shaded by trees in middle of picture. Lantry's mill, which dominates the picture, burned a short time after picture was taken.

ONE GENERATION TO ANOTHER

HARRIET HETTA SHOEN was graduated from Massena High school (1914) and Oswego State Normal School (1918). She received the B.S. (1930) and M.A. (1931) degrees with diplomas in Elementary school Supervision and Teacher-Education from Teachers College, Columbia University. In 1932 she changed her major to history and completed requirements from the Ph.D. (1936) under the Faculties of Political Science, Philosophy, and Pure Science of Columbia University.

Before undertaking graduate study, Miss Shoen taught in public and private elementary and junior high schools in New York and New Jersey. While doing graduate study, she did part-time teaching in private schools in the City of New York -- Chapin, Spence, the Masters School, Traphagen School of Fashion, and the Child Education Foundation, a Montessori training school for teachers -- teaching in two or three schools each year. After completion of the Ph.D. she

served as a member of the staff of THE REGENTS INQUIRY INTO THE CHARACTER AND COST OF EDUCATION IN NEW YORK STATE (1936-38) -- at the time when New York's normal schools were changed into colleges. After 1938 she gave full time to writing and research, with two exceptions: (1) two years of intensive war-work in engineering drawing

and design on the U.S. Navy's sensitive calculating instruments; (2) four years as Head of the History Department, Davis and Elkins College, West Virginia.

Since her retirement from teaching in 1950, Miss Shoen has given most of her time to research and writing of history textbooks and factual articles.

(Reprinted by permission from the SATURDAY REVIEW for January 16, 1966)

By HARRIET H. SHOEN

"But they only pay \$6,000 a year," said my young friend who was seeking his first job as a teacher. He left the impression that he valued his untested competence in his chosen profession much more highly than that. Yet I knew that he had only the vaguest notion of what true success in that profession would require from him.

Where does a teacher get his ideals of professional service? Where did I get mine?

I began to think back -- fifty years or more -- to the day in 1915 when I signed my first teaching contract. It was a contract with the State of New York. I found it still in my files -- printed on such good paper that it looked as though it might



"The building was well built and better equipped than the average rural schoolhouse." District #7, St. Regis Indian Reservation.

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"I was proud of my two big boys."

GENERATION

(Continued From Page 3)

have been signed yesterday. I agreed to teach in District Number 7 of the St. Regis Indian Reservation "at the compensation of \$1.80 for each day actually taught." The New York State Education Department agreed to "employ and pay as stated the teacher thus engaged." And there was a clause that protected both parties: "The teacher may be dismissed at any time for incompetency or neglect of duty and may be released from this contract by giving due notice of a desire to leave the service."

I remember how thrilled I was to get that job -- even though my father reminded me that there would be weeks when I would not earn enough to pay my board (\$6 per week). And the idea of teaching Indians appealed to my desire to render service to people who needed education.

The reservation was only fifteen miles from my home. But in those days, before automobiles were common and when all roads were bad, that was a long distance. In reality I had never seen many of the Mohawk Indians who lived there and knew but a few facts about them. Indian men who worked on the cables of a suspension bridge that was built near my home had seemed like all other men to me. My father admired the steady nerves that won for them a good reputation on high steel construction work. Yet he had no love for Indians who came at night and cut down the best black ash trees in his "wood lot."

The inspector from Albany who hired me had explained

the rules of my job. My teaching vocabulary was to be limited to 300 words, and I memorized the list. He warned me never to permit pupils to speak the Indian language in the school building or on the school premises. I was not to fraternize with adult Indians, never to spend a night in an Indian home, and certainly not to marry an Indian. Should I disobey these rules, I would be "instantly dismissed."

There were a few tense days of preparation before I left home. I needed some new clothes. Just before I left, my father bought me a \$30 worsted suit. I promised that it would be the last thing that he would have to buy for me. As things turned out, it was to be the only new thing I had that year -- except footgear.

A two-seated covered surrey, drawn by a team of frisky bay horses operated as a stage, carrying mail and a few traveling salesmen over a route that stopped at the village on the edge of the reservation. My father was more afraid of having me associate with traveling men than with Indians. So he drove me out to the reservation himself -- in the open rubber-tired buggy he usually used only to go to town on Saturday nights. It was a day's trip, part of it over a road with deep mud holes in it.

At the boarding house I was shown to a room with a rope-spring bed. On top of the ropes was a corn-husk mattress, and on top of that a buoyant feather bed that was on a level with my shoulders. When I told the teacher who was to share the bed with me that I wondered how I would ever be able to climb into it, she said with a laugh, "I'll lift you in!" She was a jolly girl of Canadian-French ancestry. Beside her, I was a "shrimp" -- under five feet tall and less than ninety pounds in weight.

At dinner I was the only new teacher. I quickly learned that I was also the only blonde and the only Protestant. Then I discovered a few facts about my new position.

"District Number 7 is the worst school on the reservation," I was informed. "Those kids got rid of four teachers last year."

"You have the longest walk to school of any of us," said someone else.

"It's awful in the winter in below-zero weather," added my roommate. "Two years ago a teacher from that school froze to death on the way home."

I did not talk much -- except to answer questions about my education. Even then what I said was too much, for I unwittingly let them know that I had had more education than any of them. It was then possible for a high school graduate, age 18, to get a license to teach in rural schools. None of them had attended normal school, as I had. I tried to apologize for having been graduated at seventeen, which made it necessary for me to go away to school until I was old enough to teach.

Next day I was able to visit my school building in advance of opening day. I was pleased with what I found. The building, no more than five years old, was well built and better equipped than the average rural schoolhouse. Two little rooms with windows opened off a big schoolroom. There was a good cloak-room and a roomy supply closet that contained plenty of books, paper and pencils. A big furnace-like stove stood in the middle of the schoolroom, and there was a generous supply of wood in the woodshed and coal in the cellar. The prospect of having to build fires did not frighten a farmer's daughter. A wall-ladder led to an attic that had a good floor and windows. Under the building was an artesian well, securely sealed with cement at the level of the cellar floor. The hand pump in the classroom worked easily. The State of New York had been generous with traditional school supplies and equipment, but I was soon to learn that any unusual supplies would be totally unobtainable because they would be unauthorized by law.

Twenty-eight pupils were waiting for me when I arrived the first day. They stopped speaking Indian before I was within earshot and eyed me slyly from head to foot as I came up the path. Never had I endured such scrutiny. I said my first "Good morning, boys and girls" before I unlocked the padlock and opened the door. The pupils entered quietly and took seats wherever they liked. Then it was my turn to scrutinize them.

Half of them were clean and well dressed and had dinner pails that they took to their seats and clutched tightly. Two big boys wore new suits. Eight or ten girls in stiffly starched

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New York State Education Department
Inspections Division
 FRANK H. WOOD, Chief

INDIAN SCHOOLS

TEACHER'S CONTRACT

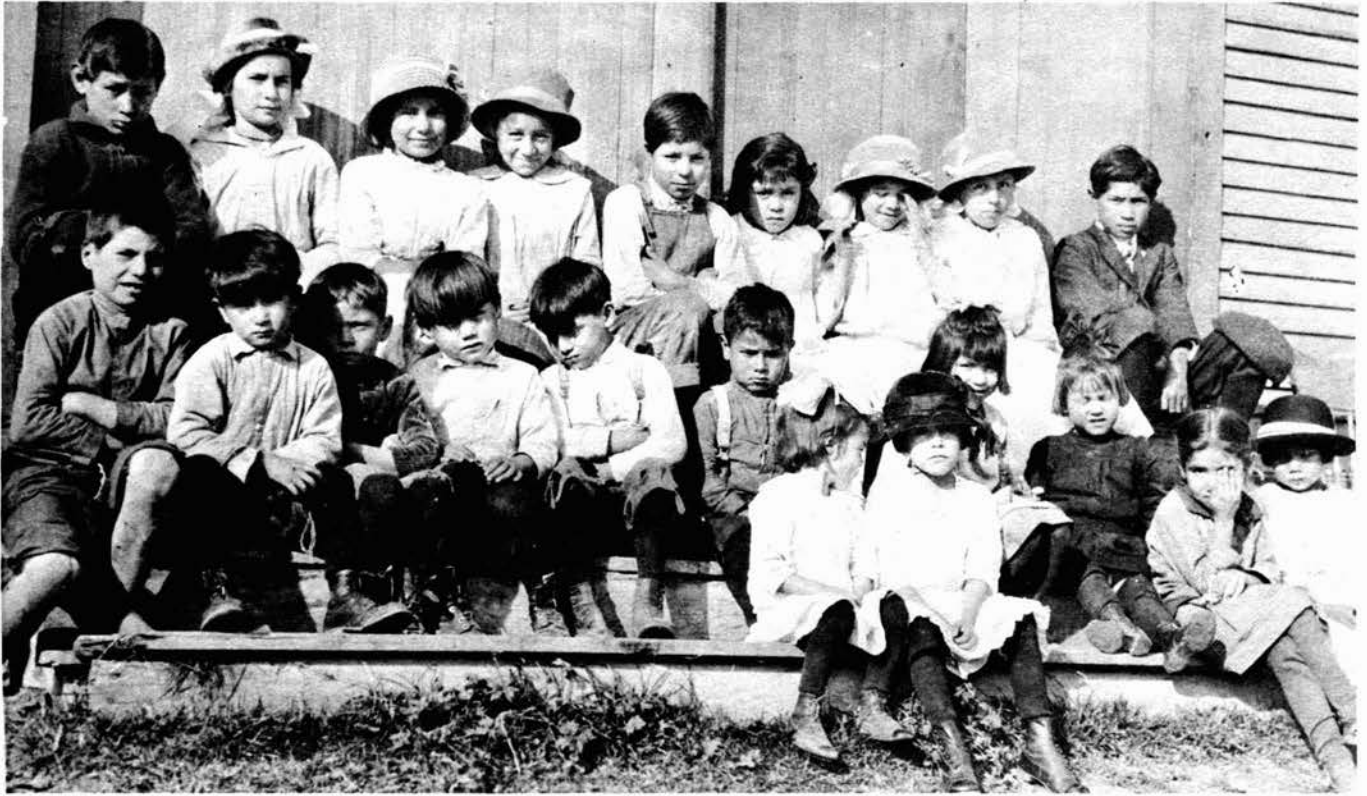
H. M. Shoen hereby contracts with the
 New York State Education Department to teach in district number
7, *St. Regis* reservation during the school year
 beginning *Sept 7, 1915* at the compensation of \$*1⁸⁰/₁₀₀*
 for each *day* actually taught and for legal holidays occurring on
 days when school would otherwise be in session. The New York State
 Education Department contracts to employ and pay as stated the
 teacher thus engaged.

The teacher may be dismissed at any time for incompetency or
 neglect of duty and may be released from this contract by giving due
 notice of a desire to leave the service.

Harriet Shoen..... Teacher

John J. Ellis..... representing
 the State Education Department

Dated *Aug 28,*..... 1915.



22 OF THE 28 PUPILS, MAY, 1916 -- Second girl from right (front) has hand over face to protect her from witches, but she is watching what is happening with one eye. Six who feared witches were absent. Child at right end of front step

and boy, sixth from left end of second step, were under five years old. Parents pleaded with me to let them come to school until I finally gave in.

GENERATION (Continued From Page 4)

dresses, with their black hair painfully curled, looked uncomfortable. Most of the rest formed a motley group -- ragged and dirty, with disheveled hair. Three nine- or ten-year-old boys looked as though they were wearing their father's shoes and overalls.

From the way they chose their seats I suspected that something besides economic status separated the two groups of pupils. I decided not to change the seats. By the time I had taken names and sorted pupils into classes, it was time for recess, fifteen minutes of play in the schoolyard.

After a summer of neglect, the yard was ablaze with the color of wild flowers -- golden rod, Queen Anne's lace, purple asters, and tiger lilies. "Pick some flowers to make our room look pretty," I suggested as the children filed out. Then I cringed, for the word "pick" was not on the 300-word list.

I was not eager to begin my duty as policeman against the Indian language, so I decided not to go outside. What I did not hear I would not have to be responsible for. It seemed very important to me to get names written into a seating chart. But I listened to two boys who wanted to talk to me.

"We eat snakes," said one boy whose feet were swimming around in his father's shoes.

"Where do you get them?" I asked, "Few snakes could live in this cold climate." I felt another pang of malfeasance of duty because neither "snake" nor "climate" was on the 300-word list.

"We eat rats," growled the other boy.

"Too bad for the rats," I replied in an unconcerned manner. Then I said in a stern voice, "Now run along and get some fresh air." The word "fresh" was not on the list either.

I had been a teacher for less than half a day and had broken the rules from Albany four times in less than five minutes. But no one was present to exercise the "instant dismissal" penalty. I could see that most of the pupils had a larger vocabulary than 300 words. Common sense told me that I would have to interpret that rule loosely.

Before the day ended I had solved the riddle of the difference between the two groups of pupils. Some came from Christian homes where American ways of life were practiced. The rest

had parents who were making a somewhat futile effort to maintain old Indian customs and beliefs. The children, in their conduct and attitudes toward each other, reflected this conflict of religion and culture. The Christians were Catholics, most of whose fathers were farmers. They called the others "pagans", and that term did not seem to offend children whose parents tired to make a living by hunting, fishing, and basketry, and were not opposed to theft, so long as they could get away with it. Conditions were present for continual strife.

That afternoon I intercepted a note that was being passed around. On it was a recognizable picture of "Teacher" and the statement "Teacher has yellow hair." I thought to myself: "This poor dream teacher with lemon-yellow hair is going to have a bad time trying to keep pagans and Christians from fighting each other." I had studied enough psychology in normal school to know that it would be my duty to try to provide opportunities for using this competition in constructive ways.

"This is a good picture of me. I shall save it," I said. "Some day I will draw some pictures for you on the blackboard." I did not intend to punish any note-writers who used the English language correctly!

It was not difficult to discover why certain pupils wanted to talk about what they ate. They were hungry. They brought no lunches to school and did their best to steal lunch boxes from other pupils. This gave me some knotty disciplinary problems that could not best be solved by punishment. Food was what was needed, and I had no easy way of getting food for fifteen hungry children. Certainly I could not stretch my \$1.80 for each day actually taught" to cover much more than my own board.

Through talks with other teachers I learned that they had no sympathy for those Indians who lived by feast or famine without planning for the future. "Punish those little pagans," they advised. "That's all you can do when they steal lunch boxes."

By the end of October, nevertheless, I had decided that it was almost futile to try to teach hungry children to read. They could not keep their attention on books. I determined to do all I

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GENERATION

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could get food for them -- in spite of what other teachers might say if they heard about it.

The mother of one of the older girls had been a teacher before she married an Indian many years before. She had five stalwart sons, three of whom worked off the reservation and sent money home. The other two ran the home farm, which was the best farm in our district of the Reservation. Every day they hauled big cans of milk to Borden's factory in the village. Their milk wagon usually was the only vehicle I passed on my way to school. I invited their mother to come to school and enlisted her sympathy for my hungry pupils. For the rest of the year her sons left a big three-gallon pail of milk at school every school-day morning.

We needed more than milk, and I had to exercise nerve and tact and ingenuity to get it. I knew the owner of a general store in the village (his daughter had been a high school classmate of mine). He was not famous for generosity -- as any Indian who traded muskrat or fox skins with him could have confirmed. I bearded this lion in his den. For the rest of the year he gave me a five-pound package of oatmeal and a big can of cocoa every Monday morning -- on condition that I tell nobody about it. I packed these supplies over the three-mile hike to the school in a big knapsack.

Fortunately our stove had a flat top with two griddles. The girl whose mother furnished the milk had the honor of preparing cocoa and oatmeal, with assistance from two big boys who lifted pots and pans and kettles. This was done while I taught the "non-English Class", just before lunchtime. That was my largest class (eight pupils) and the hardest to teach because ages ranged from five to twelve and none spoke English. I was ready to eat oatmeal and drink cocoa with the pagans by the time that class was over.

There were nut trees near our school building -- butternuts, black walnuts, hickory nuts, and hazelnuts. For weeks the children gathered nuts -- after school and on Saturdays and Sundays. We spread them on the attic floor to dry. This solved the ladder-climbing problem, which had been fast approaching disciplinary proportions. While the nuts were drying nobody had teacher's permission to climb the ladder. It was understood that, when dry, half of the nuts would be left at school and half divided equally, by count, among the pupils. I expected nuts to provide a nutritious addition to our meager luncheon diet. I also hoped that the fact that we saved and used them frugally would teach a lesson to children whose parents were in the habit of gorging themselves when they had plenty and then starving for weeks.

I could see the chasm between pagans and Christians gradually narrowing as pupils worked together on various activities that they liked. Boys seemed to take it for granted that I would expect a pagan and a Christian to work together, and it was fun for them to empty ashes, so long as they were building a cinder path. A climax came at Thanksgiving time when one of the pagans brought a big cake of maple sugar to school to share with everybody. I used our best butternuts to make some maple fudge. We were all friends that day, and we drank tea because we had no cocoa. After that, tea was always available for everybody who wanted it; it was our beverage of unity and hospitality.

In my November report to Albany I had more to say about our housekeeping activities than about book-learning. I fully expected to be rebuked for giving school time to activities that were not mentioned in the state's curriculum for elementary schools. I was surprised and delighted when I received a letter of appreciation for the "industrial work" I had been doing! The letter ended with these encouraging sentences: "A teacher's best work is often what she does outside the ordinary classroom routine. These Indian schools particularly need a great deal of the kind of training you have been giving the children."

I needed that letter to raise my spirits. It came the day before I was to leave the reservation for two weeks of Christmas vacation. Because of that long vacation I would not earn enough to pay my December board. I faced the embarrassment of having to ask my father for money.

What my father had to say about my job was not printable. He was sure that I could do much better as a waitress -- "what with tips and all." He begged me to quit that job where I had to be near children who had the itch and lice in their hair. He noticed that I had lost weight on my boarding-house diet of boiled potatoes, codfish cakes and cabbage, with an occasional dried-apple pie. Such food was not fit for a farmer's hired hand, he said. Nobody should be expected to pay good hard money for it.

I was tired enough to quit the job. But I had been taught in normal school that it was a point of ethics for a teacher to keep her side of a contract -- and also to stay at least two years in her first job. So back I went to the reservation.

For that trip my father drove a team of horses hitched to bobsleds. I sat on the seat beside him, wrapped in bearskin laprobes from bears my grandfather had killed. Behind us, wrapped in more robes and nestling in straw, was a barrel of russet apples, several bushels of potatoes, a big bag of onions, another of beans, and some sides of salt pork. As I remember the logic I used to get it, this loot was supposed to represent the food I would have eaten if I had not been earning my own living.

We made the whole trip almost in complete silence. I imagine my father was disgusted with his stubborn eldest daughter. He stowed my provisions in the school cellar before he delivered me to my boarding house.

Had I not used snowshoes, I doubt that I would have survived that winter. Roads were never open at the hour I set out in the morning. The only milk team that came that way would be waiting at the school for me to open the door. Wearing skirts that reached my ankles, I often had to walk through drifted snow a foot deep.

No lady in those days wore short skirts. Slacks, ski pants, or leotards were unheard of. I must confess that I was no lady as I made my way through sub-zero snowstorms. I turned my skirt up to my knees and fastened it to my belt with safety pins. On snowshoes I defied the drifted roads and made my way across fields and fences -- directly toward three tall pine trees on a hilltop from which I knew I could see the schoolhouse. I thought that nobody saw me. But I should have known better.

I shall never forget the day that an aged Indian, with a face like leather, burst into my warm classroom, carrying a pair of snowshoes he had made especially for me. "Big man, big snowshoes; little woman, little snowshoes," he said. From his gestures it was clear to me that the snowshoes I had been using were too long and too broad for my height and weight. "Little woman, big snowshoes, big backache," he explained. I knew from experience what he meant.

The pupils had had advance notice of this surprise. Over and over again they shouted a name that I was told was to be my Indian name forever. Its meaning in English was "Walking Through Snow."

Walking Through Snow greatly enjoyed her own snowshoes after that. By placing her feet in the proper position from step to step, she could cover three miles in half the time it took her to do it in summer.

On days when it was between twenty and thirty degrees below zero I longed to stay all night at school. But I did not dare to do it. I knew that if I did not get home by six o'clock, a search party would set out to find the frozen body of the missing teacher. So I waited as long as I dared before banking the fire, which I wanted to be still burning in the morning. From 5 p.m. to 9 a.m. is a long time to keep a coal fire burning.

In such weather Monday morning was a nightmare. There had been no fire in the building for two days. We were all cold when we reached school. Ashes had to be removed from the stove before a fire could be built. Usually I kept a hot wood fire going for two hours before I put coal on it.

To keep children from getting too near the hot stove, I had them sit in a circle on the floor, with feet pointing toward the stove. They stayed there as long as it took to dry their shoes and get their feet warm. They drank cocoa or hot tea and studied spelling or reading books. School did not begin in earnest until about eleven when I called arithmetic classes, one after the other, to the bench in front of my desk.

I remember one stormy Monday when Father Buchette, the

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THE UNIVERSITY OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK
THE STATE DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION
ALBANY

INSPECTIONS DIVISION
FRANK H. WOOD, CHIEF

December 14, 1915

Miss Harriet Shoen,
Hogansburg,
N.Y.

Dear Miss Shoen:

I wish to express my appreciation of the industrial work you are doing with the children and your efforts generally to do for them the things that are most necessary. A teacher's best work is often what she does outside of the ordinary class room routine. These Indian schools particularly need a great deal of the kind of training you are giving the children.

Very truly yours,

A. C. Hill

ACH/K

GENERATION

(Continued From Page 7)

Franciscan missionary who visited our school every month or so, came in while we were still shivering around the stove. His broad brimmed, low-crowned, black hat was covered with ice and his long cassock frozen stiff to a point well above his knees. I was proud of my big boys who helped him crack the ice from his clothes and get dried out beside our roaring wood fire. But I began to teach spelling classes earlier than usual. In school, as well as at the boarding house, I formed a Protestant minority of one, and I did not want Father Buchette to get the impression that I neglected my duty. The good priest had permission from Albany to speak to the pupils, so long as what he said was "nonsectarian" and spoken in English. Since I had orders to report on what he said, I was not sure that he did not have the same kind of orders to report on me.

Father Buchette was of great help to me in many ways. To say to any pupil, whether Christian or pagan, "If you are absent again without a good excuse, I'll tell Father Buchette," was far more effective than to send a truant officer to a place where truants could slip into Canada after they saw the officer coming. Father Buchette visited homes in both countries, knew all of the Indians, and spoke their language well. News that I heard from him was sure to be accurate.

The state employed a doctor on a part-time basis. Occasionally he held office hours in my school. He fought a persistent battle against "the itch" and I was left in charge of the

hardest task connected with his method of treating it. There was a galvanized iron washtub in one of the little rooms that opened off the schoolroom. I was supposed to force stubborn pagan boys to take hot baths in water that had sodium bicarbonate in it. I did it -- but not without having to go into the room to make sure that the patient was really in the tub. Among these remnants of the once-great Iroquois Nation, the idea that "witches" controlled disease was still prevalent. Children would tremble with fear lest they offend the witches by taking a bath.

One little girl was absent from school because her father saw witches pass the house on the road. She was not permitted to come to school until her father found the right leaves to make tea to exorcise the witches. I must have reported that incident to Albany because I still have a letter in which I received the official reply to that one: "I think the little girl should be in school in spite of the witches. I know of no better protection against them than education." Father Buchette said that he knew the child's parents and would call on them. The child came to school the next day. Later Father Buchette told me, "No, I did not convert him. But I convinced him that my God had power over witches. I knew that fellow before he got this notion of trying to be a witch doctor. My practice is bigger than his is!"

Our schools' washtub was not a popular gadget. I decided

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PULPIT ROCK

These four articles were written by members of the Gouverneur Wanderers, the Yorker Club in Gouverneur Junior High school. Two of the boys are eighth graders, and one is a seventh grader; these are Yorker Club projects, researched and then written by the boys. They found their material by talking with older members of their communities, and/or by reading articles already written on their topic. These articles demonstrate how Yorker Club can help add to our local history, and also how local history can be interesting to young people. ----JoAnne Lah-tinen, Gouverneur Junior High School.

YOUNG HISTORIANS



HOW BATTLE HILL GOT ITS NAME

By DANNY HUBBARD, Grade 8

It got its name by how hard it was to go over it. When they had horses it was hard to make it. It took a good team of horses to haul a load of feed over the hill. Today when the snow and ice is on the hill you can hardly make the hill. Somedays when it is real icy we don't come to school.

Also there were two ladies fighting back about whose were the best farms.

TALL TALES OF PHIDIAS BRICDICT

By DANNY HUBBARD

Phidias lived in the woods around Pitcairn. He would go hunting and trapping. He would hunt bears and other game. Many stories about Phidias were told.

Phidias Bricdict was hunting this day and he didn't have any luck. He was walking along the creek and he saw three partridges in a tree on a branch and all he had was a musket. He

reached into his pocket and found a square nail so he put in the powder, ball, and nail. Then he put his cap in. He took aim right at the branch. He shot and it slipped the branch and it caught the bird's claws. He put his musket on the ground and started climbing. He got on the branch and it broke, and into the creek he went, birds and all. He reached for the birds and started for the bank; his pockets were full of suckers, he broke his suspenders and he snared a rabbit and so he went home with three partridges, a pocket full of suckers, and a rabbit.

It was a hot day and Phidias was tired so he put his musket against the tree. He lay down and went to sleep. A noise woke him up and he looked around real good and he saw a big bear over by his gun. The bear was mad because he could smell the human scent and he took his paw and bent the barrel. The bear went around the hill. Phidias got up and got his rifle. He shot and the barrel being bent made the bullet go around the hill and it killed the bear.

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EDUCATION --

A Potsdam Tradition for 150 Years



Benjamin Raymond founded St. Lawrence Academy in Potsdam in 1816. The land agent for the proprietors and a prominent citizen of the village, he led a movement to establish the Academy by drawing up a petition and raising needed funds. He built the first schoolhouse in 1811 which was occupied by the Academy in 1816. The present classroom-administration building at the State University College at Potsdam, occupied in 1954, is named in his honor.

By DEE LITTLE

For 150 years education has been a vital force in Potsdam. It began with Benjamin Raymond's tiny schoolhouse-church, it continued with St. Lawrence Academy's growth into the State University College at Potsdam, it forsook the expenditure of \$42 million in campus development by the two Potsdam colleges with nearly 7000 students in the village by 1971.

This year Potsdam is celebrating the 150th anniversary of the founding of St. Lawrence Academy. It is an appropriate time to pay tribute to the dedicated educators and village fathers whose continuous support assured the success of the school throughout the years.

Immediately following the American Revolution, New York State decided that its northernmost area bordering the St. Lawrence River should be settled. The land, used chiefly by Indians and trappers, was an attractive target for the Loyalists who had settled just across the river in Upper Canada.

In 1786 the ten St. Lawrence towns were surveyed and named for cities in Europe and Asia, and the following year, most of the land was purchased by a fur trader, Alexander Macomb. By 1802 the town of Potsdam was owned principally by Garrit Van Horne and David Clarkson.

These men hired Benjamin Raymond, one of the original

surveyors, to be their land agent and settle Potsdam. In May 1803 Raymond and six other men left Rome, N. Y., traveled by boat on Oneida Lake, Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence River to Waddington. They traveled overland to Potsdam and settled on the west bank of the Racquette River in June, 1803.

The village grew quickly. A saw mill was built on what is now Fall Island and Raymond surveyed roads to the other small communities who were also making their appearance in the area. By the end of the year 28 men had contracted to purchase land. The town government was organized in 1806 with Raymond named town supervisor.

By 1810 the census listed the population of the town of Potsdam as 928 with most families living in the village. At this time education was handled by individual families and there were no churches and schools. Raymond, however, held Sunday services in his home and also taught his children and some of his friend's children.

In 1811 Raymond decided to build a schoolhouse-church on a lot he owned in the center of the village between Elm and Main Streets. This first school was a one story frame building with a small porch and bell. A plaque on Union Street across from the rear of the Potsdam post office marks the site today. Raymond also hired James Johnson of Lynn, Mass. to conduct school during the week and church on Sunday. The school opened in April, 1811 and Raymond wrote to the proprietors the next week "the 'academy' promises to succeed remarkably well."

THE ACADEMY CHARTERED

The New York State Legislature passed a law for the organization of common schools in 1812 and Raymond and other men of the village acted quickly to apply for a charter for their school. In December, 1812, subscriptions for the St. Lawrence Academy were circulated and 35 townspeople purchased shares for a total of \$2880. Raymond gave the school building and lot as half payment of his 100 shares.

The petition for incorporation of the school was formally presented to the Legislature on Jan. 25, 1813 but was not approved until 1816 because of the State's involvement in the War of 1812. On Mar. 25, 1816 the charter was approved by the Chancellor of the University of the State of New York.

The first trustees of St. Lawrence Academy included Benjamin Raymond, Liberty Knowles, Sewell Raymond, Pierce Shepard, Azel Lyman, Joseph Reynolds, Robert McChesney, David Parish, Nathan Ford, Louis Hasbrouck, Roswell Hopkins, Russell Atwater and Ebenezer Hulburd. At the first meeting of the board on Sept. 17, 1816 Benjamin Raymond was elected senior trustee, Liberty Knowles, treasurer, and Sewell Raymond, clerk. Raymond continued as head of the board until he moved to Raymondville in 1819. Knowles was senior trustee from 1819 to 1859.

Nathan Nixon, a graduate of Middlebury College, was hired as preceptor of the Academy at a salary of \$420 a year. Classes were offered in reading and writing, English grammar, cyphering, mathematics, book-keeping, dead languages, logic, rhetoric, composition, moral philosophy, natural philosophy and French. The St. Lawrence Academy opened on Sept. 30, 1816 with 42 students.

The Academy grew rapidly. By 1820 enrollment was 114, with some students from Oneida county and even Montreal. The course of study was based on classical curriculum with the boys and girls entering at all ages, chiefly from 10 to 20. The earlier grades were taught in district schools or in the home. A number of the Academy students entered college, with Middlebury and Hamilton most popular.

A NEW BUILDING

By 1825 the school was very much in need of larger quarters and that year the Legislature passed an appropriation of \$2500 to build a new St. Lawrence Academy building. The four-story building was located on the east side of the public square next to the Presbyterian Church which had been built in 1821. Today

this is the site of Snell Hall. The new building cost \$4000 and subscriptions from the townspeople covered the additional \$1500 needed.

In 1826 the new building was completed and the school moved into it. The small "Academy" building on Union St. was used for a number of years by the Presbyterians as a conference room, then sold and moved to Main St. to be turned into a private home. It was demolished in 1949 when the Clarkson engineering buildings were built.

TEACHER TRAINING

With the hiring of Rev. Asa Brainerd as preceptor of the Academy in 1828, the Academy entered its most significant years. Brainerd, a graduate of the University of Vermont, was particularly interested in raising the quality of education. He felt that this could best be accomplished by producing good teachers for the district schools. At this time many of the Academy students taught in the districts in order to earn money to continue their studies. Brainerd also realized that the State was becoming interested in teacher training and that by emphasizing it in his Academy he would be more apt to get a share of the state money.

The first teacher-training classes were established in 1831 with a three-term system; the students attended school during fall and spring terms and taught in the district schools during the four-month winter term. Brainerd was the first school principal in New York to make a systematic attempt to classify teacher training separately from other courses.

By 1835 the Academy began to receive each year from the State \$500 for books and apparatus and \$400 for faculty for its teachers department. That year the department had an enrollment of 140 students.

A SECOND BUILDING

With the teachers department growing so rapidly, the trustees decided that a second building was needed for it. The South Academy Building located on the south side of the Presbyterian Church opened in Nov., 1837. Similar in style to the North Academy, it cost \$5200. To cover this, a tax of \$1000 was levied in the village and \$1600 was raised by subscription. The debt for the remainder was absorbed by the State in 1849.



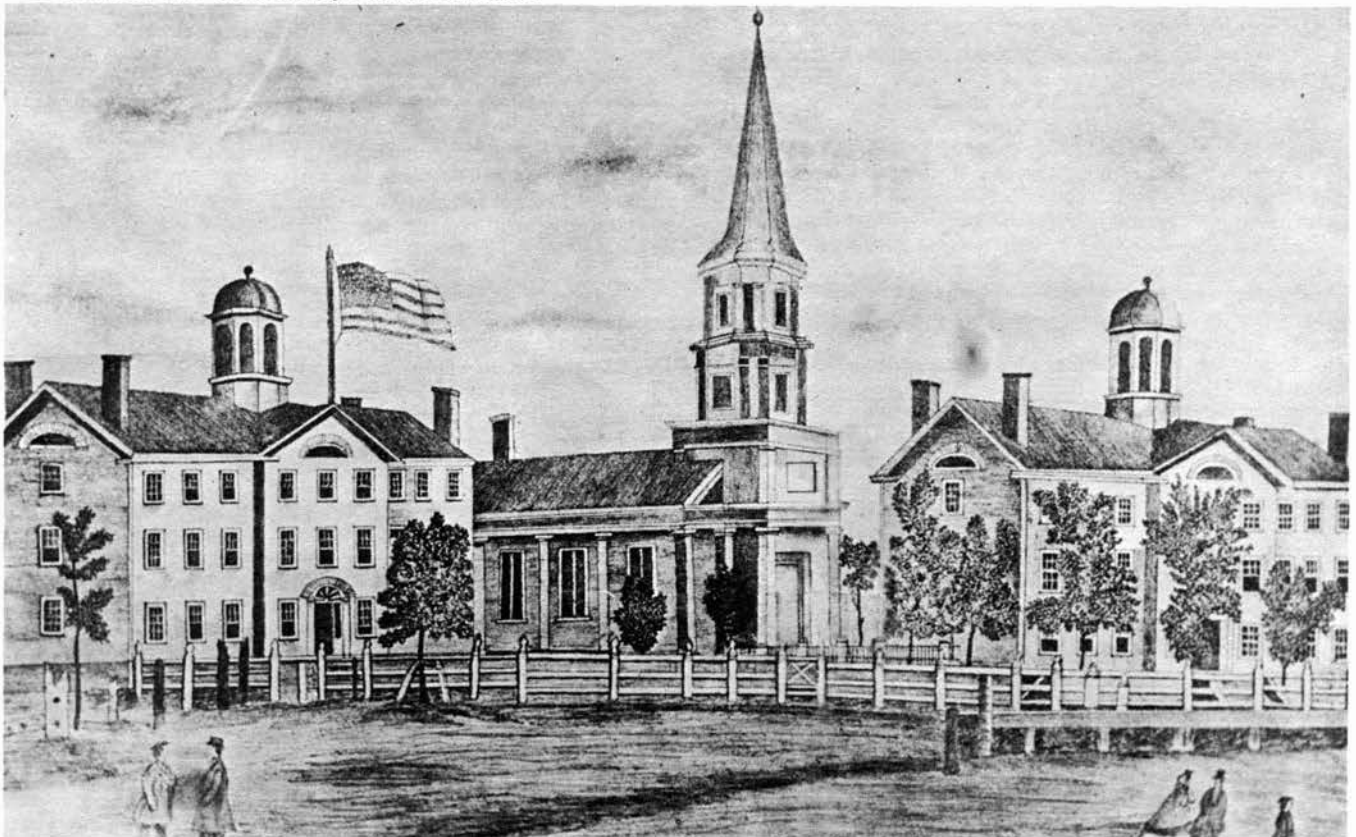
FIRST ACADEMY - LATER, "CONFERENCE ROOM"

The first Academy building, built in 1811 by Benjamin Raymond to be used as a schoolhouse on weekdays and church on Sundays. It was occupied by the St. Lawrence Academy from 1816 to 1826. A plaque on Union Street across from the rear of the Potsdam Post Office marks this site today.

The emphasis on teacher training continued at the Academy. In 1844 the first State Normal School, based on the Normal School system of Prussia, opened in Albany. In 1849 the state began to offer funds to train 20 common school teachers each year at specific academies throughout the state. St. Lawrence Academy received these funds from 1849 to 1868.

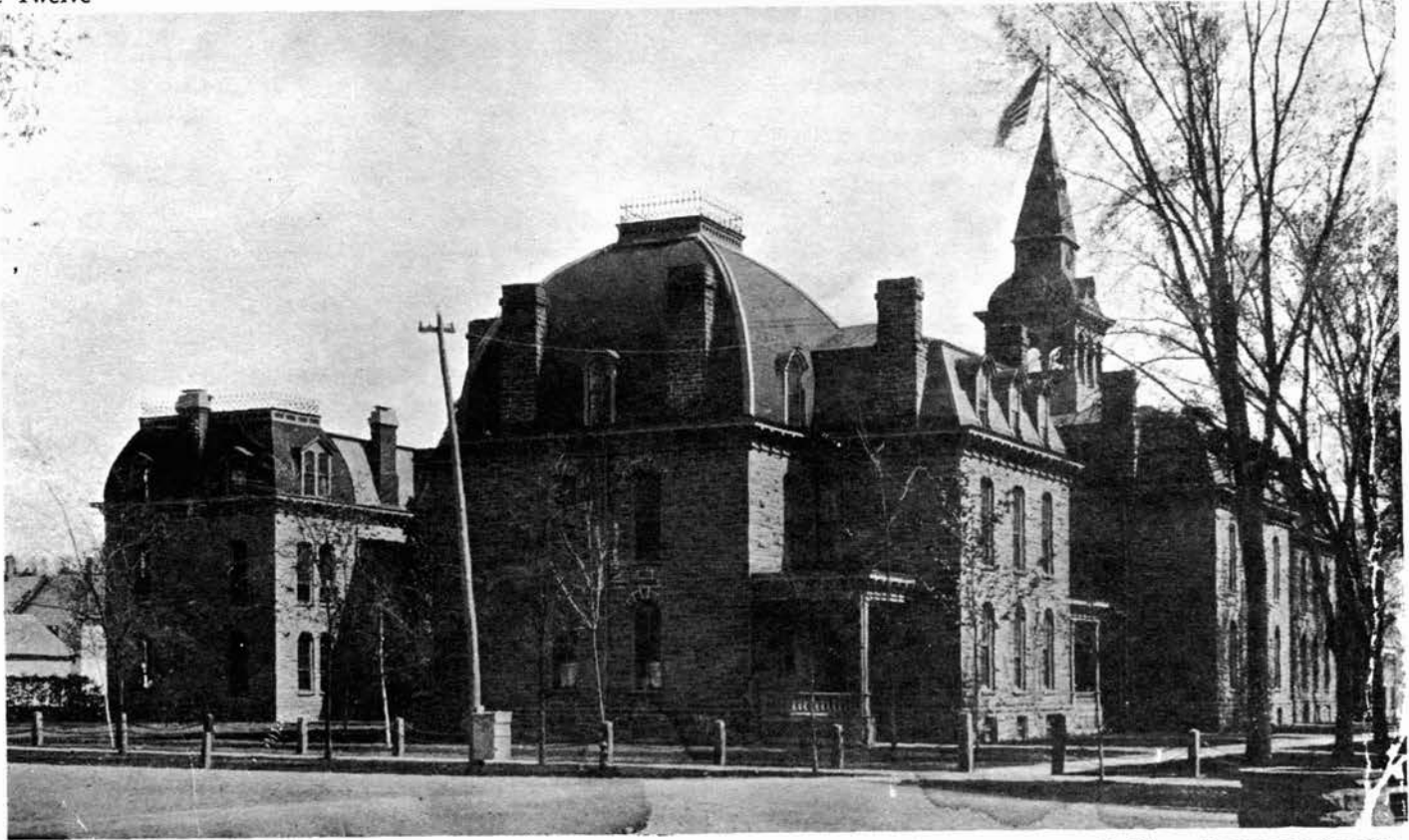
Asa Brainerd resigned as preceptor in 1847 but under his successors the Academy continued to thrive. Even during the Civil War when the enrollment was most female, the school maintained its high standards. In 1865, the number of students

(Continued on Page 12)



St. Lawrence Academy campus on public square opposite the Potsdam Civic Center, site of the present Snell Hall of Clarkson College. The North Building to the left of the church, was built in 1825; the Presbyterian Brick Church in the center

was built in 1854; the South Building on the right of the church housed the St. Lawrence Academy teacher's department from 1835 on. These buildings were sold to the State in 1868 to become the Potsdam Normal School.



The Potsdam Normal School building constructed in 1868 using bricks from the old Academy buildings. The Normal School occupied this building from 1869 to 1919 when the

present Snell Hall was constructed. The college moved to its Pierrepont Ave. campus in 1951.

EDUCATION (Continued From Page 11)

reached 250, under the direction of the Academy's last principal George H. Sweet.

SALE TO THE STATE

In 1866 the State Legislature passed a bill to establish four more Normal Schools, in addition to its Normals in Albany and Oswego. The bill also called for the withdrawal of the state teacher-training funds to academies. Gen. E. A. Merritt, of Potsdam, who had strongly supported the Normal School law, suggested that Potsdam try to receive the designation of the Normal School to be established in Northern New York. Towns competing for the designation had to offer their Academy buildings and land plus the sum of \$72,000. Petitions were circulated throughout the county to secure these funds. The County Board of Supervisors pledged \$25,000, the town of Potsdam \$35,000, and the village of Potsdam \$12,000.

Although a number of other towns in the area also offered their Academies and the money, St. Lawrence Academy was selected as the site of the new Normal School in 1867, chiefly because of its long-time reputation for successful teacher training.

THE NORMAL SCHOOL

The Potsdam Normal School building was located on the same site as the St. Lawrence Academy with the Academy brick used in the new Normal building. When the Normal opened in April, 1869 the Academy students moved into the school.

The four-story building accommodated 250 students studying to be teachers and 180 academic students. It also contained a practice school of 180 intermediates and 250 primary students. Potsdam Normal graduates taught in schools all over the country. A new Normal building opened on the same site in 1919 and this building is the present Snell Hall of Clarkson College. The Congdon Campus school opened in 1931.

Miss Julie Etta Crane of Potsdam, pioneered the first normal training department for public school music teachers in the United States at the Potsdam Normal School in 1884. In 1926 following Miss Crane's death, the Crane Normal Institute became Potsdam State's Crane Department of Music. Under the direction of Dr. Helen Hosmer, it has become nationally

known for the high caliber of its graduates and for the excellence of the Crane Chorus and Orchestra and other music groups. Dr. Hosmer is retiring this summer as director of the Crane Department of Music after 42 years with the school.

STATE UNIVERSITY

In 1942 the Potsdam Normal School became the Potsdam State Teachers College and by 1946 it was a four-year degree granting college. In 1948 it joined the State University system. Under the direction of its president Dr. Frederick W. Crumb, the college has expanded greatly and today offers a board arts and science program. The college moved to its Pierrepont Avenue campus in 1951 and the old Normal School building was sold to Clarkson College. Future plans call for an expenditure of \$23 million in campus development by 1970 to accommodate 3000 students.

St. Lawrence Sunsets

By GEORGE E. LIEBLER

A group of world travelers were sitting around the Explorer's Club one evening discussing . . . places of natural beauty. They agreed that no scene where the radiance of morning light is reflected with greater glory than on the highlands of the Nikko area of Japan and that of Tibet -- the roof of the world -- moonlight reached its greatest glory as its beams reflected and refracted off the the frozen mountain peaks. And then they all agreed that the St. Lawrence deserved the honor of having the most glorious sunsets. They agreed that nowhere were the curtains of twilight drawn with a more delicate hand -- and the lights and shades blended with happier effects -- with the river bathed in silver. . . the forest and the foliage made up of a hundred hues. The kingly pine that has witnessed a thousand and more sunsets. . . momentarily takes on a cheerful brightness and then. . . as if ashamed of its momentary blush, quickly assumes its native gloom. Sunsets over the St. Lawrence once witnessed are never completely forgotten. . .



THIS SIGN, designed from a photograph of the church, was constructed by the boys' division of the St. Lawrence County Retarded Children's Association in Ogdensburg. Shown setting the sign in place are, left to right: Lowell Groulx, John Pray and Tony White, all of Ogdensburg. Alfred H. Hogan, director of the boys' division training center, stands in front. The former Richville Baptist Church, now a repository for the St. Lawrence County Historical Association, stands at the western end of the village. Richville is on US Route 11, between DeKalb Junction and Gouverneur.

**BUILDING FUND
BENEFIT**

AUCTION

SUMMER TOUR RICHVILLE, N. Y. JULY 30

CEREMONIES BEGINNING AT 10:30 A. M.

All members and friends of the St. Lawrence County Historical Association are urged to send or bring as many items as possible to be auctioned July 30 for the benefit of the Special Building Fund.

Every type of article is needed (except clothing or ordinary books). Send to Box 43, Canton, N.Y. or to St. Lawrence County Historical Association, Richville, N.Y.

Luncheon will be served. Articles will be on display from 10:30 a.m. on, and the auction will begin promptly at 1:00 p.m. Bring your own chair.

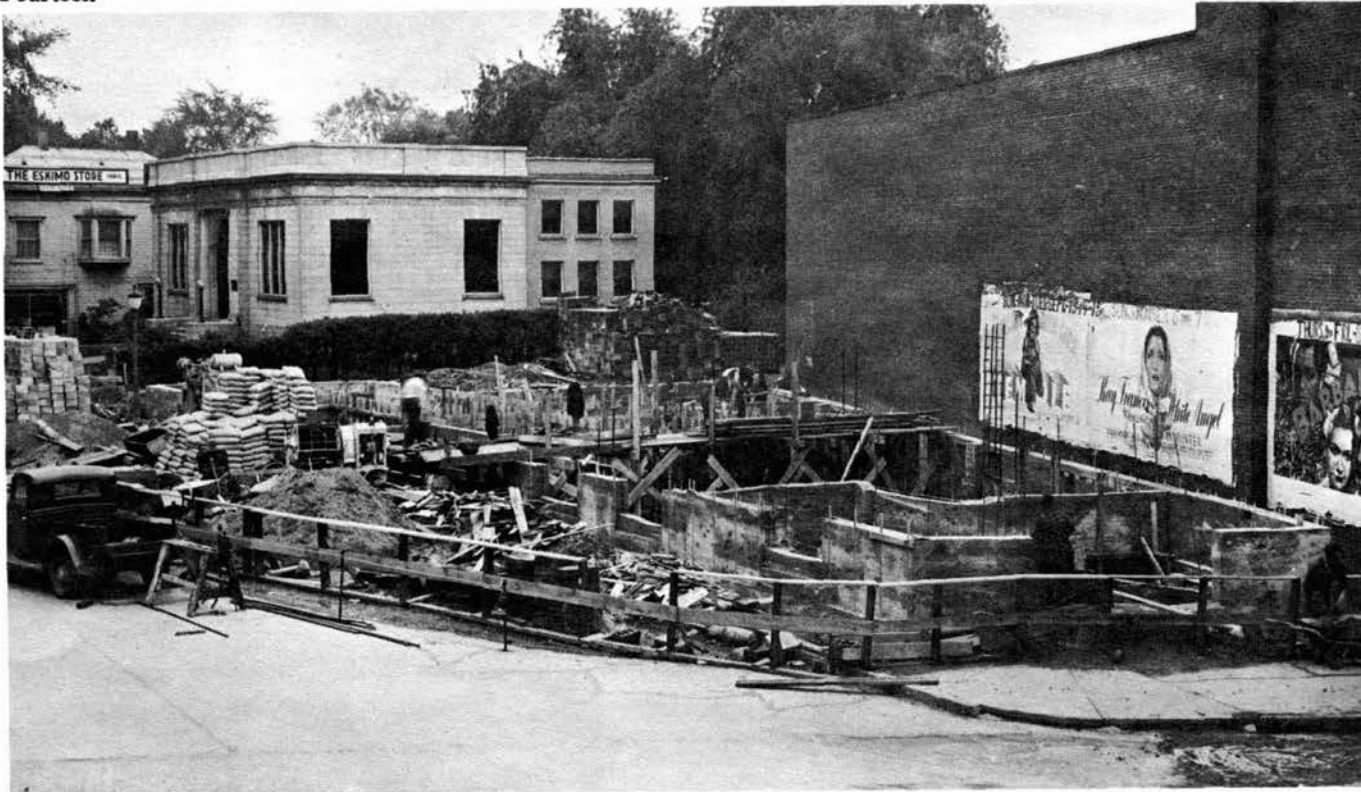
The old church bell will ring this day for the first time in years!

THIS ADVERTISEMENT CONTRIBUTED BY

The First National Bank of Canton

BETTER BANKING FOR BETTER LIVING

MEMBER OF
FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM
FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION



OFFICIAL PHOTO TAKEN FROM NORTH LOOKING SOUTH ALONG PARK STREET

Address of Hon. John A. King, Superintendent, Division of Registered Mails, Post Office Department, at the laying of the corner-stone of the new Post Office at Canton, New York, October, 23, 1936.

By HON. JOHN A. KING

It is a genuine pleasure and a distinct honor to be here in Canton today at the instance of your Acting Postmaster General, the Honorable William W. Howes, to participate in the ceremonies incident to the laying of the corner-stone of your new post office.

This is my first visit to your city but I have read and heard many interesting things about it. I understand that Canton is the county seat of St. Lawrence County, the largest county in the greatest state in the Union. Just as expected, one finds here many attractive homes which speak of the thrift, comfort, and prosperity of the citizens. One also observes the numerous churches, which is the best attestation to the fact that the sons and daughters are following after their forbears in a determination to provide for the religious education of the people. Your many schools indicate that the children are being fitted to fill the places which their parents must some day vacate. For the higher education of those living in this vicinity and from far-away points you have the great St. Lawrence University and the New York State School of Agriculture. One can not but note the busy workshops, stores and offices, all of which show that enterprise, capital, labor, and strong integrity, wisely employed, are not lacking in Canton. Here too, Frederick Remington, one of the leading artists of his time, was born. His paintings and sculpture of Indians, cowboys, western scenes and animals are well known everywhere.

The erection of necessary post office buildings is a part of President Roosevelt's program for the relief of unemployment and the restoration of business generally. The importance in which your community is held by the Post Office Department is attested to by the fact that, after diligent inquiry by competent investigators, it was decided that Canton should have a model structure. On November 18, 1933, the Public Works Administration allotted \$69,750 for the acquisition of a site and construc-

CANTON

tion of a building in this city. This authorization was later increased. The site for this building was acquired under the Act of June 16, 1933, from Messrs. L.M. Mayhew and W.J. Duskas at a price of \$11,000. Title to this property was vested in the Government on June 12, 1935.

The plans and specifications for this project were prepared in the office of the Supervising Architect of the Treasury Department. On July 29, 1936, the Treasury Department awarded the construction contract for the new post office to Leon Wexler, of Schenectady, N.Y. in the sum of \$77,000.

The new building will be of irregular shape and will front 123 feet on Park Street and 33 feet on Main Street. It will be a one-story, mezzanine and basement structure and, appropriately, of Colonial design. The exterior lines will be of face-brick with limestone trim. The entrance steps will be of granite. The pitched portion of the roof will be of slate and the flat portion of slag. The building will be fireproof throughout.

The new building will have a ground area of 5000 square feet with a workroom of 2800 square feet, a financial section of 300 square feet and an office for the postmaster.

On completion, here will stand a beautiful edifice -- a symbol of these United States. Yea, it will be more than that -- for, with its commodious proportions, its efficient arrangement, its modern equipment, it will be a place of utility wherein may be transacted your affairs of commerce and industry, heart and home, through that never-failing medium, the United States Mails.

Your postmaster, Mrs. Sullivan, has requested that a copy of any remarks I might make here be made available for placing in the cornerstone box, and, for that reason, I deem it appropriate to give you some of the history of St. Lawrence County and of Canton, and also of the postal service with particular reference to the local post office. Much of what I say may, of course, not be new to many here, but it will probably be of interest to the younger folks or to the newcomers in the



OFFICIAL PHOTO LOOKING NORTH TO COURT STREET

CORNERSTONE

community. I hope that you will not find it too dull or too lengthy.

St. Lawrence County and your city of Canton are rich in tradition. As you know, the county was named after the great river on its northern boundary, which is the national division line between the United States and the Dominion of Canada. The early settlements in the county, succeeding the French occupation, were made under the patronage and direction of the various landholders who had purchased tracts in the region now occupied by St. Lawrence County. The very earliest settlement seems to have been made in the town of Madrid in 1793. A large number of settlers were from Vermont, and their hardy sons very rapidly filled the valleys of the St. Lawrence and Black Rivers in the beginning of the 19th Century. Many were also from the older counties of the State of New York; and there were a few from New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut and New Jersey. Winter was usually selected for moving, as streams and swamps were then bridged by ice and routes became passable which, at other times, were impossible of achievement.

The name of your city -- Canton -- is derived from the old survey -- township, it having been one of the names placed on the original map of the Surveyor General of the state. That official seemed determined that the townships of Macomb's purchase from the state should not begin existence without at least a name, whatever their future progress might be, and thus the wilds of St. Lawrence blossomed all over with the names of ancient heroes and more ancient cities long before these communities had an inhabitants. Canton was surveyed in 1799.

The first actual settlement was by Daniel Harrington, a native of Connecticut, who, in 1800, took up a tract of land on the East side of the Grass River. Mr. Harrington had commenced a small improvement the fall before which consisted of a small clearing where he sowed less than an acre of land in wheat. Having had no team to assist him, he harrowed the

grain with a hand rake and the crop yielded more than 60 bushels. The first permanent settler was Stillman Foote from Middlebury, Vermont, who, in 1800, purchased the mile square on which Canton village later stood. Mr. Foote purchased Harrington's title, including the wheat crop, for a horse, saddle and bridle.

From 1802 the town began to settle rapidly. John Hopkins, who was a pioneer of 1803, was from Pittsford, Vermont. Prominent among other early settlers were Edwin Jones, 1803; Amos Jones, Sr., and Medad Moody, 1804; Dr. William Noble, the first physician, who located here in 1804; Dr. Campbell, in 1807; Dr. Elijah Baker, 1808; Silas Wright, 1819, and his brother Pliny; Silas Baldwin and Dr. Darius Clark, 1824; and Nathaniel Hodskin and B. Hodskin in 1827.

An amusing incident is noted in reading the early history of this community. In the neighborhood of South Canton, there lived one William Lemon, a "Green Mountain Boy", who stood six feet, seven inches in his stockings. He came from Vermont in company with a Mr. Baldwin and a Mr. Farwell. On the road, they met some teams and, as the snow was deep, the teamsters refused to give half of the road. After some words, Mr. Baldwin said: "You had better give us half of the road peaceably or we will force you to do so." This remark only provoked laughter and jeers, whereupon Baldwin said: "William, rise up and clear the road." As Lemon's proportions began to assume a perpendicular, the teamsters began to grow somewhat uneasy and, as he rose to his feet and began to straighten up, the obstinate fellows shouted: "Hold on! Hold on! We have seen enough of you!" and they speedily gave the desired room. As they passed, Lemon said: "I was not half up when you called to me to sit down!"

Canton was erected as a separate town from Lisbon, March 28, 1805. The first town meeting was held at the home of Stillman Foote, on March 4, 1806, when Mr. Foote was appointed

(Continued on Page 16)

CORNERSTONE

(Continued From Page 15)

the first magistrate. The records of the town contain some interesting memoranda. For instance, in 1806, \$5 bounty was offered for every wolf killed in town and double this amount in 1810 and 1816.

The first stock of goods, brought into the village for the purpose of trade, in 1807, was a small one by Dr. Campbell who kept the same in a room in his dwelling-house.

The first school was taught by William Barker in 1804 and religious meetings began to be held the same year.

Now just a few remarks about the old days of the local post office. While, on inquiry, I find that the Post Office Department records, many of which were lost in the fire of the Post Office Department in 1836, do not show the exact date of its establishment, history indicates that the post office at Canton was established on April 1, 1804, and was given the name of New Cairo, Daniel Sayre having been appointed postmaster. It appears that on July 1, 1807, the name was changed from New Cairo to Canton, and Stillman Foote appointed as postmaster. At the time Silas Baldwin was appointed postmaster in 1827, mail was received three times a week each way between Plattsburgh and Ogdensburg. In 1843, the mail was received daily each way. There were two and four-horse stages starting from Ogdensburg and running through night and day to Plattsburgh, then to Boston, Massachusetts.

It is interesting to note that, among the letter books of Postmaster General Gideon Granger, a copy of a letter was found dated January 28, 1807, addressed to Daniel Sayre, Esq. Canton, N. Y.

"Your letter of the 13th instant is received. There can be no objection to sending the mail twice a week between Catskill and Durham provided the contractor will do it without additional charge to this office, but the produce of the post offices at Canton and Freehold is too inconsiderable to warrant any additional expense for their accommodation. I have written the postmaster at Catskill to forward a second mail provided the contractor will take it on these terms."

The records further indicate that from October 1, 1809, through September 30, 1811, Canton was on Route 92 which served Catskill, Canton, Freehold, Bristol, Blenheim, Stamford, Harpersfield, Kortright, Meredith, Franklin, Unadilla, Clinton, Jerico Bridge once a week.

The amount of the earliest compensation paid is not available but for the fiscal year 1835, Postmaster John L. Russell received \$170.64, while the receipts for the same period were \$290.59.

I am sure that you will be interested in my reading a list of the postmasters who have served your city from the time of Stillman Foote to your present postmaster, Mrs. Grace L. Sullivan, who was permanently appointed on August 15, 1935, and is the first woman to hold this important office.

Stillman Foote, July 1, 1807 (1st returns); Daniel Campbell, August 27, 1810; Silas Wright Jr., May 25, 1821; Silas Baldwin, Jr., March 6, 1827; John L. Russell, January 30, 1833; Jeremiah Bailey, June 16, 1841; Darius Clark, June 7, 1843; Ephraim C. Goff, July 3, 1849; Amasa O. Brown, April 9, 1855; S. Pierpoint Remington, April 5, 1861; William R. Remington, December 3, 1863; Albert T. Martyn, October 18, 1882; John H. Mills, February 3, 1887; Edwin Aldrich, March 3, 1891; Medford G. Brown, May 22, 1894; John H. McIntosh, March 3, 1899; James E. Johnson, June 18, 1903; Darius E. Sullivan, March 22, 1916; J. Fred Hammond, August 24, 1921; Mrs. Grace L. Sullivan (acting), December 31, 1934; Mrs. Grace L. Sullivan, August 15, 1935.

On an occasion such as this, it is quite fitting that we should reflect upon the progress of the postal service, its contribution to our own lives, and its influence upon the lives and times of those who have gone before us.

Our postal service is most beautifully described in an inscription on the new Post Office Department Building in Washington which reads:

"The Post Office Department, in its ceaseless labors, pervades every channel of commerce and every theatre of human enterprise and, while visiting, as it does kindly, every fire-side, mingles with the throbbings of almost every heart in the land. In the amplitude of its beneficence, it ministers to all

climes, and creeds, and pursuits, with the same eager readiness and with equal fullness of fidelity. It is the delicate ear trumpet through which alike nations and families and isolated individuals whisper their joys and their sorrows, their convictions and their sympathies, to all who listen for their coming."

Through the years, the post office establishment, keeping step with progress and ever alert to the needs and the wishes of the people, has not only developed and improved the old, but has devised many new services for the convenience and welfare of the public. Your letters are transported from coast to coast -- over night -- by air mail. Each day your merchandise is brought to you by parcel post. You have the insured mails and the collect-on-delivery services for your protection and convenience. Your valuable papers and precious gems are forwarded with security by registered mail. At your disposal, too, are the postal money order and postal savings systems. These services were all inaugurated within the memory of people still living. So efficient has the modern postal service become that many of us take it for granted. And yet, the story of its development carries us back through the ages.

Records of an ancient civilization, 25 centuries old, disclose a system of communication that might well be classified as one of the seeds of our present service. About 550 B.C., Cyrus the Elder, of Persia, with a view of keeping informed of the conditions and activities in his provinces, required his governors and commanders to make regular and frequent reports. In order that the travel of his couriers might be expeditious and secure, he established relay stations at convenient intervals. Other Persian rulers, then the Roman Caesars, and later still other European emperors, maintained similar systems of communication. These services, however, were exclusively for the transmission of official communications and never served the common man. Even as late as 1523, a post was established in Great Britain but was reserved for the members of the royal family and high officials. In 1639 the colony of Massachusetts directed that all letters, received from overseas, be left at the home of one Richard Fairbanks in Boston who, in turn, was required to forward them as well as he could to that part of the country for which they were intended. While this may be considered the first post office in the United States, it was merely a local establishment and had no connection with any other post.

About the same time, the Virginia Assembly enacted a statute requiring each planter who received a letter from his neighbor to pass it on to the next plantation or forfeit a hog-head of tobacco. In 1683, William Penn established a Post Office at Philadelphia, the first in Pennsylvania. However, it was not until 1691 that a definite system of posts connecting the colonies was undertaken. In that year, Thomas Neale was given a patent by the crown authorizing him to establish post offices and post roads and this was the beginning of the national postal service in our country.

In 1737, Benjamin Franklin became Postmaster at Philadelphia and labored diligently to promote the service. He sent post riders in all directions but not always on a regular schedule, as it frequently became necessary to delay the trips until the revenue from the mail was sufficient to insure pay for the messenger. In 1775, when Franklin became Postmaster General under the Continental Congress, there were but 28 post offices in the 13 colonies and of these 14 were in Massachusetts, and only one in this state, at New York City. Even up to the time of the establishment of the republic in 1789, the post office had not assumed such a place in the lives of the people as to merit being considered vital to them. Rates were high and service irregular. When the republic was born, there were but 75 post offices in the entire United States with revenue in the first full year of about \$38,000 -- not much more than the amount of business you did here in Canton last year.

Despite the fact that the revenues were never adequate to maintain the service in its early days, our forefathers in Congress were farsighted enough to see that it would be to the best interests of the infant republic if post offices and post roads were provided for on a liberal and comprehensive scale. It was held to be the paramount duty of a free government such as ours to provide every reasonable facility for the dissemination of knowledge, not merely for the general education of the people but more particularly so that the whole

HOW IT ALL BEGAN

By NINA W. SMITHERS

In answer to requests from historians and others for information on events which took place before the erection of St. Lawrence county in 1802, the following was received from the state's Department of Archives and History:

Dr. William Tyrrell made a search of records and came up with the following:

"Albany county erected in 1683; Tryon county erected in 1784. In addition to Montgomery county, the present area of St. Lawrence was included in the counties of Herkimer and Oneida, as originally set up in 1791 and 1798 respectively.

"In 1801 (Chap. 20) the ten Townships, located southeast of the St. Lawrence River, parts of which were, therefore, in Montgomery, Herkimer and Oneida counties, were annexed to Clinton.

"Clinton had been formed from Washington in 1788; it also came from Albany county.

"In 1802 (Chap. 16) the present St. Lawrence was created by the state legislature.

citizenry might be better enlightened upon all matters pertaining to the executive and legislative branches of the government. As evidence of this forward-looking attitude on the part of these early legislators, by 1797 there were 554 post offices in operation, with 16,180 miles of post roads, and revenues had increased almost six-fold in the short span of eight years covering the administration of George Washington.

From experience based on several years in private business establishments and from many years in the postal service, I know that the public generally is very much interested in the progress of our Government and especially in that of the postal service which is considered a reliable barometer of economic conditions. I will, therefore, give you just a very few statistics of postal business. While complete data are not yet available for publication, it is estimated during the fiscal year ending June 30 that the number of money orders issued increased about ninety-one million; that the number of registered, insured, and C.O.D. articles mailed increased about eleven million, four hundred thousand, exclusive of the registered letters containing the veterans' bonds; and that the number of ordinary parcel post packages increased about forty-five million.

We in the postal service today take our duties seriously and our accomplishments with pardonable pride. We are however human and therefore appreciate the praise that occasionally is given us. Let me quote a portion of a newspaper article published in May, 1935, just about seventeen months ago, which was written by none other than the late Will Rogers, whose untimely death left, in all our lives, a place that can not be filled. This article, which speaks for itself, doubtless appeared in many newspapers throughout the country. I quote: "Its the most competent business in the world, the costs are lower. . . . the post office is just the opposite of what its pointed out to be by a lot of folks. It proves that the government can run something. Turn it over to private enterprise and see what your costs are, and what your service is compared to what it is now. I am not for government ownership in a lot of things, but I don't believe in lying about a thing, and misrepresenting facts, just to try and prove that the government can't run anything."

From time to time unusual tasks are assigned to the postal service, some of which attract the attention of the whole nation. For instance, about two years ago there were safely handled in the registered mails huge quantities of gold from the Mint at San Francisco to the Mint at Denver. More recently, there occurred the shipment of the registered letters containing the Adjusted Service Bonds and the payment of the bonds. As of June 15 (the first day the bonds legally could be released), the postal service had received two million, nine hundred forty thousand such letters. By the end of the next day, practically every one of these letters was in the hands of the veterans to whom they were addressed. Before the end of the same week, to be exact, by June 20, checks in the amount of five hundred twenty-four million dollars had been drawn in favor of the veterans for the bonds surrendered. These shipments still continue and up to the present time about three million, five hundred thousand such letters have been mailed. The success in the rapid and accurate handling of this stupendous task was the result of efficient and whole-hearted cooperation on the part of postmasters, postal employees, veterans' organizations, the veterans themselves and the public generally, and the Department thanks each person, who in any way, assisted in the successful handling of the bonds.

As I draw to a close, I would be ungrateful if I did not express to the people of Canton the sincere appreciation of the Postal Service for the generous patronage they accorded this office in the past. Right now, I want to place emphasis upon the fact that the main purpose and function of the Post Office Department has been to render the best possible service to every one and it has been the aim of the Department, through constant research and study, to determine how this service could be improved. I know that the personnel at this office will continue to serve you faithfully and efficiently in the hope and expectation of meriting your full confidence and future support. May I ask that you extend your whole-hearted cooperation to Mrs. Sullivan, your postmaster, and to her assistants. I am sure you, in turn, will receive postal service of the highest order.

The President's Message

When people get old it isn't what they have lost, it's what they have left that counts. Remember this as we pool our talents for the betterment of your Saint Lawrence County Historical Association.

Miles Greene

ERRATA

In giving the names of the people in the upper right hand picture accompanying my poem in the April Quarterly an error occurred. The name as corrected is that of Mrs. Harold (Wilda Sealy) Buck. ---Anna Matthews Cole

CORRECTION -- In the April Quarterly the name of the author of VIGNETTES OF PIERREPONT was misspelled. It should read: FLORA H. GARNER.

History Center Hours - 9-4

~~~~~ Mondays and Thursdays *~~~~~*

Court House in Canton

The Acting Postmaster General, Mr. Howes, wishes you prosperity and happiness in the use of the new building which will rise on this site. The Fourth Assistant Postmaster General, Mr. Purdum, under whose guidance the new post office was planned and under whose supervision it will be operated, sends his greetings.

So I say to all the people of Canton, when this new post office shall have been completed, take it to your hearts. Occasionally, as you pass through its broad portals have a thought for the many blessings that have come to you from this glorious Republic and more particularly for those that come through its most useful and intimate institution, the Post Office Department.

I want to thank you for coming here today and, in leaving, let me express the hope that, until the end of time, the people of Canton will be blessed by the Divine Master with health, happiness and prosperity.

GENERATION

(Continued From Page 8)

that it might be worthwhile to teach pupils about other uses for washtubs. I taught them what my Puritan grandmother had taught me about the five waters for washing clothes: 1) cold soaking water, 2) hot scrubbing water, 3) warm sudsing water, 4) warm first rinsing water, and 5) cold last-rinsing water.

Our first washday was a huge success. The boys brought dirty shirts and the girls dirty dresses. By night they were all dry and smelled "sweet" as we put them into a big new laundry basket, contributed by one of the basket-weaving mothers.

We washed on Monday and ironed on Tuesday -- according to the old New England rhyme, which I had taught them. We borrowed an ironing board and real flatirons from the woman who gave us the milk, and her daughter supervised Tuesday's ironing.

The project was repeated on four Mondays and Tuesdays. Then I put a stop to it. They had begun to wash their fathers' shirts. I did not intend to turn the school into a free laundry for the whole reservation. Besides that, I was afraid that the older pupils, who supervised all of this washing and ironing while I did my regular teaching, were not getting enough book-learning.

In a weak moment I had promised to teach the girls to sew, and they did not let me forget it. I had no way of getting new cloth until one day in early spring, when a complete surprise solved that problem.

During the year I had written letters about Indians to some of my former teachers at the Oswego State Normal School. Unknown to me, the president of that institution had read some of my letters to the student assembly. The result was that pupils of the Practice School gave a play and earned \$20 which they sent to me to buy cloth. I bought cotton flannel and taught the girls to make warm nightgowns.

The boys were miffed because they had not been included in the sewing project. They said that all they got to do was to carry ashes, wood, coal, and water -- and scrub the dirty floor. There was truth in their complaint. I knew that Indian men did some of the best beadwork, so I decided to provide opportunity for boys to sew. Their project was to be a quilt made from embroidered blocks of unbleached muslin. They decided to let everybody help.

Pupils drew pictures which I transferred to ten-inch squares of cloth. Boys drew the best pictures and did some of the best embroidery. But everybody, even the tiny tots, embroidered a picture-block in red thread. When all were finished, the girls washed and ironed the blocks, and I took them home and sewed them together on the sewing machine -- between strips of red sateen that framed them.

All parents were invited to our quilting bee, which came two weeks before school was to close. Women who had sent most of their life weaving baskets had clever fingers. They did the quilting. Their stitches were as fine as any I had ever seen. How delighted they were when I let them take home the long milliner's needles that I had provided for the work!

Fathers sat around the schoolyard smoking and talking -- pagans and Christians associating with each other. They had brought fresh fish and potatoes, which they roasted over the coals of a trench fire. How good that feast tasted!

With the fathers as audience we rehearsed the play that the non-English class was going to perform on the last day of school -- a dramatization of Little Red Riding Hood. I had completed a cape and hood for Red Riding Hood, which was the only costume that was ready. The fathers were so delighted that we did the play over and over again and accepted their advice about acting.

A few days later I received a wooden mask of a wolf that one of the fathers had made. In olden days Iroquois Indians had been famous mask-makers, and this was a good one. The wolf in our play had cause to be proud of his costume, but I had some difficulty in getting him to act his part without giving his total attention to his mask.

This dramatization grew out of my conscientious use of what was then called the "dramatic method" of introducing a foreign language to beginners. I wrote a long report to Albany

about the adaptation of this teaching method for use in Indian schools. The result was that I was promoted. I was assigned to teach non-English and "industrial" classes in the Onondaga Indian School near Syracuse -- at \$400 a year.

We had another party on the last day of school. It was I who ruined the joy of it. I felt as though I were deserting my duty when I announced that I would not be back the next year.

The children wanted me to have the quilt, which had been used to cover the bed for both Grandmother and the wolf in the play. I suggested that they give it to an orphanage run by nuns for Indian Children. Father Buchette was chosen to deliver it with the special request -- proposed by one of the pagan boys -- that it be used in the room for "sick babies".

By keeping my school open for the full quota of days required for a legal school year in the State of New York, I was paid \$288 that year. All but \$48 of it went for board. My wages were less than what my father paid to an uneducated "farm hand". Farmers in that part of the country were then paying a "hired man" a dollar a day and "keep". The hired man received \$365 in hard cash, none of which had to be paid for board. That was seven times as much as I had left after paying board.

All of this happened fifty years ago. I passed through the reservation in 1963. The old schoolhouse was still standing, but it was somebody's residence. For years Indian children had attended a consolidated school, staffed by well-paid teachers. The three tall pine trees on the hill were gone. Other landmarks were under the waters of the St. Lawrence Seaway. And I knew that the most "Mohawk" of all Mohawks today live in Brooklyn and find preferential employment as steel construction workers in and around the City of New York.

What could I say from my own experience that might be helpful to my young friend who would be completing his first year of teaching in 1965?

"Have you ever thought of joining the Peace Corps?" I asked.

"Are you serious?" he inquired.

"I was never more serious in my life," I replied. "I gained my most valuable experience as a teacher during the year when necessity required that I operate like a one-woman Peace Corps."

HISTORIAN

(Continued From Page 9)

PULPIT ROCK

By HERBERT FINLEY, Grade 7

Pulpit Rock is located in Brasie Corners by the roadside. It is 70 feet high. At its base is a cavity, 18 feet deep by 12 feet wide. There is a granite desk which looks quite like a pulpit and was used as a pulpit. This deserves its name because it looks like a pulpit and was used as a pulpit. It was used for many things when new settlements were built. When new pioneers came to Brasie Corners they had no churches but the hand of God had already prepared a place for them to worship and at Pulpit Rock they held their services in 1824-31. Charles Kinney preached powerful sermons from this place with awe and they held their rites there. There is a tradition that Indians look upon Pulpit Rock. On October 30, 1927, Wendell Wicks, a 4-H boy of state and nationwide calf club fame went with a party of his friends to see Pulpit Rock. They explored it and by chance or providence the hand of Wendell Wicks laid upon a crevice in the rocky wall and closed upon a small gray thing which at first looked like a piece of gray moss. But no it wasn't. Upon examination it proved to be an old, old Old Testament -- intact.

THE HISTORY OF BIGELOW

By KEVIN BIGELOW, Grade 8

The history of Bigelow dates back to 1809 when Salmon Rich built a sawmill on Borland Creek.

The first inhabitants, a family named Bishop, settled on the four corners, so the hamlet was called Bishop's Corners.

Land was given in 1850 to the Railroad Co. for the building

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FROM THE COUNTY'S

CRACKER BARREL

SPRING TOUR

The Spring Tour this year, arranged by Mrs. Doris Planty, took place Saturday, June 18 with a visit to the St. Lawrence Hospital, Ogdensburg. Members and their families assembled at the Curtis Hall parking lot at 10:30 a.m., toured the grounds and chapels, with lunch at Curtis Hall. Speaker was Rev. Edward Sizeland; Hospital Director J. Rothery Haight, M.D. was host.

The July tour will be an all-day affair, July 30, at the former Richville Baptist church, now a repository for our his-

torical articles. Members are urged to donate items for the auction on the same day. See the First National Bank of Canton ad elsewhere in this edition.

HISTORIAN

(Continued From Page 18)

of a depot which was called Richville Station. Mail was carried to Richville by stage coach.

With the building of the railroad, the settlement grew, with two general stores, a cheese factory said to be the first in St. Lawrence county, a blacksmith shop and seven or eight houses.

Later a post office was established. Bishop's Corners didn't seem to be an appropriate name for a post office because there were so many Bishop's Corners. Mr. Felt, another old settler, gave the name Bigelow, after some of his relatives who ran a pump house near the depot to supply the trains with water.

About 1870 the first of two lime kilns was built in Bigelow. It was a square made of stone about 25 feet high. In the side was an arch for putting in 4 ft. wood that burned the limestone. Another arch at the front was used for removing lime.

The quarries from which the limestone was taken were deep scars in the earth. The broken stone was taken by teams and wagon to the kilns. Three men used the drill and heavy hammers. They drilled holes the right size for a stick of dynamite.

The lime was shipped from the Richville Station in barrels and carloads of it. Lime from Bigelow was used throughout the North in the production of sulphite for paper mills and plaster. Bigelow lime was also used in the building of the Oswego Normal School.

The lime and stone business was an important industry in early Bigelow history. About 3,000 cords of wood were burned giving employment to many people in the community and surrounding area.

Lime kilns in this country are becoming hard to find, but the one built by Charles Williams and Manley Johnson (father of Mrs. John Hardy) still stands.

In the early 1900's Bigelow was a pleasant little hamlet. There were several trains going each way every day. Students who wanted to finish high school went by the train into Gouverneur.

There were parties: Square dances in houses where the furniture would all be moved out of the kitchen except a table on which the fiddler sat. A lantern would be hung from the ceiling, babies parked among the coats on a bed and the fun began.

On July 4th there'd be a parade with terribles. These were the young men with masks and terrible outfits. Also, horse racing on the flat by the lime kiln.

Today, the depot has been torn down, the post office has been discontinued, the little country school is gone, and the little store has closed its doors. Bigelow is practically a ghost town.

(Information furnished by: Mrs. John Hardy, Gouverneur (spent early days in Bigelow); Mrs. Perry Hadlock, Hammond (spent early days in Bigelow); Clippings from Gouverneur paper from the scrapbook of the late Eusebia Jenkins of Richville.)

ADIRONDACK DISTRICT YORKER CLUBS: About 300 Yorker members of the Adirondack District Yorker Club were guests of Chazy Central Rural School April 30. Chazy Central Rural School was the first school to centralize in the United States and is one of the oldest schools in New York State. After registration the Yorkers from Northern New York were welcomed by Paul Russel, district president and Kathy Trombly, president of the Champlain Valley Yorkers of Chazy. Ralph Pombrio, principal of Chazy Central Rural School greeted the Yorkers and outlined the history of the school.

Guest speaker was John Ross, historian of the Town of Champlain and chairman of Historic Sites Committee and New York and Vermont International State Commission on the Lake Champlain Basin. Mr. Ross was followed by campaign speeches of delegates for district offices, adjournment for lunch and chapter caucuses. Later the Yorkers went on a tour of the "Colonial House", the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Miner, who established the Miner Institute of Agriculture at Chazy.

The group was entertained by the Daniel Canavan Memorial Yorkers, Saranac Lake, who presented a skit. President Paul Russel presented the Outstanding Yorker awards: Junior High division, Theodore Moore and Kathy Jordon, Seaway Valley Yorkers, Lisbon, won the gold plated plaques. Senior High division: Beth Rathbun, Champlain Valley Yorkers, Chazy, and Sharon Lamos, Seaway Valley Yorkers, Lisbon. New officers for the year 1966-67, introduced by President Russel, are: president, Paul Russel, Seaway Valley Yorkers, Lisbon; vice president, Nancy Wranesh, Marble Village Yorker, Gouverneur; secretary, Kathy Trombly, Champlain Valley Yorkers, Chazy; treasurer, Cathy Wade and historian, Allen Woodward, both of Marble Village Yorkers, Gouverneur, and executive assistants, Barbara Cruikshank, Champlain Valley Yorkers and Christine Besaw, Gouverneur Wanderers Yorker club (junior high). Following adjournment a record hop was held.

All of Cracker Barrel copy from town historians, museums, local associations, etc., due June 15, has not been received as we go to press.

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To The
Building Fund ?

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LEAVE YOUR
ESTATE

FOR
THE LAW
TO
DIVIDE?

You will have nothing to say about the division of your property and belongings *unless you leave a Will and name an executor.* Think it over; then see your lawyer about drawing your Will — and talk with our trust officer about our qualifications and experience as executor.

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