

The Quarterly

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Special Literary Issue

April 1967

The Quarterly

Official Publication of The St. Lawrence County Historical Assn.

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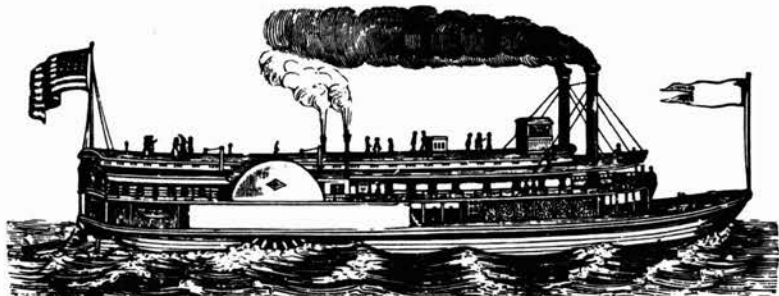
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THE

ROUNDER

of Canton

By RICHARD S. GAINES

Canton in 1920 was quieter and more peaceful than it is now, and it had a good deal more of the rural about it. It had many more of its huge elms, and there were still two big residences in its business section, one that had been a private home and another that still was. On an iron pedestal in front of a store in the middle of its main street was a huge wooden shoe, painted a bright yellow and varnished over the paint.

When a boy of those days went up the wooden stairs to the left of the golden shoe, he found himself in a place full of purposeful activity, alive with the complex sounds of linotype, vertical press, and folding machine, and full of moving men, each plainly with some urgent job to do. He was in the premises of the "St. Lawrence Plaindealer."

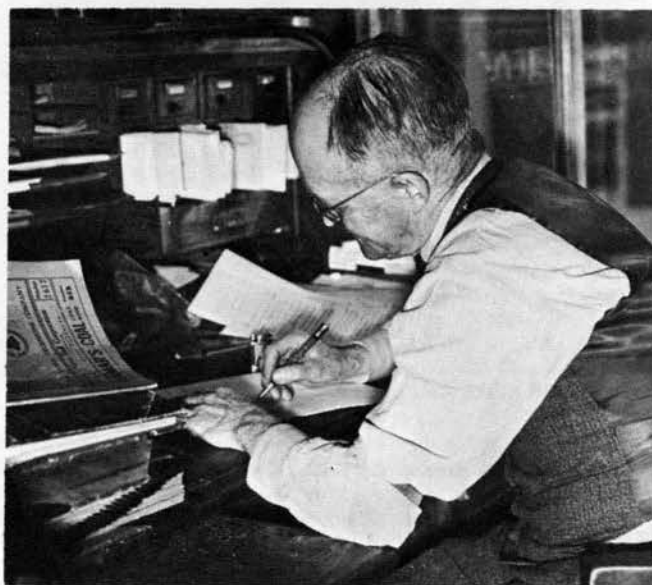
In the bright, high-windowed office at the front of the building were two roll-top desks, each with a typewriter beside it on a little swinging table. At the left-hand desk as one faced the front window sat the editor, Williston Manley -- a small wiry man from whom intensity radiated as through he were a dynamo. At the right-hand desk sat his son, Atwood Manley. The spectacle of father and son each simultaneously giving a typewriter as much as it could handle was vivid and memorable.

To Williston Manley the function of a small-town country newspaper far transcended mere news-gathering. Local papers were to be "the Town's Show Windows . . . each week they place on display the social, educational, religious, fraternal and civic life of the community. . . They are the tie that binds the town together. They bind the gray-haired business man in the distant city to the scenes of his childhood. They carry messages of joy and sorrow. . . The town and the community generally should feel a sense of responsibility and pride in their Show Windows. . . Their window dresser (the editor of the paper) is always striving to make the best display possible with the goods at his command."

Mr. Manley called his weekly column *The Rounder*. *The Rounder*, of course, was Mr. Manley himself, the man who made the rounds of Canton and wrote about what he saw and what he thought. To him, the function was a serious one. It was an expression of Canton's ambitions and of its capacity to look at itself and improve itself. By implication the column was even a sort of group conscience. "What's the good of having a *Rounder* in a community," one column says, "if he can't express his honest opinions?" Sociology is what Will Manley wrote -- and fascinating, vivid history, and high-voltage humor, and the prose poetry of a country town. What he tried to do and what he wanted his newspaper to do was no less than to make his town the best contrivance for group-living possible. "The best," he says with a pride ennobled, somehow, by its transparency, "is good enough for our Canton."

In his effort to stir up Canton he could be tart. "Local men could carefully work out a plan for a local manufacturing enterprise, with every prospect of success. . . but the minute subscriptions were solicited for any such enterprise no one in town would have a cent to spend. If some smooth talking gold brick fellow with one collar in a new dress suit case camped down on us selling stock in a factory to manufacture snowballs in Hell we would fall over each other in subscribing for stock. . . If a town wants everything nailed down first, it is bound to lose. . ."

It would seem as though urgency uncovered or thought up a project for the improvement of Canton almost weekly.



Editor Will Manley of Canton

"Canton hasn't got enough hustle," he said in a column on August 21, 1917. "There are things here crying to high heaven to be done and there is no one to do them." During the time he was trying to persuade the village to have a Chamber of Commerce, people both in and out of Canton knew he was the man to see about Canton projects. They brought matters to him as though he were a Chamber of Commerce himself, and he worked at the projects as though he were one. When his recommendations meant stepping on somebody's toes, he stepped.

When the village still had Grasse River water in its pipes in 1917, he wrote: "When the water question was started seventy-five per cent of our population said openly that no adequate appropriation would ever be voted, and they were opposed to it anyway. About twenty per cent more said they would vote for it but that it wouldn't pass, and a little pinch of five per cent or less decided to go after the thing and see what could be done and today dirt is flying out of the ground and we are going to have water of the finest. . . One of the best friends *The Rounder* has got and one of the best advertisers the *Plaindealer* has got, came to him soon after Canton's muddy water began to appear in the *Plaindealer*. . ." That was the water that the late John P. Coakley said, years later, you couldn't see the bottom of the bathtub through an inch of. Mr. Manley's friend dressed him down and said he was ruining Canton's reputation by writing disparagingly about its water, and that if he didn't stop writing that way he would cancel his subscription and his advertising. Will Manley went right on writing and the clean water came.

In a later column, he said: "The people of Canton have used me rather white. I have said a lot of things in that column that sounded rather harsh and I am not dead yet. No one has even hit me, or jailed me, or 'bound me over.'" He adds: "We must think of things as they will be after we are dead."

Continued on page 15

SUN OR FAST TIME



The author of Daylight Saving Time in this country is a St. Lawrence County native, William Archibald Ferguson, born in Hammond in 1883, is the son of the Reverend Daniel Araunah Ferguson, D.D., and Mary Ellen Cuthbert, two early Scottish settling families.

Following school years in Hammond he attended Ogdensburg Free Academy where he was editor-in-chief of the Academy Magazine and valedictorian of the class of 1900. He received a scholarship at his entrance to Hamilton College and was graduated in 1904.

Politics

His graduation from New York Law School in 1908, with admission to the Bar of the State a few months later, started Bill Ferguson on his years of law practice and political affairs. In 1913 he took Grace Haynes of Bar Harbor, Me., as his bride and had two daughters, with one of whom he now makes his home. Mrs. Ferguson died in May of 1958.

In 1912 Bill Ferguson was secretary of the Roosevelt League and was elected the leader of the National Progressive Party (Bull Moose) for the 19th Assembly District. He became a delegate to the National Convention in Chicago, which nominated Theodore Roosevelt for President. He also served on the New York County Committee until its dissolution in 1916.

German Idea

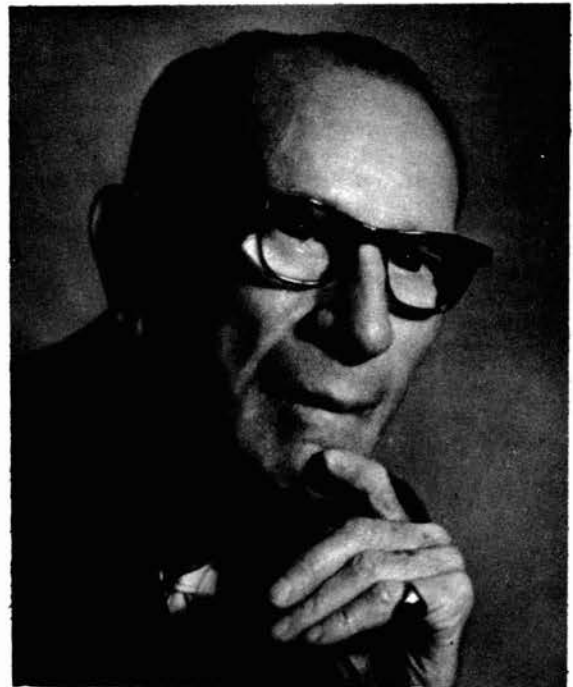
After serving as secretary to the Commissioner of Public Works, he became Secretary to Marcus M. Marks, Borough President of Manhattan. During this tenure he recommended to Marks that he start a campaign to bring about Daylight Saving in this country. Ferguson, who handled public relations and publicity for Marks, had read about the installation of Daylight Saving Time in Germany.

Marks encouraged him to go ahead and organize an Association to promote the idea nationally. Ferguson served as secretary while Marks became the President of the new Association, with its first National Convention held in New York City.

The British also had adopted Daylight Saving as an electricity-saving measure during World War I. Chambers of Commerce throughout the country adopted resolutions endorsing daylight saving. Ferguson was selected to go to Washington to lobby for the Daylight Saving Bill, introduced by Sen. Wm. Calder of New York, which after several months of effort was adopted and enacted into law by the Congress in 1918.

Even after repeal, as a result of pressure from farm groups, which came about nationally in 1919, New York state continued the law. Each city and village was actually empowered to enact its own time from the last Sunday in March to the last Sunday in October and most cities continued the "new" time, while rural areas for many years lived on "sun" time. Railroads continued on "sun" time, causing much confusion.

The Merchants Association of New York City, an early supporter of Marks' and Ferguson's idea, asked the Ogdensburg Chamber of Commerce among others for cooperation in 1920 in once more supporting a federal law to re-



FATHER OF DAYLIGHT TIME

establish daylight saving in the Eastern Zone. The City Council adopted the law for the city in the spring of 1920.

A modification, setting clocks on the last Sunday in April and again in September, seemed to be easier to get approved. For years however, the visible and invisible forces of rural and city dwellers were in a tug-of-war and in April of 1921 the Common Council of Ogdensburg repealed the ordinance after a number of petitions were presented. That it was enacted again will be well remembered during the years of confusion. With the railroads and farmers still on "sun" time, who will forget the rush of trying to get to the 'burg (which was on 'fast' time) for a show or shopping before stores closed?

A news item from the Adirondacks at the time touted the 'benefits': "One good thing has resulted from the 'stubbornness,' or whatever it is, of the railroads to adopt daylight saving time. The steamer schedules in the Adirondack lakes are more accommodating..." The steamers ran extra schedules so that you could "get the 7:30 boat at 8:30 giving you time to have breakfast and fix a lunch to take along on the trip." All trains from north and south were met by the steamers.

New York State's Royal S. Copeland once blamed an election defeat to the U. S. Senate on his strong backing of Daylight Saving. Later, he was elected. During the 1920's and 1930's a checkerboard of communities which had either endorsed or vetoed the program dotted the map, and made communications between communities difficult. World War II gave the National

Lisbon Centre House



By MARSHA SNYDER
Grade 8, Lisbon Central School

The Lisbon Centre House was a stone hotel located in Lisbon in the time of the mid-1800's. It was built by Samuel Wells, an outgoing citizen of Lisbon. This was the second of two hotels built by Samuel Wells.

The first hotel was built farther up the railroad near Flackville. This was of wooden construction mainly for the purpose of keeping the workmen on the railroad.

The second hotel was built after the railroad had been completed. This was a stone building on Main Street in Lisbon across from the Lisbon Railroad Station.

The cost for staying in the hotel one night was only one dollar. As you stepped in the front door on your right was the office and a small tavern. On your left was a lobby for sitting, talking, reading or for playing an interesting game of checkers. As you walked towards the back of the building, you came to

the kitchen. On the second floor there were eight or ten rooms for guests. It is believed that the third floor was used for boarding the help. Downstairs there was a dance hall. Outside the building there was a livery stable where horses were rented to travelers.

Samuel Wells sold the hotel to James K. Fulton. Mr. Fulton was the keeper of the hotel in the year 1874, later selling it to a Mr. Samuel Graham.

When Samuel Graham owned the hotel his tall, thin sister was the cook. Mr. Graham owned it until 1918, when it was sold to the Lisbon Milling Company.

The building was then sold to Arthur Maine. It was then called Maine and Stafford Mill. Mr. Stafford, the brother of Mrs. Maine, came from Cornwall.

In 1964 the mill was sold to Dewitt and Stewart Aldrich. The mill is now called the Aldrich Brothers Mill. Certainly this one building in Lisbon has quite a history.

Know Your Historian

Brasher -- Miss Mae Murray, Brasher Falls
Canton -- Edward F. Heim, 6 Church St.
Clare -- Mrs. Myron (Iris) Fry, RFD 2, Russell
Clifton -- Mrs. Clara McKenney, Cranberry Lake
Colton -- Mrs. Lorena Reed, Colton
DeKalb -- Floyu F. E. Walrath, DeKalb Junction
DePeyster -- Mrs. Emery (Nina) Smithers, DePeyster
Edwards -- Miss Leah M. Noble, Edwards
Fine -- Mrs. Roland (Catherine) Brownell, Oswegatchie
Fowler -- Dora Jean Yerdon, RFD 3, Gouverneur
Gouverneur -- Harold Storie, 20 John St.
Hammond -- Mrs. Donald (Maxine) Rutherford, RFD 1
Hermon -- Mrs. Harriet Jenne, Hermon
Hopkinton -- Mrs. Neva B. Day, Rt 1, St. Regis Falls
Lawrence -- Mrs. Gordon (Anna) Cole, Nicholville
Lisbon -- Mrs. J. Homer (Doreen) Martin
Louisville -- Mrs. Clarence E. (Lorraine) Bandy, Rt. 1, Chase Mills
Macomb -- Willis Kittle, Rt. 1, Rossie
Madrid -- Mrs. Robert (Florence) Fisher, RFD, Madrid

Massena -- Mrs. Robert (Marie) Eldon-Browne, 7 Alvern Ave
Morristown -- (Awaiting Appointment)
Norfolk -- Mrs. Edith VanKennen, Norfolk
Oswegatchie -- Mrs. James (Persis) Boyesen, RFD 3, Ogdensburg
Parishville -- Mrs. Elsie Bresee, Parishville
Piercefield -- Mrs. Beulah Dorothy, Childwold
Pierrepont -- (Awaiting Appointment)
Pitcairn -- (Awaiting Appointment)
Potsdam -- Mrs. Royal (Susan) Lyman, Norwood
Rossie -- Mrs. Frandy (Frances) Gardner, Rossie
Russell -- Mrs. Jeanette Barnes, Russell
Stockholm -- Mrs. Hazel Chapman, Rt. 2, Winthrop
Waddington -- Mrs. C. B. (Ethel) Olds, Waddington
Norwood -- Susan Lyman
Heuvelton -- Ida Downing
Richville -- Mrs. Joseph (Georgiana) Wranesh
Rensselaer Falls -- Mrs. Nina Wilson
Ogdensburg -- Miss Elizabeth Baxter, City Hall

Story of a Novel

By EDWARD J. BLANKMAN

In 1904 my father, Edgar G. Blankman, was known in upstate New York as a mapmaker and publisher of school supplies. A letterhead of that time lists maps of nine northern counties plus one of the Adirondacks. The nine maps, prepared over the years 1885 - 1902, were of Oswego, Jefferson, Oneida, St. Lawrence, Lewis, Franklin, Onondaga, Monroe, and Steuben Counties.

The only ones I remember seeing are those of Oswego, Jefferson, and St. Lawrence. This last is very familiar in our county, and is still used extensively. One runs across an Oswego map once in a great while. The Jefferson is very scarce. The others must be still rarer. I own a good copy of the Adirondack map, presented to me by Joel M. Howard, which used to hang in the Ogden mansion on Crapsier's Island.

Mr. Blankman published a Geography of St. Lawrence County in 1898. He also lists a Directory of the County. I have in my possession a Geography of Oswego County (1885). One of his published works I especially prize is his map of St. Lawrence as it was put out in jigsaw puzzle form. The pieces are in the form of the county's thirty-two towns. This was a gift to me from Mrs. Jessica Merriman Rawson of Madrid. I had played with one of these as a child, but had forgotten about it entirely until she showed me her perfect copy.

So much for his earlier enterprises. Sometime I should like to write about the mapmaking in larger detail. This needs doing as a fragment of county history. What is relevant to my purpose now (and to my title) is that about 1902-03 Mr. Blankman set about writing a novel. He was undoubtedly impelled in this by the success of "David Harum" and "Eben Holden."

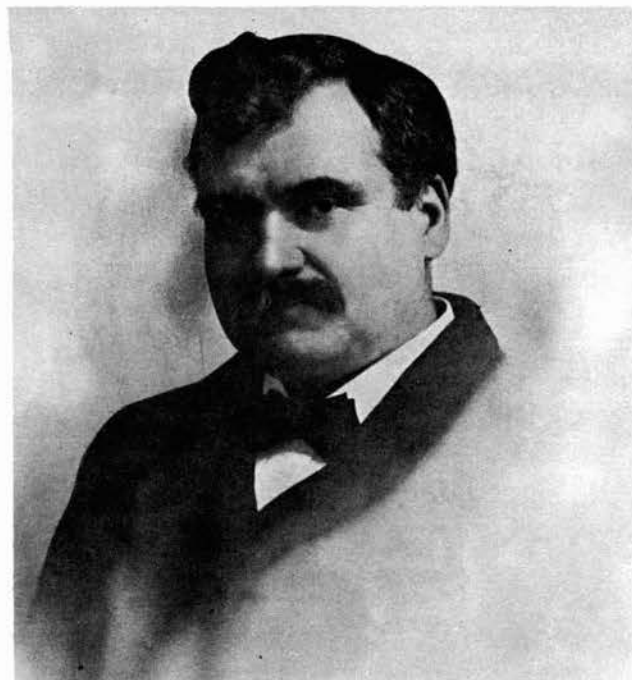
It was completed, I think, about 1904. The original title seems to have been "Deacon Babbitt's Protégé." It was submitted to James Pott and Company, well known publishers in New York, and rejected. I have a letter from Harper's to my father asking to see the manuscript, and I assume it was rejected by them also. The John C. Winston Company of Philadelphia finally agreed to publish. This was in July, 1905. The firm suggested revision, especially of dialogue, and apparently changed the title to "Deacon Babbitt."

A rewriting was done between then and January, 1906. The company suggested some further changes, and agreed to a format (size, cover pattern, etc.) similar to that of a boys' book of the time, "Deerfoot in the Forest." (The format actually worked out to be more imitative of the popular novel "The Quakeress.") The Winston editor suggested lengthening anecdotes in the style of "David Harum."

Between March and December, 1906, the correspondence between author and publisher is filled with plans for illustrations, number of copies to be printed, promotional devices, and reviews. The book obviously appeared in book shops during the summer. Eight illustrations were used in it: The Typical Dutchman, Deacon Babbitt, Paul Smith, The Arsenal at Russell, The Marshville Schoolhouse, The Scriba Memorial Church and the Scriba Mansion in Constantia (Oswego County), and A Courtroom Scene.

Two thousand copies were printed. Most of these apparently sold, thanks in part to Mr. Blankman's efforts as a salesman. A letter from Winston dated August 15 commends the author for "strewing New York State" with copies. Letters through September and October discuss the possibility of a second edition. Winston advises against it now, saying this: "It is only five or six novels out of the 6,000 that are issued every year that actually become the leaders and develop sensational sales. The vast majority of others die an early death, and a smaller number attain a moderate sale. We would put 'Deacon Babbitt' in the last category. . . It has been moderately successful."

But in December the firm writes: "It is cause for congratulation that the first edition was so soon taken up." In consequence, a second edition of 500 copies was brought out in May, 1907, with plans for a third of 1000 if indicated.



EDWARD G. BLANKMAN

It may be assumed that sales continued slowly. In December, 1908, plans went forward for the third edition, in a re-issue series of "Popular Copyright Novels." All illustrations were to be omitted except the Courtroom Scene as a frontispiece.

The letter of final date in my possession is of August, 1919. Winston speaks of being out of stock of "Deacon Babbitt." One may assume that the total sale of the novel over these years was 3500. Very moderate indeed. Yet this was about the average printing of Irving Bacheller novels except for his "runaway" sellers like "Eben Holden," "The Light in the Clearing", and several others.

I have in my possession letters addressed to my father about the book from persons of local, state, and (in a literary way) national reputation. Paul Smith and Harry V. Radford of widespread Adirondack fame are two. There is Marietta Holley, author of the celebrated "Aunt Samantha" books, writing from her home in Pierrepont Manor, Jefferson County. Forbes Heermans, a well known critic of Syracuse, puffs the book. He speaks of "abundant humor" and "delightful sense of the open air." Edgar A. Newell writes from Ogdensburg; Alexander Black from his editorial position at the "New York World." President Almon Gunnison of St. Lawrence University praises the book highly ("a story told naturally, and worthy of being set beside Eben Holden"), Professor Charles Kelsey Gaines of St. Lawrence condemns it. No other word will do; he condemns. This in no way lessens, incidentally, the feeling of something close to reverence which I have for Dr. Gaines. He became my teacher long after my father's "Deacon Babbitt" had made its little splash.

My favorite item out of all this correspondence is a three-page (only pages 2 and 3 survive) pre-publication analysis of the manuscript by Olin L. Lyman of Syracuse. Lyman was well known as a writer of the newer realistic school of fiction; for example, his novel "Micky". He must have been a delightful man. Everything is good-natured and reasonable, and, for my taste, he hits the book off exactly. He speaks of "first class anecdotes," but of the failure to thread them up with the story. There's too much serious moralizing by the Deacon. As to the love affair between Gerry and Clotille, he says: "The trouble with them now is that they are always in the parlor, seated opposite one another, their hands primly folded and the dictionary lurking in their heads. . . Make Clotille more spontaneous and natural. Have her bubble like the twentieth century girls who are all around us. Our grandmothers would have been kittenish had they dared, but the gran'thers were too seriously conservative, like Gerry."

Continued on page 19

AN OLD WALL



By NINA A. BURNHAM

It is a noticeable trait in the human character, that we retain longest and with the greatest love, the scenes of our childhood. Especially is this true of those who passed the early part of their life in the country as the surroundings of a farmer boy or girl, it seems to me, are full of charm.

Here we see Nature in all her "Visible forms" which once seen and appreciated can never be forgotten. I was reminded of my own childhood days, while driving in the country recently. The farmhouse, the level fields stretching away on either side, the barns filled to overflowing with the results of the summer's toil, all helped to bring up old memories of the happiest days of my life.

But when we passed a long, firm, stately stone wall, I forgot my surroundings and was a careless, tromping child once more, playing in grandfather's garden by the old stone wall.

Perhaps it will seem strange that so commonplace an object could remain so dear to me, but when I describe it and its surroundings, no one will wonder that it is among the pleasantest "pictures on memory's walls."

It enclosed an old fashioned garden. I have heard my grandfather tell how he had picked up the stones with his own hands from the meadowlot on the hillside.

I can see them now -- some smooth and gray, others rough and black. I remember how the large irregular rocks were placed at the bottom while countless many-shaped smaller ones were used in filling up the chinks, and often have I seen grandmother snatch one to hurl at the unsuspecting hens in the strawberry patch hard by.

Sometimes I used to hunt for gold and precious stones in this collection and how delighted my heart would be when the sunbeams caused the sparkle of the shiny black ones I always looked for.

Grandfather told me that it took many days to draw them all to their places and many more of hard work before the wall was completed. But that was long years ago and time with his busy fingers had been tearing it down since then, so that in more than one place the stones lay scattered on the ground.

There was one corner, which I was especially admonished to avoid, for the poison ivy covered the old wall with beautiful -- but treacherous -- fingers and I shunned it with childish dread.

The old apple tree in the opposite corner, however, consoled me from the ivy vine and how eagerly I would creep through the bars of rail and scamper between the rows of sunflowers to reach my favorite resort. Those sunflowers! How they used to turn their bright faces upward and seem to drink in every ray of light.

But they were not the only bright spot within the old wall. At the upper end of the garden, to the right of the bars, was a mammoth flowerbed, just one mass of color. Here blossomed the old-fashioned marigolds, bachelor-buttons, peonies, poppies and lovely roses.

The asparagus drooped gracefully over a bed of pansies and a bunch of live-forever, with its funny creaky leaves, grew side by side with dahlias and asters, while rows of pinks smiled up against the protecting background of the old wall.

Just across the patch from the flowers stood a hop-pole, in summer wreathed in green. The vine had started from the other side of the wall, and trailing upward soon made its appearance within the garden. A slender pole was forthwith stuck in the ground and the enterprising vine soon looked down from the top of it.

I used to wonder at the prickly wiry stem and more so at the odd-looking hop blossoms of a light green color, scattered among the leaves. But when grandmother gathered the fragrant

hops and, through some mysterious process, converted them into foamy, queer-smelling yeast, my childish curiosity was at its height and I used to trace the beautiful white bread she made directly back to the hop-vine.

Next door to this, grew a bunch of catnip, which was generally found hanging in the attic when the summer months were over. This was a sovereign remedy for various ills, especially of babies and kittens.

I have not yet told you of the raspberry bushes growing along one side of the garden, close up to the wall. In the summer they laid their branches confidently over its broad top, covering it with a garland of green. Hidden away beneath the leaves were the luscious berries that afforded grandmother and her friends so much pleasure. The bushes extended to the ivy vine but in many places they were deprived of the support of the wall as the stones had fallen away. Down under the shade of the raspberry bushes, in the warm sand, the lazy hens used to sit and shake their feathers and enjoy themselves in true hen fashion. This was the west side of the garden. The path terminated at the center of the south side and just at the left of this was my old apple tree. I can see yet how the wind would blow the branches down against the gray old stones and how the red fruit would sometimes come tumbling down. And often I would stand upon the old wall and stealthily pluck an apple from the tree.

It was then I caught a glimpse of the river down at the foot of the hill, flowing away to the sea. The flowerbed came half way down the east side of the garden. From the termination of this to the old tree, was a spot that was not devoted to anything in particular and I am afraid it was a sad garden of weeds. The thistles here would hurt my bare feet when I was looking for buttercups to hold under my fat chin. The lovely goldenrod grew up close against the wall, waving its plummy blossoms lovingly near the stones. Grandmother, though, called it yellow weed and she did not seem to have much admiration for it, as people nowadays do.

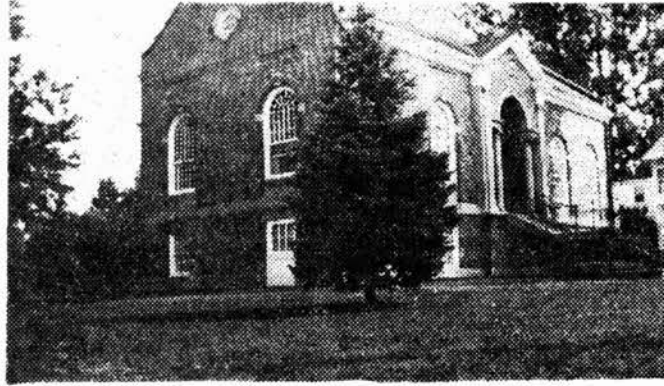
The ugly pigweed flourished here beside the great plantain leaves with their funny stems of seeds. These same seeds used to furnish the wee chickadees with many a meal, when the snows had come and everything green in the garden had long been dead.

Another part of the garden just across from this, and in contrast to it, deserves mention. It was none other than the vegetable patch. Here flourished the fat beets and turnips, as well as the fragrant onions, delicate lettuce and creeping cucumber vines. I used to watch the pretty butterflies flitting among the cabbages and I found it hard to believe that they one day had been ugly worms. The hens used to find a dainty dinner in the strawberry bed, much to the indignation of its owners. But this never happened when the old wall was in its prime.

These are all pleasant pictures to think of. The gray stones afforded a protection for many years but it had to grow old just as everything else does. It is growing older every day. The hands that made it are laid away at rest. No one cares whether it falls or not and the stones lie in dismal heaps. The flowerbed is overgrown with weeds but the apple tree still stands guard over the old gray stones and the goldenrod waves its yellow plumes the same as of old. The raspberry bushes still blossom and bear their fruit but there is no one to gather it for the old place is deserted, and "The vine still clings to the moldering wall, and at every gust the dead leaves fall."

(Written for Rhetoric Class, Potsdam State Normal School, in 1886 for Professor E. W. Flag, by the late Nina Burnham Daniels, Mrs. Warren O. Daniels, historian of Parishville for many years.)

New Look Library



Norfolk's Hepburn Library, a handsome brick structure located on Hepburn Street, is wearing the "new look" these days. The entire book collection has been examined, many worn-out and out-dated books have been discarded and replaced by approximately 1400 volumes from the book pool of the North Country Library System in Watertown. The Library has also acquired many books through gifts and purchase.

The shelving has been changed, some cut down, re-finished and all rearranged. One room, designated as the

children's room, is furnished with colorful child-size furniture a gift from the Norfolk Lions Club. The reference room contains, in addition to various types of reference materials, tables and chairs for the convenience and comfort of students and patrons, the Library's collection of recordings and art reproductions which are to be loaned to the public, and the Town of Norfolk Historian's showcase (a gift from Charles Densmore) which holds interesting exhibits of articles pertinent to local history, and a rack of current magazines.

built in 1920-21 through the generous gift to the Town of Norfolk by Colton native and former area school commissioner, A. Barton Hepburn. Besides the funds for the building, Mr. Hepburn left a substantial endowment for maintenance.

Hepburn Gift

The new Hepburn Library was formally opened Nov. 16, 1921 with appropriate ceremonies and concluded with an oyster supper.

The Town of Norfolk voters chose the following persons as the first trustees of the new library, Alexander Landry, Horace G. Atwater, Harriet B. Rice, Harrison A. Rogers, Horace G. Douglass and Walter J. O'Brian.

The Library was remodeled during the summer of 1949 when the entrances to the main floor and the basement were changed and windows added. Other modernization has been done from time to time through the years to keep the building in an excellent state of repair and increase its usefulness to the people of Norfolk.

A. Barton Hepburn was born in Colton July 24, 1846. He attended district schools and later the St. Lawrence Academy and Middlebury College in Vermont. He was the first boy from his village to attend a college. He paid his way by clerking in stores and teaching school between college terms but finally had to leave Middlebury during his Sophomore year for lack of funds.

He returned to his Alma Mater, St. Lawrence Academy, as a teacher the last term before it became the State Normal School. He also served as Principal of the Ogdensburg Educational Institute, while study-

ing law. He was admitted to the Bar in 1871.

He returned to Colton for a much needed rest but was made special deputy engineer and assigned to survey the Colton-Tupper Lake Road.

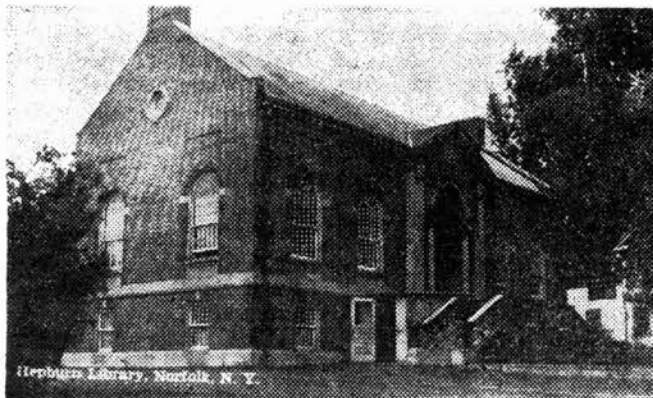
Mr. Hepburn was elected school commissioner in 1872, a member of the New York State Legislature in 1879 and in 1880 was appointed Superintendent of the Banking Department of the State of New York. It was through his efforts that laws requiring the yearly examinations of banks was passed. In 1883 he returned to Colton to engage in the lumber business and in 1888 was elected to the St. Lawrence County Board of Supervisors, representing Colton.

However in 1891, Mr. and Mrs. Hepburn and their two sons and two daughters moved again to New York City where he served as a national bank examiner, later as Comptroller of the Currency and as president of the Third National Bank of New York City. He was duly elected president of the Chase National Bank, a position he held for more than 20 years.

The pressure of business over a period of many years weakened the benefactor of North Country towns and he passed away Jan. 25, 1922 in New York City.

The wealth which came to him enabled Mr. Hepburn to endow libraries in seven St. Lawrence County villages, Norfolk, Madrid, Edwards, Hermon, Waddington, Lisbon, and his home town, Colton. He made gifts totaling more than \$1,000,000, to the Ogdensburg hospital which was to later bear his name. In each of the seven villages the Hepburn Library has become the social center and the public meeting rooms are frequently used by all organizations and groups of the communities.

Mr. Hepburn provided the people of Norfolk with a beautiful Library, and they have kept the faith by the way in which it has been maintained and used.



The center room, with the Librarian's desk, book stacks and card catalog files, as well as the other rooms in the building, is now lighted by efficient rows of fluorescent lights. The over-all spacious, well-lighted and quiet air of graciousness is conducive to study, browsing among the scores of interesting books exhibited or relaxing with a magazine.

Miss Gertrude Creighton, Librarian at the Hepburn Library since the formal opening in 1921, is on duty from 1 to 9 p.m. each day with exception of Tuesday and Sunday to welcome patrons and provide such assistance as they may need or desire.

First Library

Norfolk's first library began in 1916 when a group of civic minded citizens met to form a Norfolk Free Library Association, with the late Fred Flanagan acting as chairman. Trustees selected at that time were: President, Mr. A. W. Wheeler; Vice President, Mrs. William Ward; Secretary, Mrs. Charles Adams; Treasurer, Mrs. Sidney Jamieson; and Mrs. Justin Edwards. Mrs. Edith S. VanKennen, Town of Norfolk Historian, is presently seeking information relative to this early Library.

The Hepburn Library was

TIME continued from page 4

plan new impetus, and "fast" time then became fact from the last Sunday in April to the last Sunday in September, more recently once again changed to include the month of October.
Back to Law

William Ferguson, who started all this in the beginning, then turned his attention to the practice of corporation law, acting as general counsel for several large firms for the next 35 years. He then entered a stock and mutual fund firm until his retirement in 1958. He has always been active in civic and Presbyterian Church affairs, serving in local and General Assembly offices of a large Presbytery.

He was offered the position of Judge of City Court of Greenwich, Conn., in 1954, but was unable to be appointed by the Governor when it was learned that this youthful appearing vital man was already over 70 years of age!

May he have a daylight saving in the day of his life, to yet accomplish important services to his community and fellowman.

(From information in Hammond Historian's files, by permission of Mr. Ferguson.)

MEMBERSHIP UP TO DATE?

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

Dear Mr. Cleland:

Enclosed find \$3.00 in cash, check or money order to cover my dues.

Please send The Quarterly to me at this address:

NAME
STREET and NUMBER
or RURAL ROUTE

MAIL THIS HANDY COUPON WITH CHECK --
TODAY!

Education by Stereopticon

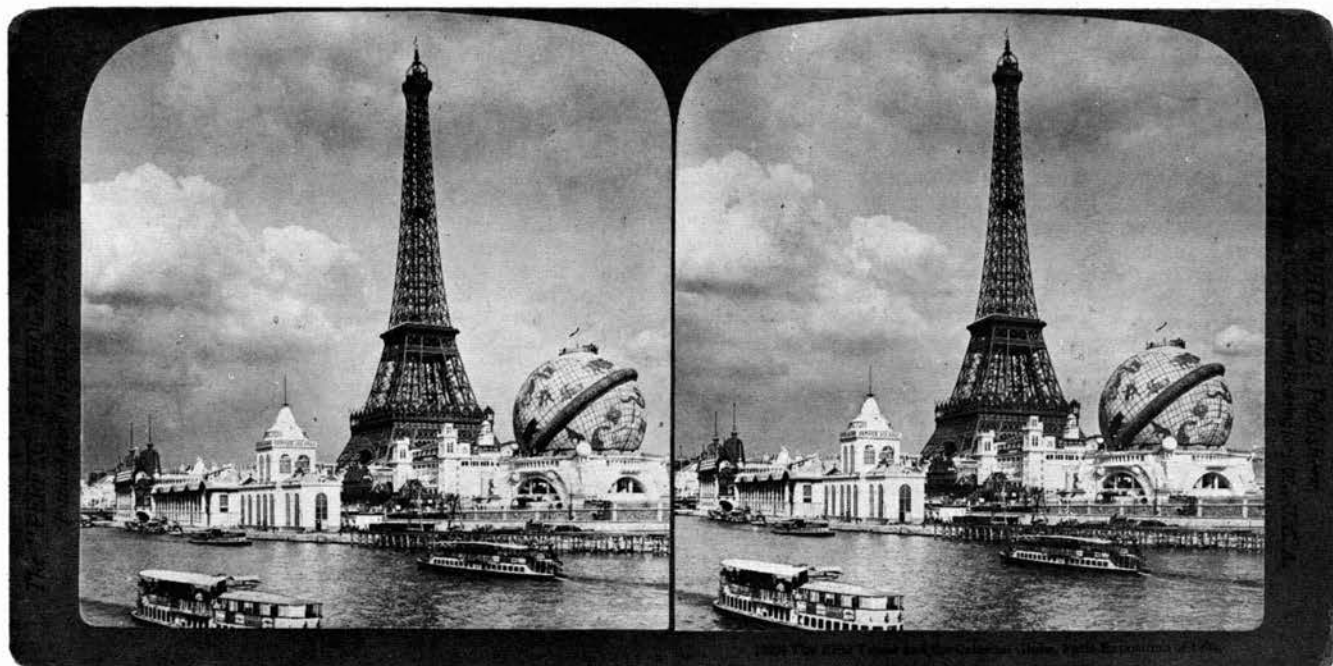
Following the stereoscope, the stereopticon gave the county's families pleasure as well as education. The "Black box" of TV's pictures may have their place, but they don't give a chance to choose your learning in the same way.

Twice a year, at mail order time, Father planned to buy a few more slide cards. Naturally Mother and the girls wanted something Cultural and Artistic, things not to be taken lightly half a century ago. Such things as a set of Pilgrims Progress, Summer Trip Through Europe, Niagara Falls from all aspects, and View of the Swiss Alps were Cultural, with a capital C.

A boy wanted something else to use in the hand-viewing machine invented by Dr. Oliver ~~Weldell~~ Holmes. He was agreeable to Alaska and the Klondyke, The China War or the horrifying views of the Great Boston Fire.

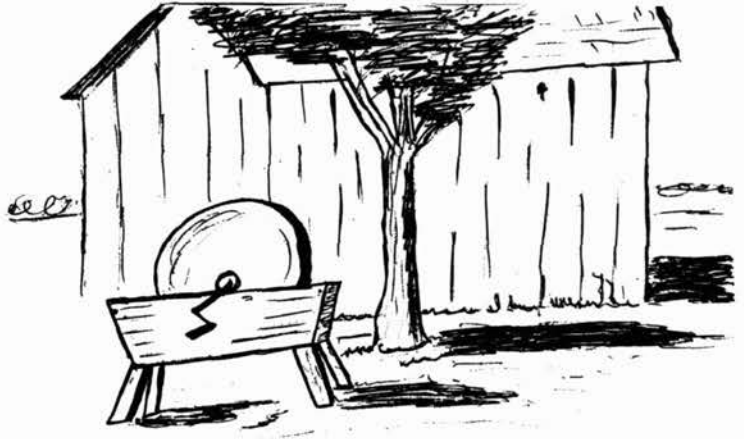
The major problem, however, was to choose slides for good, uplifting entertainment. It was difficult to decide among such imagination stirring titles as Warm Meals at all Hours, Wonder If It was Loaded, One Stick of Gum for Two, The Bashful Lover, The Marriage Ceremony, Gee, This is a Tight Squeeze, or Mouse on Toast.

It was satisfying on a winter's evening after a lad had finished learning the capitals of the states and become reasonably certain of the spelling of Mississippi, to get out the stereopticon and further his education with the three-dimensional slide cards. Not very exciting in this modern age of supersonics, perhaps, but when life was slower, there was time to savor and enjoy the simpler things, and many of us remember visiting grandma and being allowed to while away a Sunday afternoon with educational pleasure.



Antique Antics on a Weekend

By Gene Hatch



I had just seated myself at my desk one Monday morning in July when I walked Jim Bradley. We have been fellow employees for several years at the old Second National, and as we're the only bachelors at the bank, we have become quite friendly. As I glanced at him that day, I brought my thoughts into focus on Jim.

In my time I've seen many a week-ender on a Monday morning coming to the cage bedraggled and mussed, but never anyone looking as forsaken as Jim this morning, or was this Jim? He had a black circle under each glazed eye like the moon coming out of an eclipse, his cheeks showed faint bristles through a scattering of red spots. He walked with a pronounced limp and his clothes -- well, if you picked out the worst looking derelict on Skid Row and dressed him in a rumpled business suit, it would about describe him.

He passed me without a word, radiating glumness as he went along, but I knew we had lunched together for years at noon at the Eagle, and thought that then I might find out what had hit him. I recalled he'd mentioned on the Friday before that he'd been asked to the Pattersons in the country for the weekend and he hinted that he'd once barely escaped marrying the present Mrs. Patterson. At that time she was Sally James and not bad to know at all, he said. After they'd broken up, along came Curtis Patterson and she'd married him, Patterson had done all right in real estate and they had a small country place near Belmont.

Still glum, Jim fell in step with me at lunch time and we went to a table.

"Jimmy boy," I remarked, "what happened? You look as if you'd just escaped from the fall of the House of Usher."

He only gave out a sound between a grunt and a groan. That didn't disturb me, for from long ago, I've known he isn't much of a conversationalist until he's about through eating. It was only after his second cup of coffee that he recovered his speech.

"Curtis Patterson is a good bank customer," he told me, "and I've always wondered how Sally had made out, so when he said they'd both be delighted to have me come over for this weekend, I took him up. Well, he's welcome to her."

I thought for the first time, he brightened up a little.

"It must have been quite a party," I said, looking him over. He ignored this and went on.

When he had got there, he said, he found the Pattersons had gone all out for antiques, and they'd furnished their old house with about everything of that sort. He said he'd always tried to keep an open mind about collectors, but it did tire him to hear people getting all starry-eyed over old stuff, that in his opinion should go to a second hand dealer. The place looked so much like a museum, he went on, that he half expected to see a guard peering at him. It threw him off and he felt rather a frost from the other guests during the pre-dinner chit-chat.

At the dinner table he had recovered a bit. The long ride had made him hungry, and he had remembered Sally had been good at getting up little intimate suppers. Then he heard the woman at his right exclaim to his hostess about the darling coffee cups. Sally told her they were real Spode and was off like any confirmed collector giving pedigree and history.

"You can't replace them now for love or money," she told her.

At that moment, Jim said, he was drinking coffee in one of

these cups and taking a good sip. He hadn't thought anything about the dishes. He choked and nearly dropped his cup. Stifling his mouth with his yard square linen napkin, with frantic efforts, he managed to avoid a spell of coughing. When he got his breath again, he began to glance around the table. He is a little nearsighted and he caught the baleful stare of a three-corner-hatted china figure, a sort of jug, atop a china cabinet. I recalled vaguely that I'd heard of Toby jugs. He told me he'd never seen such a repulsive look as this crude cross-eyed face had, and it seemed to leer at him obscenely. It almost hypnotized him, he said, and he couldn't look away.

He came to with a start, realizing that the whole table was still and everyone was looking at him. The host had just asked him a question. Jim looked at him dazedly and the query was repeated, but he said he answered pretty lamely. The talk soon went on to someone else and he was left in peace.

After dinner he got a good seat, in the living room, after rising from the straight-backed dining room chair that began to creak. He got along fairly well the rest of the evening. The only unpleasant incident occurred when the host's little son brought him an old iron nutcracker and asked him to crack a walnut. In some way Jim brought one jaw of the nutcracker heavily down on his thumb, but he succeeded in smothering a hearty yelp just as it started to crush walnut and bone.

Bedtime came after an age. His host came beaming to him and told him proudly he was to sleep in an old-fashioned bedroom.

"Everything is authentic," he told him, and bade him a cheery good night. Jim felt tired, he related, so he quickly dropped into bed, absently noticing that the bed was a four poster. He soon discovered, he said, that the old timers must have been midgets. He couldn't straighten out in that bed, authentic or not. After a lifetime of turning and twisting, he sat up and doubled up his knees. By this time he had given up trying to sleep. He thought of finding something to read, so he tried to snap on the bedside light. It was an ancient coffee grinder made over in some mysterious fashion into a lamp. After quite a while he found the secret and turned on the switch.

The lamp lit up the walls and he noticed for the first time there were several old colored framed pictures. Idly he looked them over. He said what he saw seemed to be mostly of anemic or consumptive little girls. They didn't appear long for this world. These mournful tots gazed out wanly, holding some odd species of bird or a bouquet of flowers in their listless, pale hands as though it were a great effort. But what really startled him, he said, was a deep frame that held an intricate wreath of human hair, with a name, Nelly, worked into the center. This, he said, seemed positively ghastly, and he hastily turned off the light.

He had been dozing uneasily for a short time when he was roused by the disgustingly hearty and cheerful early morning voice of his host calling to him. Unconsciously he dressed and stumbled sleepily downstairs, and, with an effort, greeted his host with civility.

Patterson told him he wanted to show him the estate, so they strolled off in the still-wet grass. He told Jim he was a farm boy once and at heart he was still a farmer. He always mowed some grass himself just as he had on his dad's farm,

Continued on page 11

ANTIQUe continued from page 10

in the morning. He had only recently bought a pedigreed colt and the grass was to be the animal's breakfast. He produced an instrument strange to Jim. The only place he had seen one was in New Year's sketches of Father Time. His host called it a scythe and it looked as though the scythe user might be cut in two by his own efforts. Trying the blade for sharpness, Patterson decided it was dull.

"You can turn the grindstone and I'll sharpen the edge," he directed. He led Jim to a flat, round stone set on a light frame. It resembled something from the Flintstones, Jim thought. There was a hand crank on this weird object.

"This grindstone used to be my grandfather's," Patterson boasted.

Jim said he had misgivings when he saw this ungainly object, but the situation was like a bad dream, when you wanted desperately to escape, but were cornered. There was no decent way to refuse, so he turned the grindstone. Patterson seemed to be leaning all his weight on the scythe. It took all Jim's strength to keep the crank turning and he must have given the handle a jerk for suddenly the grindstone, that instrument of torture, turned over, landing mostly on his foot. His host asked him anxiously if he were hurt and Jim lied like a gentleman. It had only been a glancing blow, he answered. The foot ached keenly and he also said a few words under his breath that do not concern this story.

At that moment an old iron dinner bell perched on the roof of the kitchen wing began to clang wildly, so they started toward the house, Jim trying to disguise a bad limp.

Sally greeted them at the door.

"Come on in," she bubbled enthusiastically, "We're going to have old-fashioned buckwheat pancakes from grandmother's recipe, on the very pancake griddle she used."

"Curtis grows the buckwheat and we get it ground at the mill," she added.

Jim was really hungry. He hadn't eaten much dinner on the evening before, and although it seemed to him to be going a bit overboard to carry antiques into cooking, he fell to with a will. In his city innocence, he'd never heard of buckwheat pancakes and he didn't know that some folks, himself included, shouldn't eat them because they prove allergic to buckwheat causing them to break out in a rash. He finished the hearty breakfast of pancakes drowned in syrup, which Patterson explained had been made by a nearby farmer.

He was chatting with a lady guest when the itching started, and though he'd have given his life to scratch at his face, he didn't dare.

He excused himself quickly and broke away to his room, where a look in the glass showed him that he was breaking out in red blotches. Was it measles?

He rushed downstairs and found his host and told him he'd have to leave at once as he'd just remembered he had to meet his niece on the noon bus. Patterson looked at him oddly but nodded. As Jim turned away he mumbled that he would never forget the wonderful time he'd had and asked Curtis to say goodbye to Sally. As he hurried away he overheard a nearby woman guest whisper, "So that's Jim Brady. What an abrupt acting person."

As soon as he reached town, Jim looked up his doctor who told him about the unfortunate allergy and that the rash would soon leave him.

"He didn't have to tell me," said Jim, "but I'm positive I'm allergic to antiques, too."

"And to Sally?" I asked.

He nodded, looking more like the old Jim every second.

Jim didn't accept any weekend invitations for quite a while after that. Then he began to go again, but he always made sure, by a secret but apparently satisfactory investigation, that his hosts to be didn't collect any kind of antiques.

During the severe winter of 1885 a heavy snow fell on April 28. There were 13,364 sleighs which crossed between Ogdensburg and Prescott on the ice and five men walked across as late as April 17.

TOP O' THE STATE

The historic and scenic story told in text and photos of St. Lawrence County -- the jewel in the crown of the Empire State.



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Notice

**HOURS AT THE HISTORY CENTER
COUNTY BUILDING, CANTON**

Monday and Thursday

9:00 A.M. - 4:00 P.M.

wanakena

What little town of frontier fame
Called by a pretty Indian name
Is building where the Inlet flows,
And day by day more homelike grows?
Wanakena.

What little town whose railroad lines
Connect all right with Benson Mines,
So passengers can ride at ease
And view the scenery as they please?
Wanakena.

What town with buildings new and neat,
Though minus graded road or street,
Will soon have them arranged complete,
As prosperous as the county seat?
Wanakena.

What town whose people's sense of right
Prompt them to treat the stranger white,
And by their words and acts express
The spirit of true manliness?
Wanakena.

What little town deserves success
For struggling in the wilderness
Its wealth and beauty to disclose
And make it blossom like a rose?
Wanakena.

April 1903

Rev. Clement Shaw
Oswegatchie, N. Y.

The Rev. Clement Shaw born in 1850 or 51, served as Baptist Clergyman in Oswegatchie in the late nineteenth Century. In the 1905 census he lists his occupation as "author" and proves it by his books of poems "Our Own Northland" and "Poetical Portraits."

The Baptist Church in Oswegatchie was completed in 1890 and he was an early pastor.

Submitted by Mrs. Catherine G. Brownell, Town of Fine, Historian

THE GOURD

The gourd had a hundred uses
In those frugal by gone days,
As pipe and bowl and drinking cup,
And so many other ways.

Over many a cabin doorway,
Wide green leaves cast grateful shade,
And lavish bloom of white and yellow,
A bright spot of beauty made,

She is of most humble lineage
Yet could rightfully lay claim
To be a leading D. A. R.,
Or a proud Colonial dame.

Written by Mrs. J. L. Ellsworth in Sept. 1938 (sent by Frances Gardner, Rossie Historian)



Map Maker

WITHOUT his gift mankind
is blind.
His able fingers juggle hemispheres,
transforming curves of continents
to level lines and legends clear,
projected on a simple page.

Behold the sketch! By contours,
scales,
typeface and tints, the technical
in mapping art, a chart is born
for men to see and understand.

A spreading countryside portrayed;
its rivers, hills and valleys,
highways, towns and lakes unfold
uphold a globe or integrated sheet.

In paper or in plastic form
a talisman of boundless hope,
of ventures far across the seas,
symbolic of high confidence
in other men's abilities
to give in graphic terms
true guidance and direction.

DON W. THOMSON,

(Don W. Thomson, former National President of the Canadian Authors Association has completed Vol. I of a history of surveying and mapping in Canada, under the title "Men and Meridians," "dabbles" in poetry. This could have been written about our Edgar G. Blankman.)



Fowler was the background for a story in Atlantic Monthly written by Dr. Edward Everett Hale, famed Universalist preacher. The family of Unitarian clergyman James Freeman Clarke of Boston (also founder of the Church of the Disciples) had extensive land holdings in Fowler, early seat of Universalism.

Portraits

George Lucian Crary, self-styled Adirondack Poet and son of Oringe Smith Crary, published a book of their off-hand poems of Pierrepont and the Adirondacks in 1914. Included were descriptions of Pierrepont, and Potsdam "as it was and is now," Potsdam's Centennial, Crary orchards in Pierrepont and Cedar Cliff on the St. Lawrence at Morristown. Poems of hunting and Adirondack life, Religious themes, anniversary tributes, Indian lore and comments on news events of the day in rhyme fill the book. We include here George's one-man Chamber of Commerce poem Barnhart's Island.

BARNHART'S ISLAND

On Barnhart's Island below the long Sault,
Is the summer resort known as the Fairview;
The boating is good and the fare is the best,
'Twill be found a good place for a traveler to rest.

Here the great iron bridge the St. Lawrence has spanned,
One hundred feet high, so majestic and grand,
Now over the river the trains almost fly,
And the boats far beneath them are seen sweeping by.

And the hotel verandah looks out on the bay,
Where 'tis pleasant to sit on a warm summer day,
While the breeze from the river your brow gently fans,
And you almost imagine you've reached fairy land.

Adirondacks grand forest so fresh and so green,
And her high mountain peaks in the distance are seen,
Where the wildest of freaks dame nature has played,
And thousands of beautiful lakes and ponds made.

The farming is done in the very best style,
And the fruit is delicious that grows on this isle;
While the flocks and the herds on the pastures so green,
And the tall waving grass in the meadows are seen.

One of the best orchards upon the State chart
Is found on the farm of one Harvey Barnhart;
It is set out in style in thirty-foot squares,
So each apple can see both sun, moon and stars,

Which will put on their color so fair and so bright
That these apples will sell on the market at sight.
Then let all who wish to have a good time,
Come down here and prove the truth of my rhyme.



SCREENPLAY BY WINTHROP YOUTH

Claude Fletcher Holcomb, now residing in Winthrop, as a young man wrote Short Stories for the Advance. About 1922 he, as a 20 year old, became a movie script author.

In January 1922 the manager of the Pastime Theater in Fort Jackson let the people know that Claude's story "Dangerous Business" starring Constance Talmadge would be shown.

The newspaper said, "Mr. Holcomb is a versatile young writer, with plenty of imagination, and his work is beginning to show much promise so there is no question but that a splendid future is before him.

Claude, who recently returned after 26 years at Alcoa in Massena, is the son of Merritt and Bertha (Fletcher) Holcomb and a native of Fort Jackson.



TO THE LOVED ONES AT HOME!

AIR—*Banks of the Dee.*

Packages sent by mail, post paid, to any part of the Army or United States.
Address—R. B. Nicol, care Gibson Brothers, Printers, 271 Penna. Avenue, Washington, D. C.

Through all the sore trials, privations and dangers,
The poor war-worn soldier is destined to roam
When in a strange land, and surrounded by strangers
'Tis pleasant to dwell on the loved ones at home;
To steal from the camp-fire an hour for reflection,
And muse all alone in calm retrospection,
Our fancy recalling with fond recollection
The scenes of our youth and the loved ones at home.

These scenes ever cherished, how plainly we view them—
The play-ground, the school-house, the veil and the dome,
Our teacher and school-mates, all just as we knew them,
When we were but children, with loved ones at home;
But Time's onward marches, and war's wild commotion
Have changed all the scenes of our youthful devotion,
And tossed here and there upon life's boistrous ocean
The surviving companions we once knew at home.

But still we retain some dear friends and relations
Who pray for our safety while tossed in the foam;
To these we now tender our lone meditations,
For they are the loved ones we cherish at home.
And when we have conquered Jeff Davis' minions,
And the Eagle is soaring on liberty's pinions,
With the Star Spangled Banner o'er all his dominions,
We hope to be welcomed by loved ones at home.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by R. B. Nicol, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Columbia.

Little is known about Robert B. Nicol, Hammond native, except that he wrote political and wartime songs, worked for a publisher setting his own type. A few of his published songs are in the History Center Collection. He was probably named for Robert Burns, whose memory was kept alive in this county with annual Burns Festivals.

Kellogg's "Parish's Fancy"

WALTER GUEST KELLOGG
1877 - 1956
As Author of "Parish's Fancy"
By Eleanor Green Hubsch

The romantic story of the wealthy landowner, George Parish, and the lovely Ameriga Vespucci is as familiar to the people of Northern New York as the historic mansion, now the Remington Art Memorial, where the couple resided over 100 years ago. As is true of most Ogdensburg natives, even as a child Walter Guest Kellogg heard about the elegant lady who had lived in seclusion behind the stone walls of the Parish estate. His mother, when but a small girl herself, had been one of the village children treated to a lawn party there by the Italian beauty.

Years later Mr. Kellogg, having decided to write an historical sketch of this colorful episode in his hometown's past, carried on exhaustive research both in this country and abroad. The results of his study can be presented best in his own words addressed to the editor of the Republican-Journal in March 1929:

"You asked me some time ago if I would not write something for the Journal about my forthcoming novel "Parish's Fancy," and I very gladly comply with your request although there is little, I am afraid, that's worth telling.

"The romance between George Parish and Madame Vespucci has been for over half a century one of Ogdensburg's traditions. We have all heard it told in various ways, and, as the years passed, still different versions of it have grown up. About seven years ago I began to try to find out the truth, with the intention of writing a brief historical sketch about these interesting people. After doing a good deal of research, I decided I had not found enough truth to warrant a history or biography and so I took refuge in a novel.

* * * * *

"The book, in its sequence of events, is almost historical, I think, in its truth. At any rate, whenever I could find the truth I put it in. And whenever I couldn't, I guessed at it, as best I could. A fair statement might be that; I have used historical facts as pegs upon which to hang a tissue that may



be imagination, but that may, also, be nearer the truth than anyone knows.

"People at Evans Mills believe the poker-game actually was played by Prince John (Van Buren) and Mr. Parish with Madame Vespucci the stake. In support of their belief they will show you the hotel and the very room the game was played in! Newspaper writers have written scores of articles about it, and the late Mr. Louis Hasbrouck and others have told me that the story of it was told half a century ago. I cannot believe that the poker-game ever took place, yet no romance about Madame Vespucci would be considered complete without it, so I put it in.

"But I think, in spite of all that we do not know and perhaps never can know, that enough recorded fact has gone into the book to make what is fictional in its conception probably not very far from what actually happened. One or two things in the book I know are not so; for instance, I speak in one place of Euphemia Street when years before the name had been changed to State Street, and I make Mr. Parish leave Ogdensburg before, instead of after Madame Vespucci. But these shifts from fact, few as they are, seemed best for the uses of a novel.

"I wrote it, as I indicated, with a purpose: to preserve a romance, a tradition that is a part of Ogdensburg itself. And now that it is done my only wish is that more could be known about these two almost legendary people and their times. As a novel, it may be good, bad, or indifferent, but it is the history of it, after all, that matters. . ."

Even before the publication of "Parish's Fancy" Mr. Kellogg was acknowledged as an authority on the subject of the Parish family. Although that family played an important role in the history of Ogdensburg, and St. Lawrence County too, the reputation of being an authority of local history in general, which his novel gained for him, was disclaimed by the author.

Mr. Kellogg, a lawyer by profession, and for many years a member of the New York State Board of Regents, is remembered by his acquaintances as being an avid reader with an unusual grasp of the wide range of material he read. In their minds they see him comfortably seated in the library of his home, and hear him giving direction to the conversation by asking a guest, "What book are you reading now?"

Writing, too, was a pleasure for Mr. Kellogg. Some of his correspondence was saved by his friends, no doubt, simply because of his choice way of putting across a point. One such letter concerns a matter about which some people knew he felt strongly but not all of whom knew why. He wrote, following the comment that he didn't have a thing to write about but only wanted to practice on his Corona: "I wish you would tell whoever writes out drafts in your bank and whoever writes your letters that my name is NOT Walter G. Kellogg. I have hated that ever since the day a horse my uncle named Walter G. after me kicked me. It ought to be in the Constitution that every man has a right to choose for himself what he wants to call himself, and once he has chosen, people with whom he does business ought, as a business courtesy, to respect his wishes. W. G. is all right or Walter Guest, but damn



ROUNDER continued from page 3

Here is the poetry of history vividly seen on Jan. 2, 1917: "The freshman on the Hill screws his ear to a metal cap from which a short wire leads out into the night, and listens to gossip from Arlington and Key West that is wandering around loose in the atmosphere. . . while his grandfather sits before an electric grate and dreams of his first trip across the continent by prairie schooner and oxen. . . We do not want the old days back. . . Those who have bridged the gulf between the old and new would not re-live the old if they could. . . Once at every four corners was a hamlet, prosperous, contented, exchanging things and thoughts and conducting its affairs, but Canton's growth spelled their (commercial) doom. . . There was a fire here. There a store simply closed. Cobwebs placed their sign on shelves. The smithy ceased to send out its song of hammer on anvil. The halfway house became a farm house. . ."

And on Sept. 11 of the same year, he describes the big island in the Grasse River opposite the site of the old fair-grounds. The fast water there was called Indian Eddy. Will Manley fished for mullet off the lower end of the island and shot woodchucks there. Canton's sidewalk postcard-painter of those days, Eddy Perry, slept on that island in a hut he had built, and Will Manley helped him herd a flock of hens there. "The lumber mill is practically closed. . ." he says. "Twenty-five years from now there may be no paper mill at Pyrites." He would like, I think, to know about the foot-bridge that has just now been built across the Grasse at that place, leading to the new campus of the State Agricultural and Technical College, and would smile at the thought of the couples that will cross it in the years to come.

In the eighties, says Mr. Manley, one Mr. Palmitere had a singing school in the old Canton Academy. "He was a devout Christian and one evening he sailed outside and wrestled in great excitement of spirit with fourteen young fellows who had been trying to break up the school that evening. When he came back into the room, rubbing the blood off from his huge knuckles, he remarked that he had indulged in an exemplification of 'muscular Christianity' that was rather enjoyable. That one scrap by our leader put 'pep' into the whole congregation for the balance of that evening and we hit the high spots in the song book with joyfulness if not with accuracy."

At the instance of the group of New York City newspaper men who were graduates of St. Lawrence University, Mr. Manley became an A. P. correspondent in 1898 and held that position through the 1930's. Presidential election nights at the Plaindealer were sleepless and dramatic. Twenty-five votes were brought in from the town of Clare on horseback. The switchboard operators of both of the two telephone companies then in Canton took down returns that came in by telephone, and Atwood Manley, then only a boy, would gather them up and take them to the office to be entered by his father on huge tabulations. In return for the north-country returns, Lou Heaton of the "New York Herald" (the predecessor of the "Herald-Tribune") sent the big-city returns, with the result that by midnight the "Plaindealer" would scoop all the Northern New York papers including the "Watertown Times", and the Republican Committee itself would come to the "Plaindealer" office to find out how the election was going. Both Manleys worked all night on those nights, with no sleep at all. About midnight the force, which had supposedly gotten some sleep earlier, would come back and set type till early morning.

Will Manley never had any formal training in writing. It would seem he didn't need any. From 1901 to 1916 he ran the whole front office singlehanded. He wrote whatever didn't come from outside, he proofread, and he kept all the books. In addition, he took on multifarious projects and responsibilities in the community.

FROM HIS FATHER

From the day he took over the paper from his father in 1901, it began to make money. If a man thought an ad not worth buying, "I would like to run an ad for you free," said Will. "It will say, 'I will pay 25¢ for every dead cat left on the porch of my store by eleven o'clock tomorrow morning. . . .'" Appalled by the thought, the man bought an ad. One presumes it had more benign results. Somebody found an upper plate of false teeth. It was advertised in the "Plaindealer," and people came to claim it that had never had a set of false teeth in their lives. A lost fifty-dollar watch got to its



owner by a "Plaindealer" ad. Mr. Manley was instrumental in forcing its return from a false claimant in the Middle West. This was two years after a young fellow riding his bicycle to Potsdam up from down near the Pennsylvania border dropped it in the yard of a farmhouse, whose people took it to the "Plaindealer" office -- a great yarn, told with gusto in the column of May 1, 1917.

Williston Manley's father, Gilbert B. Manley, had the first telephone in Canton. It was not even electric. The wire, says the Rounder of Jan. 2, 1917, "stretched from the "Plaindealer" office to the editor's home. It was one of the kind where you rang up your party with the butt end of a lead pencil. . . One could hear every word said into it all over a small house, and all houses were then small, and one evening 'Bony' Sims dislocated a solemnly organized Presbyterian prayer meeting at the editor's home when from the office he swore vigorously over the wire at the editor's son." When the Mountain Home Telephone Company came to Canton, it wanted the paper's support. In giving it, Williston Manley asked for the number 1 as the paper's telephone number, and that was its number until Mason R. Smith bought the paper in 1949.

Williston Manley owned the seventh automobile in Canton, an Orient buckboard. Later he owned a one-cylinder Cadillac. There was then not a single hard-top road in St. Lawrence County. When the stretch of hard road was laid from Louisville to Massena he drove there just to see what driving on hard road would be like.

He was a talented figure-skater on both ice skates and roller skates; a professional skater saw him skate and tried to get him to go on the road with him. He was a skilled fly-fisherman and frequented Cranberry Lake and the Barney Burns camp, which he helped build, on Brandy Brook.

EARLY MANLEYS

The Manleys originally came from Scotland. In Colonial times, a Manley came to America with Governor Winthrop of Boston. In 1828 the Reverend George Manley became the minister of Brick Chapel, near Canton, and thereafter of the Presbyterian church in Old DeKalb. He and his wife both died young of tuberculosis, he in the pulpit at the age of 37. They left five orphaned children who were "bound out" to families in Old DeKalb and other nearby places. One of the children, Gilbert B. Manley, went to the St. Lawrence Academy at the age of 12, after which the Presbyterian Synod sent him through Williams College, his intention at that time being to become a minister. There he was a friend of later-to-be-president James A. Garfield, who gave him the shawl which Garfield wore on the day he was graduated and which is now in the possession of Atwood Manley.

The "St. Lawrence Plaindealer" was then owned by Col. Seth Pierre Remington, the father of the artist. He put it up for sale, and Gilbert Manley bought it on Aug. 1, 1873. Gilbert Manley still felt he ought to preach, and he thought of his newspaper readers as his congregation. He was a straight-laced, Puritanical man who tithed most of his life, even when the "Plaindealer" was grossing only \$600 a year.

Alas for Presbyterianism! His son, Williston Manley, married the daughter of I. M. Atwood, the dean of the Universalist

Continued on page 19

editor's comment

We are delighted to present this Special Literary Issue. As a result of the response to last year's Art Contest among young people, we acceded to demands to co-sponsor a Historical Writing Contest with the Yorkers. Some of the winning entries are presented in this issue. Others will appear from time to time in future issues.

The stories and essays represent research and imagination on the part of the young authors. Cash prizes and memberships in the Association were awarded through the local historians to those in the six county schools represented among prize winners. Unfortunately, little cooperation was given by some of the county's schools in announcing or assisting in the contest.

The rest of this issue tells of county authors of poems, stories, news, songs and ideas, not often read about before now. The inclusion of fiction for the first time in this literary issue introduces a long-time contributor in a new role.

We trust everyone will enjoy this special issue. We still need and welcome all types of county folklore, stories, pictures and history for future issues. --MHB

Answer to January Puzzle Picture: Leaning towers of white marble quarry may be seen in DeKalb near Kents Corners.

DO YOU KNOW: Where this blacksmith shop was on the edge of a river? (Photo courtesy of Mrs. Milton Freer)



historical writing contest

Notices were sent to all parochial and public junior and senior high schools in St. Lawrence County announcing the Historical Writing contest in January. All forms of writing were possible, and subjects were to be St. Lawrence County in song, poetry, drama, fiction, non-fiction, essay, biography or other literary form.

Judges were Leonard Green, Morristown; Sister Francis Xavier, Mater Dei College, and Dr. Paul F. Jamieson, Canton.

Entries ranged from short sketches to one long 'epic' poem about the History of Heuvelton, which was immediately printed in the Ogdensburg Advance-News, and which earned a special prize given by the St. Lawrence County National Bank in Heuvelton.

The following won cash awards given by the Historical Association: Mark Thompson, Grade 7, Lisbon Central School; David Brundage, Grade 11, Canton Central School; Allen Woodward, Jr., Gouverneur Central School; Timothy M. Urnaitis, Grade 7, Hermon-DeKalb Central School; Claudia Abbrid, Grade 8, Lisbon Central School; and Connie Byrns, Gouverneur Central School. William Woodward was the Heuvelton Central School winner.

Awards of a year's membership in the Association, receiving the Quarterly, were awarded to Marsha Snyder, Elizabeth Wallace and Meribeth Seaman, Lisbon Central School; Sharon Ford, Colton-Pierrepont Central School; Allen Woodward, Jr., Gouverneur Central School and Kenneth Friedel, Potsdam Central School.

The prizes and awards were made at the schools by the town historians.

CANTON'S MAIN STREET ABOUT 1900



In the Plaindealer offices shown at left above, Williston Manley typed out for his Rounder column such thoughts on town improvement as this:

The function of fleas on a dog is just to remind him that he is a dog. The function of these little local problems that confront all towns serves the same purpose. They keep us everlastingly scratching. When the dog's skin gets so thick that fleas no longer bother him and he stops scratching, he is getting ready for a sausage grinder. When a town's skin gets so thick that everyone says "I don't care, damn it," notify the undertaker that a job is coming his way.

December 26, 1916

Will Manley was a director of the First National Bank of Canton from 1939 to 1945. He typed the above just a few doors away from what was the home of the bank from 1887 to 1925.

In either its old home or the new one across the street (its present location), the First National Bank has everlastingly kept scratching.

Why? — Because it cares.

About the village. The town. The county. The North Country.

And especially about YOU. Whether you want

- Loans, for any sound purpose
- Checking accounts, for convenience and safety
- Savings accounts, to provide for the future
- Trust services, to serve you or your survivors

Call

The First National Bank of Canton

BETTER BANKING FOR BETTER LIVING

MEMBER OF
FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM
FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

DEPENDABLE BANKING SERVICES SINCE 1887

Our members work

Malcolm A. Booth, former Morristown Historian and early secretary of this Association, recently became the first full-time director of the Orange County Community of Museums and Galleries, a federation of 11 cooperating museums in Goshen, N. Y.

Malcolm will operate a pilot program in cooperative museum activities from his office in the Hall of Fame of the Trotter there. This program grew out of an earlier project while he was working for the Community of Museums as a full-time research associate under a NYS Council on the Arts grant during the summer of 1965.

Malcolm will continue to serve as the association's president, and will resume editorship of their quarterly magazine, "VIEWS," which he held from 1962-64.

Much of our Association's growth was during the years Malcolm Booth was secretary. From here he went to the Museum Village of Smith's Clove in Monroe as director of public relations. He received his master of arts degree in museum administration in 1965, and is a member of Historic Goshen, Inc., a group studying historic preservation zoning legislation for that village.

He will, besides resuming "VIEWS," include a weekly radio program, panel discussions on local history, set up a clearinghouse for cultural events, an extended historical bibliography and a museum consultant service. This will soon also include a file of club program chairmen, an abstracting service, study of financial aid programs for museums and progress reports in professional journals.

Besides the Hall of Fame and Museum Village, the museum federation includes West Point Museum; the National Temple Hill Association, Vails Gate; Washington's Headquarters, Newburgh; and Knox Headquarters, Vails Gate.

Also, Bethlehem Art Gallery near Salisbury Mills; Storm King Art Center, Mountainville; Empire State Railway Museum, Middletown; the Museum of the Hudson Highlands, Cornwall-on-Hudson; and Harriman Gallery, Middletown.

The President's Message

Much has been written in and about St. Lawrence County. This is not so strange, considering the material we have. Our schools, varied natural settings and wealth of folklore give plenty to work with. A wide range of subjects is offered, such as; Kate Klein's and Roselyn Hastings' mystery; Louise Seymour Hasbrouck's children's stories; Frederic Remington's western stories, to name a few. No comments are needed about the works of the famous authors.

Browsing among the books, while refreshing my memory, I found to be an interesting, a rewarding and a most enjoyable way to spend a few hours.



During the severe snowstorms of 1890 the railroad north of Syracuse was heavily obstructed. A train which was blocked had to offer its passengers the usual amount of starvation and impatience in the place of progress. Mark Twain tells the story of that storm in the incident of a lady passenger and her little boy for whom she had paid half fare. The conductor on his 99th round, taken probably to while away the time, stopped in front of this lady and looking at the tickets, then at the little boy, said, "this boy is too large to travel for half fare."

"He wasn't when he started!" retorted the mother.

Our members write



To the Editor:

My ancestor was a member of the 106th Reg't of NYS Vols. in the Civil War. I have been in the process of writing a new history of the 106th, as it was made up of men largely from Northern New York. If anyone has letters, pictures, diaries, etc., related to the 106th which they would be willing to let me borrow, I would appreciate them. These items could best be handled by insured and registered mail; I would make photo copies and return them to the owners at once. When the material is correlated, I will turn it over to the Association. Many thanks,
George E. Bosworth
Rt. 2, West Lake Road
Fredonia, New York 14063

To the Editor:

About 1908 the first powered boat to be used on the Oswegatchie River (at Inlet) was built by one of the mechanics who worked for the Rich Lumber Co. This boat was used a few years and then abandoned and allowed to sink at the land near "Inlet House" (2 mi. above Wanakena). I have the engine out of this boat and have it completely restored so it will now run after being buried under water for some 52 years.

I am most anxious to secure the loan of a picture of this boat which was called the "Beast" long enough so I might have a copy made to show along with the engine. At one time there were penny postcards sold showing this boat.

Thought your files might possibly help me in my search.
Wesley Hammond
York Road
Leicester, N. Y. 14481

Can anyone come to his aid?

To the Editor:

St. Lawrence County was my home all the years I was growing up and I have a very warm regard for it. Homer Kelly in the First National Bank is my brother.

I have been provoked at the possibility of the Buck's Bridge Church being disposed of and have written several letters hoping to save it. There will be many visitors to the St. Lawrence Valley this summer on the way to and from EXPO '67. We need every historic building we have -- they are such a tribute to our sturdy ingenious forefathers.

If there is any word you can say, please do so to preserve that self-sufficient little structure. I have a painting of it in my living room and it looks today exactly as it did seventy-five years ago.

Very truly yours,
Mildred Kelly Williams
(Mrs. Frederick Williams)
15 Scotland Road
Canandaigua, New York

Does anyone have any suggestions? MHB

NOVEL continued from page 6

I have a scrapbook filled with yellowed reviews of "Deacon Babbitt." They come from newspapers all over the country. The majority, like Olin Lyman, find good things in the book. It could be expected that the "Malone Palladium" would praise it, as did the "Utica Observer," "Carthage Tribune," "Watertown Herald" and "Watertown Standard," "Plattsburgh Evening News," and other upstate papers. This was incumbent as local patriotism.

That farther-off organs like the "Nashville American," "Richmond Journal," and "Cleveland Plaindealer" discovered some merit is more convincing testimony. Of particular interest are the big-city reviews. "The Philadelphia Record" was kindly; the "Inquirer" of the same city less so. Three New York papers gave reserved praise, the "Times," the "World," and the "Sun." The review in this last was forwarded to the author under the signature of Chester S. Lord, managing editor.

The harshest review seems to have appeared in the "Chicago Daily News": "There is an old saying that everybody has a book concealed about him, and this is the sort of book that most men do better by concealing."

Wow! I'm glad to report that this is decidedly a minority opinion. A solitary one, in fact, and this includes other Chicago papers, too.

To older residents of the county, the material of the novel may be familiar. Whether it is or isn't, I append this brief synopsis:

A young Hollander, Gerry Arnoldus, is washed out to sea by a breaking of dikes and, rescued, is carried to Boston. A good deal of plot is taken up with a search for his parents in America, during which he is befriended and adopted by Deacon Babbitt. The deacon is a north country horse-trader, full of anecdotes and shrewdness. Gerry's travels take him over the state, and in Constantia on Oneida Lake he meets the girl Clotille. A romance develops. In his efforts to establish a livelihood, Gerry takes us as readers into country banking affairs of the time. Thanks to both him and the deacon, we also are led to hunting and fishing experiences in the "South Woods" of the Adirondacks. A double climax winds up the romance happily and establishes discovery of the parents. This is handled through a dramatic courtroom scene which ties up with the village life and banking activities in the book.

Like some other characters, Deacon Babbitt himself was transcribed from life. The original lived in Marshville, one of those 19th century hamlets which have now almost completely disappeared. It was near Hermon. Other north country places have their features reproduced in the book.



The railroad station called Holden was changed to Eben in 1907.

Kellogg's "Fancy" continued from page 14

anybody who knowing what I want to be called, reminds me of that man-eating horse."

His ability as a writer, known well beyond his own circles, still is recognized. The distinguished New York State author and historian, Carl Carmer, paid high honor to Mr. Kellogg's work by selecting a chapter from "Parish's Fancy" for his collection entitled "The Tavern Lamps Are Burning" published in 1964. The writings, chosen for their fine interpretation of New York State life and their literary excellence, include works of some of the best known American and British authors.

The hope that the story of George Parish and Ameriga Vespucci would remain alive, thus far, has been highly fulfilled. Nearly 130 years after the story began, more information, factual or otherwise, about the couple, and new variations of the romance continue to appear. Almost 40 years after its publication "Parish's Fancy" is still in demand and enjoying a steady sale. Local people never tire of summarizing the tale, and never run out of enthralled listeners.

(Photos of Vespucci-Parish collection by Edith Costa, with permission of Remington Art Memorial)

ROUNDER continued from page 15

Theological School in Canton. Rejecting an offer from Herbert Gunnison of a job on the "Brooklyn Eagle," Williston Manley took over the moribund "Plaindealer" to help his father.

Gilbert Manley had been at one time the principal of a private school in Homer, and at that time George T. Manley, a nephew, went to Homer and there learned printing. It was he who really ran the "Plaindealer" during Gilbert Manley's editorship. George Manley shook violently all his life from birth as with Palsy, and yet he could set agate type flawlessly and feed onion-skin paper into a Golding press--he never had a cylinder job press--right down to the platenpins. Through him the "Plaindealer" became known for the excellence of its job printing. He and Irving Bacheller were great friends, and Irving Bacheller got a lot of Canton local color from him.

Williston Manley shot the loon which was mounted over the door in the Plaindealer office (and which commanded the fascination and respect of the young boy mentioned at the beginning of this article).

Those were the days of hand-set type. There were twelve typesetters in the "Plaindealer" office, and the solid stream of type the typesetter of those days could drop into his "stick" upside down, backwards, and without so much as a look, is for one who has seen it done an unforgettable thing.

In 1913 the linotype came. Billy Tobin went to the Mergenthaler Company in New York City in late 1912, and in 1913 the "Plaindealer" bought a new Model K that was the paper's linotype until nearly 1940.

In 1916 Williston Manley's son, Atwood Manley, began collaborating with him in the office, and because of that, the elder Mr. Manley was able to begin writing his "Rounder" column, something he had always wanted to do. He wrote the Rounder in a day or a day and a half, in longhand. Later, when Billy Tobin, the only man in the shop who could read Mr. Manley's handwriting, was no longer there, Atwood Manley typed his father's manuscript.

Will Manley liked to "be fustest with the mostest." He had what he urged Canton to have -- hustle. I never saw him idle, and I do not believe anybody else ever did. He was a man of fantastic business acumen, who could see to the heart of a business affair in a flash.

In his column of Dec. 19, 1916 there is a line of philosophy that summarizes his restless drive: "When everyone is dissatisfied, there is hope." In a time when people made their own world more than we do today, he reflected the life of Canton, and, by being himself, helped make it what it was.

IN COMING ISSUES: More writing contest entries; news of a new 10-year index; our own notepaper with picture of Richville Building; special feature on Cooper Falls.



"The Merriman House"

By MRS. LESLIE W. SHORT

The stately brick mansion known for years as the "Merriman House" was built "upon honor" for Oliver Chamberlain Robinson in 1889 by a building contractor from Massena.

It was built with a wide front porch facing Main Street and also porches on the sides. Maple trees shade the house giving it a cool and friendly atmosphere in summer.

Oliver Chamberlain Robinson was born in Massena, N. Y., June 24, 1831. He came to Madrid as a very young man and was a merchant here for 32 years and was Postmaster when he died Oct. 20, 1892. He married Adeline Viles, Sept. 14, 1856 whom he met during his trips to Boston to buy goods for his store.

Three children were born to the couple. Lucius A., Frederick W. and Edith Frances. Frederick W. inherited the Robinson property and served out the unexpired term of his father as Postmaster and clerked for the term of O. C. Robinson & Company.

Lucius died Jan. 26, 1892, and Frederick followed Feb. 19, 1902. Edith Frances was educated in the area schools and on Sept. 2, 1886, she married Frederic Merriman, a prominent attorney. Mr. and Mrs. Merriman were the parents of one daughter, Mrs. Jessica Merriman Rawson, who inherited the house on the death of her parents. Mr. Merriman died in 1930 and Mrs. Merriman in July 1941. Mrs. Rawson has occupied the 14-room structure since that time.

On Sept. 21, 1966, Mrs. Jessica Merriman Rawson sold the house to Mr. and Mrs. Leon Goolden Sr. However, she still occupies one of the apartments into which she had the house remodeled a few years ago and Mr. and Mrs. Goolden will eventually occupy the other.

History Center Hours

9-4

Mondays and Thursdays

Court House in Canton

THE PACK-PEDDLER

Do you recall the old fashioned pack-peddler
We used to see coming down the road,
With his heavy satchels swinging --
Sweating, straining under his heavy load?

He had come from the 'Old Country'
To a land where there was more;
He'd greet you with a smile and broken English
As he slid his packs down on the floor.

Then he'd take his red bandanna,
Wipe the sweat from his honest face,
Open his pack and start his sales-talk:
"You lak buy sum strong shoe-lace?"

"I got nice overall an' work-shirt,"
And he'd spread them on the floor;
'Us kids' would gather 'round him,
Hoping for a mouth-organ, or something more.

I remember his "rooster whistle"
He carried, to make a happy girl or boy:
Back then -- a kid was lucky
If they had one -- ten-cent toy.

Sometimes he'd tell us stories
Of his folks in a far-off land,
While he sat for a while on a kitchen chair,
To free his shoes from stones and sand.

I recall just how his face 'lit up'
When he had made a simple sale,
Then he'd lift those packs by their creaking straps,
And trudge on -- o'er the dusty trails.

He would travel our stony highways
For a dozen years or more;
Then some day we'd miss his coming,
And hear that he'd 'bought himself a store.'

I often think of those 'old boys'
As I drive my old Dodge o'er the road;
I'm tired -- when I come in at night, but glad
I don't walk -- and carry his load.

Herbert H. Dewey, 1949.
The Rambling Poet of the North Country.

FROM THE COUNTY'S



CRACKER BARREL

(Including the names of all Town and Village Historians together with a continuing report of their activities.) BRASHER: (Mae Murray) Have completed tabulations in two abandoned cemeteries, four other active cemeteries, and part tabulations done in Fairview and St. Patrick's where hundreds are buried. My historical scrap books are up to date and I have an envelope file of material too large for a scrap book page. The second annual Tri Town (Brasher, Lawrence and Stockholm) Carnival held February 17, 18, and 19, was a huge success. The theme of the Carnival was "Around the World", and the floats in the parade depicted many countries, their religions and personalities. Unusual talent was shown in these floats. The carnival spirit prevailed in the villages of Brasher Falls and Winthrop, where crowds of people watched the snow mobile races, the hockey game, the dog races and the fire works. These carnivals show what ambitious citizens can do to promote good will, co-operation and entertainment in their towns. Much credit is due to the committees and their co-workers. CANTON: (Edward F. Heim) During the winter months we have spent most of our time at the Town Museum located in the Municipal Building on Main Street in Canton. We plan to be at the Museum each Tuesday and Thursday morning, however we do spend part of each morning at the Museum. As Historian my efforts during the winter have been directed to work on old and new newspapers. These clippings must be included in our Scrap Books and that takes time. We spend one hour or more each afternoon at home doing this work, and we begin to see that it pays off. In the Museum work report new gifts which we received during the past period are included. Our Museum is getting rather crowded, and we need more room if we are to continue to accept all the historical items offered to us. RENNELAER FALLS VILLAGE, Town of Canton: (Mrs. Nina Wilson). CLARE: (Mrs. Iris J. Fry). CLIFTON: (Mrs. Clara McKenney) Our oldest resident Mrs. Glencora Cross Wescott recently celebrated her 99th Birthday at the Barlow Nursing Home in Canton. She received a cake from Alton Barlow, owner of the Home. She has been a resident there since June 4, 1965. COLTON: (Mrs. Lorena Reed). DEKALB: (F.F.E. Walrath). RICHVILLE VILLAGE, Town of DeKalb: (Mrs. Georgiana Wranesh). DEPEYSTER: (Mrs. Nina Smithers). EDWARDS: (Miss Leah Noble) Have been having fun working on genealogies. "People On The Move" (travel through the years). FINE: (Mrs. Roland Brownell). FOWLER: (Dora Jean Yerdon). GOUVERNEUR: (Harold A. Storie) reports from Florida that he will be back in April. GOUVERNEUR VILLAGE, Town of Gouverneur: (Nelson B. Winters) Has completed arrangements for a photograph of the New York State Historical Marker in Fowler to be included in county publication encouraging tourism. Mr. Winters is attempting to find evidence of the existence between 1875 and 1890 of a Comfort family in or near Gouverneur. Any assistance from readers of the QUARTERLY would be welcome. HAMMOND: (Mrs. Donald Rutherford) Working on scrapbooks answering requests for background history on Cedar Island and Dark Island. Attended annual meeting of Association of Towns in New York in February and prepared a report to Town Board. HERMON: (Mrs. Harriet Jenne). HOPKINTON: (Mrs. Neva B. Day). LAWRENCE: (Mrs. Anna Cole) has been busy answering genealogical inquiries and working on scrap book. LISBON: (Mrs. Doreen Martin) Have been real busy learning what I am supposed to do as Town Historian. Enjoyed the meetings in New York at the Hotel Roosevelt, especially meeting other historians and hearing about their work. I am clipping newspapers and working on World War II service records. Have had two rather complicated genealogical requests. Have been given a real nice set of oxen collars, hand made with wooden pegs, etc., for the Museum at Richville.

These were donated by Mrs. Bessie Martin and were made and used by John Runions, Lisbon pioneer at Pine Grove, and whose original property Mrs. Martin now owns. Many thanks to you Bessie Martin. I would like to request that any families in Lisbon who have access to old family data, especially that found in old bibles, would copy such material and send it to me. I am starting a file of family names and this data would be filed under the correct family name. Such information would be valuable in responding to the many genealogical requests historians receive. Have had two articles published by Ogdensburg Journal and have plans for more. LOUISVILLE: (Mrs. Lorraine Bandy) Have been speaking to school pupils on History of Louisville, upon the teacher's requests, helping College Students and tourists, answering Genealogical survey inquiries; State and Town questionnaires; doing military records and paper clippings. MACOMB: (Willis Kittle). MADRID: (Mrs. Florence Fisher). MASSENA: (Mrs. Robert Eldon-Browne) During the past year 480 guests have signed our guest book, many left without signing so the figure is not complete. The resources of the office of Historian have been utilized by local school children, students from Potsdam and Plattsburgh State Teachers College for doing term papers, and we are building up an excellent collection of records of early education -- some dating back to 1813 -- a collection of old text books is growing, though some are in need of repair. We continue to file all clippings for civic, religious, and other organizations, family reunions, High School graduate reunions, and we have started a new scrap book of brides, their photos and write up. We feel this will be of deep interest in later years. Our only dismal spot is the local "Yorker Club". Their program is at the level of money raising for an annual trip or outing. Perhaps the picture will change next year. Gathering information on the military records, while not always complete, at least we have the names and service, and other information from newspaper clippings. These have been made into scrapbooks, and brought up to January 1967. MORRISTOWN: (Awaiting Appointment). NORFOLK: (Mrs. Edith VanKennen) Assisted one of our town girls, a sophomore at Potsdam State Teachers College, with material for her term paper. It was a great satisfaction to find that she got an "A". Several pictures of our schools in the Norwood-Norfolk Central system both in former and present times helped to make up a lovely folder. She also received help from our Potsdam Historian, Mrs. Lyman who lives in our school district. OSWEGATCHIE: (Mrs. Persis Boyesen) sorted and filed historical and genealogical clippings. HEUVELTON VILLAGE, Town of Oswegatchie: (Mrs. Ida Downing) Sent several newspapers over 100 years old, also two dresses by County Historian to the Association. PARISHVILLE: (Mrs. Elsie Bresee) Work has consisted of collecting scrap book items, working on Genealogies, and articles on town transportation (plank and corduroy roads, etc.). PIERCEFIELD: (Mrs. Beulah Dorothy). PIERREPONT: (Awaiting Appointment). PITCAIRN: (Awaiting Appointment). POTSDAM: (Susan C. Lyman) Work with students occupy a great deal of my time, happily. Presented a lengthy first report to the Town of Potsdam Board in January. Their support is very gratifying and encouraging. Working as usual on routine projects, clipping, etc., and spring project. One Norwood high school girl, Penny Hollinger, is giving many hours time in pasting. Within three months two Norwood men have given their lives in Viet Nam, Douglas Murray, November 5, 1966 and Douglas Colbert, February 16, 1967. ROSSIE: (Mrs. Frances Gardner) Been clipping, sorting and pasting items into scrapbooks. Working on cemetery files. Gave annual report to Town Board, County Historian and State. RUSSELL: (Mrs. Jeanette Barnes) I am very busy getting my material ready to write my story, which will be in the Quarterly

(Continued to Page 22)

Cracker Barrel

(Continued from Page 21)

this year. Have a lot of mail to answer and information to send. I am also working on my scrap book. **STOCKHOLM:** (Mrs. Hazel Chapman) We the people in Stockholm are justly proud we have a town board who is man enough to stand up for the rights and morals of the people by denying the Circle G Ranch Nudist Camp not to be built. **WADDINGTON:** (Mrs. Ethel Olds) I attended the meetings of the History Section of the New York State Association of Towns held in New York, Feb. 6 - 8. For most Town Historians it was the first meeting with Dr. Louis L. Tucker, recently appointed Assistant Commissioner for State History. At one session details of a comprehensive plan for a study of historical and architectural landmarks were presented by Mrs. Christopher Kelly of Oneida County. A tour of the Federal Hall Memorial, The Stock Exchange, Fraunces Tavern and Trinity Church was an interesting feature of the conference.

Yorker Cracker Barrel

CANTON: Foote Followers -- Our Club is planning to attend the district meeting on April 8 in Potsdam N. Y. We are also having various sound films of New York State. Various discussions take place during most of our meetings, these talks are about problems of our state. **GOUVERNEUR:** Marble Village Yorkers are continuing to work on the Club project. A committee has written a new, more detailed Constitution. Another committee completed a bulletin board and several worked out a program for the Gouverneur Historical Society. **LISBON:** Both St. Lawrence Chapters enjoyed parties during February with games and refreshments. Writing contest awards were presented to Mark Thompson, grade 7 and Claudia Abbrid, Meribeth Seamen, Marsha Snyder and Elizabeth Wallace of grade 8 at an assembly program February 23. We are very proud of each one. Mark's and Claudia's were \$5 awards and the others were subscriptions to St. Lawrence County Quarterly. Projects are the order of the day. Jack Teele wrote a review of Yorker work in Lisbon for the school paper. **POTSDAM:** The Benjamin Raymond Club has enjoyed a trip to Crown Point and Ticonderoga - 80 strong, last fall. We have two volunteers working at the Museum. We have enjoyed a talk by Mrs. George Little on local history. We will be host to the Adirondack District Jamboree on April 8.

LOCAL HISTORICAL ASSOCIATIONS

There have been no meetings of the Grasse River Historical Association since last spring, due to lack of interest. Those present at the last meeting voted to use the funds at hand toward paying for a plaque for the Rushton Boat Shop that is to be erected this spring. -- Frank Crary. **GOUVERNEUR:** Mr. William Eichorn, RFD, Gouverneur, was elected President of the Gouverneur Association in November after the retirement of Harold A. Storie. -- Harold A. Storie. **NORWOOD:** Since our annual meeting, we have been busy in a quiet way, researching, writing, answering letters from all over the U.S. and even a phone call from a man in Alaska. Was very thrilled to be presented, by my son-in-law, Howard B. Moshier, Denmark, N. Y., with a copy of Henry Ward Beecher's novel, **NORWOOD**. This is the novel which inspired the name by which our little community is known. We continue to work toward the goal of a large commemoration of our Centennial in 1971, and our mentor, Mrs. Carroll L. Chase, will resume her land-title research this summer when she returns to Norwood from her winter home in Cambridge, Mass. -- Susan C. Lyman.

GENE ALOLOGY CORNER

The Historians' biggest job is answering requests for "family tree" information. Here are a few of the families currently being researched. If anyone has any information on these families, already researched parts of families, please get in touch with your town historian or the County Historian, Box 43, Canton.

Earle family; Hermon and Edwards
King, Marshall families; DePeyster, Oswegatchie
Van Buren
Goodenough; Potsdam
Austin; Potsdam; Richville
Church; Massena
Baker, Grandy
Giffin; Heuvelton, Oswegatchie
Hutchins; Russell, Massena
Sayer; Macomb
Blount; Canton
Goodwin
Bullis; Canton
Foote, Mason; Canton
Stowell, Solomon; Fine
Hamlin, Hamblin
Rev. Absalom Mosher
Pierce, Thomas and Bestor; Potsdam
Haskins; Richville
Bosworth, Richville
Ashwood; Ogdensburg
Flack, Wallace families; Lisbon
Starks, Hurd families; Rossie
Child; Hammond
Comfort; Gouverneur
Crawford; Gouverneur
Livingston; Malone, Hermon
Place, Waterbury, Kentner families; Louisville
Redington, George; Waddington
Fuller, Wilson families, DePeyster, Macomb
Kezar, Victory families; Massena
Bellamy; Ogdensburg
Brott (Bratt); Fowler, Gouverneur
Dashner
Dishaw (DeShaw)
Eaton, Sidney;
Emerson, Carter families; Canton
Farr; Canton
Farrar, (Ferrar); Lisbon, Lawrence, Hopkinton
L'Hommedieu (Homedew)
Lee; Brasher
Vrooman (Vroman)
Wyman; Norwood
Stafford, Myres families; Lisbon

**Have You
Contributed
To The
Building Fund ?**

No news from Norwood museum-wise, but we are still hoping for a suitable and safe place to exhibit and store items which interested persons are willing to give us.

With housecleaning in the offing, we urge people not to throw out any attic accumulations of papers, documents, etc. until Mrs. Bancroft or Mrs. Lyman sees them. If in doubt, call before discarding, please. Several items rescued from a bon fire are of the utmost importance to village students doing a term paper on the history of the schools. One persons junk may be your historian's treasure!

DORIS BROWN PLANTY**Aug. 29, 1905 - Mar. 4, 1967**

Doris doing what she enjoyed most. Shown with then Senator Robert C. McEwen and County Historian Nina W. Smithers at the dedication of the historic marker in Morristown, Sept. 22, 1963.

SHE PLANNED EVEN THE WEATHER. . .

No one can measure the loss of a valued member such as Doris Planty. Her detailed work, dedicated enthusiasm and fund of ideas were unique. We were all the recipients of this dedication.

It was even said that Doris planned the weather for our successful tours each summer. It was a rare day that dared be anything but beautiful for her plans. We even thought we had a little good luck charm on our shoulder as each tour outshone the last.

Doris was a stickler for details. Each had to be planned well in advance, nothing was forgotten or omitted. And if she could complete the arrangements with the least cost to the member possible, she was even happier. We have all been the richer for knowing the near and far reaches of our own county, nearby counties and even our neighbor to the North. We have looked at our own bailiwicks with a fresh eye after a planned tour in our hometowns. Doris helped make it so.

Her consuming interest during the past few years was getting and showing off a place for our many artifacts. Her excitement and interest in the building in Richville led her to suggest at the last annual meeting that each historian initiate a local money-raising idea during the winter for its benefit and bring the results at an in-gathering day there in June. We are going ahead with Doris' plans for the June Open House in Richville. Many have sent contributions in her memory to the Special Building Fund to add to those memorials already designated for past historians there. Anyone may add to this memorial to carry on the work in which Doris was so vitally interested.

-- MHB

LOCAL HISTORICAL MUSEUMS

The Town of Canton has an Historical Museum located on the second floor of the new Municipal Building on Main Street in Canton. Historian Ed Heim has planned to be in the Museum on Tuesday and Thursday mornings each week or by appointment.

During 1966 numerous historical items were received and reported in the Cracker Barrel column of the Quarterly.

Since the first of the year we have had many visitors, on Jan. 5 by appointment, 20 members of Brownie Troop No. 32 came with Mrs. John Oliver, III; on Jan. 9, Pack No. 54 of the Presbyterian Church, three separate groups with their Den Mothers of six adults, and Leader Garry Kelly of Canton spent the afternoon; on Jan 16, Mrs. Fred Wilder brought a group of Brownies from the Methodist Church. All these young people asked questions and were pleased to be able to handle the various items which we had set out for the display.

Recent gifts to our Museum include a framed Diploma awarded to Clark Goodnough in 1898 by the Albany College of Pharmacy. This was found in the basement of the former Russell Drug store on Main Street by Roger Stone and given to us for safe keeping.

Mrs. Owen (Helen Proctor) Clay of Everett, Wash., sent us a package containing a copy of Hough's History of St. Lawrence and Franklin Counties a very valuable addition to our collection; a copy of a book, "The Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence" printed in 1886; several copies of "Youths Companion" dated 1848; and the Boys Journal printed in Ogdensburg in 1885.

Mrs. Arthur Haas of Syracuse sent a group of pictures of Pyrites showing people and places and buildings, which were new to us here.

Mrs. Anna Sergeant of Canton sent a picture of the Olin District School made many years ago. Miss Mae Paro is listed as the Teacher and there are nineteen students with names listed.

Mrs. Robert Crowell of Canton gave a talk to the New-comers Group of our Colleges, mostly Faculty wives and Teachers. We loaned a number of pictures and history of our Old Homes to help fill out the material already available, a very successful meeting.

We have a large locked display case in the Hall on the first floor of our Building and have made an effort to change the display each month. For February we have had a Lincoln, Washington and Valentine display which caused considerable favorable comment.

Also for our Museum Mr. Ralph Heinzen, Editor of the "Plaindealer," holds out a copy of the newspaper each week and at the end of the year he sends these to a bookbinding concern for us. We pay for the binding of these papers and now have four books containing all copies of the "Plaindealer" from 1963 to date. We are grateful to Mr. Heinzen for the complete newspaper history of our town. Our friends at the N. Y. State University sorority have clipped newspapers for us since early 1962 when the Former Town Hall burned with all contents. Without their help we would have little record of Our Town. We are grateful.

The Potsdam Museum has been closed for a time during which the walls have been painted an off white and the floor a red tile. All rugs were cleaned and the cases placed at angles so the whole appearance is changed and greatly improved. The grand re-opening was held Monday evening, March 6, when Mrs. Marie Woodman of Ogdensburg displayed and described her collection of African musical instruments which she and her husband, Dr. Berwyn Woodman obtained during their seven year stay as medical missionaries in Angola, Africa.

The museum and staff are looking forward to the Yorkers Jamboree which is to be held in Potsdam, Saturday, April 8 and will make a tour of the museum.

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