

# The Quarterly

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE ST. LAWRENCE COUNTY HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION



THE SPRING, AND THE BATH-HOUSE, MASSENA SPRINGS.

Special Summer Fun Issue

July 1968

# The Quarterly

Official Publication of The St. Lawrence County Historical Assn.

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ON THE COVER

Massena Springs as it appeared in 1850. See story on page seventeen.

# of such is the Kingdom of Music

By EUGENE HATCH

Last year in connection with the centennial celebration of the first Presbyterian Church of Gouverneur a recital was given by the church organist, Mrs. William Foster. The recital featured works of Prof. William Sudds, the gifted composer who was sometime an organist of that church.

The First Baptist Church is proud to share with this church the work of this distinguished musician. He was the Baptist church organist and choir leader for several years around 1894 and he was then a nationally known composer of music and a virtuoso of the organ and violin.

A list of Professor Sudds' works shows a prodigious number -- more than 400 -- ranging through the whole spectrum of musical forms. Among them are overtures, marches, waltzes, gavottes, polkas, galops and many more. His church anthems are notable as are his musical settings for a number of poems. His piano and reed organ instruction manuals undoubtedly had an important influence on the young musicians of the '80's and '90's.

William Sudds' musical compositions found a ready demand by the famous musical publisher, Oliver Ditson of Boston, and by Theodore Presser of New York. A letter from Ditson which Sudds prized reads, "Friend Sudds: Any piano pieces of yours will always be acceptable, for you have shown more ability in this line of composition than any man in America other than Gottschalk." So by this musical authority Ditson, Mr. Sudds was one of the two most noted composers of our post-Civil War period, high praise indeed. Louis Gottschalk died at age 30 in 1869, perhaps now chiefly remembered for his air to the church hymn, "Holy Ghost, with Light Divine."

## BORN IN ENGLAND

William Sudds was born in London in 1843. When he was very young, his parents came with him to America, then settled on a farm near Gouverneur. At 15 the boy was playing several instruments, among them a violin, guitar, flute, cornet, and violoncello. Even at that age he showed exceptional musical ability.

When the Civil War began, he promptly answered his new country's call by enlisting in Scott's 900, a cavalry outfit. He had managed to carry with him in his baggage an old battered cornet and he practiced on this treasured instrument every spare moment, sometimes to neglect of his mount.

The regiment's bandmaster one day, passing by, overheard young Sudds' musical effort and impressed he secured a place for him in the regimental band. In the course of war Scott's 900 quartered before New Orleans. Here William suffered an illness. Upon his convalescence he received piano lessons from an excellent French pianist in the city.

It is said that while with the army, he composed one of his first pieces -- a dirge for the band to play at a soldier's funeral, a creditable effort though it was composed in haste since the regiment's bandmaster had left at the last moment and had taken with him the music planned for the occasion.

## MUSICAL STUDY

He returned home after the War but remained only a short time. He had decided on a life of music and he felt that he needed to learn more. The Boston Conservatory, then as now, was one of the country's leading advanced schools of music, and to this place he went. At the completion of his course there he came back to his hometown of Gouverneur and plunged into varied musical activities with his characteristic energy and enthusiasm.

In a few years he had courted Miss Elma Bond, attractive daughter of Edwin P. Bond and they were married. The Bonds came to Gouverneur with the family possessions early by oxcart from Vermont after the first Edwin's marriage to Matilda Smith.

They first settled on the Little Bow Road. A few years later the family moved to the farmstead they had purchased on Gravel Road, or Kearney Road as it is now known. (See "The Bond Farm" in the Quarterly, July 1967). Here in a few years,



PROF. W. F. SUDDS.

the first log cabin home was replaced by a comfortable frame house, which remained in the Bond family until a few years ago. Good management and hard work brought prosperity. The son Capt. Edwin P. Bond, father of Elma had as a young man joined the New York State Militia in the 243rd Regiment. On Jan. 14, 1837 he was promoted to lieutenant of the regiment, his commission being signed by Gov. William L. Marcy and countersigned by his colonel James H. Hazelton. He was commissioned captain on June 20, 1839, this document being signed by Gov. William H. Seward and Adj. Gen. Rufus King. This commission seems to have been honorary as Capt. Bond did not serve actively in the Militia. Following Army service he returned to Gouverneur to operate the family farm and later retired to Gouverneur village.

The Edwin Bonds were Baptists, and Mrs. Bond's name is inscribed as one of the donors of the beautiful Lily Window, a gem of stained glass artistry that was set in the east wall of the sanctuary when the marble Baptist Church was erected in 1894.

When Edwin P. Bond moved to town, he built a spacious home of mellow red brick on Barney St. a fine example of an early Civil War period town house, and now the residence of Atty. and Mrs. Edward Case. To this home after their marriage on Aug. 27, 1867 William and Elma Sudds came to live with her parents.

## SEMINARY TEACHER

The professor plunged at once into a life of musical activity that seems amazingly busy; he was for a time head of the music department of Gouverneur Seminary, he accepted private music pupils (with a record of over 30 pupils in 1878), he organized and directed for years the Gouverneur Choral Union, a music group that would have done credit to a much larger town. In addition he was church organist, choir master and composer. Occasionally he was invited to other places to conduct concerts or to give an organ recital.

The Gouverneur Historical Association has several programs from the Sudds papers, loaned by town historian Harold Storie. Among these is a program of a concert at Fulton, N. Y. where he not only conducted a concert, but gave the premier of a waltz he had composed for the occasion and named "Fulton Echoes."

With all his great artistic ability William Sudds possessed a good business sense. He opened a store in the old Union Hall block, later the Papayanokos Theater on Church Street. Here he offered for sale a variety of musical instruments, including



pianos. An important feature of the business was the sale of the Sudds reed organs. Frequently he loaded one of these organs on a horse-drawn vehicle and went into the countryside to make sales. These organs were of out of town manufacture to Prof. Sudds' specifications and were shipped to his music store.

His business prospered, but to the bustling store keepers and to the hard working farmers who had little time for music it may have seemed a little strange that a grown man could spend his time profitably on such a 'light' pastime as instrumental music. Playing music, perhaps to them, was an accomplishment for their daughters. At that time the more prosperous homes boasted a piano or reed organ in the parlor.

My grandfather Porter Johnson of Russell came one day to the Sudds music store. He had in mind to buy a piano or reed organ for his daughters, my future mother and aunt. The sweet-toned reed organ Sudds sold him stood resplendent in the parlor of the Johnson home, lavishly decorated with busy scroll work and ornamental shelves. On the console was printed in conspicuous Old English lettering "W. F. Sudds, Gouverneur, N. Y."

What manner of man was William F. Sudds? Searching for an answer to this question, a friend directed me to two Gouverneur residents, Mrs. Etta Bond, whose husband was Mrs. Sudds brother, and to a niece of Mrs. Sudds, Mrs. Ruth Jones. She lived at the Professor's home while she attended school. Each lady is a sprightly 80 years young and each recalled many interesting incidents in this man's life. In person William was a tall, wellformed man with large frame. Blue eyes looked out from regular facial features. He wore a moustache and a slight beard, known as an Imperial. On the conductor's podium, or on the concert stage before an audience, he was doubtless a commanding figure. Both ladies describe him as being very English, wearing the characteristic reserve of the nationality

like an invisible coat of armor, a concealed shyness often taken for arrogance. With his friends and with his family at home, however, he would unbend and sometimes make jokes.

Devoted to his household, he kept himself informed about their problems and when he noticed what he considered a need, he would quietly approach the person and write him a check.

#### SENSITIVE POET

Mr. Sudds is described as temperate, but no total abstainer. He had a good library and had read much so that he was well informed. Verses have a rhythm, too, as well as music so it is not surprising that the professor sometimes wrote poems. The few poems of his that exist are chiefly satirical and humorous, but he could write more serious lines as the following incident shows:

One day while he was raking his lawn dressed in everyday attire, Mrs. Ann Aldrich was passing by. She greeted him, paused, and in a bantering tone alluded to him as an old person. He answered by reciting to her this fine poem, his own --

"When April, with her dropping rain,  
Scatters no gladness in my brain  
And summer can no more unbind  
The leaves and blossoms of my mind,  
Then call me old, but not till then  
Tho I've outlived three lives of men."

For several poems he loved he wrote beautiful musical settings. Among them "It isn't raining rain to me, it's raining daffodils" and "O, That We Two Were Maying."

These humorous verses of members of the Baptist Church choir appear in the Gouverneur Centennial History (1905) and were penned by Professor Sudds:

"Now Freddy and Eddie the kids of our Choir

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Prof. Sudds is violinist in center of this ensemble.

# Legend of Sylvia Lake

## Who Was Sylvia ?

By ISABELLE HANCE, Historian, Town of Fowler

Sylvia Lake is a body of crystal clear water, 318.8 acres in extent, sounded to a depth of at least 160 feet. It is spring fed within itself, having no inlet stream of sufficient size to deserve the name. The shore line is beautiful, being lined with trees, high rocks, and also some sandy beaches. Just a few minutes drive from Gouverneur, it is comparatively easy to reach.

But if a French refugee, Monsieur François DePau, his wife and two daughters had not met Theodosius Fowler, this small but picturesque lake would probably still be known as Lake Killarney. Even though there are several versions of their story, the one that seems the most substantiated is the following:

About 1800, Monsieur DePau, his wife, and two daughters Amelia and Silvia, sailed for America to escape the French Revolution. Madame DePau was a daughter of Count DeGrasse, the French officer in command at Yorktown when Cornwallis surrendered, bringing a victorious close to the American War for Independence.

The DePaus were met in New York by Theodosius Fowler. His son, also named Theodosius, and Amelia were thrown much into each others society because of the friendship of the two families. Soon the friendship turned into romance and their betrothal was announced.

### SYLVIA LAKE (LAKE KILLARNEY)

Theodosius made a journey to the Fowler Tract, a part of the Kilkenny Tract, about 1814. The Fowler property included what was known then as Lake Killarney. Just when the name became Sylvia Lake no one is sure.

Mr. Fowler wished his son to take over his holdings, but Theodosius refused to make it his home unless his father built him a fine house. The elder Fowler consented and commenced the building of what was to become "the Mansion" in about 1816.

The story is that while the Mansion was being built, Amelia returned to France to purchase a trousseau, and M. DePau and her sister Silvia journeyed to the new home to help prepare it for the couple. Silvia and Theodosius were in daily consultation about plans for Amelia's return.

One day while they were canoeing, their canoe tipped over; he was only able to get her to shore after she had disappeared twice beneath the waters of the lake. This happening brought it firmly to mind how much Silvia meant to him. The younger sister had replaced the elder in his affections, and he resolved to marry her. The parents did not object seriously, so the wedding took place.

### DIFFERING VERSIONS

This version of the romance is denied by some. Old deeds given to early settlers show the signatures of Theodosius and Amelia Fowler, his wife.

Some state that later in life, following Silvia's death, Theodosius married his first love, Amelia. Another story is that Silvia committed suicide by drowning in Sylvia Lake, when her sister and Theodosius were married. So it is hard to know which stories have any foundation, and which are the products of a romantic mind.

The Mansion itself was erected on the southwesterly side of the lake. The building, colonial or English in design was constructed of stone which was quarried a short distance from the building site and was three stories high with two porches extending across the front of the building, the lower one being covered with lattice work. Although the front of the house did not face the lake, there was another porch in the rear. A furnace heated the house, together with several fireplaces.

There was a drive lined with trees and rose bushes. A stone wall which was built around part of the grounds held an imprint of a bottle. One of the workers had evidently laid a bottle in the wall while it was being built. Several of our Senior citizens recall picnics on the grounds of the Old Mansion.



THE MANSION FROM AN OLD SKETCH

THE LAKE

Among the first camps built were those of Hiram Woodcock of Fullerville; the Wight cottage, for many years owned by Bena Wight; the Abbott cottage, built by three Abbott brothers; that of the Keller brothers of Fullerville which was built near the old Mansion grounds. Those of Robinson, Drumb, Rogers, Parker, Hazelton, Carpenter, Cole, Storrin and Laidlaw were also some of the earlier camps. Now there are approximately 121 camps around the lake.

TRANSPORT

Sylvia Lake has seen a good many types of aquatic transportation, one of the most interesting being a steamboat operated over 75 years ago by Henry Keyes who resided on a farm in Fowler. Mrs. Anna Thompson (90 years young) recalls having a ride on it. It was later taken to Ogdensburg drawn on "bobs" by a team of horses.

Ina (Davis) Johnson remembers her father's rowing a boat around to the cottages, taking orders in the morning, and delivering them later in the day. Mr. Davis owned a store at Kellogg's Corners.

For a short time there was a seaplane owned by Glenn VanValkenburg and Donald Finley of Fowler. Joe Duchano of Balmat has had two houseboats on the lake. One of them was 28 1/2 feet long, 10 feet 4 inches wide. It was built with 8/8 timbers. It had a 10 h.p. inboard engine with a forward and reverse and a steering wheel in the front. It was equipped as a trailer, sleeping two inside and two outside. Mr. Duchano also built three camps as well as the two houseboats.

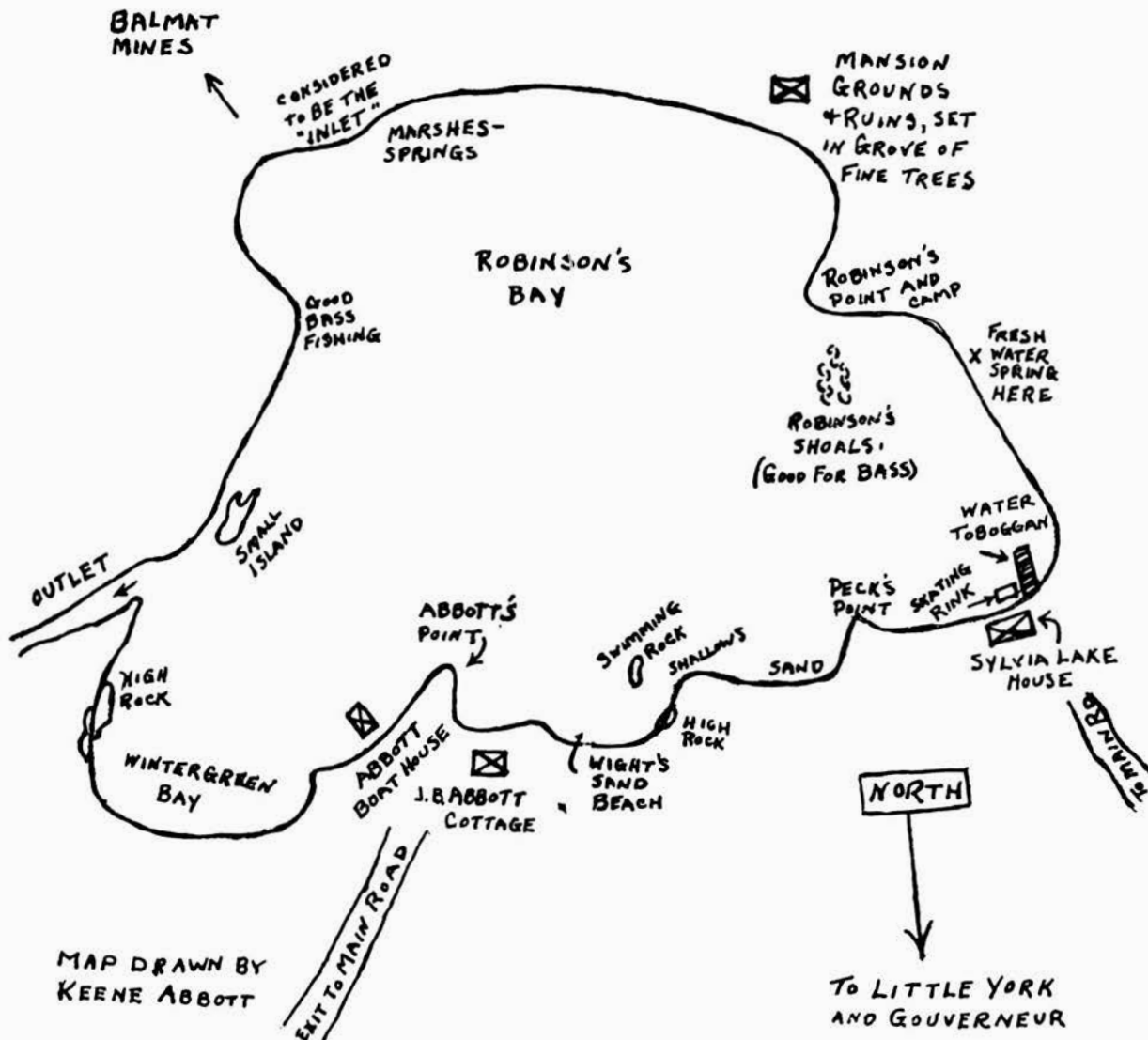
There has also been the usual assortment of sailboats, canoes and motor boats. Water skiing has become a popular sport in the past few years.

As soon as fishing season opens, the local "Izaak Walton's" are out in full force for the lake trout. At one time there was a club house owned by the Sylvia Lake Fish and Game Club.



Houseboat was owned and built by Joe Duchano of Balmat (This photo was loaned by Joe Duchano)

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# The Show must go on

## Circus, a Summer Treat

By LEE N. FULLER

It started out like any other circus day at the office, the city editor assigning a reporter to cover arrival of the circus, the photographer directed to get a couple of good shots, one at the railroad yards and the other on the circus lot. The advance man had left a generous book of passes, but there never were enough to go around. The city staff, publisher, editor, managing editor and top echelon in the advertising and circulation departments had been taken care of with passes to the reserved seat sections opposite the center ring.

Printers sauntered into the city room, sidled up to the city desk and asked in an apologetic manner: "What's the chance of getting a couple of passes?"

The city editor handed out a couple of tickets to the blue seats, the hard uncomfortable planks at either end of the arena.

"Could you make it three? Want to take the kid."

"Sorry, but not a chance."

When the last pass had been given out the city editor felt relieved. Now he could say "No" with a clear conscience.

But miles away circus day was not normal. The big show was making a jump from Montreal to Ogdensburg, N. Y. It was during prohibition days and the border was closely watched by customs inspectors, prohibition enforcement officers and immigration service.

As an accommodation to the circus management, customs and immigration officers boarded the circus trains at Montreal and "worked" the four sections on the way to the United States border, inspecting baggage and asking questions of the circus personnel. This was in the days of the big circus which showed under canvas, and its heavily loaded wagons were for the most part hauled from the railroad yards to the lot by teams of eight to ten horses.

While performers represented many nationalities, they carried identification papers which enabled them to enter the United States. Customs inspectors on the train unearthed several bottles of liquor which were clearly contraband. If there were a few which easily could be detected, it was a certainty that there would be more. The hundred cars which made up the circus trains could have been bringing in the biggest load of contraband liquor since the start of prohibition.

The train steamed across the international bridge at Cornwall and came to a stop. This was no ordinary passage through customs. The conventional tourist was asked a few questions as to his nationality and whether he had made any purchases in Canada, particularly liquor.

More customs men swarmed over the train and more liquor was found. It was stashed away in rolls of canvas which disgruntled circus men were forced to unroll. It was in chests and trunks. Wild animal cages contained not only lions and tigers, but bottles of liquor and animal keepers were ordered to retrieve them. The big cats, awakened from their sleep were in no amiable mood as poles were poked between the bars of the cages. They struck viciously and snarled and spit their indignation. Performers protested in a dozen different languages and called customs inspectors such choice names as "pig" and "sons of camels."

Confiscated liquor was piled on the ground, closely guarded by customs men, wagons were reloaded and the first section pulled out, hours late.

In Ogdensburg the usual crowd of men and boys had gathered in the early morning to watch that most fascinating of sights, the "biggest show on earth" unloading and setting up its tents. Scheduled time for arrival had come and gone and there was no sign of the first section with its dining tents and mobile kitchen, first to be unloaded to give cooks a chance to prepare breakfast for a hungry circus crew, ready to raise the big top for the matinee performance.

Hours passed and at noon the first section had not arrived. It was obvious that there would be no matinee performance. Late in the afternoon the first section pulled into the yards, wagons came down the ramp and shortly the first of the circus rolled onto the lot.

Now the great tradition of the show business that "the show must go on," was exemplified. Only a major calamity could prevent the circus from erecting its city of canvas and giving the "towners" a performance. Nothing short of a complete blow-down could stop the show.

A bull-voiced announcer climbed to the top of a wagon and said that if the public would be patient a performance would be given. It would be late, but it would be complete.

More wagons rolled on the lot and smoke arose from the kitchen. The skeleton of the big top, the tall center poles, stood starkly against the sky. The staccato of sledge hammers on stakes, wielded by stripped-to-the-waist canvasmen, was heard on every side. Canvas was spread and the strength of working elephants hauled it to the top of the center poles, and the clatter of seats being slapped into place was heard.

### THE SHOW MUST GO ON

Everyone from the lowliest canvasman was imbued with the spirit of "the show must go on." What difference did it make if they had to move at double quick? They required no prodding from the bosses. It was a matter of pride. The show had not missed a date all season.

The flag on the dining tent went up and those who could spare the time ate a hasty meal and went back to work. Animal cages were wheeled into place and rigging for the aerial acts was hoisted to the top of the center poles.

The final section carrying the performers arrived, ticket wagons were opened and the crowd surged into the tent. Many of the performers had changed into costume before they left the train. It was long after starting time when Merle Evans, band leader, raised his baton and the fanfare of trumpets sounded. The "spec" entered from the connection to the back yard. Elephants lumbered along, perhaps at a quicker pace than usual, because they also seemed to have been imbued with the spirit. Horses, clowns and performers paraded around the ring and a mighty cheer went up from the audience, a tribute to the upholding of the tradition of the show business.

Act followed act and performers seemed to give their best efforts. Not an act was omitted and the final aerial extravaganza had scarcely been completed before workmen swarmed over the tent, removing seats and lowering canvas and loading it in wagons. It was nearly dawn before the last wagon left the lot, but the jump was a short one. It was another day and the tradition of the circus had been upheld, the show went on.

There were regrets that the hard earned money which had been spent for Canadian liquor was represented by piles of confiscated bottles at the border. But it might have been worse. No one was arrested for bringing in liquor.

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### NOTICE

Preparation is nearly completed for a 12-year index of material in the QUARTERLY. This is the work of several dedicated persons, and will be sent to all current members as a 1968 bonus. Additional copies will be mailed to all libraries and may be purchased for 75¢ a copy. This will be same size as regular issues for binding ease.

"up-river conscious"

# Canton and Cold Springs

By ATWOOD MANLEY

For forty years, 1877 to 1917 (more or less), Canton was canoeing conscious. This was during the heyday of Canton's Rushton boat shop fame, both nationally and internationally.

It was but natural that as those graceful cedar pleasure boats and canoes came in unending line from that shop door that Cantonians took to the water in eager pursuit of recreation.

Those were the days when folks locally were "up-river" minded, when the shores of the Little River near the old Park Street iron bridge were lined with boathouses; when all the way from the mouth of Little River clear to Woodcock's Rapids -- four miles upstream on the Grass, cottages dotted the shores.

For Canton this was its summer spa, the summer cottages, the picnic spots, healthful pastime and sporting -- as well as paddling with one's girl friend.

The first of those cottage colonies sprang up at Woodcock's Rapids. There under the prodding of J. B. Ellsworth, and the enthusiasms of such young bluebloods as Will and Ben Kip, Ira Davis and John Jackson, a log cabin, "The Orphanage", became a rendezvous.

The Gilmore, Kip & other families erected summer cottages. This became the center of Canton's summerland. Later all the way down-stream other colonies took shape, other cottages and camps sprang up, such as at Cold Springs, Nickerson's Bend, the Mile Stretch and Bassett's Woods (Woodmere), and Farmer's Woods just above today's SLU sandbanks.

The dam of the Canton Lumber Company below Leigh's Falls Bridge backed the water up. Boating was excellent, except for an occasional "deadhead" or the logging booms. One could jump the booms in a canoe if he were daring, clever and willing to chance a ducking.

During most of the 1880's and all of the 1890's, and up to 1910 "the goose hung high" so far as this part of Canton life was concerned. Rushton built a long boathouse at Little River bridge, with stalls for up to thirty boats and canoes. This all went up in fire later on. The Judge Russell family owned a large and well-built boathouse. Others had such coverage for their Rushton crafts.

Captain Farnham ran daily round-trips in his steam passenger yacht, clear to Woodcock's Rapids. Later on a new and larger boat livery graced the south shore of Little River at the Bridge, in fact two.

One of these was at one time operated by Frank Burdo shortly after the turn of the century. A larger and growing boathouse complex arose right beside the Bridge. This was Winnie Taylor's Boat Livery.

Winnie came out with his in-board marine engine launch, the "U-Auto-Go" in which he took parties up-river, either to their summer cottages, or on picnics, or just on round-trip boat rides.

Winnie's greatest concern was his fear that his boat might become "tuck on a tandbar". Winnie was short, stout, voluble, accommodating and had a slight lisp. His boathouse grew and grew in size. His dockage lengthened. Then he built four ports, boathouses with slips into which one could pilot his motor boat, or "putt-putt" as those first two-cycle inboards were called.

Canton really went the whole hog in its boating enthusiasms. Up-river canoeing was a "must" for College and Aggie students over many years. Winnie did a big business renting canoes, Rushton's of course.

Shortly after the turn of the century Cold Springs became the mecca. Here a lively group of fellows, old and young, built their place of weekend rendezvous, a cottage perched high in the knoll just back of the spring. It was called "The Bunch."

Those were the days of Stan Barbour and his side-kick, Canton's young mechanical wizard, "Pont" Williams, today a trustee emeritus of St. Lawrence University.

Downstream from the Springs that stretch of shoreline on the south bank where the cedars, pines and spruce still grow, stood a line of summer cottages. There some ten or fifteen Canton families summered, the women staying put and the men folk commuting morning and evening by boat, putt-putt or canoe.

When Rushton's celebrated "Indian Girl" canvas canoes came into popularity, those graceful craft dotted the river in great numbers. These canoes were the favorites of students and young folks.

It was in one of these that Sidney Rushton, younger of J. Henry's two sons, installed a two-cycle gasoline engine. Fortunately the canoe was of the sponsoon type, with air tanks along both sides.

That Sunday when Sid gave the engine's flywheel its first whirl and the spark took hold was a moment of spectacular action. That canoe headed straight for the shore. Amid yells and warnings Sid and his partner managed to pivot the canoe.

Such didos and circles it cut there in front of Taylor's for a few split seconds! Then, Sid somehow managed to get it pointed down stream still topside on top, and to resounding cheers of the assembly he was on his way to Cold Springs -- in a great rush.

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U-AUTO-GO BOAT ON GRASS RIVER, CANTON, N. Y.



# Madrid Springs



The Madrid Indian Medicinal and Mineral Springs Co. which was recently incorporated has begun to install improved machinery and equipment which will make it possible for it to take care of the increased business under the new management and increased capital back of the enterprise. It has just completed the work of installing an improved power pump which has a capacity of 1,400 gallons an hour. The pump is connected with both springs and arranged with a cutoff. The laying of 600 feet of piping connecting the pump at the plant with the springs was completed Saturday. G. P. Horsford, a local designer and secretary of the company, has just perfected a tri-color design showing the profile of the Indian which will soon appear on all labels and printed matter of the company as a trademark. The design is original with Mr. Horsford, the features being pictured as he saw them when touring the west.

The springs alluded to were not discovered and made known to the public until just after the War of the Rebellion. Their waters are strongly impregnated with iron and other ingredients and are said to be beneficial in many human ailments. A hotel is kept at the springs by James Reed and a post office named Madrid Springs is established there with C. A. Chandler as postmaster. The latter also has a store and feedmill.

(From an undated scrapbook of the late Guy Horsford)

## THE MADRID SPRINGS COMPANY

MADRID, N. Y.

CELEBRATED MINERAL WATER

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NER-VITA AND OTHER  
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at Madrid, N. Y.



Presented by G. P. HORSFORD

Guy P. Horsford, our facile water colorist, has been visited again by the Muse, and his consequent production is an Indian head of rare beauty. Taking as a type the Sioux warrior, he has painted a head in full war costume, in which he seems to have caught very happily not only the Indian plumes, the oiled locks and the war paint, but also the characteristic pose and expression of the once dreaded chief of the western plains, all in rich tints. Set in an oval, a sign is designed for the Madrid Springs bearing appropriate words blocked tastily in light green body and fancy type form that proclaim the artist in every line. Mr. Horsford has accomplished something truly remarkable, in our estimation, in the design of this piece. We are informed that he intends to secure a copyright on it.

### A GAME OF CROQUET

The Kind All of Us Have Played at One Time or Another.

"Whose turn is it?"

"Maude's."

"No it isn't."

"Yes it is -- Janie played last."

"I thought red came before blue, and -- "

"That was a splendid hit, Maude."

"Now play for Fred's ball, and knock him away from me, and --"

"No, don't! Play for the side wicket; you can go right through it."

"If I were you, Maude, I'd -- ha, ha, you missed it."

"Isn't it provoking?"

"Ha, ha, ha! See where Charlie has sent Fred's ball!"

"Good for you Charlie! Now send Janie's ball far as you can!"

"Oh, you mean old thing, you!"

"Now go through those two wickets -- here! that's splendid."

"Whose turn is it now?"

"Janie's."

"No -- yours."

"Oh, so it is! What am I thinking about? Pshaw! Isn't it provoking to just miss a wicket like that?"

"Isn't it though?"

"Now, Fred, don't you fail to hit the post, for the world!"

"Ha, ha, ha! He missed it!"

"Goody! Goody! We'll beat 'em yet Maude!"

"May be you will, sir! Oh, Charley, that was a lovely stroke! Now keep right on -- Oh, dear! dear! I'm so sorry you missed it!"

"Now, Janie, play for dear life -- oh, that's too bad!"

"Good!"

"Hal hal hal!"

"We've beat! We've beat! Hurrah!"

"Hal hal hal!"

"Splendid!"

Drake's Magazine, 1890's

# Grandfather Willow

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

As told to DJH, Oak Point

More than one hundred years ago when I was a mere whip a sturdy Pioneer brought me along with some cows from Canada in his sailing scow to the shore of the beautiful St. Lawrence river. There I grew to be a tremendous tree nourished by its pure clear water and carefully tended by the Old Pioneer.

While I was growing up I watched over the life around me. Little girls in sunbonnets and pinafores played on the edge of the river. As I grew up and made more shade they would sometimes take off the sunbonnets as they knew I wouldn't let the sun shine too hot on them.

Little boys learned to swim in the sandy bay. Loads of hay and farm produce passed by me on their way to the ships at the landing. From the ships the teams drew flour and sugar and coal for the growing community.

Time passed. I grew big and strong and now the little girls who played in my shade actually went bathing in "bathing" dresses, stockings, slippers and caps. I watched as the little boys grew up and launched their canoes and skiffs from my shore. A canoe ride with their "best girl" was a popular way of courtin'.

By now I was a very big tree and spread my branches over the road where couples walked arm in arm after the dances and mothers wheeled babies in wicker carriages with a little umbrella over the baby to keep the sun off. Robins made nests in my branches and raised their ravenous families there.

But now came my old age and I saw many different things. Now the girls wore bikinis and swam and dived and skied behind the powerful motor boats the boys drove. The young mothers drove fast cars, their babies beside them in little seats.

Some things remained the same. Little children continued to go to "the store" for candy; penny clutched in a sticky

hand. Robins continued to nest in my branches. But the docks and the ships were gone. Also the teams of horses, the skiffs and the dances. In their place were cars and cruisers and -- "woe is me," the chain saw.



WEEP FOR ME

This was my fate. I was murdered by a chain saw. Now, I am only an ugly stump but my dying wish is that my neighbors whose porches I shaded for many years may have the vision to plant other trees that generations to come may enjoy shade and beauty as they go to the store, or walk arm in arm after "meeting" or launch their boats from this shore. (This willow was planted in 1858 at Oak Point and victim of chain saw in 1967, at age 109. Girth was 19 feet".)

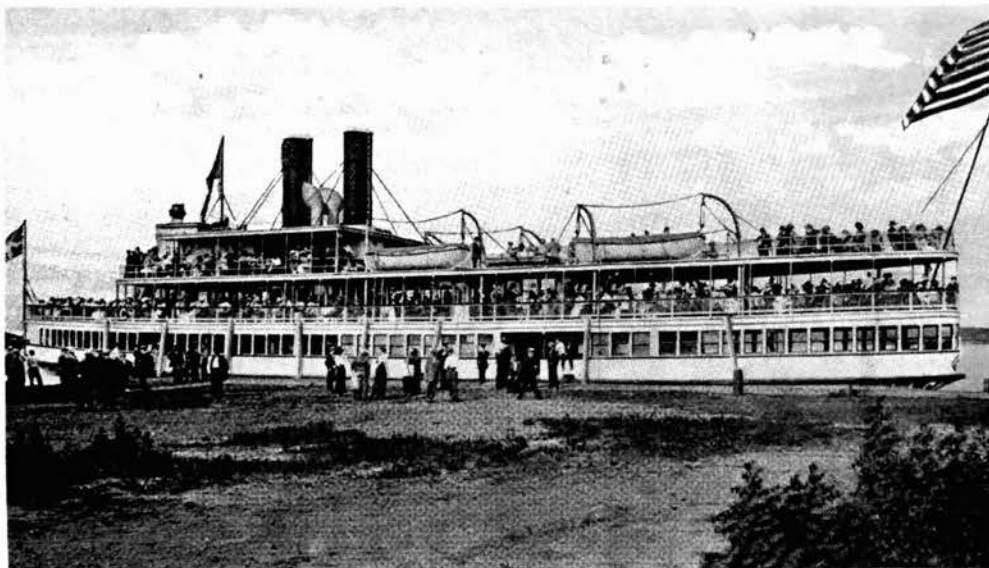


School Picnic In Richville



Old Beach and bathhouse about fifty years ago  
Sylvia Lake

(This photo loaned by Jane Kelley)

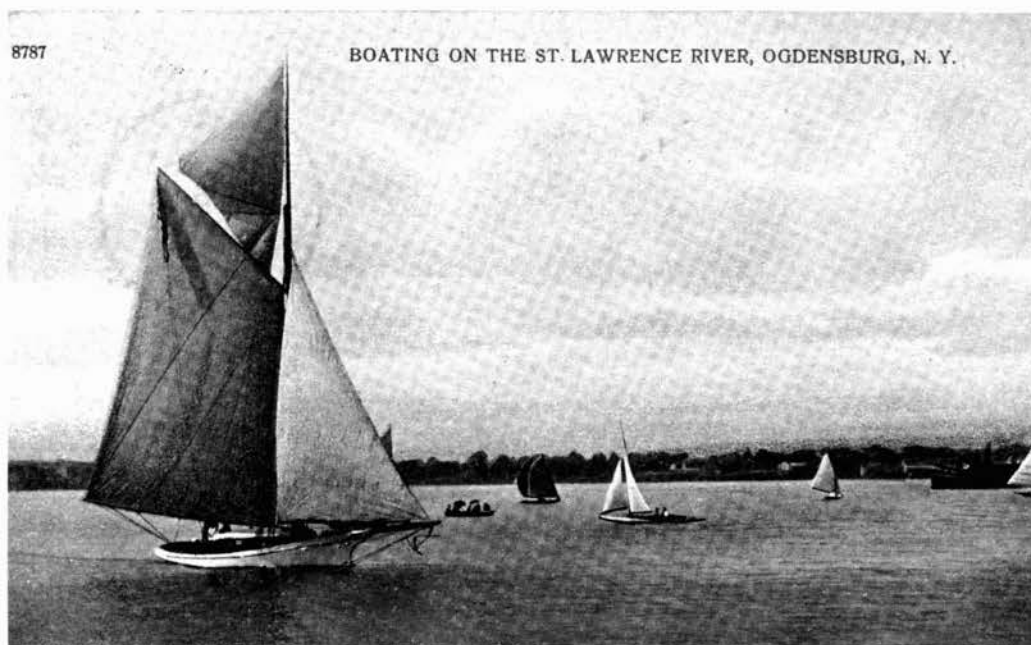


STEAMER "THOUSAND ISLANDER" AT DOCK, OGDENSBURG, N. Y.



A FAMILIAR SCENE AT THE THOUSAND ISLAND, N. Y.

8363



8787

BOATING ON THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER, OGDENSBURG, N. Y.





# Here's the Resort

(A Picture Story)



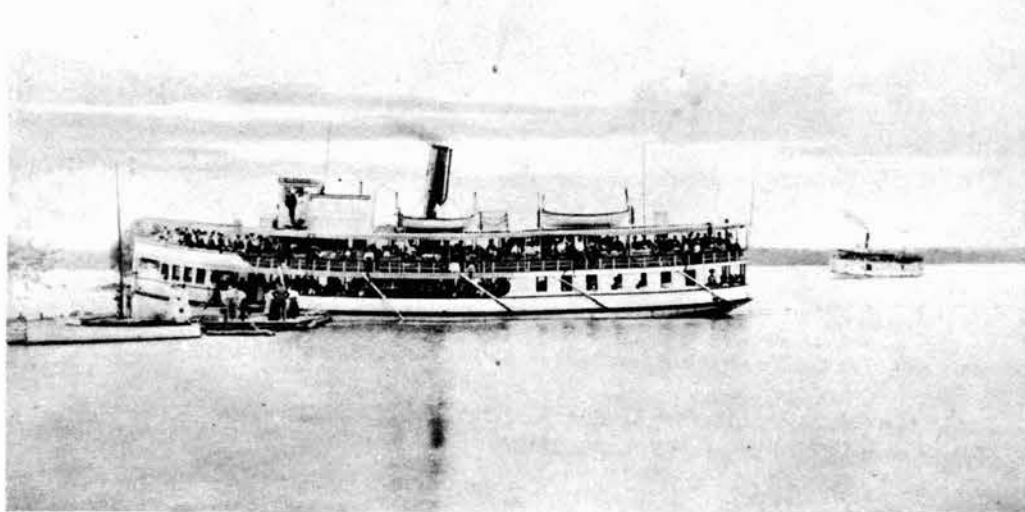
View of Massena Springs and United States Hotel



Hatfield House, Massena Springs, for 200 guests



*St. Lawrence River, Steamers, Riverside and Island Belle, landing at Oak Point, N. Y.*



*Trout Lake House,*

(Post Office—EDWARDS, N. Y.)

ASA GARDNER, - - - PROPRIETOR.

STAGE FROM DEKALB JUNCTION.  
EXCURSION PARTIES AT REDUCED RATES.  
GOOD BOATS ATTACHED.

Trout Lake is in the south part of Hermon and is about 500' higher than the railroad at DeKalb Jct., and is 12 miles distant. The air is cool and bracing, the scenery beautiful and picturesque and the fishing unsurpassed.

The Lake is a clear, quiet body of water, 3 miles long by one mile wide, dotted with numerous little islands, with rockbound shores, covered with beautiful groves of original timber. Nature has lavished her brightest smiles upon this little spot. Terms \$1 Per Day or \$5 per week.

Note: Asa Gardner was father of Pliny Gardner. He is buried in Alaska, where he went during Cleveland's administration as a marshal to Nome in recognition of his efforts in the Democratic campaign. (Picture about 1900)



**LETTER FROM  
THE EDITOR**

On every side our historians and members are being asked to serve on committees throughout the State to represent historic and cultural interests in related fields. We gladly accept these opportunities to show that history is a live, current and vital thing.

We are asked to indicate potentially historic buildings due for removal under "urban renewal." We are asked to point out FUTURE historic sites and to mark old ones. We are consulted in planning roads so that historically significant areas will not be destroyed. We serve on water resources and parks committees. We are named to Centennial and historic observances programs in our communities.

We are put on cultural committees to plan and improve historical societies' exhibits and museum collections. We find that parks and recreation projects dovetail with historic sites and research and serve on these committees, too. We sometimes feel "surveyed" to death!

This is the life of today -- planning for family recreation and more leisure tomorrow. Our Special Resort and recreation issue this month tells of some of the planned and unplanned recreations of our Yesteryear. We hope you can enjoy remembering "how it used to be."

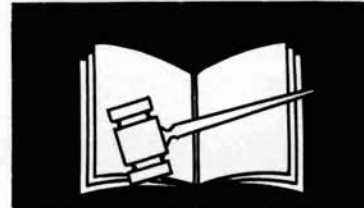
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**Picnics**

This is the picnic season. City folks are having picnics in the country and country folks are having picnics in the city-if they can get a day off. Both kinds of folks find the traveling easier nowadays than long ago. The auto chugs along in half or a third of the time that Dobbin used to pace it. But on the whole the new fangled picnic is fashioned on old fashioned lines. And everybody seems to be doing it. There's the young folks' picnic and the family picnic. Different species of the same family. The young folks go in pretty much for angels' food, marshmallow roasts and fluffy stuff. And maybe moonlight. But the family picnic is founded on firmer stuff than that. Father wants something that will "stick to the ribs," as he puts it. That accounts for fried chicken, beef loaf, plenty of bread and golden butter, green onions-plenty of them-dill pickles and pie-several kinds-as well as a couple of kinds of cake. Oh, yes, both kinds of picnics would be incomplete without a great offering of hard boiled eggs.

Picnicking consists mainly of going, arriving, eating and returning. Folks will sit on the ground around a big white table cloth, watch the ants climb over the food with amusement, and not be particular as to where the spiders sliding down their life lines, land. There's joy in picnicking that neither time nor age can wither. And change of scene and routine is its secret.

(Editorial from Ogdensburg Republican-Journal nearly a half a century ago)



**PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE**

At the spring meeting of the officers and committee chairmen it was decided to open our Richville Historical Building on several occasions this summer. This lovely building, given to us so generously by the Richville Baptist Society women is a gem of period church architecture and already it houses several thousands of objects of our County's early years. This collection is a notable beginning on which to build a future museum.

The days when the building is open to the general public will give a splendid opportunity to our members, too, to view the tools and utensils our forebears used and the dishes and silver and pewter they cherished.

These early tools and utensils are not merely quaint--they served remarkably well when wood was the nearest and most workable medium to the settler, and were made to order according to the makers' ideas of efficiency. Many of these incidentally achieved a clean cut functional beauty of their own.

The Association is always ready to receive gifts of any items relating to our County and its people. Space does not permit unrelated items at the present time. With each item, donor should include original owner's name and if possible the date of his ownership, and any other pertinent data.

Your gifts of money are still needed to maintain our building and to develop our collection into an exhibitable first class museum. We appreciate the bequests made by several devoted members and friends in recent months.

An important service we are doing is the loan of articles and costumes to responsible groups for historical displays throughout the county and centennial and anniversary observances.

We will hope to see you on July 21 at Old Home Day in Richville, as well as in August all during Gouverneur-St. Lawrence County Fairs week!

*Eugene Hatch*





# Our members write



## WANTED

. . . I find I am short the Oct. 1965, January and Oct. 1966 for a complete set. Can anyone send these to me?

Warder H. Cadbury  
135 Jay St.  
Albany, N. Y. 12210

Any back issues not needed are always welcome by ye editor at the History Center, Canton, N. Y. too.

\* \* \*

. . . I would like to buy an 1878 History of St. Lawrence County in good condition, complete and good binding. Contact History Center, Canton, (Myers).

\* \* \*

## KIND WORDS

The Quarterly edited by Mary H. Biondi is just full of interesting reading nicely arranged in every way by a most capable lady. I wish to congratulate her on her efficiency; she knows what to print and what not to print. We have the largest county in the State and a Historical Association equally as good!

I'm getting a very late start to help, but you have all the support I am able to give. I asked our supervisor to join up and get on the Band Wagon. LIVE members are needed, in addition to paying their dues.

You know that a railroad man has his nose on the grindstone so he has no time for anything else?

Mott Meldrim  
Edwards

(Editorially we thank Mr. Meldrim, 94 years young, for his interest, kind words, one-man membership campaign and cash to send copies to local news media for publicity purposes. M.H.B.)

## MORE ON TIFFANY

. . . I can now authoritatively report that the only Tiffany window in the (Canton) Unitarian-Universalist Church is the Remington Memorial window, central panel, of the large window complex in rear of church.

The old files of late 1890's give history of the windows. I was present when the Remington window was dedicated. Ella Remington Mills, the donor, and my mother and I stood looking at the window following the service. Ella said to my mother, "You Know, Mary, it was done by Tiffany and cost me \$3,500."

Sincerely,

C. Atwood Manley

\* \* \*

. . . Tiffany's homes were odd, but so was he. "Looie" was always in conflict with his elders, especially his father. He became a rich man but cared less about making money than spending it. At age 60 he felt like a young man and set out to live like one. Even when his beard was grizzled and wild, women fell for Tiffany. His octagon-shaped house in Miami also had octagon-shaped tables. On top of it, Tiffany built another octagonal structure which he used as a lookout and bedroom. Then he built a tower above the lookout. Apparently he cared nothing for symmetry...

Harriet Colton

\* \* \*



June Picture, Oswegatchie School



**FROM THE COUNTY'S****CRACKER BARREL**

SUMMER HIGHLIGHTS 1968

100th Anniversary of formation of town of CLIFTON  
Centennial of incorporation of the City of Ogdensburg, April 27, 1968

100th Anniversary of completion of United Methodist Church of Norfolk. The 26 pastors have also served the United Methodist of Raymondville. Present pastor is the Rev. Charles Stewart.

BRASHER -- Miss Mae Murray, Tri-Town Beautification Program, Sports--Baseball--Northern League all summer.

CANTON -- Edward F. Heim.

CLARE -- Iris Fry.

CLIFTON -- Clara McKenney, Our birthday, 100 years old.

COLTON -- Lorena Reed.

DEKALB -- Floyd F. E. Walrath, New road going through the Junction.

DePEYSTER -- Nina W. Smithers, Watch for Historian's special day.

EDWARDS -- Miss Leah Noble.

FINE -- Catherine Brownell.

FOWLER -- Isabelle Hance, Golf all summer at the Country Club.

GOUVERNEUR -- Harold Storie, Gouverneur Fair, All come!

HAMMOND -- Maxine Rutherford, Annual Firemen's Field Days, August 2 and 3, Band concerts by Central School Band in village and at Oak Point, Swimming program at Oak Point, September 6 and 7, 4-H and FFA Fair, Historical exhibit and booth.

HERMON -- Harriet Jenne.

HOPKINTON -- Neva B. Day.

LAWRENCE -- Anna Cole.

LISBON -- Doreen Martin.

LOUISVILLE -- Lorraine Bandy, Swimming at Lisbon Beach, June 30 Volunteer Fire Department Field Day, All summer events at Yacht Basin, Country Club.

MACOMB -- Willis Kittle, Watch for open house at Macomb Historical Association, Brasie Corners.

MADRID -- Florence M. Fisher.

MASSENA -- Marie Eldon-Browne.

MORRISTOWN -- Ella Mae Phillips, July 4 Barbecue and Parade.

NORFOLK -- Edith VanKennen, Methodist Church Centennial

OSWEGATCHIE -- Persis Boyesen, Labor Day at Heuvelton.

PARISHVILLE -- Elsie Bresee, June 15, Fly-up Day, Girl Scouts, Town Hall, July 28, Firemen's Field Day, Aug. 24, from 10 a.m. Annual Historical Association Bazaar (in form of Country Store) and noon luncheon. Museum open 1-4 p.m. See new gift of 1846 coverlet given by Dr. and Mrs. John Spring.

PIERCEFIELD -- Beulah B. Dorothy.

PIERREPONT -- Millard Hundley, Rockhounds are welcome at Bower Power Farm, Small fee for searching for tourmalines.

PITCAIRN -- Edna Hosmer, Free show every Wednesday evening starting July 10-Aug. 7 by Boy Scouts, Camp Portaferry, 7 p.m. Lakeside events, 9 p.m. ceremony. Free parking. Public invited.

POTSDAM -- Susan Lyman.

ROSSIE -- Frances Gardner.

RUSSELL -- Jan Barnes, July 13 Ball diamond, Russell Firemen's Field Day, June 28, Russell Arsenal Association annual meeting.

STOCKHOLM -- Hazel Chapman.

WADDINGTON -- Ethel Olds, July 7, Boat Races (St. Lawrence Valley Boating and Racing Association) sponsored by Waddington Volunteer Firemen, Aug. 14-15 Antiques Show and Sale, Elementary School, Waddington, Sponsored by St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Sept. 7 -- Chipman Barbecue, Sponsored by Kiwanis Club.

GOUVERNEUR -- Nelson Winters.

RICHVILLE -- Georgiana Wranesh, Old Home Day July 21,

Church service, luncheon, open house at Historical Association building, Route 11. Open House all during Fair week in August. All welcome.

OGDENSBURG -- Miss Elizabeth Baxter, July 18 Mystery Day, July 26-28 Seaway Festival, Aug. 17, Transportation Parade, Aug. 17-25 Old Home Week, Class reunions, picnics, Aug. 25, Boat and Water Show, Sept. 15, Linda Richards Day.

**HISTORICAL ASSOCIATIONS**

PARISHVILLE -- SEE ABOVE.

ST. LAWRENCE COUNTY -- Sept. 6-7 Exhibit at Hammond Fair, Sept. 14, Tour to Malone, Franklin County House of History, Oct. 12, Annual meeting.

GRENVILLE COUNTY, Ontario -- July 6, Field trip, Picnic lunch and tour of Fort Wellington, Aug. 14, Open House at home of Jean Wadds, M.P. Sept. 18, Meeting at Cardinal.

FRANKLIN COUNTY -- Aug. 3, Flea Market, All day, Brush-ton, Sept. 14, Host to members and St. Lawrence County Historical Association, Aug. 7, Meeting William G. Walker, Ogdensburg, Speaker, Malone, N. Y.



Bowling Alley and Billiard Room  
Hotel Childwold

**COLD SPRINGS**

(Continued from Page 8)

For approximately forty or fifty years, Rushton pleasure boats and canoes, and that old-time array of privately owned boathouses formed the spring board for Canton folks who found much pleasure and recreation in many joyful times "up-river".

Those were "the good old days", the days of homespun, of family groups picnicking at Woodcock's or Cold Springs at eventide, then floating boat beside boat downstream, singing old time songs and ballads, "Juanita", "Clementine", "A Rig-a-jig-jig and away we go."

It was a good way of life, wealthy, wholesome, pure unadulterated joy.

# Massena Springs

(Indian name was Kan-a-swa-stak-e-ras.)

Did you know that a bit of gay city life came to Massena in the early part of the nineteenth century, when health seekers came to drink of, and bathe in, the waters of the famous mineral springs?

Hotels and boarding houses clustered about the Springs, catering to city boarders from as early as 1822 when the first Inn was built, through the Victorian trunk era.

Early surveyors first noted them in 1799. Indians had found an abundance of game at all seasons, the deer, moose and later cattle and horses, enjoyed the water.

Capt. John Smith, a Revolutionary War veteran, built the first inn for those who came to drink of the health-giving waters. It was on the northeast corner of Hatfield and Main streets of today's Massena.

In 1828 the Harrowgate House was built by Ruel Taylor on the southwest corner of Hatfield and Main. Later a family cottage, called Pine Cottage for a famous portrait painter who stayed there many summers, was built and run in connection with the Harrowgate.

Benjamin Phillips became proprietor of the Springs in 1848. A bath house was built, the property landscaped, and a fine brick hotel called the United States house erected on the northwest corner. These Springs hotels became famous as fine summering places and attracted hundreds of guests annually for pleasure as well as for health benefits.

It was found that the analysis of the water of the five Springs was, and is, similar to that of the world famous springs at Baden, Austria and Eislein, Germany.

The United States Hotel was destroyed by fire in 1871 and rebuilt the following year by Abram Hatfield. This hotel, accommodating 250 guests, was beautifully landscaped with wide lawns, formal flower gardens and clipped cedar hedges, Stages ran daily via Massena village to Dodge's Landing on the St. Lawrence. Fare was 50 cents.



Sports on lawn of United States Hotel

The Springs once had a store, post office and several smaller boarding houses. The railroad thought it important enough to run its line directly to this holiday mecca. (Taken from the files of the History Center)



Guests enjoy croquet at United States Hotel

# Poetical Portraits

## FERNWOOD HALL, LAKE OZONIA

"A song to thee -- a song I'll sing  
 Zonia, Ozonia!  
 To make thy mountain forests ring,  
 Zonia, Ozonia!  
 What through my numbers broken be,  
 My voice devoid of melody  
 Yet I will shout my love to thee!  
 Zonia, Ozonia!  
 The sun his glowing bark has plowed,  
 Zonia, Ozonia!  
 Then out upon thy rosy tide,  
 From dusky shores the rowers glide;  
 Their graceful boats link side by side,  
 Zonia, Ozonia!  
 Then song and laughter read the skies,  
 Zonia, Ozonia!  
 The stars peep out and blink their eyes,  
 Zonia, Ozonia!  
 While startled catamount and bear  
 Come tumbling out from many a lair;  
 Their growling thrills the mountain air!  
 Zonia, Ozonia!  
 My friend give me thy dexter hand,  
 Zonia, Ozonia!  
 In hope that in yon shining land,  
 Zonia, Ozonia!  
 Celestial boats there still may be,  
 To bear us o'er the crystal sea;  
 O, Heaven is wondrous near to thee!  
 Zonia, Ozonia!

by Frederic M. Heath to be sung to tune of  
 Maryland, My Maryland

## THE RAINBOW PATH AND THE POT OF GOLD

O'er hill and dale, through copse and wood,  
 We follow o'er a rocky road,  
 Where moss lined path and fern capped Knoll  
 Beckon on to the breezy goal.  
 Past lowland farm, up steep Pine Hill,  
 Curving round by the old Lime Kiln,  
 By quiet churchyard and sleepy town,  
 On to the Rollway sloping down;  
 Plodding ever in sinuous line  
 At last we see, in course of time,  
 A low point tipped with rocky reef  
 Stand 'gainst the sky in bold relief  
 Upon its banks waves softly swish  
 Where eel flies lure the wily fish.  
 The hushed shores lie, dim pictures seen  
 Above the water's silvery sheen,  
 And snowy lilies gently rock,  
 Cradled in ripples that kiss the dock.  
 The white duck flit across the sky  
 To where the fields of wild rice lie.  
 And sounds a note on distant hills --  
 The plaintive song of whippoorwills  
 Here floating islands idly sway  
 Upon the bosom of the Bay,  
 While grim Big Island proudly stands  
 Embroidered 'round with rock and sands.  
 The white caps roll and swift sails ride  
 O'er crested wave with buoyant pride,  
 And steam yachts plow away the foam  
 Like glistening lines of furrowed loam.  
 We lie and dream in idle way  
 On the soft grass at close of day,  
 And hear the rustling of angels' wings  
 In the moaning song the old pine sings.  
 Care and sorrow, by magic wand,  
 Banished are from this happy land,  
 And life and love sweet sunshine make  
 Upon the borders of Black Lake.  
 ( by Mrs. S. W. Payne, printed in pamphlet  
 owned by Grace Fishel)



Fernwood Hall, Lake Ozonia

**DISTANCES**

**To Hunting and Fishing,**

FROM

**JO INDIAN POND HOUSE.**

---

100 rods from Pond.....	Hunting.
St. Regis River, 1 mile.....	Fishing.
Racket River, near house.....	"
Killdeer, 4 miles.....	Hunting.
35 Pond, 6 miles.....	Fishing.
Bog, 3 miles.....	"
Inlet, 1 mile.....	Good Trout Fishing.
From Potsdam.....	22 miles.
From Parishville.....	12 "

---

**HUNTING, FISHING, AND HEALTH RESORT.**

---

👉 Guides and conveyances in readiness  
 for all places.

P. O. Address,.....SO. COLTON.





# HOLLYWOOD WAS A WONDERFUL SPOT

Hollywood in 1898 was a picturesque little hamlet in the southern part of the Town of Colton.

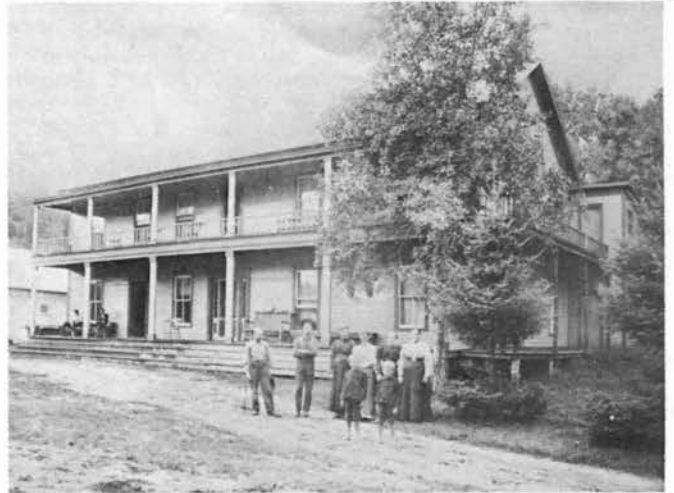
The geography by Edgar Blankman said that the surface was rough and mountainous, full of hunting, trapping, fishing and lumbering.

This beautiful little town attracted many summer visitors who built cottages along the shores of rivers and lakes, among most noted being interesting names like Cherry Patch Pond, Crooked Pond and Dog Pond. Catamount Peak was highest, where on a clear day a climber to the summit could have a delightful view.

The Jordan River emptied into the Raquette at Hollywood, Three branches of the Grass River, with the northernmost the outlet of Church Pond, the middle rising in Hollywood, the south joining it at Russell all eventually descended to the St. Lawrence.

Early owner of Hollywood Inn, trapper and tourist guide, Henry Day had come by ox team. His son Alfred and his wife Carrie had the post office. The mail came in by carrier once a day, and weary stage travelers found comfortable lodging with the Days. Later a third Day generation Alfred's son helped his mother in the post office.

The house the Days lived in at Hollywood was moved to Childwold and the area flooded after Niagara Mohawk took over.



## Lake Ozonia



Leonard Cottage, Lake Ozonia



United States Hotel, Massena Springs, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y. Benjamin Phillips, Proprietor.

# SYLVIA LAKE

(Continued from Page 6)

Young people (boys especially) try the swimming, long before the weather is really warm enough. Old Beach and Scout's Beach have always been favorite spots for bathers.

A favorite spot for "camps outs" is by the St. Joseph pumphouse. Several schools have held their annual picnics at various spots on the lake in years gone by.

Gouverneur Talc and St. Joseph Lead Company use water from Sylvia Lake for their operations. The village of Balmat also obtains its entire water supply from this lake.

As with all bodies of water, Sylvia Lake has also had its tragedies. Several drownings have occurred and, according to all reports, at least two of the victims were never found. One was a young man who used to deliver milk around the lake and had gained some fame as a glass eater.

One of the landmarks that most of this generation are familiar with is the Sylvia Lake Hotel. It was built in the early 1880's by Murray and Alfred Treglown. Opening day at the hotel attracted a huge crowd, and the only disappointment was the fact that the liquid refreshments ran out early. The big event of the day was a rowing demonstration by a world champion Mr. Hanlon of Toronto.

Through the years the hotel has had many proprietors. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. St. Clair, Reuben Carey, Robert Kinney, Jim Davidson, and Charles Dunkelberg. Charles Force took over management in 1918 and leased the property until 1930 when he bought the hotel. Mr. Force added a bar

which was against his principles, but due to the pressures of the times and the need to earn a living, he felt it necessary. A dance hall and roller skating rink were built in 1926. The roof caved in during the winter of 1929 from the weight of ice and snow but was rebuilt in 1930 by Mr. Force. Mr. Force continued operation of the hotel until he sold to Mr. Ed Smith of Gouverneur in 1945. Mr. Smith owned and operated the hotel until he sold it to Arthur Craig of Gouverneur in 1954. About three years after the Craigs bought the hotel, a fire destroyed most of the property, but the dance pavilion was saved.

### THE SEA SERPENT

According to a newspaper clipping of 1916, Sylvia Lake also claims to have a sea serpent. It was the second time in nine years that one had been reported. One Sunday morning, several men claim to have seen an animal about nine feet long, with a head as big as a man and with a long spiny tail. The spectators said that while they saw six legs, the serpent dived into the water as if frightened at their approach. It had ears like a mule and dark brown eyes. Its face was covered with what appears to be light dripping red hair, in the form of whiskers, from the lower chin and jaw.

Altogether the animal must have been a monstrosity; or so the men affirm it was, they also claim, although this is hard to believe, that "John Barleycorn" was neither in their midst nor within them individually or personally.

Perhaps this publicity helped increase business at this summer resort. Who knows?



Sylvia Lake hotel was last owned by Craigs of Gouverneur

(these two photos were loaned by Olive Whitford)

Log cabin in background of slide was built by Claude Rose and owned by Dr. Perrigo of Antwerp

### SOURCES OF MATERIAL

History of St. Lawrence County by L. H. Everts & Co.

Sylvia Lake Pamphlet loaned by Audrey Rowe

Scrapbook loaned by Iva Temple

### Interviews

- Mrs. Lillian Deans
- Mrs. Charles Dunkelberg
- Mrs. Ina Johnson
- Mrs. Jane Kelley
- Mrs. Anne Thompson



# KINGDOM OF MUSIC

(Continued from Page 4)

Well known to our musical people  
 The whole congregation their voices admire  
 (Eddie was Ed Van Duzee, and Freddy is Fred Hall)  
 Gay Eddie's a basso both valiant and bold  
 With voice that comes clear from his shoes  
 And Freddy's a tenor whose style we are told  
 Is what you'd expect him to choose.

(Alice is Alice Lawrence)

Sweet Alice soprano, the gem of the choir  
 For lucre doth warble, they say,  
 But is not the laborer worthy her hire,  
 Who charmingly warbles high A?

(Follows a verse about Mrs. Henry Sudds)

Our mezzo-soprano, that good looking dame,  
 With voice low and sweet in its compass,  
 Is not to be sneezed at by us, all the same,  
 We don't want to kick up a rumpus.

(In the next verse Sudds writes of his own wife)

Now gaze on our alto, so gifted and mild,  
 A solo she never aspires,  
 Perhaps for this reason is never much riled  
 As usual in our church choirs.

(The poem ends with a gentle shaft aimed at his brother Henry)

And now comes the baritone here you get style  
 To paint him we cannot now tarry  
 He's firm and so faithful, but once in a while  
 Gets mad as the very Old Harry."

An example of the professor's elfin sense of humor came out at the wedding of a relative where he played for the music of the wedding procession the traditional stately Bridal Chorus. At a certain passage, he subtly modulated without any pause into a tune from the then popular comic opera, "The Mikado." This switch however did not escape the notice of one of the wedding party and she became properly indignant. The music was the air to the son, "I'm Going to Marry Yum-Yum."

## "WYNDECOTT"

So William Sudds became affluent. The small English boy from London had come with his parents across the wide

Atlantic and the journey had ended in Gouverneur. Later the same boy, an adolescent from the farm, had served in the army through the war, now he was a success and could take more leisure time.

Casting about for a summer home, he found an islet, "Wyndecott" near Cedar Island in the 1000 Islands at Chippewa Bay on the St. Lawrence. Here he built an attractive summer residence. Hither each year as June turned into summer he retreated with his household. Each fair day saw him trying his luck at fishing in his power boat, "Caprice" accompanied by a nephew, until September's cool days sent the family back to town.

Elma, the serene and gifted wife and companion died in



Present home of Atty. Edward Case, this was the Edwin P. Bond house on Barney St., Gouverneur, and was home for Prof. William and Elma Sudds.



*Remouescent Schottische*  
 composed by Wm. Sudds.

Dec 21<sup>st</sup> 1864  
 St. Louis Hospital New Orleans La



## KINGDOM OF MUSIC

(Continued from Page 21)

1913. Then there were a few more years which he passed quietly, tenderly cared for by his nephew and wife and a niece, until his death in 1920. William and Elma rest side by side in Riverside Cemetery.

Today Professor Sudds' musical compositions are rarely heard but his music has had an incalculable influence, particularly in the late decades of the last century.

How many romances among young folks began while they

danced to the gay music of his waltzes and gavottes? In how many homes at the piano or parlor organ was played his music, that refreshed and entertained the family and guests? The inspiring Sudds anthems sung in the churches gave untold faith and hope to countless listeners. His many music pupils spread the gospel of music into homes, churches and concert stages everywhere.

The life of William Sudds is another success story, another American dream come true. Here was a young man who came back to his home town, a staid village of Scots and New Englanders and brought to them the gift of music that enriched the life around him until its influence spread throughout the land.



Island Home of Sudds Family at Chippewa Bay.

## June Tour

June 8 saw the tour to Sunday Rock and South Colton. The rock itself is a towering glacial boulder of a few dozen tons. It has been moved at least twice in the name of 'progress' in the building of roads. How did this rock get its name? It is said that in the days when this north country was but a wilderness (civilization had not yet reached its tentacles of concrete highways) Sunday Rock was a notable point. The country beyond the Rock was a perpetual hunting ground and life was one continual round of camplife and pleasure. It marked the gateway to the land where there was no law governing killing of game or taking of fish at any time of year in any quantity. The first white hunters as well as the Indians knew it well. No one knows who first named it Sunday Rock.

In 1925 the first appeal was made to save and move it when the Highway Department threatened its existence. The Sunday Rock Association was formed and with contributions preserved and moved it. Once again it has been saved and removed across the road to its final rest (we hope). It represents the rugged period and the warm hearted people who contributed to its preservation.

But our Sunday Rock's still standing

By the Raquette's winding shores

As we near South Colton's friendly little street

And the mighty giant boulder marks the wide, wide open door

To the land that's God's own country, pure and sweet,  
(from the late Historian Flora Smith Miller's story on radio, 1959)

### MEMBERSHIP

Anyone can join -- just send \$3.00 per membership, or \$5.00 for two members in a family receiving one (QUARTERLY). Check should go to Box 192, Canton, N. Y. 13617.

## OGDENSBURG FLASHBACK

By GEORGE LIEBLER

Unquestionably one of the most beautiful spots in historic Ogdensburg is that bend in the Oswegatchie river just before it merges with the mighty St. Lawrence. This is the spot we refer to as "The Crescent". Once upon a time stately mansions overlooked a lush green and sloping woodland at the foot of which rushing leaping water emerged from a deep gorge. This was the particular spot which so impressed the author Washington Irving that he put it in his famous Sketch book. Irving visited Ogdensburg in 1803 and was a guest of Judge Ford. He wrote of delightful canoe trips on the Oswegatchie with the Judge's daughters accompanying him. After an absence of forty years Washington Irving returned to Ogdensburg and found it difficult to accept the changes that had taken place. A hectic bustling town had replaced the woodland paradise as he described it. Most of his friends and acquaintances of yesteryear had passed on. He said "I felt like a stranger in a strange land."

## Notice

Franklin County Historical Society and St. Lawrence County Historical Association are planning a joint project of reprinting Dr. Franklin B. Hough's HISTORY OF ST. LAWRENCE AND FRANKLIN COUNTIES. It is the intention to offer these to our members and friends, libraries and historical agencies at a pre-publication price of \$12.50. (Publication price will be \$15.00) In order to plan how many copies to print we would appreciate word from you on how many you wish to purchase. Address RESERVATION OF COPY to SLCHA, Box 43, Canton, N. Y. or to Franklin County Historical Society, Malone, N. Y. This is not an order merely a pre-publication reservation.

# Research

Adirondack Museum, William K. Verner, Research Assistant, is searching for information about and details on paintings by Levi Wells Prentice (1851-1935). He was b. in Lewis County and did a good deal of his still life painting of, and is best known for, his Adirondack landscapes. Anything you can find will be welcome. Mr. Verner and the Museum are also looking for prime source materials (original, unpublished) pertaining to the Adirondack surveyor Verplanck Colvin (1847-1920). These might include original letters, journals, photos, etc. Contact Mr. Verner about either of these subjects at the Museum, Blue Mountain Lake, N. Y. 12812.

\* \* \*

Robert Schwabach, 158 E. Third St., New Castle, Dela., 19720, is researching sea serpents/monsters of Northern New York. If anyone has news items of this subject, first hand reports of sightings, etc. and especially about the Sylvia Lake sightings about 1909, he would appreciate hearing from you for his Masters Thesis work.

\* \* \*

Carleton Sanford's "Early History of Hopkinton" tells of a diary of Samuel Goodell (?) of about 1815. Does anyone know of its whereabouts or anything about it? (see pg. 79.) Malcolm O. Goodelle, 807 Windsor Ave., Ft. Pierce, Fla., 33450, or ye editor would like to know.

\* \* \*

Millard Fillmore's papers are being microfilmed. The Buffalo & Erie Co. Historical Soc., 25 Nottingham Court, Buffalo, N. Y. 14216, wants to hear from anyone having anything of his (correspondence to and from, etc). Address above c/o Fillmore Papers Project.

\* \* \*

Sister William Pauline McCormick, C.S.J., Director, Vision '68, College of Saint Rose, 432 Western Ave., Albany, N. Y. 12203, is interested in little known persons, places or events in fields of art, music, or dance, in this area. They plan a publication to feature discoveries they might make to share their finding.

\* \* \*

A Shaving mug has been lost! M. J. Donahue is searching for a mug used by his father and uncle in early 1900's at Hogan's Barber Shop at corner of Main & Mechanic Sts. in Norwood. It said "Donohue Bros." in gold script. Perhaps might have had an 'o' instead of 'u'. Get in touch with Norwood historian Susan Lyman, or ye editor if anyone has knowledge of the whereabouts of this mug.

\*\*\*

Two future special editions are in the planning stages, one will be on the Adirondack Foothills and one on our noteworthy ladies. The editor welcomes suggestions and contributions.

\* \* \*

Stories, articles, poems for QUARTERLY issues to come. Send all editorial material now to Box 43, Canton, N. Y. 13617. There are lots of ideas and stories around. Historians and members are all welcome to send material for the QUARTERLY.

\*\*\*

## REMINDER

In order not to miss your Quarterly copies, send your renewals in promptly. Also, changes of address should be mailed to QUARTERLY, Box 43, Canton, N. Y. 13617 or with your renewals.

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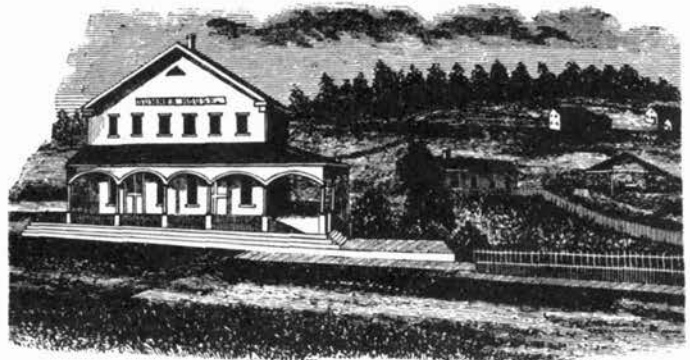
## NEEDED. . . .

Kind volunteers to assist County Historian with scrapbooks, checking lists, indexes and inventories. If you can spare a few hours, can cut and paste (or WILL) or can type, the county historian at the History Center in Canton will be very grateful. Call Monday or Thursday, or come in and VOLUNTEER.

\*\*\*

Reservations have been coming in well for the Reprint of Dr. Hough's "History of St. Lawrence and Franklin Counties." We don't want your money yet, just firm reservations for a copy complete for advance price of \$12.50. After publication all copies will be \$15.00. In order to get such a price we must guarantee a good number of copies. Please reserve yours at Reservation Copy, Box 43, Canton, N. Y. 13617, or with the Franklin County Historical Society, Malone, N. Y. 12953, as soon as possible. This is our counties' basic history, on which all others seem to be based.

\* \* \*



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## JO INDIAN POND HOUSE

Jo Indian Pond, St. Lawrence County, N. Y.

P. O. ADDRESS, SOUTH COLTON.

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ORGANIZATION**

**How Husband and  
Wife May Have  
Insured  
Accounts Totaling  
\$75,000**



<b>Individual Accounts:</b>	
Husband	\$15,000
Wife	\$15,000
<b>Joint Account:*</b>	
Husband and Wife	\$15,000
<b>Revocable Trusts:</b>	
Husband as Trustee for Wife	\$15,000
Wife as Trustee for Husband	\$15,000
	<b>\$75,000</b>

\*Joint account with right of survivorship.

**How A Husband, Wife  
and One Child May  
Have Insured  
Accounts Totaling  
\$150,000**



<b>Individual Accounts:</b>	
Husband	\$15,000
Wife	\$15,000
Child	\$15,000
<b>Joint Accounts:*</b>	
Husband and Wife	\$15,000
Husband and Child	\$15,000
Wife and Child	\$15,000
<b>Revocable Trusts:</b>	
Husband as Trustee for Wife	\$15,000
Husband as Trustee for Child	\$15,000
Wife as Trustee for Husband	\$15,000
Wife as Trustee for Child	\$15,000
	<b>\$150,000</b>

\*Joint account with right of survivorship.

**How Husband, Wife  
and Two Children  
May Have Insured  
Accounts Totaling  
\$210,000**



<b>Individual Accounts:</b>	
Husband	\$15,000
Wife	\$15,000
Child Number One	\$15,000
Child Number Two	\$15,000
<b>Joint Accounts:*</b>	
Husband and Wife	\$15,000
Husband and Child Number One	\$15,000
Wife and Child Number Two	\$15,000
Child Number One and Child Number Two	\$15,000
<b>Revocable Trust Accounts:</b>	
Husband as Trustee for Wife	\$15,000
Husband as Trustee for Child Number One	\$15,000
Husband as Trustee for Child Number Two	\$15,000
Wife as Trustee for Husband	\$15,000
Wife as Trustee for Child Number One	\$15,000
Wife as Trustee for Child Number Two	\$15,000
	<b>\$210,000</b>

\*Joint account with right of survivorship.

The same grouping of insured accounts may be worked out for Grandfather, Grandmother and Two Grandchildren.

**How a Grandparent  
and Two  
Grandchildren May  
Have Insured  
Accounts Totaling  
\$120,000**



<b>Individual Accounts:</b>	
Grandparent	\$15,000
Grandchild Number One	\$15,000
Grandchild Number Two	\$15,000
<b>Joint Accounts:*</b>	
Grandparent and Grandchild Number One	\$15,000
Grandparent and Grandchild Number Two	\$15,000
Child Number One and Child Number Two	\$15,000
<b>Revocable Trust Accounts:</b>	
Grandparent as Trustee for Grandchild Number One	\$15,000
Grandparent as Trustee for Grandchild Number Two	\$15,000
	<b>\$120,000</b>

\*Joint account with right of survivorship.

The same grouping of insured accounts may be worked out for a Parent and two Children.

**How a Parent  
and One Child  
May Have  
Insured  
Accounts Totaling  
\$60,000**



<b>Individual Accounts:</b>	
Parent	\$15,000
Child	\$15,000
<b>Joint Account:*</b>	
Parent and Child	\$15,000
<b>Revocable Trust:</b>	
Parent as Trustee for Child	\$15,000
	<b>\$60,000</b>

\*Joint account with right of survivorship.  
The same grouping of insured accounts can be arranged for a grandparent and grandchild.

**How Grandfather,  
Grandmother and a  
Grandchild May Have  
Insured Accounts  
Totaling \$150,000**



<b>Individual Accounts</b>	
Grandfather	\$15,000
Grandmother	\$15,000
Grandchild	\$15,000
<b>Joint Accounts:*</b>	
Grandfather and Grandmother	\$15,000
Grandfather and Grandchild	\$15,000
Grandmother and Grandchild	\$15,000
<b>Revocable Trust Accounts:</b>	
Grandfather as Trustee for Grandmother	\$15,000
Grandfather as Trustee for Grandchild	\$15,000
Grandmother as Trustee for Grandfather	\$15,000
Grandmother as Trustee for Grandchild	\$15,000
	<b>\$150,000</b>

\*Joint account with right of survivorship.

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