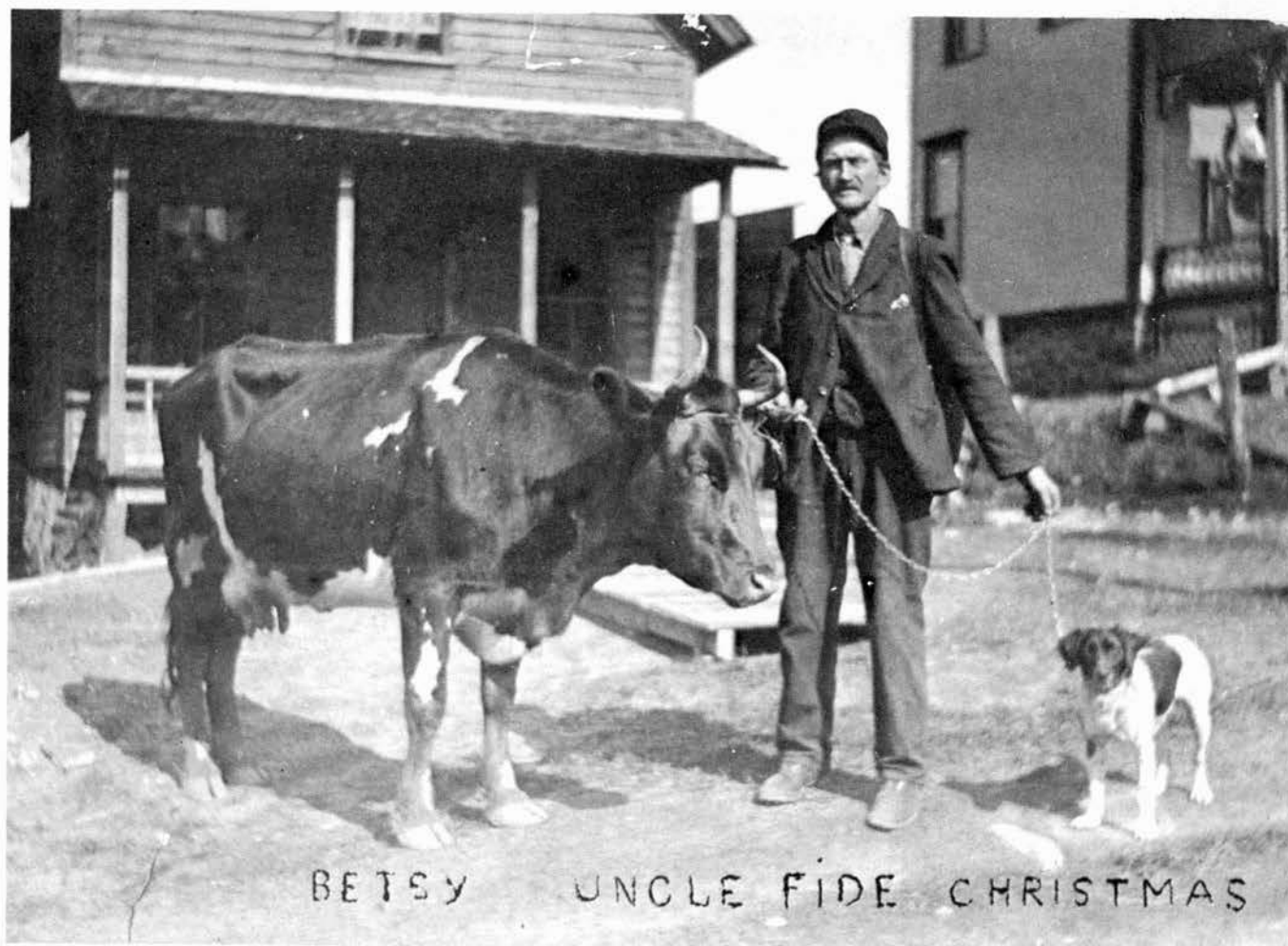


# THE QUARTERLY

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE ST. LAWRENCE COUNTY HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION



APRIL 1972

# THE QUARTERLY

Official Publication Of The St. Lawrence County Historical Association

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COVER PHOTO

Fide Scott with his cow, Betsy, who doubled as a pack horse, and his dog, Christmas. Once, on the trail to Big Deer Pond, Betsy, who never got used to the deep woods, had an attack of bush fever and went on a rampage. This photo was sold as a post card at the Rich and Andrews General Store in Wanakena.

# old guides

## of the Oswegatchie River

By HERBERT F. KEITH

NOTE: The following excerpt is Chapter 13 in "Man of The Woods," a book due for publication late in March. The author, Herbert F. Keith, is a 77-year-old resident of Wanakena and a one-time Adirondack guide on the upper Oswegatchie River. The "Wilfred" of this excerpt is Wilfred Morrison, the most renowned of the Oswegatchie guides in the first third of the century. He is a leading character throughout the book. Another character, barely mentioned here as the author's uncle, is J. Otto Hamele. Hamele enabled Wanakena to survive after the lumbering stopped. He conceived the idea of founding the Ranger School there and procured the gift of land for it. Another of his creative ideas was the St. Lawrence County Historical Association. He died on the eve of its founding while holding office as the first County Historian.

### Chapter XIII

#### FUN UP THE RIVER

After finishing school in 1914, I worked for several months in New York, but summers in the woods had spoiled me for city life. During the winter of 1915 I decided to make the big break. In late spring of that year I moved to Wanakena to make it my permanent home, knowing that making a living there would sometimes be touch and go. Guiding was a seasonal occupation, and the mills had closed down. But I knew, just the same, that the village in the woods was the right place for me. Except for brief intervals of work elsewhere and several years of service in World Wars I and II, I have spent the rest of my life in Wanakena.

The same year I settled permanently there, the Inlet House changed hands. Loren Moore and his wife, Mary, purchased the place and became the new hosts on the Inlet. Mary was a fine cook and Pop, as her husband soon came to be called, was an excellent fly fisherman and fisherman's guide. He was a large man whose strength and endurance seemed to have no limit. When you shook hands with him, you felt that a bear had hold of you. He came to be known as the Paul Bunyan of the Oswegatchie.

During my first winter in Wanakena and the Moores' first at the Inlet House, I got to know them well. One day when the snow was over knee high, the phone rang at the general store and Pop Moore was on the line. He wanted someone to come to Inlet and help him cut and store ice. His hired man had left him, the road to Benson Mines was too deep for old Pat, his faithful horse, and the town would not get around to plowing him out for several days. He had uncovered the ice on the river and found it to be two feet thick. My uncle suggested that I take his snowshoes and go to Inlet to help Mr. Moore.

I hiked up the two mile trail. As soon as I arrived, we began working on the ice, sawing it into cakes about two feet square. It was too thick to spud, so we had to saw each side. We pulled the cakes out and loaded them onto a sleigh, which old Pat drew up to the icehouse. We were a week filling the icehouse because Mr. Moore supplied not only himself but the two cottages across the river with ice for the summer. I was glad when the sawing was over. It was the hardest kind of work I had ever done. Mary apologized for the first dinner, saying that she had not been prepared for company. "All I have this noon," she said, "is fried salt pork, baked potatoes, milk gravy, and blueberry pie." "Please don't change the menu," I replied. "I'll never get sick of such a meal."

For breakfast we had delicious pancakes, sausage, and maple syrup. I noticed a large pile of pancakes on the stove after we had finished eating and asked Mary why she had made so many. "These are for our guest," she replied. "Loren, go get him." Loren opened a door and in came a Great Dane. Mary threw a cake at a time to the big dog. Each disappeared at one fast gulp. She said the dog belonged to Dr.

Calkins, who owned the camps across the river, and that she was boarding it for the winter.

I stayed a second week and helped Loren cut wood. By the time I left, the town had plowed out his road and brought in his mail. After bidding them goodbye, I took off for Wanakena on snowshoes. Some time later my uncle met Mr. Moore at Benson Mines and asked how his nephew had made out. Mr. Moore said, stretching the truth, "He was the best worker I ever had."



Herbert F. Keith, at the corner of his lot in Wanakena, 1970. South of his property line are 21 air miles of unbroken Adirondack forest preserve, all the way to Big Moose.

Mary Moore was quite a penny pincher, as one of the guests at Inlet House soon found out. Father Lynch, from a city downstate, spent several summer vacations there. When it came time to settle his bill, he would say to Mary, "How much is the damage?" She always had a long bill made out and charged for every small item she could think of. Father Lynch would say nothing as he wrote out a check. One Sunday Mary had a bad attack of rheumatiz in her knees and asked the priest if he would say mass for her, for she was in such pain that she could not stand the trip to the Benson Mines church. Father Lynch complied readily. The next Sunday she asked the same favor and also the Sunday following, which was the last of Father Lynch's vacation. When Mary handed him the large bill, he took a little more time than usual looking it over. Then he wrote something on the bill and made out his check. When he handed the bill and check to Mary, a startled look came over her face. She read, "Saying mass, three Sundays at \$20 each, \$60." From that time



on, Mary had no more crippling rheumatiz on Sundays. Father Lynch's bills were just as big as ever, but he kept coming back, perhaps for Mary's pancakes.

One day my friend Johnny Tender, the Wanakena plumber, and I were having a cup of coffee in Mary's kitchen. The hot water tank was leaking. It was clear that some of the old piping needed to be replaced. Mary was moaning about the expense of sending to Carthage for a plumber. Johnny said, "Herb and I will fix it for you and save you money." "I guess you won't," Mary snapped. "I don't want any half-assed plumbing in my kitchen."

About a month later we were again sitting in her kitchen having doughnuts and coffee before going up the river. All of a sudden her hot water tank began to pound and shake. Mary was quite upset over the noise. Johnny looked over the hook-up and found what the trouble was. He said nothing about it to Mary but told her we would fix it for \$20; she would not have to pay if the noise continued. She reluctantly told us to go ahead. The next time we visited Inlet we brought the plumbing tools along and made the necessary repairs in an hour's time. There was no noise now. Mary grudgingly gave us the \$20. "What a fool I was," she said, "paying the plumber from Carthage his transportation and board and big wages for a poor job." Then she added, perking up, "I'll have to charge you double for the coffee and doughnuts."

On one occasion, though, Mary took my side in a dispute over wages between Loren and me. Loren had purchased ten cords of kitchen stove wood from a farmer in Fine and had asked me how much I would charge to deliver it in the truck I was operating at that time. I gave him a fair price and he agreed to it. When my helper and I drove up to his back door, he showed us where he wanted the wood unloaded. I had a stake and rack body with a hoist. I raised up the ten cords taking out the tail gate, and the wood slid across his back door. "I won't pay the price you asked!" he roared. "I didn't know you had a dumper." But Mary came to our rescue. "You old fool," she shouted. "What difference does it make how they unloaded it? They worked hard enough loading it."

The Moores had many noted and interesting guests at Inlet. From a small city a few miles north of New York an unusual guest arrived one day in early spring. He hired a canoe and rented a room, saying, "I'll paddle up the river, and if I like it I will stay until September." He evidently liked the river and the woods, for he came back every summer for over ten years. Mr. Homburg was a great scholar and a disciple of Izaak Walton. While in England he had purchased a lot of fine trout fly fishing equipment. Each year he came he also brought fifteen gallons of whiskey with him. During most of his time in the woods he camped out, setting up his tent just below the Root Hole near Wolf Creek Spring Hole. A large leaning balsam tree on the river's edge furnished a back rest for the rustic chair in which he spent considerable time reading and studying. He found some dry poles, made a frame around his favorite sitting place, and covered it with fine mosquito netting. Each morning one could find him sitting inside the netting, reading and enjoying his morning cups of coffee, into which he poured some of his choice whiskey. If you happened along, you would be invited to have a "coffee royal" with him.

Wilfred very often happened to pass by at the right time. When he returned to camp, he would always say, "Dat Homburg gent is a very nice man." Wilfred knew of the cache of whiskey and one day said, "I wonder where dat gent keep his moose milk."

Just a few rods above Homburg's tent was Pop Moore's summer fishing camp, which was composed of several tents with wooden floors. On the bank of the river above the high water mark was an old beer keg in an upright position, buried in the ground for about one third its length. This keg had been there many years and the bung was securely driven in. Being in the shade, the keg had not dried out enough to leak. It was a favorite seat for fishermen, and its top was well polished from constant use.

The first year Homburg camped out he began looking for a suitable place where he might hide his whiskey and be able to make many trips to it without making a new trail. When he first saw the keg, he realized it was not likely to

be disturbed as it was very useful as a seat. After carefully prying out the bung, he inspected the keg and found it leak proof, dry, and clean inside. He drove the bung back in and made sure it would not come out easily. Then he moved one of the iron bands and drilled a hole large enough to insert a small rubber hose. He placed a funnel on one end of the hose and poured his fifteen gallons of whiskey into the large beer keg. When he wanted to fill his service bottle, he used this same hose as a siphon and would slide the band back over the hole when he was through filling his bottle.

One time after Mr. Homburg's untimely death Wilfred and Pop Moore were talking at Pop's camp. In fact, Wilfred was sitting on the beer keg smoking his Warneke Brown. "Did you ever find out," Pop asked, "where Homburg kept his moose milk?" Wilfred said, "No, dat was a clever sport, he fool me." Pop went on, "Wilfred, you are sitting on the hiding place." Wilfred peeked at him from under his battered felt hat and with a woebegone look said, "Do you mean dat?" Pop told him to push the top band up a bit and smell. Wilfred hurried to do so. When he took a sniff, he almost cried. "Curse of Chri," he said, "what is de matter wid me I could not smell dat before?" Old Pop was the only one who had known where the moose milk was hidden.

The guides I knew were honest men. You could leave things on the river bank in plain sight and go back and find them a week later. Everything except whiskey, that is. There was a sort of silent agreement that whiskey left in the woods was common property, a fair prize of anyone lucky or clever enough to find it. There was one guide, though, even in the good days, who got a bit out of hand. Just before the height of the trout season he used to place a set of bedsprings in the deep pool under High Falls. When no one was around, he pulled them out and picked off a nice collection of fishing tackle. We admired his cleverness, but it made us uneasy. I guess it was the first symptom of decline.

One winter in February a summer visitor came up to see what conditions were like in midwinter. He asked Wilfred to take him to some pond where he could fish through the ice and also have a try at walking on snowshoes. Wilfred asked several of us to join in the hike. We found out later that he had asked us so we could help break trail rather than for our sociability. We all had a good time, though.

We went to Toad Pond, east of Dead Creek Flow. When we got there, we found a huge beaver house at the edge of the pond. While still several rods away, Wilfred said, "Hal dey are home, see de smoke from de chimney." Later as we were eating our lunch by the warm fire, he told us that beavers leave a vent through the sticks and mud at the top of their houses. On a cold day the warm moisture seeps through and causes a slight wisp of steam to rise from the house. He said he learned that from the Indians in northern Canada.

The wind had blown the snow from the ice by the house. Wilfred felled a couple of dead tamarack trees on this clear spot. He then cut up the limbs so he had a fine pile of wood for a fire. The rest of us cut the trunks into lengths for seats so we could eat our lunch in comfort in front of the fire. Wilfred called the sport over to the pile of branches and said, "Now I will show you how Daniel Boone start de fire out in de cold snow on a wet day." The sport watched carefully as if expecting to learn some great secret, only to see Wilfred reach in his hip pocket and pull out a pint whiskey bottle filled with kerosene, which he poured all over the sticks before touching a match to it. Then he said, "Dar is de real McCoy."

One time Wilfred was paddling down the river with a large fat man, who weighed over two hundred and twenty pounds, in the bow of the canoe. An old rusty shotgun whose stock had been patched with friction tape lay across the man's knees, and a faint glimmer from a carbide light pierced the darkness. Wilfred skillfully shook the boat as a signal for the man to be alert, for there was game around the next bend. The hunter carefully and quietly raised the weapon from his knees as two little eyeballs reflected like diamonds from the tiny flame of the lamp. The canoe glided ahead until it looked as though it would hit the shin-

# Horseradish and the Tin Pedlar

Among my childhood memories is the tin pedlar. In late spring and early summer he made his rounds over country roads to exchange tinware for paper and rags.

The word "recycling" had not yet been invented, but every thrifty farmer's whole family well knew the value of pennies; and that throwing away anything that could be of further use was disgraceful waste.

Our flour was purchased in a tall sack that was so heavy that it was all Papa could do to bring it into the house and set it behind the pantry door. When the flour was gone that sack was put out in the back room where it was called the "rag bag." Into it there went every bit of anything that the tin pedlar could sell to the paper manufacturer. Any old garments that were past mending had buttons and all metal trimmed off and into the rag bag they went. Any scrap of material from something new that was too small even for a quilt block went into the rag bag. As flour went down in the bag behind the pantry door rags went up in the rag bag. This was a part of the changing seasons every year.

Our tin pedlar came from St. Regis Falls where, in winter, he kept busy with local trade in his hardware store. It was like a vacation to him, this getting out into the country. I can just see him now, as I saw him then, driving his plodding old horse, behind him, on the wagon, a sort of cupboard with doors at the back. When these doors were opened, on the inside of one was a scales with a hook for hanging the rag bag. On the inside of the other door were hooks for hanging the tinware that could be hung. On shelves other articles were piled. Inside was room for the rag bags. It was sort of exciting to see what Mamma would choose after her ragbag had been weighed.

The road over which the tin pedlar came sloped gently to a little brook, where, to the rattle of boards, wheels, and hoofs, was added a faint tinkle of the tinware. From the brook the road sloped up again to route 72, and the tin pedlar drove directly across that into our yard, and on to hitch his horse to a fence at the barn. That was where Mamma would go to get a beautiful new dish for the year.

The morning that I am remembering now, Mamma happened to see the tin pedlar as he first appeared up that road. She quick pared two more potatoes and got them into the kettle already on the stove before the water began to boil. Then she went out and cut another slice from the ham that hung in its barrel that still smelled of the smoke that had given the ham such a delicious taste.

The tin pedlar was short and plump, had a red face and blue eyes; was as deliberate as his old horse in all his movements, but had a tongue that was never still. Standing outside the screen door, he said to Mamma who was at work by the stove, "Looking for me today, were you?"

"The rag bag is about as full as it can be," Mamma told him, with a smile.

The tin pedlar came into the kitchen, and went on through to the back room. When he came back Mamma said, "Better come in for dinner, first. Norman will be here. It's almost noon."

"That's what I figured," said the man and went on out with the rag bag. When he returned Papa was with him. When we were all down at the table, Papa said the blessing. Then the tin pedlar's talk resumed as the potatoes and ham were passed.



-- Abigail Smith Cole

"It's pretty strong," Mamma said, as she passed the horseradish. She had pulled the roots that very morning. I had watched her clean them and put them through the meat grinder. She had to push down hard to get them through while she turned the handle. I had seen the tears run down her cheeks and my eyes smarted until I turned away. I was too young to help, but liked to help.

"I like it strong." The tin pedlar dug the spoon deep into the glass jar and took out all it would hold. It made a high pile on his ham. Words coming out, how much he enjoyed horseradish, a chunk went into his mouth. The mouth stayed open but the words stopped. Tears came to his eyes. His face was even redder than usual.

"Strong enough for you?" asked Papa.

"I warned you," said Mamma, looking worried.

The tin pedlar laughed. Then went on talking and eating. But there was some horseradish still on his plate when he had finished and was ready for a piece of custard pie.



Some Notes on Early Shipping from the Edwards R.R. Station from June 25, 1896 on --

Woodcock Brothers were operating a grist mill and saw mill, and doing considerable shipping; carload lots of lumber, and receiving carload shipments of feed and grain and coal.

At this time, Ira C. Miles operated a grist mill on the island in Edwards, receiving carload shipments of feed and grain. The South Edwards wood pulp mill, operated by a Mr. Aldrich, was a shipper of wood pulp with Ira C. Miles as shipper's agent. (Later, Mr. Miles was a Member of Assembly from St. Lawrence County.) The wood pulp tied in bundles was teamed from this mill at South Edwards to the Edwards station where it was loaded in box cars and shipped by rail. (This was about 1899.)

At one time, there were seven cheese factories shipping cheese from Edwards: Edwards Factory, operated by Ad (?) Brown; Belleville Factory operated by Ed A. Sheffner; Smith Factory operated by Will Smith; White Clover at Fine, operated by Herb Ames; Pleasant Valley, shipper's agent, G.C. Bartlett; South Edwards, and Pitcairn Factory.

Written by the late Mott Meldrim



The Index to Hough's History of St. Lawrence and Franklin Counties has now been mailed to all who purchased the reprint through the mail. If you have an antique copy and would like this useful Index, it may be received from the History Center, Canton, or from the House of History, Malone, by sending a donation of \$1.00 toward the printing and mailing costs. If you purchased a copy of the reprint through a book store, write and tell us when and which one, and we will see that you get an INDEX.

## Marking Time

I was born in the town of Pierrepont  
at the foot of "Benway Hill,"  
And I've been told in later years  
That the weather was very chill.

The date in the Family Bible,  
December 27th, 1864,  
But I always wondered why I didn't  
Arrive just two days before!

Our good old Irish neighbor  
Who lived just over the hill  
Went to Crary Mills after Dr. Goss,  
Astride of his old horse "Bill".

The years went by, that neighbor passed on,  
And in Colton his ashes repose;  
But I remember well how he'd tell of that time  
And say, "I damned near froze!"

If it hadn't been for Mrs. Benway  
Who lived near the top of the hill;  
I wouldn't have been here now  
Trying these lines to fill

For 36 hours she sat there  
and held me in her arms,  
Watched the clock, and fed me each hour  
With all her Motherly charms

I loved that dear "Old Lady,"  
And when she passed away,  
A vacant spot was left in my heart  
Which hasn't been filled to this day.

We lived in that place till I was 13 years old  
And I had my share of joys,  
Going to school "when I had to,"  
And playing with the neighborhood boys.

We moved to Pierrepont Center  
In the spring of 'seventy-eight,  
And for several years there were lots of jobs  
For the boy they all called, "Nate."

I used to love to go hunting,  
And for fishing I had a craze;  
And in doing these two I spent  
Many, many happy days.

I grew to manhood in this town  
And in Eighteen and Eighty-four;  
A girl came here from Crary Mills  
To work for our neighbor next door.

We spent many happy hours together  
As young folks do, and older folks, too,  
Went to Potsdam Nov. 7th, in 'eighty-five and  
Before Rev. Samuel Call, both of us said, "I do."

We made our home in Pierrepont  
57 years; 7 months and 11 days,  
Then from this life she departed  
And here I've had to stay.

Two children came to cheer us  
But one has passed away;  
The other comes home once in a while  
But not very long to stay.

Five is the number of grandchildren,  
Great Grand children thirteen  
I don't want to "brag," but of course I think  
That none nicer can be seen.



## Lilacs Bridge the Age Gap

When Mamma and I walked to the village  
We would always stop to call  
On an old old lady,  
That I didn't like at all.

She was wrinkled, lame, and grey.  
Why listen to her moan and sigh?  
Just over the river was fun,  
Please, Mamma, let's pass her by.

Because she is old and lonesome  
I like to make her smile,  
We mustn't disappoint her,  
We'll stay but a little while.

When I was old enough to go to school  
I went by that house in a hurry.  
I'd have nothing at all to do  
With that old woman's worry!

Until, by her door grew lilacs.  
I saw them blooming there --  
A great big bush of lilacs!  
She had more than enough to spare.

Would she give me just one,  
If I knocked on her door to ask?  
But Mamma told me not to beg,  
If I did, she'd take me to task.

Quickly the door opened,  
The old woman came, limping, out.  
Her quavering voice called me  
Before I could turn about.

She loaded me with lilacs --  
More than my arms could hold!  
Dear child, It makes me happy.  
Little I can do -- now I'm old.

Sometimes when I think of lilacs  
I remember that long ago day,  
When I learned a happiness lesson  
In just the sweetest way.

Abigail Cole

---

Near 39 years I've served this town  
In the office of Town Clerk;  
And in all these years I've always tried  
My duty never to shirk.

I'm getting near the end  
And so is this terrible rhyme;  
So I'll stop now and say in conclusion  
"I'm simply marking time."

By NATHAN A. JUDD  
(Dec. 27, 1949)

(Served 40 years)



## Old Black Lake

By Belle Tooley Stacy (Echoes of Life)  
 They contemplate a change of name  
 For old Black Lake, it seems a shame,  
 For many years this name has done,  
 Why change it for a newer one?  
 'Tis now endeared to goodly throng  
 Who've lived upon its banks for long,  
 More suited name could not be found,  
 As it is known for miles around.

Its depths were ever dark and deep,  
 Mysterious as life's last sleep;  
 As black as any storm rent sky  
 As those who know can testify.  
 And I have loved it, too, and know  
 Since first I saw it years ago  
 I'm sure they'd make a great mistake  
 To change the name of old Black Lake.

What's in a name? some folks may say,  
 But as the years pass on their way,  
 Some names live deep within the heart  
 And tender memories impart;  
 While other names we soon forget  
 As tho' in life we never met,  
 And tho' they ask "what's in a name?"  
 I'm sure there's something just the same.

When lake or river, street or town  
 Earns for itself a fine renown,  
 'Tis only fair it should retain  
 The name 'twas given and remain  
 To those who live upon its shore  
 A thing of joy for-ever-more,  
 So I implore for old time's sake  
 To keep the name of Old Black Lake.

(Written in answer years ago to Editorial printed in January. Supplied by Hammond Historian Maxine Rutherford).

## Nature's Awakening

By REV. C. SHAW

There's a stir in the heart of nature--  
 A throbbing of life and love,  
 A movement of silent forces  
 Unseen by the world above.

'Tis the resurrection movement  
 For grasses and trees and flowers  
 That are soon to robe in beauty  
 This dear Northland of ours.

There are blooms that are swiftly running  
 Underneath where the rootlets hide  
 In God's ever busy workshops  
 Where all in his peace abide.

They are wearing bright robes of beauty  
 Where stain of the soil has left them  
 Washed clean by dews and showers.

Oh this constant working of nature  
 Whose pulse beats are steady and true,  
 Alike through the cold storms of winter  
 Alike through the rain and the dew.

We gaze on its fair revelations,  
 We count them the handwork of God,  
 But dream not of that which is hidden  
 Away 'neath the veil of the sod.  
 Oswegatchie, N.Y.  
 Mar 29, 1922

## The Blizzard of '71

By ALICE PENROSE

Their focus is eager  
 Intent on the weather  
 They turn on the radio  
 To see if it's true

And it's true, Truly  
 The white snow is falling  
 And that is their school  
 The disc jockey's calling

Yippee and Hooray  
 And a doodle dum dool  
 For one day at least  
 We're all free from school

The day snows on  
 The wind starts to blow  
 No fun on a snow day  
 If there really is snow

By nightfall it's sure  
 That the roads are too full  
 To let these sweet children  
 Go Friday to school

Once more they all hear  
 But with somewhat less vigor  
 A quarantine to scholarship  
 Is some kind of trigger

Well maybe on Saturday  
 The roads will be clear  
 But complete isolation  
 The children all fear

To be stuck with their families  
 Gives all the kids fright  
 Especially particularly  
 On Saturday night

Sunday and Monday  
 Snowed in like the rest  
 This break from humanity's  
 Some kind of test

But on Tuesday the buses  
 Pull out once again  
 The children prepare  
 With pencil and pen

And left in their memories  
 Is the love to be free  
 So they'll cheer like the devil  
 When a snowstorm they see

Potsdam H.S. student wrote in talented Juniors course last year at S.L.U.

*~~~~~*

Dear Mary Biondi  
 My twenties are past,  
 My middle years too,  
 Now in my eighties  
 I have all I can do.  
 What can I volunteer?  
 I can't run in  
 to serve on committee,  
 or in the museum,  
 or with the mail,  
 to stamp and seal.  
 How can I answer your appeal?  
 I know!  
 I can run in  
 with my ANNIVERSARY GIFT  
 and best wishes.  
 (Thanks, Abigail Cole!)

# Poetical Portraits

## Softball Turtles of Louisville

LORRAINE B. BANDY  
Historian for Town of Louisville, N.Y.

They're not on the bottom, nor on the top --  
Not even -- in between --  
But they sure had fun -- all summer long --  
Those "Turtles", dressed in green!

That "herd of Turtles" numbered twenty-one,  
Who were faithful, tried and true --  
Here's a list of those who played against the rest of you!

They had two Pats, a Joey and a Joe,  
Three Dicks, one Gerry, A Dave and Leo --  
Two Garys, Francis, Clark, Corky and Ed --  
Two Dons, Richie, Ron and Louie -- far from Dead!

A turtle is known to be slow --  
Like the snail --  
But all summer long --  
Norfolk hung on their tail!

The Softball Turtles have a "Hall of Fame,"  
And now there are five, we would like to name.  
Sixteen others will not appear --  
But perhaps their names, you'll see next year!

As we mention you and what you have done,  
Will you come get th gift that you have won?

The first one listed has played the game  
For so many years -- Louis Molnar's his name!  
Every year he says -- "This is the end!"  
But he always comes back, like a real true friend.  
Louie, we want you to rest, all winter long,  
So by next spring -- the "Kinks" will be gone.  
Here is a gift -- so you'll keep on the go --  
Cause you'll be back next year -- We all know!  
(presented a rocking chair)

They had two pitchers, who graced the mound  
A little one and a big one could be found,  
At all the games, they really confused you --  
Was it Leo or Gerry, you must get use to?  
Well boys, you worked hard  
And sweat out the first --  
So here is something  
To help quench your thirst!  
(presented a big green pitcher to Gerry)  
Gerry Tyo is 6'4".  
(presented a small green one to Leo)

Leo Castagnier is 5'.

Their short stop Dave, got so awfully mad  
When he missed that ball, he should have had --  
That from now on, just call him this --  
And next year -- he won't dare to miss!  
(presented him with big cardboard "Tiger")  
Dave Tiger Wells

They had a catcher, who liked to climb,  
He crawled that backstop -- every time!  
So Joe -- with this you just reach up --  
And you'll always get it -- (with a little luck!)  
(presented him a basket with the handle on)  
Donald "Joe" Compo

Three "female turtles", made the "Hall of Fame" too!  
They worked all summer, and their credit is due  
Turtles need water -- and Bev was so busy  
Filling that jug -- she was almost dizzy!  
Though turtles are green -- this one is not --  
It has a sunburn -- Those days were so hot!  
(presented red stones turtle pin)  
Beverly Compo

Marcia kept busy -- on the telephone,  
Helping notify turtles at home.  
Taking care of details and the gear --  
It's a wonder tonight, she's really here --  
This turtles not green -- It's the color of your face  
Rushing around all summer -- at such a pace!  
(presented Red Stones turtle pin)  
Marcia Castagneir

The last but not least, is "Dear Old Kate"!  
The best score keeper in the state!  
That "Herd of Turtles", kept wanting to know --  
Who's up? Who's on Deck? Are we ready to go?  
What's the inning? What's the score?  
Is that all we've got? Are you really sure?  
Well, Kate did her best -- and her praises we sing --  
So wear this and think of those necks you could ring!  
(presented her red stones turtle dinner ring)  
Kate Tyo

Now -- Louisville would like you to know!

The "Softball Turtles" are sticking together  
All winter long, through the cold wintry weather!  
"He" and "She" Turtles, will be cutting some trails  
and with Snowmobiles, they'll visit the Snails!  
Replay the games and really have fun --  
Let's keep the league together, "a family of one!"

There are eight league teams  
Plus their girls and their wives --  
No reason at all --  
Why we can't stay alive!

Come out to Louisville -- or give us a call --  
There must be enough sleds -- to have a ball!  
If you hear a "Herd of Turtles" go "Zooming" by  
Flag us down -- join in -- and away we'll fly --  
We'll find some place to drink and eat --  
Replay each game and how we got beat!!!

Get all of your managers together,  
Let's have a game -- don't mind the weather!  
We can plow off the field, hit and ride to the bases,  
And call it the "Softball Snowmobile Races"!  
We'd have lots of laughs, and plenty of fun --  
So give it some thought -- and see what can be done!

The "Turtles" thank you for your kind attention  
And give to all an "Honorable Mention"!



archives highlight

# Ogdensburg of 1809-1810

## (Part II)

May 16, 1809

"The Judge Lives yet, but from the nature of his illness, Doctors pronounce his death inevitable -- three medical men have been called to his assistance, and it was all in vain, his state of Debility is helpless. The Major, expecting his brother hourly to depart from this world, sent for his Lady, who is now at the Garrison, and the execution of his will being the sold object of his relations' solicitude, I could not, without intruding in their family affairs, offer to transact any other kind of business, besides the Major and Squire Hasbrouck think that the news of the sale of the village might unfavorably impress on his mind and anticipate his death."

May 29

"On the 17th of May the life of the Judge still being despaired of and the family still earnestly engaged on the fatal occasion, I delayed going there until the next day,

when I requested his brother (the Major) to furnish me with the statement of the land sales in this village, which he declined, alleging that nobody but Judge was able to draw it up, and he wishes me to wait till his brother gets well again, observing at the same time, that since the Judge was still ignorant of the transaction between you, Sir, and Mr. Ogden, the news of it might so unfavorably operate on his mind as to hasten his departure from this World. After a crisis of several days the Judge's situation changed for the better and it has been favorable ever since, so that we live in hopes of his perfect recovery. 'Twas last Thursday, being there on a visit, that the late transaction was for the first time mentioned by the Judge who appeared to be satisfied with it. All the villagers are mightily pleased with it, and their fireside conversation on the greatness of your views to rise this country is very animated at present by an event at which they all have reason to rejoice. Neither the Major, nor Mr. King, or Mr. Arnold, who are at present the Judge's clerks are able to draw up the statement you request, the latter must do it himself."



The gentlemen in the photo of the Parish House in Ogdensburg are as follows: George Parish in the round top derby; the shorter of the two men with the stove pipe hats was Judge Wm. C. Brown; the other, John F. Rosseel, then

agent for the Parish Estate; old fellow with white stove pipe hat is Edward Beaty, Parish's cook; man in short sleeves is Wm. Houston, the Gardner. (This is rear of Remington Memorial today, Front at that time.)

June 28, 1809

"Dear Sir: I wrote you on the 19th, enclosing a letter from the Postmaster General, ordering the mail to be carried once a week to Ogdensburg. I am glad to find that the "Experiment" will be ready to sail early next month. I presume that Capt. Mayo has met and engaged a couple of good sailors, well acquainted with the navigation of the river. These are absolutely necessary and if not procured, some one must immediately go in quest of them to Canada. I suppose it will be necessary to have regular ships papers from the Collector before they are allowed to navigate -- if so, not a moment must be lost. They may be made out in the name of Capt. Mayo, at least those of the "Experiment," of which he will be the owner. You will pay particular attention to this, so that no time may be lost on my arrival, as I shall probably go in her myself, the first trip, to Niagara. You will also cause bedding for myself and servant to be procured.

"I don't intend for the present to sell on any condition any land on which it is supposed there is iron. I dispatched a few days ago eight boxes and five barrels containing principally liquors, to Mr. Kane at Albany, with directions to forward them via Oswego to Ogdensburg. If you can contrive to expedite their arrival you will oblige me. I am always, my dear Sir, etc. etc. David Parish."

Denmark, July 1809, Saturday evening

"I have gotten thus far on my journey to Ogdensburg, where I hope to arrive on Tuesday evening. This will be handed to you by my travelling companion Mr. John Oliver, who goes direct while I shall proceed by way of Champion, to see Mr. Kent and also stop at the mills to see Gen. Morris. I pray you will make Mr. Oliver as comfortable as your situation will permit and to prepare a room for me in the red house where I may be retired, and attend to business. I shall bring four horses and two servants besides the black man, who goes on with Mr. Oliver. You will have to lay in some hay or grass. Oats are, I presume, scarce with you, and I shall therefore get a load at Champion, and have it sent on."

July 11, 1809

"The anniversary of the 4th of July has been celebrated here with more spirited rejoicing and diversions of every description, more brilliancy and above all more decorum than ever was before. You will no doubt hear of it before long, for the gentlemen of the Committee have resolved on giving all publicity to this celebration. On that day your vessel, the Experiment, was launched with unexpected success; it was a beautiful launch, witnessed by upwards of 400 spectators. There was a public dinner to which ninety-six sat down. The Hon. Judge's voluntary toast was, "David Parish, Esq., May his commercial enterprises be as successful on the St. Lawrence as they were on the ocean." Three cheers and a salute. I happened to visit this table with some of our Canadian friends, when Gen. Lewis R. Morris (who was one of the convivial party) gave the following toast, "our neighbors of Canada, under the liberty of a mild government, may our friendship for them last as long as the St. Lawrence."

"Capt. Mayo is rigging out the Experiment, she will be ready for a trip in eight or sixteen days. Tomorrow Mr. Church will lay the timber for the floor of the second story of the warehouse -- it progresses but slowly. Your stable and coach house are almost finished."

Nov. 7, 1809 (On his way back)

"I wrote a few lines from Turin on the first, next day I went to Trenton, and spent an agreeable evening with Col. Mappa's family; on the 3rd, went to Utica and Herkimer, to Johnstown on the 4th; Schenectady on the 5th; and reached Albany yesterday. Tomorrow at 8 o'clock I shall embark on board the steamboat for New York. Mr. Kane informs me that Capt. Cherry is still in jail and has offered to mortgage the half of his pay to secure your debt. Mr. Turner tells me that he has still fifteen or twenty tons of goods to forward to Ogdensburg this Autumn, where two new establish-

ments are, it seems, to be formed; the one by a Mr. Pley-mont, the other by two young men brought up in Kane and Van Rensselaer's store.

"Pray mention to Mr. Hasbrouck that the Patroon is in New York where I propose conversing with him respecting the Canton road."

Nov. 16, 1809

"A new store is about to be opened here. There will soon be more stores than consumers, if they long continue forming themselves at the present rate. Messrs., Thomas and Spencer the new comers; Those already established are Chas. Raymond and Co.; Mr. Lott Rew; Messrs., Hooker and Hendy; Messrs., Noble and Gilbert and the ambulatory Store of James McCrea; and of Messrs., Whitney and Co. -- this circumstance far from producing uneasiness brings to my mind the greatest assurance of the future. The expense of building temporary warehouse amount to \$173,11.10. Mrs. Mayo has just presented her husband with a young Captain.

"Capt. Cherry's bivouac not being large enough to contain all the young scholars, I have rented Vosburgh's to the Trustees for \$6.00 a quarter, old Mr. Plumb being willing to move to Mr. Burroughs.

"Under the scope of Public utility we may consider a church a place of worship as much wanted as an Academy here. I indulge the hope of receiving from you before your departure for Europe instructions to proceed on some scheme to collect the necessary means for providing in this place a building for this purpose."

Dec. 9, 1809

"A new store is soon to be opened here by Averell and Starr, two promising youths, having some means. Gen. Burr of Troy, an acquaintance of Capt. Mayo is here, to view the place. He proposes to erect a "rope walk." He is busy setting his kinsman agoing who is one of the first rate rope walkers. I leased him for two years, for a rope walk, a narrow strip along the Public Place, on the Barracks grounds, and ordered from New York a couple of tons of hemp to begin with. He will in future fetch this material from the Genesee country. Should this business have success, it would render the cold wet land hitherto depreciated, (?), of some value, for the culture of hemp, as there are on the Genesee about thirty thousand acres of Flats, which if cultivated, will at a low estimate, yield ten thousand tons of hemp a year. The manufacture of rope here will, if well managed, be a very important object. Mr. Burr will settle here in September. Mr. Chas. Hill, of Albany, is here -- he has a notion of establishing a Pottery, and making use of your bed of blue clay, of which he has taken a barrel to Albany, to have it tried there. It appears that those concerned in the building of the Bridge over the Oswegatchie have firmly resolved to decline contributing to all other public works until the Bridge is paid for; this accounts for the subscription paper for the Academy remaining in the Dark. Capt. Mayo is mourning for his son."

Philadelphia, Dec. 11, 1809

"Mr. David B. Ogden's deed for the village was handed to me before I left New York. I put it under cover to you, and delivered it to Mr. Boyd a brother of the Sheriff, who proposes to practice law in the County of St. Lawrence. He will start with the first snow from Albany and deliver my packets to you on his arrival. Enclosed you will find an agreement entered into with Mr. Miller the Boat builder who is to be at Ogdensburg on or before the first of March, and whom I wish you to employ there or Rossie building Schenectady boats next Summer. The \$100 advanced him by me must be retained out of his wages."

Philadelphia, January 16, 1810

"We shall probably hear shortly that Congress has taken off all commercial restrictions; and if so, and the next advices from England are pacific, I shall send up Brown to build Capt. Mayo's vessel."

Continued on Page 15



# The Legend of the Touchwood

By ANNETTE S.H. MILLER

If you had lived in mid-nineteenth century Morristown, no doubt "touchwood" would have been a household word, but when anyone of the present generation asks, "Touchwood? What's that?" I am ready to tell its story.

I was visiting at the home of my future husband more than sixty years ago in Brier Hill. Hubert Leroy Hadlock's mother had passed away and he and his father William were ably chaperoned and "kept house for" by Mrs. Christina Green.

On the clock shelf in the parlor was an odd-shaped piece of wood, the color of dry putty with black streaks on the sides. That made it appear like a short piece of wood cut from a tree limb. And just as people ask me today (as I still have it), I asked my future father-in-law, "What's that?"

He gave it to me to hold. "That's touchwood," he quickly replied with a twinkle in his eye.

It was not heavy as it had looked on the shelf, although it was solid and about the size of an old fashioned quart measure. As I held it, turned it again in my hands, I asked Father Hadlock to tell me its story. Here's his explanation.

When he was a boy everyone needed a spring "tonic," the spring bitters to give energy and pep for the extra work days ahead at that season. There were no fresh fruits and vegetables to be had at that time to provide much-needed vitamins after the long winter diet.

In late autumn every farmer and his neighbor worked in the woodlots to cut fuel for the parlor stove as well as the kitchen range. While choosing which trees to cut, each man watched carefully for a knot in a pine tree, spruce or balsam. A knot from a hemlock could be used, but it was not always satisfactory.

The knot was watched daily until it had stopped oozing pitch. Then the knot was removed with a sharp tool so that the tree was not injured.

It was carried home and placed on a shelf in the cupboard, guarded carefully during the winter. Each member of the family was interested to have it dry out just right and each was eager to smell of it and turn it over on the shelf.

"Just right" meant that it was finally ready for preparation of the spring bitters. Small pieces were shaved from

the knot and placed in a quart bottle of whiskey. And again each member of the family had a share in this preparation. He shook the bottle several times a day until the contents looked all right. Then he tasted of it and if it tasted all right, he was ready for spring. He'd take a spoonful before each meal and before bedtime.

Father Hadlock said it was well named as the liquid was unusually bitter. Some people did not enjoy it, but if you took your tablespoonful before each meal, you would soon feel "rarin' to go," to get the spring crops into the field and for the extra chores.



## Touchwood

I like to speculate on the results of the extra energy these farmers felt after taking spring bitters, as I once more turn this century-old "touchwood."

Man is naturally an indolent being, unless his ambition is aroused. Too many of our young people think they can live without or with less labor than was required of their parents. Written 150 years ago by Elisha Risdon of Hopkinton in his Diary.

Winter appears determined to contest the possession of the earth a while longer with spring. (Elisha Risdon's Diary).



There are still copies of the Hough's History reprint available at the History Center, Canton. Write Box 8, with \$15.00 to cover mailing, and expenses. The Index recently went to all persons of record who purchased the reprint. Indexes are still available at \$1.00 for printing and mailing.



Our Association has been asked to contribute several 35 mm color slides of activities of our organization to be used by the Syracuse University TV Department.



Many threads go to weave the fabric of memory.



ing eyes. Then a dull swishy sound like a skyrocket broke the still night. The old gun's report sounded weak, but the young buck fell into the mud at the river's edge. The fat man stepped out of the canoe, picked up the deer in his arms like a sack of potatoes, and carried it up the bank. He had just reached the top of the bank when the buck came to. Its four feet flew in all directions. The man didn't dare let go. Wilfred yelled, "Hang on to him, Walter, hang on to him, he's no bigger dan you." The big man yelled back, "Shoot him, shoot him." It was over in a minute, for the buck got loose enough to give a big kick that sent the hunter flying into the brush. The old shells had no power left and had only stunned the deer. "The shells are too old," Wilfred said. "I fix dat." He took the wadding out of two shells, poured all the powder into one shell, replaced the wad, and said, "De next buck will stay down." Once again the canoe glided down the river. Several miles downstream, another pair of eyes. A terrific blast, and a large hunter lying flat on his back in the bottom of the canoe. Wilfred said, "Dere, by de Jeezus. You will have no trouble wid dat one."

The 16,000 acres of lumbered off forest were becoming a great tax burden on the Wanakena Company's maintenance account. There was no revenue from this land. But several pulpwood jobbers were trying to buy it. The spruce and balsam that had been too small for cutting had grown to a size which was of interest to the pulpwood men. They would have cut everything down even to pikepole size if the company had sold the land to them. Many people wanted to buy land at High Falls and the Plains, but the company would not break the land into pieces. The sportsmen and summer guests of the area were very much concerned as to the disposition of the land. Someone suggested that perhaps the State of New York would be interested in buying it to add to the Adirondack preserve. After much dickering the land was finally purchased by the state in 1919. Its future now seemed secure from lumbering and other earth stripping projects. Almost everyone agreed that this was the proper way to keep the woods as wild as possible.

Wilfred felt bad, however, for no permanent buildings were allowed on state land. Eventually, his camp was burned down along with the other guides' camps, and with it went his spirit and desire to guide in the woods. The best of the naturally wild days of the Adirondacks were coming to an end. The camp at High Falls was torn down, and a regulation state open camp, or lean-to, was erected on the site. Other lean-tos were built and were now open to the public, free. The longest period of time any one party could occupy one of these camps was three days in succession. Sometime before its acquisition of former Rich Lumber Company land, the state had already acquired adjoining tracts on the east, west, and south. Today it owns a broad band of forest preserve in southern St. Lawrence County, including, in the Town of Fine, about half of Township 14 and all of Township 15 except the 2,330 acres of Ranger School land, the village of Wanakena, and a few tiny inholdings; and in the towns of Clifton and Colton to the east, most of the shoreline of Cranberry Lake and many of the outlying ponds south of the lake. These ponds, such as Cowhorn, Cat Mountain, Bassout, Clear, and Glasby, were formerly in a large tract leased by the Indian Mountain Club, with headquarters at Nunn's Inn, and were all posted. Fishing was restricted even among club members, and outsiders were kept off the land by guides hired to patrol the lines. Each year one pond of the group was opened for fishing by the members. The ponds were thus given a chance to reproduce fish naturally, and fishing remained excellent.

South of the St. Lawrence County line, adjoining the above-mentioned tracts, was the 75,000 acre Webb Purchase of 1896, in which the state acquired land in north-eastern Herkimer and northwestern Hamilton counties. Fifty thousand acres of this were primitive forest which had never been lumbered. The ponds of this remote area seemed to keep themselves stocked because they weren't overfished. In Five Ponds, Muir Pond, Wolf Lake, Toad Pond, Street-er Fishpond, Riley Ponds, and Sand Lake, trout up to three



Loren and Mary Moore, proprietors of InletHouse, standing in front of a pile of hemlock bark, which Loren used to buy and sell, piling it in his backyard at Inlet. In maps of the turn of the century, Inlet is named "Sternberg's," after the proprietor who preceded the Moores.

pounds could be caught in summer. Big Deer Pond, also south of the county line, was not much of a trout pond but became famous because deer congregated there during the summer months. Its shore is of hard bluish colored sand. One can walk several rods into the pond before reaching a depth of four feet. It seemed that on hot days during July and August one could see as many as fifty deer at a time playing and cooling off in this pond, especially when the deerflies were bad and there was no wind. When the deerflies were really biting, the deer would run from the woods right into the water, making it fly. This was a pretty sight. The pond was a deer paradise. Big deer, little deer, bucks, does, and spotted fawns all played together. When the summer was over, they all scattered to avoid the hunters.

These deer had a good break, for near Big Deer Pond was an abandoned lumber camp occupied by a quaint old character named Fide Scott. He loved the deer and kept summer poachers away. He kept a cow, a dog, and a cat, and when he came to Wanakena for supplies he used the cow as a pack horse. He put a bag on the cow's back and divided the load evenly on each side. As he left town with his cow and pets, the summer guests enjoyed watching him and his family. He always had something in the supplies for each of his pets. Occasionally some of the more hardy guests at the hotel would make the trip to Big Deer Pond and stay overnight at Fide's camp. Fide was always glad to have them as his guests, for the slight fee he charged for their meals was always augmented by generous tips.

One spry old lady who was a guest at the hotel made these trips whenever she could find someone to go with her. One time she and the others were seated at the table eating breakfast, which consisted of pancakes, sausage, and maple syrup. "Uncle Fide," she asked, "why have you put caraway seed in the cakes this morning?" Without looking up from his stove, Uncle Fide replied, "Damn, those mice have been in the flour again."

Some days one could see black smoke drifting from the old, tottering, rusty, tin smoke pipe which stuck out of the roof of the former blacksmith shop at the camp where Fide lived. When you approached the camp, you could hear the ring of the hammer on the anvil, but when you tried the door it would be locked from the inside. Uncle Fide would



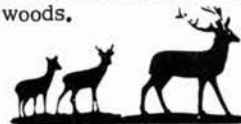
Footbridge at Inlet, where the Albany Road used to cross the upper Oswegatchie. Above this bridge are 20 miles of good canoe cruising to High Falls and then 10 miles more for those with patience to lift over beaver dams.

come out and talk to you after locking the door. When he made his trips to Wanakena for supplies, he always took the object he was working on with him all wrapped up in burlap and tucked away in his packsack. Once when he was away someone ransacked the place. After that he took no more chances of leaving his treasure alone. He finally finished the item he had been working on. He brought it into town and displayed his handiwork to the townsfolk. It was what he called a "mad ax" and is known as a mattock. Whether he was successful in getting a patent was always a matter of debate.

Uncle Fide took some of the best logs from the old lumber camp, which had begun to fall down, and built one of the most cozy and beautiful small log cabins one

could ever see in the Adirondacks. The floor was made of hand hewn, diamond shaped blocks, about one foot thick and laid together to form a very interesting pattern. This floor was as smooth and even as one could want. Many articles of his furniture were beautiful examples of craftsmanship.

When Uncle Fide passed away, this land was acquired by the state, and the Indian Mountain Club had to give up its lease. During the winter when the snow was right for sleighing, Fide's little cabin was torn down and carefully hauled by sleigh to Nunn's Inn at the head of Cranberry Lake. At this location it was reassembled exactly as old Fide had built it, a monument to men of his character that are fast disappearing from the woods.



Fide (Philo) Scott (d. 1911) stirred the folk imagination of the Cranberry Lake-Oswegatchie region more than any other of a dozen or more unique characters. As guide and friend of the once famous North Country novelist, Irving Bachelier, Scott even broke into literature. He is the subject of the ballad "Him an' Me" and of the profile "The Most Remarkable Character I Have Known" in *From Stores of Memory*; he is also the original of the hero in Bachelier's novel *Silas Strong: Emperor of the Woods* and provided traits for fictional characters in other novels and short stories. Some others who have written about Scott are: Albert Vann Fowler, in "The Hermit of Big Deer," *High Spots Yearbook*, 1940, and *Cranberry Lake 1845-1959*, ed. Albert Vann Fowler (Blue Mountain Lake, N. Y., 1959); David F. Lane, in "The Oswegatchie Country," *Ad-I-ron-dac*, July-August, 1949; Paul F. Jamieson, in "The Oswegatchie Highlands," *Adirondack*, May-June, 1963, and in "Guide and Party," *New York Folklore Quarterly*, June, 1966. The following two stanzas are from a memorial poem "Lines on the Death of Filo Scott of Fine," written shortly after Scott's death by a near neighbor and friend, the Reverend C. Shaw:

True friend of nature, nature's heart  
Entwined so close about his own  
He could not live from her apart,  
Each life had so together grown.

On tramp, in camp, on wave or shore,  
He was a wise and faithful guide.  
And we regret we'll see no more  
The genial face of Uncle Fide.

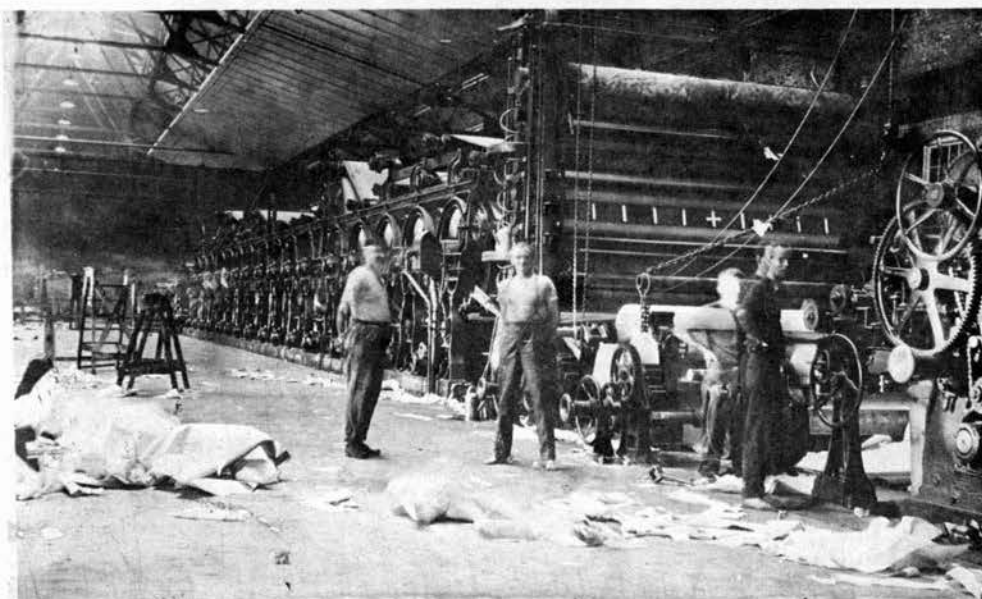
From *MAN OF THE WOODS*, by Herbert F. Keith; Introduction and Notes by Paul F. Jamieson. Published by the Syracuse University Press and the Adirondack Museum. Copyright © 1972 by Syracuse University Press. Reprinted by permission of the publishers.



Fide Scott (seated, left of center) and his family about 1905. Fide's wife is seated beside him at the center, with a grandchild between them.

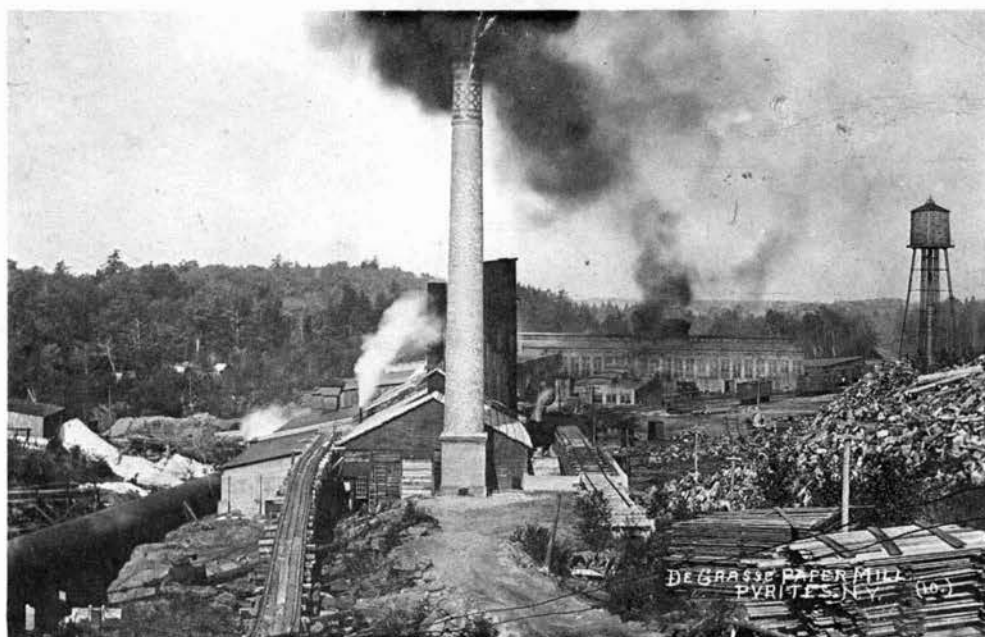
## Pyrites

"New" Church, Pyrites.



Interior of Paper Mill, Pyrites

(All photos from  
History Center Archives)



DeGrasse Paper Mill, Pyrites in its heyday.



Philadelphia, March 6, 1810

"I had several opportunities during my stay in Washington to converse very fully with the Secretary of Treasury respecting your establishment and other commercial operations which we contemplate. I satisfied his mind that our intention is not to carry on a smuggling trade, and suggested to him the propriety of establishing a new Custom house district and making Ogdensburg a port of Entry. He has accordingly recommended the passage of such a law to the Committee of Commerce and manufactures, who will soon make their report to Congress. I have determined to cause two new schooners to be built at Ogdensburg this Spring, and Messrs, Brown and How will start early next week to undertake the job; by next mail I will forward the articles of agreement I have entered into with them through Mr. David B. Ogden. Capt. Mayo will give such directions as he may think proper. I have the Judge's promise of the same spot at the Garrison for the building of the vessels which we occupied last year."

April 18, 1810

"In consequence of letters received from Capt. Mayo I have determined not to build the second schooner this season. It will be necessary to build some scows to transport the produce to Montreal, as this is by far the cheapest mode."

Aug. 6, 1810

"We have more business than we can attend to, but we receive no money; though our outstandings are pretty secure. The Contract is secure for the building of the Rosie road to be completed in November 1811."

September 10, 1810

"Sold lots to Mr. Livermore of Baltimore, a lawyer; to Klipp and Strong, printers; Thomas and Spencer, merchants; S. Pearson of Kingston, Ark builder. Mr. Scott and family have arrived, one lawyer more. Messrs. Joseph Rosseel and Co. will undertake the general forwarding business between Lake Ontario and Montreal. They sent five ark loads of potash and flour, and next year expect to send twenty. Last Tuesday fire broke out in the house of Curtis and Brown, joiners, at southwest corner of the block bounded by Isabella, Catherine, Washington and Water streets. It was destroyed in twenty minutes; the inhabitants subscribed about \$400.00 to assist the distressed in rebuilding their house. I subscribed \$50.00 in your name. In two or three weeks I shall move into your land office (the only part of your new house habitable this winter). I have sent you one or two copies of the Ogdensburg Palladium."



## MYSTERIES

This large tintype in History Center has lost its identification. Anyone know who it is? Who gave it to the archives?

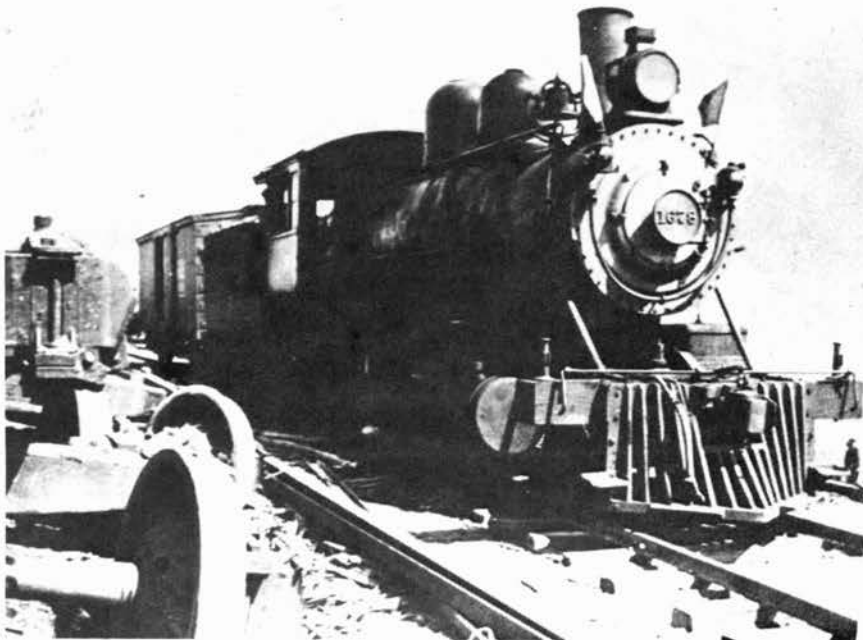


# Who? When?

MEMORIES



This New York State Marker found by Crystal Beach, Star Lake. (Photo made by Mrs. Ellis Colton.)



Locomotive on DeKalb-Ogdensburg Line, Stopped at the Falls.



**Needed.....** VOLUNTEERS

For Committees:

- Museum and Displays
- Membership (mailing list)
- Finance
- Publicity
- Programs (including tours)

- Special Gifts (including funding and sales)
- Time: Indexing; Thursdays at History Center
- Gifts: Building Fund
- Memberships to relatives, friends

**Notice**

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

**Monday and Thursday  
9:00 A.M. - 4:00 P.M.**

POTSDAM MUSEUM

New Hours

Tuesdays, Thursdays, Fridays

2 - 5 p.m.

Saturdays 1 - 3 p.m.

# Bicentenary Annals

Our community of DeGrasse was named for an illustrious figure. Comte Francois Joseph Paul deGrasse was born in 1722 and at age 11 attended naval school in Toulon, France. In 1740 he was in the French Navy during the War of Jenkins' Ear. During a three-month imprisonment in England following his capture in 1747, he made English friends and secured vital information about their Navy.

The Comte was one of the handsomest men of the period, a striking 6'2" tall, a real aristocrat. He rose in his profession and commanded a frigate, then a 74-gun ship "Intrepide," becoming a commodore in 1778. He returned to American waters, battling Adm. Byron off Grenada and in the operation against Savannah.

His health failed and he returned to France in October 1780. He was not yet 60 years old, in poor health, but became Rear Admiral in '81, sailing for the West Indies with a fleet of 20 ships of the line, 3 frigates and a convoy of 150 ships.

DeGrasse had been given discretionary orders to support Washington and Rochambeau. He played a decisive role in the Yorktown campaign, consequently in the outcome of the entire War for Independence.

He was royally entertained as a prisoner in August of '82 after being captured aboard the Ville de Paris. He became the scapegoat for the fiasco but after two years of

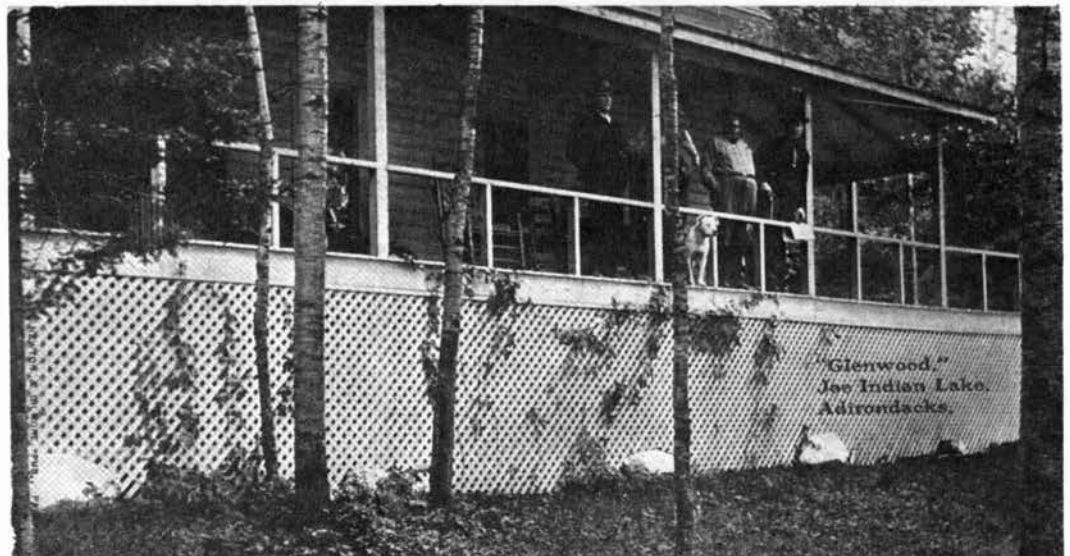
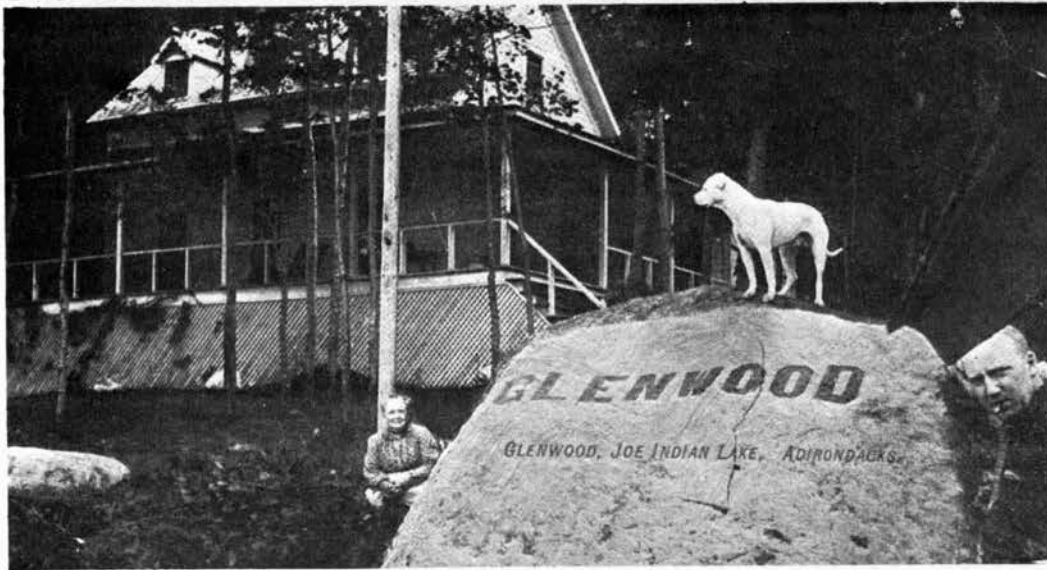
political maneuvering got back in the French King's favor. However, he died suddenly on the eve of the French Revolution (Jan. 14, 1788) in Paris. The four captured cannon from Yorktown that he had kept at his Chateau 50 miles away were dragged off, by the rabble, after destroying his home and were melted into Revolutionary coin.

DeGrasse's four daughters escaped to America. In 1799 two of them died in Charleston of yellow fever, where they had joined their brother. These were all children of the first of his three marriages. Adelaide married, as did Silvie (or Silva) who became Mrs. Francois DePau, another refugee from France, and the mother of the Sylvia for whom our Sylvia Lake was named. The DePaus had met Theodosius Fowler, Jr. in New York and Amelia and Sylvia, sisters, vied for his affections.

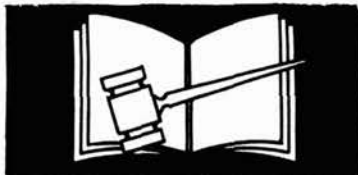
(Although writers do not agree on their story, you should read about them in the "Sylvia Lake Story" and in earlier issues of the Quarterly.)

A statue of DeGrasse was unveiled in Paris in 1932, the gift of an American from New Jersey, A. Kingsley Macomber. It is said that General Washington believed that the resourcefulness and qualities of leadership Admiral deGrasse showed contributed greatly to the favorable ending of the war.

mhb







## PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

This message starts with the past, but within a few lines will reach into the future.

In these recent months we have lost by death three members who served our association in especially useful ways. John Mentley of Canton was, for most of a year, assistant treasurer and gave careful attention to keeping our membership lists in order. Bruce Van Buren of Ogdensburg was our president for a term, and saw to it that the continuity of meetings and tours and so on kept up in interesting ways. Very recently we lost Mrs. Ethel Craig Olds of Waddington, faithful member from the beginning who served both the county organization and her local history interests with knowledge and zeal. She and her husband, the late Carlton B. Olds, who was our president for four successive terms, were in a large way responsible for putting our association on its feet.

We salute these three, and honor their memory. In doing so, we are symbolically honoring the memory of others who founded and developed the Historical Association, and have now passed on. In this year of our silver anniversary, it is saddening to note that hardly any charter members are left. Saddening, I say, but the fact can be an incentive too. An incentive not only to carry on with their work, but so far as possible to enlarge and improve it.

Yes, we are twenty-five years old this year. As your trustees and officers have done some self-examination in the light of the present and the future, we have come up with these reflections of progress:

1. The Quarterly not only continues, with an unflagging submission of material, but improves, Mary Biondi and her associates work at this as at a labor of love, which it is.

2. Officers and trustees hold monthly meetings, even in February and March, and special committee meetings give attention to such programs as our tours. Incidentally you will find elsewhere in this issue an announcement about prospective tours this year.

3. A brochure advertising our program is in process of being edited and published. Margaret Nulty of Gouverneur took on the chairmanship of this.

4. Invitations are going out to certain committee members for attendance at trustees' meetings. This has to be in small numbers, and on a basis of a kind of rotation.

5. Slowly, our strength is being augmented by elections to the newly created Advisory Council. It's interesting that, in this time of "women's liberation" our first two members chosen are Miss Marion Gibson of West Stockholm and Mrs. Walter Clark of Massena.

6. We are cooperating fully with local history groups and observances of theirs. One of our principal tours this summer (July 1) will be to the Crafts Fair of the Norwood Centennial. Incidentally, we were represented at Norwood's kick-off dinner, at which Mrs. Lyman and others, especially our long-time member Louise Fletcher Chase, were honored.

7. In line with the above, our greetings always go out to our neighbors' celebrations in other counties; e.g., this year to Clayton and Philadelphia for their centennials.

8. Copies of the Index to Hough's History, which we had promised to all purchasers of the reprint, are now being sent out.

9. Our annual meeting in October will feature a Silver Anniversary theme, with special attention to all charter and early members. Since first lists were not kept until the Quarterly started, names of these are being sought.

10. Mary Biondi and I talk a good deal about a special Silver Anniversary issue of the Quarterly, with a cover in colors.

These, it should be noted, are not all of our reflections. But they're enough for now to stimulate ideas from our members at large, who of course are the heart of our association.

Want to send some ideas in, any of you? We welcome any and all.

Last but by no means least, we are proud to announce that Mrs. Bernard (Grace) Riley of Canton has become our new assistant treasurer and, in effect, business manager of the membership.

She succeeds Mrs. Edith Costa, who by reason of other obligations wished to withdraw. Edith will continue to serve Canton as Town Historian, and we are deeply appreciative of the faithful service she gave us for two years.

*Edward J. Blankman*

## Know Your Historian

Brasher -- Miss Mae Murray, Brasher Falls  
Canton -- Mrs. Edith L. Costa, 1 East Dr., Canton  
Clare -- Mrs. Myron (Iris) Fry, RFD 2, Russell  
Clifton -- Mrs. Clarence (Clara) McKenney, Cranberry Lake  
Colton -- Mrs. Homer (Lorena) Reed, Colton  
DeKalb -- Floyd F. E. Walrath, DeKalb Junction  
DePeyster -- Mrs. Mason (Adelaide) Steele, RFD, Heuvelton  
Edwards -- Miss Leah M. Noble, Edwards  
Fine -- Mrs. Bessie DeCosse, Star Lake, N.Y.  
Fowler -- Mrs. Clifford (Isabelle) Hance, RFD 3, Gouverneur  
Gouverneur -- Harold Storie, 20 John St.  
Hammond -- Mrs. Donald (Maxine) Rutherford, RFD 1  
Hermon -- Mrs. Helen LeBlanc, Hermon  
Hopkinton -- Mrs. Ferne Conklin, Hopkinton  
Lawrence -- Mrs. Gordon (Anna) Cole, Nicholville  
Lisbon -- Mrs. J. Homer (Doreen) Martin, Lisbon  
Louisville -- Mrs. Clarence E. (Lorraine) Bandy, R-1, Chase Mills  
Macomb -- Willis Kittle, R-1, Rossie  
Madrid -- Mrs. Robert (Florence) Fisher, RFD, Madrid  
Massena -- Mrs. Robert (Marie) Eldon-Browne, 7 Alvern Ave.  
Morristown -- Mrs. James T. (Ella Mae) Phillips, R-1, Hammond

Norfolk -- Mrs. Edith VanKennen, Norfolk  
Oswegatchie -- Mrs. James (Persis) Boyesen, RFD 3, Ogdensburg  
Parishville -- Mrs. D. Norene Forrest, Parishville  
Piercefield -- Mrs. Ansel (Beulah) Dorothy, Childwold  
Pierrepont -- Millard Hundley, RFD No. 4, Canton  
Pitcairn -- Mrs. Ralph (Edna) Hosmer, RFD, Harrisville, N.Y.  
Potsdam -- Mrs. Royal (Susan) Lyman, Norwood  
Rossie -- Mrs. Frandy (Frances) Gardner, Rossie  
Russell -- Mrs. Garritt (Jan) Barnes, Russell  
Stockholm -- Mrs. Robert (Hazel) Chapman, Rt. 1, Norwood  
Waddington -- Mrs. Glenn (Dorothy) Hill, Waddington  
Gouverneur Village -- Nelson Winters  
Norwood -- Susan Lyman  
Richville -- Mrs. Joseph (Georgiana) Wranesh  
Ogdensburg -- Miss Elizabeth Baxter, City Hall  
Deputy County Historian -- Mr. Van C. Hoyt, Main St., Madrid, N.Y.  
County Historian -- Mrs. Edward (Mary H.) Biondi, Canton

# Heritage Preserved

By MASON JAHRS

One of our good members sent word after reading our first column that he had a number of the items we mentioned as being some of the unusual things people now collect. All except the barbed wire, actually. We are glad that someone is preserving these memorabilia, even the Alf Landon buttons.

But nostalgia for an item now being uprooted (literally) and thrown on the discard pile of centralization, urban renewal, and the like prompts this spring reminiscence. Where are all the lovely trees planted by generations of school children on Arbor Day? Every now and again we hear of a school addition being planned, and it "takes in the yard where the class of '09 planted a small maple." What of these trees so lovingly planted, sung around and watered and watched so carefully? With all the words printed these days on ecology and the value of tree greenery, was it so discardable a custom?

And what of the other parts of the Arbor Day ritual of the country school? Each year the Commissioner of Education at Albany declared officially the last Friday in April to be Arbor Day. (In Canada it was observed on the first Friday of May.) On Thursday afternoon, the teacher, with the promise of a half day free from classes, arranged who would bring what implements and utensils for cleaning the school house, the next day. Those who lived a distance away brought their supplies in the morning and those who lived nearby were let out early to go home, returning after dinner with mops, brooms, rakes and hoes; pails, cloths and soft soap or boughten Fels-Naptha.

The first order of the afternoon was cleaning out the desks. The hoard of wastepapers, too-short pencil stubs and copy books were thrown in front of the stove. The teacher even cleaned out her desk, forgivingly returning confiscated items to their owners. Then a fire of the waste was made to take the chill off the water pumped into the pails and set on top of the stove. If we needed very hot water it would have to be carried from nearby homes.

After the tallest boys had taken down the maps and wall decorations and pictures of Abe Lincoln and George Washington, the windows were washed with pieces of chees-

cloth or discarded 'longjohns' wrung out of water with a little kerosene added. Crumpled newspaper gave the glass a final shine. Then window shades were dusted. The desks were next. They were scrubbed clean of pencil marks, the inky cut marks -- initials and designs -- were cleaned out, and cuds of gum were pried from the undersides of desks and chairs. We cleaned out the inkwells, adding fresh ink when all were in ship-shape condition. The smallest girls dusted the metal parts of the desks with feather dusters, and fingerprints and heelmarks were removed from door casings and the lower boards of the walls.

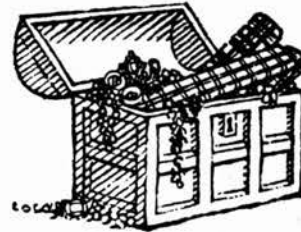
The pails of water and soap were then dispatched to be used in scrubbing down the two 'necessaries' which stood behind the school building. Small boys straightened the wood pile, and all was harmony -- usually. If ructions started, the teacher could always threaten to resume classes and calm would reign.

Soon even the yard was raked of winter leaves and branches, and the accumulation was piled with anticipation of the finale of the day. As soon as the bonfire had been taken care of, we chose up sides for a ball game. We were always pleasantly surprised when the teacher joined right in our fun.

As we entered the spotless building, with its newly-washed blackboard, clean of any assignments for the weekend and its ledges dustfree and with erasers and chalk lined up just waiting, we looked about with satisfaction. The clock ticked away in serene knowledge that when four o'clock came, a school full of satisfied, happy children would leave to return Monday with anticipation. Abe and George looked down on us with approval.

Some schools planted trees, some years we did. But always we had the Spring clean-up on Arbor Day. It didn't even hurt us. It is a Heritage thought to be cherished.

Write me at Box 43, Canton, N.Y. 13617 with ideas for Heritage Preserved.



## TOURS and PROGRAMS

Silver Year 1972

### July

July 1. Norwood Centennial Day, Craft Fair and luncheon. Details will be mailed during June.

July 30. Open House Day during Old Home Day at Richville, Annual event. (Volunteers to help accepted.)

### August

Aug. 19. Help Clarkson College, Potsdam, celebrate its 75th Anniversary. Tour details in July Quarterly.

### September

Sept. 8-9. Hammond FFA Fair.

Sept. 16. Tour to Wanakena and the Ranger School.

### October

Oct. 14. Annual meeting. Our 25th Silver Anniversary Party at Knox Memorial School, Russell. Site of Old Arsenal, later school. Hosts: Town historians and our members in Russell, Edwards, Hermon, and Old Arsenal Teachers and Pupils Association. All urged to attend.

Also:

To help the Ogdensburg Diocese mark its Centennial, these dates will have special significance:

May 16. Entire Diocese will mark the 1872-1972 years at Lake Placid. (Date chosen as Bishop Wadhams installation date.)

Aug. 16. Clinton-Essex counties ceremonies at Plattsburgh.

Sept. 24. -- Historical Pageant at Watertown's Immaculate Heart Academy for Lewis and Jefferson county parishes.

Oct. 22. For St. Lawrence County parishes. Programs, ceremonies at Ogdensburg, the See of the Diocese.

### Coming Up!

Early Memories of Pierrepont Center; Crary Mills in Picture and Fact; The County's Only Aircraft Factory; Woodbridge Corners Tavern; Anshe Zophen Congregation of Ogdensburg; Memories by Laura Gillet.

# Faces



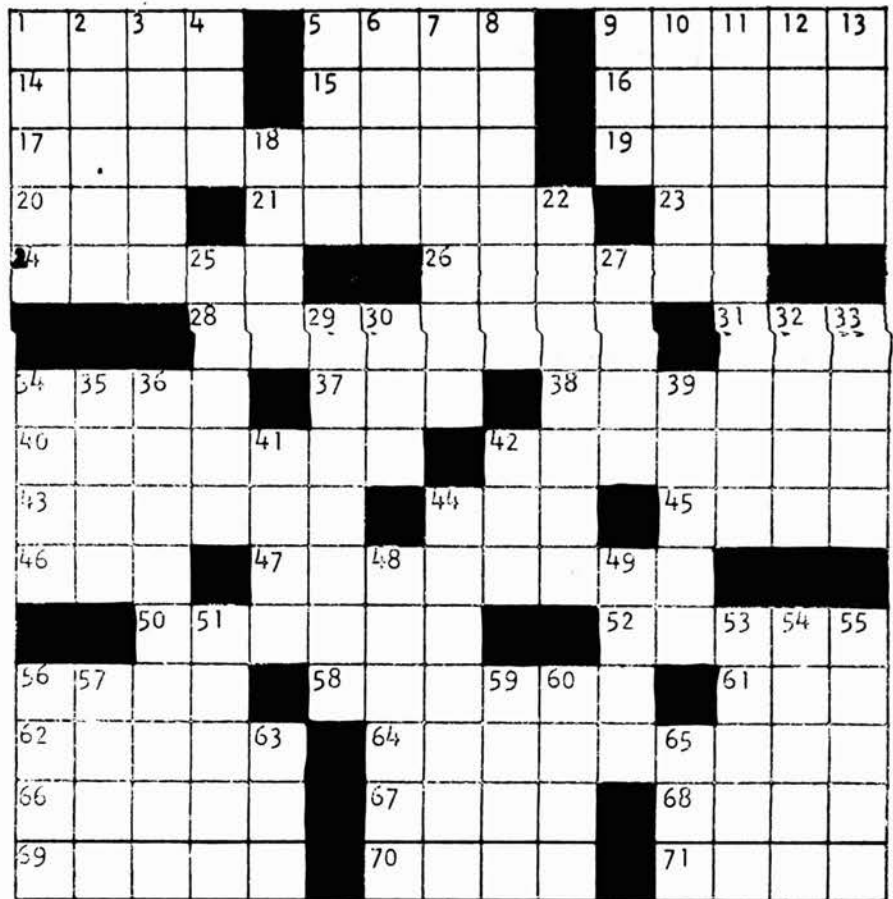
and



Places  
of

# St. Lawrence County

by  
KEITH  
BLAKE



ACROSS

- 1 Kind of guard
- 5 What the Potsdam Courier used
- 9 Settlers' "blacksalts" source
- 14 Retired Massena Historian Lahey
- 15 Emanation
- 16 A face that would — clock
- 17 St. Law. Co. author of term "North Country"
- 19 Hop crop feature
- 20 Actress Hagen
- 21 Of "cherry tree" Parson
- 23 Islands to voyageurs
- 24 Strained
- 26 Make — (Put Chantilly on garment)
- 28 Mohawk
- 31 Calamity
- 34 What they stole at Rossie
- 37 Early traders' exchange item
- 38 Land purchaser
- 40 First steamboat on St. Lawrence (1817)
- 42 Lies face down
- 43 Call out to
- 44 Celtic goddess
- 45 Put an — the classifieds
- 46 " — clear day, you can see Forever" (Adirondacks)
- 47 St. Law. Co. college; famed family
- 50 The trout thrown back
- 52 What the panthers were to County pioneer
- 56 Peer group
- 58 Barclay desk location
- 61 January in Spain (Abbr.) or Dave in Albany
- 62 Congressman, Seaway promoter
- 64 St. Law. Co. artist
- 66 "But often, in the — strife" Matthew Arnold
- 67 Military officers (Abbr.)
- 68 French senior citizen
- 69 — store by (Not have faith in)
- 70 Am. ski org.
- 71 St. Law. Co. river

DOWN

- 1 Refute
- 2 Encourage
- 3 Northern highway north
- 4 Word of cheer
- 5 Tall —
- 6 Seasonal log
- 7 St. Lawrence County Fair prize
- 8 "He that has — hear —"
- 9 Poplar, for short
- 10 Brave, as early Indians
- 11 Movie name on the Racquette
- 12 Sword
- 13 Talk back (Colloq. since 1860's)
- 18 Jug
- 22 What our reducing diet does?
- 25 Rope fiber
- 27 Hung — bucket on a maple
- 29 Birds and ballplayers
- 30 Status —
- 32 "All" prefix
- 33 Character created by 17 Across
- 34 Santa syllables
- 35 Judah's son
- 36 Martyr honored by Cartier
- 39 St. Law. Co.'s Julia Ettie —
- 41 S. Colton's Sunday —
- 42 Old records in brown —
- 44 Report from realm of 64 Across
- 48 French outline
- 49 Kind of season or winter
- 51 Hose material
- 53 Fasten again
- 54 Hole — at University Course
- 55 Non-gregarious one
- 56 Legal degrees (Abbr.)
- 57 Unicorn fish
- 59 Settlement in "Deacon Babbitt" was named for — Marsh.
- 60 " — consummation devoutly to be wished"

(see page 23 for solution)





**LETTER FROM THE EDITOR**

It may seem from the article on the grassroots Press last year that local newspapers have entirely gone from the scene. This is not so, but the going is tough for anyone who tries to give the public what it really wants -- local news. People want to read about their neighbors, what they are doing, where they are going -- and with whom, and what they are thinking. Probably one of the first items read in a newspaper is the letters to the editor column.

The Waddington Town Crier filled a need in Waddington and the area around, but found the grind of selling



WADDINGTON BOY HOLDERS  
WADDINGTON RURAL ROUTE  
CHASE MILLS BOY HOLDER

Bulk Rate  
U.S. Postage  
PA ID  
Waddington  
Permit # 1

**Waddington Town Crier**

VOL. VI. No. VIII Waddington, New York March 15, 1971

**HERMON-DEKALB CITIZEN'S VOICE**

To: Senator H. Douglas Barclay  
To: Assemblyman Dan Haley

Dear Sen.,  
Dear Rep.,  
On behalf of the people of the town of Waddington and the county of St. Lawrence, I hereby ask your assistance and the assistance of your good office to take whatever measures necessary to the proposed reduction of services St. Lawrence State Hospital.

One of the areas we are most concerned about is the possible closing of a school of nursing. With the short registered nurses on a local, state national level, this seems absolutely senseless.

I don't have to tell you what the effects would be on our area already considered distressed. I am sure that other sections of the county would be equally distressed. I propose that the budget could be cut out of the essential employees of the county. May I suggest the county in salaries, starting at not at the bottom. I'm sure our representatives in the state government would enjoy more popularity with the people if such people are introduced. It is the common sense of the state government executives who are up in arms, not the people who are up in arms. I am sure that you will be greatly appreciated. With kindest personal regards,  
Sincerely,  
R. Bruce Penber

**SUPERVISOR PENBERTON DECLARES STATE OF EMERGENCY**

At 10 a.m. Sunday, March 7th, Supervisor Bruce Penberton declared a state of emergency in Waddington due to the prolonged snow storm. Behind this decision were the following facts: (1) Three major snow fighting machines, completely broken down; parts which could repair them were stuck on a snow bound bus in Watertown.

**The Hermon-DeKalb Citizen**

"By YOU, For YOU, About YOU"

VOL. 1, NO. 1 -- WINTER ISSUE 1971

**ARE DRUGS AVAILABLE IN THE HERMON-DEKALB AREA**

We can answer this question with a definite YES. Drugs are available and are being used by people in our area. This conclusion comes from reliable sources - medical, educational, and legal. We hope to have more specific information in future issues.

One of the purposes of this newspaper is to provide information. In line with this, the following article on marijuana is the first of a series of articles on drugs and their abuses.

Marijuana is a plant which belongs to the hemp family. Some marijuana is stronger than others. For example, the marijuana which grows wild in the United States will not have as much effect on a person as that which is grown in Mexico or Turkey.

Marijuana usually looks like a green and often contains seeds and stems. Cigarettes (or "joints") are hand rolled, using a heavy tobacco paper. They are usually closed on both ends, causing them to be shorter than normal length cigarettes. When it is smoked, marijuana smells

**Band Has Successful Summer**

The Hermon-DeKalb Central School Marching Band represented their school in nine parades this summer, raising over \$2,000.

At the New York State Fair, our band came in 16th, color guard 10th, and twirlers 10th. Roxanne Aldrich, pictured below, came away from the State Fair competition as second-place drum major. Roxanne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Aldrich of Hermon, studied at a camp for drum majorettes this summer, at Stroudsburg, Pa. She studied under Vic Larson, who was head drum major at the University of Miami.

"On behalf of myself," says Richard Stemples, Band Director, "and the Hermon-DeKalb Central School Marching Band, I would like to thank all the people who made our new uniforms a reality."

Cindy Dittes, Band Secretary, reports

enough advertising to pay for the cost of printing, mailing, etc. prohibitive. We were sorry to see it go. The Heuvelton Bee, an older newspaper, recently had a rejuvenation, but it, too, found tough going. Two newer newspapers are worth mentioning. The Hermon-DeKalb Citizen made its bow in January and the Parishville Times, an effort of some enterprising young students, are struggling but alive. They are worthy of our support. If you pick up some of the county's newspapers, you will find little of local content in comparison with the overall lineage. What the readers want is LOCAL news, but few newspapers today can afford reporters who get out and report what is happening -- it is easier to set up the stuff coming in off the national and international wire services. Both the Massena Observer and the Potsdam Courier-Freeman give most of their space to local happenings -- we commend them.

mhb

**THE BEE**  
HEUVELTON, N. Y., SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1918.  
"WITH MALCOLM FORDWARD NEWS CHARITY FOR ALL."  
NUMBER 3

**BEE**  
Wed 1912  
L. LORRY,  
Editor.  
Saturday morn  
Lawrence County,  
year, 75 cents,  
single, 25 cents.  
There is much news in this issue.

**UNITED HELPERS SOCIETY**  
will hold their regular monthly meeting in Old Fellow's Hall on Thursday afternoon, March 28th, at one thirty o'clock.

**A SOCIAL EVENING WITH THE YOUNG FOLK.**  
On last Friday evening a most enjoyable time was spent by the young people at the home of Mrs. John Crawford of Roseville Falls. John Crawford of Roseville Falls was a caller in town Saturday and Sunday.

**LOCAL NEWS.**

**Parishville Weekly Times**  
To subscribe Call 265-6799

**ARE YOU SLOWING DOWN THE AGING OF YOUR BODY?**  
"What do you consider the most important aid to a successful and happy life?"

might well of us at  
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**SPORTS**  
Panthers split - Memo Opper  
The panthers gave their fans a good game and split a JV 8 v contact. Even the game they did lose was a hard fought game a mere seconds made the difference. Colton is very good at getting the rebounds and have quite a few slamy shooters.  
The JV's were super only allowing one basket point in the whole first quarter but Colton did come on strong in the last half, giving us strong scores. We did end up with a win 24-20. The game we lost was only because of a great Colton team. A few minutes added or subtracted to the game could have changed the result.

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**Our Readers are Honored**

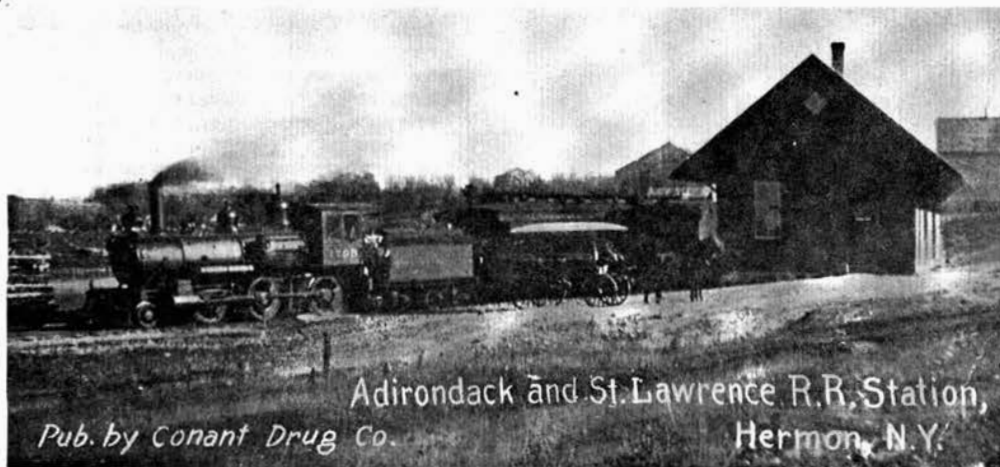
Dr. John I. Green, associate professor of biology at SLU, has been named president of the American Nature Study Society, an affiliate of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. It is a nation-wide organization promoting nature study and conservation education, publishing a quarterly "Nature Study."

We have lost through death several long-time members who helped boost our Association in early years and several contributors to these pages: The Rev. Daisy Harvey of Spragueville; Hazel Dickson of Gouverneur; Hazel Leavitt of Canton; Miss Marion Cranston and Beulah Martin; Milton Pitt of Canton and Harvey Vrooman, Sr. Dale Harper and Seymour Rutherford of Waddington. Their ages ranged from 68 to 91 and there are no doubt others we have not heard about.

**Notice**

An experiment which did not succeed! Last year in an effort to cut down on mailing costs, we included your membership card with your renewal reminder. It did not work well. Some were confused by receiving it first, and have thought they sent their renewal when in fact they had not, and are now in arrears. If you get a reminder which seems to be out of date, and have a cancelled check for the renewal, do let us know at once. If not, please send your back dues and keep up to date and help us get back into the old (two-mailings) system of waiting until you have paid your dues before sending you a card.

Help! Help! Help!



Jim Hotelling with Edd Burnham's old Coach taking passengers and mail to and from DeKalb Junction and Hermon.



Winter Rig, taken in 1901



July 2, 1878, Norwood News: The dining room girls at the -- House, struck the other day just as dinner was ready. The cause of the grievance was that one or two colored men were employed to assist in waiting on the tables. The house was full of guests. Mr. H --, the proprietor, settled up with the girls, and he and his family and clerks went to work and served the guests.

The city authorities in Ogdensburg advertise for 500 laborers to work on the streets at 80 cents per day, and one street commissioner to look after said laborers at \$4 per day, so says the Advance. There's nothing like "hanging in" with the gang.

The post office will be open 10:30 a.m. until 2:30 p.m. on July 4 next.

July 9, 1878: One Ogdensburg Physician reports 40 cases of scarlet fever there.

Diphtheria is very prevalent in Chateaugay.

**FIRST CLASS MAILING**

For an additional \$1.00 per year for postage and special treatment, you may receive your Quarterly by FIRST CLASS MAIL, which is forwardable, if you have different winter and summer addresses. We cannot change addresses on our bulk rate mailing labels every few months.

**1947-1972**

Help us celebrate this Silver Anniversary Year with a new member.



**Our Members Write**

Dear Mary:

Apparently our Christmas cards were lost in the mail. It takes about 6 weeks for a letter to arrive here, including all the stops along the way. It makes everything easier here since Louise speaks Polish. We are now beginning our semester break and since I am not allowed to give examinations, I have about twenty days off. We plan to go to Prague and perhaps to some cities in Poland. It is most difficult for Americans to get around. The restrictions are severe.

Take care of everything, and . . . the Quarterly for us until we return in August. (We hope to take more part in the Association when we return). We have been asked to stay another year, but we have other lives to live.

Kelsie and Louise Harder  
c/o Am. Con. Gen. (Warsaw)  
APO New York 09757

(Dr. Harder of the English Department at SUNY, Potsdam, is teaching in Poland while in a Fulbright).



Dear Mrs. Biondi:

I feel the need to drop you a little personal note to thank you for sending me the Quarterly over the recent year. I feel I know you through your lively interest in historical matters and the inspiration you have given the Quarterly. I wish you continued success.

Since I am retiring, the Cloudsplitter is 'retiring' with me. I have more than enjoyed my work on the magazine. With some luck you might 'see me' in Adirondack Life some day. May the Quarterly prosper!

Sincerely,  
Eugene M. O'Connor  
Editor, The Cloudsplitter  
National Lead, MacIntyre Development  
Tahawus, New York 12879



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