

# THE QUARTERLY

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE ST. LAWRENCE COUNTY HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION



APRIL 1973

# THE QUARTERLY

Official Publication Of The St. Lawrence County Historical Association

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THE QUARTERLY is published in January, April, July and October each year by the St. Lawrence County Historical Association, Editorial Office, Box 43, Canton.

EXTRA COPIES may be obtained from Mrs. Edward Biondi, St. Lawrence County Historian's Office, Box 8, County Building, Canton, N. Y., 13617 at \$1.00 each. Phone: 315-386-4561

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# Indian Peace Medal

By JACK BROWN  
MALLORYTOWN

About twenty-five years ago, an Indian Peace Medal was found beside the St. Lawrence River on a sandy point of land across from Chippewa Bay. It was struck in 1757 as a memento of goodwill. It is 4.4 cm (1 3/4 inches) in diameter, solid silver, and very heavy.

The medal was found in a field near shore by Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Pennock who were planting potatoes. Elmer turned it up in a forkful of earth. He brushed the sand away and with a twinkle in his eye, observed to his wife, "Don't you think I deserve a medal for this?"

It is not surprising that such an artifact turned up in that particular place. Indians and whites were using the St. Lawrence River as a highway into the interior. When they reached Grenadier Island, they had to choose the northern or southern channel. Evidence shows that the route alongside the Canadian shore was more popular. Indeed, the Pennock farm nearly opposite Chippewa Bay was apparently a campsite at least, and may well have been the site of Toniata, the lost Indian village.

The Pennocks found buttons from military uniforms, both French and British. One summer they discovered a skeleton. Two doctors who were summering in the area, took the bones away for examination. They established that it was the body of a white male about 21 years old, and he had been dead for two hundred years. Numerous fire pits with stones and charcoal were unearthed when the land was ploughed.

How and why the silver peace medal was lost will never be known, of course, but Mrs. Pennock did find out about the medal itself through correspondence with Ottawa, Washington and Philadelphia.



This silver peace medal pre-dates the river's international boundary, and emphasizes our mutual heritage.

## FRONT COVER PHOTO

The cover photo was intended to be run to find out where it was, but at last moment the identification came to light and will be recognized by many readers. The photo was found on a public dump, refuse from a defunct company, but in excellent condition -- without identification. It is the Eagle Hotel, at the edge of Philadelphia, just off Rt. 11. Still standing and little changed except for the color



M. A. Jamieson in his book entitled "Indian Chief Medals" wrote:

Although during the latter period of the reign of George II events of the greatest importance were taking place in Canada, there were, as far as can be traced, very few medals presented to Indian Chiefs bearing the effigy of this monarch and in consequence they are both scarce and valuable.

Obverse: GEORGIUS II DEI GRATIA. Laureated bust of George II in armour, to left.

Reverse: A white man and an Indian sitting on the ground on either side of a fire, the former offering a pipe of peace to the latter. On the right a tree, left above the Indian the sun, surrounded by the inscription "LET US LOOK TO THE MOST HIGH WHO BLESSED OUR FATHERS WITH PEACE". In the exergue, the date "1757". (Actually the figures of the date appear on the medal thus: J757.)

This medal was engraved by Duffield and struck by Joseph Richardson for the "Friendly Association for Regaining and Preserving Peace with the Indians by Pacific Means", a philanthropic society of Philadelphia, and as the friendly relations of the white man with the Indian were shown on the reverse, it was greatly appreciated by the recipients. Apparently this medal was distributed in considerable numbers and the later strikings show that the die cracked, but specimens are very scarce, especially those with the impression intact.

And in Bulletin 30 of the Bureau of American Ethnology, the following item appears:

"The first Indian peace medal manufactured in America is thought to have been the following. It was presented by the Friendly Association for the Regaining and Preserving Peace with the Indians by Pacific Means, a society composed largely of Quakers. The dies were engraved by Edward Duffield, a watch and clock maker of Philadelphia, and the medals were struck by Joseph Richardson, a member of the society. Many strikes have been issued."

of the painted brick, it is familiar to many travelers. Wilbur LaRue, brother of Clarence of Terrace Park, Morristown, recalled painting this hotel's interior, many years ago. He traveled by horse and buggy from the foot of Mud Lake in DePeyster on Sunday night to Philadelphia, stayed there all week returning the following Saturday. He received for a full 6 days work \$4 in hard earned cash.

# Heritage Preserved

By MASON JAHRS

One thing those schools-turned-into-museums cannot preserve is the school smells! What teacher could forget the damp musky odor of wet corduroy knickers, drying wool mittens and rubber boots too near the heat? the dry dusty chalk erased from the board? the end-of-winter little-washed bodies? the apple cores lying in the trash basket? the rubber band dropped onto the stove? the savor of apple wood as it burned? the hard-boiled egg opened at lunch time? acrid ink? two dozen pairs of old sneakers? teacher's new gift perfume? the cedar grindings as penny pencils went through the pencil sharpener? the apple blossoms of spring as opened windows let in the fragrance? a bunch of wood violets gathered at recess? through that window the aroma of fresh-cut grass or hay? the assault of traces of all left-over scents in the room each morning?

NO museum can bring these back!



Behind the country school, the "necessary." Osborneville district school on Rock Island Road, one of many deserted buildings of a forgotten era.



## Know Your Historian

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## District No. 5

# Town of Pierrepont

By FLORA H. GARNER

Tracing the history of a rural school district is not as easy as one would suppose. At least, I thought it would be quite a simple and interesting part of my ten days vacation in the town of Pierrepont last summer. I expected to browse over old records -- copy any data I care to have -- but it didn't work that way. There seem to be no recorded facts filed with any of the present Town Officials nor with past trustees of the old District No. 5. What a pity that no one thought to turn over to local historians all of the information left when these buildings were abandoned-- never again to welcome happy youngsters to their four walls for days of not only learning, but of building close friendships, deep civic concern and pride. These do not seem to be attained in the hustle and bustle of the centralized schools.

Finding no records available, my only recourse was to pay visits to some of the older residents, who have lived in this district all of their lives, and to obtain what informa-

tion I could from them. May I add here that I found them most responsive and helpful in sharing their pictures and memories. Our combined apologies for any omissions or errors -- this is the way the history came back to several of us.

The original school was a log building on the opposite side of the road (the turnpike at West Pierrepont) from the school in the pictures. The exact site of the first school could not be determined. The school house in these pictures was built in 1880. It was known through the years as the Daniels School -- presumably named from Capt. Daniels who served in the militia in the Civil War. I tried to find out if he gave the land -- the lumber -- or why they used his name? Perhaps someone can supply this information.

Most agreed that Mary Lobdell (Hewitt) was the first teacher at this NEW school. Others who taught here (but



DANIELS Dist. No. 5, West Pierrepont, taken in 1909.

FRONT ROW -- (left to right) Audrey Robinson, Hazel Brewer, Genevieve Brewer, Hazel Caller, Ella Curtis, Dorothy Tyrell, Nettie Forbes, Leora Copps, Gerald Curtis, Herbert Allen. Back row, left to right, Inez Fulton, Grace

Eastman, Arthur Forbes, Maurice Crary, Floyd Hicks, Lula Caller, Teacher "Ally" Andrews, Charles Cameron, Robert Fulton, Grace Brewer, Horace Brewer, Lillie Tyrell, Floyd Robinson, Ray Cameron, William Tyrell.

not in chronological order) were: Arvilla Fulton Chilton, Lillian Skelly, Flora Coon (Brewer), Lelia Moore, Forrest Howard, Sara Swain, Mabel O'Brien, Anne Leary, Iva Hayes, Bertha Daily, Alexander Andrews, Mayfred Enslow, Page Cole, Cortland Crandall, John Comstock (Smith), Edna Russell, George Paro, Conrad Elliott, Pearl Hendricks, Bernice Ellsworth (McNeil), Ilah Nash, John Pearl, Genevieve B. Curtis, Pauline Dean, Ella LaBerge, Belya Hawley, Virginia McEwen, Evelyn Gleason, Ruth McCollum -- and as far as I could learn the last two to teach here were: Hazel Fulton and Eloise McKee.

Superintendents who served this district were: Walter Anderson, Forrest Gibbons, Rose M. Libby (1911-1936) and Clarence Armstrong.

This postcard photo taken by Dwight Church in his first year of photography, 1911. John Comstock, the teacher, asked him to come out and take the picture, Dwight riding his bicycle the 12 miles, with his equipment. (John Com-

Some articles have been published lately, and a brief account just lately on the "To-Day" show on TV--tells us that the idea of re-opening our old fashioned one-room schools is being revived in some areas. How well this will be received -- only time will tell.

However, I'm sure that most of us who spent our happy childhoods in these schools will watch this campaign with great interest.

Flora H. Garner

(Ed. Note: Morristown Foundation has just purchased an old stone school for this purpose; the town of Champion has sold its very old school to be moved to Black River for the same purpose. Time lends enchantment!)

stock later became "Professor John Smith" at St. Lawrence University, and Dwight Church later did much photography from his own plane.)



32 PRESENT, June 19, 1911 (and some were absent) All 8 grades were taught. Front row, left to right, Peter Cota, Earl Caller Herbert Allen, Theodore Fulton, Wava Caswell, Bessie Perry, Rachael Brewer, Clarinda Rising, Second row, left to right, Leda Caswell, Hazel Brewer, Genevieve Brewer, Inez Fulton, Dorothy Tyrell, Hazel

Caller, Audrey Robinson, Ida Rising, Chloe White, Ethyl Cota, Gaynelle Cota. Back row, left to right, Grace Brewer, Roy Cameron, Lillie and Willie Tyrell, Mabel Fountain, Basil Fountain, Lula Caller, January Perry, Norman Anderson, Roy Fulton, Gib Crary, Floyd Robinson, Teacher, John Comstock, Floyd Hicks.



*It's sugaring time!*

The run of sap the past ten days has been phenomenal, it having run every day and the sugar makers have been exceedingly busy. The make thus far exceeds two pounds to a tree, and is in excess of last year's make. Josiah Smith, one of our largest makers and something of a hustler when the sap begins to flow, this year tapped 929 trees in 8 hours, his assistant simply hanging the buckets. (Apr. 7, 1897 Nicholville news column in Potsdam Courier & Freeman).

April 26, 1899 (Nicholville). Sugaring was closed the past week the make being the smallest in years. E.J. Day has one of the best sugaring places in this vicinity lying on the south side of the St. Regis just above the village and is usually reached by crossing the river near the cemetery on a trolley wire to which is attached a car something like a hay carrier. The line has been well patronized this season but has not been wholly without its excitements. On one of the trips last week Henry Sherar missed his footing and took a bath in the icy waters that proved more amusing to the spectators than pleasing to the recipient...the make has yielded only about a pound to a tree, but has been exceptionally fine...now the bluebirds, swallows, martens and other spring harbingers are here...season is over.



# Tree of Liberty

By BEN A. ROUND

## PART I

I was giving my attention to one of my good wife's dinners (and she happens to be a good cook, too) when I heard her say,

"He's up a tree."

"That happens all the time," I responded absent-mindedly.

"I saw Marge Bullfinch at the supermarket and she was telling me that he wouldn't come down."

"Who do you mean?"

"Monty."

The name rang a bell. It couldn't be anybody but Montgomery Bullfinch who went to Avon School when I did. I had heard he lived somewhere near here.

"Why didn't you say so? I muttered testily. I remembered Monty at school, a colorless boy you wouldn't notice in a crowd. You might say that he was present but not voting.

It developed in my wife's account that Monty had taken up his abode in his little boy's tree house, and pulled up the ladder and his move was the sensation of his neighborhood.

So old Monty, the boy nonentity, had shown his independence to our modern society in a direct and positive manner! He had withdrawn from it, I thought admiringly. I almost envied him. You might say that he had reached a lofty eminence above his fellows. I decided to see Monty and offer him the encouragement of an old schoolmate, so the next morning I started out to call on him.

I found him sitting at ease on a deck in front of his tree home. I should judge it to be twenty-five feet from the ground and as tree houses go, it seemed palatial, and as roomy as some hunting camps I have seen.

After the amenities, I began to feel like a worm must when looking up at a man, but we were soon chatting at ease and he seemed distant in space only.

My remark that he seemed to have a pleasant place to

live brought hearty assent, and he said it suited his convenience very well, and a pail tied to a rope served his needs nicely. He said he lowered the pail with money in it, and his son loaded it with food or whatever provisions he needed and he simply hauled it up.

There had been a little trouble at first, caused by some neighborhood urchins who shot up his dwelling but a policeman, Tom Flynn, a friend and lodge brother, patrolled the street often now and he had taken care of that problem.

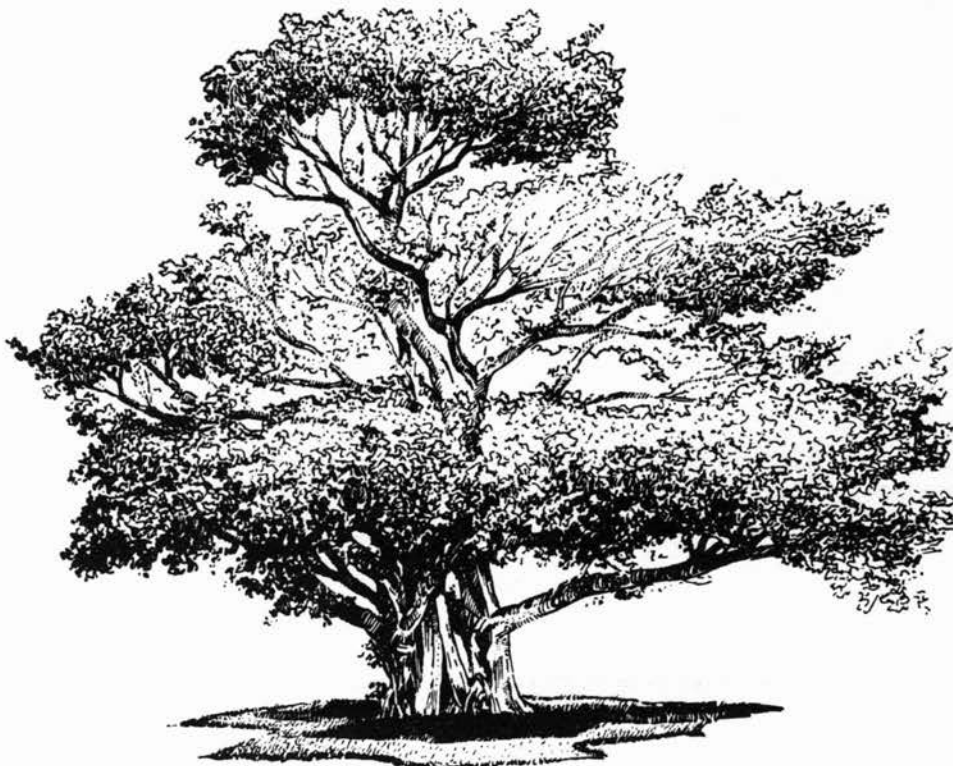
A few people had stopped out of curiosity and a woman or two had harangued him as an irresponsible no-account but that had pretty well stopped.

However, there were some clouds on his horizon. His boss had appeared and had given him an ultimatum to get back to work next week or be fired. Then just that morning his wife had sent up a note saying that he had played monkey long enough. She went on to say that some of her friends were making smart remarks to her about the situation, so she felt she was being made a monkey of, too. If he chose to stay away much longer, she added, she would leave, as she was living alone anyway.

Then Monty told me the whole story and I was gripped by its pathos. His predicament was one common to our age, but unlike most of us who passively submit, as creatures of fate, he had taken positive action.

It was one day, he said that began as most others. He was awakened that morning by his radio alarm clock. A cheery voice bade him "Good morning!" and reminded him that he should start the day with "Gaggies, the cereal with a Go" for his breakfast. His morning paper was at the breakfast table, and he turned past the ads, including one on a glaring bright pink page, to read the news.

(To be concluded next issue)





# Wood-Burners

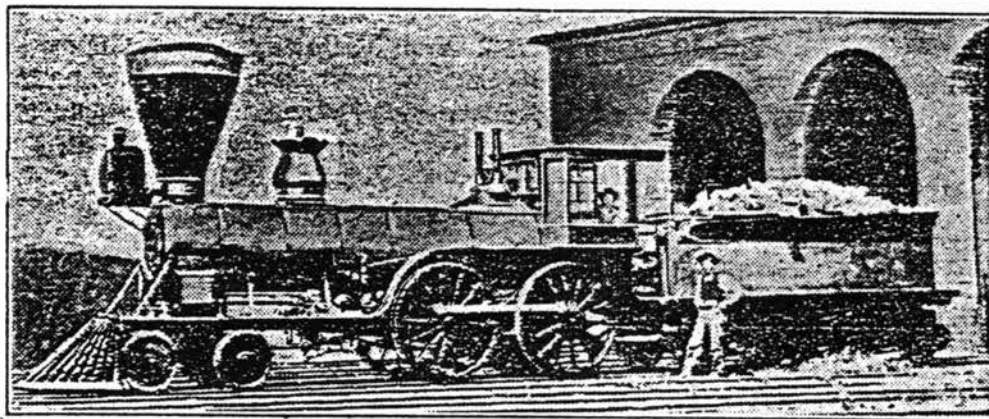


Photo from Chas. E. Fisher, 6 Orkney Rd., Brookline, Mass.  
 One of the First Wood Burners. Owned by the Northern R.R., Which Later Became the Ogdensburg & Lake Champlain—No. 5, the "Deer," Built by Kirk of Cambridgeport, Mass., in 1850 and Sold to the Northern in 1852. She Had 16x20 Cylinders, 68-Inch Drivers, Weighed 26 Tons

By WATSON B. BERRY

The wood-burning locomotives and iron rails on that rugged pioneer railroad, the Ogdensburg & Lake Champlain, which ran from Ogdensburg to Rouses Point, on Lake Champlain, disappeared during my boyhood. The seven years from 1879, when the substitution of steel for iron rails began, to 1886, when it had been completed and when coal-burning locomotives had superseded the woodburners, were packed with thrills for boys who lived at Lawrence, my home town (now North Lawrence). Besides being a wood station, Lawrence was an important live stock shipping point and the site of the last of the rail repair shops maintained at several points for the repair of iron rails.

We boys of Lawrence found abundant opportunities for "riding on the cars" and picking up a good practical knowledge of railroading at first hand. To get to actually know and speak to an engine driver, to ride on the fireman's seat, was aiming high, but I made it and became a persistent train and engine rider from my tenth to my fifteenth year, when I was packed off to an academy. I have forgotten much of what I learned in the academy, but all that I learned from the trainmen, conductors, firemen and engineer, the rail repair shops and live stock yards has stuck in my memory like a burr.

Of course, I was in a preferred position, for my father and his brothers were large shippers of live stock, besides furnishing a substantial part of the wood used in the locomotives. I remember hearing brother say in the early '80's:

"With only thirty-odd engines, the O&LC bought over 46,000 cords of wood last year. That would make a pile seventy miles long. I hope the road does not turn to coal-burning engines soon, but they are bound to come. Most of the roads are using coal now. They all started with wood-burning engines except the B&O, and even that road had a few wood-burners.

"How did you find out about that?"

"From Abraham Klohs, superintendent at Malone. He keeps pretty close track of all that is going on in the railroad world. Some time within the next ten or a dozen years Mr. Averell, the new president, will bring in coal. They can carry it to Ogdensburg by water. Besides, he has a new son-in-law named E.H. Harriman who, they say, has a lot of up-to-date ideas about railroading. Mr. Averell has got him on as a director of the O&LC. I hope he turns out to be as good a railroad man as the old-timers."

(That was the first time I heard the name of Edward H. Harriman. His directorship of the O&LC must have been one of his earliest, if not indeed his first.)

But I was not concerned with railroad officials. Engin-

eers and conductors were more to my liking. Up to '83 I had never ridden in a locomotive, except in a switching engine, and that somehow didn't count. The swell locomotive of the O&LC was the "W.J. Averell," named after the road's president. She was a beauty. She was brass-bound, and her bell shone like silver. Her cow-catcher with its two brass sockets to hold flags, the leather seats in her cab, the big tender piled high with the sweet smelling 16-inch blocks of seasoned maple and beech wood from my father's woods, and last and most important of all, Watson Hunkins, her massive and kindly engineer, were eye-filling and awe-inspiring.

I resolved that I would not only ride in the "Averell," but it would be something more than what we called a "siding ride." I would ride to the next station, and come home on the local freight. That would be something!

Craftily I followed my campaign. A few days later, when the "Averell" was being refueled, or "wooded" as we said, I sidled up to Watson Hunkins, ready to swing up to his throne.

"Hello, Mr. Hunkins," I ventured.

"Why, hello. What are you doing down here in the wood yard, all dressed up with a new straw hat? And what you got in the basket?"

"Plymouth Rock eggs and some of our Oldenburg apples, the first of the season."

"I'd like to buy that basket just as it is, but I haven't any money with me."

"They ain't for sale, Mr. Hunkins. I'm going to give them to you."

"Oho! What you driving at, Wattie?"

I felt that I had hit a bull's eye. To be addressed by my nickname by Watson Hunkins was almost as good as riding in the Averell.

"Well, Mr. Hunkins, I want to ride on the fireman's seat to the next station, and I want you to fix it so I can come home in the caboose of the local freight."

Then my heart sank. I got stage fright and was almost ready to run for home. A half-grave, half-humorous look from the great Hunkins' eye perked me up.

"Here, give me that basket and up you go into the cab. But look here, Wattie, both of us may catch it for this. What do you suppose old man Averell would do to me if he heard of it, and what do you suppose your ma will do to you if you get home late for supper? They say she doesn't approve of us railroaders because we cuss and chew tobacco. Well, I'll have to take my chances with the Old Man in Ogdensburg and you'll have to take chances with your ma."

That ride took just fifteen minutes, but every fraction

(Continued on Page 17)



# Poetical Portraits

## Singing in the Rain

One morning as I came awake,  
A little wren was singing;  
A cheery message bringing;  
Singing in the morning.

Out on Long Island sound  
The fog horn was moaning;  
A dreary message groaning;  
The bird all gloom was scorning.

### SINGING IN THE RAIN!

On the magnolia magnaflora  
I heard the rain's pitter patter;  
But what did it matter?  
There was singing with the rain.

Sheltered in my tree;  
Under magnolia leaf umbrella,  
That wise little fellow  
Was singing in the rain.

### SINGING IN THE RAIN!

Abigail Cole

## Doughnuts

One cup sugar, one cup milk,  
Two eggs beaten fine as silk,  
A little nutmeg (lemon will do),  
of baking powder, teaspoons two,  
Lightly stir the flour in,  
Roll on pie-board not too thin;  
Cut in diamonds, twist or rings,  
Then drop with care the doughy things,  
Into fat that briskly swells  
Evenly the spongy cells,  
Roll in sugar, lay to cool  
Always use this simple rule.

For chocolate doughnuts use the  
Above rule, add 4 tabelspoons of  
cocoa with the flour, or two ounces of  
melted chocolate.

Mrs. Belle Thorp Oker  
West Union, Iowa

From the Larkin Cookbook, contributed by Ray Loop

## On The St Lawrence

Broad and mighty flowing river,  
Bearing onward to the sea  
Waters of the distant lakelands—  
Wondrous dreams you bring to me.

Far Superior spreads its silver  
Wide like ocean's boundless floor,  
And broad Huron with its forests  
Hides its bays where wild fowl soar.

Michigan and Erie ridden  
By man's little ships of trade;  
And Ontario's troubled billows  
By the north wind boisterous made:

And Niagara's sounding torrent  
Where the water of the lakes,  
Smooth and deep, a mighty volume,  
Down below in madness breaks.

All these waters here before me  
Spread a broad and shining floor,  
Rocky depths and shallows making,  
Countless islands dotted o'er.

And the wavelets ripply round them  
Loath to travel to the sea,  
And I listen to their secrets  
Brought from distant lands to me,

Sometimes telling of the red men  
Or the voyageurs who came  
Giving to this broad, bright river,  
San Lorenzo's sacred name.

Then I think of San Lorenzo  
And his church in Italy;  
Pictures on the walls that show him  
Burned for Christ and liberty.

San Lorenzo! San Lorenzo!  
Hero who could laugh at pain;  
Come in spirit, view your river—  
In our memories live again.  
—Dr. W. B. Harlow. Grindstone Island

# Beeline



FROM  
THE EDITOR

Recently we've heard of several district schools being turned into museums so that the young may see "how it was," and we older ones may indulge in a little nostalgia. To this end the owners will be collecting all the items needed -- how many details can you recall? (The Retired Teachers have had this goal in mind for some time, too.)

As we looked at our supply of items on hand for this spring issue, we realized that nostalgia had already set in for many of our reader-writers had chosen school days for subject. Two had even sent items on recess games. Since they recall entirely different games, we use them both. Class pictures, too, are popular and we include some of the many submitted for your remembering. Remember and enjoy, enjoy.

MHB



## Notice

HOURS AT THE HISTORY CENTER  
COUNTY BUILDING, CANTON  
Monday and Thursday  
9:00 A.M. - 4:00 P.M.



Calista (Mrs. Roy) Hutchinson with her grandparents Caleb Fanning and Jane (Brown) Fanning in front of their home in Russell. (photo was printed in reverse). Jane was born in Edwards, her parents Jonathan Brown and Achsah (Haynes) Brown, having settled there in 1813. They came

from Middletown, Rutland Co., Vt., and had four sons: Valorous, b. 1805; Vivalda, 1808; Vaniah, 1809; Stillman 1811; all in Vt. and Achsah, 1814, and Jane 1817, in Edwards. Jane d. in Russell, Oct. 15, 1898.

# Let's Not Forget --



1st Anniversary of Armistice Day at Canton, 1919. (From St. Lawrence Univ. Archives)



The eclectic architecture of the E.E. O'Leary funeral home, 32 Park St., Canton. Note details of porches,

turret and finial, angled and stained glass windows, ridge iron work, arched and square windows.





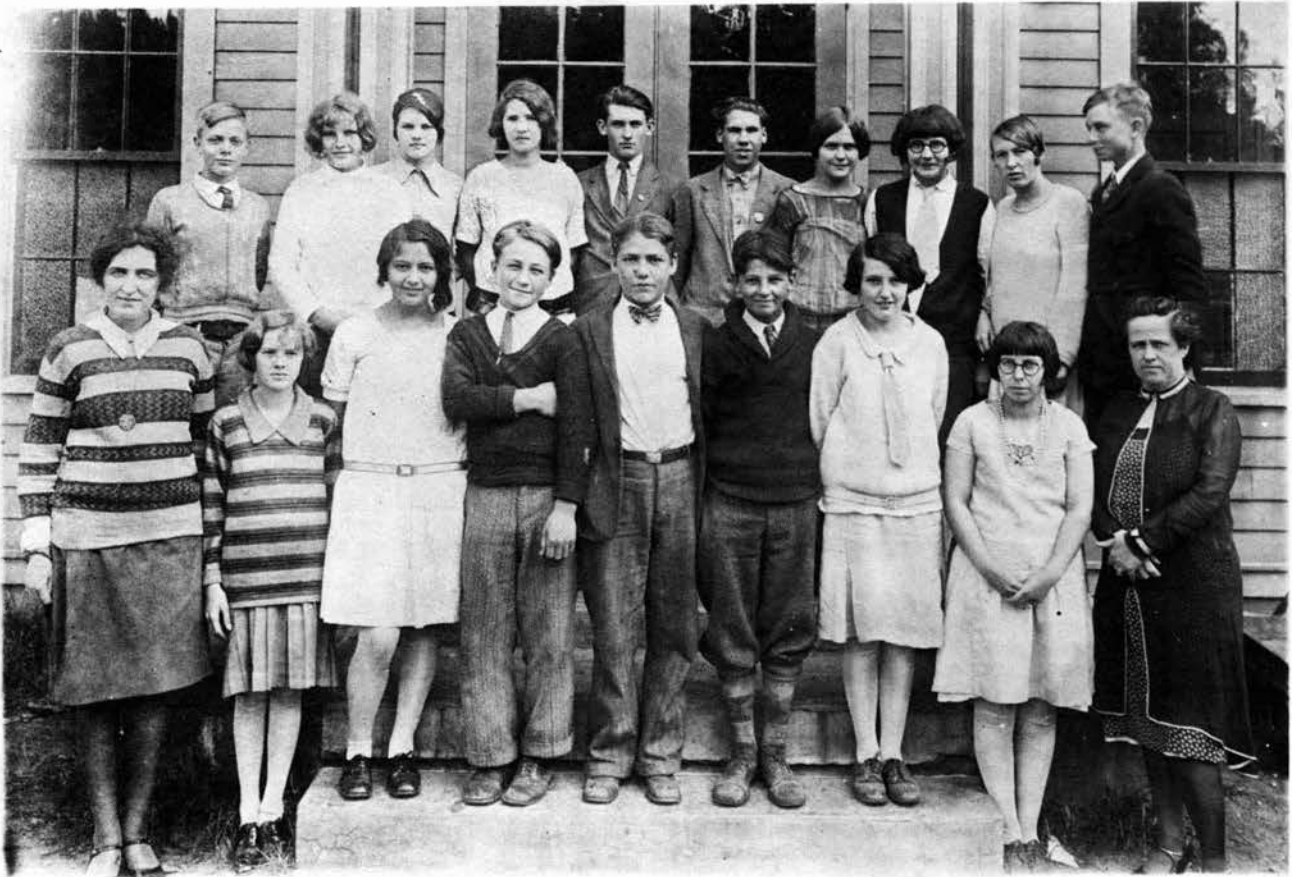
## archives highlight



Class of OFA, Ogdensburg, in 1917: Front row: Marion Gray (Wiber), Clara Newton, Evelina Gagnon, Anna B. Corcoran (McDowell), Sophia Burns (Tyrrell), Ceceiall McGregor (Northam), Audrey Ackerman (Chilton), Evelyn Ackerman (McWilliams), Second row: Mariel Hobbs, Gordon Goldstone, Grace Witherhead (Kershaw), Dr. Fred A. VanDusen, principal, Margaret Crane (Wilhelm), Roy Cowan, Rosalind Schwartzman, Edgar Burgess, Third row:

Elizabeth Thompson (Akin), Inez Middleton, Charles Northam, Rachel Baker (Jacobs), Carroll Dezell, Fourth Row: William Dodd, Sara Liddell (Bierbrier), Arthur Wilson, Mary Callaghan (Kelly), Joseph Kring, Helen O'Callaghan, Merton Dewey Morris, Gladys Mott (Fetterly), Forrest Dygert, Fifth Row: Eugenia Carney (Huntress), Gertrude Riley (Rutherford), Ethel Beckstead (Morgan). Now shown: Felix Hulser, Morris G. Welch. (Picture from Archives, gift of Anna Corcoran McDowell.)





**OSWEGATCHIE UNION SCHOOL, town of Fine, 1928-9.** L. to R. front row: Orma Belgard, teacher, Evangeline Law, Margaret Lennox, Hollis Scruton, Kent Seelye, Ellis Colton, Marian Hawley, Leda Paro, Mrs. Beach, teach-

er. Back row: Elmer Ward, Erline LEVoy, Mary Tubbs, Audrey Tubbs, John Hawley, Merlin Adams, Ruth Clark, Merle Spencer, Tessie Humble, Bob Bradley. (Loaned by Kent Seelye)



**OSWEGATCHIE UNION SCHOOL, June 17, 1910 -- primary and intermediate graduates.** Primary, 1st row: Gearald Marshall, Ruth Marsh, Earl Redmon, Chester Bebee, Gerald Cancross, Glen Hawley, Vilas Cobb. (Absent Ruth Kelly, Don Woodcock). 2nd row: T.B. Scruton, Nathalie Upton, preceptress, the Rev. Mr. Atwood, Edith Frye,

intermediate teacher, David Irven, president of Board of Education, A.A. Ellis, primary teacher, L. York, principal. Intermediate, 3rd row: Wm. Kelly, Ray Bellinger, John Marsh, Iva Shannon, Agnes Melady, Grace Marsh, Mable Briggs, Myrtle Bebee, Elmer Hutchins. (loaned by Ellis Colton).

# Recess Time

By JEAN D. BLAIR

Recess time and noon hour -- those were the best times of the day in the one-room country schoolhouse. We walked to school then -- for some of us it was three or four miles one way.

For my brothers and me it was just across the night pasture because the school had been built on a corner of our farm.

How we watched the clock on teacher's desk for 10:15 in the morning and 2:15 in the afternoon. Those were welcome breaks in our study routine.

And the games we would play -- do kids nowadays play Steal the Wood, May I, Simon Says, Anti-I-Over, hide and seek (in summer) or Fox and Geese (in winter)?

For those who may have never played those games-- Steal the Wood was a game involving two teams and a pile of sticks, probably a dozen. Captains chose sides and the players lined up opposite each other with the wood in the middle. At a signal one player would dart toward the pile, attempt to obtain a stick and get back 'home' without being caught by one player from the opposing side. Then a player from the opposite side would take his turn and so on down the line until all the wood was on one side.

May I consisted of all the players standing in one area and a caller would say "Jane or Joe you may take two, three, four or however many steps forward, backward or sideways." If the youngster took the steps without first saying "May I" he would be disqualified and another player could advance the given paces. The one who crossed the finish line first would be declared the winner.

Another pastime was Simon Says. In this game everyone had to pay strict attention to the leader who would perhaps announce "Simon says everyone face left and walk six paces." Then maybe he would say "Now go back to the right four paces or walk in a circle." If he did not preface it with "Simon says" those who did his bidding were "out." The game would end either when everyone was out except one or the company tired of the game.

Did you ever play Anti-I-Over? Opposing teams formed on either side of the school building or the woodshed and a ball was thrown over the tosser shouting "Anti-I-Over." He would then poise at the corner of the building and a member of the opposite team would chase him around



the building. If he could either catch him or hit him with the ball before the pursued rounded the opposite team's corner the one being caught had to go to the other side. The game would continue until the majority of players ended on one side or the bell rang to signal the end of recess or noon hour.

Hide and Seek simply consisted of one who would be 'it.' He would try to find the others who had hidden following its 'blinding' for a given time of agonizing counting.

When snow covered the meadows the bigger boys would stamp out the Fox and Geese track for that popular winter time game. The track was a large circle which was then bisected like the spokes of a wheel, with a spoke for each player. 'It' would stand in the center with the others at the intersections of the spokes. At a given signal everyone had to change places with the 'it' player trying to catch someone. If he were successful someone else would be 'it' and the game would continue.

Of course we also played baseball in summer and slid down hill in winter either on barrel stave jumpers or boughen sleds if we were so lucky.

Those were the good times -- recess time and noon hour.

## Old Time School Games

Old time schools had no equipment for recreation, other than a ball. One old time game I well remember was bringing some wood for the box stove in the center of the room. The heavy maple chunks were brought from the shed and placed near the boxstove in the school room. This exercise took place before school opened in the morning and served to fill the lungs and build muscle.

One of the games played by the smaller children was called "Washing Dishes." Children were the younger ones of nearly equal size. Two would stretch their arms and clasp each others hands and two others clasped hands over the first two. They would then rock on their feet and chant:

Wash the lady's dishes  
Hang them on the bushes  
When the bushes begin to crack  
Hang them on the nigger's back  
When the nigger begins to run  
Shoot him with a leather gun."

The clasped hands were slipped over backs, and the huddle would jump up and down singing "Jig-jog-polly-wog" until they would fall from laughter and exhaustion.

A similar game was "Needle's Eye." Two players would stand with upraised clasped hands. The others would form a hand in hand circle passing beneath the upraised arms singing

The needle's eye that doth supply  
Many a lass, that has passed  
But now I caught you surely."

Two colors or things are chosen by the players with upraised arms and the caught one is to blindly choose; he then joins hands with the choice; the other joins the ring and the game goes on.

If there was a rubber ball in the assembly, the children played "Tally tally over." All the players but one would stand on one side of the school house. The lone player



# Consanguinity

By KENNETH F. COLLINS

Consanguinity is the relationship that proceeds from a common ancestry, or in other words, slightly rephrased, is the relationship of a group of people who are all descended from a common ancestor.

The terminology used for the descendants from the same parent or ancestor has caused confusion for many people and also incorrect ideas. Within this relationship of consanguinity there are both lineal and collateral descent.

Lineal descent indicates an ancestral line or lineage, that is, ascending or descending in a direct line. A son is a lineal descendant of his father.

Collateral descent indicates descent from the same ancestor but in a different line. Brothers, for example, descend collaterally from their father as they are now in parallel lines of descent from their father.

You are well aware that brothers and sisters are the children of a specific marriage. Also the brothers and sisters of a specific marriage are nephews and nieces to the brothers and sisters of their father and mother. The brothers and sisters of their parents are their uncles and aunts.

The term "cousin" now arises and gradually the confusion sets in. A 'first' cousin is your relationship to the children of your uncles and aunts. Think carefully on this. This means that a first cousin refers to those persons of the same generation who are descended from a common ancestor, ie, **THEY HAVE THE SAME GRANDPARENTS**. Or again, your uncles and aunts are brothers and sisters of your parents, and all of them had the same parents which are (or were) your grandparents.

A second cousin refers to those persons of the same generation who are descended from the **SAME GREAT-GRANDPARENTS**.

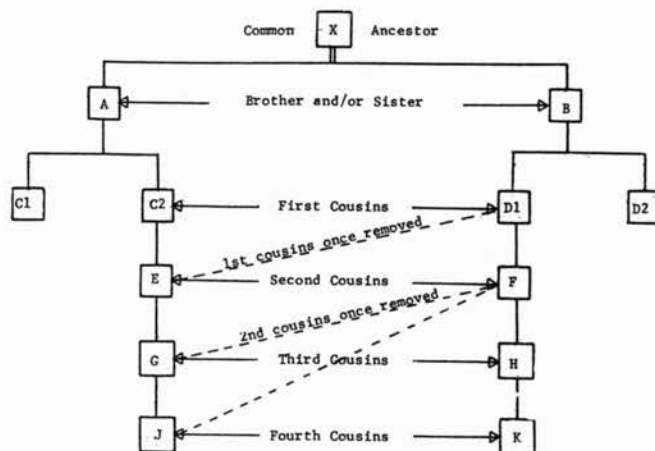
A 'first cousin once removed' -- many persons use this terminology when they really are talking about second cousins -- however, the terminology 'removed' actually refers to cousins who are **OF DIFFERENT GENERATIONS**. For example, X and Y are first cousins. Then X and the children of Y are first cousins **ONCE REMOVED**. This also means that the grandchildren of Y are first cousins twice removed from X.

## Old Time School Games

on the opposite side would throw the ball over the building to the players on the other side, singing "tally, tally, over" and whoever caught the ball went to the other side and could throw it to the other players. The one who threw the ball was alone. If no one caught it, it was returned to the thrower.

Sometimes a youngster nimble of foot and mind would touch another, saying, "Let's play tag, you're it" and

A sketch is shown in order to clarify the 'confusion' which I am sure, or hope, does not exist any more.



From the above it is seen that;

- Children of 1st cousins are 2nd cousins to each other.
- Children of 2nd cousins are 3rd cousins to each other.
- You (D1) are a first cousin once removed to the children of your first cousin (C2), i.e., D1 is first cousin once removed to E (and vice versa).
- You (D1) are a first cousin twice removed to the grandchildren of your first cousin (C2), i.e., D1 is first cousin twice removed to G (and vice versa).
- D1 and J are first cousins thrice removed.
- F and G are second cousins once removed.
- F and J are second cousins twice removed.
- H and J are third cousins once removed.

It is said that few people actually know a third cousin. Do you? I know of a living instance of 10th cousins who are aware of their relationship and actually know each other.

This business of relationship is really not too confusing. Sometimes it helps if you draw a small diagram, which will aid you in any heated discussion you may have with one not too well versed in consanguinity.



Among these students in Grades 4, 5 and 6 of Richville Graded School were Lee Rich (left, front row), Richard

Buck, Glenn VanNamee, Helen Gray, Louise Walker, Thelma Paige, Ruth Coats. Others unidentified.



About 1928, Robinson River, hunting campers. Bill Bradley, Less Mathews, Bill Marsh, Kent Seelye, Durwood Greenfield and George Moss. (Loaned by Kent Seelye)

(Continued from Page 8)

of a second in those few minutes was packed with a thrill. The fireman continuously stoked, a steady stream of wood blocks going into the firebox. The "Averell" was some wood-eater, and I began to understand about that 70-miles wood pile my father talked about. In the years that have passed since then I have ridden countless thousands of miles with the great and the near-great in my capacity as a newspaper man, but my ride in the "Averell's" cab with my hero Watson Hunkins stands out in memory over them all. At the station Hunkins helped me out of the cab and went into the station for orders. He came out with an order in his hand.

"I'm sorry for you, boy. The local is held up a couple of miles west of here with a hot box or something. You'll be an hour late getting home, and you'll get a darned good licking."

"Well, it was worth it. I'd take a licking any day for such a grand ride."

"That's the ticket! But now, come to think of it, I believe I can fix it so you won't get a licking. Your dad owns those big wood lots. Everyone is trying to buy wood lots so as to furnish wood for the railroad. Well, here is a little secret that may save him a lot of money. Old Man Averell has bought two Moguls -- the biggest sort of engines. They're coal-burners. They are coming from the Rhode Island Locomotive Works and will be delivered in a few weeks. In a year and a half there won't be a wood-burner

left and all the wood lot owners will have to depend on maple sugar. Your pa won't be glad to hear that. But he can sell out his wood lots to the speculators and let them do the worrying."

It was long after dark when I reached our kitchen door. My father and mother were in the dining room waiting my return. The station agent knew all about my adventure and had told them. To divert attention from my dismearor I rushed almost breathlessly into the room.

"They're going to take off the woodburners and use coal--two new coalburning engines coming next month, and soon they'll all be burning coal."

That was real news -- big news to my father. He had been a bull on wood lots. Now he switched to the bear side, and finding a ready sale for his wood lots, sold them.

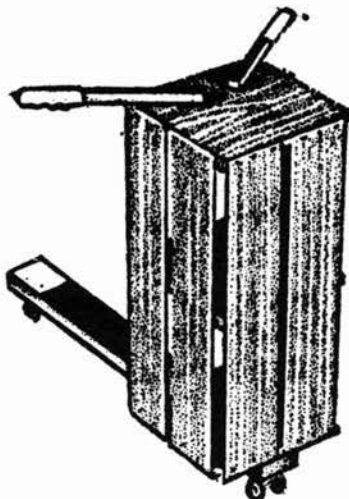
In the summer of 1886 the two Moguls arrived, as predicted by Hunkins. Up to that time we, like all our neighbors, burned wood in our home. In 1887, we, too, switched to coal in the house, as did the others. With coal heaters installed we all wondered how we had ever managed to get through those long northern winters on wood. The O&LC had set the pace and we were glad to follow.

(From True Tales of Rails; in Railroad Stories of April, 1936)

Way

Back

When



## You Remember Crate Scooters

**YOU** scrounged around the basement or maybe in the garage or even in the neighbor's trash heap until you found an orange crate in reasonably good repair.

A board nailed under it and topped with an old piece of inner tube did for a platform. When sister wasn't looking you snatched one of her roller skates and attached two wheels fore and aft. A couple of old bicycle handlebars fixed to the top of the crate completed the job. Voila, son, a crate scooter!

It could tip over shooting the curb and leave you with skinned knees, and the orange crate was full of splinters. But it was hell on wheels down a long grade, especially in competition. Many a Saturday morning was spent oiling the ball bearings and honing the rollers for high speed, to say nothing of applying a fresh paint job.

Alas, oranges now come in bags of twine, which aren't even good for parachutes. Sis no longer needs to guard her roller skates. But a company called Shades of the Past, specializing in such things, has put a crate scooter on the market for \$10 -- no fortune but 20 times what it cost to build the fastest scooter on the block. Those were the days, and evidently they still are, sort of.





# MYSTERIES

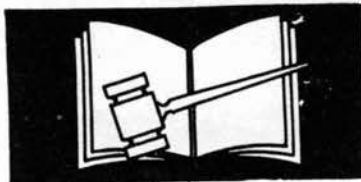
## Who? When?



**MYSTERY PICTURE, taken by G.L. Johnson, Artist- Photographer, Potsdam, Year and identification needed.**



**Is this Alonzo Greenfield, father of Durwood and Jim and grandfather of Lena Anna and Floyd Greenfield (town of Fine)? (loaned by Kent Seelye)**



## PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

These winter months have not been a time of hibernation for the officers and trustees of our Association. Indeed, with occasional onslaughts of London flu and bad weather, we haven't met regularly. But we have been planning and organizing in several ways. The year ahead appears very exciting for us.

Recently the Program Committee met and is tentatively scheduling a variety of tours and programs for summer and fall. Details will soon be ironed out, but be on the lookout for a tour into Canada to see the homes of United Empire Loyalist families, an excellent way for us to get into the spirit of the Bicentennial of our American Republic. Also, watch for tours of major geology sites in the County, of historical and architectural sites in Ogdensburg, Old Home Day in Richville, and a program on Women of the County's History later in the year. None of the dates for these is definite, but they are all exciting prospects. Watch local papers, and future Quarterlies for particulars.

Our Historic Sites Committee is meeting for the first time to establish policies and procedures for our part of the very inclusive survey of historic sites designations being conducted by the Division for Historic Preservation of the State Department of Parks and Recreation. A number of places also will be asked to be put on the National Register of Historic Places. We shall become the coordinator of the information-gathering at the county level for this extremely important albeit difficult task.

We have grown considerably in recent years and finally we realize a need for closer supervision of our financial affairs. Many of the grants we apply for require specific budget and financial statements. Besides that, we are "grown-ups" now -- in our 26th year, remember? and we should know more about what we are doing and able to do. With the watchful eye and fine work of Grace Riley to advise it, our new Finance Committee will meet soon and make plans for our fiscal future.

There are many other activities "in the works." We can tell you more about these next time. But I hope you see (and agree) that we are not stagnating. Indeed we are trying hard to provide more and better services than ever. But we always need your help and support. Please feel free to contact any of us at any time with comments, questions or suggestions.

*Erick A. Pittenden*

## Coming Up!

### Tours

- Late May or June - tour of homes in Brockville, Canada
- July 29 - Old Home Day, Richville - Open House
- July or August -- Road map Tour of Geologic sites
- September -- Historic Architecture of Ogdensburg
- October - Annual meeting in Potsdam "Our County's Women"

## Improved Mail Service

Recent mail service changes which leave the public in the lurch, brought to mind this item from the May 22, 1901 Courier & Freeman: "There was a radical change in mail service on the route from North Lawrence to Fort Jackson...the mail now leaves No. Lawrence in the morning on the arrival of the train from the east and reaches here (Nicholville) before noon and leaves here for No. Lawrence at 2:30 p.m. Although the new arrangement presents some advantages over the old, it is still very doubtful if the general public is as well served as before. Another change is now contemplated and that is to have the stages leave Ft. Jackson early in the morning as formerly and have the mail car attached to the local due at No. Lawrence at 12:30 thereby getting the mail from the N.Y.C. and also from Ogdensburg until 11 a.m. and reaching here by 3 p.m. instead of 7 p.m."

Sept. ... Everybody's rejoicing over the prospect of having a mail twice a day ... soon after Oct. 1 the double mail will be put on.

HERMON TO CRANBERRY LAKE -- over 300 miles!

(At present when our Quarterly

is mailed in Hermon, 3rd class, it goes to Watertown, the Sectional center for 136 zip no's, waits until everything else is sorted, wends its way to Sectional Center sorting at Plattsburgh, then to North Lawrence, Cranberry Lake, or any other 129 zip code number when that center gets to the bottom of its 1st and 2nd class pile... most of the time taking at least a full week. Other areas such as Schenectady, 220 miles, which waits for Albany to get to the bottom of its piles of other mail, get it in an amazing THREE weeks!)



Copies of back issues of the Quarterly are still available.

Undeliverables cost your Association 3 ways -- going, coming back, remaining at non-bulk rate.

### OUR THANKS ...

To volunteers who are indexing books at the History Center. There seems no end to the need. Special thanks, too, to the person who sent \$ gift equivalent to a whole day's volunteering.

### GIFTS...

In form of uniforms, photographs, books, DAR magazines, clippings and programs are all appreciated.

## Notice

A new membership or change of address sent after the 10th of the month preceding publication will not be in time to receive the following Quarterly. It takes a little time to effect mailing changes.

If you do NOT RECEIVE your Quarterly during month of publication, let us know promptly. (Some wait for a year to let us know!)

Needed -- Volunteers for Open House dates at Richville. Call or write History Center, Canton.

# When Spring Trips North

by  
KEITH  
BLAKE

**ACROSS**

- 1 St. Law. Co. muscovites
- 6 Followed by 11 across, spring harbinger
- 11 See 6 across
- 16 ...Zola
- 17 Disinclined
- 18 "As a sparrow ... upon the housetops"  
(Psalms 122:7)
- 19 Confused struggle, brawl
- 20 Legal term, re wages: Lat., 2 wds.
- 21 Graven images
- 22 Vegetable usually planted early
- 23 "If a tree..., plant another in its place"
- 25 Kind of collar or jacket
- 27 Butterfly catcher
- 28 Lady's slippers
- 30 Threesome
- 31 Pl. suffix with canoe, herbal, et al
- 32 Season after printemps
- 33 "Spring ... more remarkable for biting east winds than  
general ...."
- 35 Stem mark of fallen leaf
- 38 Sedate
- 40 Muhammadan ruler's decrees
- 44 Young gamblers
- 46 Skunk ... (Old chest-cold remedy)
- 47 Frozen "white stuff," 2 wds.
- 48 Sun or moon
- 49 Young birds
- 52 Neither's partner
- 53 Spring's second harbingers
- 55 Wife of Athamas (Swanfeldt X-wd. Dict.)
- 56 National bird
- 58 Trout fisherman's locale
- 59 Restraints
- 61 Troubles
- 62 Embodiment
- 64 "Much ... About Nothing"
- 66 Prophet
- 69 "The simple .. that Nature told"
- 70 "It isn't raining ... it's raining ..."
- 74 "... another hue unto the rainbow"
- 75 Golfers' needs
- 76 "Don't ... America short"
- 77 It rises in the spring
- 78 See 82 across
- 80 Buttonwood or sycamore
- 82 Followed by 78 across, spring product
- 84 Vista
- 85 Duck having profuse down
- 86 "has ... and hungry look," 2 wds.
- 87 Words of agreement
- 88 Dueling swords
- 89 Bottle parts

- 31 "I came, ... .., I conquered"; 2 wds.
- 33 Worms to a fisherman
- 34 Notched like some leaves
- 35 Spills over
- 36 Inverted v in printing
- 37 Maple syrup color
- 39 "... out the first ball"
- 41 Australian wild dog
- 42 French school
- 43 Ecological communities
- 45 Nip (like frost in spring): Shakespeare
- 47 One with superiority complex
- 50 Weasel word
- 51 Concerning: Lat., 2 wds
- 54 Jury member
- 57 Letters for a deserter
- 59 Dandelion and ... greens
- 60 Mayflower part
- 63 Indian shelter
- 65 Wide-sleeved garment
- 66 Impertinent
- 67 Elicit, extract
- 68 Borders
- 70 Shifts, as the wind
- 71 Particularly: Abbr.
- 72 Muhammadan divorce
- 73 "Sir Patrick ... " (old ballad)
- 75 Very: Fr.
- 76 Snick-or-...(large knife)
- 79 Scot's "own"
- 81 Lemon...
- 83 Adam's...

(Unless otherwise noted, all words used in this puzzle may be found in Merriam-Webster's Third New International Dictionary -- Latest Unabridged. All quotes may be found in Bartlett's Familiar Quotations, 14th Ed.)

(see page 22 for solution)

**DOWN**

- 1 Pace, beat
- 2 Arabian ruler: var.
- 3 May dooryard bloom
- 4 Dim. suffix for corpus, et al
- 5 What you do to a new lawn; 2 wds.
- 6 Pests spring brings
- 7 Electrons
- 8 Eng. fliers: abbr.
- 9 Guided
- 10 "Blest be ... that binds"; 2 wds.
- 11 "Like sunshine after ..."
- 12 "... as the hills"
- 13 Blessings
- 14 Waterway into Adirondack lake
- 15 Dwellings needing no bldg. permits
- 24 March time in old Rome
- 26 Emitting moisture (like spring mud)
- 29 Savory or aromatic plant
- 30 Three-leaved wildflowers

1	2	3	4	5		6	7	8	9	10		11	12	13	14	15	
16						17						18					
19						20						21					
22				23	24				25		26			27			
28			29					30					31				
			32					33				34					
35	36	37				38	39					40			41	42	43
44				45		46					47						
48					49	50				51					52		
53				54					55				56	57			
58									59			60			61		
				62			63					64	65				
66	67	68				69					70				71	72	73
74						75					76					77	
78				79				80	81				82	83			
84								85					86				
87								88					89				



# Ogdensburg, 1892



Caroline Street at Knox. St. John's Church at left.



Ford Street with Trolley and horse and buggy traffic. Note fire alarm box and mail collection box.



I have just recently had the opportunity to read through the Ranger School's copy of the October Silver Anniversary Issue of the Quarterly and found much of interest ... and can find nowhere the name of J. Otto Hamele as forefront of the founders of the Association and as being the first county historian. I recall Mr. Hamele on numerous occasions expressing his ideas on the subject of a county historical society, and this back in the '30's and '40's, and when it finally became a reality recall his saying that a small room had been set aside for such use in the County Building. It was in 1947 that he was appointed County Historian and held that office at the time of his death later that year ... his daughter in law, Pauline Hamele, Keith's wife, lives in Wanakena and recalls driving him over to Canton on numerous Sunday evenings and bringing him back home Friday nights, so that he could attend to the business of the historical society...

With kind regards and best wishes,  
 Philip J. Haddock, Exec. Secretary  
 NYS Ranger School Alumni Association  
 Wanakena, N.Y. 13695

(Ed. note: We have mentioned Mr. Hamele, both at annual meetings, and in other articles on Wanakena, and the Association, in the Quarterly. Two issues in 1965 used his picture and story about him and his interests. We will always be grateful to Otto.)



Solution to Faces and Places Puzzle on page 20.

S	K	C	E	N	S	E	P	E	S	E	S	E	S	E	Y
N	A	L	E	R	E	I	D	E	R	E	C	E	N	E	S
L	E	P	L	E	N	E	P	L	A	N	E	P	L	A	S
A	P	L	L	E	L	S	E	S	E	S	E	T	E	A	D
S	L	O	L	V	I	W	S	E	N	E	R	E	R	E	E
S	E	S	O	A	D	O	M	E	T	O	M	E	P	I	E
S	E	S	O	E	S	C	U	R	B	S	M	A	M	E	T
L	E	G	L	E	I	N	O	I	N	O	S	E	R	P	E
R	N	O	R	S	G	L	I	N	G	S	E	N	E	B	O
C	E	W	I	C	N	O	L	S	O	I	L	O	B	A	M
S	A	D	E	S	I	R	A	D	S	T	A	R	S	C	A
S	E	S	E	S	E	Z	E	B	R	E	T	E	T	E	E
S	T	S	I	S	O	T	R	I	O	S	D	H	I	D	S
S	E	T	N	E	T	O	S	E	S	I	E	S	I	D	E
S	O	L	S	E	F	E	E	I	N	F	E	E	L	E	E
N	A	L	O	N	E	H	A	T	H	L	O	A	T	H	E
I	B	I	N	S	T	R	I	S	T	F	I	R	S	T	S

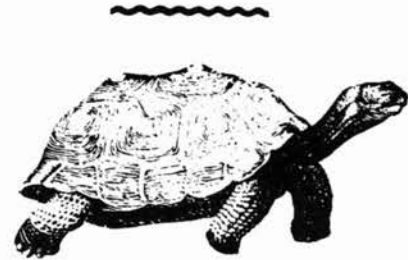
## Electrifying News

# Trolleys in our County

In October of 1901 an electric railroad from St. Regis Falls to Norwood via Nicholville, Ft. Jackson, Hopkinton, Parishville and Potsdam was a possibility...even though thought remote by some...a popular topic of conversation around the store and hotel corridors. "We hope it will materialize in more substantial form than previous projects of the kind that have at various times agitated this community," says the Nicholville correspondent in the Courier & Freeman. "While waiting for the railroad why can't we have a telephone? That would put us a long way in advance of present conditions. Our mail service is now excellent but we need the telephone just the same." February 5, 1902 says that the manager of the Central N.Y. Telephone & Telegraph Co. has been induced to become interested in building a telephone line from North Lawrence to Lawrenceville, Nicholville, Hopkinton and Fort Jackson. They found the country "more populous and better for a field in telephone business" than they expected to find, to embrace four villages with twelve miles of lines...and planned to build in the spring.

In another newspaper of October 10, 1901 we find proposals made to run a trolley line from Gouverneur to Morristown, with the Ogdensburg line extended to Morristown to meet it. The paper says in part: St. Lawrence County has blossomed out as a promising section for trolley enterprise and development. (the people are beginning to realize what the construction of a trolley road will mean to them in a social, industrial and commercial sense.) Gouverneur has been agitating the question...from that village to Rossie, skirting the southern end of Black Lake and reaching the St. Lawrence river at either Chipewa Bay or Oak Point. As the scheme has developed, the project of going even farther and striking the river at Morristown has been given consideration, on account of the superior shipping facilities by rail and water connections to be secured at that point. It is certain to be met by an extension of the Ogdensburg trolley road -- which has been long under consideration. The shore of the river between the two places is lined with summer residences and camps, there is a large summer resort at Terrace Park which such a road would develop, besides the patronage which would be created by the natural business and social relations of the two towns and intervening section...of course, there is any amount of preliminary work to be done before the rails can be laid. A large portion of such labor (that is, planning) has already been accomplished...

WHAT HAPPENED TO THESE PLANS?



PLEASE don't be slow to renew your membership! Send promptly when reminder is received. Send changes of address as quickly as possible. Last year returned Quarters cost your Association extra dollars we could have used for other purposes!

## researchers

I am attending the American Folk Culture program at Cooperstown and need information concerning St. Lawrence River fishing guides. Need primary source materials such as letters, diaries, journals, ledgers, photographs and names of persons whose father or grandfather was a river guide. Secondary (printed) materials are also appreciated. (Please notify me directly, or the History Center in Canton of materials which may be borrowed for copying.)

Thank you,  
Frank A. Scheuttle  
RFD No. 2  
Cooperstown, N.Y. 13326

My wife and I very much enjoyed the January issue of the Quarterly. We are new members and would like to obtain some back issues if you will pick out some with articles about Hopkinton, St. Regis Falls, Parishville and North Lawrence in them ... If you have any photographs of the logging done by Downey and Snell, Frank H. Cutting, or Kimball and Clarke near Lake Ozonia, we would appreciate knowing who has them so we could have copies made...I am especially interested in logging in Hopkinton and Parishville

Sincerely,  
William McLoughlin  
Brown University  
Providence, R.I.

What is the difference between a quilt and a comforter?

("Quilt" has come to mean the type of covering with at least two layers of material fastened together by running stitches. "Comforter" applies to a "tied" bed cover, with also two layers of material but lacks the running stitches of quilting. Some of the types of quilts are made with pieced or patchwork, fancy stitchery, appliqued. Early quilts are becoming very collectible as "collectibles" or real antiques. An excellent book on the subject is by Safford and Bishop, "Patchwork Quilts and Coverlets, a History of American Bedcovers." It is suggested that you make an inventory of your antiques, including such often forgotten items as quilts. Call it an "heirloom inventory" or whatever, your children will thank you for it. List the maker if known, relation to you if any, year if known, and anything you know about it. Good long-winter project!)

Wanted: Copies of Morristown Express, weekly newspaper established there in Feb. 1909. Or any early county newspapers -- Madrid, Waddington, Hermon, etc. Contact the History Center, Canton.

Wanted at the History Center: Health Department signs for Quarantines -- pink for scarlet fever, etc.

Were "Gems" a type of 1860's photograph, taken to give to friends?



Pub. by Conant Drug Co.

ST. LAWRENCE PYRITES CO. WORKS,  
LOOKING EAST,  
STELLAVILLE, NEAR HERMON, N. Y.

1908 was a long time ago. My grandmother, Fannie Allen, was only daughter of Edmund and Clarissa Allen of Hermon, who had two sons Henry and Ellery. Henry married first wife Adeline Hastings, my grandfather Herbert H. Hastings' sister. Ellery lived at Marshville. This card was sent to my mother by my father's youngest sister who is still living in her middle 80's at Rochester. To the best of my knowledge there are no relatives living in Hermon. If there are any, I would appreciate hearing about

them or from them. I recall in 1912 we started out for the Brayton Maine home (Henry Allen's daughter) in the new model T, over dirt roads and we got there before they had their breakfast. I don't recall getting that far from home again until we went in 1927 in a Model A. In 1970 we went again and found their markers in the cemetery, so perhaps all relatives are gone.

Herbert K. Hastings, town historian  
Dickinson Center (Franklin County)  
N.Y. 12930

## HOUGH'S HISTORY

Hough's History Reprints (with accompanying Index) are still available. Write Box 8, Ganton, N.Y. 13617, enclosing check to "Hough's History" for \$15.00; include zip code.

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# what comes after sixty?

There are many ways to have free checking today. Most require that you maintain a certain amount of money in your Savings or Checking Account. One of the simplest ways, however, is to be 60 years young. Bring proof of age to our nearest office . . . and start writing free checks!



**The  
St. Lawrence National  
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