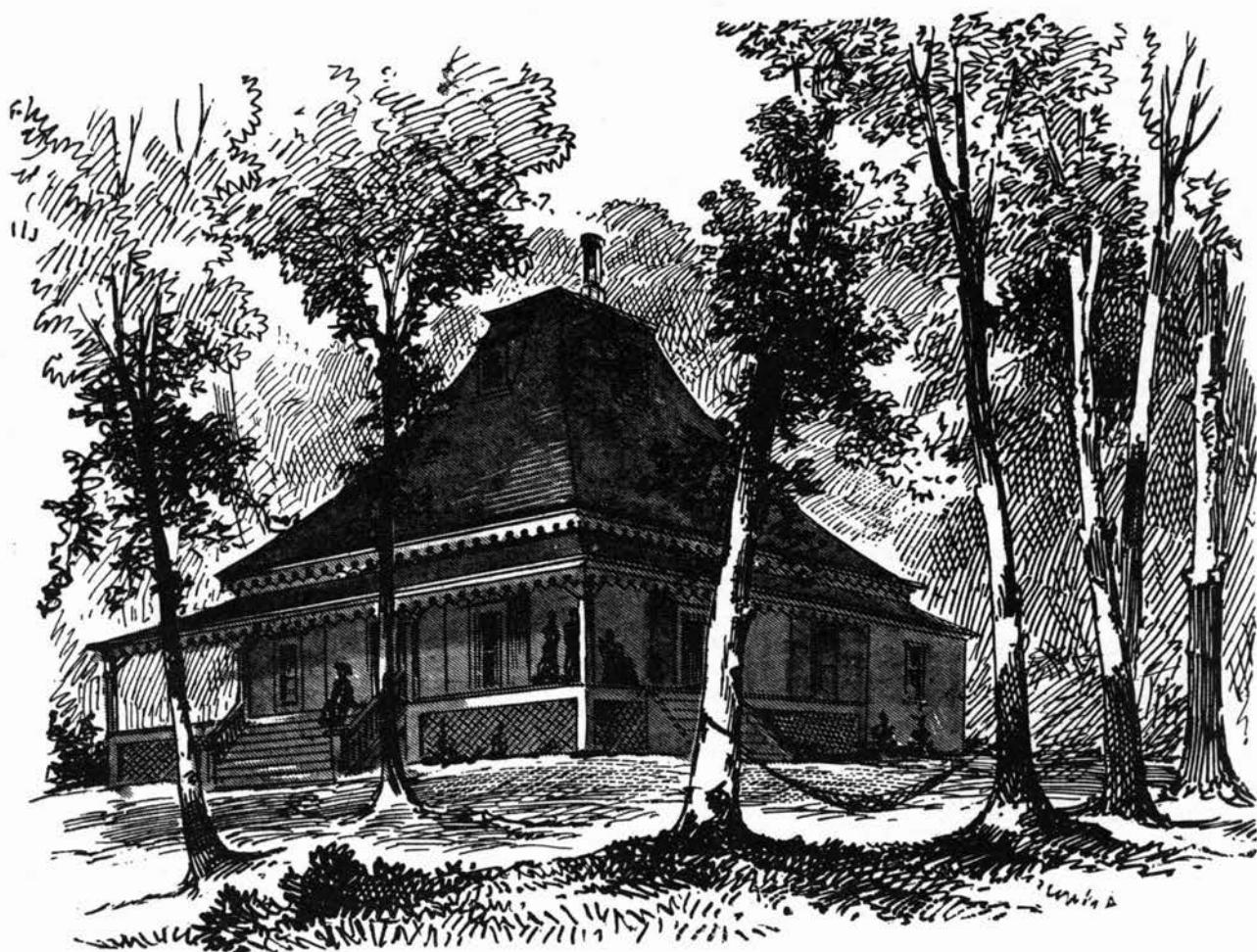


THE QUARTERLY

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE ST. LAWRENCE COUNTY HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION



THE ELEGANT COTTAGE

KNOWN AS

“SANS SOUCI”

JULY 1973

THE QUARTERLY

Official Publication Of The St. Lawrence County Historical Association

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Adventure in the Big Woods

ABIGAIL SMITH COLE

Reading about Adirondack Park has taken me in memory back to my childhood when "The Big Woods" came right down to our pasture wall.

I see quite clearly a clump of wild plum trees, beautiful when in blossom. From these trees a rail fence went between cultivated fields to the road. In the opposite direction a stone wall went along our property line.

I was only a little tot when Mamma first said, "Yes. You may go and play up under those trees. But you must not go over fence or wall."

"Why?"

"Because over the fence is Mr. Tharett's and he may not want you in his field. Over the wall is 'THE BIG WOODS.' It is a big place and full of big trees. You might get lost and Papa not be able to find you. There are wild animals there. It is no place for little girls."

Some time later I learned that up in the Big Woods was Lake Ozonia. Some of the people who went past our house were going to Lake Ozonia. But, even when the area of my travels alone had extended far enough to take me to school in Nicholville, I still had never gone to Lake Ozonia.

A little before the "turn of the century" when I was around ten years old, it was the great event of that year when one of my schoolmates proudly mounted her new bicycle, rode it swiftly down the street, turned, came back and dismounted in front of me. When I went home that night I told Papa "I want a bicycle."

"You can't ride a bicycle up this road."

When I told Clara this, she said, "I'll let you learn on mine. Then some night you can ride it home. Then your father will have to buy one for you."

For the lesson we were out in front of Mrs. Chandler's, where the land sloped gently down toward the school. Clara held the bicycle for me to climb on. That was not easy, as Clara was taller than I. Finally I got myself on the seat with each foot on a pedal. Mamma's constant warning, "You must be a little lady -- not a Tomboy" hadn't helped a bit.

When I pushed down with my right foot, the pedal went on down farther than I could reach. "Push down with your left foot and when the right pedal comes back up, put your right foot on it. Right - left - keep trying, and you'll get it."

With Clara right close behind, holding the bicycle steady, I got the rhythm of it. It was fun. I made my legs go a little faster. Clara let go. Over went bicycle and I onto the soft earth between the sidewalk and street.

Clara rescued her bicycle. I rescued myself. Nobody rescued my bicycle ambition. But Clara and I remained friends.

Clara's mother and father had run the hotel at Lake Ozonia the previous summer. When it came time for school Mr. Newell brought Clara to live at Mrs. Chandler's so she could go to school. The plan was that he would bring her on Monday morning and come after her Friday afternoon.

One happy day, Clara asked, "Would you like to go home with me Friday? Mother said I might ask you."

Wonder of wonders Mamma said I might go. So that Friday morning I walked the mile all keyed up in anticipation. I was going to that delightfully mysterious wonderful Lake Ozonia!

But when I got to Mrs. Chandler's I found Clara in tears. Her father had just phoned and made arrangements with Mrs. Chandler. He had so much work to do to close the hotel and move into the village for the winter, that he wasn't coming in for Clara.

Mrs. Chandler tried to comfort us. "You can come here tomorrow and play with Clara; or maybe you would like to take her home with you."

Going to Lake Ozonia was the only thing either of us wanted. But there was no use in arguing with Mrs. Chandler so we left her back there in the living room and went



My Childhood Home. The dark line across from the right is the fence along the road. Trees on left are the BIG WOODS. Tree on right is by barn, near where Papa stands in other view. This was taken with a Brownie in August 1914 from in front of woods over swamp and incline up to the road. (photos by author)

out through the millinery shop where hats were displayed on pedestals without faces. We were not even as important as hats. Nobody cared anything about what we wanted!

Clara closed the door after us as we stepped out on the broad platform that went along in front of the milliner's store. "I wish you had a bicycle."

"I can walk."

"You can't walk as fast as I can go on my bicycle."

"We can both walk."

We were down on the sidewalk now. "It's ten miles."

"That's only five times as far as from here to my house and back. We couldn't do that after school -- but if we started now --."

Past the stores and post office. Nobody had seen us. The school bell was ringing. Down the hill. Past Mr. Knowlton's gristmill -- over the bridge. Then going up the hill on the Hopkinton side, I said, "Clara I don't know how we can ever get by my house without Mamma seeing us. It's such a long stretch she can see us coming."

"We could go by Hopkinton -- but it's farther. Say. There's a way through the woods the men go. They say it's lots shorter."

We went through Canfield's field into the Big Woods. It was just lovely there. We scuffed along through rustling golden leaves. A chipmunk scurried up a tree. I stopped to pick up some beechnuts fallen on the leaves.

"Come on. We can't stop to eat nuts here, or we will be late for dinner."

We must have had a silent, invisible guide. Every time Clara thought it looked like "the best way" it turned out to be the right way. All that walk through the big woods was exciting and beautiful.

Finally we came out to a road. It was just an ordinary road, going through poor farming country with rough stony fields and homes that looked more and more hopeless the farther we went. Then there was a long stretch with neither farms or woods.

"Clara, we've walked more than sixteen times as far as from my house to school."

"We're getting there. It does seem farther when I walk."

A dog barked sharply. Mamma and I didn't like dogs-- their bark and threat of bite -- their leaping on you with

(Continued on next page)

Adventure in the Big Woods



Norman Smith (Papa) on our front lawn. Tree on left is the one in front of barn. Clark Tharrett woods in background. From our porch we could see Nicholville to left of those woods,

muddy paws. A little ways off the road, in front of a log cabin, two hound dogs were barking. A man came out with a gun. Clara started to run. Clara was headed for home.

For me, back there was home -- back over that long distance we had walked, I had to catch up with Clara. All my play had been gentle and quiet, I had had no occasion for racing, I stumbled and almost fell.

"Clara." I had no voice for calling. Panic powered, I ran -- and ran -- and ran.

Then I was in the woods. Great trees held hands above me. Bushes, close by the road, comforted me. Clara waited for me to catch up.

"It's all woods now to the lake, and then it isn't much farther."

"Could we" -- I took a deep breath -- "Could we rest here a little while?"

"There's no place to sit down here, I'm hungry."

We walked on -- not hurrying -- and more and more I enjoyed it. The road here had respect for nature, it made a circle around a big rock that had a tree growing on top of it. The roots of the tree came down like fingers around the rock, as if they were holding hands to help and strengthen each other.

A little farther and the road curved in the opposite direction around a big tree. That tree had been there since long before any man thought of need for road.

A chipmunk scurried across the road, his striped coat glistening as he streaked through a patch of sunshine.

"Wonder who that can be," Clara said. We could hear trotting horses, wheels clattering, along the road over which we had walked. "The camps are all closed. Come. We'll hide until they go by."

Clara stepped off into the bushes and I followed but we didn't have time to hide.

"Whoa. You girls want a ride?"

"FATHER!"

A small part in a machine had broken. Lucky to find the part in Nicholville, Mr. Newell had gone to school, thinking the teacher might let Clara and me off for the day, so he could get back to his work. Mrs. Chandler had supposed we were in school.

Fear showed in Mamma's face when Mr. Newell had arrived alone.

"Don't worry, Mrs. Smith. My daughter Clara knows about a way through the woods. It will have brought them out on the road before I get there. I'll take them on to the lake and bring them back Monday morning. Don't worry."

Poor Mamma. We had no telephone.

THEN WE WERE THERE!

I heard Mr. Newell tell Clara's mother, "That man that lives in the log cabin came out to the road when he saw me coming. He told me, "I think it was your youngun and another little girl went past here. The dogs barked. I grabbed my gun. When they see me they run, lickety-split. I watched them run all the way to the woods."

Monday morning Mr. Newell started early enough to stop and let Mamma see that I was all right. I understand now better than I did then, why she looked so funny -- face all smiles, but tears in her eyes.

"Oh, Mamma, I've had a perfectly gorgeous time."

"My little girl." She held me close.

"Now you must go to school. You must tell Mrs. Adams why you were not in school Friday. When you come home tonight you can tell me all about it."

Many years -- many experiences -- many places -- many friends since -- but occasionally I have thought of Clara. A few years ago, when in Nicholville, I called on Celestia Babcock. "Do you remember Clara Newell?" I asked.

"Yes. She married -- lives in New Jersey. Want her address?"

Clara replied to my letter. "Yes. I remember." She wrote about her happy marriage and how proud she was of her sons.

Clara is gone now. But I'm glad I found her in time so that we could let each other know that we both remembered that we each were a part of our happy childhood.



Emporium Forestry Co's Mill at Cranberry Lake about 1924. (Courtesy of Elizabeth McQueer)

Tree of Liberty

By BEN A. ROUND

PART II

What has happened...Monty Bullfinch has left his home and has taken residence in his son's tree house and pulled up the ladder. He tells his old school friend the circumstances that led to his decision....

THE CONCLUSION

Boarding the bus to work he found the seats full and he had to stand so he was exposed to the freize of ads along the ceiling border. These garish letterings didn't annoy him more than usual.

At his office his mail was on his desk. There was a pile of junk-mail ads buried among which he found three letters of importance. Several others which looked important proved when opened also to be ads, and there was a necktie in one asking him to send in some money for it. He noticed the weird pattern and remarked that he wouldn't have worn it to a dog fight.

He went out at noon and at the restaurant the waitress handed him the lunch menu so overlaid with ads he could hardly find the bill of fare. One caller at his office that afternoon, it developed, was an insurance agent. He didn't want any more insurance for any thing and he told the wordy fellow so, but he had to summon up considerable resistance before the pesky agent gave up.

Finally, the end of the office day came and he took the bus homeward. He knew he was near home when he saw the old familiar billboards. This time he noted that they were advising him how to vote.

Dinner revived him somewhat, but afterward when he started to read the evening paper, his wife and teen-aged daughter called his attention to an advertisement in it offering great bargains on some darling dresses they simply HAD to buy. So there was a collusion between his womenfolk and the ad people, he thought darkly, but he held his peace, murmuring that he's see later, then he turned on the television set, as it was news time.

He heard the merits of Burpo, the new soft drink, then a few news items. In their midst, a sober-faced man named his favorite beer, and added sadly how he longed to buy some, but it was unavailable where he lived, Mar-burrow country seemed an ideal place according to another commercial. The newscast ended when a transparent man appeared. He had taken some pills and they zoomed and bounced around in his transparent insides.

The latest copy of his favorite magazine was at hand, so he turned the pages past the ads to find where the magazine proper began. A postal card fairly jumped at him, then another slithered to the floor. He pawed around then, retrieved it and got up to place it in a wastebasket full of junk-mail ads which had come to the house that day. Returning to his chair, he found another ad postal lying on the floor and this time he let it lie.

It must have been right then, that Monty's slow burn was kindled. He had been bombarded and assaulted at frequent intervals all day by printed words that stared at him, and by bleating voices that wheedled, cajoled, teased and a few times he was threatened, and it was even intimated that failure to buy this or that would result in his becoming a social leper.

He might have endured it all stoically with a shrug and a "That's life for you," but for one further incident that brought everything to a sudden climax.

"In the commerical world of our modern age, there is no blight like the house to house salesman," Monty observed. "They roam at large about our streets, getting a foot firmly planted in one's doorway, seeking whose money they may devour."

One of these now appeared in Monty's very sitting room, having been let in my his goodnatured and hospitable wife--she was Southern born. Too often, he thought, she invited people into the house without parley at the door.



It was a woman, both tall and broad in dimension, who stood before him, looking like a conqueror who had just entered a captured city and her presence seemed to fill the room. She opened her sample case and in a booming voice started on her selling spiel.

It was at that moment that Monty fled into the kitchen and through the back exit. As he ran into the night something brushed against his face and he recognized it as the rope ladder to his son's tree house. At the same instant the idea hit him of climbing into it. Reaching the top, he pulled up the ladder and the shelter of the tree house roof seemed to enfold him. He felt he had, so to speak, come home.

He had escaped from that captive audience of us who are obliged to be propagandized by all means of communication. To buy all manner of things whether or not we want or need them. He was free, indeed.

In leaving Monty, I expressed my heartfelt admiration and encouragement for his bold act, but as I came away, sadness filled me. He would have to give up his living like the birds and descend to hold his job and his wife. If he still decided to stay against these odds, in a month or so wintery blasts would rock his tree house retreat.

Nevertheless, his brave act would not be forgotten. Amazingly, from being a mediocrity, he had literally and figuratively risen to the heights! Already he was in the papers. Monty and his valiant act would always be an inspiration to free men everywhere.



Coming Up!

The Harison Letters

The Gypsies

Methodist Classes

May 21st, 1885

We are soon to have a telegraph line connecting with Brier Hill. The poles are out and will be up in a short time, an enterprise much needed.

(Gouverneur Times)

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

THE ELEGANT COTTAGE

KNOWN AS

“SANS SOUCI”

SITUATED ON

Round Island, St. Lawrence River

(AMONG THE THOUSAND ISLANDS),

IS OFFERED FOR SALE

At a Decided Bargain to a Quick Purchaser.

The Cottage is built after the design of a Chinese Pagoda, and is probably the most strikingly picturesque and beautiful building on the river.

The internal arrangement of the Cottage is such that every room opens upon the Dining-room, also upon a wide veranda, and are well supplied with spacious closet room. Every room commands an excellent view of the River, and is light and airy.

The house covers two lots of land, and is situated about 50 feet from the River shore, where bathing may be safely enjoyed. An additional lot on the side of the house will also be sold with it.

The house contains Parlor, Dining-room (with open fireplace), and three large Bed-rooms, and an extension containing large Kitchen, Store-room, and Servants' Room. The Kitchen is furnished with stationary wash-tubs, large force-pump for water, sink, and ample closet and pantry room and drawers.

The house is built of the best selected Canadian lumber, and is finished and ceiled inside with the finest grade of Red Spruce.

The Cottage is fully and elegantly furnished, and will be sold with or without the furniture.

Round Island is one of the Thousand Islands, and is 1½ miles from Clayton (the terminus of the Utica & Black River R.R.), and 9 miles from Alexandria Bay, and is accessible to all parts of the river by numerous lines of steamboats.

The Round Island Park Association, during the season, provide Band Concerts every evening; also facilities for dancing, amateur theatricals, and various fashionable parlor entertainments.

The Island has two mails daily, telegraph office, supply store, and all conveniences.

Correspondence solicited, and photographic view sent upon application. Address

R. SCHALKENBACH,

107 Liberty St., New York.

Manager

Leve & Alden's Pub. Dept.

Squire Beach Home

The home of Mr. and Mrs. George E. Britton in the business section of Massena may be called the house of justice, as it was for at least 100 years the home of a justice of the peace.

On May 4, 1838, Squire Enos Beach, justice of the town of Massena, purchased a building lot in what is now the business section of the village, and, being a carpenter and joiner, erected a two-story frame building.

The foundation was made of stone quarried from the bed of the Grass River nearby, laid in mortar made of lime from a kiln located on the bank of the river.

BIG TIMBERS PLACED

On the top of this wall was laid timber, 12 inches square. Standing upright were placed planks, some 18 to 24 inches wide and three inches thick to form the walls of the first story of the house. Openings were cut in the planking for doors and windows and the inside of the planking was lined with brick, pressed in home-made presses.

Lumber was plentiful at that time as timber stood thick around the little settlement, and suitable clay for the making of brick also was found in the vicinity.

On the top of these walls more timbers were placed, somewhat smaller than the lower ones, and upon these were built the upper walls in the same way as the lower ones, only that the upper walls slanted toward the inside of the building to form a mansard roof.

WALLS BRICK-LINED

The brick linings of the walls were plastered on the inside with plaster made of slaked lime and fine building sand into which cattle-hair was mixed, all by hand. This plaster is in good condition after 135 years.

The outside of the planking of the first story was covered with building paper over which clapboards were placed. The second floor walls were covered on the outside with iron known as Russia iron and is in perfect condition today.

The flat part of the roof was covered with sheets of tin, this has been replaced.

Mr. Britton purchased the property in 1891, remodeled the interior and added to one side of the main building.

For several years before the power boom came to Massena, about 75 years ago, and for several years after, Mr. Britton was a justice of the peace. He was also the representative of several fire insurance companies, dealt



Britton Residence Built Solidly by Squire Beach--
Original Work Lasts

in real estate. For a number of years he owned and operated a plant for the manufacturing of dyes used for the coloring of cloth, wood and other material, the business having been purchased from C.D. Potter at Adams Center, where it had been carried on extensively some years before.

Mr. Britton owned the St. James hotel, which was located at the south end of the Grass River bridge and during the years of the construction of the power plant and aluminum works was one of the principal hostleries in the village. It was destroyed by fire about 1921 and several business places now occupy the site.

Squire Beach also was an expert wood carver. Mr. Britton had several pieces of furniture, beautifully carved by Mr. Beach and a number of tools used by him in carpentry and woodcarving.

(The house is now occupied by the Brittons' daughter, Mrs. Thomas Bushnell.)





MYSTERIES

Who? When?



HOUGH'S HISTORY

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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.

Bicentenary Annals

Johnstown's Court House and Ours

By Eugene Hatch

Last September 8 marked the observance of the 200th Anniversary of the first term of court in 1772 held in the Fulton County courthouse. Little notice of the ceremonies was taken here but they are of special interest to Laurentians, since our area was a part of the same county, then called Tryon County, so Johnstown was our county seat as well. Tryon County included the western half of Albany County. The county line extended north bounding the Schoharie River to the northern limits of the state.

This historic brick structure is the only courthouse in New York State dating from colonial times. Except for the addition of an entrance porch it has been little altered and is still used as a courthouse. It is known that Aaron Burr once pled a case here.

It was probable that our section of the state was not much concerned with court business at Johnstown, a great distance away and on the other side of the Adirondack wilderness. British troops under Lord Amherst and Sir William Johnson had captured Fort Oswegatchie (at present day Ogdensburg) from the French in 1760 and a British garrison occupied the fort. There may have been some loyalist civilians living there since there was a busy trade with Montreal in furs and rafted logs.

Tryon County was named in honor of New York Governor Tryon, the last of the Royalist governors. He was fortunate to have a loyalist legislature, and he tried to keep the lid on the seething spirit of rebellion in the colony that was soon to lead to the Revolutionary War. While there was no Tea Party in New York as in Boston, it was simply because the patriots threatened one, if the tea ships landed. They prudently turned back.

Governor William Tryon after withdrawing to the safety of a British ship, in 1777 led a marauding party of British troops on raids in neighboring Connecticut, New Haven and several other towns were looted and burned.

In 1784 Tryon County was divided so Johnstown was located in Montgomery County, the name chosen for the valiant General Montgomery, a New York citizen who was killed at the unsuccessful American Assault on Montreal.

On another boundary shift, our county was split between Montgomery, Herkimer and Oneida counties and in 1801 it was annexed to Clinton county. The next year saw the formation of St. Lawrence county. Another change of



Montgomery County boundaries occurred so Johnstown is now the county seat of Fulton County, and the courthouse is its proud possession.

Note: In searching census records, this county's will be found listed as "Oneida" in 1800.

Heritage Preserved

By MASON JAHRS

Dear Mason Jahrs:

You have been reminiscing about canned beef, about Arbor Day and country schools. Let's hear comments about CHORES--yes, chores. Those things we all used to have to do around the house, the barn and yard.

Yours in nostalgia,
Dewey Field

OK, Dewey Field. With a name like that, hope you were born early in the morning! And speaking of early in the morn, that's when most chores started. Our first one was keeping the woodbox filled--just kindling when only a toddler. Chores never ended--it seemed that stoves always needed filling or emptying; pitchers and bowls needed water put in or out; hens and cattle needed filling, then, (ahem) their nourishing products collected. Planting, weeding and harvesting crops provided plenty of chores--regularly.

There seemed to be no choice--chores were regular as clockwork, seven days a week, 365 days year. We might rush through the inevitable chores on a few holidays a year, so we could get to town for the doin's--but we didn't dare skip any.

Even at school we had chores--water pails, blackboard erasers, that woodbox again. And if we received (small though it might be) a few pennies to spend, we felt like kings. We felt GOOD. We had EARNED it.

MJ

P.S. Give my regards to your brother Green!

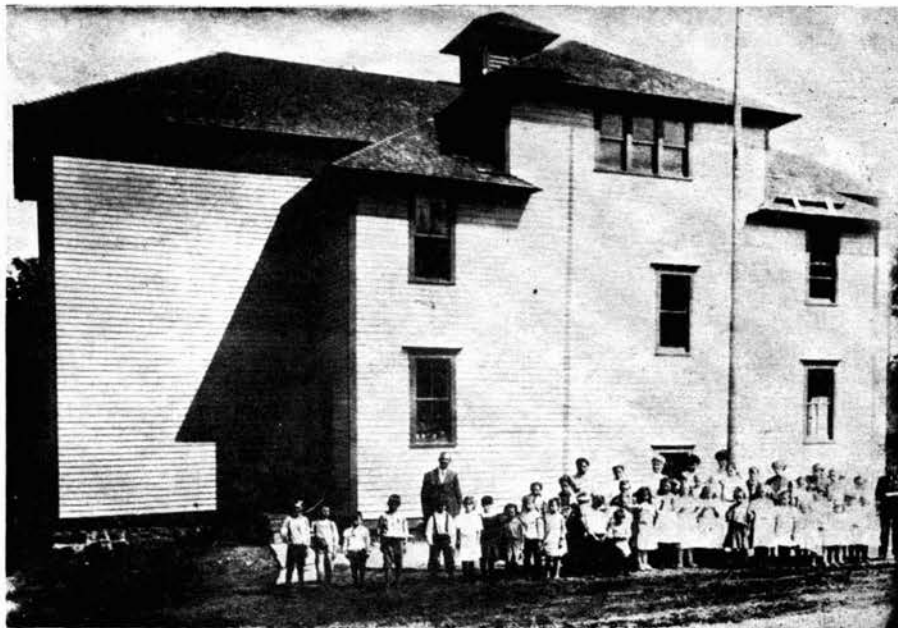


remember when...



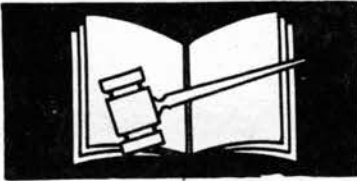
DeGrasse School, about 1924. First Row, June Tousley, Whitmarsh, Melford Towne, Bessie Wilcox, Ircel Wilcox, Howard Vert, Carrie Offord, Jessie Jesmore, Irene Bristol, Versia Spicer, Minnie Law. 4th row: Lillian Vert, Lois Leva Colton. 2nd row: Erie Bowhall, George Colton, Marion Vert. Merton VanSant, Jennie Bristol, Lewis Bristol. Basford, Kathy Bristol, Dora Whitmarsh. 3rd row: Dorothy Back row: Millie VanSant and Eva Offord, teacher.

(Photo given to History Center)



UNION SCHOOL, OSWEGATCHIE, N. Y.

1907



PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

RESOLUTION NO. 42 - 73
Designating the St. Lawrence County Historical Association

as
American Revolution Bicentennial Agency for
St. Lawrence County

By MRS. RUBY DOWNING

WHEREAS, the celebration of the Bicentennial of the American Revolution, marking the two-hundredth anniversary of the achievement of independence on the part of the United States of America, is an occasion of major significance to each citizen of the Nation, the State of New York, and the County of St. Lawrence, and

WHEREAS, this celebration is an opportunity both to commemorate the evolution of our common heritage and to rededicate the spirit of America toward the future of our country and the goals set forth in the Declaration of Independence, and

WHEREAS, it is deemed appropriate that this celebration should be observed within the County of St. Lawrence through the formulation and implementation of suitable programs, projects, and activities relating to this occasion and for these purposes.

NOW THEREFORE BE IT RESOLVED, that the St. Lawrence County Board of Supervisors hereby designates the St. Lawrence County Historical Association to act as the official American Revolution Bicentennial agency on the County level with authority to: (1) appoint a special Bicentennial Committee representing the various portions of the County and including representatives of any interested local Bicentennial groups or historical agencies in the County; (2) plan and execute Bicentennial-related programs, projects, and activities; (3) encourage and cooperate with other historical, civic, and public bodies as well as educational institutions, municipally appointed local historians, and other appropriate parties concerned with Bicentennial matters; (4) receive and expend funds for Bicentennial purposes.

The above resolution, passed by our County Board of Supervisors on March 12, 1973, therefore makes us the official agent to plan and coordinate all activities, large and small, that will help to make our Nation's birthday a time for all to remember. Aren't the possibilities exciting? We have already agreed to join together in planning with Oswego, Jefferson, Franklin and Clinton historical agencies in the new Congress of the Northern Border. It will be a loosely organized group, largely to inform and exchange ideas for the celebration through a newsletter, but if that initial meeting was any indication, the Congress will be a melting pot of great ideas for projects and activities which will make each of us proud to take part.

Right now our own officers and directors are busily discussing prospects for an exciting Bicentennial project. Watch for newspapers and television and radio stories--as well as through your mail--for news in the months ahead. In the meantime think carefully about some meaningful program, activity, project, or event which your town or neighborhood, local historical, civic or religious organization can plan to help celebrate our 200th Birthday--one that will be memorable for years and generations to come. Then let us know of your ideas or plans.

Finally, please watch the media for details of our Ogdensburg and Geology tours and of our annual meeting October 20th in Potsdam. They should all be stimulating experiences. And if you really would like to have your home (or your favorite historic building or site) recognized, please write to me. I shall contact you about the Historic Survey being done this summer and fall to help preserve the special historic and architectural spots throughout our County.

Erick A. Guttenden

Copies of back issues of the Quarterly are still available.

archives highlight



Old Arsenal at Russell, later a school. After it was burned, it was replaced by Knox Memorial Central School, below.



A spotted deer was the curiosity and talk of the town a day or two last week. He was a fine specimen weighing nearly 200 pounds and had about as much white on him as gray. He has been many times seen and was known by hunters as "old Spot" and has been a coveted prize for a long time, but Charley Goodell finally brought him down. He was purchased by C.H. Brush and set up as a curiosity... (Nov., 1898) ... Mr. Brush has shipped it to New York where it will be exhibited in connection with other animals from the forests of the state. It is as beautiful as it is rare... (Mar. 15, 1899) from Nicholville news in Courier & Freeman.

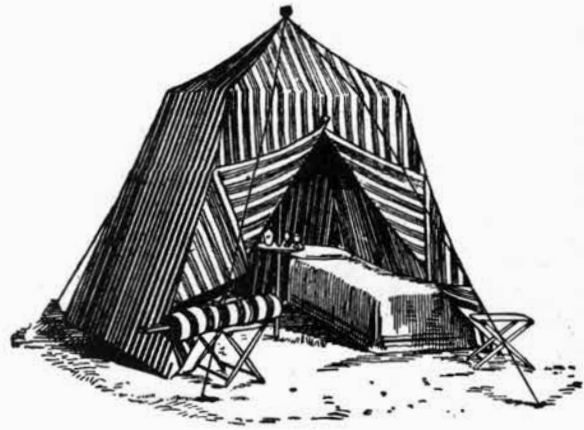
Several in this vicinity are proposing to put in silos this summer. The most of them are putting in the circular or round silo and purchasing the ready made from a Buffalo firm. (Nicholville news in Courier & Freeman, Aug. 25, 1900)

The wages of day laborers in this village are very high, some receiving \$1.75 per day. There is a great scarcity of help. (Hermon, July 1883)

Hermon Union School is producing a School News (newspaper) a four-page, 16 column affair.

(Nov. 1883)

May 1883
A new bridge is anticipated at Pope Mills in place of the one nearly demolished by the late flood. Pope Bros. Mills came near going down stream. Frank Ham-mill's dooryard fence washed away.



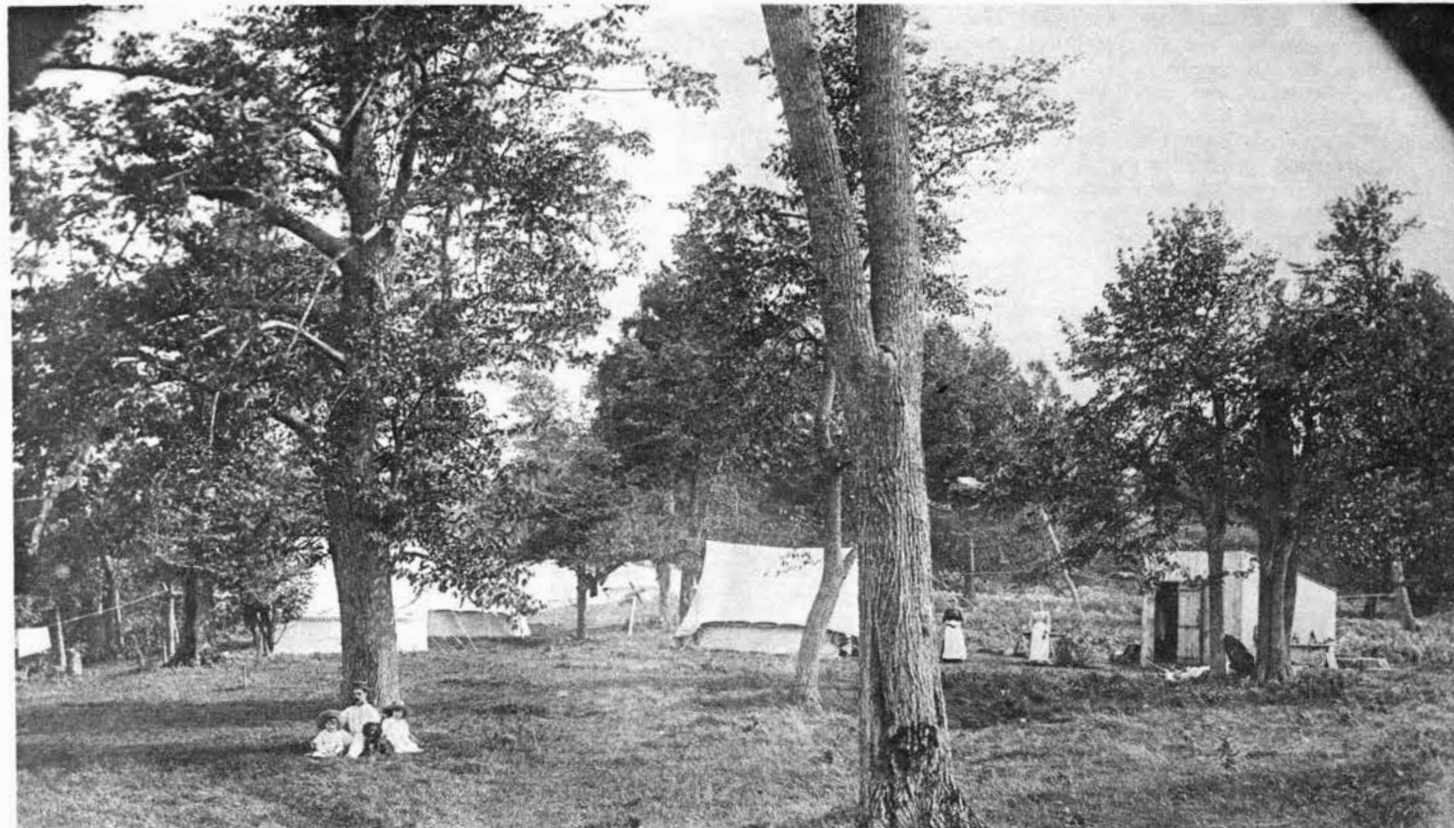
Good
Old
Summertime



SUMMER FUN, At the Sand Banks Swimming Hole on the Grass River, Canton, taken by Dwight Church in the late 1930's.



The office in the lobby of the Glenmore Hotel at Big Moose, in the Adirondacks (about 1910).



Tripod Point Camp, Gallop Rapids, St. Lawrence River, 1892.



Camp on Tripod Point, near Red Mills, 1892.

Poetical Portraits

This verse was published in a newspaper (name of paper unknown) believed to be about 1916 or 1917. It was signed "A Villager" but is believed to be written by Fred Williams of DeKalb Junction. Mrs. Flossie Jackson of DePeyster, sent it to Mrs. Lena Smith of DeKalb Junction. Mrs. Smith read it at the July 23 meeting of Grange 1120.

Fire Protection in DeKalb

We have a fire department,
you doubt it, I dare say,
But I will prove it to you,
for it started just this way.

They had a minstrel show
to buy their Brass - trimmed suits,
and also a chemical engine,
together with acid which it shoots.

They raised our taxes way up high,
But what matters that, they said,
your buildings are made fireproof,
when this engine leaves its shed.

There always are two factions,
in what ever you try to do
so in order to please both parties
of engines, they had two.

Oh! Yes they bought a whistle
different from all howls and barks
and then they set Jim Tanner
on the look out for the sparks.

Now the following summer,
you mustn't forget the fact,
For a week or more some boarding cars
were shoved in on a track.

One day a slight wind was blowing
and a spark from the fire, flies
and sets a blaze agoing
in the New York Central ties.

The whistle blew a warning
that was heard both far and wide
In came a score of farmers
from all the countryside.

A portion of the department,
rushed the engines to the scene;
placed them, ready for action
and found them empty ---clean.

The awful fate the town would have met,
makes everyone sigh and wail
Had not Doctor Cole appeared on the scene,
with his trusty water pail.

'Twas on a winter's evening
when next the whistle blew,
Tom Mulholland's house is burning
soon the whole town knew.

Half a mile from town it stood
and the snow was drifted deep
The engines were started on the run
but the pace they couldn't keep.

Out of breath they arrived at last
The fire burned stronger and stronger
They did their best, but twas no use
the house it stands no longer.

We heard it again the following spring
when shrilly it blew a warning
George Bishop's house is all ablaze
been burning half the morning.

Both the engines were hauled to the spot
by milk teams ready and willing
The stove pipe had been burning out
you could have bought them for a shilling.

'Twas about the stroke of midnight
In the fall of that same year,
that the whistle raised the echoes
from the hills both far and near.

Folks came in from the country
and everyone rushed to the spot,
George Gibbons barn was burning
and the house was mighty hot.

They carried out the duffle
when twas seen they both must go,
and piled it in the orchard
away from sparks the wind might blow.

The house had long been burning
when out came the last piece of rug,
The next morning the lot stood empty
the work of a firebug.

Then again one evening
(Madge Woodward saw it first)
Till Riley's house was burning
(That whistle nearly burst.)

The engines were locked in the livery barn,
Patterson had the key.
The whole town voiced the question
Where could Patterson be?

They found him at last,
it's hard to tell where,
But the door remained locked
till he got the key there.

Soon they arrived at the old lady's house
The smoke mounted higher and higher.
Tyner looked in at the window
She was toasting her toes by the fire.

They have made a fine beginning
let not the good work cease.
The town is safe from fire
We can all rest in peace.

(Vignette)

The High Cost of Living

By LAURA GILLET



All of us today agree that the cost of living is very high and that it's hard to bear all our expenses.

We are apt to lay all of the blame on the manufacturers, the middle man and the stores we buy from. But did you ever think a large part might be blamed to the way of living in our homes?

Just to remind you of some of the changes in the homes since your mother's early life and ancestors before that, let's review together some of the changes.

First we might mention the foods in the home. In that age all farmers and many who lived in towns plowed a small plot of ground each spring, cultivated this "kitchen garden" carefully and planted all kinds of vegetables, including a large portion for the year's supply of potatoes. These plants were well cared for in summer and in the fall their harvest stored in bins in the cellar and many like peas, corn, beans, etc. canned for winter use.

In the fall, people stored in their homes at least one barrel of flour which was 4 large sacks, a hundred pounds of sugar, a large jar of lard from the tried out fat of the pigs they raised for meat to eat, when just butchered to can the lean meat and cut the fat into chunks to cover with a salt brine and place in a large jar down cellar to slice and fry crispy, or to bake with beans they had raised. Beef was also canned.

They made their own pickles, jams and jellies and if they had cows, saved out some milk for butter, cottage cheese and milk for all uses.

Thus with all these foods ready in the homes, they did not have to go to town very often.

The bread was made at home from the stored-up flour, also they had graham gems, Johnny cake, pancakes, quick breads with different flavors, etc. Mothers made all the pies, cakes, cookies, fried cakes etc. that were everyday fare. Scarcely a day passed without doughnuts for breakfast, pie for dinner and cakes and cookies for supper, with dinner pails well filled with them all and lunches in between, if they desired.



Now let us think of other necessities in a home such as clothing. Many in early days kept sheep and mother would gather the fleece together (after Dad had clipped it off the sheep in the spring). She would card it and spin it into yarn, then knit the yarn into socks, sweaters, and toques for the men and long stockings, sweaters, caps and mittens for herself and all the children.

Cloth was boughten at stores by the yard or bolt to be made into sheets, pillow cases, dresses, shirts and aprons. The every day pillow cases usually were plain but for the spare bedrooms they were trimmed with crocheted or knit edgings or embroidered with gay designs of embroidery. They also knitted or crocheted table scarves, center pieces, chair backs and other pieces to ornament and protect the furniture.

All the clothing and sheets and pillow slips that became too worn for wearing were cut into narrow strips sewed end to end, wound into balls, then knit or crocheted into small rugs for the home. If a carpet was needed to cover a floor a number of these balls could be sent to a lady not far away, who had a loom who wove carpets from the balls of rags and a heavy warp to make it very solid and lasting. If you used white sheets or cloth that was faded you could buy dyes and color the rags to your favorite colors before winding it into the balls.

Mothers made most of the clothes in the home. But there were dressmakers and milliners nearby, who would make you your best party dress if you desired and a millinery shop nearby to take your choice from latest hat style at small costs.

Both pillows for beds and couches were made at home. The cloth ticking for the exterior was boughten by the yard, then stuffed with feathers from the fowls; chickens, ducks, geese or turkeys. These were carefully plucked, aired and dried to sanitize them. All farmers and many in towns who had room for a little building in the back yard raised poultry so that they could have their own eggs and there were often enough to kill (too many males, or too many pullets) so their meat and feathers proved valuable.

Some of the fat of the fowls and even skunks fat was tried out and thought to be very useful for sore throats, chest trouble and other ailments. Many home remedies saved doctor bills then and hospitals were far apart. Doctors came to your home if necessary.

Very little was spent in fuel for forest trees were plentiful and always some needed to be cut. Here the men had to work hard felling the trees and trimming then cutting up the trunks into chunks with a cross cut saw, requiring two men, then splitting the large chunks to a suitable size that would fit the stove or furnace. Usually done some time ahead, it could then dry out properly. When ready the women and children did their part in carrying the wood in at night to fill a wood box inside, then feeding it to the stove (night and day) when needed. Also emptying the ashes and sweeping up the chips and refuse that remained. Now we just press a button for our heat.

There were no telephones; radio or TV expenses. But families were more united -- playing games together singing songs by the old organ or piano, chatting together and visiting neighbors, going to home talent shows or sociables.

It all seems like too much hard work but people were happier and had more spare time and social gatherings than today.



(History Center Archives)

TOURS and PROGRAMS

August

The best laid plans of mice and men...
 ...go awry and that is what happened to our combined tour of Brockville homes. If you missed it, you were not alone--there just wasn't any! See the adjoining ideas for this summer and fall and we'll make it up.

On August 18 we will visit New Ogdensburg with an Architectural Tour of the City. Details will be mailed in a separate mailing.

July

During July we urge you to attend some or all of the following fun places, as well as taking in some of the festivities in Kingston, Ontario, celebrating its 300th birthday this year. Watch your local papers for full details. And on our side of the border, attend your nearby Firemen's Parades and Field Days, and Barbecues, as well as these:

Richville:

On July 29 we once again become host and hostess to Old Home Day in Richville. Our collections will be open to those who visit or come back home that Sunday. (Anyone willing to volunteer an hour or two during Sunday afternoon should contact the History Center in Canton.)

Ogdensburg:

CRAFT FAIR and ART EXHIBIT sponsored by the Craft Workshop and the Ogdensburg Arts Festival held at Frank's Decorator Corner, 214 Caroline Street, in the City of Ogdensburg. Friday, July 27, from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. during the International Seaway Festival. All craftsmen and artists are also welcome, and while in Ogdensburg, take in other activities of the Seaway Festival. **Craft Classes** will be held during July and August at the same address, and anyone interested may write to Franks for details.

Potsdam:

Potsdam Museum Craft Workshops: July 9-20

Shoestring Arts Festival, July 19-21, co-sponsored by the Potsdam Museum and the Potsdam Chamber of Commerce.

Saturday, July 21, Potsdam Museum Outdoor Art Show 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., Civic Center Parking Lot.

Other events will include children's theatre, dance concert, musical events, ice cream social, antique car rally.

PARISHVILLE HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION

Museum Open April 1 to November 30

2nd and 4th Wednesdays

HOURS - 1:00 to 4:00 P.M.
 AND BY SPECIAL REQUEST.

Donald W. Young Hist. Park

Aug. 25 -- Tentative dedication of Plaque in Village.

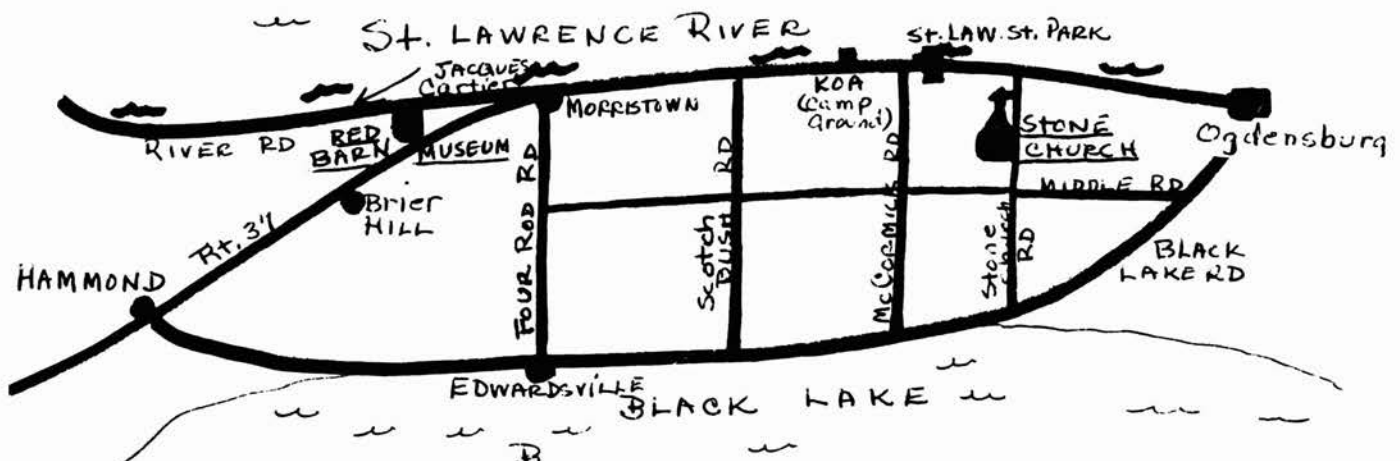
September

September 7 & 8, Hammond Fair. Special Historical Exhibit. All are invited.

In September we will join with the Geology department of St. Lawrence University professors and students who will guide us on a Geology Tour of our County. We are one of the most important in the State, geology-wise, and some of the locations will form the basis for an outdoor tour in the beautiful autumn.

October

Annual meeting will be held in Potsdam on October 20. Mark your calendars now so nothing will prevent you from being there, and honoring our County's women -- past and present.



Stone Church Festival

by SARAH GILMOUR

The Presbyterian Stone Church, Stone Church Road, Ogdensburg, New York, will celebrate its 150th anniversary in conjunction with its fifth annual North Country Festival at the Church on July 19-22.

This year there will be many craft demonstrations. Some of these are quilting, macramé, candle making, crocheting, wallpaper and bead necklaces, broomstick lace, crow knitting, drying flowers, finger knitting, home-made bread, making God's eyes, and a demonstration of old steam engines and a breeches buoy cannon.

Memory Lane Museum contains antiques and articles of interest, dating as far back as 1767. Some of the items are a leather-covered letterbox, rural school equipment, antique toys, antique china, mustache cup, wooden skates, buggy jack, pictures, tintypes, old-fashioned clothing and tools.

Festivities begin on July 19 with an ice cream social at 6:00 p.m., during which Sterling Winters' band will entertain. A genuine old-fashioned auction will be held at 7:30 p.m. with Howard Hutchinson as the auctioneer.

A chicken barbecue will be held on Friday, July 20, from 5:00 until 8:00 p.m. Then there will be an hour of free time to browse through the Country Store and visit Memory Lane. The fun of a country square dance will be from 9:00 to 12:00.

The general public is invited to any and all of the festivities.

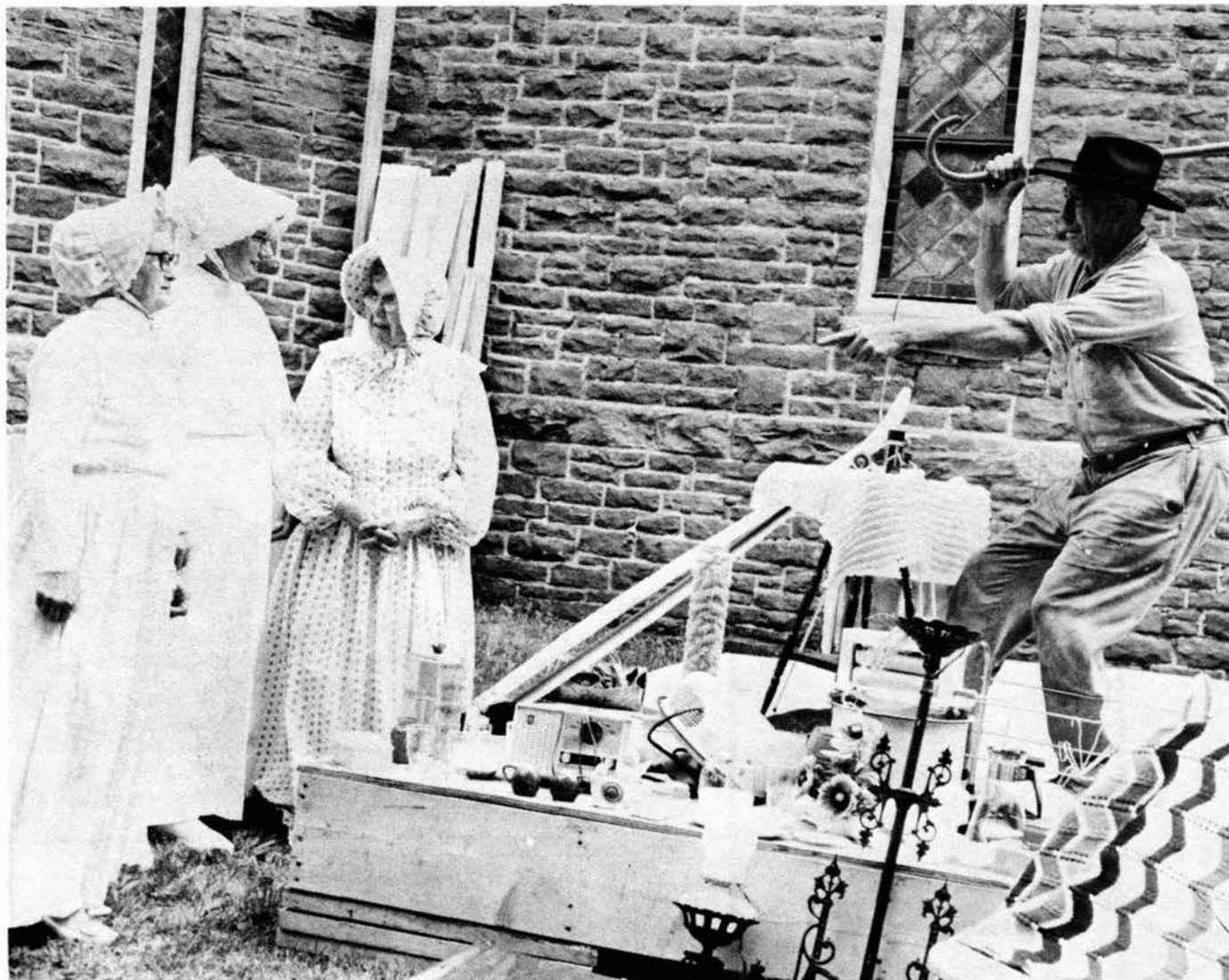
On Saturday, people of all ages are invited to the Field Day from 1:00 to 5:00 p.m. An egg-throwing contest, sack race, wheelbarrow race and other games will be held and prizes will be given. There will be free buggy rides available. At 2:00 p.m., all babies age two and under are invited to enter the baby contest.

There will be an old-fashioned penny supper at 5:00 p.m., and at 8:00 p.m. a talent show and public-speaking contest will take place.

On Sunday at 10:30 a.m. former pastors and members will come to join with the congregation in celebrating the 150th anniversary through worship. People will dress in old-time clothes. After the worship service, a family picnic will be held on the church lawn. Following the picnic, there will be a piñata for the children.

The Country Store will be open during most of the events of the four days. Cheese, homemade bread and other foods, and craft items will be sold. The Chuck Wagon will also be open most of the time to serve hamburgers, hot dogs, coffee, ice cream and soft drinks.

(Continued on next page)



AT STONE CHURCH FESTIVAL. Mrs. Elizabeth Russell, Mrs. Glenn Barley, Mrs. Avis Volans in costume. Auctioneer is Howard Hutchison.

CHURCH HISTORY

The Presbyterian Stone Church was founded as the Second Presbyterian Church of Oswegatchie in 1823 by pioneers from Scotland, Ireland, and Johnstown, New York. They had been worshipping in Ogdensburg at the First Presbyterian Church of Oswegatchie but felt the need to establish a church and meeting house of their own because of the difficulty of traveling such a distance.

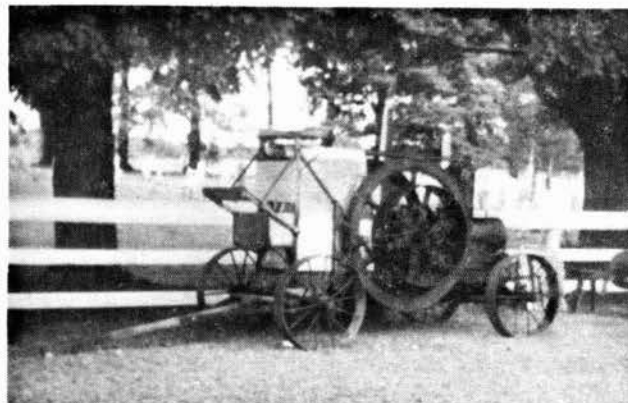
With the help of Rev. James McAuley, pastor of First Presbyterian Church, they established a congregation whose meeting place was the Hiram Alger schoolhouse, located at the corner of the Middle Road and the Stone Church Road. There were 23 charter members.

By 1831 the congregation had enlarged to 79 members. Timothy Pope, early pioneer and founder of Pope Mills, donated two acres of land for the church site and burying ground. He was killed in 1835 by the bursting of a defective millstone and was the first to be laid to rest in the land he had given.

The first church building was a white frame structure with box booths which resulted in three persons in each box having to sit with their backs to the preacher. The church was heated by a box stove in each corner. The choir sat in the gallery at the back of the church. It is believed the cost of the church was about \$1,000. A model can be seen on Memory Lane.

By the year 1856 there were about 200 members and the building was enlarged by 26 feet.

In 1880, Rev. John L. Gourley (who was at one time a



contractor and builder in Ottawa) started the congregation on the venture of building a new church edifice of stone. It was built at a cost of \$5,700 and was dedicated July 11, 1882. Much of the work was done by the congregation, such as hauling sandstone trim from Hammond by sleds and sand from below Ogdensburg. The blue limestone for the walls of the church came from the Hugh Witherhead farm on McCormick Road. This structure has remained, unchanged, in its beautiful country setting.

The name of the church was changed from Second Presbyterian Church of Oswegatchie to Presbyterian Stone Church, Ogdensburg, because so many visitors ended up in the village of Oswegatchie in the Adirondacks. Below is a map showing the location of Stone Church.

The Red Barn Museum sponsored by the Morristown Foundation, Inc. is located 1/2 mile west of the village of Morristown on the River Road (toward Jacques Cartier Park.). This year will mark its third season. The Museum opened June 23 and will be open every Saturday and Sunday from 2-4 p.m. and 7-9 p.m. through Sept. 2.

The annual Art and Craft Fair will be held July 14-15 with demonstrators coming from all over the state and Canada. Each Sunday from 2-4 p.m. there will be special craft demonstrations and lectures given. This summer inaugurates classes in art and crewel work.

In addition a Country Craft Store will be opened where articles made by local craftsmen can be offered for sale.

The Morristown Foundation with the assistance of the village will undertake the restoration of the old Stone Schoolhouse in the village. The Foundation is looking for donations of school books, desks, pictures, papers, to use. Anyone wishing to contribute or get more information may contact Mrs. Allan Bogardus, Red Barn Museum, Morristown, N.Y. 13664.

THE Fourth of July barbecue is as American as the flag that will be hoisted proudly over homes from California to Connecticut this holiday.



Picnic in the woods at Allens Falls on Memorial Day, 1899.

POTSDAM MUSEUM

Civic Center
Potsdam, N.Y. 13676
265-6910
Tues.-Friday 2-5 p.m.
Saturdays 1-3 p.m.
Summer Craft Workshops
July 9-20

Special Exhibit June 14
through July
"Brides of the Past"

Arts Festival July 19-21
All are welcome to All Events

History Center Hours 9-4
Mondays and Thursdays
Court House in Canton

Summer Hours
Open Daily July and August



Poetical Portraits

Our Building in Richville

Going up the hill in Richville
You will notice on your right
Steps leading to the entrance
Of a building painted white

It used to be a church, I vow,
A place of prayer and praise;
But now it's filled with memories
Of those olden golden days.

Before we had 'lectricity,
Or the handy telephone,
These many handy gadgets
Were used about the home.

Hand turned wooden washers,
The flat-irons holding coals:
Wrought iron heavy boilers,
And candle making molds.

Old time coffee grinders,
And heavy waffle makers,
Gem pans, all shapes and sizes,
And many kinds of shakers.

A wooden hoop with jingle bells
To put on the horses' backs,
Handmade snow-shoes on display,
And also hand made traps.

Oxen yokes and cow bells,
Home made skates and sleds,
Carriages and cradles,
Old time clocks and beds.

Cobbler's tools for making
Leather boots and shoes,
Old fashioned carpet stretchers,
And those stereopticon views.

Dishes of old English
From the eighteenth century there,
Things for making music,
And an early desk and chair.

Fans of fur and feathers,
Thick watches, combs for tresses,
Shawls and fancy jackets
Worn over lace trimmed dresses.

Some dresses with their bustles
Worn back in Lincoln's day,
The blouses with their frills of lace,
Then men were vain I'd say.

A cupboard filled with notions,
Mourning veils and spreads,
Petticoats and dust caps,
Sun bonnets for their heads.

Laces wide and narrow,
Stockings black as coals,
Night-gowns made up fancy,
Capes and shawls and stoles.

A toy little horse and buggy
In a case of artifacts,
Pretty dolls of china,
Dominoes and jacks.

The dentist chair looks funny
With a hand crank in behind
To raise the patient sitting
For the big ordeal in mind.

These things I've been describing
Are on the upper floor,
Then downstairs in the basement
There are many many more.

Scythes and harvest cradles,
Things to dig a well;
Many kinds of clumsy tools,
Their use I cannot tell.

Scales, the kind that Lincoln used
When he worked in a store,
Wash-boards, trunks, and boot-jacks
Placed outside the cabin door.

Farming tools, and blacksmith tools
In a wide array,
Wagon jacks and butter churns,
So useful in their day.

Now if I were to mention all
I'd have to write a book,
It's the memories of our county,
On "Old Home Day" take a look.

Rose Tripp

Beeline



FROM
THE EDITOR

A HAT WITHOUT A HATRACK

A historical collection without a real home. We've outgrown our crib, no big bed in sight.

However you word it, we need a place for display and care of our artifacts. For some time the archives of the History Center in the Court House have been looking like Aunt Sadie's attic (apologies to neat Aunt Sadies in our midst). This is a public reference office and not designed to collect flotsam and jetsam. Long ago the Center ran out of space, then the miscellany of our Association plugged up the corners. Now it is critical and urgent that a move of our Association's artifacts out of the History Center of the County Historian be made.

Not just for use and space, but as a matter of security. No person helping dozens of researchers locate material can police a seventh-grade group of boys without adequate adult assistance.

We have appealed many times for help at the History Center in sorting and indexing. Several (but only several) members have done yeoman duty--we are grateful to them beyond words, but more needs doing.

The old American custom might work! How about a Bee??



MHB

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?

Rare Mineral Discovered

A rare mineral of the sodalite group of minerals has been discovered on the 2700 ft. level of the St. Joe Minerals Edwards mine. It was later found in two other locations in the mine but only a few hundred pounds were collected. There are only a few localities in the world where HAUYNE has been reported. This is what the collectors are calling "lapis Lazuli" (Lazurite). This is not surprising since the bright blue color and presence of pyrite in the Edwards minerals also are characteristic of lapis from many world localities. Lazurite is considered by some mineralogists to be a sulfide-bearing Hauyne. Two large cabochons of it have been given to the Smithsonian Institution. It is selling in one of the mineral supplier's magazines for \$1.50 a half pound.

Many other rare and commercial minerals and gemstones will be shown and sites visited on the tour of mineral locations we will make in September. Details will be mailed to members later in the season. Watch, and visit with us.

April 1884

Amelia M. Church, about 29, who went west about three years ago, was found half-devoured by wolves near Omaha, Nebr. She had been missing since January, and it is believed she committed suicide, as a note was found directing that her body be sent to Pope Mills. She was the daughter of Hosie Church, a former student at Gouverneur Seminary.



Editor:

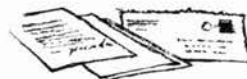
As usual I have read the current issue of The Quarterly from front cover to back. My interest was especially attracted to the middle picture on page 11 of the April 1973 issue, "the eclectic architecture of the E.E. O'Leary funeral home, 32 Park Street."

I knew it all my life in Canton, from the 1890s to about 1930 as the home of George Ernest Sims (popularly called Ernie Sims), musician and piano dealer. He was married about 1885 to Carrie M. Finnemore and he probably bought or had built the house at that time. They had one child, William Ernest Sims who was graduated from St. Lawrence 1907.

As a boy, "Ernie" Sims was called "the boy wonder on the cornet" and as such traveled widely giving concerts. In later years, besides his piano business, Mr. Sims owned a number of low-rental properties in different parts of Canton. All could be identified by the yellow and brown paint with which they were painted. His own house was a light grey-blue as I remember it.

"Let's not forget" the earlier owners of interesting properties in Canton and other towns of St. Lawrence County.

Sincerely,
Dorothy Cleaveland Salisbury
(Mrs. Elon G. Salisbury)



I wish to correct one statement in my story on Reminiscing in Rensselaer Falls (January 1973). Referring to the McCadam Cheese Cold Storage and Processing Plant, I stated that they had storage for 13,000 pounds of cheese, and this should be 13,000,000. I think it is more like 20 million by now because they have added another large cold storage building since I last contacted them.

As usual we enjoy reading the Quarterly.

Earl T. Hutchinson
Sanlando Mobile Home Park
Longwood, Fla.

Let's Not Forget -

We've lost another stalwart friend. Former president of this Association, and for many years an active town historian, Edward F. Heim, died April 16, 1973. He had "retired" more times than several men. He served with the cavalry on the Mexican Border in World War I, for twelve years was with the State Police, a lieutenant in Batavia and Co. B. Malone. He then was Parole Officer at SingSing, later in the north country as parole officer.

After that retirement, he was Canton's town historian from 1960 to 1969. He retired once more. He was also a past commander of the American Legion Posts at Canton and at Mooers in Clinton County. We shall miss hearty suggestions and attendance at our meetings.

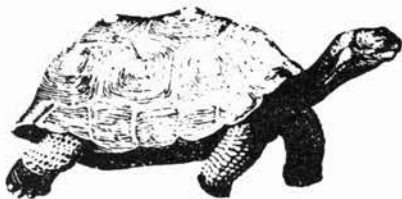


I am enclosing a photo I found which might interest the correspondent wanting to know about river guides. (Page 23, April, Frank A. Scheuttle). Maybe he can find out more.

Truly yours,
Clare LaRue, Terrace Park

Eagle Hotel

In answer to our plea for information about the Eagle Hotel, Philadelphia, shown on April, 1973, cover, we have found that the first town meeting was held at the public house of Harvey Hamblin, March 5, 1822. The increase in population at the Quaker Settlement (Philadelphia) was very slow. Harvey Hamblin is listed as a shoemaker at that time, and the two innkeepers were Samuel C. Frey and Cyrus Dodge. In 1815 a tavern was built by Samuel Case, son-in-law of John Strickland. It was on the site of the present Eagle Hotel, of which it forms a part. The other public house in the village was built and opened by Mr. Crofoot about 1825. One of its first landlords was the unfortunate Cyrus Dodge, who was instantly killed in Philadelphia by the bursting of a cannon, July 4, 1829. Mr. Case was succeeded by Harvey Hablin, then by Samuel C. Frey, later W.K. Butterfield, James Kirkbride and Russell Washburn and his sons George and Henry. The building was destroyed by fire a number of years ago, when C.W. Hall erected the present elegant Eagle Hotel at a cost of about \$20,000. Mr. Earl L. Comstock bought the Eagle Hotel in 1889, after running the Comstock House at the depot for several years. In the directory of 1872 the Eagle Hotel is shown as Francis Wilson, proprietor. When Philadelphia was incorporated as a village in 1872 the incorporation was accepted and ratified at a meeting held there on Jan. 11. An earlier account says: "...same spring Thomas Townsend came on, bringing with him Josiah Walton, Daniel Roberts, Thomas Coxe and Thomas Gilbert. During the summer erected a bridge over the Indian River, about 25 rods below the present one, cleared land about the grist mill, extending up the river and north of the Antwerp road, built himself a block house on the south side of the brick house erected by the late Edmund Tucker, and a log house for John Townsend, on the site of the Samuel Case tavern, now owned by James Kirkbride." The stage carried passengers to and from the depot. Since Philadelphia was until recent years a junction for different railroads, it was a busy place. One reader wrote, "My parents spent their honeymoon in that hotel!" (Thank you, Mrs. Elmer Langto, George R. Cataldo, Leona Hutchison)



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 Quarterlies cost your Association extra dollars we could have used for other purposes!

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.

Our Readers are Honored

Miss Nelle M. Brumelle, retired professor of SUNY, Potsdam, was awarded this year's State Achievement award given by Delta Kappa Gamma, International Honor Society for Women Educators. Two of our late members were also recognized in a memorial service, Marjorie Pattison also of Potsdam and Vena Rogers of Ogdensburg.

Florence Griffin Martin, Class of 1919, was awarded by SLU in June an honorary doctorate of humane letters. Her career included banking, advertising and personnel, a field which she specialized at Johns-Manville Corporation for 20 years.

She served with the Emergency Unemployment Relief Commission in the early thirties and with British War Relief Society 1940-41. She has been a member of several Professional Women's Organizations and as Vice President of the Alumni Association. She was Trustee of St. Lawrence from 1957 to 1970, becoming Trustee Emeritus at that time. In 1972 she published "Simon Griffin and Descendants" her family genealogy containing many north country names.

Also awarded an honorary doctorate of humane letters degree was member Roy Gorman Vilas of Canton. A native of Ogdensburg, Roy learned business on the highways of St. Lawrence County. He became a leading investment executive, holding seats on American and New York Stock Exchanges.

He retired to Canton in 1968 and joined us at that time.

Our Members Write

"A Yearnin' for Learnin'" by Clarence Armstrong takes a fresh look at educational changes in St. Lawrence County in the past half-century. Armstrong served for forty years as teacher, principal and district superintendent in three northern counties. Replete with many illustrations and amusing anecdotes, the book is on sale locally in Canton, or from A-P Publishers, Box 505, Canton, N.Y., for two dollars.



Rachel Harrison, 712 Montgomery St., Ogdensburg has an 1878 Everts & Holcomb (Durant & Pierce) History of St. Lawrence County to sell.



Thanks to Barbara White for the scrapbook indexing, to Beverly Oliver and Mary Ruth Marney for vital statistics indexing.

archives highlight

From The Star Cook Book, compiled by members of Empire Chapter No. 60, Order Eastern Star, Canton, in 1924.

CONSERVES

How to Preserve a Husband

Be careful in your selection; do not choose too young, and take only such varieties as have been reared in a good moral atmosphere. To prepare for domestic use, some insist on keeping them in a pickle, while others keep them in hot water. Even poor varieties may be made sweet and tender by garnishing them with patience well sweetened with smiles and flavored with kisses to taste. Then wrap well in a mantle of charity, keep warm with a steady fire of domestic devotion, and serve with peaches and cream. When thus prepared they will keep sweet for years.

researchers

We must write and make corrections to the pictures on Page 13 of the April issue. In the first picture, the girl in the back row between Merlin Adams and Merle Spencer, has the last name of Stephens. In the picture below, in the second row, my grandfather was Thomas William Scruton, not T.B., and affectionately known as T.W. We are anxious to learn more about the Scrutons who came to Bucks Bridge, Lisbon or Madrid area. They came to New York State from England, with 14 children.

Mr. and Mrs. Hollis Scruton

In the town of Pierrepont story, on Page 6, District 5 superintendent was Walter Andrews...

We would be interested in knowing the history of Richville's Welsh families, and any information about the early arrival of them. Anyone who knows of someone who could tell us about them, even orally instead of writing, we would appreciate it.

Mrs. Edwin Casler

David R. Thomas (her uncle)

Editor's note: We have been trying to encourage someone for some time to get this history down. We need it badly for our archives. Who can and will help?

We are seeking the parentage of Samuel Mooney, b. NYS, 1817, moved to Vt. and married Betsey Cline and in 1858 moved to St. Lawrence Co. Later went to Wisconsin. Children Fred, b. 1846, Vt.; Jed, b. 1848, Fairfax, Vt.; Lura b. 1851 also Fairfax, Arthur b. 1859 St. Lawrence Co. WHERE? Mrs. Kelly Jump, P.O. Box 298, Necedah, Wisc. 54646.

One of our members sends us an additional list of horse breed names after our story about the Palomino (January, 1973). Some she lists: Clydesdale, Quarterhorse, Lippizan, Tennessee walking horse, Standardbred, American Saddlebred, Hackney, Appaloosa, Hunter, Thoroughbred, Mustang, Arabian, Belgian, Percheron, Morgan, American Quarterhorse, Hambletonian, Shetland pony, donkey, mule.



The July 1967 "Quarterly" contains an article, "Some Pierrepont Homes." These homes are or were either of brick or stone. At the time of that article, the writer unintentionally neglected to include the very pleasant brick home with a cobblestone porch along two sides. The date of construction is uncertain. To the present generation it is known as the Sturdevant place. The 1865 Atlas notes it as "W. Robinson." The home is located on a dirt road in the Sand Hill section of Pierrepont and not far from Niagara Mohawk Power plant at Brown's Bridge, and is close to Colton.

Millard Hundley

Whatever Happened to...

...the relics auctioned in 1943 from the estate of Clementine Noble Riderick of Gouverneur? An item from the Watertown Times of October 18, tells of the auction and that the diaries, books and papers were "scattered among many owners, some were sold and resold following the auction" and that much of the material would be prized by a museum. Mrs. Riderick was daughter of Jacques and Mary Absolom Merchant (Marchand), among the French families which came to Fowler in the early 1800s. Included in the items were an iron kettle belonging to Sebastian Absalon, grandfather of Mrs. Riderick, a Boston rocker, French prayer books, spinning wheel and complete outfit for carding wool and flax preparation, an iron lantern, trunks full of diaries, clothes, tintypes, Where are they all now?

...General Roscius W. Judson's museum items? Everts (1878) History of the county says that the General had a "discriminating taste for mementos and relics of 'ye olden time' and especially for everything that would perpetuate the memory of American heroes and statesmen of the Revolutionary period." His collection included 'ancient implements found principally in northern New York' and ancient stone axes, beautifully finished gouges, knives and images which he attributed to a race before the Indians in the area. The collection included Indian hatchets, arrow and spear heads, pipes, household utensils; civil, military and domestic life items of the colonies--over 3000 specimens. It is free to all, the history says, but the collection "deserves to have a fire-proof building erected for its safe-keeping and the citizens of Ogdensburg will do honor to themselves by making provision for preserving it in the interests of their historic city." Where did it go? Things change little...

mystery vase

"Franklin Jenkins moved from Lewis (Essex county) to Bog River, (St. Lawrence County) in the 1850's. He erected a saw mill at Bog River Falls, the first one in the western part of the great Adirondack wilderness. While clearing land upon which to erect buildings he cut down an immense hemlock over 3 1/2 feet in diameter, one of the oldest of the group of virgin timber then known, and must have been from 500 to 600 years old.

In removing the stump of this tree it is said that Mr. Jenkins unearthed a porcelain vase of beautiful design, about 16 inches high and ornamented in artistic manner with vine, scroll and flowers, as fresh in color and perfect in glazing as the day it left the potter's hands. It was found at least 3 feet below the surface of the ground and had lain there all the time the great hemlock was growing and was the product of a high civilization as both its design and adornments attested." (from the Elizabethtown Post & Gazette.) Later a story said, "The act of vandalism that followed, will, when told, shock devotees of archeological finds beyond belief. When the question arose among the five or six men present when the vase was found as to what should be done with it, none was willing to surrender his rights of ownership to another. As a compromise, it was finally proposed and accepted to break the vase into as many pieces as there were men present, and each taking a piece. Thus, this art treasure was divided and the depredation by that act was complete." What happened to each of these pieces? Did you ever hear of anything so 'backwoods'? Is it folklore only?

Item sent us by Olive Davis, Washington, D.C. (Editor's note, as we go to press, we have heard that the July "Adirondack Life" will carry a story about this by Mrs. Seymour MacKenzie, town historian from North Elba. We suggest everyone get a copy.)

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