

THE QUARTERLY

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE ST. LAWRENCE COUNTY HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION



JULY 1974

THE QUARTERLY

Official Publication Of The St. Lawrence County Historical Association

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COVER PHOTO



Summer fun for all the family as illustrated in the Republican-Journal (Ogdensburg) in 1922. Every yard had its croquet set.

In Gouverneur

The Glorious Fourth, 1874

THE FOURTH—HOW IT WAS CELEBRATED AT GOVERNEUR—The first to remind us that the Fourth of July was at hand was the report of the old cannon at 2 o'clock. At daybreak the ringing of bells, the blowing of horns and the loud reports from the cannon, which had been placed under the charge of Mr. Luther Ayres, assisted by Mr. John Dusharm, (both old soldiers and familiar with the firing of cannon) gave signs of an exciting and enthusiastic Fourth. But a few rounds were fired and a sad accident occurred to John Dusharm, the particulars of which we give elsewhere. The cannon was fired no more during the day.

The grand attraction of our celebration was the dance in the park.

Saturday morning was not very promising of a fair day, and many who had anticipated spending their Fourth in Gouverneur, went elsewhere. But a large number came here to enjoy such a celebration as Gouverneur was like to have. They went away not disappointed.

At 10 o'clock the procession, led by the Marshall, followed by the Band, by the Gouverneur Hose Company No. 1, Clergy and Orators, marched up Main street, down Park and across to William, again up Main street, and to the stand in the park.

The ceremonies were opened by prayer by Rev. W. W. Hunt, Hon. Geo. M. Gleason, chairman, introduced G. S. Conger, Esq., who read the Declaration of Independence in a very clear and forcible tone. The address was delivered by D. A. Johnson, Esq. He spoke in eloquent and enthusiastic terms of the high position America held with her sister nations—her destiny to progress and of the brightest pages in her history as but unfolding. The address was one well adapted to the occasion. Those who listened to it could not fail to be impressed with the honor of the occasion—the ninety-eighth anniversary of American Independence. Music by the band was interspersed as to make the ceremonies more enjoyable. Two or three soldiers of 1812 were

present and took seats in the stand; one was in the English army. Their names we did not learn. The closing prayer was given by Rev. Conklin.

A couple hours were pleasantly spent in eating refreshments, and then came the Terribles. Those who had the pleasure of witnessing them (we did not) pronounced them good, well calculated to please the boys and make sport for all.

The foot race around the park for five dollars was hotly contested by three pedestrians. A boat race came off as advertised.

The rain prevented dancing in the park until 4 o'clock. The remainder of the afternoon and evening was well "put in" in "dance."

But little drunkenness was visible until late at night. But one or two arrests were made during the day.

The Gouverneur Hose Company deserves much credit for their efforts to make the celebration a success, which they did. (History Center Archives)



Twenty-seven members of Gouverneur's original Hose Company No. 1 are shown above in parade formation with the company hose cart, at the west end of the village park, on a date tentatively fixed as May 12, 1869. This was Gouverneur's first fire company to have a hose cart and equipment for fighting big fires.

Hose Company No. 1 was the successor to the old Fire Bucket Brigade, formed in about 1859. Hose Company No. 1 was organized in December, 1868, in the office of Ezekiel F. Beardlee. Albert M. Barney, Brevet Brigadier General in the Civil war, presided, and Major J. Bower Preston was secretary. Major Preston was elected first foreman, and General Barney, first assistant foreman.

In 1869 the company purchased uniforms of red shirts, caps, belts and black pants. The first annual parade was held on May 12, 1869.

James B. Van Buren, then proprietor of the old VanBuren hotel, treasurer of the hose company, is shown second man among the first four men at the head of the formation, from left

to right: Henry Rogers was the fourth man in the back row, from the head of the parade, reading from right to left.

Other early members of the company believed present in the picture were:

W. R. Fosgate, G. S. Miller, A. B. Cutting, Gilbert L. Van-Namee, A. N. Smith, T. J. Whitney, William Aldous, J. M. Reynolds, J. J. Rutherford, George Ormiston, C. M. Kinney, W. A. Thrall, Oren Williams, J. M. Sparks, Dr. James Spencer, Jr., W. H. Robinson and Benjamin M. Miller.

Hose Company No. 1 hauled its cart by hand until November, 1877, when the company disbanded. It was succeeded by Gouverneur Fire Company No. 1, organized in 1878.

In the background stands the old Baptist church destroyed by fire in 1894. The old church was on the site of the present Baptist church. In back of the church is seen the brick building which housed the first Gouverneur high school and later the Gouverneur steam laundry. The first building at the right was the old Presbyterian manse.

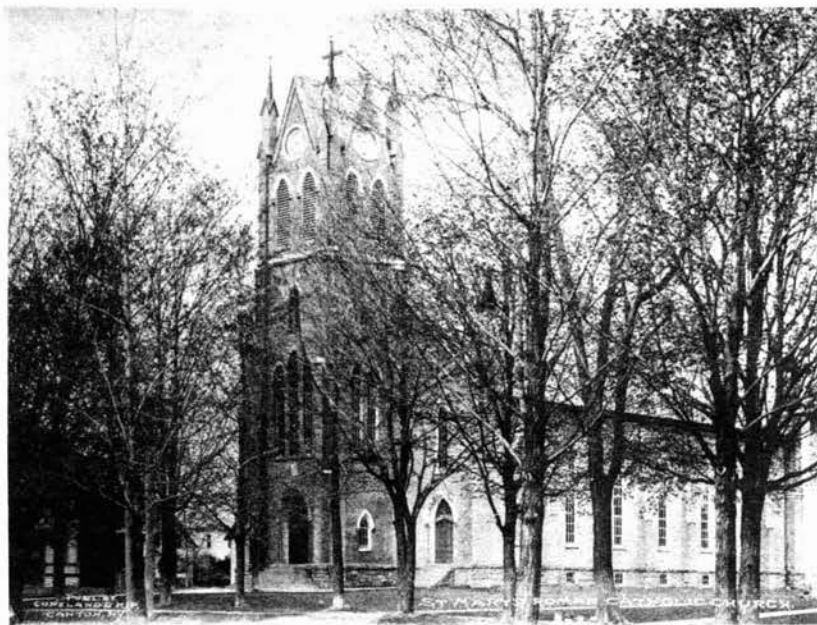
St. Mary's (Canton) Celebrates a Centennial

On July 21, 1974, His Excellency Stanislaus J. Brzana will celebrate Mass at St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church, Canton, commemorating its centennial — one hundred years since the laying of the cornerstone of the present church.

The original church was a small wooden frame building built in 1852. It held about three hundred people and was soon overcrowded. Excavation for a new church was already underway when a fire destroyed the building in

December, 1873. Father James O'Driscoll had been assigned to St. Mary's in July of 1871. It was he who started the campaign to build the present church. On July 4, 1874, Bishop Wadhams laid the cornerstone for the present St. Mary's.

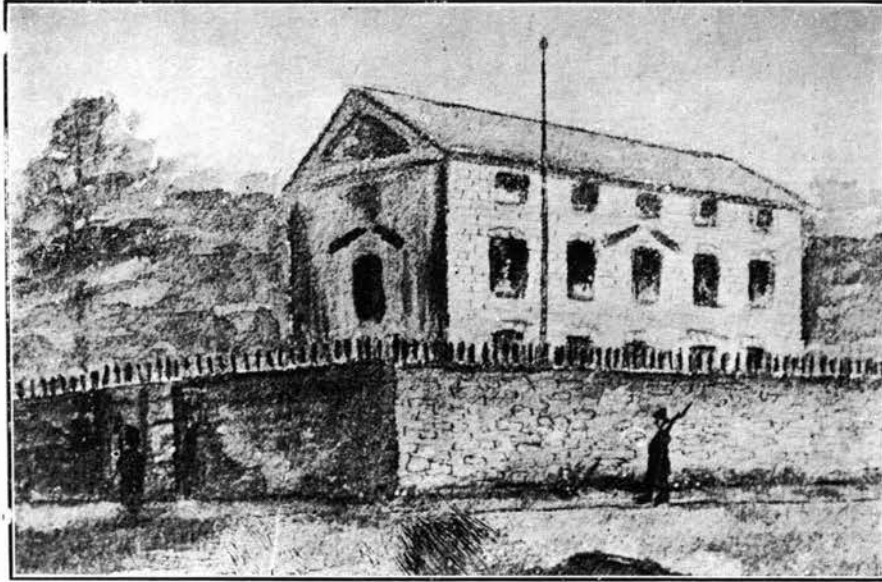
Joining in the centennial observance will be many priests, sisters and former parishioners. The solemn celebration of the Mass will be followed by the opportunity to visit, reminisce and enjoy a barbecue with fun and games for the children.



Brasher & Stockholm High School Blades, 1909: Front row: Brainard Carson, Harry Hamilton (dec), Cassius Stark (dec). Back row: Guy Smith, Daytona Beach, Fla.;

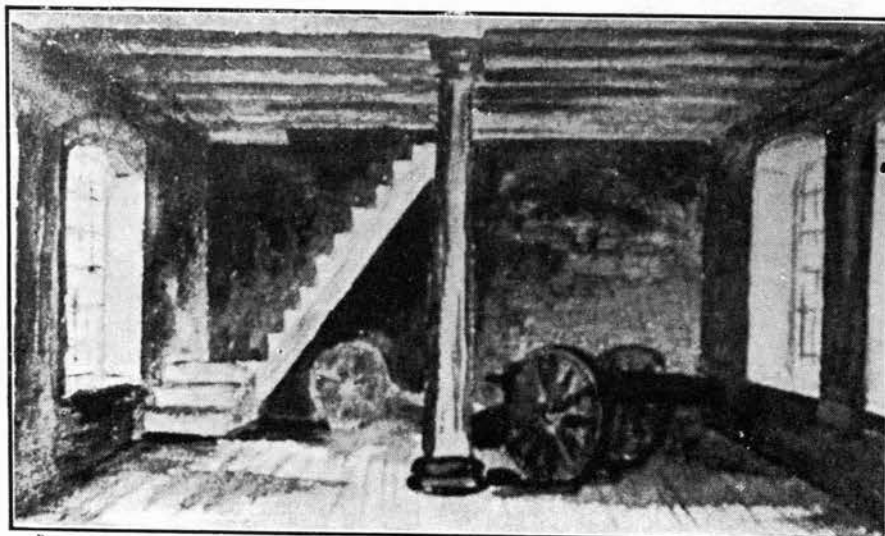
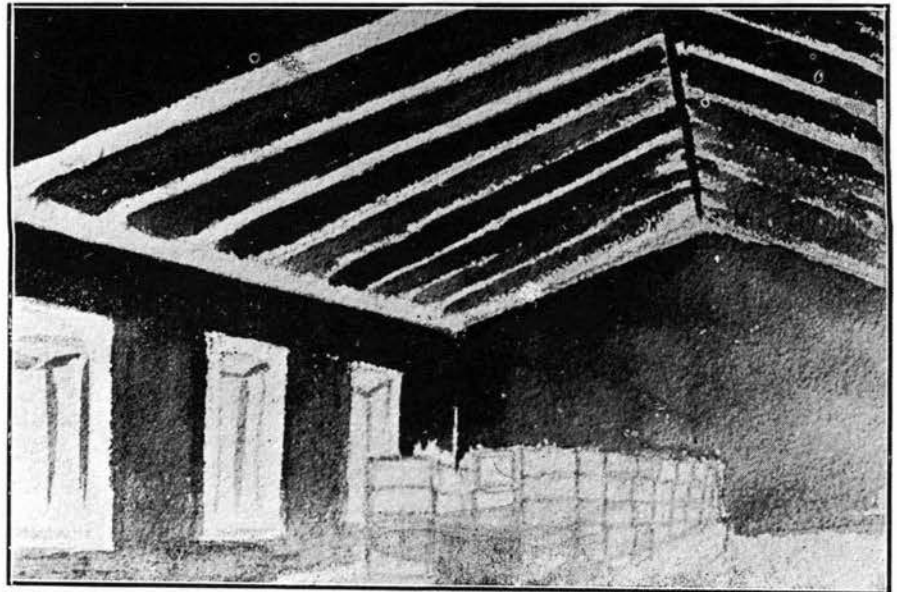
Oscar Thomson, Ralph Stearns, Lloyd Hall, Will Butler, Allen Johnson, Theron Jenkins, Sanford Grant (all deceased). (Photo courtesy Mae Murray)

Russell Arsenal

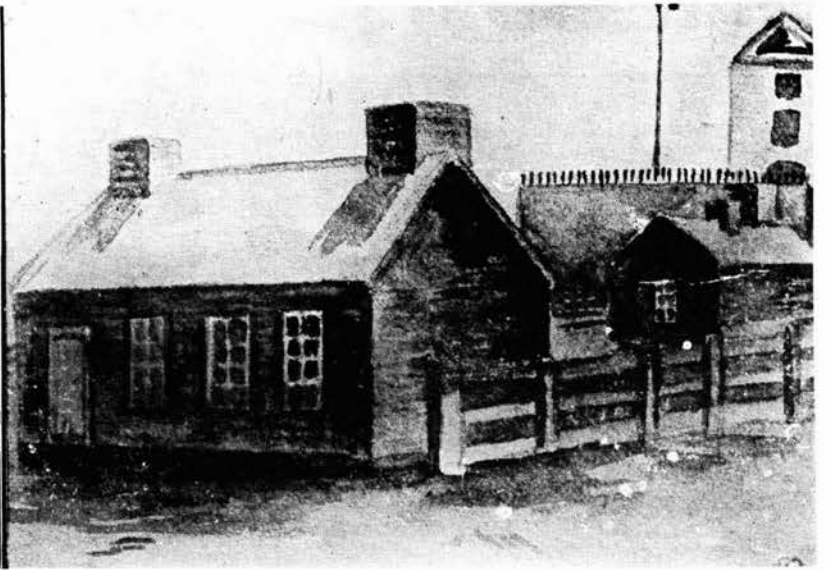
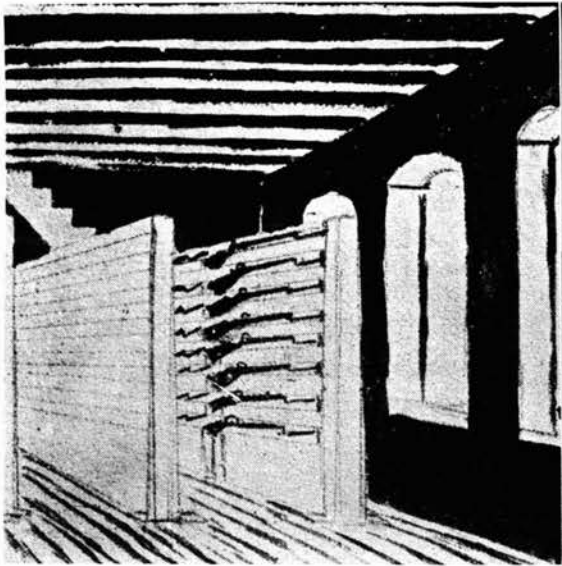


**archives
highlight**

Scenes inside the Russell Arsenal
found on old zinc printing plates,
loaned by Eloise McKee.



(Continued next page)



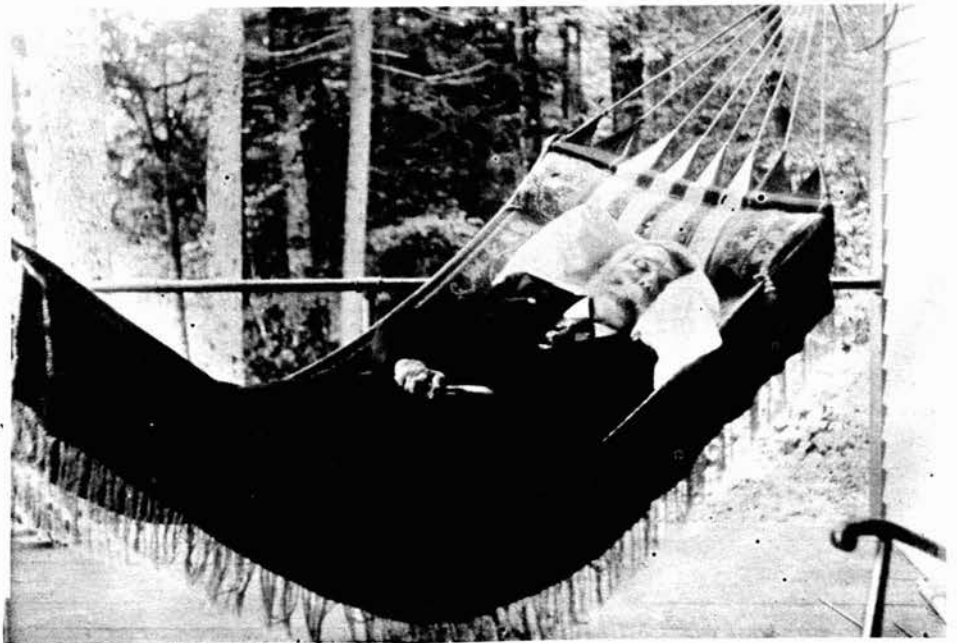
Plates made from early paintings of Russell Arsenal, owned by Eloise McKee. The Old Arsenal Teachers and Pupils Association meets each June, on the last Friday.



MYSTERIES

Who? When?

Swinging in the Summer breeze,
1890's.



This church (probably Methodist) was built (in 1897?) by local men. It had hardwood floors, a beautiful interior. Was sold about 1915 at auction. It was located in Clare, near the present town building. Does anyone know to what use the interior woods were put? Exact details about its origins needed for the archives of the Clare historian, Charlotte Popp. (Please correct Mrs. Popp's address in your April Historians list, to read RFD 1, Russell, N.Y. 13684.)

Heritage Preserved

By MASON JAHRS

You are what you eat.

“You Are What You Eat!”

I hope not! I've just completed my annual spring weed binge — hope I don't become an obnoxious one —

The saying goes that a weed is a plant we haven't yet found a use for. Perhaps we'll all come to depend on burdock, cowslips, nettles, milkweed, dandelion, purslane and cattails to feed our population.

As I ran down the last several weeks' menu, I couldn't help doffing my spring rain hat to those hardy souls who knew when it was time for “gatherin pussley” and dandelions for salads, cooking up a mess of cowslips (Marsh Marigolds), poking about for poke shoots, snipping off wild asparagus stalks or cattail shoots, defuzzing tightly-rolled fiddleheads (ferns), digging horseradish roots to grind and flavor with, pulling wild leeks to chew or stew, that lambsquarters was a vitamin — rich cure for the winter blahs.

Just as our county's pioneers depended on ground nuts, blueberries, maple syrup, beechnuts, wild grapes and apples, puffballs and mushrooms, jack-in-the-pulpit roots, wild ginger (these last two learned from Indians), slippery elm, spruce gum, elderberries, and curly dock, so may we return to the joys of preparing a Spring vitamin-rich, delectable feast.

Someday Thanksgiving dinner may include wild game served with ground nuts and wild carrots, pickled Marsh Marigold buds and young burdock roots, wild mushrooms and acorn meal bread with wild honey and Jerusalem artichokes. For dessert — but need we go on?

Once blueberries and cranberries were just weeds — ummm.

Nature's bounty



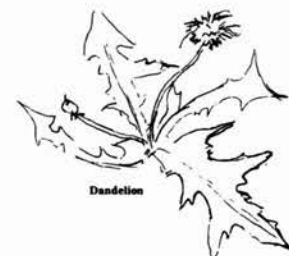
Cattail



Milkweed



Fiddlehead (ostrich fern)



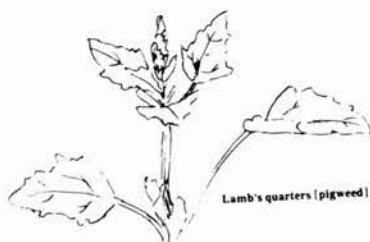
Dandelion



PURSLANE



WILD ASPARAGUS



Lamb's quarters (pigweed)



POKEWEED



BURDOCK



Buildings at St. Lawrence University recently added to the National Register of Historic Buildings.

Our Noteworthy Ladies

Clarissa H. Dority

Clarissa Hazelton was born Sept. 13, 1864. Her mother-in-law died when Clara was a young bride and she raised her family of motherless children, the youngest a new born.

She spent her early life on Black Lake, fishing to support the family. After she moved to Rossie in 1910, she kept a boarding house for years, serving fish suppers for doctors and lawyers from Gouverneur. Childless, she was the friend of all children, rich and poor, and in later years affectionally known as "Grandma." To the

other Rossie folk she was known as "Caddy," ever ready to help anyone in need. A convert to Catholicism, she was a staunch supporter of her church, and no task was too hard or menial.

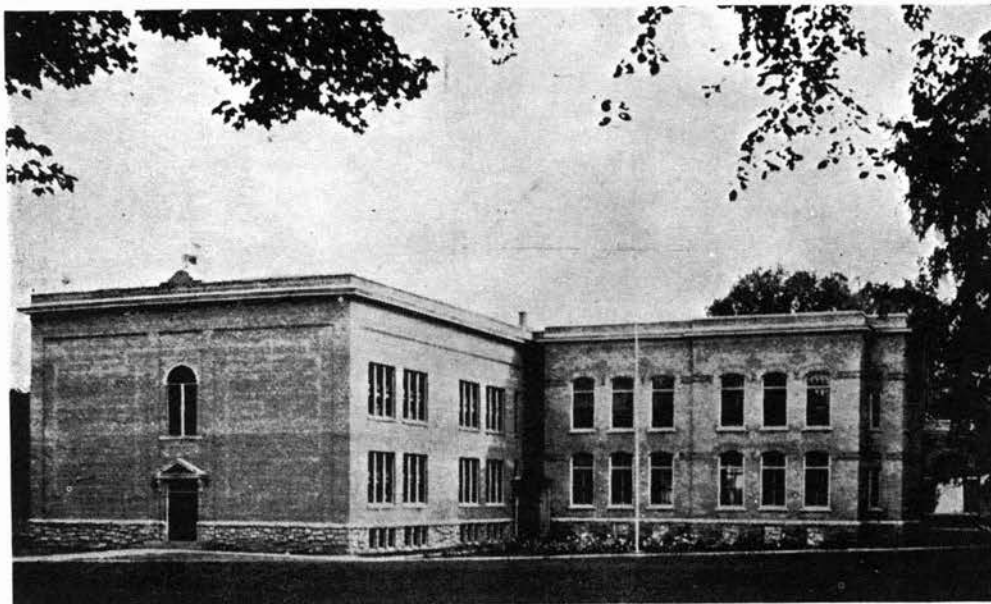
Her home was on "The Island" in the Indian River and always well kept with many flowers and shrubs. She was midwife in many cases for Dr. T. A. E. Youngs. She died July 6, 1956.

She will be long remembered for her kindness, humor and quaint use of the English language.

(This information was provided by Mrs. Wilbert Hyatt, foster daughter of Mrs. Dority of Rossie.)

More noteworthy ladies will receive our attention in **issues** to come--from Canton, Lisbon, Oswegatchie, Rossie--from stories submitted to be read at the annual meeting last October.

CANTON HIGH SCHOOL, CANTON, NEW YORK.



The former Canton High School, later the grammar school which succumbed to the wreckers to make way for the new County Office building.

Poetical Portraits

Old Gouverneur Memories

I wonder how many who read this today
Can remember the old times back when
We watched for the banana man's wagon to come?
In memories I see him again.

He sat on the seat always shouting aloud,
"Ba-nan-ies" for that's all he sold;
A fat man with a little black mustache, you know,
With his cargo entirely of gold.

For the straw in the box of his wagon
Was filled with bananas for them—
The housewives would fill up their aprons,
While many would buy by the stem.

I can still hear him calling out loudly,
Away down the street you could hear,
"Banan-ies- ba-nan-ies, ripe ba-nan-ies!"
Until the big dray horse came near.

The bay horse was dark brown and sturdy;
Children would pet him on his nose,
While Mom bought a stem of bananas:
Nearly five dozen of those.

How often he came is a puzzle to me,
I was far too small to remember,
Maybe once a week or perhaps two or three
From April, I think, to September.
How many remember the watering trough?
Where now, waves up high our Old Glory,
But I was so young it could be that I'm wrong,
If so, just correct my false story.

I remember the rigs that would stop awhile,
And some came on purpose I think:
Milk carts, wagons, and surreys too
Would stop to give horses a drink.

As a child it always intrigued me:
Velvet noses stretched over the brim
Of the big round bowl of fresh water
That the thirsty would slowly draw in.

They would come from all sides to the fountain;
Sometimes one chose drinking as one,
So he'd put back his ears in his protest,
When the other horses had begun.

And when they had finished their drinking
The driver would fasten the check,
Then slowly turn away from the fountain
With a slap of the reins on the neck.

Now who could forget the big sprinkler?
For the streets were not paved then you see,
And the dust would be raised by the hoof prints
It was such a delight for me.

To watch it pass down the street sprinkling,
Turning the dust to dark brown,
As the water would spout as it came streaming out,
While the driver drove back up and down.

The team seemed to know the arrangement,
And plodded to keep the line straight:
Not leaving a strip of dry dusty road,
But covering in wide widths of eight.

I don't remember how often
This sprinkling job had to be done.
The weather I suppose it depended upon,
Or the heat of the hot summer sun.

How many remember the Gouverneur hack?
Perhaps not this name but another;
The driver outside drove the high-stepping team,
While the passengers inside faced each other.

The team was good looking and always well groomed,
'Tis the hack that appears to my eyes,
It runs in my mind, they wore a net of some kind,
In summer to keep off the flies.

It took people places they wanted to go,
And met all the trains I am sure.
Years have come — years have gone — yet
past times live on
In the memories of Old Gouverneur.

By Rose Tripp

The Flag for Me

Give me the grand old stars and stripes
Baptised in blood and tears,
The flag that o'er a nation free
Has waved a hundred years
An older flag, is the flag of Spain,
And handsomer it may be;
But the grand old star-spangled banner
Is good enough for me.

Under the wings of its eagle,
Nestles the brave and free
With men to lead who will not yield,
Like General Fitzhugh Lee;
The red and white and the blue
Are guarded from above,
Our colors joined together form
Purity, truth and love.

The union that it signifies
Can ne'er be torn apart
It binds the States in loving ties,
And beating as one heart;
From Atlantic to Pacific
Each soul with love unites;
All Yankees love their native land
And the grand old stars and stripes.

Then may it wave o'er land and sea,
In Cuba it shall reign,
For every boy in blue will fight
To revenge our battleship, "Maine"
No change of flag, no change of name
Do I e'er want to see,
For the flag that's waved a hundred years
Is good enough for me.

by Harry D. Kerr — Hammond, N.Y. April 27, 1898

a grand old name

How STARK Got Its Name

By Roland Gibson

On a visit with a boyhood friend at Joe Indian Pond in June 1972, the conversation turned to a family history I was writing and to the history of my friend's family and that of other settlers of the area around Joe Indian and the nearby region of Stark. Keith Blake remarked that he had never been able to locate the grave of any Stark in the neighborhood and wondered how the former hamlet got its name. I decided to do some investigating and see what I could unearth.

I searched the land records in the County Clerk's office in Canton thoroughly and could find no evidence of any Starks acquiring land in the area of Stark Falls or the former hamlet of Stark. I found that the Stark family had settled originally in West Parishville and Colton. In the cemeteries of both places I found several Stark graves. In the records of the County Surrogate I found records of property transfers by inheritance between different members of the Stark families.

I then proceeded to compile genealogical records of these families from information on grave stones and in the census records of decennial censuses beginning in 1830. I found that Wilder Stark, fifth child of Jonathan and Anna Stark, original West Parishville settlers, had died on May 30, 1839, at 31 years of age, and was buried on his father's lot in Riverview Cemetery, West Parishville.

About this time I decided to consult some of the older residents of Colton to ascertain whether they had any recollections about the Stark region and the Stark family. Lionel Hepburn surmised that some Stark may have drowned at Stark Falls and the falls named after him. I checked with Mrs. Homer Reed, Colton town historian; she searched her files and came across a reference to a drowning accident at Stark Falls. She referred me to Mrs. Bernice Enslow who told me the following story.

In her early school-teaching days Mrs. Enslow boarded in the family of Belle Cook on the High Flats Road. Belle's grandfather on her mother's side was Wilder Stark. She told Mrs. Enslow how her grandfather had gone fishing with two friends on May 30, 1839, and their boat had capsized at night on a rock. Two of the men managed to swim ashore but Wilder Stark was drowned. Consequently the falls came to be called Starks Falls and the hamlet that grew up nearby came to be known as Stark.

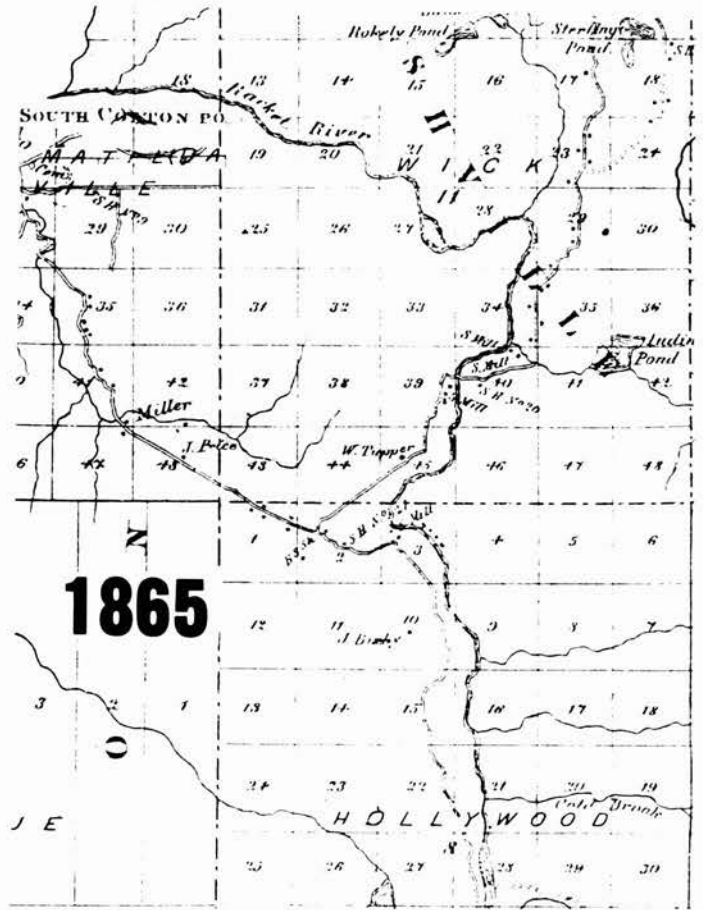
More Wilders

Mrs. Enslow referred to me to Belle Cook's niece, Mrs. Cynthia Martin, whose father, Wilder Champney, was named after the deceased Wilder Stark, and she related the same story.

In his very short life Wilder B. Starks (or Stark - the spelling seems to have alternated without any particular reason in the history of the family) had managed to produce five children by his wife Sally Willis. The first child, John Dana Stark, married Mary Olmstead and named their son Henry Wilder, born in 1853. The last child was Lovina, who married Doras Champney and begot Wilder J. Champney in 1861.

Meanwhile Wilder B's younger brother Eliot had named his son William Wilder Starks, born Aug. 26, 1840, only a year after the untimely death of the older brother.

Somewhat later William, (son of Jonathan's brother Ichial and a cousin of Wilder B.) named a son Wilder Charles, born in 1868, and that branch of the family, which settled in the town of Brasher, has perpetuated the name. Wilder Charles Stark married Ida Steenberg and named their second son Wilder, born in 1908. He in turn



married Sarah Eldridge and had Wilder Charles Stark, born April 12, 1947.

The name Wilder appears to have been derived originally from a brother of Jonathan, born in Lyme, N.H., son of William and Joanna Stark. I am indebted to Miss Dorothy Sears, of Lyme, for a great deal of information which she has collected on the ancestors of this family which settled in Lyme, N.H., around 1770. William's parents were Moses and Elizabeth Holdridge Stark, of Groton, Conn. Moses was a son of William and Experience Lamb Stark, grandson of William Stark and great grandson of Aaron Stark, who came to this country before 1637 living in Mystic, Conn.

Jonathan Stark brought his family from Lyme to West Parishville in 1826 or shortly before that. A map of Township 13 of great lot 2 of the Macomb Purchase, printed in 1826, shows J. A. Starks living on the land near where Jonathan was deeded 83.02 acres in Lot 9 by George Parish on Sept. 3, 1832. Adjacent to this land the names of J. F. Wyllys and A. Wyllys appear on the map. Austin Willis (revised spelling), son of J. F., had come from Lyme around 1820 according to a personal sketch by Gates Curtis in his history of St. Lawrence County, and Austin's brother Roswell and his wife Lydia Starks had in 1826.

So the Starks and Willises had become related in Lyme, N.H., and settled close to each other in West Parishville. In fact several of them are buried near each other in the West Parishville cemetery, sometimes Willis cemetery.

The name I. Stark appears on the 1826 map near J. A. Stark. This probably was the Ichial (or Jehiel - Hebrew for "Let God Live!") who later moved to Brasher.

He was the son of Phineas, son of Moses. Phineas and his wife Tryphena Freeman Hewes had been the first settlers in Lyme, N.H., in 1764. Ichial's family was enumerated in the 1830 and 1840 censuses in Parishville. They were listed in 1845 by the State census in the town of Lawrence. They had a son Phineas in 1833 whose family moved to West Stockholm. His older brothers Ambrose, Edward, William, and Henry remained in Brasher and raised their families there.

Censuses Helpful

Between 1836 and 1840 two other Stark families arrived in St. Lawrence County and settled in Colton. William R. and Eliza Stark (born in 1809 and 1813 respectively) brought with them two sons and a female listed in the 1840 census as between 60 and 70 years of age. The land records report a grant of 1.25 acres of land in Colton, in 1838, to a Widow Sarah Stark. Although her gravestone in Colton cemetery says she died March 3, 1843, aged 61 which would have indicated she was born around 1782, I believe her age in the 1840 census could have been enumerated in the wrong age bracket and that she was the mother of William R. Stark. A further reason for believing this is that William R. was buried on her lot when he died in 1865. I believe Sarah was the widow of William Stark who was born in the 1770's, son of William and Joanna Stark.

A young Jonathan Stark, born in 1798, is listed in census with his wife Nancy and two daughters, Delilah who later married Winthrop Richardson, and Sarah Jane, who married H. D. Butler. In 1850 he purchased an acre of land from Horace Garfield in Colton west of the bridge to Felton's Island. This Jonathan may have been a brother of Ichial and son of Phineas.

A William H. Stark appeared briefly in Colton but soon pressed on to Nebraska. In 1840 Sarah Stark transferred to him the land she had purchased in 1838; in 1859 he transferred this to William R. Stark's wife Eliza. On Aug. 15, 1857, in Douglas, Neb., he granted 1.75 acres along the Racket River to Eliza Stark. There was obviously a close relationship between William H., Widow Sarah, and the family of William R. I find that he was very likely a son of Phineas and brother of Ichial and young Jonathan, especially if he was the male, aged between 20 and 30, who was living in the household of Polly Starks (widow of Lewis, brother of Wilder) in Parishville in 1840. If he had been born around 1810 and his mother were Tryphena, she would have been 46 years old at the time.

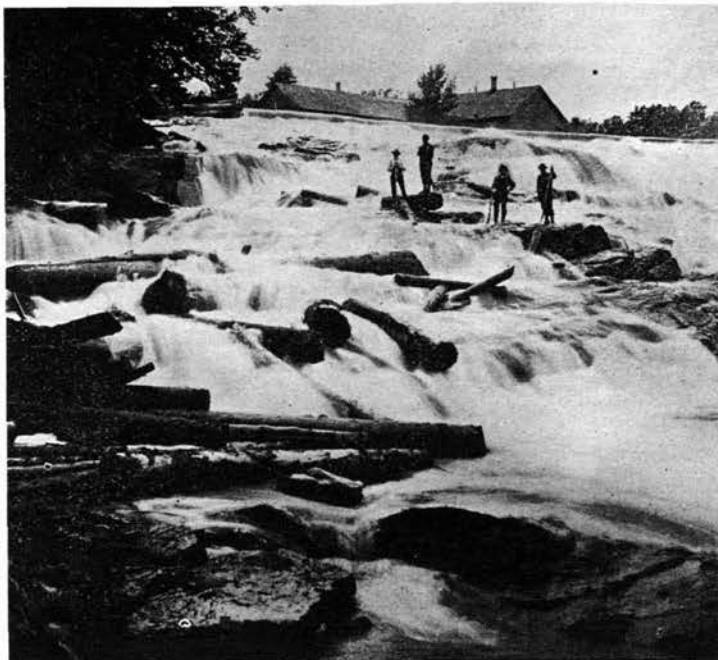
Land Records

An Isaac D. Stark received land in Lot 27, Township 14, Catherineville (Parishville), on June 11, 1830, and transferred it to Buel Blair in 1837. I have found no further reference to him in any documents.

This completes my records of original Stark families from New Hampshire who settled in the town of Parishville. I have manifold information on individual members of these families and their descendants which I can furnish on request.

John Stark, grandson of William Stark, older brother of Gen. John Stark of Revolutionary War fame, came from New Hampshire to Franklin County with his father and brothers and sisters. Other members of the family died in the Ft. Covington area but John and his son, Russell Briggs Stark, moved to Waddington, N.Y., around 1850. Russell's brother Thomas Henry Stark served in the Civil War and died in Andersonville Prison, Georgia. His service is honored by a monument in Waddington Cemetery, on the Deneshaw lot because his niece had married William Deneshaw and lived in Waddington at the time.

George and Parnal Starks came from Vermont and settled in Hopkinton. Their son Philo was born there in 1850 and lived until 1922. He married Lydia Lindsay. They had a son (William)Gordon (1900-1967), who



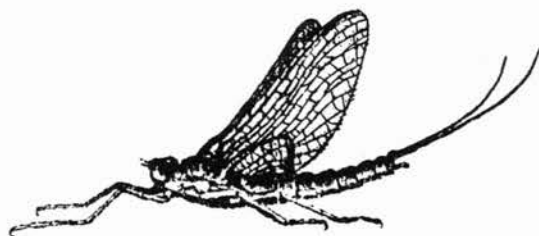
Colton Falls on the Raquette.

married Lodema Hatley and had Malcolm who now lives in Norfolk.

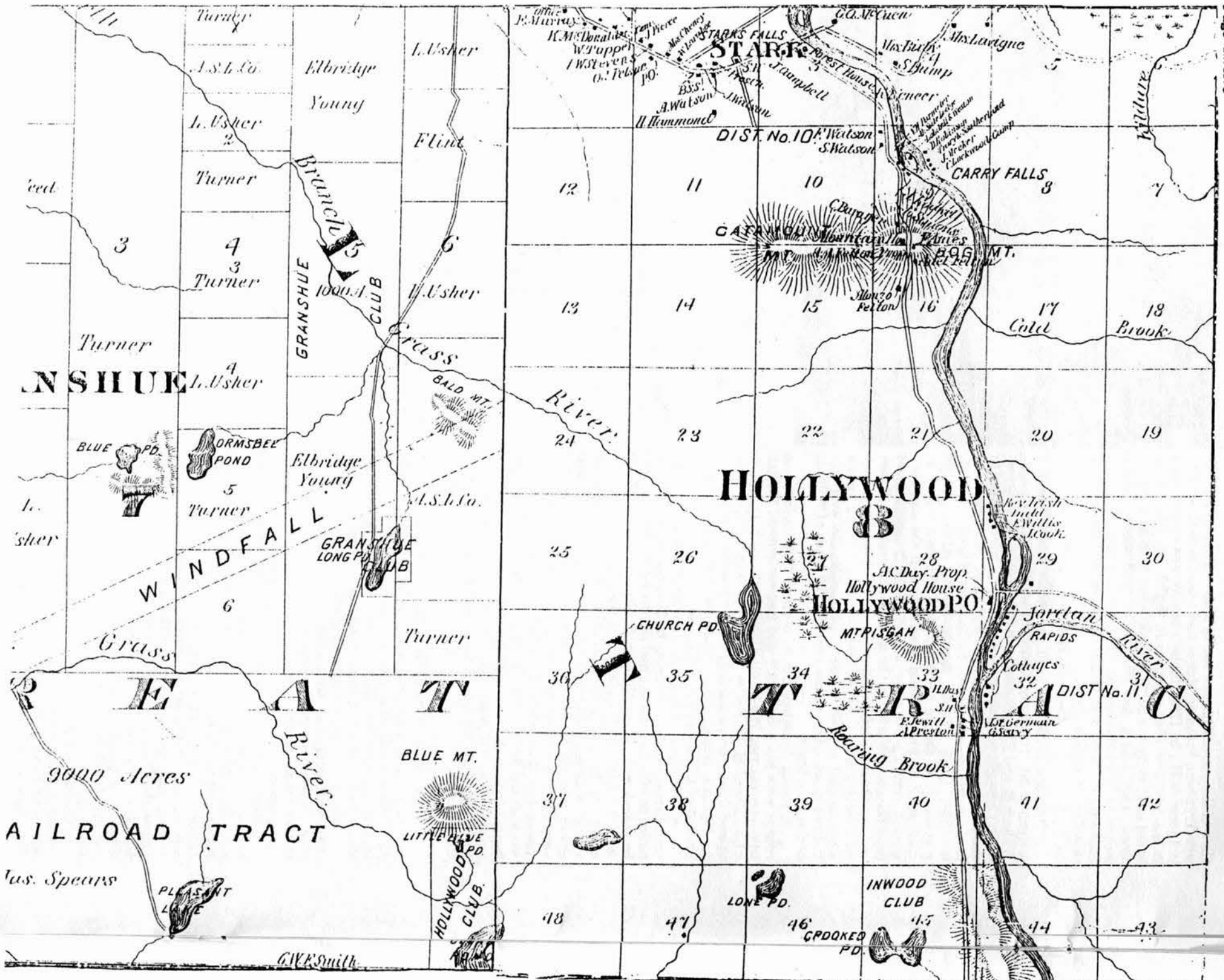
Other Starks came to St. Lawrence County from Vermont, notably Morgan Starks and his son Morgan, who must have arrived before 1828 because Morgan Junior's son James was born in New York State in 1828. Morgan Jr. was elected to the school commission of the town of Macomb at its first town meeting July 1, 1841. Descendants ultimately moved to the area of South Colton where one of them, James, still lives. The original settlers and their families are buried in cemeteries in Macomb and Brasie Corners.

Other Starks settled in the town of Canton, including Ira, Salmon, Ezekiel, and James, whose families are listed in the census of 1850. They all acquired land in Canton between 1845 and '54. No information is available on their descendants. John Stark and David Stark lived in Louisville with their families in 1820. There was a Samuel Stark family in Canton and a David Stark family in Madrid in 1830; a David M. Stark, ae. 16, and Nancy ae. 12, in the Amos Bishop family, Norfolk, in 1850; families of David C. and Selim Starks in Waddington in 1860; a J. J. Stark family in Canton in 1860; two David Starks families in Norfolk in 1860; a Henry Stark family in Parishville in 1870; and a Sophia Stark family in Waddington in 1880 in addition to John and Russell Stark described above.

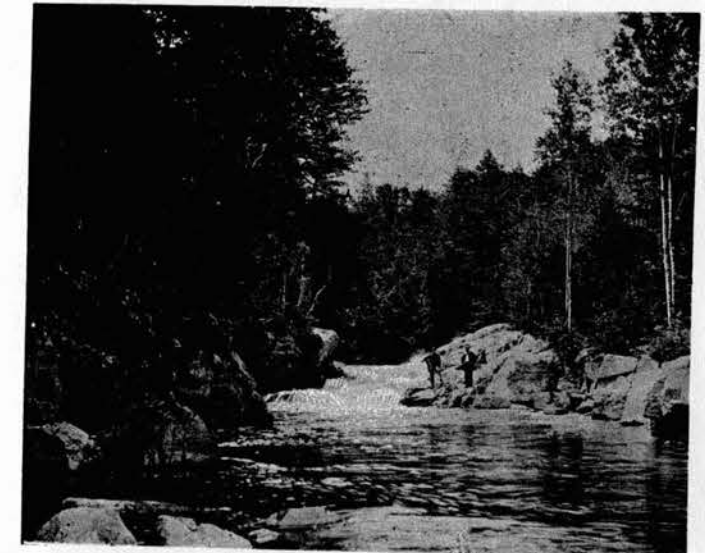
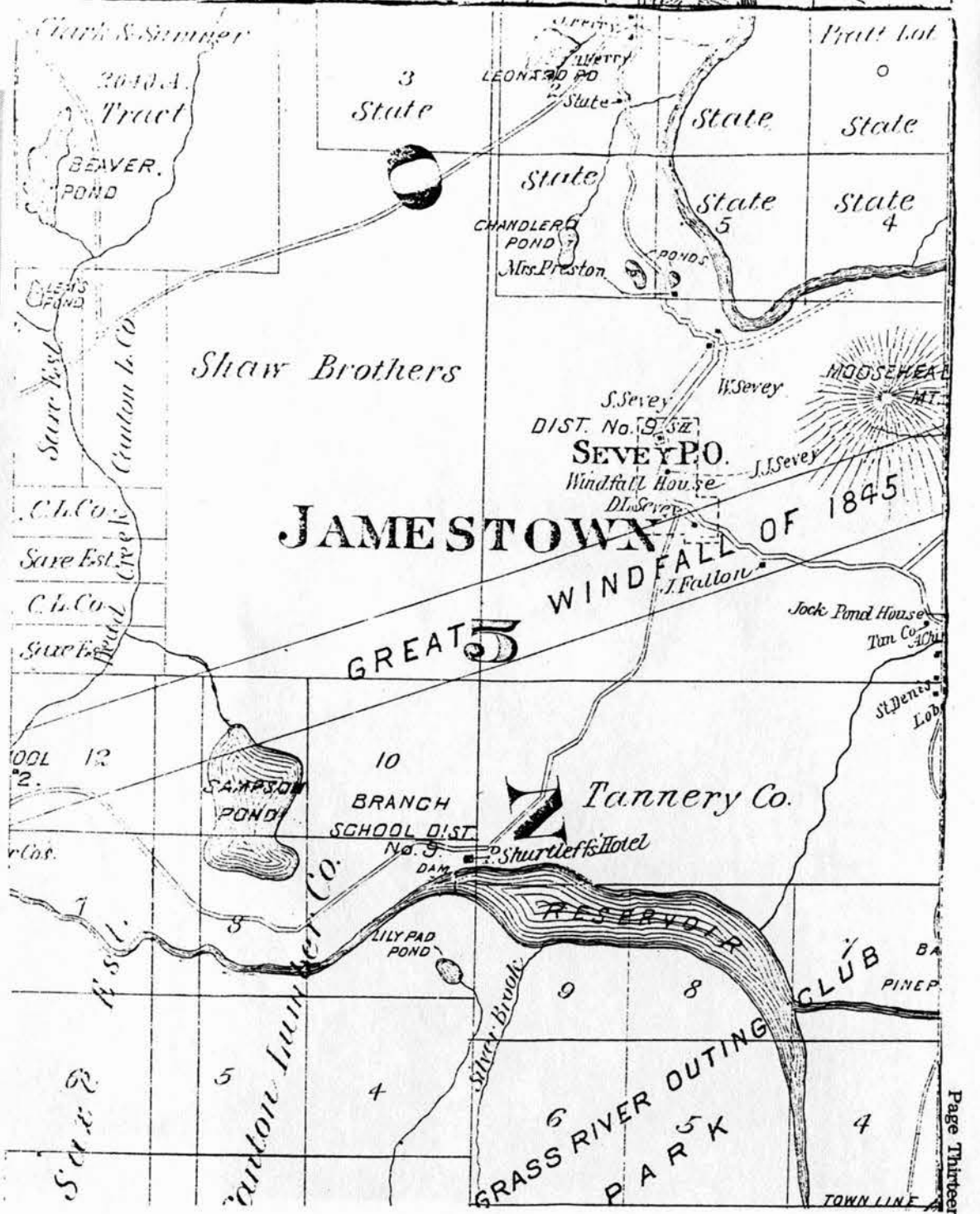
In some instances regarding present Stark families may not be the original name of the family. In one case I found that a Stark I interviewed was Polish. One can assume that his father or grandfather had dropped the last part of a typical Polish name to make matters easier when he entered the United States.



July's "Eel fly" (Mayfly)



The Balsams.—W. E. Huggard's Resort at Stark.



On the Upper Raquette.



Stark Falls. Jack Carpenter ran the drive, Kaleb Tenney, Mark Regan and Elmer Wilson (cook).

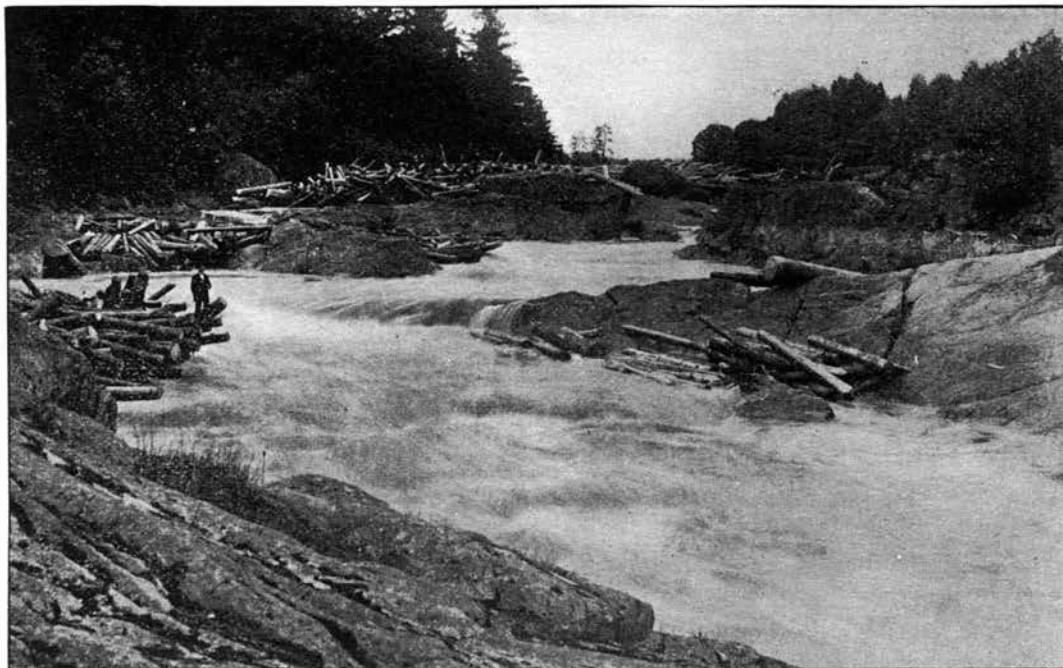
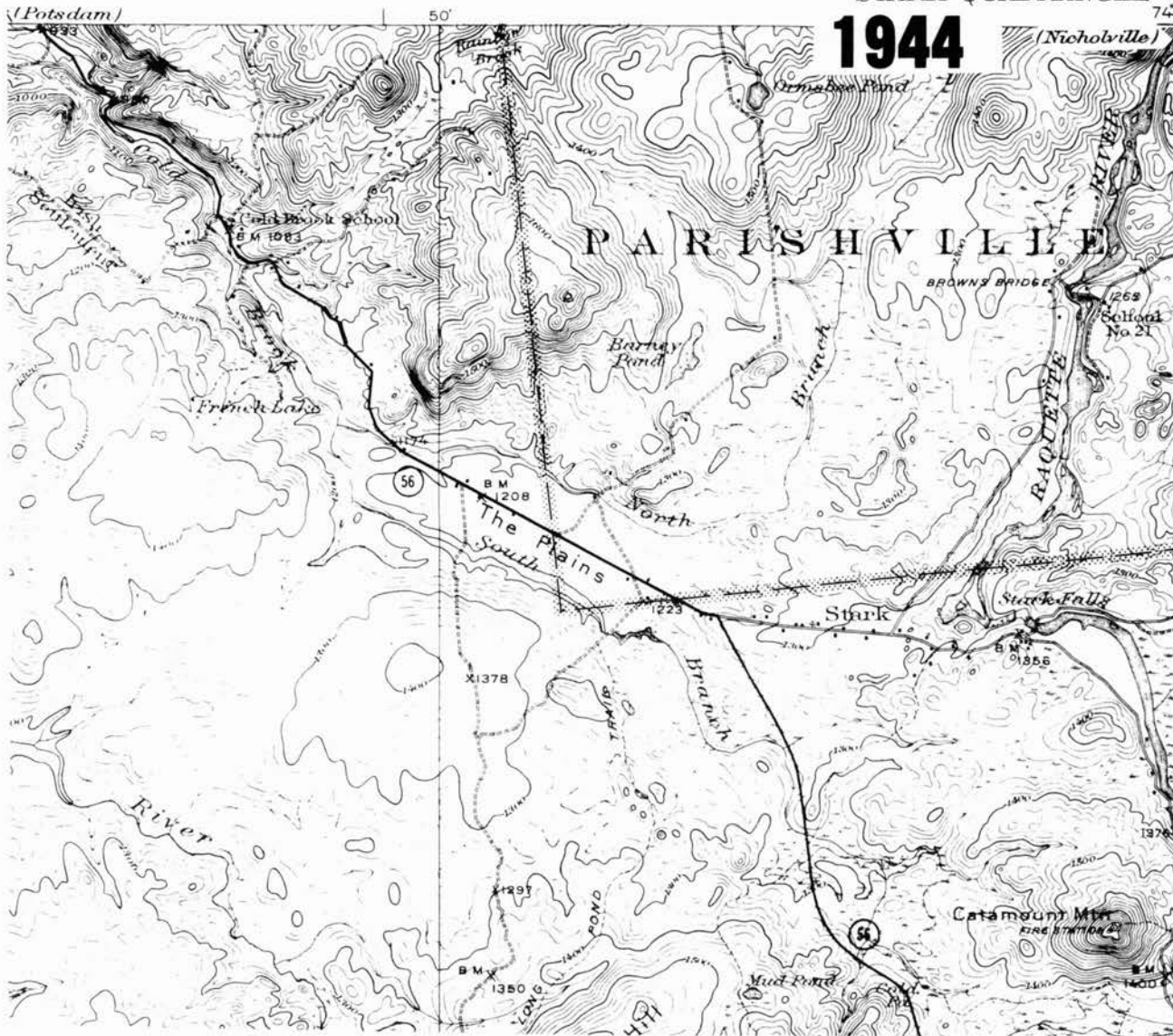


Stark Post Office, established as Bog, on Apr. 30, 1884. Changed to Stark on May 12, Caroline Munger was first

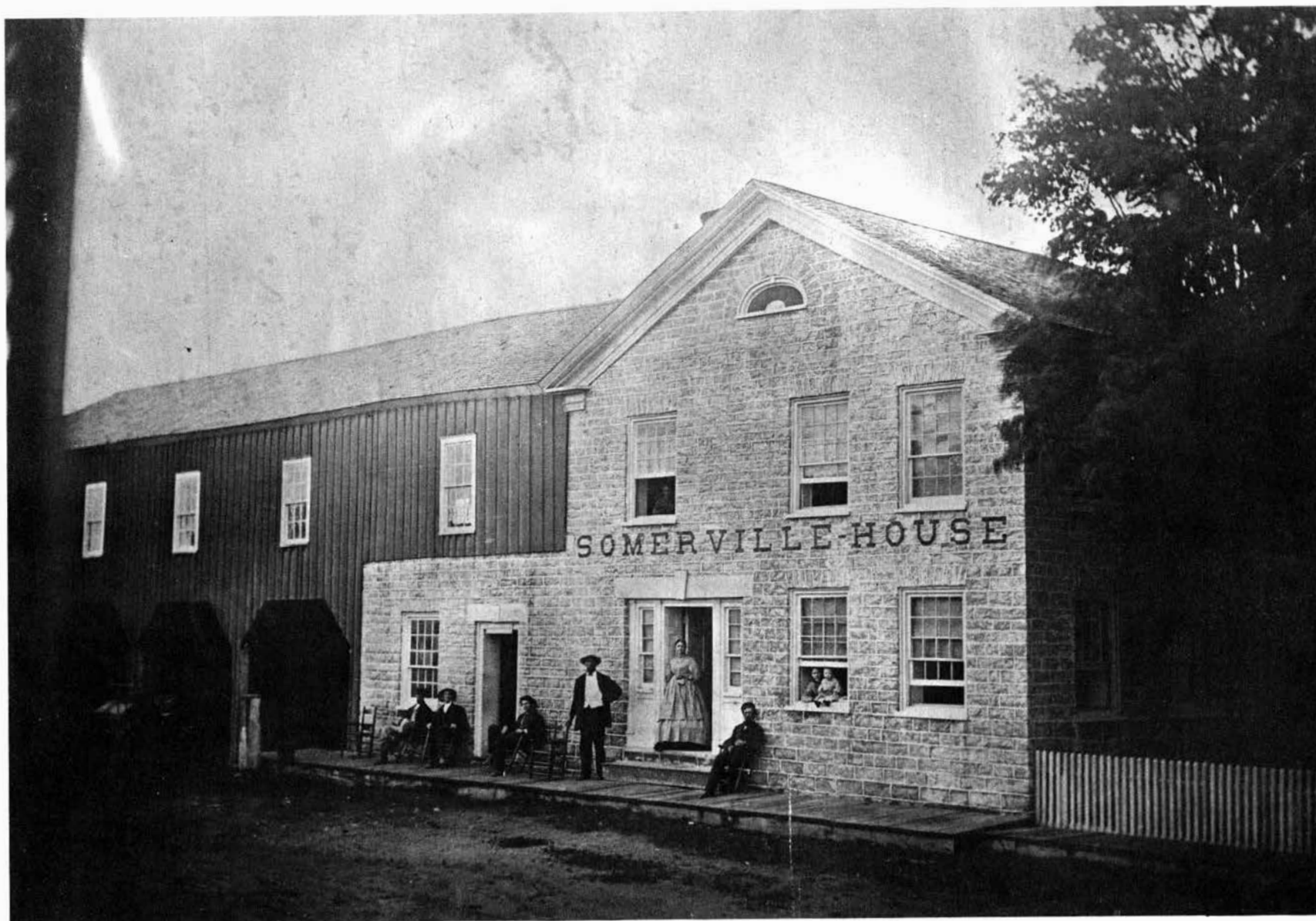
postmistress. Succeeding her were Edson Pelsue, Jim Jamieson and Joe Leary.

NEW YORK
(ST. LAWRENCE COUNTY)
STARK QUADRANGLE

1944



Higley's Falls, Raquette River.



Somerville Hotel, Somerville, New York

Somerville Hotel, often one of the stopovers for Silas and Clarissa Wright enroute from the Capital at Albany to Canton.

Spending their last night of their last trip home from Albany in February 1847, the Wrights enjoyed the Somerville House, located near the corner of the Somerville and Wegatchie Roads near the farm of Mrs. Charles Dunkleberg.

Photo donated by Laura Gillett of Spragueville.

Beeline



FROM
THE EDITOR

Sometimes a life touches ours which leaves a lasting impression – a part we take for granted while there, but so missed when taken from us.

Such was Ralph Bradley. "Brad" had come to us from Waddington – soon became a familiar figure at the Canton library, in Ralph's Restaurant and then at the History Center. In his eighty-plus years "Brad" had made a lot of friends, but in his last days only a handful even knew he was at the nursing home in Massena, or of his death May first. Ralph took the task of indexing our records seriously, working diligently at it several days a week. For a year he helped people at the Center, making all welcome – making friends.

We miss Ralph Bradley; we'll continue to miss his cheerful courtesies.

MHB



Edmund J. Winslow, Senior historian of State Education Department, presented an award for excellence in interpretation of history on behalf of the American Association for State and Local History to Ray Fadden. Mrs. Fadden joined her husband for a photo at the public gathering in the School at Hogansburgh. Local historians were present also to hear touching remarks by Dr. Solomon Cook and Ernest Benedict of the St. Regis Mohawk Reservation. They were introduced by C. Walter Smallman, Franklin County Historian. Mr. Fadden, a well-known educator, has built a Six-Nations Indian Museum at Onchiota in Franklin County, open to the public.

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.

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!)

The Law Library

Did you know that all citizens in our county have a library – even if they live in a village or town without one? The library in the Court House was the subject of a petition to the supervisors at the first meeting held on May 6, 1895 in the new Court House, built following the Feb. 21, 1893 fire.

When the Court House burned, all the books in the library burned, except 268 volumes. Since they did not constitute a sufficient library, a committee of supervisors petitioned to spend the grand sum of \$2000 to purchase books needed by the Courts, people attending Court and by the supervisors. Judges Leslie W. Russell, Charles O. Tappan, and the chairman of the Board of Supervisors, Michael H. Flaherty (Massena) were appointed to purchase the books and "place the same in the Court House for the use of the Courts, the Board of Supervisors, and the people of the County."

It is known that at least once a prisoner in our jail was able to prepare his own defense by use of these books. They hold a wealth of information.

In 1973 over \$6000 was spent to just add material to the library, often simply referred to as the "Law Library". It belongs to you and me.

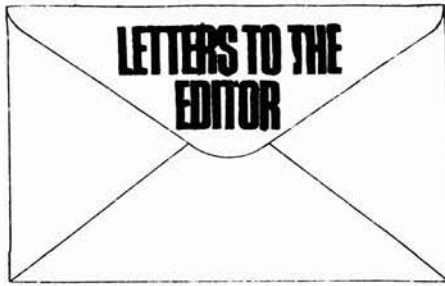


The Seal of the Board of Supervisors shown here was destroyed by fire when the Court House burned in 1893. That year authorization was given to design a new seal, and the adaptation of the seal shown was adopted, and used until Dec. 31, 1973.



The records of the board of supervisors of St. Lawrence County previous to 1814 were lost in a fire at Ogdensburg in the spring of 1839, and consequently no abstract of the early business of the board can be obtained. The first board is said to have been composed as follows: Nathan Ford, of Oswegatchie; Alexander J. Turner, of Lisbon; Joseph Edsall, of Madrid; Mathew Perkins, of Massena. In 1814 the board was composed of the following supervisors:

Canton, Daniel Walker; De Kalb, Issac Burnham; Gouverneur, Richard Townsend; Hopkinton, Roswell Hopkins; Louisville, Timothy W. Osborn; Madrid, Joseph Freeman; Massena, Willard Seaton; Parishville, Daniel W. Church; Potsdam, Benjamin Raymond; Oswegatchie, Louis Hasbrouck; Rossie, Reuben Streeter; Russell, Reuben Ashman; Stockholm, Nathaniel F. Winslow; Lisbon, Geo. C. Conant.



Potsdam School District No. 7

Compiled by Earl B. Pattison

There was plenty of activity in Potsdam District School Number 7 in the period from 1846 to 1865 as an average of thirty-one students attended the School during those years.

The teacher's register, now in the Potsdam Museum, gives a list of the students. There were seventy-eight families sending students to Number 7 School, which along with the list of scholars indicates that there was considerable moving in and out of the district during those years.

The pupils were from four to twenty-one with two sessions held each year. Summer school started in late April or early May and lasted until August or September. Usually women taught during the summer session and had a smaller number and younger group. The older children were busy with farming and household chores.

Winter School opened in late November or December and finished in February or March. Men were hired as teachers during this session and probably were considered to be better able to control the older students.

During this nineteen-year period, there were thirty-two different teachers, about half of them men. At least four of them were former students of the school. The French family contributed two, Charles and Wilbur. They were nineteen and twenty-three years old, respectively, when starting to teach but Helen Wellington taught a summer session when only seventeen years old.

The following lists includes the names of families and teachers in the school during the years 1846 to 1865.

List of Family Names and Number of Students from Each Family Attending Number 7 School in Potsdam 1846 - 1857

Akins 2, Allard 2, Ames 5, Austin 3, Bailey 1, Baker 1, Bobmit 1, Bodre 4, Burrows 2, Carta 3, Clark 2, Cleveland 1, Conkey 1, Culver 1, Cummings 1, Dayton 4, DeLance 5, Dano 4, Eastman 10, Elwood 1, Farmer 6, Fleming 4, Fobes 9, French 8, Gibbs 2, Graves 1, Hastings 2, Healy 2, Hewitt 6, Hazelton 1, Higgins 2, Hutchings 2, Ingalls 1, Irving 1, Lahey 2, LaValley 2, Levine 8, McAllister 1, McColutee 1, McEwen 3, McGruer 5, McHammer 4, Martineau 2, Merrill 1, Miller 1, Mitchell 2, Moore 2, Moravia 3, Myers 1, Omeal 2, Owen 6, Palmer 1, Powers 4, Reynolds 1, Rich 9, rivers 3, Robinson 4, Roberts 1, Rockwell 2, Russell 10, Slaver 3, Slayton 2, Smith 10, Stewart 4, Stodard 1, Sweet 1, Trumble 1, Tuttle 2, Vassar 1, Vepal 1, Wait 3, Welch 1, Wellington 4, Wheeler 1, White 1, Wilkinson 1, Worden 3.

List of Teachers in Potsdam Number 7 School and Years Taught

Bailey, Elizabeth 1847 (s), Benton, Sarah 1846 (s), Briggs, Rhoda 1859 (s), Collins, Helen 1860 (s), Colt, Miriam 1863 (s), Clark, A. E. 1864, Davis, A. 1852-1853, Dunbar, L. 1860-1861, Eldridge, James 1855, 1858, Fitch, William 1859, Fobes, A. A. 1849-1850 (s), (x) Fobes, Jane 1848 (s), Fobes, Orilla 1851 (s), (x) French, Charles 1853, 1856, (x) French, Wilbur 1863, Foote, Jane 1850, Gilmore, Mary 1849 (s), Hathaway, F. A. 1847, Hawley, Hannah 1862, Healy, Julia 1852 (s), Jackson, E. A. 1849 (s), Leonard, Ezra 1847, Merrill, Laura 1857 (s), Miles, Melvin 1857, Olin, Harriette 1854 (s), Sargeant, Mary 1858 (s), Thompson, Lefa 1861 (s), Thompson, S. E. 1862 (s), (x) Wellington, Helen 1855 (s), Witters, Miriam 1857, Witters, Orvis 1863, Wood, Matilda 1864 (s).

Note:

(s) Indicates summer session.

(x) Former students in the school.

Dear Mrs. Biondi:

The picture at top of page 21 (April, 1974) is of the building now occupied by Optometrist John W. Hardy (on Main St.) and was owned at the time by Mrs. Anna Crary and Miss Estella Forsythe and used as a ladies furnishing store. Mrs. Crary, standing at right, was the mother of my husband Frank Crary. Miss Forsythe stands in center. I do not recognize the others. Mrs. Crary owned the block and had as partner Miss Bessie Andrews for some years; later Miss Forsythe; then operated alone, selling finally to a Mr. Riggio.

Sincerely,

Mrs. Frank Crary

(Many thanks! Anyone know the others in the photo?)

(Photo donated by John Lytle, Norwood)

Dear Mary,

This (the April) was a particularly interesting edition . . . from the pictures of the Chittenden store which in later years supplied us with groceries at Lake Ozonia to the item about the Potsdam Fair winners of 1919.

Marion Remington Leckonby (my sister) is alive and well, living in Rochester and working for Xerox. The Roda family lived across Main St. from us (in Potsdam)

In the January Quarterly, the article* mentioning William James Sealy whose daughter was my great grandmother and my grandmother was named for her.

* The Catholic Apostolic Church of Potsdam.

We think you're doing a great job with the QUARTERLY. Keep it up!

Sincerely,

Polly (Remington) DeGraff
Albany, N.Y.

About the names of Potsdam Fair Winners - Margaret Senter died. Don Weston I believe lives in Pierrepont. Walter Heffernan was in high school with me, his father was a lawyer and they moved away. Believe Mildred Doyle lives at Cooks Corners.

Herbert Judd

(Ye editor was one of those "Better Babies" winners also! How about a reunion?)



Notice

During the next month or two all paid members of the Association will receive as a bonus, "The Supervisor Story" a large bound reference book, compiled by the local historians during the past three years. Extra copies will be available for a nominal expense. Copies will also go to known living supervisors.



Stark School. Miss Ethel Trusdale (later Mrs. Schwartz), Mrs. M. (Grace) McKizer, Adelbert Felton.

Stark Photos Courtesy Mrs. Augusta Brown, Grace McKizer. (Loaned by Lorena Reed, Colton Historian)



We are sent to stand in the corner for the switch in photos in the Rural Ramble (April). Ray Loop's home was the nice one with glassed porch. The deserted and abandoned home labeled as Ray's was the Curtis homestead. Sorry, Ray!

Beach Costumes More Feminine
 Most women folks visit the seashore at least once during the bathing season, even if it is for only one day. And naturally enough they want their bathing costumes to be "what they are wearing."
 Well, if your beach costume is highly feminine you will be right in style this season. There seems to be a "be more feminine" movement on foot which has reached its high point in beach costumes.
 One-piece suits are rather conspicuous by their absence this year. Beach costumes, you will remember, are of two types, sun bath and sea (water) bath. Sea ensembles are very popular, and there are many accessories to go with them. Trunks and vests are also considered smart. For the sun bathers there is almost an endless array of silk pajamas in various forms. Pretty beach robes are required by both sun and sea bathers.

Aug. 6, 1927

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.

Some Winter Memories

By Abigail Smith Cole

Reading the interesting article — "FIRST SNOW PLOUGH" in the April, 1974 Quarterly, I was surprised to learn that roads had not been cleared of snow for auto traffic before 1923. However, having left the North Country in the summer of 1912 and not having been there in winter since, it is not surprising that I was wrong in my thinking.

My father invented the first snow plough used in our area before I came. I wish I had a picture of his team of black ponies hitched to that plough. It was made of wide heavy lumber, sawed in half, and the edges planed so that they could be fitted snugly together at an angle. At the bottom of this angle the wood was sawed away so that, drawn through the snow, throwing snow to both sides, a ridge of snow was left in the center of the road. This was helpful in keeping sleds from skidding. As a single horse was always hitched to a sled to travel in the path of the left hand horse of a team, this center ridge made no difficulty. I remember seeing them out there on the road to Nicholville, Papa riding the plough, two or three men with shovels making sure that the snow pushed out by the plough stayed out of the road and when they came to a high drift doing some shoveling ahead so the team could drag the plough along on where the road was supposed to be. I remember Papa telling what an improvement this was over dragging a heavy iron kettle through the snow, as had been a previous way of relieving the shovelers from some hard labor.

I have many childhood memories of winter. One is of the worst storm in years. At dawn the snow was deep and coming down thick and fast and the wind blowing a gale. All day it kept up. The wind blew the snow over the road of our barn so that a pipe by the barn went right over the stone wall on our side and over Tharrett's rail fence and on into the field. When the storm was over and men came to clear the road, they took down the fence and went right out into the field. No men could have cleared the road between wall and fence.

That was the year Papa had pneumonia. Fortunately Albert, Sarah and Cordy had moved in before the storm to be there to do the chores. I was six or seven years old and Cordy was two years older. When we took our sled and went out we found the crust was so strong on the snow that we could walk anywhere. We climbed the snowbank by the barn and Cordy went right on up on the roof. From there he slid with hardly a jolt from roof to snow bank.

Mama was always telling me, "You must be a little lady." I couldn't see a lady climbing up that roof as Cordy had. I slid from top of snow drift — the longest slide I ever had. What fun! What a winter!

I wonder how many people there are now who remember the "thank-you-mums." The wind would blow the snow so it would form a high ridge across the road. Sleds going over would tend to dig a little. The next storm might build this ridge a little higher. When a sleigh went over the people nodded their heads — "thank-you-mum."

If this ridge went slantwise across the road, a cutter might skid off sidewise and could tip over. One of my earliest memories is standing with hood, coat and mittens on, a veil tied over my face that was just thin enough so I could see dimly through it. Mama wrapped a shawl around me, pinning it with big safety pins so that my arms were useless. Then she went out and got into the cutter. Papa picked me up and took me and put me on the seat next to Mama. Then he got in, pulled the buffalo robe over his knees, picked up the reins, spoke to the horse, and off we went on our way to church.

About half way to the next house our cutter skidded

over a thank-you-mum. Papa, on the low side, stepped out. I, like any round bundle, rolled over and over and dropped in the snow at Papa's feet. Mama with both hands was trying to push up on the upper edge of the cutter. Papa picked me up and put me where Mama could grab hold of my shawl. Then, pushing up on the low side of the cutter, he spoke to the horse. Slowly, Papa holding up the low side, we squared around in the road. Then we went on to church.

On a beautiful spring morning, the first winter I was in Washington, I went shopping. On the way home I passed a park where only the week before there had been a round plot of brown earth. Now this circle had a row of hyacinths (First I had ever seen) around the edge and the center was full of tulips — red, yellow, and purple. I sat on a bench there to enjoy the fragrance and the beauty — and to wonder — "How did they ever make plants grow so fast."

It was so warm I took off my jacket and walked home. I remember how hot the sun felt through my thin white blouse. When I got home the postman had before. "We nearly tipped over three times going to church today."

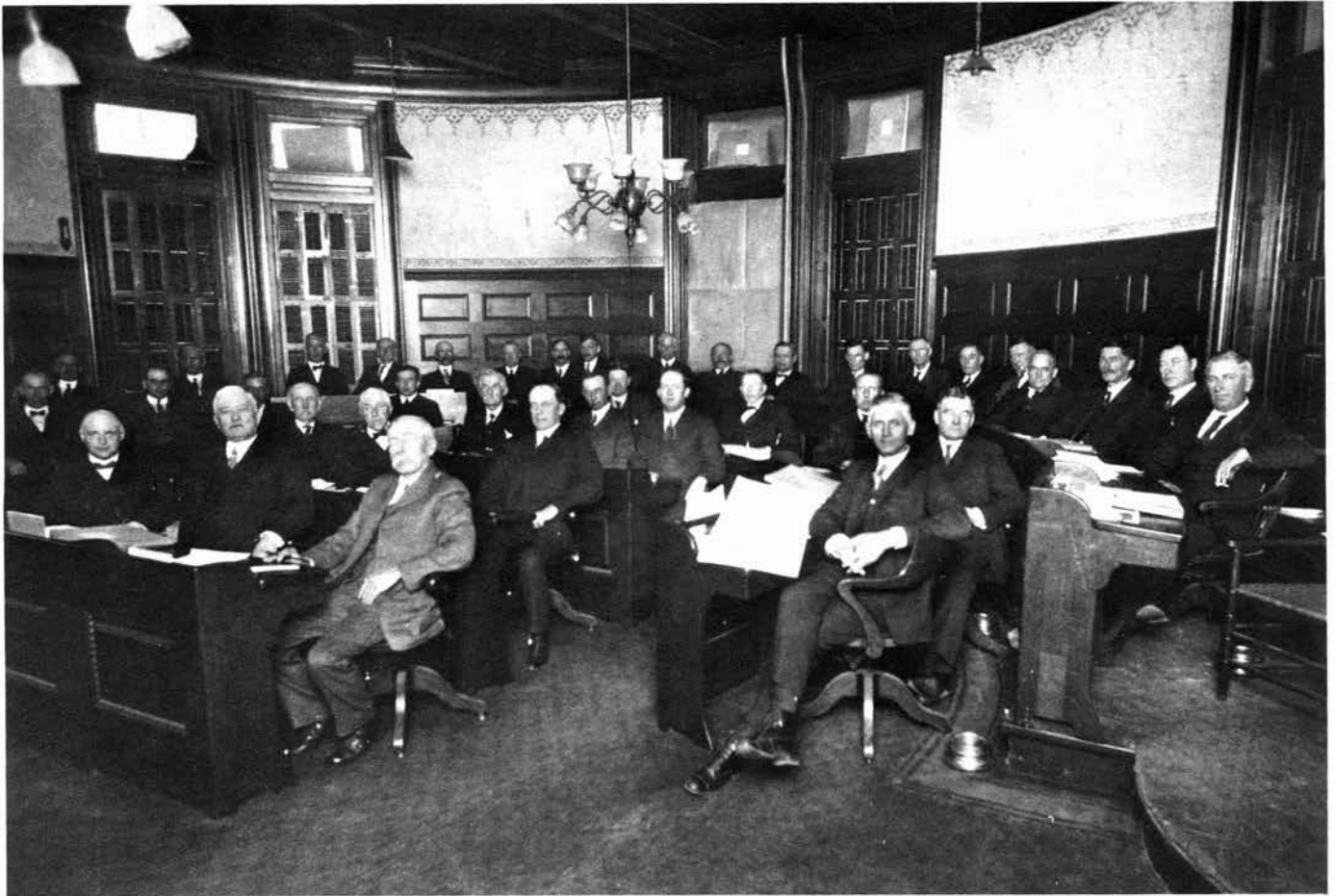
Weather varies from place to place, and also from season to season. One area, in March, may be unusually warm; another unusually cold. The War Year winter — 1917-1918 — was the most severe in the Nation's Capital of any that people could remember. The winter — 1912-1913 was unusually mild there. Differences gives us experiences that are interesting and become treasured memories.

Stark Scenes (continued)



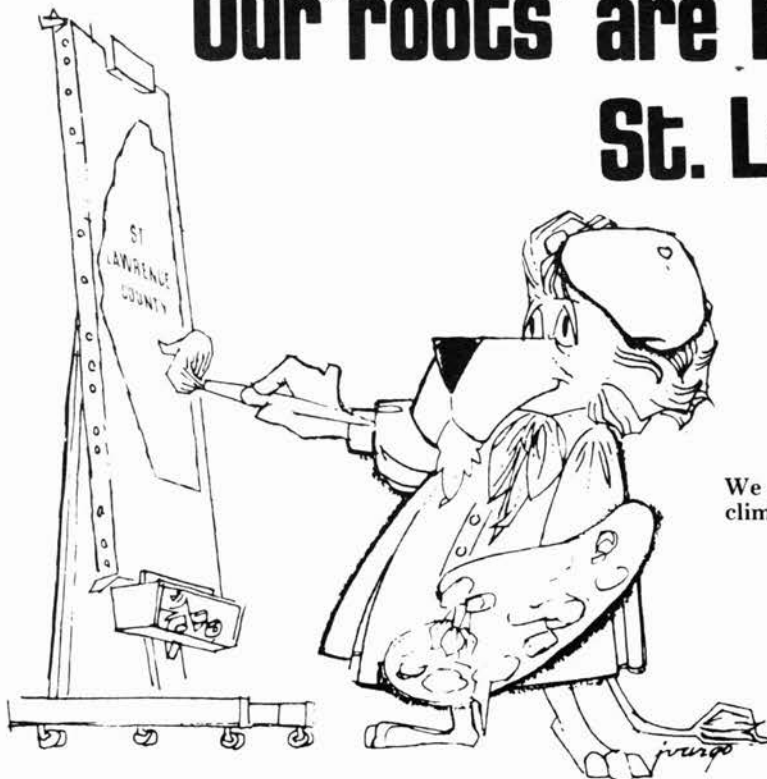
Blake School, across from the Cemetery.





Board of Supervisors c. 1920 , just before the room was redecorated. Only a handful can be positively identified.
(Loaned by Charlotte Popp, Clare historian.)

Our "roots" are here in St. Lawrence County



Green as Grass

ROOTS

We meet monthly at the History Center — Join us and climb your family tree!

For indication of interest, or information, drop a postal card to:

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Book Review

"... a man from the past."

by Roy C. Higby
sketches by Donald Lux
Published by Big Moose Press
Big Moose, N. Y.
Foreword by William G. McLoughlin
Brown University

We can be grateful to Roy C. Higby, woodsman, fisherman, hotel keeper, who has written a story of his life in the Adirondacks.

Spanning 100 years, this lively chronicle is a personal history of the Higby family which settled in Big Moose Lake in the Adirondacks, but it also includes a vivid picture of life of another day and people of another era. Through it all Mr. Higby's enduring love of the Adirondacks is felt.

The book will stir memories for some. It will stir the imagination of others who can only wonder at the pre-automobile, -airplane, -outboard motor, -television world, when hotel guests were content to walk in the woods, canoe or fish, without benefit of program director and mimeographed schedule of planned events.

We can be grateful to Mr. Higby for giving graphic accounts of maple sugaring, cutting ice on a frozen lake, butchering hogs, making an Adirondack guideboat, and handling one; smoking and curing hams; jerking venison — lost, or fast-disappearing arts.

His description of logging is detailed — we never tire of reading of that remarkable feat of human endeavor.

Without moralizing, Mr. Higby lets the reader know that honesty, endurance, self-reliance, ingenuity, were the underlying values on which his world survived, pros-

pered and progressed. His chapters on Depression days, firefighting, near drownings and other stories of close encounters, as well as less dramatic events, are testimonies.

Summer hotel buffs will enjoy the author's reminiscences — from the once-famous Prospect House at Blue Mountain Lake built by W. W. Durant, to "growing up with one's guests," as Mr. Higby puts it. "We now have fourth generation of families coming to Higby's," he writes.

"Altogether, ours is a most interesting, if trying, business, and it is far different from the life of the average businessman who goes to his usual office routine five days a week," he continues. "We have had sad times and hilarious ones, but the friends we have made and the experiences we have enjoyed have been well worth it all."

The final chapter is entitled "Summer of 1973."

"The taste and demands of the present generation are so different from the old days that it is difficult to predict the future," he writes. "I am sure, thinking back, that everyone, including myself, contributed to a degree to the despoilation and seduction of our natural assets. We, too, did not look far enough ahead."

"Lumbering operations were the first step in the seduction of the wilderness. The 'Forever Wilders' were the first to work to keep the area wild. It was the first group to lobby for the cessation of lumbering. They tried to halt the destruction of trees but were unsuccessful . . .

"The Adirondack Park Agency was created in 1973 to control the permanent population of the Park. This Agency halted two building developments (for 50,000 people) which would have made a city of a parkland . . .

"It is a matter now of being on guard at all times, not as in the old days, against fire, flood and wild animals, but against people who do not understand the necessity of preserving woodlands — people who will not acknowledge that other people, tired of noise and pollution and crowds, want to come to these areas to rest, to enjoy what is here and to refresh themselves.

"I have been a witness to the seduction of the wilderness. I am a man from the past."

Mr. Higby has a story to tell. He has taken the time to tell us, for our enjoyment and edification. We are grateful to him.

Jessie D. Gunnison



Terrace Park in the summer, ready for the campers. (Loaned by Jack Brown, Mallorytown, Canada)

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The
St. Lawrence National
Bank



WHERE PEOPLE COME FIRST / Member FDIC

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MADRID HEUVELTON NORWOOD
STAR LAKE HARRISVILLE EDWARDS
BLACK RIVER LOWVILLE PORT LEYDEN CARTHAGE

researchers

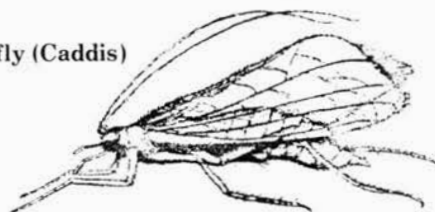
A few of the historians who gathered in six different communities for briefing by the County Historian during May. They were introduced to the Bicentennial Project — The Peoples of St. Lawrence County 1776-1976.



At Chase Mills Margaret Ringwall, Lorraine Bandy, Grace O'Brien, Marie Eldon-Browne. At Colton Nancy Dalland, Beulah Dorothy, Charlotte Popp, Jeanne Reynolds, Norene Forrest, Lorena Reed. At Heuvelton Maxine Rutherford, Fred Erwin, Frances Gardner, Elizabeth Baxter, Persis Boyesen, Adelaide Steele.



June's Shadfly (Caddis)



The only building remaining following a fire a decade ago on Paul Smith's Campus, The Store. The standing fire tower became a part of the new library at Paul Smith's College. A Historians workshop was held June 7-8, for the sixth year on this campus.