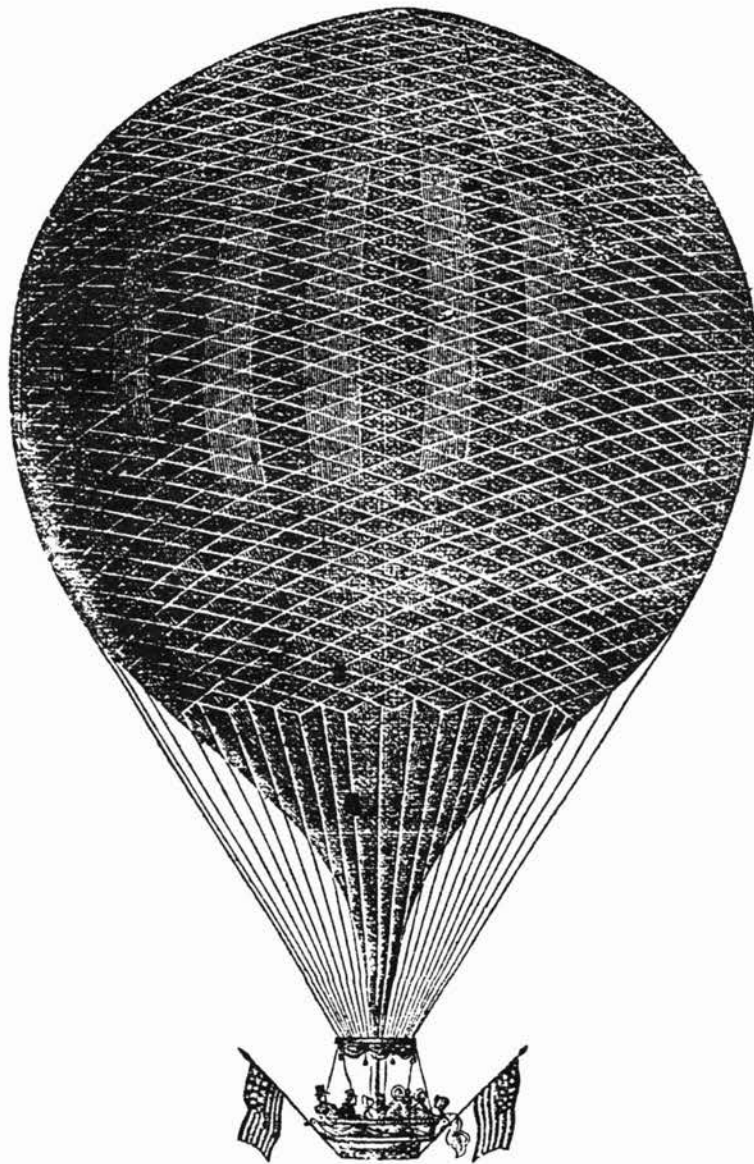


THE QUARTERLY

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE ST. LAWRENCE COUNTY HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION



BALLOON ASCENSION

OCT 1974

THE QUARTERLY

Official Publication Of The St. Lawrence County Historical Association

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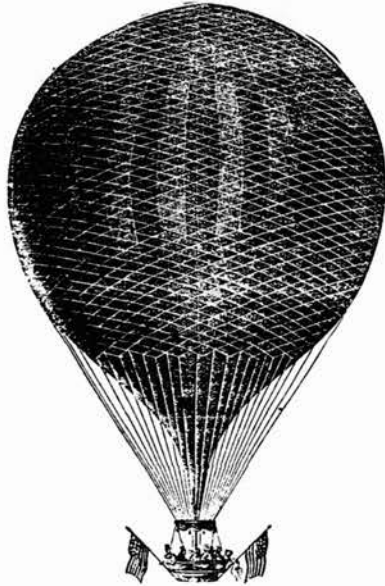
RAQUETTE VALLEY AND ST. REGIS VALLEY

Agricultural and Horticultural Society.

FIRST ANNUAL FAIR, AT POTSDAM.

TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY, OCTOBER 4TH, 5TH & 6TH, 1870.

TUESDAY, Oct 4th—The First Day of the FAIR—will be occupied by entries and preliminary arrangements. Prof. SQUIRE, the celebrated Meteorologist, will make a



BALLOON ASCENSION

From the Fair Grounds, in his famous balloon, **Atlantic**.
AT 4 O'CLOCK P. M. The Professor, has expressly stipulated; with the
Managers of the Fair that he will make no other ascension in this vicinity this Fall.

OFFICERS CHAS. O. TAPPAN, President.
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WEDNESDAY, October 5th

TWO PURSES

Will be competed for on the Course of the Society, commencing at two o'clock in the afternoon, viz:

The Citizen's Trotting Purse of \$100, open to all horses that have never trotted a mile in less than 2.50—best 3 in 5 to harness—\$75 to first, \$25 to second.

Also the Society Trotting Purse of \$125, open to all entire horses kept for stock during the past season—best 3 in 5 to harness—\$100 to first, \$25 to second.

THURSDAY, October 6th—Last Day of the FAIR—The Annual Address will be delivered by

Ex-Lieutenant-Governor Stewart L. Woodford,

At 11.30 o'clock A. M.

After the Address, at 1.30 P. M., the

Award of Premiums

Will be declared from the Stand. Immediately after, the premium animals will be exhibited in front of the Stand. At 3 P. M.

THE LANDLORDS' TROTTING PURSE,

Made up by the Landlords of the village of Potsdam, of \$200, will be competed for; open to all horses that have never trotted a mile in less than 2.35—best 3 in 5 to harness—\$150 to best, \$50 to second. All entries to compete for any of the above purses must be made with the Secretary on or before the night previous to the trial, and by the payment of ten per cent. of the purse competed for. Three to enter and two to start.

*The R., W. & O. Railroad will carry for half fare, and run trains to and from the Fair as will be announced by the Company.

Edwards Citizens Band

by Leah Noble
Edwards Town Historian

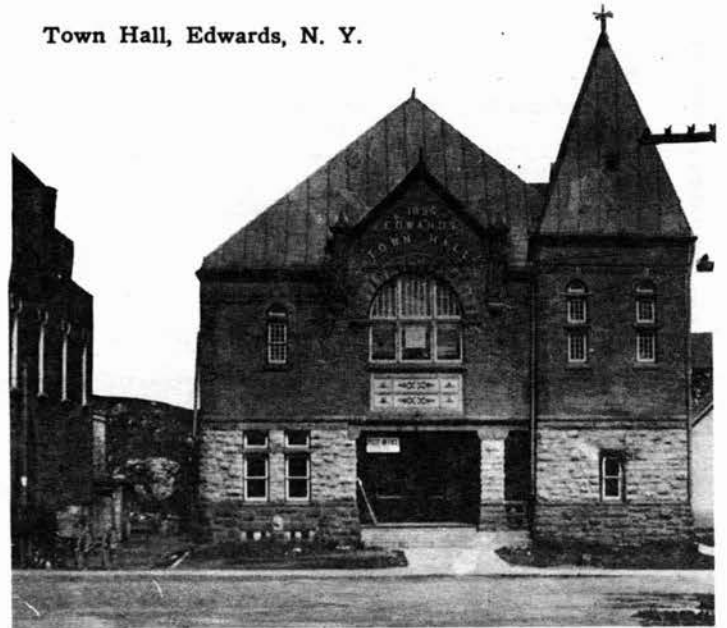
For many years from the turn of the century (about 1890) Edwards Band provided splendid music and pleasure at many public functions in town and away from home. They were found, always, at parade time at Decoration Day, Fourth of July, Gouverneur Fair, Labor Day, Field Days etc. With the exception of Don Marco, who played in Sousa's Band, the members were talented self-taught men. Henry Grant was self-taught and could play any instrument. If a strange instrument were presented to him, after a few minutes examination, he *could play it like a professional.*

Don Todd held a unique place in the Band at the age of 12 or 13, first playing the cymbals and later the trombone and baritone.

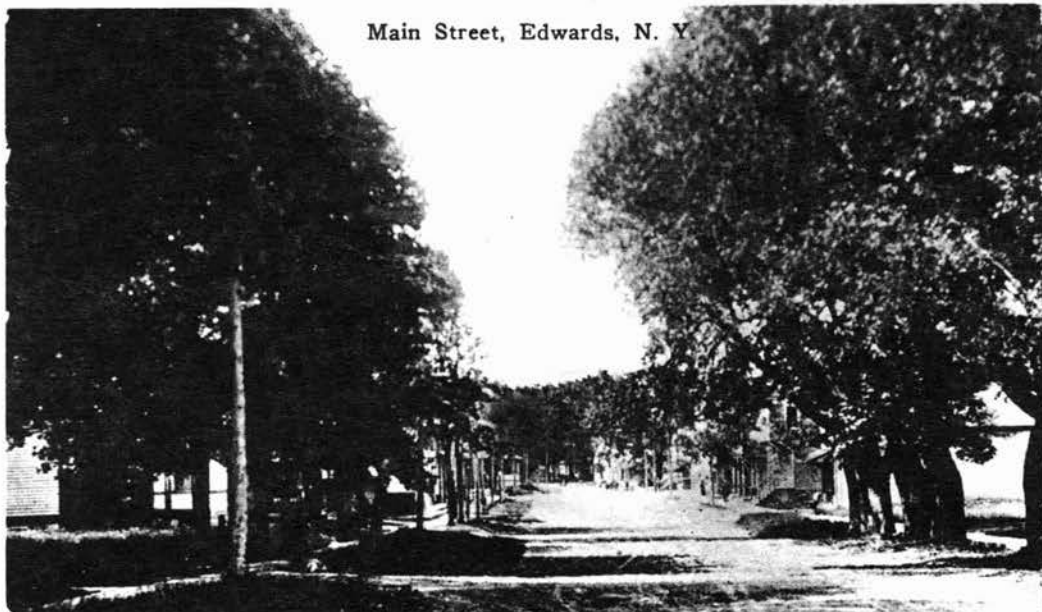
During the summer, concerts were held in the open air Band Stand, which was later made into a home and moved further west along Main St., across from approach to Bridge.

Front row — Harrison Lumley (only survivor), Ralph Balcam, Winifred McKinney, Don Todd, Abe Clarke, Eddie Brayton (leader). Back row — Bower Brown, Everett Beach, Henry Grant, Lloyd Hall, Leon Hall, Emery Maybee, Don Marco, Lawrence Woodcock, Harold Brown, Eddie Rice, Harry Lashuay.

Town Hall, Edwards, N. Y.



Main Street, Edwards, N. Y.



Our Noteworthy Ladies

Laura Harman Humphrey

A DAUGHTER OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

Miss Humphrey died in Massena Memorial Hospital July 12, 1974, at the age of eighty-five.

Laura was born in Constable, Franklin County, New York. She attended grade school there; high school at Malone Free Academy. She graduated from Potsdam State Normal School.

She taught in St. Regis Falls, Winthrop, and at an early age joined the faculty of Massena Junior High School where she stayed until her retirement in June 1945.

Laura was an excellent teacher. She was such a generous, kind, sincere person, I am certain she influenced hundreds of students. You had to be a better person to be in her presence.

Laura was Art Supervisor in Grade School and High School. She studied under Charles S. Chapman, an internationally famed artist whose summer home was in Morristown. Among others, he painted a 40-foot panorama of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River for the American Museum of Natural History. Laura became a fine artist herself. Her paintings were much admired.

Her library was quite extensive. She was a great reader and a deep thinker. In one of her books, "A Labrador Doctor", autobiography of Wilford Thomason Grenfell, there was a beautiful post card of St. Anthony's Hospital dated 1939 from Labrador, thanking Miss Humphrey for the immense debt he owed her for all that she had made possible.

(Written for dedication of DAR marker for our former member.)



Louise Fletcher Chase (See April 1974 Quarterly.)

Mr. Chase died in 1952, and Louise Chase died July first of this year. (We have lost a remarkable friend.)

mhb



Baldwin Heights, Norwood, New York

Pen and ink sketch by Leonora Trauger, September 1947

Baldwin Heights, Norwood, N. Y. owned by the Willis J. Fletcher family since 1888. Pen and ink sketch by Leonora Trauger, Potsdam, N. Y., September 1947, original owned by Louise Fletcher Chase. (Camera Shop, Cambridge, Mass.)

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.

Heritage Preserved

By MASON JAHRS

Many of us returned to the (questionable) joys (?) of the old wood-heating stove this past winter during the energy crisis (?). Many more will indulge in nostalgic whimsy (?) this year by paying twenty times the price of the original for an old original copy of "The Monster."

We recall our youthful winter mornings snuggling under a pile of crazy quilts listening to the sound of ashes being shaken down-waiting for the call to get dressed for school. The fire had been built, beginning with chips (bits left after the larger rounds had been split into stove-size chunks) or corncobs picked up by my little brothers and sisters and put into a discarded washboiler by the stove for quick use. Under these a crumpled newspaper was stuffed and a dash of kerosene. As soon as this blazed up, wood was added.

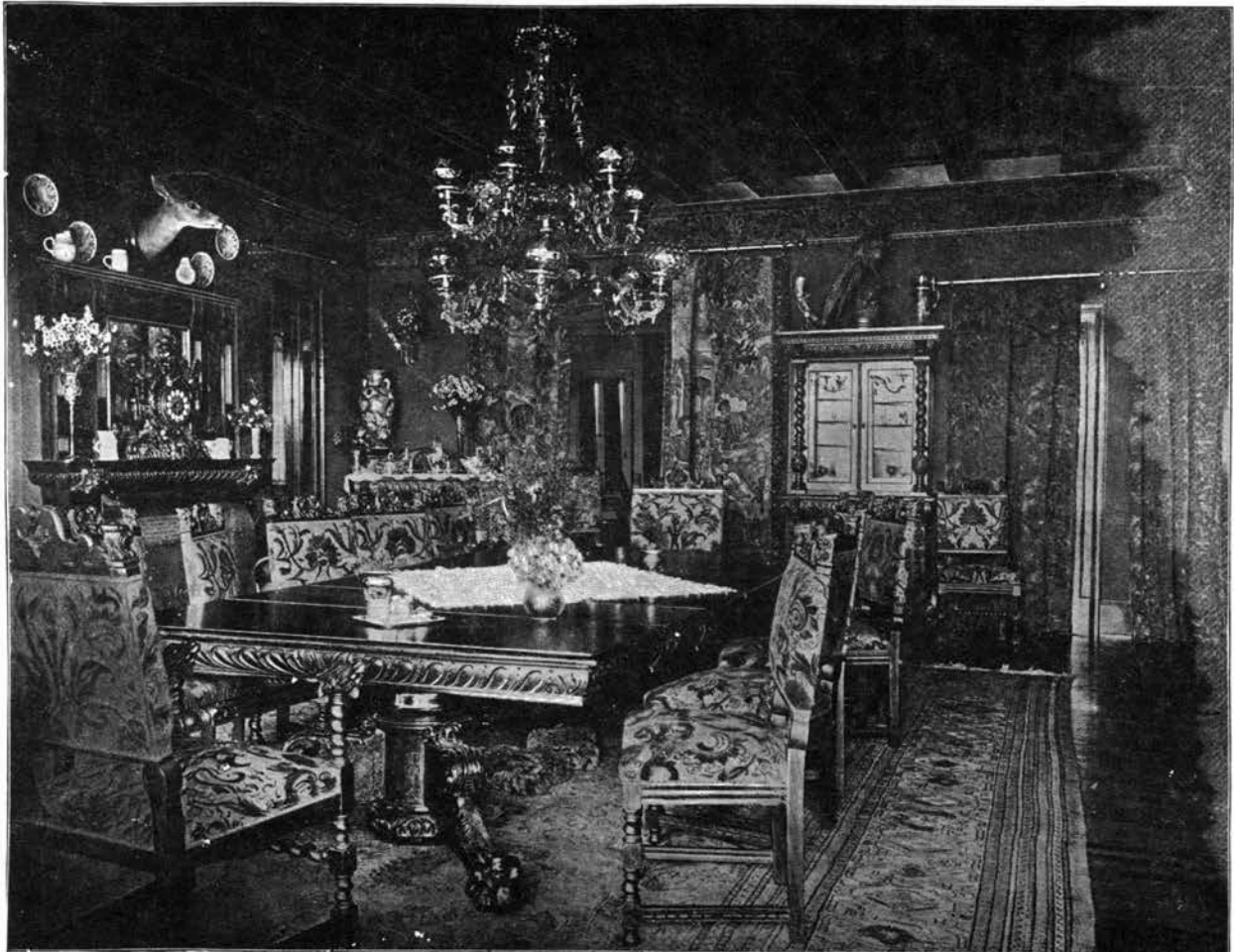
Soon fragrant sausage was simmering away while we got into our clothes in the warm space between the stove and the kitchen wall. The tea kettle steamed away, mother bustled about preparing breakfast.

Solid comfort, pervading warmth and the friendly feeling we felt. All day it worked for us — heated the wash water, baked the bread, made the kitchen a "living" room. When it was not cooking, its minimum warmth dried mittens or socks, dried kindling wood in its oven, incubated baby chicks or baby pigs or kittens. It heated our Saturday night bath water. On Sunday nights it made popcorn. On Thanksgiving and Christmas



Photo lent by Kent Seelye, Star Lake.

it roasted a turkey and a goose, pumpkin and mince pies, loaves of bread and all sorts of accompaniments.



Opulent dining room in the "George Boldt Cottage" in the Thousand Islands.
 (The sad ruins of Boldt Castle are a tourist attraction on Hart Island)



THE SUPERVISOR STORY

St. Lawrence County

1802-1973



Van C. Hoyt, deputy County Historian, piles boxes of the "Supervisor Story," at the History Center.



Jennifer Bell and Arloween jog and staple copies of the book.



Sue Jenack, Mike Jenack, collate the 2000 copies, which may be had by a donation of \$1.75 toward expenses. All paid members of our Association will receive complimentary copies as well as known living former supervisors or their widows, and all Northern New York libraries. The cost of printing has been shared by the Association and the former Board of Supervisors. Material was collected from local historians and edited by the County Historian.

Bachelor and "Fide" Scott

Bachelor Went Gunning for Deer and Got a "Pome"

A Handsome Framed Copy Presented to the Guide Who Inspired It.

There was an author's reading at Benson Mines on the Carthage & Adirondack railroad Monday of last week, and the audience, which consisted of woodsmen and hunters, listened to a recitation as delivered by one of America's foremost present-day novelists, no less a personage than Irving Bachelor, author of "Eben Holden," "Dri and I," "Darrel of the Blessed Isles" and "Vergillius." The little railroad station at "The Mines" was filled with listeners, who greeted the author with enthusiasm and heard him read one of his poems, written in language every man of them could feel and understand. One of the audience in particular heard the poem with marked attention, for to him it was directed and concerning him it was written.

Since Irving Bachelor was a boy way up among the Pierrepont hills in St. Lawrence county, in the days when he still wrote his name "Addison I. Bachelor," as he was christened, he has had a love for the Adirondacks. In recent years he has made annual pilgrimages to the woods and spent long hours in camp and on the trail. On many of these expeditions to the woods, he has employed a picturesque north country guide whose home is in the town of Fine in southern St. Lawrence county, Philo Scott by name, or just "Fide" Scott in the vernacular. Scott has had some peculiar experiences with Bachelor in the woods, and although the author is a good hunter, yet there have been times when he has not conducted himself as entirely becomes a true follower of the trail. Some time the present fall the author conceived the idea of writing a poem in which he would speak as "Fide" Scott would, telling the story of a certain experience in "Fide's" own language, and sparing nothing for the sake of the credit which might be reflected upon anyone. The poem was published in the Christmas number of Harper's Weekly and is republished herewith in full.

Scott has long been Bachelor's guide and it was upon the occasion of the author's visit to him last week that the reading mentioned in the opening paragraph took place. Scott had gone to Benson Mines to meet

Bachelor there and take him and his companion, Mr. Chandler of New York, to the Scott camp in the Cranberry Lake country, not on a hunting trip but simply to enjoy the out-of-doors in winter. Bachelor and party arrived on schedule time and "Fide" was there to meet him. A large number of other residents of the district had also assembled at the station, and it afforded Mr. Bachelor a good opportunity to present Scott with the beautifully framed copy of the poem which he had brought into the woods as a present especially for his guide.

The gathering of woodsmen and others was assembled in the little station. Mr. Bachelor mounted one of the benches with Scott near at hand to hear every word, and the author then read the poem in its entirety to the delight of Scott and the rest of the audience. Mr. Bachelor, in a little speech, then presented the edition deluxe of the poem to Scott, the copy being embellished, among other illustrations, with a photograph of Scott himself. The audience listened to the reading with marked attention and the presentation was followed with uproarious applause.

Bachelor and his party then started for the woods, Scott leading the way and carefully bearing his framed poem. After spending a time at the camp Mr. Bachelor and Mr. Chandler returned to New York and Scott to his home near Fine.

Every one in southern St. Lawrence county knows "Fide" Scott. He has been a woodsman and guide in the Fine country for upwards of 40 years. He knows the woods, he knows the game that inhabits the woods, he is a friend of every stream in the Cranberry country, he loves nature and enjoys living simply for the sake of being here with a prospect of remaining for some time to come. He is a good neighbor in the locality where his farm is situated, he is a man every one likes, and it is in no wise marvelous that Irving Bachelor, author, sings one of his most beautiful poems through the lips of this sturdy son of the forest.

DEDICATION

Being a Story of the "Adirondacks" Told by Me in the Words of Him Who Had Borne With Buck Fever and Bad Marksmanship Until, Having Been Long Out of Meat and Patience, He Put His Confidence in Me and We Sallied Forth.

By Irving Bachelor.

From Harper's Weekly.

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We'd greased our tongues with bacon 'till they'd shy at food and fork
 An' the trails of thought were slippery an' sloping towards New
 York;
 An' our gizzards shook and trembled an' were most uncommon hot
 An' the oaths were slipping easy from the tongue of Philo Scott.

Then skyward rose a flapjack an' a hefty oath he swore
 An' he spoke of all his sufferin' which he couldn't stan' no more;
 An' the flapjack got to jumpin' like a rabbit on the run
 As he give his compliments to them who couldn't p'int a gun.

He told how deer would let 'em come an' stan' an' rest an' shoot
 An' how bold an' how insultin' they would eye the tenderfoot;
 How he—Fide Scott—was hankerin' fer suthin' fit to eat
 "_____!" says he. "le's you an' me go out an' find some meat."

We paddled off a-whisperin' beneath the long birch limbs
 An' we snooked along as silent as a sucker when he swims;
 I could hear him slow his paddle as eroun' the turns he bore;
 I could hear his neck a-creakin' while his eye run up the shore.

An' soon we come acrost a buck as big an' bold as sin
 An' Philo took t'swallerin' to keep his feelin's in;
 An' every time he swallowed, as he slowly swung eroun',
 I could hear his Adam's apple go a-squeakin' up an' down.

He sot an' worked his paddle jest as skillful as he could
 An' we went on slow an' careless, like a chunk of floatin' wood;
 An' I kind o' shook and shivered an' the pesky ol' canoe
 It seemed to feel as I did, for it shook an' shivered too.

I sot there, full o' deviltry, a-pintin' with the gun,
 An' we come up clost and closter, but the deer he didn't run;
 An' Philo shet his teeth so hard he split his briar-root
 As he held his breath a-waitin, an' expectin' me to shoot.

I could kind o' feel him hanker, I could kind o' hear him think,
 An' we'd come so nigh the animal we didn't dast to wink,
 But I kept on a-pintin' of the rifle at the deer
 Jest as if I was expectin' fer to stick it in his ear.

An' Philo tetched the gunnel soft an' shook it with his knee,
 I kind o' felt him nudgin' an' a-wishin' he was me,
 But I kept on a-pintin' with a foolish kind o' grin,
 Enjoyin' all the wickedness that he was holdin' in.

An' of a sudden I could feel a tremble in his feet;
 I knew that he was gettin' mad an' fillin' up with heat,
 An' his blood it kind o' simmered, but he couldn't say a damn—
 He'd the feelin's of a panther an' the quiet of a lamb.

But I only sot a-pintin' at the shoulder of the deer
 An' we snooked along as ca-areful an' we kept a-drawin' near;
 An' Philo—so deceivin'—as if frozen into rock,
 Was all het up with sinfulness from headgear unto sock.

An' his foot come creepin' for'ards an' he tetched me with his boot
 An' he whispered low an' anxious, an' says he, "Why don't ye shoot?"
 An' the buck he see the time had come fer him an' us to part
 An' he flung the spray as Philo pulled the trigger at his heart.

He had panthers in his bosom, he had horns upon his mind;
 An' the panthers spit an' rassled an' their fur riz up behind;
 And he gored me with his languidge an' he clawed me with his eye
 'Til I wisht that, when I done him dirt, I hadn't been so nigh.

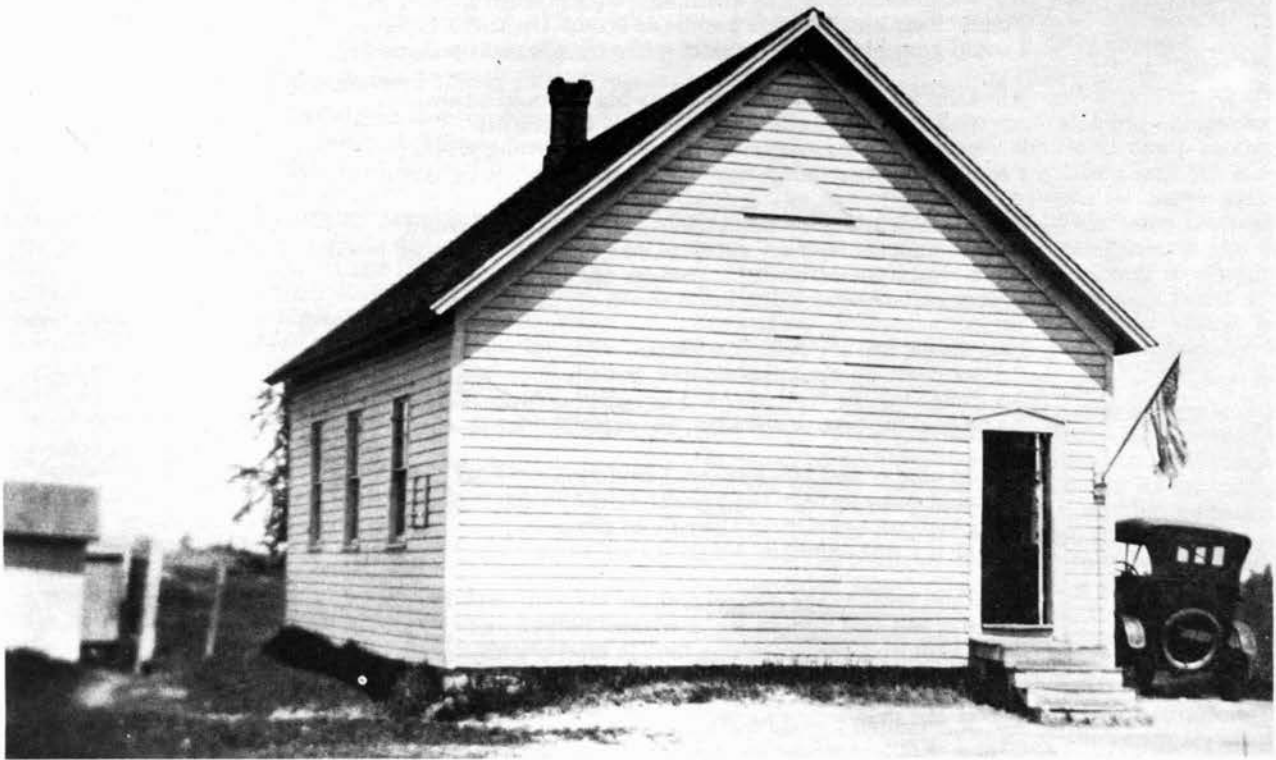
He scairt the fish beneath us an' the birds upon the shore
 An' he spoke of all his sufferin' which he couldn't stan' no more;
 Then he sot an' thought an' muttered as he pushed a mile or so
 Like a man that's lost an' weary on the mountain of his woe.

An' he eyed me over curious an' with pity on his face
 An' he seemed to be a-sortin' words to make 'em fit the case.
 "Of all the harmless critters that I ever Met," says he,
 "There ain't not none more harmless—my God—than what you be."

An' he added, kind o' sorrowful, an' hove a mighty sigh:
 "I'd be 'shamed to meet another deer an' look him in the eye
 God knows a man that p'int's so never orter hev no grub,
 What game are you expectin' fer t' slaughter with a club?"

An' I answered with a riddle: "It has head an' eyes an' feet
 An' is black an' white an' harmless, but a fearful thing to meet;
 It's a long and pesky animal as any in the county
 Can't ye guess?—I've ketched a pome an' I'll give ye half the bounty."

School District 14 of Lisbon



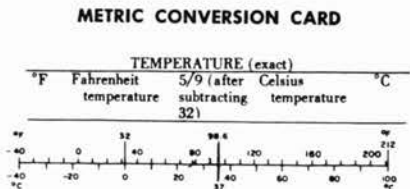
This is the District 14 School house as it appeared in the spring of 1933. At the time I was the teacher and the Model "T" parked at the side was mine and I wish I had it now. Notice the outhouse at the left. This was the boys, and the girls was at the other side. You will notice at the left front side of the building a small square, this was an opening for the wood to be thrown through into the front section of the building where the wood to heat the school was stored. It was burned in a large round oak stove in the middle of the building. There were 16 students in the school at the time in six grades ranging from first to eighth. My preparation for teaching consisted of graduation from O.F.A. in June of 1923, then going to Potsdam State Normal for a six weeks summer school and then I was turned loose to teach. It was no particular fault of the system but I was the worst

teacher this school ever had. It may say something to have you know that after 1923 no high school graduate could get a permit to teach with only six weeks summer school training.

This particular building burned sometime in the early 30's and the school was held in a building next door that I believe at one time had been a blacksmith shop operated by Dan Kent. When I was a youngster in the neighborhood, the building was used as a grocery store and was operated by Billie Phelan. I am not sure how long it was used for a school house but it too burned sometime I believe in the late 30's. Of course the school has long since been part of the centralized school in Lisbon. Centralization was a "dirty word" when I was growing up.

Metric Practice

Approximate Conversions To Metric Measures				
Symbol	When You Know	Multiply by	To Find	Symbol
LENGTH				
in	inches	2.5	centimeters	cm
ft	feet	30	centimeters	cm
yd	yards	0.9	meters	m
mi	miles	1.6	kilometers	km
AREA				
in ²	square inches	6.5	square centimeters	cm ²
ft ²	square feet	0.09	square meters	m ²
yd ²	square yards	0.8	square meters	m ²
mi ²	square miles	2.6	square kilometers	km ²
	acres	0.4	hectares	ha
MASS (weight)				
oz	ounces	28	grams	g
lb	pounds	0.45	kilograms	kg
	short tons (2000 lb)	0.9	tonnes	t
VOLUME				
tsp	teaspoons	5	milliliters	ml
Tbsp	tablespoons	15	milliliters	ml
fl oz	fluid ounces	30	milliliters	ml
c	cup	0.24	liters	l
pt	pints	0.47	liters	l
qt	quarts	0.95	liters	l
gal	gallons	3.8	liters	l
ft ³	cubic feet	0.03	cubic meters	m ³
yd ³	cubic yards	0.76	cubic meters	m ³



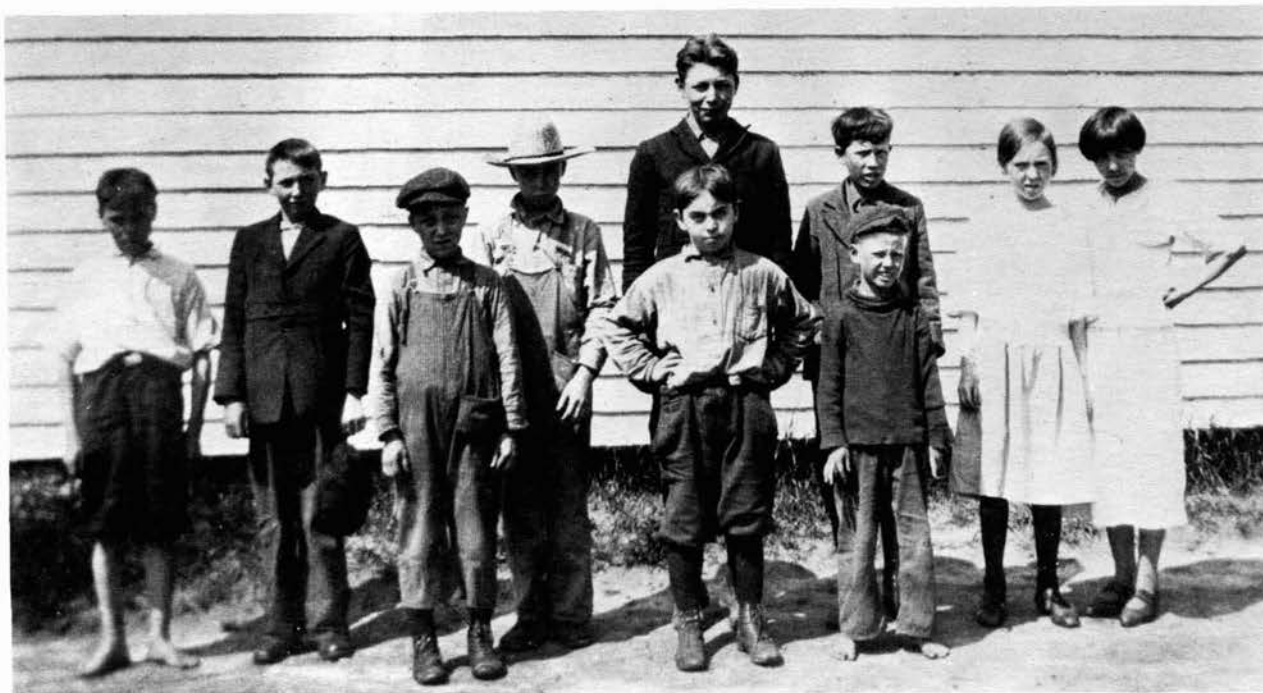
Compliments of
NEW YORK STATE
WEIGHTS AND MEASURES ASSOCIATION

Approximate Conversions From Metric Measures				
Symbol	When You Know	Multiply by	To Find	Symbol
LENGTH				
mm	millimeters	0.04	inches	in
cm	centimeters	0.4	inches	in
m	meters	3.3	feet	ft
m	meters	1.1	yards	yd
km	kilometers	0.6	miles	mi
AREA				
cm ²	square centimeters	0.16	square inches	in ²
m ²	square meters	1.2	square yards	yd ²
km ²	square kilometers	0.4	square miles	mi ²
ha	hectares (10,000 m ²)	2.5	acres	
MASS (weight)				
g	grams	0.035	ounces	oz
kg	kilograms	2.2	pounds	lb
t	tonnes (1000 kg)	1.1	short tons	
VOLUME				
ml	milliliters	0.03	fluid ounces	fl oz
l	liters	2.1	pints	pt
l	liters	1.06	quarts	qt
l	liters	0.26	gallons	gal
m ³	cubic meters	35	cubic feet	ft ³
m ³	cubic meters	1.3	cubic yards	yd ³
TEMPERATURE (exact)				
°C	Celsius temperature	9/5 (then add 32)	Fahrenheit temperature	°F



by Dwight Mayne

The group of children in front of the school was part of the student body and I name them as best I can. Left to right: Earl Morris (bare feet); Lowell Curry (hat in hand); John Carmichael (cap); Burton Lockwood (straw hat); Walter Curry (tall in back); William Carr (knickers, in front); Millard Backus (bare feet); Morris Backus (behind); Emma Carr, (now Mrs. Walter Bowers); Elizabeth Baxter.



Tidbits of old Journalese

Field Day at DePeyster

Ogdensburg Team Defeats Clayton — Race Horse Breaks Leg and Is Shot.

DEPEYSTER, Aug, 13, 1921 — The Annual Odd Fellows' Field day celebration was held here yesterday. The sports were enjoyed by a crowd of over 2,000 people.

The baseball game, which created much excitement all through the nine innings of play, owing to the closeness of the contest, brought together two of the fastest teams in this section, namely, Clayton and the Standard Shade Roller team of Ogdensburg. The Ogdensburg players were the victors, winning by a score of 5 to 3. Both teams gave a very high class exhibition of baseball. The batteries were Colnon and Montroy for Clayton and Doe for Ogdensburg.

The running horse races created intense excitement and would have been more highly enjoyed had it not been for an accident which happened when a horse belonging to Alfred Larue and ridden by a boy named Simons, lost its footing on the last turn and fell breaking its leg. The animal was shot by a state trooper.

Later on in the afternoon, Henry Zims of New York City stopped in front of a garage to get some oil for his car. Just as he stepped from the running board of his car another automobile came up from behind and struck him the wheels passing over his right leg. Mr. Zims sustained a badly sprained leg.

DREADFUL CALAMITY, — A man dyeing every day and not dead yet, at Canton Dye Works on Dies Street. An entirely new business. Clothes thoroughly cleaned and dyed by a professional dyer, from Derbyshire, England, on quick notice, and satisfaction guaranteed. Terms as follows:

Overcoats	\$1.25
Dresscoats.....	1.00
Vests25
Pants75

All work renovated and pressed etc. equal to new.

Alexander Dies

[The St. Lawrence Plaindealer (ca. Nov. 1879) submitted by Carol Sherman, Deputy Town Historian, Madrid, N.Y.]

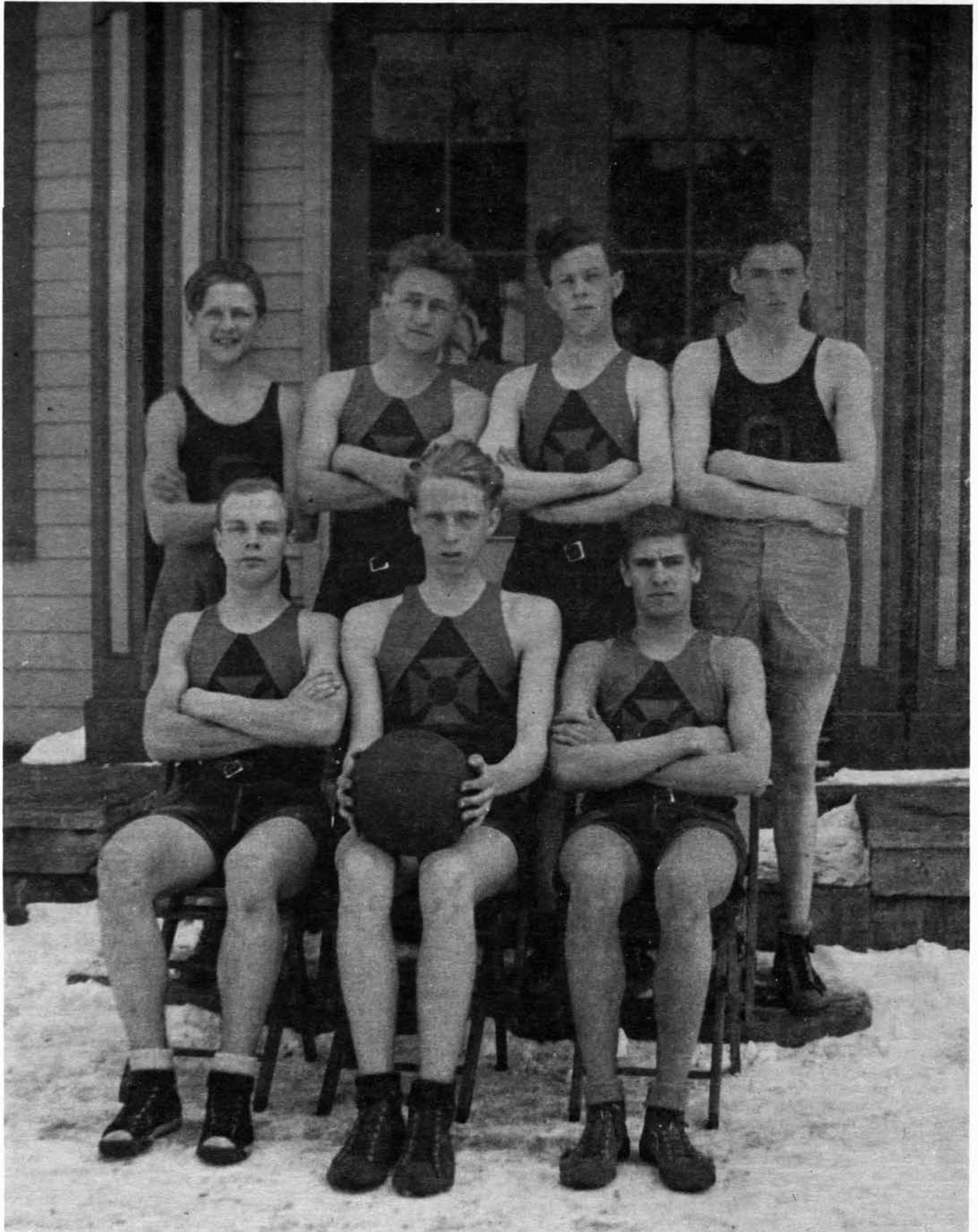
Pierces Corners
Macomb

Dec., 1879

Mial H. Pierce has sold his sawmill and gone to seek his fortune among the Mormons.

Feb. 1880

Perley Perry has gone to Utah. Folks have Nebraska Rage. No tidings from H. B. Turner.



Oswegatchie High School Team (1935). L-R, back row: Leslie Gertz, Hollis Scruton, Bob Murphy, Norman Mc-

Vey. Front row: Elmer Ward, Lester Ward, Gordon Tubbs.

Courtesy Lester Ward, Star Lake



Oswegatchie Girls Team, 1936-7. L. to R.: Alice Durham (Carroll), Frances Nichols (root), Beatrice Backus (Clark). Front, l-r: Nadine McCollum, Flora Martin, Iris Scruton (Brown).



Baseball at Oswegatchie, 1937-8. L-R, front row: Donald Fletcher, John Durham, Jr., James Ritz, _____ Mc-Broome. Back row: Virgil Simonds, Herschel Dowling, Norman Powers, Jack McDonald, Leslie Gertz, Felix Martin.

Courtesy Lester Ward, Star Lake



Green as Grass

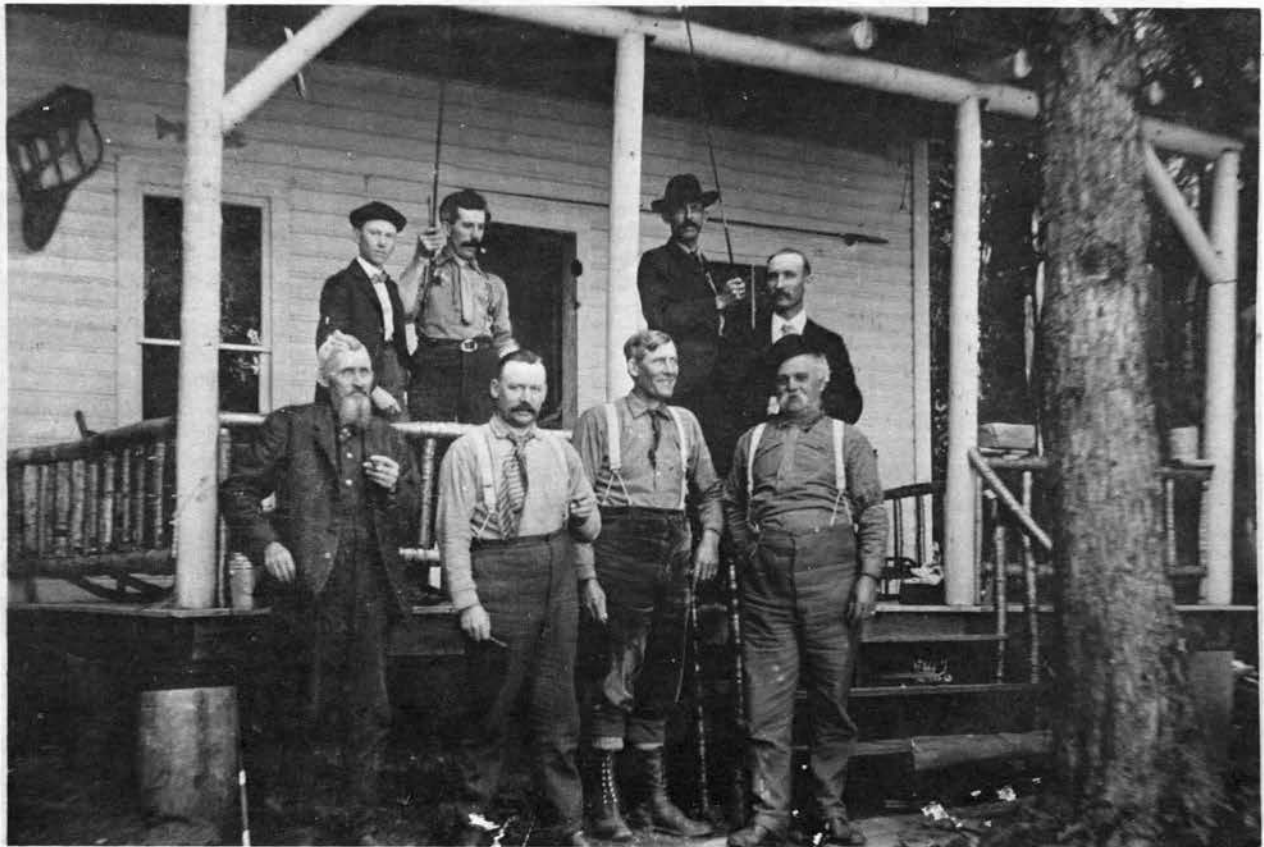
ROOTS

Green as Grass ROOTS. The genealogy group meets at the History Center at least monthly. Shown at their recent seminar on How to Read Old Documents are Van C. Hoyt, deputy County Historian, Mary Beth Wade, Mr. and Mrs. Walton, Mary Ruth Marney and Flo Conger. There are now 53 members who receive the publication ROOTS (\$1.00 a year) full of information for old timers and new timers in family research. For further information write Green as Grass ROOTS, Box 43, Canton, N.Y. 13617.

Gone but not forgotten...



The Old Squire Baldwin House, Canton about 1870.



**Adirondack Guides possibly at Howlands.
On porch left to right. Unknown, unknown, Game Warden Byron McCollum, fire warden Charles Brundage, who both married Thurston sisters. In front, woods**

guide Sternberg, — Mott, — Preston and Steve Ward.

Courtesy of Harriet Colton)

Gone

but not forgotten...

The Hotel Edwards, Edwards, N. Y.



History Center Hours 9-4
Mondays
Court House in Canton

Notice

PROGRAM FOR SATURDAY
 OCTOBER 19, 1974

ANNUAL MEMBERSHIP MEETING
 AND OPENING OF THE GOVERNOR
 WRIGHT HISTORICAL CENTER

- 10:00-11:00 Board of Trustees Meeting
 (Directors Room, Canton Savings and Loan)
- 11:00-12:00 Annual General Membership Meeting
 (Community Room, Canton Savings and Loan)
- 12:15-1:30 Luncheon —
 (Community Room, Presbyterian Church)
- 1:30-3:30 Program in the Park
 (open to the public)
 - a) Introductory Remarks
 - b) Musical Selections
 - c) Pageant of Silas Wright
 (The Grass River Players)
 - d) Walking Tour of Village Park Historic
 District — Dr. Harlan Halladay
 - e) Ribbon Cutting at the Archives
 Research Center
 Governor Wright Historical Center
 - f) Small Group Tours of Governor Silas
 Wright home

— Please watch area newspapers for details of cost,
 as well as reservations and other program specific.

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.

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!)

remember when...

Nov. 26th.

SATURDAY'S CASH PRICES**AT****A. KINNEY & SON**

27 Main St., Gouverneur, N. Y.

17c. BUTTER 17c.

50 lb. sacks Family Flour.....	75c
Best Mince Meat.....	per pkg, 7c
Best Mixed Candy.....	per lb, 10c
Best Moca and Java Coffee.....	per lb, 25c
Gilt Edge Butter.....	per lb. 17c
Waldorf Catsup.....	large bottles, 10c
50 sacks Hubbard's Superlative Flour.....	per sack \$1.13
First quality Sweet Potatoes.....	per peck 20c
Choice Japan Tea.....	per lb. 25c
Boneless Cod Fish, 1 lb. boxes.....	for 6c
2 lb. can Corn Beef.....	for 20c
10 lb. sacks Herricks Pure Buckwheat.....	for 21c
3 lb cans Boston Baked Beans, first quality.....	for 10c
3 lb. can finest quality Pine Apples.....	for 10c
2 cakes Brook's Crystal Soap.....	for 5c
1½ lb. cake Fairbank's Soap.....	for 5c
3 pound box Daniel's Crackers.....	for 20c
Nutmegs, first quality.....	per oz. 4c
Pure Ground Sage.....	per lb. 10c
Pure Ground Allspice.....	per lb. 10c
First quality Cranberries.....	per quart, 8c
4 cans very best Corn.....	for 25c
Fancy Syrup, per can.....	15c
Fancy Glass Dish filled with finest refined Mustard.....	5c
10 lbs. Oat Flake.....	25c
Pure Ground Pepper.....	per lb. 10c
Pure Ginger.....	per lb. 10c
Pure Mustard.....	per lb. 10c
Pure Ground Cinnamon.....	per lb. 10c
1 package Parlor Matches [12 boxes].....	for 7c
3 cakes Our Hustler Soap.....	for 5c
"Lion Brand" Coffee.....	per lb. 10c
Home Rendered Lard.....	per lb. 7c
1 lb. package Corn Starch.....	5c
1 lb package Gloss Starch.....	5c
1 lb. package Soda.....	5c
Choice Brand Can Salmon.....	per can, 10c
50 lb. sacks Pillsbury's Best Flour.....	per sack, \$1.13
50 lb. sacks Gold Dust Flour [cloth sacks].....	per sack, \$1.00
50 lb. sacks Snow Flake Flour.....	per sack, 88c
50 lb. sacks Perfection Flour.....	per sack, 88c
50 lb. sacks White Lily Flour.....	per sack, 85c
4 cans of Fancy Peas.....	25c
Oysters.....	per quart, 25c
10 lb. sacks Graham Flour.....	20c
10 lb. sacks Corn Meal.....	18c
50 lb. sacks Banner Flour.....	88c
50 lb. sacks Seal of Dakota Flour.....	95c
50 lb. sacks North Star Flour.....	80c

Every article named on this list warranted first-class.

Poetical Portraits



Shabby and Forlorn

Rose Tripp

There's a shabby school-house by the road
Where cars and trucks go whizzing fast:
Big busses filled for larger schools
Unmindful of its worthy past.

Now let us look back sixty years
When the pace of life was sensible;
The role of this little country school
Was certainly indispensable.

The seats were actually built for two,
But sometimes three would occupy;
For pupils came for all the grades
From kindergarten up to high.

Sometimes there were not seats enough,
The teacher had to crowd them in.
For not a soul was turned away,
Though some were just as big as men.

At night the desks were folded down,
And seats tipped back a foot or more.
This made it easier for her
As the teacher always swept the floor.

A big round stove provided warmth
From autumn 'til the last of May:
Placed in the center of the room,
Heat was more uniform that way.

The wood-shed filled with chunks of wood,
An older boy would ask to get,
And many a fight at recess time
When one was called "the teacher's pet."

The windows were the only light,
But this was never given a thought:
On rainy days the room was dim,
But none would think of finding fault.

The drinking water in the pail
Of course was the only kind they had,
And carried from the nearest farm
By some ambitious stouter lad.

Hooks in one corner held their wraps:
For dinner-pails a bench was made;
And if tin covers were not tight
The ants were sure to make a raid.

The classes called came to the desk
Of the teacher, lessons to recite,
But if it were arithmetic
Teacher sent them to the board to write.

While they were figuring at the board
She called another class, indeed—
With every subject, every grade,
She had to show a little speed.

The teacher gave a thoughtful nod
Whenever she spied two fingers raise;
Then kept in mind just one at a time,
The out-house was a busy place.

The rules were strict in those olden times,
If they were caught when chewing gum;
They almost choked, but swallowed it;
Standing in the corner wasn't fun.

But oh the many things they learned!
They could figure papering and the cost:
And every child would learn to read
For not a bit of time was lost.

No gym classes, two short recess times,
Playing running games then as a rule;
While honesty and integrity were taught
In this now shabby and forlorn school.

Autumn on the Farm

Abigail Cole

75 Years Ago

Corn stalks stand as teepees in an even row.
Pumpkins are scattered right where they grow.
All are waiting for carting to the barn, 'bye and 'bye.
Pumpkins to be used as Jack-o-lanterns, or pumpkin pie.
Corn to be husked. Will there be a red ear
Giving permission to a feller to kiss the girl
he thinks dear?

Apples to be stored where they will turn from
hard to "mellar"

Potatoes rumbling down a chute into the bin in cellar.
Cabbages, turnips, squash, carrots, beets on a shelf.
Vegetables for dinner. No price. Just help yourself.
Eggs, when plenty, put to stay fresh in a winter store.
Pats of butter in a crock on the cellar floor.
Plenty of food in the cellar means lots of work.
Everybody learns that nobody should shirk.

Home from school to a tantalizing smell.
What you making today? Mother is glad to tell:
"Cucumber pickles. I am almost done;"
Canning, jelling, jamming — Haven't we had fun?
All kinds of berries — Nothing went to waste;
Rhubarb and citron, sweetened to taste.
Tonight we'll slice apples and hang them up to dry.
We'll each have a part in the dried apple pie.
Maple sugar and butternuts for frosting or candy.
Everything home grown sure comes in handy.
Granulated sugar, flour, kerosene, we have our supply.
We have very little cash, but not much to buy.

Days are getting shorter. Winter cold has settled in.
Getting Ready for storing meat we should now begin.
We place a large deep box in a corner of the shed;
In the bottom, hard packed snow
with water is evenly spread.
A smaller box inside — between the two filled with
solid ice.

Makes a perfect freezer; work time its only price.
Pieces of beef and pork, frozen, meat enough for all;
Young roosters, old hens, fried, awaiting dinner call.
For heat, last winter's work is this winter's fuel.
Wood, split to fit the stoves, according to rule.
On a stormy night, we have popcorn together.
In a happy family, who cares about the weather?



Dear Mary,

The caption information on page 14 (July) was in error. My grandfather Orson James Pelsue (there was no Edson) was postmaster until 1903. He became ill that spring and my parents went up to help take care of him and help with the store and P.O. He died in May and I was born in July. (I never thought I'd see a picture of my birthplace in the Quarterly!) My parents moved to Potsdam later that year, my grandmother with them. Jim Jamieson then took over the Stark P.O. and store . .

Congratulations again on a fine July Quarterly and best wishes for future issues.

Sincerely,
Keith Blake
(Joe INdian
Summer Resident)



Dear Mrs. Biondi:

Your program for celebrating locally our Nation's 200th birthday sounds interesting and I believe is taking it up in the right way. I have felt that what we need is not a big one year celebration, but bringing of people back to a realization of how we started "under God" and how the spirit of cooperative doing led to such a wonderful growth. As God created us, we are individually different. A great wrong, it seems to me, has been done in the last two decades particularly, in trying to bring all people to a common level of equality. In a civilization such as ours, there are many heights. At the top of each there may be only one individual. Scattered along down the slopes there are others, more and more as more and more are able to climb to that height where they find a successful happy life. We should give equal opportunity to each individual to develop to the best his or her own best potential, and not begrudge the rewards found by those endowed by our Creator so that he or she is able to climb higher.

We should appreciate and truly value differences and use each constructively. So our differences would fill the vast maze of needs.

May the St. Lawrence Historical Association take its place in constructive work through the future years.

Sincerely
Abigail Cole



Dear Mrs. Biondi:

Just a note to thank you very much for the courtesies shown me by you and your staff, and your assistance in helping me locate information on the Fenton family. Now, I have another request: Could you tell me if any of the following people show up on the cemetery records in the Town of Gouverneur: George M. Morehouse & his wife, Clara (McCauley)? Thanks again.

Calvin D. Fenton
New York Military Academy
Cornwall-on-Hudson, N.Y.
12520



Beeline



FROM THE EDITOR

As we move toward expansion of our programs and services, the editor of this official publication cannot help but reflect on the responsibility to keep the interest of the members using as much submitted material as possible while trying for the integrity of the articles. Occasionally items come with incomplete identification, insufficient or incorrect data. These require much checking, yet not so much to destroy the curiosity in the item. We confess to very little "blue penciling" of members' articles.

This issue has a wealth of pictorial material — perhaps more than usual. We want you to read the insert carefully.

Several articles (including our planned cover and lead article) came up with no illustrations or needed checking. They will appear soon.

Do keep the items coming in — we'll get to them eventually. Members' material will take precedence.



MHB

Dear Mrs. Biondi:

As usual I read The Quarterly from cover to cover. In regard to the "Mystery picture" in the April issue, I cannot identify the people in it further than Mrs. Crary has done, but I am sure that the store building was the one where, before Mrs. Crary, Kate Paige had her fancy-goods store. She sold a wide variety of materials for handwork—knitting and crocheting yarns, needles and hooks, embroidery silks, stamped linens for embroidery from small doilies to shirtwaists, spools for knitting small, round tubes of worsted which were sewed into lamp mats. I think she also sold Buttrick patterns, some women's clothing and other articles. Before her marriage to Albert Eastman, my father's cousin, Alice Mattison clerked for Miss Paige. We youngsters who used to go there to buy 10c worth of a colored yarn or other small purchase thought Miss Paige a crotchety old woman, but we were probably something of a nuisance to her with our dallying over whether to get a plain color or a variegated yarn.

I note that you are running a series of "Our Noteworthy Ladies." I have long intended to write an article on Mrs. Alex Milne, Canton's Cateress during the late 19th and early 20th centuries. If she has not already been covered, I'll do this for you later.

I hope the Wright House project is going well. I expect to be in Canton in late October and shall be interested then in seeing what has been accomplished.

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

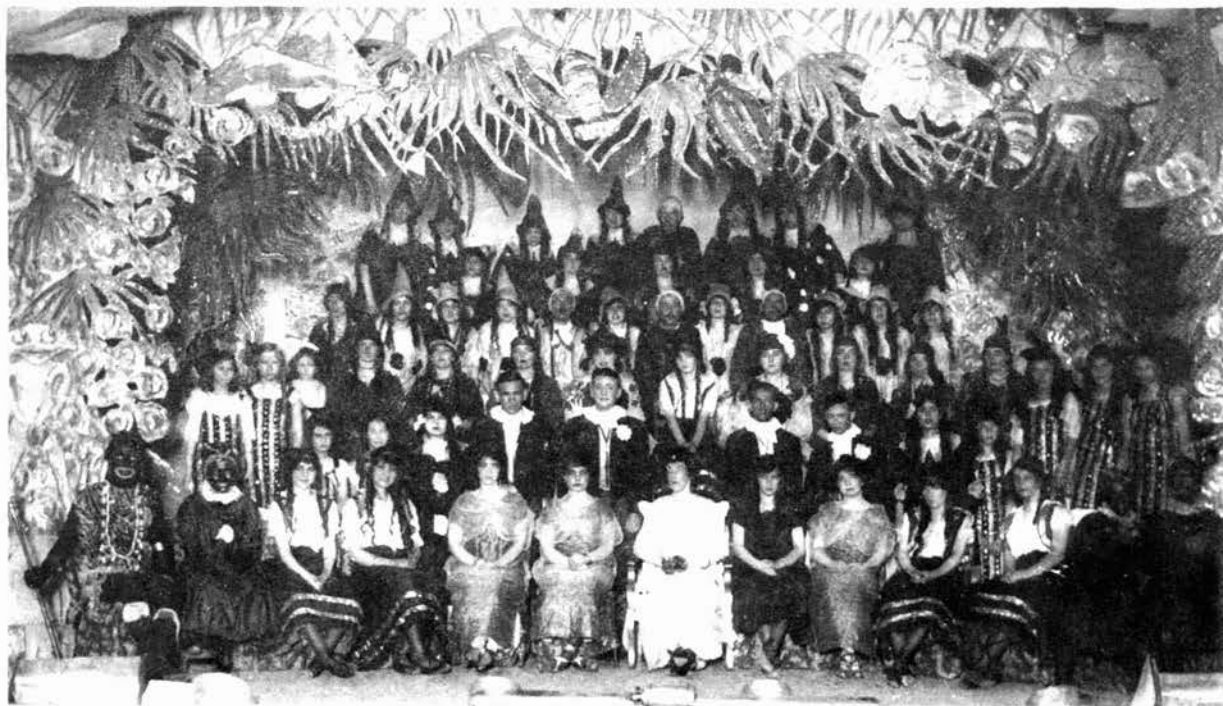
Good! We'll be expecting to get to "Know" Mrs. Milne.

MHB



The Citizens' Band Concert Programme:

- | | | | |
|---|---|-------------------------------|-----------|
| 1 | Rifleman's Quickstep, | (<i>H. G. Frankenfield</i>) | BAND. |
| 2 | Grand Introductory Overture, (| " " ") | BAND. |
| 3 | Harmony Polka, | | |
| | (composed expressly for the Richville Citizen's Band.) | | BAND |
| 4 | Andante and Waltz—Troop, | (<i>Rollison.</i>) | BAND. |
| 5 | On Parade—Quickstep, | (<i>Ripley.</i>) | BAND. |
| 6 | Song—At the Rising of the Moon | | H. CLARK. |
| 7 | Quickstep Bonanza (written and composed expressly for the Richville
Citizen's Band by H. G. Frankenfield.) | | |



Play by High School at the Old Gouverneur Opera House about 1915.

The Seaway Tour

by Margaret Nulty

It rained. In Massena it poured — all day it poured. Only those who had to showed up — the Program Chairman accompanied by Miss Carney and the Massena Town Historian, Mrs. Eldon-Browne, accompanied by her assistant, Mrs. Ringwall. We waited at the Vista House Information desk until we were sure no one else was coming, then went to Mrs. Eldon-Browne's office to spread our picnic lunch out on her desk. It was much cozier than Barnhart Island would have been.

Mrs. Eldon-Browne has a fascinating collection on Massena history which we enjoyed exploring.

It was raining harder than ever when we put the raincoats and hoods back on, put up the umbrellas and splashed back to the Eisenhower lock for the promised tour. A pretty guide wearing a helmet and equipped with keys opened a locked gate in the fence to walk us right across the top of the lock on the bridge above the closed gates to the downriver observation tower. A Norwegian freighter that almost filled the lock had just slid out, going up river.

The control tower was not in use, but from it we watched a 40 or 50 foot family cruiser come in, be lowered all by itself, and go out. All such boats pay \$2.00 per lock regardless of size. Freighters pay by the ton.

Next, in the middle building opposite Vista House, the operators explained to us that they controlled the river by sections. We listened to them talking to captains, saw their log book with the location and timing of every ship expected that day from Montreal to Alexandria Bay and glimpsed a freighter dimly in the fog on its way up from Snell lock.

In the upriver control tower, which was in use, the operators showed us the closed circuit television they use to watch downriver and in which the freighter was a dim blob, heard them informed by the middle building that a small boat was behind it and then watched them time the entry, have it confirmed by the middle building and the captain, and manipulate the banks of levers and buttons that closed the gates, started the water flow and raised the freighter, a heavy one registered in Singapore but actually German owned and run. The boat behind it turned out to be a small sail boat with an outboard motor and a crew of two boys. By the time the freighter went out of the lock there was so much mist that it disappeared almost at once.

We recrossed the lock on the bridge over the upper gate. The whole tour would have been taken down in under the buildings where all the machinery is, but we were not. It was still raining, but there was quite a crowd on the observation decks over Vista House.

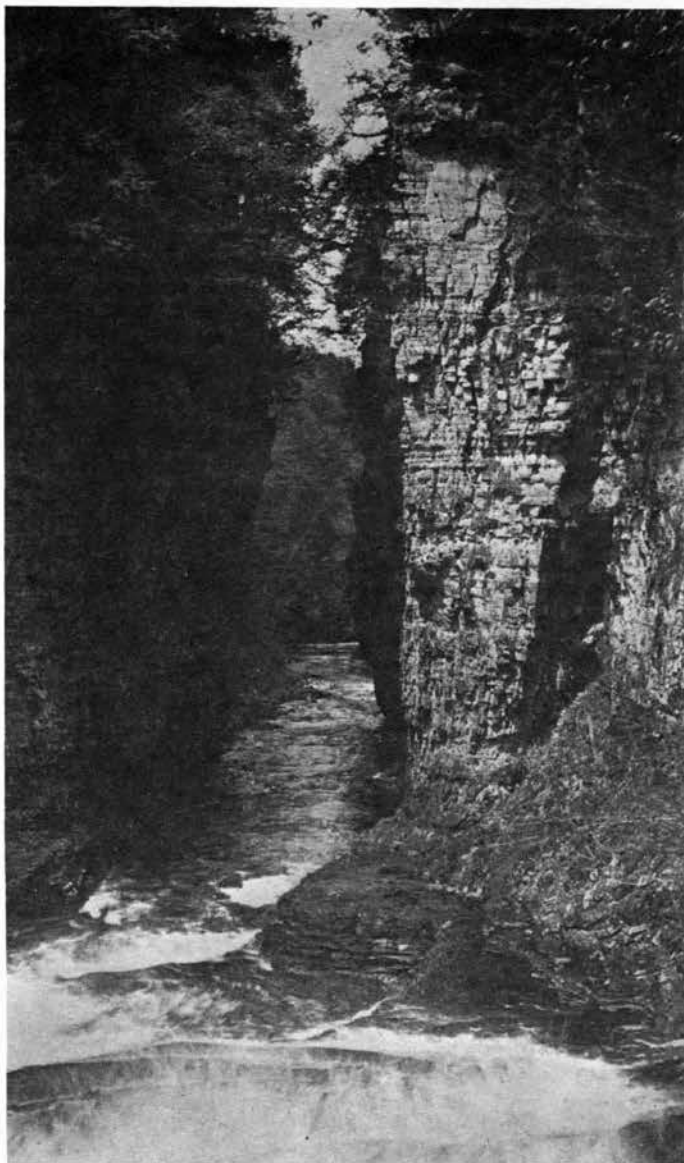
At least a few people had an enjoyable and informative afternoon at the small cost of wet feet.

Margaret Nulty

Coming Up!

Watch for in January:

The Garrison (Civil War) letters; and the story of the George Swan store in Potsdam. (Needed to borrow: A photo of the store which stood near the St. Lawrence Creamery and the new Donut Shop); more County women stories; Terrace Park turns 100.



Chateaugay Chasm, c. 1900.



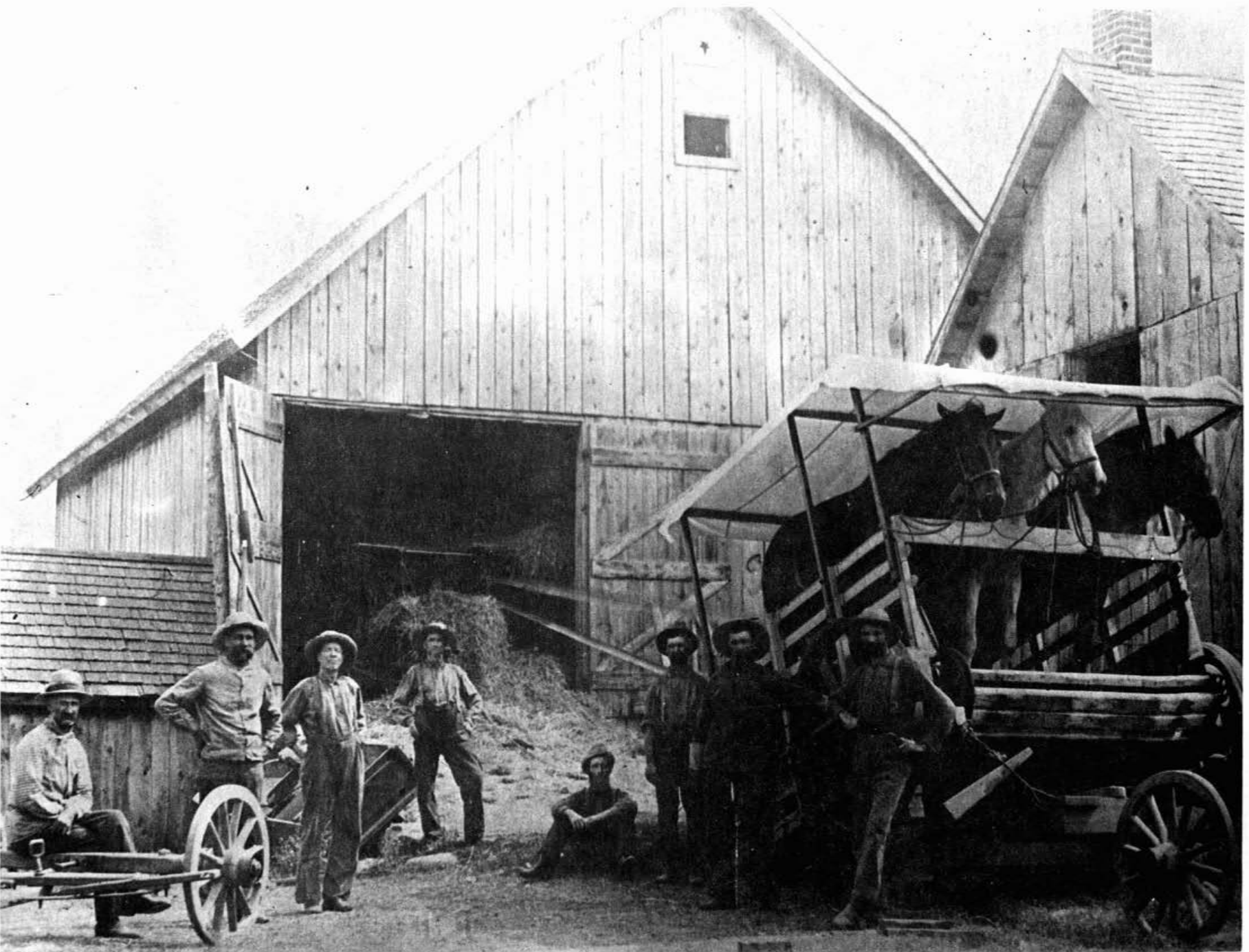
Annual Meeting

OCTOBER 19



Mother gives last minute instructions in sewing on buttons to World War I recruits. Younger brother listens, too. (He may go next).





The threshers came with a three-horse treadmill for power. Threshers names unknown, near Flackville. (Feats of strength were often tried and it is said that

blacksmith and cooper Edwin Hadlock of Brier Hill was so strong he once lifted a 3-horse tread and put a beam under.)

researchers

WHERE? WHAT?

Does this natural wonder still exist? Has any one seen it who can describe where it is?



Located near Lake Ozonia in Hopkinton, it was called "Balanced Rock" in 1900 when this picture was taken. Recent searches have not located it, and some say lumbermen destroyed it in the 1930's.

If it still exists and any one knows its whereabouts, a description of the location and when last seen will be gratefully received by

William McLoughlin
Department of History
Brown University
Providence, R. I. 02912

I have begun work on an edition of the letters of Theodore Parker (1810-1860), the Boston Unitarian minister and abolitionist, and I will be using a selection of his letters for a doctoral dissertation. Presently I am gathering together copies of Parker's extant letters and am preparing a calendar of letters to Parker. I Am especially interested in locating major bodies of letters to Parker.

In addition, I would appreciate very much any information you may have about other private collections in your area. Thank you.

Yours very truly,
Gary L. Collison
Pennsylvania State University
Dept. of English
117 Burrowes Bldg.,
University Park, Penna. 16802

Researchers will be benefited by recent additions of diaries left by the late Jennie Rogers Munson and Rollin C. Sheldon donated by their families.

Having a hard time locating that important book? Jenison's Book Cellar, located in Potsdam, N.Y. at the Craft Barn, can locate any book on Upstate N.Y. (or many other subjects) for you. If you are in the Potsdam area, stop by. Otherwise write to us at R.D. 1, Potsdam, N.Y. 13676.

FOR SALE — "A MAN FOR THE AGES" book
BY IRVING BACHELLER
(early north country author)

ALSO
Other early books — Mrs. Nellie Dunning
Route 2
Gouverneur, N.Y.
Phone 287-2678

POTSDAM MUSEUM

Special Display until Nov. 2.

The Tyler Collection of Eastern Woodlands Indian artifacts. Originally collected by Ernest Tyler of Watertown and then his son George Tyler, principal of Parishville-Hopkinton Central School over a hundred year period. They are mainly Jefferson and St. Lawrence County items of pre-Sixteenth Century vintage.

Tuesdays thru Saturdays
2 — 5 p.m.

Potsdam Museum
in
Civic Center



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:

Green as Grass ROOTS

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**The
St. Lawrence National
Bank**



CANTON POTSDAM OGDENSBURG GOUVERNEUR
MADRID HEUVELTON NORWOOD
STAR LAKE HARRISVILLE EDWARDS