

THE QUARTERLY

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE ST. LAWRENCE COUNTY HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION

Railroad Station, Norwood, N. Y.



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THE QUARTERLY

Official Publication Of The St. Lawrence County Historical Association

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THE QUARTERLY

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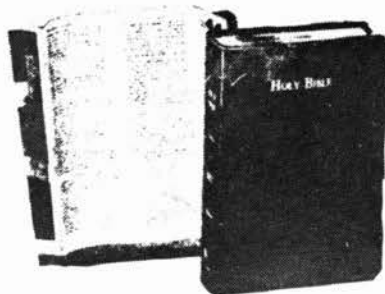
THE QUARTERLY is published in January, April, July and October each year by the St. Lawrence County Historical Association, Editorial Office, Box 43, Canton.

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Leonard H. Prince

(June 9, 1903 — Sept. 16, 1975)



The Gideon Bible will be there.

The hotel maid may have forgotten the soap, the extra towels or other items to make the guest comfortable and to feel at home—but the Bible is a part of the furnishings.

Gideons International is a society of Christian commercial traveling men, according to the World Book Encyclopedia.

The society was formed at Janesville, Wis., in 1899. Gideons carry on their work through meetings in churches, Bible classes and civic organizations.

In 1908 the group began to place Bibles in Hotel rooms. Since then vast numbers of Bibles have been placed in hotels, hospitals, public schools, prisons, YMCA's and military camps.

The Observer asked Wilson Moore, Ogdensburg, employed at Massena Operations, Alcoa, a member and worker in the Gideon Society, to write an article about the activities of the St. Lawrence County Society. He reports as follows:

The Gideons International

The question is frequently asked, "Who are the Gideons?" as they see the Holy Bible or New Testament with the Gideon Emblem of a pitcher or water jar which protrudes a flame torch, in a motel, hotel or hospital room.

The Gideons are laymen from all the various evangelical denominations. Each Gideon is an active member of some local church and the Gideons as an association, works in co-operation with churches. The primary object of the Gideons is to win others to the Lord Jesus Christ, and an effective means to this end has been the wide distribution of the Word of God.

The local Gideon Camp was organized 25 years ago and is named The St. Lawrence County Gideon Camp. Our first Bible placement was made at the Nite-N-Gale Motel in Massena. Since that time we have been able to place

And they call it progress

First Gideon Bibles were placed in Nite-N-Gale Motel 25 years ago; Society has given many since then

Bibles and New Testaments in all the hotels, motels and nursing homes in the Massena area. We have also placed Hospital Testaments in all the hospitals and nursing homes throughout our county. Bibles have been placed in hotels and motels in this county.

Youth Testaments have been presented to the students in the parochial schools in Ogdensburg, Gouverneur, Brasher Falls, Canton, Massena, Norwood and Potsdam. These Testaments were given to students in grades 5 through 12 in the central schools of Morristown, Lisbon and Madrid-Waddington. In 1975, through the help of local churches, businesses and organizations, we were able to distribute 1,307 Youth Testaments to the students of the Norwood-Norfolk schools.

Wives of Gideons have the privilege of joining the Gideon Auxiliary whose object is to assist the Gideons carry out their work. Their ministry consists in presenting Nurses's Testaments to nurses and aides in hospitals and nursing homes. They have presented Nurses' Testaments to the nursing class at ATC in Canton and at St. Lawrence State Hospital.

The Bible Distribution program is financed primarily through the help of Christian people in local churches. Gideons, by giving a stewardship report to the congregations, show how The Lord has opened doors for placing Bibles and New Testaments in Local, National and International levels.

Our local president is Allan Pfautz, Hermon, N.Y. 13652.

New York — Scripture distribution throughout the world by the United Bible Societies increased in 1974 to a new high of 254,138,606 copies. The total was 4,986,515 more than the 1973 figure, an increase of 2 per cent.

This information was released in the 159th annual report of the Board of Managers of the American Bible Society, one of 57 national Bible Societies that form the worldwide fellowship of the United Bible Societies. More than 150 countries and territories are provided with Scriptures by the United Bible Societies.

Gifts to the American Bible Society made possible the distribution of 156,107,552 Scriptures throughout the world, of which 88,284,617 were shared in the United States. Bible Society Scriptures are sold at or below cost so that anyone can afford them, and most are heavily subsidized to make possible a low price. Contributions to the Bible Society from individuals, churches and other agencies concerned with the Bible cause make the program possible.

In 1974 the American Bible Society received more than 1.9 million gifts from individuals and support from more than 70 denominations, churches and other agencies. The Society's 1974 budget was \$12.3 million, of which \$5,233,531 was used to underwrite 47.9

per cent of the World Service Budget of the United Bible Societies.

Complete Bibles accounted for 6,141,156 of the world distribution total; 12,234,925 were Testaments; 33,093,701 were Portions (one or more complete books of the Bible published separately); 202,668,824 were Selections (leaflets containing less than a complete book). The distribution of complete Bibles was up 4 per cent over 1973 and Selections were up 9.8 per cent. Fewer Testaments and Portions were distributed in 1974 than in 1973, when the "Key 73" evangelism campaign used more than 33,000,000 Scriptures in door-to-door sharing of God's Word.

At least one book of the Bible has now been published in 1,549 languages and dialects, the Bible Society reports. Twenty-three new languages were added in 1974. Easy-to-understand "today's language" translations of the New Testament have now been published in 20 languages. New Testaments in today's Danish, Miskito (Nicaragua), Yapese (Yap Island), Warao (Venezuela), Kisanga (Zaire), and other languages were published in 1974 by the Bible Societies.

The "Good News for New Readers" program produced New Readers Scripture Selections in more than 100 languages by the end of 1974, designed to help people with elementary reading skills understand God's Word while they advance to higher reading levels. The Bible Society also produced Special Education Scripture Selections in 1974 to meet the needs of readers with learning handicaps.

A color-illustrated edition of "Good News for Modern Man," the American Bible Society's New Testament in Today's English Version, was published in 1974 in both hardcover and paperback. By the end of the year the total circulation of "Good News for Modern Man" had reached 47,000,000 copies. First published in Sept. 1966, this easy-to-read New Testament is by far the world's best-selling paperback book.

In 1975 the American Bible Society observes the 140th anniversary of the first production of Scriptures for the blind. Today Braille Scriptures are available in many languages, and records, tapes and cassettes are also used to bring God's Word to the visually handicapped.

Volunteers who distribute Bible Society Scriptures and help promote its work in churches and communities throughout the 50 states now number more than 10,000 men, women, and young people. Many of these are operating "Good Newsstands," neighborhood locations where various kinds of Scriptures can be bought, on a non-profit basis.

In this way the American Bible Society fulfills its 1159-year-old purpose: to translate, publish and distribute the Holy Scriptures, without doctrinal note or comment and without profit, to all people everywhere in languages they can understand and at prices they can afford to pay.

How to Build a Log-House.

According to the request of a correspondent, and as a matter of interest to many Eastern people, we give a brief description of the manner of doing an indispensable labor in the first settlement of a family in the "woods," where saw-mills are unknown, or, if common, not always available in furnishing the primary want of a newly removed pioneer or settler—a dwelling.

We will premise, however, that there are two kinds of log-houses—one, the unadulterated rough, round-log tenement; the other, the logs hewed down on two sides, set edgewise each upon the other, and called by distinction, the "block house." This is, ordinarily, the second degree in luxury from the primitive habitation of the first backwoods settler. We have had divers experiences in each of these descriptions of house-building; accounted ourselves a master workman, even among the craft, and after five-and-twenty years interregnum in that necessary branch of architecture, firmly believe that we can yet "carry up a corner" equal to the best of their builders.

To commence: "The proprietor," selects his site, cuts down the heavy trees within "falling" distance of the spot the future house is to occupy, and clears away the stumps and underbrush close to the ground. The day fixed for "the rolling," his neighbors—to the number of ten, a dozen, or twenty, according to the magnitude of his building, and the extent of finish to be given to it—are invited; and, after an early breakfast, with two or three yoke of oxen or spans of horses, as they may own them, assemble on the ground for action. The company are then called together, and some one, usually conceded by the company to understand the matter thoroughly, is agreed upon as "boss" for the day. Four athletic, active choppers, each with a true eye in his head, are then selected as "corner-men." There are more, if the house is to have log partitions—one to each "butt" or at the intersecting point where the end of the transverse logs lie upon the bodies of the front and rear of the main ones of the house, as in fig. 2.

A man with an eye stands upon each intersecting point to "carry up the corner," the foundation being first laid by a course of heavy logs of dura-

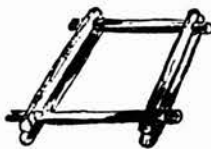


Fig. 1.

ble timber laid flat on the ground, and on them the sleepers for the main floor; or, if convenient to be had, a large flat stone is laid under each corner of the building, and, if a double house, under each partition. This preliminary labor is sometimes done a day or two previous, by the owner and the help of a neighbor or two, but in most cases is left for the day when the rolling up of the house itself is to be performed.

Well, the company assembled—the men partitioned off, each to his allotted branch of labor, into "boss," "corner men," "teamsters," and choppers—they commence work in earnest. The boss selects the trees, the choppers fell and "butt" them at the lengths which the boss marks them out; for he, with ax and pole in hand, must be round among them constantly, to see that no

mistakes are made in these particulars. Or, sometimes, when a very rough house only is intended, each chopper selects his own trees, and draws his own measurement by aid of his ax-helve, or "paces" it off, and even lets the butting go; but the measurement and butting is the better way, usually. As fast as the trees are prepared, the teamster, with handspike in hand, is ready to hitch on to one end, and his cattle, with a wonderful knowledge of the kind of work from being used to it, are off in a moment; and,

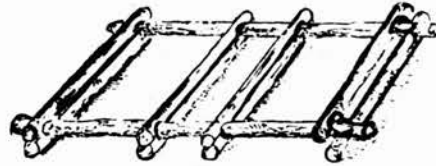


Fig. 2.

after one or two logs are hauled, they stop with great accuracy at about the very point where the logs are required for rolling. It is also well understood by the teamsters—the word being given by the corner men as they proceed—whether the butt, or top end of the log is to go forward, for the house must go up on as near a level as possible. This is accomplished by putting the butt end of a log at the corner which happens to get the lowest.

The log being at its place on the ground, four or more men, as may be required, with 'handspikes' (levers), and their stout arms and shoulders, roll it up on 'skids' (pieces of timber with one end on the ground, and the other on the log



Fig. 3.

last put up). When breast high, it is carried further up by aid of crotched poles cut from forked saplings. When nearly up, to get it over the projecting ends, the corner-men, with handspikes or larger levers placed across the last laid log, raise it over the projecting ends of the transverse logs. They lay it on its proper side for "notching" to fit the bearing logs which have been previously "saddled"—that is, scarfed down from the top on each side, like this letter A (A, fig. 3). They then cut into the last received log, a corresponding notch to fit closely upon the other, thus, V (V, fig. 3); then roll it over, and, if properly done, it fits snugly, and, with the aid of a correct eye, the corner is carried up perpendicularly from sill to plate.

In the process of going up, the places for the doors and windows are either marked in the logs by the corner-men by cutting a scarf into them, or cut out altogether, as they may have time. When the first, or lower story is up to a sufficient height, the beams are laid on, scarfed in by notching and saddling, according to the extent of finish to be given to the house. The bearers, however, are previously flattened, so that their upper sides may receive the floor when laid upon them. Thus the house goes on until the proper height is reached; and, if a very rude one, the gables are then laid up in the same manner, only that the gable logs are scarfed off at the ends with a slant to give the roof the desired pitch. The rafter logs, laid lengthwise, are notched upon them, so that when

finished with its ridge-pole, it is the perfect skeleton of the future cabin, in all its majestic length, breadth, height, and proportions.

Thus, the rolling is finished, and, according to its magnitude and extent of hands employed, may take only a forenoon, or the entire day. This heavy chopping and lifting, if at a regular "Raising," is seldom done without at least something good to eat, and it used to be something to drink about once in an hour or two—a custom happily gone out of fashion, in part at least. Then comes a most vigorous and hearty dinner of baked pork and beans, and other substantial nutriment, at "noon-time," eaten on a clean bass-wood, maple, or hickory chip, with jack-knife for carver, and fingers for forks, a merry crack of jokes, and a generous "nooning" afterwards. A grand time we used to have at these same log-rollings, many and many a day. We have, at such gatherings, witnessed repeated jovial displays of wit, joke and glee, the memory of which will only escape when life goes out. We have carried up many a corner, where young men rolled up the logs to us who have since become distinguished in agriculture, in commerce, in the halls of legislation, at the bar, on the bench, and in the pulpit—no "border ruffians" either, albeit inhabiting a new country, and blocking out their future fortunes, as pioneers of great and flourishing States and communities.

If the labor consumes the day, a bounteous supper is provided at a house near by—if there be one—if not, each tired laborer "homeward plods his weary way." The next day, or soon afterward, the owner returns with an extra man or two to assist him, and in the course of a day or two finishes up the house, by cutting out doors and windows, laying the floors, and putting on the roof. In the absence of boards, the doors and floors are made of "punchons," that is, logs split into short planks. The roof is covered either with boards or newly peeled bark, laid lengthwise from the ridge-pole to the eaves, and battened, to keep out rain and snow; or, more frequently, perhaps, the roof is covered with thin staves split from oak, laid on and held fast by poles which are withed at the ends, to keep them in place and firmly pressed upon the staves to make the joints close. If there be time, the inside logs are hewed down to a face, the corner-men, or an extra hand or two having "scored" them with axes as they were rolled up. A clay hearth is laid at one end, a chimney, built up with split wood and clay, and the house is ready to move into, in a day or two, at farthest. Such is the history of a pioneer log-house in America.

Now, to such of our readers as were born and bred in a ten or twenty thousand dollar mansion, with furniture and trimmings to match, if any, haply there be, and who cannot imagine how anybody good or great can have abided in such an humble domicile as this, we simply tell them that sundry Presidents of these United States, and many illustrious statesmen, and others distinguished in all ranks and professions of American life, drew their first breath, and lived many years within the humble walls of a LOG-CABIN! But, they did not stay in them always. It is unnecessary to tell of their progress. We all know their history, and it is, perhaps, to the very hardships and privations of their early lives, that we are indebted for the beneficent labors and enduring fame of these illustrious men.

Star Lake Inn

Just before the turn of the century, H. F. Inglehart of Watertown, a prominent hotel operator with interests in New York, Watertown, the Thousand Islands and Florida, concluded that his hay fever had gone far enough. In company with Charles Brown of the Watertown Carriage Company, whose wife was similarly affected, he acquired title to the Edgewood House on Point Lake, formerly Big Lake, where hunters and fishermen came in startling numbers and where hay fever was an unknown affliction. At this time, the popularity of the Adirondacks was growing in leaps and bounds. The pressure for additional accommodations increased and some of the local competition burned down. An extension wing was built toward the lake. As the carpenters built and covered the roof they found that Point Lake spread before them in the shape of a perfect star. Sign painters and publicity directors went to work, and the post office went along with the idea. Star Lake Inn on Star Lake, New York was born.



Foley's Hotel, Star Lake. Small building at left has been a movie hall, dance hall and furniture store.

(Loaned by Harriet Colton)

This was an era of many large hotels on lakes and rivers throughout all of northern New York. Very few remain today, but at that time the demand for the kind of vacation these places offered was great. Railroad services sprang into being, operating both for vacation business and the thriving lumber, paper and mining interests. Private cars of railroad officials frequently were three deep on the sidings of either Oswegatchie or Benson Mines. Wagon loads of trunks stretched the facilities of local conveyances at the beginning and end of the season, and sweating porters toiled endlessly up and down stairs with monstrous boxes and trunks getting people settled for the season.

A newcomer entered the scene about 1900. John Sayles, with a desire for a college education and little else, undertook to wash dishes and pots and pans. Even in those days head waiters were temperamental, so that when such a dignitary out-tempered himself from a job, a quick shift of clothes placed the dishwasher in the dining room. Awestruck by the new situation, he quite promptly spilled soup down the back of Grace Inglehart, the boss's daughter. To extract her from this embarrassing situation, he married the girl, from whence resulted the firm of Inglehart and Sayles, converting finally in 1921 to the Star Lake Hotel Company.

The capabilities of the new organization were strained to the utmost to fill the ever-pressing requirements of summer

visitors. The front office plans were changed yearly. Three different kitchens evolved, and the ice house was shifted four different times. Incidentally, it was not until 1959, when no ice formed on Star Lake, that a horse was no longer kept to cut and haul ice, although mechanical refrigerators had long been employed.

In 1910, there were two baths in the whole ensemble of 100 rooms. More than a few mattresses were filled with corn husks, in some instances with the ears still attached. The day a guest arrived dictated his bath night. If one came on Wednesday, one bathed on Wednesday. It was the policy of the hotel that no one should be unwashed for more than seven nights. Anticipating the future, a suite of two rooms with connecting bath was created. It went unsold for two years.

Suddenly, however, the demand for private baths increased. Currently, with seventy rooms in the main building, there were sixty baths.

Cottage rooms became desirable. Some buildings were converted. The barn blossomed into eight spacious rooms, each with bath, to be rivalled by the laundry conversion the following year. A few existing cottages with private paths were moved and remodeled into private rooms with private bath.

Such accommodations proved popular. New structures were created. Presently, there were eighteen such separate buildings containing some seventy-five rooms, each with private bath.

The corn husk mattresses were replaced with Beauty Rest Mattresses. Sticky furniture replaced the old stiff furniture and oriental rugs took the place of grass mats. Sweaters came off the room clerks, superseded by attractive blazers. Bellboys acquired uniforms and polished shoes. Waitresses put their hair up in nets reluctantly.

On Saturday afternoons the doors of the safe swung frequently to deliver jewels to women guests. Just as frequently they swung again on Sunday morning. Management breathed a sigh of relief.

In 1921, a guest laboriously cut off the top of a No. 2 can, this was before the days of the can opener — buried it in the front lawn, and golf was born at Star Lake. Trees fell on a 40 acre swamp, lumber teams of beautiful grays floundered to their bellies, dynamite boomed and rocks shattered. Ship lapped plank-drags smoothed out the fields, grass grew and 12-year-olds were trained as caddies.

Over the years, three different courses were built. A club house arose and Mr. Eisenhower endorsed the game. More golf is played per resident of the Star Lake area than any other cigarette.

In 1930, when one reserved one's room, one also reserved one's rowboat. If Mr. Jones had boat No. 26 and planned to leave on Thursday, when Mr. Smith, feeling he was equally entitled to boat 26 arrived on Tuesday, all hell broke loose. Twelve other boats identical as No. 26 might be available. This was not the issue.

Management soon learned. At one time, three boats all numbered 26 were in existence, and before long all numbers became interchangeable. Guests learned also; they cut their initials in the seats. In no semblance of organized society are the laws of thine and mine more rigidly enforced than in a summer resort.

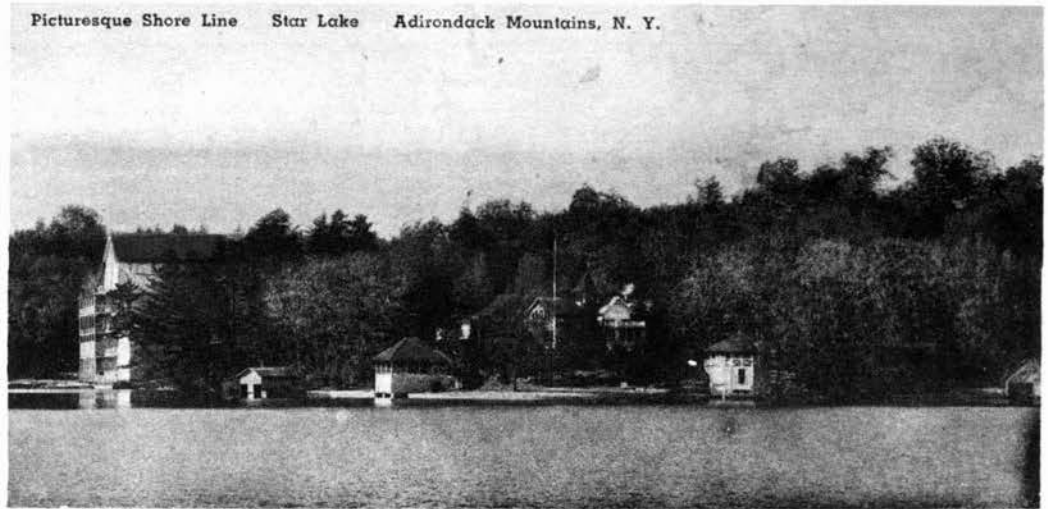
Through all this management struggled, bestowing a box of candy here, a special cheese there and in every instance moving deeper into trouble. At times, complete departure from the scene seemed the only choice.

To-day sees sleek boats plowing the waves of the lake trailing water skiers as a bride trails a dress. Activity on the

(Continued following Page)

Star Lake

(Continued from page 5)



Changing Times to which we may return. Taken on the Brace Estate at Star Lake.

(Courtesy Harriet B. Colton)

water is of a high order, combated always by the fisherman who seeks only peace and quiet.

About 1920, Alex Aradsky discovered Star Lake Inn. He reigned as chef for fifteen years, displaying culinary arts of high order and sympathetic content. It was only after his death that management learned he was a Cordon Bleu — a fact highly evident but not recognized. Alex's breakfast started with several fruits, not Irish oatmeal and plowed through Filet mignon. He had browned potatoes, kippered herring and fritters. Successors were difficult to find. For a time it seemed that Star Lake Inn was a stepping stone to higher attainments. Chefs went to the Breakers at Palm Beach, to the Commodore in New York, and in more recent times to the Greenbrier and the Americana.

For a long period of time, however, Rudolph Bollinger ruled in the kitchen and his wife Margaret, in the Housekeeping department. Rudy was a chef's chef who brooked no mediocrity and not one speck of dirt. Voices in his kitchen were raised on slightly above acute hearing level, and the kitchen staff stood breathless awaiting completion of his creations.

During the war years, when food was scarce, Rudy refused to cook. He would not be associated with mediocrity. In this, he had full support of the management. Everybody lost. After the war, the kitchen resumed its glory. The Inn was known as a restaurant with rooms attached. It was rumored that there were guests who came for the summer and never left the dining room. A cousin of the King of Siam came to Star Lake one summer. He could speak no English. He presented a piece of paper on which was written, "Where is the Dining Room?" Napoleon's brother was reputed to have slept here. An examination of his vital statistics, however, disproved this and the bed in which he was supposed to have occupied was offered for sale.

Originally, Star Lake was reached, if at all, over 40 miles of country road. In 1918, the Oswegatchie Trail Association was formed resulting in the present splendid highway, New York 3, passing between the extensive Inn grounds and the golf course. Its smooth stretches so invite the motorist that highway patrols are constantly busy and Judge Pohl has little time for affairs other than judging.

To-day Star Lake Inn finds itself in a setting of great beauty with an excellent golf course and access to fine hunting and fishing. The extensive landscaped ground separate the main building from the eighteen cottages which vary in size from one room to nine rooms, and several service buildings. Lakeshore is on two sides of the property. Breezes sweep across the grounds, significantly decreasing the bug population. Clean cool waters lap the shore. Cool nights enfold the sleeper. Bright days invite enjoyment.



Heritage Preserved



The cornerstone of the Congregational Church, Winthrop, N.Y., was laid in the spring of 1888, as shown in this scene. The church was dedicated in 1889. It is unknown whether there are articles of interest inside the cornerstone which is

in the left front corner of the building. The building is now occupied by American Legion Post No. 514. (The picture was loaned by Bert Rogers.)



Rare view of South Russell.

(Courtesy of Nellie Towne)

Our Noteworthy Ladies

Miss Doris Gates

By Jan Barnes

The late Miss Doris Gates was a woman of outstanding quality. She was always helping people to better selves.

Miss Gates was born September 16, 1909, on the Gates farm in Russell. The daughter of John and Laura Church Gates, she was an only child.

At an early age, she seemed to want to learn; she read all kinds of books and seemed very ambitious. She loved music, so her parents gave her piano lessons.

They attended the Methodist Church of Russell, and at a tender age, she became a member of that Church. She belonged to the Epworth League of the Russell Methodist Church while she was growing up.

Her parents attended every church supper in Russell and surrounding towns, very seldom missing one, or a church meeting. Their daughter, of course, always accompanied her parents.

Doris attended Knox Memorial School in Russell from which she was graduated. From there she went to Canton training school, then on to Potsdam State Teachers College in Potsdam from where she was graduated. She attended summer school at Potsdam "Normal" which she knew would be of great help to her when she taught school. She was very eager to learn.

Miss Gates taught school at Beech Grove, the Gimlet St. School, Irish Hill School in Fine, the school at Eddy where she taught all grades. At Clare she taught for 13 years. Doris next went to Knox Memorial Central School in Russell where she taught the 4th grade for 19 years. In all she taught school for 39 years — a record. She loved teaching — it was her life. She loved the children and they all held high respect for her. Doris never married.

During her teaching career she cared for her aging parents who still lived at the old Gates homestead.

Miss Gates kept quite a library of books on many subjects. If folks needed information, they always called on 'Miss Gates and she usually had the necessary information they requested, or if she didn't have it, she always found the information they wanted.

Doris was superintendent of the United Methodist Church Sunday School for many years. She loved this position, and also working with children. She was pianist for the Church and the Sunday School for many years.

She was spiritual leader in the Queen Esther Society of the United Methodist Church of Russell and a counselor for the young people. She took the children to the Trenton Assembly Park for many years.

She was the first pianist of the Pilgrim Holiness Church of Russell where she played the piano and the organ.

Doris was a member of Russell Grange #1043 for 48 years. She was a 7th degree Granger and held the office of Master for 5 years. She was a member of the Pomona Grange, State and National. She usually accompanied the singers of the Russell Grange when they entertained other Granges throughout St. Lawrence County. Doris loved the Grange and she was a hard worker. She often took carloads of Grangers' to other chapters when they had neighbors' night.

When the school wanted to put on a play, they always asked Miss Gates to take charge. She was excellent in organizing these plays and seeing to it that it went over in a big way.



Doris Gates

Miss Gates belonged to the Old Arsenal Teachers and Pupils Association, since its founding in 1924. She was a past president and held the office of Secretary and Treasurer for at least 10 years, holding this office at the time of her death.

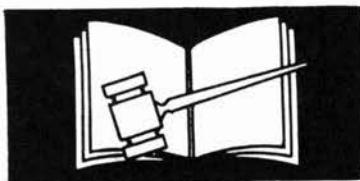
Miss Gates was a member of the County Historical Association, the New York Teachers Association, Knox Memorial Central School Teachers Association, and the Alumni Association of Knox Memorial Central School. She was Alumni Honorary President, also holding the office of Secretary and Treasurer for 24 years, which is a record.

Miss Gates was a well liked person, everyone in town loved and respected her. She worked hard to achieve the position she held as a teacher; was a most outstanding teacher.

Doris was taken ill in February and died August 31, 1971 at the age of 62. She was buried in Hermon Cemetery.

School was adjourned the day of her funeral and the townspeople and whole school were saddened by her passing.

Miss Gates will be missed by everyone who knew her; she was an organizer, a wonderful person and an outstanding teacher.



PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Since "President's Message" has been used in the past to head this column, I will continue the tradition, although I certainly cannot pretend to have an omniscient message or even one that informs to any appreciable extent.

Change has come upon us suddenly. Varick A. Chittenden has taken a Sabbatical for one year's study at Cooperstown. His contribution to the development of the St. Lawrence County Historical Association has been so great that to say he will be missed is such an understatement that only his presence could correct. Through his keen foresight and effective organization ability the Association has raised enough funds from the citizens of St. Lawrence County to purchase the Governor Wright home and the property surrounding it for a museum and a history center. His accomplishment in a sense is a gift to the citizens of the County, and all of us are indebted to him for his efforts. We wish him well during his leave and look forward to his return.

Now that the Association has a "home," we cannot stand still. In fact, this next year is crucial to us. Our first project is to organize our annual support drive and carry it out successfully. In a time of economic difficulties, this presents a challenge that we will have to meet during the months of September and October. By mid-October, the drive should be in full swing, and all members of the Association will be called upon to help accomplish our goal.

Next, although much has been accomplished in the renovation of the Silas Wright home, much is still to be done. This will take funds, personal effort, and know-how. Fortunately, we have a trained director, James D. Stambaugh, who will furnish the latter. It is incumbent upon the Trustees, the officers, the Board of Overseers, and the members of the Association to obtain funds and provide the personal effort to make the Governor Wright History Center a reality of which the citizens of the County will be proud. During the coming Bicentennial Year, the Association should be well on its way toward achieving its goal. It will take cooperation among all of us, but the effort and sacrifice will be worthwhile.

Much else needs to be done; and because I cursorily list them last, it does not mean that they are of less importance. I hope that a new Constitution of the Association will be in effect by the time you read this. New trustees and committee members need to be brought into the Association as those who have served diligently and effectively leave. The other activities of the Association must be continued, such as programs, now ably arranged by Miss Bonnie McGuire. Exhibits of the caliber of those recently developed by Mr. Stambaugh will be held. The list may seem endless, and probably is, but in each area of endeavor it is not always that finality controls our destinies. We live in the means, the daily duties that we perform without limelight.

Kelsie B. Harder

An old method, but a sure one, to help the Association immediately is for each member to pledge to obtain at least one other member for 1976. It would also be a patriotic and friendly gesture to buy a membership for someone else during the Bicentennial Year. If the membership of the Association could be doubled, it would help finance the expenses of the organization and would also introduce that many more of our citizens to the history of St. Lawrence County.

History Center Museum

Ground Floor

Research Center

Second Floor

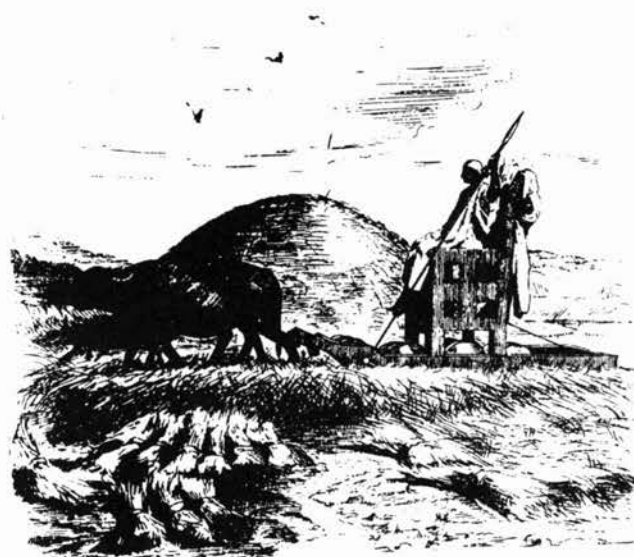
To Rear of

Silas Wright House

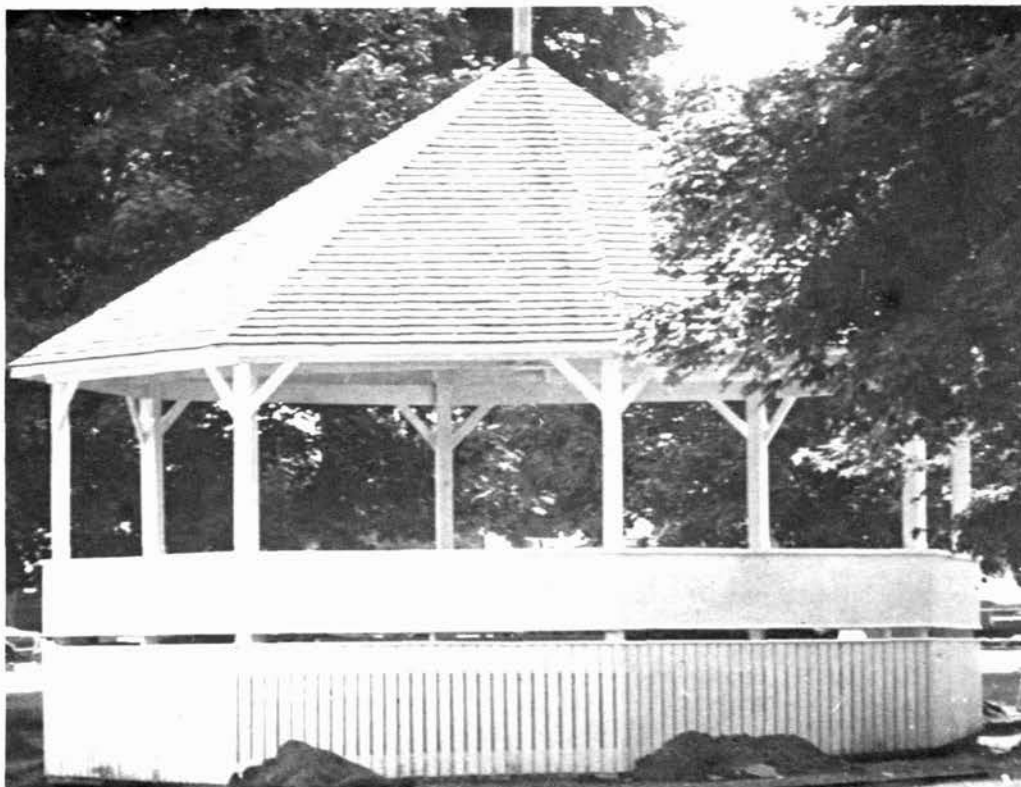
Daily 9-5

For One Dollar.

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



Bicentenary Annals



The Gouverneur bandstand was recently completed.

Every town or village or city or group wanting to tell others about Bicentennial plans is encouraged to send material for this column.

In Colton - Pierrepont Central School the Bicentennial Committee has met to make plans cooperating with the town committee. Students, teachers and administrators will formulate plans together, with bulletin boards for news, contests, etc.; closed circuit TV broadcasts, and suggestion box time.

Canton's plans have even outgrown its original list. At present the Garden Club is sponsoring a Red, White and Blue Garden Show theme.

Canton's ATC becomes the County's third Bicentennial campus — there are only five in the North Country. The designation will become official on Oct. 25, during campus ceremonies.

Gouverneur has had one big project brought to fruition — amidst much fanfare. The Community Bandstand was completed with donated materials and labor and funds. The 26th Infantry Division band christened it with a concert on Aug. 19.

An appreciation dinner was held, too. The Marble City Craft Fair was well patronized, with lots of imagination used. The DAR is putting together a book of sketches of local landmarks by 15 artists. Proceeds will go to the Historical Association.

Hopkinton has hopped on the bandwagon, becoming the second Bicentennial Community in the County. Lots of projects brewing there.

Ogdensburg city has now been designated too, and is busy making plans for hosting the Bicentennial Barge in August 1976.

All citizens of any Bicentennial Community (or County) are urged to also fly the Bicentennial flag. It is a national emblem and as such goes just below the Stars and Stripes.

What is your community doing?

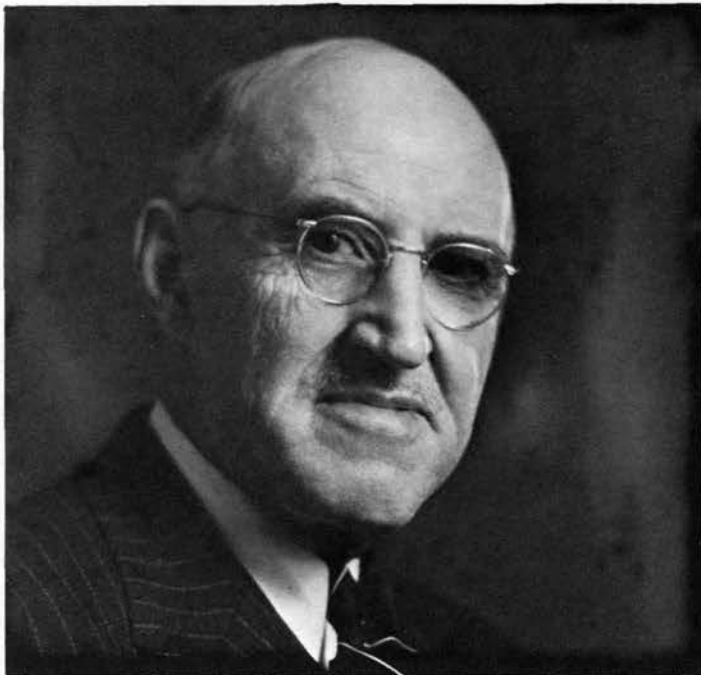
Our members are honored

Dr. Paul Jamieson, member of the Quarterly Committee, has been named the winner of the Nature Conservancy's "Stewardship Award for 1975." The award was presented at the Adirondack Conservancy's third annual meeting near Tupper Lake.

The award was for his work toward the acquisition and management of "Everton Falls Preserve," a 529-acre tract including 1½ miles of the east branch of the St. Regis River. His recommendation for the purchase of this property was to provide public canoe access to nine miles of unspoiled river. The price of \$56,000 will be publicly supported.

Paul is an avid and knowledgeable canoeist as well as snowshoe enthusiast. He retired from the English department of St. Lawrence University several years ago.

Swan's in Potsdam



Frederick T. Swan, 1872-1957.

(This space reserved for photo of the Store. No amount of searching in many historians' files yielded this photograph.)

Account written (probably around 1940) by Frederick T. Swan of the store operated by his father George B. Swan in the middle 1800's probably around 1880 . . . Interesting account of the old country stores, characteristic of rural communities. Swan store— Potsdam

You probably remember the old store on the north side of Maple Street over the two bridges run by my father George B. Swan. Groceries on one side and hardware on the other, my father's office on the north side to the rear of the hardware side, paint shop above where George Snyder, Frank Williams and old Amasa Brown held forth painting window sash and blinds. Upstairs — Back of the store proper but attached to it were the store rooms for the doors which my father used to send to Levi Bowles and son of Boston, Mass.

In front of the store, when the picture was taken which I ran across the other day, were standing Ephraim Wilson, the store keeper, (big? Wilson and as honest as the law) my father, George B. Swan; his bookkeeper, Henry S. Wilson, son of Ephraim Wilson, one or two unknowns, George Johnson, "Doodle," at the time clerk and delivery man for my father and myself, "Doodle's" devoted admirer and helper, then about ten years of age, age, I guess. Frank Williams of the paint shop crew can be seen leaning out of the south west window of the paint shop.

The west side of the store was devoted to the sale of groceries, principally, with a store room at the rear. At the front show cases display cigars, candy and general small articles appealing to the eye, plug and fine cut

tobacco, barrels of brown and white sugar, canned goods, and package groceries were available. Lemon crackers were a delicacy then in tin containers but soda crackers always were found in barrels, under the counters, as well as the sugar.

Vinegar and molasses were drawn from hogsheads and coal oil, (kerosene) had a special container with pump and measures within the metal container.

On the east side of the store was the excellent line of hardware, especially of value to my father who could furnish hardware and trim for any or all the sash, doors and blinds which he produced in the wood-working shop at the west end of the bridge on the Raquette.

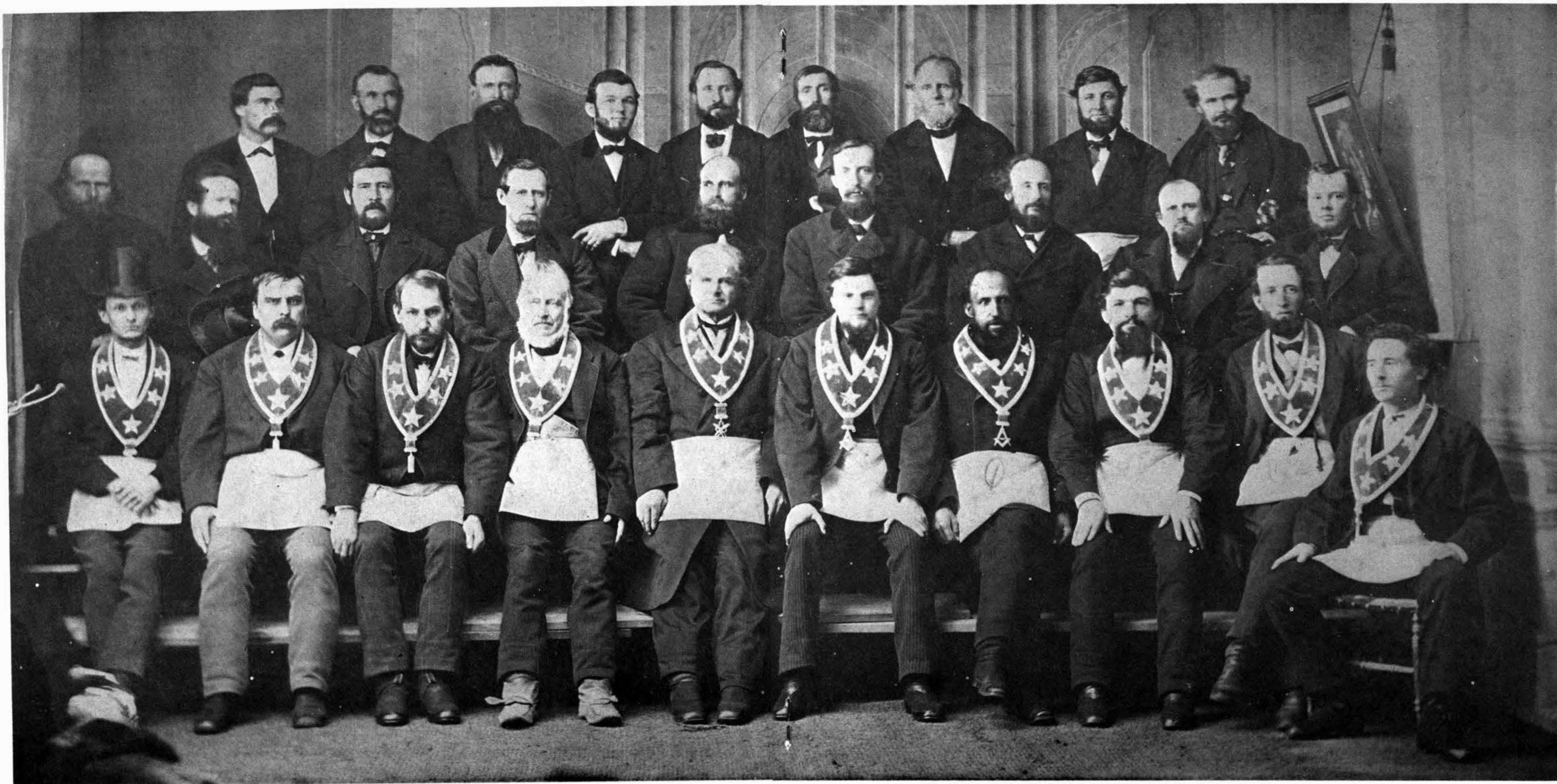
Just as you entered the store, the first thing attracting your attention in those days was the revolving whip holder suspended from the ceiling and capable of holding a sizable display of all kinds of whips, useful and some gay and ornamental. One whip that I remember was a pleasing green color which my mother selected for driving Old Tom, her particular carriage horse. This whip she kept at the house and it was used only when she went driving herself. I remember one time, however, it was for another purpose. My father and mother were not given to corporal punishment but when my mother was informed that I had called Jessie Williams names, it was used for another purpose. I must confess that it didn't hurt me too severely. Jessie was the daughter of Joe Williams, who took care of my father's stable and was his hostler. He cared for the horses used in delivery of the lumber for building and the sash, doors and blinds of the houses built by him and his men in Potsdam and other towns. He also ran my father's so called "livery" on Swan St. "Joe" as he was generally known was one of these men you instinctively thought the world of and whom you regarded as the last word of authority as to horses, stables and gardens, for Joe also cared for our vegetable garden on Swan Street across the road from the livery barn.

But going back to the store; just east of it and between it and the Woods' big stone grist mill was a hitching shed for the farmers and others coming to the mill for their gristing or to my father's store for groceries,



Little Jennie Swan sitting on a photographer's fringed chair.

(Continued on page 14)



Odd Fellows Lodge Members for a special occasion. George B. Swan is seated, fourth from the right. Other members unknown.

Swan's (Continued from page 11)



Mrs. George Swan, mother of Frederick T. Swan.



Rhoda Brown, wife of Calvin Swan,
was a native of Virginia.

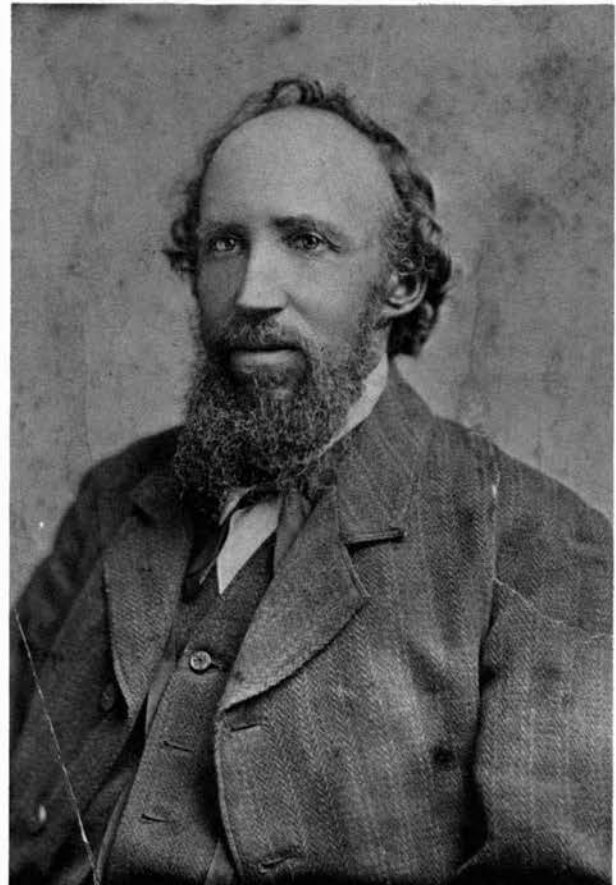
reached a house with the groceries I generally held the horse or climbed down laboriously from the front seat, but not so with Doodle. No sooner had we reached the house, then Doodle leaped from the high seat to the ground as easily and deftly and safely as though he was alighting from a carriage.

Doodle drove on the delivery wagon a little black bobtailed mare, facetiously called "Lady Abbott." The mare had the "spring halt" in both hind legs and was a little slow in starting but how she could cover the ground when her hind legs got into their regular stride. Saturday was a great day for me and I think Doodle enjoyed it as much as I did.

hardware etc. or to consult my father as to lumber or sash doors and blinds from the shop in their building.

Just back of these hitching sheds was built a sky-high "performing Bar" — at least we youngsters thought it was pretty well up above the ground anyway. There behind the sheds, right after supper, Doodle and Charlie Johnson, the Colman boys, John and Redmond and other performers gathered for practice on the bar. Most of them were pretty good but Red Colman and "Doodle" were the stars. "Doodle" Johnson was a short, wiry young fellow, strong and active. He could do most anything on the bar that the circus people could do under the circus tents and he could "skin the bar" more times than anyone else who gathered at this attractive (to us) Rendevous of the early evening hours. Following the warming up exercises on the bar, Doodle would return to the store to wait on the trade. For in those days, storekeepers kept open until eight or nine p.m. and ten and later on Saturday nights. Saturday night late was sometimes utilized as a general cleanup and scrub out occasion in which Doodle, Snider and others who happened to be around some times, including my father, joined in a general washing and mopping of the floors of the store and offices. And let me tell you, they were really scrubbed out so that on Monday morning the store floors were all dried out and as "spick and span" as soap and water could make them.

Saturday when I had "leisure" from my school duties I used to help Doodle on the delivery wagon in getting the week's supply of groceries to my father's customers and especially to the houses of the men who worked in the sash and door factory at the end of the bridge. This delivery wagon was a high affair with room in back for the load of supplies to be delivered. When we



George B. Swan, b. Nov. 5, 1830 d. Apr. 14, 1884. Father of Fred.

(Continued on page 15)

Swan's (Continued from page 14)

After George graduated from the store, he worked in the sash and door factory and became a good and skilled worker there. When we last heard of him he was in Seattle, Washington, and superintendent of one of the big Western lumber company in that real lumbering country. And there he died, at the top of his profession, started in my father's sash and door factory in Potsdam — a worthy representative of the little band of from forty to fifty who used to work in the Potsdam shop.

(All photos courtesy Potsdam Museum)

Material supplied from the files of Potsdam Museum.



Miss Cornelia Swan, sister of George B. Swan.



The Newby Farm Home in Morley. Frances Newby became Mrs. George Swan.

Poetical Portraits

Busy hands By Abigail Cole

When I get where I can't do a useful thing,
Please, to tie knots in, just give me a string.
These hands simply must be kept busy."
Said gentle, happy, old Aunt Lizzie.

Her gifts were scattered everywhere:
Dainty edgings on things to wear;
A warm muffler for Uncle Rob;
Socks for Jim — an annual job;

"Home Sweet Home" antimacassar for rocking chair;
Crocheted picture in frame for cousin Claire;
Handkerchiefs with tatted edges for all her friends;
No record kept of time on each she sends;

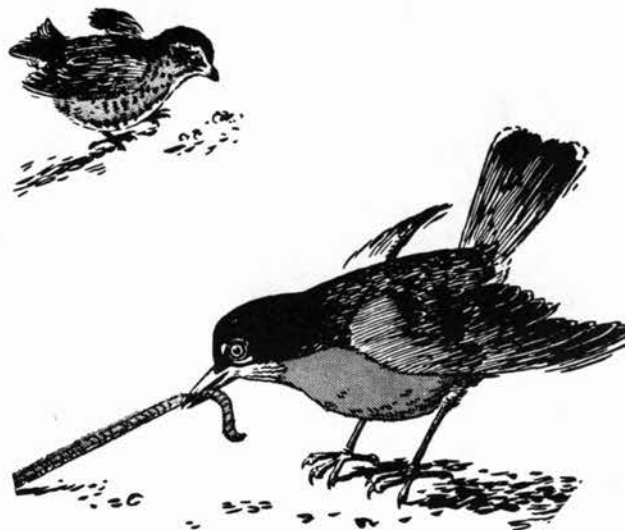
Crocheted edgings for pillow cases;
Heavy or dainty mats for many places;
With knitting needles, shuttle, and crochet hook,
She eagerly followed patterns in each new book.

There wasn't a thing that we could bring.
She never had use for a knot-tying string.
She was ill such a little while.
Then she left us, on her face a smile.
With treasures and memories her friends are blest,
Now that her busy hands are at rest.



Robin calls for rain By Abigail Cole

"That robin is calling for rain."
That rain is needed is very plain;
Maple leaves curling to show underside;
Cracks in mud flat are getting wide;
Brook in pasture shows less water than rocks;
Corn kernels not filling out on yellow stalks;
"Smoke." We search horizon with anxious eye,
Fearing fire with woodland so dry.
Sun may set in sky red or grey
That robin says "rain is on the way."



Poetical Portraits

When the threshers came, 1915

By Rose Tripp

All through the hot summer the
oats had been grown,
So there would be threshers
at each country home.

Now this was a day that took
plenty of men,
So the neighbors would gather
at the farmer's barn when

The big machine owner had set
up the contraption,
Which really in those days was
quite an attraction.

High and huge with a heavy belt
wheel for power;
It could thresh many bundles in
only an hour.

When the big steam engine was
running full blast
Chugging to keep the iron wheels
spinning fast.

The bundles were tossed from, the
load with a team,
While down at one side came
the oats in a stream.

When this driver had emptied all
his wagon could yield,
The next farmer drove up with
his load from the field.

Into the barn flew the straw
with its chaff,
And the dirt on their faces would
make a horse laugh.

Two men shoved it back to make
room for more,
While the dust would be flying
from the top to the floor.

I think they enjoyed all the
dirt and the noise:
The excitement of threshing was
shared by the boys.

The housewife had been busy to
put on a big spread:
Beef, gravy, potatoes, and of course
home baked bread.

Jellies, and pickles, garden
vegetables and pies,
Two or three pieces, for
these hungry guys.

Talking and laughter, chiding
in fun,
Some spinning yarns when the
meal had begun.

Then out in the shade to rest
and to chat—
They all needed a noon hour
after eating like that.

Working together, sharing
and giving,
Were always a part of this
good homespun living.

Yes, threshing the oat crop
in those olden days
Had its advantages in a great
many ways.

Now a farmer goes out with his
tractor and combine,
All by himself, cuts and threshes
the same time.

The work is much faster with
machines on the go,
But the farmer up the road he
may not even know.

Changing with neighbors made
friendships that last,
With many fond memories of
threshing oats in the past.



Heritage Preserved

By MASON JAHRS

“A tender heart; a will inflexible.”

Longfellow (in Christus)

Sometimes it appears that a tender heart and an inflexible will are in conflict. Are you inflexible? Unbending?

Time was when words describing leading citizens (usually heard in a funeral oration) tended to be in the above category. Today we try to teach our children to be a little flexible — adjust, adjust. Hang loose, do your own thing, ride with the tide, don't rock the boat, follow the majority and so on.

The “great” were usually described by adjectives such as enduring, strong, staunch, faithful, kindly, reliable, trustworthy, devout, persevering, wise, patriotic, faultless, humble, loyal, honest, undaunted by adversity, salt of the earth.

Those of fallen grace were editorially tagged rogues, clever (not in a brilliant sense), non - church - going, un-dependable, base, wishy washy, testy, fence-sitting, non social, without virtue, foul, vain, an ingrate, etc.

Are we building leaders?

The churches do not emphasize leadership qualities above all it seems today. Certainly employers and politics do not help. The government does not. “Get mine” is the cry. The loudest seem to reign; sound conditioned youth yield to noise and salesmanship. (They spend hours before the TV being “sold.”) The quiet qualities of the steady, calm, dependable seem to take a back seat.

Those who sit on their pedestals, unbending in the face of changes around them, are as bad as those who are so flexible they waver in the slightest winds of change. How can we impart a solid, quiet, but flexible — when - need - be character in the young? How can we preserve our heritage of the ethic of hard work and its rewards? Of honesty and

steadfastness? Of taking care of our own instead of expecting someone else to do so?



Massena's Committee working with the Chamber of Commerce wishes to involve the whole community in the nation's birthday plans. Their list is staggering — with all ages involved. Local restorations, map projects, oral history, treasures of attic and barn, debates, club activities, exhibits, people, plays, music, gardens, bees — too many ideas to mention them all. More next issue!



Woods camp in the Adirondacks. All set to cook the meat.
(Loaned by Margaret DeGauff, Canton)



Teachers Institute, 1910, held in Canton. Rear left to right (1) Nellie Van Sant Towne, (2) ?, (3) Bessie Golden, (4) Alice Thompson, (5) Juanita Johnson, (6) her sister — Johnson. First row: girls unknown. Center is Mrs. Forsyth, where the girls roomed.

(Courtesy Nellie Towne)

The Folklore of Our Names

Norwood

Prospect St. E. Side



Trudie Calvert began a column on place names in St. Lawrence County in the July issue of *The Quarterly*. The first two discussed were Mt. Alone and Tavern Island. Some years ago, I began a file on our local names and will share one with you in hopes that you as readers will provide more. Some years ago, Mary H. Biondi contributed an article, "From Podunk to Zip 13652" that gave the origin meaning of many names and the legends surrounding them.

NORWOOD

One would believe that the origin of the name of Norwood comes from North Wood, but that is not the case. A post office was established on the site on Dec. 30, 1850, as North Potsdam, changed to Potsdam Junction in 1867, and to Norwood in 1875. According to the Minute Book of the Village of Potsdam Junction, "At a meeting of the Board of Trustees (of the village), April 5, 1875, there was an unanimity of feeling in favor of a change of name," and after a recital of the annoyances suffered by our citizens and by the traveling public by having the name of Potsdam and Potsdam Junction confounded as the one and same place, W. D. Loveless of-

ferred a resolution that the name be changed to Norwood.

Before that, however, the village trustees wanted to name the place Baldwin, for Benjamin G. Baldwin (1806-1873) "the father" of the village who came into the area in the late 1840's and donated fifteen acres of land as a right-of-way for the Northern Railroad. Another post office already had the name, so another had to be found. Mr. Baldwin came from New England and practiced law in Potsdam for some years.

It is said that the Rev. Mr. Chase, a most persuasive person, called the public meeting to change the name. He had just read a novel called *Norwood*, written by the great abolitionist preacher, Henry Ward Beecher, brother of author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Rev. Chase liked the book for its morality and induced someone to resolve that the village be so named. The resolution carried the day and vote. The results of the balloting were Norwood 42 votes; Potsdam Junction (conservative diehards) 19; Onawa 12; Oakley 5; and some wag cast one vote for Duck Pond. We are left to wonder about the origin of Onawa, Oakley, and Duck Pond.

Obsolete names are Ka-na-te-seke, Raquetteville (named by Mr. Baldwin), and Potsdam Depot (named by the railroad company).

Kelsie B. Harder

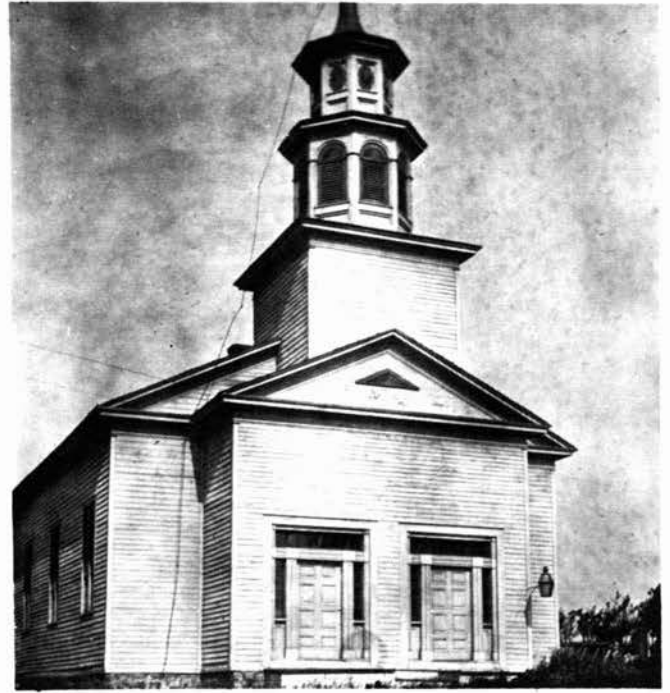


Business Section

MYSTERIES



Who? When?



Where is or was this lovely church?



When was this group photographed (probably in Hammond)? What was the occasion? (Photo found at lawn sale in Hammond.)



*Letters
to the editor*

... Hope all is going well with you. It is indeed sad to see how cramped your quarters are in that refurbished barn. And I was surprised that the Historical Society still did not have the Wright house ready for use.

Yours,
William McLoughlin
Brown University,

Providence, Rhode Island 02912

Dear Mary:

The last issue of *Quarterly* indicated in your editor's note you were stepping down as editor of Q. Just a note to express this reader's praise for a job well done — And I can only measure against what I would presume a journal of this nature would be, for the *Quarterly* is the first I ever subscribed to.

Anyway, I presume from the writing you will continue in other activities within the Historian's office.

Am playing in my mind a new project — a writing about a 1924 mine disaster that took place 5 miles from my home in Minnesota. What I need is another good Mary Biondi in Northern Minnesota.

Best wishes,
George Chamberlin
Gadsden, Alabama

Dear Mary:

As a native of Nicholville, I was greatly interested in and delighted with the picture of the "NICHOLVILLE GIRLS" appearing in the July *Quarterly*. For a group picture it was great, each girl showing clearly and distinctly; the photographer was a master.

I was especially pleased to see three of my Aunts in the picture; Velma Sanford McKim, Jennie Sanford Carter and Bertha Smith Sanford. I also knew several of the other girls.

It would be interesting to me to know what the occasion was for taking this picture, where and when it was taken and by whom? Perhaps Mrs. Anna Matthews Cole would have this information as she submitted the picture.

These old pictures bring back memories of long ago and are great. Keep them coming.

Very sincerely,
Donald E. Sanford
402 Ford Street
Ogdensburg, N.Y. 13669

Dear Mary:

It's been so long since we've written, I thought I'd send my *QUARTERLY* dues so you wouldn't think I'd died. . .

I smiled at the recent (pictures of the) display of flatirons and I have FOUR different ones, one nearly 90 years young from a friend of mine in Lawrenceville, Ill. I'll have to photo them, as well as an antique baby carriage used for the late Carl Olmstead of Nicholville. His wife Jessie is in a nursing home at Massena. . .

Best wishes in haste,
Herbert H. Hastings, town
of Dickinson historian

(Thanks, Herb, for the info on Jessie — her friends may wish to know where she is. MHB)

To the editor:

I am sending for an extra copy of the April 1975 *Quarterly* for Lloyd Weed, White Plains. He is a 1910 graduate from Clarkson College, and his father owned and operated the Weed Hardware Store in Potsdam. While in Clarkson he and other Clarkson students surveyed the Hannawa Falls - Potsdam Railroad, working under General E. A. Merritt, Jr. He is now 86, and could probably supply much information of interest for the historian.

Sincerely,
Louis M. Hutchinson
201 Pine Grove St.
Syracuse, N.Y. 13210
Clarkson '35

Dear Mary:

Here are a few more contributions for the *Quarterly*. Perhaps I am slowing down; I shouldn't be, I am only 87 (born May 24, 1888.) My failing eyesight is a great handicap but I am thankful that I can still type, as knitting with words is my most constructive occupation. I am also thankful that I can look out the window and see all the colors as they are . . . white dogwood, red azalia, and some soft blue flowers. Very appropriate for Memorial Day. . .

With love,
Abigail Cole

July 12, 1975

I want to make a correction — the picture of Madrid girls published in the last *Quarterly* was given by me — not Howard Smith. He very kindly took it for me. It is a gift, not a loan.

Sincerely,
Mollie Haig Bicknell



*From
the editor*

What Mary Biondi, who announced her retirement from the editorship of *The Quarterly*, called "The Winds of Change" has now become a veritable HURRICANE. My neighbor and friend, Mrs. Monte Calvert, has decided to the regret of all of us that she cannot now assume the duties of Editor, although we hope to persuade her to take on the chore later. Fortunately, Mrs. Biondi has remained as County Historian and has, thereby, directed the publication of this issue to the extent that she can truly be called the Editor. My own contribution has been mostly to look on and wonder how anyone could be so efficient as she.

Since few of you know me, I can only say that no extensive changes will be made in the format of *The Quarterly*. In fact, I hope that you will not notice any in the near future. Mrs. Biondi's extensive knowledge of St. Lawrence County cannot be surpassed, which means that her guiding hand and experienced mind will be apparent on every page.

With your contribution of notes, articles, and illustrations, plus some sympathetic good wishes in addition, I believe that *The Quarterly* will continue to serve you and St. Lawrence County as it has in the past during the tenure of Mrs. Biondi, who has promised, despite her other duties, to keep a close watch over me. After all, she was the one who persuaded me to join the Association.

Kelsie B. Harder



Draffin School, Ogdensburg — Canton Road, 1901-2. Libbie C., mother of Renwick Briars, was the teacher of these 37 students: Seated: Lucy Wallace (living), Leon Dawson, Edward Henry. First row, standing: Nettie Shannon, Helen Dowd, Isabella Mayne (living), Ruth Marshall (living), Libbie Cranston, John Henry, Arthur Burrows, Clarence Thornhill, Jay Marshall (living), Lee Mayne, Eleric Dailey,

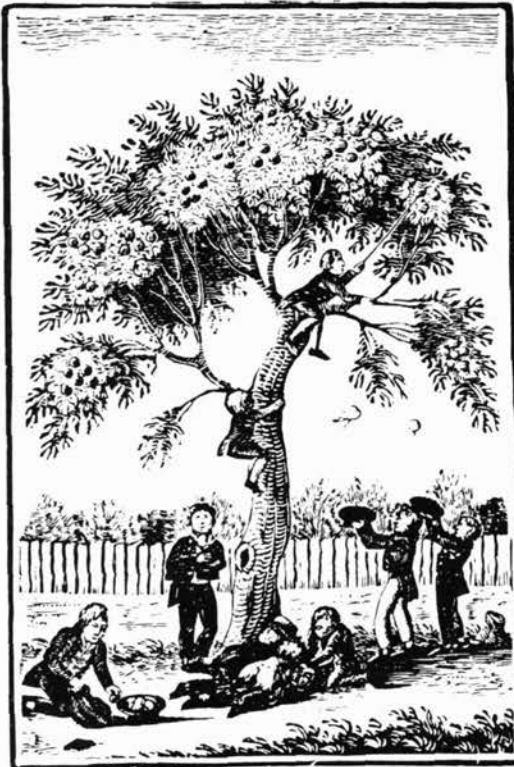
Nelson Rayburn. Back row, Luella Burrows, Lottie Burrows, (living), Pearl Wallace (living), Irene Mayne, Mary Sennett, Daisy Marshall, Ethel Mayne, Martha Sennett (living), Alice Kelly, Ella Marshall, Norman Rayburn, Henry Rayburn, James Henry Rayburn, James Henry, Everett Dawson (living), Ralph and William Henry, Newell Burrows (living). (Loaned by Renwick Briars, Rensselaer Falls.)

research

Cecil Haig Coleman, Madrid, Should know the unidentified girls on page 20 of July '75 Quarterly. Have you checked with him?

R.B.

POTSDAM MUSEUM
Tuesdays thru Saturdays
2 - 5 p.m.
Potsdam Museum
in
Civic Center



Green as Grass

ROOTS

Are you interested in a group of others doing family research? Join in the country's fastest growing hobby — genealogy. Whether you've been at it many years or are "green as grass" at it, you will get more out of getting together informally for suggestions and exchange. For indication of interest, or information, drop a postal card to:

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c/o St. Lawrence & Hoyt
Box 43
Canton, N. Y. 13617

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



FROM THE ASSOCIATION BOOK STORE

History of St. Lawrence & Franklin Counties by Dr. Franklin B. Hough. Complete with maps and prints. Included with our facsimile edition is a handy name index.

For Both \$15.00

The Supervisor Story . . . A collection of biographies of our Supervisors 1802-1973, edited by County Historian Mary H. Biondi from files of town historians. Illustrated. \$1.75

St. Lawrence County History . . . a View from the People. A photographic self-portrait of our county by the people who live here. (Exhibit catalog) \$4.00

Index to History of St. Lawrence & Franklin Counties (above) for those who own an original copy (1853) \$1.00

The QUARTERLY. Back issues are mostly in good supply. Write, or call 386-2780 for a specific issue. each \$1.00

ALSO we have a small number of our Limited Edition 25th Anniversary Plates. In color. \$5.00

(Some items are discounted for members)

VOLUNTEERS NEEDED

The Historian's office has a number of things which need volunteers to help organize so that materials are available to the public. We need people to take donated scrapbooks and index them. We also need people for indexing all the records we have, as well as for sorting, clipping, and typing cards for filing. We need some people who are able to make suitable signs for the office, museum, and research library walls: No Smoking, This Way, etc., in needlepoint, embroidery, burned wood, incised, painted, etc.

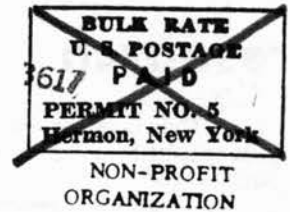
Who will volunteer?

Mary Biondi



The Annual Meeting of the St. Lawrence County Historical Association was held in Morristown on Oct. 4.

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Let's talk!

Our Trust Department offers a valuable service. We will be glad to review your estate, help with your plans for its distribution and illustrate the effect that the settlement procedures will have upon your property and its beneficiaries. Please call for an appointment with one of the knowledgeable and experienced officers in our Trust Department.

Let us help you plan your estate, now!



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