

Third Bicentennial Issue

THE

This issue is dedicated to G. Atwood Manley- A Living Legend

QUARTERLY

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE ST. LAWRENCE COUNTY HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION



G. Atwood Manley

THE QUARTERLY

Official Publication Of The St. Lawrence County Historical Association

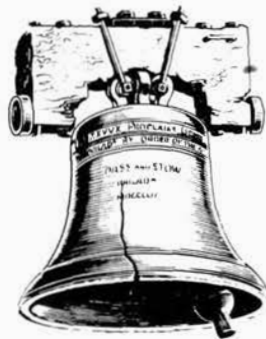
THIRD BICENTENNIAL ISSUE JULY, 1976

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COVER

The Association is privileged to dedicate this

July Bicentennial Issue to

G. Atwood Manley.

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

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Editor. Elsie H. Tyler

Atwood, Rushton, and the Chickaree

by Paul F. Jamieson

Noting my name on the title page as assistant to the author, Mrs. Tyler suggested that I write about the genesis of Atwood Manley's *Rushton and His Times in American Canoeing*. This is a congenial assignment. All my memories of the working and canoeing partnership which grew out of that book are pleasant ones. I had just retired when, one day in 1965, Atwood left his manuscript with me. To make retirement tolerable, one must have something to do. Work on the *Rushton* book filled the sudden vacuum agreeably and led to other things.

With his usual generosity Atwood offered the byline of co-author. After a realistic appraisal of my share in the book, I declined. I had cause to regret this when the reviews appeared in 1968. *Rushton* quickly became a classic in its field. Its high price, necessitated by numerous illustrations and diagrams, has limited sales somewhat, but its success is no less solid. In the words of the associate editor of the *Library Journal*, it is "more than sports history. It is will join specialists and hobbyists in welcoming this delightful design. There should be many general readers who will join specialists and hobbyists in welcoming this delightfully written, handsomely made book. Recommended highly, — despite its price — for the general non-fiction collections in history, boats, boating, and design."

This send-off explains why the book has had many more readers than buyers. The *Library Journal* is an authoritative guide for the order departments of libraries. In the last eight years Atwood has carried on a lively correspondence with his fans across the nation, many of whom used library copies. Hobbyists write to him about their attempts to build *Rushton*-model canoes after the line drawings and specifications in his book. Museum curators consult him. Editors of periodicals and publishing houses ask him to authenticate material they receive about canoes and canoeing history. He serves as judge of antique boats at the annual contests conducted by the Thousand Islands Museum. The ongoing demands that the world makes on his competence are, next to good health, the best specific for a long life.

The phrase chosen to describe my role in the production, "with the assistance of," is much closer to the mark than "co-author" would have been. The manuscript I saw in 1965 was the nearly complete story of *Rushton's* career in the background of his times. Atwood had begun gathering material and writing several years earlier. The book's origin goes even further back to his after-school hours in and around the Boat Shop, the most fascinating place in Canton for boys at the turn of the century; to the village characters he has known through a lifetime; to his work on the *Plaindealer*, first with his father and then as editor-owner; to the hobby of wood-working in the well-equipped workshop of his home; to his contacts with the *Rushton* family and the craftsmen who worked in the Boat Shop; and to his intimate knowledge of Canton and North Country history. No man has lived more intensively the life of his community.

Most of us are afflicted from time to time with discontent. We want to get away. Atwood, on the other hand, is perfectly at home in his time and place. Travel doesn't appeal to him. Nor has he needed it to broaden his interests. He has found in his birthplace all the nurture necessary to fill the mind and



High Rock on the Oswegatchie, where Manley and Jamieson got a dunking.

heart of a humanist. To paraphrase Thoreau, he has traveled far in Canton.

Canton is the center of the universe for Atwood. He would never acknowledge this as a concept. But it is an unshakable instinct with him and led inevitably to his interest in *Rushton*. For forty years the brave, crafty little boats went out from Canton in all directions of the compass. Under sail or paddle, they journeyed along the Atlantic coast, down the Mississippi from headwaters to mouth, on tributaries of the Columbia, on inland waters of Canada and western Europe, down the Nile. Meanwhile *Rushton* sat in his shop on Water Street perfecting his designs, reading testimonials to his craftsmanship, and taking quiet satisfaction in his far-flung empire of little boats and satisfied patrons. What more of a center could you ask for? Working with this heady material, I too was drawn into the vortex and have never been able to readjust my instincts to the Copernican theory.

What need to travel when you are already at the center of things? However, Atwood and I did venture as far as Canton's hinterland, the Adirondacks. This was to exercise his two *Rushton* canoes, to look for other *Rushton* boats still in use or preservation, and to enjoy a little recreation on the side. According to my log, we made over twenty of these trips while the book was in progress and after. At first we were a little awkward in tandem because Atwood preferred the double-bladed paddle of his youth and I the single paddle, but we soon overcame this problem.

The first trip, on the upper Oswegatchie, might have been the last if Atwood hadn't been forgiving. The all-cedar canoe was one of the class *Rushton* called *Arkansas Traveler*. Built for lightness and speed, it was narrow in beam and pointed in keel. As we paddled upstream, Atwood reminded me several times that it was a cranky boat. "You have to part your hair in the middle," he said. But after four miles of steady going, I forgot his warning. We landed at High Rock, climbed to an elevated perch, and ate lunch overlooking the boreal swamp thereabouts. After a few casts for trout that didn't rise, Atwood got into the canoe again. Following him, I planted one foot a hair off center. The canoe flipped, and Atwood and I

struggled to our feet in waist-deep water. He never lets me forget this incident. But actions speak louder than words. It was the canoe he got rid of, not the tandem paddler, though the former was a genuine Rushton and the latter was not even born in Canton.

The trips continued in the heavier but steady *Vayu* an all-cedar Canadian type of canoe of the class Rushton called *Ugo*. There were no more flips.

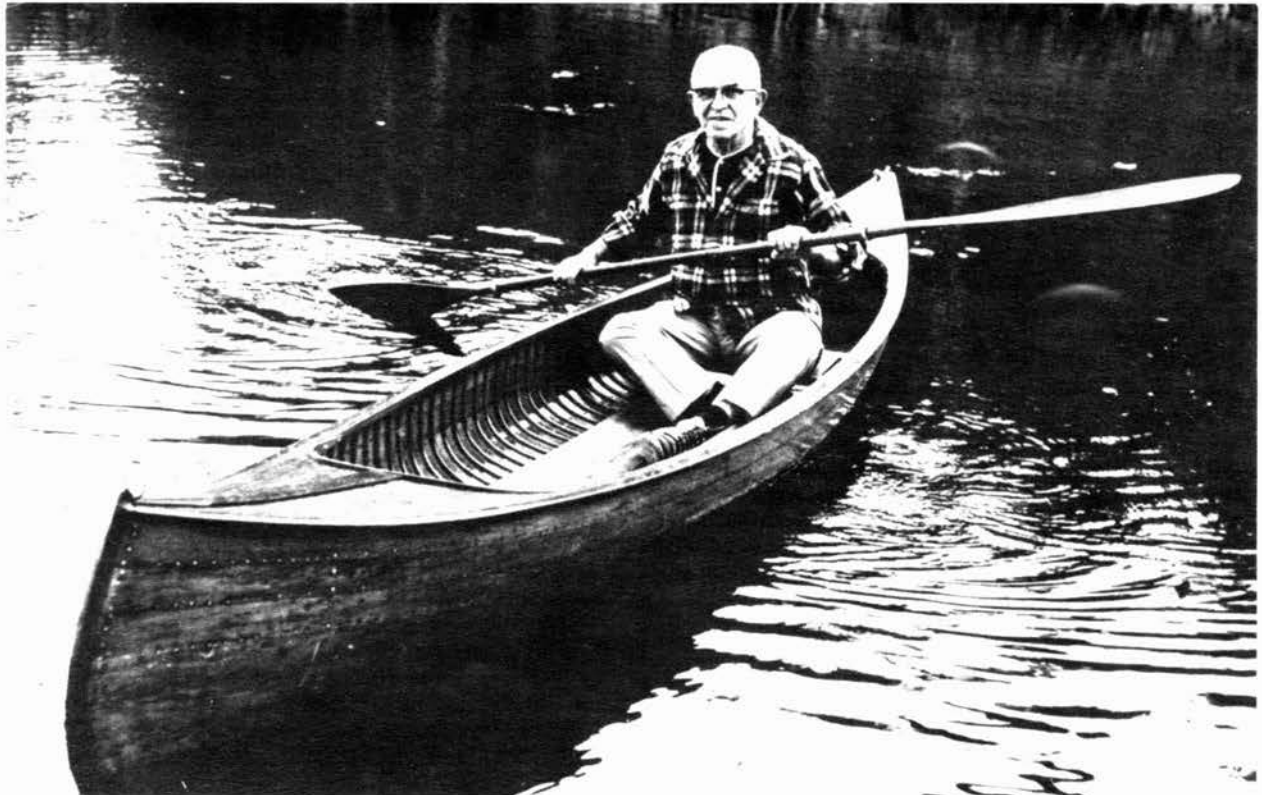
Some trips were almost credible voyages of exploration. We saw no other human being for hours at a time. On other days we met interesting characters in the kind of isolation that makes them seem larger than life. With his instant bonhomie, Atwood was soon on terms of mutual confidence with them. Once on the Raquette we heard the life story of a sculptor. On another occasion, after canoeing on Tupper Lake, we met John Stock, manager of timberlands at Litchfield Park, who gave us a conducted tour through the forests of the park and through the castle. In the great hall Atwood examined a trim guideboat, possibly a Rushton. On another day we combined a paddle on the Bog River with a visit to the Adirondack Museum, where everyone fell on Atwood's neck. He had given to the museum the cranky Arkansas Traveler and had located and procured other Rushton craft for exhibits in the boat building. Our visit to Brandreth Lake, deep in the Adirondack wilds, resulted from Atwood's interest in another Canton native, Frederic Remington. One of the camp owners, related by marriage to the Brandreth family, was president of Kennedy Galleries in New York. At his invitation we spent an enjoyable day in the oldest private park in the Adirondacks continuously in the hands of the same family.

Going anywhere with Atwood in the North Country is an open sesame. Once on Weller Pond we were caught in a drenching thunderstorm, far from take-out and our car. Shivering in the sudden chill and wet clothing, we paddled down the outlet and into Hungry Bay on Middle Saranac, where I knew there was a lean-to and probably some dry firewood. The lean-to was occupied. I was all for pushing off, but Atwood, noting smoke rising from the fireplace, insisted

on being self-invited guests. In minutes were were sitting on the deacon seat and sipping hot coffee, while Atwood exchanged fish stories with the five anglers from New Jersey and admired their very complete tackle and camping gear.

Another day we paddled around the shores of Upper St. Regis and Spitfire lakes, admiring the forty-odd camps in a variety of architecture, some of them in the same families for four generations. The day was a bonanza for Atwood, who had begun keeping a record of surviving Rushton boats. He was in a high state of excitement as we cruised by the boathouses of the older camps. Those with closed doors or dusky interiors were tantalizing. But he had already noted some familiar outlines by the time we came to one long, wide-open boathouse that looked more like a museum. There were nine small boats — guideboats and canoes — suspended on racks or resting on the floor, all in mint condition. As we nosed in for a closer look, the owner of the camp glided to moorings near his dock in an Idem sailboat. We looked like intruders. He shouted the question whether there was anything he could do for us. Left to my own resources, I would have said, "No, thanks," and faded away. Not Atwood. He shouted back, "Yes, we'd like to look at your boats." The tall man in shorts finished his reefing and mooring and then came to join us. Two of the boats were all-cedar canoes of the Indian class with the Rushton imprint intact. Another antique was a birchbark from Canada. Atwood made a new friend that day with the Baltimore lawyer and corresponded with him subsequently, receiving a letter of congratulation after his book was published.

On flawless day in late September, with the *Vayu* on the cartop, we visited the Huntington Wildlife Forest near Newcomb. Soon Atwood was on friendly terms with the Syracuse College of Forestry professor in charge. Thanks to a mutual interest in small boats and in woodcraft, Atwood was received like a visiting dignitary and literally given the key to the wilderness; that is, to the locked gates on the long dirt road that looped through the interior of the 10,000-acre preserve, then rarely visited by the public. The object of our trip was to see a stand of northern hardwoods designated as



Atwood in the *Vayu*, of the class Rushton called *Ugo*.

outstanding by the Society of American Foresters. To reach it, we launched the **Vayu** on remote Catlin Lake, entirely deserted except for a pair of loons. Fall colors on the slopes of nearby Kempshall and Santanoni mountains were at their peak. After nosing onto a point on the west shore, we hiked a little way through the big yellow birches, beeches, and sugar maples before paddling back to our landing. Atwood said that it had been the best trip of the year.

The personal magnetism that opened so many doors in the Adirondacks is at least partly explainable. Atwood is perfectly at home in any social situation that the North Country — urban, rural, or wild — can provide. Also he speaks of his own interests and enters into those of others with an enthusiasm that seems ageless. The rest is a secret of personality.

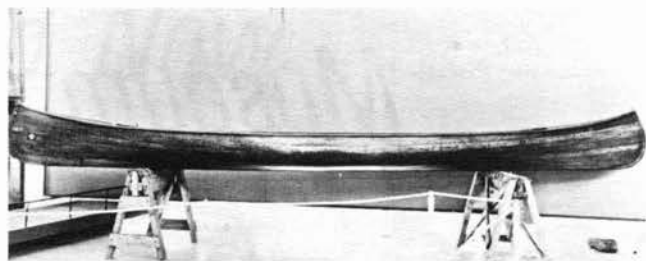
By March following that September day in the Huntington Forest, the manuscript of **Rushton** was ready to send to Syracuse University Press, though much more work still lay ahead. Atwood had thanked me several times orally for my minor contribution, but now he wrote a letter of thanks which I treasure. The last paragraph reads: "The **Vayu** is champing at the bit. I shall look forward to continuing our Adirondack canoe trips where we left off last fall. In fact, I am doing morning push-ups to get back in condition."

As the trips continued, I began to wonder whether Atwood exerted a magnetism over the animal kingdom too. Certainly we had a number of out-of-the-ordinary encounters with animals and birds. Even with plants. There was, for instance, the case of the disappearing smartweed.

One August day on Union Falls Pond we paddled the **Vayu** into a long narrow bay on the north side. At the entrance was one of the loveliest sights I have ever seen. Frenchs Brook, draining the northside of Whiteface Mountain, sang an aria as it tumbled into the bay over the terraced ledges of a waterfall. On the black, smooth water of the pool below the cascade was a Persian carpet — a thick bed of water smartweed, its flowering pink spikes sticking up above the floating green leaves. I know this was not a mirage, for in the pages of my log describing this trip is one of those dried spikes, still a deep pink color. When I went back three years later, however, to show this scene to another canoeing companion, the waterfall still entered the bay with the panache of a prima donna on the Met stage, but the Persian carpet was gone. Only the black water was there in its place. Frankly, I don't know whether this story has any bearing on the subject, but to some minds it might have.

I became almost superstitious about Atwood's power of attraction over bird, fish, and quadruped. On almost every trip these wild creatures put in an appearance, doing funny things, astonishing things, or just their thing, like the two bitterns on the Grass River bank insisting that we look skyward. Other incidents were the superior clowning performance of nine big and little bears at the old Fish Creek dump; the skittering ducklings of Stony Creek Pond; the berserk loons of Weller Pond; the convention of seven great blue herons that we interrupted near the mouth of Still Creek and watched as they lumbered into flight, one after another, like ponderous cargo planes. Even when Atwood's intentions were hostile, he seemed to have this magnetic power. One June day on the stillwater of the North Branch, when we pointed the prow of the **Vayu** into the mouth of a brook, a last-century miracle took place. In some twenty casts Atwood caught his limit to ten brook trout. And according to Stillwater Club members, the fishing had been terrible up that way for years.

It was, of course, the chickaree, that imp of the North Woods, that put on the best show. We were cruising downstream on the Raquette after emerging from Stony Creek. A red maple lay out over the water at an angle of fifteen degrees, its roots weakened by bank erosion. As we neared it,



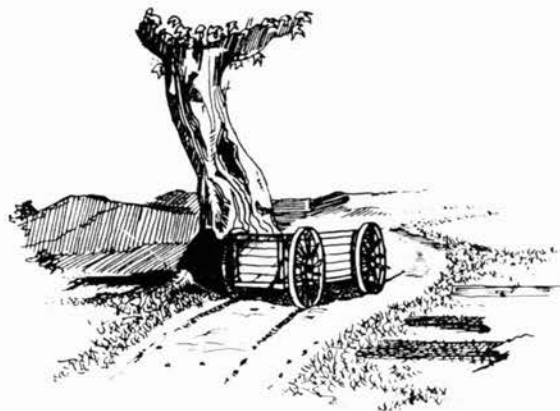
The cranky Arkansas Traveler which capsized at High Rock. Courtesy of the Adirondack Museum, Blue Mountain Lake.

a red squirrel chose that moment to dash out to the end of the maple, sail through the air, land with a belly flop on the water, recover quickly, and swim lustily toward the other shore, head, back, and tail well above water. Though we were in hot pursuit, the chickaree paused on the opposite bank long enough to shake the water out of his fur and look at us impudently, chipping and whisking his tail. Then he dashed off to check on the beechnut crop on Raquette's other shore. The audacity of this performance left us speechless.

Though it wouldn't do to press the comparison too far, Atwood has something in common with the chickaree as that creature is described by the man who knew him best, Clinton Hart Merriam, in **Mammals of The Adirondack Region**. Atwood too can be sassy and frolicsome in lighter moods. When he is excited, close your eyes and you can hear him chipper. And he is as well adapted to the North Country as Merriam's chickaree, "cheerful and contented in the sombre coniferous forests of the North."

"The Red Squirrel," says Merriam, "is a most industrious animal. Unlike most of his associates, and many of our own species, he is not content with the enjoyment of present plenty, but takes pains to provide against a time of future need. When the summer has grown old, and the mellow days of early autumn cast a glow of color over the sumac and woodbine, the prudent Squirrel has commenced to gather the provisions for his winter's use." So Atwood. About the time of his retirement from newspaper editing, a former State Historian, who knew what a mine of information Atwood had stored up about Canton and the North Country, said to him: "Atwood, don't rest till you get it all down on paper." Two books, many articles, reams of notes, and many albums later (not to speak of tape recordings), Atwood is still busy setting it all down for a future more distant than any the prudent squirrel ever dreamed of.

One more likeness. The chickaree, Merriam says, "possesses the rare philosophical accomplishment of combining work with recreation." Atwood too sets about his work as if it were play. That is the spirit in which **Rushton and His Times** was produced.



Museum of the Mind

By Max Coats

There was a time when our elders sat by the hearths or around the round oak stoves, and told their stories of how it used to be. They remembered, and passed those memories along to all who cared to listen. Their memories were like heirlooms that bound those younger to the history of a community, without which, the sense of community could not exist. Recollecting was a vital part of life. It made a kind of sense out of time that would have otherwise simply shattered into fragments to be lost underfoot with the passing of generations.

Then came the movies, radios and television. The transmission of events became the specialty of professionals who told the tales and sang the songs. Professional commentators, reporters and entertainers replaced the elders who had held forth on the courthouse steps, in the general store or around the kitchen table.

Often the professionals did it better. At least the stories were more polished and the songs better sung, but they lost the human touch. Forty years of electronic communication has made the past impersonal and history often dull and distant.

There are rare exceptions in those places where someone still has the gift of exceptional recall. There are fortunate people who have a memory in their midst that can make the

people and the places of the past come alive. Atwood Manley is one of these rare people.

His memory is an archive of no small scope and his wit is equal to his range of recollection. His words can take the listener down Main Street to meet Eddy Perry selling postal card paintings on the Town Hall steps, to watch Jimmy Murray busily shouldering his hod, to see the lumberjacks along Mud Street on a Saturday night or watch the log drive down the Grasse. He can introduce you to Warren Johnson, H. P. Ellsworth, or scruffy old L. H. Whitney in front of the American House. When he tells it, Orin Squires comes alive and Ernest Robinson is a boy again watching the haying on the St. Lawrence campus. When Atwood remembers out loud you can almost taste a phosphate at Seymour's Soda Fountain, puff a corn silk cigarette deliciously sneaked on the shed roof behind the barn and smell the mud as you canoe down the Little River on a hot August afternoon. Through him, Remington, Blach, Payson, Wright, and Rushton become not merely names but people and history is imbued with life.

Atwood's mind is more than a museum — it is a time machine, and to be privileged to tag along is to touch time in a way that has all but vanished since the round oak stove gave way to central heating.

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Atwood... Then and Now

by Walter Gunnison

When I got out of St. Lawrence, the Depression was lapping at flood stage. I had no inkling. Being a romantic, I wanted to get into the newspaper business. Atwood Manley and his father, Williston, were running the **Plaindealer** and I was a home town boy. They let me write for the experience, even allowing the stuff to get into print. If they had told me to get lost, I think I would have understood.

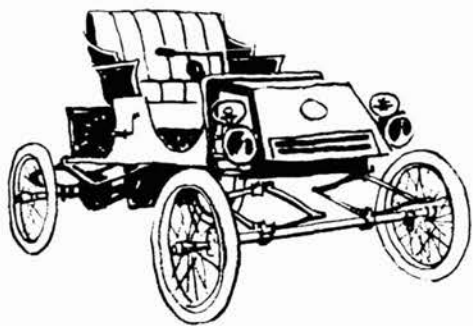
I did not appreciate Atwood's joyous energy, his eager restlessness. He was all over the plant. I can't remember ever seeing him sit any length of time at a desk or typewriter. He buzzed continually, but with purpose. He knew what he was after.

He has always been in a hurry the way a bird dog is when it quarters a field. Not long ago he told me he once went fishing with a man who had a reputation of always beating everyone to the next good trout hole. "I was determined he wasn't going to get away with it this time," Atwood said. "When he saw what I was up to, it got to be a race. We practically fished the river on the run."

Atwood has never failed me. When I lived on Long Island I had a sudden notion that I would like to know something of Canton's logging and lumbering background. On impulse, I wrote to Atwood, as though he had nothing better to do. He was still getting out the **Plaindealer**.

He responded, almost by return mail. "You asked for it," he wrote. "Here it is." "It" was a colorful, exciting history of men and events, as clear and vivid as the calk marks on Water Street's wooden sidewalks.

I kept and treasured that history until, one day, I was assailed by a feeling of guilt. I did not deserve to own it. I mailed it back to Atwood, urging him to consign it to his own file. He still has it. Ask to see it some time.



One August, during a family visit, I encountered Atwood on Main Street. He was going to post some club property in Clare next day. He invited me to come along and bring my fish pole. Many a purist shudders at the use of "pole" for rod. In the North Country it's still a pole.

Next morning we whirled up to Clare in Atwood's car. On the map, Clare is down from Canton, but when you make the trip it's all uphill and worth the climb.

We loaded a guide boat with metal signs: stenciled lettering on a yellow background, and hammer and nails. Atwood sat in the stern, steering to strategic spots where I climbed out, scrambled up the bank and nailed signs to trees. At one point the bank was high and steep and I got a little wet getting back in the boat. I almost upset it. Atwood sat in the stern, keeping an even keel and watching me, fascinated. When we eventually got straightened out, he kidded me.



When we had nailed up the last sign, Atwood headed back to our starting point at a brook mouth. We got our poles out of the boat and fished the brook. It had a bright, sandy bottom. We were careful. No trout, not a sign.

Atwood led the way back to the river. Peering into the deep water at the mouth of the brook, he saw fish close to the bottom. I saw absolutely nothing. He caught the limit of trout in something like fifteen minutes and gave them to me. We were back in Canton in time for lunch. Unbelievable.

I got up early one Thanksgiving Day on Long Island and went out and bought **The New York Times**. I turned to the sports section. There, in Nelson Bryant's "Wood, Field and Stream" column, was an enthusiastic review of **Rushton and His Times in American Canoeing**, written by Atwood Manley with the assistance of Paul F. Jamieson.

I knew Atwood would be up. He answered the phone. I told him about the review. I don't know which of us was more excited. A few days later, in the mail, there was a copy of the book, inscribed by the author, who referred to my near-ducking in Clare.

Two summers ago my wife bought a copy of **Rushton and His Times** for the Hepburn Library in Hermon. We took it to Atwood to have him write something in it. We found him in the side yard with Alice. He took the book, hesitated for only a moment, borrowed a ballpoint and inscribed:

"Hermon, like Canton, has a place in the boat - building firmament, for it was there that Rushton met stiff competition in the person of Harry Green, Hermon's genius in building canoes, rowboats and guide boats." He signed it "Atwood Manley, Canton, N.Y., July 20, 1974."

I have never known Atwood to be at a loss for words to fit an occasion.

It has occurred to me that since this is the **July Quarterly**, it would be appropriate to find out how Atwood celebrated the

Fourth when he was a kid. When I called on him with that in mind, he ushered me into that fascinating den of his. It was a warm April morning. He had been doing errands in the village (we used to call it "downstreet"). He was wearing a white skivvy edged with dark blue around the neck and sleeves.

He recalled the Fourth and a good many other things, including a fast history of the Canton Fire Department. He got out an album and pointed out pictures. Uniformed firemen were lined up in the Park. There was no Civil War statue. The trees were hardly beyond sapling stage. The Silas Wright fire engine was there, hitched to the two white horses.

He wanted to make something clear about those horses. They were an all-purpose team, used for all kinds of municipal functions, especially street maintenance. A biographer has written that Frederic Remington, as a youngster, frequented the firehouse, where he admired the horses in their stalls, thrilled to their stomping. That would have been impossible, Atwood said. The horses weren't kept in the firehouse. In any event, they would have been out working, unless there were a fire.

As a kid, Atwood lived on University Avenue at the edge of the St. Lawrence University campus and ran with the University Avenue Gang. In addition to Atwood and his sister, Elaine, some of the members were Ernest Robinson, the Gardner boys (Beanie and Bob), the Forbes children and Dorothy K. Cleaveland who lived at the head of the street. There were others from other streets who hung out with the gang on occasion.

"I remember how Bob Gardner's mother once said to us. 'I wish you wouldn't call him Bob; his name is Robert.'" That tickled Atwood.

"On the night before the Fourth," he went on, "our fathers would take us down to Bing's to stock up on firecrackers and fireworks. Bing's mother, Mary, ran the store. Elbert was otherwise engaged. Bing may have been going to college.

"This was in the nineties. We'd buy firecrackers and snakes. The snakes oozed out in ashy, brittle coils when you lit a small cone. The firecrackers came in different sizes. We bought salutes. We put the salutes under pails and lit the fuses and the salutes would go off and throw the pails hundreds of feet into the air.

"When it came to the Fourth itself, it was always a question of who would be the first up in the morning to fire the first salute." He chuckled. "That always makes me think of Ernest Robinson; he got up at 4 o'clock one morning and placed his box of fireworks on the carriage step on the curb in front of the house. He fired a salute and somehow a spark got



into the box and the whole thing went up at 4 o'clock in the morning." Atwood was delighted by the memory.

"And then there was Dr. Forbes. He loved children. He was a tennis player and entered all sorts of sports. He invented games for children. On the Fourth of July, at night, he would put on a display. He set up rocket chutes and he had a special board for pinwheels. I'll never forget the time a pinwheel went off ahead of time and burned his hands terribly. I remember how grease was put on his hands to ease the terrible pain.

"There were parades, of course, as well as fireworks. The Fire Department marched and the Silas Wright engine was there, pulled by the white horses, and the Fire Department Band, and the 'horribles' — people dressed up in all kinds of costumes. There was the G.A.R. and the Knights Templars. This was the big event of the year.

"They had speeches in the Park — spread eagle oratory. You should have heard Major Horace Ellsworth. You should have seen the way he waved his arms. And there was a Colonel Sackett from Gouverneur. He was another orator."

During the Spanish - American War the University Avenue Gang played soldier. Some one made them wooden rifles and the kids marched and paraded with those. They had a headquarters. One day the Miner Street Gang showed up "and cleaned us out," Atwood recalls. But that's another story.

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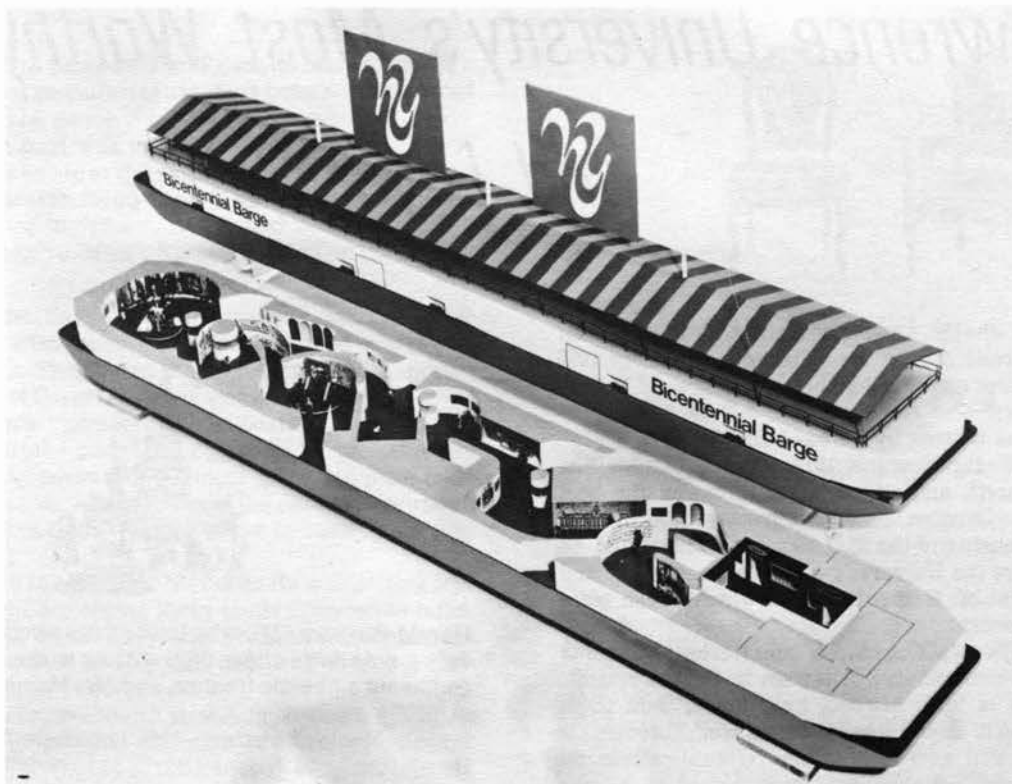
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Scale models of the Bicentennial Barge, the New York State American Revolution Bicentennial Commission's major festival program for 1976, now being shown throughout New York as part of a series of sessions for local planners. The models are 62½" long and 10" wide while the actual barge is 250' by 39'. The program was launched April 27, 1976 and will continue through Labor Day with 32 sites now planned across the state. The Barge will visit Ogdensburg's City Dock on Saturday, August 7, and Sunday, August 8.

*The following city, towns, and villages have been officially designated
as Bicentennial Communities:*

Brasher
Canton
Colton
Clifton - Fine
Edwards
Gouverneur
Hammond
Hopkinton
Lisbon
Louisville
Madrid
Massena
Morristown
Norfolk
Ogdensburg
Parishville
Pierrepont
Potsdam
Russell - Clare
Stockholm
Waddington
Village of Norwood
Village of Richville

Many of these communities have published definitive histories and geneologies about their area. These are on sale in the various communities.

All five colleges have been designated as Bicentennial Campuses:

Clarkson School of Technology, Potsdam
Mater Dei College, Ogdensburg
St. Lawrence University, Canton, N.Y.
State University College at Potsdam, Potsdam
State University of N.Y. Agricultural and
Technical College at Canton, Canton



St. Lawrence University's Most Worthy

and Loyal Son by Edward Blankman

The following is what St. Lawrence University thinks about Mr. Manley, as read during the Commencement of 1975 when his alma mater conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Humane Letters.

The citation was written by Edward Blackman.

"Graduate of St. Lawrence in 1916, Atwood Manley has distinguished himself, and added luster to one of the best known Laurentian families, as editor, banker, and author.

"Editor and publisher of the *St. Lawrence Plaindealer*, he found time to serve the University as alumni secretary and trustee. In business his first priority has always been community improvement.

"One of two keys to his character and accomplishments lies in that word 'community.' A truism in Canton and St. Lawrence County is 'Ask Atwood, he'll know,' and then, variously, 'He'll do it' or 'He'll see it gets done.' Through his tireless research and anecdote - flavored publications on Rushton the canoemaker and Remington the artist, he has extended his reputation to a community truly national.

"The second key is his enthusiasm. Always young in spirit, he has kept a legion of friends on their toes for good causes. Among these is his alma mater, which honors its best traditions today in honoring this most worthy and loyal son."



ATWOOD MANLEY ON RUSHTON AND CRANBERRY LAKE

(Excerpts from Reviews in *The St. Lawrence Bulletin of Summer 1968*)

Rushton and His Times in American Canoeing, by Atwood Manley; **Cranberry Lake From Wilderness to Adirondack Park**, edited by A. Fowler, with three chapters by Atwood Manley.

These volumes were published on June 28 by the Adirondack Museum and Syracuse University Press. Both books "move" within the region of St. Lawrence County and Canton. Both have material written in whole or in part by Atwood Manley.

The book on Cranberry Lake contains three chapters written by Mr. Manley. "Bill Rasbeck's Diary" is the record of a guide's doings at and near the lake from 1887 (when he rides by buckborad) to 1916 (when he has a ride in an "otto"). It is part Mr. Rasbeck's salty entries in his journal, part comment by Mr. Manley. All the lake - and - wilderness chronicle is there — hunting deer (in the early days, "mountain lamb" for the Boston market), fishing trout, spruce gumming, the spring log drives down the Grasse River to Canton. This man with the bark on (great-uncle to



Harold Rasbeck '29), who in one year swore off whiskey till July 4, puts down all his days with no wishes or regrets. It all comes out authentic frontier, and Mr. Manley coaxes it along skillfully as such,

Mr. Manley's other two chapters are "Frederic Remington" and "Barney Burns at Brandy Brook." Both are spiritedly written, the work of an author in love with his subjects. There is no doubt now that Mr. Manley is the country's expert on Remington's North Country days. He shows the painter on his porch at Witch Bay (on visits between 1889-99), his easel and drawing pad by him, a rifle for potting at a loon, a quart for occasional stimulation.

The Barney Burns chapter is in part by Atwood Manley, in part excerpts from "The Rounder" column in the *St. Lawrence Plaindealer* as written over the many years by Williston Manley, Atwood's father. This is the record of a camp which Williston and Mark Manley helped Burns build. The chapter is a must for hunters and fishermen, and Will Manley, who at his best is superb with phrase - making, gets off some of the liveliest descriptions in the book.

Cranberry Lake has seven other chapters, chronicling a story from Great Windfall days of 1845 to removal of the State Forestry camp in 1967.



Rushton and His Times in American Canoeing is all Canton and Rushton and boats. . . and Atwood Manley. This means that the book spreads out from Canton to touch a good part of the U.S. and Canada, and other parts of the world. For those few who still may not know it, J. Henry Rushton made boats in Canton from 1873-1906, and placed them on streams and lakes everywhere in America, and as far away as the Nile. This frail little man ("pint of cider," Atwood Manley calls

Continued

him), who moved to Canton off an Edwards farm, became a giant of small-boat manufacture in days before gas-powered craft succeeded the canoe.

Rushton's first boat was made for Milt Packard, a dry-goods merchant who ate at the same corner table in Canton's American House for 56 years. Packard's crony, Joe Ellsworth the shoe merchant, saw it and ordered one, "a damned sigh better." J. Henry Rushton was off on his career.

Those were the days when Adirondack Murray's *Adventures in the Wilderness* ('69) had launched a trend to woods - vacations. The United States was becoming sports - minded, and one of the great sports was to be canoeing.

In '76 Rushton's "portable cedar boats" began to sell nationally. His trial - and - error process of manufacture worked toward lightness. His business got a big push from sheer exploration (Mr. Manley says of the canoe vs. rowboat, "The explorer likes to face forward, not to back into a new country.")

In 1886 he was at the height of his fame. He was getting 5000 letters a year, and answering them in his Spencerian hand. He had agents in cities like New York and Chicago, his catalogue had reached sixty pages with well over one hundred different patterns and sizes.

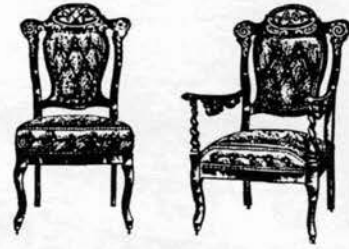
But Rushton's career began a slow decline to anticlimax. As always, he was flexible and inventive in changing patterns. But American canoeing went on a racing binge, damaging the sport for plain paddling and general use, and by 1900 small - boat makers were in a bad way.

In 1904 Rushton wrote an old friend: "At twenty it's a long way to sixty. At sixty it's but a few days to seventy, and I am sixty." Despite new steam and new electric light in his shop, and 25 men working ten hours a day, the knell had sounded. Two years later J. Henry died.

Thus the story of Canton's master boat-builder. The book represents some eight years of research on Mr. Manley's part. He supplies five appendixes which add much to the book's value. Dr. Paul F. Jamieson, retired professor of English, was, in Mr. Manley's view, the "assistant author".

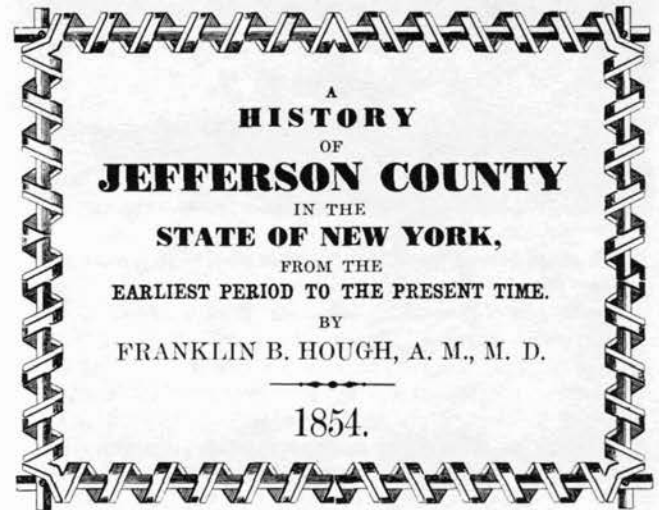
Mr. Manley is the best evidence one could cite in support of early retirement. He has used these years in all kinds of community and regional service. He has used them for refining his methods of research and his writing style, so that *Rushton and His Times* comes out a clearly organized and vigorously written book. He has used them in some magical way to preserve his youthful enthusiasm.

Which, by the way, is the principal thing lying behind the success of this book, and the freshness of his three chapters in the Cranberry book. Atwood Manley '16 has kept himself young.



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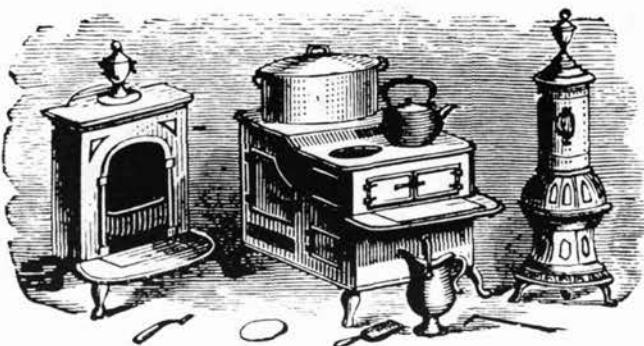
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An "Essay" on Atwood

by Bonnie McGuire

As you might suspect, any picture of Atwood Manley is worth more than a thousand words! . . . So, it seems only right to include in this issue of *The Quarterly*, which re-

calls a selected slice of his experiences and contributions to the North Country, a few of his favorite self-images and the tales linked with their takings.



We must wheel back into Canton of the 1890's to appreciate this first shot, which Atwood says is "just about my favorite." Here on the boardwalk of University Avenue, in front of the old Manley home, is the four-year old perched on his father's Columbian bicycle. . . Williston Manley purchased the cycle after seeing them on display at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago in 1893. As a newspaperman (he preceded Atwood as editor of the *Plaindealer*) he was entitled to free fares by rail, so off he went. He was not the only one "taken" by this new vehicle for popular pleasure. Rushton, who exhibited at the Exposition, felt that the advent of the bicycle craze all but ruined his canoe business. . . Anyway, Atwood was very fond of his father's bicycle, and when his legs stretched long enough to pedal, he inherited; this, the only bicycle he ever owned.



Moving right along, we find Atwood at a standstill on one of the St. Lawrence campus crossroads. Suited in his Sunday best, he stands on the path near Herring Library. Atwood felt right at home on campus. He lived on University Avenue, his parents were alumni and his mother's father was President of the Universalist Theological Seminary.

Certainly this was a memorable occasion for Atwood. During the fall of his junior year at St. Lawrence his father took him hunting at the North Branch Camp of the Stillwater Club — near Clare. This buck was not only his first capture, but also the first he ever shot at. . . Borrowing Dean E. L. Hulett's .38 Winchester, Atwood and his father packed into camp with Bill Barbour and Jim O'Brien, two of the Stillwater Club guides. When the serious hunting began, Jim told Atwood to take a stand and get ready, while the others would try to scare any animals in his direction. "Don't know a deer ever to go through here, but you take this place." Shortly Atwood knew that something, indeed, was hurrying down the hillside. "I cocked the gun and had to hold it against an elm. I wasn't shaking too much." Soon he saw and shot and hit. The buck kept going but soon fell dead. His father nailed a doe that day, so father and son could pose proudly for this photo.



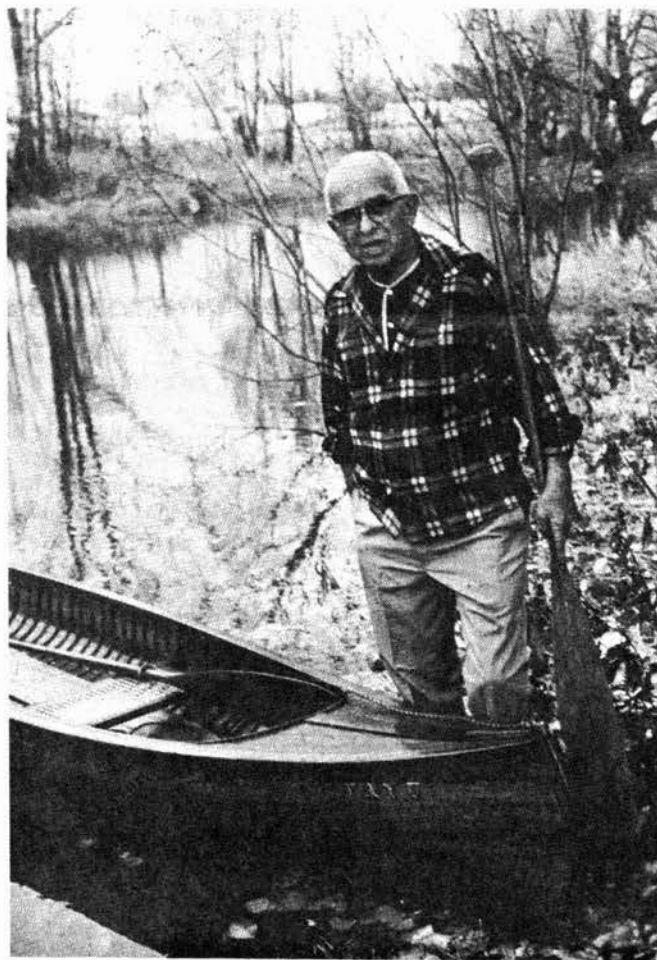
A dozen years later he walked across the same campus as a student. Like his father, he pledged the Beta Theta Pi fraternity. Here he stands (left) with fraternity brother Joe Wells in front of the old Beta house (at the site of the present Sykes Residence). Easily recognizable is his father's 1911 Cadillac, which he borrowed occasionally to impress the underclassmen. "Joe and I thought we were quite the cat's eyebrows. . . But when you're in college with a car, you were very popular, whether they liked you or not!"



An "Essay" on Atwood Continued



Atwood's association with St. Lawrence University grew beyond his parents' ties and his own attendance. Always a loyal son and active contributor to University projects, Atwood received an Alumni Citation during the Homecoming Weekend of 1951 and an honorary Doctor of Humane Letters at the 1974 Commencement. In between these two was another recognition which came in 1967 when he was tapped into Omicron Delta Kappa, the national senior honor society. Dr. Robert Carlisle, history professor, and David Ford '67 are leading Atwood through the traditional triangle run.



Certainly no selection of photographs would be representative without one of Atwood with a canoe. Here he stands by his Rushton Canoe, Vayu (Hindu name for goddess of the winds). The picture was taken in 1968, the year in which Atwood published *Rushton and His Times in American Canoeing*. Appropriately, this lifelong devotee of canoeing documented the biography of J. Henry Rushton, the North Country native who developed in Canton the canoe-building industry that brought him fame in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries.

Elizabeth Campbell Miner's

Painting of the Canton Fair of 1871

by Varick A. Chittenden

"There's nothing to it. . . just like the county fair." Such an expression used to enjoy some popular repeating around the North Country, probably by youths who wanted to suggest their cosmopolitan knowledge of the world's entertainments away from home. But looking backward today, it seems difficult to agree with that remark, especially if one studies closely a not-too-well-known oil painting of the St. Lawrence County fair, done in 1871 by Elizabeth Campbell Miner, of that fair in full swing at the old Canton fairgrounds.

The painting is resplendent with details; surely the photograph here, especially as it is reproduced in black-and-white, can't do the original justice, but the work is typical of a well-done scene by a non-academic artist. At the present state of folk art scholarship, "The Canton Fair" would best be called a folk-genre painting, ". . . the depiction of everyday life, a moment, an incident involving human beings at a social level below that of the more favored class. . . strong in specific detail and sharply focused minutiae." More important than definitions to us right now, it is a significant document of local social history, a supplement to published and oral accounts, breathing visual life into an annual event which none of us will ever know in quite the same way again.

Although the scene is a specific day at the fair — it is not just Mrs. Miner's idea of the fair, nor an ideal fair, but no doubt a fair which she attended and includes people she knew — the Canton fair had a long history, from 1852 until the late 1920's. In those seventy-odd years this county fair, and all the things it represented, changed considerably. However, by 1871 such fairs were in their heydays, and Mrs. Miner's creation, whether or not she knew it at the time, may serve us as a fine example to study.

A first attempt at organizing a county-wide society for the promotion of agriculture as a business was made in 1822, three years after the New York State legislature passed a bill to encourage such organizations and authorized \$100 to be sent to the society in St. Lawrence County each year. During the next thirty years the society reorganized three times, each time changing the rules slightly, each time committing themselves to the same basic principles. Over those years such notable early St. Lawrence County men as David Parish, Henry VanRensselaer, Silas Wright, Jonah Sanford, and J. C. Clarkson served as officers of the Agricultural Society and managers of their annual fairs. It wasn't until September 16 and 17, 1852, that the fair was held in Canton as a county agricultural exhibition, on the same grounds Mrs.





Mrs. Elizabeth Miner, the artist.

SLU photo

Miner later chose to illustrate. Durant and Peirce, in their 1878 history, told some of the specifics of the event as it had become by the 1870's:

(The first fair. . . in 1852. . . was held) . . . on premises finely adapted for the purpose, in the lower part of the village, and near Grasse River. The grounds had been leased for a term of five years, and inclosed by a close board fence. Both days were delightfully pleasant, and the crowds of intelligent farmers with their families who attended bespoke the general interest that was felt, and augured well of the future; which augury has been well fulfilled in the subsequent success of the society. There were 396 articles highly creditable to the county.

The receipts of the first fair were \$1274.81. and the premiums amounted to \$299. In 1856 additional lands were leased of J. F. Ames, adjoining the first tract leased, and the track extended, and the whole grounds fenced. In 1858 the lands before leased were purchased for the society by E. Miner and L. E. B. Winslow, and grounds now contain 38 acres, on which permanent and substantial buildings have been erected, consisting of floral, dining, vegetable, and mechanical halls, with sheds for stock, and a grand stand with a seating capacity

for 3000 persons. The grounds are well watered, and graded with walks and drive-ways, are beautifully shaded with trees on the sloping front towards the river, and have a fine track for the trial or speeding of horses. The cost of the fair-grounds, with the present improvements, is not less than \$15,000. The society held its twenty-sixth annual fair on the 12th, 13th, and 14th of September, 1877, at which there were 2011 entries for exhibition, competing for \$3500 in premiums, and the total receipts were about \$5000.

The show of blooded stock in the county, which began at fifteen or twenty animals in 1852, has increased to from two hundred to three hundred fine animals. The value of the society is shown also in other departments, in the largely - increasing number of exhibitors, and in the interest taken in the growing of roots and of different kinds of grasses, and other measures for the improvement of the soil and the herds for dairying purposes.

In the 1852 reorganization three men, David C. Judson of Ogdensburg, Col. Uriel H. Orvis of Massena, and Ebenezer Miner of Canton, were instrumental in its success. From that time until his death in 1871, Miner served the society as either treasurer or president.

In 1829 the same Ebenezer Miner had married Elizabeth (Eliza) Gratia Campbell, daughter of Dr. Daniel Campbell, one of Canton's first two physicians. They shared an enthusiasm for North Country life and a home on Canton's Main Street, near the present Municipal Building, for the next 42

years. On September 16, 1871, he died in Canton; she died twenty years later. Little is written of her life or remembered of her now. It seems that she had little or no formal training in art, though known products of her work testify to a good sense for detail and color, two of the most predictable strong points of good folk artists. There is some indication of a variety of artistic media that she worked in, including at least two other paintings, one of flowers, the other a copy of a portrait, though neither is known to exist anymore. An embroidered carpet, made in squares and pieced together, employed fashionable late Victorian motifs of flowers and animals throughout. And in her last years, after Miner's death, she was spending winters in California, by then confined to a wheelchair. She is known by descendants to have hand-painted China Cups and plates with floral themes, a very popular artistic pursuit of the time. Everything else about her and her work has yet to be revealed.



The infield in fair week.

Manley photo

Like any other good historical document, Mrs. Miner's painting can be read, the very specific details helping the reader to understand far better the circumstances of the scene being described. Here the various permanent buildings, the various activities, the various animals, carts and farm implements, and the various modes of dress all reveal a great deal about the historic event of the county fair. Mr. Atwood Manley calls it "an accurate picture". Let us pan over the surface of the canvas, starting at the upper left and moving clockwise. The first long narrow buildings were stables for the trotters and pacers brought in for the important races of fair week. Beyond them is the two story permanent horse barn, the one building still standing in 1976 on the site of the old fairgrounds. Next is apparently Vegetable or Dairy Hall, where cheeses and other products of the farm, like fresh vegetables and canned goods, were shown off and competed for prizes. Floral Hall, at the center of the scene, was also the center of interest for many fairgoers. In the large, two storied, octagonal building the best "homespun art" of the county was on display. Watercolors and oils of some of our best native artists hung on the walls and on the pillars that supported the mezzanine floor above. At various times Eddie Perry, Florence Lee and her mother Almira Bennett Lee, Henry Devalcourt Kip, and Mrs. Miner herself are said to have shown their latest creations. Woven coverlets, samplers, painted China, knitting and embroidery were all exhibited here in abundance, each artist coveting the few dollars of prize money and a little local fame her work might bring her. All around the railing of the open mezzanine, colorful quilts were draped, to be seen both from above and below. And it was in Floral Hall also where dealers showed off the latest domestic



The cattle show

SLU photo

improvements, as Sims was known to do with his pianos. Next in the painting, the large assembled crowd seems to be gathered both to watch the afternoon's card of horse races in progress and to see the latest grandstand show on a platform — not visible here — directly across from it in the infield. Here the trapeze acts, high wire artists, clowns, and musicians would render their finest performances. The small building at the far right is the judges' stand for the afternoon's main event, the horse races. This was the "heart of the fair"; if so, the stand was the heartbeat. In the opening at the upper level, fair officials and honored guests sat; below them, trackside, the race judges and the chief officials, the starter and the race secretary, were positioned at the best vantage point possible. Here the starter would call out "Go!" to the approaching field of horses or, if necessary, sharply ring the bell to recall the drivers to start over if he had noticed some infraction of the rules. Here too the sharp-eyed judges would rule on the winners and the also-rans who crossed under the wire finish line in front of them. Over the years some pretty good horseflesh thrilled the crowds on this fine clay track — "one of the best in the state". Mable Vaughan, a native, and Hetty G., an import, a chestnut mare who may have been the fastest trotter in the whole country about 1908, were only two of them. Mr. Manley remembers Hetty G.'s visit. She came to trot a two minute (2:00) mile, had the best stall in the "big barn," and enjoyed the constant attention of all the local boys that year. No one knows how accurate the time was on her exhibition mile, or much of anything else about that race. That doesn't matter. She was the best, and that was far more important than even the best infield events of that whole fair. The neck-and-neck



A ticket to 1874 fair when famed Civil War General Curtis was fair president.

SLU photo



Step right up! See the wonders of the world!

SLU photo

race in the backstretch in the Miner painting seems strikingly familiar to us from numerous Currier and Ives prints of the same period. In this same painting, infield activity seems relatively calm at the moment. But there were other times when hot air balloon ascensions, airplane teams, and trapeze artists parachuting down into the field below made it a most exciting place to be. Finally in the bottom half of the painting, beneath the several two - wheeled carts, young couples and families in horse-drawn rigs, the Miner painting shows us new farm equipment, mules and dogs, some well-bred horses and cattle (probably there for the stock shows). In the bottom left are three men in formal suits and top hats, the only people identified in a handwritten inscription (likely the artist's) on the reverse side of the canvas. They are David Judson, Col. Uriel Orvis, and Ebenezer Miner, the three organizers of the fair. She did not tell who each one was in the painting.

The painting does not show all. There is no sign of the animal sheds, where the prize sheep, swine, poultry and cattle were kept at fair time. Neither is there any sign of Mechanics Hall, behind the grandstand, where the latest in agricultural equipment and methods were demonstrated. The old Grange Dining Hall where meals were served to fair visitors all week is not in sight. And the exciting traveling midway — sideshows, carnival atmosphere and all — is an important missing part. Nowhere is it written just what was at the county fair in 1871, but at other times the “ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls of all ages” were drawn to see the



At the finish line of an exciting bicycle race.

SLU photo

fat man and the fat lady, the swordswallower, snakecharmers, and “hootchie-kootchie dancers”. How could this careful artist have missed the games of skill, like knocking over floating ducks or throwing a baseball at the head of a black man, who had poked his head through a hole in a canvas curtain and dodged it just in time? At one time or another all this was there.

So who could honestly say there was “nothing to” the country fair? If this painting is any kind of accurate document, this rite of autumn must have been exciting indeed.



They're off!

SLU photo

The old Canton fair prospered until the 1920's when it, like fairs in Ogdensburg and Potsdam, fell on difficult financial times. Mr. Bligh Dodds, legendary promoter of such agricultural fairs, convinced those in higher places to move franchises to Gouverneur, where local premiums combined with state contributions were enough to relocate the St. Lawrence County fair there. There it is still a busy mid-August event, doing well. And the Canton fairgrounds? One would hardly know it now, but those several acres are now nearly covered with modern homes and apartment houses.



A trapeze and flying rings act across from the grandstand; the race judges' stand at the left.

SLU photo

There are now only two reminders of days past: the well-built old horse barn stands out large beside the one story, landscaped ranch-style dwellings and the modern paved street that trails up the hill, straight across the site of the old half-mile track. That street, in true modern - housing - development - ese is Fairlane Drive. The distant hill, across the river, which also appears in the 1871 scene but covered with trees, is now the site of the modern campus of Canton's Agricultural and Technical College.

As for the painting, it is now in safe hands. Two nieces of Mrs. Miner, Miss Fannie Wead and her sister Mrs. Mary Wead Weeks, gave it to St. Lawrence University when Mr. Richard Ellsworth was Secretary there. Several years passed. In response to inquiries in 1966 Mr. Manley found the painting, long out on loan, in a faculty home. It was returned, later appraised and restored by New York City experts, who declared it a "museum piece." Since the opening of the Homer A. Vilas Administration Building at St. Lawrence in 1966, "The Canton Fair" has been hanging in the office of the president, at last being given a position of honor it should have, as one of the best folk art pieces yet known in the North Country.

SOURCES

Louis C. Jones, *The Genre in American Folk Art*. Unpublished manuscript, n.d.

Samuel W. Durant and Henry B. Peirce. *History of St. Lawrence County, New York, 1749-1878*. (Philadelphia, L. H. Everts & Co., 1878), p. 103.

Tilton W. Rodgers. Unpublished letter to President Foster S. Brown, St. Lawrence University, November 7, 1967.

G. Atwood Manley. Interview by Varick A. Chittenden, May 5, 1976, at Canton, New York.

Author's Note:

Long ago I learned that when it comes to information about our local history, I should "ask Atwood." This time, as usual, I did. Here I wish to express sincere gratitude to him for extensive notes he prepared on the Eliza Miner painting and the artist for the St. Lawrence University archives files in 1966, and for a taped interview on the subject on Wednesday, May 5. In addition I thank Mr. Edward J. Blankman, St. Lawrence University archivist — historian for copies of his files on the subject, and for the accompanying photographs. Finally I extend my appreciation to President Frank P. Piskor for permission to reproduce the painting and to the university public relations office for their cooperation.

The Canton Fair in 1869

Reprinted from Coming Up The Road

By Varick Chittenden

The following paragraphs are excerpts from North Country favorite son, author Irving Bacheller, who, in 1928, published *Coming Up The Road*, memoirs of his early childhood here. The scene of the fair was when Bacheller was ten, in September, 1869, just two years before the oil painting by Mrs. Eliza Miner:

There was a cloud of dust above the main road down in the valley. Top-buggies, double wagons, even lumber wagons with kitchen chairs in them, loaded with young and old, were coming down from the back country. Below the hill they speeded through sand flats and rattled over stony levels filling the air with dust. It was a narrow, toilsome road. Now and then eager, reckless young men would swing to the ditch and run their horses to get by, yelling with a note of good nature in their voices.

When we got to town, the streets were crowded with vehicles so that we could only creep along toward the fair-grounds.

What a neighing of horses in the crowded village and especially of sleek-coated prancing stallions! I wonder if certain members of that great assemblage of handsome, well-bred steeds were recognizing and calling to old friends or were they merely indulging in gay cavalier compliments?

It was a land of well-bred horses. The Baron of Stonehenge, the Van Rensselaers, the Lafarges, the Compte de Chaumont and other grand folk who settled in that country, long before there were gentlemen of leisure in New York, had imported from Europe some of the best strains of blood in horses and hounds. The descendants of the former had been crossed with the proud and famous horses bred by Justin Morgan of Vermont.

What a babel of voices on every side! The town marshal, mounted, with a ribbon on the lapel of his coat, was riding up

and down beside the caravan giving orders in a loud piping voice.

"It's Dunk Robertson!" my father exclaimed.

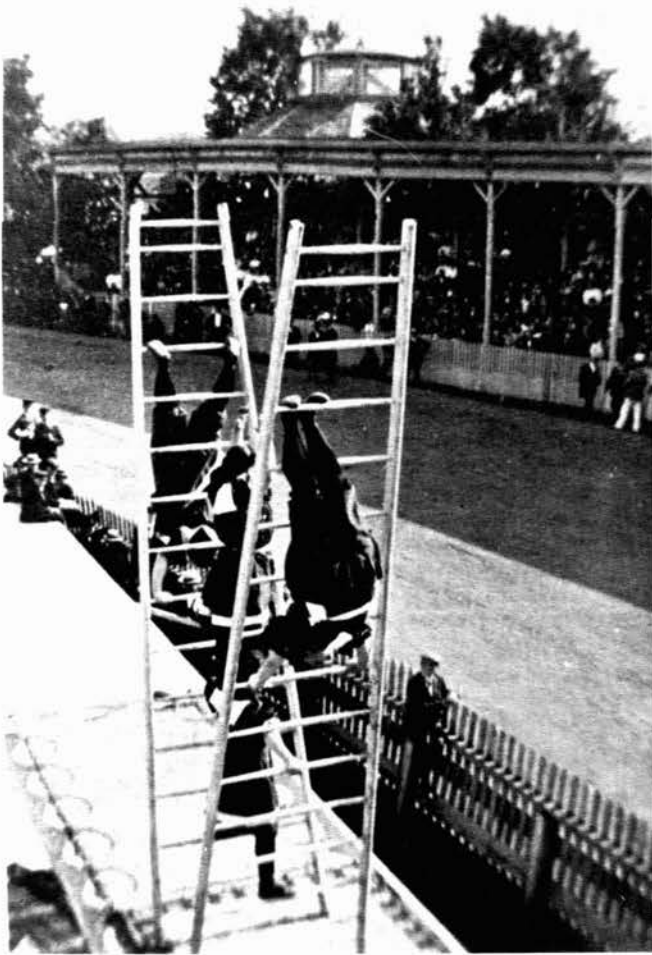
That name was immediately inscribed in my hall of fame although his voice was in the nature of a blemish. Still I was sure that he was the greatest man in the world.

How rude, how excited, how stern were the officers of the day at the gate! I saw my father pay for our tickets the great sum of seventy-five cents. I knew then that he must be rich for his wallet was crowded with dollar bills and shinplasters.

At last we entered the fair-grounds. Men were shouting about peaches and lemonade and luncheons, about shooting-galleries, wild men of Australia, the fat lady, the living skeleton, and like wonders. Violins, bagpipes, accordions and squawking toy balloons were other items in the tumult. We found a place for our horse and carriage and set out to see and admire.

The crowd and the noise overawed me while it filled me with a deep satisfaction. I was afraid of getting lost, so I took





Acrobats on stage — grandstand (with canopy added in the '80's) and Floral Hall behind.

SLU photo

such a firm grip on my father's hand that he complained of it. There were so many things to see that I could not get half enough of any one of them before I had to move to keep up with my mother and father. There was a man who stood before a tent, solemnly swallowing a sword while another at his side told of more wonderful things to be seen inside the tent. Now that was a matter which, in my view, was worthy of serious attention. But my elders did not agree with me.

I shot away my five cents and bought three peaches, a bag of peanuts and a piece of gingerbread. I ate the peaches at once. My money was gone, but I cherished the hope that my father would buy a glass of pop for me. In this I was disappointed, although the hope lingered in my breast until we went away.

We proceeded to Floral Hall and admired the flourishes of Nelson Parmenter and the paintings of Mr. Lee and many specimens of needlework in which I felt no interest. We heard a man playing on a big shiny thing which my mother said was "a piano." It thrilled and awed me. I had thought that our melodeon was a very grand and wonderful possession. Young as I was, I had realized that our unrivaled social position in Paradise Valley was partly due to it. But now I had a kind of bitter sense of inferiority — of a loss of pride.

On a booth-side was a printed sign which said: "Look out for pickpockets."

My mother explained the meaning of the sign. It thrilled me and excited my caution so that I kept my hand on my

pocket wherein my peanuts and a quarter-loaf of gingerbread were stored.

I went with my parents to see the fruits and vegetables, the pigs and cattle, the reapers, mowers, churns, and washing machines. I looked in vain for an elephant or a monkey. It was to me time thrown away. I had no interest in such things, with guns to be shot off and sword swallowers and living skeletons and wild men of Australia to be seen and pop a possibility of the immediate future.

We went to a tent and had our dinner — a good dinner of meat and vegetables and pie. We got our carriage and drove to a place near the fenced track opposite the grandstand where my parents could get a fairly good view of the races. The sun shone hot. The day was still and hazy. I was weary. My head ached. My feet were too confined. The peanuts, peaches, gingerbread, and pie which I had consumed were also complaining of confinement. As we waited in the heat, I fell asleep and dreamed that I had swallowed a sword. The racing did not interest me. My head was down rather low and there were so many people and parasols and other objects in the way. I got only, new and then, a glimpse of it. But the men who sat on the sulkies! — their grandeur I have never forgotten.

In the late afternoon before the races ended, as we were leaving our place, I, seeing it was my last chance, timidly suggested that we had not seen the Australian wild men and living skeleton. My longing for pop had vanished.

"I think that we have seen enough for today," my father answered.

I knew it was true. My eyes had been overworked. So had my legs and my stomach. I said nothing. Still, as long as I could stand on my feet, I would have gone to see the Australian men.



History Center Museum

Ground Floor

Research Center

Second Floor

To Rear of

Silas Wright House

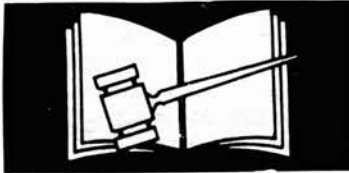
Daily 9-4



G. Atwood Manley....

A Manley Man

by Kelsie B. Harder



PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

"Render therefore to all their dues: tribute to whom tribute is due; custom to whom custom; fear to whom fear; honour to whom honour."

Romans: 13:7

Atwood Manley has served the Association in many capacities and has often advised both members and officers. Among his many other duties, he has found time to attend to the preservation of our heritage, to minister to the needs of a scattered membership, and to build on the work he himself helped begin.

From his President's Report for 1954-55, printed in Volume 1, Number 1 (January 1956), of *The Quarterly*, which he also edited, Mr. Manley stated in a passage that reflects a quietness and assurance that we have come to associate with him: "This has been what we may choose to term a normal year for our Society. We have had about the usual number of meetings, the usual number of historical tours, and the usual number of pleasant dreams of that which we should like to see accomplished."

Pleasant dreams do sometimes come true, especially if they are tenaciously and energetically pursued during waking hours. Mr. Manley can now see that his contribution of time and effort has helped the Association move steadily toward the establishing of a county museum. This has not been accomplished without difficulty. Mr. Manley was aware of this in 1956 when he wrote, "Your generous spirit in accepting what is offered, in not shooting the fiddlers who are doing their best, and then by lending a hand yourself, will fulfill a dream — we hope."

Great and good persons can be recognized by their qualities of leadership in cooperation with others. They do not gather all work, all duty, all righteousness, all material close about themselves in selfishness and separate from their fellow humans. They share and ask for sharing. Even their dreams are apportioned among all. Surely, to paraphrase Ralph Waldo Emerson, we can say, in our tribute to Mr. Manley, that the life of one man shall be more sweet and serene in its influence to its friend than any kingdom in history.

Kelsie B. Harder



Poetry to Honor the Manleys



If—

If you can keep your head when all about you
 Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
 If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
 But make allowance for their doubting too;
 If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
 Or being lied about don't deal in lies,
 Or being hated don't give way to hating,
 And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

If you can dream and not make dreams your master;
 If you can think and not make thoughts your aim;
 If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
 And treat those two impostors just the same;
 If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
 Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
 Or watch the things you gave your life to broken,
 And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools;

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
 And risk it on one turn of pitch and toss,
 And lose, and start again at your beginnings
 And never breathe a word about your loss;
 If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
 To serve your turn long after they are gone,
 And so hold on when there is nothing in you
 Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"

Rudyard Kipling

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
 Or walk with Kings nor lose the common touch;
 If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you;
 If all men count with you, but none too much;
 If you can fill the unforgiving minute
 With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
 Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
 And — which is more — you'll be a Man, my son!



She Was A Phantom of Delight

She was a phantom of delight
 When first she gleamed upon my sight;
 A lovely apparition, sent
 To be a moment's ornament:
 Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
 Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
 But all things else about her drawn
 From Maytime and the cheerful dawn;
 A dancing shape, an image gay,
 To haunt, to startle, and way-lay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
 A Spirit, yet a Woman too!
 Her household motions light and free,
 And steps of virgin-liberty;
 A countenance in which did meet
 Sweet records, promises as sweet;
 A Creature not too bright or good
 For human nature's daily food;
 For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
 Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
 The very pulse of the machine;
 A Being breathing thoughtful breath,
 A Traveler between life and death;
 The reason firm, the temperate will,
 Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
 A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
 To warn, to comfort, and command;
 And yet a Spirit still, and bright
 With something of angelic light.

William Wordsworth

Death Be Not Proud

Death be not proud, though some have called thee
 Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;
 For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow
 Die not, poor Death; nor yet canst thou kill me.
 From rest and sleep, which but thy pictures be,
 Much pleasure, then from thee much more must flow;
 And soonest our best men with thee do go,
 Rest of their bones and soul's delivery.
 Thou'rt slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,
 And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell;
 And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well
 And better than thy stroke. Why swell'st thou then?
 One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
 And Death shall be no more; Death, thou shalt die.

John Donne

Favorite Foods

from Alice's Kitchen to Ours



Waterman's Patent
Lamp Tea Kettle

Devil's Food Cake

This is an absolutely perfect cake, made of "old time" ingredients.

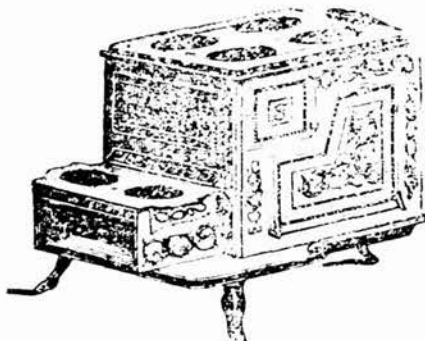
- ½ cup lard
- 1 cup granulated sugar
- ½ cup brown sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 3 1-ounce squares unsweetened chocolate
- 2 cups cake flour
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon baking soda
- ¾ cup sour milk

Cream lard with granulated sugar and brown sugar until it is smooth and has lost its granular consistency. Beat the eggs thoroughly; add eggs and vanilla to lard and sugar, beating with electric mixer or rotary beater until very fluffy.

Over low heat, melt chocolate in ½ cup hot water. Let cool, then add to creamed sugar and egg mixture.

Sift together the cake flour, salt, and baking soda. Then add, alternately with milk, to creamed mixture, beating for 2 minutes after all ingredients are combined.

Line two 8- or 9-inch layer cake pans with waxed paper. Turn the batter into the pans. Bake in a moderate (375 degree F.) oven for 25 minutes, or until a straw inserted comes out clean. Cool on cake racks.



Filled Sugar Cookies

45 — 3" diameter

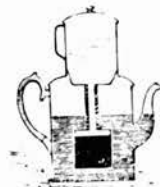
Bake at 325 degrees F. — 12-15 Minutes

- 1 lb. softened butter or oleo, beat in
- 2 cups sugar
- 3 eggs
- 2 tsp vanilla. Mix well
- Sift 1 tsp. baking soda with 6 cups flour. Add to above, chill.

FILLING

Grind one 14 oz. pkg seedless raisins, 1 c. dates, ¼ c. pecans. Add ½ c. water, 3 Tbl. sugar, juice of 1 lemon and about 1 tsp. flour. Simmer 5 min. Cool.

Cut out sugar cookie dough. On centers add filling. Cover with another cut out, press edges together, prick with fork.



Waterman's Patent
Coffee Filter.

Sour Cream Blackberry Pie

Pastry to fill a 10-inch pie plate

- 1 quart blackberries
- 1 cup sour cream
- ½ cup brown sugar
- 1 tablespoon flour
- 1 teaspoon lemon juice

Line a 10-inch ovenproof glass pie plate with pastry. Wash the blackberries and drain them thoroughly. With a fork, mix sour cream, brown sugar, and flour. Place blackberries and 1 teaspoon lemon juice, or less if the blackberries are tart (none at all if you prefer), in piecrust. Cover berries with sour cream mixture.

Bake in a hot (425 degree F.) oven, for 10 minutes. Reduce heat to 325 degrees F. and continue baking for 30 to 40 minutes or until the berries are soft and juicy and bubbling.

1 10-inch pie



Improved
Coffee Roaster.

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