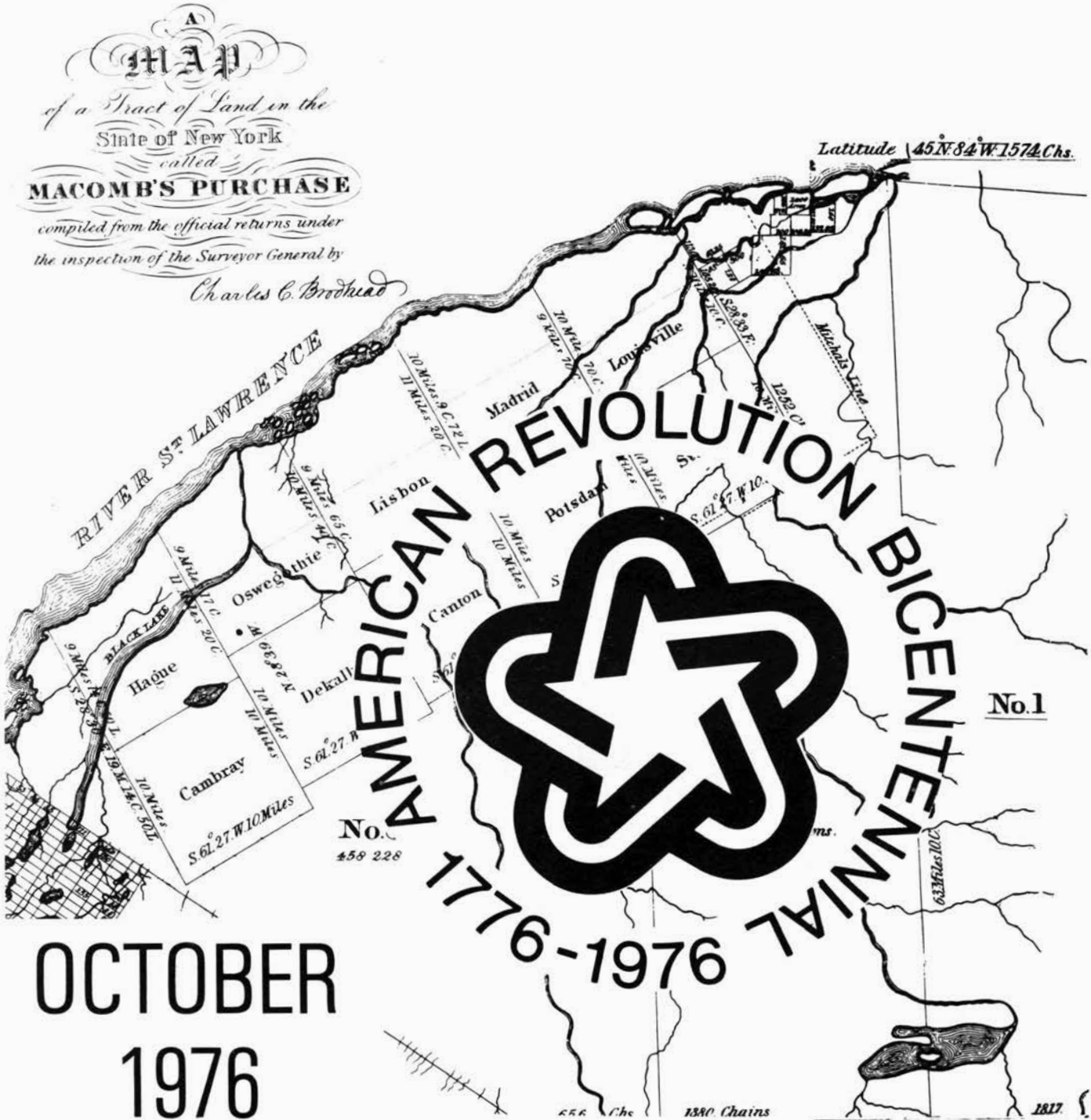


THE

Fourth Bicentennial Issue

QUARTERLY

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE ST. LAWRENCE COUNTY HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION



OCTOBER
1976

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THE QUARTERLY

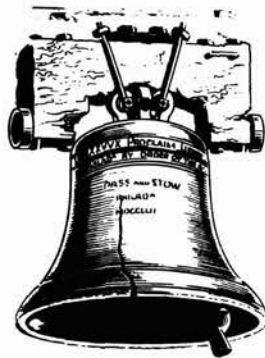
Official Publication Of The St. Lawrence County Historical Association

FOURTH BICENTENNIAL ISSUE OCTOBER, 1976

VOL. XXI

NO. 4

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COVER

Map of Macomb's purchase showing the original ten townships superimposed with the official Bicentennial Seal.

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Editor. Elsie H. Tyler

Education in Edwards *by Jack Ward*

Editor's Note: The following article is an excerpt from Edwards' Bicentennial book.

The first building established for education was a log cabin school built near the island where Orra Shead established his business. There apparently was no trained teacher, but rather, various people in the community with some education carried out the teaching duties.

The next school to be established was on the Brodie estate for educating the Brodie family and a few of the neighboring children. There were also several other schools built throughout the township, and when the township was separated from Fowler to become a separate entity, three school commissioners and three school inspectors were a part of the town council. The inspectors apparently visited the schools to determine the needs and see that the students were being properly instructed, since there were no statewide standards or requirements at the time. It was the commissioners' duty to appropriate funds and hire and fire teachers. Money for the schools at this time apparently came from the general taxes raised by the township as there was a note in the minutes of one of the council meetings that \$600 was approved for operation of all the schools for one year.

In 1840 a small, one-room stone building was erected near the present site of the V.F.W. This structure met the needs of the ten or twelve students normally in attendance for the next 20 years, at which time a larger one-room frame structure was constructed on Main Street just east of where the Methodist Church now stands. One teacher taught all grades and all subjects which included studies in reading, writing, grammar, geography, and arithmetic. Attendance in the upper grades was quite erratic, especially by the boys who often stayed out of school to help with chores at home. Attendance



Brodie School, taken 1909.

during the winter months was somewhat better, and often some of the older boys would come to school merely for something to do.

Teacher training during this time was scanty, to say the least. One method of determining whether a teacher would be considered for his job was on the basis of penmanship, the Spencerian method with its many flourishes being then in vogue. Another test for maintaining a teacher was to determine his ability to keep control over the classroom — or whether the students removed him bodily from the classroom. Other than these two "examinations", the only other qualification required of a teacher was his ability to pass a simple examination in the three r's.

Teacher salaries at this time were about four to five dollars per week, plus room and board. In the case of the latter, the teacher stayed with the various families who had children in school, the term of stay being determined by the number of children the family had in school. One ironical outcome of this system was that when the teacher stayed with a large family, a shortage of beds sometimes made him a bedfellow with one of his students.

In 1887, due to an increase in population, a second room was added to the existing school in the village and a second teacher was hired. This was Mr. Carlos Blood of Heuvelton who later became assistant district superintendent of schools. The teachers who were hired at this time and later began to have some training, many of them obtained their certificates from the training classes at Gouverneur Wesleyan Seminary. There were also teacher training institutes each year which lasted several days, and attendance by the teachers was compulsory.

As the population throughout the township increased, a need grew for more schools. The township was divided into ten districts with a district superintendent overseeing all the schools. Each district had its own board of trustees to levy and dispense tax monies, hire or fire the teacher, purchase necessary equipment and supplies for maintenance of the school, and



Talleville school taken 1908 before entry was made in center. Teachers: Left — Mr. Guy Hall. Right — Miss Kate Sullivan.

to see that the building was kept in good condition. At one time A. Barton Hepburn served as district superintendent, before he left the education field to become a wealthy financier. Incidentally, he later remembered the school districts he served by donating a library to each one.



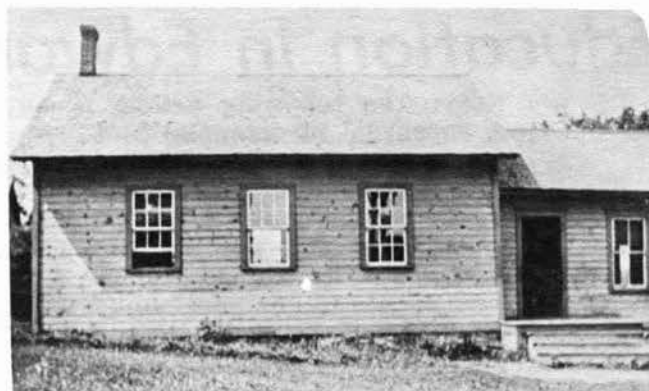
Pleasant Valley School. Now a Community Center. Taken 1908.

Another educator to gain fame in areas other than education was Rhoda Fox, later to become Assembly Woman and State Senator Rhoda Fox Graves. She was employed in the Pleasant Valley School District during the 1904-5 school year, and two of her students are currently residents in Edwards — Hazel Bancroft Freeman and Inez Freeman Gray.

By 1898 the two-room school was again overcrowded, and a new three-room building was constructed on Main Street near the northern edge of town, where the Assembly of God Church and parsonage now stand. This was considered a "modern" building containing all the latest innovations such as a cellar, belfry, and stoop, and in 1909 it became classed as a Junior Grade School.

At this time anyone who wanted an education above the elementary level traveled by train to Gouverneur to attend the Gouverneur Seminary. When it was determined that there was a sufficient number of students to warrant a local high school, the Edwards High School, a four year union free school, was established. The roof of the existing building was raised, three classrooms and a principal's office were added. A broader curriculum was instituted which included Latin, German, rudiments of Music, Mechanical Drawing, and sometimes other subjects were added if interest warranted them. In 1914, the first Edwards High School class graduated with three members — Vivian Beach Dygert, Gretchen Todd Gregory, and Mildred Chapin Lathan Lumley. Today Mrs. Gregory lives in Ogdensburg.

As more students became college - conscious



South Edwards School, now a Community Center.

and the State Education Department became more rigid in its standards, the existing facilities grew to be inadequate. Thus in 1936 a two story brick building was constructed on Trout Lake Street.

In 1948 under pressure from the State Education Department, the ten school districts were consolidated under the title of the Edwards Central School. At the same time a conversion to the 6-3-3 system of elementary, junior high, and senior high levels was executed. In 1952, a one-story wing was added to the existing building, which became the elementary department and also contained the supervisory offices. The existing principal's office was converted to health facilities. At this time all the outlying elementary schools were closed except the one at Talcville, and the students were bussed to the new elementary building. The Talcville school was subsequently closed in 1963 and all students now attend the school in the village. During the construction of the elementary building, the basement of the existing building was refurbished to include a cafeteria, and rooms for special classes.

A portable classroom was added in 1967 to accommodate the kindergarten classes and since then has been used continuously, although its use varies from year to year, depending on the requirements for class space.

History Center Museum
Ground Floor
Research Center
Second Floor
To Rear of
Silas Wright House
Sunday 1-4
Daily 9-4



Band taken on Creek St. Side of Rushton House.



Co. 1886. Corner of Main looking toward Fine St. Site of present Bank. Was old Martin Store occupied by Graham and Charles Stephenson.

Next, Connyne Store occupied by C. K. Raymond & Son. Then homes of Harvey Woolever and Sam Padgett.

Told the Way It Was...

by Kate Klein

Colton, Story of a Town, the local history compiled by a Committee of interested citizens working with Lorena Bullis Reed, Town Historian, Sally Swift Thomas, Co-Chairperson with Evelyn Dickie Riehl, Bicentennial Committee, launched Bicentennial Week June 27, 1976.

The enormous popularity of the home town, home-made history is obviously reasonable when you read these excerpts from the 132-page pictorial and vividly written record.

I REMEMBER

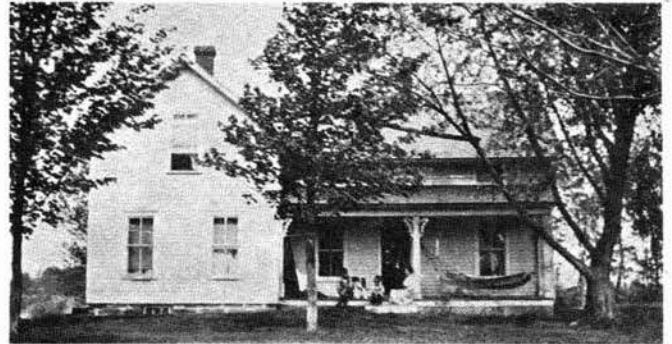
SUSAN DAVIDSON CAYEY: I remember in 1900, a singing school run by Charles Brown, father of Rex Brown, in the old Baptist Church. We met once in two weeks — every week if there was something going on. Eighteen young people plus Ida McHenry and Eva Fuller were in the group. We sang Decoration Day, Graduation Day and for special events. Some of the singers were Hazel Gustin Cole, Mamie Jenner Tracy, Harold Smith, Minnie and Lena Tracy, Willis and Claude Butler, Mayfred Enslow, Charles Harvey, Hazel Vanderberg Ostrander, Lila Day and Merritt Loop.

EILEEN LAVINE SELLERS: I remember the red brick school on the hill so well that I did a painting of it and presented it to Mr. Corbitt and the school in 1971.

DENNIS EICKHOFF: I remember my grandmother, Evelyn Regan, telling us kids about William Bullard who moved to Colton and settled at the corners. She told that he dug a well on his place and when it was nearly completed, he fell in head first, falling nearly 50 feet. He was fished out more scared than hurt.

HAROLD "Bub" STOWE: I remember it was Henry Seymour who had the shoe shop right here at the foot of the hill on this end of the bridge (South Colton). He made the best river-drivers shoes there was in this country. The soles were thick enough to hold the "corks."

IRIS CLARK POTTER: I remember the



Birthplace of A. Barton Hepburn, donor of Colton Library.

summer John and I lived in the little house that used to be a harness shop on Symonds Square. The brook went right through the cellar of the hosse and we'd been given a little alligator from Florida. We put the alligator in the same brook in our yard for the summer. Ethridge Lindsay used to bring food to it, snakes and things. One Sunday morning Nell Smith, Harold Smith's mother, who sang in the choir came home from church and saw the alligator. She gave a holler you could hear to South Colton.

MARY SULLIVAN WATSON — I remember Grandma Mary McCarthy saved the grease from cooking. She'd get lye by leaching the wood ashes in a barrel, then when there was enough of everything she'd use the iron hog kettle to boil down the grease and lye to make soap. We all worked together in doing the wash.

JOHN PHELPS POTTER: I remember Decoration Day Services that were conducted by the old men of Warren Waite Post, Grand Amry of the Republic. They had a Fife and Drum Corps. George Bruce played the bass drum in that and if he wasn't watching when the fifers stopped he'd keep right on 'pounding', cause he couldn't hear a thing.

BERNICE LEONARD ENSLOW: I remember that they always told this story about Ernie Bancroft who lived in what was the Methodist Parsonage. He ordered a buckboard car that came disassembled, the first car in Colton. He put it together in the side wing of the house. But when he had it all together he couldn't get it through the door. He had to cut an opening in the back of the wing to get it out.

ART GREEN: I remember the time my father, Martin, took the nut off the wheel of Rob Hill's buckboard, shut his eyes and threw it over his head. Rob took off in his buckboard. He got as far as the brook, the wheel came off and went into the meadow. . . guess the nut is still going. Did you know Rob Hill was Constable to Colton?

JULIA SULLIVAN SULLIVAN: I made my first Communion at St. Patrick's Church. For Catechism my brother John had to drive us to



Raymondville's first business district, on the west side of the Raquette, looking north.



Racquette House, Stark, a stop-over spot for those travelling up river, was operated by Bill and Grace McKizer.

Colton, so Grandma Buckley left a horse at our house on East Hill. One night the horse got out and went home without us. I can't remember how we got home.

LIONEL POTTER HEPBURN: I remember the Pierce Beswick Drygoods store in the Reynolds block (about where the Mobil Station is now). It was quite a store. Mr. Beswick was in business there from about 1898 to 1905 when he also was Postmaster until 1907. His daughter, Myra, was a blonde, blue-eyed, wonderful girl who married Harrison Rogers, an insurance man from Norfolk who was also well liked by Colton folks. William Rogers, former Secretary of State is their son.

I also remember Archie Collins who said that the trouble with cars was you had to drive them. He said after he trained a horse for six months or so, all he had to do was get in at the Postoffice and tell them to go, and they'd go along and stop at every box. It was true, his horses knew what the job was and they worked at it the same as Archie did.

NED LONG: There were three of us, Dinny Shea and Gushea from Parishville. We were



Michael Barnett, popular host of the Riverside House.

drivin' along down the river. It was gettin' late in the summer and the water was down. Just before we got to Munger Pitch it started to rain and it kept rainin', we never thought of the water comin' up — very careless. The jam went and the guys went, and the jam kept comin'. I jumped on the backside of the jam. I hit the water and went part way down the Narrows. I broke the finernails on both hands tryin' to hang on to the rocks, but after the logs got by me the water went down where I could stand. Dinny and the other fella went down through and over Munger Pitch to the gut but the gang was right there. Good thing they was or they'd never got out of there. It was a close call. The worst I ever had.

LORENA BULLIS REED: I remember the cookies Mrs. Arnstead had for kids of the village. She lived alone and on a mid-summer day in 1919 a fire started in her woodshed and quickly spread to the large Whitmarsh block and the Rudd home. The destruction of these buildings and the attractive corner, with it sandstone wall was a Joss to the entire village.

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Mrs. Grace Riley, Membership Chairman P.O. Box Eight Canton, N.Y. 13617

Woodford-- Pride of the North

by Elizabeth Baxter
Ogdensburg City Historian

The great Van Rensselaer mansion, Woodford, completed in 1834, was three years in building.

Woodford, an architectural treasure, was erected by Simeon Dillingham, of Lisbon. Designed by Minard Lafever, New York architect, it was constructed of Ogdensburg blue limestone, quarried on the Van Rensselaer property, except the huge Corinthian columns, which were of wood.

The style was Greek Revival; the influence, classical.

The architectural plans of Woodford were shown in Minard Lafever's book, "Beauties of Modern Architecture," published in New York City in September 1833.

The master of Woodford was Henry Bell Van Rensselaer, West Pointer, army officer, agriculturist, and congressman. He was loved for his kindness, unique in a man of his class and his power, particularly by his employees.

Woodford stood on the crest of a hill. From the porch, with its massive Grecian column, one looked across forest and foliage, meadows, and part of the old Village of Ogdensburg, to the St. Lawrence River. It was furnished in the simple, refined taste of the period.

Behind Woodford was on old - fashioned garden, enclosed by high stone walls, with straight paths defining beds and borders of sweet, fragrant flowers.

In the conservatory was an immense century plant, which bloomed once during the ownership of Van Rensselaer.

A short distance from the mansion was a quadrangular courtyard, with arched gateways, and the buildings enclosing it included barns, stables, coachhouses, carpenter shops, granaries, woodheds, and other structures or operations of the large farm which extended far to the rear.

On the first floor of Woodford were a ballroom, a billiard room, a parlour, the family library, and schoolrooms. Windows were high and many-paned. Dual staircases connected the three floors. Upstairs were spacious suites of living rooms.

The mansion eventually began to seem rather small for Van Rensselaer, his wife, the former Elisabeth Ray King, and their large family, as well as the many guests who came to visit, some



MRS. HUGH JOHNSON, 1844-1923, of Rensselaer Falls, the former Elizabeth Ann Patterson, who was born at Woodford, daughter of James and Elizabeth McBride Patterson, was ten years of age when Woodford burned. James Patterson was a native of Scotland.

from great distances. So two new wings — east and west — were added.

In the autumn of 1855, the Van Rensselaer family left Woodford to spend the winter in New York City.

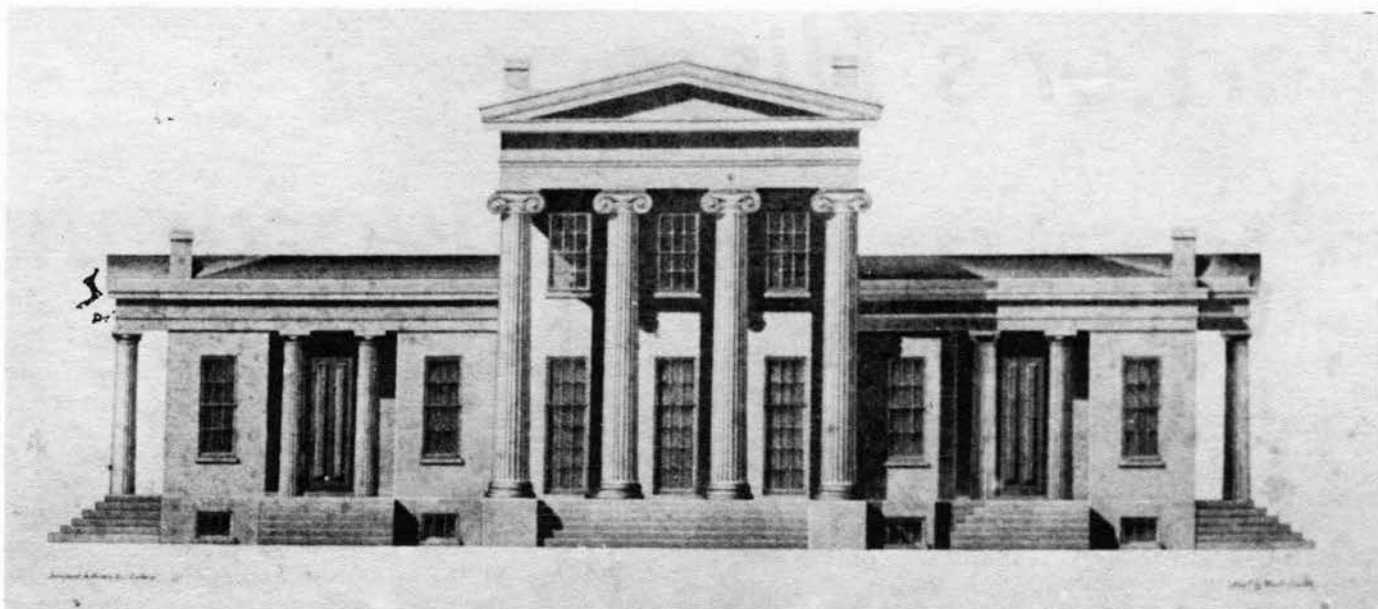
They never returned.

Hit by lightning about 3 a.m. November 16, 1865, Woodford was destroyed by fire.

James Patterson, a Van Rensselaer employee, and his family were in a rear wing, but did not realize that Woodford was burning until it was nearly consumed.

The **Ogdensburgh Boys' Daily Journal** told the story:

"A very heavy concussion struck the house in the midst of the thunder storm about three o'clock yesterday morning (Friday, November



WOODFORD

photo by Betty Steele

courtesy Ogdensburg Public Library

16), with such force as to awake the whole house. The family were fortunately absent.

"Mr. James Patterson, on whose charge the property was, occupied with his family the rear wing, and when the house was struck, he got up, but as there was a neavy wall between him and the main building, he discovered no cause for alarm.

"In about twenty minutes, Mrs. Paterson smelled smoke, and her husband quieted her apprehensions by saying that they were doubtless making a fire in the kitchen, which sometimes smoked, and, rising, shut the door of this room.

"Soon after, the daughter was aroused by a sense of suffocation, and, escaping from the room with difficulty, gave the alarm. A carriage dog rushed into her room and dropped dead. The young woman suffered intensely, and is at this writing confined to her bed.

"Mr. Patterson was blinded and prostrated repeatedly in escaping from the wing. Jets of smoke and gas escaped from every key hole and crevice of the main building, and the glass of the windows, protected by solid inside shutters, was extremely hot, showing that the fire had attained great headway, and was doubtless thrown into every room by the electricity.

"The smoke that first issued from the building was strongly impregnated with sulphur; the house was thoroughly locked and bolted, and no fire had been in it since Tuesday. The main building was never entered as it was impossible to stand before a single jet of a door or window.

"The rumor that the servants were absent in the evening or had given an entertainment or had in any manner neglected to do their duty is entirely without foundation.

"The lightning was vivid and almost incessant at the time, and was seen by people at a distance

to strike in that neighborhood, besides being felt by Miss Patterson, who testified that it was as if a great weight had fallen upon the house, shaking it terribly."

The newspaper reported that the furniture was insured by Liverpool & London, Commonwealth, and North Western, for \$10,000, \$10,000, and \$5,000, respectively, and the dwelling by Star Insurance, of Ogdensburgh, and Springfield, for \$5,000 and \$5,000, respectively. The paper added;

"Mr. Foote of the Star Company is of the opinion that there is a further sum of \$10,000 on the building.

"Very much has been lost that cannot be replaced, articles of value and a choice library, of selections made through twenty years of research and learned leisure."

The fire alarm, of course, was turned in late, only after Woodford was ablaze, and bells rang in the village, across the Oswegatchie River.

A heavy rain continued, making the road almost impassible. Only one fire engine, Number 2, reached the hill.

A portion of one wing, with the walls of the rest of the house, was all that remained.

It was Ogdensburgh's first fire in about ten months.

The Woodford lands and the remaining Van Rensselaer properties in St. Lawrence County were eventually sold at auction, and Henry Van Rensselaer invested heavily — and poorly — in a western silver mine.

After Woodford burned, Mrs. Van Rensselaer lived in New York City with her daughter, Mrs. George (Elisabeth) Waddington. In Ogdensburg, she was long remembered for her compassion and kindness.

A touching reminder today of Woodford is an ancient gatehouse at the entrance to the estate, now owned by George H. Ellis.

Parker's History of Gouverneur

Editor's Note: The following article is an excerpt from Gouverneur's Bicentennial book.

Another item demanding attention — and which can be readily remedied — was noticed by Judge James more than a year since in his excellent address before the Agricultural society of this village. We refer to the unkept appearance of our beautiful shade trees, and we confess to a remissness on our own part, which shall be corrected at an early day. It is absolute ruin to bonnet, hat, coat or dress, to pass under our trees on a rainy day. A few hours given to the judicious pruning of the lower branches would greatly add to the comfort of pedestrians, as well as to the general appearance of our thoroughfares.

We have seen a goodly town arise from the

wilderness, crowned with every gift which the hand of industry or civilization can bestow. Our homes have been built upon ground consecrated by other hands, and we may believe our actions watched by many who have passed before us to the spirit world. Let us cherish the institutions they reared and follow their sacred injunctions. Humanity is always the same, and unless sanctified by higher and better aspirations, we shall only sink to a level with those whose pathway is downward — whose end is destruction.

Ours is a noble heritage; with industry and care, the day is not distant when Gouverneur shall take her place among the cities of the state, "Beautiful for situation, on the sides of the north."



VAN BUREN HOUSE 1882



This picture of the park, taken after 1900, shows the old bandstand.

When the closing chapter of this history was written, late in the year of 1872, we were conscious of a desire to follow the fortunes of our town a little farther. Nearly seventeen years have passed, during which time a great many changes have taken place. A new race of people are walking our streets and new faces greet the scribe at every step of the way. Familiar forms are missing, and the music of their voices is hushed for all time; yet their sons and daughters have taken up their work and the hum of industry is heard on every side. Could the pioneers of our goodly town be permitted once more to visit the scenes of their early labors, we think they would retire satisfied that they had not lived in vain.

The years of '73, '74 and '75 were marked by a peculiar fatality among your elderly people. Mr. Peleg Chamberlain, one of the first officers of the Gouverneur Agricultural Society, suddenly expired, November 15, 1873. Mr. John Fosgate, lumberman and miller, died February 4, 1874, a man of great industry and financial ability, who had kept hundreds of men in his employ, providing for them and their families with a liberal hand. Zebina Smith, for a long time sexton of the church and cemetery, died March 17, 1874. Elwell Austin, who came with his parents here in 1806, died in a neighboring state, January 31, 1875. James Parker, in his nineties, and Benjamin Leavitt, in his ninetieth year, died a few days later. Dr. S. C. Wait, who followed his profession for more than forty years in this town, died October 30th of this year. Mr. Joseph Hopkins, formerly teacher of the Gouverneur

High School, and later principal of the Seminary, died in Minnesota, December 13th of this year. The remains were brought to Gouverneur for interment in the family lot at Riverside.

The old brick school house, on the corner of Church and John Streets, was purchased in 1873, by Dr. McFalls, of Rossie, who fitted it up for a dwelling house and commenced the practice of medicine in this place.



STEPHEN B. Van DUZEE began making furniture in Gouverneur in 1831, eventually building a flourishing business. He also had interests in marble, talc and other business and was part of almost every civic enterprise in Gouverneur.

An evening to honor Atwood



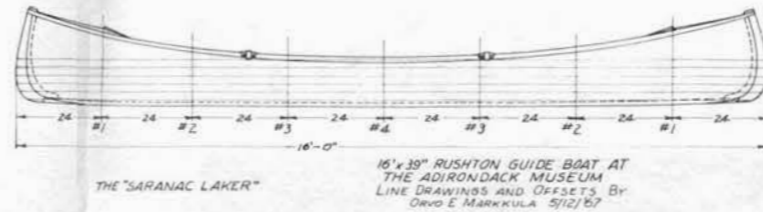
At the head table, from the left are Elaine Manley; Louise Reynolds; Alice Manley; Master of Ceremonies Ed Blankman; Ruth Blankman Mrs. Kelsey Harder; Dr. Kelsey

Harder, President; and Rev. Max Coots. In the foreground lower right is Walter Gunnison.

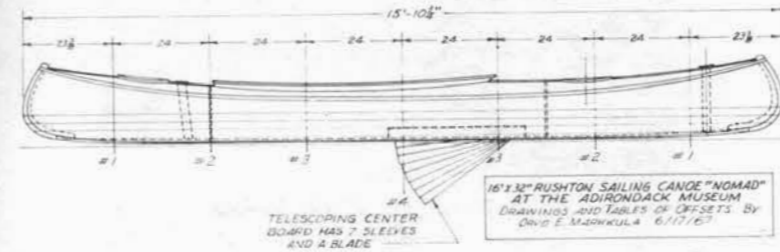


Atwood is presented with complimentary copies of the Quarterly by Editor Elsie H.

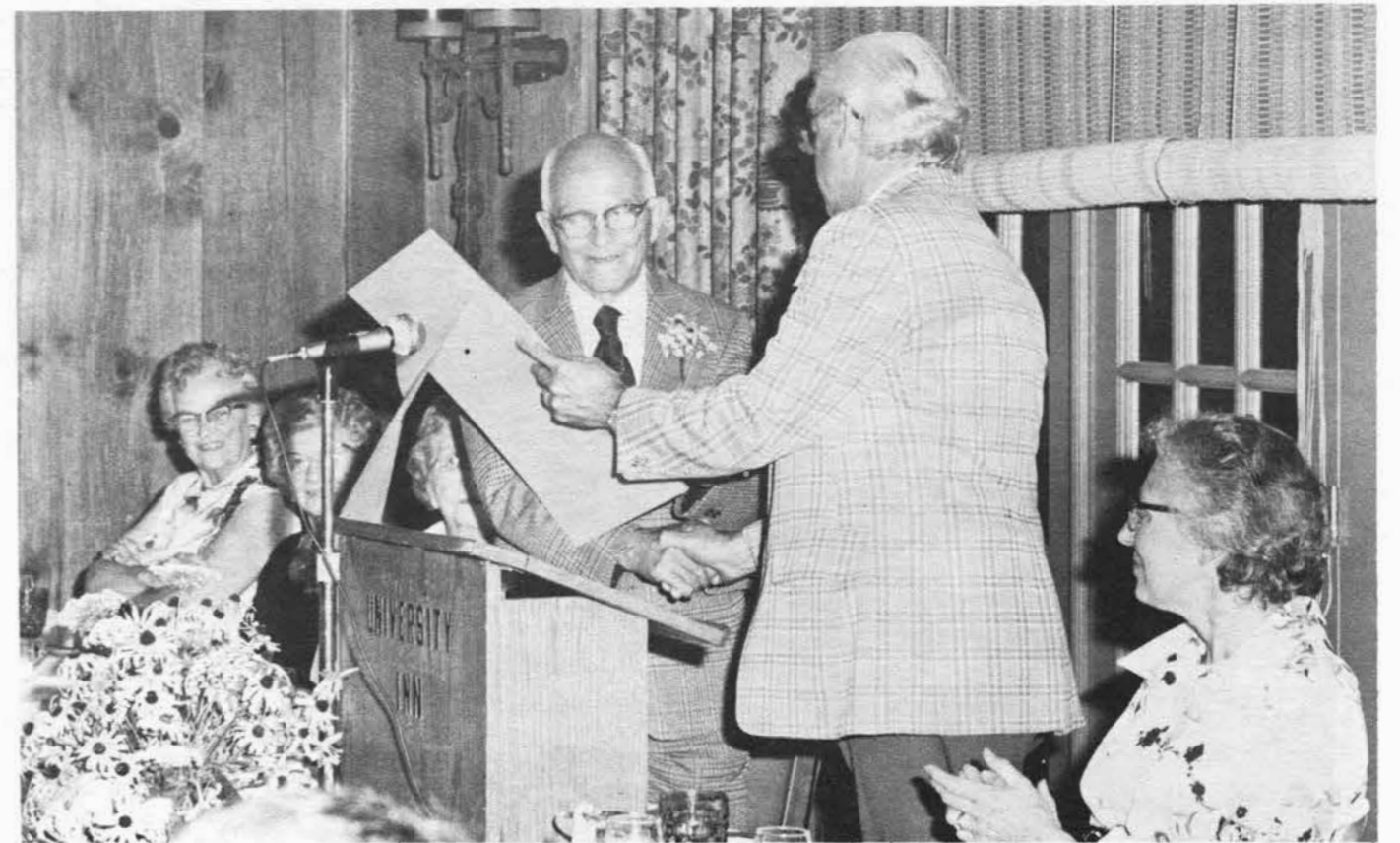
Tyler as Dr. and Mrs. Foster S. Brown join in to personally honor Mr. Manley.



On July 28, the St. Lawrence County Historical Association honored Atwood Manley with a testimonial dinner at the University Inn, Canton. We want to share this evening with all our members.



Atwood addresses the large dinner audience at the University Inn. The testimonial dinner was the only thing ever happening in Canton Atwood didn't know about!

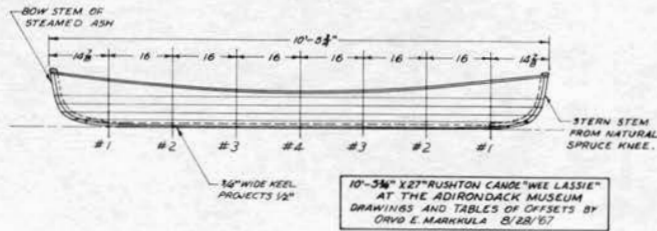


photos by Ray Jubinville

Association President Kelsey Harder presents Atwood with a scroll signifying the Association's deep appreciation for Mr.

Manley's good works in the St. Lawrence County Historical Association.

An evening to honor Atwood



canoe sketches by Orvo E. Markula



Mayor Ruth Blankman, on behalf of the Village of Canton, solemnizes the special tribute to Atwood Manley.



Walter Gunnison reminisces about "early days" with Atwood.

Norfolk History

Editor's Note: The following article is an excerpt from Norfolk's Bicentennial book.

Compiled and written by Jacqueline A. Maxin, with the editorial assistance of Louise A. Bixby, Leon H. Burnap, Thadeus P. Coller, Vivian Waite, and Clark A. Warner.

The township of Norfolk was once an area hunted and fished by rival Indian tribes, mainly the Iroquois and Adirondacks. By 1650, the Adirondacks has been driven into Canada, and northern New York was inhabited by the Mohawks, a nation of the Iroquois Confederacy.

In 1762, after four French - English wars, Great Britain took control of northern New York and held it until the American Revolution. New York was then left with a vast northern wilderness area that was unsurveyed and virtually unsettled.

In 1787, an attempt to promote settlement led New York State to sell large tracts of land along the St. Lawrence River. Through purchase and private agreements, Alexander Macomb acquired title to the following ten towns, each of which was ten miles square: Louisville, Stockholm, Potsdam, Madrid, Lisbon, Canton, DeKalb, Oswegatchie, Hague (Hammond) and Cambray (Gouverneur).

In 1799, a surveyor named Gordon Smith became the first known white man to travel through what is now Norfolk. Smith, working with Benjamin Wright out of St. Regis, was sent to determine how far one could navigate the Raquette and to locate suitable sites for provision camps. Smith traveled the river to what is now Norfolk village, and continued on foot to Potsdam. Soon after, timber thieves entered the area and conducted extensive operations, cutting huge pines on the Raquette's banks, rolling them into the river, and floating them to Montreal where they were sold and used as trans-Atlantic sailing masts.

Erastus Hall of Tyringham, Mass., entered the North Country in 1809 with the sole purpose of exploration. On May 9, Hall arrived in Potsdam where he met Judge Raymond, a land agent, at the inn of Ruell Taylor. Raymond convinced Hall to go through and look at what was then the town



Looking North on Maple Street, Colton in 1894, showing Henry Potter House (now Mackey) in left foreground and the Dr. Botsford Home, (now Klein) second from right.

of Louisville. Hall, accompanied by Ira Brewer, also of Tyringham, traveled from Potsdam to a point on the Raquette at what is now Raymondville. The Indians had named that spot Tsiakoontieta, meaning "where they leave the canoe", as it was the farthest canoes could navigate up the Raquette from the St. Lawrence. The bush trail along which Hall and Brewer traveled had been cut so that potash, known as black salt, could be transported overland and shipped to Montreal by canoe.

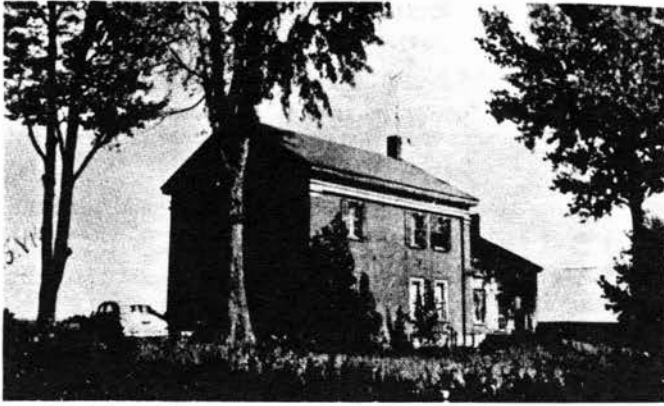
Hall and Brewer attempted to cross the river in that vicinity, once in a crudely built raft and once in an old bark canoe, and nearly lost their lives in the process. Unable to return to Potsdam that night, Hall and Brewer slept under a log, and despite their near fatal crossings and the attacks of black flies and mosquitoes, they were pleased with what they had seen. Several days after their return, they had farms surveyed by Sewall Raymond of Potsdam, and in June 1809, Hall received the first land contract at what became known as Raymondville.

The first framed structure in the area was a small warehouse built on the east side of the Raquette, and shortly after, Hall contracted persons at the Union in Potsdam to build the first house, locating it on the north side of the river, just west of the present concrete bridge on Route 56. That year, another clearing was made in the same vicinity by Eben Judson of Williston, Vt., and by Martin Barney, and during that summer, the Raquette was leveled so that boats could travel as far upstream as the Morris Tract, near the present village of Norfolk.

Hall and Judson returned to New England during the fall of 1809, arrived again the following spring, and in 1810-1811, their families became the first to spend a winter in the area. For a home, Judson built a 10 x 14 foot shanty between two hemlock trees, with an open shed alongside for cattle, and on August 7, 1810



This house, believed to be the oldest still standing in Norfolk village, was built by Phineas Atwater.



Norfolk's oldest house, built in Raymondville by Erastus Hall.

Roscius Judson became the first known white child born in what became the township of Norfolk.

As in other early settlements, Norfolk families needed saw mills to produce lumber, so in 1810, Timothy Osborne of Georgia, Vt., acting as an agent for Major Bohen Shepard of St. Albans, Vt. had a dam and saw mill built on Trout Brook. That year, Hall and Brewer made a trail that connected Raymondville with Massena, and soon families settled the area, coming from Vermont and other New England states, Central New York, Canada, Great Britain and Ireland. In 1811, Dr. Lemuel Winslow of Williston, Vt., became the area's first permanent physician, and the first burial was for Dalia Sackrider who had died at age nine.

Soon religious meetings were held, alternating between the homes of Holl and Judson who were not church members, but who believed that "the observance of the Sabbath was conducive to morality". One settler, Montage, who had helped build the saw mill on Trout Brook, attended the meetings and became the first to learn to sing and pray. In 1811, Seth Burt, a Congregationalist missionary from Massachusetts, visited the area and left behind religious books, and in the years that followed, occasional visits were made by ministers from older nearby settlements.

In 1811, a 10 acre clearing in the lower part of what is now Norfolk village was made for James D. LeRay, who had received the tract in a partition of lands and later sold it to Gouverneur Morris. The following year, formal education was given early recognition, with the establishment of the first schoolhouse at Rackerton (Raymondville).

In 1812, Jonathan Culver built a dam to harness the Raquette to power a grist mill at Hutchins Falls, about three miles north of Raymondville, the lowest point on the river where mills were ever erected. Before that time, corn and grain were taken to Massena, Madrid and Potsdam for processing. Culver's mills were washed away by floodwaters a few years later, but they were rebuilt, and a saw and shingle mill was added to the complex.

Ever since the building of that dam, the Raquette has been furnishing water power for

the manufacturing activities of what became Raymondville, Norfolk village, East Norfolk and Yaleville, and at one time there were eight dams on the river within the township. Like the Culver dam, most early dams were swept away by high water and ice, but they were essential for power and quickly rebuilt.

The *Spaffords Gazette*, in 1813, stated "the village of Rackerton is a new and flourishing settlement . . . at the head of bateau navigation . . . uniting its advantages for good navigation to the St. Lawrence with those of its central location in a rich and fertile country, (it) must become a rich and populous place". However, as the years passed, Norfolk village developed faster due to a descent in the riverbed of 70 feet within one mile, giving it a greater potential for water power than the 15 foot fall at Raymondville.

The first bridge was erected in Raymondville in 1814, just west of the present concrete bridge and opposite the Louisville Road. A few years later, a wooden bridge was built a short distance upstream, at the site of the present iron bridge. In 1815, a Mr. Pierpont opened the Market Road (Old Market Road), which ran from Raymondville to Parishville where it connected with the Malone - Carthage Turnpike. The new route was used by settlers in Stockholm and Parishville to reach a navigation point on the Raquette, because the St. Regis was too shallow to travel with boats.

In 1816, Benjamin Raymond became the first resident land agent and surveyor to settle in what was then called Rackerton. Rackerton was re-named Raymondville in his honor, and his home, located on the east side of the Raquette near the present Catholic Church, became known as The Mansion. Raymond was soon followed by Joseph Clark, who reportedly brought his family from Gilsum, N.H., in the winter time on a bob sled drawn by a yoke of oxen.

The largest and most prosperous grist mill in the area was erected in 1816 by Russell Atwater of the town of Russell, who has purchased one-half the Morris Tract. The mill, located in the west part of what is now Norfolk village, ran first by two and later by three runs of stones. It was a



The Atwater grist mill, shown on the right, in this early view of Norfolk village's west end.

three story building whose top floor, filled with desks and benches, was used for religious services. The original mill burned in 1823, but it was rebuilt by Norman Sackrider in 1848 and operated again, first under Warren Dyke and later under Mein and Baxter, until the early 1900's when it burned a second time and was not rebuilt.

Materials for the Atwater mill, as well as other goods and provisions, were brought from Schenectady, N. Y., by a Durham boat, the first of its kind to navigate the Raquette. The boat's journey from the St. Lawrence up the Raquette was a difficult one, particularly since it had to be hauled out of the river and drawn around Culver's dam. For a few years, weekly trips were made from Norfolk village to Culver's dam, where it connected with other boats that ran to ports on the St. Lawrence.

On July 1, 1817 Rev. Royal Phelps, a missionary out of the Cayuga presbytery, and Rev. John Ransom of Hopkinton, organized the Congregational Church of Norfolk. The original congregation, consisting of 17 members, held meetings on the top floor of the Atwater mill and in a chamber of J. Langworthy's tavern, as well as in schoolhouses and other places. Episcopalian services were also held in the mill, with Russell Atwater officiating as Lay Reader.

The Atwater mill drew many families to the area and as settlement progressed, bricks as well as lumber were needed for the construction of homes and public buildings. In 1817, Erastus Hall built the first brickyard about half a mile south of Raymondville, from which nearly 200,000 bricks were turned out each year. That year, an attempt was made and failed at making Norfolk a town to be six miles square, with a geographical center at what is now Norfolk village.

In 1820, Bernard Smith and Patrick Quigley of Waddington came as far as the township of Norfolk, preaching the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church. The Episcopal Church Society was organized that year in Norfolk village by Russell Atwater, and on June 21, 1821 the first wedding in the area was performed for Dr. William Atwater and Dalia Wetmore.

About 1822, Russell Atwater moved his family to Norfolk village, and a home was built by his son Phineas on the hill behind the present Town Hall, at the end of what is now Wheeler Drive. In 1823, Chauncy L. Shepard built a brick house on the west side of the Raquette, one mile south of Norfolk village on what is now Sober Street. Soon an area near Massena Springs was settled and called Kents Mills. It was in this area, near the Culver mills, that the Baxter family from Baxter (Crois) Island settled what became known as Baxterville.

By this time many families had located in Raymondville, and a few had located in Norfolk village, as well as in the northwestern, southwestern and northeastern parts of the area. Families gradually spread outward as roads were built, and names common to this period

were the Farnsworth, Ames, Palmers, Elms, Whitcombs, Blanchards, Adams, Winslows, Gladdings, Hales, Kingsleys, Bixbys, Brandishes, Riches, Cummings, Kingburys, Kimballs, Farewells, Pattersons, Clintons, Lockwoods, Smalls, Grandys, Sanborns, Barbers, Heywoods, Lawson, Bartletts, Bradleys, Robinsons, Gibbs, Castles, Jones, Rogers, Vernals, Wings, Lawrences, Sartwells, Beaches and many more.

On April 9, 1823 Norfolk was divided from Louisville, primarily because of the large swamp that forms a natural dividing line between Louisville and Raymondville. Norfolk became a separate township in excess of 35,500 acres, with boundaries that subsequently changed on April 15, 1834 when a section of Stockholm was annexed, and on April 5, 1844 when a portion was returned to Louisville. Raymondville soon became known as the Lower Village to distinguish it from Norfolk, the Upper Village, and East Norfolk also became known as Slab City.

The first town meeting was held in East Norfolk on May 5, 1823 at the home of Elisha Adams, across from the present Shell station on Route 56. A town supervisor, Christopher Stowe, was elected and soon made his first report to the County Board. His report stated that Norfolk had 108 taxable inhabitants, with a town tax of \$248.70. State tax was reported at \$62.77 and the county tax was listed as \$89.77. Wild land was assessed at \$1.09 per acre, improved land at \$4.75 per acre, barns at \$75.00 apiece, and the total real estate in the township was set at \$62,770.

The Norfolk village Post Office was opened on May 22, 1823 with Phineas Atwater as its first post master. The large two story stone building was located on the east corner of Sober Street in what was then the major business district in Norfolk village. Mail was brought to Norfolk from Potsdam by a courier who traveled on horseback and on foot.

The first saw mill located at East Norfolk was built in 1824 by Oral Bradly, and on October 7, 1825 the Phoenix Iron Company formed under the firm of E. Keyes and Company. The following year, a Phoenix furnace was constructed on the north bank of the Raquette in Norfolk village, on the southwest corner of High and Furnace Streets.



1844-1929

James Ricalton

**Waddington Native, Teacher, Photographer,
World Traveler, Big Game Hunter, Explorer**

by Pauline Tedford, Waddington Town Historian

A Waddington native who was very much in the news until his death in 1929 was James Ricalton, world traveler, explorer, photographer, big game hunter, and school master. Internationally known, he travel more than 500,000 miles in a period of thirty years, went around the world six times, and took thousands of photographs.

He was born in Waddington in a log cabin along Brandy Brook. His parents, Robert and Elizabeth Ricalton, had come from Scotland in 1820 and settled in the area known as the "Half Way." He attended the common school in the Half Way House, about four miles south of Waddington Village, and completed his education at St. Lawrence University. He then taught school for a time in the Irish Settlement and later in the Half Way House. For twenty years he was a schoolmaster in Maplewood, New Jersey.



JAMES RICALTON
1844-1929

Historian's Note: Two of his 5 children are still living in Canton, and daughter Mary Wilson lives in New Jersey.

Between 1891 and 1906 Ricalton was official photographer and war correspondent for Underwood and Underwood of New York, and during this time he photographed and wrote about such diverse events as the Boxer Rebellion in China, the Durbar at which Edward VII was crowned Emperor of India, an elephant hunt in which he was treed by a surging and trumpeting herd of angry elephants whose pictures he coolly took from his precarious perch, and the Russo - Japanese War. In the last assignment he was granted unusual privileges behind the lines by the Japanese, and he secured many highly - prized photographs for which a gold medal and citation were presented to him by the Mikado through the American Ambassador and the Secretary of War. His fine sense of composition and his technique were highly valued by the Underwoods. Many of his foreign pictures were used as illustrations in school textbooks. The summer of 1888 he wandered through Russia, hauling a "Dormo-Cart," a very light three-wheeled vehicle he had invented whose propulsion added little to the exertion of walking, but afforded a shelter from rain and a lodging place at night. The cart could be hitched to a horse, an ox, a reindeer, or a goat if the roads became too difficult because of mud. In Egypt he spent a week snapping pictures of the gloomy interior of the tomb of Ramses II, sleeping at night at Ramses' feet.



The long and short of India at the Durbar — Cashmere giant (7 ft. 9 in. and Patiala midget (28 in.) Delhi. Mr. Ricalton is between giant and pygmies.

Mr. Ricalton gave up globe-trotting when he was seventy and set his lens on America, traveling across the country photographing cities for the Pan American Exposition and lecturing on his travels. The North Country, where he had been born, had always attracted him, and he retired to Waddington. At the age of eighty he was still vigorous mentally and physically and thought nothing of walking twenty miles to Ogdensburg and returning the same day. (Waddingtonians remember him as being a little man in a black skull cap, full of a quiet humor and a philosophy that was born of book learning and travels such as few have made.)

Visiting with a friend in Waddington shortly before his death, Mr. Ricalton showed his guest a shelf in his museum on which were bottles filled with vari-colored sand. He picked up one. "This," he said, "is mud from the Yalu River. And this is the yellow sand of the Tiber. Here is the purple gumbo from the Yangtze. See that thick stuff — the Yellow River. Here's a bit of black silt from the Mississippi. There's your Colorado — decomposed granite. Here's the Blue Nile, and there's the White Nile. There's the edge of the Sutlej, where I got the bamboo for Edison. That's the Danube! The Volga! The Orinoco! That from the Amazon. I got thirteen hundred miles from the sea and the water was still salt. Bottled each one myself. . . . When I come in here and look at those bottles filled with dried sand and mud, they bring back the past. One by one they cause to rise before my eyes the picture of the great rivers of the world. Then I go out and look at the St. Lawrence, and that is when I am most happy and content. It is the most beautiful river in the world."



Lomond Ricalton. Died of typhoid fever in Nairobi while on a trip with his father.

Editorial Address "Edison, New York"

*From the Laboratory
of
Thomas A. Edison,*

Orange, N.J. U.S.A., July 1, 1911.

Dear Sir:-

I am sending a representative to different parts of the world to make motion pictures of things of educational interest, and thinking that in your interesting part of the Orient there may be desirable subjects for the motion picture camera, you will pardon, I hope, the liberty I take in asking you to extend any assistance in your power, not inconvenient to you, to enable my photographer, Mr. Ricalton to secure desirable subjects in your vicinity, assuring you that any aid extended by you will be duly valued by me and by the public which is now receiving an educational uplift from this latest mode of visual instruction,

Yours very truly,

Thomas A. Edison

Letter by Thomas Edison for Mr. Ricalton to present of officials to allow him to photograph subjects.

The turning point in his life came while in Maplewood. Thomas Edison, then at the height of his inventive career, was developing the incandescent lamp. He needed a special bamboo stem to serve as filament and asked Mr. Ricalton to find it for him. Mr. Edison in speaking of Ricalton said: "To an exhaustive knowledge of natural science, Mr. Ricalton added an unusual faculty for observation, invincible courage, swift powers of decision and an unquenchable love of travel." The search for the bamboo took Ricalton to Ceylon, Hindustan, the Himalayas, Burma and China. His association with Edison led him to use one of Edison's new inventions, the motion picture camera. He had one of the most adventurous careers imaginable, yet when he retired to his native Waddington at the age of eighty in 1924, few north country residents knew of his fame as world traveler. In 1928 the Literary Digest published an article about him, and in 1966 Life Magazine featured a series of old photographs of the 1900 Boxer uprising. Mr. Ricalton's travels also took him to Russia, the Amazon and Iceland. At the age of seventy, he traveled from South Africa to Egypt. On this trip he was accompanied by his son, Lomond, who contacted typhoid fever and died in a hospital in Nairobi.

Poetry



"Autumn Scenes"

by Rev C. Shaw

A GAIN the autumn time is here
With beauteous sights and memories dear,
Sweet tributes of the dying year.

With every murmur of the breeze
Come scattered flocks of brilliant leaves,
Which silently the earth receives.

As seen the parting foliage through
The sky puts on a lovelier hue,
More deeply and more darkly blue.

On all the bright October days,
Softened by dim autumnal haze,
Nature is wooed to peaceful ways.

Like troubled child in slumber deep
The storms have wept themselves to sleep,
And earth a Sabbath seems to keep.

"Russell, N. Y."

by Rev. C. Shaw

THERE'S a quiet little hamlet on the river,
Sleeping in the shadow and the sun,
And the memory of its people haunts me ever,
And will linger 'til my life is done.

Chorus:

In my dreams I hear the murmur of the river,
See the picture of the faces that are gone,
And I know that mortal life is but forever
Like the current of the river flowing on.

From that quiet little hamlet on the river
They have taken the dearest and best,
And above them in a city, silent ever,
They are lying in their peaceful rest.

To that quiet little hamlet on the river,
I would wander when life's sun droops low,
And, between the blessed ever and the never,
Wait in patience for my time to go.

Chorus:

From that quiet little hamlet on the river
To that city where the shadows are deep,
Let them bear me when life's pulses cease to quiver
And leave me in my long last sleep.

"Kings of The Nether"

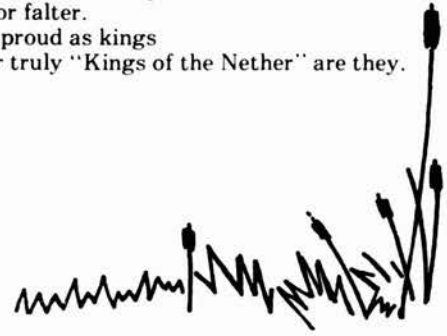
By Margaret Webster ©1976

As each man descends into the earth
his upturned face bids goodbye to the sun, as to a parting lover . . .
little knowing if life will exert its lovers fickleness,
never letting him feel the sun's kiss on his face again.

An involuntary twist of gut and a gradual sinking into dark entirety . . .
And then, life renews itself in the hustling, all consuming
task of disemboweling the earth of its treasures.

In this bustling city of human moles, unlike any
kingdom — earth has ever known before,
each man's "crown" emits its small ray of sunshine;
and courage is the es-prit de corps of all whose lives touch.

In this great entity of caverns, big as king's realms
and manways small as moleholes with each new day
unexplored as new life itself, who could expect
men such as these to break or falter.
They walk not as moles but proud as kings
With heads held high . . . for truly "Kings of the Nether" are they.



"The Autumn Rain"

by Rev. C. Shaw

THE sun and sky have veiled their faces,
In fitful tones the winds complain,
And drips from far off unknown spaces
The Autumn rain.

The fields and woods are dark and lonely,
The wild birds sing no sweet refrain,
We hear the wind's sob—save this only—
The Autumn rain.

The day wears on, the clouds droop lower,
The plashing raindrops streak the pane,
While ceaseless falls on wave and shore—
The Autumn rain.

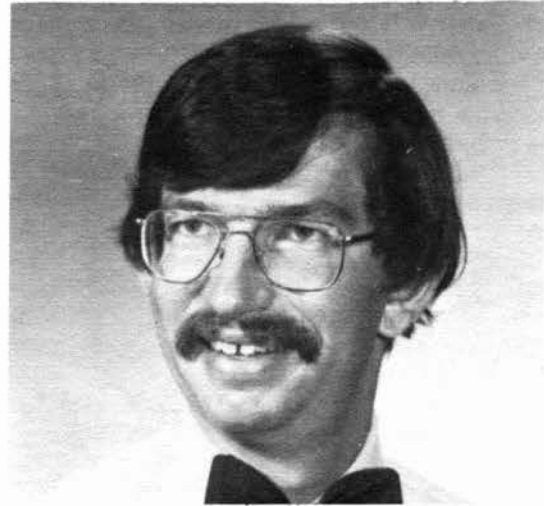
Oh! heart beneath fate's Autumn weather,
Doth life for thee seem but in vain?
Falls into it now and forever—
The Autumn rain?

Yield not to doubt, or sin or sorrow,
Thy faded flowers shall bloom again
Into thy heart shall fall some morrow—
Life's golden rain.

Director's Report

As I enter my second month with the Historical Association, I'm beginning to lose some of my initial confusion and feel more at home here. The staff here and the people in Canton, especially Varick and Judy Chittenden, have been more than helpful in getting me settled and acquainted with the area. They all contrived to make my move here as painless as possible.

Hopefully in the future I will be able to use this column and the newsletter to communicate developments as our organization continues its battle to complete the Silas Wright House restoration and improve and develop the museum and its services to the county. Although it may seem that no visible progress is being made on these goals, I'm happy to report that some concrete steps have been taken. The barn siding has received another protective coat of varnish and much work has gone into scraping the many layers of cracked and peeling paint from the Wright House — both due to the efforts of Mr. Ray Hull. Over the summer, a new exhibit displaying 19th. century furniture and clothing was installed in the barn by Pat Segar, Donna McKenney, and Pat Carson, with help from Mary Jo Whalen. This exhibit will remain on display through the fall as we attempt to complete work in the first phase of the Silas Wright House restoration. It is hoped that the entranceway, made possible by a generous gift from Dr. Virginia Haley, and exterior painting can be completed before winter sets in. The shutters have been commercially stripped and were painted as soon as they were returned. Finally, Mr. Sargent, our architect, has completed detailed plans for the interior of the study



John Baule

and dining room and work will proceed as soon as possible. So things are happening and I hope even more significant progress can be reported in the January Quarterly.

I would also like to take this opportunity to thank all the board members who stepped in and held the organization together during the period between directors. Special thanks are definitely in order to Mrs. Marilyn Barlow, Mrs. Grace Riley, and Mr. Ray Hull, for their willing cooperation in performing the many thankless jobs necessary to keep the association operating. We owe all these people a great deal of appreciation.

I look forward to meeting many of you at our annual meeting.

John A. Baule



Dear Editor:

Now that we have many bicentennial histories of towns in St. Lawrence County, I believe they should be made available to the public through the library system. Shortage of funds might not make this possible, so I suggest that town historians exchange local history books, either directly or through the association office.

I would like to hear from other town historians interested in doing this.

**Pauline Tedford
Waddington Historian**

Editor, The Quarterly
Canton, N.Y.

Sept. 28, 1976

Dear Elsie:

I want to thank you for the generous space provided in the **Quarterly** to announce the publication of **Mrs. Parker's History of Gouverneur, 1805-1890**. We received numerous requests for copies from people who learned of it through your notice.

It occurred to us that people might like to know that copies of the **History** to be sent as Christmas gifts can be ordered with wrapping, postage and gift enclosure included by writing.

**Mrs. Helen L. Walrath
29 Barnes St.
Gouverneur, N.Y. 13642**

Orders should include the names and addresses of persons to whom the copies are to be sent, personal greetings and a check for \$3.50 per copy.

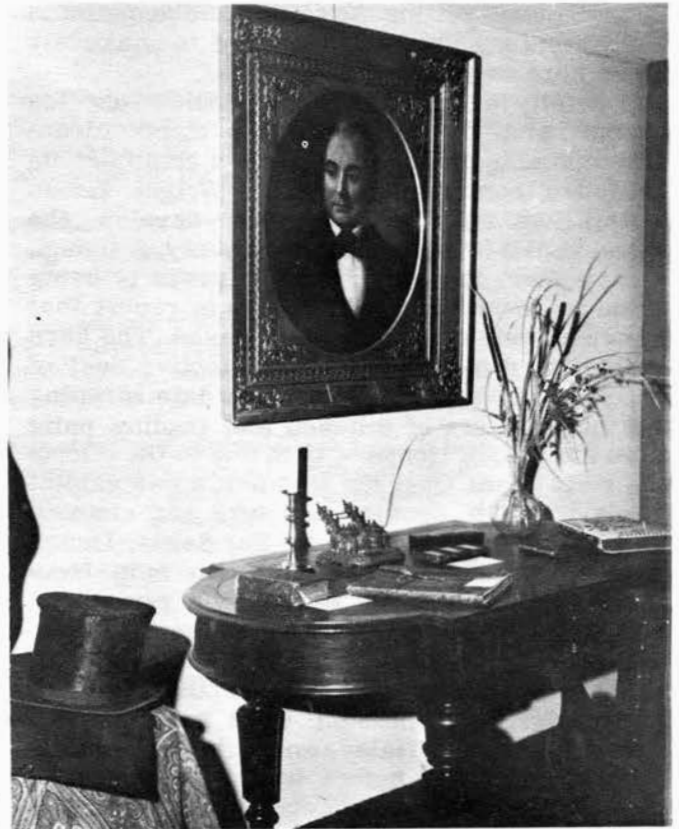
The book is still on sale at Kinney's, Brown's Jewelry, Locker's Gift Shop, and the Gouverneur Museum, at \$3.00 each.

**Cordially,
Margaret Gleason**

These pictures illustrate the current exhibit in the
St. Lawrence County Museum in Canton.



The children's room



The den with a portrait of Governor Silas Wright.

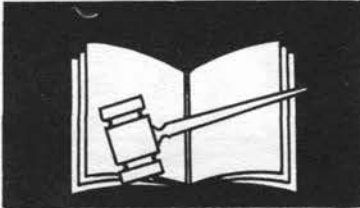


The horse, "Tiny Beacon" is owned by Jessie Wainright, Rensselaer Falls, and is driven by Jack Moore, Rensselaer Falls. Both horse and driver raced on the track at Gouverneur Fair for twelve years. The buggy was loaned by Ricalton Antiques, Riverside Drive, Canton. The clothes of the driver, Jack Moore, and his passenger, Mary Jo Whalen, were loaned by the St. Lawrence County Historical Association.

This is the Historical Association's entry in the July 3rd parade in Canton.



The sofa was donated by Mrs. Ward Priest, Canton.



PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

I know that the year so far has been successful. Nevertheless, the remainder of the year is before us and certainly our most important work, that of obtaining funds for the Association. That matter will be noted below.

First, I would like to thank all those who have contributed so much time, effort, and sometimes money for the Association. The persons I commend to you are well known ones, many of whom have served the Association as officers, trustees, and committee members for many years.

I shall name names: Mary Jo Whalen, vice-president; Roger Catlin, former treasurer; Dr. Kenneth Sargent, architect; Edward Blankman, former president and now a trustee and advisor; Allen P. Splete, chairman of the board of overseers; G. Atwood Manley, former president, first editor of the *QUARTERLY*; Louis Greenblatt, trustee, chairman of the finance committee, and now acting treasurer; Beverly Markkula, secretary; Elsie Tyler, editor of the *QUARTERLY*; Varick Chittenden, former president, whose sage advice, even from a distance, has been of inestimable help; Mary Blondi, county historian, former editor of the *QUARTERLY*, and advisor; and the office staff, Marilyn Barlow, Grace Riley, and Ray Hull. The latter three saw us through the daily routine when we had no director. Many others deserve commendation from members of the Association. We have not lacked for help.

After many months of search, our ad hoc personnel committee found and persuaded John Baule to become the director of the Association. John is an intelligent, energetic, capable, and out-going person who has served as an officer and director of an association such as ours. He will welcome a visit from you in his office on the Association's property in Canton. A statement by him appears in this issue of the *QUARTERLY*.

The renovation of the Silas Wright house is progressing under the direction of our architect, Dr. Kenneth Sargent, Mary Jo Whalen, and the overseers. Appearances are deceiving, but good and careful work is being done on both the inside and outside of the building. You are welcome to visit the house and watch the work in progress.

Our annual meeting will be held in Gouverneur on October 16. Two of our trustees, Cecil Graham and Margaret Nulty, have arranged for a pleasant day and for a visit to the museum there. You will also meet our new director there.

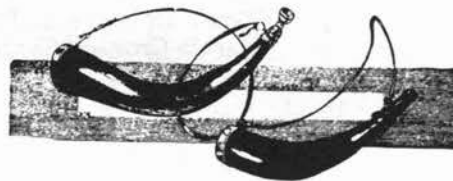
An ad hoc committee is being formed to begin a county-wide membership drive. Plans for this drive will be announced at the annual meeting and will be in progress for several weeks. We

hope that this drive will obtain enough members to make the Association absolutely self-sustaining.

Besides the renovation of the Silas Wright house as a part of the county museum movement in many towns, the Association needs sufficient personnel and funds to develop an educational program through both exhibits and lectures that will reach the youth of the county. Other programs must be instituted for all the members of the Association and for citizens of St. Lawrence County who are not members. Several publications about the county are in planning stages.

The materials in the Richville property need to be catalogued so that they can be used more effectively. All of us would like to see the size of the *QUARTERLY* doubled so that more articles about the past can be brought together and preserved in print. Our heritage deserves this. Funds will be needed for these projects. If each member brings in a member, the membership will be doubled, which means that we would be on our way to achieve our goals. We are planning on obtaining more during our drive. A membership must sustain itself, which means that all of us must contribute. Success depends on all. Let Each One Reach One.

Kelsie B. Harder



Another horse and buggy entered in July 3rd parade in Canton is owned and is driven by Mr. and Mrs. James Fisher of Chipman. They are members of St. Lawrence County Historical Association.

The clothing is handmade by Mrs. James Fisher.

ST. LAWRENCE COUNTY HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION

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DeAnn Martin, 45 Bird St., Canton
Louis Greenblatt, 5 Missouri Ave., Potsdam
Michael Duskas, 84 Judson St., Canton
Dwight Mayne, 7 Hillcrest Ave., Massena

Two Years

Margaret Nulty, 21 Sterling St., Gouverneur
Elizabeth Winn, North Lawrence
Cecil Graham, 161 Rock Island St., Gouverneur
Joseph McDonald, Morristown
William Sloan, Drumlin Dr., Potsdam

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Rachel Dandy, Lisbon
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John Elmer, 20 Court St., Canton

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