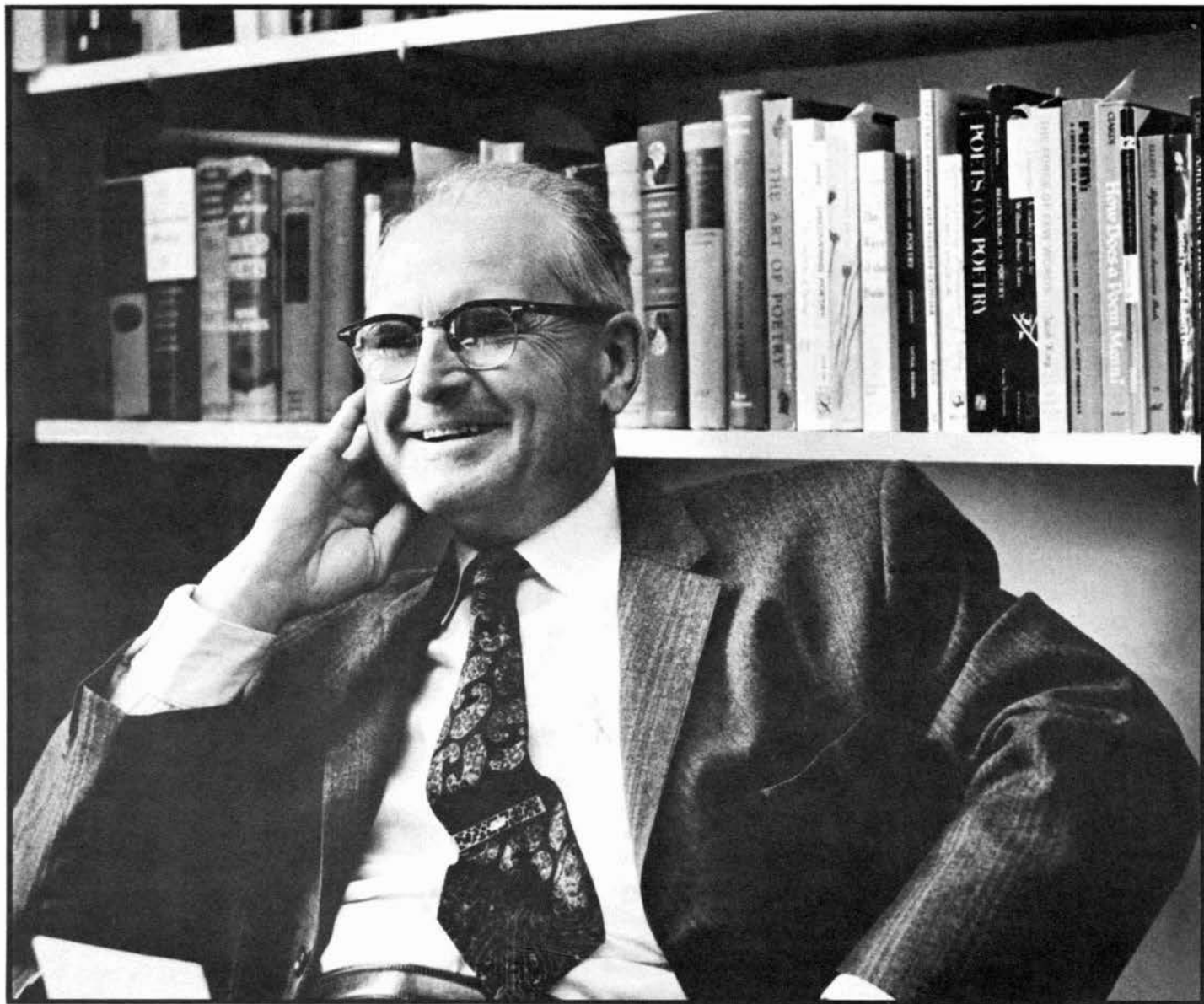


THE QUARTERLY

Official Publication of the St. Lawrence County Historical Association

October 1978



DYED-IN-THE-WOOL NORTH COUNTRY . . . and darned proud of it:
A Festschrift in Honor of Edward J. Blankman

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CONTENTS

<i>Varick A. Chittenden</i>	3	Dyed-In-The-Wool North Country . . . and darned proud of it: a <i>Festschrift</i> in Honor of Edward J. Blankman
<i>Peter Blankman</i>	4	The Pleasure of the Search
<i>Paul F. Jamieson</i>	5	Coming Down the Raquette—Setting Pole Rapids to Sunday Rock
<i>G. Atwood Manley</i>	12	Bucks, Bears, Bees, and Birds: a Profile of Hazel Tyrrell
<i>Mary H. Smallman and Varick A. Chittenden</i>	15	A Brief History of the St. Lawrence County Historical Association
<i>Rutherford E. Delmage</i>	19	Canton . . . Ed Blankman's Concord
<i>Mary Gooshaw</i>	20	All In The Family: the Ladouceur Brothers of 'the Burg'
<i>Peter E. Van de Water</i>	22	The Voice that Cried Out in the Wilderness: the Story of Citizens to Save the Adirondack Park
<i>D. Lynn Case</i>	25	<i>Eben Holden</i> : Irving Bacheller's Folk Society
<i>Walter Gunnison</i>	32	Fond Memories of the Old Fairgrounds
<i>Varick A. Chittenden</i>	35	' . . . Indipendant as a King on his throne.': the California Goldfield Letters of Frank E. Kip (part one)
<i>J. Robert Williams</i>	39	The Building of a New University: St. Lawrence Since 1945
<i>John A. Baule</i>	43	Redwood Glass: The Story of a Jefferson County Factory and its Products
<i>Allen P. Splete</i>	51	A Tribute from the President . . .
<i>Mary Ruth Beaman</i>	51	The Wright Corner

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Editor: Varick A. Chittenden

Cover: *Edward J. Blankman at his desk in Herring-Cole, where he serves as St. Lawrence University Historian/Archivist.* (Photo courtesy of the Public Relations Department, St. Lawrence University).

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From the Editor's Notebook . . .

DYED-IN-THE-WOOL NORTH COUNTRY . . . and darned proud of it:

A *Festschrift* in Honor of Edward J. Blankman

The contents of this issue of *The Quarterly* began to be compiled seventeen years ago this past spring in a crowded little office in the second floor of old Richardson Hall on the St. Lawrence University campus. I hardly realized it at the time; neither, I suspect, did Ed Blankman. We were meeting for the first time when I was a sophomore, asking about a job as usher at commencement. He was—and had been—marshal of the university, charged with arrangements for such ceremonial affairs. A St. Lawrence alumnus-friend of my family had directed me to Mr. Blankman, both for that little job and, more so, for his well-established reputation for “looking out for North Country students.” I thought I needed both. I got the job . . . and much, much more. From that day to this, our paths have regularly crossed—in and out of school, in and out of antique shops, in and out of meetings, some would say in and out of trouble—and *I would especially say* in and out of true friendship.

I can think of no greater personal pleasure or privilege than this opportunity to pay tribute to Ed Blankman. A *festschrift* is a “volume of articles, essays, and the like, contributed by colleagues and admirers as a tribute, especially to a scholar.” Between these covers we have gathered the work of some of Ed’s many colleagues and admirers, on no particular occasion except, perhaps, one long overdue. It is our tribute to both a scholar and a leader, to a humanitarian and a friend.

This issue of *The Quarterly* treats only a few of the topics of his scholarship because his interests have been so many. But his dedication to learning and teaching about our North Country heritage is well known to members and friends of the Association and we have had to develop our first greatly expanded issue of this journal, in order to include articles on some of his known pursuits.

The selecting and soliciting of these articles was based in large part, I must admit, on the years of shared personal experiences which Ed and I have had. In his classrooms I learned of Thoreau, Twain (and Irving Bacheller), and of Joseph Pulitzer, William Randolph Hearst (and Frederic Remington). It was our countless miles and hours “on the road,” however, which over the years contributed so much to my knowledge and interests, and probably to this *Quarterly*. I can not forget an early trip to Columbia County, New York, to pick up a huge chest stored away in some warehouse and recently contributed to St. Lawrence; it had reputedly belonged to some past governor of the state from Canton; it now sits in the dining room of the Silas Wright House. On our

way there, while there, and on our way back we stopped at almost every antique shop *with a barn*. Ed has a critical eye, you know, and says those are the only kind worth stopping at. Details of subsequent antiquing trips would fill at least three volumes, but I must mention Devere Card in Hamilton and his Windsor chairs and Redwood glass bowl; Ed would have loved either, but here was one trader who knew what he wanted to keep. And a cherry tilt top table in *seven* pieces scattered all over a barn in Oswego County now sits, all together, in our house, because Ed persuaded the poor old man to crawl around and find it all. Our trips also have taken us to Pierrepont, where I first became acquainted with Hazel Tyrrell and her wonderful birds; to the shores of the Raquette, when he was selecting his idyllic spot for a retreat in the wilderness, and later, in the dead of winter, when I first put on a pair of his old skis and *tried* to get in to shovel off the camp roof. They have taken us to the Adirondack Museum in the off season, in the back rooms, to see (and learn about from him) parts of that wonderful collection the casual visitor seldom gets to see; to 104th Street in Manhattan at rush hour—with me driving for the first time over the Major Deegan Expressway and through Harlem—to pick up the papers of Miss Harriet Shoen, left to the Association.

Those trips have taken us much farther in time and space than I can possibly relate here. We have talked of so many, many things: of the Gaineses and the Gunnisons and of St. Lawrence; of “primitive” art and village characters, of tall tales and folk heroes of our North Country; of trees and streams and St. Lawrence apples; of canoeing and baseball; of politics and universal salvation; of fund raising campaigns, and program plans, and future goals of this Association.

We also have talked of trips abroad: of his travels to Europe and the British Isles, of more recent trips to Africa and the Caribbean. His life has taken him far and wide from the roads marked out years before on his father’s famous North Country maps. His interests are as diverse as his travels. But he always returns home. Of our region he said once, a few years ago to Walter Gunnison for the newspaper: “I like the spaciousness and except for when I was in the Army, I have always been able to enjoy it. I like the openness and the friendliness of the people, and when you get out on the road, you can make time.” For him there is no better place. Ed Blankman is dyed-in-the-wool North Country . . . and darned proud of it. The St. Lawrence County Historical Association is just as proud to salute him this way.

Varick A. Chittenden
Editor



The Pleasure of the Search

by Peter E. Blankman



There must be 1,000 miles of roads in St. Lawrence County — concrete, black-top, gravel, dirt. My father probably has been on every mile.

It is not a love of travel that has taken him all over the county. No, it is because he loves antiques, and to collect antiques properly you have to get into the country and look — into barns, into farmhouses, into old country stores.

You also have to learn to wait. This trait is not common among those of us who must do our shopping in the rush-rush atmosphere of city stores and suburban shopping centers. It is different with the farmer on a lonely road whose red barn contains a Windsor chair — painted, perhaps, or covered with dirt, but a valuable find nonetheless. The farmer does not have many visitors who show an interest in buying an old piece of furniture, and he must be approached cautiously. Show too much interest too quickly and he will figure you for a sucker.

Once the unsuspecting antique owner has been spotted — and I still don't know how my father did this; antiquers must have radar — my father would launch his wooing effort. It could take years. A sample dialogue:

"Mornin'."
 "Mornin'."
 "Nice day."
 "Yep."

(Conversation about the weather, crops, animals, the farmer's arthritis, etc., would follow. Finally, to the matter at hand.)

"That chair over there in back of your tractor. Ever think about selling it?"

"That thing? Naw."

(The farmer pauses: slyly he talks about something else for a while, then returns to the chair.)

"You interested in it?"

"I might be. Let me take another look."

(At which my father would pretend to look the chair over carefully. Of course, his practiced eye already had spotted any defects, but it is important here to act somewhat dubious about the quality of the chair. Finally, he might make an offer, being careful to keep any trace of excitement out of his voice.)

"I might give you \$5 for it," noting all the work that would have to be done to make the chair presentable.

"Naw, I couldn't let it go for less than fifteen."

(Now, for a decision — my father could either haggle a little more, finally settling on \$10, or he could politely disengage, to return in six months or a year. I think the tactics depended on how difficult it was at the time to find the item being haggled about.)

My parents have a houseful of antiques — some would say they have two housefuls crammed into one building — and it's a tossup whether the antiques themselves or the search for them brought my father more pleasure. Half and half, I suspect.

The pleasure of the search, I must confess, was lost on the rest of us. I remember a hot summer day when the six of us were driving home, perhaps from a vacation, when my father "ahemed." The next remark was inevitable. "You know, there's a nice little table up this next road." And we would turn up the next road. As my father dickered, the rest of us baked in the car, debating whether he could find his way home if we left quickly without him.

Often my father would disappear for a couple of days on an antique-hunting trip with one of his cohorts, such as the editor of this journal, Varick Chittenden. The car would return, covered with dust and

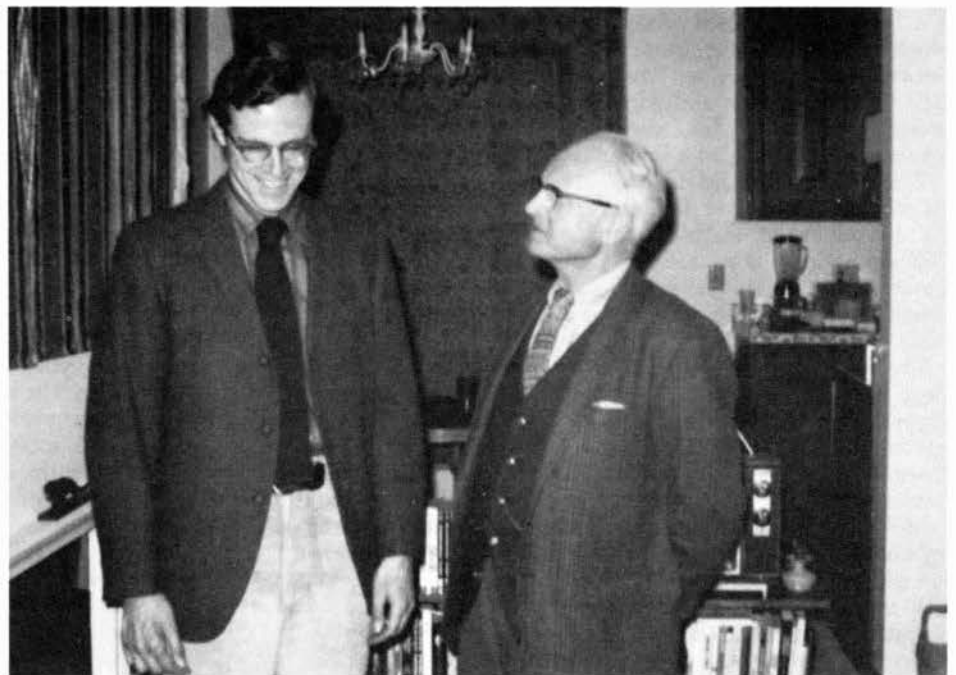
laden with loot, and we would troop out of the house, half curious, half embarrassed by these modern-day Okies.

My father doesn't go off on these trips any more. In a way, it's too bad. I'd love to see this master of North Country dickering come up against a farmer who was well aware of the value of the "old stuff" in his barn.

Last spring, my wife, Lynn, and son, Paul, and I visited Canton. My father brought out his mechanical banks, wonderful old handpainted marvels. Paul was fascinated, crying, "Do it again, do it again." Such must be one of the joys of the antiquer — to see something made 100 years ago please a two-year-old boy today. Maybe all those hours spent driving down back roads *were* worthwhile.

About the Author

Peter E. Blankman is the oldest of the four Blankman children, including Gail (Olofson), James (Jamie), and Edward (Eddie). Peter has received a B.A. degree from Bowdoin College and an M.A. from the Boston University School of Public Communications. He is presently Director of Publications at Union College.



Peter Blankman receiving some fatherly advice on his wedding day. (Photo courtesy of Ruth Blankman).

Coming Down the Raquette — Setting Pole Rapids to Sunday Rock

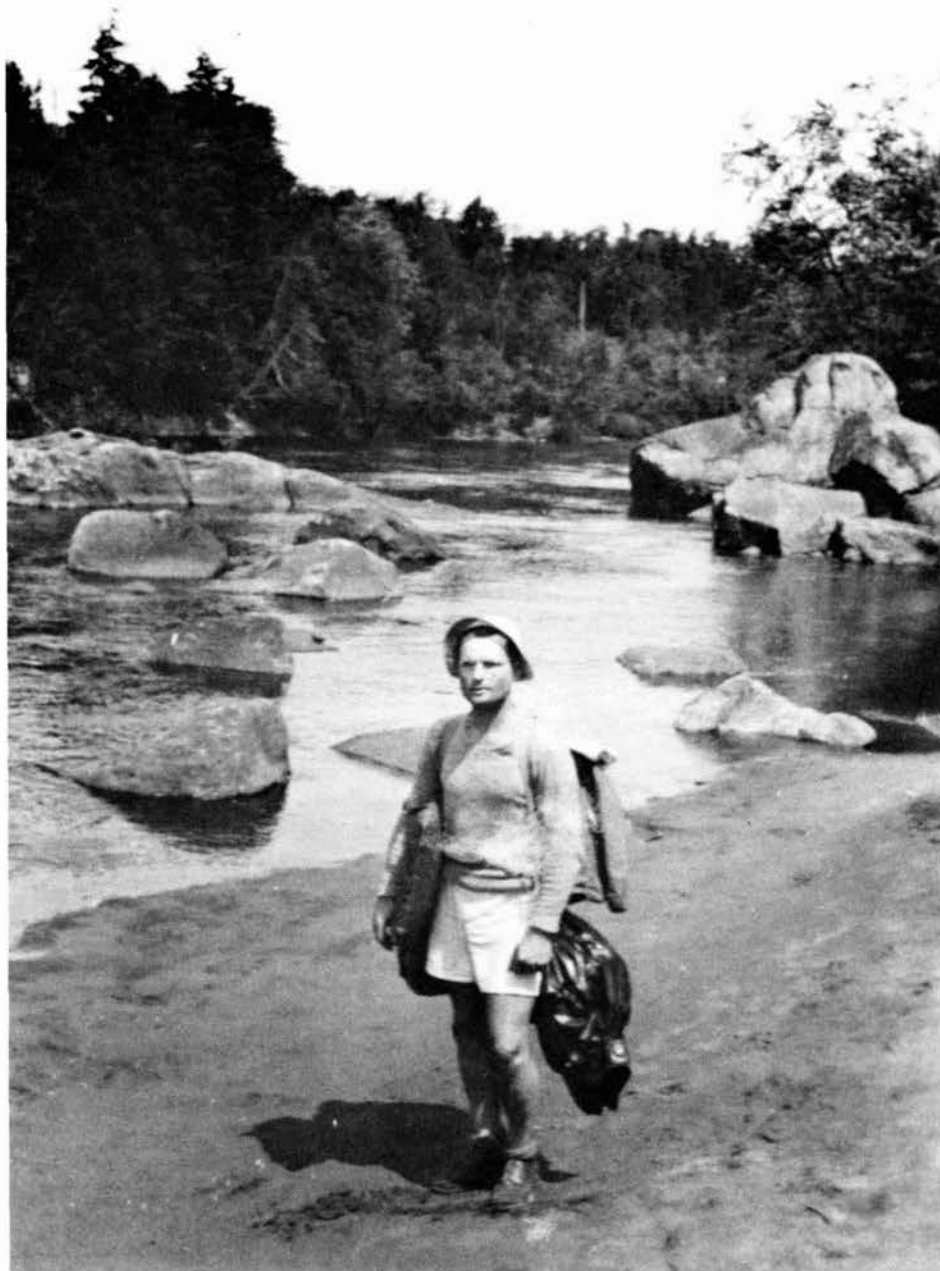
by Paul F. Jamieson

This account of a composite canoe trip over a long section of one of our region's most impressive and interesting rivers relates far more than a journey. It is filled with the lore of names and people and hidden places all along the way; it recreates the pleasure and excitement of our wilderness that many have felt and few have so well expressed.

Nearly forty years ago Eddie Blankman and I canoed down the upper Raquette. (Back then everyone knew him as Eddie. Now that he is consort of Canton's mayor and pillar of society through his own doings, the simple dignity of "Ed" has gained ground.) We started at Old Forge in a rented wood-and-canvas canoe, paddled through the Fulton Chain of lakes, crossed the divide into Raquette headwaters, tripped downstream to Axton, crossed another divide over Indian Carry to Saranac waters, and ended our week's outing by camping on a piny island in Middle Saranac and climbing Ampersand Mountain.

I'm not going to tell that story. I have no documentation. Ed kept a log; I didn't. The events of that trip have taken on the character of myth in my mind. Ed, with his log as evidence, would say, "It wasn't that way at all."

Anyway, at Indian Carry, that Times Square of the wilderness, we made the wrong turn. For an exciting climax we should have stayed with the Raquette in its brawling descent through St. Lawrence County. It must have been this part of the river that earned the Indian name for "swift" or "noisy." Dr. Charles Leete, once town historian of Potsdam, held that "Racket" is the proper spelling, an English equivalent of the Indian name.



Eddie Blankman at Raquette Falls Carry. (Photo courtesy of the author).

A rival theory holds that the river got its name from the French for snowshoe, *raquette*, either because of the configuration of its mouth or because of a pile of snowshoes abandoned at Raquette Lake when Sir John Johnson's party of Loyalists fled to Canada during the Revolution. There are even partisans for "Racquette." The nice thing about North Country names is that everyone can use his imagination in explaining them. The bad, that they lead to testy quarrels among the pundits.

A fact beyond dispute is that the Raquette is the second largest river in the state — approximately 170 miles from its source in Blue Mountain Lake. It crosses into St. Lawrence County a mile and a half above Piercesfield and a quarter mile below Setting Pole Rapids, where

old-time guides used a "setting" pole in place of paddle or oar to ascend the swift water. The rapids, half stilled today by a low concrete dam, are a harbinger of things to come downstream. Here the Raquette begins its descent off the mountain plateau.

While the Raquette was still a trout stream, Setting Pole Rapids was the favorite rendezvous of a great fisherman, George Dawson, who claimed that he caught larger and gamier speckled trout here than anywhere else in the Adirondacks. That was prior to 1870, the year that lumbermen built a ten-foot dam here and drowned a wide corridor all the way up to Raquette Falls to facilitate log driving. Impoundment warmed the waters. Other causes of the disappearance of trout were forest fires, logging, and

the introduction of predacious species, bass, pike and perch, in upstream lakes. Though trout abide in many feeders of the Raquette, they have virtually disappeared in the river itself. Today the game fish above Hannawa Falls are small-mouthed bass, pike, bullheads, and perch.

Setting Pole Dam was lowered in 1885 to its present level, and in 1934 a concrete dam was built with WPA funding. The Town of Altamont maintains a small camping and picnic area at the dam and rapids, accessible by a woods road from Route 3. The river corridor here is especially beautiful in late September, when the hardwood slopes flame with color.

Let's begin our trip here, paddling tandem in a C-2, as the races list a two-man canoe. What is left of the rapids hurries us over the county line into the broad waters of Piercefield Flow. Ahead on the left the long ridge of Mount Arab fills the horizon. Dodging deadheads, we come to the bridge on the state road, where we are obliged to carry our craft through the village and around the dam at Piercefield Falls.

Piercefield grew up around a pulp mill of the International Paper Company. Ed's father speaks of it as a rapidly growing community at the end of the last century (Edgar G. Blankman's *Geography of St. Lawrence County*, 1898). After the mill was abandoned in 1927, Piercefield became for two decades almost a ghost town. But since World War II new people have been coming in to repair the old houses or build new ones and the hamlet has escaped the fate of many an old logging or mill settlement. A dam at the falls generates power and regulates the downstream flow. It is the last dam on the Raquette for the next 24 miles.

A gauging station below Piercefield Falls records an average discharge of 1,249 cubic feet per second, but the range between maximum and minimum is over 8,000 cfs. When the water level is above average, we can put in below the falls for an exciting run in a one-mile gorge of swift water, weaving among the rocks and three-foot waves. When the supply of water is choked off at the dam, however, we had better portage by car one and a half miles below Piercefield on Route 3 to Dead Creek. Putting in on the grassy banks here, we wind nearly a mile through a marsh out to the Raquette.

At the mouth of Dead Creek a large expanse of water puzzles us if we do not have a map. Which way does the river go? What appears to be a lake is a separation of Raquette waters around the head of Sol's Island, which stretches broadside across the channel nearly one mile. It is named for a son of Peter Sabattis. According to tradition, Solomon was born on this island. For over 150 years the Sabattis family roamed up and down the Raquette, hunting, trapping,

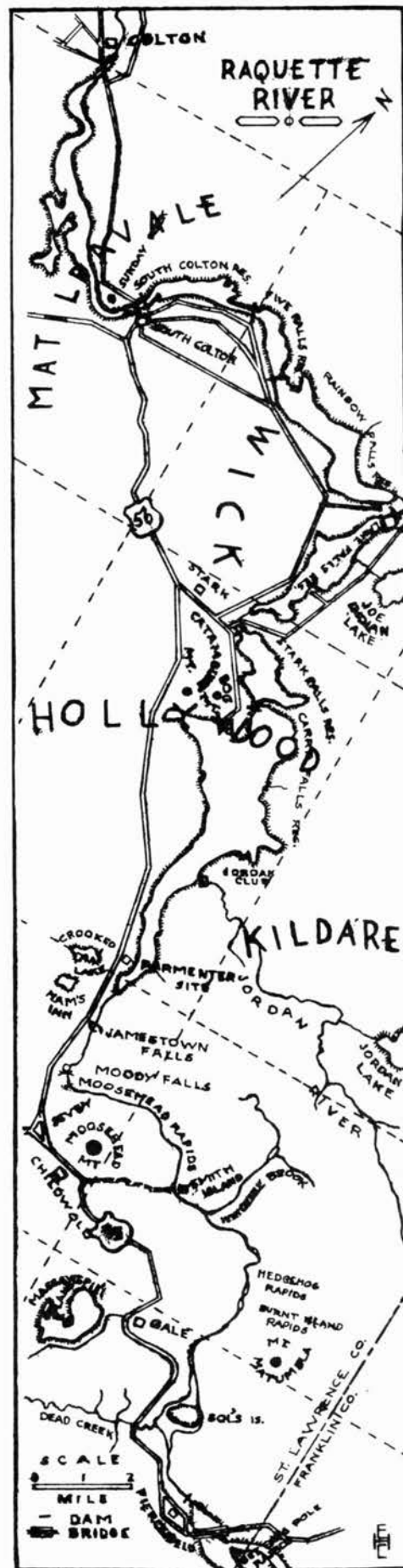
guiding. Captain Peter (his honorary title was won when he piloted a crew of surveyors and road builders through the wilderness to blaze a course for the Chester-Russell road of 1812) was a pure-blooded Indian, born about 1750 and 111 years old, by his own reckoning, at the time of his death in 1861. To early travelers in the Adirondacks he was a legendary figure. He boasted that he had never slept in a white man's bed.

Captain Peter had three sons and a daughter. Solomon was the oldest. Hannah, the second child, grew up to be a beautiful girl, "shy and silent before strangers but wild and fearless in the woods." She was devoted to her father. When Joel Headley met them in 1846 or 1847, old Peter was shaking with palsy but had just come 150 miles by bark canoe with his daughter to visit Mitchell, the third child. A fourth, Charles, was a cripple and died young.

Sol, the only son to receive a formal education, turned out to be a rascal. This soured old Peter on education for Indians. He is said to have remarked: "You can't polish a brick. Heap rub; bime bye, brick all gone." (Probably a white man's fabrication.) Mitchell, the uneducated son, made his mark as one of the most sought-after Adirondack guides of the last century, friend of many patrons, community leader in Long Lake, and preacher. Born in Parishville, he died at Long Lake in 1906. Living descendants of the Sabattis family are scattered over the state. One is living in the Town of Canton.

As our canoe rounds the widest part of Sol's Island in the main channel on the west, we look down a corridor of evergreens to the massive bulk of Mount Matumbla straight ahead. But rough water soon demands all our attention. Upper Sol's Rapids, about a quarter mile long, promises more fun than danger at the start, so we ride the waves and dodge the rocks to a brief resting place marked by a boulder and leaning cedar tree on the left bank. Here we take out, remembering the two souse holes and reversal waves capable of trapping a canoe that does not have strong momentum. We put in again at a 200-yard-long pool below the upper rapids. Lower Sol's is a short steep pitch of five feet with another roller wave at its base. Skilled canoeists have successfully run both sets of rapids at favorable water levels, but a number of upsets have taught us caution. We make a short carry at the foot of Sol's Island.

Now we can relax for a while and enjoy the scenery. The river widens in a floodplain as a braided channel weaves around and between several green islands. Then both banks steepen again at a wide bend to the west around the base of a mountain. Mount Matumbla, which by the latest survey has a maximum height of 2,688 feet, is the highest point in St. Lawrence County, beating Long Tom

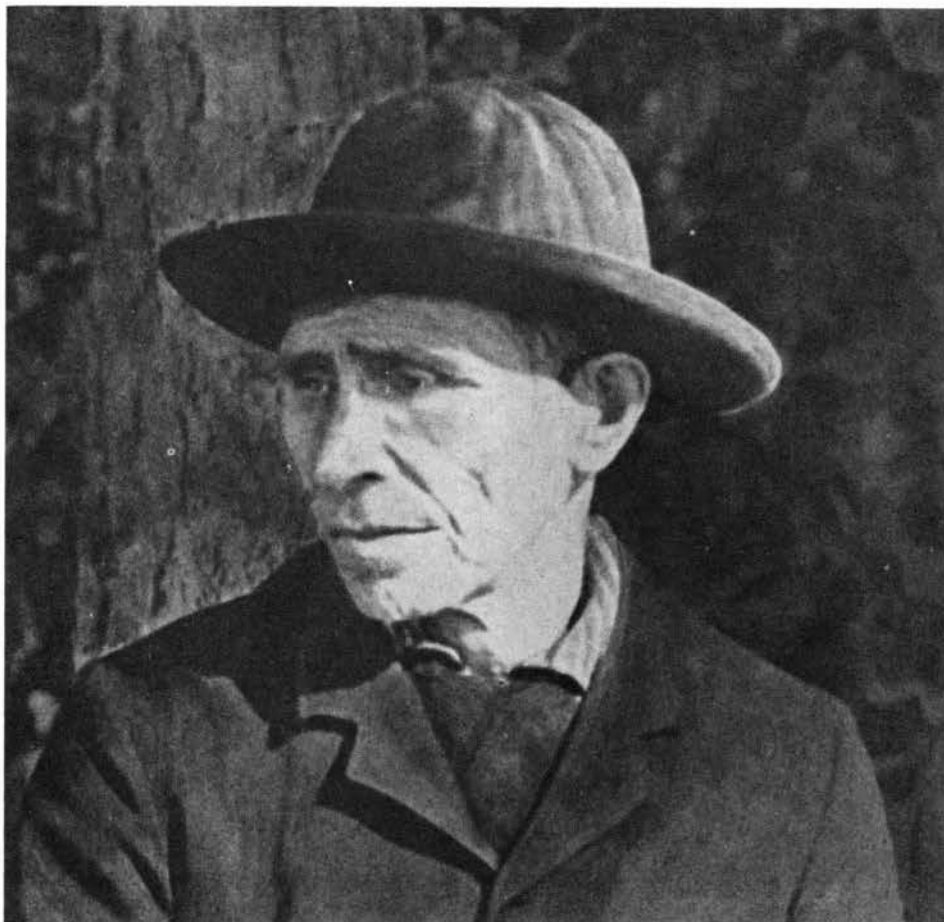


Map by E. Harold Cole, courtesy of the author.

Mountain 70 feet or more. By tradition it was an Indian burying place. In the gorge at its base we would expect to find rapids and cascades. But except for one mild riffle, the next two miles are smooth. "Blue Mountain Stillwater" this stretch was called before "Matumbla" became established. Most Adirondack peaks look blue at a distance. (This may be why artist Robert Plumb has lingered so long in his Blue Period.) Blue Mountains proliferated on the map till someone suggested "Azure" as a plausible substitute. "Matumbla" was a real breakthrough.

Long before it had a name, Mount Matumbla impressed the Macomb Purchase surveyor, Benjamin Wright. The 1799 field notes in his Gothic handwriting in the Canton Court House speak of "a high mountain on the east" as the most prominent feature of Piercefield, Township 6, Great Tract No. 2.

The Blue Mountain Stillwater, as E.R. Wallace's guide remarked in the last century, is "grand and beautiful." Today there are hunting camps on the left bank, but they are well hidden under a dense canopy of evergreens and hardwood foliage. Near the widest part of the bend is Gale's Landing, once a launching site for boating parties from two popular resorts. As early as 1885 a writer in *Forest and Stream* called Gale's Pond View House on Catamount Pond "one of the best, if not the very best location for



Mitchell Sabattis. (Photo by S.R. Stoddard, courtesy of the author).



Upper Sol's Rapids, with Mt. Matumbla downstream. (Photo courtesy of the author).

hunting and fishing that can be found in the State of New York." The Childwold Park House on Massawepie Lake, built in 1889, accommodated over three hundred guests. Patrons included foreign visitors and American Presidents in its days of glory. This great hotel closed in the early part of the century and was torn down after World War II. Massawepie Park, now a Scout camp, is a marvelous place to roam over for all its kames, kettles, and eskers. The retreating glacier really did a job on it some ten thousand years ago.

Sportsmen at Gale's and the Park House could hire a river guide for a downstream trip on the Raquette to Sevey's, Ferry's, the Hollywood Inn, or Stark. The craft was usually a guideboat of modified design for handling in swift water. Made of the same materials as the Long Laker, it was shorter and broader. Even so, if guide and party ran all the rapids downstream to Sevey's, "a steady nerve and considerable courage are needed," said Martin Ives of Potsdam. "I will venture to say that there is no trip just like it in America, but when once enjoyed it will never be forgotten." Today in a sturdy C-2 the run is not all that demanding but has exciting moments. Let us see how it was then with Ives and his guide at the oars and with us today, paddling tandem.

The first rough water comes at Burnt Island, a mile and a half below Gale's Landing. These waters, which Ives calls Pier Rapids (commonly Burnt Island Rapids today) look formidable but are easy to run, he said. We agree, with the reservation that when the water level is low in summer or in consequence of dam regulation at Piercefield, the rapids may be a poorly irrigated rock garden; wading is then in order. The rapids end at a natural rock dam (hence the old name "Pier"), where we are in accord with Ives that a carry of fifty feet is indicated.

Now comes a mile of stillwater. The river widens and washes several pretty islands of rock or alluvium. In midstream at a sharp left bend is a commodious circular boulder with a table top. Catching the breeze, it makes an ideal lunch or rest stop in bug season.

A short rest is appropriate, for a half mile below this archipelago in Hedgehog Rapids. "The most turbulent and contrary piece of swift water on the river" in Assemblyman Ives' words. Here a change took place in his hitherto sociable guide. "You will note his anxious look, and see him take an extra large chew of his Navy Plug, tighten his belt up another hole, and you will also notice that he carefully inspects his oars to see that they are without flaw and working freely, and you will perhaps feel annoyed at his short, quick answers to your questions, if he answers at all which is as much as to say, 'You mind your own business and I will mind mine.'" The guide then reversed the boat, stern downstream, and ordered his party to crouch low in order to open an unobstructed view for the oarsman. Poor Ives, trembling with anxiety, staring only at the bilge water now accumulating and imagining all sorts of perils as the boat bounced over three-foot waves, kissing a rock or two on the way.

Here we have an object lesson in the great superiority of the canoe over the guideboat, at least for the do-it-yourself sportsman. No need to turn the canoe around. *Both* paddlers face forward, the right posture for facing danger or exploring new country.

Today, with the river at medium to moderately high level, Hedgehog is an exhilarating run in a canoe. A photo of the rapids accompanying Ives' description suggests that they are less dangerous than in the 1890s. Perhaps loggers blasted a nasty-looking ledge in the Ives photo to prevent log jams. The rapids are about 200 yards long and fairly easy to read without reconnoitering from shore. But as we reach the bottom, we know that we have had one of the times of our lives.

Relax now for an idyllic glide in Moosehead Stillwater, nearly six miles of smooth water except for a mild riffle or two. This passage is noted for its sylvan beauty and abundance of wildlife. You may see an osprey wheel overhead,



Burnt Island Rapids, with Mt. Matumbla upstream. (Photo courtesy of the author).

scanning the waters; a coon or a fisher race along the shore. Or you may be as lucky as Frank White and I were one day in August, when the heat and the deerflies were oppressive enough to bring the whitetail to water. We counted sixteen deer of all sizes wading breast deep ahead of our bow, reluctant to move out of the cooling water as we advanced noiselessly. This was their land and we were intruders.

Passing the mouth of a feeder named Windfall Brook reminds us of the Great Windfall of 1845. Several other brooks and ponds with the name "Windfall" mark the east-northeast course of that record-breaking tornado. We come to a high, massive log structure, the first bridge over the Raquette below Piercefield. It was built for the Hawley Lumber Company of Colton in 1947 as access to timberland east of the river. It is on a private woods road with a gate where it joins Route 3 in Childwold. That hamlet was named for Addison Child, a dignified Bostonian in his fifties when he purchased a tract of 16,000 acres hereabouts. In 1878 he came to Potsdam and mailed out handbills to all the postmasters of the county giving notice that he would sell small portions of his land around Massawepie Lake to farmers at three dollars an acre. The suffix "wold" means high rolling land, an accurate enough description. Child himself became first postmaster in his domain. In 1889 he built the great hotel on Massawepie Lake which

absorbed the produce of the farmers he had induced to settle. Dying in 1897, Child was spared the disappointment of the failing farms and the final closing of the hotel. Today Childwold survives as a busy tourist and handcraft center.

A little way below the logging bridge is Smith Island, pleasantly located in midstream at the crook of a bend. A two-story frame house sits cosily among tall trees, facing upstream. It was built about ninety years ago by a Potsdam surveyor named Smith and is now the summer home of the Carson Buck family. Mrs. Buck was Martha Clark of Canton, Milton Clark's daughter, as I discovered one day in early September when Bill Frenette and I were canoeing downriver. The Bucks were breaking camp for the season, and Bill and I helped Professor Buck carry his largest boat indoors for winter storage. Smith Island is a fine secluded place for a camp.

The stillwater continues, through marsh and swamp. Moosehead Mountain is now often in sight. Just as this quiet reach becomes a little monotonous, the shore on the left begins to rise, then on the right. Tall pines of the Forest Preserve appear, and soon, as we round the northeast base of Moosehead Mountain and head west, Moosehead Rapids are heard loud and clear from the gateway of a gorge. At Moosehead Landing, on the left bank, the Hepburn family of Colton once had a hunting camp on state land. "Squatters," as the state



The carry. (Photo courtesy of the author).

called them, were fairly common throughout the Adirondacks till Conservation Commissioner Pratt put on a determined campaign to eject them. The Hepburn camp was destroyed in 1916. Lionel Hepburn, who spent many happy days there in his youth, accepts this event philosophically as in the interests of the greatest number. We agree, for it is late in the day and we have no heart to face the rapids at his hour. So we rig our tarp under the pines on the site of the old Hepburn camp.

The hours before sunset are well spent in reconnoitering the rapids before next morning's run. They are a mile and a quarter long! At Hedgehog whatever is going to happen to you is over quickly. Here you are on the stretch for ten whole minutes. We are going to be deliberate and cautious in our decision. If the water level doesn't please us, if it is a half inch too high or too low, we are going to take the rough carry trail out to Sevey's: the Windfall House, as it is once again calling itself for being in the path of that ancient tornado. The Sevey homestead dates to 1868. By the 1880s it already had a reputation and a tradition, according to *Forest and Stream*, as "a good old-fashioned hotel," and John Sevey, its proprietor in that generation, was "every inch a gentleman and a sportsman."

Under our tarp in the pines, we pass a restless night. Mosquitoes and no-see-ums. Also the warnings of old Ives on Moosehead Rapids. At Moosehead Landing, he says, his guide made careful preparations. "He yanks another hitch in his belt and bites off about half his Navy Plug" as he faces "this canyon one and a half miles in length through which the

waters of the river race at a speed equal to that of the Empire State Express."

In the morning we are undecided. After several years I am still undecided. No part of Moosehead is especially difficult. It's just that, at my age, one learns to distrust the longevity of his attention span. Quick and accurate decisions are necessary, a series of them. No doubts of that kind deter Bill Frenette. Many years ago, before he became the whitewater expert he is today, piloting V.I.P.'s down the Upper Hudson, he decided to try Moosehead one afternoon as we came down the river. I took the carry trail with his camera and

other duffle, and he shoved off in the fifteen-foot Grumman. I followed his weaving progress till he disappeared around a bend. He looked good. But when I reached the end of the rapids, the very last ledge, there was Bill, waist deep in the torrent, trying to pry the Grumman off a jagged pinnacle of rock. One moment of carelessness. He had relaxed vigilance as he saw smooth water ahead. Two men from a hunting camp helped us, but we couldn't overcome the tons of pressure pouring into the canoe bottom. Bill, an environmentalist by instinct, knew he should get the canoe out of the river. He came back in a day or two with a come-along and a heavy rope. The rope broke. He tried again, this time with a cable, and finally succeeded. The Grumman was totaled.

However we got there, we are now at the foot of Moosehead Rapids. The river makes a wide bend from west to north among a maze of islands and peninsulas. No sooner is the bend completed than we hear a dull roar ahead — Moody Falls. Ives warns again: "One man on earth ever did Moody Falls, and he was an ignorant Canadian lumberman who, on a wager, placed himself in the bottom of an old Maine bateau or river driver's boat and, 'Let her go, Gallagher,' and the fool came out alive." A man named Moody and his two sons were not so lucky. One dark night long ago they were drawn over the rim of the falls and drowned. Mindful of how the falls got their name, we make a short carry on the right bank, admiring the twisting torrent below.

A scenic corridor of mostly quiet water stretches between Moody and Jamestown Falls. In these waters H.L. Ives, Martin's brother, killed the biggest buck in a lifetime of hunting. On another occasion he was jack hunting here one night when an incompetent guide nearly let the boat



A segment of Moosehead Rapids. (Photo by Tom Finch, courtesy of the author).



Moody Falls. (Photo by Tom Finch, courtesy of the author).



Hidden channel at Jamestown Falls. (Photo by Tom Finch, courtesy of the author).



Upper Jamestown Falls. (Photo by Tom Finch, courtesy of the author).

be drawn over Jamestown Falls. H.L. dismissed him and hired a skilled guide at John Ferry's place. Today Ferry's is still in the family, known to every traveler on Route 56 as Ham's Inn after Hamilton Ferry, story teller of South Woods.

"Jamestown" is another name for the pundits to trace. According to Hough, this township, No. 5, Great Tract 2, Macomb Purchase, was named "Jamestown" after a daughter of Constable. He doesn't say what Constable. Elsewhere in his county history he gives the names of the seven sons and daughters of the first William Constable, but there is no Jane among them. This Constable was a New York City merchant who owned a fleet of trading vessels and was a friend of George Washington, John Jay, and Alexander Hamilton. Though he owned scads of land in the North Country, he never set foot there. Maybe Jane was a granddaughter of this first Constable. Or maybe the male chauvinists of the township (practically all of them hunters and fishermen) altered the name. William Constable, however, had a brother named James. Anyway, legitimate or not, we now have a "Jamestown Falls" and a "Jamestown Club." Poor Jane has passed into limbo.

Jamestown Falls is a tumultuous winding staircase in massive flanks of bedrock. Like Moody, it is unrunnable at any water level in an open canoe. We carry on the left bank. Below the falls is a spur road in state land out to Route 56 a little way south of Ham's Inn.

From now on, Martin Ives is no longer of much help as a pilot, though his eloquence awakens fond memories of the river as it was before Niagara Hudson (now Niagara

Mohawk) restructured it, almost beyond recognition, in the 1950s. When Carry Falls Reservoir is full, the backwater extends almost to the pool below Jamestown Falls and all but eliminates two sets of rapids in the old channel — Long and Hall's. A quartermile of fast water is all that is left of the former, once a mile long. But at times of drawdown in late summer and fall, Long Rapids reappear. Rounding a bend, the river widens into the reservoir, and the Parmenter Site comes into view, a boat landing and campground maintained by the power company. Reservoir fans can have a field day in the next 20 miles of the Raquette, scene of the largest hydroelectric installation in the state's inland waters.

There are six reservoirs (not counting Higley) which make quite respectable lakes when mud banks are not exposed. Niagara Mohawk has done its best to make us forget the old river by developing picnic areas, boat ramps, swimming beaches, and campgrounds, along with a road connecting them. There is further consolation perhaps in a comparison of the rates Consolidated Edison charges and those we pay for cheaper hydro power.

We have now left Jamestown township and entered Hollywood, named apparently for a town in County Wicklow, Ireland. (The townships in Great Tract 2 average about 30,000 acres.) In 1876 Hollywood was taken out of the Town of Hopkinton



Lower Jamestown Falls. (Photo by Tom Finch, courtesy of the author).

and put in Colton. The earlier allegiance may have had advantages after the supply of wolves gave out. I know for a fact, having spent a night or two in a Hollywood camp, that the supply of mice remained abundant. And Hopkinton offered a bounty of one dollar per one hundred mice.

Eyebrows are raised when strangers first hear of Hollywood-on-the-Raquette. True, our Hollywood, consisting mostly of woods and waters, deer and mice, has lost the post office it once had in stage-coach days. But its name is a genuine 18th-century antique. The California Hollywood is an upstart, first named in 1887. When it was at the height of its glory as the world's movie capital, Lewis Fisher, then one of a handful of year-round folk in our Hollywood, addressed a letter to the other Hollywood. He complained about the confusion arising from identity of name. He advised that, since Hollywood-ny got its name first, Hollywood-Cal change its.

The heart of our Hollywood was a geographical feature inaccurately but lovingly known as the Great Bog, a wide bottomland between hills with the river winding through it, a landform bound to rivet the attention of dam builders. In Lewis Fisher's words, it was a "beautiful great stretch of moss with pointed firs and tamarack arranged here and there over it, with also a few bare spars that stood for decades after all branches dropped away." Sportsmen distinguished two parts of the Great Bog. The upper one extended from the Jordan River mouth to Carry Falls; the lower and lesser, after a moderate drop at Carry, extended to Stark Falls. It was a celebrated fishing and hunting ground as early as the 1850s. Now both parts are flooded, the upper one behind a 70-foot dam at Carry Falls impounding 3,200 acres for the purpose of storing and regulating the flow for five hydro plants downstream.

Rumors of a power development began to spread as early as the 1920s. In the 1930s Niagara-Hudson Power Corporation started to buy water rights and property titles from South Colton almost to the Piercefield town line. Attorney Albert Jakobson of Canton was retained to clear the titles. He found that over 15,000 acres in Hollywood became in 1804 the property of a wealthy Connecticut merchant, Jabez Bacon of Woodbury. This Jabez was a descendant of Sir Francis Bacon, Lord Chancellor under James I and author of the essays that public school kids of my day had to read. Attorney Jakobson got a pretty thorough refresher course in British and American history as he studied the genealogy of a proud family and contacted the 135 living heirs of Jabez in various parts of the world. He tells this fascinating story in the January 1960 issue of the *Quarterly*.

The people most concerned about the

impending impoundment were members of the Jordan Club, whose camps were clustered in a square mile on the east bank of the Raquette at the mouth of the Jordan River, and the patrons of the Hollywood Inn on the west bank. The Hollywood Inn was built in 1889 by Jerry Reynolds, who recognized the need for a halfway tavern between Potsdam and Tupper Lake. It was a two-day trip by stage coach drawn by four horses over a poor sand and corduroy road. The following year Reynolds became postmaster at Hollywood as well as innkeeper. Later the inn was operated by the Day family, and in the 1930s by Al and Marion Fuhr as a resort hotel and dude ranch.

But our deepest sympathy must be reserved for the Jordan club, founded in 1894. Musicians, writers, Shakespearean actors, theologians, college professors, deans and presidents — gentle souls all who loved their woods and their two river corridors. They were no ordinary game club. They did a little amateur hunting and fishing to be sure. But their main concern was pursuit of the Good Life. To find their like you would have to go back to the Forest of Arden. They even spoke Shakespeare. Edson and Sally Miles had tramped across the country with Sothorn and Marlowe. And "the rich pulpit voice" of Dr. Fisher could be heard from the porch of Camp Eden intoning lines from the Bard of Avon. You can imagine what anguish these people suffered when the power company came along with its plans of flooding out their paradise beside the Raquette where the Jordan gleamed "with its mouthful of teeth."

Ever since I was a guest in one of the Jordan Club camps in 1931, the Jordan valley has figured in my conception of an earthly paradise: especially the square mile at the mouth and the near-virgin forests of state-owned parcels and of the Kildare Club on Jordan Lake. Author Philip Wylie must have shared this impression, for in *The End of the Dream* he makes the Kildare Club (Camp Faraway) the nucleus of a surviving civilization after a world catastrophe brought on by our many misuses of the planet. Way back in 1799 the Macomb Purchase surveyor Benjamin Wright was also impressed by the Jordan valley, then without a name, toward the eastern edge of Hollywood township: "a fine body of Pine Timber of good (quality) quantity," he wrote in his field notes, "near the large creek which falls into the Racket River on the East side." The pines are still there in a Forest Preserve parcel and also farther east in Kildare township.

Naturally the club did not intend to lose its Eden without a fight. Members had lived very much with the river in its natural state. Lewis Fisher writes of the pre-flood days in *Old Hollywood*:

"Everybody crosses it [the Raquette]

for the noon gathering at mail time. We cross again for milk and farm supplies. Those living away from the spring come by boat for water . . . We paddle or row often down to The Carry, and fairly often carry around Carry and go on to Stark. . . . Almost every evening people 'go out on the water' to see deer feeding on lily pads among the islands, even Ont Jenny, enthroned in the stern chair of Cranes' gigantic four-seater with Allen or Teddy for galley slaves. We boat down to Worm Island for bait to catch our basic diet of bullheads, which we pulled out by the bucketful from dusk to dark with a lantern lighted on board . . .

"We also have, mostly unplanned, evening parties on the river, boats held side by side in the wide stretch before the islands for chat and singing . . . Whippoorwills live in the pine bank every summer. Once when we had a Fourth of July flotilla, with Roman candles and such, my Reverend Pop said they changed their vocabulary to 'What the Hell.' . . .

"When we 'go down river,' we descend the hill and cross the bridge [over the Jordan] with armloads of pillows plus twelve feet of stair carpeting. We make the canoe elegant enough for the likes of Cleopatra . . . We are apt to go among the islands. These are done up in thick ruffs of alder, honey-ball, and a red-barked shrub in front of high elms and water maples . . . A few islands have only grass covering, and these often shelve off deeply so that one can, pillowed in civil luxury, ride intimately beside their soddy profusion . . . Worm Island was an unstable character that at least once moved to another place as its population shifted . . . Secret Channel was the darling, a cul de sac in one of the largest islands. A canoe could push and twist its way perhaps an eighth of a mile before the passage closed. It was otherworldly and beloved of turtles; its deep muck bottom answered the rude paddle with great rude belches of gas that went pop when you touched a match to them . . .

"I preferred to be back at the Straightaway while still some rose lingered from the sunset. The flat top of Bog [Mountain] curved down toward the lowlands in such a line that it and its perfect reflection made a great jet black bottle lying there. . . . And at this hour you would be just right if the full moon was rising over The Great Bog, its perfect setting.

"If not, darkness deepens. Among the islands ghost figures of mist rise and brush past and vanish around the canoe. At the end we navigate by sound, coming in for the landing by the Jordan. Over the bridge on the way up, even cold and damp, you always take a cup from the spring . . . It was because we are on yonder side the Jordan that Pop named us Camp Eden."

(continued on page 47)

Bucks, Bears, Bees, and Birds: a Profile of Hazel Tyrrell

by G. Atwood Manley

"The Pierrepoint Bird Woman"—as Hazel Tyrrell came to be known—was a remarkable person and a wonderful artist with jackknife and paintbrush. Her bird carvings are the proud possessions of many people who knew her and her work. Atwood Manley describes the full dimension of this North Country lady/Audubon/Rodin.

Hazel Tyrrell, "The Pierrepoint Bird Woman", who died in 1967, became a master of craftsmanship. As a woodworker in bird sculpture, the North Country has had none other just like her.

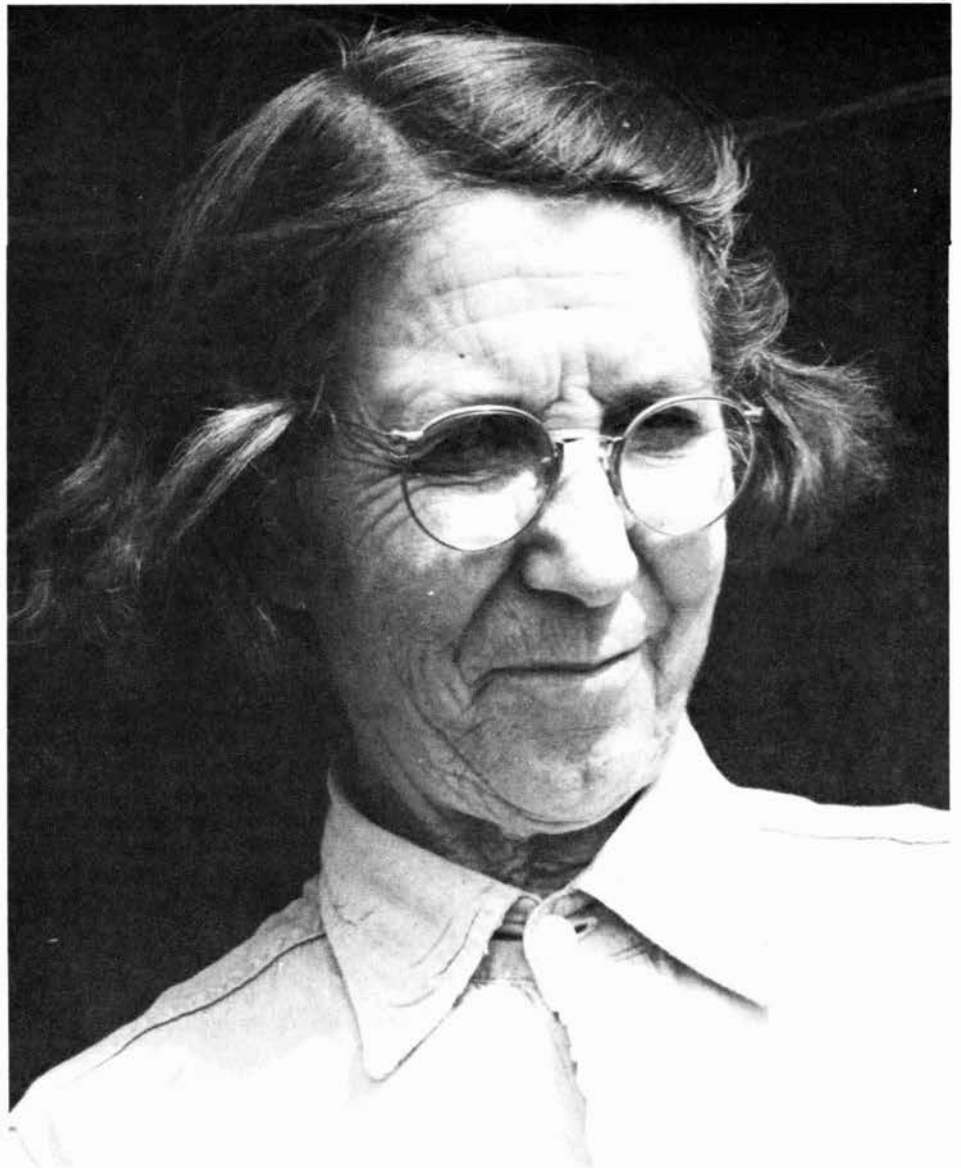
Her skill in the use of the common pocketknife was remarkable. She plied her talent as only the true artist could. Deftly whittling and carving birds out of basswood, garbing them in their colorful raiment with brush and oil paints, mounting them as found in their native habitat, her work was done with realism and fidelity.

Today her birds can be found in homes in nearly every state in the Union, in Canada, and as far distant as England and Sweden. They had been exhibited at the State Fair.

People have driven hundreds of miles to visit with her, to watch as she whittled and painted. Rarely did they fail to place an order for future delivery. So large was her backlog that fortunate, indeed, was the person who could make a purchase on the spot at her home.

Her little memo book of entries, and the steel spindle on which she spudded them, still listed orders dating, one, two and three years ahead at the time of her death. All of this after twenty years of whittling without using a one single word of paid advertising.

Frederic Remington is estimated to have turned out approximately four thousand pieces of art during a career of barely more than twenty years. His education and training was substantial as compared with this woman. He attended both public and private schools as a boy,



Hazel Tyrrell. (Photo by Mrs. F.R. Georgia, courtesy of the author).

and spent a year and a half at Yale School of Art.

Hazel Tyrrell had no such advantages. When asked how many birds she had made she took a squint at the one on which she was whittling:

"Gosh, Atwood, I don't know. Dort (for Dorothy, her sister-in-law) and I once figured between three hundred and five hundred a year. Oh, I guess over six thousand, maybe seven thousand in all. I never bothered to keep track."

The world beat a path to her door, almost literally so, as she and Dort spent twenty-eight years alone on the old McDonald place, near Pierrepoint, 129 acres rimmed with forest, as isolated as if located in the center of the wilderness.

Hazel was 73, born in 1894. Nearly 100 years ago her parents, Henry and Minnie Carlisle McDonald, bought those acres, located three miles from the center, cleared and cultivated them. It was there Hazel was born and reared. A district school education had to suffice.

In 1919 she married a neighbor, Willie Tyrrell. They eventually settled on the McDonald farm after the old folks passed on. Willie died in 1932. Then, with her sister, Hazel took over, making a living off those rather scrubby fields and pasture. It was a hardy but healthy life, toil from sun up to sun down, come summer and winter, spring and fall, no respite, seven days a week; swinging a scythe during haying; guiding a plow, or harrow, or cultivator behind that plodding team of horses; hoeing, harvesting and reaping; upwards of fourteen cows to be milked each spring; hens and hogs to be tended. When the larder ran low, Hazel would take her .38 Winchester, stroll into the back lot and fetch home some venison.

Then there were her honey bees, one swarm multiplying into twenty-three; the invasion of the bear; twenty-three hives reduced to fifteen, then to seven. In the end Hazel got the bear, she and her

cousin, Wallace Vebber.

For workaday clothes, she was usually outfitted in old dungarees tucked into the top of heavy men's workshoes; a much-patched blue denim shirt, and a tattered old Tyrolean hat perched on her head. She could turn off as much work as a man. For non-working hours, she had other, more sophisticated clothes.

It was early in the 1940s that a neighbor, the late Daisy Gleason, persuaded Hazel to help make do-dads for lawn ornamentation, in profile, at off hours. While so engaged one day Hazel remarked:

"Why not do the whole bird instead of just half?"

So that evening, pocket clasp-knife in hand, she set to work. That was in 1945. She never laid her knives aside until April of 1967, when illness put a stop to it all. While living at the old place most of the whittling and carving was done at the kitchen table.

Either Hazel roughly sketched out the particular bird she intended to do, cut the slab of basswood with a hand scroll saw, or had someone like Mel Howe do the rough work on a band, or jig saw down in the village. Then, with those calloused, knobby-knuckled hands she went to work with her knives, or occasionally her little wood chisel.

Dort began taking over much of the sanding, oiling and rubbing. Seated before a small, marble-top table in the corner of the front room, Hazel brushed on the oil pigments under the rays of either a kerosene or Alladin lamp. Through the window at her elbow, daytimes, she could watch her feathered friends only arms length away on her feeding station. Her painting became almost color perfect.

"How many different kinds of native birds have you made?" she was asked.

"That'd be hard to say," she replied; "at least a hundred or more."

Her skill improved steadily from the start. Soon her neighbors were impressed. They told others. Folks began driving to Hazel and Dort's place, down that last mile and a quarter through a brush-lined road. They came from Potsdam, Canton, and other nearby villages, then from downstate and from far beyond.

Hazel's market broadened. Her reputation grew. The demand grew until these two found farming of secondary importance. Birds came first. So, in 1960, they boarded up the windows, nailed the doors shut, and moved a mile and a half to a little place they bought on the Gleanmel Road, almost in sight of the Pierrepont-Colton highway.

There they treated themselves to the luxury of electric lights. "But you know, they ain't near so good to paint by as kerosene or that dandy old Aladdin lamp. They're too artificial."

Criticism of her work never bothered



Hazel working at her kitchen table, with some of the many birds she carved and, at her side, Sandy, her constant companion for many years. (Photo by Ray Jubinville, courtesy of the author).

HAZEL AND THE BEAR

Hazel's bout with the bear came the year before she and Dort quit farming. Atwood Manley happened to be at Hazel's place the day the State Apiary Inspector arrived to check up on her bee business, and to see how the bees were faring. Atwood tells the story this way:

Hazel's face took on a long and sober look as she began her tale. "There's not so many bees as there was a year ago," she apologized. "I had twenty-three hives a year ago, then the bear come. That left me with only fifteen hives. Then he come again, and I was down to seven hives. That fall the bear started in cleaning out those last seven. So I went down and told my cousin, Wallace Vebber, we better get busy and get that bear."

"Well, Wallace come up toward evening. After it was dark we went out and clum up in the old shed near the bee orchard. Let me tell you that was scary business, nothin' but those bare rafters overhead, the roof all gone, the wind a-whistlin' in and out, and the boards a-creakin' and a-groanin' like all get out."

"Wallace had his rifle, and I mine. Dort, she just was along for company. I was tryin' to handle my gun and the electric flash all at the same time. It was cold and we shivered and we shook, let me tell you. Finally I whispers to Wallace: 'Wallace, I think I hear sothin' down there in that orchard.' So I flashed my flash light and sure enough there the old fellow was, a-sittin' there and a-lickin' his paws. I guess Wallace was a bit nervous and I knew I was, and I was having trouble trying to flash the flash and find the hammer to my old Winchester. So first thing we knew the bear was gone."

"'Well,' I says, 'he'll be back again, so we better wait.' You can bet I had things figured out by then, so's I'd have my gun handy. And I guess Wallace'd settled down a bit. But there we sat, all crunched up, a-shiverin' and a-shakin' because of our nerves."

"Then I heard something again and turned on the flash. Wallace took a bead and got a broadside on that old bear as he

stood on top of a rock ledge in full view. And away went that bear."

"Well, we waited a spell, until we got our nerve up to take a look around and try and find that bear's trail. Finally Wallace spotted blood, not just splotches, but great gobs of fresh blood. Just then we heard the most God-awful heavin' and hawin' off in the brush right ahead. Well, let me tell you we had no stomach for thrashin' around in that brush with a wounded bear, so we called it a night and high-tailed it back to the house."

"The next morning Wallace come back up and we went looking for our bear. Sure enough, there he was, dead as a doornail, in a nice hollow, not more than fifty feet from where we quit the night before. And you know there wa'n't a drop of blood around him? He'd bled out before he curled up. The Game Warden told us he'd easily weigh 250 pounds. Well, that's the story of our bear. He got our bees and our honey . . . and we got him."

—as told by
G. Atwood Manley

Hazel Tyrrell, for as a perfectionist she was constantly seeking suggestions to help make her birds "just right." One day a Minnesota bird-lover and she spent an hour discussing the correct tint of rust color which should be used on a yellow warbler's wings. That man's opinion excited her interest. She was intent on improvement.

Without hesitation she would undertake to reproduce in wood and with oil pigments anything which had feathers or could fly, delicate ruby-throated humming birds and meadow larks, gaudy raucous blue jays and crested kingfishers with tiny speckled trout held in the bills, song sparrows sitting on genuine nests, screech owls, piliated woodpeckers, grouse, Hungarian pheasants, mallards and canvassbacks in flight, warblers, wrens and chickadees.

Her book shelves were weighted with books on ornithology, Peterson's, Jefferson's, Audubon and many others by the

leading authorities. Best of all, Hazel studied the feathered friends who were all about, in their native and natural haunts. She learned their habits and characteristics. Hours on end, she poured over the colored plates in her bird books seeking to select the most realistic, true colors, always on the hunt for a flaw in her own art.

On a few occasions she appeared before local audiences, such as the Laurentian Dames at St. Lawrence University and the Canton Rotary Club. Perfectly at ease, without the slightest embarrassment, with poise and dignity, she demonstrated and explained her work and her techniques. There was no hint of pretence or furbelow, and she was much the lady.

Holding one of those deeply honed pocket knives in the grip of her middle, third and little fingers, using the thumb and forefinger for leverage, deftly, swiftly, unerringly she would start whittling

out first the head, then the body, then the tail. The detailed etchings came later and much slower. Her facility of execution was remarkable and fascinating to watch.

"How long does it take to do a whole bird, say a chickadee, or wren?"

"Oh, maybe two, say three hours for the whittling. Then there's the sanding and oiling, and, of course, the painting, I don't know, probably as long again. For a kingfisher, or the larger birds, a lot longer."

Say six hours in which to do a small bird, sold five years ago at \$3.50 to \$5.00; kingfishers with trout at \$8.00. That for an eight- or ten-hour day's work. Hazel was not concerned with the cash, but primarily with her art.

In time she increased her prices slightly. She and Dort had to live but they were thrifty. It was her birds in which she was interested, the feathered folks she knew so well and loved.

In August, 1967, Hazel Tyrrell was laid to rest where the wood thrush sings. The art she produced will remain a living testimonial to her remarkable talent.

She was a cheerful soul, with lovely twinkling eyes, humor at the corners of her lips. When she entered the room the curtain seemed to rise to let in the sun.

Thus do I close in salute to this noble humble Pierrepont "Bird Woman." She is greatly missed. She was an artist.

About the Author

Atwood Manley is synonymous with *The Quarterly* and North Country historical writing. He was an early president of the Association and first editor of *The Quarterly*.



Hazel with a buck she "bagged" in 1953. (Photo courtesy of the author).



A Brief History of the St. Lawrence County Historical Association



by Mary H. Smallman and Varick A. Chittenden

This article is a "busman's holiday," for most historical associations are so busy collecting and writing the materials of other people's histories, they seldom take time to recognize a history of their own. The two authors recall some highlights of the first thirty-one years of the Association.

Although the office of local historian had been established in New York State for nearly twenty-five years, following legislation to establish such positions in 1919, it was not until St. Lawrence County appointed an historian in 1944 to guide town and village historians that real progress in the collecting of historical data was made. Other counties had had societies of associations as early as the late nineteenth century—a few long before that—dedicated to the collecting and preserving of documents and artifacts of local historical significance for future generations to see and know about. It was Otto Hamele, a former supervisor, along with some early town historians—Lee Martin of Lisbon, Nina Smithers of Depeyster, Harland Horton of Massena, and Carlton and Ethel Olds of Waddington—who finally urged, cajoled, and persuaded the Board of Supervisors to name him as the county's first historian, to supervise and correlate the activities of the historians and to provide a place to collect the county's memorabilia.

Others became interested, such as Atwood Manley, Andrew Peters, and Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Bloch. Otto never lived to see the success of what he had worked so hard for. On October 17, 1947, his successors finally got an Association—the St. Lawrence County Historical Association—going, inviting the State Historian Dr. Albert B. Corey, formerly of the St. Lawrence University history department and well known in this area, to speak at a public meeting. Howard Mason Pitman was chosen the first president, and some of his first correspondence with Phyllis Clark is the only existing source of names of our charter members. Besides Phyllis, Atwood, and Andy, only a few of those are with us yet: Monsignor Joseph G. Bailey, Elizabeth Baxter, Ira Coats, Carl Burns, and Helen Stiles, for instance.

Some of the early town historians were first members, providing many items for the collections and *The Quarterly* after it was founded, and actively securing new members. Many are still members. One

of those historians deserves special mention as one who is probably responsible for more new memberships in the Association than any other. Edith VanKennen of Norfolk gave gift memberships or sold others on becoming members by the dozen. The county historians have always included membership card blanks when answering correspondence from afar, and so built up the rolls.

Following the advice of the State Historian, the county historian was made a trustee of the Association automatically in those early days. It was a good plan since the work of the historians was so closely bound to the goals of the Association. Many local associations, too, have been formed as a result of interest generated by membership in the county association. Historians also have an obligation to assist in the formation of and to act as advisor to historical associations and endeavors in their bailiwicks.

On November 17, 1950, a provisional

charter was granted to the St. Lawrence County Historical Association by the State Board of Regents. From the beginning the stated purpose was to preserve our heritage in physical and printed form. On November 19, 1955, an absolute charter was granted to this association with the reason being given: "This Association has been responsible for uniting local historians in all sections of the county . . . and it is presently developing a countywide history museum program . . ."

Three to five programs or tours were held each year; the scope of them was great and membership was steadily growing. During the eighth year the first life membership of \$25.00 was received from O. Lovell Day, a cousin of long-time historian the late Anna Day Cole, beginning a new era of membership support of long-term goals.

During that same eighth year, Atwood Manley began *The Quarterly*. By the time of its fourth issue, a year later, membership had jumped to 444. Soon it was over 500. At that time Atwood relinquished his presidency to Andrew Peters. Carl Burns was still vice president and William Guyette was treasurer. The slogan adopted some time before—*Every Member Get a Member*—was really working!

One of the highlights of the year 1958 was the unveiling of the marker in front of the Governor Silas Wright House. On the Governor's 163rd birthday, May 24, a tour of the village of Canton, emphasizing sites associated with Wright, culminated in the unveiling by Program Chairman Virgie Simons, historian of Rossie. State Senator Robert C. McEwen, then on the Committee for Historic Sites in the State, spoke. A pageant of Wright's life was presented in the park. At the last minute a substitution had to be made and the part of Silas Wright was portrayed by none other than our long-time member, Judge Charles Bowers. Andy Peters set up a Wright exhibit in the library and area women's organizations provided refreshments, including a birthday cake for



Pictured at the annual meeting in October, 1967, held at Lisbon, are left to right, Everett Howard, Paul Russell of the Lisbon Yorkers, Nina Smithers—honored guest and former county historian, and Bruce Van Buren, newly elected Association president. (Photo courtesy of Association files).

a silver tea.

That fall Bert Rogers was elected president, Ethel Olds vice president, historian Malcolm Booth of Morristown secretary, and Carl E. Burns treasurer. In 1959 present Stockholm historian Mildred Jenkins took over the membership secretary position. In 1960 Mason Rossiter Smith of Gouverneur assumed the editorship of *The Quarterly* and continued until Mary Biondi took it on in 1967 for nine years. The growth of and interest in the Association was literally tied to *The Quarterly* as it helped to keep the widespread membership informed and unified. It was becoming regionally and nationally recognized as a good magazine of local history.

Tours co-hosted by historians and articles contributed by them for publication helped maintain the feeling of county-wide participation. Our presidents have come from Canton, Potsdam, Hopkinton, Waddington, Russell, Ogdensburg, and Massena; our trustees and other officers have represented all corners of this enormous county. I recall Lawrence "Spot" Bovard's special goal while in office—he did not want to leave until he had gotten membership up over 1000.

Over the "middle years" of the Association, meetings and tours included little known areas of our county . . . and beyond—Rossie, Richville, Dark Island, Russell, Newton Falls, the State Hospital at Point Airy, Hogansburg and St. Regis, Parishville, Gouverneur, Ogdensburg, Morristown, Bucks Bridge and Chamberlain's Corners, Winthrop, Sunday Rock, Norwood, Star Lake, Rensselaer Falls, Maxville (Ontario), Cornwall and Malone, and the LeRay Mansion at Camp Drum. Each year for many years volunteers assisted in manning an Association booth at the County Fair. Yet, that nagging goal of a county museum with more than the space allotted in the County Historian's office in the ground floor of the Court House kept the trustees looking forward. Visitors to the collection and an expanded program of tours to sites in Canada, the Adirondacks and other nearby counties gave us an appreciation for what other and even smaller associations were accomplishing. We needed a "home" for the growing collection of artifacts which were then being stored in the attic of the old County Home, its barn, a building in Depewster, the storage rooms of the Court House, as well as for those exhibited in the Historian's office.

Some of the most successful projects were essay and art contests. Many of the submitted essays—like that of David Dickinson—were used in *The Quarterly* and at least one art career was launched by a winner of the art contest. Judges came from all over the county, many of whom became so interested they immediately became members.

Finally, in the fall of 1965, a building was given to us, along with a small sum

for its upkeep. The ladies of the old Baptist Church in Richville, a distinguished country Greek Revival building, were generous and sincere in their attempt to assist in our goal. The gala celebration of its opening brought out many members and friends of the Association on July 30, 1966; another milestone was passed. With this, a special building fund was opened in the savings bank and added to whenever possible, and memorials to members who had earlier worked

hard for us, as well as several bequests, began to build it up: David Cleland, Nina Smithers, Iva Tupper, Carlton and Ethel Olds, and Doris Brown Planty, among others. Without such people and their dedication, this Association would likely long ago have disappeared.

From October, 1968, until October, 1972, Edward Blankman served as president of the Association. At the same time as he was continuing the efforts of the earlier officers with tours and publica-



Dedication of two historic markers along the St. Lawrence River were part of an Association program in the summer of 1969. Congressman Robert C. McEwen, at left, was assisted by two descendants of early Scottish settlers, Lana Hollister and Ann Cuthbert, and county historian Mary Biondi [Smallman]. (Photo courtesy of Association files).

tions, he also was seeking to develop a broader outreach into the community, firming up financial support and helping to encourage younger and newer members to become involved. Don Blount, Marianne Steele Savino, Steve Ragan, as well as William Benjamin, Dwight Mayne, Mrs. Foster Brown and Mrs. Walter Clark were among the members to become more active.

One day a young girl—the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Zasa of Canton—was doing a research paper at the Historian's office; while she was there she casually hinted that her family *might* be going to move away from their home—the former Governor Silas Wright house. No announcement yet, but a hint. Recalling the feeling of disappointment expressed over the years by members of the Association since the Universalist Church had decided to sell the house when there were no funds to consider purchasing it, the Historian alerted Association officers and together they quickly sounded out Atwood Manley, Paul Jamieson and attorney John Oliver for local and member reaction. What would the community think? Could we get support for the purchase of the house and commercial property? We could not even seek public opinion—yet. A task force of trustees and members set up a feasibility study and consulted museum and fundraising professionals for advice. Reaction was favorable and the wheels were set in motion for the eventual big drive.

In late August of 1973 a special luncheon was held at the University Treadway Inn to announce the beginning of a public drive for \$115,000 to purchase and begin renovations on this historic property for a new county museum and research center. Unheard of, but true. It was a great undertaking. Two months later, on November first—after untold hours of meetings, radio and television appeals, bake sales, raffles, town hall presentations across the county, and much more—the purchase price had been secured and the Association was into a brand new era. The old special gifts fund had been tapped for support of the campaign; several major gifts provided a challenge to members and friends to come up with many gifts—of all sizes—and the results today justify the faith of the county's citizens in the goal of a county museum. Plans were drawn for utilizing the former restaurant to the rear of the property for offices and work space during the renovation of the former Governor's home. Ed Blankman and then-president of the Association Varick Chittenden co-chaired the drive to drum up support everywhere for the project, including establishing the precedent of the support of public funds for operation and maintenance of the new Association facilities and program, approved by the Board of Supervisors and since continued by the Board of Legislators.



On July 30, 1967, President Miles Greene snipped the ribbon to open the old Richville church building officially, with the aid of Baptist Women's Society officers Emiline Reynolds and Bertha Petrie, who were largely responsible for the gift of the building to the Association. (Photo courtesy of Association files).



Officers elected in October, 1970, included: standing, Howard Smith, second vice president; Steve Ragan, secretary; Edward Blankman, president; Donald Blount, treasurer; and seated, Mildred Fleetham, membership secretary, and Mary Biondi [Smallman], county historian. (Photo courtesy of Association files).

By the fall of 1974 the Association had enlisted the services of noted architect D. Kenneth Sargent of Syracuse as a consultant for the house restoration and employed its first director, James Stambaugh. During the next two years many volunteers helped in removing tons of unwanted material from the grounds and buildings; we had our first exhibits in the new space—of people's photographs, of quilts, and of artifacts associated with death; we saw the upstairs of the rear building become the new quarters for documents and research and the office of the County Historian.

The recent history of the Association, since the fall of 1976, is well documented. John Baule became our second director then and immediately set about the immense task of recreating the atmosphere of life in the house as it would have been in the time of Silas and Clarissa Wright and of establishing clean, fresh space for changing exhibitions about Association interests on the second floor. One of the biggest days in the entire history of the Association was March 11, 1978, when over 700 long time members, new members and friends filed through the new museum to celebrate its grand opening. The results of John Baule's (and the many, many donors' and volunteers') dedication are shown in the tasteful decoration, in the exhibits of the items belonging to the Association, and in the utilization of borrowed exhibit items all felt as one ambles through this fine old house. John, and Marilyn Barlow, his secretary, have worked many hours, and the public is delighted. The more recent leadership of presidents Kelsie Harder, Mary Jo Whalen, and Allen Splete have brought us toward a positive, stable future.



Gathered together in the early part of November, 1973, for the final transaction in the transfer of the Silas Wright house and grounds to the Association were: standing, William Benjamin, Edward Blankman, Homer Kelly, and Steve Ragan, trustees and officers of the Association; and seated, Attorney Charles Palm, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Zasa, former owners of the property, Varick Chittenden, Association president, and Attorney John Oliver. (Photo courtesy of the St. Lawrence Plaindealer).

As we get into the thirty-second year of the Association, new goals are seen on the horizon: new publications and expansion of present ones, new ways of raising funds to keep the Association's operation in the black; new ideas to present to the public in programs and exhibits; new ways to work with youth and all other segments of our population; new projects of cooperation with appointed historians of the county and local historical societies.

The Association is indebted to the far-sighted goals and vision of those early members who persevered and to the

more recent ones who keep the Association alive and well.

About the Authors

Mary Smallman and Varick Chittenden have each been involved in Association activities for many years. Each has been at one time or another an officer, a trustee, and/or the editor of *The Quarterly*. Here Mary and Varick account for the early concerns and more recent emphases for the Association, respectively.



Some of the guests and participants at the dedication of the History Center Archives in Canton in October, 1974, included: left to right, Rev. Edward Sizeland, Stanley Benjamin, Adelaide Steele, Allen Splete, Harold Wilder, Mary Biondi [Smallman], Varick Chittenden, and Edward Blankman.

Canton . . . Ed Blankman's Concord

by Rutherford E. Delmage

A long-time friend and colleague of Edward Blankman has made selections from the nineteenth century philosopher/writer Henry David Thoreau to illustrate the kindred spirits of these two American students of nature and literature.

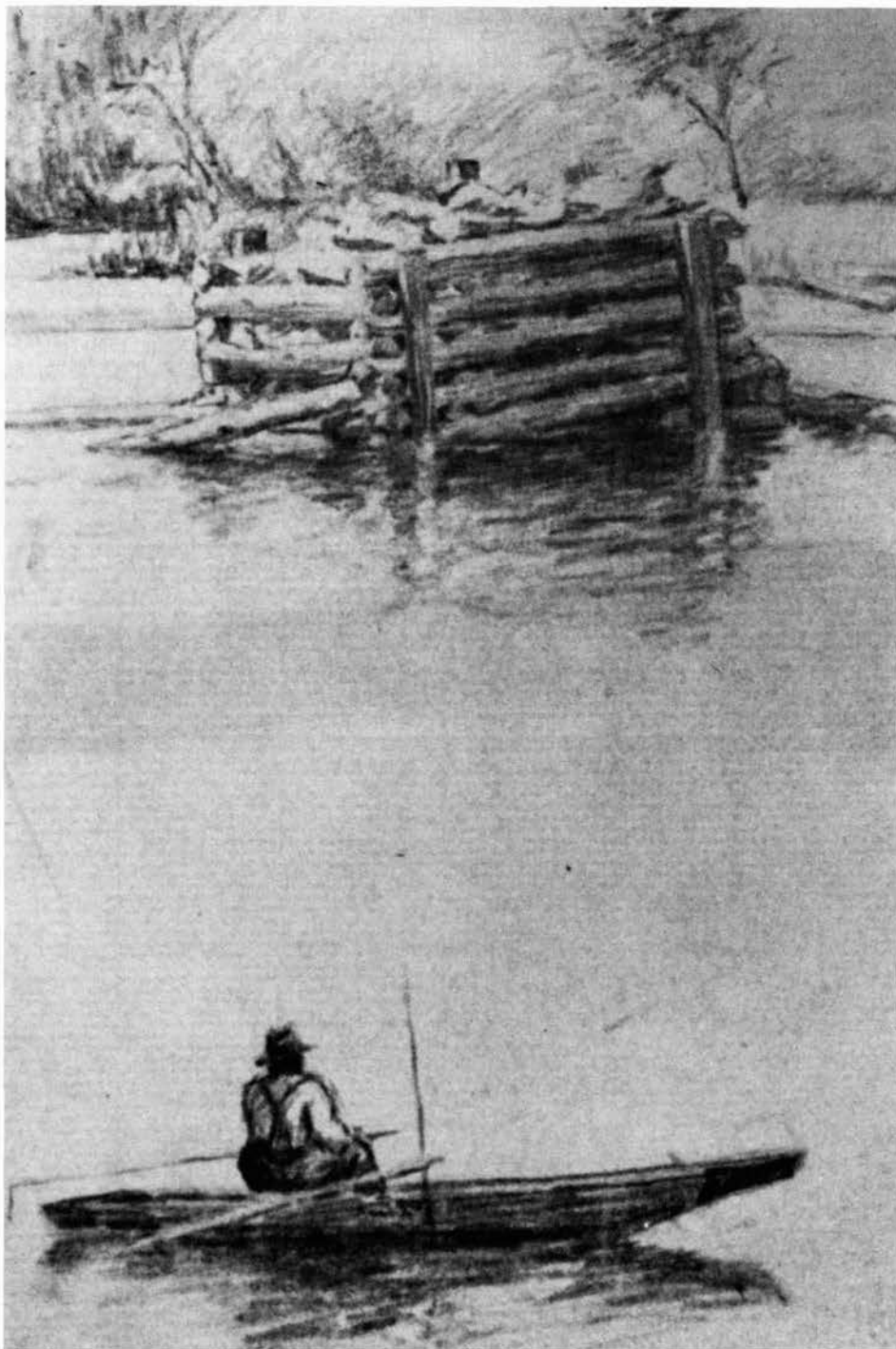
Professor Edward J. Blankman taught the great writers of American literature to St. Lawrence University students for over three decades. A former colleague and old friend here assembles some characteristic passages from the writings of the sage of Walden and Concord. Ed Blankman studied at Harvard University a century after Thoreau. Both share a love of nature, a love of books, a dedication to liberty and justice, Yankee honesty and integrity, and a spirit of fun, often expressed in sharp wit or dry humor. Both taught young people, and both treated their students not as inferior numbskulls but as friends and companions in the learning process.

Thoreau points out in *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers* that the old Indian name for Concord was "Musketaquid or Grass-ground River." This reminds us of the Grass River which flows by Canton. Canton has been Ed Blankman's Concord. "I have traveled a good deal in Concord," said Thoreau. Here are a few notes on Thoreau's and Ed Blankman's journeys through space, time, nature, and thought.



The Journal

The thin snow now driving from the north and lodging on my coat consists of those beautiful star crystals, not cottony and chubby spokes as on the 13th of December, but thin and partly transparent crystals. They are about one tenth of an inch in diameter, perfect little wheels with six spokes, without a tire, or



Pencil sketch of man paddling in Grass River near one of old log booms, built in river to control logs from jamming on log drives. (Original sketch by Henry Devalcourt Kip, owned by Edward Blankman).

rather with six perfect little leaflets, fern-like, with a distinct, straight, slender midrib, raying from the centre. On each side of each midrib there is a transparent, thin blade with a crenate edge. How full of the creative genius is the air in which these are generated! I should hardly admire more, if real stars fell and lodged on my coat. Nature is full of genius, full of the divinity, so that not a snow-flake escapes its fashioning hand. Nothing is cheap and coarse, neither dew-drops nor snow-flakes. Soon the

storm increases (it was already very severe to face), and the snow comes finer, more white and powdery. — Who knows but this is the original form of all snow-flakes, but that, when I observe these crystal stars falling around me, they are only just generated in the low mist next the earth. I am nearer to the source of the snow, its primal, auroral, and golden hour of infancy; commonly the flakes reach us travel-worn and agglomerated, comparatively without order or beauty, far down in their fall, like men in

their advanced age. As for the circumstances under which this phenomenon occurs, it is quite cold, and the driving storm is bitter to face, though very little snow is falling. It comes almost horizontally from the north . . . A divinity must have stirred within them, before the crystals did thus shoot and set. Wheels of the storm chariots. The same law that shapes the earth and the stars shapes the snow-flake. Call it rather snow star. As surely as the petals of a flower are numbered, each of these countless snow stars comes whirling to earth, pronouncing thus with emphasis the number six, order, cosmos.

Perhaps what most moves us in winter is some reminiscence of far-off summer. How we leap by the side of the open brooks! What beauty in the running brooks! What life! What society! The cold is merely superficial; it is summer still at the core, far, far within. It is in the cawing of the crow, the crowing of the cock, the warmth of the sun on our backs. I hear faintly the cawing of a crow far, far away, echoing from some unseen wood-side, as if deadened by the spring-like vapor which the sun is drawing from the ground. It mingles with the slight murmur of the village, the sound of children at play, as one stream empties gently into another, and the wild and tame are one. What a delicious sound! It is not merely crow calling to crow, for it speaks to me too. I am part of one great creature with him; if he has voice, I have ears. I can hear when he calls, and have engaged not to shoot nor stone him if he will caw to me each spring. On the one hand, it may be, is the sound of children at school saying their a, b, ab's, on the other, far in the wood-fringed horizon, the cawing of crows from their blessed eternal vacation, out at their long recess,

children who have got dismissed! While the vaporous incense goes up from the field of the spring — if it were spring. Ah, bless the Lord, O my soul! bless him for wildness, for crows that will not alight within gunshot! and bless him for hens, too, that croak and cackle in the yard!

As yesterday and the historical ages are past, as the work of to-day is present, so some flitting perspectives, and demi-experiences of the life that is in nature are in time veritably future, or rather outside to time, perennial, young, divine, in the wind and rain which never die.



The respectable folks, —
Where dwell they?
They whisper in the oaks,
And they sigh in the hay;
Summer and winter, night and day,
Out on the meadow, there dwell they.
They never die,
Nor snivel, nor cry,
Nor ask our pity
With a wet eye.
A sound estate they ever mend,
To every asker readily lend;
To the ocean wealth,
To the meadow health,
To Time his length,
To the rocks strength,
To the stars light,
To the weary night,
To the busy day,
To the idle play;
And so their good cheer never ends,
For all are their debtors, and all their
friends.

Walden

I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could learn what it had to teach, and not, when I come to die, discover that I had not lived . . . I left the woods for as good a reason as I went there. Perhaps it seemed to me that I had several more lives to live, and could not spare any more time for that one . . . Perhaps if I had lived there much longer, I might live there forever. One would think twice before he accepted heaven on such terms.



Apt Sentences

The mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation.

It is not worth the while to go round the world to count the cats in Zanzibar.

A man sits as many risks as he runs.

As if you could kill time without injuring eternity!

The order of things should be somewhat reversed; the seventh should be man's day of toil, wherein to earn his living by the sweat of his brow; and the other six his Sabbath of the affections and the soul — in which to range this widespread garden, and drink in the soft influences and sublime revelations of Nature.

About the Author

Rutherford "Doc" Delmage is a native of Hermon, a student of North Country folkways, and now retired Professor of English at St. Lawrence University. He has been a past contributor to *The Quarterly* and a long-time member of the Association.

All In the Family: the Ladouceur Brothers of 'the Burg'

by Mary Gooshaw

The great American national game of baseball may be at its very best in the sandlots and cow pastures of every community—large or small—in our nation. At least one North Country family must think so. This amazing story of the Ladouceur boys of Ogdensburg finally is recognized in the hallowed halls of the game's shrine in Cooperstown.

Nothing is more All-American than baseball. Two brothers, Napoleon and Vincent Ladouceur of Ogdensburg, formed a baseball team in the early 1900's. What was so special about that? Like many other sandlot baseball teams, they were full of spirit and loved the game. There was, however, one slight difference: while other teams were composed of the necessary nine players from different families or different neighbor-

hoods or different towns, theirs was made up of the two of them . . . and their seven brothers. For several years they kept it all in the family.

Poly and Van, as they were known by their friends, were raised in a family of ten children. Their father, Antoine Ladouceur, Sr., had married Rose Torvette in 1881. He was an ordinary laborer; she was a busy housewife. The other members of their immediate family were the

nine brothers — Joseph, Edgar, Alfred, Edmond, Antoine, William, Lawrence, Napoleon, and Vincent — and *one sister*, Irene, now Mrs. Irene Boyd.

Poly recalls that the whole Ladouceur family loved baseball, so very much so that in 1917 the brothers decided to form their own closely-knit team, composed only of themselves. Some had played before for others. Two of the brothers, Poly and William (Billy), had briefly

played on professional teams. Billy played at Syracuse, where he was converted from pitcher to catcher. Poly, who had been encouraged by Father Martin (later, after his death, a park in Ogdensburg was named after Father Martin) had tried out as a pitcher for the Buffalo Bisons of the old International League. While he was there, Poly played against some of the top players of the 1920's, such as Ern Shaw and Lefty Grove. But when his mother and girlfriend visited him, he became homesick and soon came back home with them. Poly also played for Cardinal, Ontario; he pitched one game, getting twenty-one strikeouts and four assists. Van, Joe, and Billy had been members of the Adirondack Stars (the Harrisville Paper Mill team, semi-professional). A few of the brothers had played for the Standard Shade Roller Company of Ogdensburg. While Van was playing on one team (of which he could not recall the name), he was struck on the head with a baseball bat by an opposing team member, causing a split to his skull and hospitalization. "I probably could have sued him," Van comments, "but I figured

it could ruin baseball." (Van also recalls that many players from the International League later quit their teams to join the brothers' team.) On one team of which Joe had been a member, he played against Bob Feller, later to become one of the all-time strikeout leaders in major league history with the Cleveland Indians.

But, if they were all good, and liked baseball, and liked playing together, and there were nine of them, why not their own team?

They were all young men then, with Napoleon (Poly), 14; Joe, 21; Edgar, 18; Alfred, 23; Edmond, 32; Antoine (Pen), 35; William (Billy), 27; Vincent (Van), 29; and Lawrence (Ducky), 25. Irene was just as enthusiastic about the team for she, too, loved baseball and would practice with her brothers. She couldn't participate in real games because of her sex. Her brothers (and baseball) didn't quite think that would do. Their parents were all for this unique baseball team, with their father the manager. Rose, their mother, was also a baseball fanatic. She attended almost every game and,

according to Poly, would jump and shout at every little move her sons would make. She was also known to tell the person next to her why her son(s) pitched one way or what was going to be their next move.

Van recalls that in order to keep the team in shape, their manager/father would give them many batting practices. He also tells that, because they sometimes could not afford a baseball and bat, they would collect small scraps of string and wind it around to form a crude ball, resembling a baseball, and for a bat, they would remove a good-sized limb from a nearby tree. Their practices and some of their home games were played on a large field with many rocks. He also remembers when his brothers and he, when up at bat, would hit the ball hard enough to cause it to go toward the rocks, to allow them enough time for running. Gloves were another expense, so only the catcher was allowed to use one.

According to Poly, the team was not sponsored by anyone, so when the Ladouceur brothers decided to form the team, they didn't own one single type of



The photograph of the Ladouceur Brothers baseball team as it is exhibited in the National Baseball Hall of Fame in Cooperstown. Bottom row, left to right: Joseph [Joe], Edgar, Napoleon [Poly], and Alfred [Freddy]; standing are Vincent [Van], Edmond [Ed], Antoine [Pen], William [Billy], and Lawrence [Ducky]. (Photo courtesy of the author).

uniform, but about three different types, for each had been playing with other teams. Later, uniforms from the Standard Shade Roller Company were borrowed.

Some of the teams which the Ladouceurs played against were the Ogdensburg city team and the Silk Mill Industrial team, with the brothers winning games against them fifteen-to-three and sixteen-to-one, respectively. They also played against the State Hospital team; the scores were "yo-yo," i.e., the brothers would win one game and the patients would win the next, arranged that way. When they played the Massena village team, Jesse Barnes, originally from the New York Giants, had joined the brothers' team and acted as their pitcher. According to Van, it was the only game which the brothers lost.

There are others who still remember how the team impressed them. "I wanted to be on the team," James N. Ladouceur, son of Antoine, Jr., still says. "And I was very mad because they wouldn't even let me be a bat-or-water boy." He also remembers that Billy was an umpire for several small towns around Ogdensburg and that in later years the brothers, still often together, loved to play Whist (a card game), would go over on Sundays to their mother's house and play till she had

to kick them out in order to prepare dinner.

Besides baseball, Poly and Van recall the love for other sports, basketball and football, and several of the brothers played. Poly and four of his brothers once formed a basketball team then known as "The Silent Five." They kept that nickname intact for three years because they hadn't spoken to one another at all during their play. One day, however, while they were competing against Rensselaer Falls, someone tripped one of the brothers, causing him to curse. Van also tells of one basketball game against Heuvelton when he was applauded for physically overcoming a member of the Heuvelton team — a teacher whom the audience, mostly students, disliked. As for football, their team was made up of Van, Billy, Clarence Julius, Red Maloney, and for a few others, and was called "Powell's University," sponsored by Powell's grocery store of Ogdensburg. Once when they played against Clayton, with the half-time score 0-0, a member of the other team tripped Van and held him down, placing his knee on Van's back and letting other members of the Clayton team tackle Van. He came out of the game with three broken ribs.

Since their active days of baseball, Napoleon and Vincent have been busy at

other things. Napoleon joined the city's fire department and was an active member for thirty-seven years before his retirement. Vincent worked on a barge, for which he worked for fifty cents a day at first, and always kept the sport of baseball with him. "Once when we didn't have a ball," he tells, "I went into the barge's kitchen and took a biscuit from the cook, they were that hard."

Now, after sixty-one years since the formation of their family team in 1917, only five of the nine brothers are still living: Napoleon and Vincent, Edgar, Alfred, and Lawrence.

Perhaps their most exciting moment as a team came years after they "hung up the spikes." On February 25, 1958, the team was honored at the National Baseball Hall of Fame in Cooperstown, New York. Their picture was accepted for exhibition as one of the only two known all-brothers teams to have played the national sport; the other was from Columbus, Ohio. The Ladouceur Brothers are indeed proud.

About the Author

Mary Gooshaw is a granddaughter of James M. Ladouceur, the oldest son of Antoine, Jr., "Pen" of the baseball team. She is a senior at Canton ATC.

The Voice that Cried Out in the Wilderness: the Story of Citizens to Save the Adirondack Park

by Peter E. Van de Water

A dramatic story began unfolding in 1972 in the hills and foothills of the Adirondacks, when the long-standing tradition of "forever wild" was challenged by the sudden announcement that the Horizon Corporation, a housing developer, intended to create a city of second-homes in the Town of Colton. Local citizens became outraged and organized themselves into a strong, vocal force that eventually was heard. The author was a major participant in that story.

As far back as 1895 when the Legislature added Article XIV, the "Forever Wild" clause to the State Constitution, New Yorkers, for various reasons, developed strong and personal ties with the mountain vastness of the Adirondacks. Some, weak from "consumption," came to the mountains, and the pure air, laden with the scent of hemlock, pine, spruce, and balsam, restored their health. Others chose the lakes as retreats from city life; the wealthy raised their elaborate "cottages" on the sparkling shores of Raquette Lake, the Saranacs, and Upper St. Regis, while others found similar solitude in more humble dwellings on lakes no less sparkling. Others — French Canadian lumberjacks, farmers from Vermont and

the Champlain and Mohawk Valleys, hunters and trappers — put down roots and became permanent Adirondackers. Most of these people shared one common trait: they loved the Adirondacks as they found them. Let some eager utility propose to dam the Moose, the Hudson, or some other wild Adirondack river; let the Conservation Department suggest another Adirondack ski center; let the Department of Transportation release plans for a new super-highway cutting through the Adirondacks; let any individual corporation, or government agency design to change God's handiwork in the Adirondacks, and a fight ensued.

It was hardly surprising, then, when in the Spring of 1972, Horizon Corporation

of Tucson, Arizona purchased 24,300 acres in Colton, within the Adirondack Park, and announced plans to build an eventual second home city with 6,000-8,000 building sites, that a typical Adirondack fight developed.

Horizon President Sidney Nelson and his associates wooed the opinion makers in St. Lawrence County with the methods that had proven so successful elsewhere. In March of 1972, they sponsored a cocktail party for the County Chamber of Commerce and followed up with after dinner talks and slides which outlined their plans. They made a similar presentation to the County Legislature. They met with Franklin R. Little, owner of five of the six newspapers in St. Lawrence

ST. LAWRENCE COUNTY



Map of the proposed Horizon Corporation property development. (Courtesy of the author).

County, and gained his fervent editorial backing. Pictures of successful Horizon developments in Arizona and New Mexico filled local papers. "Amenities" such as golf courses and ski hills were described and Mr. Nelson assured the leading citizens of the County that the Colton project "will be an outstanding example of environmental protection, not exploitation." The Corporation's plans seemed appealing, if somewhat vague.

County newspapers reported few questions of the Horizon executive team; it seemed taken for granted that the

proposed project would bring progress in the form of new homes, new jobs, rising land values, and more people to the Colton area. In the first few weeks after the project was announced, it appeared that Horizon Corporation would be warmly welcomed, or at least passively accepted, in St. Lawrence County. Ted Steele, a Horizon Vice-president, predicted to the County Environmental Management Council that construction on a "core community" would begin the following summer.

Soon, however, opposition to Horizon

in the form of letters to the editors of County newspapers — particularly the *St. Lawrence Plaindealer* and the *Potsdam Courier and Freeman* — began to appear with increasing regularity. Area citizens raised concerns about the site (wholly within the Adirondack Park); the impact on water quality of impoundments on the Grasse River; the probability of rising taxes; problems of sewage disposal; and the obligations of local government to provide roads, schools, snow removal, police, and firemen. St. Lawrence County planner Richard Grover

denounced the Horizon project, as did the County Environmental Management Council. A group based mainly in Canton and Potsdam began meeting regularly in living rooms and church basements. It chose the ambitious name "Citizens to Save the Adirondack Park" (CSAP) and announced its intent to "Stop Horizon."

As people in St. Lawrence County chose sides, the unknown factor was the role of the Adirondack Park Agency (APA). The APA had been created by the New York State Legislature in July of 1971 with the somewhat contradictory charge: "to insure optimum overall conservation, protection, preservation, development and use of the unique scenic, historic, ecological and natural resources of the Adirondack Park." The "Park" itself was an undefined entity. It consisted of 6 million acres, the largest wilderness area east of the Mississippi, but only 39% of those acres were held by New York State, mostly as the "forever wild" lands of the Forest Preserve. The remainder was in the private hands of lumber companies, corporations, and individual owners large and small. Few thought of it as "Park" in the usual sense of the term. As Horizon Corporation announced its purchase and sketched its plans, the APA had been granted only "interim" regulatory powers by the legislature; indeed, some believed that Horizon would rush to gain needed APA approval before the Agency formulated permanent, and presumably, more stringent land use regulations on both the public and private lands, the latter due early in 1973.

As the summer of 1972 faded into fall, Horizon spread beyond a local issue. More and more, the leaders of state and national environmental groups began to believe that Horizon would be the "test case" in the Adirondacks. At issue was whether New York State, through an agency established by its elected representatives, could restrict a large scale land development on private land within the Adirondack Park. If Horizon could be stopped or at least restricted, environmentalists argued, a precedent would be set and the wilderness character of the Adirondack Park would be preserved in stewardship for future generations. If not, it seemed probable that Horizon would pave the way for other developers to begin sub-dividing that 61% of the Adirondack Park which was privately owned.

Citizens to Save the Adirondack Park, which eventually gained a membership of 2,600, was particularly effective in bringing the issue to the attention of New York State legislators and to national media. Environmental groups, and especially the Environmental Planning Lobby (EPL), gave their full support. Legislators were flooded with mail asking them to preserve the Adirondack Park. CBS filmed the Horizon lands for an

"Evening News" feature; *The New York Times* repeatedly warned against large-scale Adirondack developments in its editorial columns; and *The Christian Science Monitor* ran a series on land development which highlighted the Adirondack controversy. CSAP retained the services of David Sive, one of the country's foremost environmental lawyers, and was also advised by Assemblyman Peter A.A. Berle, then leading the legislative fight for passage of the APA private land use plan, and now Commissioner of the New York State Department of Environmental Conservation.

As the deadline for presentation of the APA's private land use plan drew near, it became obvious to everyone involved that success or failure of the Horizon "test case" would depend on the private land use plan formulated by the APA and its passage in the State Legislature. When the land use plan was released it proposed zoning restrictions for the Adirondack Park — thought by some to be the most restrictive private land zoning regulations in any major land area in the United States.

In general, the plan was well-received by environmentalists, who hailed the far-sighted wisdom of the Agency and Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller, who was giving the plan his vigorous support. There was general agreement that the plan would discourage Horizon and other large-scale second home developers. However, many native Adirondackers, most of whom did not want a major second-home development such as Horizon, nevertheless reacted angrily to the APA private land use plan. Local government leaders felt threatened by the dominance of the "Albany" Agency; businessmen believed that the proposed restrictions would slow down an already weak Adirondack economy; individual land-owners didn't want any restrictions on what had been regarded as sacrosanct property rights. These differences of opinion were aired at mandatory hearings conducted in January, 1973, throughout the State by the APA, and only the tact and patience of APA Chairman Richard Lawrence kept the often-stormy sessions orderly.

In the New York Legislature, Adirondack legislators, Glenn Harris in the Assembly and Ronald B. Stafford in the Senate, led an effort to delay action on the APA private land use plan. Their bill, to postpone consideration of the plan for one year, was passed in the Legislature, but vetoed by Governor Rockefeller. All of the Adirondack legislators, with the exception of Democratic Assemblyman K. Daniel Haley, St. Lawrence County, were known to oppose the APA plan. However, bipartisan support from downstate was sufficient to override the "Appleknockers" (as the Adirondack Republicans were called) and, on May 14, 1973, an amended APA private land use

plan was passed overwhelmingly by the Legislature. The main amendments, apparently included in an attempt to appease Adirondack legislators, established a Local Government Review Board with limited power to "monitor" the APA and also expanded the Agency to include one more member from within the Park as well as the State Commissioner of Commerce.

With the passage of the APA private land use plan it appeared highly unlikely that Horizon Corporation would pursue its announced goals. Indeed, in addition to strong citizen opposition and the restrictive provisions of the APA, other factors thwarted the land developer in 1973. The economy took a turn for the worse; energy costs curtailed travel; and the market for second-home buyers contracted accordingly. Perhaps of more significance, the second-home development industry in general received considerable national exposure as a result of unscrupulous sales and marketing techniques. Horizon's stock on the New York Exchange plummeted. Horizon's only recourse was to sue the State of New York, but in the Fall of 1976 Court of Claims Judge Henry Lengyel ruled that the private land use plan of the APA did not constitute an illegal "taking" of private property. Horizon's suit against the State of New York for \$36 million was dismissed.

In retrospect, it was never really clear what Horizon's intentions were for St. Lawrence County and the Adirondacks. Was the Corporation, as a leader in its industry, acting in consort with others who wanted the Adirondacks opened up to large developments? Was the intent to sell undeveloped lots for high profits through high pressure East Coast sales campaigns? Or did Horizon mean to produce a second-home city in the wilderness? The question will have to remain unanswered, for Horizon never did file the required applications and plans with the Adirondack Park Agency.

In September 1977, Horizon's 24,300 acres were sold to Lyme Timber Company of Lyme, New Hampshire at an announced price of \$2,115,000.00. After a brief sojourn of five years, Horizon's adventure in St. Lawrence County became another chapter in Adirondack history.

About the Author

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Eben Holden: Irving Bacheller's Folk Society

by D. Lynn Case

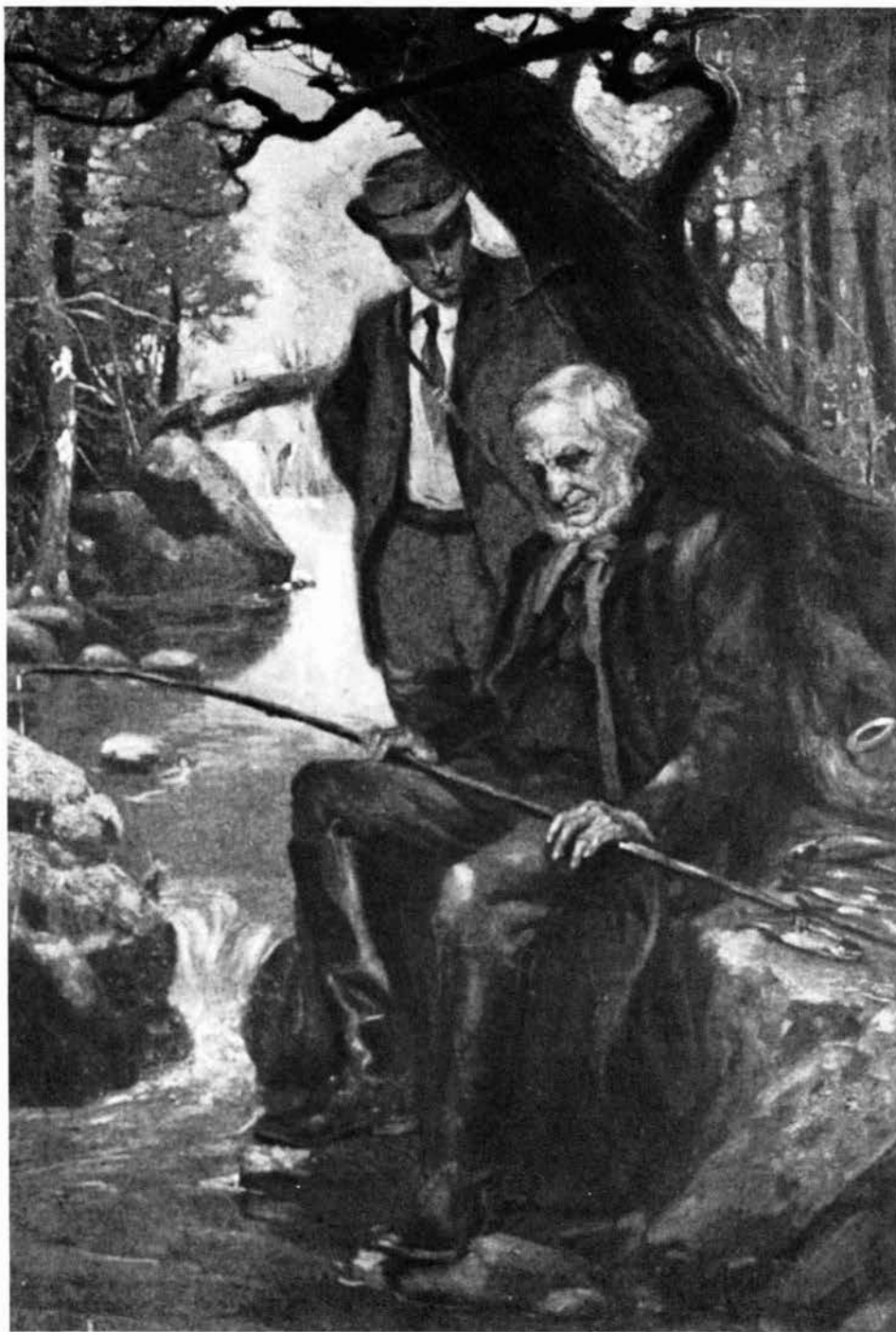
The North Country's own local color author, Irving Bacheller, was a master at re-creating the language and the customs, the work and the antics of people he had known in his youth around Pierrepont, Crary's Mills, and Canton. A folklorist takes a serious look at the folk society Bacheller created in his best known novel. [The original text of this paper, with extensive footnotes and bibliography, is available from the author or the editor.]

When Irving Bacheller set out to write *Eben Holden*, it was (as he later said in his autobiography *From Stores of Memory*) with a dream of "doing the kind of thing for my countryside that Riley had done for the rural Middle West." Born and raised in the small town of Canton, he had come to love and respect the people who lived there. In them, he saw a separate culture, submerged in the larger society of the state, and he felt that their way of life, which he could see rapidly slipping away, deserved to be preserved. He says of this group:

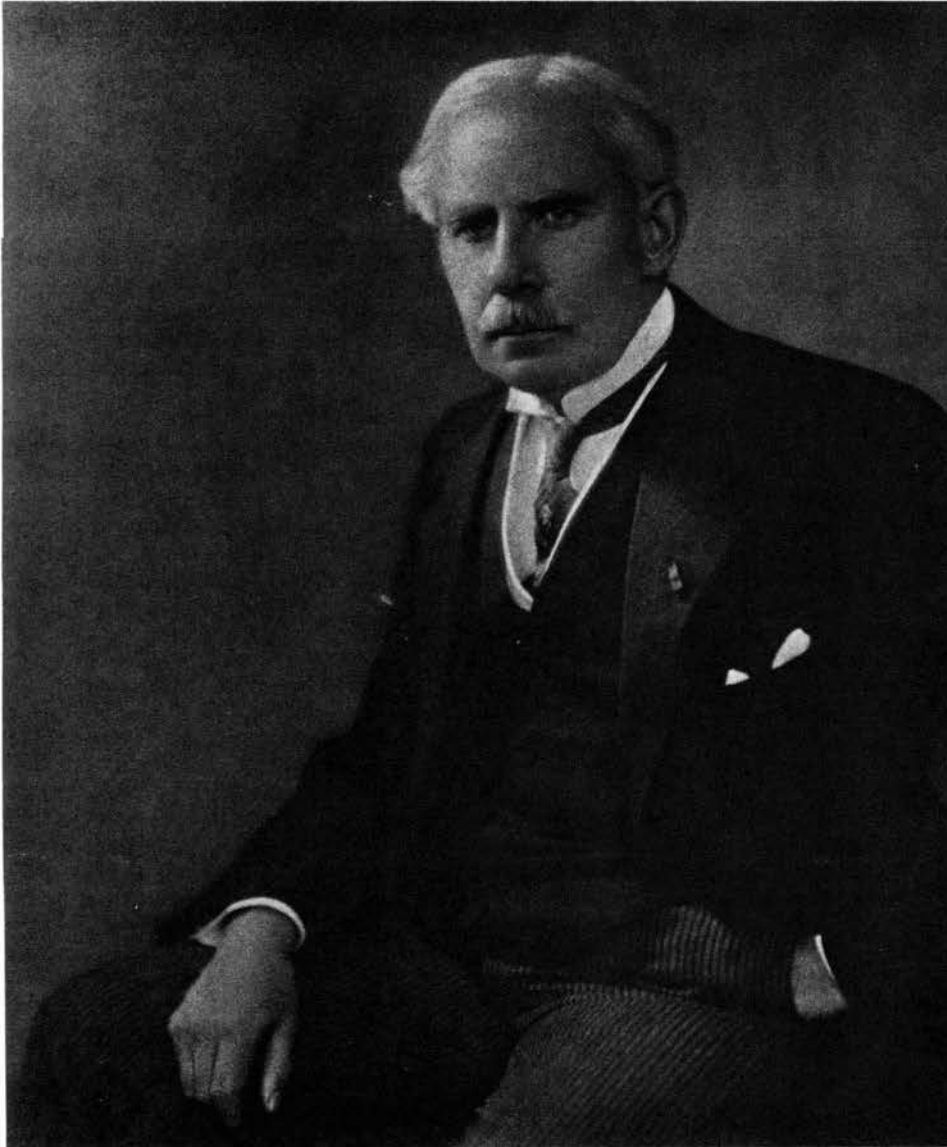
Those Yankees among whom I spent my youth had a keen sense of humor. There in northern New York was an unspoiled bit of transplanted New England. The flavor of the old times still lingered in the life of these purebred, simple folk. The ancient, democratic spirit, the rugged, stern, uncompromising virtues of the elder race were there. The cheaper types of the ancient breed were also in my homeland—the closed and narrow intellect, the braggart, the horse trader, the pettifogger, and the cheat. I began to think of it as an unworked and promising mine of material.

This interest and admiration led him to travel around the countryside, talking to everyone from Adirondack guides and itinerant peddlers to the leading citizens of Canton and jotting down notes on story-telling methods, various dialects of North Country residents and legends common to the area. Eventually, he felt ready to write. In his autobiography, he tells us:

At last a plan was in my mind involving the old man, with the boy in a basket, and the farm dog moving westward out of Vermont through the deep woods which I knew as well as I knew the multiplication table. I knew my old man as well as I had known my father. He had been one of the hired men on our farm. The pack basket had been on my back in many a tiresome journey in the wilderness.



Eben Holden fishing, illustration for title page of Irving Bacheller's Eben Holden's Last Day A-Fishing, 1907. (Courtesy of the History Center Archives).



Irving Bacheller in the early twentieth century, at the height of his literary career. (Photo courtesy of the History Center Archives).

As to the small boy, I had rather vivid memories of my own young boyhood to help me. The people we were to meet along the way were to be like those I had known in my youth. I had planned no adventures for the journey, yet there was quite a chain of them in my own experience. The changing scenes as we went along would suggest the things to happen. I knew the danger of any note that would mar the seeming reality of that faring along in and out of the trail.

At one point in the story, William Brower, the narrator of *Eben Holden* and quite clearly the persona of Bacheller himself, tells us that he feels he is not writing a novel, but rather "nothing more nor less than a history." Since Bacheller set out to write with such clearly stated goals, it seems only fair to base our judgment of the worth of his book on his

success in achieving those particular objectives. In other words, we must examine the folk society pictured in *Eben Holden* to see whether it truly mirrors North Country life in the mid-nineteenth century.

First, let us examine the oral aspects of life in the North Country — speech patterns, legends and ballads. The book is narrated by William Brower, a character who grows to adolescence on a North Country farm, attends the university in a small North Country town, moves to New York City to work in the world of journalism, and finally enters politics. One would hardly expect such a person to speak in a dialect, and William does not. However, Bacheller cleverly allows him to retain a few of the folk similes learned in childhood to flavor his adult writings. When Bill describes the retreating soldiers in terms of "a swarm of bees shaken off a bush" or says that life on a battlefield is "cheaper than blind puppies," his credibility as a character

increases. It is only logical that someone as fond of the old country ways as Bill is, who possesses as well a journalist's ear for the vividly-expressed phrase, would appreciate and make much use of the colorful proverbial expressions of his home town.

Eben Holden is a veritable treasure chest of these similes. Conversations here are liberally sprinkled with such phrases as "quicker'n lightning," "holler like Sam Hill," and "drunk as lords." We notice that the proverbial expressions in *Eben Holden* bear out folklorist Richard Dorson's statement that the speech of the Yankee "abounds with barnyard similes." A boy runs "like a nailer;" a girl is a "high stepper;" Bill has no more use for fine clothes than "a goose for a peacock's feathers." An excellent example of the typical method of intensification in such phrases is Uncle Eb's exclamation, "Look's if ye'd been chopped down an' sawed — an split — an'throwed 'n a pile." These phrases serve two purposes, as they do in other folk societies. They enhance ordinary conversations, popping up constantly to add color to simple statements. Also, they act as a verbal shorthand, enabling the speaker to size up a situation in terms which will be familiar to all his audience. Although I was not able to verify all these items as traditional phrases, I feel there can be no question as to Bacheller's knowledge and accurate portrayal of the folk similes and the ways in which they function in a society.

as I am not versed in the study of dialect, I cannot attempt to comment on the verisimilitude of the speech of Bacheller's characters. Certain words and phrases can be verified as genuine folk usage. "From Dan to Beersheba," "We'll make tracks in the dirt," and "give the mitten" are examples of such phrases. Others, such as "feel kinda wopsy," "put for home" and "rest a jiffy" have the ring of authenticity, although I was not able to find them listed in the tools which I examined. As for pronunciation, the only evidence I can offer for Bacheller's accuracy of transcription is that Eben Holden's speeches, when read aloud, sound remarkably like those made by some native northern New Yorkers whom I have come to know.

Another type of folk speech found scattered through conversations in *Eben Holden* is the wise saying which instructs. This type is less common here than the simile, but it does appear. An example of these didactic proverbs is "The man that gives advice is a bigger fool than the man that takes it." Like Uncle Eb's "'s a lame soul thet drives a limpin' hoss," this statement allows the speaker to describe a certain type of recurring situation and suggest possible avenues of behavior to his listener. Again, Bacheller demonstrates his knowledge of folk speech by placing these

proverbs in realistic settings where they serve traditional functions.

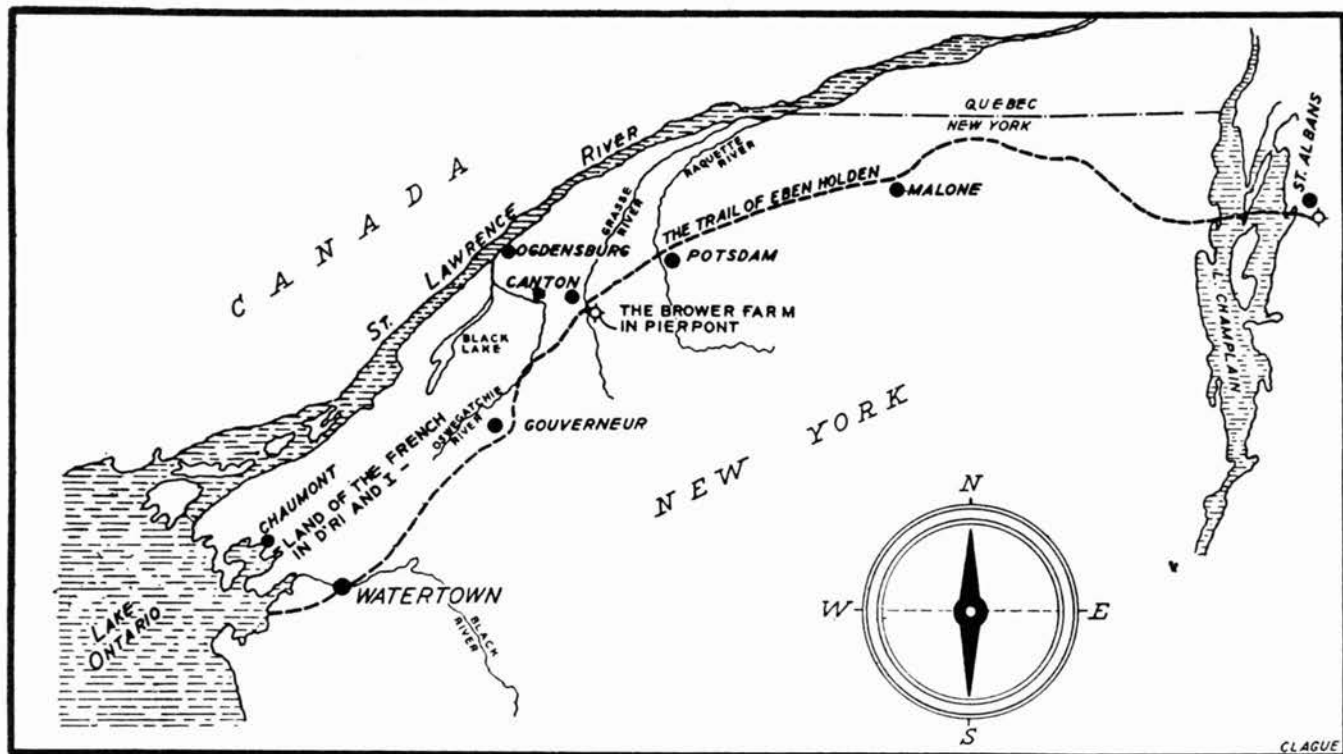
Having examined Bacheller's use of the elements of speech, let us turn to the other aspects of the oral tradition and learn whether his presentation of them is equally accurate. One part of this tradition is song. The characters in *Eben Holden* are extremely fond of music. It seems to help to make long, weary times pass more pleasantly. Elizabeth Brower's singing as she spins and the singing by the group on the trip to the mountains are examples of this traditional use of music. It also serves as entertainment for these people who are without access to our present-day mechanized amusements. Uncle Eb sings to Willie by the fireside in much the same way that a father today might turn on the television. Similarly, the musical evening at the church provides an opportunity for people to get out, see their friends, and have a pleasant time. The traditional use of music as a unifying force appears briefly, too. When Willie comes home from the war, he is met by a crowd singing "John Brown's Body." It is clear that to them, the song is not just a song. Rather, it is a statement of their values. Hearing others around them singing the same song gives them the same sense of solidarity in their struggle as "We Shall Overcome" did to the Civil Rights marchers of the 1960's. Bacheller also uses music, or his characters' reactions to it, to point out other aspects of their culture. When the traveling musician comes to town and is invited to play at a church social, he is

expected to perform only sacred music. The piety of the good Christians of the town causes them to rush out in fury when he breaks instead into the traditional ballad, "The Girl I Left Behind Me." This narrow-mindedness is one of the few aspects of early life in the North County of which Bacheller does not approve. By making the fiddler's visit serve as Hope's inspiration to further study and by having Hope and William attend a square dance at which the traditional "Money Musk" is played, Bacheller makes clear to his readers that he feels one should be open to all kinds of music and, by implication, to all other types of intellectual stimulation.

Although the uses of music are traditional in *Eben Holden*, the songs themselves are not what we usually call "folk songs." Most of them fall rather into the category of popular culture. "John Brown's Body," "Annie Laurie" and "Loch Lomond" were composed songs which came out about the time of this book and were immensely popular with the American people. Most of the other songs mentioned in the book are hymns with composers, and as such, they also fall outside the category of folk music. Actually, Bacheller uses titles and verses from very few songs. Usually, he simply mentions that singing took place without actually naming the songs. If he does quote a section, it is rarely more than one or two lines long. The one exception is the ballad, "Going to Salem," which Uncle Eb sings for Willie by the fireside. It is given in complete form, with words

and music. The history of this song acts as an interesting example of the flow of items between folklore and popular culture. Bacheller composed the ballad himself for this book. Later, it was collected from a singer in Lawrenceville, New York, who had never read *Eben Holden*; he had learned the song orally. I think this movement of items between the popular and the folk cultures may be the key to Bacheller's use of songs. Probably "popular" songs such as the hymns and Scottish lyrics mentioned here moved into the oral tradition as settlers carried them from Vermont into northern New York and as children heard their parents singing them around the house.

Another important aspect of the oral tradition is the legend. Many of the anecdotes concerning persons in the book contain common folklore motifs. Abe Bisnette, the butcher, is reputed to have stood in the storm and dared God to send lightning down on him. The Ghost of Burnt Bridge haunts the community where he fell to his death, because they had neglected to repair a burnt-out bridge. The Night Man is said to be the ghost of the boy allegedly murdered by Nehemiah Brower. In each of these cases there is an element of belief by the teller. The man who tells of the Ghost of Burnt Bridge is "very positive" that one can hear the poor man groaning at the bottom of the gully every night, and the whole community shuns Abe Bisnette for his godlessness. Bacheller does more than merely draw on these common folklore motifs, however. He also includes many



Map of the North Country, with the trail of Eben Holden and Willie, as well as other spots in Bacheller's works. (Drawn by Allen Clague, in A.J. Hanna's *A Bibliography of the Writings of Irving Bacheller*. Courtesy of the History Center Archives).

complete tales and personal legends in his story, placing them carefully in the proper social contexts to indicate their various uses. For example, Ab Thomas, the Adirondack guide, tells William the anecdote of Bill Barber as they paddle back from the disastrous hunting expedition on which William had been so overwhelmed by the beauty of the deer that he was unable to kill the animal and shot over its head instead. It seems that every time Bill Barber goes hunting, he kills a cow. Ab says, "Nothin' safe but the thing he shoots at." This use of the exaggerated personal legend fits perfectly New York State folklorist Harold Thompson's characterization of the Adirondack guide: "As a rule the Adirondack guide eschews ridicule of a direct sort in favor of the subtler kind involved in the telling of tall tales."

The personal anecdote may also function much as does a proverb. In other words, it serves to size up a situation and describe it colorfully, acting as an extended metaphor. When Uncle Eb sees the schoolmaster manhandling one of the students, he comments, "Reminded me o' the time 'at Tip Taylor got his tooth pulled. Shook 'im up so 'at he thought he'd had his neck put out o' j'nt." Similarly, President Lincoln's story of the lame man who licked the town bully serves to amplify and comment upon William's bravery on the battlefield.

Of course, the legend, like the song, also served an entertainment function. Bacheller indicates this when he has Uncle Eb tell William stories beside the campfire as they journey from Vermont. Similarly, we find the farmers relaxing in the dooryard after a day of back-breaking labor, and telling "many tales of the wilderness, and of robbery and murder on Paradise Road." Bacheller also mentions the inns along the Paradise Road where the "men folks" sat in the firelight of the blazing logs after supper and told tales of adventure until bed-time." These tales provided an escape for people whose lives were often difficult and full of drudgery. Winter, especially, was a hard time for the early North Countrymen. Unable to get out because of the deep snows, people had more need than ever of amusements to help them while away the long days and nights until they could return to the fields again. Bacheller explains, "That was a time when hard cider flowed freely and recollection found a ready tongue among the older folk . . ."

No list of tale types would be complete without its fish story. Bacheller does not disappoint us. The "Ol' Settler of Deep Hole" is a typical giant fish, of whom Bacheller says, "No fish had ever exerted a greater influence on the thought, the imagination, the manners or the moral character of his contemporaries." In the stories of the "Ol' Settler," Bacheller shows us how such legends grow. Each man who fishes in Deep Hole returns

with some new attribute to add to the elaborate descriptions of the fish. His fame spreads, and he becomes the basis for another legend when Uncle Eb plays his practical joke on Moses Tupper, the unbeliever. After everyone has laughed at Moses, Uncle Eb tells the story of his other fish trick on Ab Thomas. Thus, we see the growth of a complex of legends as well as a typical tale-telling session in which one story follows another, each topping or amplifying the previous one.

Elaborate tricks, such as the joke on Moses Tupper, were common in these days when manufactured amusements were not so available as they are today. The anecdote of Rat Tupper illustrates such a joke and also exemplifies another use for the legend. Dr. Bigsby tells the family about Rat's discomfiture when his wife calls his bluff, forcing him to turn the whetstone for a young guest in order to save himself from admitting his lie about being a hired man. The doctor uses the story as a tension-breaker. Just as we often find humorous stories passing among a bereaved family as they sit around after a funeral, we find the Browsers laughing heartily at this tale as they stand by the bedside of their terminally ill son. It is human nature to need release from the tension caused by strong emotion, and Bacheller's insertion of the doctor's story at this point shows a good understanding of the folk mind.

It is significant that when William tells us of the doctor's anecdote, he says, "We were all laughing as much at his deliberate way of narration as at the story itself." Bacheller is clearly cognizant of the fact that the performance of oral folklore is as important as its content. Although it is quite long, I will quote Ab Thomas' story of his encounter with the ham-stealing bear as an example of Bacheller's understanding of the dynamics of tale-telling. The interplay between teller and audience, the building of suspense, and the claims of credibility all appear here:

"Many bears here?" Uncle Eb inquired.

"More plenty 'n human be-i's," he answered, puffing lazily at his pipe with a dead calm in his voice and manner that I have never seen equaled except in a tropic sea.

"See 'em often?" I asked.

He emptied his pipe, striking it on his palm until the bowl rang, without answering. Then he blew into the stem with great violence.

"Three or four 'n a summer, mebbe," he said at length.

"Ever git sassy?" Uncle Eb asked.

He whipped a coal out of the ashes then and lifted it in his fingers to the bowl of his pipe. "Never real sassy," he said

between vigorous puffs. "One stole a ham off my pyazz las' summer; Al Fifield brought 't in fer me one day — smelt good too! I kep' savin' uv it thinkin' I'd enjoy it all the more when I did hev it. One day I went off cuttin' timber an' stayed 'til mos' night. Comin' home I got t' thinkin' o' thet ham, an' I see the ol' bear's tracks an' the empty peg where the ham had hung I went t' work an' got mad. Then I started after thet bear. Tracked 'im over yender, up Cat Mountain'."

Here Ab paused. He had a way of stopping always at the most interesting point to puff at his pipe. It looked as if he were getting up steam for another sentence and these delays had the effect of "continued in our next."

"Kill 'im?" Uncle Eb asked.

"Licked him," he said.

"Huh!" we remarked incredulously.

"Licked 'im," he repeated chuckling. "Went into his cave with a sled stake an' whaled 'im — whaled 'im 'til he run fer his life."

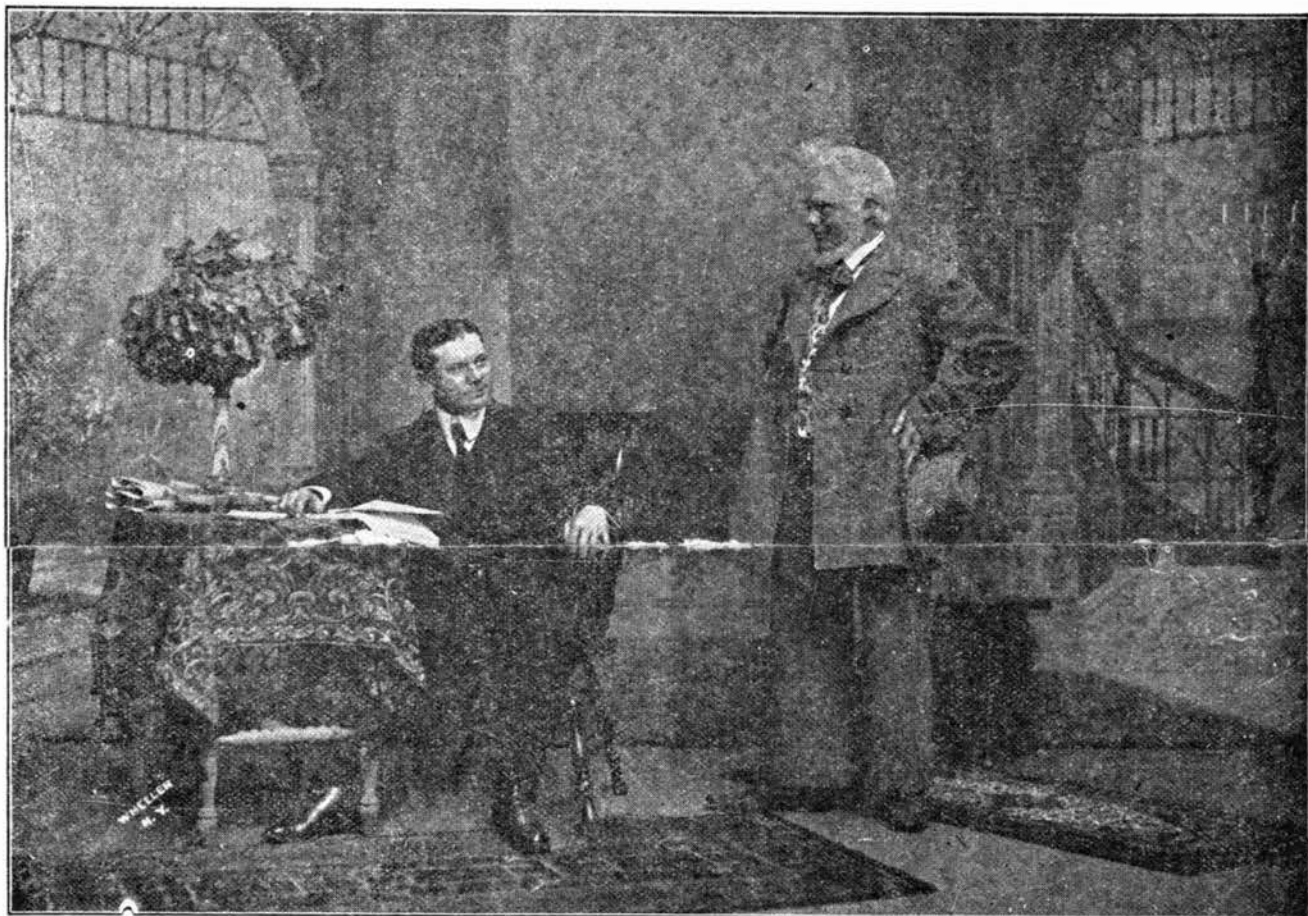
Whether it was true or not I have never been sure, even to this day, but Ab's manner was at once modest and convincing.

We can see a similar claim for credibility in the tale of the wild man of the woods, which follows the bear story. Ab tells of a wild man he has seen running through the woods. This man is the archetypal "wild man" — he's quicker than a wild cat, jumps tall trees at a single bound, and possesses a panther for a companion. When the others question Ab's veracity and suggest the man may be a ghost, the guide defends himself and the reality of the wild man by avowing that he's never seen hair and whiskers like that on a ghost.

The didactic tale plays a large role in this book. Although I could not find these stories listed in any collections of folklore, I feel that they carry the spirit, if not the content, of the folktale. Most of these stories are told to young William by Uncle Eb in order to teach him the proper way to live — much as the Brahman told tales to the king's sons in the *Panchatantra*. Like the Brahman's tales, Uncle Eb's tales have animals as heroes. From the tale of the young ant who rescues his friend from the lion beetle in the nick of time, then wishes return and slay the beetle, William learns that "he that follows a fool hath much need of wisdom, for if he save the fool do ye not see that he hath encouraged folly." He learns to consider the feelings of animals when he sees the tables turned and a young boy kept as a pet by a family

EBEN HOLDEN

BY EDWARD E. ROSE, DRAMATIST OF "JANICE MEREDETH, RICHARD CARVEL" "DAVID HARUM," AND OTHER SUCCESSES



MR. HORTON AS EBEN HOLDEN

MR. HENRY HORTON IN THE TITLE ROLE

A Beautiful Play. Blending Pathos and Humor and with a Deep Heart Interest

ORIGINAL NEW YORK PRODUCTION

Canton Opera House
ONE NIGHT ONLY

FEB-28

Playbill for a travelling theater company production of dramatized Eben Holden, presented in early nineteenth century, from a rare four-page leaflet published to promote the play. Later plans to make the play into a motion picture apparently never materialized. (Courtesy of the History Center Archives).

of panthers in the story of Squirreltown. The tale of the Frog Ferry teaches the value of thrift, for the grain saved by the squirrels tides them over their long voyage across the lake in their cage. One of Uncle Eb's didactic tales is taken straight from the oral tradition. He tells of the poor man who was given a bushel of corn. He was unsatisfied, however, and requested that it be shelled for him. At that point, it was taken away. Obviously, "God helps those that help themselves." Such didactic animal tales have been told in many cultures. Although Uncle Eb's do not conform in style to the usual concise fable, but rather contain the kind of detail which a small boy would enjoy about the ant's struggles to get out of the beetle's pit or the squirrels' perilous journey across the lake, they do seem to be in the folk tradition as far as the function which they serve. Uncle Eb creates a new animal, the swift, "which is more treacherous than any of the woods," but which has "no appetite for the pure in heart," because "the meaner the boy, the sweeter the meat." Bacheller explains that the swift also served an important function. It raised a healthy respect for the woods in the young children of the settlers and prevented them from straying too far into the dangerous forest.

The final type of legend which we find in *Eben Holden* is the etiological legend. Again, it is the type, rather than the actual content, which is folkloric. Uncle Eb explains that the song of the crickets is the sound of their filing their saws, because the timber is thick where they live, and they have to work very hard to build their homes. He also tells a long story explaining why panthers are afraid of people. He feels that the enmity arose from instincts of self-preservation and only appear when hunger forced the panther to consider his companion, the boy, as food. This idea of using a story to explain natural phenomena is common in the oral tradition, and Bacheller places his stories in a realistic framework, showing how they come up in the course of ordinary conversations as well as in story-telling sessions.

Along with these verbal aspects of North Country life, Bacheller uses the material culture to help recreate the society in the mid-nineteenth century. His mention of the log cabin with a ladder to the top floor for the hired men sounds very much like the homes used by early settlers in Indiana. The ox-drawn snow plow which clears the road for Uncle Eb and the children after they are caught in a heavy storm is similar to the horse-drawn ones mentioned in the diary of a girl who grew up in another small town of the period. The meals which Bacheller describes, with their heavy emphasis on potatoes and pancakes, show the effect which the hard work of the times had on the appetites of the settlers. Although his



The old Bacheller boyhood home in the Town of Pierrepont, overlooking "Paradise Valley." Now demolished, it was said to be the original of the Brower farm in the novel.

descriptions are never very detailed, he still manages to give us a sense of the objects with which people were surrounded in the 1850's, and the few particulars he does provide can be verified as accurate in histories of the period.

Bacheller uses bits of farm and forest lore to add credence to his work also. For example, when Eben Holden and William are lost in the woods, they find their way out by using the techniques of the bee hunter. In this case, Bacheller's description of the scene is unusually complete. The reader feels he could easily find a bee tree of his own, using *Eben Holden* as a textbook. The description of maple sugaring is not so detailed. However, Bacheller is able to give us a sense of the social setting in which the sugaring takes place. We see the woods filled with happy, shouting people — all working together to tap the trees, repair the shanty and scour the kettle. Then, we are presented with the opposite side of the picture — the long hours during which the person in charge of the "boiling" sits alone tending the fire and longing for human companionship. It is during such an endless night that William meets the poet, Jed Feary. The old man risks a few moments away from his kettle for the privilege of a brief conversation with William and Uncle Eb, who are "bilin" in a nearby bush.

Bacheller's description of the trip to the woods for Gerald's health reflects his background of friendship with the Adirondack guides and his familiarity with

the forest. Every detail of the trip is perfect, from the building of the shanty with its beds of hemlock branches to the deer hunting expedition on which jacks were used to freeze the deer so the hunters could shoot them in a more leisurely manner. My favorite sentence, however, is Bill's comment, "We spent the days hunting, fishing, fighting flies, and picking blueberries." Anyone at all familiar with the Adirondacks in black fly season has to appreciate their predicament and to agree with Herbert Keith — author of *Man of the Woods* — when he claims that the three most important items needed for an expedition into the woods are "matches, a compass, and fly dope."

The pictures painted of North Country social life are fairly consistent with our knowledge of folklife, too. William begins a game of "I Spy" with Hope ten minutes after he comes to live with the Browsers. The square dance scene at Rickards' shows us a typical evening of horseplay and dancing fun of the kind that occurs when normally hard-working people take the night off. The high point of the year, though, is the fair with its shooting matches, horse judging and quarrelsome drunks. Bacheller shows his knowledge of the folk society about which he is writing when he says of the fair:

The shouts of excited men, the neighing of horses, the bellowing of cattle, the wailing of infants, the howling of vendors, the pressing crowd, had begun to sow the seed of misery in the minds of those accustomed only to the peaceful quietude of the farm. The staring eye, the palpitating heart, the aching head, were successive stages in the doom of many.

Carl Nordstrom (*Frontier Elements in a Hudson River Village*) tells us that "householders, living down the road from each other, spent much of their day in relative solitude." Coming from such an environment, it is little wonder that a person would become disoriented and confused in the face of the bustle of the fair. In spite of the confusion, however, the settlers love this annual opportunity to get together to exchange stories and horses and to take a brief vacation from their hard taxmistress, the land.

Another event at which the community gathers to rest from the rigors of their hard labor is the lyceum, an institution borrowed from their New England ancestors. This event consists of a debate, followed by the reading of literary papers. Caroline Clarke mentions in *Village Life in America, 1852-1872* the importance of such recitations as entertainments in her diary. These amusements dovetail nicely with Carl Nordstrom's statement that education was esteemed among the early settlers since "literacy was a form of personal power"

(Nordstrom). Bacheller confirms Nordstrom when he tells us, "Such as the power of the press in that country one had but to say of any doubtful thing, 'Seen it in print,' to stop all argument." This cultural tendency on the part of the settlers provides an interesting contrast to their narrowmindedness at the strawberry social. I think another of Nordstrom's observations provides the solution to this paradox. He tells us, "When their religious expression had developed in its fullness, it provided an ideological base for their practical efforts." In other words, culture was a fine thing as long as it did not come into conflict with the religious dogma which walled in their minds as did Sleeping Beauty's hedge of thorns.

One other very important aspect of the social life of a North Countryman was the horse trade. Bacheller explains that "Politics and the steed were the only things that ever woke him [a Northern Yankee] to enthusiasm, and there a man was known as he traded." Consequently, William's bad bargain in the horse trade and Uncle Eb's clever trick to get even with the dishonest trader are considered very important by the other members of their society. David Brower's comment, "Bill ain' no judge uv a hoss. He'll hav t' hev an education er he'll git t' the poor house some day sartin" probably represents fairly accurately the consensus of the citizens of Faraway. If a man was not a good judge of horse flesh, he simply did not command the respect necessary to allow him to succeed in the community.

Bacheller presents us with some of the other beliefs and customs of the society. For example, we see the common folk remedy of applying snow to frostbite when William is frozen on the night in the sugarbush. In the figure of Dr. Bigsby, Bacheller has created a fairly typical country doctor of the period in both his dedication to duty and his generous acceptance of the barter system of payment for his services. This concern for others is not restricted to the medical profession, however. One is struck by the generosity and hospitality of all the householders whom Uncle Eb and William meet on their journey from Vermont to Faraway. Such kindness was the rule among these people who had so recently been travellers themselves. In his book *Yankees and Yorkers*, Dixon Fox records an account of the migration of Hannah Sanborn from Connecticut to New York. She speaks of spending the night on someone's floor in Utica while weary boatmen from the Niagara slept with their heads on the edges of the Sanborn family bedding.

Another attitude of the North Country folk society which Bacheller catches in his book is its optimism and exuberance. Carl Nordstrom explains that the frontiersmen developed a "modest, but entirely concrete sense of their own personal

worth" since they felt relatively able to control their environment. Uncle Eb tells William to "step right up [to Hope] as if you'd bought and paid for yourself and was proud of yer bargain."

Pragmatism, in all matters including religion, was another mainstay of North Country folk philosophy. Deacon Hospur was reputed never to swear "except when t' was necessary." Similarly, Uncle Eb tells the lady who asks him whether or not he's a Christian, "Man'll stan' still an' see himself knocked into the nex' world he's a leetle tew good fer this." This is not to say that Eben Holden is irreligious. He has a strong faith in God, and he orders his life by the Golden Rule. However, he realizes that he has a life to live in this world, and he refuses to spend it entirely in preparing for the next. We see the same practicality in Elizabeth Brower when she replies to the elder's comment to Hope that it's her actions and not her clothes which matter. Elizabeth responds, "They're both important, Elder. You should teach your people the duty of comeliness. They honor their Maker when they look their best."

In his characters Bacheller creates people who accurately portray the types we would have found in North Country folk society, although he emphasizes the odd ones, the "characters." Clarence Hurd Gaines, a former English professor at St. Lawrence University, commented that there was a great deal of eccentricity in Canton in the old days and that Bacheller has a talent for recognizing and capturing it. Samuels' theory for this abundance of odd characters is that people were forced to depend on themselves for entertainment in those days, so they consciously developed individualities. Often, the isolation in which they lived their lives turned these individualities into idiosyncrasies.

In judging this book we must remember that Bacheller was creating a literary composition, not a folklorist's field report. Although he set out with the aim of presenting a completely accurate picture of his home area, he had to select and edit his material in order to fit it between the covers of his book. Therefore, it is difficult to fault him for omissions. Nevertheless, one could wish that he had provided a bit more of the day-to-day detail of the North Country life. He tells us constantly of the hardships endured by the settlers, but we never actually see this crushing toil. Also, except for the episode with the drunk at the fair, we see few unpleasant people and no sex. These are minor criticisms, however, for what he chooses to describe is portrayed accurately, and he does make an effort to paint a rounded picture by providing William and Jed Feary to present the negative side of farming and "Scooter Jane" Foster to personify the negative side of religion.

The value of this book definitely lies in

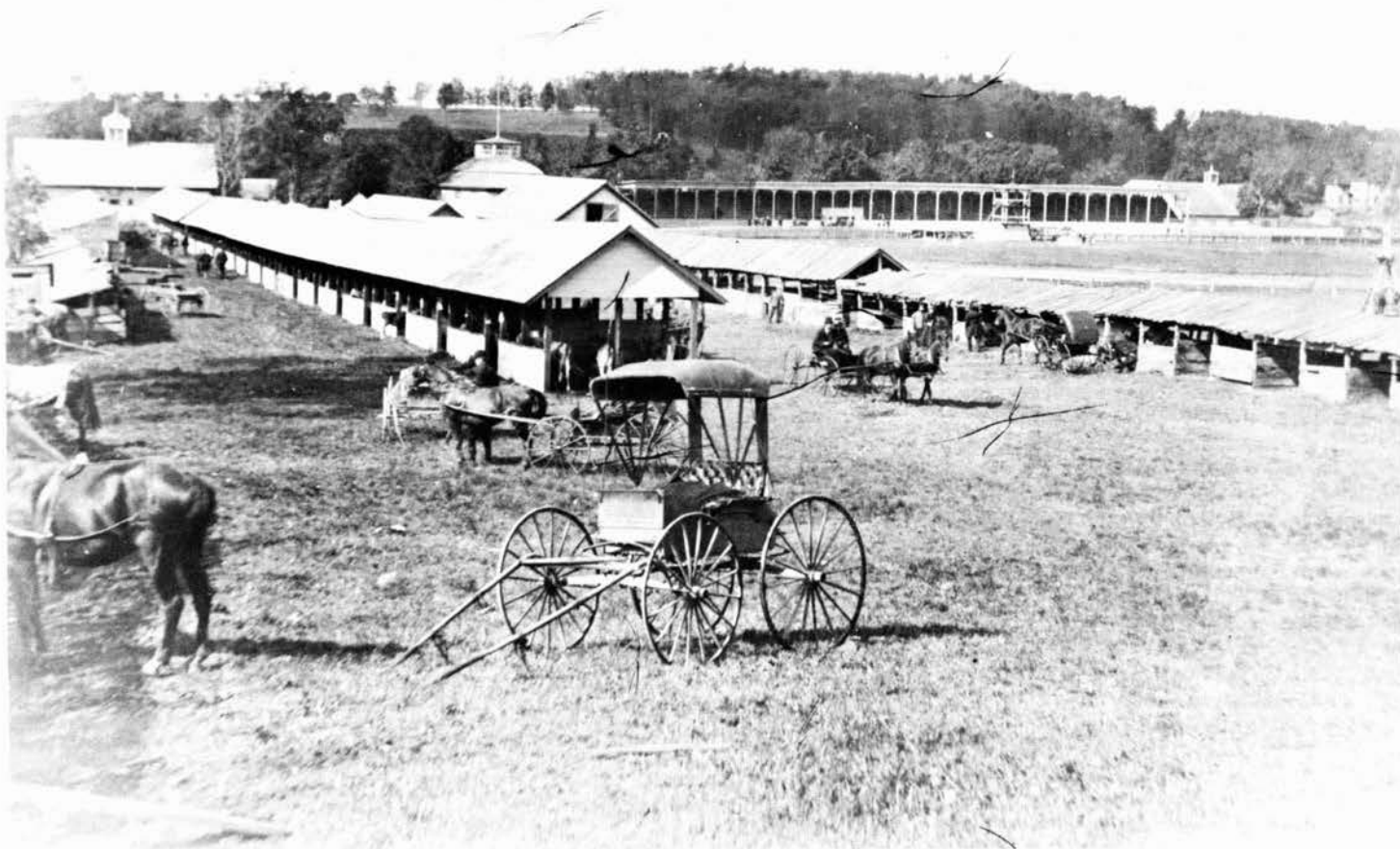
the folklore within it and in its portrayal of the folklife and folk philosophy of a specific small society. As a piece of literature, it is less than great. There is only the slimmest of plots, a quality one could forgive if each episode were developed to its fullest potential. Unfortunately, Bacheller contents himself with sketching in the outlines of an incident, then moving quickly along to the next unrelated vignette. The book belongs to Eben Holden, and when he becomes less prominent in Book 2, the interest of the reader begins to flag. William Brower is too dull a character to hold his own as the protagonist of a book, even when he is covering himself with glory on the battlefield. Perhaps the critic who reviewed *Eben Holden* for *Outlook* magazine was right when he said, "If a book has native humor in its talk and truth in its characters, it is hypercritical to insist on craft in construction or subtlety in analysis." At any rate, the student of folklore can be grateful to Bacheller for presenting a glimpse of songs, legends, proverbs and customs as they actually occur in a folk society. He should be equally appreciative of the understanding Bacheller provides of the philosophies and characteristics of the people who make up that society since these attitudes play a major role in shaping the folklore.

For Further Reading

Irving Bacheller's *Eben Holden*, 1900; Irving Bacheller's *From Stores of Memory*, 1938; Richard Dorson's *America in Legend*, 1973; Kenneth Durant's *Guideboat Days and Ways*, 1963; David Ellis's *A History of New York State*, 1967; Dixon Ryan Fox's *Yankees and Yorkers*, 1940; Herbert Keith's *Man of the Woods*, 1972; Alan Lomax's *Folk Songs of North America in the English Language*, 1960; Clarence Hurd Gaines's "Irving Bacheller: An Attempt at Interpretation," in *A Bibliography of the Writings of Irving Bacheller* by A.J. Hanna, *Rollins College Bulletin*, September, 1939; Charles Samuels' *Irving Bacheller: A Critical Biography*, 1952; Archer Taylor's and Bartlett Jere Whiting's *A Dictionary of American Proverbs and Proverbial Phrases, 1820-1880*, 1958; Howard Thomas's *Folklore from the Adirondack Foot-hills*, 1958; Harold Thompson's *Body, Boots & Britches*, 1940; Stith Thompson's *Motif-Index of Folk-Literature*, 1966.

About the Author

Lynn Case is a reference librarian at St. Lawrence University and works with rare books and manuscripts in the university's special collections. She recently earned an M.A. in folklore from the Folklore Institute at Indiana University.



A turn-of-the-century view of the old Canton Fairgrounds taken on a glass plate negative by the Kip Studio. Bullis Woods in the distance [present site of Canton ATC] was cut down in 1912. (Photo courtesy of the Collection of the Town of Canton Historian).

Fond Memories of the Old Fairground

by Walter Gunnison

A fairground was not just a place to go once a year to see the County Fair. It was an essential part of a young lad's life. One received a liberal education in the art of growing up in and among those enchanting fields and buildings. Our author shares some of his many memories of his own growing up with us.

I loved to see the fair come, hated to see it go. School was next and who needed that?

(There were days when summer dragged and there was "nothing to do." After the fair was over and school was on the horizon the days were nowhere near long enough. There were so many things to do I couldn't count them all. It was amazing how the fishing improved.)

The Fair. It was in a class with Christmas and the Fourth. I regarded it as a fact of nature. I never dreamed that some day there would be no fair to look forward to.

The day before the fair opened, always a Sunday, was as exciting as the event.

Cattle were herded through Canton's streets on their way to the exhibition sheds. Cows broke loose and hoofed across lawns and flower beds, banging into fences and knocking them loose. No one seemed to mind. The fairground was a superb confusion of preparations, wherever one looked: driving of stakes, raising and spreading of canvas; people and animal movements, random episodes, strange pageantries.

One could count on the crap game that flourished under the grandstand. One year, a player was credited with winning enough to pay his fall tuition at St. Lawrence University. Perhaps it was that year a woman from one of the

concessions found her husband casting his lot and routed him into the open and across the track in front of the stands, jawing him back more pressing business (at least more pressing from her view) while a crowd watched, fascinated.

If I wasn't at the fair, I was listening to it at my grandmother's house on State Street, wishing like anything that I was there. I couldn't bear the thought of missing any of it. I could hear the merry-go-round and other carnival sounds, faint and then clear, borne across the fields and pasture by the late summer breeze. I could make out snatches of the starter, megaphoning instructions to the trotters and their drivers: "Watch that

pole horse! Watch that pole horse!" And then: "No use! No use! Pull up! Pull up!" That meant it was a bad start; the field would have to come back, try again.

To get into the fair, I usually climbed the fence in back of one of the horse barns, the one opposite the first turn in the track. There was a break in the track's outer rail at that point for the arrival and departure of horses and drivers. I stood there early one afternoon, watching warmups. Two State Street neighbors, grown men, were close by, comparing notes. One of them was John Newby, a horse dealer. He had them freighted in by the carload from the Dakotas, raw and rough-coated; half-broken colts. Farmers snapped them up. If anyone knew anything about horses John Newby certainly did. To me, his words were weighted with significance.

A trotter went by with long, soaring strides. John Newby snorted with disgust, remarking that the strides were too long; they kept the horse too long in the air. In other words, he floated and that was no good. Another trotter drummed past and that was more like it. I hung on every word, feeling like a privileged character.

There was a ball game every afternoon of at least one fair week. The games were played inside the track oval in front of the grandstand. The infield was skinned down to bare ground and then rolled. A section of the crowd sat or sprawled on the grass behind the first base line.

Two colored teams, the Brooklyn Royal Giants and Cuban Stars, played through the week. It seemed to me that every other word the Cuban Stars used was "arriba," meaning "up." Perhaps it was the equivalent of "Heads up!" The Giants had an outfielder named Circus Brown. He was getting along in years. He also coached at first base. The Giant first baseman was High Pockets Hudspeth, tall and lean. Every move a picture. He could hit. Whenever Hudspeth took his turn at bat, Circus Brown, in the coaching box, intoned the first baseman's record of extra base hits.

One afternoon, one of the Cuban Stars was called out on a routine play at first base. In the crowd, a loudmouth, for reasons best known to himself, yelled, "Run, ya black pup!" The runner heard and reacted. He roared, seemingly at the sky: "Go to hell!" The crowd was hushed. The player, having made his turn beyond

first base, advanced on the crowd. "Who said that?" he demanded. Utter silence. Abruptly, the player turned his back on the crowd and trotted back to his bench. The crowd remained silent the rest of that inning.

Loudmouth came to life, offering to bet a dollar on the next race. Someone took him up. Before the heat was half over, Loudmouth's horse was hopelessly out of it. "I'll give ya fifty cents to call the bet off!" he shouted hoarsely.

If the fairground were still there, Ed Blankman could view it from his picture window. It is now a housing development, lying between the two legs formed by Riverside Drive (once called Water Street, more honest and down-to-earth) and State Street.

The main gate was in Water Street, where Fairlane Drive now intersects and then angles eastward and up the hill toward State Street. Once through the main gate, you were in the carnival midway where, naturally, I spent as much time as possible, wishing I had more money. Farther up the hill, in the shadow of the grandstand, was Floral Hall, a strange, tube-shaped building, where garden produce, preserves, sewing



Floral Hall on the Canton Fairgrounds, before it was razed in the 1930's. (Photo courtesy of the Collection of the Town of Canton Historian).



Boys playing baseball at the northwest end of the old fairgrounds. (Photo from Kip glass plate negative, courtesy of Atwood Manley).

and the like were displayed. Women frequented Floral Hall. The cattle, sheep and pigs could be found in long rows of sheds beyond the track. One encountered them as one descended the hill from the back, or State Street, entrance.

One morning, while the fair was warming up for the day ahead, I stopped in my tracks, spellbound, while a hot dog man delivered his spiel. There were no interruptions. What business there was at that hour came to a standstill. The spiel went something like this:

"Roll up, talk up, chalk up; any way to get up. Throw your money up here and get your red hot dogs. A loaf of bread, a pound of meat, and all the mustard you can eat — for only a dime, ten cents, the tenth part of a dollah. The doctors endorse them, the nurses administer them, the children cry for them! They satisfy the appetite and purify the blood."

I could have listened all day.

Between fairs, the weathered gray, wooden buildings simply stood there and existed, empty and cavernous, creaking and groaning in the wind. Kids set traps for skunks under the horse barns. In June, wild strawberries reddened inside the track oval and were there for the picking. One winter, snow fell and then melted during a January thaw. The water flooded the track in front of the grandstand. When the freeze came, the track became a rink. Kids skated on the track and played primitive hockey.

One bitter day that winter, Husky Hunter and I went down to the fairgrounds to skate and horse around with our hockey sticks. The sky was gray, the wind remorseless. We failed to realize how cold it actually was. We went under

the grandstand to put on our skates. As soon as we removed our mittens, our fingers grew so numb we could hardly make the change. Somehow we did. We thought we could skate ourselves warm, but it was hopeless. We gave up and retreated under the grandstand, hoping to start a fire. If we had set the grandstand on fire, I doubt it would have warmed us. Somehow we managed to remove our skates, put on our regular footwear and head for home, facing the wind. We stopped at the first house on State Street we came to and begged to be taken in, just long enough to get warm. We were chastened. The fairground had a new meaning, of special significance to just the two of us.

The high school used the track infield for football. The squad suited up in the school boiler room. The school was a square, yellow brick, two-story building on Court Street at Pearl. After suiting up, the athletes clattered up Court Street and across State and through the gate and down the hill to the field. They practiced and scrimmaged until dark.

Shag Sheard was the first coach. During a game with Franklin Academy of Malone, Shag strode onto the field to argue an official's call. The Canton crowd walked behind him. It was quite a sight. The game never was finished. I was there, a wide-eyed grammar school kid. I had no idea what it was all about. I still don't. Shag had a devoted following.

One year, when I was in high school, I made the squad after a fashion. You could say that I was there on paper. John Oliver had arrived as coach. Lot Wells coached the line and the punters. One night, after a long scrimmage, we all filed

up the hill toward State Street, not saying much. I was hungry and tired and uninspired. Football wasn't really my game, not my cup of tea. Suddenly Steve Cray, an amiable starting lineman, yelled, "I've got a blister on my foot!"

Lot Wells: Why don't you put something on it?

Steve: I did!

Lot: What'd you put on it?

Steve: My sock!

One day, between fairs, I was drafted as a base umpire for a ball game on the track oval. Ed Blankman, who was ahead of me in school, became a runner, at one point, involved in a close play at second base, right in front of me. I had a perfect view. I had always looked up to Ed. Much as I hated to see it that way, he was out and that's how I called it. I wanted him to be safe.

I made the call quaveringly. Ed looked at me, startled and then obviously upset. He never said a word, though. He got up, dusted himself and trotted off the field with never a backward look. I have seen Willie Mays behave like that under similar circumstances. It was a major league performance, typical of Willie, and he reminded me of Ed on the old fairground. As far as I know, Ed has long since forgotten an incident that remains vivid in my mind after all these years.

About the Author

Walter Gunnison is a native son of St. Lawrence County and has retired to Hermon from a career as a professional newspaperman. Now Town of Hermon historian, he has served as a vice president of the Association.

‘ . . . Indipendant
as a King on
his throne.’:
the California
Goldfield letters
of Frank E. Kip
(part one)

Edited by
Varick A. Chittenden

In the 1850's thousands of young men rushed west by whatever means and routes possible to the enticing and exciting fields of gold in California. A Canton man, Frank E. Kip, was among them. Over several years he sent home over 100 letters, with explicit details of his journey and life there. We present edited versions of twenty of them; the conclusion of the two part series will appear in the January, 1979, issue of The Quarterly. The letters are printed with the permission of the Owen D. Young Library, St. Lawrence University.



Woodcut by Charles Christian Nahl, from *The Idle and Industrious Miner*, first published in Sacramento in 1854. (Reprinted with the permission of the Bancroft Library, University of California., Berkeley).

In the winter of 1855 Frank Everington Kip, at the age of 20, left Canton, New York, for California, in search of his fortune in gold. Like tens of thousands of others, several of whom were from Canton and other parts of the North Country, young Kip responded to the spirit of adventure and the vague promise of riches that might deliver him and his family from meager existence into comfort and luxury. Instead, the unimaginable long distance, the miseries of sickness and camp life and bitter disappointments, and the culture shock of exposure to so many kinds of people he probably had never even heard of before were all grist for over one hundred extensive letters back to Canton — to his mother and older sister (who died in 1856), to his father and some friends back here, to the editors of the *St. Lawrence Plaindealer*, and especially to his brother Henry, the itinerant artist and decorator (whom he refers to regularly as Bub or Devalcourt). These letters were found wrapped in a bundle in the bottom of a trunk in the attic of the Kip home in 1960 by Atwood Manley. They tell in a very personal way the life of one northern New Yorker as we could only otherwise have imagined it

in that time, in those places. Here is a selection of twenty of those letters, in chronological order, which tell the basic story of his journey there and the conditions of his life once he was in California. They are edited with some punctuation or spelling changed, only to make them readable.



Canton Jan 4th 55

Dear Brother

Yours came to hand yesterday. We were glad to hear your cold was better. I also rec a letter from Mr. Moody this morning. He says that he will assist us all he can. I shall have to take steerage passage. It will be \$100 cheaper than Cabin and I don't believe I can earn \$100 cheaper. A through ticket from N.Y. to San Francisco will cost \$150. The Boats leave N.Y. the 12th & 27th of every month. I shall try and have the Boys wait till the 12th of Feb. but if they will not I shall want to arrange matters so as to start the 27th. If you can borrow some more money out your way I wish you

would. The fare is up so that I should hate to start with less than 300. Send on what you can as soon as possible for I want to be on hand on time.

It is getting fashionable to write with pensils. The folks are all well.

I cannot think of any more to write at present. Write as soon as you can.

Your bro
Frank E



New York Feb 18th

Dear Brother

You wanted me to keep a Journal of my adventures. I will try and do so. Nothing of importance transpired after we left Watertown, until we arrived here. We came down the North river in the night, therefore could not see any of the senery. It was 12 oclock when we arrived — went directly to the National Hotel on Courtland St. where we have been stopping ever since. The accomodations are verry good price, 2.00 per day. But we get boarded for 1.50. The Proprietor's appear to be verry nice folks.

Friday morning we went down on west St. and procured our tickets — came verry near geting tookin — met a man who asked if we were going to Cal — told him yes — he said he was a runner for the Company and would show us the office. Insted of taking us to the right one 177 West St., he took us to 104. By good luck I happened to notice the number when I went in. They told us that the fare had risen from 150 to 165. We talked with them a spel — got a pass to go and see the Vessel, then went up to 177 and purchased tickets, told the agent what had been going on. He said he would see to it. Whether he has or not I dont know. We are to Sale on the Steam Ship Illinois — 2500 tons — conecting with the John G Stephens on the Pacific side. We anticipate a plesant trip. Steerage births are not such terable things as we imagined. Saturday all hands went over to Brooklin — to the Navy yard and then to Greenwood in the afternoon. I called to see Mr. Ellis. He was not at the office. I will call again if I have time. Saturday night went to hear Christie's Minstrels. Come across James Hawley sunday — atended Mr Chapins Church, Morning and evening. Saw Frank Clark to day. He said he would be here (at the National) at two oclock. It is nearly that now, so I must close. I would like to write a good long letter but time will not permit. I will again when I get to the Isthmus if I have time, at any rate when I get to San Franc. You must excuse this short letter, the Boys are all in good spirits. Write to our folks as soon as you get this. Give my love to all of uncles folks and the rest of them.

Your Brother
Capt Kipp

P.S. We sale tomorrow at 2 oclock, the Illinois is a verry good Boat — the best Sea Boat on this line.

Frank



Appling P.O. Feb 20th — 11

Dear Parents

I have just rec this letter from Frank and knowing your anxiety to hear from him I will mail it without delay. It seems he sailed today at 2 P.M. I presume he will have a good time. We have had so much stormy weather of late I think it is likely to be plesant for a time. I suppose it will take 8 days or a little more to reach the Isthmus. I hope he will be able to send back a letter from there.

Uncle Augustus' family are well. They intend making Uncle Samuel a visit, intend to start next Wednesday. Uncle Willard Adams has moved to Wisconsin. My school goes on very well — have had two spelling schools — one last night — went off well, the scholars seem to take considerable interest in spelling, — and

also in their other studies.

I have no more news of importance to write.

Your affectionate Son, De Valcourt



Steam Ship Illinois Feb 20th 55

The Steam Ship Illinois clear'd her dock foot of Warren Street at 2 oclock this afternoon. She has on board about 450 Pasengers. While they were colecting the tickets 4 were found without them, they were put in the Lockup till we met the Pilot Boat off Sandy hook and then they were put aboard and sent back — they made some resistance but it was no use. At 5 oclock the Bell to Mess rang along the Deck and Mess it was in good earnest. A Pint Cup full of tea — a tin Plate full of nothing — Sea bisquits in abundance — horse-Beef and a little more tea composed the meal. At about 9 oC we retired — the berths are about 18 inches between joints — Double Berths are 2 feet wide — better than I expected. Feb 21 no Land to be seen several sailes in sight — saw a school of Porpois this afternoon not near enough to desern them verry distinctly. A strong wind from the north. Some of the boys are sea sick Conkey — Bonney — and Pillet are the worst — none so but they can get arround. Some what cold yet, sun goes down clear prospects of a fine day tomorrow. 22 Clear and some warmer — wind in the South west. Sea quite smooth no craft in sight. Some of the passengers say they saw a whale — half a mile off — I thought I saw one spout several times. The Boys feel first rate today. The weather verry fine. At noon we were 486 miles from N.Y. Had mush for dinner today — I have not been sick yet and ate harty when I could get any Christian Kind of fead. I am glad I never was blessed with an apatite for meat. I think we will lay over one day at Kingston for Coal. We will be in there about Monday.

23 Clear and warm — Alhands feal well. Sea Smooth. Saw a large number of flying fish — they are small and do not rise more than 1 foot above the surface. Saw a few Sea guls this morning. Distance from New York at noon 698 miles last 24 hours 212 miles — not verry fast traveling. This evening the moon will be really over head. I have had to write this sitting on a valise with another in my lap for a table.

24th nothing of importance in the fore noon. Distance from New York 940 miles. 4 oclock Land in sight about 3 points on the starbord bow — I think it is Turks Island. Weather about as you will have it next July. All well today except Pat — the Irishman. He has taken 6 Pills enough to make any man sick. Think some of sleeping on deck tonight.

25th Sunday — Every thing goes on about as usual. Beef steak for breakfast for the first time since we started. Not so many plaing cards — and a few reading Bibles. The East end of Cuba is in sight on the starboard bow. Sun shines bright and verry warm. I should like to know how deep the snow is in Old Canton. Monday morning Jamaica in sight. Pilot came aboard at 10 oclock at 12 reached the Harbor of Kingston. The Harbor is verry well guarded the Batery presents quite a formidable appearance. Several officers came aboard from the Batery and a man of war that was lying there. Everything being right we were permitted to proceed a mile and a half further up the Bay to our Dock. By the time that the sermonies were over and we got ashore it was 2 oclock. Kingston is a City of about 20,000 inhabittance — including natives — for-igners, Vagabonds — free Nigers and women. I could give you a discreption of the place but it is such tedious writing that I must close. As there is no regular Post Office aboard and I have no letter stamps I cannot pay the postage. Staid in Jamaica till Tuesday 10 oclock. We are now near the Isthmus this will reach you by the time I get to San Francisco if it returns direct. The Boys are all verry well. Its hot as the Old boy. No I have not seen a Shark yet. Tell Ma I will be a good boy — and Sis that I wish I had some of her Wheat and Ingin bread. I will write again when I get to San Francisco. This for the whole of you.

Frank
P.S. Give my respects to all the Boys. I wish I could write more but this must do for the present.

Yours
Frank E Kipp



Downieville
May 3 55

Sierra Co
Dear Bro

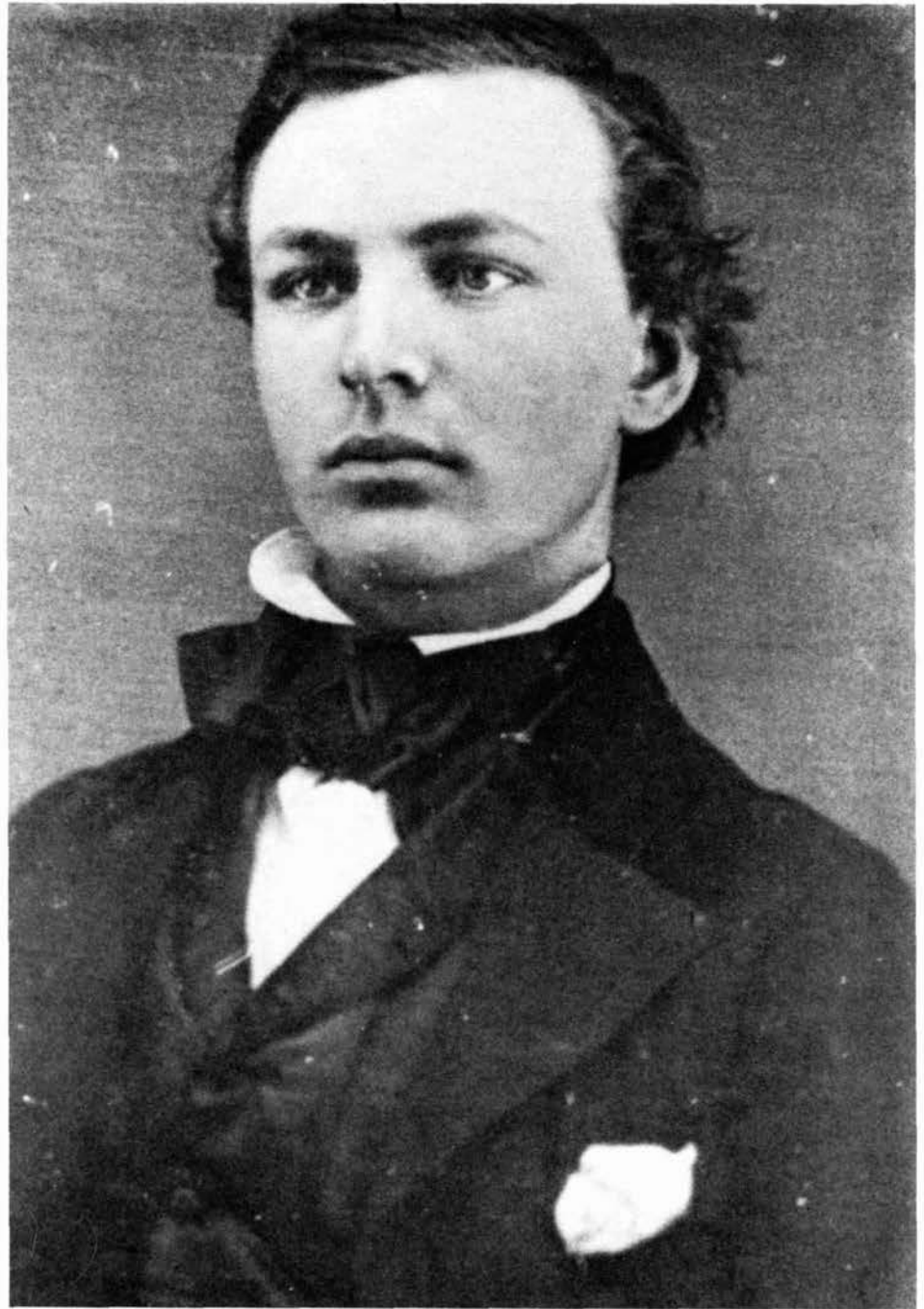
I have at last got to a stopping place where I think I shall remain long enough to get a letter from home. And you must write as soon as you get this and every mail after. I would give all the pancakes I baked for supper tonight if I knew what was going on in Canton just now. Tell Sis that I have got so that I can Bake Bread — pancakes — donuts — Beans all sorts of fine things with nothing but a log fireplace & Dutch oven — wash my own Clothes & Eat *Pork*. The log cabin that we live in is 10 x 12. The light comes in at the chimney and door. Our Bunks are stuffed with California fethers (alias hemlock bows) and after a hard days work I can . . . into my blanket and sleep as sound as if I were in ther old sitting room on the crick bed by the parlorstove. I am with Elyah Clark up the north fork of the

Uba river 12 miles from Downieville. We are mining together. Elyah has got to be a *man* to what he was in Canton. Sheldon Cabins next to us. Parker & Richardson have gone to Yreka. The last that was heard from them they were preparing to go up on Maclouds river near the head of the Sacramento. Sardus Clark was here today. He is the one that wanted you to paint his fathers portrait once. He stopped near Downieville, has interests in 2 tuneling camps. He & Elyah have gone up on the East fork today to see about securing some claims.

We are right among the mountains, and tall ones to. It is a good half days work to clime to the top. They are rough and covered with pine & hemlock trees. O how I wish you could be here Bub and paint some of the cenary.

A miner's life is one of the hapiest in the world. There is something so exciting about it that one does not feel the labor. And at night when we pass out & weighs his dust, Bakes & eats cakes, lights his pipe and sits down by the old smooky fireplace, if he has done well through the day he feels as indipendant as a King on his throne.

The Miners make the Laws and they are so strict in caring them out that they are seldom violated. If a miner is caught stealing he is eather tard & featherd or hung. I would sooner have a hundred dollars in our Cabin with the door open than Sis would a mincepie where some boys could get at it. Stealing is considered the worst of all crimes here. Folks at home & the papers condemn Linch Law, but when every thing is considered, the exposed way one has to leave everything & c it is the old remedy. There are no locks to put on The Cabin doors, no iron safes to pack away the dust in, nothing but The Buckskin purse and the wooden latch. The natives of this part of California are the digger Indians or Rootdiggers. They are probably the lowest race in the world. They move about from place to place stopping where night overtakes them. They hunt squirils and beg when they can not get enough this way. In the rainy season they live on Roots. In the Summer they live on grasshoppers. They will surround a place where they are thick, set fire to the grass (in a circle). The grasshoppers will concentrat in the middle of the ring and when the fire sweaps over them the diggers make a rush. If the grass is light it will only burn off the wings. They will pick up and eat them as fast as a hungry chicken will corn. When a digger dies the tribe assembles, have a dance and burns the body. They carry no weapons but the bow & arrow. They are afraid of a gun. Point a pistole at one and he will vamos in the twinkle of an eye. I will get a bow & some arrows when I come home. There is an other race south called the canaccis (sic). They are a little ahed of the diggers — take a great fancy to gay colored

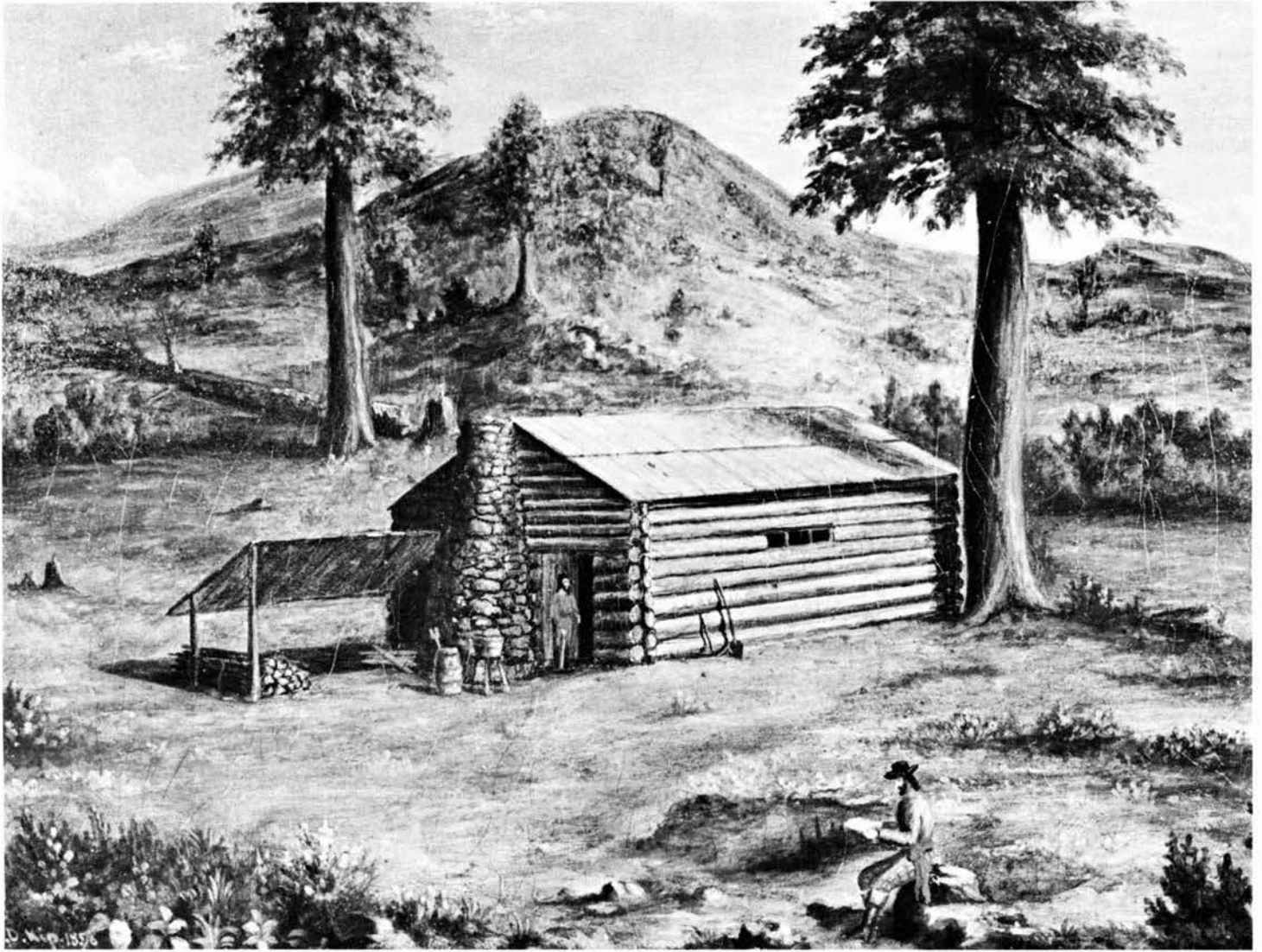


Photograph of Frank Everington Kip taken before his departure for California.
(Photo from the Collection of the Canton Free Library, courtesy of the author).

cloths and will give a Poppoos (papoose) for a red or blue shirt. Neither of these tribes have horses or cattle or perminent stopping places.

Chinamen are thicker here than white folks. These are indead a curious specimen of the *genus homo*. They were their hair shaven close to the head with the exception of one long lock which is neatly braided and hangs down behind, sometimes reaching the ground. Their complexion is dark and in size generally not as large as the whites. They are up to all kinds of Business from mining down to selling firecrackers. Their dress generally consists of loos pants made of Blue cloth

and a frock of the same looking very much like a Bloomers. In fact the first one I saw I thought was Mrs. W____n. (his deletion). Their principle food is Rice. They boil it with Salt and eat it with Chop sticks. These sticks they use with great dexterity and will eat two qts of Boiled rice in 5 minutes. When a Chinaman dies they dance round his grave and fire firecrackers. They carry a great deal of money out of the Country and bring none in. They have to pay 50 Dolls now before they can land. Many not having the money are bought, the buyers making them work 6 months on a year for their troubles.



A small oil painting done in 1856 and signed by Henry Devalcourt Kip in Canton following a sketch of Frank's miner's cabin scribbled on the back of a letter dated December 1, 1855. In that letter Frank added: "On the outside I have given you a rough sketch of our Cabin. You must imagin the mountains in the background to be covered with shrubry & trees and the river just out of sight and you will have it verry near." Oil on canvas, 9-1/8" x 12-1/8". (Courtesy of Atwood Manley and the Griffiths Art Gallery, St. Lawrence University).

It snowd a little here last night. This morning we saw the track of grisley. He came very near our cabin. They are verry thick in these parts. They donot show themselves much in the daytime. There is another specimen of bears here caled the cinamon bear. They differ from the grisley in the shape of their head, it being shaped more like a Bull dog's. But enough of this.

I am at present doing verry well — and have ground enough to keep me digging for 6 months. The only trouble will be for water. Our diggings are paying 5 & 6 Dolls per day to The hand. But Butter is 75 cts a pound, flour \$15 a hundred — and good Boots \$8 a pair. We have had to go to considerable expense this spring and as yet I have got verry little ahead. However I will try and send you \$50.00 this mail. I can't tell how I shall send it till I go to town. Perhaps I will have to

send to San Francisco for draft. If I do you may not get it as soon as you do This. Providing This you direct let me know as soon as you see the drafts and if you don't receive them be sure and let me know. It is now pased midnight and I must close. If I do not have time to write any more before I mail this — you must give my respects to all. Love to the family. Tell Pa not to work to hard and I remain your affectionate brother.

Frank E

Sat morning

I am going to town to-day. I am sorry that I have not time to finish this Book. Tell some of the Boys to write and send me some Papers, an ambassador (?) & Some Ogdensburgh (papers). Sheldon gets the Canton papers. Direct your letters to

Downieville
Sierra Co

Cal
Frank E. Kipp
Ho — dunk flat

PS There is a man here from Chatoeque Co. He was raised onley a mile & a half from Uncle Benjamin's folks.



Comments

The tale of one miner sent back to his family and friends in the East—through hard winters, bad diet, only occasional work, and colorful descriptions of cities and people before unknown will continue in the next issue. I acknowledge with great appreciation the aid of Atwood Manley and of the library staff in the rare book room at St. Lawrence University in the preparation of this article. —VAC

to be concluded Jan. '79

The Building of a New University: St. Lawrence Since 1945

by J. Robert Williams

The world, it seemed, would never be the same after Hitler, victory gardens, and Hiroshima. A well-established college with simple ideals and loyal alumni and friends was going to have to face the implied changes if it was to survive—fiscally and philosophically. The author reviews the changes and changes—in people and buildings, in scope and direction—that the university has undergone from that day till now.

Nineteen forty-five was a good year for change. There were turning points galore, new beginnings, rubble from a great war's wreck and ruin to sweep away, plans to make, a new world, whether brave or otherwise, to shape. St. Lawrence University, like colleges elsewhere, made ready for what was to be, in fact and of necessity, its renaissance.

A year earlier, on June 22, 1944, eight men and twenty-eight women received bachelor of science or bachelor of arts degrees at the University's eighty-fifth commencement. Owen D. Young of the Class of 1894 returned for his fiftieth reunion, and in the principal address of the day spoke of momentous tasks which lay ahead, "to provide controls for the vast mechanism of titanic things which (his) generation has made."

"There are only two controls known to man," Mr. Young said. "One is moral responsibility, and the other is physical force."

Mr. Young's audience on that 1944 graduation day did not fill Gunnison Memorial Chapel. Relatively few listeners heard St. Lawrence's distinguished alumnus spell out, with simple directness, an immense assignment. Universities and colleges, more than most other institutions, would be called upon to identify problems of enormous difficulty and to help find solutions. Few realized, a year before Hiroshima, how vast this "mechanism of titanic things" was to become.

In that same month, June 1944, St. Lawrence's President, Millard H. Jencks, was granted a leave of absence because of failing health. He had not been present at the commencement exercises. Dean Harold E.B. Speight became Acting President, and on February 14, 1945, President Jencks died, after a lingering, malignant illness. He had succeeded Laurens Hickock Seelye as President in 1940, having been Chairman of the University's Board of Trustees since 1934.

St. Lawrence survived the war years with the support of the United States Navy, which sent some 350 young men in naval uniform to the campus for training in a program known as V-12, a program revered by business officers at colleges in

inland towns, far from the sea. V-12, and similar projects financed by the government, paid the bills and gave balance and unique flavor to what otherwise might have become women's colleges, or no colleges at all.

The University approached mid-1945 with, to borrow some well-worn words, a clean slate. The search for a successor to President Jencks was on, civilian enrollment in the March term was only thirty-seven men and two hundred and sixty one women, and there were about one hundred and forty V-12 sailors, awaiting reassignment. Seven civilian men and twenty-one women received baccalaureate degrees at the June commencement, and the V-12 unit departed altogether in October.

The trustees anticipated a probable 1945-1946 budget deficit of \$76,000, enough to pay a year's salary to twenty-one full professors at 1945 scale. They faced also the continued absence of many faculty members, not yet disengaged from military or naval service, and the unhappy possibility of a shortage of students, especially men. No one knew for sure whether teachers or students would come back to college after having gone to war. Most did return, largely because of the direct financial support which came from that rare marvel of governmental good sense, Public Law 316, known as the G.I. Bill.

It can be seen in retrospect that Owen D. Young's wise counsel and perceptive monition at the 1944 graduation exercises was, although perhaps not then recognized as such, a valedictory to an old and much beloved St. Lawrence, and a salutatory to the builders of a new University.

Eugene Garrett Bewkes was inaugurated on commencement day, June 23, 1945, as twelfth President of the College of Letters and Science and seventh President of St. Lawrence University. Before 1899, there had been separate Presidents for the College and for the Theological School. President Bewkes began his active term on August 1, 1945. In his inaugural address, the new President said, "The present reappraisal of college education — that is a challenge to

our intelligence and effort to find ways to meet present needs. The spirit in which we carry out this common effort — that is a challenge to our good will. The essential blending of the two will provide an environment, the vitality of which will communicate itself to the entire campus and student body. College spirit at its best will thrive."

There was a long way to go. Innovation and dramatic change in the patterns of higher education lay ahead. There would be, in that unpredictable future, tests of spirit not yet imagined, trials of energy, imagination, and vitality. Good will, in measure upon measure, was going to be called for. And so, in mid-1945, St. Lawrence University set upon its post-war course, with good heart, firm leadership, and high hopes.

"The outlook," President Bewkes told the trustees, "leaves no room for pessimism."

The 1945 Alumni Fund campaign produced nine thousand and four dollars and twenty cents.

Events moved apace, to call upon another cliché. Familiar teachers, home from war service, rejoined their colleagues. Ed Blankman rode his bicycle all over Canton, looking for housing, took an East Main Street bungalow for a year and then moved into 67 State Street, home for the Blankmans until now.

Herb Bloch, Ron Burkman, Roy Clogston, Jim Coronios, Rutherford "Doc" Delmage, Paul Jamieson, Ken Munson rejoined the faculty family, bringing home memories and tales of faraway places, already become historic. Harry Reiff returned after having applied his knowledge and skill as a political scientist to the formation of the United Nations and the drafting of its charter, at conferences in San Francisco and London. Newcomers appeared, to remain through decades of distinguished service: Doug Angus, Bob Bloomer, Dick Gilbert, Bill Mallam, Myles Rodehaver, Alfred Romer.

Dr. Joseph J. Romoda joined the faculty as Professor of Education. Later, as Dean of the College, then Vice President and Dean and leader of a multitude of successful educational and community ventures, Joe Romoda con-

tributed forceful, judicious leadership to St. Lawrence University.

With the growth of the faculty and staff came, concurrently, the return of the students, in numbers so plentiful that in his October 1948 report to the trustees, President Bewkes acknowledged, with a touch of rueful apology, that although fall enrollment was more than fourteen hundred, the University hadn't really expected so many so soon, and didn't quite know what to do with them. In the fall of 1946, there were more than five hundred and sixty veterans, including more than one hundred and twenty St. Lawrence students who had attended the University before the war. In the fall of 1947, there were more than six hundred and twenty veterans, and in the fall of 1948 there came a peak veteran population of about six hundred and eighty. The tapering-off which followed was gradual, and veterans continued to provide a significant number of students for several years.

The fourteen hundred who came in 1948 were somehow accommodated, as were others who followed in succeeding semesters. To house married students and their families, since many veterans came to college accompanied by wives and children, a rambling community of one-story frame apartments, quickly dubbed Vetsville, arose on a site south of Weeks Athletic Field, and there dwelt not only students but also a few junior faculty members, in an area called Faculty Court. A new wing for Dean-Eaton Hall provided housing for more women students, and conversion of the third floor of the Men's Residence (later named Sykes Hall) expanded the college's accommodations for men. The burgeoning enrollment represented, on the one hand, a backlog of Laurentians waiting to enter or reenter the University; it represented also St. Lawrence's response to Governor Thomas E. Dewey's request that pre-war college and university enrollment in New York State be doubled.

More students required more buildings, and there wasn't much construction in the mid-1940's. An old army gymnasium at Camp Shanks, transferred to Maple Street, Canton, in pieces, was put together again and named Laurentian Hall. It became a principal auditorium for St. Lawrence's traditionally excellent drama productions and a lively social center for student activities, including Saturday night dance parties. The State of New York paid for a temporary classroom building just south of Dean Eaton, appropriately named South Hall and "temporary" for the next twenty years. South Hall was too crowded, too hot or too cold, too stuffy or too drafty, too noisy — but thoroughly useful for two decades. It was "use it up, wear it out; make it do or do without," at St. Lawrence in those days.

In 1946, the University trustees es-



Edward Blankman as a young faculty member in 1948. (Photo courtesy of the Public Relations Department, St. Lawrence University).

tablished a two-year collegiate center, offering college level courses for credit, at Watertown, with Joseph J. Romoda as director. This valuable adjunct helped scores of North Country young people to pursue their academic careers until the Center's dissolution in 1955.

In 1945, only two varsity athletic teams, baseball, coached by Canton's best-known umpire, Sam Hecht, and basketball, coached by Merle Livermore of the Ogdensburg public school system, represented the University in limited schedules of intercollegiate competition. Team members were drawn from the resident V-12 unit. Five years later, on a Monday morning in 1950, an impromptu brass band played loudly, if not well, in President Bewkes's office, and elsewhere on the campus, to celebrate the football team's achievement, a whole season, eight games, without a loss or a tie. It was the first, and until now the only, "perfect" season.

Even as the band played and students celebrated, there rose on the southwest

corner of the campus the first major physical evidence of the new St. Lawrence. It was the Charles W. Appleton Arena, ostensibly a skating rink, but much more than that. It was to be an hospitable center for community activity, from Boy Scout rallies to cattle shows, from banquets to musical concerts. It was and is a gathering place for the college and the wider community. And some of Appleton Arena's hockey games and players of the early years seem all but legendary.

The University Board of Trustees met in Dean-Eaton Lounge on October 23, 1948, authorized expenditure of six thousand five hundred dollars to finance publication of a new University song book, heard a report that the Alumni Fund for the year had reached twenty-four thousand dollars, and authorized salary increases of two hundred dollars to each of several full professors, thus raising their annual salaries to five thousand two hundred dollars. The Board also heard a confidential report from

representatives of a professional fund-raising organization, whose completed survey showed strong support for and approval of St. Lawrence University as an institution and strong support also for such capital gifts campaigns as might be forthcoming.

The report outlined the principal material needs of the University and their estimated cost: an arena and skating rink (Appleton Arena, for which the initial campaign would raise some \$400,000); a library, object of a million dollar-plus campaign in the centennial year, 1956; a classroom building, a student activities center, an administration building, and substantial additions to scholarship and general endowment funds. It was recommended that there be a ten-year development program, to be launched by a major University convocation.

Committees were appointed, held meetings, and decided to open the arena campaign and the ten-year program with a gala autumn Homecoming Convocation. A spirit of enthusiastic good will approaching euphoria permeated the whole affair, from first planning to final realization; it turned out to be a grand October Weekend. The University, at a convocation in Gunnison Memorial Chapel, began a custom which has since then become traditional, the award of citations to distinguished alumni and to out-

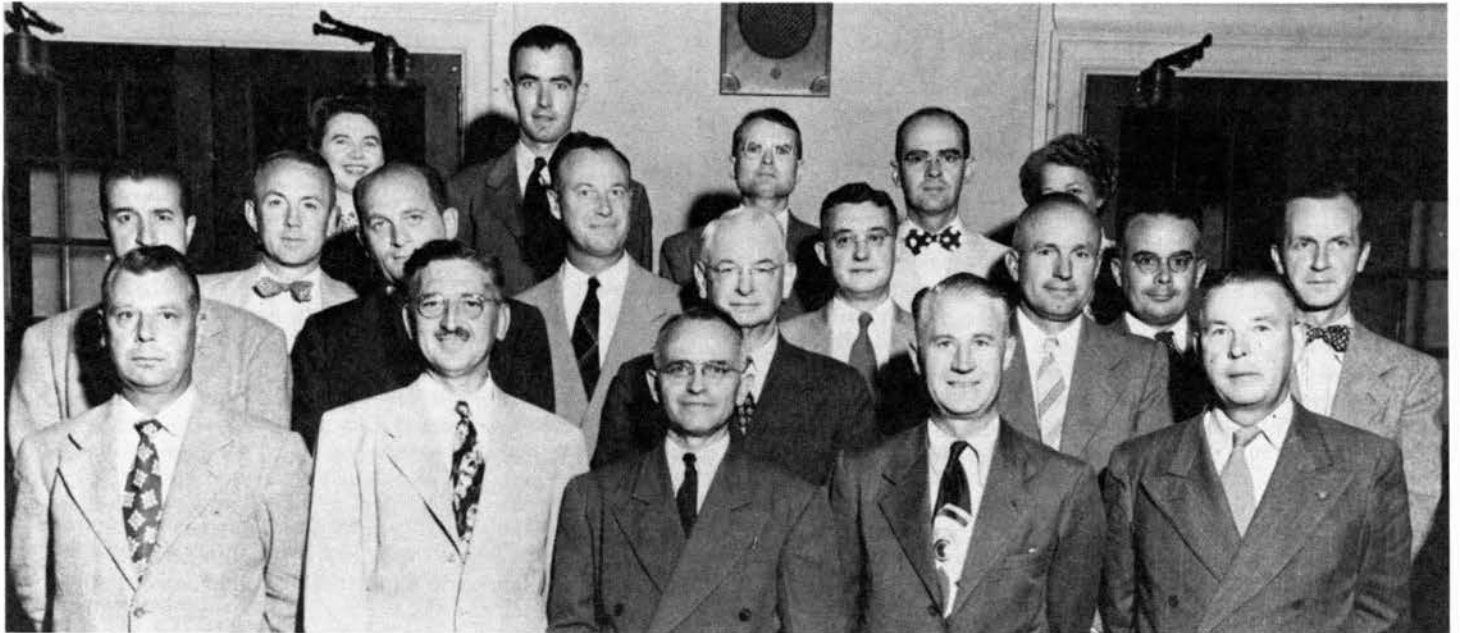
standing non-alumni citizens of the North Country. Sixty-four citations, thirty-two in each category, were presented in that first convocation. On Homecoming Saturday, the football team beat Hobart, and began an unprecedented eighteen-game winning streak. Newspapers published special supplements describing the history and achievements of St. Lawrence University. A published picture showed members of the trustee steering committee: President Bewkes and trustees Edward J. Noble, then Chairman of the Board; Homer A. Vilas, national chairman for the new campaign and future Chairman of the Board; Owen D. Young, trustee emeritus and former Board Chairman; Oliver D. Appleton, Harold S. Sutton, Raymond M. Gunnison, Carlyle H. Black. There was a Dinner of Champions, to celebrate St. Lawrence athletic achievements.

In 1949, Edward J. Blankman was appointed University Marshal, as successor to Richard Collins Ellsworth. For the next two decades, until his retirement as marshal in 1971, Ed Blankman was involved in the production of a series of ceremonies of a number and variety unprecedented in St. Lawrence's history. There were annual commencement exercises, of course, sometimes on Weeks Field but more often in Appleton Arena. There were convocations, for bestowing

honorary degrees or citations. Sometimes the marshal's services were called for at special events, ground-breaking, cornerstone-laying, dedication of rooms, gateways, avenues, buildings, windows, statues, playing fields, the unveiling of plaques and portraits, the celebration of retirements or anniversaries, or inaugurations. These ceremonial occasions illuminated the steady growth of a strong academic institution. Ed Blankman had learned the skills required of a producer and director of academic ceremonies from an expert tutor, Richard Ellsworth, and he saw to it that things went smoothly.

The campaign for an athletic arena was successful, more than \$410,000 was raised, and the Arena opened for use in January, 1951. The 1950's also saw completion of Hulett and Jencks residence halls, Atwood Hall, replacing Fisher Hall, the original Theological School, which had burned on December 11, 1951 in a dramatic midnight fire, Whitman Residence Hall, and the Owen D. Young Library, whose planning and construction marked the University's Centennial observance.

In the 1950's also, a unit of the Reserve Officers Training Corps was established on the campus, special faculty committees were at work to revise and strengthen the curriculum, and the faculty itself grew stronger with a sharp increase in



Edward J. Blankman, third from the left, fourth row, joined other Laurentians and friends of the university to plan a gala Homecoming Weekend celebration in October, 1949. The event launched the University's campaign to raise funds which made possible the construction of Appleton Arena and, concurrently, marked the public beginning of St. Lawrence University's long-range development program. In the front row, left to right, are Kenneth Youngman, Ogdensburg, chairman for the Dinner of Champions; President Eugene G. Bewkes of St. Lawrence; G. Atwood Manley, general Homecoming chairman; Theodore J. Siekmann, vice chairman and St. Lawrence alumni secretary; F. Hugh Burns, Ogdensburg, chairman of the North Country Citations committee. Second row: Ross Levato, barbecue chairman; Dr. Joseph J. Romoda, Dean of the College; L. Grover Hatch, Russell, a University trustee; Ronald T. Burkman, Director of Athletics; Dr. George K. Brown, Dean of Men. Third row: Foster S. Brown, then of Suffern, New York, and future St. Lawrence President, chairman of the alumni citations committee; Wendell O. Covell, Potsdam; J. Richard Gilbert of the St. Lawrence music department; Andrew K. Peters, University librarian. Fourth row: Miss Frances L. Cotter, University secretary; J. Robert Williams, director of publicity and author of this article; Blankman, president of Phi Beta Kappa; Edward K. Cratsley, comptroller, and Miss Ruth Richardson, Canton. (Photo by Ray Jubinville, courtesy of the author).

the number of teachers who had earned the Ph.D. degree. Contacts with the University's constituents — alumni, parents, and the wider public — were strengthened through improvement of publications, publicity, and public relations.

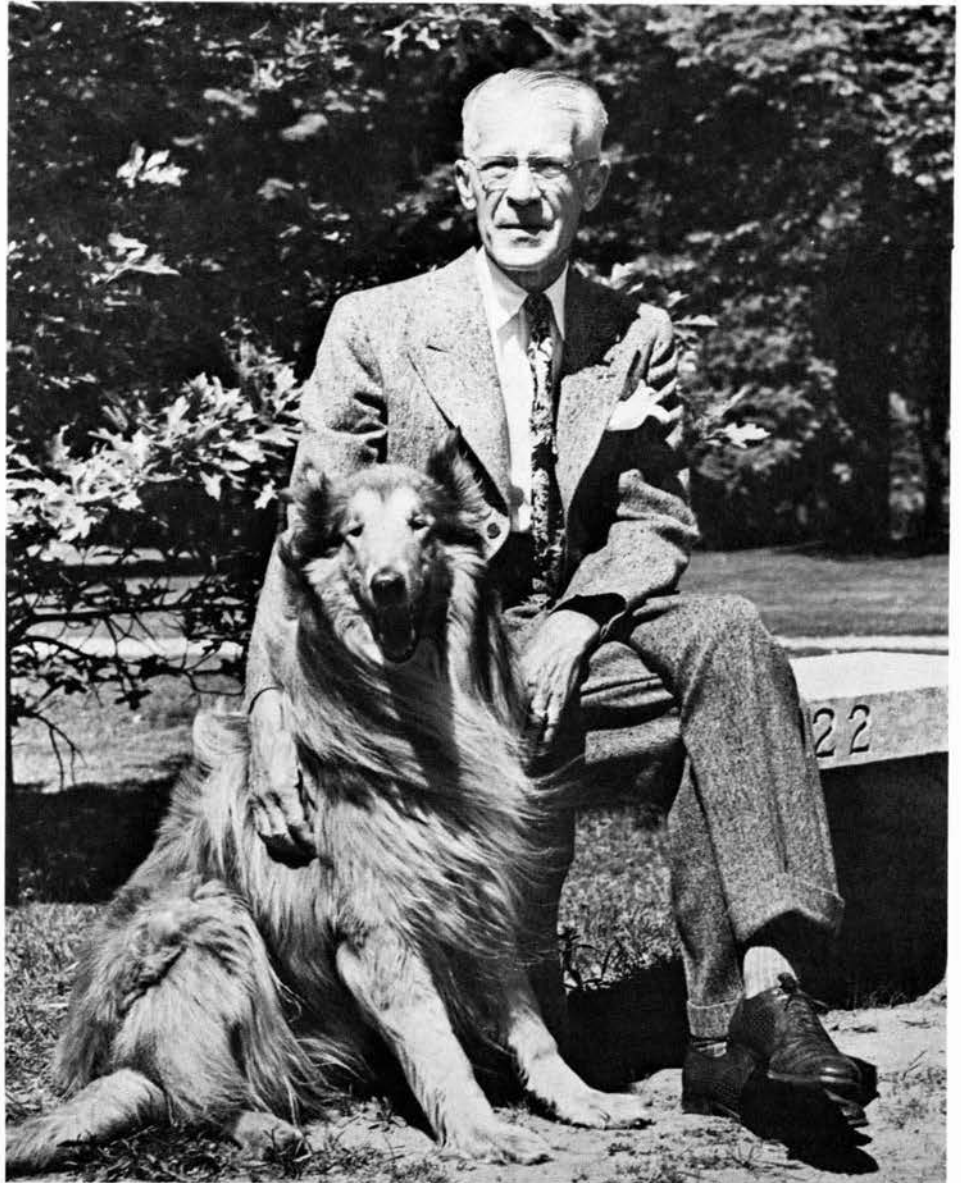
The Ford Foundation, the giant of giants among philanthropic organizations, began to give substantial financial support to colleges and universities; St. Lawrence was among the first to be chosen to receive major grants. Support came from other sources, while at the same time the University's appeal to new students with increasingly strong academic backgrounds continued to attract an excellent student population.

There was even more impressive growth in the 1960's. New buildings included the Edward John Noble University Center, complete renovation of the original college building, Richardson Hall; completion of two modern residence halls, Lee and Rebert; Homer A. Vilas Hall, the long-awaited administration building; Griffiths Arts Center, Eugene G. Bewkes Science Building; the Elsa Gunnison Appleton Riding Hall, Romoda Drive and Gateway, and of primary importance, the acquisition of the State University College (Canton A.T.C.) campus with all its buildings (Cook Hall, Payson Hall, Valentine Hall, Brown Hall, Madill Hall, Winning Health Center and the bookstore), when the State University College moved to its new campus west of the Grasse River.

Also in the 1960's, the University began its Programs Abroad, semester or full-year programs under St. Lawrence faculty direction and offering full credit toward graduation, which significantly extended the student's opportunity to study in depth the language, history, and culture of other nations and societies. Initial programs were established in France, Spain, and Austria; others in Kenya, London, Montreal, and Washington have been added, and other locations for similar opportunities are under study.

A blue-ribbon faculty committee brought forth a report in 1967 which recommended fundamental revisions in the curriculum and academic calendar. Further study ensued, and in 1969 a final report produced recommendations, acceptable to the President and trustees, calling for the academic program known as 4-1-4. Students who had taken five courses in each of two semesters would now take four courses in the fall term and four in the spring, and would concentrate on a single course or project of special interest during January. The present 4-1-4 calendar went into effect in September, 1970.

Dr. Foster Sargent Brown succeeded Eugene Bewkes in 1963. His presidency, which continued until 1969, saw completion of many major building projects, including acquisition of the Canton A.T.C.



Psychology Professor Charles M. Rebert and "Sandy": "You are eager . . . to leave your fingerprints on the universe." (Photo by Ray Jubinville, courtesy of the author).

campus. Curriculum studies and recommendations provided the groundwork for major curriculum revisions. A new pattern of internal governance emerged, which, beginning in President Brown's administration and continuing during the presidency of his successor, Dr. Frank P. Piskor, produced a comprehensive Plan for Faculty Organization, including an elected Faculty Council to which are delegated certain academic responsibilities, and including also a committee structure which gives representation in many policy-making areas to faculty, administration and, most significantly, to students. Elected faculty and student delegates attend meetings of the Board of Trustees and take part, upon invitation, in trustee committee deliberations.

Both President Brown and President Piskor served during the turmoil and confusion which beset the academic world during the late 1960's and early 1970's.

St. Lawrence, although never unaware of events in those uneasy times, faced potential crises with minimum disruption. The "challenge to our good will," which President Bewkes had foreseen as essential in 1945 was well met.

President Piskor assumed office in September, 1969, and has been diligent in efforts to improve and strengthen the teaching faculty and the curriculum. Both faculty and administrative staff are encouraged to pursue scholarly activity; a recent Faculty Bulletin lists more than fifty instances of creative productivity — articles published, papers presented, art exhibits, musical performances, public addresses, professional meetings attended, and the like. Opportunities for students to enrich their educational experience by off-campus and independent study have expanded, and there has been imaginative experimentation in teaching and learning methods in a

number of departments. Teachers and students are able, as never before, literally to broaden their horizons by direct contact with the world's cultures and societies.

Always, the University's physical growth and improvement, so auspiciously begun in the 1940's, continues. Achievements of the 1970's include Flint Hall, for the Psychology Department, the Augsbury Physical Education with the attached Leithead Field House, East Hall, a residence for women, complete renovation of Hepburn Hall, which was first dedicated as a classroom building by Mme. Marie Curie in 1929. Park Street Hall, once the home of St. Lawrence Presidents and for many years the principal administration building of the University, was razed in August of this year, 1978. Beside where it stood there rises a splendid addition to the Owen D. Young Library, representing an impressive milestone in St. Lawrence's long-range development program.

There have been countless other improvements, additions, adjustments — all too numerous to mention, as the saying goes — along the way (wilderness properties at Saranac Lake and elsewhere, for example, have added an important dimension to the life of the college). The University of 1978 is not unlike the University conceived in the

minds of loyal, dedicated Laurentians in that crucial, pivotal year, 1944-1945.

Clues to the lasting value of contributions by St. Lawrence teachers and administrative staff members and to the high regard in which they have been held by their colleagues is made evident by the roster of faculty and staff names bestowed, with grateful appreciation, upon campus buildings, academic classrooms or laboratories, or other areas: Bewkes, Foster Brown, Delmage, Gilbert, Buys, Burkman, Cotter, Whalen, Rebert, Bates, Bloomer, Chilson, Littlejohn, Ellsworth, Winning — all these have been active faculty or staff members since 1945. Laurentians from an earlier era, together with past and present trustees, alumni, and friends have been honored in similar ways.

Strong leadership has come from the Presidents, Bewkes, Brown, and Piskor, and from the trustee Chairmen, Edward J. Noble, Homer A. Vilas, Arthur S. Torrey. Mr. Torrey retires this year, and is succeeded by Alfred C. Viebranz of the St. Lawrence Class of 1942.

The accelerated academic program of the mid-1940's called for graduation days in months other than June — sometimes four different commencements, February, June, August, October — in one year. At one of these, in October, 1944, Professor Charles M. Rebert, Absalom

Graves Gaines Professor of Psychology since 1914, told the twenty-one degree candidates who gathered in Gunnison Chapel, "the years that you have spent at St. Lawrence have seen the world almost shattered into bits, but the bits remain, to be remodeled as your hearts desire — remodeled into a new democracy of common intelligence, common purpose, and individualist work. You are eager to live and to do — to leave your fingerprints on the universe." No teacher ever understood St. Lawrence better than did Rebie, the most Laurentian of all Laurentians in the faculty, although his own alma mater was Princeton.

And so the goal was set, and pursued to this day with vitality, intelligence, and good will, "college spirit at its best."

And all this with balanced budgets, for more than thirty consecutive years.

About the Author

J. Robert Williams is a native of Prospect, New York, and still very fond of the Welsh traditions of his own family and of that area of Oneida County. In the post-war years of the beginning of this article, he was the director of publicity for St. Lawrence; he has returned to St. Lawrence in recent years and now serves as registrar.

Redwood Glass: the Story of a Jefferson County Factory and its Products

by John A. Baule

Tiny Redwood, New York, near Alexandria Bay, was once the location of a glassworks which produced considerable quantities of window glass through the middle nineteenth century. Today, however, the Redwood Glassworks is best remembered by avid collectors for the fancy and rare decorative pieces—bowls, paperweights, canes, etc.—made by workmen in their spare time.

Redwood, New York, is today a quiet community located seven miles south of Alexandria Bay in Jefferson County. During the nineteenth century, however, the village was an important local industrial center. Mud Lake (formerly Edmonds Lake) lies east of Redwood and is about 100 feet above Butterfield Lake on the south. The 2 lakes are connected by a stream which furnished power for such industries as a saw and grist mill, an iron foundry, a wool carding and cloth dressing factory, and especially, a glass works. The development and history of this glassworks has survived to the present day because its products are avidly sought by collectors throughout the country. The development of such a

well-known glassworks in the North Country is an interesting story.

The Redwood Glassworks originated in 1833 when a glassmaker named John S. Foster settled in the village. At that time Redwood — then known as Jamesville in honor of James D. LeRay — boasted a population of less than 100 and was connected to the outside world only by a road from Alexandria Bay to Theresa. Foster, a Vermont native, had glassworking experience in Boston, at the Champlain Glass Works in Burlington, Vermont, and most recently at Redford, New York, near Plattsburgh. In Redford he had been superintendent of the factory which was owned by a Mr. Monross. The factory was successful but the two men

eventually bitterly disagreed over the operation of the works, and Foster was forced to leave. Feeling that he had been mistreated, Foster began to seek a location for a factory that could compete with the Redford concern. He and a group of men searched for a suitable site in many areas in northern New York, including Heuvelton and DePeyster in St. Lawrence County. Three conditions were imperative for success: deposits of sandstone and limestone nearby, waterpower for machinery, and an abundance of wood for fuel.

Since the Redwood area fulfilled these conditions adequately, Foster immediately began to execute his plans for a new glassworks. Lacking sufficient capital to



Large lily-pad bowl with applied crimped foot; aquamarine; blown at Redwood Glassworks; height 6-7/8" to 7-3/8", top diameter 14-5/8", diameter of foot 5-1/2". Said to have been a wedding gift to a young woman who resided in or near Watertown, brought to her home on the morning of her wedding day by a neighbor and friend, an older woman, who said that she could not afford to buy an expensive present but thought that the bride-to-be might like the large flower bowl which had been made at the old glassworks. (From the collection of George S. and Helen McKearin).

both purchase the lands containing the raw materials and erect the factory, Foster convinced Francis DePau, a French landowner in the area, to invest in the project. Foster bought 10,000 acres from DePau, who then loaned the necessary funds to build the glassworks. During the spring and summer of 1833 a sizable complex was erected. The factory itself was built of stone and was 140 x 60 feet. An attached 62 x 30 feet kiln was used to dry the wood to the stage where it would burn with the most heat and the least smoke. The blast furnace was about 9 x 16 feet and held 8 forty-gallon pots for mixing and melting together the glass ingredients. These pots were made of German clay, shipped to Redwood in bricks, pulverized, and then reshaped as pots. An office building, a pounding mill, which reduced the sandstone to grains of sand, and a box factory, which made boxes to ship the glass, completed the complex.

In addition to actual construction, Foster made other arrangements during the summer of 1833 to better the chances of success for his new venture. Thomas Clark was hired to survey the village. This allowed Foster to rename the village Redwood, because the similarity to Redford would tend to confuse potential

customers and hence attract business away from the Redford works. Since the making of glass required enormous amounts of wood, Foster also hired a large corps of French-Canadian wood-choppers, for whom he erected log cabins and a boarding house. Finally, a company general store opened to serve the employees.

By early fall of 1833 the appearance of the hamlet had been radically altered by Foster's plans and glass production was ready to begin. The first glass, composed of 120 parts of sand, 40 parts purified pearl ash, 35 parts of litharge, and 13 parts of nitre, was blown on September 30, 1833. The future of the works seemed promising, but in early January, 1834, Foster, in his early forties, died of a heart attack while in Watertown on company business. Operation ceased immediately, and the factory reverted to Francis DePau.

DePau, who several months previously had retired to Paris, had no interest in returning to New York. However, he also did not wish to lose his investment and began to search for someone to take over the business.

His quest ended in late 1834 when John B. Schmauss agreed to operate the Redwood firm under the name of

Schmauss and Co. Schmauss was an experienced glass manufacturer who had come to America in 1819 and worked in Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New Jersey before settling in Redwood. Schmauss, who brought 19 fellow glassworkers with him from New Jersey, immediately reopened the factory and operated it successfully until his death. He was succeeded by his son, John F. Schmauss, who soon sold the firm to Gerlach and Son.

Gerlach and Son, Ingleson, Forbes, and Co., and H.S. White followed Schmauss in turn with brief managements. In 1844 DeZeng and Co., composed of Lawrence W. DeZeng, Abner Burlingame, and Theodore Hinman (who was bought out by Alexander Salisbury), from the Clyde Glass Works in Ontario County, took over the firm and operated it until July 1, 1853. At that time, local residents formed a stock company with members of the DeZeng firm and began operations as the Redwood Glass Manufacturing Company, which was capitalized at \$12,000. Trustees or directors of the new company were David Slack, Abner Burlingame, Robert N. Hoffman, Lawrence W. DeZeng, Alexander Salisbury, Hiram Gordon, and Henry Campbell. W.W. Butterfield became interested in the firm in

1859 and served as president from 1859-1863. After 1863, Butterfield gradually bought out the other stockholders and became sole owner throughout the remaining years of the firm's activity.

The Redwood Glass Works continued to operate successfully throughout all these management changes. Redwood prospered, for the glassworks influenced the local economy greatly in several ways. Since Foster's Canadian woodchoppers were unable to supply enough wood, area farmers, clearing their lands for crops, were able to sell their unwanted timber to the factory. The price — 75 cents per cord, \$1.25 for hard wood — was paid in credit at the company store and furnished extra income to the pioneer farmer. The factory also purchased lime from local lime kilns and generated trade both in securing locally unavailable raw materials such as soda and in selling its finished products.

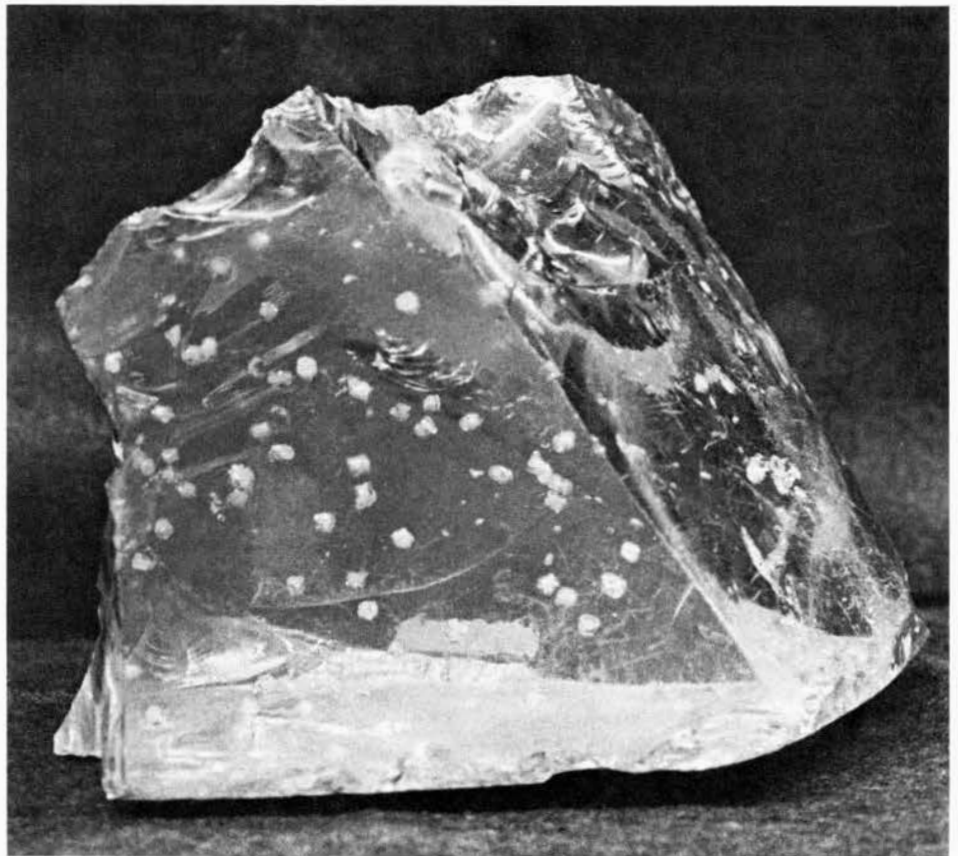
During a period of peak employment the plant directly employed as many as 75 hands: 8 blowers, 8 fire tenders, 2 stokers, 1 foreman (or "master shearer" as he was called), 2 flatteners, 2 helpers, 4 cutters, 2 packers, 2 dryers, 1 woodhauler, 2 potmakers, 1 mixer, 1 pounder, 1 boxmaker, quarrymen, woodchoppers, and teamsters.

More normal employment probably hovered around 30 men who made \$40,000 worth of glass annually in the mid-1850s. In a good month the glassblower, who had to be ready at any time the molten glass reached the proper temperature for blowing, would make about \$75.00. By 1880 this figure had doubled to \$150. Other workers drew lesser amounts, but the steady employment in the mid-19th century helped Redwood thrive.

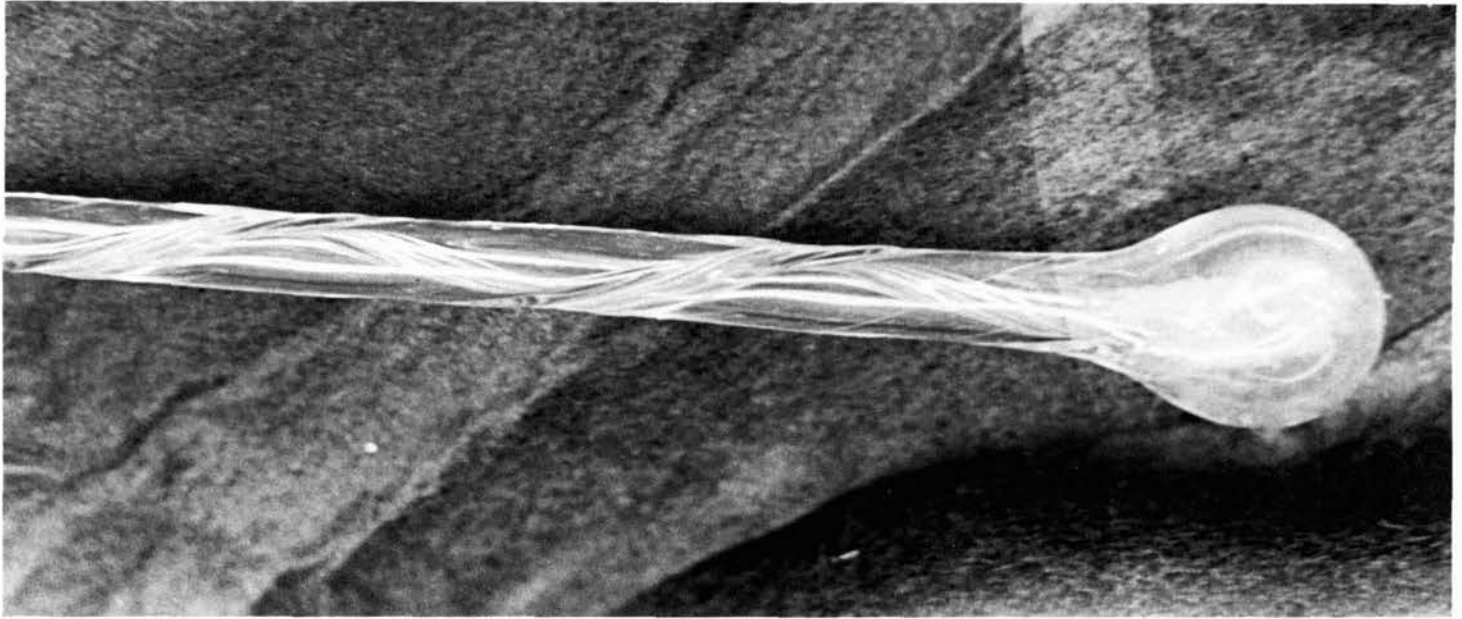
The glass process at Redwood was similar to that used at other companies. Large clay pots were mounted above fireboxes in which cord after cord of wood was burned. These pots were entirely covered except for a round opening about 10 inches in diameter. A mixture of 2 tons of sand, 2500 pounds of slack lime and 2600 pounds of soda was prepared in huge bins and then divided among the individual pots. Workers kept the fires very hot for the next 12 hours until the mixture was totally melted. William Spies, a Redwood Glass Co. employee in 1881, explained the rest of the process as follows: "Then the blowers would be called. They would stand on a raised platform on a level with the pots and stick their blow pipes, about 5 feet long with a 1/2 inch hole, through the small openings over the pots and draw forth a glob of the molten mass. This they would let hang down into the pit beside the platform and gently turn it as they blew it into a cylinder about 2 1/2 feet long and 10 inches in diameter. Then laying the cylinder on a block they would break it off where it joined the pipe and go back



Pitcher [Redwood] in South Jersey tradition of glassmaking. Aquamarine. Applied lily pad decoration. Formerly from Collection of Jefferson County Historical Society. (Photo courtesy of the author).



Chunk of molten glass [Redwood] allowed to solidify, used as a paperweight. Coins often imbedded within. Aquamarine. From Collection of Jefferson County Historical Society. (Photo courtesy of the author).



Head of glass cane, blown by glassblowers at Redwood. Aquamarine. Total length about three feet. From Collection of Jefferson County Historical Society. (Photo courtesy of the author).

for another mass to blow. They usually worked at night and people would come for miles around to see them at work. In fact the company built a gallery where people could stand to see them at work. They worked steadily until the whole mixture was blown into cylinders. These cylinders were then cut lengthwise on one side, carted to the flattening room where they were placed on a flattening wheel, heated and ironed out into smooth sheets and then carted to the cutting room where they were cut into window panes."

The Redwood Factory was in continuous operation from the time John Schmauss took over in 1834 until May 1868, when dry wood stored too near the pottery fires ignited. The resulting fire destroyed the plant, but spared the storeroom containing finished glass. Butterfield was therefore able to continue marketing glass for some time. His salesmanship was excellent. In 1871 he was enroute to Alexandria Bay with window panes for a Thousand Islands Hotel when he learned of the great fire in Chicago. Recognizing a chance for profit, he took his entire load directly to the Windy City, where he conducted a profitable business for the next few years. From 1874-1877, Butterfield leased the remnants of the glassworks to a Watertown resident, but the new proprietor was unsuccessful, and Butterfield resumed control.

An abortive attempt to rebuild the factory was made in 1877, but a successful effort was three years in the future. Butterfield was once again the primary agent in the factory's resurgence, for he was persuaded to rebuild by several factors. In 1875 a railroad line was extended to connect Redwood with Alexandria Bay. This would enable the products of the Redwood Factory to more

easily reach potential customers. Also, coal became available to replace the need for wood, supplies of which had been dwindling long before the 1868 fire.

Thus, in September, 1880, Butterfield, after researching the coal system in Pennsylvania, and in partnership with A. Baldwin of Watertown, opened a new factory. The structure was 100 x 50 feet and contained a coal blast furnace, flattening room, cutting room, packing room, drying room, potmaking room and storerooms. Again the future looked promising.

Nationwide conditions and Redwood's remote location, however, simply did not allow for success. Higher wages for labor, a relative inaccessibility to markets, and the cost of transporting the coal cut overwhelmingly into the gross income from the low prices prevailing at the time for glass. It was impossible to compete with Pennsylvania glass factories which were close to urban areas, fuel, and raw materials. Thus, the Redwood Glass Factory closed permanently in the summer of 1881, and the building was torn down for timber in 1895.

Throughout its history the company's primary product was window glass. The number of flaws or bubbles in the glass determined its grade with the most flawed glass being the cheapest. At Redwood there were five grades as follows: first patent (the best), patent, lake, cylinder, and Boston. In 1853 the wholesale price of this glass varied from \$2.00 to \$3.00 per 50 feet for the small sizes. Only the three better grades were cut to large sizes and the prices rose greatly as the dimensions neared 26 x 36 inches, the largest glass commonly made.

Today, however, the term Redwood Glass is only rarely applied to window panes, but rather to the decorative pieces produced by glass company employees in

moments of relaxation. Glass canes, bottles, bowls, mugs, pitchers, vases, and ladles — many with an applied lily pad decoration in the South Jersey tradition — are greatly sought by modern collectors. The large chunks of glass which are also found were the result of a molten mass of the glass being dropped before it could be blown. Sometimes this was a mistake, but many of these chunks contain Indian Head coins and serve as crude paperweights. All the glass has a delicate aquamarine color which was the result of John Foster's original formula for mixing. Twentieth century glass authorities consider Foster to be a metal-mixer of extraordinary proficiency and a master judge of silica. Any works with which he was associated produced the same high quality glass as did Redwood during its history.

Redwood Glass and its production is an uniquely North Country saga. Ed Blankman is clearly intensely interested in both the history of his native region and in collecting fine examples of 19th century craftsmanship. The Redwood story naturally joins those two interests as well as being an important segment of the industrial development of the North Country.

For Further Reading

Rhea Mansfield Knittle's *Early American Glass*, 1927; George S. and Helen McKearin's *American Glass*, 1941; and Ruth Webb Lee's *Victorian Glass: Specialty of the Late Nineteenth Century*, 1944.

About the Author

John Baule is the Director of the Association with a personal interest in nineteenth century architecture and decorative arts.

continued from page 11

The fight to preserve Eden went on for nearly three decades. The first engagement came in the 1920s when the state projected a paved road from Colton to Tupper Lake. The Jordan Club wanted the route to coincide with the old Hollywood Road on Raquette's west bank, not because they wanted a paved highway close by but because they felt the power company would never be permitted to flood a concrete state road. They lost this battle. The highway, completed in 1931, was located on heights to the west.

"All the tears we added to the watershed in the next two decades!" World War II intervened to give them a reprieve. But in the end the club lost its fight. After a presentation that Lewis Fisher made in the Court House in Canton, a supervisor said to him: "I cannot but admire your grit in this fight. But for the common people, trying to fight big business for their seeming just and collective rights is usually like bucking a stone wall." (This reminds one of another such fight in the 1970s, with a happier outcome, when Citizens to Save the Adirondack Park added several thousand members to their ranks in the effort to prevent Horizon Corporation from developing a city of summer homes on the west side of Raquette partly in Hollywood.)

"Oddly enough," writes Lewis Fisher, "the final murder hurt strangers worse than it did us: We had fought, bled and died again and again beforehand. We had heard the war dance of those chain saws nearer and nearer. We were well rehearsed . . . All this summer of 1951 . . . whined the chain saw. Forest that had grown up in centuries grew down in



On the Jordan River. (Photo courtesy of the author).

moments. Our strutting earth became a scrawny plucked fowl with stump pinfeathers."

Those of us who had parked in the evening along the old Hollywood Road, now mostly flooded, to watch the deer come down to drink were among the strangers whom the final murder hurt. One such night, I believe it was in October 1951, we saw no deer but instead the eerie scene of a thousand burning

stumps touched with fuel oil. All across the Great Bog not a tree was left standing. The burning stumps looked like the campfires of a large Iroquois war party on some stern mission against the Hurons of Canada.

The Jordan Club survived in a make-do Eden. Members moved their cottages back to higher ground, a tricky but mostly successful operation, thanks to Edson Martin of Canton, the project engineer in clearing the land. His men and equipment were made available to the club during evening hours and on weekends. As Lewis Fisher remarks, "He enjoyed doing generous things."

Begun in 1951, the power project was completed in 1957. It greatly altered the river from the pool below Jamestown Falls to South Colton. Now, in place of quiet stillwaters and beautiful waterfalls and rapids, there are concrete dams, aqueducts, rechannelings, powerplants, and tailraces.

Catamount Mountain still rises 400-odd feet above the flood. The armchair mountaineers of the valley still "climb" it once as son or daughter and once again with son or daughter and exclaim over the view.

As we continue our canoe trip downriver by courtesy of Niagara Mohawk, we carry around dams, powerhouses, and tailraces; and paddle, somewhat monotonously, over the reservoirs, stopping at recreation areas for a swim or an overnight camp. We pass Stark, which by 1884 had a post office and a sportsman's hotel known as the Raquette House.



Carry Falls Dam and Catamount Mountain. (Photo by Dwight Church, courtesy of Carmeta Church).



Stark Falls today. (Photo courtesy of the author).

Earlier still it had been a rendezvous for sportsmen coming up the river from the two Coltons. It was probably here that a party of eight men from Theresa stopped for some last provisioning in 1858. They and their local guides had drawn boats through the woods from South Colton by ox sled for a two weeks' hunting trip up the Raquette. One of them wrote many years later in *Forest and Stream*: "I went with a woman of this place to a potato patch. She insisted on digging herself, saying she was the smartest woman in the whole town. I asked if she was the only one in the town. She said 'yes.' This was the last house we saw."

A starch factory in Colton as early as 1844 absorbed much of the local potato crop, and potato farms spread upland into the townships of Wick and Hollywood. But thin soils and sand blows made them unprofitable. Natural growth and reforestation have taken over the old potato farms.

Lumbering was the major occupation till well into the present century. It worked its way upward from the river's mouth and reached South Colton about 1840 and the mountain plateau a decade later. In 1850 the state legislature declared the Raquette a public highway for logging from its mouth to the foot of Raquette Lake, a distance of over 150 miles. During spring freshets logs were floated downstream to mills in the two Coltons and in Potsdam. Coming down-

river today, we find many traces of old logging days: an impenetrable logjam on the east channel around Sol's Island, stray logs embedded in the bottom, small clearings with sunny patches of grass and raspberry bushes, overgrown tote roads, broken jugs, ax heads, peaveys, sledge runners, and other hardware.

Logging has also left traces in the folklore of Raquette watershed. Once



Logging in the old days, by Winslow Homer. (Courtesy of the author).

when Paul Bunyan went upriver from Colton with his crew of loggers, he spent a night at Huggard's Pond. He dumped a load of beans and salt pork into the pond, built a fire all the way around the shore, and made the whole pond into bean soup. He and his crew ate it dry.

A happening at Tebo Falls on the Jordan River, not far above the mouth, is the subject of a lumberer's ballad. Professor Harold Thompson recognized a gem when he got the ballad from Mrs. Mary Barnett Burke, who in turn had got her version from Mrs. Margery Sisson White. The latter had heard it sung by her father, a member of the A. Sherman Lumber Company of Potsdam. It concerns a "Canuck" named Thibault, known to fellow loggers as Tebo. Here are two of the seven stanzas as quoted in *Body, Boots and Britches*:

It was on the sixth of May, my boys, as you will understand, When Sherman ordered out his men all for to break a jam. The logs were piled up mountain high, the water so dreadful strong That it washed away poor Tebo and the logs that he was on.

He nobly faced the water and manly swam away, He tried his best to save himself in every shape and way; The jam soon overtook him, toward sad grief and woe, And we found his drowned body in Racket flood below.

To avoid poor Tebo's fate, we are careful on the way down through the reservoirs not to put in too soon on the carries. The tailraces below each power-plant may look innocent enough. But the plants are operated spookily by remote control. There is no one at a window to watch for fool canoeists. A sudden surge of water through the race can easily swamp a canoe.

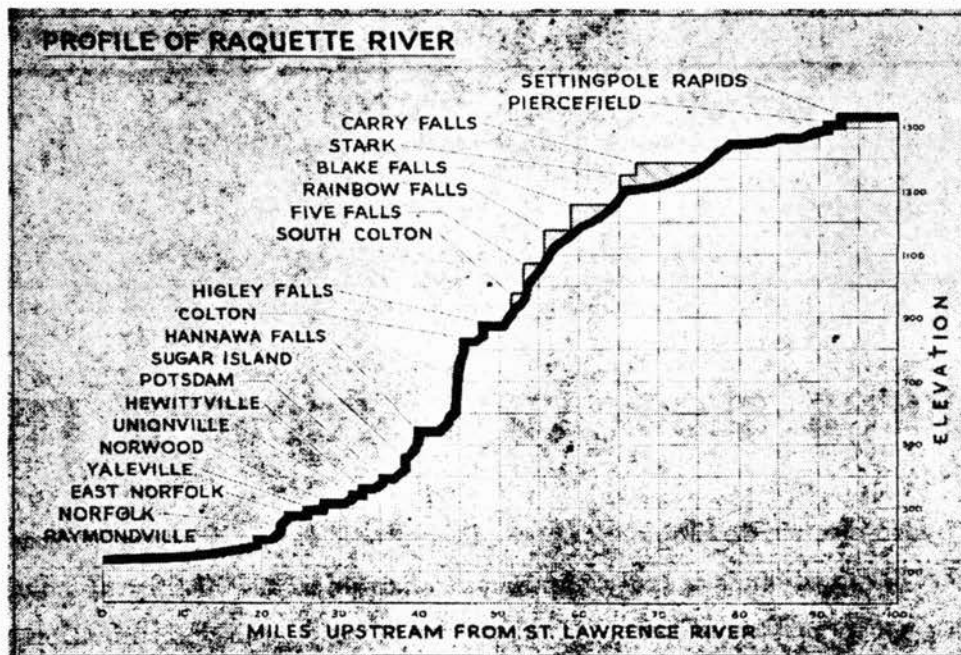
In Rainbow Falls Reservoir we cross the Blue Line, but there are two more steps off the mountain plateau, Five Falls and South Colton reservoirs, before we are drawn pellmell into the rapids under the bridge in South Colton. In 40 miles we have descended 660 feet from white-tail into holstein country. We have taken the river's alternate gifts of peace and exhilaration. We have visited the Louvre of our county, for the Raquette and its sister rivers carve museum galleries through South Woods in which sky patterns, landforms, and the community of plant, animal and bird life are on display as nowhere else.

Some dubious name-switching has taken place in the valley. South Colton was Three Falls when it acquired a post office in 1845. Township 10 in what later became the Town of Colton had the home name of Matildavale (the first William Constable *did* have a daughter

named Matilda). The original name of what is now the village of Colton was of course Matildaville. But in the 1840s an influential businessman (one of the pioneer settlers in 1824), Jesse C. Higley, suggested the name "Colton" when some townsmen expressed unhappiness over "Matildaville." When the town was established in 1843, absorbing Matildavale along with other townships, it became known as Colton, and not long after the village too was renamed. Only after the switch, according to local lore, someone discovered that the "C." in Jesse Higley's name stood for Colton. Whether by luck or management, "Higley" is also immortalized in Higley Falls, Higley Flow, and Higley State Park. And in 1855 Three Falls became South Colton. But luck must end somewhere. One looks in vain for a "Jesse" in the Town of Colton.

In 1843, before Matildaville changed its name, two young scholars from New York City arrived on the scene unexpectedly in a spruce bark canoe. They had come all the way down the Raquette from Long Lake. They were the first white men of record to explore so long a reach of the Raquette for the sheer fun of it. One of them, John MacMullen, a classicist, mathematician, and teacher, wrote an account of the adventure for the *New York Evening Post*, reprinted in the *St. Lawrence Plaindealer* of August 24, 1881: "Thirty-seven years ago (1843) the Adirondacks were not fashionable. The Raquette River appeared upon the map running through the midst of them, but even diligent research on my part brought almost no information about either the region or the river. My desire to penetrate these unknown wilds was very great, for I was then young and enthusiastic and indemnified myself for the confinement of my winter's teaching by such excursions as would bring me the nearest to the delightful wildness of savage life."

His desire was realized. He and his younger friend bought a heavy yawl in the nascent settlement of Long Lake and set off downstream. The yawl proved unmanageable in the rapids they encountered at the head of Raquette Falls. They abandoned it for a makeshift raft, also soon stranded among driftwood. While trying to clear a channel, they heard voices. A birchbark canoe came round the bend with a party of Indians — three men, two women, and a papoose. The only one of the party who seemed willing to break silence was a young man named Mitchell. He agreed to act as guide to the New Yorkers. The birchbark had six inches of freeboard with its original occupants; only three with the two additions. This was all right in the 28-mile stillwater from Raquette Falls to Setting Pole Rapids. But Mitchell realized that a second canoe would be necessary in the rough water ahead. So at "Tupper's Lake" the whole party camped for



River Profile—this table presents a graphic description of the profile of Raquette river. Shown on the chart are the miles upstream from the St. Lawrence River at 20 points along with elevations.



A bend in the Raquette. (Photo by Tom Finch, courtesy of the author).

two days while the Indians constructed a canoe of cedar lapa and spruce bark, all with materials at hand in the woods. "These trees are as closets from which they take whatever they may need." Mitchell used spruce roots to sew the ends of the canoe and spruce gum to seal the seams. "Sewing with the roots of a tree seemed to me so strange that I concluded, as we often do, that it must be peculiar to the locality. My astonishment may be imagined when, as I was arranging my books after I got home and was casually glancing over a copy of the Latin work of Olaus Magnus, in which he gives an account of the inhabitants of northern Europe, to find . . . that this very thing had been done by them hundreds of years ago."

Mitchell now joined the two New Yorkers in the spruce bark canoe while the other Indians, taciturn as ever, accompanied them in the birchbark. The stoicism of the baby, jostled about in camp and on the carries, bitten by insects, astonished the New Yorkers. "To think of a week on tolerably intimate terms with a baby and never hear it cry!"

It is tempting to conclude that "Mitchell" was Mitchell Sabattis and that the older Indian known as the Chief was Captain Peter Sabattis. Mitchell and his father, however, were pure-blooded Indians according to most authorities, whereas MacMullen calls his guides half-breeds. The suspicion that he was mistaken in this grows as, in a final reference, he says that his guide later became a leader in the Methodist Episcopal church, just as Mitchell Sabattis did in Long Lake.

Finally, after "enjoying to the fullest every sylvan scene in that wild solitude," they reached the settlements, a hamlet which "rejoiced in the sentimental name of Matildaville. A good sturdy specimen of an American farmer in his shirt-sleeves was standing on the bank and appeared to look at us in astonishment." When told that they had come from Long Lake, he said that they were the first white men ever to come down the Raquette "from all the way up south," an expression that seemed odd to the New Yorkers, accustomed to rivers that run from north to south.

Is it too much to ask of the people of Colton that they reconsider the merits of "Matildaville"? Could we persuade them to change back, for old time's sake? If sentiment can't move them, let them consider what a fine matriarchal name like Matildaville would do to attract tourists in these days of women's lib. How warming it would be for all of us just to have a Matildaville on the county map.

We have overshot what was to have been the destination of our canoe trip downriver: Sunday Rock, that glacial erratic in South Colton which marks the division between Civil Society and South



Sunday Rock. (Photo by Dwight Church, courtesy of Carmeta Church).

Woods. South of that rock, they used to say, there is no law and no Sunday. Which reminds me of a remark of Lewis Fisher when, in an argument, he was asked how he would like to live in a community where there was no church. Then a year-round resident at the Jordan Club, he replied, "I do live in such a community and I like it just fine."

The Blankman camp on the Raquette is a couple of stone throws from Sunday Rock. The way the river bends, it's hard

to tell which side of the rock Ed is on. No matter. On either side he makes out just fine.

About the Author

Paul F. Jamieson is a retired Professor of English at St. Lawrence University and author of numerous articles and books about the life and literature of the Adirondacks. He is also the tireless, dedicated, "professional volunteer" proof-reader for this journal.



Edward Blankman and Ruth Costa, future Mrs. Blankman, on beach of Higley Falls, July 4, 1942. (Photo courtesy of Ruth Blankman).

A Tribute from the President . . .

Historical associations grow, thrive, and continue to exist because of personal dedication and commitment. Ed Blankman, the man to whom this *Quarterly* is dedicated, exceeds all expectations on both counts. His love for St. Lawrence County, its people, places and things over the years, has been a major factor in the success of the St. Lawrence County Historical Association. Ed is one of the persons who binds people with mutual pursuits together with his unique loyalty, wit and wry sense of humor. Whether working in a leadership role or as one of the laborers in the vineyard, there is rarely a day which passes in which Ed has not contributed to the enhancement of the St. Lawrence County Historical Association.

It seems fitting to chronicle some of the Blankman contributions to illustrate his long affection for North Country history. Our records show Ed became involved with the Association in 1947. Twenty-one years later in October, 1968, he became its President. Over the years he has spoken to many historical groups, worked on numerous grants, and written many

articles for a variety of publications, not the least of which has been our own *Quarterly*.

Ed was instrumental in revamping Association by-laws, the celebration of the Association's Silver Anniversary in 1972, and acted as Co-chairman for the Governor Silas Wright History Center Fund-Raising Campaign. He remains an active Trustee, Chairman of the Development Committee, and continues his key role with accessions. Ed seems to be everywhere when needed to advance the causes of the St. Lawrence County Historical Association.

The many talents of Ed Blankman were enjoyed for years by countless English students at St. Lawrence (this writer among them.) Since his retirement from teaching in September, 1973, he has continued serving his Alma Mater as University Archivist. His civic contributions to Canton and the region are numerous. Two that stand out were his role in the establishment of the Rushton Canoe Races, and the encouragement which he gave to Atwood Manley in pursuing his research on Frederic Rem-

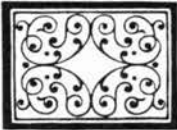
ington. Atwood might even tell you that Ed was to blame for what became a consuming passion that made us all richer by unfolding an undiscovered chapter of our national heritage.

The temptation to wax eloquently on would please Ed no doubt, but we must guard against complacency (one of his favorite words.)

It is indeed a privilege for me to add my tribute to those of others in honor of Ed's service to the St. Lawrence County Historical Association. His unfaltering support and tireless ambition continue to sustain those who work with him. The kind of friendship this man gives to others is to be cherished.

In closing, I wish to express my appreciation to Varick Chittenden for his work in producing this special issue, and to all of Ed Blankman's family and friends for their contributions. Because of them we are better able to appreciate the true character of this wonderful person who has touched so many lives in a significant way.

Allen P. Splete
President



The Wright Corner

by Mary Ruth Beaman

Since 1973 and the beginning of the purchase of the home of Gov. Silas Wright for a county museum, Mary Ruth Beaman of Ogdensburg has regularly and diligently been researching any possible material about Wright and his career. With this issue, Mary Ruth begins a series of columns relating little-known but interesting facts that have surfaced. If you find such information yourself, she will welcome it.

PROCLAMATION

by Silas Wright, Governor of the State of New York

A usage, which has the approbation of a quarter of a century, calls upon me, at this period of the year, to name a day, to be observed by the people of this State, as a day of public Thanksgiving. The uniformity in the time heretofore designated, throughout the period referred to, induces me to name Thursday, the fourth day of December next, as the Thanksgiving day for this State, for the present year.

[and so on]

In testimony whereof I have hereunto affixed the privy seal of the State. Witness my hand, at the city of Albany, this fifth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-five.

SILAS WRIGHT

Horace Moody, Private Secretary.

(Horace Moody was brother of Mrs. Silas Wright.)

In November 1845, a Cabinet Council was held in Albany at which the majority voted in favor of commuting the sentences of two murderers who were to have been hanged. Gov. Silas Wright issued an order to the Sheriff of Delaware county to suspend the execution. Their sentences were commuted to life imprisonment.

(These items from *The Franklin Gazette*, Ft. Covington, N.Y., 26 Nov. 1845; courtesy of C. Walter and Mary Smallman.)

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