

THE
QUARTERLY

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THE QUARTERLY

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Editor: Varick A. Chittenden

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Cover: Sketch by William McLoughlin of George Everett at work on a canoe paddle in the boathouse of his Lake Ozonia camp. See Virginia Duffy McLoughlin's prize winning article beginning on page 3. (Courtesy of the artist)

SLCHA WRITING COMPETITION FIRST PLACE AWARD WINNER—ADULT CATEGORY

How Lake Ozonia Suddenly Acquired a 'Recluse': George Everett and His Canoe Paddles



George Everett at Lake Ozonia in 1945. (Photograph by Robert Rinehart, courtesy of the author)

Although a Cornell University professor for many years, George Everett was at heart a man of the woods. Although growing up on a farm near Fort Jackson and living many years in Ithaca, he was most at home at Lake Ozonia. Early he learned the ways of woodsmen and became a master at many himself. Here the author remembers fondly this "recluse" of the Adirondacks and one particular skill he mastered, the making of canoe paddles.

Everything's gone "instant" today, from puddings to PhD's. You've heard of the famous Adirondack hermits French Louie and Noah John Rondeau. They were real. But Lake Ozonia acquired an instant "recluse" of its very own one day in the early 1940's. He was concocted in the fertile mind of a clerk who was selling George Everett's handmade canoe paddles in New York City's great sporting goods store, Abercrombie & Fitch.

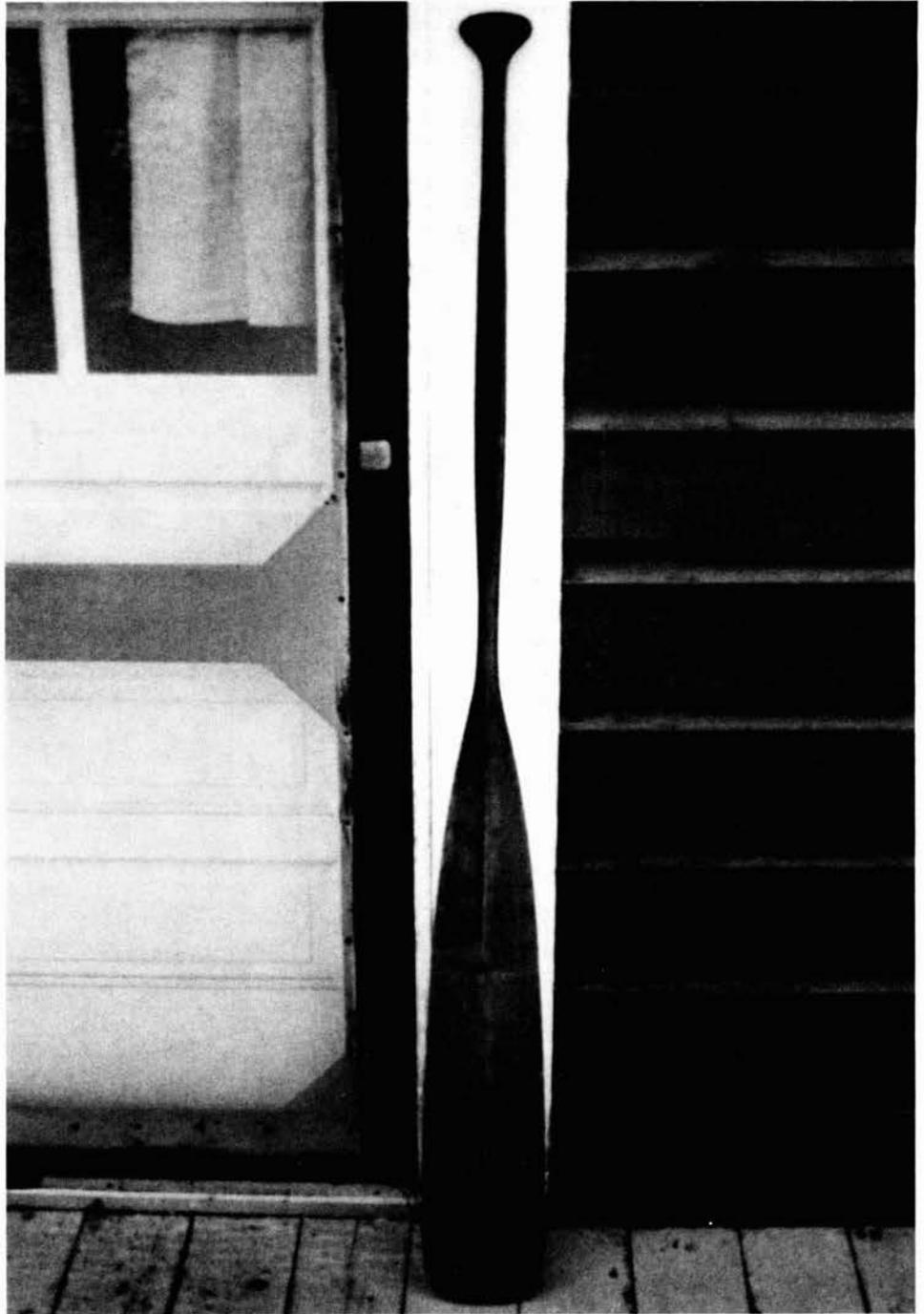
George Everett was a Cornell professor of the old school. He never applied for any grants. He just took it for granted that he had his summers to live at his camp by the shores of Lake Ozonia. On almost any day, whether the lake sparkled with diamonds or rippled dark and grey, you could slip your canoe up to the steep ramp of George Everett's boathouse and find him there. This is where he made his canoe paddles, and this is where you could sit on the worn threshold of the wide double doorway and watch and listen. George Everett had lots of stories about St. Lawrence County past.

Perhaps you might arrive just as he was starting a very special paddle; it was to be made out of an old cherry ironing board he had found recently at the family homestead near Fort Jackson where he grew up in the 1870's and '80's. That paddle would have a lot of cherished memories in it. "Of course people have just as good times nowadays, but Home does not mean the same. Then it was the center of all things, the main enterprise of life. Now there are so many

outside distractions that home is just a place to start out from." He kept the old Everett family homestead exactly as it always had been. He never wanted to sell or change a thing.

On the old ironing board he had drawn with a soft dark pencil the outline of a paddle. No two paddles were ever alike, but the blade would be either the beaver-tail type or the long slim type which could dig deep into the water. Whichever design, the finished paddle would be strengthened by a graceful ridge running part way down the center of each flat side of the blade. He gauged the height of each paddle according to the person for whom he was making it; he made several child-sized paddles for his grand-nieces and -nephews. Sometimes he carved a little trademark at the neck of the handle—a diamond with an "E" in it or a V with an "E" in it. Most of the paddles were made of cherry wood but sometimes of cedar for extra light weight.

George Everett made paddles for the fun of it, and if you visited him on a number of successive days, you could watch the paddle take shape through a progression from small hacks made by the hatchet, to the glistening paths made by the jackknife, to the delicate shavings made with a piece of broken glass. And you would see the hands that constantly rubbed and caressed the shape and surface till the final paddle emerged a work of art fit to hang in a museum but created for the spring-fed waters of an Adirondack lake. And all the while he was working, George Everett was free to be where he most wanted to be—getting back into the past. "Sure, I spend a lot of my time in the past. Nobody knows what time is. I can make just as good a guess as Einstein, only I don't try to fool anybody by a lot of mathematical symbols like he does. What little I do understand about it, makes me believe that the past is certainly as real and substantial as the present. After all, the present is a somewhat slippery customer if you try to pin it down. If I sit here and write you a letter, the time is the present, but this same present will be well into the past by the time you are reading my scribble. What the devil am I driving at? Gettin' in over my head, into something. Maybe I'm deluding myself. All the same, whenever I feel like it, I can snap out of this here now present, kick time and space aside, and be a young feller again. Camp in tents on the old St. Lawrence. Pound the trail into Kildare in the middle of January, snow five feet deep on the level. Or ride the sleds behind Frank and Phil, with Father, up to the sugar house and we gather and boil the sap. Pretty good smelling steam, eh? And we broil big slices of that home-cured ham over the coals in the arch,



Paddle made by George Everett. (Photo courtesy of the author)

holding them on long birch sticks. Boil potatoes in the sap. And eggs. And Mother makes crust coffee for Leet Tredo. And we sleep all night in the bunk pulled up in front of the fire, with blankets spread over the top of the bunk making it like a covered wagon. And Carl Whitney pushes Thurm Ellythorp over back in the icy spring hole, etc., etc., just as long as I wish. All gone. All gone, is it? You may think I'm deceiving myself, or plain coo coo. But I tell you I'm not. It is as if I had travelled down some well known road. True, I am not there any more, but there is the road and on both sides of it every item of the landscape unchanged."

In his boathouse he knew the comfort of having his own history all around him. The sepia chips would fall from his hatchet onto the old wooden floor, marked and scarred from the keels of boats and canoes. He stood up to light a little "tabac" in his trim pipe. The blaze from the kitchen match shone bright on his face under the brim of his old grey felt hat which he always wore. He gave a glance to his St. Lawrence skiff and his old canvas canoe made with dark wood inside and his fly rods waiting for yet another evening's cast. All around the board walls of the boathouse were the pencilled silhouettes of the best of the catch, triggering a thousand memories



George Everett's camp at Lake Ozonia, built about the turn of the century. Photographed here in about 1915, the boathouse has since been moved to the other side of the camp. (Photo courtesy of the author)

from over fifty years of fishing. Within each outline were the date and the name of the lake or stream where the fish was caught. "What would I give if I could hook into one more of those eighteen inch square tails up there in Dead Creek Flow. Everything was just about right about that trip, (paint brush and daisy border all the way), except we only got five trout. No matter how good a sport anybody is, the finishing touch of a fishing trip is a little weight in the fish

basket on the way home."

The curled shavings from his jack-knife would mount up around his stool, the seat of an old chair from which the back had broken off years ago. The shavings would catch in the cuffs of his dark brown corduroys and tumble over his high sneakers, laced not quite to the top. Every once in a while he would stop to look out onto the lake and the tall dark pines of the island and the shoreline beyond. He never tired of their chang-



The Everett homestead in the Town of Lawrence, built in 1852. Photographed here in 1903. (Photo courtesy of the author)

ing colors and moods. On calm mornings or moonlit nights the silhouette of that hill beyond sloping down into the water would be perfectly reflected and would form what George Everett called "the giant's spear." It was near that hill that the deer came running down chased by Augustus and Robert McEwen's deer hounds. That was in the 1850's, before George Everett was born. Gus was just 17. The deer plunged into the water and swam across to a sand beach near Split Rock, just below where Gus stood. The deer started up the steep incline. "Now happened something without precedent, so far as I know; as the deer, puffing hard, came near, Gus suddenly leaped astride his back and managed to get hold of each of his front legs which he pulled up on both sides of the deer's body. And he hung on (!) hollering loud as he could for old Mike who had the only gun. On the run came Mike, and a ball through the head put an end to the struggles of the deer. There may be other instances of a man catching a full grown deer with his hands; if so, I never heard of them. Envious men, those Green Mountain boys who settled in St. Lawrence County a hundred and fifty years ago! Who looked on Lake Ozonia as the Creator made it, cradled in its serene and quiet hills covered with primeval trees. The water was alive with brook and lake trout and the woods full of all kinds of game, truly a paradise for any out-door man."

As the paddle neared completion, it would be ready for the delicate carving done with a piece of broken glass and the final smoothing with sandpaper. While the red-brown dust thickened on the grey flooring, George Everett might tell you about his favorite newspaper. "Old 'Jap' Barnum was never more dependent on the *Wat'town Times* than I am. Read every word, same as he did, including the fine print advertisements." In 1939 the paper was running serially "that best of all Western stories, Owen Wister's *Virginian*. So every night I slip away for a few minutes from this teetering, tottering, infernal chaos, called modern civilization, with its damned Hitler, and damned Mussolini, and (you won't agree with me) damndest automobile, and 'I'm only a cowboy aridin' the plains.' Hay, ho. All young. I suppose it is because I was so young myself and so impressionable that the stories of what went on out there made such an imprint upon me. I remember all about the buckin' bronco buster, Andy Jacobs, and the way he'd stick on, no matter if it did make his nose bleed, and the sod houses, and the prairie chicken shooting, and the wheat elevators. And I remember the costume party. We got a newspaper description of that. The time [in Nebraska when my sister] Em wore a dress all aflutter with greenbacks,

pinned or sewed on all over it. Boy, did I feel stuck up? She represented the Bank. What matter if the Bank did blow up later on? That night was a triumph, and she had all the glow and satisfaction that anybody can ever experience. 'And the sky was not cloudy all day.'" But one time, in December, 1939, George Everett wished he'd never seen the newspaper, for it told of a fire which destroyed his wife's family homestead, the McEwen's in Lawrence. "I have heard so much about the building of that house, from Anna's father [Robert H. McEwen]. He couldn't have been ten years old in 1850, but he drove the oxen round and round on the rude rig with which they ground the clay for the bricks so he knew what it meant to build a house. The house was a part of him and his sentiment for it lasted his lifetime. It was a classic, symbol of the character of the men of that day, sound and substantial, and honest in every detail. There was no pretence about it. No sham. And like all things that are genuine it had an air of distinction and beauty that you would never tire of. I wonder if I was really there the night of the famous surprise party when the cake seasoned with red pepper was served? Or is it just the memory of the vivid stories I have heard. I have seen Mother laugh till her eyes run as she described the behavior of the different people when they got their first taste. Well mannered Spartans, every one. Suffered the torture of the damned and not a one gave the secret away—but there were some terrible facial expressions, easy enough to read by one who knew what they had in their mouths."

When the paddle was finished, George Everett oiled it with the formula for furniture polish developed at Cornell: 1/3 part linseed oil, 1/3 part turpentine, and 1/3 part vinegar. It brought out the grain and the deep brown-red of the cherry wood. The cedar paddles took on a more yellowy color. It reminded him a little of the color of the maple sugar cakes from the new sugarhouse built at the old homestead by Azro Beecher, the master carpenter from Hopkinton. Fulfiling a long-time dream, the reconstruction was placed directly on the site of the old sugarhouse George Everett had remembered as a boy in the 1880's. "You can trust Azro Beecher. He never did a snide job in his life. And you needn't be there to watch him either. He's such a rare workman. He don't have time for the janders. He has to get something done. By Godfrey! Suppose there were a dozen more men like him in the United States! But there ain't." George Everett was delighted with the new sugarhouse, but it came as a surprise to him that the maple sugar it produced was very light colored compared to the sugar of olden days. "I

suppose the new evaporator accounts for that, as well as the covered tin buckets in place of the old open cedar tubs. Makes me smile, but the thing that comes to mind is that story about the Northern New York exile, who wrote up from Boston for some of Fred Adams' maple syrup. When he got it, he wrote back to Fred that he could buy all the white sugar he wanted right there in Boston. Fred went over to Alvah Fletcher's and got some of the original black-strap, color and flavor. And it was 'exactly what the Boston feller wanted.' Well, I'm not that bad, but doggone, the world has gone a little pale most every way, ain't it? Some of the old flavors, most of 'em, by Godfrey, seem a bit flat."

One day in the early 1940's George Everett decided to spice up the summer with a little flavor of his own. The fun of reminiscing never ends, but by this time he had made so many paddles over the years that each member of his family, several friends, and his many nephews and nieces had received that very special present from him. So George Everett carefully crated up two or three extra paddles and shipped them off to Abercrombie & Fitch on Madison Avenue. He sent no letter, just put his return address on the shipping tag. The sporting goods store did not know what to make of it, but figured that the stranger from the North Country must want the paddles sold. It is impossible now to trace the exact wording of the correspondence which ensued, because Abercrombie & Fitch used to destroy outdated business correspondence; but the way George Everett told it, it went something like this:

Abercrombie & Fitch to George Everett: Goods received. Expect to sell at \$8.

George Everett to Abercrombie & Fitch: You're damned fools if you don't get at least twice that price.

Abercrombie & Fitch to George Everett: You damned old fool, you're lucky we'll sell them at all!

Abercrombie & Fitch did sell the paddles (for about \$15 apiece) and received more of them from George Everett. One autumn day in the early 1940's, after all the camps at Lake Ozonia were closed, the water drained from pipes, and the boathouse boarded up in darkness, when George Everett had donned his three-piece suit and pince-nez and stood before his classes in Ithaca, in that fall his sister was in New York City bidding farewell to her grandson who was being shipped overseas in the war. By way of much-needed comic relief, she went to Abercrombie & Fitch and asked simply to see what the store had in canoe paddles. She was shown every machine-made paddle imaginable, all crude and shiny with shellac. "Haven't you anything nicer than these?"

They're so heavy and clumsy." "Well," admitted the salesman, "we do have a few more over here." Hanging against a white wall were two of the graceful cherry paddles she knew so well, oil-finished, mellow, and somehow out of place hanging on a pegboard in New York City. She touched the paddles fondly. And then she enthused over their great beauty and superior quality, of course. When the salesman ventured to say, "It must take a whole day to make one of these paddles," she vehemently objected, "It surely would take *weeks* to create a work of art like this." Finally she popped the question she was bursting to ask, "Who makes these paddles?" With a tired sigh of resignation to human vagary, the salesman blurted out, "Oh, some old recluse up in the Adirondacks! He won't take any orders from us. Just every once in a while when he feels like it, he sends us down a few."

During those years when George Everett's paddles were sold at Abercrombie & Fitch, each new buyer must have in his own way pictured the "old recluse." Perhaps he was a gnarled old stubbly-bearded backwoodsman ignorantly secluded from civilization. Or more likely, the new owner conjured up a dream-like figure, that other self we all find tantalizing, a man of the woods, free, creating for the joy of creating. That would be partially true. Recently I discovered that a number of the paddles were sold to a fellow camper at the same lake where George Everett made them. This buyer must have thought it was a long way around to have to travel over 300 miles to shop for a paddle made not a mile from his doorstep. But then, what can you do when you're dealing with an Adirondack recluse?

Author's Note

Stories run rampant around a small lake community, and although I was present at Abercrombie & Fitch that day in the 1940's, I have heard so many versions of what the salesman called the paddle-maker that I can't remember which nomenclature is the matter-of-fact. The story has become a local legend. I have used "recluse." Other versions I have heard are: "old feller up in the mountains," "old geezer," "hermit," and "old codger." The latest addition to the story, which I heard this summer of 1979, is that George Everett himself made a visit to Abercrombie & Fitch a few years after his sister's visit. Hopefully, this summer we'll learn what the salesman said to the professor.

Facts

George Abram Everett was born in Lawrence, N.Y., April 18, 1875, the youngest of six children. After graduation from the Potsdam Normal School he entered Cornell University with a state scholarship in 1895. He received

his A.B. from Cornell in 1899 and his LL.B. from the Cornell Law School in 1901. He then practiced law in Potsdam for about a year, but the law profession was not to his liking. He turned to teaching, and except for a few years his career was devoted to Cornell. He started out at the Lawrenceville School in New Jersey, teaching in the English and Elocution Departments from 1902 to 1904. Then from 1904 to 1907 he taught at Cornell as an instructor in the Public Speaking Department. From 1907 to 1909 he taught English at the Flushing High School on Long Island. In 1910 he returned to Cornell as Assistant Professor, and in 1912 he was called to the College of Agriculture at Cornell to institute a course in oral and written expression as Professor of Extension Teaching. He remained in this position until his retirement June 30, 1943.

On Thanksgiving Day, 1907, he married Anna McEwen. They had two children: Martha Abram (1908-1951) and Richard McEwen (1912-1931).

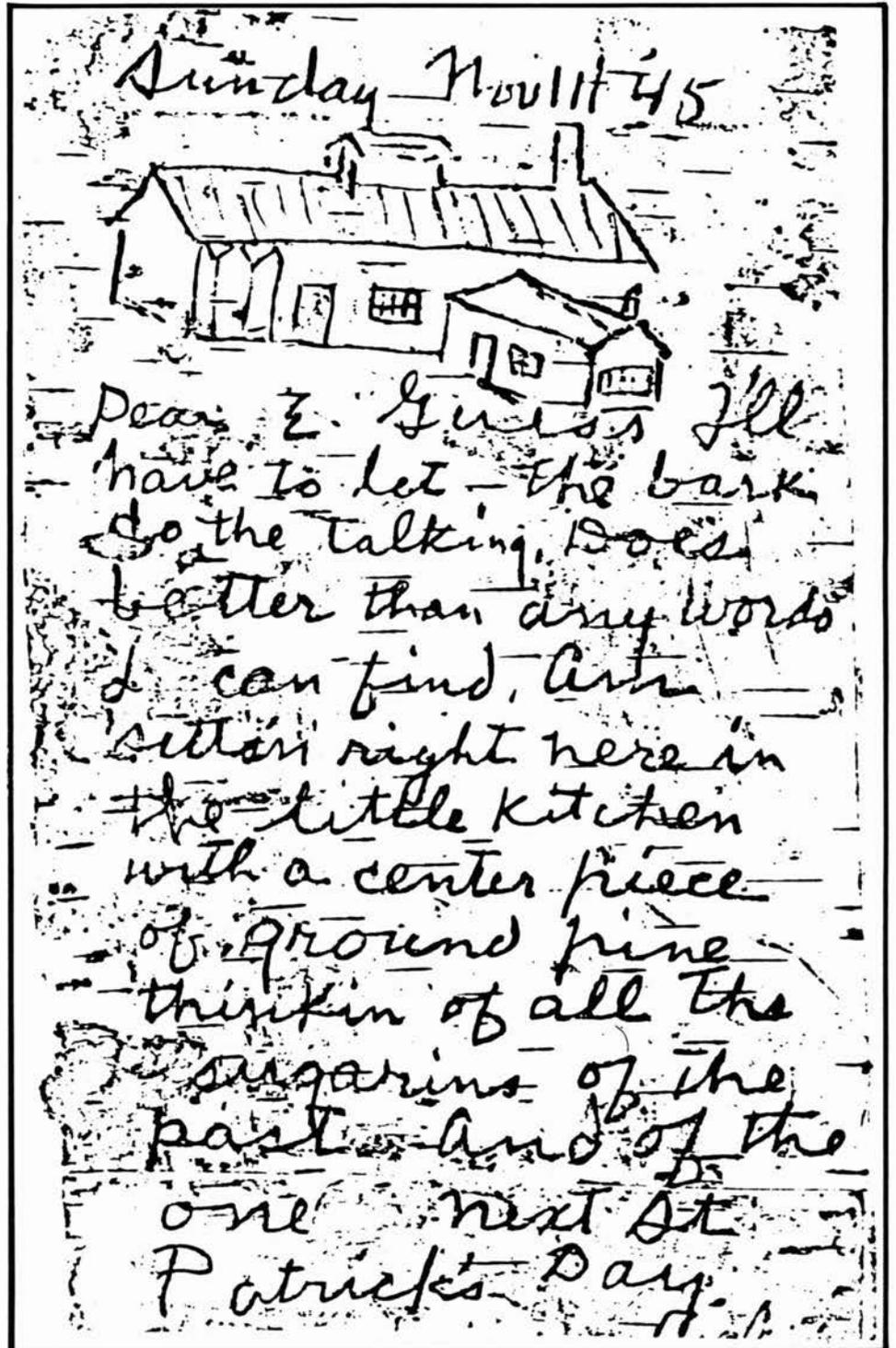
During most of his retirement years George Everett resided in Potsdam, sometimes travelling to Florida in the winter months. His summers were always spent at Lake Ozonia. George Everett died September 15, 1958, in Royal Victoria Hospital in Montreal.

As a boy, George Everett had attended for a few years a school in Mooers, N.Y., with many students of French-Canadian descent. Here he learned the nuances of the dialect, and in later years he delighted many academic and civic groups in Ithaca with his readings from the poems of William Henry Drummond and other writers who used the French-Canadian dialect. In addition to making canoe paddles, George Everett knew and enjoyed the craft of building stone fireplaces, several examples of which are in St. Lawrence County. His favorite avocation, however, was always trout fishing.



Sources

George Everett wrote letters just the way he spoke. All quotations of his words herein are taken from his letters to his sister, Elizabeth Everett Duffy, written in 1939 and 1940, except for the story of the man who caught the deer barehanded, which is from his account in the *Hopkinton Sesquicentennial* printed in 1952. The letters are now in the possession of the author. Unless the meaning was rendered unclear, the punctuation and the spelling have been transcribed as in the original letters.



The new sugarhouse and kitchen addition sketched at the top of George Everett's letter to his sister written on birch bark. (Photo courtesy of the author)

The sources for this article other than the quotations are the author's personal recollections of her great-uncle, plus oral history from friends and family.

Sources for the facts of his life are the Cornell University Archives and Everett family papers.

One of George Everett's canoe paddles was on display at the Hopkinton Museum's special Lake Ozonia exhibit in the summer of 1979.



About the Author

Virginia Duffy McLoughlin has summered at Lake Ozonia since she was a child. She and her husband William, a frequent contributor to *The Quarterly*, live the rest of the year in Providence, Rhode Island.

Trout Lake Song

"Summer people" have long been an important part of the life of St. Lawrence County. Our many miles of shoreline on lakes and rivers have been dotted with summer places—from grand hotels to tiny lean-to camps. Trout Lake, like many of the others, was a whole community of people who regularly returned to camps and often stayed from July Fourth (maybe even Memorial Day) until Labor Day. Campers would often get together in the evenings to play games, visit, and sing. This "Trout Lake Song" was typical of the original compositions created by inventive campers who idolized their family summer retreats and shared their feelings (and songs) at campfires with their fellow enthusiasts. This song was written about 1930 by George Flint (music) and A.C. Clark (words). Flint was a high school music teacher at Boys' High School in Brooklyn, New York. John W. Graham of Phoenix, Maryland, from one of the old Trout Lake families, submitted this copy made by Helen McMillan. We hope you gather around the family piano and try it.

There's an
There's a

isle dotted lake in the north-land, That mirrors the blue of the sky And its
gem of a lake in the north-land, That sil-vers the road to the moon From its

Chorus
wind swept pines, And its bold shore lines are distinct on my mem-o-ries eye on the
roll-ing hills sound the whip-poor-wills And the wind mock-ing cry of the Loosh

ver-nal breeze call me And the Aut-umn winds com-



"Safe Within the Harbor Bar," Trout Lake. (Photo courtesy of the History Center Archives)

mand --- And with all my heart I'm hon-ing For the

woods of the north --- land There's a whis-per in the

Bal-sams --- And I know the As-pens quake As a

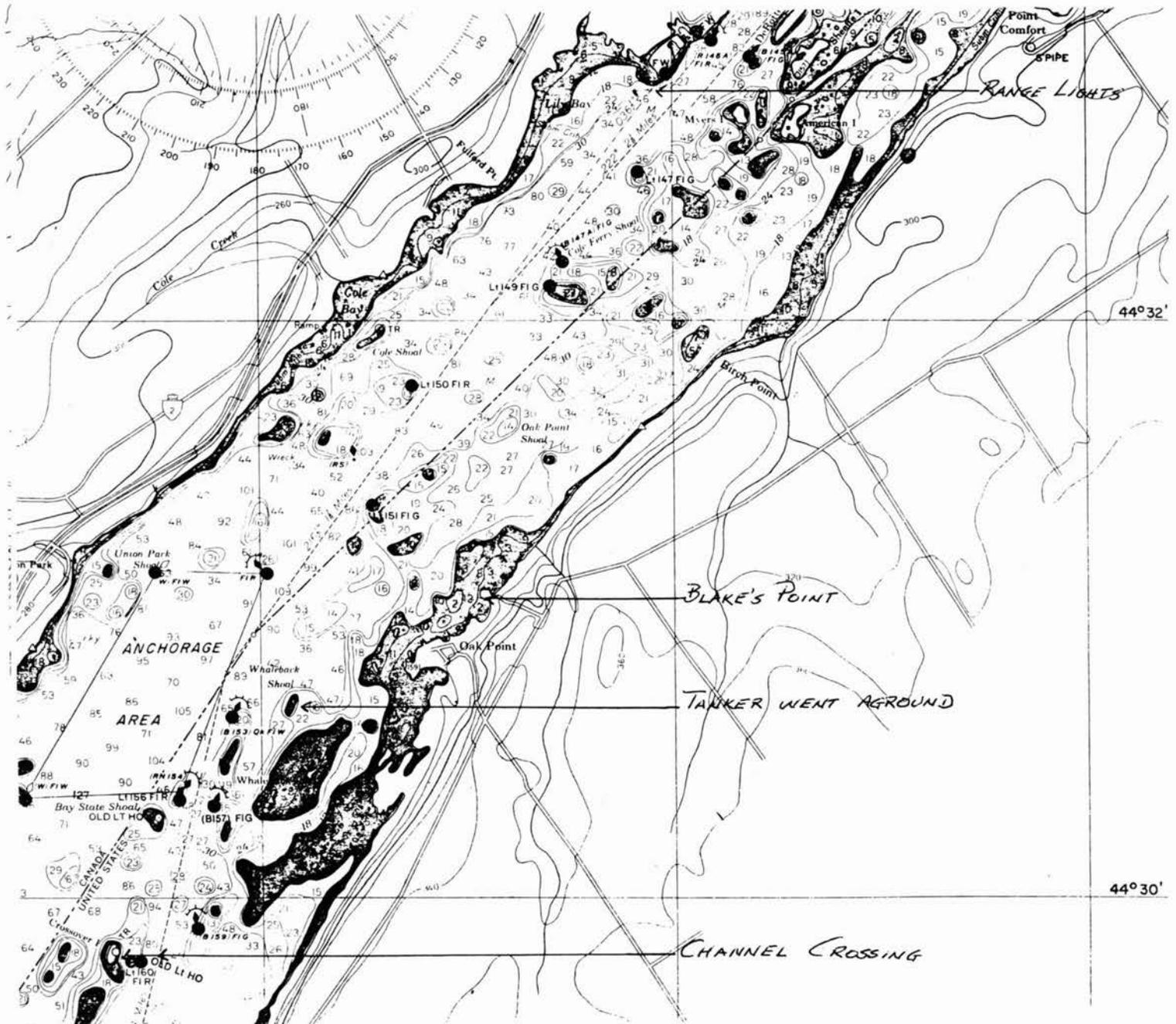
thous-and jew-cls spark-el on the bos-om of Trout Lake

SLCHA WRITING COMPETITION SECOND PLACE AWARD WINNER—ADULT CATEGORY

A Spill at Oak Point

by Alice Gorham

The enjoyment of life, while often enhanced by modern technology, is also often threatened by technology's side effects. The irony of having a home or cottage along one of the world's most beautiful riverfronts, the St. Lawrence, and suddenly being faced with a disastrous spill of untold gallons of ugly, smelly oil is brought dramatically to life by a long-time summer resident of Oak Point, one of our County's loveliest summer spots. This recent phenomenon and how it was dealt with may well become a very important part of the history of our people. The drama that followed one large spill in April, 1974, is retold as is the sense of fear that it could always happen again.



Map of the area around Oak Point with specific locations pertinent to the 1974 oil spill marked.
(Courtesy of the author)

In April of 1974, we returned to Oak Point from a not too successful first winter of retirement in Florida.

It was a clear cool evening and we had a fire in our Franklin stove. Suddenly there was a terrible smell. What were we burning or had our furnace blown? While we were speculating, the phone rang. It was neighbors, other early returnees, whose home faced up river. "I think there's been a collision near Whaleback," said the caller.

We donned our jackets and were off to see. Outside the smell was overpowering and was quickly identified as oil. In the distance not far up river were the lights of ships. We went in to our friends' house and called the Coast Guard. They already knew—the Imperial Sarnia was aground on Whaleback Shoal and leaking oil!

Thus began the most absorbing drama of an oil spill on the St. Lawrence River with Oak Point, Hammond, as the prime target.

Eight o'clock the morning of April 16, the land next to us then owned by Club Oak Point Inc., was alive with activity. A truck load of sleepy men who had travelled all night were stirring. The Atlantic Strike Force of the Coast Guard had flown into Ogdensburg from Elizabeth City, N.C. According to the *Ogdensburg Journal* of that morning "The Atlantic Strike Force has provided men to combat most major U.S. spills in recent years and are reportedly experts in pollution control techniques."

Oil experts, environmentalists, and local Coast Guard people mingled with the growing crowd on the shore. "What's going to happen?" I asked an alert looking stranger. "Lady, if you live next door you are about to be covered with oil." He was right. Already one could see a brown substance, like an ugly chocolate mousse, floating on the water headed our way. The stench was overpowering. Booms were being pulled into the river by a 15 foot Coast Guard boat and two men. The Strike Force in wet suits left by another larger boat to inspect the damage to the Imperial Sarnia.

Television men and women, both camera crews and reporters, arrived seeking a lift out to the scene. My husband took several in his small outboard to the Imperial Sarnia. Now another ship was alongside trying to unload the remaining oil before it too spilled into our beautiful river.

Every day the boys from Elizabeth City went to inspect the hull of the grounded ship. Crews from Coastal Services Marine Pollution Control of Detroit, Michigan, the Niagara Mohawk Steam Station in Oswego, Seaway Development Corp. and private oil companies began the cleanup. Large vacuum trucks drawn up to the riveredge

skimmed the surface and sucked up a water-oil mixture into tanks. In a short while the oil rose to the top and the water was pumped back into the river. This process was continued until the truck was loaded with oil.

Hundreds of young people were hired as muckers to rake up the oil soaked debris. These young people came from Vermont and New York State; boys and girls alike worked fourteen hour days and, according to many, the girls were the best workers.

The next group to arrive were the insurance agents. Crawford Insurance Company of California was in charge. The Imperial Sarnia is owned by the Imperial Oil Company Ltd. of Canada "which acknowledged full responsibility for the spill and according to the Coast Guard has promised to rectify all damages caused by the oil." In an effort to do this the Imperial Oil Co. asked its U.S. affiliate, Exxon, to oversee the operation and they in turn retained Crawford. Representatives of Crawford interviewed the owners of oil soaked properties and held a meeting at Oak Point to explain the procedure planned for the cleanup and to reassure people that their property would be restored to its original condition.

Several hundred feet off shore from us is a small island of considerable historical interest. It was here the old riverboats stopped and refueled first with wood and later with coal. Now the river was beginning its spring rise. The river traffic, halted momentarily for fear of more damage, resumed at reduced speeds two days later. The wake from the ships, combined with the high water, washed the little island with oil-laden water. Our patio and dock were

also awash with oil. It reeked; it contaminated everything it touched. The cleanup personnel wore protective coverups supplied them but their hands and feet spread the oil.

The Coast Guard announced that there would be some harmful effects to wildlife along the shore, but noted that the quicker the cleanup was done the less the effects would be.

How did this accident happen on a clear night? There was a pilot strike in Canada, so there was no river pilot aboard the Imperial Sarnia. Captain Nathan T. Smith of the Imperial Sarnia was certified as a pilot. Was he at the helm? Whaleback Shoal is near the channel as it crosses from the United States to the Canadian side. When the range lights on the Canadian shore are lined up there is no problem of staying in the channel. Coast Guard Lt. Dan Struck, in charge of the Alexandria Bay Marine Inspection Detachment, definitely ruled out the possibility of steering failure.

The Coast Guard reported a total of 10,000 barrels was contained in the three damaged holds of the vessel and was leaking at the rate of 200 gallons per minute. It also reported that the wind was helping to contain the spilled oil in near shore where it could be picked up.

However, by Wednesday a shift in the wind dashed the hopes of containing the oil. Traces of oil were reported below Iroquois Lock, 45 miles from the shoal where the ship had gone aground. There were other difficulties facing the cleanup. No one wanted the recovered oil. The oil pumped into tank trucks had to be transported back to Canada to the Macdougall Liquid Service in Brockville. Here it would eventually be



Imperial Sarnia listing and leaking oil near Whaleback. (Photo courtesy of the author)



Waves washing oil into shore. (Photo courtesy of the author)



Waves splashing against buildings. (Photo courtesy of the author)



Oil booms being readied beside Oak Point Inn. (Photo courtesy of the author)



Oil booms being positioned around Zilka Island. (Photo courtesy of the author)

refined. Some of these trucks encountered needless delays at the Canadian Customs on the International Bridge.

Gloom spread on Wednesday afternoon when it was learned that one of the Atlantic Strike Force divers, Dennis Perry, was lost. He was one of a small party that day inspecting the hull of the Imperial Sarnia to see if it was safe to get underway. Dennis Perry, though a young man (27 years), was an experienced Navy diver. When Lt. Barry Chambers called his wife that night

from our house to report the tragedy, he asked if there had been any unusual physical change in Lt. Perry before he left. The only thing she could think of was that he had recently had a tooth extracted. Some observers felt that Perry hit his head when he made his dive but Lt. Chambers did not think so. He felt that he had died and then sank. As he dove after him, he noticed that there were no bubbles rising to the surface. Whichever happened the Coast Guard and the State Police divers

searched for him for an agonizing week before giving up.

Meanwhile the pumping operations continued with trucks on land and tugs and barges in the water in and around Oak Point. Lt. (jg) John Congdon of the Ogdensburg Port Safety Team made a check of all the affected premises. On Saturday, Seaway Administrator David Oberlin and Under Secretary of Transportation John Barnum viewed the cleanup operations from the air first and then made spot checks including

our boathouse.

Early estimates of the amount of oil spilled were low and had to be revised upward. Area residents continued to be plagued with oily boats, oily docks, oily minnow buckets and other gear.

The people in charge of the cleanup were experienced but with ocean disasters, where the oil washed up on beaches. They had no experience with removing oil from rocks or wood such as is found in our docks and boathouses. They did a fine job at Blake's Point, for instance, where the soil ran down to sand in the river. Tons of sand and soil and brush were scooped up and new clean dirt returned. Natural rocks they could clean with a water laser, the force of which was so great it was reported that it could take off your foot. This effective tool, however, splintered docks and took the mortar out of seawalls.

In addition to the loss of wildlife and a human life, there were many frustrations involved in the cleanup. Oak Point is a small community with a narrow one-way road leading into it. The big trucks that came to help took out electric lines and telephone wires. Lawns were torn up by the traffic. A dock that had become contaminated with oil, itself became a polluter and the owner was forced by the Coast Guard to remove it. Exxon did provide some financial aid in the replacement but we, for instance, were without a dock all summer. Everyone was busy. There was a labor boom. Finding knowledgeable and skilled laborers was left to the home owner. We had to wait our turn. All in all it was a very unpleasant summer, for one could neither swim nor use his boat.

The cleanup continued into fall. There were many black patches left on the island rocks the following summer. It has taken several years of wind and water and snow and ice to remove the remaining signs.



State Police and Coast Guard divers leaving for the search. (Photo courtesy of the author)

When the next oil spill came on June 23, 1976, we protected our waterfront by draping the docks and seawalls with an oil absorbing material supplied by the New England Petroleum Co. We had learned. The destruction caused by the cleanup process was almost as bad as the oil. An oil spill is an outstanding reason for "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." We recommend that those responsible for transporting hazardous substances, such as chemicals

and oil, through the St. Lawrence Seaway take many ounces of prevention to avoid future contamination of our mighty river.

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About the Author

Alice Gorham has been a long-time summer resident of Oak Point and a member of SLCHA. She researches and writes about numerous historical topics.

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To Catch (a Glimpse of) a Prince:

A Summer Ride Down the St. Lawrence

The excitement of seeing a royal visitor has been great for Canadians, of course, but for Americans, too. Some suggest that we all secretly enjoy the pomp and ceremony that is bestowed upon royalty and would somehow like our leaders to have some of the mystical qualities of a monarchy. To see the Prince of Wales in 1860 might be a thrill, but certainly more so if you were to ride down the untamed St. Lawrence on a passenger steamer named the "Jenny Lind." Here is a version of one account written at the time.

Today, young ladies all over the world read with interest the various romances of the Prince of Wales. Evening finds the middle-age watching the story of the earlier Prince of Wales and Mrs. Simpson. How many parents of the elderly of St. Lawrence Co. may have been aboard the "Jenny Lind," watching Ogdensburgh fade in the distance, as they left early in the morning in August, 1860, to get a glimpse of the then Prince of Wales as he visited Quebec?

The steamer entered the swift current leading to the Galloups. Passing through the smaller rapids and DePlat, the boat approached the great boiling cauldron of waves in the Lost Channel of the Great Sault and plunged headlong into furious, roaring water, timbers quivering, waves leaping to the deck. Pale faces grew brighter as Lake St. Francis is entered and the beautiful mountain scenery looms in the southern sky. The Coteau Rapids, the Cedars and Cascades unstrung once more the nerves of the timid. Then, comes the calm lake of the mountains and beautiful yet subdued scenery in Lower Canada. The white cottages of the Habitants are scattered along the shore and all gives the sensation of being in a foreign land.

Again, in current swifter than any yet passed, passengers become anxious and take hold of stanchions. The French Pilot is at the wheel with four helpmates around him. His features are rigid and he watches landmarks steadily. It is very still as the engine has stopped. The steamer goes faster and faster toward the spot where the river is white with foam and roars fearfully where the



Famed nineteenth century British artist/historian W.H. Bartlett's drawing of the Long Sault Rapids. (Courtesy of the History Center Archives)

jutting rocks rise above the stream. The boat plunges, water dashes to the deck, and it is over as safe passage is made through a channel less than 100 feet wide and over a fall of about 30 feet.

Around the point the Victoria Bridge appears and beyond it the spires of Montreal are outlined against the green mountain. All are now talking of the Prince's reception. The Provinces are striving to outdo each other. Quebec appropriated one-half million dollars for preparations. The buildings, the Victoria Bridge, the city and the mountain are ablaze of glory. But, on to Quebec. Soon the citadel-crowned Plains of Abraham loom up as the old French city is approached. A forest of masts obscures the view in the harbor. The "Jenny Lind," captained by Child and McMillan, was first to reach the Royal Squadron, having overhauled and passed all competitors. The water was alive with boats. The 14 larger steamers formed a circle and swept three times around the squadron, dipping colors. Frequent collisions were threatened. The French steamer "Voyageur," unable to obtain a band, substituted a hand organ upon which Johnny Crapand ground out his loyalty to the tune of Janette and Jenot, in a most inspiring manner. Suddenly the Prince appeared on deck, a slight, rather pale young man with a mild and pleasing countenance, wearing a simple blue sack coat, drab pants and a round felt hat. Edward Albert, heir apparent to the English throne, stepped to the taffrail and raised his hat as three hearty cheers were given.

From the top of the mainmast floated the Royal Ensign, the quartered arms of England, a most imposing silken banner. From the stern unfurled the Union Jack. The squadron moved toward the city with the "Jenny Lind" occupying front seat all the way to Quebec. Passing the head of the Isle of Orleans and the Falls of Montmorenci, the highest in America, the dull sullen boom of the cannons drew eyes toward the city. Quebec was never more beautiful, the harbor and city alive with people. The citadel blazed with its three royal salutes. The "Hero" cast anchor and the Prince disembarked. The soldiers of the garrison were in the gayest uniforms. The Highland and Indian regiments were in native costumes and the finest music was heard. His Royal Highness rode in a magnificent chariot drawn by eight horses.

That evening Quebec and Point Levi opposite were illuminated, light answering light across the broad river. Terraces were aglow with Chinese lanterns; windows were filled with transparencies; the fronts of the main buildings were blazing in gas, wreathed into the three feathered crest, the crown and royal coat of arms, and bearing words of welcome in French and English. The air was filled with rockets and Roman candles.

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(excerpted in part from a beautifully written article, on the front page of the *St. Lawrence Republican*, 28 Aug., 1860, by Mary Ruth Beaman)

SLCHA WRITING COMPETITION
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Mimi Keith: Artist of the Woods

by Nadene Twyman

The story of an artist from Sofia, Bulgaria, who met and fell in love with and married an American who was most at home in the Adirondack woods should read like a fairy tale. It almost does. Here the author, who has known the Keiths as neighbors and friends, tells her version.

Mrs. Mimi Keith has lived in Wanakena, New York, for many years. She has endured the coldest of winters, the most devastating of blizzards, the wettest of summers and sometimes, the total absence of fall. Fortunately, for the residents of this small Adirondack hamlet, there is more to Wanakena than its weather; there is the forest.

In the summer the forest is a vivid, refreshing green, brimming with wild-life. In the fall, the mountains turn breath-takingly beautiful with golds and reds contrasting with the deep green of the evergreens. The delicious scent of autumn is in the air. In the winter, the clean white snow on the naked branches reminds one of sparkling coral from the sea. The white snow blankets the ground and rests in the pines, painting a Christmas card no artist can match. Maybe this helps to explain why one with creative energy and a real sense of artistry would have such a deep love for Wanakena and the Adirondack area.

Mimi Keith is well respected in our community and very much deserves to be. She has brought with her a love of nature and of life in our little town. She gives us a deep-rooted warmth that cannot be refused or ignored.

Mimi originally came from the country of Bulgaria. She lived in the city of Sofia, the capital of Bulgaria. It was in Sofia that Mimi met Herbert Keith.

Herbert was a sergeant in the United States Army during World War II and was stationed near Sofia after the war. Mimi and Herbert met through her uncle, who was in the Embassy. At the age of twenty-seven, Mimi became a war bride.



*Herb and Mimi Keith in 1975 near the famed Foot Bridge in Wanakena.
(Photo courtesy of Paul F. Jamieson)*

Herbert and Mimi continued to live in Bulgaria for a few months after their marriage. Later, they left Mimi's native land to move to Rome, Italy. Living in Italy afforded Mimi the opportunity to view the art works of the great Masters. She toured the museums and art galleries and visited the famous cathedrals and churches, including the Sistine Chapel.

In 1957, Mimi and Herbert moved to New York City. They lived in Brooklyn for approximately three years. Mimi was definitely unhappy with life in Brooklyn. Herbert told Mimi about Wanakena, New York, a small hamlet in St. Lawrence County, located in the Adirondack Mountains. He told her of its history and of the beauty of this little community. Herbert brought Mimi to Wanakena for a summer vacation. His family owned a cottage in Wanakena and he had been vacationing there with his grandparents since he was a boy. Mimi fell in love with this small town and refused to return to Brooklyn. Before leaving Brooklyn, Mimi had agreed to paint a portrait of a lady there, but she would not return even for this. She simply telephoned the lady and informed her that she would not be able to do her portrait, since she would no longer be living in Brooklyn.

Herbert earned his living by working

for the Jones and Laughlin Steel Corporation. He also repaired televisions and operated a ham radio station from his home. Eventually, Herbert was forced to retire from work because of poor health.

Mimi has been giving private art lessons and private piano lessons since she settled in Wanakena. Mimi is a very talented artist and pianist. She received her background in art from the parochial schools in Bulgaria. She later was able to study under some of the best artists in Europe. Mimi has been painting since she was six years old. She was taught piano by her aunt, who was a concert pianist. When Mimi came to Wanakena, she soon realized that the citizens of this isolated community had not been exposed to much in the field of art. They seemed to know a great deal about many topics, but had little interest in or knowledge of art. Mimi started giving art lessons to the children of the community. She did not ask for money for her services; she just wanted to bring an understanding and appreciation of art to the young people. She was pleased to discover that many of these children were quite gifted. Soon, parents began to take an interest in her work and to ask that she give their children lessons on a regular and paying basis.

Mimi first realized that the people of

Wanakena were interested in her art when she gave her first art show. The show was a great success; one hundred people viewed the exhibition in a single afternoon.

Mimi found that her art style was changing from what it had been when she was painting in the city. Formerly, she had painted mostly portraits, interiors and still lifes. At that time she had not experimented with her talent to any great extent. After moving to Wanakena, however, she started to paint forest scenes, lakes, mountains and other types of landscapes.

Herbert Keith also had a great love for the Adirondacks, and especially for Wanakena. Like his wife, he possessed a talent. Herbert's talent was writing. He expressed his love for the area through words, as Mimi does through her painting, and published a book, *Man of the Woods*, which details the history and life of this rural Adirondack region. Herbert died in 1978.

Mimi enjoys the beauty and peace that she finds here. This is her home. "If I were to visit Bulgaria now," said Mimi, "I would not feel like it was my home. I would probably feel like a foreigner. I feel like I've lived in Wanakena all my life. This is where I'm at home."

When Mimi lived in Bulgaria, she hiked in the woods with her family and friends. Mimi says that the woods are very different here. "These kinds of woods, I have not seen. To be surrounded, to have a chance to live here



Mimi Keith's portrait of her mother.
(Photo courtesy of the artist)

and survive the whole year round! Wanakena is just as beautiful today as it was the day I first saw it!"

Mimi has observed a few changes in Wanakena. The population is about the same in the winter as it was when Mimi first arrived, but the summer population has increased quite a bit. And the numbers of hikers and campers has increased, as Wanakena's trails and forests have become well known.

Mimi's love of Wanakena is not limited to its natural beauty; she loves the people, too. "The people here are

warm and friendly," said Mimi. "I feel that there is not one person you could not depend on to be your friend. I feel that I am close to every one of them just like they were my family, or something. It's unexplainable, but I have that feeling with everybody here. There isn't anybody I call a stranger, just real good people, I would say. I enjoy these people; there is a good quality in every one of them. They are more trusting than people from the city."

Mimi's sister from Bulgaria came to visit her a few years ago, and she loved Wanakena, too. Mimi remembered that her sister walked along the trails every single day of her visit, and understood Mimi's love of Wanakena. "She said it was just like heaven," Mimi recalled.

"We used to go hiking in Bulgaria. Every Sunday we would go on these trips, climbing mountains, but it was just for the day, not like living here."

"It seems like I was always attracted by the woods and mountains. I know, now, why I was always going on hikes and why I was always going skiing. Up here, it is just like I've jumped right in it. I feel like I have been growing between these trees all my life."

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About the Author

Nadene Twyman of Star Lake will be a junior this fall at Clifton-Fine Central School. She wrote this article as part of a class project on local history of that area of the county.

NOW AVAILABLE

Old Hollywood: The Story of the Jordan Club

by Lewis Fisher; edited by Paul F. Jamieson

An Adirondack Summer colony, the Jordan Club is located in Hollywood Township, Town of Colton, at the junction of two rivers, the Jordan and the Raquette. *Old Hollywood* tells the story of how the club lost its square-mile wilderness paradise and then regained it, somewhat altered; how a vast hydroelectric development turned a lovely, winding, island-studded segment of the Raquette into the bland waters of Carry Falls Reservoir.

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*Hollywood Lodge, where Dr. and Mrs. E.H. Cook celebrated their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary.
(Photo courtesy of Mary Cook Hall)*

A Month at Hollywood Lodge in 1894

*by William F. Henry
Edited by Paul F. Jamieson*

Leaving one's routine behind and moving into a mountain lodge for the summer was a luxury some could enjoy in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Here is one man's fascinating personal account of his month of August, 1894, at Hollywood Lodge, including a lovely anniversary party that would be remembered by all who attended for a long time after.

The two following pieces supplement this summer's SLCHA publication in book form of Old Hollywood, by Lewis Fisher. The latter is the 90-year story of the Jordan Club, a hidden-away summer colony at the confluence of the Jordan River with the Raquette. Hollywood Lodge, the setting of the "Log" here reprinted, was located on the Raquette in the same square mile owned by the Jordan Club and predated the founding of the club. It was the summer home of Dr.

and Mrs. E.H. Cook, a former principal of the Potsdam Normal School. The Log, kept by a guest of the Cooks, describes daily activities in camp during the month of August, 1894. One of these events, the party celebrating the 25th wedding anniversary of the Cooks, is the subject also of the Potsdam newspaper article which follows the Log. The guest list suggests that Hollywood Lodge was the "in" place to be in St. Lawrence County on August 13, 1894. When, in 1953, the Raquette

was flooded above Carry Falls Dam, some of the cottages of the Jordan Club were moved back to higher ground, but Hollywood Lodge was too large and rambling a structure to be moved.

The Quarterly is indebted to Mary Cook Hall, granddaughter of Dr. E.H. Cook, and of Dr. Stephen M. Newman, for furnishing this material and for permission to print it. Mrs. Hall, now an honorary member of the Jordan Club, lives on the Jordan Road in Jordan, N.Y.

Log of Hollywood Lodge for August 1894

The season opened here Friday, June 29th, that being the day on which the first installment of the party reached here; names as follows, Doctor S.M. Newman, Mrs. Dr. Newman, and Miss Helen Newman, all of Washington, D.C.; Mrs. Dr. Cook, Miss Dot Cook, and Harold and Walter Cook, all of Flushing, Long Island; also Mrs. _____ of Norwood. On the 19th of July Alfred H. Henry of Potsdam joined the party. On Friday, August 3rd, Dr. E.H. Cook of Flushing and Mr. William Y. Henry and wife of Potsdam joined the party, now making 12 in all here.

Saturday, August 4th, 1894

Cloudy and cool in the morning, but clouds disappeared and the temperature became warmer as the day advanced. Dr. Cook brought in 5 fish; Henry lost a minnow, hook and spoon, and brought in nothing. Dr. Newman and the girls out berrying and brought in 6 quarts of raspberries. General Merritt, Miss Helen Partridge and Foster Boswell joined us in the evening around the campfire.

August 5th, 1894—Sunday

A beautiful morning which increased as the day advanced—still and quiet with only a ripple now and then on the water occasioned by a boat gliding along. It being necessary to obtain meat for the hungry, 2 fish were brought in. T.H. Swift visited us and remained for dinner.

Monday, August 6th, 1894

Another charming morning and day. The party separated soon after breakfast as follows—Doctor Cook going to the Jordan for trout, Mrs. Cook and Mrs. Henry go raspberrying, Henry and Alfred go fishing on the river, and Helen remained at home. Dr. Cook returned about 3 p.m. bringing in 27 trout weighing 4 pounds. The parties out berrying brought in a large measure of berries. In the early evening Dr. Cook, Henry and Harold brought 30 or more perch and bullheads. Helen Partridge and Foster Boswell came in the evening.

Tuesday, August 7th, 1894

Just lovely with warm temperature. Doctors Cook and Newman off on a 6 mile tramp for trout. Will Weed gave us a short call this A.M. on his way to Gale's to join his wife and children. Helen Newman beats the record thus far on the river having (in company with Walter) brought in about noon a 6 pound pickerel caught about opposite the Lodge; a splendid dinner of baked fish was relished by all.

Dr. Cook brought in 42 trout weighing 4 pounds. Dr. Newman did not fish. The Partridge family and Foster Boswell were with us in the evening and we all had a merry time singing and dancing;

the principal feature and the clog dance of Dr. Cook were just immense.

Wednesday, August 8th, 1894

Mercury 66° above—somewhat cloudy in the morning and at intervals throughout the day—slight shower in the p.m. George H. Sweet and son, George, joined us at noon. Harold, Walter, and Alfred left at 2 o'clock p.m. enroute for Bear Brook and will remain all night. All (with the exception of Sweet and Dr. Newman) made a formal call at Tanglewood [the C.B. Partridge camp] in the early evening. Our campfire was not enjoyable tonight as heretofore on account of the Boys absence. Threatens rain as we retire for the night.

Thursday, August 9th, 1894

Mercury 54°. After a very severe thunder, lightning and rain storm lasting nearly all night we find ourselves well and in readiness to eat a hearty breakfast of dried beef and cream potatoes, coffee and the ever welcome pancakes and maple syrup. A cold cloudy morning follows last night's storm. Soon after breakfast the Boys put in their appearance tired, wet and hungry and bringing but one bird. As a matter of course all are disappointed, as we are in great need of mountain veal [venison].

Mrs. Sweet left for home between 9 and 10 a.m. The day has been quite nice notwithstanding. 'Twas cold and cheerless in the morning, sun shining most of the time. Invitations written on birch bark for the celebration of the 25th wedding anniversary of Dr. and Mrs. Cook on the 13th (Monday) and sent to each lodge on the stillwater. Mrs. Dr. Stowell with friends, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis called in the early morning.

Dancing is becoming quite the craze at our campfire gatherings and the jigs and break downs of Dr. Cook are immense and tonight's exhibit was just fine. Very little work outside the necessary today, all feeling a desire to rest.

Friday, August 10th, 1894

Mercury 48°. The night was very cold and is the same this morning, but the sun is shining bright. Mrs. Newman goes this morning with Mrs. Partridge and Foster Boswell up the Jordan to sketch. Henry is busy overhauling our outside wash facilities. Dr. Cook and the Boys are cutting wood. Mesdames Cook and Henry are busy in the kitchen. Dot and Helen are doing a little of everything. Dr. Newman is busy in his room.

The afternoon finds Drs. Cook and Newman cutting out a few trees in front. Dot, Alfred, and George up the river looking for eggs. The balance quietly resting. After tea Dr. and Mrs. Cook on the river and brought in one fish.

Harold, Walter, and Henry out fishing and brought in 70 or 80. Mrs.

Newman returned in due time bringing a fine sketch from the Jordan.

Saturday, August 11th, 1894

Mercury 51°. The day opens very fine. The Stowell party gave us a passing call this a.m. We are fortunate this morning in obtaining 23 pounds of fresh veal & two jerked.

Hattie Meary Bryant came from Chula Vista soon after breakfast bringing acceptance and congratulations from that camp for the event of the 13th.

The day has been spent by all doing a little here and there. In the evening the young people, by invitation of Birch Lodge, made a visit to the Bear Trap [a picnic site]. The old people remained at home and kept the camp fire from going out.

The youngsters returned near 10 o'clock and report a pleasant time. Dr. Cook and Walter arose at two A.M. and went down the river in quest of game but came back in time for breakfast empty handed.

Sunday, August 12th, 1894

Mercury 67°. Another Sunday has rolled around and we all meet at the breakfast table hale and hearty and ready to do justice to the meal prepared. Clouds and a south wind prevail this morning. Fred Hull, Fred Sisson and wife called in the A.M., Miss Crane and Mrs. Flagg in the P.M.

It has continued cloudy and windy with an occasional sprinkle of rain. A very delightful picture Walter and Helen afforded us this P.M. coming into port both sitting upon one seat with one umbrella over them, one hand of each grasping the handle and the two remaining hands plying the oars. 'Twas in the early twilight and the evening. Our campfire party tonight was confined to the household and is a very quiet one.

Monday, August 13th, 1894

Mercury 60°. Rain during the night with a few peals of thunder. The morning isn't at all to our wishes being cloudy, wet and dark. It being the 25th wedding anniversary of Dr. & Mrs. Cook and company invited for the evening, we had wished for a bright clear day; however, "all's well that ends well" and we trust that may be the case at this time.

Mrs. Partridge and Helen Partridge are with us this A.M. busy trimming the piazza and rooms. [Mr. Henry, the writer of this log, now became master of ceremonies. The rest of the entry for this date was written by a different hand.]

This date brings to mind the most memorable occasion this old lodge has yet witnessed and one which seems specially worthy of preservation in the annals of Hollywood Lodge. We were to celebrate the Silver Wedding. After twenty-five years of happy wedded life it was the desire of their many friends to

offer congratulations to Dr. and Mrs. E.H. Cook upon their arrival at this point in their journey together and further wish them a God speed for the years to come.

For this then we were gathered. The clouds, threatening rain in the forenoon, passed away at mid-day and the afternoon and evening were beautifully bright and clear.

The Lodge, gayly decorated with quantities of evergreen and simple flowers, seemed most home-like. Countless colored lights hung from the trees and shone softly through the branches.

At an early hour the friends began to arrive and the evening's pleasures opened auspiciously with a number of enjoyable dances under the direction of W.Y. Henry, our jolly master of ceremonies.

Suddenly there was a pause in the merriment. Alfred appeared with his mandolin. The sweet strains of the "Wedding March" were heard, and escorted by their children and the family of Dr. Newman, the quarter-century bride and groom passed up the center of the piazza and were seated under the wedding bell at the head. An extremely appropriate and well worded poem was read by Dr. Newman. After this treat Dr. Newman, who officiates, called on Mrs. Bryant, Mrs. Moore, and Miss Crane, who responded with a well rendered trio. The song over, a recitation entitled "Bay Billy" was given by Mr. Theodore H. Swift. Congratulatory remarks were made by Reverend E.J. Chaffee, Theodore H. Swift, L.L. Goodale, H.D. Pettit, A.W. Morhouse, and General E.A. Merritt. These were followed by a humorous recitation "The Wedding" finely given by Mrs. E.J. Chaffee. Another song by Mrs. Bryant, Mrs. Moore, and Miss Crane closed the Exercises. The jovial Mr. Henry took charge once more, and the remainder of the evening was pleasantly filled with music, dancing, and refreshments. Dr. & Mrs. Cook were the happy recipients from their friends of a number of well chosen presents which were greatly appreciated.

The fun was at its height. Only too soon was it over. Sadly we noted that the hour was growing late; reluctantly we took our places for the last inspiring dance, the light burned low, and with many a good-bye and pleasant wish, we separated in the hope that when another twenty-five years have slipped by we shall once more gather for a royal celebration of the Golden Wedding.

Tuesday, August 14th, 1894

Mercury 67°. A Charming morning. All are in a dilapidated condition, more or less, in consequence of last night's dissipation, but the breakfast call found all present. It is a source of pleasure to all interested in the preparatory work



Picnic at Carry Falls in 1886. From the left, the men are Dr. Stephen M. Newman and Dr. Walter W. Cook. The women are Mrs. Clara Coburn Stoddart, a sister of Dr. Cook; Mrs. Stephen (Mary L.) Newman; Mrs. Clara W. Cook, mother of Walter; unidentified; and Miss Grace Goodale. (Photo courtesy of Mary Cook Hall)

that the guests—one and all—expressed unbounded satisfaction in the way in which all was conducted and the cordial feeling that prevailed.

At noon the mercury registers 76°, which is the warmest experienced by the writer since his coming to Hollywood Lodge. Swift and Morehouse out 2 P.M., their ladies too tired to cross the river. Dr. Cook and Harold off between 3 & 4 o'clock for the night. A very quiet campfire gathering this evening.

Wednesday, August 15th, 1894

Mercury 61°. Rain fell in the early morning and a shower greeted Walter and Henry while out for spring water. All well and present at the morning meal with the exception of Dr. Cook and Harold. We learn from Lemon that Dr. Cook had brought down one deer (2 shots) up to the time of his leaving them in the early morning. Mrs. Goodale, Mrs. Morgan, and Ruth (Morgan), and the Haywoods go out today. 23rd Wedding Anniversary of Dr. and Mrs. Newman occurs.

The hunters returned about noon bringing a fine doe, weight when dressed, eighty-eight pounds. Five deer were seen. Harold paddled Mr. Chaffee up to one but the light had gone out and the deer escaped. In the morning Mr. Lemon paddled Mr. Chaffee up to two deer, but although Mr. Chaffee fired three shots he was unable to get one. Dr. Cook saw one more across the pond, but when we went after him he was gone. Dr. Cook, Walter, and Mr. Lemon return to Inwood [unidentified place]

this evening.

Thursday, August 16th, 1894

Mercury 55°. Cold north wind with clouds and sunshine. Dr. Cook, Walter, and Mr. Lemon returned from Inwood about half past nine this morning. They report that no deer were seen although one was heard to whistle. The night was not a suitable one for hunting as it was far too light and the wind blew quite strongly.

Nothing out of the usual routine today. Flagg and wife came in the evening.

Friday, August 17th, 1894

Clear and bright morning but the air is sufficiently cool to cause the writer to shiver and keep near the fire. The young people (with the exception of Harold) go down the river this morning picnicking. Drs. Cook and Newman ransacking the house for mice in the A.M. Henry out with Miss Crane in her canoe in the forenoon. Drs. Cook and Newman and Harold and Mr. Chaffee off this afternoon for the hunting ground (Inwood). Mesdames Chaffee and Lemon in the evening, later Mesdames Cook and Henry, Dot and Alfred and wife visited them in the Chaffee Cottage.

Saturday, August 18th, 1894

Mercury 51°. Cloudy morning with an occasional sprinkle. Hunters returned soon after breakfast without game.

Sunday, August 19th, 1894

Mercury 56°. The day opens very nice indeed; sun shining in all its splendor; atmosphere beautiful; in fact, it is an ideal Sabbath morning.

All are keeping very quiet. Walter and Lemon returned about 10 o'clock empty handed. The Partridge family in the evening. Also Flagg and wife. The day throughout like the morning, beautiful.

Monday, August 20th, 1894

Mercury 55°. Sunshine and clouds greet us this A.M. Mrs. Henry and Alfred go home this morning. Dr. Cook and the Boys at work on the pier most of the day finishing the same near 5 P.M. Afterwards the usual number of swimmers went into the river.

Professor Mann and wife and W.M. Hawkins, wife, and child came for a short call in the afternoon. We learn that Mr. Thomas S. Clarkson, who was injured by the falling of steam pumps which he was assisting into place at his quarry last week, died yesterday morning and will be buried on Wednesday, the 22nd.

On invitation of the Partridge family, we all visited Tanglewood in the evening and had a very enjoyable time. A bonfire, molasses candy, popcorn, and much merrymaking in which Dr. Cook was an important factor. Cold, quite intense as we go our way for the night.

Tuesday, August 21st, 1894

Mercury 43°. This is a very enjoyable time by the side of a warm stove, but outside it is very unenjoyable. A cold north wind prevailed and the thermometer shows the atmosphere is cold,

which with the sun obscured by the clouds renders it uncomfortable for campers—such is the writer's experience. Dr. Cook and the Boys cutting wood into a huge bonfire nearby, the latter not for warming purposes but to burn brush, etc.

P.M.—Dr. Cook, Harold, and Walter left 5 o'clock for Inwood to be absent all night. Temperature moderated since morning to the extent that one can now venture outside and not freeze. The Partridge family and Grace Goodale in the evening—green corn, roasted, constituted the bill of fare.

Wednesday, August 22nd, 1894

Mercury 45°. While the mercury indicates a difference of only two degrees in favor of heat to me it seems ten degrees warmer. Wind has moved into the south and the mercury gradually rising.

Mr. and Mrs. Chaffee and Foster Boswell say "Goodbye" and leave for Potsdam. The hunters returned early bringing no game. Did bring, however, a kitten of the tiger species sufficiently old to catch mice, with which we are overrun. He has been named "Mose."

Nothing worthy of note occurred today other than the above. In the evening all visited Tanglewood and were regaled with green corn in the roast.

Thursday, August 23rd, 1894

Mercury 48°—at noon 78°. The morning opened up pleasant. Walter and

Lemon returned near 10:30 A.M. with luck unchanged. As was the case the day before a deer was seen but not brought to death.

The Jordan Club is in session here this A.M. to subscribe to "Articles of Incorporation." Later the Inwood Club met in conference. Mrs. Partridge, Helen and Josie Redway in the evening, also Mr. and Mrs. Flagg.

Friday, August 24th, 1894

Mercury 55°. A warm enjoyable morning. Mrs. Dailey (servant) has given out in health and goes out today with Will May; George Sweet also goes home with May. Mr. Goodale, Grace, and Mrs. Flagg go out this morning. At noon the mercury stood at 80°. Mrs. Prince and Mrs. Ball called in the afternoon.

Dr. Cook, Harold, and Walter left soon after 4 P.M. for Inwood to remain all night.

Our evening gathering dwindled down to six and all being tired sought repose at an early hour, soon after 9 o'clock.

Dr. Cook and Henry weighed at Reynolds today—Dr. Cook showing a gain of 8 pounds and Henry 7 pounds. [Jerry Reynolds was the original proprietor of the Hollywood Inn on the west banks of the Raquette across from Hollywood Lodge.]

Saturday, August 25th, 1894

Mercury 60°. A very warm night and the same can be said of the morning.



A bend in the Jordan River. (Photo courtesy of George Hazzard)

Clouds seem to be gathering in the sky and the distant thunder is heard very frequently. The hunters returned at 11:15 A.M. but came empty handed. Report hearing quite a number of deer on the pond but did not get sight of any. The Balls and the lingering members of their camp went down today.

The Partridge family all here in the evening, also Professor Flagg.

Sunday, August 26th, 1894

None up early enough to obtain a correct knowledge of the mercury this morning, but judge 50° was about what it registered at 7 o'clock. Sun shining bright but north wind prevails which makes it decidedly cool. The day passed like all other days except in labor, and yet the ladies may truthfully say they have worked as hard as on other days.

Sunday, August 27th, 1894

Mercury registered 39° at 6:45 A.M. —at 8:30 49°, wind south. Dr. Cook, Walter and Henry go away today at noon. Before leaving the writer desires to express to Dr. and Mrs. Cook on this page of the log his sincere thanks for the invitation that brought Mrs. Henry, Alfred, and myself to this beautiful home on the shore of the Raquette and to further thank them as well as all the members of the Lodge for the very courteous and generous treatment that greeted us each day throughout our stay here. That all have received great benefit—myself in particular—is a fact beyond question. Our condition every way bettered to the extent that we go to our home with renewed energies. Wishing all a safe journey to your respective homes when the day arrives on which you will “pull from the shore fronting Hollywood Lodge on the Raquette,” I bid you an affectionate farewell.

William Y. Henry



Note: Relatives of Dr. and Mrs. E.H. Cook mentioned in the Log are: Sons—Walter Cook (Helen Law's father), Harold Cook (Helen Law's uncle). Daughter—Dot Cook (Helen Law's aunt, Mrs. Stoddart). Dr. Newman—brother-in-law of Mrs. E.H. Cook; Mrs. Newman—sister to Mrs. E.H. Cook; Helen Newman—Helen Law's mother after she married Walter Cook. Grandchildren of Dr. and Mrs. E.H. Cook (not mentioned in the log as it was before their time): Helen Cook, now Helen C. Law; Dorothy Cook, now Dorothy C. Breland; Edith Cook, not married; Mary Cook, now Mrs. Mary C. Hall. Also, Charles W. Stoddart, Jr., Harold Stoddart, and Robert Stoddart.

A Silver Wedding in the Forest

Dr. and Mrs. Cook Celebrate their 25th Anniversary at Hollywood Lodge

Probably as gay a party as ever met among “the murmuring pines and the hemlocks” was that which gathered at Hollywood one evening last week to celebrate the 25th Anniversary of the marriage of Dr. and Mrs. E.H. Cook, the former principal of our Normal school and his estimable wife. Hollywood in its most halcyon day had never before put on so festive a garb; the entire camp on the leafy shore of the Stillwater joined in the celebration and as the darkness deepened Hollywood Lodge stood out from the dark forest background, made brilliant by myriads of fancy lanterns and a blaze of colored lights.

The lodge was arrayed in a holiday attire of evergreens and a marriage bell of pond lilies and evergreens hung at the head of the piazza. A little preliminary dancing started the evening's festivities but the anniversary celebration really commenced with a wedding march ably rendered by Mr. Alfred H. Henry on his banjo mandolin and, as the familiar strains floated out into the forest primeval and across the smooth waters, the wedding party slowly marched up the center of the piazza. The party consisted of Miss Clara C. Cook and Miss Helen Newman, Messrs. H.C. and W.W. Cook, Dr. and Mrs. S.M. Newman, Dr. and Mrs. E.H. Cook. After Dr. and Mrs. Cook had taken their seats under the bell at the head of the porch, Rev. Dr. Newman, who officiated, opened the exercises of the evening by calling upon Mrs. Bryant, Mrs. Moore and Miss Crane who responded by rendering a charming trio. Dr. Newman then read the following original poem:

My friends: you will graciously pardon the rhyme,
With which I shall claim a bit of your time,
That I may do honor to this wedded pair,
With whom we tonight these rejoicing share.
For twenty-five years they have travelled by prose,
And it's time for that sort of tramp to close.
They have trudged from the sands of Brunswick town
All over the country, up and down;
They have worked in the mines of the west for gold,
And eastern waters for pickerel trolled;
They have battled for bread in the city's roar,
And have drunk cold water when nothing more
Could be found to wash down the meager share
They were able to get from the world's

hard fare.

I know it is true an occasional slice
Of real “mountain veal” has seemed rather nice,

While a pudding or two, and a cake now and then,
Have put them in heart to push forward again.

But the gray in his hair, and—what shall I write?

Is there aught that is old in the bride of tonight?

The gray in his hair, (and would be in his beard,

If he didn't keep it forever sheared.)

The faltering step and the furrowed brow,

Tell how hard he has struggled to live till now.

You must hear him yell, and see him dance,

Before you can realize what he was once.

But a truce to the past with its record grim;

Let the thought of its many privations grow dim.

For this ancient couple are present now,
In order to take another vow.

For twenty-five years, the vow they took
Has been pulled, and strained, and rattled, and “shook,”

Until, like the “deacon's one hoss shay,”
It may silently sink into dust some day.

We cannot bear to see such an end,
So, though we cannot its weaknesses mend,

We'll tie them again with a fresh piece of rope,

And knot it so strong that we always shall hope,

Whatever betide, in all sorts of weather,
To find the gay pair pulling on together.

So, 'Zekiel, what say you. Do you consent?
The way which long ago you went,

Is it one which now you would like to renew,

And bind yourself its track to pursue?

And Clara, how is it? Does what you said then,

Commend itself to you for trial again?

Do I hear you say yes? Well, then, it is done,

You will always as in the past be one,
And if you'll be careful and stop your tricks,

We'll leave in your care the three little chicks,

And let you go on to the end of time,
If you'll live less prose, and a little more rhyme.

But honestly now, with all joking aside,
What could be better for bridegroom and bride,

Than to come from the city's narrow street,
With its blinding glare, its noise, and heat,

And pass their new honey-moon in God's

wood,
Where the wealth of life is true and good?
The life of the forest is deep and strong,
The Racquette water gladly pushes
along

To its home in the larger river and sea,
The song of the bird is blithe and free,
The flower blooms when it will, for joy,
And the sunshine and air are without
alloy.

The architect here is the God of all days,
And the story we read is that of His ways
In building the glorious temple we see,
When we look on vine and bush and tree,
On river and hill, with the blue dome
above,

And catch the secret vision of love,
With which the maker and builder
wrought
When he spread over earth the glow of
his thought.

The silver we bring tonight without
stint,
Is the silver which only the Lord can
mint;

No purse can confine these riches old,
No safe, the whole of this treasure can
hold.

It glints in the water, it shines in the air,
And fills the forest depths everywhere,
It trembles in sunlight and hides in the
shade,

It lies on the hill top and in the deep
glade,

But only they can make it their prize,
Who seek it with open and loving eyes,—
The silver of peace, and freedom, and
life,

Of rest after toil, and release from strife.
Then burden and care away we fling,
'Tis of youth and vigor and hope we sing,
The youth which is always ready to work,
The vigor which never knows how to
shirk,

And the hope which always keeps
blazing away

At the track which leads to the brighter
day.

These are the qualities rare which we
trace

In the bride's as well as the bride-
groom's face.

Take then our God-speed, and go on your
way,

Grow younger and younger day after
day,

And when you have reached it invite us
to see,

The glory and pride of your Jubilee.

I found them side by side within the
wood,

And bowed before their friendliness,
One used its strength to hover and
protect,

The other lived to cheer and bless.

By bringing all its beauty without stint.

They passed the time in glad employ;
Each fitted into all the other's life

And rounded it to perfect joy.

The seasons wrought no change upon
their troth,

But love abode between the two,
In spite of all that chilling winds and
frosts,

And drifting winter snows could do.
Their union was divine; it was not
chance,

For thus the Life that has all grace,
Had fitted each with what it best could
bear,

And given to it a cherished place.

The fulness of their peace I could not see,
But this one thrilling thing I know;

All wedded life that's true, must be of
God.

The Oak and Orchid told me so.

Theo. H. Swift, Esq., delivered in his
usual excellent manner the recitation
entitled "Bay Billy," which was followed
by congratulatory remarks by Rev. E.J.
Chaffee, T.H. Swift, S.L. Goodale, H.D.
Pettit, Gen. E.A. Merritt and A.W.
Morehouse. Mr. Morehouse in his
remarks said:

"Somewhere I have seen these words,
"Ex Nihilo Nihil fit," and these words
may well apply to me and my speech this
evening, but I can truly say that it
affords me great pleasure to be of this
happy company and extend my hearty
congratulations to my true and tried
friends Dr. and Mrs. Cook. I think I may
also voice the best wishes of the
thousands of friends and students in this
part of the country whose lives have
been partly shaped and moulded by
their earnest efforts.

"I can perform this pleasant duty with
more real feeling than others here
perhaps, because I too am no near the
same milestone along life's great
journey.

"Home, Sweet Home is truly the best
and loveliest place on earth and that
beautiful song has its place in nearly
every heart, but tonight I can almost
forget the endearments of home as here
"Near to Nature's Heart" I freely
breathe this pure mountain air, feel the
ozone giving life and strength to my
being, taste this clear and sparkling
spring water, and more than all take by
the hand and look into the friendly eyes
of those whom I love and respect.

"It is said that there is no such thing as
forgetting possible to the mind, that
what we see and hear shall endure
forever. If this be true, then I believe
that the memory of this occasion, their
joyous greetings, these beautiful sur-
roundings shall become even more vivid
and enchanting in the lapse of ages. Yes,
when we have all passed over that other
"jordan" into the Sweet Fields of Eden,
it is possible that we may look back upon
this hour as one of the choicest in the
whole course of our existence. It has
been my good fortune and pleasure in
the days that are gone, to be associated

with Dr. and Mrs. Cook in scenes of
gaiety and pleasure at Saratoga, Wat-
kins Glen, Lake George and other places
of popular resort, but among them all,
we have found no place equal to this,
where separated from the din and strife
of the world we may join heart and hand
in looking up from Nature to Nature's
God.

"My dear friends, may life continue to
blossom with hope along your pathway
and finally may you attain to unending
joy and unflinching happiness."

Mrs. E.J. Chaffee recited a humor-
ous selection entitled "The Wedding"
and the exercises closed with another
song by the favorite trio. The remainder
of the night, until the gray mists of
morning began to rise from the water,
was pleasantly spent with refresh-
ments, dancing and music, Mr. Wm. Y.
Henry, acting as director general of the
gaiety. Dr. and Mrs. Cook were the
happy recipients of a number of well
chosen presents from T.H. Swift and
wife, A.W. Morehouse and wife and a
joint gift in which all the summer
residents of Hollywood joined.

The guests of the evening were Gen.
and Mrs. E.A. Merritt, Mr. and Mrs.
Theo. H. Swift, Mr. and Mrs. A.W.
Morehouse, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Y.
Henry, Prof. and Mrs. E.W. Flagg, Mr.
and Mrs. C.B. Partridge, Mr. and Mrs.
L.L. Goodale, Mr. and Mrs. James
Lemon, Mr. and Mrs. O. Bliss, Mr. and
Mrs. Fred R. Sisson, Mr. and Mrs. C.E.
Haywood, Mr. and Mrs. S.D. Ray, Mr.
and Mrs. L.C.F. Ball, Mrs. Harriet C.
Bryant, Mrs. Jessie C. Moore, Mrs. A.E.
Morgan, Mrs. Ada Barnes, Mrs. H.L.
Matteson, Miss Julia Etta Crane, Miss
Barbara C. Moore, Miss Elva M.
Haywood, Miss Ruth Morgan, Miss
Lillian Bliss, Miss Grace H. Goodale,
Miss Grace Matteson, Miss Helen E.
Partridge, Miss E. Thompson, Alfred
H. Henry, A.H. Morgan, Ray Ball,
George Goodale, George Sweet, all of
Potsdam; Rev. Dr. and Mrs. S.M.
Newman, Washington, D.C., Miss Helen
C. Newman, Washington, D.C., Rev. and
Mrs. E.J. Chaffee, Middletown, Conn.,
Mr. and Mrs. R.J. Prince, Mr. L.R.
Prince, Detroit, Mr. and Mrs. A.S.
Barber, Canton, N.Y., Mr. and Mrs.
H.D. Pettit, Lawrence, L.I., Miss Delia
C. Lee, Cape Vincent, N.Y., Mr. Foster
P. Boswell, Rochester, N.Y.



About the Editor

Paul F. Jamieson is clearly the leading
authority on the literature of and life in
the Adirondacks. SLCHA is fortunate to
have him make frequent contributions,
including the recent large task of pre-
paring *Old Hollywood* for publication.

From the Editor's Desk . . .

In this twenty-fifth year of publication for *The Quarterly*, it is my pleasure to be able to state with real assurance that this journal is alive and well and promising of a future consistent with its great past. This issue, devoted almost entirely to the lively spirit of summer in our beautiful region, is a blend of seasoned veteran contributions and those just trying it for the first time. It well reflects the nature of today's Association membership and augurs well for the vitality of both this publication and our society. We are especially pleased to include the first of the articles selected as prize winners in our recent historical writing competition. We hope and trust that you will share in the enthusiasm of the contest judges for these selections.

I thought you might be interested in what some of the future issues have in

store for you. Other contest winners which will appear soon include articles on such a variety of topics as logging on the Grass River, twentieth century clothing styles, traditional family foods, the talc mining industry, and St. Lawrence County apples. We also plan to include Dr. Stuart Winning's abbreviated history of medical practice in the County; Thurlow Cannon's fascinating story of B.J. Rolfe, cornetist and musical composer; reviews of several recent books of potential interest to our readers; and a special theme issue on agricultural history in the County in April 1981. We are especially interested in articles that pertain to the latter. So keep on writing, keep on reading, and keep on telling us how we are doing.

Varick A. Chittenden
Editor



The Wright Corner

by Mary Ruth Beaman

It might be of interest to genealogists to know that Silas Wright shared mutual ancestors with such notables as Ethan Allen and Nathan Hale. Of less interest is that "yours truly" shared many ancestors with Clarissa Moody Wright.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

In Feb. 1886 a costume party was held at the home of Mr. Robert Sackrider in Canton. One garment of historical interest was an elegant black dress coat, made for Silas Wright when he was Governor, which was worn by Mr. Murray N. Ralph. The coat showed no sign of wear and probably was never worn by Gov. Wright except at the inauguration of his successor, John Young, and at his own farewell reception on the 1st of January, 1847.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Silas Wright had his own press agent in the person of Joseph M. Doty, once assistant editor of the *St. Lawrence Republican*, an Ogdensburg weekly. Mr. Doty accompanied Mr. Wright on his election tours. Some say that items written by Mr. Wright for the *Republican* were really done by Mr. Doty.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Mrs. J.C. Whitcomb of Brooklyn, N.Y. to the editor of the *New York Tribune*:
"Sir: I have been much interested in the articles in relation to the home of the

late Silas Wright, the more so as that home was built by my husband and planned by myself, oven and all, occupied by us and sold to Mr. Silas Wright. Mr. Wright began his law practice in Canton in a little office built by my father, his father coming in from Vermont with him to see the new location." etc., etc. (from the *Commercial Advertiser*, 27 Jan. 1892)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

In the City Hall at Albany are preserved the portraits of all the Governors of this state beginning with George Clinton. One of the most striking is the portrait of Silas Wright, done in oil and life size. It was supposedly done by Twitchell, the distinguished painter of Albany who did many of the others. An exact copy was painted by the same artist for the late Horace Moody, brother-in-law of Mr. Wright and also his private secretary during his term as Governor. Mr. Moody's widow gave this portrait to the people of Canton and it was to be sent to the County Clerk's office where his old friends could look upon it. (from the *Commercial Advertiser*, 8 Oct. 1890 in the county historian's office)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

1 Jan. 1824 the former old American House, constructed in Canton by Capt. Sartell Prentice, was opened to the public with a formal dance. The "Grand March" was led by Silas Wright. It was known as Prentice's Tavern before becoming the American House.

Additions & Corrections

We regret two errors in the April, 1980, issue, one of omission, the other of commission:

Hotels pictured from pages 18 through 21 were:

Page 18: top, Hotel Harrington, Canton; bottom, Hotel McConville, Ogdensburg.

Page 19: top left, Hotel, Hopkinton Village; top right, Phineas Durfey Hotel, Hopkinton; bottom left, Block Hotel, Clarksboro; bottom right, Riverside Hotel, Rensselaer Falls.

Page 20-21: top left, Palmer House, Russell; top center, Lisbon Center House, Lisbon; American House, Norwood; middle left, Grove Hotel, Heuvelton; middle center, Hotel Edwards, Edwards; middle right, Seymour House, Ogdensburg; bottom left, Van Heuvel House, Heuvelton; bottom center, American House, Canton; bottom right, Nunn's Inn, Cranberry Lake.

We also misattributed the article, "The Bridge Built by Three Towns." It was written by the late Ethel B. Olds of Waddington and the accompanying photograph came from her estate.

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