

THE

QUARTERLY

Official Publication of the St. Lawrence County Historical Association

January 1982

NORTHERN RAILROAD, FROM OGDENSBURGH TO ROUSE'S POINT. PASSENGER TARIFF.

STATIONS.	OGDENSBURGH,	LISBON,	MADRID,	POTSDAM,	KNAPP'S,	STOCKHOLM,	LAWRENCE,	MOIRA,	BRUSH'S MILLS,	BANGOR,	MALONE,	BURKE,	CHATEAUGAY,	ELLENBURGH,	CHAZY,	CENTERVILLE,	MOOERS,	CHAMPLAIN,	ROUSE'S POINT.	
OGDENSBURGH,																				
LISBON,	25																			
MADRID,	50	25																		
POTSDAM,	75	50	25																	
KNAPP'S,	85	60	35	10																
STOCKHOLM,	105	80	55	30	20															
LAWRENCE,	125	100	75	50	40	20														
MOIRA,	140	115	90	65	55	35	15													
BRUSH'S MILLS,	150	125	100	75	65	40	25	5												
BANGOR,	165	140	115	90	80	50	40	25	20											
MALONE,	185	160	135	110	100	80	60	45	40	20										
BURKE,	205	180	155	130	120	100	80	65	40	20	20									
CHATEAUGAY,	220	195	170	145	135	115	90	80	75	55	35	15								
ELLENBURGH,	270	245	220	195	185	165	145	130	125	105	85	65	50							
CHAZY,	285	260	235	210	200	180	160	145	135	120	100	80	65	15						
CENTERVILLE,	300	285	260	235	225	205	185	170	165	145	125	105	90	40	25					
MOOERS,	300	295	270	245	235	215	195	180	175	155	135	115	100	50	35	10				
CHAMPLAIN,	300	300	295	270	260	240	220	205	200	180	160	140	125	75	60	35	25			
ROUSE'S POINT.	300	300	300	280	270	250	230	215	205	190	170	150	135	85	70	45	35	10		

The fares noted in the Table apply to tickets bought at the ticket office. Passengers paying their fare in the Cars, will be required to pay *five cents* additional.

CHARLES L. SCHLATTER,

Superintendent.

OCTOBER 21, 1850.

THE QUARTERLY

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VOLUME XXVII

JANUARY 1982

NO. 1

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

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Editor: Varick A. Chittenden

*This publication is made possible in part with public funds from
the New York State Council on the Arts.*

Cover: An 1850 poster announcing ticket fares on the Northern Railroad. See a comprehensive history of the railroad, beginning on page 7. (Courtesy of Rachael Dandy)



The author at right, with sisters and neighborhood children, ca. 1950. (Photo courtesy of Eva S. Dean)

A Boyhood for All Seasons . . .

Reminiscences of Growing Up in Knapps Station

by Warren M. Dean

The days of one's childhood often seem to be the happiest or at least the most carefree. This delightful account of one boy's early years in the hamlet of Knapps Station recalls the times—only a few years ago—when being young in a small town meant being creative and active in play, in all the seasons of the year.

In the early 1940s our family moved to the hamlet of Knapps Station, a thriving community of fifteen permanent families. The move was only two or three miles from our rented home in a nearby village, but gave us more "running space" and temporarily satisfied my father's need for a place of his own. A later move to a small farm apparently satisfied this need completely. He has lived there for twenty-five years.

When we first moved to Knapps Station, my folks had three children—me, and a younger sister and brother. Apparently Dad thought the space needed filling, because two more sisters and a brother arrived in a second wave of Dean siblings after the move. This urge to populate the county continued when we moved to the farm, with the

birth of the seventh and final son in 1953.

Life in Knapps Station has always moved at its own slow pace, and the only thing that seems to change is the names on some of the mailboxes. Most of the men work in nearby towns or are retired; children are bussed to centralized schools, grow up, and leave, either for economic reasons or from plain boredom. I must admit, however, that my folks could not have picked a more fascinating, exciting and wonderful place for children.

I suppose we were culturally deprived to have to entertain ourselves without structured supervision, fancy buildings, ornate toys, libraries, and other absolute necessities for child rearing. We were forced to improvise a lot, and our ingenuity at getting into

and out of mischief was operating at full blast at all times. We also had a hell of a lot of fun, thank you.

In Knapps Station, spring was announced by an overflowing brook, the smell of maple syrup being made, and the whine of the circular saw biting through pine logs at the local sawmill. The mill owner's high tolerance level for small children made him the most popular grownup in town. The mill yard provided a complete playground for the inventive child. Piled logs provided mountains to climb, numerous hideouts and forts; their cool shade was irresistible to garter snakes, a population we seriously tried to put on the endangered list. The trimming from the edges of boards (logically called edgings) was the perfect raw material for swords, spears, javelins and any

other weapon we could design to jab, stick, and otherwise torture small animals and each other. Miraculously, no fatalities occurred, and minor injuries were never reported because of the danger of being banned from the mill yard.

The small brook which ran through town was also a favorite playground. In the spring the melting snow raised its customary trickle to a torrent and the brook drew children like flies. A favorite diversion was damming the brook, and the best spot for this enterprise was directly in front of the bridge, where the supports provided a perfect start for our damming project. We usually found a large tree to span the bridge opening and start the dam. This was not as difficult as it sounds, since the brook at high water obligingly provided us with an ample supply of debris. Once the key log was in place, we simply threw everything we could lift into the brook and the force of the water carried it to our dam. One particularly memorable spring we managed to raise the water level behind the dam until we all were in danger of drowning, and were only stopped when a combination of long absences, wet clothes, and a noticeable increase in water level attracted our mother's attention. It was very satisfying to watch three men labor two full days removing our dam, particularly since we learned so many new words while they were doing it.

World War II was raging in those days, and patriotism ran high. We often stood around the piano and sang songs such as *You're a Sap*, *Mister Jap* while Mom provided the music. Every schoolchild knew who Hitler, Tojo, and Mussolini were, and produced ugly caricatures of them by the ream. On one or two occasions we had "blackouts" when every light in town was extinguished to prevent detection by enemy bombers. I remember peering through our curtains and being very satisfied by the complete darkness of every nearby house. Showing a light would have been considered an outright act of sabotage. I often wonder what inept enemy pilot would have had the stupidity to bomb our tiny village, with no industry, few people, and a brook. At the time we did what Roosevelt decided was good for us—no questions asked.

The brook dried up in the summer-time, leaving a variety of pools where pickerel and sun turtles were trapped to be enjoyed at our leisure. The occasional snapping turtle added spice to these expeditions, and our healthy respect for this evil-natured reptile only heightened our determination to torment them. The accepted technique for capturing a "snapper" is to maneuver him into a spot where he cannot



Maurice Dean with pet goat. (Photo courtesy of Eva S. Dean)

escape and agitate him with a stick (length is critical) until he bites. If the turtle is mad enough he will hang on while you yank the varmint out of the water. The real work is getting him home, dragging him by the stick on the biting end; or by his tail on the safe end, depending upon his tenacity. Someone told us that boiling water would bring a turtle out of its shell, an irresistible temptation. There was a kerosene cook stove in our woodshed, and my brother and I dropped a very unhappy ten pound snapper into a pot of boiling water. Since he obviously didn't vacate his shell, we decided that it was simply a matter of time and left him to cook. Our mother discovered this little experiment some two hours later and provided both of us with a localized version of applied heat that took us out of the turtle cooking business forever.

An annual summer event was the arrival of the road crew, which patched and resurfaced the holes in the macadam caused by the weather. The hot asphalt was impossible to ignore, and the crew's departure was the signal for every small child in town to show up with a stick to dip into the soft tar. The initial "dipping" was innocent, but the natural progression to other things was not. Someone would begin by "touching" someone else with the tar-coated

stick, resulting in a scream of outrage and instant retaliation. It was steadily downhill from there and the full scale battle that ensued resulted in everyone being plastered with tar. The only good way to remove the stuff was scrubbing with gasoline, a commodity none of us had access to. Going home with a liberal coating of tar was like walking the famous "last mile" and the reception at the end was nearly the same.

The Rutland Railroad had a single track line through town and stopped at the station to unload mail and an occasional passenger. The railroad was strictly forbidden to us, adding to its attraction. A friend and I discovered that a common nail could be flattened into a miniature knife shape by the train, and we spent many happy hours laying assorted junk on the track to achieve different effects. During one summer we decided to de-rail the train, and placed several large rocks on the track to achieve this result. As the train approached our trap, our nerve vanished and we fled in terror. Happily, the cowcatcher simply swept the track clean and no damage was done. We spent a lot of time speculating on our punishment if we had succeeded, and decided we were much too upstanding citizens to attempt that particular trick again.

We always had a large garden, and

from late summer until harvest the battle of the potato bug was fought by children too small for heavier work. Armed with a partially filled can of kerosene, many an unhappy child spent endless afternoons murdering potato bugs. The hard shelled adult bugs were not too bad, but their soft red larvae were disgusting to touch, ugly to look at, and impossible to eradicate. The job was never done to my father's satisfaction, and went on endlessly. One of the few chores we looked forward to in the fall was harvesting the spuds, which finally put an end to this awful chore.

Small as it was, our town boasted of two summer families who came up from Florida during the school vacation. One family had numerous children and the other an "only child." We were fascinated by these visitors, since none

of us had been over twenty miles from home. The visiting children would start every summer by describing their trip north, together with any embellishments they felt like throwing in. We were in no position to dispute any claim, and were an awestruck and glib audience. Like children anywhere, however, we had limits, and it was a part of the democratic process to even things up. The only really satisfactory way to get revenge was a county-style joke designed to teach the victim some manners. One favorite was to share our favorite swimming hole with our guests and then point out the inevitable leeches clinging to their bodies. It was a short step to the "bloodsucker in the bloodstream" story, which never failed to send hysterical victims screaming for their mothers. They usually got a

second punishment for playing in the brook, an obviously polluted and downright nasty spot.

The "only child" summer resident was the offspring of elderly and wealthy parents. He was an inoffensive child, whose customary punishment for misdemeanors was several days confinement to quarters. We usually led him astray only once a summer, since we missed his company while he was being punished. We were slightly in awe of him anyway because he had his own room, unshared by any brothers and sisters. His greatest attraction was a slide trombone, which could be coaxed into some really mind shattering noises in the hands of an enthusiastic delinquent. One music session usually resulted in the disappearance of the magnificent noisemaker, and our guest was forced to entertain himself the same as the rest of us the remainder of the summer.

Autumn brought bonuses in the form of apples, a crop carefully watched all year. There were no commercial orchards in town, but we knew the location of every decent back yard apple tree. Since we did not own the trees, and had no money to buy apples, we were forced to help ourselves to someone else's, a risky but exciting pastime. When someone had a tree full of ripe apples, you could see the apprehension in their faces when a herd of children strolled by—each small bandit studiously ignoring the apple tree. Arrangements would be made as usual:

"Mom, can I spend the night with Dickie? I have his mother's permission," Bob would ask. At the same moment, in Dickie's house—"Mom, can I spend the night with Bob?" . . . Repeat this several times with several trusting mothers and you have a band of outlaws who have evaded bed times and are ready to prowl. We waited for the lights to go out in the target house, and then crept to the tree. Pockets and shirts were filled and then we intentionally made enough noise to wake the owner. Running down the road in the dark, with the threats of the outraged victim ringing in your ears seemed to make the apples taste better. The next day (after sneaking into our homes) we often heard our Mother hotly protesting our innocence to irate neighbors.

There was a blacksmith named Frank Deroshia in the town in those days, and his shop was one of our favorite spots. Although horses were getting scarce, there were still a few around and if we were lucky we could watch the artist at work. He formed shoes on an anvil after heating them in an old bellows forge, and pumping the bellows was a hotly contested privilege. The ultimate reward was a horseshoe nail ring, a valuable and treasured



The Dean sisters and a brother in winter. (Photo courtesy of Eva S. Dean)



Left to right: Joan Murray Eurto, Lawrence Dean, Jr., unidentified neighbor; (in front) Maurice Dean.
(Photo courtesy of Eva S. Dean)

possession. Mr. Deroshia was ancient, quiet, and nice to kids, and his shop was conceded as exempt from our customary mischief.

We never understood why the first snowfall brought such moans and groans from adults. The fall snows were generally wet, and the snowball is the perfect weapon for a child—cheap, abundant, and relatively safe. Large gang fights were scheduled with appropriate strategy and logistics. The day before the battle we packed a few million snowballs, let them set overnight, and the drop in temperature changed their consistency to approximately that of concrete. One of these missiles would raise a welt on an elephant. Our snowball fights gradually moved farther and farther away from buildings, in direct proportion to the number of broken windows. It must have been frustrating for a homeowner to hear the crash of broken glass, dash outside, and find not a living soul visible in any direction.

As winter settled in, we found more things to do. Ice skating was a popular pastime and children who could barely talk were put on skates. The fall rains raised the water in the local swamps and it was not unusual to be able to skate several miles when they froze over. One of the greatest joys was making the first skate marks on an untouched expanse of ice, a feeling that

must be close to that when an artist signs a painting.

As winter deepened, the heavy snows ended skating and furnished other possibilities for entertainment. Ten and twelve foot drifts provided natural raw materials for snow houses and a labyrinth of connecting tunnels. We often labored all winter on these projects. Everyone dragged his friends over to admire his particular creation, which meant a return visit to repay the courtesy. After these social calls, the owners would return to their castles and furiously work to outdo their neighbors, obviously the apprentice stage of “keeping up with the Joneses.”

We did some skiing, but our favorite snow transportation was a jumping jack. This vehicle consisted of a seat on a single support about two feet above a narrow runner. The rider sat down, grasped both sides of the seat, and balanced with his feet. These machines could attain surprising speeds on a hard packed surface, and this, coupled with an almost complete lack of control, made for some thrilling rides. We picked the steepest hill we could find and added a few “jumps” to make the ride more interesting. The occasional smash-ups were spectacular and the sensation of being airborne while clutching ten or fifteen pounds of uncontrollable hardwood was frightening. The flight itself was not bad, but

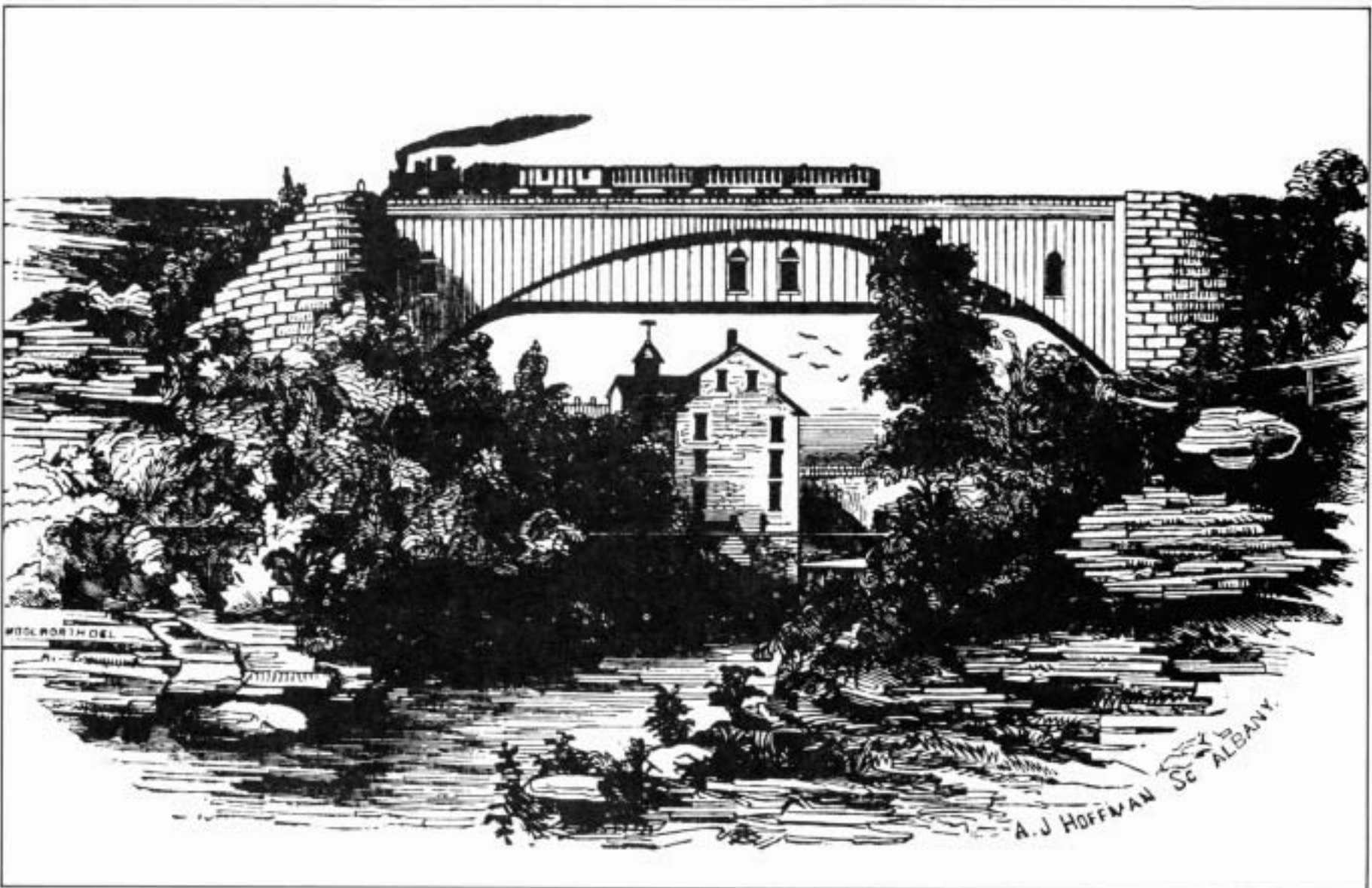
the landings were rough. The jumping jack acquired a life of its own in mid air, with the express intention of beating you to death upon return to earth.

In the late 1940s, we moved even farther into the wilderness, to a small farm about two miles away. We lamented this banishment to the “country” after living in a one-store metropolis. Actually, the only change in our lives was an increased supply of work for the older children, and the final satisfaction of my father’s need for some land of his own. The major part of our growing up was done on the farm, but our life in Knapps Station is far from forgotten, a fact well proven during family reunion “bull-sessions.” My mother’s favorite comment is, “You all remember Knapps so well—you even remember some things that didn’t happen.”

My family isn’t famous for having a story lose anything in the telling.

About the Author

Warren Dean has recently retired from a career in military service and returned to Norfolk to live. He recently contributed his recollections of a one room school education to *The Quarterly*.



Bridge of Northern Railroad over the Salmon River in the village of Malone, as it appeared in Hough's History of St. Lawrence and Franklin Counties, 1853. (Courtesy of History Center Archives)

phlet (*The Northern Railroad in New York with Remarks on the Western Trade*, by J.G. Hopkins, published in Boston, in behalf of the Ogdensburgh Rail Road Committee), from which a few excerpts may be quoted:

"It will now be attempted to be shown that Boston has it in her power, by securing the construction of the proposed railroad to Ogdensburgh, and by that only, to secure to herself the advantages of a large share of that trade, as well as that of the rich mineral and agricultural region of northern New York, and at the same time, secure direct communication with both the Canadas, and *draw to herself the best part of the trade of those provinces that will be likely to pass through American ports.* And further, that it affords an opportunity for profitable investment of capital, equal if not superior to any other railroad property in the United States . . .

"Are the inhabitants of Boston and New England willing *any longer to pay tribute to New York* on all the bread stuffs and produce which they receive through her canals? . . . Are they willing any longer to submit to similar tolls upon the manufactures which they send to the western market?

"And are the businessmen and property owners of Boston *willing longer to let New York continue to take so large a share of the benefits of the trade of the great west?*"

The report also referred in glowing terms to the active iron business in St. Lawrence, Franklin, Clinton and Essex counties, mentioning specifically the mineral works at Rossie, Fullerville and Edwards, together with the new state prison at Dannemora, "where 500 convicts are to be employed in the mining and manufacture of iron." It pointed out that the extensive iron works at Brasher, recently destroyed by fire, were to be immediately rebuilt, on a much improved and extended style. The large sandstone quarries in Potsdam were expected to provide still another source of traffic.

Accordingly, the Northern Rail Road was organized essentially as a joint project between northern New York interests and Boston capitalists, the latter group obviously providing the larger part of the funds and owning most of the stock. As stated, the venture was formally incorporated, with a capital of two million dollars to be issued in \$50 par value shares, on May 14, 1845. The initial board of directors included: George Parish, Ogdensburgh; Anthony Brown, Ogdensburgh; John L. Russell, Canton; Hiram Horton, Malone; Lawrence Myers, Plattsburgh; Charles Paine, Northfield, Vt.; Sewell F. Belknap, Windsor, Vt.; Isaac Spalding, Nashua, N.H.; T.P.

Chandler, Boston; Benjamin T. Reed, Boston; Samuel S. Lewis, Boston.

George Parish was designated as the first president, Samuel H. Walley of Boston as treasurer, and James G. Hopkins of Ogdensburgh—the author of the pamphlet—as secretary and solicitor. Other influential Boston directors within a few years included Robert Gould Shaw, prominent merchant, and Abbot Lawrence, banker, philanthropist and one of the chief founders of the New England textile industry. Josiah Quincy, Jr., mayor of Boston in 1845-49 and an early promoter of the Western Railroad and other public projects, and also an active supporter of the Northern, although he did not accept a directorship. Paine, a manufacturer and former governor of Vermont, was the most active figure in the promotion of the Vermont Central—this connection was not later to prevent recurrent friction between the Northern and the V.C. on several points. Belknap was a prominent railroad contractor who had already helped to build the Fitchburg, the Vermont Central and other roads, but his connection with the Northern was later to prove an embarrassment to them. Isaac Spalding was president of the Concord, one of the connecting lower roads. Weld, a Boston merchant, later became best known as a prominent shipowner, but was also interested in many railroads. Benjamin T. Reed was also a director of the Eastern Railroad. Lawrence Myers, a prominent Plattsburgh merchant, dropped out of the company after it became clear that Plattsburgh would not be the eastern terminus.

Another influential supporter of the railroad, although only serving briefly (1853-54) as director, was Benjamin G. Baldwin, a large landowner in the community successively designated as Racketville, North Potsdam, Potsdam Junction and, finally, Norwood. Baldwin donated 15 acres of land for right-of-way and station buildings to the railroad, which he also served for one year (1850-51) as station manager. Before the arrival of the railroad Racketville was an insignificant hamlet of about 100 persons; it was later to develop into a thriving small railroad center.

The designation of Parish as the initial president was undoubtedly somewhat political in nature. Parish was so prominent in the North Country, controlled potential sources of traffic, and owned extensive land in Ogdensburgh where the terminal and wharves would have to be built,² that his participation was almost essential. It is clear from the record that Parish played an active role during his four-year tenure as president and was no mere figurehead; nevertheless, basic control of the enterprise obviously rested with Chandler

and the Boston group.

Stock subscriptions were now invited and, partly due to Hopkin's good work, obtained without too much difficulty, both in Boston and in northern New York. Terms were \$5 down on each share, with the balance to be paid in installments, upon later assessment. However, when stock assessments were initiated at approximately quarterly intervals, in January 1848, it proved much harder to collect the actual cash than it had been to obtain the original subscriptions.

Following the formal organization of the corporation, the most urgent task was to lay out the precise route. In St. Lawrence County many of the most ardent enthusiasts for the railroad had taken it for granted from the beginning that it would run through both Canton and Potsdam; in a burst of local pride the principal Potsdam newspaper, the "Northern Cabinet and Literary Repository," even changed its name to "Northern Cabinet and Railroad Advocate."³ David L. Clarkson of Potsdam generously offered to donate to the railroad a three quarter mile strip of land four rods wide through his property, passing within a few rods of his splendid mansion. At the eastern end of the logical terminal, in the opinion of many interested parties, was Plattsburgh, then a prominent lake port but inconvenient for a direct rail connection to Boston.

As survey engineer the directors appointed out of a host of applicants, James Hayward of Boston, who had already carried out a preliminary survey as long ago as 1831. In his report to the directors, dated April 9, 1847, Hayward discussed two possible routes in the western section:

(a) the southern or "upper" route, through Canton and Potsdam, and

(b) the northern, or "lower" route, virtually a straight line between Ogdensburgh and Moira, crossing the Grass River at Madrid Springs, eleven miles north of Canton.

The two routes would converge at Moira and thence continue on an identical alignment to Malone. The northern route was said to be four miles shorter than the Canton route, and to involve a 100-foot lower summit. East of Malone three lines to Lake Champlain received consideration, viz., (a) to Plattsburgh, (b) to Cumberland Head, near Plattsburgh but out on a peninsula, and (c) to Rouses Point, at the northern outlet of the lake, where a bridge would be feasible. At both ends, Hayward recommended the northern route, meaning that the eastern terminal would be established at Rouses Point, and his position was formally adopted by the directors, at their October 26, 1847, meeting.

The designation of the northern

route, passing only through small hamlets and avoiding the thriving villages of Canton and Potsdam by eleven miles and five miles respectively, not merely cancelled out most of the support which had previously been enjoyed in these communities, but in many cases created a positive opposition. Hayward, the surveyor, suddenly became so unpopular that many of the people almost wanted to lynch him. "These Potsdam folks are crazy—literally mad," Schlatter, later to be appointed chief engineer, wrote in September 1847. "Some of my good friends in Canton are little better . . . They mean to break it (the railroad) if they cannot bend it south. In Potsdam Sewell Raymond was the most active leader in the revolt against the railroad. The editor of the "Northern Cabinet and Railroad Advocate" disgustedly dropped the latter phrase from the title. Many persons in Canton and Potsdam, as also in Plattsburgh, defaulted upon their stock subscriptions upon the grounds that the track relocation constituted a breach of contract. In Canton John Russell found himself in a particularly embarrassing position. He had been one of the earliest supporters of the railroad and had also, by example and persuasion, induced many of his neighbors and associates to pledge stock subscriptions. Now he barely dared to be seen upon the streets of Canton. As a director he had voted against the lower route, bypassing Canton—but in the end he had stuck with the company. Many persons believed that the company had deliberately deceived them from the beginning in order to obtain support and stock subscriptions in the communities that were eventually to be bypassed. For example, we may read in Lewis's *History of Clinton and Franklin County* (page 56) that "This belief had been cunningly fostered by the Eastern capitalists, who were the prime movers in the enterprise from the first, but they took care that, in the railroad bill as passed, no point was designated for the eastern terminus on Lake Champlain."

Upon completion of the survey and adoption of the route, a renewed competition arose as to the appointment of an engineer-in-chief, to be in charge of construction. Hayward, who already held the title of engineer, had taken it for granted that the position would automatically devolve upon him. Others connected with earlier surveys or promotion of the road also popped up as candidates. The appointment went, however, to an outsider, Charles L. Schlatter. Schlatter was undoubtedly well qualified for the position, having previously served as one of the principal engineers in the construction of the old Portage Railway, in western Penn-

sylvania, in 1839, and subsequently he had had extensive experience in copper and lead mining. But perhaps his most important qualification was being married to Chandler's sister, Fanny. Schlatter was always spoken of as "Colonel," although when or where he ever rendered military service is not of record. Schlatter first arrived in St. Lawrence County in June 1847, not in connection with the railroad, but as superintendent of the St. Lawrence Copper Co., one of Chandler's numerous mining properties. Quite naturally, Chandler was also interested in the railroad, and had frequent meetings with Parish (who was also involved in mining ventures) and with the other railroad promoters. Affairs at the mine apparently went poorly and prospects of permanent employment in that venture were discouraging, so that Schlatter, with some show of reluctance, finally accepted appointment as chief engineer of the Northern Rail Road, effective as of March 6, 1848.

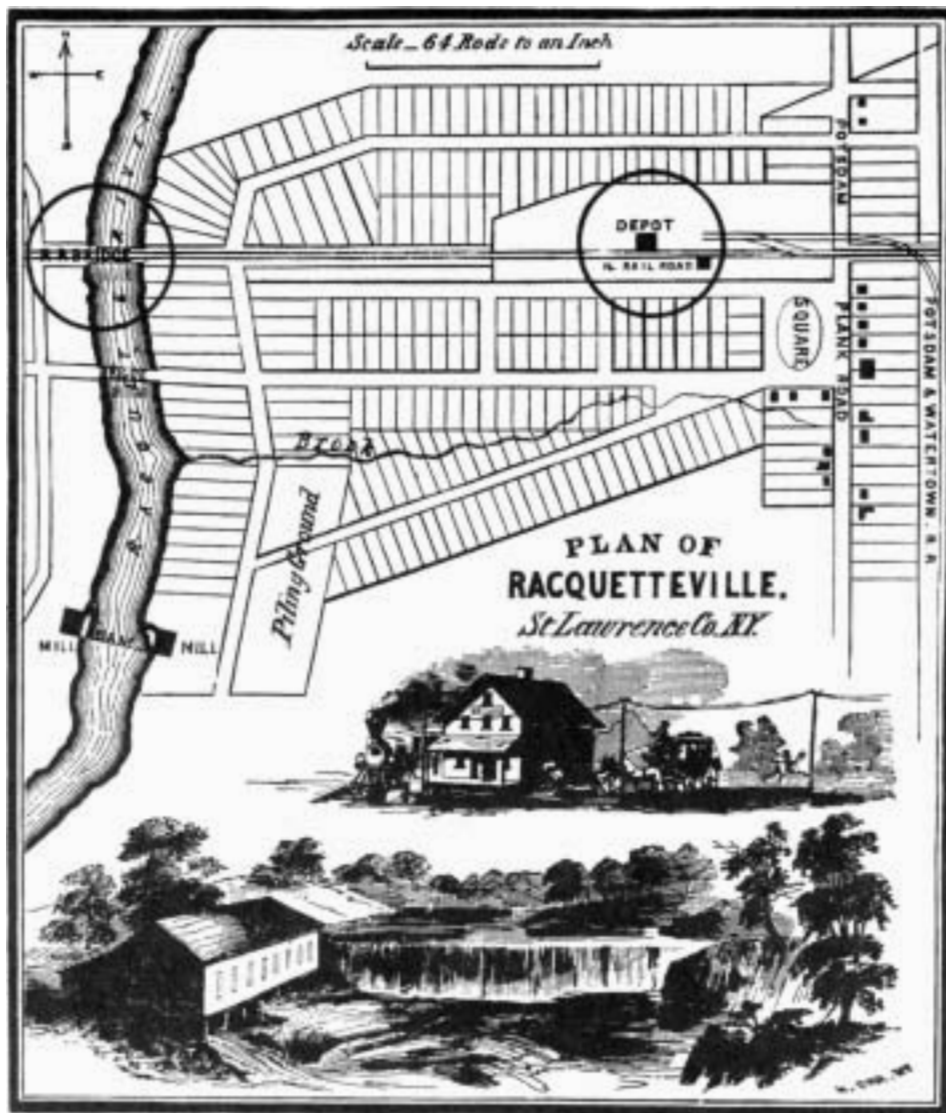
Another pair of distinguished engineers were also associated with the Northern Railroad at an early stage in their careers—these were the Shanly brothers, Walter and Francis. The two had already had brief experience surveying for canals and railroads in their native Canada, but chagrined by the long delay in initiating construction of the Great Western Railway, Francis went to Boston, then the acknowledged railroad center of North America, and from there was dispatched to Ogdensburg, in October 1848, and put to work in the drafting office. Walter arrived a month later, when Schlatter gave him a position in Malone, where his earliest task was designing the proposed Lake Champlain bridge. Later, both of the brothers were promoted to more responsible positions, in charge of work forces in the field. The real claim to fame of the Shanlys was their taking over and completion of the frustrating Hoosac Tunnel project in Massachusetts, 20 years later. However, their brief association with the Northern Rail Road was also significant, because their letters to family members in Canada were collected and preserved, eventually to be published a century later. Thus, many details of construction and insights respecting the promoters of the Northern Rail Road which otherwise would have been lost have passed into recorded history.

Following his designation as chief engineer, Schlatter set up his headquarters at Malone, approximately at the center of the proposed railroad. A very modest ground-breaking ceremony had already been held, on November 21, 1847, at Columbia (Madrid Springs) but since opponents of the northern route were still seeking to block it by

political means at this time—the local elections two weeks earlier having turned largely on this issue—not very much was done at this time. The real beginning was in March 1848, when construction was initiated simultaneously at both ends of the line. The western division, Malone to Ogdensburg, 61 miles, was contracted out to Chamberlain, Worall & Co., and the eastern division, Malone to Rouses Point, 57 miles, to S.F. Belknap & Co. Many of the bridges were contracted separately. Already before the end of 1848 Schlatter had recurring problems with Belknap (considered that his work was being done in very sloppy fashion) and on December 1 cancelled his contract. Belknap had almost certainly been spreading himself too thin, as he was simultaneously carrying on several projects in Vermont, but since he was also a director of the road his abrupt dismissal was embarrassing and gave rise to litigation that was not to be concluded for a number of years. Belknap sued the Northern for \$300,000, and later assigned his claim to the Vermont Central, where he had defaulted upon his commitment to buy 5000 shares of stock. Thus, the V.C. was later to acquire the habit of seizing Northern cars crossing Vermont as security for this debt, thereby interfering with through traffic to Boston. This claim was not finally settled until 1854.

For the most part, construction of the Northern Rail Road was not difficult. West from Malone the terrain, forming part of the St. Lawrence plain, was very nearly level, allowing almost an air-line route. Eastward from Malone the ground was somewhat more irregular. From Lake Champlain, 93 feet above sea level, the road had to climb 1053 feet to the summit (Cherubusco), 1146 feet, within 37 miles. Thence, the road dropped 443 feet to Malone, 20 miles beyond the summit. The railroad had to cross a fair number of medium-size streams, principally the Grass, Raquette, St. Regis, Salmon, Deer and Chateaugay, flowing north into the St. Lawrence. Undoubtedly, the most formidable engineering project on the road was the Chateaugay embankment. Here, just west of the village of the same name, it was necessary to build an 800-foot viaduct, 160 feet above the bed of the river. The engineers skillfully turned the stream into a tunnel excavated through the natural rock, and filled the rest of the ravine with a solid embankment. This feature alone cost the company \$100,000.

The railroad was built primarily by local labor, including men brought in from Vermont, but without any substantial importation of Irish or other immigrant forces. The work was done



Plan for Racquetteville, including designated depot and railroad bridge for Northern Railroad, Hough's History, 1853. (Courtesy of History Center Archives)

almost exclusively by hand tools and horse-drawn wagons, although we do read in one of the engineer's letters of the arrival of a steam excavator from Vermont. Standard wages were 60¢ a day. Unfortunately, the company was not able to pay even this modest sum regularly, and several strikes, or even armed riots, ensued. In January 1850 the force at Chateaugay embankment not merely refused to work, but sent armed parties up and down the line to stop work at other points as well. But the sheriff was called out, the principal rioters arrested and lodged in jail, and the affair settled favorably from the company's point of view. Parker, the local superintendent, wrote to Chandler in Boston, "They are the most humble and obedient set of Gentlemen you ever saw . . . we have some 22 of the rioters in Gaol and think some of them will be obliged to dig Iron ore (at Dannemora

prison) for several years instead of digging on Rail Roads." Nevertheless, the company was almost constantly embarrassed by a lack of ready cash. It made every effort to induce the contractors, and suppliers of rail and accessories, rolling stock and other equipment to accept partial payment in bonds or, still better, in stock, but most of them refused. On April 15, 1850 Treasurer William Eustis wrote to Chandler that "it does make a great difference whether we are to pay in Bonds which we have, or in Money which we have not."

George Parish's role as president of the railroad could not have been an easy one. Although effective control rested with the Boston group, Parish, on the spot in Ogdensburg, labored hard and made many important decisions relating to construction. Schlatter, reporting constantly to Chandler, al-

most invariably lauded Parish. On one occasion (March 4, 1849), for example, he wrote to his brother-in-law in Boston: "I think you people in Boston do not appreciate the labours of Parish for the Rail Road. He is in my opinion the model of a President and a capital financier for the Company. He makes himself unpopular with those whom he forces to pay up their stock, but he is straight forward and has done wonders. Don't believe one word you hear from Ogdensburg." At another time (September 20, 1848), Schlatter wrote, "Parish sometimes differs from me in opinion, but he always gives way when good reasons are shown him. We have a great many arguments, but all friendly." Nevertheless, it is clear that many of the Boston stockholders viewed Parish with some misgivings. Perhaps his position was made more delicate by virtue of the fact that he sold the company the land for its terminal and wharves at Ogdensburg and was also one of the chief suppliers of chairs (tie plates) for the track. (However, other directors of the road, including Chandler, also were involved in selling real estate to the company or otherwise acting as suppliers.) Parish had also forfeited much of his local support, as many of the North Country people held him responsible for the diversion of the railroad away from Canton and Potsdam.

Whatever the motives may have been, a campaign was initiated to ease Parish, as gracefully as possible, out of the presidency. This culminated in the following letter, of May 28, 1849, from Chandler to Parish:

Boston, May 28, 1849

Geo Parish Esq.
My Dear Sir

It has been intimated from various quarters, that the money which our company propose to borrow to complete the road might be more easily obtained if you should withdraw from its direction. And I have been requested by a friend of yours, in whom you have much confidence, and who takes no part in this matter, to communicate this part to you before the annual meeting. It has been said that the business of the company is passing too much out of control of the eastern stockholders, and the late explosion of a railroad company in this neighborhood has made the public mind quite sensitive on the subject. I trust you will receive this note in a kind spirit, for it is certainly written in no other, and when you arrive at Champlain I cannot doubt that you will unite with the Eastern stockholders in any plan that may be agreed upon by them as best for the interests of the company and

that harmony may prevail at the meeting.

Chandler

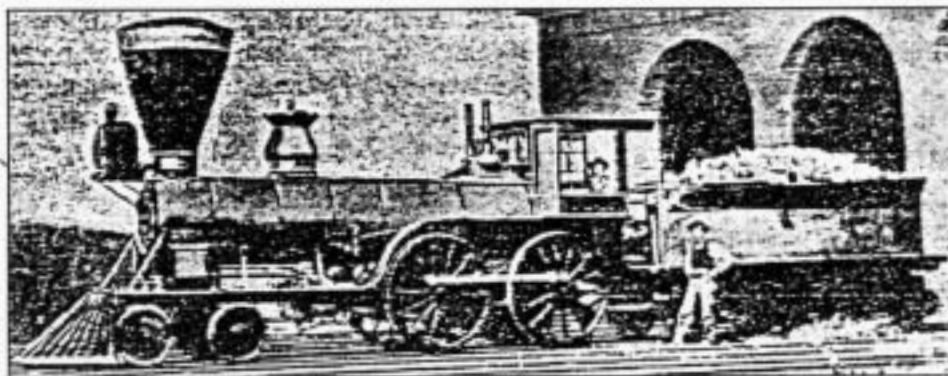
Parish apparently made no effort to contest this movement—it would certainly have been quite futile for him to have done so—and at the June 4 meeting even declined re-election to the board. According to Walter Shanly, Parish was greatly disappointed at his “demotion,” although he refrained from any open show of resentment. (Subsequently, however, he brought several lawsuits against the railroad, as a creditor.) Quite obviously, Parish was not admired by everyone, and Shanly, in his private correspondence, often spoke of him as “the Kaiser.” Shanly seems to have gotten along well with him, however, and also on several occasions had the pleasure of meeting Parish’s attractive companion, Madame Vespucci.

The new board elected at this time consisted of: T.P. Chandler, Boston; Benjamin T. Reed, Boston; J. Wiley Edmands, Boston; Robert G. Shaw, Boston; Isaac Spalding, Nashua, N.H.; Charles Paine, Northfield, Vt.; George V. Hoyle, Champlain, N.Y.; Hiram Horton, Malone; George Reddington, Waddington, N.Y.; John L. Russell, Canton; Henry Van Rensselaer, Canton; Anthony C. Brown, Ogdensburg; George N. Seymour, Ogdensburg.

James G. Hopkins of Ogdensburg was continued in office as secretary, and a new treasurer, William R. Eustis of Boston, had recently been appointed to succeed Walley. Chandler was, of course, appointed president. In consequence of his new office he immediately moved to Malone—responding to previous advice from Schlatter that no absentee president could do the job and that he must expect his duties to take up his full time.

The most urgent task of the new administration was simply to obtain new financing. The company’s funds were exhausted. The work east of Malone had been suspended, except for the Chateaugay embankment, and all work concentrated on the western division. But even there, at times, the work was reduced to little more than a show, to conceal the company’s precarious financial condition.

Management was still unable, at this time, to collect many of the original stock subscriptions. Without the lubrication of substantial additional funds, the whole project might easily collapse. In this juncture, a special meeting was held in Boston, on August 14, where the unpleasant facts were stated bluntly and the choice presented to the stockholders between raising an additional \$1,000,000 immediately or facing the loss of all that had been invested to



One of the first woodburning locomotives owned by the Northern Railroad, which later became the Ogdensburg and Lake Champlain No. 5, known as “The Deer”. It was built by Kirk of Cambridgeport, Massachusetts in 1850. (Courtesy of the History Center Archives)

date. The meeting was addressed by Mayor Josiah Quincy⁴ and Abbot Lawrence, among other prominent citizens. The upshot was that the stockholders present at the meeting pledged to purchase \$100,000 in bonds, contingent upon total subscriptions of \$750,000 by other parties—and due to strenuous efforts the entire \$1,000,000 was pledged by early October. This not only allowed a resumption of the work, but contributed to a sharp recovery in the value of the company’s stock.

Effort was now concentrated upon the completion of the line, and particularly upon the opening of the eastern section, to allow some earnings from traffic. But despite the successful sale of the bonds shortages of rail and track equipment persisted. On August 29, 1850, Walter Shanly wrote to Chandler that “we are laying 3200 feet of iron every day.” However, the tracklayers were running out of spikes, and unless more arrived the work would soon come to a halt. A week later, on September 8, he advised that “we are out of Iron—having no more on hand than we can lay tomorrow.” Most rail and track fixtures apparently came from Boston, being shipped simultaneously to both ends of the road. Materials for the eastern division were carried by rail to Burlington, and thence on vessels owned or chartered by the company to Rouses Point. Materials for the western end, however, pursued a much longer and more circuitous route, to Albany by rail, to Oswego by canal, and thence by lake vessel to Ogdensburg. In the surviving correspondence we read of many frustrating delays in this traffic and agents were often being sent to Oswego to expedite transshipment at that point. Chairs (tie plates) were manufactured locally by Parish’s Rossie Iron Works, but the railroad was already so delinquent to him that he refused to make further deliveries except for cash, and meanwhile the chairs remained uselessly at Chippewa Bay. Locomotives and rolling stock

were purchased chiefly in the Boston area, again with a decided preference for suppliers who would accept partial payment in stock or bonds. In a letter of November 25, 1851, from Charles Davenport to Chandler we find that the car builder offered to supply rolling stock under several options, viz., boxcars at \$625 and platform cars at \$525, in stock at par value, provided that the company guarantee the same to be worth at least 90% of par in the Boston market; or \$600 for boxcars and \$500 for platform cars, in interest-bearing notes with four-month maturity; or in cash at \$562.50 and \$450 respectively—representing a 10% discount from the price in stock. Actually, the company had very little choice, since it had no cash and the stock was selling at this time at about \$30—a 40% discount from par. Thus, it “elected” the second option.

Prior to the opening of the Lake Champlain bridge, in December 1851, the cars and engines had to be freighted by lake vessel from Burlington, or in some cases even from Whitehall, to Rouses Point. These arrangements were made by Director George Hoyle, in charge of the Rouses Point terminal. (Hoyle, a prominent citizen of Champlain and closely connected with lake shipping, was a director of the railroad from 1848 to 1853, and was later to serve as superintendent of the road). Most of the locomotives were purchased from Hinkley & Drury (incorporated in 1848 as the Boston Locomotive Works). A published report of July 30, 1851, showed 20 locomotives then on hand. Fourteen of them were Hinkley products. All but four of them were standard American locomotives (4-4-0’s). The first two had been purchased second hand, and all of the rest new. Average cost per locomotive was about \$8000.

The correspondence indicates that the company had many problems with their engines; Schlatter and other officials were frequently writing Chandler

about failures and break-downs. The company might have preferred more Taunton locomotives, but on a locomotive-buying trip to Boston, in September 1850, Schlatter advised Chandler: "The Taunton men were here and offer a first class machine for \$7500. Eustis offered him ¼ in stock, ¾ cash, but he will take nothing but cash or notes." Rolling stock and equipment (and presumably some of the earliest locomotives) were delivered via canal to Oswego and thence via lake vessel to Ogdensburg. One locomotive was already at hand, in the summer of 1849, and used for a special excursion—the first railroad ride ever known in Ogdensburg—over the first nine miles of rail, on July 1. Cars were delivered in Ogdensburg separately from their wheels and trucks, the platform cars being at times "piled up like cord wood." awaiting the arrival of wheels and axles.

The same report listing the locomotives went on to list every employee of the road, by name (with the exception only of 46 laborers engaged in loading cars and vessels at Ogdensburg), and to give his rate of pay. Some typical *daily* rates were:

Engineers	\$2.36
Firemen	1.15
Passenger conductors	1.37
Freight conductors	1.32
Brakemen	1.00

Just after the railroad was completed, as of October 24, 1850, Royal Vilas of Ogdensburg had written Chandler, asking him if he could find some job for his son, "in his 18th year, rather small in size, well educated and as I think active in whatever he undertakes." The record shows that the young man, R.A. Vilas, was taken on as an office and errand boy, at 46¢ a day. Rollins Ashley who succeeded Baldwin as station master at Potsdam Junction in October 1851 received \$450 a year. Chandler's annual salary as present was \$5000.

FOOTNOTES

¹Both Horton and Russell were members of the legislature, and perhaps even took their seats there in order to be able to lobby more effectively in favor of the railroad.

²Many residents of Ogdensburg expected the Northern Rail Road to start from the old harbor, closer to the center of the village, and about one mile west of Mile Point, where its terminus was actually established. It was hinted that the selection of this site was related to its previous ownership by Parish and its purchase from him for \$10,000.

³This paper was a predecessor, through several changes of name and ownership, of the still extant *Potsdam Courier and Freeman*.

⁴Quincy, although never a director of the Northern, was treasurer of the affiliated Vermont Central—and so heavily committed to it that he slipped into bankruptcy, in 1851.

(to be continued in April issue)

To the Editor . . .

The photograph on page 10 of the October 1981 *Quarterly* should be captioned as Lantha J. Van Duzee and her sister Nancy Van Duzee Hogeboom of Gouverneur. Lantha, born in 1824, never married; Nancy, born in 1824, was a widow when this picture was taken. They were both very proud of their spinning and other home crafts. They lived on Babcock Street in Gouverneur and were between 70 and 80 years of age at this time.

Mary H. Smallman
Hermon

Reactions came from readers about the story and pictures of the Heaton farm. Mrs. Livea Langdon Aldrich, faithful member of the Association and native of the Pierrepont area, identified the man in the reaping-machine picture as having been her husband Glenn.

From Bethesda, Maryland came this: "I did so enjoy the last issue of the *Quarterly* and the pictures of the old Heaton place. The one of Heaton Hill, especially—the bane of road commissioners—150 years of battle between the road and the meanderings of the river."

This came from Albert Crary, who has traveled far (both the North and South Poles for instance), since he was a lad in our region. Last summer he bought an old "Flexible Flyer" in Canton for his young son Frank, who, he says, "may not give it so much use in

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Maryland as I gave mine (sixty years ago)." Albert is now working on a book about Antarctic scientists of 1954-79.

Albert's father, Frank Crary, will be remembered as an early supporter of the Historical Association.

Edward J. Blankman
Canton

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Book Reviews

Upon the occasion of the publication of books which are devoted to topics of local historical interest in St. Lawrence County and the North Country, The Quarterly is pleased to include reviews and comments by people especially suited to the task. Within the past year Adirondack Voices and Before Us have appeared and are here discussed.

Robert D. Bethke, Adirondack Voices: Woodsmen and Woods Lore (University of Illinois Press, Chicago, 1981) 142 pp.

Adirondack Voices brings to life an important part of the heritage of the North Country. The "Voices" recorded by Robert Bethke between 1970 and 1977 are those of retired woodsmen, lumbermen, and "woods singers" who worked in the western Adirondacks during the first half of this century.

The author, an associate professor of English and director of the Folklore and Ethnic Art Center at the University of Delaware, was struck by the fact that while there were many collections containing folklore and folksongs of American lumbermen, none dealt with the rich heritage of the western Adirondack region. Armed with tape recorder and camera, Mr. Bethke set out to rectify this omission in 1970. The result is a superb little book which entertains and at the same time informs the reader of what it was like to live and work in the deep woods of eastern St. Lawrence County during the boom years of the lumbering industry.

Vitality

Much of the vitality and importance of this book is due to the fact that it is an oral history. The reminiscences, folk-stories, and local woods songs come from the lips of men who were participants in the history which this book encapsulates. Men like Ned Long who came to South Colton from Ireland in 1893 and in the years before the first World War was a "white water man," driving logs down the Grasse and Raquette Rivers; or Harold "Bub" Stowe, also of South Colton, who drove and maintained the early Linn tractors, hauling log sleds out of the snow-bound deep woods. Ned Long, "Bub" Stowe, and others have their stories to tell, both about themselves and other men they knew in the logging camps. Their recollections paint in vivid colors a picture of life in the Adirondacks that is lacking in more conventional histories.

One of the most delightful chapters in the book focuses on that venerable storyteller, Ham Ferry, owner and operator of Ham's Inn on Route 56, near Childwold. Ham Ferry has a well deserved reputation among North Country residents as an unsurpassed



Winter hauling in the western foothills. Note the sprinkler wagon used for icing the tote road. (Photo courtesy of University of Illinois Press and Edward Ashlaw)

raconteur of hunting, fishing, and local lore. Mr. Bethke treats the reader to a sampling of some of Ham's stories and whets the appetite for more. And more there is, if the reader spends a few rewarding hours in the convivial atmosphere of Ham's Inn, and, over a few cold beers, listens to the proprietor as he draws from his seemingly endless supply of reminiscences and "big stories."

Folksongs

In the final portion of his book, Mr. Bethke deals with the folksongs and "woods singers" of the region. The author skillfully blends the songs with the lives of the men who sang, and in some cases, composed them. As Bethke states: "Although songs sometimes outlive men, some men outlive the currency of certain songs. In the case of folk tradition it seems mistaken to pay tribute to only half of the relationship." Two strong and unforgettable characters emerge in this section—Eddie and Ted Ashlaw. Descended from French-Canadian grandparents, the Ashlaw brothers epitomize the lumberman-

woods singer.

Eddie, the oldest, went to work in the woods in 1914 at the tender age of 13, and during the next 40 years became one of the most highly regarded crew bosses in the Adirondack lumber camps from St. Regis Falls to Tupper Lake and south to Utica. His talent and fame as a "woods singer" also developed during this period. Not content with simply singing songs he had heard, Eddie also composed songs that reflected his own life and experiences. The best example of the latter, reproduced in its entirety by Mr. Bethke, is the essentially autobiographical "I'm Just a Common Lumberhick" or "Bush LaPorte." The song is an account of life in the lumber camps, "bent," as the author puts it, "through the prism of personal impression and opinion."

A few years younger than Eddie, Ted Ashlaw joined his brother in the lumbering camp at North Lake when he was 15 and, with the exception of a brief time during the Depression, worked on various lumbering operations until 1947. In that year, Ted was seriously injured in an accident which



Wilfred Monica of Norwood, a logger who "had a song for every purpose." (Photo courtesy of University of Illinois Press and Robert D. Bethke)

ended his days as a lumberman and left him an invalid. With great courage, Ted endured the physical pain and the anguish of forced inactivity that marked the years after 1947. His mind remained alert and he was able to add to the hundreds of ballads and "wood songs" that he already had committed to his phenomenal memory, and it is this that sets him apart from the other "woods singers" of the North Country. Even at age 70, when the author first interviewed him, Ted Ashlaw was able to sing from memory 68 ballads—many of them of ten stanzas or more.

When reading this book, one is forcefully struck by the realization that the fascinating people we are reading about are after all our neighbors—neighbors we have too long ignored. We therefore owe a great debt to Robert Bethke for his masterful use of oral interviews by which he has preserved the words and deeds of our most valued endangered species—those venerable men and women who are the living connection between past and present—their lives, their collective histories, and our heritage.

*Reviewed by
Jonathon G. Rossie*



Joan Dobbie, Louis Greenblatt, and Blanche Levine. Before Us: Studies of Early Jewish Families in St. Lawrence County 1855-1920. (Ryan Press: Ogdensburg, N.Y. 1981) pp. 225.

When I first arrived in the North Country, long-time residents of the area, upon hearing that I taught Jewish history, inevitably would tell me: "You should meet 'Louie' Greenblatt. He knows more about the Jews in St. Lawrence County than anyone else." And they were right! For many years, Greenblatt had been collecting the life stories of local Jews by interviewing and corresponding with them. Not trusting his own writing ability, he repeatedly postponed compiling this material into a book until he became terminally ill. Then he recruited two collaborators, Joan Dobbie and Blanche Levine, to help him author a series of biographical sketches of the prominent Jewish families who settled in Ogdensburg, Gouverneur, Massena, Norfolk, and Potsdam between 1855 and 1920. Fortunately, this labor of love was completed before Louis Greenblatt died in 1981. Although *Before Us* is dedicated to his deceased wife, it is a memorial to his commitment to this region's Jewish communities as well.

This chronicle of the genealogies and careers of the first Jewish settlers in St. Lawrence County captures some of the flavor of the Jewish immigrant experience in rural America. A common pattern emerges from most of the family portraits. Young Jewish men fled pre-Bismarckian Germany or Czarist Russia to escape conscription, poverty, or persecution. A few of them came to the North Country either because they viewed it as a frontier full

of opportunities or because they had relatives here who had promised them shelter and work. When they became of age, these newcomers usually had their marriages arranged with Jewish women from downstate cities. Starting out as peddlers or craftsmen, they eventually saved or borrowed enough money to open their own stores. As their businesses began to prosper, they sponsored the immigration of relatives and friends who had remained in the "old country." Throughout their lives, these Jewish families balanced their participation in the civic and social affairs of the surrounding Christian population with their preservation of Jewish traditions at home and in the small synagogues that they founded. Though the first generation of Jewish pioneers stayed in Northern New York, many members of the second and third generations moved to metropolitan areas to pursue professions and raise families in a more Jewish environment. The past world of their parents and grandparents now exists primarily in memories and old photographs, an excellent selection of which adorns the pages of *Before Us*.

Reading this book, one quickly becomes aware of the important role played by Jews in the history of the North Country. It would be difficult to imagine the economic development of the region without the retail businesses started by Louis Clopman, Reuben Dobisky, Hyman Fisher, Nathan Frank, Isaac Friedman, Sol Kaplan, Jesse Kauffman, Sam and Simon Levine, Saul Rosenbaum, Jake Shulkin, Sam Slavin, Mayer Sperling, and Joseph Stone. In the realm of local politics, Julius Frank served two distinguished terms as Mayor of Ogdensburg



The Frank family on the porch of their Ogdensburg home. (Photo courtesy of Congregation Beth-El, Potsdam)

between 1914 and 1918. Along with his wife Marion, he campaigned for women's suffrage in the same period. In 1928 the Jews of Massena received national attention when the charge of ritual murder irresponsibly was leveled at them. Rabbi Berel Brennglass helped to bring this crisis under control with his eloquent refutation of that medieval superstition. Furthermore, many of the Jewish figures depicted in the book contributed much of their time to local philanthropic and civic organizations. The cumulative impact of these Jews on their adopted county certainly was not commensurate with their negligible numbers.

The folksy tone and narrow focus of *Before Us* regrettably limits its audience to those already familiar with Jewish history, Yiddish, and the families being portrayed. The book never presents sufficient background on the cultural roots of the Jewish immigrants to enable an uninformed reader to understand the continuities that existed between their European and American lives. One page of introductory material and a recurring paragraph on why each family left its homeland does not provide enough information along these lines. Though Yiddish terms enliven the text, they rarely are defined. For example, the word "schochet" (ritual slaughterer) appears early in the book, but is not explained until more than seventy pages later. The book's preoccupation with even the most petty details of the lives of these Jewish families can be of interest only to those who person-



Rabbi Berel Brennglass of Massena. (Photo courtesy of Congregation Beth-El, Potsdam)

ally knew them or their relatives. Who else would want to hear insignificant anecdotes like the one about how the Dobisky's dog once "jumped into a parked car, then wouldn't let the owner in?" While diligently recording every marriage, birth, and illness experienced by these families, the authors often slight more important events such as the mayorship of Julius Frank which is summarized in one superficial paragraph.

The structure of *Before Us* makes it extremely repetitive. After all, most of

these families were related to each other either by descent or marriage. By treating major members of the same families individually, the overlapping parts of their stories continually reappear. Moreover, since many of these people were involved in similar activities, the accounts of their careers soon become redundant. It is fascinating to discover that the first English sentence normally learned by the immigrant Jewish peddlers was, "Please look in my basket." But does this have to be noted over and over again in subsequent sketches? Perhaps a chronological history of each Jewish community in the North Country or more extensive biographies of fewer Jewish families representing the spectrum of Jewish experiences there would have made the book more readable.

Ultimately, the problem with *Before Us* is that it has stuck too closely to the raw data collected by Louis Greenblatt. It is more a transcription of his interviews than a synthesis and analysis of that material. Relevant secondary works like Peter Rose's study of small-town Jews in New York State were never consulted.¹ Thus, the potential sociological significance of many of the recurring themes in *Before Us* has been neglected. For this reason, people looking for a serious history of the interactions between local Jews and their Christian neighbors will be disappointed by the book, which the authors themselves realize "is far from complete." Nevertheless, it does succeed as a work of nostalgia for those who were acquainted with these dynamic Jewish families. By doing this, it has, as its authors modestly hoped, "opened a little crack in the dense barrier between now and then."

¹Peter I. Rose, *Strangers in Their Midst: Small-Town Jews and Their Neighbors* (Richwood Publishing Co.: Merrick, New York 1977).

Reviewed by
Lawrence Baron



About the Reviewers

Jonathon Rossie and Lawrence Baron are both members of the history department at St. Lawrence University. Rossie is a specialist in Canadian studies and early American history; Baron, a past contributor to *The Quarterly*, is a specialist in modern European and Jewish history.



Saidel's store in Gouverneur, ca. 1927. (Photo courtesy of Congregation Beth-El, Potsdam)



Byron Parker, the author, Louis Bohl, and the Parker team of Sim and Henry at the family sawmill in April 1914. (Photo courtesy of the author)

'To Learn the English'

by Rosabel Parker Meashaw

In the early years of the twentieth century, thousands of young Jewish men escaped conscription and persecution in Europe and fled to the promising cities of America. Soon they found a need to work for a living and, often more important, a need for learning the new ways and the English language. They advertised in rural newspapers and followed the generous offers of farmers like Byron Parker of Parishville Center to help. This account tells a fascinating, little known story of one family helping many others to a fresh start.

In early 1911 my father (Byron Parker) saw an ad in the *Rural New Yorker* seeking American homes that would accept Jewish young men desirous of getting out of New York City, working for their keep and a minimum wage, with free instruction in English words and ways thrown in. Papa answered the ad and shortly our first

applicant came.

Boris Flatow was apparently from a good home and had received a good education as a pharmacist in Russia. He had come to New York to live with his sister and work in a drug store but found no English, no job. My people always referred to him as a gentleman. He spoke practically no English but

brought his translation dictionary, which was kept on the stand back of his chair at table. Every time he had difficulty in listening with understanding or expressing himself for our understanding, he would lift his hand with "Vait a minute, I get my little helper." A short study made the word permanently his.

Boris amazed the family with his adaptability. He accepted the smears and smells of dairy farming stoically. His hands progressed through blisters to callouses that he showed with pride. He never complained at having to wash same in blue granite washbasin at the kitchen sink.

(All dated quotes are from my father's diaries.)

November 4, 1911. "Grossman (Jewish cart peddler) stayed overnight. He and Boris had a great visit in German which they both spoke fluently. This Boris Flatow is a wonderfully well posted and intelligent man: understands Greek and Latin; is an authority on current and historical events; shows good breeding in every way and, at the same time seems ready and willing to tackle anything in the way of farm work." **Nov. 16.** "Boris harnessed the team and took manure to field for first time." (apparently a milestone.)

None of our family smoked but Boris had a friend, Mr. Epstein, in the tobacco business in New York City who sent him shoeboxes full of little packs of Egyptian cigarettes. Papa's unbendable rule was "No smoking in the barn!" That Boris accepted cheerfully and became a dooryard smoker until cold weather. The one thing that really bothered Boris was the cold that seeped through any amount of clothing and sent him in to walk around the kitchen stove as he thawed, and smoked. Mama would scold a bit but he only shrugged with "Ah, much money go up in the air."

At Christmas time Boris went to Potsdam with Papa to do his Christmas shopping, which included *Gulliver's Travels* for me, Dickens *A Christmas Carol* for Isabel and *Anna Karenina* for our parents. There were other references to taking Boris to Election Day dinner, to basketball games, to neighborhood gatherings. In fact all of the boys seem to have been accepted as members of our family and eligible for all festivities.

Boris had acquired a fair command of English by the time his sister wrote of an opening in a drugstore in New Bedford, Massachusetts. He applied, was hired and left by train with assurance that he was welcome back if not satisfied. In a very short time we received a telegram, could Papa meet him at the train in Potsdam? Of course my parents were curious about his reason for change. Explanation: "No good! Few drugs in front, whiskey in back. I did not study to sell whiskey!"

As winter wore on Boris began receiving letters from his mother: poor health; come home; she needed him. I am not sure whether his home was in Beirut, or if that was the locale of the spa to which she had gone. My family's



Parker family at home in March 1915. (L to R) Byron Parker; the author; Isabel; Katy Cook Parker. (Photo courtesy of the author)

sympathies were all with the son and his dread of possible persecutions which I did not understand, but I remember the endless pacings back and forth in our moderate-sized kitchen and dining room as he smoked and worried—duties vs. desires. When it was summertime again Boris asked, and got, permission to invite his friend up for his vacation.

July 1st, 1912. "Met Boris' friend, Epstein, at train tonight." Epstein also fitted into the family, insisted on paying his board. The book entries lead me to believe Papa passed this money back to Boris when the decision was made. Mr. Epstein won my complete regard by buying candy on the rare trips to town by horse and buggy. Both men were enthusiastic over the hills, trees and air of Parishville which we had always taken for granted. During Boris' working hours Mr. Epstein roamed the fields on foot. In season he lined his straw hat with basswood leaves and brought home hatfuls of berries for supper. Evenings were for discussion in both Yiddish and English.

But the letters continued to come from the sick mother. Near the end of July Boris and Epstein took a weekend trip to see Niagara Falls and make up Boris' mind where his conscience would lead him.

July 28, 1912. "Took Boris and Epstein to the 6:28 train." He had decided and was taking the first leg of the trip back to "the Old Country." Papa corresponded with him for a short time and I believe his last letter

was returned unopened. Boris left no mark on this section but he did leave a big gap in the Parker family.

I can't remember the chronology, but the later boys I remember slightly were Sam Zalkin, Louis Bohl, Isidore Kossoff, Phillip Tarr and Phillip Lipper. None of these had any previous association with cows, nor too much interest in promoting that association, just to learn the English. Most of them did their daily chores without breaking any tools or rules. Then, English accomplished, they parted friends; maybe a few letters followed, but contact was soon lost.

One of the boys did remain in this section and made his own mark here. He came, not from any interest in agriculture, but from a geographical mistake. He thought our New York Central junction, Philadelphia, meant a city like that in Pennsylvania, and was very disappointed to find it a mere railroad crossing in the wilds of northern New York. His papers were made out as Major Sperring, so we called him Major until he persuaded us it was a typing error. Please call him Mayer. He never acquired a taste for our brand of farming but pleased my parents in later years by occasionally dropping in for a social call as he was busy with his own successes.

Emanuel was our last boy of note, Heaven sent, like a terrestrial agent from Jewish Society, in the fall of 1914. In November of that year Papa and Manuel were working in the wood lot, cutting logs for firewood for the winter

of 1915-16. My older sister was teaching in our district school; I was a sixth grader and big for my age. One cold day our good neighbor, Frank (not overly endowed), burst through the schoolroom door as Isabel was working at the front blackboard. Without pause for introduction, Frank shouted, "Your father's been hurt bad. The Doctor's there and he wants you girls to come right home." None of "us kids" had ever seen anyone faint before; Isabel didn't sink nor crumple, just landed flat on her back on the schoolroom floor. The school's water supply was a twelve quart galvanized pail, half full of water. We youngsters were all frozen in place. Only Frank knew what to do. He grabbed the pail and stood at half-slosh over Isabel. The ploy worked. She opened her eyes and squeaked, "No, Frank, I'm all right." She sat up, stood up and the student body breathed again.

School closed for the day and we came home, a one half mile run, to find Papa very much alive in the big chair with one leg bandaged stiff, waiting for the Parishville taxi (Ray Collins) to take him to Ogdensburg City Hospital. His probable absence of a month or more so caused him to give us instructions for running the farm. Manuel had been here such a short time he was only half way through the farm management primer: Isabel was appointed boss, Rosabel her knowledgeable assistant, and Manuel her protegee and muscle.

As I remember, the combination worked surprisingly well. Manuel was not as meticulous about clothing odors and barn splashes as most of the other boys had been, was never enthusiastic about bathing in the galvanized wash-tub set beside the upstairs stovepipe, and he slurped his soup. On the other hand he accepted orders from the three women and carried them out with acceptable results. We never would have made it without him.

Isabel and I had our uniforms—"barn skirts" made of a close weave denim that could fairly stand alone after a few milk spills, and homemade jackets of the same material. With all this over normal working clothes, we must have resembled walking haystacks. The daily program was to be up early in the morning, don work clothes, light two kerosene lanterns to hang on nails in the beams of the cowstable, one more to hang in the shop. With three of us milking and the cows in low winter production, that wasn't so bad, and the animal heat kept us comfortable. We sold only the cream though, and the milk separator was in the shop, where there was no heat. Here Manuel's muscles were put to use. The separator was hand cranked and well stiffened



Byron Parker, Louis Bohl, neighbor Frank at sawmill, with poles and peavey hooks which Louis was learning to use, April 1914. (Photo courtesy of the author)



Louis Bohl, neighbor Frank, and Byron Parker at portable camp (office, lunch room) at Parker woodlot, April 1914. (Photo courtesy of the author)

with the night's cold but it had to be under motion before pouring in the hot water. Mama had the teakettle hot and I was elected to scurry into the house for it. Isabel tended to straining the milk, turning on and off the faucet at the proper time to keep everything at an even flow and no overflow. With the milk separated and cream cared for and skim milk carefully measured and fed to calves (my job), Isabel and I could wash up, change, eat breakfast, grab our lunch pails and go to school. Manuel's education had progressed through foddering, watering and cleaning stables. The horses were old faithfuls that could do practically everything for themselves except fastening the straps.

Papa's leg injury had been a bad one. The log he had been skidding with the horses had hit a snag. The horses jumped for more power. As the log was freed, it swung around, catching the leg between skiddees and pile. Medical treatment and healing were slow. A month or more passed before Papa could come home, much more time before he could shed his crutches and check our accomplishments. He had suggested destroying or selling the calves as they were born, to save the overload he was putting on the family; Isabel and I considered that a sacrilege and a waste of too much potential. Good neighbor Charlie gave Manuel instruction in animal mid-wifery, a topic much to risque for young girls to discuss with the hired man. We kept all the calves, a goodly set of dairy replacements. Manuel accepted his share of the extra work and enjoyed seeing them grow. I think he was as smug as Isabel and I when Papa said, "Well done."

I find **Sept. 14, 1914**: "Emanuel Winnick came today in response to my application for farm hand to Jewish Labor Bureau." I did not find any date of termination, but **Dec. 26, 1915** "Manuel husked corn and filled the woodshed" so he must have worked into 1916, the best farmer of them all. However, Boris always remained the family favorite.

Emanuel made us one surprise visit in later years and expressed his regrets that he had waited until both of our parents had died. I can't remember the date and have no diary to refer to. He said he had a plastics business in New York City and was visiting in Star Lake, had borrowed the car from a friend so he could not stay long. We, my sister and I, were very pleased to see him. Several years later when attending Grand Chapter I found "Emanuel Winnick" listed in the Manhattan telephone book with an address in one of the midtown big office buildings. I made a solo run to the building



Emanuel Winick helped Isabel Parker to break the pet cow, Dash, to drive, February 1915. (Photo courtesy of the author)

and in the main doors, but the foyer was so big and all the page-boys so busy that by the time I had found the name on the directory board, I turned country chicken and retreated, to my eternal regret.

During all the times of the Jewish boys who lived with us, we natives also dealt with the "Russian" peddlers, so called, until sternly corrected by our boys. Papa always encouraged these peddlers to stop by our house to visit with the boys; Sam Sussman, Max Sverdlow, Israel Alpert; all were periodic dinner guests so the boys could talk their own language with their own people. S. Grossman would use our place as his headquarters while he canvassed highways and byways in this section, our barn one of the few with doors high enough to accommodate his high-rise cart full of marvelous stacks of clothing for the whole family. My parents visited with the man (he was as good as the local newspaper) while Isabel and I asked permission to pat the horses.

It was after I had graduated and taught a few years, then moved to a bookkeeping job at 16 East 52nd St., New York City, lived in Greenwich Village, in other words became quite civilized myself, and was called home by my father's death, that I realized how bleak and frustrating life on the farm may have looked to those young men.

Incidentally, back home I found bookkeeping jobs in Sussman's Furniture Store and rentals office mornings, then

in Max Sverdlow's wartime recyclable junkyard-papermill-rentals office the balance of the day. At times we would work well into the night, like when the purchase slips and re-sale slips plus stock piles in the yard in no way matched the totals as entered in the books. The government inspectors were in no way shy about pointing out the discrepancies. I also "office sat" Dr. Fliegel's dental facilities over Jewish holidays, then finished my career with eighteen years in Edwin Dobisky's Potsdam Furniture Store.

It was Max Sverdlow who won my total endorsement with a warm greeting when I started work in his office: "Oh, I remember your father well! I have dinner there many times. He good man! He say 'You put your horse in barn with hay and come in to dinner. After we eat I show you how to harness a horse.' Yes, he good man." That unsolicited testimonial describes well the Jewish-Gentile relationship at Parishville Center, circa 1910-20, with recurrences lasting through 1973.



About the Author

Rosabel Parker Meashaw of Parishville Center has been a frequent contributor to *The Quarterly* and a loyal SLCHA member for years.



Recreation of a typical late nineteenth century parlor in St. Lawrence County, decorated for Christmas, in the temporary exhibits gallery at the Silas Wright House. (Photo by Sue Ekfelt, courtesy of SLCHA)

Annual Reports of the SLCHA

Director's Report

In recent months it has seemed that food and the SLCHA are practically synonymous. Under the ambitious guidance and efforts of a dedicated volunteer committee, the fall of 1981 has been a time of four candlelight dinners, and a holiday brunch all held in a successful attempt to raise funds for our operating budget. As I write the 1981 annual report now in mid-December, and with the memory of two succulent roast goose dinners fresh in my mind, it is hard to even think about the many other activities and progress that occurred in 1981. However, it is only fair to give you, the members and Association core, a more balanced account in spite of a tendency to wax ecstatic over delectable oven-hot hors d'oeuvres and flaming plum pudding.

1981 was another extremely busy and active year for the Association, and with membership now at an all time

high of 1120, it is gratifying to work with so many supportive people. Major events and growth centered around several primary areas—temporary exhibitions, museum education, tours, collection care and new acquisitions, *The Quarterly*, and programs. Let me now make a valiant effort to summarize and explain how activities in these areas were consistent with the Association's overall purpose of preserving and promoting local history.

During the past year there were two major exhibitions and three short temporary displays. Opening April 26 and with major assistance from the county's local historians, items manufactured for resale in St. Lawrence County before World War I were assembled and they exhibited the wide diversity of the county's economic base. This Christmas (and continuing into 1982), an exhibition entitled "Mistletoe and Merriment" opened to the public. This undertaking, the most ambitious exhibi-

bit yet mounted in the Wright House, features two lavish late 19th century period rooms decorated appropriately for the Yuletide season as well as simulated toy store windows filled with the magical playthings of another time.

Other 1981 exhibits included a four-week showing of hand-colored lithographs and prints (loaned by the New York State Museum), of landscapes and city views in Northern New York; a magnificent group of American Hooked rugs, (opened with a fundraising cocktail and hors d'oeuvres party featuring a benefit auction); and the carvings of two well-known St. Lawrence County artists—Hazel Tyrrell and William Queor. The second floor galleries have proven to be useful for a wide variety of objects.

Such exhibits are a major and highly visible part of the Association's activities, but public programs and lectures were also held. Lectures on 19th century vegetable gardening, the dairy

industry, pewter, and early trade across the Canadian border, among others, were organized in cooperation with the Potsdam Public Museum. Just recently completed, and also in cooperation with Potsdam, a hectic schedule of Christmas-related workshops, receptions, and of course, a few events featuring food, drained the energy of the Association staff and many volunteers but was highly successful.

Museum education programs have grown and are beginning to be more widely known. With the support of a grant from the Edward John Noble Foundation, the traveling exhibit offerings have expanded and local history curriculum materials were prepared. An incredible amount of research was required and professionally undertaken by John Sholl and Annalise McKean. Annalise, a student at Vassar College, was employed by the Association during the summer under a college work-study program. The curriculum support materials provide copies of 19th century census, diary, and local historical information that a teacher may use in the classroom. The traveling exhibits have been seen at trade fairs in Massena, Ogdensburg, and Canton in addition to being available for loan to schools and close to 17,000 people were exposed to the local history vignettes in these portable cases during 1981. It is hoped that funds will be secured to continue the program's expansion during 1982.

Another major and traditional activity of the Association has been the summer tour program. This continues to be extremely popular and last year jaunts to Toronto, Utica, the wine country around the Finger Lakes, and the National Arts Center in Ottawa were organized and easily filled to capacity. During 1982 the program will be expanded, and if interest continues to

remain high, journeys farther afield and of longer duration are a possibility. Before we realize it, we may have to open a travel agency in a Wright House corner—in addition to the restaurant function!

This allusion to a restaurant refers to the very successful dinner series begun by volunteers in October, 1981. Held once a month and prepared by volunteers, the candlelight dinners have proven popular far beyond expectations. In addition a Christmas brunch on December 6 was organized to serve the more than 60 people on the waiting lists for the October, November, and December dinners. The Wright House is meant to be used by the county community and this program is one way local residents have benefited from the museum's existence.

A large majority of the above activities—especially the exhibit and education programs—have been possible only because of continuing generous gifts of artifacts. Two early 19th century cast iron stoves, a butter churn made in Hermon, two ca. 1920 bicycles, a fine Empire mirror, quilts, a Rushton canoe, clothing, and chairs are among the many fine items given to the Association during the past year. With the support of the New York State Council on the Arts, Judy Chittenden worked part-time during 1981 to properly accession and store these items—as well as improve the record-keeping and numbering on items already in the collection. In fact, Judy made considerable progress in the ongoing program of updating the entire storage area and collection care practices.

Finally, an annual report of the Association's programs would not be complete without recognition of the fine volunteer services of Varick Chittenden in editing *The Quarterly*. Our magazine, during 1981, won an award of

merit from the Regional Conference of Historical Agencies for its quality and ability to serve as a model for other local history publications.

Financial support of the Association continues to be a major challenge, but in addition to the New York State Council on the Arts and the Edward John Noble Foundation mentioned above, the Association has gratefully received operating support from various local businesses, the Village of Canton revenue sharing allotment, the St. Lawrence County Legislature, and the Institute of Museum Services (a federal agency). Also programmatic support has come from the Corning Glass Works Foundation to complete handicapped access to the Wright House and from the National Endowment for the Arts for interpretation of folk art in Northern New York.

All of these grants are important, for the Association suffers from inflation as much as any other institution or family and also wishes to provide increased services. A small step in a long-term resolution of our chronic funding problems was made in the fall of 1981 when the late Louis Greenblatt established a modest endowment fund and the Board of Trustees agreed to place all future unrestricted bequests into this endowment fund.

I would like to close this report by



Committees—1982

Budget, Finance & Development

Paula Faust, Chair; Mary Jane Watson; Dori Lyons**, Bradshaw Mintener**, Allen Splete, ex officio; John Baule, ex officio.

Acquisitions

Dwight Mayne, Chair; Ed Blankman, Elizabeth Knap; Richard Buckley.

Membership

Allan Newell, Chair; Beverly Markkula, Charles Turcotte**, Nick Viskovich; Betty Worsh.

Publications, Exhibits & Programs

Joan Kepes*, Paul Jamieson*, Kelli Rossie*, Varick Chittenden*, Dan O'Connor*, Kelsie Harder, Lynn Case**.

Special Events & Fund Raising

Doris Wheaton, Chair; DeeAnn Martin; Judy Gibson*; Claire Stuba*; Connie Hanson*, Win Gulick***; Joan Saltrelli***; Ruth McKean***; Marilyn Jones*; Anne Piskor*; Betty Randall*.

*Denotes non-Trustee member

**Indicates new committee member

***Indicates both non-Trustee member and new committee member



Gallery of artifacts manufactured in St. Lawrence County in the nineteenth century. (Photo courtesy of SLCHA)

simply stating that the Association continues to improve and become more and more stable. In a large measure, this is due to the dedication of loyal employees such as Vivienne Conjura who works far beyond the hours for which she is reimbursed; the many dedicated willing volunteers who help in so many ways, and the Board of Trustees under the able leadership of Allen P. Splete. Naturally it is impossible to more than touch on the many people who have donated hours of time and skills to make the Association work during 1981, but thanks are due to many and we hope the Association during 1982 will continue to deserve their support.

John A. Baule
Director



Board of Trustees—1982

President Allen Splete, Canton
Vice-Pres. Dwight Mayne, Massena
Secretary D. Lynn Case, Canton
Treasurer Mary Jane Watson
South Colton

Term Expires 1982:

Edward Blankman, Canton; Richard Buckley, Piercefild; Elizabeth Knap, Ogdensburg; Beverly Markkula, Canton; Allan Newell, Hammond.

Term Expires 1983:

Elizabeth Worsh, Canton; Paula Faust, Canton; Kelsie Harder, Potsdam; Dori Lyons, Canton; Nicholas Viskovich, Massena.

Term Expires 1984:

DeeAnn Martin, Canton; Brad Mintener, Canton; Charles Turcotte, Potsdam; Doris Wheaton, Ogdensburg.

Staff:

John A. Baule, Director; Vivienne H. Conjura, Secretary.



Ben Budelman presents Corning Foundation check to John A. Baule. (Photo courtesy of SLCHA)

STATEMENT OF INCOME AND EXPENSE AND RETAINED EARNINGS FOR THE YEAR ENDED DECEMBER 31, 1981

	1982 Budget	1981 Budget	Total	Operating Fund	Capital Fund
Income					
St. Lawrence Co.	\$11,000	\$11,000	\$ 11,000.00	\$11,000.00	\$
NYS Coun. on Arts ..	3,000	4,000	4,500.00	4,500.00	
Dues	15,000	15,000	14,601.69	14,601.69	
Gifts	2,100	2,100	2,596.45	2,596.45	
Interest	400	700	348.68	215.33	133.35
Village of Canton	5,000	5,000	5,000.00	5,000.00	
Admissions	200	300	156.00	156.00	
Cookbook	2,000	2,500	(89.36)	(89.36)	
Miscellaneous	500	250	649.06	649.06	
Rental	0	2,000	1,800.00	1,800.00	
Self-Sustaining/ Fund Raising	7,000	3,000	4,236.24	4,236.24	
Grants	8,000	2,650	2,265.07	2,265.07	
Sale of Securities	0	0	135.76	135.76	
Other Grants	8,000	0	0	0	
Total Income	\$62,200	\$48,500	\$ 47,199.59	\$47,066.24	\$ 133.35
Expense:					
Salary-Director	\$15,000	\$14,000	\$ 13,999.96	\$13,999.96	\$
Salary-Secretary	7,000	6,200	5,961.50	5,961.50	
Fringe Benefits	600	600	515.93	515.93	
Payroll Taxes	2,000	1,700	2,050.91	2,050.91	
Supplies/Postage	2,000	2,000	1,894.72	1,894.72	
Water & Sewer	150	100	141.54	141.54	
Heat	4,500	4,000	4,534.96	4,534.96	
Electric	1,500	1,300	1,533.49	1,533.49	
Telephone	900	800	915.07	915.07	
Insurance	1,500	1,400	1,515.00	1,515.00	
Interest	1,500	1,700	1,700.41	1,700.41	
Snow Removal	200	200	110.00	110.00	
Repairs, etc.	1,500	1,200	1,721.95	1,721.95	
Publications	4,500	4,000	3,861.00	3,861.00	
Printing	1,500	1,300	1,440.24	1,440.24	
Exhibits/Programs ..	2,000	2,000	2,372.68	2,372.68	
Subscriptions	300	300	453.93	453.93	
Conservation	1,000	1,000	931.71	931.71	
Travel & Meetings ...	1,000	500	319.15	319.15	
Miscellaneous & Accreditation	500	1,000	578.35	578.35	
Grant Expenses	8,000	0			
Contingency Fund ...	1,650	0	0	0	
Total Expense	\$ 46,552.50	\$46,552.50	\$ 46,552.50	\$46,552.50	\$
Net Income	\$ 647.09	\$ 513.74	\$ 647.09	\$ 513.74	\$ 133.35
Equity-Beginning			164,280.71	(2,179.02)	166,459.73
Transfers	3,400	3,200	0	(3,150.72)	3,150.72
Equity-Ending	\$62,200	\$48,500	\$164,927.80	\$ (4,816.00)	\$169,743.80

BALANCE SHEET—December 31, 1981

ASSETS	Total	Operating Fund	Capital Fund
Current Assets:			
Cash in Bank	\$ 3,446.80	\$ 3,409.26	\$ 37.54
Inventory	1,000.00	1,000.00	0
Total Current Assets	\$ 4,446.80	\$ 4,409.26	\$ 37.54
Fixed Assets (Note A):			
Silas Wright House and Museum	194,199.30	0	194,199.30
Total	\$198,646.10	\$ 4,409.26	\$194,236.84
LIABILITIES & EQUITY			
Liabilities			
Accrued and Withheld Payroll Taxes	\$ 389.34	\$ 389.34	\$ 0
Advance Payable on <i>Old Hollywood</i>	500.00	500.00	0
Architectural Fees Payable	3,250.00	0	3,250.00
Mortgage Payable	21,243.04	0	21,243.04
Loan Payable—Cookbook	4,200.00	4,200.00	0
Total Liabilities	\$ 29,582.38	\$ 5,089.34	\$ 24,493.04
Restricted Funds:			
NEA Grant	1,635.92	1,635.92	0
Corning Glass Grant	2,500.00	2,500.00	0
Equity	164,927.80	(4,816.00)	169,743.80
Total	\$198,646.10	\$ 4,409.26	\$194,236.84

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—*STILL AVAILABLE*—



“Landmarks and Lemon Crackers”

The St. Lawrence County Historical Association still has copies of its cookbook, *Landmarks and Lemon Crackers*, which features family tested recipes submitted by members and friends of the Association and covering every category a cook could wish. Also, artist Sandra Lowe has sketched over 30 county landmarks for which historical and architectural notes have been prepared. Photographs of another 60 sites and accompanying notes complete the landmarks portion. Every county town is represented.

When the two aspects—recipes and landmarks—are combined the Cookbook Committee is sure you will find a book both worthwhile to own and enjoyable to use. Proceeds will help support the activities of the St. Lawrence County Historical Association.

“Landmarks and Lemon Crackers”

Has a coated cover for easy upkeep

Has a plastic spiral binding

Has complete indexes of recipes and landmarks

Has large, easily read type

Costs \$7.00 for SLCHA members and \$7.95 for non-members

Can be gift wrapped and mailed for you at an additional charge

Think of it as a gift for yourself, for friends and relatives with St. Lawrence County ties, as a bridge or door prize, as Christmas or birthday gifts for office staff or customers. Wouldn't your friends, relatives, and acquaintances enjoy something special this year?