

THE
QUARTERLY

Official Publication of the St. Lawrence County Historical Association

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Editor: Varick A. Chittenden

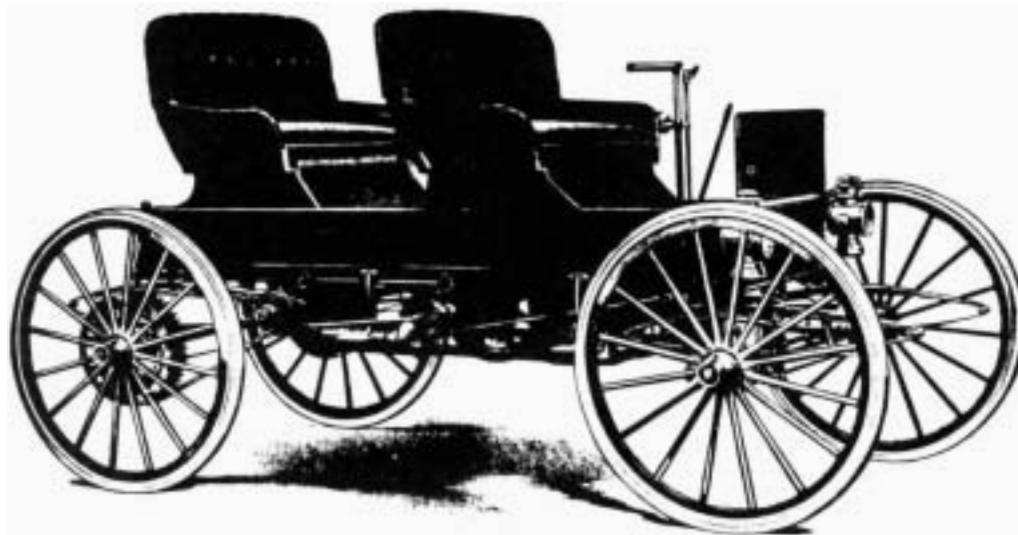
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Cover: Postcard view of the St. Lawrence County Jail after the "Great Ice Storm", March 27, 1913. (Courtesy SLCHA Archives, photo by Dwight W. Church, "The \$5.00 Bill" Photo Co., Canton)

Searsy Comes to Parishville Center

by Rosabel Parker Meashaw

With the arrival of mail order catalogues in the late nineteenth century, life for many rural people, including those in St. Lawrence County, would never be quite the same. The vast array of products available with such convenience would end some of the isolation that such people had always before taken for granted. Great stores like Montgomery Ward and Sears Roebuck could and would sell almost anything, including houses and automobiles. Here is the account of one family's excitement over the arrival of their first Motor Wagon, in a large crate, in 1913.



Sears Model "P" Four-Passenger

Price, \$495.00

THE Sears Model "P" Four-Passenger is a combination pleasure and business motor car. If we were to ask double the present price for the Model "P" we could not build an automobile that would give its owner better service. This model is equipped with a removable extra seat which is uniform with the regular seat equipment, but can be taken off or put on at will. As a single seated two-passenger runabout you will find the Model "P" an ideal car for hurried trips to town or for taking a load of vegetables and dairy produce to market. This model can be used on week days for farm business, but on Sunday with the extra seat equipment it can be converted into a four-passenger touring car for driving the family to church or taking a long trip into the country. The Model "P" is a two in one all purpose automobile and will give more all around service than any other car we manufacture.

No. 21D343 Price, \$495.00

The Sears, Roebuck & Co. catalogue description of the Model P four passenger automobile, 1913. (From Sears and the Automobile, courtesy of the author)

At all social gatherings I was always "Who? Oh, the quiet one," but I did have one opening line I could use—"My father bought his first car from Sears, Roebuck & Co!" But then, no one believed me. Conversation languished.

But Papa did buy his first car, mail-order, from Sears, Roebuck & Co.! Why not? Practically everything that contributed to our well being came from there, F.O.B. and guaranteed: stationary engines, milk separators, house furnishings, family clothing, groceries even. Large flakes of raisins on the stem, halves of salt codfish, hundred pound bags of sugar, and five pound cans of coffee beans. If we needed it, S.R. & Co. had it ready to ship. So out goes an order in early spring 1913 for one Motor Wagon, purchase price \$495.00 (no tax) and a later entry on Papa's accounts dated March 13, 1913—"by freight one auto, \$28.13." My two mechanic sons rate me very low on mechanics but I remember what I saw, so I plunge on.

There came a card (1¢ postage): one crate at depot, invoice # _____. Our good neighbor, Charlie, needed some grain so Papa borrowed his wagon to pick up grain and crate. It was near supper time when the team pulled into our yard with crate lashed atop the wagon, behind a mound of bagged grain. The car had arrived! Only it was chore time on the farm, so wagon was parked, cows came first.

On the good old ten party (telephone) line, news traveled fast and, ours being the first car in the neighborhood, received prime time. As it grew dark, with days work completed, the kerosene lanterns began to converge on our yard to light up the miracle—one skeletal crate some nine or ten feet long, five feet high, with plenty of peek-space. The car consisted of one wooden box filling the length of the crate, about eight inches high, wheels lying flat under the back to give rise to accommodate the little air-cooled motor slung under the front. There was one built-in front seat, two passenger wide, and one removable back seat allowing for quick change from family car to farm truck. The conference decided to

leave until morning when the men could meet again (after chores) to assemble the pieces, thus giving Papa time to study the manual and causing me to miss all the fun. School! Bah!

When I came home from school next day, there sat Searsy in all her glory, buggy-sized, wooden spoked wheels with solid rubber tires lifting the seating compartment high off the ground. Small round metal plates suspended on brackets at the side helped a lady to step up and over to a seat. She (Searsy) boasted no protection from the elements from above, side or back, and only a leather dashboard some eighteen inches high in the front. It required no great time to realize that this vehicle was for fair weather only. We did have a huge red and yellow umbrella with a sapling for a handle, long used over the lumber-wagon to advertise some brand of fertilizer and hog-feed. One try proved this not only belittling but hard to handle over a car bowling along at speeds of from twelve to fifteen miles per hour.

My father soon picked up information at the blacksmith shop. Some man over Hopkinton way was dismantling an old surrey and peddling the parts. A quick trip netted the fringed top with all brackets and bolts, side-curtains even. There is no record of the cost but Papa was a close bargainer. Well, that helped but she still threw mud, soft tar, whatever the wheels encountered. Furthermore, our ankle-length, full gathered skirts, aided by a couple of long petticoats, collected any available debris as we climbed. Back to the blacksmith shop where Papa and smithy, Allen Shaw, designed and executed two galvanized tin fenders to bend up and over the back wheels, and heated and hammered some iron rods into presentable braces. The front of the car was still a problem with nothing to help with that except gauntlets, goggles, yellow dusters and rubberized lap robe for front seaters to pull up over their torsos. Heads and arms were left out to the weather. I expect we were the main reason that the UFO's didn't show up until recently. They couldn't stand the competition.

But here we are, running even before we have learned to creep. Papa had never driven anything with other than lines (reins) but from the time he could read c-a-t he had studied and made an ever-widening range of mechanisms described in *Young Scientist* and other publications. He felt no qualms other than could he stop when he wanted to? So he studied the braking system. After that first day of stand-in-place-gape, all hands pushed the car back into the barn, and so to bed. The pushing crew rallied again next morning, Saturday (Hurrah! no school). The

Specifications Model "P"

SEATING CAPACITY—Four, with plenty of room for each passenger. Top of cushion, 34x16 inches.

FRAME—Pressed steel, channel section, reinforced with corner plates and cross members. All hot riveted.

MOTOR—Two-cylinder, horizontal opposed type, of the most improved design, 4 $\frac{1}{8}$ -inch bore, 4-inch stroke. All parts accurately fitted. Bearings of the very highest type. Annular ball thrust bearing 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter.

HORSE POWER—14-horse power (A. L. A. M. rating).

LUBRICATION—Mechanical force feed oiler and splash system, insuring perfect lubrication on all working parts.

IGNITION—Jump spark, with dry cells and non-vibrating coil. This coil is of the very highest type, and ranks among the highest for economy.

TRANSMISSION—Friction disc type. The most efficient, flexible and economical transmission known, positive under the most severe conditions, insures absolute safety.

DRIVE—Double side chain from power shaft. The most efficient method of applying power known.

REAR AXLE—Heavy, 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches, solid, drop forged.

FRONT AXLE—Heavy, 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches, solid, drop forged, with steering knuckles and spindles of the latest design, very highest quality of forging.

BRAKES—Double acting expanding brakes on the rear wheels, positive in their application, non-rattling, and powerful enough to hold the car on any grade. Emergency brake, the reverse on the transmission.

WHEEL BASE—87 inches, insuring easy riding, and equal to a longer wheel base in cars with 28-inch wheels.

TREAD—56 inches. We do not furnish with wide track.

CLEARANCE—13 inches, making it possible to travel roads with deep ruts or high centers without injuring the working parts.

For detailed description of Sears construction see pages 22 to 30.

WHEELS—The very best "A" grade wheels, selected hickory 1 $\frac{1}{8}$ -inch spokes, Sarven's patent metal hub and spoke flange, properly dished, gathered and set. No better wheels can be obtained.

TIRES—38x2-inch cushion tires, new live rubber. Most resilient cushion tires known.

STEERING—By side lever. The most efficient and quickest method of steering that can be employed in an automobile, insuring absolute safety.

CONTROL—Spark and throttle levers conveniently located on steering post. Left foot pedal applies friction. Right foot pedal operates brakes.

CARBURETOR—Schebler. The highest type float feed, with auxiliary air inlet. Same as used on the majority of high priced cars.

TANK—Heavy gauge material, located under the seat, having a capacity for 150 miles. Gravity feed to carburetor.

SPRINGS—Four high grade, 36x1 $\frac{3}{8}$ inches, five-leaf, full elliptic, oil tempered, and very resilient, insuring very easy riding.

BODY—Spring wagon body. Hardwood sills, very strongly built of thoroughly seasoned lumber, for delivery service, side panels 8 inches high, drop tailgate, patent leather dash, length of body 7 feet 6 inches, width 32 inches, extra seat which is removable, a business and pleasure combination.

FINISH—Highest quality. We call your attention to our specifications in this catalog, showing the detailed information in regard to finish. Brewster green running gear and wheels and black body.

UPHOLSTERING—Genuine leather, with plain spring cushions and tufted spring back.

WEIGHT—1,275 pounds. This insures long tire life and the least possible wear and tear on the car.

Equipment

Two front oil lamps, tail lamp, horn, full tool equipment, 1 gallon of lubricating oil, sod pan.

For extra equipment see page 20.

Shipping weight, knocked down and crated, 1,650 pounds.

The list of specifications for the 1913 Model P Sears automobile. (From Sears and the Automobile, courtesy of the author)

hand powered car came out of the barn and around into the east meadow, ready for cranking.

Electric needs were furnished by four (I believe) dry-cell batteries properly connected and controlled by a little push and pull button (S for spark) on a short stem atop a perpendicular pipe (A) at the left hand of the driver; the gas feed was a companion button (G). The steering apparatus was another hunk of pipe (B) hinged at the juncture of A/S/G so it could stand politely to let the driver mount, then snuggle across his lap to be push-pulled to make left or right turn. Papa had studied the manuals' cautionings about adjust-

ments of S and G so he got in the seat, the hired man cranked, and Lo! he was traveling. My older sister Isabel and I were trotting behind. When he had made a couple of rounds missing all mudholes and fences, we were invited aboard, thrilled pink.

From our backseat perch and with my father's tutoring, we became acquainted with the few accessories—two small kerosene lamps that would scarcely disturb the dark from their positions on either front corner of the box; one kerosene taillight with its red bullseye to show its tiny glare, and one little rubber bulbed horn that beeped pitifully. (Papa soon replaced that with



The Parker family in front of their home at Parishville Center, in their Sears automobile. Inscribed on the back: "Aug. 4, 1914. We head out for Boston. Background—east end of our house." (Photo courtesy of the author)

a larger horn and bulb that was practically useless because, if blown to pass a team, one good blast would send the horses off at such an alarmed pace they would leave us putting along behind.) The springs were of the graduated leaf variety, common to buggies and well tied down to carry the load, with minimal cushioning action. The shock absorbers were simply those built into the passengers' own frames. There was no trunk nor other provision for luggage; some cars had luggage racks on the running boards but we had no running boards. Spare tire! We needed none; solid rubber never deflated. There was no speedometer either. We didn't need that either. We always knew where we'd been.

Searsy conducted her own driver-education program. The first lesson was given the morning after one of Isabel's all night toothaches. Papa was speeding her to the dentist at the usual twelve to fifteen miles per hour. The rush of cold air brought on the need of his handkerchief which was stashed in an outside pocket. He nearly forgot Searsy didn't have the road instincts of the old horse and neglected his steering while he fished and suddenly found himself and his aching passenger deep in the heart of a roadside brushpile. By the time they got their laps unloaded the toothache was gone but the driver had learned Lesson I—Cars have no brains.

Lesson II was "cars never whinney for their rations." Papa had built a

small lean-to with two barrels laid on their sides on jacks, faucets on the ends, one for gasoline for stationary engines, one for household kerosene. Both barrels were serviced by a small tank-wagon powered by mules. With the greater need for gasoline, the kerosene barrel had to stand on its own bottom at one side, the space preempted by the second gasoline barrel. As gas was needed it was drawn out into a long nosed gallon can and poured into the little tank under the front seat having a capacity for 150 miles, gas feed strictly gravity. Well, one day Papa forgot to pour. He had two routes for taking passengers for a demonstration, one (the Deluxe) to Stafford Corners, round trip six miles, the other (regular) to the top of Cemetery Hill, round trip four miles. This day he chose the regular. We got to the top of the hill; the car sputtered and stopped dead. Other farms along the road had not yet gasoline-ized so the nearest supply was back to our own barrel. Isabel, being older, always got the soft jobs (she could steer). The rest of us lit out, pushed up hill and coasted down, back to home base.

My father was never one to accept mere performance without finding out why and explaining to us. Isabel was semi-mechanical minded but I'm sure I was just one big disappointment. All I remember about the propulsion is the little two cylinder engine's Pop-Pop-Pop and the drive chain's rattle and grind. My mind still hears them. I

believe that the motor somehow caused a vertical cogwheel to go around, meshing with a mess of horizontal cogs that activated a fiber wheel that ran with (or against) a thick aluminum plate some 30 inches across and hung flat beneath where we sat. If that's not perfectly clear, don't blame me. The only fact I can clearly remember is that the above interaction caused a malfunction that kept us sitting in a Keeseville garage all one hot afternoon. But on good days all the above caused the sprockets just under the outer edge of the box to go around, carrying chains. The chains drove the wheel sprockets and us to travel. "Be careful, little girl, don't let your skirts get near that chain!"

In the 1913-14 era winter roads were "kettled out" by farmers dragging a caldron kettle up one side and down the other to show where the road would be if there were one. Horses came back into their own. They could wade where no car could. Even the village cars were housed, parked on wooden blocks to save the tires and protected by dust-covers. Cold weather cranking was frustrating, often futile, so Searsy hibernated. Peace, quiet and sleigh bells ruled the land.

About the Author

Rosabel Parker Meashaw is a native of Parishville Center and a frequent contributor to *The Quarterly*.



Sketch of men "snow paving" or leveling out the snow cover of rural highways to make for better sleighing. (Courtesy of Eric Sloane's *American Yesterday*, Wilfred Fauk, Inc.)

Winters for a St. Lawrence County Settler— From Elisha Ridson's Diaries of 1812-1849, Hopkinton

by Varick A. Chittenden

While the winter season today may seem inconvenient and difficult, it can hardly measure up to the difficulties it caused settler families of Northern New York in the first half of the nineteenth century. Edited selections from one man's diary give evidence of the many hardships, and yet the great hope, that such families experienced with winter, our best-known season.

"Cold windy weather. My health is not good. The winters in this latitude are too severe for my constitution. For nearly four months the earth has been hard frozen and covered with snow. Deep snows and the piercing cold and cold, chilly winds confine me to the house."

On March 20, 1836, Elisha Ridson of Hopkinton recorded the above entry in his diary, a forlorn and almost desperate note, to which he then added this poetic cry for spring:

"Oh! when will the spring return. Oh! return and once more cheer this sad heart. Oh! welcome ye soft southern gales and warm solar rays. Oh! hasten. Bring with thee gentle showers. Dissolve the snow. Free the ice fettered earth, that again the woodsman's axe, the teamster's hollow voice, the lowing herds and the bleating flocks shall echo in praise the coming spring. That again the redbreast, oh! sweet bird return. Return with thy train of summer birds and grace once more with cheerful songs thy long absent bowers; that again all nature shall smile from winter's universal gloom; the landscape become adorned with her thousand shades of vivifying green, that man

may go forth, wandering over his long hidden fields with delightful and heartfelt affections raised to that Almighty Being Who is the source of all the beauty and sublimity in nature. But oh! Thou God of all goodness forgive, suffer not thy puny creature man to arraign thy wisdom, which shines so conspicuously in the changing seasons with equal grandeur in winter as in summer."

These words of a humble pioneer farmer, one of the first Vermonters to settle in Hopkinton, in 1804, were his private thoughts, first made public as part of Carlton E. Sanford's *Early History of Hopkinton*, published in 1903. Observations of the weather were a perfectly natural thing to expect of a farmer, and many a diary has been found for which the daily entry begins (and often ends) with such notations. In Elisha Ridson's journals (those Sanford was able to locate) which began in 1812 and ended in 1849, Ridson did frequently record the weather conditions. But he also included many other kinds of information that today serve as clues to how Northern New York settlers coped with winter when life was not nearly as easy as it is for us. In fact, in

the daily activities of those people in that period we can see that winter was nearly always on their minds—either preparing for it, living (or trying to live) through it, or cleaning up after it. Depressing though that may seem to many of us, settlers like Ridson accepted it as their fate and were thankful for the good they could derive from it. From the many pages of this diary, one can find numerous references to various stages of and attitudes toward winter as observed in the first half century of permanent settlement in this northern frontier.

The following text is made up almost entirely from the verbatim entries that Ridson made, selected and organized to represent specific relationships these settlers had to the cycle of the seasons that inevitably returned to winter.



Vegetation Dying Away

Time and again there are references to the gathering of food for the table, feed for the livestock, and fuel for the fireplace and stove; otherwise there are notes about raising buildings or sheds in time for winter, going hunting, starting school (notice the date!) and more:

1813

September 30, Falls (Parishville Lower Falls or Allens Falls) hunt, shot a deer. *October 2*, shot two deer. *October 4*, shot a deer. *October 5*, shot a deer. *October 6*, shot a deer on my own land. *October 28*, wounded a deer. *October 29*, founded my wounded deer. *November 3*, shot four deer. *November 11*, shot two deer. *November 13th*, got them home.

1833

November 26th, Assisted Deacon Aaron Warner raising a stable. *November 27th*, Assisted Isaac Snell raising. *November 29th*, Killed six hogs and a beef. Hogs weighed 1240 pounds, beef weighed 538 pounds.

December 1-4, J.D. Rider and Mr. Oliver here making shingles, shaved till nine o'clock in evening. Harmon split and Stone held the candle. At Julius Peck's raising barn. Peck had many raisings of mildams, flumes, etc. *December 5th*, Harmon, Clarinda, and Mary at Reuben Post's in the afternoon, Thanksgiving supper.

1834

October 1, Burn some heaps over where I had rye. *October 3rd*, warm. Husking corn in garden and orchard.

December 6th, Rider and the Frenchman have cut twenty-four cords this week.

1835

December 12th, Am wintering four horses, seven cows, two pair of oxen, five two-year-olds, eleven yearlings, three calves, thirty-six sheep, six shoats, geese, etc.

1836

September 14th, Reaping and logging. *December 1*, John commenced school. Clarinda boards with her sister Mary (in order to go to school).

1838

December 13th, Have in woodhouse seventeen cords two and a half foot wood.

1839

October 20th, Vegetation dying away. *October 21st*, Get seventy bushels of corn to the acre. Have gathered one thousand bushels of potatoes. *October 24th*, Sold Chauncey five hundred bushels of turnips (probably mostly for animal feed).

November 4th, John and myself assisted Mr. Wallis raise a shanty. *November 6th*, Third day of election. Three inches of snow. *November 8th*, Commenced doing off small room in the woodhouse. *November 9th*, Set out hunting, but soon returned. The bushes loaded with snow. *November 22nd*, Paid Jane Green seventy-five cents for sewing. Have a fulled cloth cloak, cost \$10; pair of pantaloons, \$2.50.

1841

December 6th, Filling woodhouse. Have forty cords of two and half foot wood. Will cut fifty so as to have a year's supply at hand.



Wholesome Winter Weather

In this northernmost part of New York State, we have come to expect large quantities of snowfall every winter. While we seem to think that our winters in the last very few years have been relatively mild in terms of inches of fallen snow, and that in the days of our own youth there was much more, we can see in the notes selected from this early diary what these first settlers had to endure. It should make us feel better. Notice the dates on some of the entries.

1812

March 29, The snow fell about ten inches. The snow is about three feet deep.

1817

February 18, Started for Vermont, reached Burlington. Started for Dorset by way of the lake. Storms too severe to travel on the lake.

1819

December 19th, It snows fast and looks likely for deep snow. I feel ambitious to set off in the morning and shall if I am well and my family is well and the snow is not too deep, for I have three deer in the woods which I want to take care of or the wild vermin will destroy them. I feel sensible in my mind is too much engaged in the concerns of this world, especially in sporting with my gun, but I really hope and pray that I may not be so taken up with objects of time and sins as wholly to disregard the concerns of immortality. For certainly that Being who was the cause of existence and who still continues His goodness towards me ought to have my highest morning.

December 20th, Monday morning, Snow about eighteen inches. Set off for my hunting camp. I gave Mr. Cowless one dollar for assisting me up with pack and cutting me one load of wood. Shot one deer. The snow is so deep I can't hunt. Lodged at my camp with Mr. Cowless, warm and comfortable.

1820

January 14th, Wholesome winter weather. *January 15th*, Been up to my hunting camp after some articles I had there, killed two deer. A severe day's task, the snow is so deep. *January 18th*, Mr. Laughlin with two yoke of oxen breaking roads. Been over to Mr. Johnson's for dinner, to Mr. Covey's for some bags and several other errands in the village. *January 21*, Weather moderate. P. and J. Durfey and D. Covey

with six yoke of oxen along here breaking roads. Heard the people from Parishville came out here to break roads with nine or ten yoke of cattle.

1834

May 13th, Snow has fallen about three inches and still snowing, 5 p.m. Raw weather. Cattle and sheep lowing about fields. *May 14th*, Snows this morning. Have but a trifle of hay for my cattle. Noon, still continues to snow. The storm has increased since noon, 4 p.m. I never knew so severe a storm at this season of the year, froze hard last night. Sundown, storm continues. My cows are all in stables. *May 15th*, Gloomy morning. Snow six inches in depth and quite cold. Harmon at Witherrills after hay. *May 16th*, Pleasant, sun looks warm. Hard frost last night and the ground is covered with snow. Dressed some flax. Snow does not melt.

1836

February 13th, The Indians call February the "snow Moon," meaning that more snow falls in that month than in any other. We are buried in snow. *February 27th*, The papers state that the snow is four or five feet deep in Oneida County, and also in the eastern states. The snow here is about two feet. Hay is \$20 per ton in Vermont.

March 8, Widow Hopkins here assisting to make a grave robe for Nathan Peck. Harmon and Sheals with teams breaking roads to Mrs. Peck's, fear difficulty in getting down with the corpse.

November 26th, Stage on runners.

1838

January 9, Stage on wheels.

1841

March 12, The snow is four feet deep in the woods. Severe storm, such as our fathers tell of sixty or seventy years ago.

October 21, Charlotte sporting in the snow.

1842

June 11, Snow this morning. Lies on the roofs and trees. thermometer thirty-one degrees in the morning.

1844

January 5, A snowstorm, such as the Yankees tell of in New England seventy-five years ago.

October 30, Seldom so severe a storm at this time of year. Now have fifteen inches of snow.

1845

February 4, Very cold. Mrs. R. is sick. A Yankee storm is raging. *February 6th*, The storm continues. The stage passes greatly out of time with much assistance from the inhabitants. Mrs. R. is no better, is quite sick, has had no nurse but Clarinda for three nights and days. *February 7th*, The storm has abated. Mrs. R. continues sick. Mary R. called in. Mrs. Kent came over and remained with Mrs. R. all day.

1846

March 31, The winter has been remarkably moderate, over one hundred days in succession of good sledding. Snow neither deep nor too thin. Hay is plenty, provisions of all kinds sufficient for man and beast.

October 17, Snows merrily. Boys husking corn. Bad time.

December 3, Snow mostly off. I hear two feet of snow fell in south woods (Adirondacks). Clarinda and Harriet quilting. *December 17*, Very little snow. People using wagons. Crouch drawing mill logs. *December 25*, The young sleigh riders will not have a pleasant time, as it thaws. Christmas at Mr. Newman's. Robinson lady and sister out.

1848

January 31, Forty-four years ago today I left Vermont for Islington (a section of Hopkinton). The snow in the Chateaugay woods was then four feet deep and on the first of March it was five feet all over this country.



Siberian Winter

While some snow storms and annual accumulations of snow may amaze or even appall some newcomers to the North Country, for many it has been the severely cold temperatures—especially in the northernmost counties—that have been the most difficult aspects of winter with which we have to cope. For some it has been a test of endurance; for others, especially when it comes to discussing it with wide-eyed outsiders, it can be graphic proof of one's ability to survive, perhaps even to the point of occasional and slight exaggeration! Here, probably without much exaggeration, are some of Elisha Risdon's observations about cold weather.

1819

December 5, Sunday, severe cold. Mrs. R. and Angeline gone to meeting. I have no greatcoat. I cannot sit in a cold house without one. Rhone and Sally Abbot in here to warm. *December 10th*, Severe cold north wind. Regret that I am not in the woods hunting. I am fond of being in the woods on a cold day, especially if there be a lively brisk wind from the north. The air is then clear, the blood circulates lively. More than all that the deer are skipping about on the hills such days, all which tends to enliven and animate a person of my turn of mind. I am sensible I possess an immoderate fondness for hunting. My very nature and constitution were formed for fatigue and hardship. I am so used to it, it has become a second nature. I cannot sit idle and sit easy. About eight o'clock severe cold. It worries my mind that I have no shelter

for my cows these cold nights. However, I give them plenty of hay. *December 11th*, Cold weather, blustering. Been over to village with cloth for a great coat. I agreed with the tailor to make it, and a straight bodied coat also; am to pay him in grain the 1st of February next. *December 12th*, Sunday, cold, blustery weather. Not well. None of the family go to meeting. *December 31st*, Cold weather. I have cut some wood today. Very severe weather for cattle that have no shelter. I fear some of my cows will almost or quite perish before Mr. Coolidge gets the hovel built. Mr. Mosher carried the children to school in a sleigh. But very little passing today. Church meeting day. I cannot attend. I am not well. It is as much as I can do to take care of my cattle and cut my wood and keep fires.

1834

August 25th, Cool. A frost in some places last night.

1835

February 10th, Mrs. R. has made me a pair of socks to wear over my boots. (over boots, not exactly clear why!)

1836

February 2nd, Seldom colder, if ever. Do chores and sit by fire. *February 5th*, Mrs. Smith says that our American winters are more severe than in England.

April 24th, We are having a Siberian spring on the back of a Siberian winter.

1839

June 12th, Severe frost. The frost damaged beans, vines and corn in places. *June 19*, People wearing cloaks and coats. *June 23rd*, Very raw weather. We have not had a warm day since September last.

1840

January 1, Thermometer eighteen below zero in morning and twelve in evening. (the very first reference he makes to a thermometer, no doubt a fascinating invention for the time)

1844

January 20, Very cold, sixteen below zero.

October 1st, Very cold. Ice an inch thick in wash kettle.

1845

May 30, Quite a frost. Ice in tubs and kettle.



A Season for Sober Thought

When we feel confined for a day or two because of a snow storm or frozen water pipes, we may be a bit frustrated from the inconvenience. We may even welcome the unexpected vacation: we listen to the radio for "school closings" or "hazardous driving conditions; don't

report to work." By contrast, consider the months of confinement for pioneer families who had no dreams of getting out for two weeks in Florida or even being entertained by afternoon re-runs of *I Love Lucy*. Sickness and despair were all too frequently part of Risdon's entries during the long winter days of his life.

1820

January 2d., Sunday, not well. None of us go to meeting, communion day. Lonesome times. We are all sick. No one comes in to cheer or assist us to a fire. *January 20*, Pleasant, thaws some on the south side of building. Not well, the cold weather does not agree with me.

1834

December 18, Clarinda is steady at school, notwithstanding the cold. The chimney in our house has a poor draught. We are much afflicted with smoke in the kitchen in particular. In the cold weather it is attended with a great deal of labor to keep fire. The wood has to be carried through three doors. I find the fatigue of getting in the large wood, together with the suffocation of smoke, to be unsupportable. I think it best to remedy the evil by a stove. (his first mention of a stove, likely proof that he—and most others—were still using fireplaces)

1835

March 22d, Winter appears determined to contest the possession of the earth awhile longer with spring.

April 13th, A raven picked out the eye of a live lamb. Clarinda takes tender care of the one-eyed lamb. *April 14th*, It is now better than six months since I began to stable my cows. I am still stabling them. *April 22d*, The face of the earth is covered with snow. It is a task for all of us to do the chores, and tend the sugar, sheep, lambs, cows, horses, hogs, hens and one old goose. It is a gloomy time, but thank God we are all well and in hopes of pleasanter days.

October 10th, There is something pleasing in all the changing seasons. Even the lonesome fall and melancholy winter give something to delight.

1836

March 12th, A person passed without coat, vest, or hat, singing merrily. It is said he was crazy, and I should say as he was.

April 16th, Stage on runners and at full speed. Hay very scarce. Some have not even any straw left. Corn sells for \$1; rye, seventy-five cents; oats, forty-two cents. Many cattle must die and are dying for want of food. It is said the present winter exceeds the hard winter of 1780 in severity. The *Newburg(h) Gazette*, Orange County, says hundreds of cattle are dying for want of fodder, and that the average depth of snow and

ice is now and has been for one hundred and twenty-days about three feet over the whole county. A Boston paper says there is ice in the streets formed from the snow that fell November 3, more than four months ago, and good sleighing more than a third of a year.

1839

November 14th, Caleb Wright died suddenly by his own act. *November 17th*, Harmon and his wife at Caleb Wright's. I attended the funeral of Mr. Wright. Elder Joel Green preached the sermon to a crowded audience. Heard a woman in Canton had hung herself. *November 19th*, Hear that Mr. James Upham attempted to hang himself last evening. He is still alive but very feeble. Two hour's rubbing brought him to life. The attempt was made in a clump of alders near where he lived, using a handkerchief for a cord. His life was saved with much difficulty. *November 24th*, Sunday, Mrs. R. quite unwell these days. Hear a young man in Potsdam, Coolidge by name, has committed suicide by cutting his throat and hanging himself (While there is no proof that these suicides were directly related to winter, one can speculate that the onslaught of bad and depressing weather may have played its part.)

1841

October 31st, Sunday, Another short summer ended. Pensive autumn is at hand. The green verdure and beauty of the season are fast fading away. The sun is receding; the shadows are lengthening. I am often at loss which most to admire, the wisdom of Deity in the order, regularity and variety of the seasons, or that spirit of love which we are permitted to enjoy in them as they succeed.

1842

January 24th, Clarinda watched with Mrs. Andrews. Dr. Sprague been unwell all winter. Mrs. Eli Roburds sick. *January 25th*, Clarinda at Mr. Roburds'. Very sickly time. *January 27th*, Mry R. sick. *January 29th*, Dr. Witherill to see Mary R. *January 30th*, Mary R., Sarah, Charlotte and Edna sick, Charlotte quite so. Have doctor.

February 2d, Mrs. Orin Andrews died this evening, aged nearly forty. She was one of our best women. Leaves a young family and a numerous circle of friends to lament her death. *February 3d*, Harmon at funeral of Mrs. Andrews with wagon. Charlotte ill. *February 4th*, Harmon at funeral of Mr. Sampson's child. J. Henderson's child, Fanny M., is dead. Sally Hopkins here. *February 6th*, Charlotte is better. Edna has the doctor. *February 10th*, Mrs. Gaius Sheldon is dead. She was one of the first settlers. Harmon has a sick house, two children and Ann. *February 11th*, Harmon, Mrs. R. and



Sketch of New England man wearing three sets of shoes and giant "overstockings". (From Eric Sloane's An American Yesterday)

Mrs. Kent at funeral of Mrs. Sheldon. *February 14th*, Charlotte and Edna are very sick children. *February 18th*, Dr. Witherill's child is dead. *February 19th*, Our children some better. Daniel Sanford is sick.

1843

September 30th, Gathering potatoes. Another short summer has passed away. The foliage of the forest is taking on a pale yellow, and all vegetation. It is a season for sober thought.

Signs of Life

Despite the great hardships and the extended misery of life through the long winter season for the North Country pioneer families, their respect for the abundance of nature and their great faith in each other and their God seemed to pull them through. The arrival of spring was cause for joy, and time to begin the work that would come full circle only a few short months away.

1812

March 31st, Warm and pleasant. Mr. Kent is thrashing his wheat.

April 8th, The snow is two feet deep. Began to boil sap. *April 15th*, The ground is to be seen in some fields. The snow is about fifteen inches in the

woods. Made thirty-five pounds of sugar, twelve gallons of vinegar. *April 20th*, Warm showers. The snow melts fast. *April 22d*, The snow is pretty much gone in the cleared fields.

1820

April. The first days of April pretty cold, though the month of April may be said with propriety to have been a pleasant one. The fields afforded sufficient feed about the middle of the month for sheep. Cows have wanted may to the latter part. I have fifteen lambs from my ewes this month which are alive.

May. Good weather for grass and wheat. Sheared my sheep on the 29th. People have in general mostly finished their spring's sork.

1834

April. Mrs. R. and Mary making candles. Made in all three hundred pounds of sugar. Clarinda spinning tow. Been this afternoon (no date) after a hatchel. Been getting out some flax, made poor work of it. Sewing and dragging on the 11th. Did not stable cows last night, so mild 14th. Clarinda and myself been after cowslips, saw two deer, 21st. My half of fence with Deacon Warner is on the north end, that on the south end in the woods we repair together.

1835

March 5th, Stage on wheels these days.

May 17th, Can just discern the buds starting on the apple trees. *May 18th*, E. Post is drawing logs on the log way. *May 19th*, Had cowslips (marsh marigolds) for dinner. The most springlike of any day this season. *May 20th*, Planting potatoes. Feed cows once a day on hay. *May 21st*, Sowing peas. *May 23d*, Pleasant. Smoke rises in most all directions, people burning their brush, etc. (clearing the land and selling for potash manufacture). *May 24th*, Sunday, pleasant. Family all at meeting except myself. Why I remain from meeting is I have no hat, poor excuse. The forest trees begin to have a changed look though not yet green. *May 25th*, A warm shower. Women washing. Sheals and myself planting corn. *May 26th*, Peter Post had ten quarts of seed corn. Women whitewashing the house. *May 28th*, Boys ploughing at the other place. Chester Tupper and others set out for the western country. *May 29th*, Fine growing time. *May 30th*, Clarinda and myself been after evans root and also fishing. Apple trees are mostly in blow, and the forest trees have a beautiful green.

1836

April 1, Pleasant. E. Post has a yoke of my four-year old steers to use for their keeping till his spring's work is done.

1838

April 15th, The robins have been about and sung a few tunes to us, but since the cold weather lately they are mute. *April 30th*, Ground covered with snow. The birds sing even in the storm.

May 27th, Sunday, currants in blossom. Trees show signs of life. Some ice in dooryard yet.

1839

April 1st, Warmest day since last October. Been out in the fields to-day.

May 30th, The young women rode out in their white dresses, resemble the apple trees in blow.

1844

April 30th, Sowing wheat. The women have commenced cleaning house.

May 22d, A light frost. Preparing land for potatoes.

1848

March 28th, For over seven years I have been in more or less distress, yet I do some business. The fields free of snow. The people at spring's work.

Elisha Risdon was born in 1782 in Dorset, Vermont, was educated for a time at the Dorset Academy, lived for a short time with his father and family in Livonia, Ontario County, in the Genesee Country of New York State, and came to Hopkinton, as did several other Vermonters at the urging of friends of Col. Roswell Hopkins, the town's founder. He died there in 1851. While a few years—1820 to 1832—are

apparently lost forever from the pages of his diary, what remains in the words of Risdon are most informative and inspiring accounts of life here over one hundred fifty years ago. The foregoing have been only a very few selected entries. Together they provide us with considerable insight into a season which we ourselves all know, sometimes too well. Somehow, however, our experiences seem to pale a bit when we read of those who have gone before us.

About the Author

Varick A. Chittenden is a native of Hopkinton, a great-great-grandson of Elisha Risdon, and the current editor of *The Quarterly*.

The Year Without a Summer

The year 1816 appears in many accounts of the period as one of the most difficult encountered in the recorded history of the United States. While there have been other years when more snow or more severe cold has been experienced, it was said that for many places, especially in the Northeast, that *not one single* month went by without at least some freezing temperatures or some accumulating snow. Several studies have been undertaken from the contemporary newspaper or scientific accounts of the time to analyze the meteorological or agricultural conditions of such a phenomenon. Few accounts could seem more real in human terms than the following selected, weather-related entries from the diary of Artemas Kent, friend and neighbor of Elisha Risdon of Hopkinton, from the period when Risdon appeared not to have kept such a record of his daily activities or observations.

March 9	Snow is two and one-half feet deep in the woods.	June 7	Very cold. Froze ice one-half inch thick.
March 27	Tapped our sugar works.	June 8	Snowed till nine A.M. and in afternoon. Melancholy aspect.
April 3	Snow mostly gone in the fields.	June 14	It has frozen every night since June came in, except a few rainy, foggy nights.
April 12	Full four inches of snow has fallen. We now feel the distress due to frost and rain last fall. Flour is eighteen dollars per barrel; pork, thirty, and potatoes, one dollar per bushel, and not to be had at that. Hay is twenty dollars per ton. Indeed, it can't be bought at any price. There is the greatest scarcity ever known in this country.	June 28	A little frost.
April 22	Snow fell three inches in depth last night.	July 11	We are alarmed not only as to present want but future stores. All crops are very backward and promise but little. Our present necessities are great. Many of our best neighbors are without bread. The prospect of getting it from abroad is almost "dried up". Our only source is in Him who supports all. He has said there will be seedtime and harvest. Let us put our trust in Him and not complain.
April 30	First day of election. Warm and thick smoke fills the air. The sun looks as red as blood.	August 12	Began haying. Been very dry and warm of late.
May 3	Election ended yesterday. Grass is giving some feed.	August 24	Last night there was considerable frost, though no great damage done. Vines and even corn in some places are ruined.
May 15	Has frozen for past three nights uncommonly hard.	August 30	Went to Louisville. Many farmers still haying. Saw much corn damaged by frost.
May 23	Many people are out of provisions of nearly every kind. Though flour begins to come from westward, money is so scarce and the prices so high that it is impossible for poor people to buy it. The season is cold and backward and the prospects look dark for another year. In Him who has promised us seedtime and harvest is our only hope, and in Him may we trust.	September 1	Melancholy time indeed. The people have been reduced to a state of starvation and now have little prospects.
May 29	It froze so hard last night that the mud will bear a man when it was three inches deep.	October 17	Snow fell eight inches. The backward season and frost have entirely cut off the crop of corn and very much damaged late wheat, so that grain will be very scarce.
June 1	Sheared our sheep, got forty-one pounds of wool from seventeen.		
June 6	Snowed from early morning till one P.M., melting as fast as it fell, excepting on the north side of buildings.		

Back When Winter Was Winter!:

A St. Lawrence County Postcard Album

Selected by Douglas Welch, Archivist, SLCHA

Somehow, as we look backwards to our younger days, the times we had often seem bigger or better or more difficult or more something than those times we now have. For Northern New Yorkers those observations may well apply to winters when the Big Storm hit or the Bitter Cold set in for weeks at a time. Here we offer some visual documents of selected winters past in St. Lawrence County, just in case you thought we were complaining . . . or bragging! And on postcards yet, to send to the relatives in warmer climates as proof of the senders' good sense of humor or their ability to survive. (Unless otherwise indicated, all postcard views by Dwight W. Church, "The \$5.00 Bill" Photo Company, Canton. Courtesy of the SLCHA Archives)



Ice burdened trees in Canton, "Great Ice Storm", March 27, 1913.

Winter scenes of Business Section, Gouverneur, c. 1912.



Winter Scene of Business Section, Gouverneur, N. Y.



Unidentified farmhouse, no date. (Photo by Louis R. Murray, Ogdensburg)



Streets closed, Canton, 1913.



Town Hall and Main Street, Canton, no date.



Opera House, Canton, 1913.



Waddington, no date.



Ski Hill at South Colton, St. Lawrence University, October 1950.



D.W. Church \$5.00 Photo Shop, Canton, no date.



Isaac Walker's sheep, Richville, c. 1904.



Unidentified children, possibly at Hermon, no date.



Unidentified vehicle and men, no place, no date.



A record-breaking load of logs, 7 logs, nearly 1000 board feet of lumber to a log, between 28-30 tons. Bert Benson, driver; Milo Woodcock sitting on logs; Will Woodcock standing, at Woodcock Sawmill, Edwards. No date.

Memoirs of Andrew Tuck—Part III

From the last pages of the extensive memoirs of Lisbon's distinguished citizen Andrew Tuck comes this conclusion to the three part story. Building a late Victorian farm house and local politics consumed a large part of the last years of his life.

In 1870, '71 and '72 we were preparing to build barns. We had a good man the year round (Kenneth Todd from Canada) and we got most of the timber on our own place and got some on our place in DePeyster, which meant long cold hauls. But in 1873 we built a cow barn 96 feet long and 44 feet wide, suitable for housing 30 head of cattle, and a horse barn 62 by 26, a hog pen and hen house, which made a lot of work outside as well as in. Your mother was as much interested as I, often doing more than she ought though she had good help, Susie Cook, who was with us for seven years. From now on the house was the paramount problem. We looked at many, got Perry Scott to draw some plans, and finally settled on the one after which our present home is a copy. Mother did about all the planning to which Mr. Scott lent his best thoughts—and he had good judgment. Mother aimed entirely to make that portion of the house convenient where much of her time would be spent. The pantry, cellar-way, kitchen and dining room are fit examples of her good judgment. All the stairs and steps inside and outside the house are the same rise, seven inches. The back stairs, which had to be winding, were provided with an easy railing. More than ordinary attention was given the back stair problem for Mother thought usually the latter received but little thought in the country, while the newell post, not unlike an only child, was usually well petted. Mother's pantry and back stairs, and cellar-way with its railing, as well as many other conveniences of the house might be of interest to any one building a country home. It was in the spring of 1882 that we moved the old house off the cellar, which was a hard job as the ground was so hard.

The previous winter I drew those stones in the cellar wall, on the outside, from the Nevin quarry on a wagon. There was not much snow that winter and the common stone I got at the quarry in the neighborhood where James Thompson now lives, and that great flat stone opposite the house, nearly turned up against the wall, I pryed up and loaded alone with the team. The house was all built by day's work and I well remember the morning the masons and Perry Scott came to work when the cellar was dry. I happened to look towards the house as the men began to put their lines down

to square the cellar for the wall, when I saw your mother on her knees at the window upstairs in the old house, facing our work. You will all realize what that meant. I wish I could have her strong faith.

In those days and in the building of our home the children did very much to help us. In fact, it was said, "Tuck is working the children too hard"; it was said we were "spoiling them." We both took a lot of pleasure in looking way on ahead in anticipating what the house would be and to the comfort and convenience of it. I had fears for winter use of water as the tanks in the attic would be likely to freeze, something which could be prevented later. We put in some plumbing, some bowls through the house, bath tub, etc., but the closets in the country at that time were not a success. They are now; the septic tank is no more an experiment. It would be very easy to put in the septic tank and closet as the house has been laid for it and protect the water from freezing, or take it from the cistern as there is a very large cistern in the cellar. The present drain—a 6 inch vitrolized tile—passes out of the cellar under the cistern with a removable plug so the latter can be drawn from the surface of the water.

Mother and I were uneasy a few years ago about the beam running lengthwise with the cellar overhead as the timber was getting dark and we imagined it was getting soft, for there is such a condition of timber where a dry rot takes place. Mother oiled a long piece of this timber which colored it.

There are two flues to the top of the chimney, from the bottom of the chimney and the bottom of the cellar, of course, with an ash box in the bottom. The furnace pipe only enters one flue. The dining room stove enters the other which opens down into the fireplace and from there through an opening in the bottom of the latter into the ash box in the bottom of the chimney, from which the ashes can be removed from the cellar. All stove pipes enter the chimney below the ceiling and in plain sight.

Since completing the chimney I built it about thirty inches higher a few years ago, as the wind came over the top of the cupola and interfered with its drawing. We also got better draft from the cook stove when the fireplace is closed. I find it is a good practice

with all roofs similar to ours to watch for leaks in the gutter, for, while our gutters were made of the best tin, the frost has broken the joints and a few times I found the paper wet, and if so, would remain stained. I wish we had had the present furnace in years ago. We can readily heat the house with the present with wood.

The walls of all outside cellar-ways the country over are not durable. We built our walls about 4 by 3 feet wide at the bottom and brought them at the top to a foot in width, one long wide stone, two stones for the top of the entire wall. It never has moved. We bought the best of double thick French glass. It ought to be a warm house. We first put on one sheeting of matched spruce 7/8 inch thick, sheeted diagonally, nailing the lower end of each board to the sill, and well nailed. When gone over once we put on a good quality of paper and then put on another layer of some matched lumber, nailing the last sheeting on horizontal and another coating of paper before clapboarding. We put short boards on the inside and nailed a piece over everywhere there was a crack or knot sheeted on the inside of the studs, and before lathing we stripped the joist overhead a foot apart with 1¼ inch thick and 2 inches wide strips. This necessitated an extra nail in every four foot lath. When the fellow lathed a while he came running out to Mr. Scott carrying language unsafe near shavings. He had a job. We added 1/5 and he began to breathe natural.

The old house was cold and the children were getting cold. Early in the fall we got a web of cotton cloth and fixed the windows up early. It was on the 8th of December, 1882, a holy day, that Mother decided to move, notwithstanding the day. But we had plenty of fires. The furnace was not put in until a little later. Mother hung curtains between the parlors and Mother and I used the back parlor and Perry the front parlor. We very soon had the furnace in and from then on we decided to let Perry finish alone, which took way into the second year. All that work around the stairs including the "well" was worked out by hand as well as the arches for the parlor doors. I should not have said arches, which they are not. If they were, those could have been worked out by machinery, but they are segments, no part of an arch and had to



Early view of the home of Andrew Tuck on the Tuck Road in the Town of Lisbon, with the family posing in front. (Photo courtesy of the collection of the Town of Lisbon Historian)

be worked out by hand and Perry could do it. Those double doors ran as well as they did when Perry put them on. Mother wanted some little thing on the ceiling in the parlors. John Mitchell, who was a fine mechanic with mortar or plaster moldings of any kind, made the molds and built that cornice on the ceiling in the parlors.

We found our fireplace was smoking as most do, for but few know how to build a fireplace that will draw properly. Oh smoke! Smoke! and Mother had her heart fixed on a fireplace. Mitchell said low to me, "I will fix it when I put up the mantel." I went to school with him to the Ogdensburg Academy. In fact, I met him that next morning after I took up "my chest" on the top of the load of wood to Ogdensburg. Just think how we must have looked! This Mitchell was a good student but he was a strong drinker and, shortly after he did those nice pieces of work, he became missing and never was found.

I intended that all soot, cinders, and ashes would pass into the bottom of the

chimney as before described, but the mason had to make a very nice little turn in the opening, about midway, which extended from top to bottom of the chimney. During its construction I think pieces of soft mortar must have accumulated on the inside so as to have temporarily closed the opening and I got Frank Murphy to take up the problem as it never let the soot down. I don't mean by this that the chimney was a failure, for it was not, for eight feet below where the furnace pipe entered there was neither ashes or soot. But I wanted that chimney clear on the inside to the cellar. Frank did it by taking about 16 feet of light iron old buggy tire and dropping it down from the top of the chimney. Then he took out the furnace pipe and putting in his hand and taking the iron in his hand, he punched the iron through this soot, ashes and sand till he put it down to the bottom and into the ash box—a complete success. I left his iron up stairs so it can be used if ever necessary.

It was during my administration as Supervisor that Hon. Francis E. Ker-

nan was nominated by the Democratic party for Governor of the State of New York and the Republicans nominated John A. Dix. In those days we held our elections in the Flackville schoolhouse. The ballot of that date was not regarded as a very sacred right. They would come to us with great large sheets and a few hearty fellows who had their fall plowing done, about three, would be delegated to cut the ballots. About three more over twenty-one years of age—but not seventy and a little on the fleshy side—would be granted power to see that those pieces of paper had names put on one side with printer's ink, together with a name on the other side, so that this strip of paper would be readily known from many other strips of paper. And we had an Election board of three good men elected at the preceding town meeting and they appointed two clerks. If those three became deeply interested in the discussion of politics or religion, or perhaps both, then the board would receive the ballots open and perhaps fold them, which they had to do to get them into

the boxes. I never knew of liquor to be used on our board or in the polling places—weren't we good? My dear children, the whole system was woefully loose, with so little respect for a free-man's prerogative. A man's judgment was the foundation of our entire government. The present is a wonderful improvement on the old system.

It is now the 24th of March and quite late in the evening. The clock is just going to strike nine and over a year has passed since I did any of this (writing). I was going to say foolishness, but I will not, with the dining table strewn with books, papers and magazines, for I have moved the encyclopedia to the dining room just under the clock which makes it much more convenient for me, which means more use.

In 1872 we had an election for governor. John Adams Dix was nominated by the Republican party very much on his war record. The Democrats nominated Francis Kernan, an able lawyer of Utica, and who some years afterwards was the grandfather of the young Mr. Kernan who married Miss Mary Spratt of Ogdensburg, eldest daughter of Mr. Thomas Spratt.

Gen. Dix was elected Governor. Mr. Kernan's vote showed that he did not receive the vote of his party. Very many Democrats declared they could not support Mr. Kernan because of religious convictions, (a Roman Catholic), a condition that was very apparent here in the city of Ogdensburg.

This was my first year as Supervisor and while there was quite an open hostility to me because I was a Catholic, I could not do much harm and there seemed a consensus of opinion that I knew our town was paying more than its share of the taxes and would make an open fight to reduce the unfair equalization. The strongest men among my friends and who met the question of religion were my two good Presbyterian neighbors, John and Fleming Craig, and particularly the latter who was emphatically outspoken in what he thought was right.

I was watched on the day of election for it was said by many if Tuck is a good Catholic, he cannot vote against Kernan. In those days the ballot was not made as sacred a right as today (as I have explained heretofore) for in the morning we designated a couple of good fellows to procure shears and cut up the sheets of ballots, and a couple more to fold the same, all this being done in the little red school house on the desks. Sometimes we would pass around through the house with a handful and, if in a hurry, give the ballot open to the clerk, and he would fold it so it would enter the ballot box. Fate fixed it so that in my haste to do some little thing, I picked up an open

ballot from where the men were cutting and handed to an inspector to fold as many others were doing. I did not know till days afterwards that my political belief was in doubt by any one. Such a character ought to be despised by all civilized people, whether in politics or religion, and more particularly the latter which is a condition between man and his maker. Everybody keep from between; let all be in the open.

The older I grow, the greater respect I have for the conscientious belief of any man who openly practices it. Don't interfere in his religious belief. And now back to vote at that election for my political party and candidate for governor. John A. Dix, who was elected, defeated Mr. Kernan by an unusual majority. I subsequently learned that Mr. Kernan did not receive near the Democratic vote, as voters throughout the State refused to support the latter because of his conscientious belief—a Roman Catholic.

This state was to elect a U.S. Senator in the year 1873, and Mr. Kernan's friends, among whom were such men as former Governor Seymour and Samuel J. Tilden, Mayor Grace of New York City and many other influential Democrats of that day, insisted on Mr. Kernan allowing his name to go before the Legislature as a candidate for the U.S. Senate, to which Mr. Kernan finally consented and was elected as the Democrats carried the Legislature of that year.

But Mr. Kernan did not seem to feel that the defeat for governor as many thought he would, on the ground that his religious belief stood in the way of good citizenship as I will immediately endeavor to show.

So long as the representative from this State must be a Democrat (elected by a Democratic legislature), I was glad to see Mr. Kernan made U.S. Senator, the responsibilities for which are in many ways more onerous than the office of Governor. I never had seen anything in my religion that in any way interfered with my devotion to my country. I had always understood it was former Governor Seymour who was the power that made Mr. Kernan one of the Senators of the State of New York.

Immediately after his election as U.S. Senator, I wrote him the following letter. As I grow older, I often wonder how I could have had the courage (I wish I could use some other word) but I will have to be content with presumption to write Senator Kernan a letter—a fellow away up beyond the North Woods near the St. Lawrence River, yes, and may be a "tramp" or "crook" or some stranded fellow looking for an easy job:

Ogdensburg, N.Y.
January 24, 187(?)

Hon. F.E. Kernan
Utica, N.Y.

Dear Sir:

I am sure you will be amazed at receiving a letter from one entirely unknown to you, but having been an eye witness to some of the opposition to you as a candidate for Governor of this State at the recent election, and also very reliable information from those whom I think ought to know, that many of the Democratic party refused to vote for you because of your religious belief thereby defeating you for the office of Governor. I am a Catholic and Republican and voted for your opponent, John A. Dix, and accidentally voted an open ballot, thereby defeating the statement which I subsequently heard—"That if Tuck is a good Catholic, he must vote for Kernan." This is my first year as Supervisor of the town in which I reside, Lisbon.

While I voted against you for Governor, and if I were in the Legislature also, I would have voted against you because of your politics—but since the Senator from this State must be a Democrat,—I am glad it will be you, for I believe we can be true to this great government and also sincere in our belief of the Church, and that your actions will justify that belief—that it is safe to trust us.

Kindly pardon me for obtruding this long letter, but I feel better for having written it. It is not in any way necessary to acknowledge the receipt of the above. I will not expect it.

Very sincerely yours,
Andrew Tuck.

P.S. Some time if you think of it, I wish you would recall the above when present with your friend here, Mr. Daniel Magon.

A.T.

Very unexpectedly, and soon after I mailed the above, I received the following:

Utica, N.Y.

Mr. Andrew Tuck
Ogdensburg, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Tuck:

Yours of the inst. is received and I gladly note what you state in reference to my defeat for the office of Governor of the State of New York.

The American people are fair. They will judge the tree by its fruit. If we are good citizens and good Catholics, they will give full credit for it when they know us well. I found when I was a young man, whether it was in politics or religion, in presenting a full open front in what I believed—acting the hypocrite in nothing—never obtruding my belief in the faces of others. I found universally that I always had the

respect of the best class whose judgment I appreciate and was worth something.

I thank you for your very kind letter and for your frank open course.

I would like to meet you some time.

Sincerely,
F.E. Kernan

In the winter of 1886 when going to Albany, I saw a man come in and take a chair in the car in which Speaker Erwin and I were riding, and was receiving the attention of many men

during the stopping of the car, so I asked Speaker Erwin "Who is he?" He said, "Don't you know? Why that is Ex-Senator Kernan." I said I wanted to speak to him. "Come now, I will introduce you." I said no, not now, wait till those men get away and the train is moving—"Now," I said, "if you will come with me and see me introduce myself" and did so by referring to the above letters which he instantly recalled, and went over in detail much of his young days in the manner outlined above.

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\$50.00

The *Republican Journal*, Monday, February 26, 1917.

FUNERAL OF ANDREW TUCK TOMORROW GRAND OLD MAN OF LISBON DIED ON SATURDAY NIGHT.

The funeral of Hon. Andrew Tuck who died at his home on the Tuck road in the town of Lisbon Saturday evening will be held from his late residence at 8 o'clock and from St. Mary's Cathedral 10 tomorrow morning. The remains will be placed in the vault at St. Mary's cemetery and in the spring will be interred in the family plot beside his wife who died two years ago.

Long past the psalmist's span of life, Andrew Tuck, Lisbon's grand old man, one of its best known farmers and most highly esteemed citizens, has passed away at the ripe old age of 84 years. He had been in failing health for the past two years but had only been confined to his bed for the past two weeks.

To few men is accorded the universal esteem and love that was Andrew Tuck's. He was a man of forceful character, genial, affable, and public spirited, and was imbued with those qualities which make for the finest citizenship. He took a broad view of all public questions, but when once convinced that he was right he never faltered and presented his opinions fearlessly and courageously. This characteristic of his life was distinctly shown in the presidential campaign of 1912 when he supported with all his vim and energy Col. Roosevelt for the presidency. Up to that time he had been a Republican as earnest in his support as he was for the Progressive party in 1912. That he had great influence and that his opinions were highly cherished by his townsmen were shown in the manner they followed him in the memorable campaign of four years ago. Before he died, Mr. Tuck, like hundreds of other Bull Moosers, returned to his first love, the Republican party, and although in feeble health, his influence remained and his town of Lisbon, which had been the strongest Progressive town in St.

Lawrence County, recorded one of its old time Republican pluralities at the election last fall. Always firm in his beliefs, strong and loyal in his friendships, his word was as good as government bond. His friends were legion and the sorrow over his death will be deep and far-reaching.

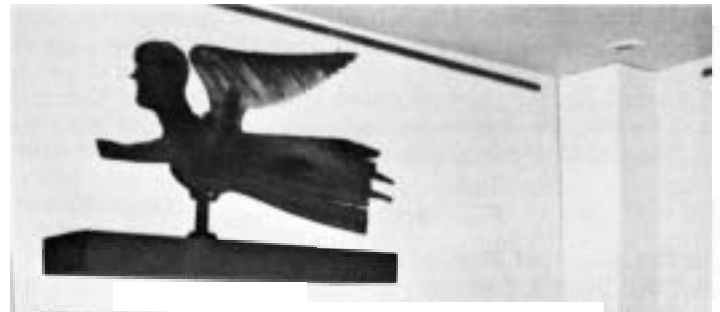
Born in the town of Lisbon November 9, 1833, Andrew Tuck lived his life there among those whom he loved best on earth. His father was John Tuck, a native of Ireland, who came to this country in the year 1832 and settled in that town. During all his life, he devoted most of his time to agricultural pursuits although he was deeply interested in education, the affairs of his town and State and national politics. He made a success of farming and during recent years had been engaged in the management of his farm on scientific principles. Throughout his life Mr. Tuck was always active and interested in public affairs. In his earlier years, he represented the town for several terms on the Board of Supervisors and in 1885 he was elected to the assembly and was re-elected the following year. In those days St. Lawrence County had three assembly districts, Mr. Tuck's then being the second. In the year that he was first sent to the assembly the Republicans of the first district conducted a campaign that has never been forgotten and which resulted in the election of an independent ticket of the late Gen. N.M. Curtis who defeated his Republican opponent, the late Judge Gerrit S. Conger of Gouverneur. For many years he was one of the two United States Loan Commissioners, named for St. Lawrence County, and he held this office until the position was discontinued some years ago. The other commissioner was the late William L. Bradford of Louisville.

In all of his public and private relations, he was the sincere man, the able and faithful official, and through his sense of fairness in all things he won the confidence of his townsmen which he held through life. In the days of his legislative career he formed a high regard and friendship for Col. Theodore Roosevelt which was most heartily reciprocated by the Colonel and which was never broken. The Colonel never had a better well wisher than Andrew Tuck and no one could ever have done more for another than Mr. Tuck did for him.

There were not many men in Northern New York better known or more highly esteemed than Mr. Tuck. Young men were among his warmest admirers, because of his readiness to aid them in whatever way he could. He never considered himself in the shady side of life and when 81 years of age, he told the writer that he was not 81 years old but that he was 81 years young. He always looked upon life optimistically.

Mr. Tuck was a faithful member of St. Mary's Cathedral. In 1865 he was united in marriage to Miss Marie Lynch and five children blessed the union, four of whom are still living and are as follows: Mrs. Dennis B. Lucey of this city; Major John B. Tuck, of Syracuse; Attorney Andrew E. Tuck, of Rochester; and Prof. Charles H. Tuck, a member of the faculty of Cornell University and who is now in Manchuria, China. All but the latter were present at the bedside when their father passed away.

Thus passes from earth, Andrew Tuck, in every sense of a man who, during his lifetime, did his share toward the development of Northern New York, making it one of the choicest sections of this great commonwealth.



Hearts, Hands, and Stars crib quilt and eighteenth century painted chest.

Wooden Angel Gabriel weathervane and decorated stoneware pottery.

Reflections on Some North Country Folk Art

by Betsy Cogger Rezelman

From September 12 through October 9, 1982, the Silas Wright House and Museum exhibited fifty selected examples of folk art from the northern counties of New York State, all from a larger exhibition which had first been installed at the Munson-Williams-Proctor Institute in Utica earlier in the year. During its four week installation in Canton—the first of four such displays also in Oswego, Watertown, and Plattsburgh—hundreds of visitors saw the variety of items fashioned in the region from the eighteenth century to the present. Here one visitor, an art historian, reflects on some of what she saw. All photographs are by Wayne Lincoln.

One of my vivid childhood memories is of me and my family, seated around the dining room table, watched over each evening by a haunting painting of a youthful female angel with omniscient eyes and fan-like wings. Though her body was flat and she hovered in a spaceless blue-grey sky, her silent presence used to mesmerize me as my mind wandered from the adult conversation. Not until years later did I move from the position of experiencing the powerful impact this and other folk paintings my mother collected to one of learning about the men and women artists who created them and the wide range of forms in which their creativity

manifested itself. When I first saw the New York North Country Folk Art exhibition in Utica, the thrill of rediscovering a vital native artistic heritage surfaced.

Coming up the stairs at the Silas Wright House, where a selective version of the show was shown this fall, I encountered the Indian archer weathervane, a piece which continued to attract me on successive visits. The label stated that "over fifty years ago, this weathervane, handmade sometime between 1800 and 1850, still was being used on a building in the eastern Oneida Lake region." Like so much of mankind's art it is now out of context,

removed from its high vantage point and brought down to within range of the viewer's minute scrutiny. Though it retains its power as an image, one needs to imagine that figure seen from a distance, shifting directions at different times of day and under changing weather conditions. Devoid of unnecessary detail its bold outline could be clearly distinguished against its atmospheric backdrop. Selected features—the bulbous nose, prominent chin, spiky headdress, and thickened neck and left arm—were exaggerated by the artist so as to render the form easily identifiable from a distance. As with much non-western art, correct anatomi-



Entrance hall gallery, including the Indian Archer weathervane, penmanship drawings, and portraits.



Star of Bethlehem patchwork quilt from St. Laurence County.

cal proportion was less important than emphasizing characteristic parts. Though probably untrained in the conventional sense, the artist possessed a keen understanding of the use of negative space or the spaces between solid areas. The observer's eye is drawn not only to the silhouette but to the dynamism of the voids created by the space within the bow and between the legs. The Indian steps energetically forward, clearly serving his function of indicating the wind's direction with his taut bow and drawn arrow.

Weathervanes have been used throughout the Christian era and were produced in this country since the mid-seventeenth century. In his book, *American Folk Sculpture*, Robert Bishop writes that in 1716 Deacon Shem Drowne, one of the most respected American craftsmen designed a "glass-eyed Indian with bow and arrow for the Peter Sargeant mansion . . . the home of the royal governor of the Province of Massachusetts" (1974: pps. 45,47). Though Drowne's Indian is stouter, more upright, and embellished

with detail, it is an obvious ancestor to the one under consideration.

Another early weathervane, that of the Angel Gabriel from c.1790, is illustrated on the cover of the exhibition's catalog. Wooden vanes dating from before the mid-nineteenth century are rare; most were painted. Gabriel was a popular motif chosen for both churches and homes; this example is a highly simplified version. The carver has chosen to concentrate his attention on the heads and wings, reducing the one arm to a short, handleless, horizontal projection and the legs and feet to minimal appendages. As with the Indian the power of the image results from reducing the form to its essentials, in this case the profile and serrated wing. The gentle curve of the wing's upper edge reinforces the pointing gesture of the arm and nose. The eye, a round hole revealing the ever-shifting natural lights beyond, relieves the solid expanse of the wood and gives life to the flying messenger.

Throughout the exhibition I was constantly attracted by the power of the

forms, despite the wide range of materials used. Nellie Kittle's Star of Bethlehem quilt pulsed from the center outward, its red, white, blue, and orange colored diamonds creating as much energy as an op art painting. Across from it the flat red hearts, hands, and stars on a white crib quilt equally compelled the viewer's attention because of its stark simplicity. One does not need an explanatory label to understand what the work is about. The viewer is not compelled to decipher and interpret the message or understand the moral or sentiment. The artist seems to have responded to ordinary, familiar designs and arranged them in a repetitive composition for the delight of the user. Symmetry was not a requirement as the four pairs of hearts and hands on the left are balanced by only half a design on the right. The four edge strips, consisting of single stars enclosed by slanting bars, were obviously made separately and applied without concern for either completing a unit at the corner or uniting that unit with the one perpendicular to it. This freedom from



Tyler coverlet, Northern Pike carving, and farmstead paintings (Ashworth farm near Heuvelton at lower right).



Child's chair by Isaac Johnson of Waddington and 1979 quilt of Randall Farm, Spraguerille road, Gouverneur.



Penmanship drawing; nineteenth century painted and stencilled chair from Canton.



Ice fishing tip up from Lisbon; whirligig and house shrine.

the constraints a trained painter or sculptor would have felt is refreshing. The space is filled and disequilibrium is not the result. A facility for uniting dissimilar fragments is evident in other quilts and in folk paintings.

A taste for realism or naturalism is the characteristic which distinguishes American arts. Typical of nineteenth-century portraiture, genre, landscape and still life painting is an attention to the natural world and details of place, costume, textures and facial features. The "Eight Inmates of the Fulton County Poor House at West Bush as they appeared in January 1858" exemplifies well this native penchant for the idiosyncracies of the American scene and its characters. Though untutored in the skills of modeling, perspective, and anatomical rendering, this anonymous watercolorist individualized the men and women, conveying the unique qualities of each person. "Old Mr. Clement Brandow" has a serious demeanor and walks at a slow careful pace; Robert Cunningham possesses hefty calves despite his age and walks briskly; Abraham Kring's slit eyes communicate his blindness as much as his

cane and groping step. Mary Weaver's conglomeration of clothes and "Old Mrs. Elizabeth Fisher's" jaunty bonnet are equally expressive of their owners' personalities.

Folk painters frequently included what their educated counterparts had been taught to overlook or idealize. Ferguson G. Veeder's "Veeder Homestead" of 1840 is an excellent instance of the honesty with which the folk artist portrayed the changing rural landscape. In the background of the neat and productive farm, he prominently includes a recent invention—the locomotive. While cheerful country scenes rather than the harsher aspects of rural living were the norm in the mid-nineteenth century, signs of modernization were generally avoided. In Veeder's work the past, present and future peacefully coexist. This artist is more sophisticated in his handling of light and space than many of his peers in this genre but like them his inclination toward a two dimensional world and his repetitions of simplified forms resulted in the lively decorative surface patterns characteristic of folk art in other media. He also utilizes a raised

viewpoint to survey the landscape, a logical solution to the problem of depicting layers of objects arranged in depth. Despite this naive handling the look of the land and its vitality is truthfully portrayed.

As I left the Silas Wright House I thought again of the series of "isms" that have marked the changes from one modern art movement to the next and compared that to the steady output of folk art throughout our history. Folk art whether one hundred years old or more recent communicates with the contemporary viewer as forcefully as it did to its original audience. Though art historians have been slow to appreciate these artists' unique visions, recognition of their accomplishments is now widespread. Folk art will continue to be a living American tradition as long as the need to and love of creating shall exist.

About the Author

Betsy Cogger Rezelman is a specialist in nineteenth century art history and a member of the Department of Fine Arts at St. Lawrence University.



Examples of Adirondack rustic furniture; early hooked rug.



Local painted scenes; tin tavern chandelier.

Annual Reports of the SLCHA

Director's Report

As I organized my thoughts for my seventh annual report to the members and friends of the St. Lawrence County Historical Association, there was a great temptation to begin with a chronicle of incomplete projects and goals not yet attained. That, however, would be extremely unfair not only to the Association as a whole but also to the many individuals who have worked diligently to make 1982 one of the most active—some say frenetic—years since I have been Director. And while there have been some disappointments, there have been considerably more solid accomplishments.

The Association's most visible activities remain centered around the Silas Wright House and Museum. There has been a number of fine temporary exhibitions: a reconstruction of late nineteenth century parlor and dining room sections complete with many of the accoutrements of a lavish Victorian Christmas; nineteenth century photographs of county people and scenes as recorded on glass plate negatives in the collections of the Association and St. Lawrence University; and a four week showing of representative North Country folk art pieces. This folk art show, the research for which was funded by a National Endowment for the Arts grant, first opened at the Munson-Williams-Procter Institute in Utica under the guest curatorship of Varick Chittenden, and the Association was fortunate to be able to host a traveling version here. Finally, in early December, a handsome new permanent orientation exhibition on St. Lawrence County history opened. Entitled "Northern Trilogy" and generously funded by the New York State Council on the Arts, the exhibit fills a major gap because the Wright House, as the only county-wide museum, has long needed a permanent installation to acquaint the visitor with the county's history as a whole. Professionally designed and installed by John McCarthy, it is without question an asset to the county.

The winter lecture series in cooperation with the Potsdam Public Museum continued throughout the early months of 1982. Such topics as early nineteenth century interior decoration, St. Lawrence County's religious history, and the collecting of old kitchenware attracted a number of people and helped the Association in its constant quest to disseminate information more broadly about our county's past.

Also in cooperation with the Potsdam



Guests at Victorian Dinner, September 25, 1982, including Edward Blankman at right, former Trustee and President. (Photo by Wayne Lincoln)

Public Museum, and with the support of the North Country School Study Council and area teachers, a workshop on using local history in the classroom was held at a county-wide School Superintendents day on February 12, 1982. The response from county teachers was so encouraging that the original cooperative education committee is now working with St. Lawrence-Lewis BOCES to establish better dialogue between area museums and schools. We hope that this input will help the Association formulate more effective local history materials for the schools as we do not yet have a strong museum education program.

Bus tours during this past season were exceedingly popular. The eight tours—to Utica, Albany, Ottawa, Niagara-on-the-Lake, Kingston, the LeRay Mansion at Fort Drum, Toronto and Mohonk Mountain Resort in the Hudson River Valley—were quickly subscribed, and we are already receiving requests for the 1983 schedule.

Equally well-received were the monthly candlelight dinners, a delightful Victorian dinner, and a Christmas brunch in the period rooms of the Wright House. The special events committee under the successive leadership of Doris Wheaton and Betty Coots worked diligently to earn the Wright House an enviable reputation for fine dining. Although neither the bus tours nor the good meals directly promote local history, they are vital to the Association in generating the publicity, good will, and money so necessary to insure the success of the organization as a whole.

Less visible, but equally significant advances have been made in the care and feeding of the Association's growing collections. Long virtually ignored in the years before the purchase of the Wright House, artifacts suffered from poor storage conditions and inadequate inventory methods. Again with the assistance of the New York State

Council on the Arts and with the excellent efforts of Patricia Perry, the Association's collections are now in satisfactory condition. Over ninety percent are completely accessioned; a new silver and glass storage area was built with the dedicated volunteer help of Al Garner; furniture and other large items are centralized in clean dry storage; and ultraviolet filtering has been placed on all museum windows and fluorescent fixtures. Furthermore, 1982 saw a marked increase in the number and quality of new gifts. A complete laundry list is not possible, but some of the highlights include pressed glass, a fine Empire sofa, a melodeon made in Morley, cranberry glass lamps, quilts, archival material, a Rushton canoe, Empire chest, cherry drop-leaf table, an Estey parlor organ, a wonderfully peculiar Victorian reading stand, an early 19th century stenciled rocker, carpentry tools, and much more. Such generosity is greatly appreciated.

Physical plant improvements consisted primarily of regular maintenance work during 1982 except for the construction of a handicapped access ramp and long overdue driveway repair. The improved accessibility was made possible with the support of the Corning Glass Works Foundation.

The publications program remains one of the Association's strongest and most appreciated services. *The Quarterly*, under the able leadership of Varick Chittenden, continues to receive compliments and win new members. Past Association produced publications such as *Landmarks and Lemon Crackers*, and *Old Hollywood*, remain available; and the Heart of Lakes Publishing Company's new reprint of the *1878 History of St. Lawrence County* will soon be distributed partially by the Association.

All of the above activities are intended to meet responsibilities developed by the St. Lawrence County His-

torical Association over the past 35 years. However, in May of 1982, the Association assumed control of the archival holdings formerly cared for by the St. Lawrence County Historian. Following the retirement of County Historian Mary Smallman on December 31, 1981, and under the terms of a contract with St. Lawrence County, the Association agreed to take over the future management of this material. While this responsibility, at first glance, seems awesome and new, historical societies in all states except New York have traditionally maintained such local archives as a normal part of their duties. Even here, ever since the funding of the St. Lawrence County Historical Association in 1947, these archives have been extensively used to support *The Quarterly* and other Association programs. So the link is a natural one. Mr. Douglas Welch has been added to the staff on a half-time basis to care for the materials and make them available to the public. In order to improve accessibility and better utilize space, Doug has been devoting most of his energies to relocating all materials to the first floor of the building. The assistance and patience of local town historians has been recognized and appreciated.

Financially, the Association has had a year of pluses and minuses. Even with some added general operational income from increased membership dues and the federal Institute for Museum Services, the Association is continually hard pressed to maintain and expand services urgently needed to

insure that local history is adequately preserved and promoted. The secretary's position, for instance, was cut sixty percent, and some programs did not receive sufficient funds to grow as needed. A revitalized finance committee is, on the other hand, investigating new sources of support. Also, four bequests have made possible the creation of a modest endowment fund. The estates of Louis Greenblatt (Potsdam), George Dickson (Alexandria Bay), Marion Gibson (West Stockholm), and Earl Meldrim (Richmond, California) have not all been fully settled, but the commitment of these people to the Historical Association is exemplary. This endowment and its future augmentation is truly the Association's hope for the future.

Volunteers and the support staff have been largely responsible for these many activities and efforts in 1982. Vivienne Conjura, although nominally paid for some of her services, works willingly and hard during even the most trying times. Mary Ruth Beaman, Jane Clough, Dorothy Gaffney, Ruth Romoda, Harmon Smith, Doug Welch, members of the Board of Trustees, Association committees and the many people who find the time to cook, clean, address envelopes, or just supply moral support all evidence a real belief in the organization that both makes my job easier and the Association stronger. And even though I miss the unfailing leadership of Allen Splete who saw the

Association through some difficult times, new president Dwight Mayne of Massena is equally well equipped to guide the Association in the coming year. The efforts of all these people recently earned a great compliment when the American Association of Museums announced on December 17, 1982, that the Silas Wright House & Museum, only nine years away from its original purchase, has met rigorous professional standards and is now a fully accredited museum. This climaxed over three years of intensive self study and outside review of all aspects of Association operations; and it is an affirmation that the Association is progressing.

I cannot help but wish Edward Blankman were still here to appreciate the notification of accreditation. His commitment, good humor, ability to meld different viewpoints, knowledge, integrity and plain hard work have helped shape the growth of the Association through the past tumultuous fifteen years. The St. Lawrence County Historical Association exists as it does today largely because Ed Blankman encouraged others to believe in the organization.

Looking ahead to the immediate future, two paramount goals emerge. During the next twelve months the Association needs to improve its lecture, workshop and other outreach programs to serve residents throughout the county better. With the support of

President's Message

Dear Members and Friends:

Thank you for your support during the past year. All things being considered it was a year of progress for the Association. Many good things happened in 1982: a ramp for the handicapped was built at the rear of the Silas Wright house, made possible by a grant from the Corning Glass Corporation; word has been received of two bequests which will be added to our small but growing Endowment Fund; the second Victorian Dinner held on Sept. 24 and 25 was highly successful; the Association recently received notice that it has been accredited. When one considers that out of over 5,000 such Associations, only about 500 become accredited, this gives us reason to be proud. Space does not permit the listing of all the other good things that happened during the year.

Unfortunately we lost two faithful members of the Board of Trustees during the year. Allen Splete, who had served admirably as President for several years, moved from the area, and Ed Blankman, a long time stalwart of the Association, died suddenly early in

December. They both will be missed. However we have been fortunate in getting four strong new members to the Board of Trustees: the Hon. Robert C. McEwen, and Harry Wheaton from Ogdensburg, Harold Wilder from Canton, and Byron Gale from Pitcairn.

Looking forward to 1983, we would like to see a substantial increase in our membership. We are now about 1,100 strong, which is very minimal when you consider the number of people in St. Lawrence County. We encourage you to influence others to become members. We would like to see our financial position improved. While we receive generous support from many friends and organizations, we are short of having the resources to make building improvements, provide adequate staff help, and provide other services that we feel are necessary.

Again I want to thank each of you for your support during the past and to ask for your help in making 1983 a good year.

Sincerely,
Dwight L. Mayne
President

The cost of publications and other operating expenses of the St. Lawrence County Historical Association are partially subsidized by this advertising support.

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If your corporation or institution would like to support Association work, a representative will gladly discuss details with you.

the New York State Council on the Arts a one-year full time staff position has been created to do just that. Second, we must complete the assumption of the County Historian's duties and increase the services and visibility of the archives department. With the support of members and friends, these goals will be actively sought. May 1983 be another banner year.



Board of Trustees—1983

President . . . Dwight Mayne, Massena
 Vice-President (Vacant)
 Secretary D. Lynn Case, Canton
 Treasurer Mary Jane Watson,
 South Colton

Term Expires 1983:

Paula Faust, Canton; Dori Lyons, Canton; Beverly Markkula, Canton; Nicholas Viskovich, Massena; Harold Wilder, Canton.

Term Expires 1984:

Byron Gale, Harrisville; DeeAnn Martin, Canton; Robert C. McEwen, Ogdensburg; Doris Wheaton, Ogdensburg; Harry Wheaton, Ogdensburg.

Term Expires 1985:

Richard Buckley, Pierceland; Varick Chittenden, Canton; Elizabeth Knap, Ogdensburg; Allan Newell, Hammond.

Staff:

John A. Baule, Director; Vivienne H. Conjura, Secretary; Douglas Welch, Archivist; Richard Rummel, Programs Coordinator.



Committees—1983

Finance:

Varick Chittenden, chair; Paula Faust, Bob McEwen, Mary Jane Watson, Harry Wheaton, Harold Wilder.

Membership:

Allan Newell, chair; Richard Buckley, Elizabeth Knap, Beverly Markkula, Nick Viskovich.

Public Relations:

Byron Gale, chair.

Special Events:

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

Exhibits, Programs Acquisitions

*Joan Kepes, Dori Lyons, Lynn Case, *Kelsie Harder.

Quarterly:

Varick Chittenden, editor.

*denotes non-trustee member

BALANCE SHEET—December 31, 1982

ASSETS	Total	Operating Fund	Capital Fund
Current Assets:			
Cash in Bank.....	\$ 16,133.54	\$15,974.44	\$ 159.10
Inventory	1,000.00	1,000.00	
Certificate of Deposit	2,853.16	2,853.16	
Total Current Assets	\$ 19,986.70	\$19,827.60	\$ 159.10
Fixed Assets:			
Silas Wright House and Museum	196,100.05		196,100.05
Investments:			
Dean Food Stock (25 shares)	771.88	771.88	0
Total	\$216,858.63	\$20,599.48	\$196,259.15
LIABILITIES & EQUITY			
Liabilities:			
Withheld Payroll Taxes.....	\$ 572.68	\$ 572.68	\$
Advance Payable on Old Hollywood	400.00	400.00	
Architectural Fees Payable	2,770.00		2,770.00
Mortgage Payable	19,193.23		19,193.23
Loan Payable—Cookbook	3,500.00	3,500.00	
Total Liabilities	\$26,435.91	\$ 4,472.68	\$21,963.23
Restricted Funds:			
Greenblatt Endowment	\$ 2,000.00	\$ 2,000.00	\$
New York State Council on the Arts	15,200.00	15,200.00	
Blankman Endowment	1,000.00	1,000.00	
Total Restricted Funds	\$ 18,200.00	\$18,200.00	
Equity	\$172,222.72	\$12,073.20	\$174,295.92
Total	\$216,858.63	\$20,599.48	\$196,259.15

STATEMENT OF INCOME & EXPENSE AND RETAINED EARNINGS FOR THE YEAR ENDED DECEMBER 31, 1982

	1983 Budget	1982 Budget	Total	Operating Fund	Capital Fund
Income:					
<i>St. Lawrence County:</i>					
Historian.....	\$11,000	\$	\$11,067.12	\$11,067.12	\$
Operating	11,000	11,000	11,000.00	11,000.00	
NYS Council on Arts ...	0	3,000	3,000.00	3,000.00	
Dues	15,000	15,000	14,641.10	14,641.10	
Gifts	3,500	2,100	4,418.88	4,418.88	
Interest	500	400	1,047.50	882.10	165.40
Village of Canton	5,000	5,000	5,000.00	5,000.00	
Admissions.....	200	200	86.00	86.00	
Cookbook.....	5,500	2,000	1,296.81	1,296.81	
Miscellaneous	500	500	507.06	507.06	
Rental	0	0	150.00	150.00	
Fund Raising.....	6,000	7,000	5,832.61	5,832.61	
IMS Grant	5,000	8,000	3,342.00	3,342.00	
Advertising (Quarterly)...	5,500	0	0	0	
Grant R'burs'ments	0	8,000	3,137.35	3,137.35	
Total Income	\$68,700	\$62,200	\$64,526.43	\$64,361.03	\$ 165.40
Expense:					
Salary—Director	\$16,000	\$15,000	\$ 14,999.92	\$14,999.92	\$
Salary—Historian	5,500	0	0	0	
Salary—Secretary	4,200	7,000	5,339.36	5,339.36	
Fringe Benefits.....	600	600	456.30	456.30	
Payroll Taxes	2,700	2,000	1,808.54	1,808.54	
Supplies & Postage	4,550	2,000	2,607.08	2,607.08	
Utilities	8,500	7,050	8,166.53	8,166.53	
Insurance	2,000	1,500	1,666.00	1,666.00	
Interest	1,500	1,500	1,922.64	1,922.64	
Repairs	3,000	1,700	2,531.39	2,531.39	
Publications.....	6,000	4,500	3,299.00	3,299.00	
Printing	1,500	1,500	3,658.37	3,658.37	
Exhibits & Programs ...	2,000	2,000	2,219.05	2,219.05	
Subscriptions.....	500	300	319.93	319.93	
Conservation	1,000	1,000	945.56	945.56	
Travel	750	1,000	344.00	344.00	
Miscellaneous	500	500	1,067.45	1,067.45	
Grant Expense	0	8,000	0	0	
Contingency.....	1,000	1,650	0	0	
Co. Historian Expense ..	0	0	5,880.41	5,880.41	
Total Expense	\$ 57,231.51	\$57,231.51	\$ 57,231.51	\$57,231.51	\$
Net Income for Year	\$ 7,294.92	\$ 7,129.52	\$ 7,294.92	\$ 7,129.52	\$ 165.40
Equity—Beginning	164,927.80	(4,816.00)	164,927.80	(4,816.00)	169,743.80
Tr'nsfrs/Debt Reduc. ...	6,900	3,400	0	(4,386.72)	4,386.72
Equity—Ending	\$68,700	\$62,200	\$172,222.72	\$12,073.20	\$174,295.92

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When You Think of Giving, Think of SLCHA

As the St. Lawrence County Historical Association continues to grow, we urge our members to consider the opportunities available to you in terms of charitable gifts.

Basically, gifts to the St. Lawrence County Historical Association fall into three categories, all of which provide considerable tax benefits to the donor.

1. *Current Gifts*: These support the current on-going programs of the Historical Association.
2. *Bequests*: A clause in a donor's will leaving money to property to the Historical Association.
3. *Deferred Gifts*: Here assets are transferred to the Historical Association by a donor who retains income rights or other benefits from the gift during his lifetime.

Don't Feel Left Out; Join Us Now!

<i>Life</i>	\$250.00	<i>Contributing</i>	\$25.00
<i>Patron</i>	\$100.00	<i>Regular</i>	\$15.00
<i>Sustaining</i>	\$50.00	<i>Senior Citizen & Student</i>	\$10.00

Send checks to: SLCHA • P.O. Box 8 • Canton, N.Y. 13617