THE QUARTERLY

Official Publication of the St. Lawrence County Historical Association

July 1989

THE QUARTERLY

Official Publication of the St. Lawrence County Historical Association

VOLUME XXXIV JULY 1989 NO. 3

CONTENTS

Virginia Duffy McLoughlin 3 The Everett Farm, Lawrence, NY
The Tenancy Years, 1890-1960

Katherine Briggs 12 The Grey Sisters of Canada Come to Ogdensburg

Richard B. Gammon 18 The Wanakena Foot Bridge

William G. McLoughlin 20 Another Glimpse of the Civil War

21 SLCHA Annual Report 1988

Cover: Camp Gillmore, Woodcock Rapids, Grasse River, 1880. *(Photograph courtesy of SLCHA Archives)*

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

Co-editors: George F. McFarland
Marvin L. Edwards

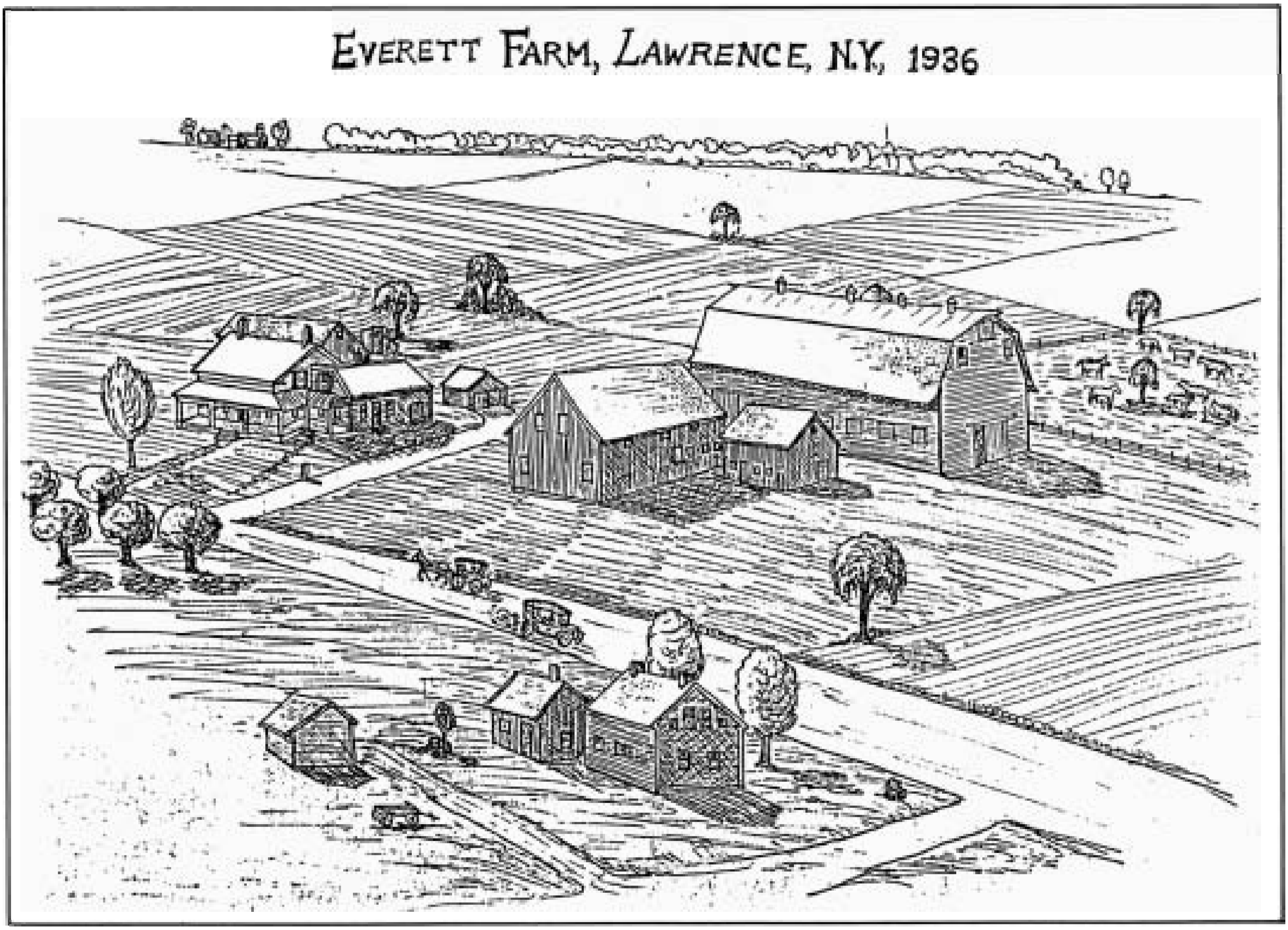
Advertising Editor: Ruth McKean

ISSN 0558-1931
Copyright St. Lawrence County Historical Association
1989

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

Extra copies may be obtained from the St. Lawrence County Historical Association, P.O. Box 8, Canton, N.Y. 13617, at $3.00 each plus 75¢ postage and handling.

Contributions: *The Quarterly* welcomes contributions in the form of manuscripts, drawings, and photographs. If documentation is necessary, we request that it conform to *The MLA Style Manual.* A summary of the MLA format is available from the editor; manuscripts which do not conform to the MLA format may be revised. Address all editorial communications to Editor, *The Quarterly*, St. Lawrence County Historical Association, P.O. Box 8, Canton, NY 13617.



The Everett Farm, Lawrence, NY 1936. (Photograph courtesy of V. McLoughlin)

The Everett Farm, Lawrence, NY
The Tenancy Years, 1890-1960

Part II

by Virginia Duffy McLoughlin

Luther Everett had carried on the 400-acre farm in Lawrence, N.Y., which his father had started in 1826 as one of early settlers of the area. But before Luther died in 1890, he could see that his own sons were preparing for professional lives. A tenant farmer would be necessary. Luther had known that his own death was imminent, and he had tried to prepare his family, as well as himself, for the eventuality. "Indeed sometimes I imagine I hear softly the sound of the oars of the Silent Boatman approaching steadily. Well, the best thing for us all is to get ready and we are prepared for life or death." Luther was referring to spiritual matters, but he also knew that it would ease the situation for his family if he could provide continuity in the physical maintenance of the farm. Therefore, he himself probably arranged for a tenant farmer to carry on the farmwork, while his widow, Martha, would carry on the home. Merritt B. Holcomb became the first of a long succession of tenant farmers from the time of Luther Everett's death in 1890 until 1960, when the farm was sold. Luther's son, George assumed the responsibility of arranging for tenants after Luther's death.

The quality of the management of the farming varied greatly with each tenant. The arrangement was often not a particularly happy one for either the tenants or the owners. Farming was difficult enough even with all the incentive of satisfaction and pride in one's own property, but without the security of ownership and the long-term, sometimes hidden rewards, the tenant farmer felt more sharply the inevitable setbacks. As for the owners, the Everett family felt helpless and frustrated in watching what had been a successful enterprise, built up by father and grandfather, deteriorate and flounder. But both were caught up by circumstances beyond their control, not only of a personal nature but also of national scope.

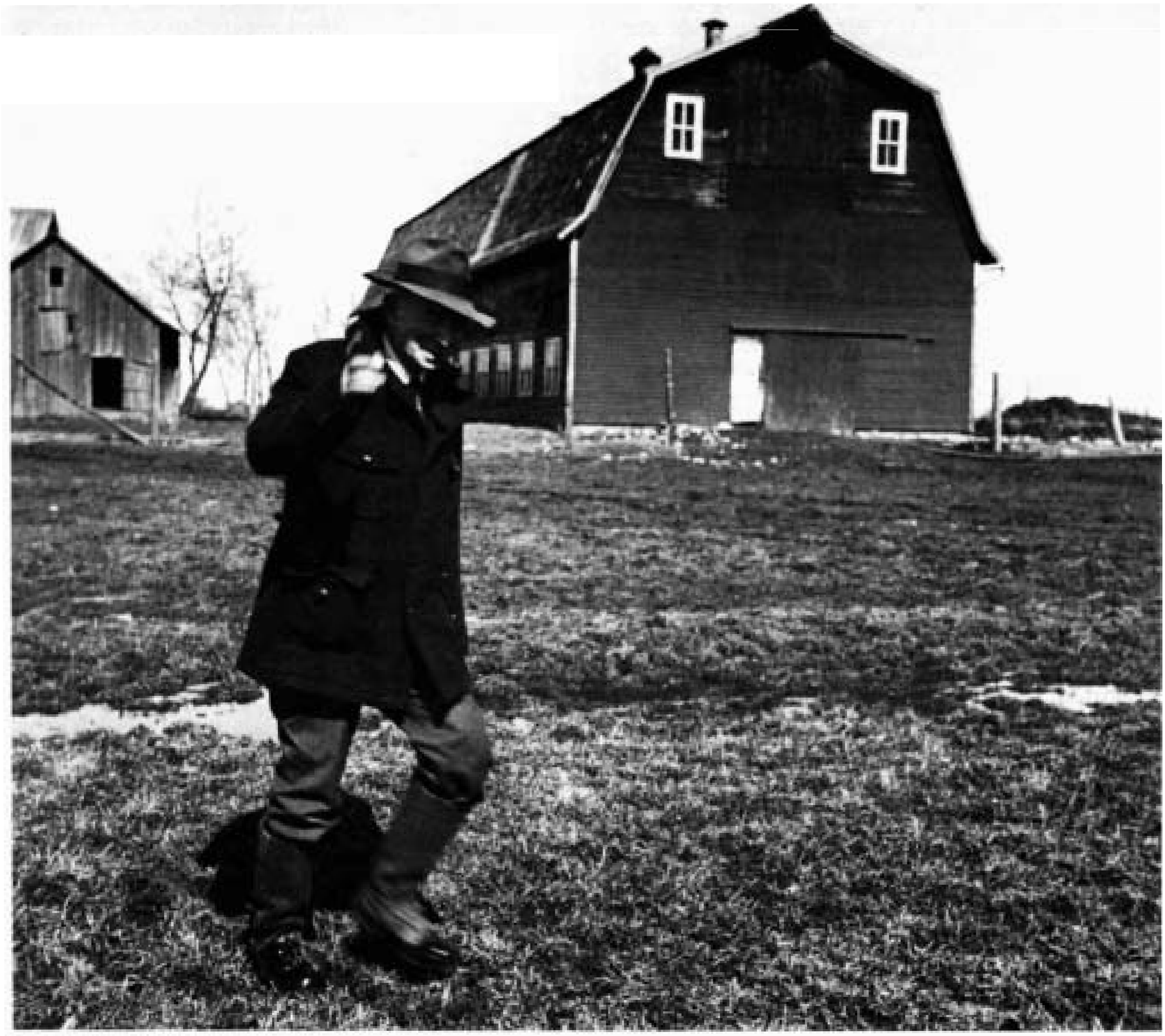
Competition from "bigness" was uncompromising: farming in western states continuously expanded; the urban population steadily grew while the rural population decreased; the metropolitan market was still comparatively distant from Northern New York, and railroad rates favored the Midwest and West; monopolies grew, strengthening control over American farming. According to agricultural histories, by mid-nineteenth century the Northern New York farmer could no longer successfully compete with the lower-priced wool and grains from the large-scale farms in the Midwest, the West, and abroad. Consequently, St. Lawrence County farmers began to concentrate on dairying, which quickly became the chief industry of the county. The land in Lawrence Township was well adapted to grazing and the production of hay. In the nineteenth century, most of its milk had been converted into butter and cheese; but by the twentieth century, with the extensive use of refrigerated railroad cars, plus the new demand for evaporated, condensed, and powdered milk, the production of liquid milk soared. The black and white Holstein cow, with its high quantity yield of lower fat-content milk, became the predominant breed in the area. Over time, however, the independent, relatively small dairy farm became steadily less profitable in competition with large conglomerates which forced the price of milk downward while the cost of farm supplies and equipment rose. These facts are well reflected in the experiences of the tenant farmers at the Everett Farm, especially in the 1930's.

In the years following Luther Everett's death in 1890, the Everetts debated, or wished for, alternatives to the owner-and-tenant arrangement. Martha Everett, although she had encouraged and sacrificed for her sons' education to become professionals (Fred, a medical doctor, and George, a Cornell professor), could not help regretting that neither of them had wanted to carry on the home farm. Likewise, her son George often wondered whether he might have been happier to have done just that, as his heart constantly wandered up to St. Lawrence County and Merchant Street no matter where else he might be living in his professional life. Not only did he suffer from a perpetual homesickness, but George, who took on most of the responsibility for the farm, found it very difficult to manage the property from a distance. George spent most of his career at Cornell; so from Ithaca he had to carry on the business transactions, handling repairs on buildings and equipment, selling and buying cows, providing seed, and settling misunderstandings with tenant farmers. Even in later years, after his retirement to Potsdam, George lost a long battle with the county highway commissioner to save the row of old sugar maples on the west side of Merchant Street opposite the Everett home; in George's absence from the property, maples were needlessly cut in 1955.

One alternative proposed by Martha Everett in 1902 was that her daughter Elizabeth's husband come and run the farm, but he had already chosen to start a farm in a milder climate close to the city of Hartford, Connecticut, where a ready market was available. Even as late as the 1950s, there was some thought that Fred Everett's grandson Mason Everett Smith might live at the farm while pursuing his writing career. But all attempts to bring a family member into carrying on the farm failed.

In 1904, as a tuberculosis epidemic among cows intensified in St. Lawrence County, George was tempted by an offer from a farmer who wanted to rent the entire farm for $500 per year and supply his own cows, but this farmer wanted the large white house included, and that would have meant giving up the family homestead. George wrote to his brother Fred, October 9, 1904, "I would have made the deal OK only he wanted to live in the White House. It would be two hundred [$200] clear over what we are now getting and no damn fuss with old cows and lame cows, and sick cows. He would agree to keep fifty cows. Am afraid now that he wouldn't do it. Anyhow I dont like to think of anyone else living in that house. I guess we'll manage, as we always have, to worry along somehow making both ends meet." George tried to think of other ways by which the farm might profit: In June, 1908, he wrote to his mother, "I really think it would be a more profitable arrangement to sell off all the stock this fall and sell the hay and turn the place into a hay farm. There is certainly no money in it as a dairy farm, either for us or for the tenant. Mr. Slate [the tenant farmer] writes me that he had just $5.00 as the net profit of his labors last year." In 1909 George ordered 100 apple trees to be set out that fall; he thought the cold climate of St. Lawrence County would be well suited for growing apples profitably. In 1939 George decided there would be profit in re-building the old sugarhouse to go into serious production from the old maples which had not been tapped for several decades. He wrote his sister, "Course it will cost some money, but different from barn repairs, it will pay something back, and that's something nothing else on the farm has been able to do." There were about 2900 good-sized trees, and George figured each would produce 30¢ worth of sap; "That will pay the taxes, which is more than fifty cows have been able to do." George considered sugaring to be an art. In the 1944 season Gordon Tyo, 15, of Parishville, was in charge of the boiling in the new sugarhouse, and George Everett marvelled at his skill in consistently boiling the sap down to just the right weight, though he used no gauge other than the look of the "leather apron" as the syrup dripped from the flat-edged scoop. However, as for profitability, in these days before the efficiency of plastic tubing, the maple sugaring did not prove to be the big money-maker George had allowed himself to hope for. A few bad seasons set the profits back, and (as his sister Elizabeth jovially chided) George Everett gave away too much. He took great delight in sending the cans of syrup to friends and relatives. Even to the youngest family members he felt there was a specialness in this syrup which came "from your great, great grandpaw's sugarwoods." He crated up each gallon can in a wooden box constructed from old cedar shingles which he had found in the old milkhouse. The box retained a lovely aroma, and the syrup within was rich with the flavor of all the sugaring seasons of the past.

Despite these alternative ideas for turning a profit, the Everett Farm continued first and foremost as a dairy farm. The tenant farmer and his family lived in the original small red farmhouse, which the Everetts refurbished from time to time. There is no formal record of the number of tenants at the farm over the years, but the following are some of the names and approximate dates of tenancy, as complete a list as can be garnered from old family letters and from N.Y. State censuses:[96] Merritt B. Holcomb and wife Bertha A., were a young couple who stayed from 1890 to 1901. In 1902 George Everett states in a letter dated February 23, "I have got a new man named Kingsbury to go on the home farm this year and Mett [Holcomb] is going to take the 'Harley' place and stock it himself." (The "Harley" place, probably originally part of the property of Harley Hedding, was now owned by the Everetts.) "Kingsbury" may not have materialized, because by the end of 1902 a tenant named Holms is mentioned in Everett family letters; Holms must have been very unsatisfactory, because letters refer to him unceremoniously as "this Holms midget on the farm" or that "unspeakable creature." George Everett tried to get rid of him by paying the man whatever profit he thought he might make during the last four months of his lease, but Holms stayed until the lease ran out March 1, 1903. Next, Herb Planty farmed the place; he lived elsewhere on Merchant Street. George Everett wrote on September 18, 1904, "Havent yet



George A. Everett, starting out for the sugaring woods, 1946. In background is the cow barn built in 1915. (Photograph courtesy of V. McLoughlin)

rented the farm but expect Planty will stay. Like him as well as anyone." During these early years of the 1900's Martha Everett shared some of the responsibility of the farming. She took care of the newborn lambs on the farm and helped in the feeding of the chickens. She always kept a vegetable garden for the family.

By 1905 the tenants became John W. Kingston and his wife Bessie M.; their two oldest sons, 17 and 18, are listed in the New York Census as farm laborers, presumably at the Everett Farm. In 1907-08 a Mr. Slate and his wife Mabel were the tenants. In 1911 Joe Trussel was evidently another unsatisfactory tenant. Then for a more extended period, 1912 to 1923, Frank Munro (spelled "Monroe" on the 1915 census), his wife Mary, and their three sons were the tenants; they had come from Waddington and brought with them "tools enough, 4 horses, &c." The Everetts were still supplying the cows and did so through the next tenancy, that of James M. Calnon and family, 1924 to 1934. After that the Everetts sold their cows, and the tenant supplied all animals for the farm. The tenancy which will be described in more detail later in this writing is that of John Haskell, his wife Ethel, and their family, 1935 to 1945. After the Haskells left, Joe Opal and his family came from 1946 to 1948 (an unsatisfactory tenant). The last tenants were Francis D. Thomas, his wife Laura, and their five children; they remained on the farm from 1949 to 1960, years which they fondly remember. (The Thomases now [1987] own the "Harley" house, on the east side of Merchant Street.)

In each tenancy the farmer signed an annual lease. Whether a specific rental, plus a percentage of profits, was stated in the beginning, is not clear. It was common practice in the area for the owner to supply cattle, horses, and equipment, and the tenant to share the profits 50/50. But whatever the arrangement at the Everett Farm, by the 1930's the tenant farmer was paying sporadically whatever he could afford, which sometimes covered the taxes and insurance on the farm and sometimes did not. But it was important to the whole Everett family that the home farm be maintained, that there always be a home to return to; and various family members contributed financially to sustain it. George Everett wrote to his siblings, in 1936, that the home farm was "a rather costly luxury" but "worth more than our money could buy of anything else."

During the tenancy of Mr. Munro the Everett Farm suffered a disastrous fire. On May 27, 1914, between the hours of 3:00 and 4:00 A.M. Mr. Munro was awakened by bright light shining into his bedroom window. He looked out and saw flames rising high up over the large hay barn. He ran to the farm bell, used for calling the help to dinner, and rang it loudly. Within a few minutes between twenty and thirty neighboring farmers rushed to help, but the hay barn and the cows barn were already beyond saving. The neighbors formed bucket brigades to keep a steady steam of water pouring over nearby buildings which were threatened. "The men worked with a will with the inadequate means at hand," reported a local newspaper, "and finally saw their efforts rewarded when the residence, horse barn and hog house were out of danger from the flying sparks. The hay and dairy barns, however, were a mass of smoking ruins, in which tons of hay and hundreds of dollars worth of farming implements were consumed, along with six head of young stock. Mr. Munro had recently instituted a new separator and power plant in the dairy barn, which were lost, adding materially to the damages, as the machines were very valuable." The buildings were insured in the Patrons' Relief Fire Association of the Grange for about $2000, but the estimated loss from the fire was between $4000 and $5000.[97]

The Everetts decided to replace the destroyed buildings with one large cow barn, allowing ample room for hay under an expansive gambrel roof. Fred Everett received the carpenter's estimate:[98]

The new barn was built during the spring and summer of 1915. With foundation and floor of cement, the building was constructed of wood and finished with clapboarding, painted barn-red. The gambrel roof was covered in metal on the top part and shingle on the sloping sides. Windows along each side of the barn let in light onto the double row of stanchions, 30 on each side. A large sliding door at the south end led directly to the pasture. The milkhouse was now incorporated into the barn, with large cement tanks of cold water which had to be changed frequently, pumped in from a well, located behind the barn. The calf barn was also now integrated into this one large barn. At the north end was a drive-through for the haywagon. The hay could be lifted from the wagon by a fork up to a track which went along the peak of the roof. In the floor of the hayloft was a series of trapdoors located so that hay could be pitched down in front of the cows in their stanchions below. Racks were built up around the trapdoors to prevent their getting covered with hay.

In a conversational interview in 1986 Mr. Joseph Clark, who worked on this farm when he was a young man in the 1930's, said this was "a handy barn to work in. It was one of the modern ones - way ahead. The old-time ones used to be a 30 by 40. That was with ten cows across the end, and a barn floor and a bay girt [a heavy horizontal beam at the second floor level] and a big bay there, and then you pitched up over the big beam. It was all hand work in them old fellers like that. This new barn was your *modern deal.*" There were four ventilators placed along the ridge of the roof, and "in cold weather you plugged them up 'cause you had enough wind blowing in not to be bothering about getting more! Otherwise, you kept them open. Then if you wanted *more* air, you would lift the doors over where the hay pitched down. It was handy. I mean, it's a small operation compared to today when they do so much, with all the conveyors and everything. But when you was doing everything by manpower, that was a nice set-up."[99]

In 1935 George Everett stated that a prospective renter would "have to furnish 50 cows, 5 horses, and machinery" for the 400-acre farm. This arrangement finally gave George Everett more freedom from involvement in buying and selling livestock, but it did not add to the profits. George's opinion of being a landlord can be summed up by his exclamation to his brother years earlier in 1904, "Damn this renting a farm business anyhow." But George remained always sympathetic with the plight of a hard-working farmer, knowing that "farming is a gamble from start to finish." In January, 1938, he wrote to his sister that the tenant farmer John Haskell "does the best he can. They have had a lot of sickness and you know what the price of milk has been. 2¢ a quart most of the time. Thanks to Sheffields and Bordens & National Dairies. The lousy robbers. . . . Our attorney general is making public the facts about their profits. They have been making from 14% to 27% on our milk right through the depression, and they are making it now. Probably always will."

Both George Everett and tenant farmer John Haskell in the late 1930's thought a farmers' union was the only thing that would really benefit the farmers. George Everett, however, would limit its activities to one duty: setting the price of milk so as to be fair to the individual farmer. He had been disappointed in the Dairyman's League: "I thought the League was going to amount to something. Made Mr. Calnon [the tenant farmer at the time] join it . . . . Well, weve had it for fifteen years and what have they done?

Moira, N.Y., April 7, 1915

Dear Sir

I have been busy since I saw you getting prices on material. I am sending you a list of same and what it amounts to. I will do the job but there is no Hay Track included or Painting but I should expect to put up Hay Track[,] also to set up Stanchions. Should like to hear from you at once for there is another partie in Malone that wants me to put a Barn [up] for him.

Your Truly
F.M. Peters

I put in an Iron Ventilator[;] a wooden one on an Iron Roof spoils the Insurance.

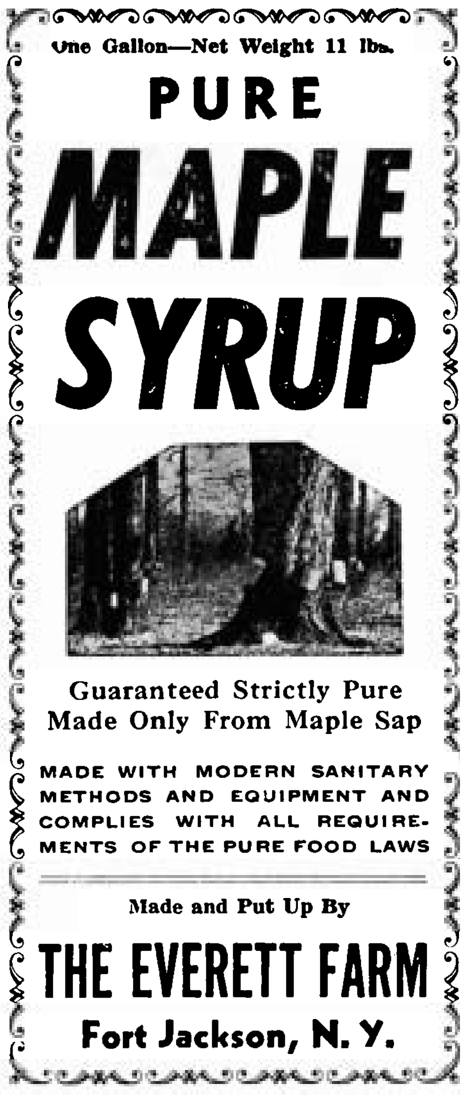
Foundation and floor	480.00
29 Windows at 1.55 each	44.90
65 Rolls best Tar Paper 1.00 Per Roll	65.00
2500 lbs. Nails 2.20 Per 100	55.00
85 Squars Roofing 4.30 Per Sq.	365.50
134 ft. Ridge Roll 5 c. pr foot	6.80
22 ¾ Iron Rods 10- long 80c. Each	17.60
30 anchor Irons 20c. Each	6.00
Hardware	64.00
Ventilator	25.00
Carpenter Work	640.00
Trucking	25.00
	1794.80

[A separate item for lumber does not appear in the estimate.]

They've spent literally millions of the farmers money, buying up milk plants, organizing retail routes, paying salaries. No one but the insiders knows how many . . . . And how much have they raised the price of milk? Their only answer is 'if it hadnt been for the League' the farmer would have to pay people to take it off their hands. There should be a union. They shouldnt pay a cent for salaries. They shouldnt spend a cent for any kind of investment. They should pick a dozen leading farmers from twelve districts of the state, who should meet once a month (travelling expenses paid) and say what the price of a quart of milk will be for the following month. If anybody wants the milk, all right. If they dont, they dont have to take it."

The plight of the tenant farmer at the end of 1939 is poignantly portrayed in one of the few letters extant from a tenant farmer written to George Everett. John Haskell wrote:

> I have just lost another horse this month and it makes the 7th one I have lost. The veterinary up here seems to think it is swamp fever[100] and it is very contagious and I will lose them all, because there is no cure for it. They say that it is something they get on the farm. Mr. Hurley has lost as high as 21 horses. If it is possible I wish you could find out what you can about it from the veterinary down there [at Cornell University] . . . . I am certainly discouraged with the milk proposition, as it dropped 12¢ in December. No one around here has ever known of it to drop that time of year. I know you must be more than discouraged. If I could only get my dairy paid for - and out of debt - I think I would be able to pay you good rent and make a little money besides, because this is the best farm I know of any where around. I can't find words that would half express your kindness to us through these years we have been here. I certainly thought when I came down here that we had gone thro the worst of the depression - but I guess it was far from being over. If this war continues and prices go up, it wouldn't take very long to make up all the back taxes because I am certainly going to make them up if I have to sell all of my cows . . . . You have been more than good to me and I dont feel right about my part of it, but I don't know[,] it seems almost the impossible to make both ends meet."[101]



One Gallon—Net Weight 11 lbs.

PURE

MAPLE

SYRUP

Guaranteed Strictly Pure
Made Only From Maple Sap

MADE WITH MODERN SANITARY METHODS AND EQUIPMENT AND COMPLIES WITH ALL REQUIREMENTS OF THE PURE FOOD LAWS

Made and Put Up By

THE EVERETT FARM

Fort Jackson, N. Y.

(Courtesy of V. McLoughlin)

George Everett found out from the head veterinarian of horses at Cornell that there was no known remedy for swamp fever, that the loss was exactly 100 per cent, and that the disease would die out only of its own accord after a time. The disease had plagued this area for several years, evidently, because as early as 1936, when young Joe Clark came to work on the Everett Farm, he remembers that some farmers in the area were losing horses, though none at the Everett Farm at that time.

Joe Clark, who grew up in Lawrenceville and Moira, was 16 years old when he came to work for tenant farmer John Haskell in 1936. This was the year before electricity came to the farm, and Joe remembers hanging the kerosene lantern from his forearm as he carried a pail of milk in each hand. In a conversational interview fifty years later, Joe's words came fast and full of vigor as he recalled in remarkable detail his two years at the Everett Farm and described a typical day for the young farmworker. His recollections reveal also the many hazards encountered then in daily farmwork, hazards which persist today though in different forms, such as exposure to toxic chemicals. The interview as recorded here in writing cannot do justice to Joe's energetic presentation, but it has been written as closely as possible to Joe's original words, in which he uses the speech pattern customary to the area. Among others present at the interview, which took place at the Clarks' comfortable home near Malone on September 4, 1986, were Joe Clark's wife Margaret and his cousin Vera Westurn Butler.

Joe lived in the little red farmhouse with the Haskell family, who then numbered seven: John and Ethel Haskell, their four children, and John's elderly mother. Joe and one or two other hired men slept in one of the two upstairs rooms, where the ceiling came down low, front and back. The two older Haskell boys (about 10 and 9 years old) slept in the other upstairs room. The day's work would begin often as early as 4 o'clock, and Joe still remembers with a shudder how early it always seemed when the predawn rap came on the stove-pipe and John Haskell called from below, "Joe, Joe." "That's when you light the lamp, crawl into your stuff, and you get downstairs as soon as you can and head over to the barn." Out in the darkness, each man with his kerosene lantern, Joe could see Wesley Rollins' light way ahead of the others, swinging in extra wide arcs as he limped across the field, one leg shorter than the other. Wesley walked down every morning from the little house on the hill where he was living with his wife and daughter, the house the Everetts owned and called the "Harley house." Joe explained, "Wesley was from Brandon. He got uneasy where he was working. Help gets kind a uneasy on a farm. And he came down to work for Johnny. He was a good worker, awful feller to get up in the morning; he figured on being in the barn ahead of Johnny. The deal then was if you could get up in the morning, that'd tell what kind of a man you was. It was based on that, and everybody was proud to be a good worker - *usually.* You know, if you had any gumption or grit, you didn't want to be lagging."

At the barn, first "you would usually scrape down, and get some bedding thrown in under the cows. And I guess Johnny usually did his own graining. He knew what grain he was feeding the different ones, young ones that was milking more. (Some of them would be dry in the wintertime.) Then, you'd milk." Fifty-seven black and white Holstein cows waited in the double row of stanchions. The milking was done entirely by hand the first year Joe was there (1936). He is not sure how many cows he used to milk each time, but between 15 and 18. "I don't think I ever hit 20, but maybe I have." The second year Joe was working there (1938), "We had electricity. Berthy and Allen [Thompson] had been there and put it in. Johnny had two portable milking machine units running, but we milked by hand quite a lot. We milked some that didn't milk good with the machine. And I remember the Richards kid; he was a pretty good kid, but he liked to outmilk everybody. I mean, I like to get along as fast as I can, but I like to get 'em *dry*. [It'll] dry a cow up if you don't get all the milk. This Richards kid would leave part of the milk in there so that he'd get more cows milked!" Johnny Haskell soon put a stop to that.

After the milking "you'd feed the hay, and after you got everything fed - horses, young cattle, and everything all fed, usually you went to breakfast then. Boy, you was ready! You get everything done and then you come in ravenous - an awful appetite. You lived mostly in the kitchen, ate at the kitchen table, them days. Usually she'd [Ethel, Johnny's wife] have oatmeal cereal, or she was good at pancakes." There was homemade bread, and if it happened that the doughnut jar was empty, Ethel Haskell would bake and frost a cake for breakfast. "Johnny always had to have his sweet." After breakfast the Haskells sat down to family worship. "Johnny's mother was a very faithful Baptist woman. Ethel was brought up Catholic - all the Goodrow's were Catholic, but when she married Johnny, she changed. She was an outstanding Christian woman as far as I was concerned . . . . She was an awful good mother. She was awful good to everybody, Ethel was."

"Of course, after breakfast you went out, and I went to pumping water, and the other two (Johnny and the other man) went to cleaning stables. Johnny had a grey team heavy team, and in the wintertime there'd be a manure sled; it would be built up quite high in kind of a pung affair, just one sled with a box on it . . . . 'Course that would be on a cement floor now and that would be steel runners. Johnny'd put one pipe inside of another pipe and a chain run through that and hook up near the pole . . . . [Under the runners] that'd roll right along there. It was homemade, but handy . . . . I can see the team I learned to plough with. When [that manure sled would] get toward the end [of the barn], that'd be full (you take all that manure up through there) and mister, they'd pretty near stand on their hind [feet]." At just the right moment, the chain and pipe apparatus had to be unhitched, and when the sled runners hit the ice and snow, the sled would suddenly zip forward. "Then you get out in the colder-than-all-get-out and spread that [manure]. Oh boy, I tell you, a lot of places in the North Country it didn't get *spread*, it got *threw* off! The snow a-blowin! Oh, I can see it now. Cold!

"Then you'd finish up milk cans. Everything ice. Freezing, you know. The first year I was there, I think Mr. Ober (that would be the veterinary Dr. Baker's son-in-law) hauled it, because he had a new Chevrolet truck and he hauled milk. You got the cans outside on the stand for him. I think he had a milk stand made and fixed it up right outside the barn [next to the doorway to the milkhouse-room]. You put the milk up on that so he could get it up onto the truck without too much lifting. Then the next year I worked there [1938] Johnny had a 'Suburban' and he drawed it himself. He had that thing full. We used to send eighteen to twenty 10-gallon cans a day. Now, that ain't a lot of milk today, when they're doing it by the *tons* - you know, when they're milking 2-300 cows - but that was a lot of milk then.

". . . . Then you'd water everything, all the heifers, the horses and everything. And after that, it'd be noon time, then anyway. And of course you went in and, oh, you could eat like a horse. You know these places that say 'all you can eat' for so much? I say, 'Mister, if I could come here when I was about 16, I'd fix your business!' This noontime meal was dinner, the main meal of the day. ("But then *supper* had to be pretty good! She always had cake for supper.")

"Then in the afternoon you'd usually split wood. Fred Russell and his son used to cut wood by the cord for Johnny, and that year I was there, and Wesley was there, I remember in the spring we split it and got ready for the shed, and then later we'd put it *in* the shed. Oh, a huge pile. Whatever time you had between chores, you were splitting wood. This was all for the Haskells to burn; fill that woodshed. I remember it was all beech. You know, big round blocks." There was a woodlot to the west of the red house down the dirt road, "beech and maple mixed right in. You could cut the beech, but don't touch the maple; that was the deal then. Then just as soon as you could, you started a building fence, in the spring. 'Course you had your chores, your milking. Then of course at night milking again. And you're getting everything all fed up again."

Sometimes after chores on summer evenings Joe and the Richards kid and the Haskell boys would have some fun with Richards' latest purchase. Details of farmwork did not interest Richards too much because "his mind was on a car. He'd saved up a little money and he bought an old Chevrolet car to start with. Johnny's kid was awful handy [with cars]; he of course drove when he was awful young. But this Richards kid didn't know much about it, but he knew what to tell you to do - the battery's run down, you know, and so forth. he didn't talk plain and he'd say, 'Joe, turn on the sitch and step on the starer and see what it got to say.' It'd just 'Oooo, Oooo' [motor not turning over]. He'd say, 'Take a crank and see what *that* got to say!' We could start it with a crank, you see. We'd crank it, get it started, and he was scared to drive; so I drove, and we went down that road down through there. Well, there was nothing around; nobody bothered you. And he said, 'Push in on the clutch, Joe, and put 'er in 'ow [low] right from 'ow into sassint, right from sassint right back to high and step on 'er, Joe!' We'd go down through there, you know, after chores at night, and turn around over there in the woods and come back. One time Johnny's oldest kid was with Richards and was trying to teach Richards to drive. You had to go down through the ditch to go into the red house, where we lived there, and there was no culvert or sluiceway; so you had to kind of slow up 'cause you went over the shoulder and dipped down. So when they got near there, coming from the barn, he said to Richards, he says, 'Push in on the clutch and put it in second.'" But Richards just kept his foot on the gas, shouting at the top of his lungs, "'ever mind the clutch and sassint, we're goin' in on high!'"

When Joe first began working for John Haskell in February, 1936, he was paid $2 a week, plus board. "I went home every other weekend. My mother lived down in Lawrenceville, and I give her the check that first week 'cause she needed it, she didn't have much income. The next weekend I had to stay to do chores, and I went to town with Johnny, down to North Lawrence - Percy Walcott's [store], I can see it now. And they had a pound box of chocolates, and I think it said 'Homestead' on it. The background was light brown, and the picture was dark brown. [Joe's wife Margaret remembered the popular box, "It had a cottage on it with flowers around it."] I spent 39¢ of that $2 for a pound box of chocolates, and it was probably the first time I had all the chocolates I wanted to eat at one time. But I made up my mind I was going to have all I wanted once."

The pay scale for farmwork rose in the months when farm activity increased. During the summer, 1936, Joe was paid $15 a month, plus room and board. The second year Joe worked at the Everett Farm (1938), when Joe was the main hired worker, his summer pay was $30 a month, plus room and board. Joe had worked at jobs elsewhere for the year between, but John Haskell wanted Joe to come back. Joe was not a foreman in any formal sense, but he helped see that the two younger workers did their jobs properly, and he often settled quarrels and fights between them. When Joe had first started working for John Haskell, he confesses, "I always dreaded to go to a new place to work. I couldn't tell one cow from another - all black and white, you know - what was dry and what wasn't. But you'd get onto it after a while. I always dreaded going. Kind of bashful, you know." Joe was a responsible person, and he learned quickly on the job. By the time he came back to work the second year, he was a competent and valuable worker. And besides all this, Joe's confidence had been considerably bolstered by a new pair of man-sized boots which his uncle, Samuel Westurn, of Moira, had bought for him at Allen's. Joe had earned them by working in his uncle's woods, cutting white birch. "Boy, I wanted them boots! They were nice tan leather, and they come clear up. You'd know you was right amongst 'em to have something like that on!" One day at the Everett Farm, however, the Richards kid had quite a different notion as to what Joe's boots were good for. Joe didn't suspect anything when Richards said, "I found a good lash for my whip, Joe," and went out to harrow. Joe said, "I went to get my boots on and I didn't have no lace. He'd taken that big long lace out of my boot for his whip!"

Joe remembers the silo of poured cement at the Everett Farm which had been built at the back of the barn, on the east side. He explained that in constructing silos like this, the workmen would keep moving the forms up after each section was poured. As Joe remembers this silo, "The holes you crawl through would be oval. And that'd be rods through there and a ladder to go up. While I was there, I don't think Johnny ever filled the silo.

"But we did have an awful lot of hay. And of course, it was loose hay; it wasn't baled. There are big doors in that barn, on the north end. Both sides opened up and you drove right through. I remember it was a long ways to pull the hayfork back from the end of the barn, and I know Jimmy Haskell had it hooked up so that his Shetland pony would pull the empty fork back." (The pony had belonged to a circus, but because it had a watcheye, it was sold. John Haskell delegated its care to his second son, Jimmy. Jimmy rode it bareback and played with it a lot. "He thought more of that pony!") Without the pony, the fork would have to be pulled back hand over hand on the rope. "Of course, the track didn't run clear to the end, and there was a lock there that stopped it [over the haywagon]. One time, the year before I was working there, that lock must have loosened up, 'cause Johnny was on that load [in the haywagon] and that whole outfit come down right aside of him. It could have *killed* him! There should have been another stop on it besides the lock. Of course, it's high, hard to get up in there; them tracks was hard to get at. I mean, there's a long ladder, and it was shakey business." Joe remembered another barn in the neighborhood of the Everett Farm which was so wide that it had three tracks for hayforks, but this was very unusual.

Haywagon with the tenant farmer John Haskell and his helpers. (Photograph courtesy of V. McLoughlin)

Joe explained how he built a load of hay for the fork: "There was two forks; there was one in the front and one in the back, and you built it that way. [On the back fork] you put some hay in the center and you put some on each corner, and then bind it in and keep a-going out till you get up like that; and then you'd do the front one, and then you usually had four or six forkfuls on there at least. And that would come out in parts. There was another type of rig, not used on the Everett Farm, which had a sling. And *any* of that is all right if there's somebody up in there mowing away, but if you haven't got too much help and you got a lot of room, you just dump [the hay], and after that hay gets high enough, that whole thing rolls. When them roll down in there, I'm telling you, the water runs right off from you at zero up there digging that hay out, cutting it with a hay knife. You talk about jogging - I can get more sweat out of something like that, and you don't have to go near so far; you're to home when you get done! Oh, you pretty near had to cut that stuff in two sometimes to get it out of there, it was bound in so. Maybe if they did have someone in the haymow, they sent it up so fast you couldn't keep ahead. [But] even if you can get a half of that forkful spread out, it didn't bind in so." Joe's cousin, Vera Westurn Butler, remembered the happy duty as a child tramping down the hay in her father's barn to make as much room as possible for more hay. Joe explained also that although on many farms in the area at this time the hay was baled, the stationary baler was in the barn, and the hay still had to be pitched by hand . . . . I think they got 10¢ a ton for pitching that stuff out." The workers who punched or tied wires on the bales, "Each of them got 25¢ a ton; that was good money." But on the Everett Farm, it was always loose hay.

The black and white Shetland pony, mentioned above, must have been on the farm during the previous tenancy as well because Elizabeth Everett Duffy's grandson, David, remembers trying to ride the circus pony in the late 1920's. David notes, however, that "evidently the pony knew that the kid in the saddle didn't have command, for on the west side of Merchant Street directly opposite to the Farm the pony lay down, I got out of the way, and good enough for me for the pony rolled completely over on top of the saddle. That was enough for me. I never got on the pony again." Often the children and grandchildren of the various Everett families used to have fun playing around the farm with the children of the tenants. One summer in the 1920's David sympathized a great deal with his playmate who wanted to go back to Connecticut with him. David remembers pleading with his grandfather. “I tried including a lot of tears to get him to take . . . ‘Sneefus’ home with us to West Hartford. I remember the [Calnon] kid wanted to go real bad, and I am sure that he had painted for me a picture of desperation about his living conditions at the Red House.” The children of the tenants all had jobs to perform on the farm from the time they were first able. The Haskells third son, Lloyd, used to roll the empty milk cans back into the barn when he himself was no taller than the cans. City life must have looked very luxurious.

John Haskell's only income was from milk; he did not separate for cream nor produce butter, nor did he sell hay or corn. Joe Clark remembered, “The demand then was for the fluid milk, everything cribbed for the milk. Keep that milk a-comin'.” There were chickens on the farm, but just enough for the family's use. There were no pigs. A small vegetable garden north of the red house supplied the Haskells with fresh produce, in season. Ethel Haskell and the children tended the garden. Probably Ethel Haskell canned the vegetables. There was no deep-freeze, of course; but one of the first appliances bought after the electricity was connected in the fall of 1936 was a refrigerator; “I can see the emblem of Monkey-Ward on it now; we thought that was a great thing. Lot of folks didn't have no refrigerator; we didn't have none at home.”

Joe thinks that about 30 acres of the farmland were put into grain. Some corn was raised. Those acres had to be ploughed, “and then you gotta harrow it and you gotta spring-tooth it and everything.” Joe's voice softened as he remembered the team of horses he learned to plough with, “the grey team.” “Johnny didn't have no tractor. Tractors were quite scarce then. You could hire one, rent one, come do your harrowing or something, but you did most of it with horses then. Johnny had five that year. He bought another good team, a black team, besides the old horse. (That'd be a third; he usually kept one for cultivating and for raking so he had an extra, you see.)

And then he had this grey team he'd had for years. And they always used to say, ‘Oh, you ought to seen that team before they worked on the road.’ When they was putting in the County road, they used to use them. You know, it was different right on a stone wagon, drawing stone to a crusher, than if you're just doing farm work, where you're stopping and starting. But on that stone wagon you're going all the time. And I know Johnny come down there and wanted a job on the County road, when Clark, my grandfather's cousin, was running it, and he hired him. Johnny come and drove himself at first, and then he sent a man with the team. Johnny come down later to see how the man was doing, and [Clark] said, “You know, that's the best man drove that team yet!” So the grey team was getting along good. But there was one horse a little smaller than the other. And of course they'd get awful tired, and when a horse gets tired, their ears lob. Clark says, ‘That little one used to go home with his ears lobbing every night.’ That was hard business on that stone road. They had them dump wagons, and they drive up and they dump, and the stone goes down in the crusher, and then they go up that hill, right back after some more. And they always used to say ‘Oh, you ought to seen how much livelier this team was before they worked on the road.’ Then [this team] went down there on the Everett Farm. But you could just talk to them.

Getting the last of the hay in. (Photograph courtesy of V. McLoughlin)

I had it good, really. I'd never ploughed much, and [if] them stones hit you, you know, right in the ribs and stuff, get whacked, and them handles hit you when you're hanging on [with both hands] - hit a stone - man, they'll - break a rib sometimes. So, anyway, Wesley used to take the black team; they were younger and they were a little more rattlelier; they'd come from the West probably - bought 'em from Kinsman's out there at Norwood. But whenever Johnny wanted to strike out a land, start it, want it straight, he always took the grey team to do that with, and then otherwise, I had 'em. Johnny let me - I guess probably he kind of favored me a little 'cause I was new at it. But you come to a stone that was solid stone, you just start talking to 'em and they just slow right down, just ease around there, and you get right around that, see. If they hit a stone and that [plough] jumps, it'll go this far before it hits on the ground again. Well, you gotta back 'em up if you want it right, get *all* of that, 'cause that ain't going to harrow up if you don't. You gotta be sure it all turns over. And, well, “Joe added with a twinkle in his eye, “you make somebody mad if you don't, see?”

For planting the corn, a one-row corn planter was used. “You hold onto the handles like you do a plough. You're supposed to go steady, straight. But I remember one year when Wesley Rollins was there (and I said he limped), Johnny was on there, and poor Wesley was leading the horse. Every time he limped, the horse's head would go to the side, and I'm telling you, all them rows come up with a crick in them.”

Joe Clark was the link that brought his cousin Vera into the Duffy family. One day in the summer of 1936 Joe heard that Elizabeth Everett Duffy was looking for a girl to help at the Everett farmhouse but was having trouble finding someone satisfactory. Elizabeth always had a string of grandchildren and grand-nieces and -nephews with her, and at the age of 72 she sought summer help. Joe suggested his cousin Vera Westurn, of Moira. That very afternoon, with no forewarning, Elizabeth's LaSalle car with its Connecticut license plate pulled up at the Westurn's farmhouse, Elizabeth's grandson David at the wheel and Joe in the backseat. Vera, 16, peered out from behind the woodpile, but Joe immediately explained their mission to Mr. Westurn, his uncle, and vouched for the suitability of the job. Joe's word counted. Vera was sent in to get a suitcase packed while her father fully questioned Elizabeth about the situation. It was to be understood that his daughter would not work at a home where liquor was served. That suited Elizabeth perfectly, and she knew right away that she had the right girl. On the way back to the Everett Farm, on the flat, straight, seldom travelled roads, David dutifully stopped the car at each country crossroads, looked and listened and blew his horn. Vera, in the backseat with Joe, started to titter. Joe gave her a poke to try to keep her quiet, for he did not want Mrs. Duffy to think Vera was impolite. But he need not have feared. Elizabeth Duffy felt from the start that Vera was “a treasure - a comfort and a joy,” and within a few years Vera stayed the year round with the Duffy family, travelling to Connecticut for the winters.

In the fall of 1936 tenant farmer John Haskell told George Everett that during the past year he had taken in $1700 and had $1400 expenses for running the farm. The earnings of $300 were so small that George Everett was surprised at receiving a $100 check from John Haskell in November. Mr. Haskell's solution to his financial situation seems to have been to expand. He bought 15 more cows in October, 1936, making the 57 number which Joe Clark remembered. He used his hired help to do extra work, such as spring-ploughing at a farm in Dickinson Center and helping to cut wood or do the haying on neighboring farms.

When Joe Clark returned to work on the Everett Farm in 1938, there were three hired hands for the farmwork (though they did not all stay for the entire year).

Grandmother Haskell had died, but there were now five children and a sixth and last child was to be born in May, 1939. Ethel Haskell now had eleven people to feed every day. A hired girl had been necessary because of the expanded workload. She slept in a downstairs bedroom with the Haskell's daughter, who was then about 8 years old.

Of course, in letters to his landlord, a tenant farmer is not likely to elaborate on any errors of his own, but it was not completely unnoticed by others that, although John Haskell worked very hard, he was likely, after rush-work such as the haying was done, to get in his car. Joe remembers, "They used to say, 'Johnny's got to get his mileage.'" Joe adds in an undertone, "Of course, we'd all be peckin' away, workin.'"

Then Joe described the days which became his final days of haying at the Everett Farm. "The hired girl used to drive the horses for us. It was my first time ever loading hay with a hayloader. Johnny showed me how to load the first load, and then he always stayed on the front with the girl! I tailed all the loader for that *whole farm*! And then Johnny took on the next place, the McEwen Farm, for that year, and he hired two of them Dashnaws from Dickinson Center. They were rugged, fresh fellers. Now, on that McEwen Farm you get on one of them winrows down there, you got a load afore you got to the end! And there was one after another of them things! I had five nose-bleeds one day and I had to quit. I had to go home. I just couldn't go no more. I worked until I couldn't work no more." John Haskell lost his most valuable worker.

In the next few years swamp fever caused increasing losses on the farm. Joe had remembered several calves dying in the spring of 1938 when he was there, but the cause was unknown. The man who bought calves from John Haskell said, "'If you see a calf that ain't going to live, cut its throat and I'll get it when I get here.' He'd dress it right up quick, get the blood out of it. He'd hang it right inside of his truck, in the back end there, with the live ones in there." In May, 1939, George Everett wrote that John Haskell had lost twenty head of young stock without knowing the reason, but by the end of that year it was well established that swamp fever was in the area. By then John Haskell had lost seven horses. Evidently, the Haskells weathered this storm, however, because they stayed at the Everett Farm until 1945. During the war years John Haskell and his sons did all the farmwork. It was impossible for farmers to hire help, because they could not compete with the high wages being offered at the Aluminum Company of America plant in Massena.

Hearing about Joe's fellow farmworkers at the Everett Farm in the late 1930's, one realizes that many of them were what we would call today "handicapped." Whether this was the normal circumstance among employees on a farm in the North Country during these years, is not clear. Wages for farmwork were not high anywhere. Sometimes during the winter months a man would work simply for his room and board and perhaps his tobacco, which the farmer would buy with the groceries from the general store. The hard work of the job and the conditions under which a farmhand lived may have discouraged many from choosing this employment. Whatever the reason, there is quite a list of disabilities among these workers at the Everett Farm. Joe spoke of one man who "didn't have all his marbles," another who had a limp, another who could not speak plainly, and a young worker (11 or 12 years old) whose cheek hung out because he chewed tobacco so much. (Joe said a travelling salesman used to come out into the fields while they were haying and give out free packages of chewing tobacco to all workers, regardless of age.) Another man who cut wood for the Everetts had only one hand. The farmwork itself was hazardous and difficult. Most of the people Joe knew, even those younger than he, have now died; they did not have the normally expected lifespan.

Nevertheless, Joe Clark defends the viability of the small family farm even today. "Now, you can keep hens if you don't keep them by the thousands, and it don't bother you. You can keep cows if you don't keep them by the hundreds, and you don't get that horrible smell. You take your family farm with about 30 cows where you could operate, and there was not too much of a smell if you handled things right and kept things scraped down and bedding and stuff, and you didn't smell so bad when you come in from the barn. Figure on keeping the stuff you wore there off before you come in to the house. 'Course anything that's in mass, I know that's where the money is. The standard of living is higher today; you've got everything to keep up with. Some folks are out to make the quick buck. We're kind of greedy people, generally speaking, in the United States. But still, your family farm could operate. I still hold for it." Then Joe recalls, with a twinkle in his light blue eyes and enthusiasm in his voice for the busy farmlife, "I was 15 minutes late to my own wedding - I had a cow freshening!"

The Everetts never wanted to give up their family farm, even though, as it turned out, none of them personally did the farming after Luther Everett's untimely death in 1890. Each of Luther's and Martha's six children married and went to the cities to live, but they always returned to the old home each summer. Martha kept the Everett Farm as her residence, though during the winter she often visited her children's homes. The old farm became a place of reunion for the extended family, a place to return to the scenes of childhood, and sometimes a refuge for those who had lost a home. But that's another story.

NOTES

[96] N.Y. State censuses, County Clerk's Office, Canton, N.Y. I am indebted to Mary Smallman for preliminary research into these censuses regarding tenant farmers at the Everett Farm.

[97] Unidentified newspaper clipping, undated, from scrapbook of Emma Everett Bacon; Betsy Brandt Nahas Collection, Chelmsford, M.A.

[98] Everett Papers, in possession of the author, Providence. R.I.

[99] Interview with Joseph Clark, of Malone, September 4, 1986.

[100] Probably leptospirosis, a parasitic disease. For this information I am indebted to Ida Kretschmar, Archival Aide, History Center, Canton, N.Y.

[101] Letter, January 25, 1940, from John Haskell to George Everett; Everett Papers.

The Grey Sisters of Canada Come to Ogdensburg

by Katherine Briggs

One version of this article appeared in the Park Newspapers during the month of March, 1989 as part of a series intended to honor North Country women whose achievements have never been recognized or have been forgotten. The series was a project of the St. Lawrence County Branch of the American Association of University Women (AAUW) to celebrate National Women's History Month and AAUW Week in March. The Grey Nuns were a remarkable group of pioneer women.

Marguerite d'Youville who founded the Grey Nuns in 1745 at Montreal. (Photograph courtesy of the Marguerite d'Youville Center in Montreal)

The Ogdensburg story of the Grey Nuns begins in 1863. Eight Grey Nuns came, and brought with them the devotion and diligence in caring for the needy which had characterized the work of their Mother House in Ottawa. They were continuing the Grey Nuns' tradition of humble obedience and Christian service which started in Montreal in 1737.

The name Grey Nuns is used throughout this article, but there have been some variations in the name of this religious order since it was started. At first, they were called "Les Soeurs Grises" or "Grey Sisters" or Sisters of Charity. In 1845, when they first went to what is now called Ottawa they were referred to as the Grey Nuns of Bytown. The congregation of Grey Nuns in Ottawa became autonomous, i.e. independent of the Mother House at Montreal in 1854, and the name was changed to "Sisters of Charity called Grey Nuns of the Cross". In 1968, the Ottawa Congregation resumed the name of Sisters of Charity at Ottawa, or Soeurs de la Charite d'Ottawa. The community of Grey Nuns in Ogdensburg is now affiliated with the congregation of the Grey Nuns of the Sacred Heart (G.N.S.H.). Their Mother House, established in 1921, is near Philadelphia, at 1750 Quarry Road, Yardley, PA 19067.

Marguerite d'Youville is revered as the founder of the Grey Nuns. She was born in 1701, in Varennes, Quebec. In 1730, her husband, Francois d'Youville died, leaving her with debts and two sons to support. She started a small store in what is now the old quarter of Montreal. Her free time she devoted to such charitable work as visiting the prisoners, the sick and poor in their homes, and mending the clothes of the elderly men housed at the nearby l'Hopital General des Freres Charon.[1] She began taking into her own home poor women who were ill and homeless. A handful of devout women began to assist her. On December 31, 1737, Marguerite d'Youville with Louise Thaumur, Catherine Demers and Catherine Cusson consecrated themselves to God, to serve the poor. This is celebrated as the birthday of the Grey Nuns.

On display at the Maison de Mere d'Youville on rue Saint-Pierre in Montreal is the hand-written "Engagements Primitifs" or simple commitment signed on February 2, 1745 by M. M. Lajemmerais veuve (widow) Youville and her colleagues. The following translation was done by Annette Plante, Professor of French at Potsdam College:

Original Promises

We the undersigned, for the greater glory of God, the salvation of our souls and the solace of the poor, wishing sincerely to leave the world and renouncing all of our worldly possessions in order to consecrate ourselves unreservedly to the service of the poor, are united by the bond of pure charity, not wishing to form a new community, to live and die together. So that this union may be firm and permanent, we have unanimously agreed and have promised of our own free will, the following:

1. To live together from now on, the rest of our days in perfect union and charity under the same and only direc-

tion of those that may be appointed to direct us, in the practice and faithful observance of the regulations which will be laid down; in submission and complete obedience to the one among us who will be charged with the direction of this house; and in poverty and complete disappropriation, placing in common from this moment, all that we possess, and will possess without withholding property nor any right to dispose thereof by making, by this act, a gift, pure, simple and irrevocable, among the living to the poor. None of us nor our relatives may claim any of our possessions after our death for any reason whatsoever, with the exception, however, of real estate, if there should be any, in which case we may dispose of it at will.

2. To consecrate unreservedly our time, our days, our labor, our very lives to work and the results therefrom used for the common good to furnish subsistence and upkeep for the poor and for ourselves.

3. To receive, nourish and sustain as many poor as we are able to furnish with subsistence either through our own initiative or through the charity of the faithful.

4. All those who are received into this house will bring all that they have: linen, clothes, furniture and money - so that all may be placed in common without exception, renouncing all rights of property and recovery by the voluntary and irrevocable gift that they will make to the members of Jesus Christ, and if they have income or revenue, this will also be included and joined to the total assets; the real estate alone is excepted as cited above which they may dispose of at their death.

5. If one of those who has been accepted into the house is obliged to leave for a valid reason, she may not demand any of what she brought since she voluntarily divested herself of it and offered it as a gift to the poor upon entering, but she will content herself with whatsoever may be given to her in charity.

6. If in time there is no one capable of sustaining this good work, or for some other valid reason, it is judged best not to continue, the undersigned wish and intend that all assets, goods and real estate belonging to this (aforesaid) house to be put into the hands of his Excellency the Superior of the Seminary of Montreal to be used in his wisdom for good works and especially to comfort the poor, transferring to him all property rights and making him a gift of all the above; as much in their name as that of the poor to whom everything belongs, declaring once again that this is their intention.

The present act of union, having been read and reread, we approve it and are obliged with all of our hearts, to execute all of its contents with the grace of God.

Executed in Montreal in the presence of the undersigned February 2, 1745.

(signed) M.M. Lajemmerais,
widow Youville

Catherine Demers
Marie Louise Thaumur
Catherine Rinville
Theraise Lassert
Agathe Veronneau
Marie Joseph Benard,
August 23, 1749
Marie Antoinette Relle,
August 23, 1749
Therese Lemoine, June 30, 1753
Marie Joseph Gosselin,
November 11, 1754

initialed, not modified to date June 13, 1755 & h.m. Bishop of Quebec

(Henri-Marie du Breil de Pontriand) C.G. 1967-12/66

The first six signed this agreement on February 2, 1745 while the other four signed on the dates noted. The Bishop of Quebec signed the unmodified document on June 13, 1755.

The Grey Nuns supported themselves and their charitable works by their fine needlework, sewing and tailoring. They lived frugally and dressed very plainly. They also had a few residents who were paying boarders. Occasionally, they received contributions from Montreal residents who were sympathetic to their work.

Not all of their neighbors looked with favor upon this undertaking. They did not want destitute homeless and ill people brought into their respectable neighborhood. Because her husband Francois d'Youville had been known to trade with the Indians in firewater or liquor for furs, rumors were floated that his widow Marguerite was selling firewater to the Indians as a means of getting money. "Gris" means grey. It also has the familiar meaning of tipsy. These quiet, plainly dressed women became objects of malicious mockery. "Les soeurs grises" was the taunt as they went about their work.

In her biography of Marguerite d'Youville, *Hands to the Needy*,[2] the author speculates that these women, who worked as members of a religious community without benefit of official sanction, were so happy about being called "soeurs", sisters or nuns, that they endured the "grises" with quiet dignity. After they had obtained a royal charter, they selected the grey habit in 1755, and became officially "Les Soeurs Grises". By then, they were well known for their charitable work, and the familiar name was used with respect and affection.

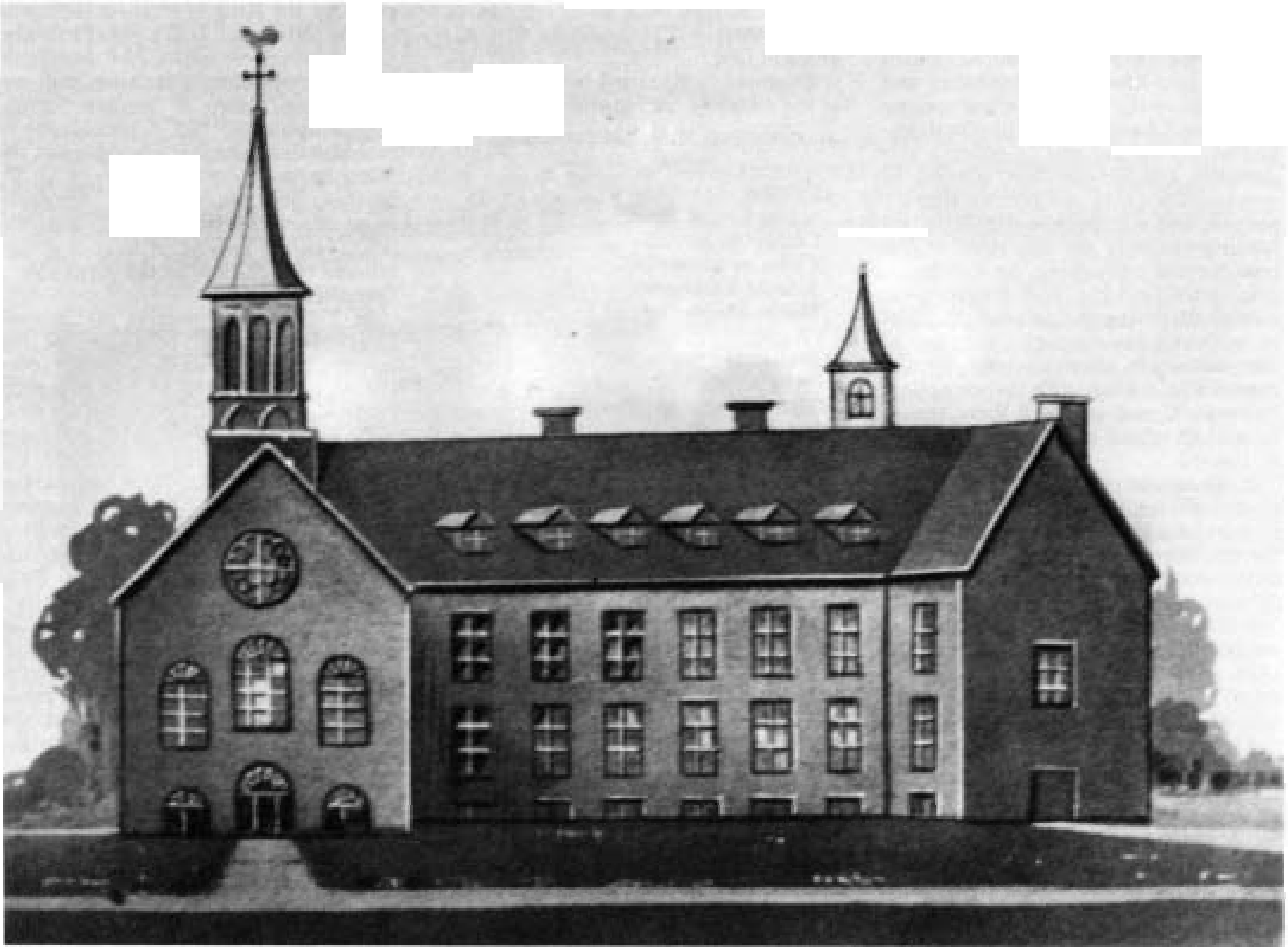
At that time, Canada was a colony ruled by the King of France. Religious orders were eligible for royal subsidy. Despite repeated pleas, and favorable recommendations, the king did not grant this group of women formal recognition until 1753. A photograph of their Letters Patent is on display at the Marguerite d'Youville Center, 1185 St. Mathieu Street in Montreal. This document bears the signature of His Majesty, Louis XV, King of France giving official recognition to the Grey Nuns Congregation.

In 1747, at the request of the civil and ecclesiastical authorities of the colony, Madame d'Youville took over the administration of the Hospital General des Freres Charon. This General Hospital was in a delapidated state. The Grey Nuns restored the building so they could live in a part of it, as their convent, while the restored chapel could be used by them as well as the population they served. They extended their range of services. They took in aged men and women, abandoned children and orphans, and the mentally handicapped. During an epidemic of smallpox, Indians came to the Hospital. When England and France went to war over possession of the colony, the Grey Nuns tended to the wounded of both sides.

One of the anecdotes of this stressful time describes a young English soldier who found himself separated from his comrades. He glanced back and saw an Indian creeping up on him. He decided quickly that throwing himself upon the mercy of the French was preferable to capture and the likelihood of torture by the Indians. He scrambled over a wall, through a basement window of the nearest stone building, and ran up the stairs. He found himself in a room full of nuns working on a large canvas tent. M. d'Youville, without a word, lifted the heavy material so he could hide underneath. When the Indian appeared in the doorway, brandishing his tomahawk, M. d'Youville simply pointed to another door which led to an outside passage.

After the Treaty of Paris in 1763, when France ceded Canada to England, M. d'Youville petitioned the newly appointed Governor of Canada to take under his protection the hospital which the Grey Nuns served. There was probably not much hesitation about granting this request, as the British remembered the kindness of the nuns to their wounded soldiers. Under the British flag, the congregation of Grey Nuns continued to grow, and to serve the residents of Montreal.

Marguerite d'Youville continued as Mother Superior of the Grey Nuns in Montreal until her death in 1771. One of her last letters was to Governor General Carleton, an appeal for finan-



The General Hospital of the Brothers Charon, Montreal: the first major undertaking of the Grey Nuns in 1747. (Photograph courtesy of the Marguerite d'Youville Center, Montreal)

cial help so they could continue to provide care for "the foundlings that we have taken in since we came under English domination." She was beatified in 1959. Pope Pius XII called her "Mother of universal charity".

All Grey Nuns are considered to be spiritual daughters of Mother d'Youville. The name could be Grey Nuns of the Cross, or the Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, or Grey Nuns of the Sacred Heart, or Sisters of Charity. The place of work could be in their respective Mother Houses, in the comnunity adjacent to their convent, or residence; or it could be in mission fields as varied as Chesterfield Inlet in the Canadian North West Territories, Basutoland, South Africa; Haiti or China.

In 1845, the Grey Nuns responded to a plea from Bytown, as Ottawa was then called. Father Telmon O.M.I. (Oblates of Mary Immaculate) asked the Grey Nuns to come and open some schools for the French-Canadians. The archives of the Grey Nuns in Montreal have the signatures of the four nuns responsible for the Act of Foundation by which a separate branch of Grey Nuns was established. They were: Sr. Elisabeth Bruyere, Sr. Eleonore Thibodeau, Sr. M. A. Howard-dite-Rodriquez and Sr. C. Charlebois. Elisabeth Devlin, postulant and Mary Jones, a candidate accompanied them to begin their work of charity in Ottawa.

Bytown was then a rough young city with a population of about 6,000 of which half were French and Irish Catholics. It presented a challenge to the Grey Nuns. While continuing the Grey Nun's tradition of service to the needy, they broadened their "Rule" or mission to read: "Compassion for all forms of human suffering and the education of young people according to the needs of the locality."

"Ottawa was seen as a Babylon due to the number and the complexities of the problems which were found within it: children without instruction, sick without care, the elderly, the poor, the immigrants, and the destitute abandoned by all. To top it all, the people, who were split about evenly between Catholics and Protestants, experienced marked hostilities between citizens of different ethnic and religious backgrounds."[3]

Two little wooden houses on St. Patrick Street were assigned to the Grey Nuns. These served as their residence, or convent and their place of work. The Grey Nuns got to work immediately. In March of 1845, they started the first bilingual school in Ontario. In May they opened a tiny hospital, the first in the city. In the same month they took in the first abandoned child, and started caring for orphans. A typhus epidemic in 1847 sorely tested their endurance. Shelters were constructed on the property which later became the Ottawa General Hospital, at the corner of Sussex and Bruyere Street.[4] Into these shelters 3,000 patients were received; and only 400 did not recover.

In 1871 a smallpox epidemic swept over the city. The citizenry clamored for a hospital to care for the victims, but the NIMBY Syndrome (Not In My Back Yard) prevented such a hospital being established. Mother Bruyere organized a "quarantine station" in the convent yard, and named it Hospice Ste. Anne. The neighbors were not aware that this was a hospital for smallpox victims. For more than two years, five nuns and two domestic helpers remained in isolation at this hospital. "The sick were brought in during the night and in the evening, the Sisters would bring the dead to the cemetery themselves."[5]

Responding again to a described need, the Ottawa Grey Nuns emigrated to the United States at the invitation of the Oblate Fathers to establish schools for the Franco-American population. Missions were established in Buffalo in 1857, in Plattsburgh in 1860, and in Ogdensburg in 1863.

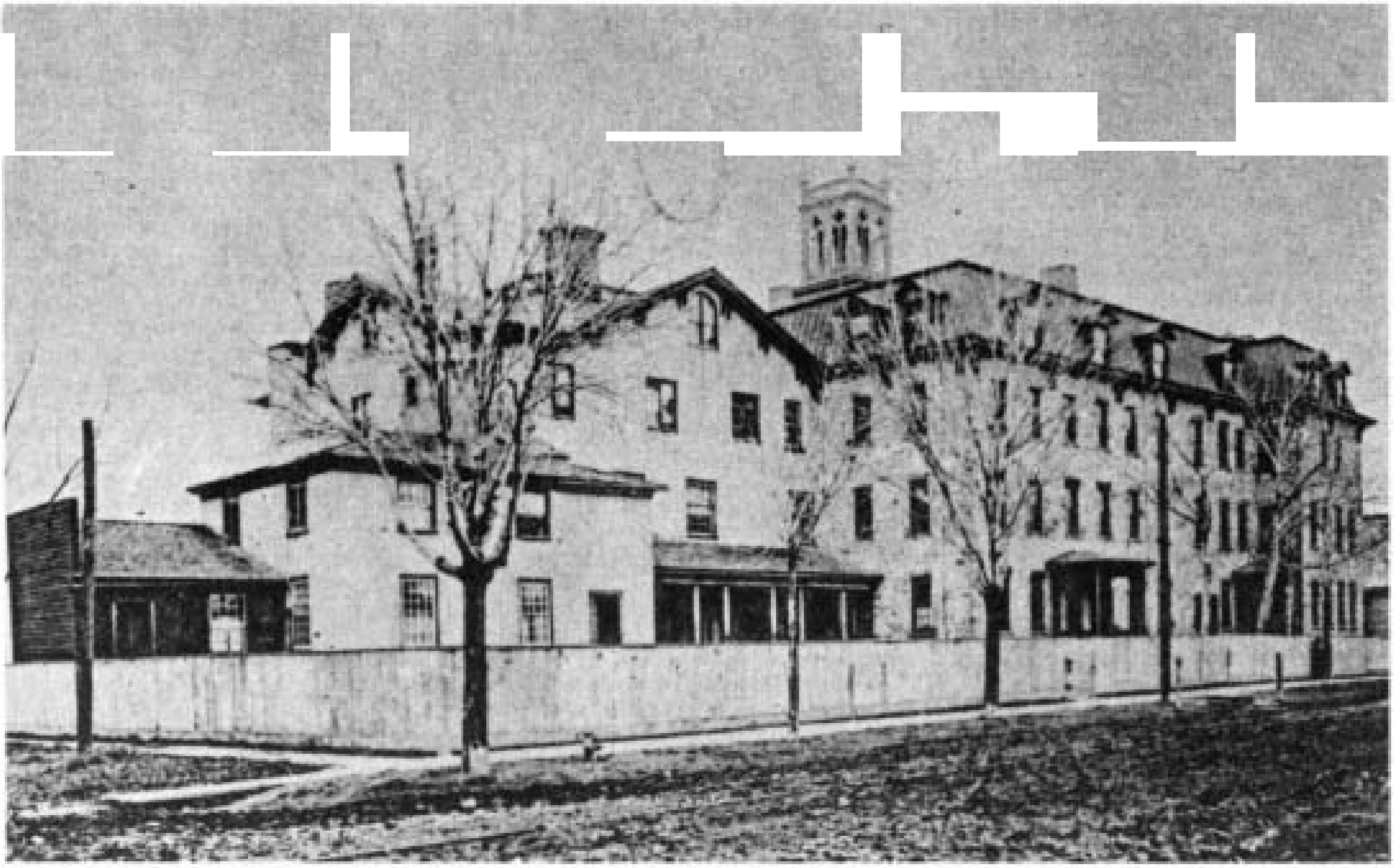
The first pastor of Notre Dame church in Ogdensburg, Rev. J.B. LeMercier, had entreated the Superior General of the Grey Nuns in Ottawa to send him sisters "to give a sound Christian education to the children of his parish." He suggested a "boarding school for young girls of all denominations since no institution of that nature then existed in Ogdensburg." Sister Dorothy Kirby arrived in June, 1863 and purchased the Ford property known as the Mansion House, to serve as convent and boarding school.[6] The June 16, 1863 issue of *The St. Lawrence Republican and Ogdensburg Weekly Journal* reported that:

"The English and French languages will be taught in all the different branches (Editor's note: the word branches indicates school subjects) also music, drawing, printing, embroidering, knitting, sewing and all other branches taught in those ancient and well-known schools."

In September of 1863, eight Grey Nuns opened Our Lady of Victory Academy, a boarding school. The eight nuns were: Sister Kirby, Superior; Sisters Raizenne, Mary of the Infant Jesus, McMillan, Mongenais, Mahon, Claris and Margaret.

That was the first of the Ogdensburg schools started by the Grey Nuns. Three years later, they started a school for the children of St. Mary's Parish. A hand-written "Brief History of St. Mary's Academy, Ogdensburg, N.Y." at the the Ottawa archives of the Grey Nuns states that 30 girls and 20 boys enrolled at St. Mary's School. The Brothers of St. Viateur took over the education of boys in 1873. When the Brothers left Ogdensburg in 1884, the Grey Nuns continued the co-educational school. By 1889, their enrollment had risen to 375. The following year, St. Mary's School was chartered under the title of St. Mary's Academy of Ogdensburg, N.Y. An article in the July 12, 1894 issue of *United Canada* comments: "The community of the Grey Nuns who teach the school deserves great credit for the excellent work and marvelous results attained." This was in reference to an exhibit of the work of the school which had won a medal for excellence at the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago in 1893. The St. Mary's Academy exhibit had been included in the New York State display.

The Grey Nuns purchased the Curtis property on Ford Street in 1873 and established Sacred Heart Academy, apparently to serve an English parish. There is also mention of St. Peter's School on Green Street, which served the children of Notre Dame Parish.[7] During this period, the Ogdensburg public school system also developed



Our Lady of Victory Convent and Boarding School established in Ogdensburg in 1863 by the Grey Sisters. The major part of the structure to the right was formerly the Ford Mansion House. (Photograph courtesy of A. Barton Hepburn Hospital) rapidly. Within a few years there seemed little need for a boarding school for girls, and so Our Lady of Victory Academy was closed in 1879. The Ford Mansion house continued to be the Grey Nuns' convent, but it soon assumed an additional new function.

In 1885, Bishop Wadhams of the Ogdensburg Diocese asked the Grey Nuns also to undertake the care of orphans, the aged and the sick. The Bishop also appealed to the civic minded citizens of Ogdensburg to address the problem of the ill and the poor in their city. He suggested they establish the Ogdensburg City Hospital and Orphan Asylum in the Grey Nun's Convent. At a general meeting, the following Board of Managers was elected: Bishop E.P. Wadhams, William L. Proctor, J. Richard Fitzgerald, John B. Tyo, Alex Amo, William J. Averell, John Hannan, Christopher Louis, Dennis Lynch, Alex A. Valley and John O'Callaghan. In a letter to one of the board members Bishop Wadhams stated:

"The Grey Nuns who own Ford Mansion have consented to give the use of it in perpetuity, gratis. They will take charge of it and no better guarantee could be required to insure the best of care for the sick and destitute as well as the greatest possible economy in the management of the institution. Under these religious the house will be open to all nationalities and religions. Due care will be taken that the inmates are provided with the religious attendance that they or their friends may require. By this means as well as by others it is intended to have the Hospital and Asylum supply a want long felt in the city."[8]

The Ogdensburg City Hospital and Orphan Asylum was opened in November, 1885 and incorporated in February, 1866. Sister Mary Patrick came from Ottawa to be administrator of the institution, and Sister St. Stephen was placed in charge of the hospital department. The number of patients grew so rapidly that a new building for a hospital soon became necessary.

In March of 1900 Sister Superior, St. Theresa appealed for assistance to George Hall, then mayor of Ogdensburg and one of its most wealthy and generous citizens. The mayor's response to this conversation was to meet with the hospital board of managers. They decided to build a new hospital. He donated $10,000 and promised the funds necessary to complete the building. By October of 1900 the cornerstone had been laid at the site of the present hospital. In May of 1902 the 60 bed hospital was completed and ready to receive patients.

In order to ensure a supply of adequately trained personnel to care for the sick, the Grey Nuns started a School of Nursing in 1902 and their first class of seven students graduated in 1905. In the early years of the school the student nurses worked seven days a week, with shifts from 7 to 7. Once a week, if possible, each student had time off between 2 and 9 p.m., with three hours off on Sunday. Their pay was $5 a month, and they got two weeks for annual vacation. Student nurses furnished their own uniforms and books. They lived on the fourth floor of the hospital. The School of Nursing closed in 1968, after having provided training for hundreds of nurses in the north country area. During this time span, Grey Nuns directed the School of Nursing, with two exceptions. Miss Josephine Callahan was Director from 1902 to 1909, and Lillian M. Kiah was Director from 1937 to 1938.

The Christmas, 1941 issue of *St. Joseph's in Ogdensburg, N.Y.*, a brochure at the Ottawa Archives of the Grey Nuns, describes how Dr. John W. Benton persuaded the Board of Managers of the City Hospital that a separate hospital was needed for patients with contagious diseases. The Board purchased a farm house built in 1879 by John McRoberts, located on the Black Lake Road. This was opened as St. John's Hospital in 1899, with Sister St. Susan as the first Director. Here, the Grey Nuns, with limited supplies and equipment, cared for people with diseases like typhoid and scarlet fever.

St. John's Hospital was used solely for tuberculosis patients after 1930. The hospital had a contract with St. Lawrence County to provide care for all T.B. cases at $27 a week. Dr. Jesse R. Patton was medical director of St. John's at that time. About 40 T.B. patients could be accomodated. This hospital was also the headquarters for the T.B. clinics in the county. Each year, thanks to St. John's Hospital, several thousand children and adults were given T.B. tests and chest x-rays.

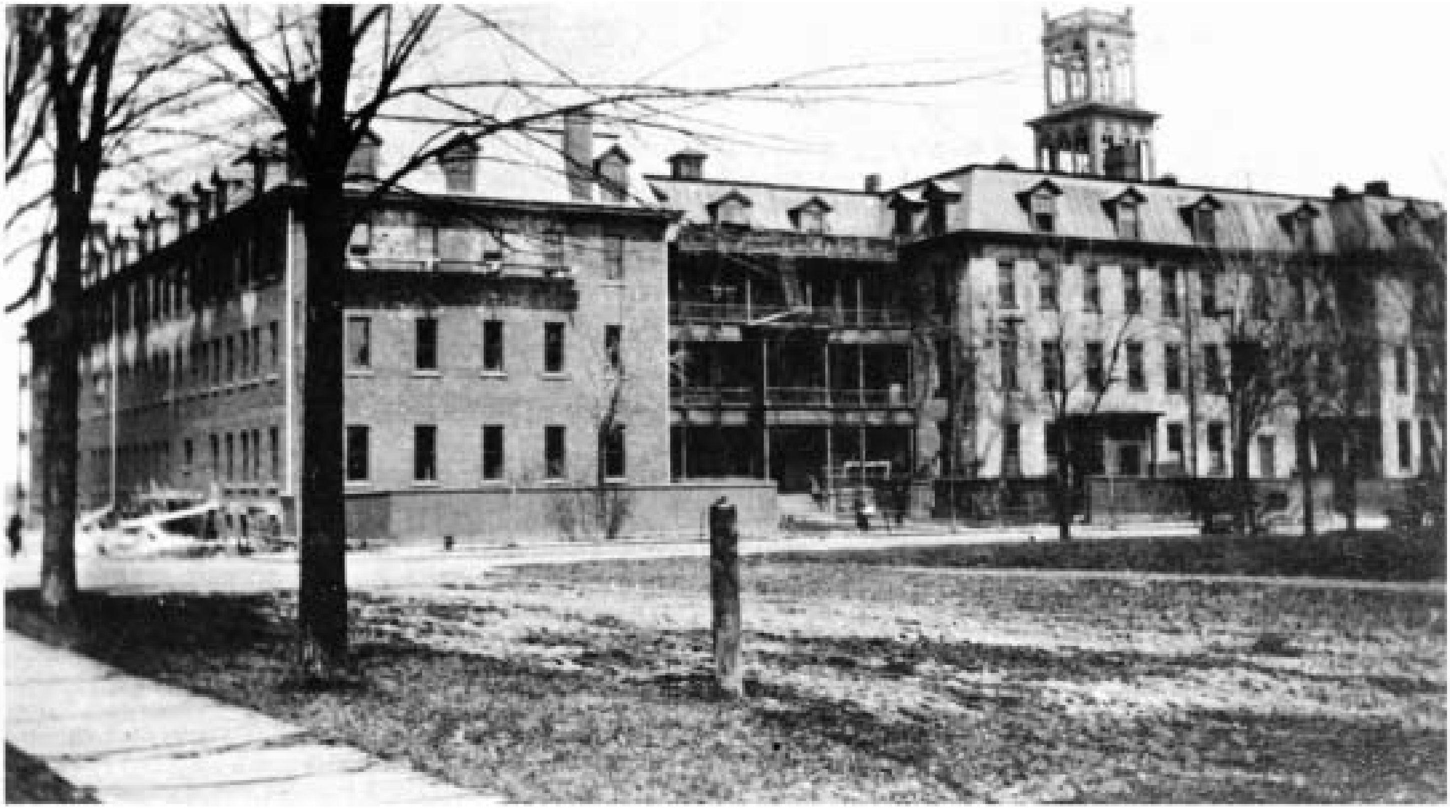
As the incidence of tuberculosis declined, there was no longer need for this type of institution. St. John's was then used as a nursing home for about 40 residents. Eventually, it became impossible to bring the old building into compliance with current safety and building codes, and St. John's Hospital was closed in 1955.

Meanwhile, care of orphans and aged persons was continuing at the Ford Mansion, the first home of the Grey Nuns in Ogdensburg, which had later become the Ogdensburg City Hospital and Orphan Asylum. The Ford Mansion was referred to as St. Joseph's Home after a separate building for the hospital had been completed in 1902 just across the street. In 1917, the hospital and St. Joseph's Home became separate corporate entities. The name of the hospital was changed to the A. Barton Hepburn Hospital in recognition of Mr. Hepburn's generosity to the building fund.

As more children were brought to St. Joseph's Home and more space was needed, a fourth floor was added to the old Ford Mansion in 1906. In 1913, the West Wing was added so that the Grey Nuns could now accomodate 200 children, with adequate dormitories, recreation area and school rooms, according to the 1915 issue of *The Orphan.* That was the title of a report "published yearly by the Ogdensburg City Hospital and Orphan Asylum in the interest of St. Joseph's Union, and the Society of The Little Friends of the Orphans, to aid the destitute Sick, the Orphans and The Aged Poor of the Diocese, with the approbation of Rt. Rev. Bishop Gabriels, D.D."[9] St. Joseph's Union contributions formed the only provision for inmates for whom no financial help was received from county, town or relatives. These two auxiliary organizations, St. Joseph's Union and the Society of The Little Friends of the Orphans, were sponsored by the Grey Nuns to encourage financial and other support for St. Joseph's Home.

There is a remarkable similarity in the activities of St. Joseph's Home and the United Helpers of the City of Ogdensburg as they provided similar services to different constituencies.[10] The United Helpers, founded in 1898, started a home for non-Catholic children, and began providing a home for the aged and infirm in 1910. The 1915 issue of *The Orphan* acknowledges legacies, contributions and donations, in cash and in kind. The community of Chateaugay, under the auspices of Wadhams Council Knights of Columbus contributed 1,000 bushels of potatoes that year. There is mention of an "Annual Pound Party" held on the Feast of St. Theresa on October 15. One project was called "The Weekly Loaf" whereby one could arrange to have sent in "a weekly loaf of bread to be shared with God's poor." A Charity Ball was held at the Armory by the Ladies League of the Orphanage.

As a source of revenue, advertisements for their respective annual reports were solicited from Ogdensburg businesses by the Grey Nuns and United Helpers. The advertisements offer a glimpse into the activity of the city at that time. Some examples are: Hannan's La Rosa cigar, manufactured by Hannan Bros. Cigar Co. was available for 10 cents. The Surprise, "Ogdensburg's Great Money-Saving Department Store" on Ford Street, was offering a Special: "Car and boat fare allowed out-of-town purchasers of



The Ogdensburg City Hospital in 1885, now the A. Barton Hepburn Hospital. Note the presence of the Convent and Boarding School of Our Lady of Victory to the right. (Photograph courtesy of A. Barton Hepburn Hospital)

$10.00 or over." The Crescent Garage on 119-123 State Street was advertising "the famous Maxwell Automobile fully equipped with Electric Lights, Starter, etc. . . . for $750." The Gibson-Kellock Laundry Co. on 35 Catherine Street, Phone 550-J, urged readers to "Escape the Hard, Tiresome Work of Washing At Home. Family washing at 5 cents per pound. DRY CLEANING AND PRESSING. Work called for and delivered free."

Because of changing trends in child welfare, St. Joseph's Home had phased out its children's programs by 1960. From the time the orphanage had opened in 1885, the Grey Nuns had cared for a total of 4,677 children.

The need to provide care for the aged continues. The old Ford Mansion had served the Grey Nuns for many years, but by 1960 the Board of St. Joseph's Home decided the building was inadequate. It was razed to provide a parking lot for the hospital. A new St. Joseph's Home for the Aged was built at the corner of Lafayette and Franklin. This was later enlarged, and can now accommodate 82 residents.

St. Joseph's Home continues to be administered by the Grey Nuns under the direction of a Board of Managers. The A. Barton Hepburn Hospital was managed in a similar way until 1976, when John Symons was appointed as the first lay person to be administrator, and served in this capacity until 1986. Grey Nuns continued to have representation on the Board of Directors.

It was a precarious beginning the Grey Nuns had in Montreal in 1737. They persevered, and courageously branched out to Ottawa in 1845. From there, the first Grey Nuns were sent to Ogdensburg in 1863 where they served in whatever capacity they were needed. This was their vocation, their way of serving God, and the larger community has benefited from their labors and devotion. The Grey Nuns of Ogdensburg continue to work in the North Country as administrators, nurses, social workers and teachers. The traditional grey habit is now rarely seen, but two institutions in Ogdensburg are a legacy of the Grey Nuns. St. Joseph's Home and the A. Barton Hepburn Hospital continue to grow and to provide service to the community.

NOTES

[1] This "home of charity", built in 1693 at Pointe-a-Calliere, near Place d'Youville, was a refuge for the needy orphans, handicapped, sick and aged. The building became the home of the Grey Nuns when M. d'Youville was placed in charge of the General Hospital in 1747. A fire in 1765 left only the stone walls. The Grey Nuns rebuilt and extended the home.

[2] Fitts, Sister Mary Pauline, G.N.S.H., *Hands to the Needy*, Garden City, New York: Doubleday & Company, Inc., 1971 is the source for much of the background material.

[3] Mitri, Angelo O.M.I., *Mother Elizabeth Bruyere, Foundress, Sisters of Charity at Ottawa.* Pamphlet, Imprimerie Notre-Dame Inc. Oct. 1983, printed in Canada, p. 8.

[4] This is now the Mother House of the Sisters of Charity (Grey Nuns) of Ottawa. It also houses the Elizabeth Bruyere Health Centre.

[5] Mitri, *Mother Elizabeth Bruyere, op. cit.*, p. 11.

[6] "Reminiscences", a booklet published on the occasion of the Golden Jubilee (1863-1913) of the foundation of Home of Our Lady of Victory and of the religious profession on Rev. Sister St. Theresa. Printed by Advance Co., 30-32 Isabella Street, Ogdensburg, N.Y., p. 3. The booklet is in the Archives, Soeurs de la Charite d'Ottawa, at 9 Rue, Bruyere, Ottawa.

[7] "Reminiscences", *op. cit.*, p. 6.

[8] I am indebted to St. Joseph's Home, which provided me with copies of material from the celebration of their centennial. Included was a copy of the sermon delivered by Msgr. Robert L. Lawler at Note Dame Church on November 17, 1985 to celebrate the 100th anniversary of the A. Barton Hepburn Hospital. There was also an updated copy of a history of the first hospital in Ogdensburg, from the office of the City Historian of the City of Ogdensburg.

[9] This brochure is at the Archives of the Grey Nuns in Ottawa.

[10] Briggs, Katherine. "The Founders of the United Helpers Society of the City of Ogdensburg: 1898 and On", *The Quarterly*, October 1988, Vol. XXXIII, No. 4, pp. 3-9.

The Wanakena Foot Bridge

by Richard B. Gammon

In addition to being located in an especially beautiful part of the County, Wanakena, in the Town of Fine, is an unusual community in that it was conceived and constructed by the Rich Lumber Company in 1902 on the Oswegatchie River at the head of Cranberry Lake. Unlike other early settlements in the once unbroken wilderness of the Adirondacks, the new village could boast a water system, a school, a church, four miles of railroad connecting it with the Carthage and Adirondack Railway at Benson Mines, as well as ready-made homes for lumbermen. Because of the loveliness of the area and its accessibility, Wanakena became a favorite with tourists and city folk looking for campsites. According to a report in **The Quarterly** *in October 1962, no one knows for sure the meaning of "Wanakena." Some say it means simply "beautiful waters"; others translate it as "a good place to live." Legend has it that Wanakena was the name of a pretty Indian maiden who, having lost her lover, leapt to her death from a rock high above the river. By the 1920's large-scale commercial lumbering in the region had greatly diminished.*

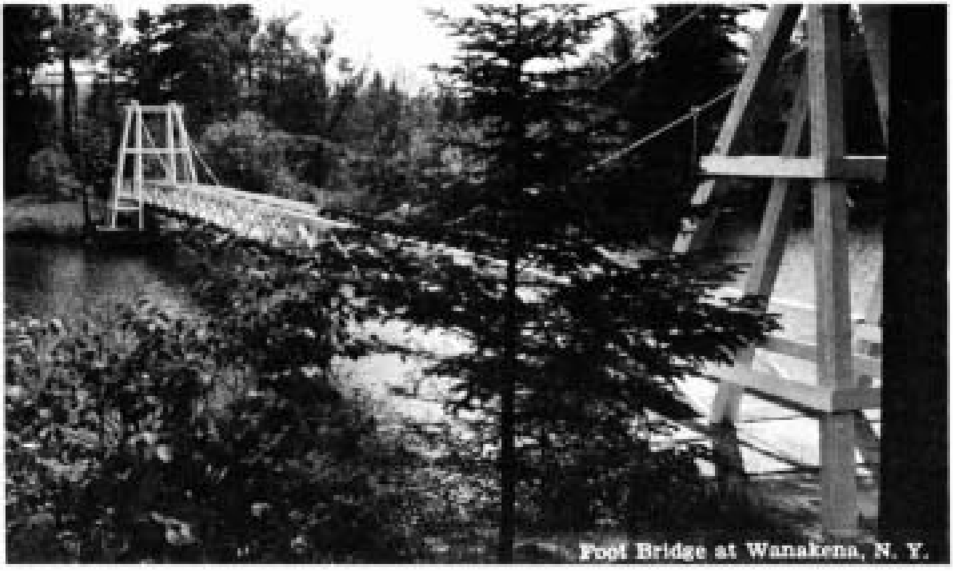
One late summer evening, when I was about ten years old, my Dad and Mom and I were watching TV, and all of a sudden I remembered that I had left my new fishing pole and tackle box on the other side of the river. My stomach sank. What if they were gone? I jumped up and ran out of the house and all the way to the swinging foot bridge.

Again the butterflies hit. It was later than I thought. The far end of the bridge and the woods beyond were all darkness, pure darkness. For as long as I could remember, the older boys who lived at Wanakena had warned us little kids and the "townies" who came up to the camps in the summertime about the bears that roamed those woods at night. Huge black bears! - and are they ever fierce! My heart raced. I wouldn't dare. Would I?

Now in my first year of college I remember nothing more of that awful dilemma. Somehow I did retrieve my fishing gear. My fear that night will, however, always be a part of me, as will other haunting memories, some pleasant, some painful and some unsettling, of the foot bridge near my house at Wanakena.

Of course, as I got older, I would do my best to scare the younger kids who gathered on the store porch and delight in their nervous laughter as the bear stories got bigger and wilder. It became an annual event for us too to hide in those forbidding woods on the far side of the river and scare anybody, especially new summer visitors, who dared to cross the bridge at dusk. We would start with a large rock dropped in the water. Then we would snap some limbs off trees and tromp as heavily as we could through the underbrush making low grunting noises. The older we got the clearer it became that the bear stories had a very practical purpose. Those dark woods were a favorite place for teenagers to take their girl friends in the evening, and they didn't want to be disturbed by little kids spying on them.

By day the bridge was our playground and our hangout. Its wooden frame and cables became our "monkey bars" or "jungle gym." We climbed all over it, tried to walk its suspension cables without using our hands, and had contests to see who could climb the highest fastest.



The Foot Bridge at Wanakena, NY. (Photograph courtesy of R. B. Gammon)

Our bike races across the bridge left the most painful memories. Riders would line up at the top of the hill opposite to insure a good fast start, and one at a time we would go for it. Needless to say, not every attempt was successful. A 200 foot suspension bridge, just three feet wide, taken at a high rate of speed presented quite a challenge, and on a windy day it could be next to impossible. As most of my friends and I bear the scars of our daring so do my Dad and my uncle and many of the older men who lived at Wanakena.

Whenever the bridge got a new coat of paint, initials would have to be carved again in its wooden frame. Once when I was fishing from a rowboat, I decided to carve my name in an inconspicuous spot. I rowed under the bridge to a spot near a brace and close to shore. As I began working with my pocket knife, I noticed other names painted over. Looking closer I found, among others, the name of one of my Dad's friends. Some were so weathered and clogged with paint that I couldn't make them out. Wherever you found them, Townies' initials could always be recognized because they were more elaborate in style and deeper. We residents had been told not to dig deeply into the wood because that would make the wood more prone to rot. My grandfather would get mad as the devil when he saw deep cuts in the wood. He seemed truly concerned about how careless and wasteful people can be with the things we get from nature.

For kids the swinging bridge at Wanakena was fun and excitement. For older people it seems to have become a symbol of Wanakena's vanishing past. I am told that the foot bridge was built about 1905 when the population of Wanakena was several thousand. Today the residents number only about 100 with just a half dozen kids among them. A woman who has lived there for many years told me recently that she remembers the bridge before it was ever painted, when it was for her and others the only way to get to town.

Summer visitors at Wanakena now number more than the resident population back in the heyday of logging. Still, the past persists in the memories of people who have lived or vacationed there, in traditions almost forgotten, and in legend too. Some maintain, for instance, that the "swinging" part of the bridge's name dates back to the early years of this century, in reference not to any effect of the wind, but to the drunken stunts of loggers on their way back to their logging camps.

When they were on the job, loggers went into the woods for weeks at a time. Their camps offered few, if any, comforts and no entertainment other than that of their own making, no women and little booze. It is not hard to imagine, therefore, that when they were free to go to town they could get really rowdy. The married men among them might go to their families, but the single men were on the town. They headed for the tavern, and from there some went on to the flophouse on the other side of town. When the time came for them to return to the woods, the loggers would meet on the town side of the bridge and wait there for stragglers to catch up. And so the foot bridge would become the site of one last fling. The carousing led them to the bridge, and out there in the middle they would do their darndest to make it swing wilder than ever before and see how many of their drunken buddies they could dump into the river.

One night, so the story goes, three of the loggers decided to leave town early and go right on back to camp without telling anyone. Later, as the others congregated at the bridge as usual, they carried their rowdy carousing out onto the bridge and set it swinging as always. But when it got later and later and they tired of waiting for their three missing buddies, they were about ready to leave without them when suddenly they were stopped short by a rare occurrence. A strong gust of cold wind out of the west, out of the forest on the other side of the river, hit them. In logging months such a wind was almost never felt. As they listened in silent wonder, awe turned to fright. There was smoke on that freakish wind coming from the direction of their camp. Sober now, they all felt in their bones that they must hurry as fast as they could to see what had happened and help if they could. They raced through the dark forest on the other side of the bridge. The smell of smoke became more intense, and they could hear cries for help. It was a long way. When they finally got to the clearing of their campsite, they knew they were too late. One of the cabins was a flaming ruin.

Even today, when people are surprised in their summertime games or picnics or parties in the vicinity of the swinging bridge at Wanakena by that strange cold wind out of the west, some say they can smell smoke and some say they can hear cries for help coming from the deep woods on the other side of the river.

Wanakena In The Early 1900's

Wanakena

What little town of frontier fame
Called by a pretty Indian name
Is building where the Inlet flows,
And day by day more homelike grows?
Wanakena.

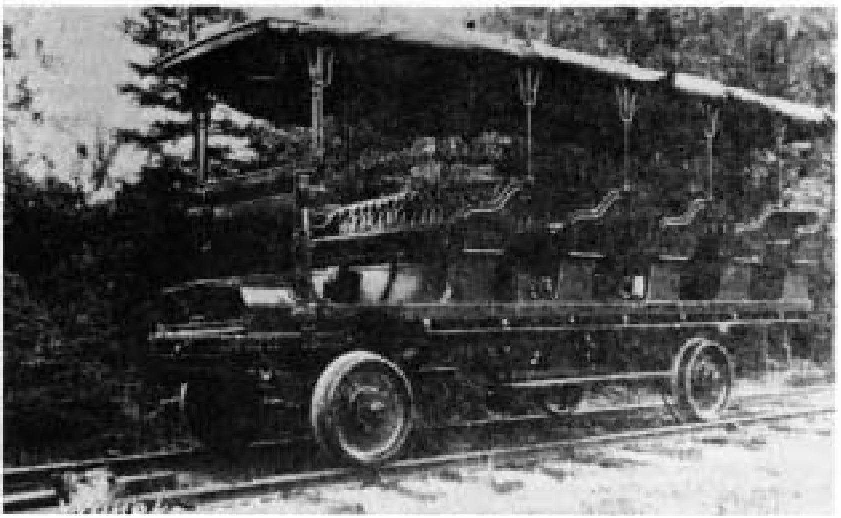
What little town whose railroad lines
Connect all right with Benson Mines,
So passengers can ride at ease
And view the scenery as they please?
Wanakena.

What town with buildings new and neat,
Though minus graded road or street,
Will soon have them arranged complete,
As prosperous as the county seat?
Wanakena.

What town whose people's sense of right
Prompts them to treat the stranger white,
And by their words and acts express
The spirit of true manliness?
Wanakena.

What little town deserves success
For struggling in the wilderness
Its wealth and beauty to disclose
And make it blossom like a rose?
Wanakena.

Rev. Clement Shaw
Oswegatchie, N.Y.
Apr. 1903



The Wanakena Coach. After the Rich and Andrews Lumber Company bought thousands of acres of timberland in the area and built their sawmill at Wanakena, a spur railroad line was established between their mill and Benson Mines where it connected with the Carthage & Adirondack Line. The coach was provided to carry passengers from the new little village of Wanakena to the station at Benson Mines. Note that truck wheels were installed to fit the gauge of track used by the steam locomotives. (SLCHA Archives)

Another Glimpse of the Civil War

From the Months Before the Second Battle of Bull Run

Edited by William G. McLoughlin

A little more than two years ago, my wife was going through some old letters at a flea market in Norton, Massachusetts, and she came upon this letter from a young man from Potsdam, New York.

The writer was Alonzo Fuller, formerly of what is now May Road in Potsdam, at the time a private soldier in Company B of the 16th Regiment of the New York Volunteers. He was reporting to his friend at home, Charlie Partridge. There were several households with the name of Partridge in Potsdam in 1858, two on Elm Street and one on the east side of Market Street not far from Pleasant Street. A mutual friend, Charlie Pierson, whose home was on the other side of Market Street just beyond Pleasant Street, has recently been killed in action.

We wish we knew more about Alonzo Fuller. Did he survive? Was he wounded? What was his life like before the war in the South and afterwards? Who were his friends from home down there in Virginia with him in the Army - Jake, Frank, Jerome, and Gus - and how did they fare?

Camp Franklin/the 2nd/
one mile from Alexandria
April 16th, 1862
Friend Charlie

I done a big thing last night in writing to you. I forgot to put in the receipt and postage stamp. I had to hurry to get it into the mail. I wanted to see Jake before I sent and while running to find him I forgot what I was doing and I sealed the letter and sent it off; but it is only a sheet of nonsense "one day ahead of time." Now I will take things "cool" and write a few lines. You must not get mad at receiving two letters from me in so short of time. You can answer two in one.

We expect to leave for down River in the morning, destination unknown, but supposed to be Yorktown. if so, we are to have a share in the struggle yet. we have done very little yet for our Country - and *may* not do anything now. as near as I can find out this Div is expected to do "great things" if called on[.] there has been a great many orders issued to the Div[.] a part have been countermanded and some put in force. we have started twice from here within two months as we supposed for the field, but have been disappointed both times, and have had to come back to Alexandria for a fresh start[.] now this is very discouraging to us. we are not "all children" to be fooled with in this way. it looks to me as if we had been subject to the caprice of a "political General["] who does not *deserve* his stars. his name is McDowell. the Soldiers do not like him and have no confidence in him. we do not want to fight with him. I have been told since we came back this last time that McDowell ordered us out to Manassas against McClellan's order. it looks very much like it now[.] we were told a few weeks ago that we were to go with "Little Mc" and now we are going. the Div that was left here in the place of this has been sent on and we have come back and part of the Div is on board the ships ready to start. the day that we got the order to come back to Alexandria McDowell came down to Hd. Qrs. and was there most [interlined word undecipherable] of the afternoon[.] he looked cross and surly, but there was not much sympathy for him. I wish you could see a Div or two Reviewed by Gen. McClellan. as soon as he comes in sight the boys begin to yell, but McDowell would ride before us all day and you would not hear a word. his political friends have made him what he is[,] a "Major Gen. of Politics" not of the "Army." we have to many such.*

The boys are enjoying themselves tonight. I can hear their laugh as I write. Frank and Jerome are at[?] some thing (as usual) and they are having fun. Gus has gone off to find some old tents. he will be back in an hour or two. Gus and I tent together yet, and have great times. everything nice.

Well Charlie I saw some Fish yesterday. one of our boys went down to the creek and helped draw a Seine. he got quite a lot for his share - (Herring)[.] I bought two of him and had quite a supper. I have not seen any Racket River Pike yet, and I do not go trolling much. about one month from now you will begin to troll. I wish I could be there to try them a bit with you, but it's no use crying now. it won't do. I keep a fish hook in my pocket *"to look at."*

We hear all sorts of stories about the 92nd. the last is that they are disbanded and started for home, but I suppose there is about as much truth in these reports as there is in some from this Regt. we don't take much stock in such. what we see we believe, and what we hear we do just as we have a mind to with it. believe it or not.

There is much to interest one here just now. I could spend two or three weeks here looking things over and then not see "all." I went up to Fort Lyons Sunday[.] that is the Fort we began. when we left it was finished by the Mic boys. the 26th N.Y. are stationed in it. I went all over it. it mounts about forty guns. the thirty pound Parrott[?] Guns they are eleven-feet long[,] a very ugly looking customer. the day we pitched our tents here the boys at Fort Ellsworth were practicing with shell. three of them burst very near us[.] there was some thing wrong with the fuse. the boys found some of the pieces[.] one piece would weigh six or seven pounds[.] one of the boys found a sixty four pound shell that had not exploded. it was a pretty plaything.

The trains going to Manassas are loaded with the *curious* going to see the sights. some come back satisfied and some get *sold*, but they *must* see Bull Run and Manassas.

I wish if you see any of our folks that you would tell them of this letter and tell them I will write as soon as I can. you can write the same as you have done direct to Washington, and if you see any one writing to me tell them the same. I heard tonight that Chas.[?] Pierson was dead. Is it so? what are the particulars. give my respects to Will Pierson. I will try and get the Receipt in before I seal this. goodbye

from your friend
Alonzo Fuller
Co. B. 16th Regt. N.Y.V.

C. B. Partridge
Potsdam
St. Law. Co.
NY

*Irvin McDowell (1818-1885) was made major-general of volunteers in March, 1862. "At the second battle of Bull Run (Second Manassas) [August 29 - September 1, 1862] McDowell's conduct was severely criticized, and he was relieved of his command. He at once applied for an inquiry, and was ultimately exonerated, but was never afterward employed in the field .... In official relations, his manner was purely military; he seemed to disregard individuals, and did not as a rule arouse warm personal sentiment in officers or men." *Dictionary of American Biography*, Vol. XII, p. 29.

SLCHA Annual Report 1988

ST. LAWRENCE COUNTY HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION, INC. STATEMENT OF ASSETS AND LIABILITIES, (CASH BASIS) DECEMBER 31, 1988

	TOTAL
Current Assets:	
Cash and Cash Equivalents	$144,706.67
Fixed Assets:	
Silas Wright House and Museum	322,766.08
Investments	127,368.70
TOTAL	$594,841.45

LIABILITIES AND FUND BALANCE

Liabilities:	
Withheld Payroll Taxes	$ 1,761.17
Deferred Restricted Support	7,023.72
Fund Balance	586,056.56
TOTAL	$594.841.45

STATEMENT OF REVENUES AND EXPENSES AND FUND BALANCE (CASH BASIS) FOR THE YEAR ENDED DECEMBER 31, 1988

	Operating Budget	Actual Total
Revenues:		
St. Lawrence County Historian	$11,000.00	$ 11,000.00
St. Lawrence County Operating	11,000.00	11,000.00
NYSCA	10,000.00	7,000.00
IMS Grant	9,375.00	9,247.50
Fund Raising	16,000.00	8,852.49
Advertising	2,500.00	1,550.00
Investment Income	12,750.00	19,974.17
Dues	20,000.00	14,799.00
Gifts	5,000.00	12,501.18
Miscellaneous & Grant Reimbursement	2,000.00	5,405.50
Campaign Receipts		29,791.24
Grant Income		15,500.00
Total Revenues	$99,625.00	$146,621.08
Expenses:		
Salary - Director	$14,625.00	$ 14,432.78
Salary - Program Coordinator	17,000.00	17,000.10
Salary - Historian/Admin. Assistant	15,525.00	18,457.33
Salary - Educational Coordinator	7,500.00	4,615.36
Staff Benefits	1,100.00	1,000.00
Payroll Taxes	5,100.00	4,996.06
Exhibits and Programs	5,000.00	6,159.04
Conservation	2,000.00	1,233.78
Publications and Printing	7,500.00	8,612.89
Utilities	7,000.00	7,332.35
Interest		80.65
Repairs	3,000.00	4,488.46
Supplies and Postage	6,300.00	6,672.22
Insurance	4,000.00	3,800.40
Subscriptions	400.00	763.00
Travel	1,250.00	1,186.76
Miscellaneous	2,325.00	1,303.28
Grant Expense		11,609.98
Total Expenses	$99,625.00	$113,744.44
Excess of Revenues Over Expenses Before Unrealized Appreciation (Depreciation) in Marketable Securities	$ -0-	$ 32,876.64
Unrealized Appreciation (Depreciation) In Marketable Securities		6,466.23
Excess of Revenues over Expenses		$ 39,342.87
Interfund Transfers:		
Asset Acquisitions		
Mortgage Payment		
Fund Balance - Beginning of Year		553,737.41
Fund Balance - End of Year		$593,080.28

Board of Trustees 1989

President	Betty Coots Canton
Vice President	Harry Wheaton Ogdensburg
Secretary	Ruth McKean Canton
Treasurer	Gary Canfield Canton

Term Expires 1988

Joan Brandy, Ogdensburg; Betsey Deuval, Gouverneur; Steven Marqusee, Potsdam; Patricia Tocatlian, Ogdensburg; Kay Wyant, Potsdam.

Term Expires 1990

Donald Pearson, Canton; Carlton Stickney, Norwood; David Wiest, Ogdensburg.

Term Expires 1991

Persis Boyesen, Ogdensburg; Patricia Carson, Canton; Madeleine Gray, Helena; David Swanson, Canton; Nicholas Viskovich, Massena.

Staff:

Garrett Cook, Director; Richard Rummel, Programs Coordinator; Andrea Bellinger, Education Curator; Jill Breit, Administrative Assistant; Janet McFarland, Administrative Assistant.

Please help your historical association as we embark on the ambitious creative project of documenting and interpreting the 20th century through a series of exhibits, articles, and a comprehensive history.

Our exhibit on Alcoa and Massena, which opened in June, is the first of three currently planned exhibits to focus on the 20th century. In 1990 we hope to open an exhibit on the dairy farm and dairy industry from 1915 through 1950. We are looking for people with stories or with deep personal knowledge of the life on farms, in farming communities and in cheese or milk plants, during these years of change. Help us put together a plan for this exhibition and find the photos, documents and objects that we need to bring the period to life and to interpret it accurately from a variety of viewpoints.

In '91 we plan to open an exhibit on the St. Lawrence River in this century. 1990 will be the planning year for that exhibit. We are looking for advisers with insider's knowledge of St. Lawrence River lifeways: wildlife and the river community, navigation, industry, recreation and camps, prohibition and smuggling, the Seaway and power development.

If you have suggestions of other 20th century stories that need telling, or if you would like to participate in the projects described above, please contact me, Garrett Cook, at the Association office. (386-8133)

Barbour's

Beautiful Collection of
Fine Ladies and Mens Apparel

Pendleton, Woolrich, Blackbear, New England McIntosh, Thomson, Aston, Cambridge, Robert Scott, Sero, Lanz, John Meyer, Hootstein, Tretorn, Skyr.

13 HODSKIN ST. CANTON, NY 13617

newell® HOME HARDWARE COMPANIES

BULLDOG
HOME HARDWARE

DORFILE
STORAGE & SHELVING SYSTEMS

CURRENT EXHIBIT

at the

St. Lawrence County Museum
3 East Main Street, Canton

ALCOA IN MASSENA

Tracing Alcoa's growth and development and its important influences on the Massena area.

The exhibition is funded by the New York State Council on the Arts.

Sperling's

FURNITURE STORES

At home in
Northern New York

Since 1919

OGDENSBURG • MASSENA
POTSDAM • WATERTOWN
PLATTSBURGH

If you have enjoyed reading **The Quarterly** and are not currently a member of the Historical Association, please consider joining now. Receive this award-winning local history periodical regularly . . . AND help us to preserve and promote local history.

OR . . .

Perhaps you know of someone who would enjoy receiving **The Quarterly** and hearing about the Association's activities. Consider giving a gift membership in the St. Lawrence County Historical Association.

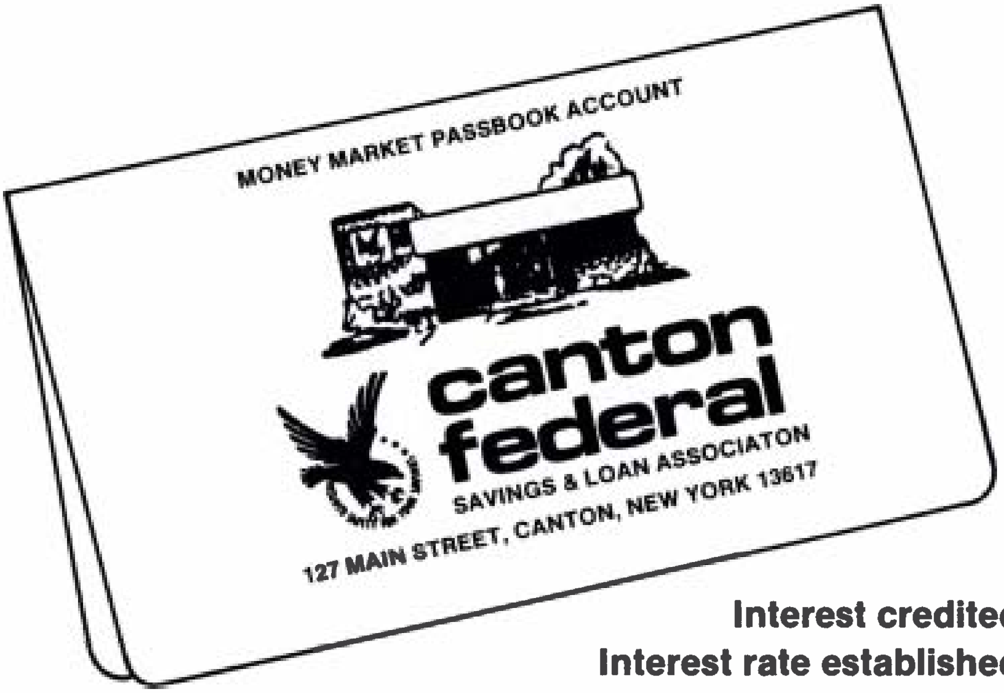
1989 Membership Rates

Patron Member	$100 and up
Sustaining Member	$75
Contributing Member	$50
Regular Member	$20
Senior Citizen (65 and older) and Student (Under 22) Members	$15

* * *

To become a member, simply send a check with your name and address to: St. Lawrence County Historical Association, PO Box 8, Canton, NY 13617.

CANTON FEDERAL NOW
OFFERS A
MONEY MARKET PASSBOOK


MONEY MARKET PASSBOOK ACCOUNT
canton
federal
SAVINGS & LOAN ASSOCIATON
127 MAIN STREET, CANTON, NEW YORK 13617

Features:
Interest credited monthly
Interest rate established monthly
Interest paid day-of-deposit to day-of-withdrawal
Minimum balance requirement - $1,000.00*

* If balance is reduced below the minimum, the rate of earnings shall be reduced to the rate paid on regular savings accounts.

canton
federal
SAVINGS & LOAN ASSOCIATION

127 MAIN STREET
CANTON, NEW YORK

Address Correction Requested
P.O. Box 8
Canton, N.Y. 13617

BULK RATE
U.S. Postage
PAID
Permit No. 21
Canton, N.Y. 13617

NON-PROFIT
ORGANIZATION

• NEWTON FALLS PAPER MILL, INC. • NEWTON FALLS PAPER MILL, INC. •

NEWTON FALLS PAPER MILL, INC. • NEWTON FALLS PAPER MILL, INC.

NEWTON FALLS PAPER MILL, INC • NEWTON FALLS PAPER MILL, INC.

NEWTON FALLS
PAPER MILL, INC.

P.O. BOX 253 • NEWTON FALLS, NEW YORK 13666

Manufacturers of High Quality Paper for the Publishing,
Printing and Converting Trades Since 1894

• • •

Mill and General Offices at
NEWTON FALLS PAPER MILL
P.O. Box 253 NEWTON FALLS, NY 13666

• • •

Supporter of the St. Lawrence County Historical Association

• • •

Member STORA Group*
*(CELEBRATING 700 YEARS - ESTABLISHED IN 1288)

NEWTON FALLS PAPER MILL, INC. • NEWTON FALLS PAPER MILL, INC. •