

The St. Lawrence County Historical Association

QUARTERLY

*The Jordan Club Centennial
1894-1994*



Special Edition

The St. Lawrence County Historical Association

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The Jordan Club Centennial **1894-1994**

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Mission Statement

The St. Lawrence County Historical Association is a not-for-profit educational resource center and museum that researches, collects, preserves, and interprets St. Lawrence County history through collections development, publication, exhibition, and programming; whose purpose is to help establish the intellectual and cultural connections that expand awareness and place St. Lawrence County in its state and national context, while revealing its unique identity. The Association examines different aspects of life in St. Lawrence County from multiple and diverse resources through community partnerships and collaborations.

SLCHA values quality, integrity, and accessibility and operates within established museum standards befitting its AAM accredited status.

A Special Edition of the SLCHA *Quarterly*

The Jordan Club Centennial
1894-1994
A Celebration of Adirondack
Camp Life

A Note to Our Members

You will notice immediately that this issue of *The Quarterly* is significantly different in appearance and format from any previous issue of our journal. It was produced in conjunction with the Jordan Club to commemorate their centennial, and its contents have also been published under a different cover for the members of the Jordan Club and for sale to the general public.

Henry Schmidt assembled and edited the material collected in the following pages. Stewart Wilson, Public Information Coordinator for the SLCHA, served as production editor.

The unique quality and flavor of this issue are appropriate to its special purpose and content. We hope that you enjoy it.

**In Memory of
George Hazzard
(1915-1989)**



FOREWORD

Few institutions in our young nation last as long as a century; the Jordan Club is fortunate to be among those which have. But it is not only luck that has favored this society over the years. Established under the laws of the State of New York, the Club has been blessed from the beginning with loyal members and conscientious leadership, folks from varied backgrounds and circumstances who are united by their singular devotion both to the world of nature as well as to the fellowship which Club membership offers.

The centennial of the Jordan Club was just a glimmer on the horizon some years ago when George Hazzard, with his customary foresight, first solicited the membership for contributions of reminiscences pertaining especially to the period since "the Flood"—the inundation of the original Club lands by Niagara Mohawk's Carry Falls reservoir project. The late Lew Fisher had already documented Club history from "the dimness before 1905" up to the deluge in the 1950s, but more than forty years have now elapsed since that watershed event in the life of this venerable "Society or Club for social, hunting, fishing, and lawful sporting purposes" (in the words of the Certificate of Incorporation filed with the New York Department of State on December 31, 1894), and it was George's intention to create a document that would record the Club's renaissance in the words of those who witnessed it, as well as those who came after. Sadly, George did not live to complete this labor of love, although he did write a preface (*Introduction*, page one). After his death in 1989, his widow, Jean, continued to solicit and collect materials, and she began the task of transcribing these written comments into publishable form.

At this point the need for an editor became clear. Since I had ten years' worth of writing concert program notes under my belt, and had edited a railroad club newsletter for four years, my wife "volunteered" me for the present position. The results of that effort are in your hands. But it has been far from a single-handed project. The most obvious expression of gratitude must go to the members who responded so generously with their recollections, who took the time to commit their memories to paper. Thanks also to Shirley Tramontana and Stewart Wilson, Director and Public Information Coordinator of the St. Lawrence County Historical Association, for their support of this project on behalf of the Association. A large cheer of gratitude goes to Carolyn Seymour for her beautiful pen-and-ink drawings which grace the pages of this monograph. Finally, an ovation for Jean Hazzard, who kept this project alive. I like to think that George would be pleased with the results.

Henry Schmidt
Allentown, Pennsylvania



A Note From the St. Lawrence County Historical Association

The St. Lawrence County Historical Association is very pleased to be a small part of helping the Jordan Club celebrate its 100th birthday. The members, trustees, and staff of the Association wish the members of the Jordan Club all the best during their centennial year.

The Historical Association has collaborated previously with the Jordan Club on the publication of the revised history of the early years of the Club in Lew Fisher's *Old Hollywood* (edited by Paul Jamieson). Thus, when approached by Henry Schmidt with a proposal for helping to produce this centennial celebration of the Club, the Association welcomed the opportunity, both because of its interesting content, and as a continuation of the efforts to document the Club, and its many important and fascinating members.

Many of the following pieces are of a personal rather than strictly historical nature. However, the experiences of the members of the Jordan Club are in some sense shared by many, if not most, of the residents of our region. The changes in camp life throughout the years and love of nature are not unique to the Jordan Club. In that sense, I believe that this publication provides a glimpse into, and documentation of, a wonderfully important aspect of many of our lives during the last forty years.

Once again, congratulations to the members of the Jordan Club. May we all have much more to celebrate on your 150th!

Stewart J. Wilson
SLCHA



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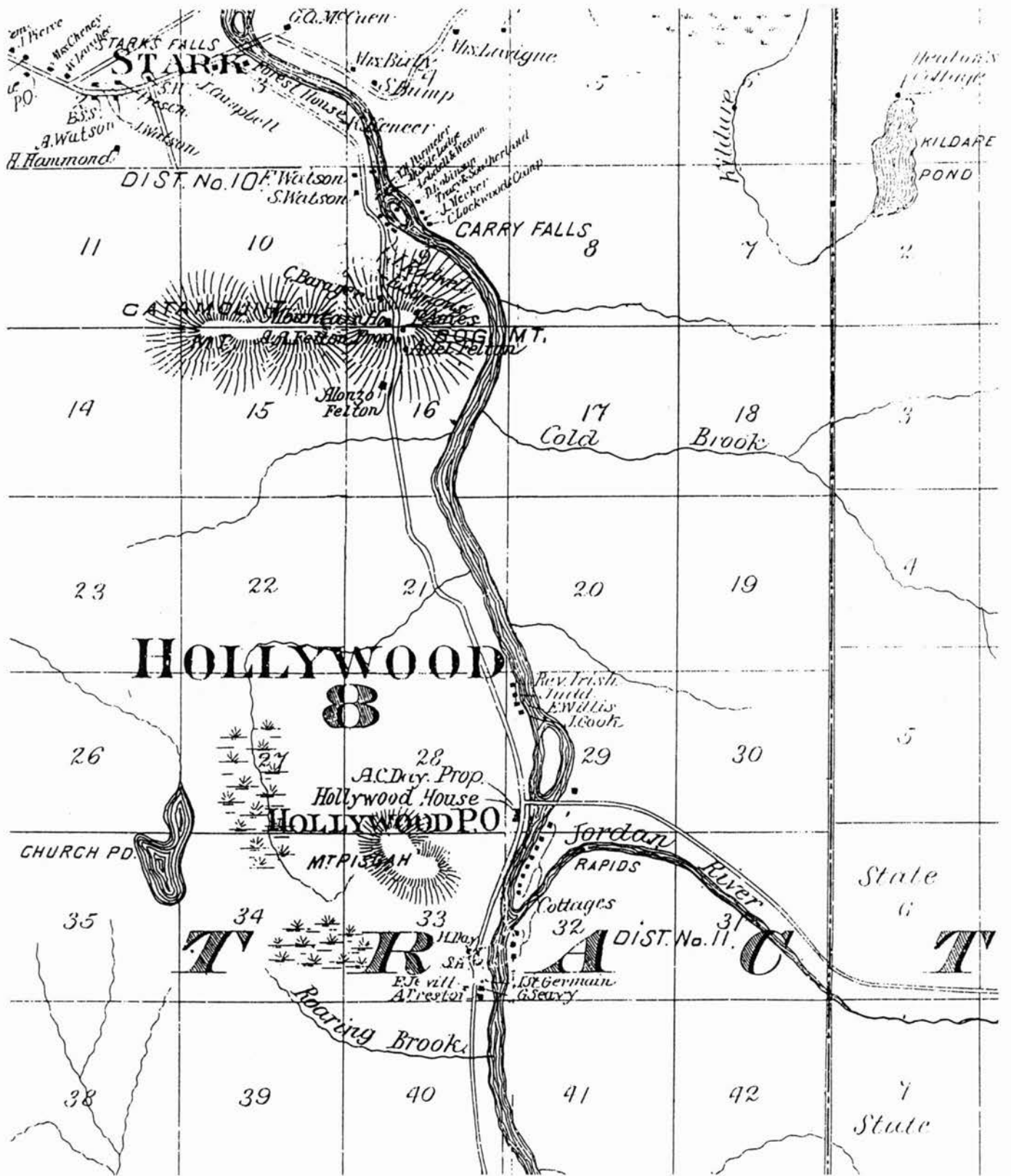
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Section of Edgar Blankman's 1896 Map of St. Lawrence County, showing the area around Hollywood. The Jordan Club comprises all of section 32 as shown on the above map.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE COMMEMORATIVE ESSAYS

by
George Hazzard

To many people the Jordan Club is a precious thing. In fact, to one person it was an irreplaceable thing. Thanks to that person, the late Lewis Fisher, the Jordan Club is still an entity in the same location as when it started, and just as precious in its new form as it was in its old one. How the Club almost perished and how it survived as the result of one person's determination (stubbornness?) has been well told in Lew's 1965 publication *Old Hollywood*, as well as in its 1980 revision published by the St. Lawrence County Historical Association (*Old Hollywood: The Story of the Jordan Club, 1890 to 1980*, Paul Jamieson, editor).

The rebirth of the Jordan Club as a place to spend spring, summer, or fall took place slowly after World War II. It was then, some 40 years after the Niagara Mohawk Power Company began purchasing land for its control reservoir, that the landscape began to change. In 1951 the Power Company started clearing the land and building the dam that would put the Jordan Club on a lake seven miles long and two miles wide at its greatest extent. It wasn't easy for members to visualize a beautiful lake as the chain saws buzzed and the bulldozers growled and a pall of smoke from burning brush hung over the land.

Still, several of the "old timers" had the courage to start anew. Charles W. Stoddart, through his sons Charles, Jr. and Robert, the Cook family through Helen Cook Law and Dorothy Cook Breland, Edson Miles, Lucille Hutchison Davis, and above all the savior of the Jordan Club, Lewis Fisher, stayed firm in their desire to start anew.

While Lew Fisher's *Old Hollywood* documents, in the author's delightfully engaging style, the "upper level" maneuvering that ultimately preserved the Club, the personal details of how the Club reconstructed its membership and its physical presence have barely been touched. It is that story, told by those who experienced it in the years between 1950 and 1994, which the following pages attempt to describe. It is a story of people of disparate ages, occupations, and geographic locations, all united in a love for that piece of the Adirondacks called the Jordan Club.



PAT HALL: The First Day of the Jordan Club

In 1894 at Hollywood there was a good-size summer colony of camps surrounding the still water of the Raquette. On August 13 of that year, Ezekiel Hanson Cook and his wife Clara celebrated their 25th wedding anniversary at a party with sixty guests. Hollywood Lodge, the camp E.H. Cook had built on rented land when he was president of the Normal School at Potsdam, was large



August 12, 1895 at the Jordan Club (Photo courtesy of Bob Stoddart)

enough to hold twelve: the Cook family (with sons Harold and Walter, and daughter Clara, also known as Dot), Rev. Dr. Newman and family (three), the Henry family (three), and the lady from Norwood who was to help with the cooking and cleaning. This group was in residence for three weeks in August. All this information is contained in a log written by William F. Henry. Mary Cook Hall, Dr. Cook's granddaughter, furnished this log to the St.

Lawrence County Historical Association, which published it in its *Journal* issue of July, 1980. Dr. Cook's other grandchildren who became members of the Jordan Club are Dorothy Breland, Helen Law, and Bob Stoddart.

Hollywood was in what the people from Potsdam called "the south woods." Accessible by road, the coolness and tranquility of the river and forest was a welcome relief from the summer heat of the St. Lawrence River Valley and the hurly-burly of the growing metropolis of Potsdam. L.L. Goodale, a well-known educator from Potsdam, purchased section 32 in the Town of Colton from the Shaw family of

Boston in March 1894. Soon thereafter he sold the 654-acre tract to the Jordan Club. On Thursday morning, August 23, 1894, as noted in the Henry log, the incorporation papers for the Jordan Club were signed at Hollywood Lodge by L.L. Goodale, C.B. Partridge, L.C.F. Ball, Oliver Bliss, James Lemon, Julia Ettie [Etta] Crane, Herbert D. Pettit, Edwin A. Merritt, Frank W. Moore, [Rev. Dr.] S.M. Newman, and E.H. Cook as witnesses, and appointing as trust-

ees James Lemon, C.E. Haywood, and Genl. E. Merritt [editor's note: names are given exactly as transcribed from the Certificate of Incorporation]. Most of these people had camps at Hollywood, and most were, or had been, residents of Potsdam.

At this point, a distinction must be drawn between the eleven signatories named above who witnessed the certificate of incorporation (the twelfth person, C.E. Haywood, while named in the document as a Club trustee, apparently did not sign as witness) and the fourteen individuals who are recorded in the annals of the Club as "charter members." Those persons are H.L. Barnum, L.C. Ball, Dr. O. Bliss, Miss J. Etta Crane, Dr. E.H. Cook, Miss Emma Fuller, L.L. Goodale, C.E. Haywood, James Lemon, Gen. E.A. Merritt, C.B. Partridge, Herbert D. Pettit, S.A. Redway, and John F. Scott. Ten of these fourteen had witnessed (or, in the case of Haywood, were named in) the incorporation document, but Barnum, Fuller, Redway, and Scott had not. Conversely, one of the signatories, Frank Moore, was never listed as a member of the Jordan Club; he was married to Julia Crane's sister Jessie (the three Crane sisters co-owned their camp). Rev. Dr. Newman did not join the Club until 1902.

Who were these charter members? What sort of people were they?

Potsdam was home to Potsdam Normal School, where Dr. E.H. Cook had been president from 1884-89. By 1894, Dr. Cook had left the North Country and was Superintendent of Schools in Flushing, New York. His sons Harold and Walter (father of Mary Hall and Dorothy Breland) were attending Columbia University.

Julia Crane founded the Crane Normal Institute of Music, the nation's first training school for pub-

lic school music teachers. After her death in 1923 the School was acquired by the state and evolved into the Crane School of Music at SUNY-Potsdam.

Emma Fuller graduated from Potsdam Normal School and taught for a while with Julia Crane. Later she became principal of School no. 8 in Potsdam. In 1894 she was working in California.

Lucius Goodale had been principal of the Norwood Union Schools. Later he was president of the St. Lawrence County Teachers Association. His daughter Grace was teaching at the (Herbert) Pettit School on Long Island in 1894. Later she taught Latin at Columbia University and Barnard.

Herbert Pettit founded a private school at Lawrence, Long Island. His poem "Sunset at Hollywood" is printed in the first edition of *Old Hollywood*. He and his wife Anna were guests at the Cooks' 25th anniversary party, where Mr. Pettit delivered one of the congratulatory speeches.

So five of the fourteen charter members were educators. Of the others, one was a dentist, Oliver Bliss. Mrs. Bliss was an officer of the WCTU in Potsdam. It is likely that their daughter Lillian attended the Normal School. Bob Stoddart's father was voted to take Dr. Bliss's membership in 1902.

Five of the remaining eight had businesses in Potsdam. On Market Street at no. 1 was James Lemon's store, which sold harness and related equipment. Mr. Lemon was active in town affairs. At one time he and E.H. Cook were on opposite sides in a debate over whether to build sanitary sewers in Potsdam. C.E. Haywood, jeweler and optician, was located at no. 20 Market. L.C.F. Ball owned Ball's Cash Shoe Store at no. 30. Messrs. Ball and Haywood

with their families shared a camp that was later bought by Ward and Barbara Priest. S. Augustus ("Gus") Redway sold insurance at no. 32½. He had been camping at Hollywood since he was a young man. His cousin, C.B. Partridge, was a dealer in "Plain and Dressed Lumber, Timber of all kinds." Mrs. Partridge taught art at home. The Cook and Partridge families visited back and forth at each other's camps almost every evening during the summer.

A Republican political power in the state, Edwin Merritt acquired his title of General by serving as a member of the New York governor's cabinet in charge of provisioning the State Militia during the Civil War. He was a surveyor and engineer, supported his adopted home town of Potsdam, and also published the first map to guide tourists to the Adirondacks.

The mystery man is John Scott. He was neither a guest at the Cooks' anniversary party nor a signer of the incorporation papers. Fred and Carolina Scott, his children, became members of the Jordan Club in 1906. Lew Fisher believed the Scotts were from Long Island.

Saved for last is the fondly remembered (legendary?) H.L. "Unk" Barnum. Bob Stoddart and Mary Hall remember him well. Originally from Potsdam, Unk moved to Hollywood about 1901. He built guide boats, cut pulp wood, amazed children, angered adults, and was, as Barbara Priest wrote, "that rare and eccentric character."

This article was researched by Bill and Pat Hall, and Bob Stoddart, who would like to thank the staffs of the Potsdam Museum, the Crumb Memorial Library at SUNY-Potsdam College, the St. Lawrence County Historical Association, and the Registrar of Deeds at the St. Lawrence County Court House in Canton for giving us so much help. Thanks also to Tom Small for his guidance to useful sources.



BOB STODDART

My mother Clara's father, Dr. E.H. Cook, was one of the charter members of the Jordan Club. Thus I was indoctrinated at the early age of one year, which was the summer of 1914, but my first recollection of going to Hollywood was the summer of 1919. I lived in State College, Pennsylvania, with my father, mother, and two older brothers. Dad was a professor at Penn State, so each summer he would have a month's vacation in July and we would go to Hollywood. Mother's family lived in Potsdam, just 30 miles away. Dad had a Haines touring car—there were no sedans in those days—and Mother and Dad wore "dusters," a white covering over their clothes to catch the dust, as it was an open car and the roads were dusty.

It was some trip in those days. There were no paved roads, just sand and gravel, and no road maps. Dad had a "Blue Book" which gave the route number and directions such as "Go so many miles to the school on the right side and turn left so many miles to a church and turn right," etc. We left State College at 5:00 a.m. and arrived at Cortland, New York, around 6:00 p.m., where we stayed at the Cortland House hotel (about halfway to Hollywood). With another early start next morning we arrived at the Hollywood Inn, where we stayed that night. The next day we rowed Charlie Day's boats over to our camp about a mile up the Raquette River. Charlie Day owned



The old Hollywood Inn, across the river from the Jordan Club (Photo courtesy of Niagara Mohawk)

the Hollywood Inn; he was a wonderful person, and could tell the most interesting stories.

In those days our family of five all slept in a large tent. We had breakfast at camp, and lunch and dinner at the Hollywood Inn, with wonderful meals cooked by Charlie's wife, Dora. Often we had venison, described on the menu as "Mountain Lamb"—just delicious.

Every summer around the Fourth of July we would play softball at the Jordan Landing, a clearing across the Raquette from the Inn. All the members who were able would play. It was a lot of fun. We also had parties at the "Bear Trap" several times during the summer. All would bring food, which we shared with one another. We had a great time, a wonderful social event.

I recall once when Dorothy brought "maple marshmallows," very sweet but delicious. In the late afternoon or early evening all would gather in their boats and we would have a regatta on the river. At dusk we would light our colored lanterns and sing songs. The lanterns made a beautiful sight after dark.

After the flooding, we had planned to move a camp that my father owned to our new lot, but in the process it collapsed and we had to start from scratch. We hired Earl Moser, a carpenter from South Colton, and with the help of Bob Davis and me we built the "new" camp using the old lumber. I'll always remember I had more splinters in my fingers than ever before or since. But we had a great time building it, and at the end of each day

after our work was finished we would have a beer and throw the bottles way out into what was then empty space and holler "One for the lake bottom!" As I recall, we started building in 1951 and finished in 1952, the year I became a member. Then in a year or two Ansel Dorothy, my son Dave, and I built the woodshed. A few years later we had Buzz Dumas and a carpenter friend named Charlie add a bathroom to our camp and cabinets for Louise, which she thoroughly enjoyed.

Having spent the greater part of my summers at Hollywood for 38 years except for an occasional miss due to epidemics one year and lack of gas during the war, I knew from my parents' experience that membership in the Jordan Club would be very rewarding. It has indeed been most enjoyable.



**Scenes of the Stoddart
Camp at the Jordan Club,
circa 1935**

(Photos courtesy of Bob Stoddart)





**RON
BRELAND:
Eulogy for
Dorothy Cook
Breland**

**Delivered at the memorial
service in Childwold
Presbyterian Church,
July 1988.**

There is amongst the family memorabilia a telegram dated January 25, 1903, addressed to Clara Stoddart, Mother's paternal aunt. It reads, "Dorothy arrived this morning. All is well." It was signed by her father, Walter W. Cook.

Within six months, that summer to be exact, she was taken to the Cook summer residence in what was known as the Hollywood settlement on the Raquette River, in the very depths of what is now the Adirondack Forest Preserve.

W.W. Cook was a professor of law, and during the academic year the family lived in various places depending on where he happened to be lecturing. He was teaching at the University of Nebraska Law School in Lincoln when Dorothy was born. His teaching career subsequently took him and the family to the University of Wisconsin, the University of Chicago, Yale University, Columbia University, the Institute for Legal Research in Baltimore, and Northwestern University. Through all of these early relocations, when she lived at home, the Adirondacks continued to be her *pied à terre*.

When Dorothy was busy with her undergraduate studies at Barnard

College in New York City, her father was Professor of Law at Columbia. The family lived across the river in Englewood, New Jersey, and each morning Dorothy and her father would walk to the top of the Englewood Cliffs and descend the other side to take the ferry to Manhattan.

The process was reversed in the evening. It was during these walks that W.W. Cook would discuss his philosophy of law with Dorothy, and she told me many times that these discussions were the primary cause of her later decision to study law.

Dorothy graduated from Barnard in 1923. She spoke of Margaret Mead on many occasions as one of her classmates, and even recalled the anthropology class they attended together which in all probability became the cornerstone of Mead's later anthropological career.

Mother then entered Yale Law School and graduated *cum laude* three years later. During those years she became editor of the Yale Law Review and a member of the Order of the Coif, an honorary society for the most distinguished students.

Her studies completed, Dorothy came to New York after graduation in 1926 and took a position with the law firm of Root, Clark, Buckner, Howland and Balantine. It was there she met, argued cases with, and subsequently married my father, H.H. Breland.

When my brother Prentiss was born, she left her practice to care for her family, and after I was born, the family moved from Manhattan to Grand View in the nearby suburbs. After one year they moved to the adjacent town of Nyack.

After we children reached our mid-teens, Dorothy resumed her law career with a position at AT&T in Manhattan. Several years later she

moved to the Prudential Life Insurance Co. legal department in Newark, New Jersey, where she remained until retirement.

After my father died in February of 1973, she served as a consultant and researched and wrote briefs for the law firm of MacCartney, MacCartney & MacCartney in Nyack, New York.

In the fall of 1984, she moved to Jordan, New York in the Syracuse area to a farm owned by her sister, Mary Hall. It was there that she died on May 30, 1987.

Dorothy spent her summers, at least through her late teens, at the Cook camp on the Raquette River. In the early years the family traveled by train to Piercefield. From there, barrels of flour, supplies and people were transported to Hollywood Hotel by wagon. At that point, they were loaded onto flat-prowed boats called punts and taken across the river to the camp. A stage served the hotel and community once daily from Piercefield.

The four Cook sisters, Helen, Dorothy, Edith and Mary, affectionately referred to as "the four cookies," led very active lives. There was a well-worn chin-up bar swinging from the porch ceiling, a tennis court hewn out of the forest behind the camp, hiking trails up the neighboring mountains and along streams and rivers to points of local historical interest. Immediately behind the camp was a huge vegetable and flower garden which supplied the settlement with produce and bouquets of cut flowers. Mother spoke of, literally, tubs of beets and carrots and potatoes, standing on the kitchen floor waiting to be processed for canning on the woodstove. These canned goods were placed in a large wooden cabinet which was buried deep in a sandbank behind the house, safe from frost, bears, and other hungry creatures. The following year

upon entering camp it would be dug up to serve as a source of food until the garden came into production. Wildberries—raspberries, blueberries, blackberries, and cranberries—filled every available container during picking season. Mother spoke with childlike wonder at the marvelous red into which the speckled and tan cranberries from the bogs down the river transformed themselves on that amazing stove in the kitchen.

All water came from a well, and for special occasions, a dripping bottle of spring water was brought up from the root cellar.

Bonfires marked every occasion worth mentioning, at which the oldest members of the settlement beguiled the youth with stories about their adventures living and moving about in the North Woods rivers, mountains and streams. Songs were sung, food was roasted, and there was always someone who performed feats of sleight-of-hand which continued to puzzle the young ones for years afterwards.

Dorothy spoke of the gangs of convicts which came through working on the roads. It was they, Mother said, who constructed the stone fireplaces which were found in every room of the camp. They all smoked when in use and she always felt this was so because they had not been experienced stone masons. She also spoke of the voices of these men, singing on the river at dusk, and how deeply moved she was by the fact that men punished for crimes could and would be moved to sing so sweetly.

There was the story Mother told of the night they were to leave camp for the summer. Arriving at Piercefield station, the stationmaster told her father that he must stand in



A day spent fishing
(Drawing by Carolyn Seymour)

the middle of the track swinging a lantern to and fro when he heard the train approaching. This would notify the engineer to stop. Her father, so the story goes, barely escaped with his life during this encounter. The family returned the next day to try again.

Mother never lost her impressively acute powers of perception and expression, even as her physical strength declined. Several years before she died, she helped revise the constitution of the Jordan Club. Her efforts gave new meaning to her oft-quoted remark, "Brevity is the soul of wit."

Mother was somewhat shy, like her father, but like him she was capable of overcoming this trait by a sheer effort of will. This ability enabled both of them to build careers which brought them into contact with many people. She dearly loved the company of others and looked forward to paying visits and being vis-

ited. She never avoided social contact. Among her things I have found her address books and Christmas card lists which she was forever revising and updating. She engaged in continuous correspondence with her former friends and colleagues, most of whom she had not seen for years. They were as treasured possessions to her.

The one constant in her life was change. To provide stability for this, she always sought the peace of the Raquette River at Hollywood. It brought continuity and meaning to her life and connected present, future, and past. A lawyer dedicated to fact and reason, she made contact here with that which cannot be uttered or defined. She spoke with great respect of the mystery of the Indian burial grounds some-

where down the river, and of the haunting call of the whippoorwill at twilight while she sat on the porch looking at the darkening river.

She was an accomplished fisherwoman and managed to catch fish when no one else could. Fishing was one of her greatest loves. The strike of a fish on her line may have been in some way an image of the flash of inspiration and intuition lawyers who love their profession know so well. Fishing and fishermen are powerful metaphors, biblical or otherwise.

The last years for Mother were difficult, but with her great strength she always remained centered and in charge. No matter what her condition she always insisted on knowing what her medication was and why she needed it.

As her strength waned, she imparted it to those who cared for her and those she loved. We are all stronger for having shared her last years. We shall miss her.



BERT DAVIS, JR.: My Years in the Jordan Club

I confess to being a little astonished to learn that I am among the older members of the old Hollywood group, along with Bob Stoddart. My first trip to Hollywood occurred in the summer of 1933, when I was less than one year of age. The Davis family came to Hollywood as a fallout from the St. Lawrence University group. Uncle Fred (Fred Storrs, my grandmother's brother) had a camp at Hollywood where he and Aunt Ina spent their summers. My grandmother and grandfather, Martha Storrs Hutchison and Leonard Hutchison, purchased their camp from, I believe, a family named Scott. This was all back a few years before the first World War. The Davises, of course, got there when my father had his infamous bicycle ride from Colton to Hollywood and in spite of that ended up marrying my mother.

As far as the new Hollywood connection goes, it all occurred about the time my brother Bob and I were students at St. Lawrence. One of the experiences I recall from this era was driving from Canton to Hollywood with Bob during the school week and arriving just in time to see his camp, recently purchased I believe from Mrs. Hewlett, disappearing over the top of that rather enormous hill upon which it now rests. That was, to say the least, a breathtaking experience. As a married student at St. Lawrence, Bob didn't have great

monetary value in his camp investment; I think the term "sweat equity" would apply very well to his situation.

I also recall the summer that Bob and Irene lived in our old camp while Bob and a college friend were working with the crews who were clearing the land for the flooding. During this period they spent their spare time after work and on weekends with the Hollywood taxi tearing down and moving lumber from various and sundry buildings for the campers involved in the move.

Another experience that comes to mind is that of preparing for moving and adding on to our previous

The camp was duly moved and I believe with a minimum of damage and the following summer Dad and Bob were building a kitchen to attach to one end of the main camp while Mother and I were attending summerschool at St. Lawrence. Bob, Irene, and Paul were then living in their present camp but Mother, Dad, and I shared a two-room camp that summer with one room downstairs and one up. Mother and I studied by an Aladdin lamp (the only time I have known an Aladdin lamp to work properly) and I must confess that I also recall that mother managed to get an A or A+ in her two courses, while I scraped by with a B



*Lou Marchiante and Irene Davis with the Hollywood taxi
(Photo courtesy of Mildred Marchiante)*

camp in Hollywood which is now the Lorraine Claffin camp. I remember helping my father and Bob build the shop at its present location, clearing the top of the knoll of brush and small trees so that what is now the main cabin (at that time it was our sleeping cabin) could be positioned by bulldozer in its final resting place. I recall that my dad had decided that a cistern was the answer to the water problem and so on the top of that knoll we dug what seemed to me a gigantic hole in the rather hard and rocky terrain. This was to be one corner of the kitchen.

or B- in qualitative and quantitative chemistry. I recall quite distinctly the trips down to St. Lawrence in the morning. We would rise at break of day and cross the Raquette by row boat when the fog was still on the river, brushing bushes and of course would be sopping wet and so mother wore her "Ma Kettle" knee-high leather boots. Then while I drove the car she did something of a Houdini act and shed her camp clothes and underwent a metamorphosis into a presentable graduate student. At that time I believe the cement road from Sevey's Corners down to

Colton was fairly new and we could make quite good time. On the way back we usually stopped at McCarthy's in Canton to pick up a block of ice to take back for Bob and Irene's refrigerator (correction: ice box) in order to keep Paul's milk cold.

I don't remember the exact year that I joined the Jordan Club; however, I think it was about the time that Mother and Dad became unable to spend much time in Hollywood because of age and infirmity. This was, unfortunately for me, also the time of my life when establishing my medical practice and family made great demands on the Davis family's time and energies, so periods spent at Hollywood were brief and too far apart. By the time that Janice and I were able to spend much time in Hollywood and to assume the care of the Davis camp, our daughters were already of high school age. At that point my Dad was still alive and when Janice and I announced our intention to go to Hollywood for about a week he told us that certainly one of the things we would have to do was to repair or replace the roof on the kitchen. However, we were young and optimistic at that point and never having had any real carpentry experience, we both felt that this would require only minor repairs. As I recall we went up in the afternoon and our first night there was a torrential downpour followed by drizzly rain for a day or two after that, during which time we used most of the pans and kettles to catch the drips. The first day after the rain stopped, Janice and I took a trip to Potsdam, purchased the necessary materials and returned to Hollywood to spend the rest of the week putting the roof on our kitchen, and if I must say so we did a fairly reputable job and it still doesn't leak.

Speaking of the kitchen, I must regress a bit to some earlier Hollywood days when my parents, particularly Mother, decided that the present Claflin camp was not adequate to our needs and we chose the site of the present Davis camp as our second lot. The requirements for building in two years on the lot were met by the building of a lean-to type structure which later became the kitchen. This building to a great extent was accomplished by Mother and myself with periodic advice from Dad, who was unable to be there for any protracted period of time that summer. I recall very well carrying the lumber from the shore up the hill to the top where the camp now rests and having just completed six weeks of basic ROTC training I was in excellent shape and enjoyed the physical exercise as only a 20-year-old can. I also remember that my Dad helped us raise the studding and plates which we carefully assembled flat on the floor and then helped us with the rafters one weekend and the following week Mother and I put the roof boards on. I put on the first course at the eaves and then helped Mother up the ladder and she sat on the first course and nailed the second course while I carried lumber up from the bank. Her expertise as a roofer became an item of family pride. I also recall from that period Mother and I sitting at the point of our land looking up and down the lake and enjoying the view as we ate our sandwiches for lunch. This experience shared with Mother was a priceless opportunity. By that fall the siding on our somewhat humble building had not been completed, and my high school and college friend and present neighbor in Malone, Doug Gallagher (Doug's dental office is just one door down the street from my medical office), accompanied me to Hollywood and we

spent two weekends working on the siding and enjoying the beauty and serenity of Hollywood in the fall.

The first summer we spent in the present camp was the summer before Janice and I were married, and it was her introduction to Hollywood. She had at once found many things that needed doing and busied herself collecting fallen branches and wood for kindling and firewood as well as painting the railing on the front deck and helping Mother with all the inside chores that go with camping, including an attempt (somewhat in vain) to dispatch a mouse with a baseball bat. Needless to say she passed the Hollywood test which has been a family prerequisite to marriage, in spite of the fact that certain facilities, including the out-house, were not totally complete. We did provide a picture window view down Carry Falls Reservoir, making trips out back a scenic experience.

I think everyone had some questions and doubts as to just what Hollywood would be like following the flooding. I must say, to my parents' credit, that I cannot recall ever hearing them voice any concern about Hollywood not being as good since the River would be gone, the old camps gone, etc., but only what a marvelous and beautiful lake we would have and how this would bring new life into Hollywood and the Jordan Club. As we all know, their faith was certainly justified. Hollywood not only retained its marvelous unique flavor but also added an additional dimension of pleasure with the lake, boating, water skiing, and all the other water sports that became possible, plus the beautiful sand beaches which we now all enjoy.



MAURY TIGNER: Hollywood

morning swim

perfect	blanket	diffuses	somewhere
peace.	occluding	early	near
the	sight	morning	a
lake	along	rays	beaver
still	her	setting	slaps,
sleeps	mirror	off	signaling
beneath	breast.	shoreline	waterborne
a	aloft	intimate	intrusion.
mist	unmistid	hemlock	
wool	blue	darkness	



woodland picture window

gently	with	burning	and
decadent	finest	lake	poplar
the	moss	reflected	sough
stumps	and	gold	softly
in	fern	the	as
front	making	intervening	they
wear	new	guard	compose
brown	life	of	themselves
leaf	from	hemlock,	for
shawls	old.	beech	rest.
of	back		
many	lit		
autumns	at		
past,	dusk		
crowned	in		

raquette dusk

with	her	rose,
perfect	breast.	hint
symmetry	jet	boreal
the	hemlock	mystery,
mirror	silhouettes,	peace
tarn	dark	profound
holds	mountain	mimed
earth	framed,	to
and	dim	beat
sky	lit	of
together	in	heron's
on	pearly	wing.

at thibault falls

primally	avenues	all	that	for
euphonious,	of	backed	bear	salt
jordan's	bursting	by	the	stained
namesake	green,	somber	name	pilgrim,
tumbles	flecked	evergreen	she	her
in	with	and	makes	dulcet
her	meadow	beech.	a	burble
summer	rue	slipping	soul	blent
boulder	and	playfully	rest	with
bed	flitting	down	and	kingfisher
through	mourning	the	body's	and
wild	cloak	falls	too	red
				squirrel
				raucousness.





RUTH F. BOSWORTH: Early Visits to the Jordan Club

My first visit to the Jordan Club was in the fall of 1942. Bob was at Harvard University going through basic training for becoming a naval officer and I went to visit Jean and George Hazzard in Canton, New York. One of the days that I was there a friend of Jean's drove her and me out to Hollywood. We crossed the river in a row boat and hiked around the trails near the cabins, had a picnic lunch and returned to Canton in the late afternoon. It was a cloudy day with occasional rain, but we had a glorious time. It was truly an amazing place in my view and very unique.

In the summer of 1949 Bob and I and our three very small children spent three days at the Priest camp at Hollywood. Bob had never been there and I'm afraid he was hooked on the place with that first visit. The next summer (1950) we returned and stayed for nearly two weeks in Bucks camp. Hazzards were staying in the Priest camp. We hiked back to Twin Ponds and to Thibeau Falls, chopped firewood, swam in the river, rowed the boat back and forth, and had delicious meals all together in the Priest camp. Mrs. Priest was there also, staying in Tool's Residence.

By 1951 the entire area had been cleared for flooding. We visited Hazzards in Canton and one day we drove into the Jordan Club by the back way, on the logging road. We parked on Hazzard's point and had a picnic supper on the pile of lumber that was sitting there waiting to become the Hazzard's main camp.

In 1952 and 1953 we spent two weeks at the Hazzard camp and asked them to put our name up for membership in the Jordan Club. Going anywhere else for a vacation was unthinkable for any one of our family. Bob was voted into the club in

the pile of lumber as it progressed down the lake. The concrete piles were poured and we carried the lumber up to the building site over the Fourth of July weekend and then built the camp during our two-week vacation. The children had quite a bit to do with the building. As George Hazzard measured and sawed the roof boards to size, Ed Hazzard, age 10, and Carol Bosworth, age 12, clung to the roof and nailed the boards in place. Anne Hazzard and Susan Bosworth did a lot of the painting, besides hammering nails. Todd Bosworth, age 6, and Ruth Hazzard,



Children at the Camp (Drawing by Carolyn Seymour)

1954. I became a member of the Jordan Club in 1983, and in 1987 I requested that my membership be given to my son, Todd. He was voted in, and then I became an honorary member.

Our first cabin was built in 1955. The lumber was brought in by placing it across two boats and floating the whole assemblage down the lake from the road near Parmenter campground. Our building crew consisted of the entire Hazzard and Bosworth families and we all sat on

age 4, fetched and carried and held things and were as helpful as anyone their ages could be. It was a great time. Of course Bob and George were the master builders.

Through the next thirteen years we enhanced the property with an outhouse and a moveable dock. Son Todd designed and helped build it. By 1968 daughters Carol and Susan were both married and we needed more room for our increased family. That year we began the lower cabin by building a full foundation and the

floor. Todd, by then a college student, spent most of the summer building the foundation. We wanted a better-quality cabin that we could live in when we retired. In 1969 the walls and roof were built. George Hazzard, Sam Megantz, Todd, and Bob were the builders. The cabin had a double floor and double walls and a Franklin stove in it, but was just one room. Bob and I planned to be the only occupants and thought it would be large enough. However, we found that we all wanted to eat together and the 12' x 18' space was not adequate. It was quite apparent that we needed an addition.

Building the addition presented a problem: there was not enough room for it unless we excavated a large part of the nearby hill. For several summers in the late 1970s we dug away at the hill. Many people came to help: George, Sam, the entire Pushee family, and others. One day Emily Hazzard, who must have been only three years old, was there filling her little wheelbarrow with dirt, wheeling it over to the edge of the bank, and dumping it over. In the middle of the excavation a very large rock appeared. It was too large to remove, so a large hole was dug next to it, and with a block and tackle and come-along, the rock was rolled over into the hole. Finally there was enough room for the addition and in 1981 we built it with George and Sam's help. A deck was added to the front the following year. In 1988 a woodshed was added in back.

All of us in our family consider the Jordan Club to be a very unique and special place that we strongly feel should not be changed if it is possible to keep it the way it is. The use of the road across from the club is a definite improvement over using the public road near the Parmenter campground. Our cars are less apt to

be vandalized and we feel more secure. It is also easier to get to our camps. The members of the club are all very special people and it seems as though we are all one big extended family, caring about each other's welfare. And there are always many things to do at camp—the days are hardly long enough to get everything done. I cannot think of anywhere else that I have been that offers so much recreation: hiking, swimming, boating, water skiing, lying on the beach in the sun, enjoying the beauty, peace and quiet of the place and the stimulating companionship of the members. It is really a bit of heaven on earth.



DAVE FISHER

In 1930, I had the fun and excitement of coming to Hollywood for the first time (at age nine). My parents were in Germany for the summer and I came with Grandpa Lewis B. Fisher (Jordan Club, 1902) from Chicago via train and boat (Detroit to Buffalo) to the Piercefield station, then via the "stage" to the Hollywood Hotel. My Uncle Lewy (Jordan Club, 1926) was on hand to get us to the cottage on the hill just south of the Jordan River where it joins the Raquette River.

As a nine-year-old, I can remember playing with Charlie Clark and making a cabin-like structure near the site of the Bear Trap. Among the other fun things were hiking, swimming, boating, and jumping all the rocks in the Raquette and Jordan Rivers.

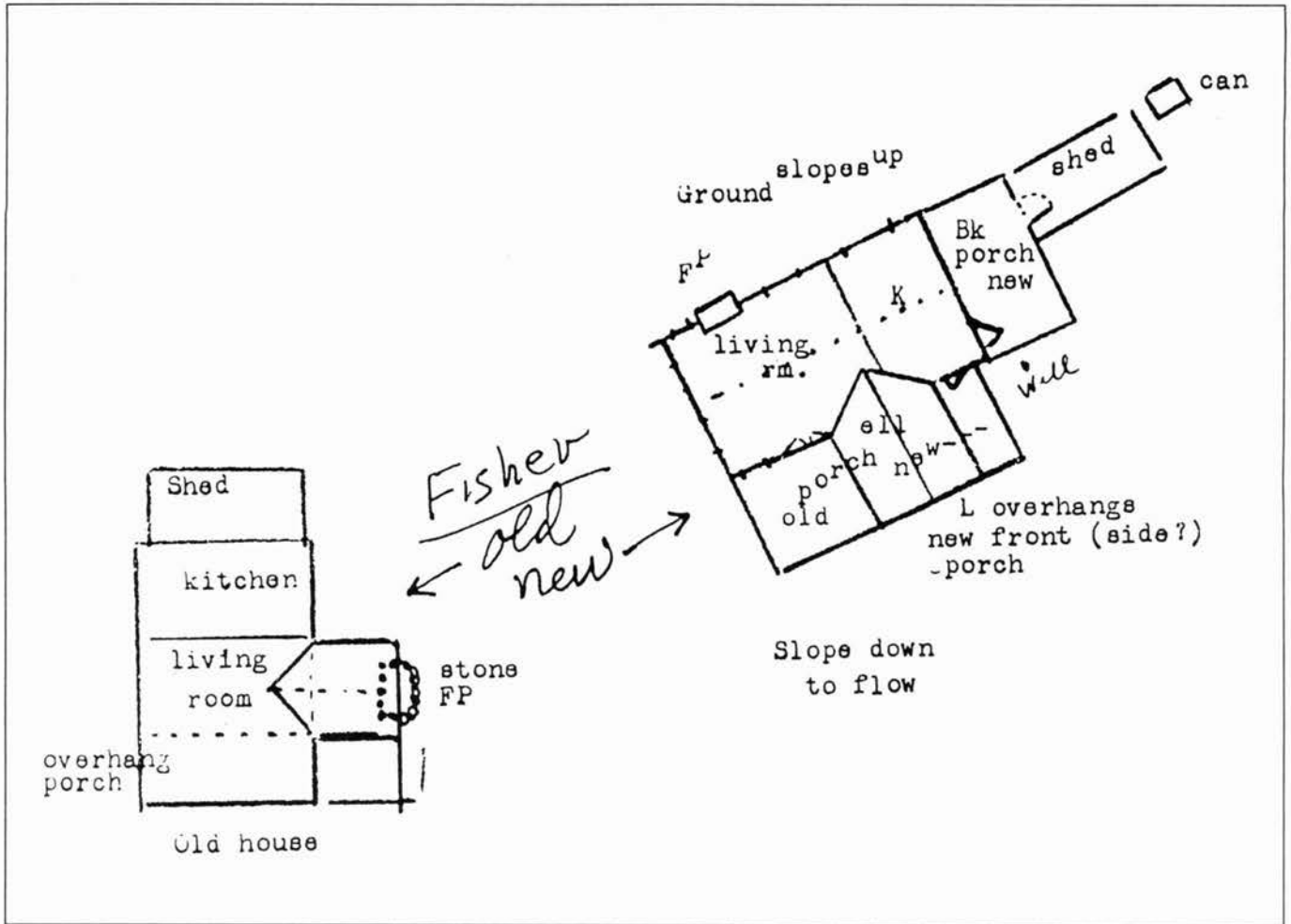


CAROL FISHER

Carol Fisher, the author of the following excerpted letter, was Lew Fisher's sister. Her writing style has the same breezy charm as her brother's, and this piece is redolent with period flavor. Her unique orthography has been retained here. The date is July 1, 1952, when the bulldozers were hard at work clearing the future lake bottom and moving the camps to high ground. She begins by describing the relocated Fisher camp....

Except for the loss of old fireplace, the cabin is better than ever. More porch, crazy old shed out, floors level, well shored. Lewy dug a marvelous cellar, deeper and colder than the old one. He intends to take another crack at the well, which is started but got stalled. In the meantime, our nearest water is the little brook we crossed going to Twin Ponds. We bring up gallon bottles from the spring and keep in cellar. Cellar cold enough to chill cocktails!

Helen Cook Law, Bob Davis, maybe a Stoddart, and the Hutchisons are moving back and sticking. Storrs place was bought by Wray, and he is not moving or rebuilding. A Dr. Hazard, who took Priest's place in physics at St. Lawrence U., comes often with nice wife and 3 chn., and will probably build in site indicated [see map on page 15]; other sites may be taken by some of his friends at St. Lawrence. So the folks will not be wholly isolated. We have



Detail map of the old and new Fisher camps (Drawing by Carol Fisher)

tramped the ¼ mile or so down to river and had a swim every late afternoon.

I arrived at Tupper Friday early, the 20th. Lewy & Al met me. We shopped et. around Tupper and got down here ca. noon. The wide clearing around the river makes the latter look very small. All the relations are strange and different. But the views are going to be grand. The cleared spaces are greening, and give effect of rolling hill everywhere fringed by the woods. From my bed, I see Mt. Pisgah, out the end window of the L (the space where the cobblestone chimney used to be). The new fireplace is good sized, made of sheet iron inside and with a heatolater, which keeps the room cozy.

The weather has been fine; in fact, not enough rain so far, tho the drought was broken by one of the hardest storms I ever saw here. Today is cloudless, fresh. The bulldozers pulled over our old chimney a couple of days after I arrived; it was a sad occasion! They pulled the Hewlett cottage back; quite a sight to watch. Some days ago they betook themselves to parts unknown to me at least. We haven't been down to see the works at the Carry yet, but will sometime.

I had a comfortable trip to Utica, having snagged a front seat where there is a little more foot-room. At Utica I got a berth for the rest of the way. I liked the train better than the one I took before; less of a wait at Utica.

What the, why don't youse guys come here and see for yourself. Think of all the trouble it would have saved, making this fearful and wonderful plot.

...Yesterday I took 15 or 20 pitchas around the place, including some close-ups of orchids (3 kinds), pitcher plant, and lamb-kill (a small rose-pink laurel). Will be sending them on: many of new cabin....

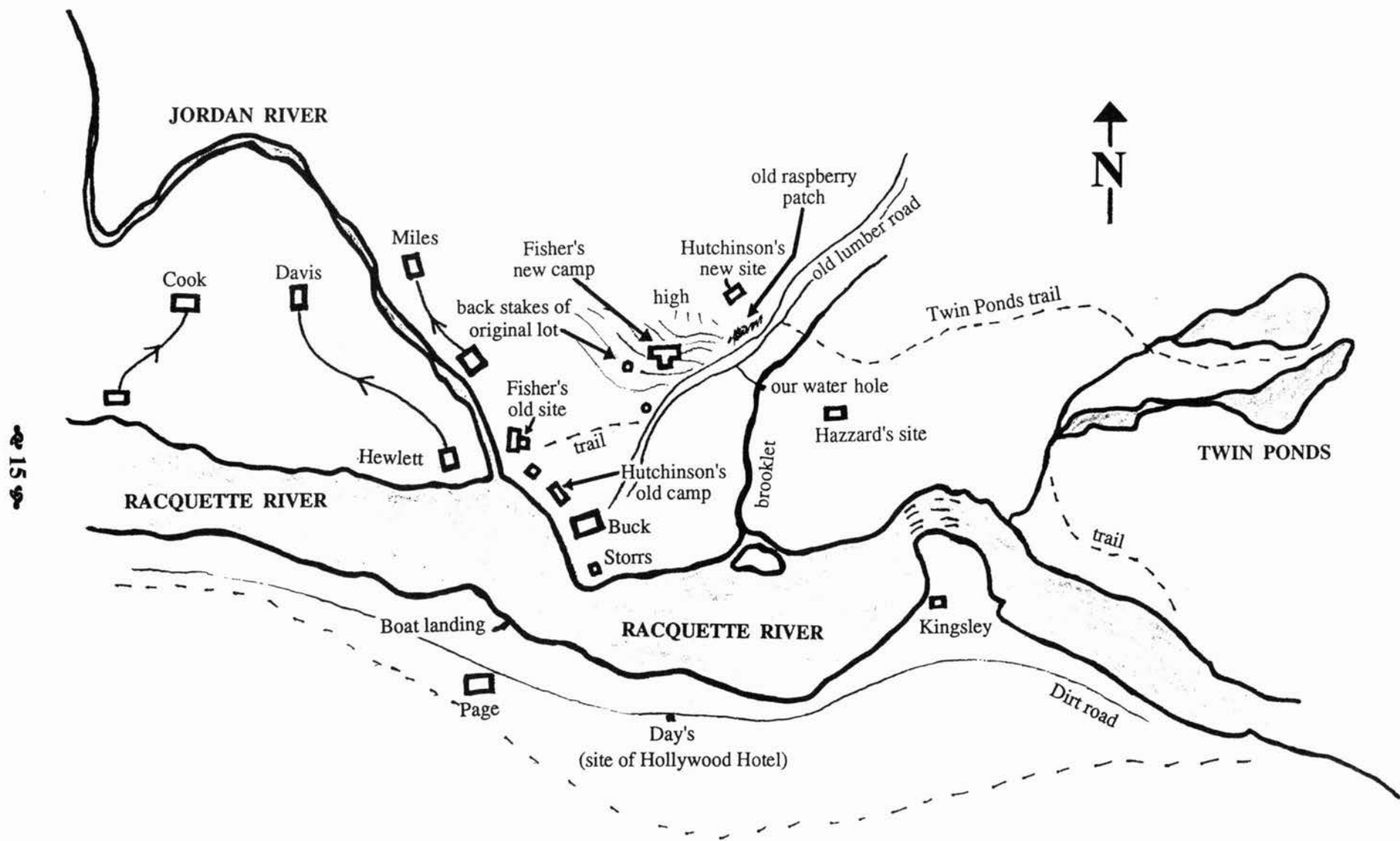




Lewis Fisher at his cabin in August, 1952 (Photo courtesy of Dave Fisher)



Lewis Fisher at Tibo Falls, August, 1972 (Photo courtesy of Dave Fisher)



*Map of the Jordan Club showing how the camps were moved after the dam was built.
(Based on an original drawing by Carol Fisher)*



GEORGE HAZZARD

The following essay was written by George Hazzard in July, 1989, two weeks before his death. He intended to deliver it in October as a "paper" before a Worcester, Massachusetts dinner club, of which he was a member.

It all started because I was a smart kid in college physics courses. That success led to my election to



The Jordan Bridge, circa 1934 (Photo courtesy of Bob Stoddart)

the physics honor society and that in turn led to a late spring outing to the forest camp of the physics department head, Prof. Ward Priest. This camp was on the shore of a major north-flowing river in the Adirondack Park, a river sometimes roisterous and sometimes placid, but always carrying fresh water with the typical coca-cola coloring of Adirondack waters. What a new world was opened to me, a city boy who didn't know a spruce from a balsam,

who marveled at the red and painted trillium, the spotted-leaved dogtooth violets, the dutchman's breeches, the multi-flowered witch hopple and the marvelous odors of a boreal forest of mixed conifers and hardwoods. The fact that you could hear (and frequently see) beautiful little deer mice skittering along the walls of the camp or spend fruitless efforts swatting hummingbird-sized mosquitoes only added to the rich impact of sensations of the natural world.

That was in 1935. The same experiences in 1936 and 1937 only solidified this place as representing the real world apart from the contentious, busy, and difficult world of the city and town. How refreshing and rejuvenating was each new birdsong, each view of a deer brows-

ing, each musical bubbling of a racing river. What could be better for restoring one's health? Little wonder that in August 1940 Jean and I chose this place for our honeymoon. And this led to a new view of Hollywood (for this was the title of this area on the geographical topographic map). Always before I had been there in the spring. Now I could share the beauty of the forest with blueberries, blackberries, and raspberries spreading their abundance in

the open glades and grasslands. This led Jean to talented making of superb blueberry pie!

So it remained: a quiet place, isolated from the busy world and long to be remembered all through the years of World War II. Then in 1950 the Niagara Mohawk Power Corporation started construction of a dam five miles down river and the long-time campers had to tear down their camps since all would be flooded. Happily the Jordan Club retained rights to all land not to be flooded by the rising waters, but would it be worth camping on the shores of a lake which would rise and fall with the seasons since it was a storage reservoir for downriver power dams? I was one of a half dozen members who took a chance

and had trucked in enough lumber to build a 20' x 24' camp at a selected location above the new lake's waterline. (Once the lake filled, one could only get to the Club land by crossing the lake. So all subsequent building and furnishing required ferrying across a quarter-mile body of water and uphill about 50 feet in elevation.)

In 1954 the lake filled for the first time, and what a thrill to see the stump-dotted landscape transformed into a serene and beautiful lake! Maybe the area would still be a haven from the busy world, pine-scented, blue-skied, and people-free. But to enjoy the forest one needed a home with the lumber assembled into a building. How best to do this? Why not give a new generation of students the same thrill I had on first seeing the area? So a spring outing of physics students saw a camp rise miraculously on a ridge overlooking the lake. Heidi had nothing on me, for the camp was in a grove of 40-some 100-year-old hemlocks, which sighed with the wind and sheltered



Ax and chain saw (Drawing by Carolyn Seymour)

the inhabitants. Shed-roofed, window-glassed in three walls, with sleeping quarters for six, the place was ready for family enjoyment of life in the forest.

Over the years many conveniences were added. Bottled gas transformed living from primitive to luxurious: from a two-burner hotplate to a gas range; from kerosene lamps to gas mantle lamps; from a cold spring box to a gas refrigerator. A 15' x 20' kitchen-dining area was added, and a 15' x 15' master bedroom. Tent platforms were erected. Chain saws displaced bow and cross-cut saws for getting up firewood. Outboard motors replaced rowboats. And best of all, a log cabin was built for Mom and Dad's hideaway in this forest retreat.

A few words about the log cabin, the epitome of relaxed yet intimate forest living. It was homeowner-built from logs cut across the lake, hauled to the shore by a white horse, rafted across the lake and winched up a small hill by hand, foundation concrete and concrete block hand-carried to position, chinking every log joint with hardware cloth and plaster by hand—all

this made it a four-year investment of time and energy.

But that, for me, was what Shangri-la was all about. Being on even terms with the woods and its contents, adding order and comfort in tune with no disturbance of the forest ecology gave a peace of mind that was of inestimable value to me in the busy years of career and family growth. All that coupled with the haunting cry of a friendly loon or the quickly vanished sight of a deer and its fawn, or the call of a hermit thrush at dusk, made one feel invigorated and refreshed.

It was equally so with our children. The study of wild flowers, animal tracks, ferns; the hours spent swimming in often cold waters, sailing in a 1935 Comet, canoeing up a quiet bay and catching a beaver at work; picking berries; sitting out a thunderstorm in dry content; watching the brilliant reds and yellows of sunsets. They all add up to a commitment to the living world that needs all the care we can give it. And it brought them back with gossamer ties so that they and their children will experience the same joys as I did. What a 55 years!



RUTH HAZZARD: The Old Hollywood Spring (for George Hazzard)

Going for spring water was a special chore that I did with my dad. We used to fill up those glass gallon jugs, the ones with a hole just big enough for one finger, and a hook for the next one to slip under. At first I could only carry one jug, holding the bottom with the other hand, and set it down a lot at that. Later, I could carry two jugs. My dad could carry four, two in each hand.

You could get to the old Hollywood spring mainly by boat. This was before anyone had heard of Giardia, so we drank water from a spring hole dug down just deep enough to hold a jug in it. We knew it was good, because it filled from underground springs that drained out of a forest glen. The water trickled in slow, with a soft gurgle. It tasted fresh and clean, earthy and tangy.

With the jugs up in the boat and my father back with the motor, I pushed us off from shore and sat at the very front. My job was to hold the bow down so the boat would go right. At that time we still had the wooden flat-bottomed boat that my father had built from a kit. Water sprayed up on both sides of me but I never got wet. I leaned over the bow and watched the green wood cutting through the black water. Two eyes

in a wobbly face looked back at me from the smooth part of the bow wave. I felt like a queen, riding up there.

If the lake was at high water, we beached in ferns and grass off to the left of the spring. When it was low, we looked for a rock to step out on, and crossed the black mud by balancing on logs and stones. Above the high water line, a path dipped and twisted around boulders and humps. It was worn by all Club members who came for water here. Early in the season you saw bunchberries with flat white blooms. Later, you saw the red berries, and then hardhack and pearly everlasting. Always, there was deep moss and ferns. It was every shade of green, along the path to the spring.

I would help by taking the lids off. Then I screwed them back on after Dad lifted each dripping, cold jug up out of the water. You had to push the empty jug far enough down to let the water roll in easy, but not so far that it bumped the bottom and stirred up the fine black silt. That silt floated for a long time, once it got lifted. If the bottle opening was under water, the bubbles sang out, bursting up as the water chortled in. You could hear as the jugs got fuller, because the bubbling went from bass to treble. When it reached a certain pitch, the jug was full.

There was always a ladle and a cup hung on a nail on a tree by the spring, and a funnel too. Some people liked to scoop their water. The cup was for a drink, because you couldn't come there without having it fresh and cold. But I liked it best straight out of the bottle, cold glass and cold water. The weight of all that water made my hands shake, and the cold stream flowed right into my mouth. At home, you couldn't drink from the jug, but here, my dad let me.



Swimming at the Jordan Club (Drawing by Carolyn Seymour)

Your fingers got tired awful fast, wrapped around that hole and that hook. Plastic bottles got popular after a while, because of their big handles. But nothing was as beautiful as that goldish clear water shining in the glass. My father's fingers were wide and strong, and he made it all the way to the boat with four bottles. But he made me feel proud of whatever I could carry, made me feel like I was a help to him. If I got tired of carrying, I could throw stones in the water. But mostly I didn't mind, and I always went back for three or four trips.

Then one year someone found a big white worm in the spring. After that, people weren't so sure of

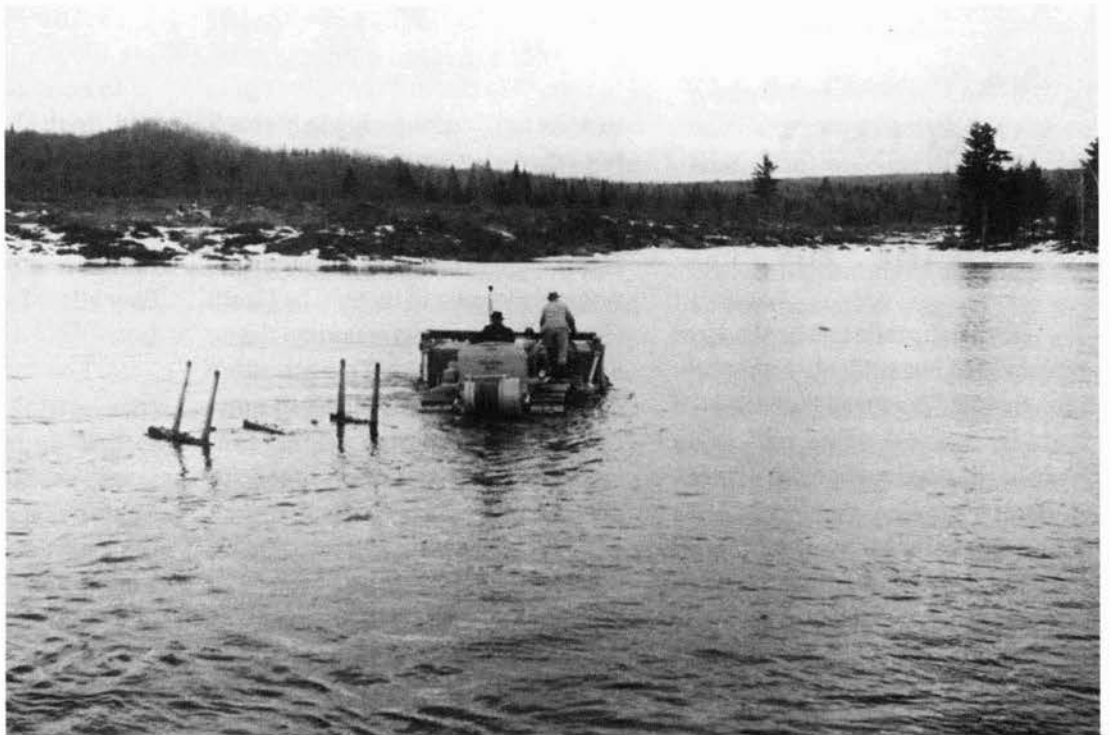
it. They said it was drying up, and they redug it, but it didn't fill right. Then people said the spring by the road to Tupper was good, and everyone filled their jugs there. Now no one would drink it even if it filled right, because of beaver fever.

But in my mind the old Hollywood spring is still gurgling, with my father's sneaker print fresh in the black mud.





*Photographs on
pages 19 & 20:
The Carry Falls
dam project on the
Racquette River.
The project forced
the members of the
Jordan Club to
move their camps
to higher ground
in 1952.
(Photos courtesy
of Niagara
Mohawk)*





NANCY HALL McCURRY: The Summers of the '70s

My sixth grade teacher had just explained to her students a phenomenon that had occurred thousands of years in the past. She told of an inexplicable theory that tens of thousands of Egyptian slaves had been hard put to tote, carry, or otherwise drag stone blocks of immense size and weight to construct a pyramid for their *beloved* (I doubted that) pharaoh. My teacher personally figured it could *never* have been done in that fashion. I rubbed my calloused hands and I knew better. I had lived it. It could be done.

*Dateline, HOT/WET 1970.
Childwold, New York*

The overseer (Bill) cracked a cat-o'-nine tails above his head as his children's frail bodies quivered in fear. "Up that hill" he bellowed to us as he replaced the whip in his back pocket.

One kid in front and one kid aft held tightly to the handles of the Hand-Cart-From-Hell (also affectionately known to us as "The Death Gurney"); upon its sagging frame lay a cement block. This primitive conveyor supposedly aided, to some degree, the transport of weighty construction materials that were soon to become our cabin.

After the morning internment, the good woman of the house (Pat) would kindly toss a warm carrot or dried strip of celery to her shaking horde. Although only a glance at the water jug would have suited us, this woman of mercy allowed us to drink on several occasions. Mornings and afternoons saw the same torment.

The only variance in this daily drudgery would be to drop from double time to single time on Sundays.

After the cement blocks were set, the 2 x 4s came. We figured 45 or 46 miles of them, if strung end-to-end. In the beginning a single board took one kid in front and one kid aft like the hand cart. But by the end of the first day we were able to carry four or maybe five; only then would they allow us to down-gait to a slow trot.

The tarpaper was next to arrive—on the hottest day of the summer, of course. We all just stared into the boat, not believing our eyes. There must have been five rolls of the stuff that we *knew* weighed in at a hundred pounds apiece. Thoughts of an uprising swept into our minds, but where could we go? The thought of holing up on The Island came to us, but the black flies were treacherous that year and we all knew with certainty we'd be bloody pulp by supper time. So we took to task and

clasped onto the death gurney (we thought one day it would carry us away as well). But we hauled that tarpaper up that hill. At night I can remember all five of us kids sitting around the "out-building" quietly singing songs we called The Blues.

By the end of summer we had a shelter. It truly looked beautiful and we were as proud as our station would allow. Our muscles were now well defined, backs tanned, and hands permanently cupped as a result of the hand cart. But we were happy now. Our time of indenture was up. We all sighed in relief and spent the fall building fat for the winter. One fiercely cold and blizzardy night in Rochester we received a call from Buzz Dumas. The cabin had fallen like a house of cards. All of us looked around, and thought again of the verses of the songs we called The Blues.



NANCY HALL McCURRY: A Rainy Reminiscence

My most prevailing recall is not really a picture at all, but the intoxicating aroma of twenty-six stone-drenched sneakers (two pairs apiece) trying ardently to dry. This feast for the nose was only heightened when the sneakers reached that certain degree of doneness and the rubber began to smoke and melt. Ah, the memories....

The ferns too hold a place in my heart and in this story as well. My first recollection is from under-

neath them, looking up, as that was my perspective at six years of age. How the tiny specks on their undersides were laid down in such a precise order seemed a miracle to me. Mom told all five of us that these specks were in fact fern babies and one day soon would grow to be ferns like their parents. This stirred us.

A snapshot, still treasured, shows Mom and Dad making their way through the knee-high undergrowth of wispy vegetation, both wearing determined faces, looking like "Bwana and Company" cutting through a drizzling rain forest. Behind their expedition followed small hats atop bobbing heads barely clearing the canopy of this ferny jungle. Red and yellow patches could be detected through the growth. These snatches of color were in reality the ever-present Charlie Brown sweatshirts that for years had pleaded to be outgrown. They sported certain stains that we, at one time, could name, and they had a smell that they never let go of; they smelled liked the cabin, the trees, and the ferns, I think.

I can even now smell the baby pine trees growing on our path on the hill. These trees were relentlessly straddled and fondled, often in an aggressive manner. Their soft furry branches were not yet needles and their pliant stems looked forward to trunkhood, not unlike ourselves as children.

More than twenty years have passed now and we can find them still. Tall stately sentinels, well-needled and toughly barked, line the path to our cabin. Their job is to shelter their children, whose needles are not quite needles yet, and to look down upon those of us who had so thoughtlessly mishandled them in the past, and to protect us as well.

Now it is again rainy afternoons, and we hold our new families

and smile as our children grow into the Charlie Brown sweatshirts. We sit warmed in stocking feet on a teeming and languid day as the stove does its job: steam rising, mingling with the smoke, our noses fairly twitching as we watch the sneakers drying (two pairs apiece).



PAT & BILL HALL: Our Years at Hollywood

It was in the spring of 1966 that Bill's Aunt Mary asked us if we would like to go to her new camp at the Jordan Club. Bill was delighted to go, remembering the summer he spent at the old Cook camp in 1938, when he was twelve. For me, all I needed was to know that it was on a lake. The youngest of our five children was three, and it's fortunate that they were all small as there was a lot of clothing and equipment to pack in and on the station wagon. That week was a marvel for all of us. So when Mary asked us if we wanted to do it again the next summer the answer was a resounding "yes!"

Bill became a member in 1968. The following summer we purchased our lot on the hillside between the Fisher and Miles camps. Work started that summer and by the end of Bill's two-week vacation the platform was framed. Our children's stories of their supreme efforts in carrying immense pieces of lumber up that steep hill border on child abuse. They insist that I gave them

one chocolate chip each time they ascended the hill. With that and the assistance and advice (often conflicting) of Lou Marchiante, George Hazzard, Sam Megantz, Maury Tigner, and Alan Seymour, we succeeded.

In July 1970, Bill took a job in Rochester, New York, getting us away from the too-hectic life outside New York City and putting us much closer to our true home in the mountains. On October 25th we had the cabin enclosed and we left after sunset in snow flurries. Just to make that day more memorable, on that dark and spooky landing after putting our boat away, Bill went to the car and it would not start. The silence was deafening—then we heard the crunch of gravel as a boat landed. It was Ansel and Beulah Dorothy returning from a visit with Alice and Lew Fisher. He had jumper cables in the truck and we were off and forever indebted.

The following March we had a phone call from Buzz Dumas. They had just been to the Jordan Club after a winter of heavy snow interrupted by a warm January with rain. Our cabin had collapsed.

We were not the only ones to suffer that winter. Helen Law's (later Alan Hall's, and now his daughter Beth's) roof split down the ridge pole. Stowell's two-story camp up the Jordan looked as if it had exploded. By working nearly every weekend we were able to reassemble the cabin, reusing most of the material. Money was scarce so we straightened nails, reengineered the stringers, and used storm sash instead of the double-hung windows that were smashed in the collapse.

In 1977 Bill was offered an opportunity to start up a business in Phoenix. It meant long hours and no time off for the first couple of years.

But the business prospered as we'd been promised. In another two years we were able to retire and spend our summers at the cabin and our winters in Phoenix, enjoying the best of the east and the west. Now our children have children and a new generation is coming to visit and to learn the joys of living at Hollywood.



MILDRED MARCHIANTE

My introduction to Hollywood was through Bob Davis and Irene Davis Strausbaugh through our close friendship while attending St. Lawrence University from 1949-1953. My first visit was in the winter of 1951, which remains vivid in my mind. It was a crisp, sunny winter day, with fresh fallen snow hanging on the trees, creating a picture postcard of a winter wonderland. We snowshoed into camp, when the depth of the snow covered all the ugly tree trunks that remained from the land clearing in preparation for the flooding in the summer of 1953.

Prior to flooding, access to the lake was along the dirt road where Parmenter public landing is today, and continuing on the original stage coach road to a point across from the island, where we parked. We would

announce our arrival by blowing the car horn, signalling Bob to pick us up in the Hollywood taxi. The road (I use the term loosely) consisted of huge mounds of bulldozed dirt, bumps, deep holes, and sharp turns. Rising and descending on this road, the taxi reminded you of a roller coaster.

At that time you could also drive a car from the main highway to the camps. The "roads" on the camp side consisted of a labyrinth of bulldozed dirt, most of which were dead ends not discernible until you actually drove into them. Irene and I drove out for ice one summer day and before we found our way back through the maze of dead ends, the ice was almost melted.

Directly after the flooding and for years afterward, slime and mud made getting into camp unpleasant. The water level fluctuated and the soil sometimes never dried out, making it very slick when pushing the



*Sleepy Hollow in winter
(Photo courtesy of Bob Stoddart)*

boats, which were always high and dry, into the water. We would wear rubber boots to keep from sliding.

That water level could drop fast! One evening, after dining and playing bridge with Lewy and Alice Fisher, we found our boat high and dry, and such a distance from the water we were unable to launch it. Lou had to take the motor off in

order to get the boat in the water. On occasion it could rise as quickly as it dropped.

A few experiences come to mind as I write this. One incident occurred after crossing over the Jordan Bridge. As we wavered on the steep bank beside Paul Davis's camp, with the taxi at an angle I shudder to think about, two eyes appeared: obviously a deer staunchly defending his territory. Sitting in the taxi tipped on that sloping bank, I had the feeling if either of us sneezed we would be in the Jordan River.

We have visited Carry Falls Reservoir during all seasons and each has its own special beauty. In 1979 we spent Thanksgiving weekend in camp with good friends and cooked a complete turkey dinner for nine in the wood stove. The water was down to pre-flooding level and we walked the beaches uncovering pits containing objects like narrow-neck milk bottles, glass toys, etc., which had been buried and remained in their underwater graves after flooding. When the water is this low we have



The Hollywood taxi (Drawing by Carolyn Seymour)

to dock the boat at the foot of the hill (the original Raquette River bed) in front of the Strausbaugh camp, a long haul to our place.

On a crisp, sunny North Country day in the winter of 1982 eight of us cross-country skied into camp for the weekend. The temperature outside the camp was 20° warmer than the inside. By evening we were warm and cosy. We skied in areas I had never been to, and the beauty was indescribable. The last day we started out to Twin Ponds; a blizzard shortened that excursion. We departed for home with a wind-chill factor of 40 below, according to the radio, and crossing the frozen, wide-open lake with the wind howling was quite an ordeal. You had to tuck your head down and bend over to fight the wind. Once across, the protection of

the trees made the journey to the cars parked on the highway enjoyable.

Many changes have taken place since my first visit. In recent years it has become an increasingly popular recreation area in the 1980s, and the number of boats and people increase each year. However, it is still a unique spot with much to offer. I wish it could remain as it was, but I realize it will not. I am sure the original Jordan Club members had the same feeling when NiMo moved in to build the dam in the 1940s. I am very thankful for all the happy memories and fun times we have had with so many family members and friends. May the Jordan Club live on through all the forthcoming changes!



*The Lodge during the winter season
(Photo courtesy of Bob Stoddart)*





SAM MEGANTZ:

How we found out about and joined the Jordan Club

The Megantz family—Linda (9), Bob (7), Ruth and Sam—were invited to Carry Falls Reservoir by Jean and George Hazzard in 1957. They knew we had spent our summer vacations tenting in the Adirondacks and were getting disillusioned by the overcrowding at the campsites. After a weekend visit, followed by a vacation in the Bosworth camp, we requested membership in the Jordan Club in 1960. We built a 12' x 30' one-story camp in 1961. This has to be one of the smartest moves the Megantzes ever made, and probably *the* smartest, as we look back on 30-plus summers spent in an environment of rugged natural beauty shared with a community of great people.

We selected a site for our camp just south of the Hazzard site. It presented two problems: no level ground on which to build, and an eroding 30-foot-high bank along the lake shore in front of the site. To solve the first problem, we dug a shelf out of the side of the hill. This required a lot of shovel and wheelbarrow work, but was finite. The second problem was really worrisome, because we visualized the bank crumbling and the camp ending up in the reservoir. We worked for years on that bank. It now seems stabilized by trees and plants, and the camp still stands after 28 years.

Son Bob, then 10, and Sam built the camp during the summer of 1961. We drove up every weekend, starting in May, sometimes through snow squalls. Our mutual dedication to this construction job was a meaningful experience for both of us. I never forced him to go to camp with me, and I let him do everything. His mother would have died a thousand deaths seeing him nailing rafters and applying roofing. He was really a lot of help. Other Jordan Club members, Hazzards and Bosworths in particular, helped with the project. On Labor Day weekend 1961, the Megantzes stayed in their newly “closed in” camp. This was a very helpful positive for us, as we had just lost Ruth’s mother. Carry Falls Reservoir provided therapy early in our relationship.

There are older, wealthier clubs in the Adirondacks. Those I have read about strive to bring the comforts, even the luxuries, of civilization to the wilderness. The Jordan Club is perhaps unique. Most of the members build their own camps. The camps are predominantly on the small side and blend well with their surroundings. There seems to be a desire to merge with nature. Members maintain a simple lifestyle and have a high regard for the environment. Here is a surprisingly wild and uncluttered area for the peaceful enjoyment of nature.

Memories: berry picking, fishing, swimming, canoeing, hiking, hunting, reading, playing bridge, cocktail hours, construction, landscaping, road repairs; the Altamont Dairy hot fudge sundae tradition, church dinners, Buzz Dumas rebuilding Stowell’s camp, Beulah Dorothy, Ham Ferry, Dorothy Breland’s memorial service, bear events, fawn at the garden, red fox stroll, Bob Bosworth “ornithologist” identifying molting goldfinch.



CHRISTINA M. SCHMIDT: Jordan Club Memories

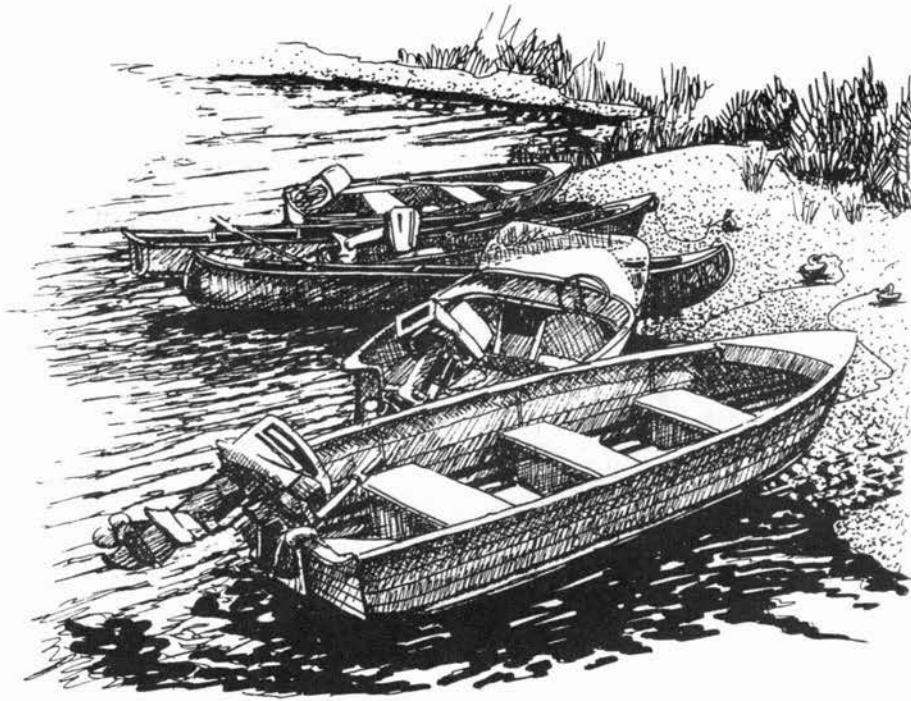
My introduction to the Jordan Club occurred in the mid-1950s, when I was about 11 or 12 years old. The Hazzard family had invited the Munsons to spend a day at “camp.” George Hazzard and my dad, Ken Munson, were faculty members at St. Lawrence University, and our families had been friends for some years.

I still remember that first exciting motorboat trip from Parmenter to Hazzards’ camp—slow going with such a boatload, but with enticing views at every bend. Today’s crossing from the “new” landing seems tame by comparison.

Visits to Hazzards’ camp were wonderful fun for my sister Jane Ann and me. While the parents visited, the Hazzard, Munson, and sometimes the Bosworth and Romer children would swim, hike, or read comic books. As we grew older, quoting passages from Pogo became a passion, as we holed up on rainy days in Tools’ Residence.

Swimming was a challenge in those days right after the “Flood.” The black muck, half-buried stumps, and strange “jelly bags” that mysteriously appeared on the lake bottom gave us plenty to screech about, not to mention the usually icy water.

I was especially intrigued by the beautiful mosses and lichens in the woods. George knew the names and habits of these and many other



Boats and canoes at the Club (Drawing by Carolyn Seymour)

plants, and he patiently answered my many questions. His love and respect for the woods were contagious. I remember being awed by the beauty of the Jordan trail to Thibeau Falls, and I never imagined that someday I would be lucky enough to have a cabin along this same trail.

My family has enjoyed Jordan Club membership for almost 20 years. In 1976 my husband Henry and I began building our cabin, with the help of our two small boys, Jonathan and Andy, and my father, brother, and assorted club members. We'll never forget that first summer, living in tents that never dried out, fending off hordes of little green flies (which we've never seen since) between hammer whacks. Investing family energy certainly is part of what the Jordan Club is all about, whether it's in building, carrying supplies up a long trail, or organizing expeditions. Our family is grateful to be a part of this venerable, century-old organization of fellow North Woods lovers.



CAROLYN SEYMOUR

Our first contact with the Jordan Club came in a desperate letter from Alice Leigh Fisher from Hollywood, New York, asking if she could visit us; at the time, we were stationed at the U.S. Embassy in Ottawa. We had kept up a correspondence with her, and knew that she had been married several years earlier to someone named Lew Fisher. She explained in her letter that their life was tumbling down around them, that complete destruction surrounded them, and in order to preserve her sanity she had to get away from it. They were enduring the massacre of the forest around Old Hollywood by the "dam" people. She said she felt every tree that fell was the death of a special friend. But alas, we received

her letter just a day before we had planned to depart on a much-anticipated six-week tour of the West with our kids. I had to write her that their visit would be impossible at that time. This was June of 1952, I think.

I felt very badly about this refusal to have them as our guests. Alan and I had known Alice Leigh as our director of recreation at Friendship Settlement House in Washington, D.C., where we both had lived and worked before we were married. She had watched our relationship bloom and had been heartily supportive when we decided to get married in 1940. But it was not until August of 1954, when we had finished our tour at the Ottawa Embassy and were in the process of finishing the building of our house on a piece of land we had bought right after the war, that we received an invitation from Alice to visit them at their "reincarnated" camp. Having been introduced the year before to the "joys" of camping with our kids, who were seven and nine, we had a new tent and sleeping bags, so we decided to try them out in the Adirondacks.

We had driven through the Adirondacks on our trips between Ottawa and D.C. and had liked the country very much. So with Alice's detailed directions in hand, we made the two-day trip from D.C. This was before I-81, when it took hours to pass through Binghamton and Syracuse, not to mention the two-lane roads most of the way. We finally arrived at the old swampy parking site beside the Parmenter Campground in the late afternoon. Much to our relief, there were Lew and Alice in their Adirondack skiff and canoe with oars and paddles. I don't remember how long they had been waiting, but I'm sure they had battled mosquitoes for quite a while. After introductions were exchanged and

our gear loaded into the boats, we began that wonderful passage down the Raquette into the peacefulness of "the camp." Lew was rowing the skiff, and Alan and I were paddling the canoe; both boats were overloaded with people and gear, so it was with anxiety yet awe that we passed the point and entered Hollywood Lake and saw not a single house or sign of human habitation. It was a magical moment, seemingly out of this world (which it was).

We found their house a "living antique," amazing considering that it had been dragged up that hill from Old Hollywood. We got the sense of those people of bygone years living with that same wood furniture and smells. Alice had prepared a simple meal with fern salad, and we were all ready for bed early. The next morning there was much conversation about mice scabbings and possible bat brushes during the night as well as deer sightings and raccoon encounters. We spent the morning swimming back and forth in the cove to the islands, both of which seemed larger than they do now. Heavy brown scum lines on the beaches marked each level as the water receded, making the landscape appear like a contour map. The water itself was a murky purple and brown, resembling over-brewed tea. We were introduced to the woods on a hike to Twin Ponds, where we learned about eskers and quaking turf, pitcher plants, and sundews. We took the path to the spring which Alice and Lew had made, and walked behind Lew as he dangled the water

buckets from his shoulder yoke fashioned from a portage yoke. We were shown the raw cuts in the forest made by the bulldozers to clear the way in order to drag the cottages up the hill from Old Hollywood.



Stream scene (Drawing by Carolyn Seymour)

The second night we planned to "camp out" since we had gone to the trouble to bring in all of that equipment. Alan and I set up our tent in the afternoon on the Hazzard Bluff on their platform, and after supper we paddled over there as the fog rolled in. At one point we could only see our heads above the canoe. During the night we heard deer sniffling and mice noises, but we slept well in the unfamiliar quiet of the woods. The next morning we were treated to the first of many blueberry pancake breakfasts. As I recall, we met Helen Law and Dorothy Breland

on that first visit. And we fell in love with Alice's husband, Lew Fisher.

We visited them again for a couple of days the year our daughter made a college campus tour, when we decided we were "hooked" by the Jordan Club. However, it was not until July, 1962 after the birth of our third child that we returned to the "lake." We arranged to stay in the old Davis camp with our three kids, who were then 2½, 15, and 17. This time we tramped over the whole club land with the idea of buying a place of our own. We considered the Pat and Bill Hall site, the Stringham site, and the second Stowell site. When we saw the Plummers' one-room cabin and realized we could start camping right away, it was with great excitement that we did the necessities to buy it and join the club. The next summer we were five people in that one-room cabin, and it rained the whole two weeks we were there. I must admit that some of our enthusiasm was dampened.

We did manage to build an entrance shed for wet boots, and we planned to build the bunk room addition the following summer. We had thought a sleeping porch would suffice, but soon realized we needed a more substantial shelter. During the years of building the bunk wing, the living room with stone fireplace, raising the roof to accommodate a bedroom upstairs among the branches of a large beech tree, and laying a new floor (which finally convinced the mice we weren't building new homes for them), our kids brought their friends from college and high school

and elementary school to enjoy the "lake." They all learned to water ski, play the guitar, sail a boat, paddle a canoe, build a square wall, fix a motor, transplant trees, dig a foundation, handle a chain saw, play bridge, chess, and Scrabble, draw, paint, swim, finish puzzles, read. We became acquainted with the Stowell children, the Hazzard children, the Megantz children, the Stringham children, and established bonds which each year continue to grow stronger. And there was always Lew Fisher, who was "Uncle Lewy" to our kids. We have come to this place almost every year for part of our summer vacation except when we were stationed overseas. We introduced the Stringhams to "the lake." They were acting as surrogate parents for our second son, who was in college and spending his summers at the lake. We headed for the lake on our home leaves every other year, and it has been our eastern "retirement" home since 1976.

There are many other memories flooding into my brain:

- ☞ using "tar baby," a relic of a tow boat other people had used to build their camps and held together by numerous layers of tar—hence its name—to haul materials down from the Parmenter site landing. We never lost a load, but there were some almosts;

- ☞ the "clorox cake" when the bottle of Clorox was mistakenly used instead of the water storage clorox bottle;

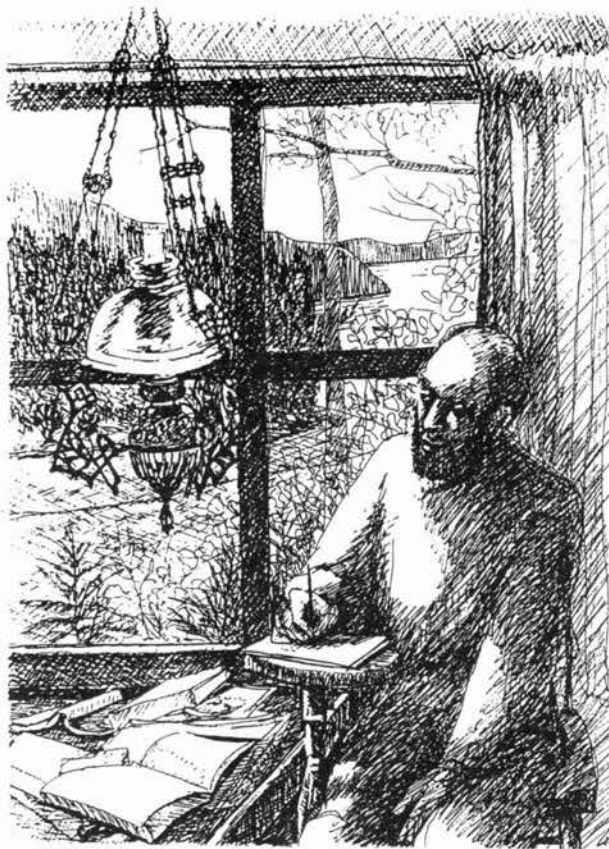
- ☞ the evening we all got together and rented the motel room at Beulah Dorothy's motel in Childwold so we could see the astro-

nauts walk on the moon. This was the only time anyone at Hollywood felt the need for television during the summer;

- ☞ the way our children brought their friends and mates-to-be to the lake to test their sincerity about life's problems and abilities to cope without twentieth-century accoutrements (well, hardly any);

- ☞ the way neighbors always are eager to help solve a problem and encourage new projects.

Our latest project is to increase the working area in back of our camp. This involves digging by hand and levelling terraces, using the glacial



Quiet camp life (Drawing by Carolyn Seymour)

stones uncovered to make retaining walls. This project is not finished yet, but remains a challenge to take up each summer. We will also need to think about more sleeping room as our family grows with the grand-

children, who are learning to love the place. We had the peace and quiet of the lake needed to plan our retirement house which we have built on Bainbridge Island in Washington State. We spent two summers drawing plans and making models. This is the place which inspires me as an artist; I have done some of my best work using this environment as stimulation, and consequently we and our kids and a few customers have pictures hung all over their homes recalling the happy days in the summertime.

One year we had the club picnic on our brand new deck overlooking the lake, and some people used their portable camp stoves. We were afraid of fire, but it didn't happen. However, we did have a fire one year; this was during the time we were stationed in France and the Stringhams were building their camp. Their boys were living in our camp with Larry, who had to leave early to work at a job. Larry had built a new "throne room" which was extra-deep, large, and comfortable with a magazine rack and fancy seat; a dutch door afforded the occupant a magnificent view of the lake, yet assured privacy. Larry was very proud of it, and anxious to show it to his parents the following year when they would be coming home. The Stringham boys had emptied the ashes from the stove and put them in a cardboard box for use in the new throne room; the ashes

caught fire and burned down the new construction. They were able to control the fire before it did any damage to the woods or other buildings, but Larry has never gotten over his disappointment at our not being

able to use his deluxe new throne room. The Stringham boys replaced it, but it was not in the same class; with the view, however, it is almost as enjoyable as the original.

Another episode which must not go unmentioned is the acquisition of a piano on our side of the lake. With the advice and help of the Clafins we were able to find a good old piano in Potsdam; it was one which had been used in the production of *The Music Man* presented at Potsdam University and to which we had taken our youngest son and his four French friends when they spent a month with us in the States. The problem was how to get it to camp. The Stringhams had a substantial swimming float, so we decided to lay the piano on its back on the float and tow it across. With the help of a piano skid and six or seven strong backs we accomplished the loading of the float. A storm was brewing when we pushed off from the landing, and by the time we arrived at our beach after a slow, anxious crossing, the rain was beginning to splatter. We were able to get the piano upright on the beach and covered before we had to run for shelter. The lighting and thunder roared; when it stopped temporarily we started to haul it up the hill. With the aid of the skid and some new paths hastily dug, we were about three-quarters of the way to the porch when the piano on the skid started to slide sideways on the muddy bank. Linda Megantz was at the crucial spot; she dug in her heels and laid her shoulder against the case and said "I've got it!" And well she had. She had made a tripod with her body and held it in place for several minutes while the lines were tightened and the instrument straightened. Just as the crew rolled it onto the porch, another thunderstorm descended, but it was safely inside. It is still there and endures the efforts

of various levels of pianistic endeavor ranging from chopsticks and jazz to Martha Pushee's practice sessions. Martha started coming over from the time she was about eight years old and would diligently practice a half hour twice a day. We now know her as a talented and serious musician studying at the Eastman School of Music in Rochester.

We have had many guests, relatives and friends, with whom we have been proud to share our summer life at "the lake." Most of them leave with feelings of having been "out of this world," and with a new sense of accomplishment—some merely for enduring the hours in the nineteenth-century style while others for achieving a goal like swimming across the lake and back, or sailing down to the dam, or picking quarts and quarts of blueberries and making jam, or swimming in Twin Ponds (with that giant turtle and that silky water—it's an experience), or enjoying those pristine beaches down the lake and seeing deer and chipmunks and raccoons in their natural settings, or fishing for their supper and breakfast. We have all enjoyed following the blazed trails into the woods and we appreciate the work the trustees do each year keeping them open and clear.

And so down through the generations this place evolves, challenges, and charms all those who encounter and play here. It is an unforgettable experience to see the sunset after an afternoon thunderstorm, or stumble upon a deer on the path and exchange unblinking stares before it vanishes in a wink. There is the thrill of catching that first fish or swimming that certain distance goal or spending the day alone on a sailboat down the lake trusting in your own confidence, while you know your parents are sweating blood waiting to spot your

sail coming back. These are the things we and our kids have been growing up with, and we are forever grateful.



JEAN STRINGHAM: Getting the Refrigerator Up the Hill

Our son Warde went to Richardson's Hardware in Heuvelton, where he purchased a Serval refrigerator the size of which had not been seen in the Jordan Club. Many problems emerged immediately. The first was transportation across the lake in a boat that barely contained the new purchase. Astride the refrigerator, with water two inches below the gunwales, Warde paddled across, praying for no wind. Next project: up the hill to the cabin. Volunteers, so dear to the Adirondack heart, appeared: Messrs. Bosworth, Megantz, Seymour, and the grand man of the lake, Lew Fisher. Dear Lew, strong as an ox but afflicted with an inner ear balance problem, soon established the pattern of push the fridge three feet, grab Lew as he staggered back three feet. This process was repeated until complete. Thank you, gentlemen.

We miss you, Lew!





JULIA TIGNER

One thing is very important. We need to give praise to Lewis Fisher for his noble persistence in clinging to the legal rights under the old lease. Of course I can't remember *when* he told us about it, and the details are vague; but he spent himself, time, energy, money, hanging on like a bulldog. He even travelled to Chicago, to some head office, to insist on Jordan Club rights. It was also he who wangled assistance in moving cabins up the hill.

The Priests were very generous to us, making their camp available to us when our boys were young. We all get nostalgic about Hollywood. It is my favorite place on earth. It has been the one "constant" in my life, I guess. I've lived many places in the nature of things, but Hollywood has always drawn me.

A few events stand out in my memories. One "first day," in organizing the old kitchen, I came on a batch of very new mice in a drawer. Another "first day" we entered to find a large (maybe 10" diameter) hole in the kitchen floor. It took some time to discourage that porcupine.

One memory returns yearly on Columbus Day. Maury had the day off from school, and Hugh asked what I would like to do with the day. My response: "I would love to go to Hollywood." "All right, let's go," said he, and we went. I was most unwieldy with our third child. We got there and Lew responded. He was always gracious. He did view my proportions with alarm, justifiably as it turned out ---Timothy was born on the 16th. Lew had some deer

tenderloin chops, and we had brought a picnic. A fire was built in the Priest's outdoor fireplace, the chops were broiled, and we dined like kings. Perhaps it was then that Lew recounted his Herculean efforts to hold on to Hollywood.

Another pre-flood memory is when we turned at Parmenter's onto the old road to the landing. The boys started to jump up and down with excitement. I started breathing deeply the delicious smell of the woods. Hugh was busy watching the road.

We loved the place when it was a river. The boys learned to swim and fish. We were all blessed by the beauty and peace of it. One of the special gifts, cultivated in the old days and remaining still, is the special relationship of the members. People know when to help and when to let alone. There's a special bond among us.



NANCY TIGNER

Maury's memories of his childhood summers at Hollywood were the reason that, in the summer of 1964, we drove over to the Raquette from the cabin we had been renting on the St. Lawrence for summer vacations. In the spring of 1966, Maury wrote to Bert Davis, Sr., to inquire if there were a place at Hollywood which we might rent for our summer vacation. Bert replied with an invitation to be his guest and to use his hunting cabin.

Bert met us at the agreed-upon time at a spot on the old Hollywood road just north of Niagara Mohawk's Parmenter site. He loaned us a boat, to which we added our three h.p. motor, helped us settle

in at the hunting cabin, and recommended the use of his beach for swimming. Later, he and Lucille entertained us at their cabin. He did all that could be done, and more, to make us welcome and comfortable.

Like others since, we continued to use the hunting cabin until, and after, Maury was accepted for membership in the club. In the fall of 1973, we bought Al Romer's camp, grateful for his willingness to sell it to us and sad that he was no longer able to enjoy a prolonged stay in the woods.

The summer of 1974 found us once again in the hunting cabin, but daily making the walk over to our cabin to make needed repairs. We chuckled when we found a shelf lichen done by the Romer children showing a bat and inscribed "getting out the bats." That is what we also did that summer and found it to be a job easier said than done.

The summer of 1975 found us moved in and well settled. We also found that there was still work to be done.

Before I go any further, I need to tell the story of the cabin which Al sold us. Maury had vacationed with his family in the Priest cabin when he was a little boy. When the "flood" came, Alice Fisher rescued the Priest cabin, which was taken apart and moved up the hill in sections. At first Alice planned to have it erected in a spot she later called her "badminton court." The land was cleared for the cabin, but then she changed her mind and selected a site which overlooked lower Twin Pond. It was a lovely site, and from there it is possible to hear the frogs sing at night. The "badminton court" reverted to tamaracks and brush.

Since the cabin was old before it was moved, and many of its boards could not be used in the reconstruction, a cabin of different proportions



Woods scene (Drawing by Carolyn Seymour)

was erected. I am not sure who did the actual work, but the carpenters were quite imaginative, and in some instances omitted a few essential details.

A walk across the cabin floor had some resemblance to walking on a ship at sea. Maury and nine-year-old Ben investigated the underside of the floor boards and found that the main beam supporting the floor joists was really two beams supported at either end of the cabin but not tied together in the middle. Thus when someone walked across the floor, the center ends of the two beams rose and fell in proportion to the weight of the person walking above. The deficiency was repaired as best as could be done in the cramped quarters under the cabin, but even today the floor has a certain "roll" to it.

We stood in awe of one of the roof supports. Some of the rafters rested on a 2' x 4' beam which was nailed to the cabin's outer shell, of board-and-batten construction. However, the upright support for the 2' x 4' ended a third of the way down the boards and battens; it did not reach the floor of the cabin. As far as we could see, the boards and battens were the only things holding up the 2' x 4' beam and the only things keeping the cabin from having roof failure. It must be a pretty good design: the roof has never caved in.

The board-and-batten construction also presented a challenge. The carpenters applied the boards without butting them against each other. The battens were applied to cover the gap. This left an opening at top

and bottom of each batten up to an inch and a half square. During the time the Romers occupied the cabin, Al had patiently whittled many plugs and sealed them in with caulking compound. Time had dried the caulking and some of the plugs had fallen out. All in all, the cabin leaked small critters like a sieve. The bats were excluded with tin flashing, by replacing some rotten boards, and by new screening on the windows. The mice were a different story. Maury plugged holes in the same manner as Al had, until we thought we had them all sealed. But the cabin still leaked mice, and we got tired of finding d-Con in our shoes every morning. I suggested steel wool. For two summers, every time I heard a mouse at night, I followed it with my flashlight to its exit point, often a tiny, odd-shaped crack in the old boards, and then stuffed the hole with steel wool. It worked. The cabin has been mouse-free for years.

We began to feel the need of larger quarters; our children were nearing the teen years, and Julia, Maury's mother, who enjoyed Hollywood as much as we did, needed a place where she could follow her own schedule. So in the summer of 1976, we cleared the "badminton court" of the now-large tamaracks and the next year began construction. It took us about six years start to finish, working during Maury's summer vacation.

Our roofboards went on with the help of George Hazzard and Sam Megantz. Our heating stove came in thanks to the efforts of the Tigner five (including Julia) and Alan Seymour.

Some pictures from the construction years which I will always retain:

❖ Rachel passing the old cabin carrying a 2" x 12" x 12' board. This was the second of two trips from the

beach to the cabin site, each time carrying, with no help and despite my prohibition, a 2" x 12" x 12' board, determined to prove to herself that she could do it;

☞ a tamarack tripod holding the come-along, Maury lifting the 20' x 40' rectangular platform frame (made of doubled 2" x 12" x 20' boards), while the other 3/4ths of the Tigner family not too patiently repositioned the frame on support pillars until the frame was within 1/8th inch square;

☞ Ben, age 11, up a ladder propped against a tamarack tree to which the come-along was secured. While slowly raising the framing of the cabin's back wall, we suddenly realized that the tamarack was bent almost to the snapping point. Calmly Maury said, "Ben, let up on the come-along." Once that was safely done, we told him to get down off the ladder, a potentially tragic accident avoided;

☞ a two-man tent pitched for most of two weeks in the uncompleted cabin, sleeping quarters for Ben and Sven, a summer visitor from Germany.

With construction of the new camp finished, Julia had a place she could call her own in the old Romer/Priest camp, which served for boat storage in the off season.

Hollywood has always been the place where we can retreat from the demands of everyday life, where the family can function as a unit without the pull of work, school, etc., which in our daily life takes us in different directions. There are so many memories: fishing at sunset, hiking the Club boundary, sailing to Spoon Island, a wary beaver seen at a distance of six feet with curious chickadees in the trees only three feet away, a family of

rose-breasted grosbeaks (both parents feeding their two offspring), visits with friends, Julia's special friendship with Emma and Martha Pushee, Rachel's monarch caterpillar project and the butterflies that emerged from the cocoons, the multi-tiered beaver pond Ben found while exploring the far end of the lake, evenings spent reading and/or drinking cocoa and popping popcorn.

I will always remember a conversation one winter with Ben.



Above: Photographs of river scenes at the Jordan Club (Photos courtesy of Bob Stoddart)

"Mom, let's go to Hollywood!" When I reminded him that it was cold and snowy there at the moment, he said, chuckling, "But it's always sunny and warm there!" And it is thus that we always remember it.



SUSANNA STOWELL RUMBERGER

Hollywood has always been an important part of my childhood and adult memories. It represents happy family times, a refuge during stretching, growing, and hurting times.

My earliest memory of Hollywood was as a three-year-old in 1953. We were staying at the Bert and Lucille Davis hunting camp (currently Claflin's) located at the end of the Beaver Dam trail on the Racquette River. The previous night Dad (Carl Stowell) had put a string of freshly caught fish in the water at the little wooden bridge that crossed the brook as it entered the cove. We were all excited to see the "catch," only to find fish skeletons when Dad lifted up the string! "Someone" had had a successful nocturnal hunt.

Our family had been introduced to the Jordan Club in the mid-1940s when my Dad chaperoned the then sixteen-year-old Bert Davis on some hunting weekends. (Dad taught and coached under Bert Davis, Sr. at Malone High School.) That had been the beginning of repeated visits until Dad was invited to become a member in the mid-'50s.

When I was eight I remember helping pour a cement foundation for our campsite up the Jordan River. We carried lumber and pounded nails, in a family team effort to complete the camp ---a very familiar story for many of us. We kids were also responsible for haul-

ing water from the old spring near Bosworth's camp. Often on the hike we would see deer. One of my favorite sitting spots was the huge rock in front of camp.

Over the next ten years a group of Jordan Club teens looked forward to rendezvousing during the summer at camp. We shared many different adventures and built good memories, ranging from blueberry picking, to Jordan River "rock-rafting," Pisgah exploring, water-skiing, island war games, late-night island campfires, and visits to the opera at Lake Placid. For several years we established a round-robin letter to maintain contact during the winter months.

Dad would come to camp each Fall in early November to join other men during hunting season. Mom and I often accompanied him, and soon I grew to love the entirely different feel of the woods at that time of the year. The water was usually extremely low, and in the days when we all used the public landing at Parmeter, it was a novelty to be able to get as far as the creek by our current landing. We could almost count on being able to go at least to Roaring Brook.

Now, as we're in the decade of the '90s and both my parents are with the Lord, I see the cycle of the ongoing importance of Hollywood not only for myself as an adult but also for our children as they start building their own important memories of camp. Dan and I have already uprooted our own home several times due to career changes, yet we love the consistency that the Jordan Club gives our lives, and the rich heritage it offers us all.



BILL WOLFFE

We moved to Malone in March, 1952. The first we ever heard of the Jordan Club or that it even existed was through Irene Davis Strausbaugh. She invited us up to her camp first for a day, then for a weekend, and so on. I can't say we fell in love with the place the first time we saw it but it "grew" on us. We stayed with Irene a good many summers. Irene submitted my name for membership in the summer of 1959. The following year I was voted into the Club.

In the early fall of 1969, Gert and I heard that the camp owned by John Miles might be for sale. We called John at once to find out if it was indeed for sale and he told us it was. This call was made on my lunch hour one day, discussed the same evening with my wife, and bought the next day by phone, again on my lunch hour. We were now proud owners of our own camp in the Jordan Club. The date of purchase was September 19, 1969.

The camp had not been used by John and his family for quite some time, and as a result was very overgrown and in need of some repair. I spent the rest of that first fall cutting brush and trimming the pines that covered the whole hill from camp down to the water's edge. These pines were planted by Lewie and Alice Fisher. After they planted these trees they carried water from the river each day late in the afternoon to water them until the trees were able to make it on their own. I remember one day the following spring when I was cutting off lower

branches in some of the trees, Lewie Fisher came over and said to me, "I know this hill and surrounding area has become a jungle more or less, and I want you to know you won't be hurting my feelings if you cut some of them down." I replied that I had no intention of cutting any of them down; however, over the years some did die, and a porcupine really did a job on many of them as the tops were girdled and they eventually died.

The first repair job was putting on a new roof. My brother came up on his vacation and helped me tear off the old roof, and about half of the wooden portion had to be replaced. There was roll roofing in camp that John Miles must have been going to use. We used this for underlayment and put asphalt shingles on top of that. During this period we were still staying with Irene Davis. My wife would come up on weekends and I would work on repairs to the camp. We were able to move into our own camp late in the summer of 1970.

The following summer we tore out the whole kitchen and I built a new counter top, put in a sink, and built new cupboards. After the cupboards came a gas stove. We had been using a two-burner gas plate stove. With the completion of the kitchen, the pace slowed down and we were able to enjoy our weekends in camp. I did some fishing and a lot of relaxing. That fall I decided it was time to get my own boat. We had been using Irene's most of the summer. I ordered a fourteen foot semi-"V"-bottom boat kit from Chris Craft and spent that winter building the boat in the garage at home. The following spring we loaded it on a pickup truck and launched it at Parmenter Falls public landing site. About that time we decided that too much boating equipment, etc., was being stored in camp so the next project was an 8' x 12' storage shed.



This was the first time I learned how difficult it was to do any real building here. Everything had to be brought in on the roof of the car from Malone. I didn't finish work until 5:00, and by the time I got home and got everything loaded on the car that I was going to use that weekend and headed for camp, it was usually 7:00 p.m. when we arrived. Now the work really got hard. It had to be unloaded, piled in the boat, taken across the lake and unloaded onto the shore. It took three round trips as a rule to take food, supplies, and material across. We would bring material in one weekend, and then the following weekend build with what we had brought in previously.

After the shed was built there was a period of time when not much of anything took place. I did build a stone fireplace outside of camp for barbecuing and I painted the camp.

In 1974 we started building a bedroom on the north side of camp. Diane helped me dig out the hill and level the area. That summer it rained just about every weekend from the first of June through Labor Day. About all that was accomplished that year was to level the area and build the platform. The following spring I completed the room with the help of Paul Davis, who helped me put the roof on. After the completion of this bedroom there followed a period of about ten years when I did no building.



Boats at the Jordan Club (Drawing by Carolyn Seymour)

During this period my daughter Diane married and we were blessed with four beautiful grandchildren. Diane was inducted as a member of the Jordan Club and spends each vacation in camp. The children love the woods, animals, and water and everything that my wife and I have enjoyed for the last twenty-plus years.

With the coming of the children we found we were being cramped for space. So once again we took to digging out another hill to make space on the east side of camp to attach another bedroom. This one was to be 12' x 14'. Diana and I started digging out the hill in 1985 and we continued digging for two years off and on. We removed over 350 Garden Way wheelbarrows of sand and spread it around the front and side of camp to make a level area. This time I hired help from Cranberry Lake and also bought the lumber in Cranberry Lake and had it delivered to the landing. In late

summer of 1986 we built the bedroom, and Diane and family finally had their own bedroom. This will be the last building project.

Over the years the Club has continued to grow, new laws have been made, and old ones changed, all for the betterment of the Club. In the years to come I would like to see younger members getting more involved and thus be assured that the Club will be active for years to come and that our grandchildren and their children will be able to enjoy the life that so many of us have enjoyed during our time.

In closing I wish to thank all Jordan Club members for peaceful days and fond memories. Thank you all.



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PAST MEMBERS of the JORDAN CLUB

Compiled by Bob Stoddart

1894	L. L. Goodale (<i>charter member</i>)	1920	Alice Crane (<i>Baldwin</i>)
1894	John F. Scott (<i>charter member</i>)	1923	Donald Crane
1894	Dr. E. H. Cook (<i>charter member</i>)	1923	Dr. Edson R. Miles
1894	Dr. Oliver Bliss (<i>charter member</i>)	1926	Lewis L. Fisher
1894	Gen. E. A. Merritt (<i>charter member</i>)	1928	C. Milton Clark
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1894	H. L. Barnum (<i>charter member</i>)	1936	William H. Hayes
1894	Emma Fuller (<i>charter member</i>)	1944	Mrs. J. C. Flood
1894	James Lemon (<i>charter member</i>)	1944	Minnie Hulett (<i>Mrs. E. L. Hulett</i>)
1894	S. A. Redway (<i>charter member</i>)	1945	Helen Cook Law
1894	C. E. Haywood (<i>charter member</i>)	1946	Barbara Priest (<i>Mrs. Ward C. Priest</i>)
1894	C. B. Partridge (<i>charter member</i>)	1947	Minerva Flood Guillaume (<i>Mrs. L.R. Guillaume</i>)
1894	Herbert D. Pettit (<i>charter member</i>)	1947	John R. Miles
1902	Peter B. Olney	1947	Charles W. Stoddart, Jr.
1902	Charles W. Stoddart	1947	Arthur Muir
1902	Dr. S. M. Newman	1947	Lucille Hutchison Davis (<i>Mrs. G. B. Davis</i>)
1902	Dr. L. B. Fisher	1947	Homer Breland
1902	Geo. E. Willmarth	1947	Clark H. Godfrey
1904	Walter W. Cook	1947	G. Berton Davis, Sr.
1906	Caroline V. Scott	1948	L. R. Guillaume
1906	Harry V. Bush	1948	Harold C. Stoddart
1906	Fred W. Scott	1951	Robert Davis
1906	John C. Flood	1951	Dr. George Hazzard
1908	Clara Cook Stoddart (<i>Mrs. C. W. Stoddart</i>)	1952	George Plummer
1908	Grace Goodale	1952	Alice Fisher (<i>Mrs. Lewis Fisher</i>)
1908	Fred W. Storrs	1952	Charles Clark
1909	C. H. Lietze	1952	Dr. Harry D. Wray
1910	Clara W. Cook (<i>Mrs. E. H. Cook</i>)	1953	Louise F. Stoddart (<i>Mrs. R. C. Stoddart</i>)
1914	Jerome Crane	1953	Frank Dunn
1915	Ward C. Priest	1954	Carl Stowell
1918	Edwin L. Hulett	1964	Wilma Miles (<i>Mrs. John Miles</i>)
1918	Helen Newman Cook (<i>Mrs. W. W. Cook</i>)	1965	Viola Stowell (<i>Mrs. Carl Stowell</i>)
1919	L. F. Hutchison	1966	Joseph Law
1919	Martha Hutchison (<i>Mrs. L. Hutchison</i>)	1976	Donald Clafin

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The St. Lawrence County Historical Association has changed the dating of **The Quarterly** from January, April, July, and October to Winter, Spring, Summer, and Fall since our experience over the years has made it clear that dating by month raised unrealistic expectations among our readers in light of the complex and unpredictable circumstances faced by our contributors and staff.

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