

The St. Lawrence County Historical Association

Quarterly

Volume XLV- Number 3 - Sum. 2000



The St. Lawrence County Historical Association at the Silas Wright House

The St. Lawrence County Historical Association is a private, not-for-profit, membership organization based at the Silas Wright House in Canton, New York. Founded in 1947, the Association is governed by a constitution, by-laws, and Board of Trustees. The Historical Association's membership meets annually to elect its officers and trustees.

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Our Mission

The St. Lawrence County Historical Association is a not-for-profit membership organization and museum which serves as an educational resource for the use and benefit of the citizens of St. Lawrence County and others interested in the County's history and traditions. The Association collects and preserves archival material and artifacts pertinent to the County's history. In cooperation and collaboration with other local organizations, the Association promotes an understanding of and appreciation for the County's rich history through publications, exhibits, and programs. The St. Lawrence County Historical Association operates within museum standards established by the American Association of Museums.

SLCHA Membership

Membership in the St. Lawrence County Historical Association is open to all interested parties. Annual membership dues are: Individual, \$25; Senior/Student, \$20; Family, \$35; Contributor, \$50; Supporter, \$100; Patron, \$250; Businesses, \$50 to \$1,000. Members receive the *SLCHA Quarterly*, the Historical Association's bi-monthly newsletter, and various discounts on publications, programs and events.

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Published continuously since 1956

The Quarterly is endowed in memory of Albert Priest Newell and Ella Waterman Newell.

Publication of *The Quarterly* is also made possible with public funds from the New York State Council on the Arts, a State agency.



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The SLCHA Quarterly is published Winter, Spring, Summer, and Fall each year by the St. Lawrence County Historical Association for its members and friends.

Additional copies may be obtained from the St. Lawrence County Historical Association, P.O. Box 8, Canton, NY 13617 at \$4.00 each (\$2.00 for members), plus \$1.00 for postage.

Contributions:

The SLCHA Quarterly welcomes contributions. To submit a manuscript, or for further information, please contact the editor through the St. Lawrence County Historical Association. Please address communications to: Managing Editor, *The SLCHA Quarterly*, P.O. Box 8, Canton, NY 13617.

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Quarterly

Volume XLV - Number 3 - 2000
ISSN: 0558-1931

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Pamela Ouimet

Cover Illustration:
A scenic view of Coopers Falls.

Courtesy of SLCHA

EDITOR's NOTE:

The Quarterly editor would like to remind all readers that she welcomes photos and stories to be included in upcoming editions of the magazine. All photos will be returned.

Please send your stories and/or photos to either of the following addresses: SLCHA, attn: Quarterly Editor, PO Box 8, Canton, NY 13617; or to: Pam Ouimet, 5447 State Rt. 56, Potsdam, NY 13676.

Please remember to include your name, address and phone number on all submissions.

Thank you for our interest and participation.

In our last issue of the Quarterly, we erroneously published information that the United States entered World War I on April 6, 1918. One of our readers, Robert Shaw, has kindly reminded us that the U.S. actually declared war against Germany on April 6, 1917.

The Legend of Coopers Falls

By Bryan Thompson

(Reprinted from *The Williamstown Gazette*; v. 3, no. 1)

History is full of famous legends such as that of George Washington throwing a dollar across the Potomac. Though not based in fact, these stories are often repeated, and as they continue to grow, take on a life of their own.

The legend of Coopers Falls is perhaps the most famous of all the legends of DeKalb. Many of you are familiar with the legend:

William Cooper led his party of settlers through the wilderness to settle the new township. They settled at Coopers Falls where they built mills, houses, a store, a hotel and a thriving village that all later disappeared almost without a trace. Some accounts also have the bridge at Coopers Falls built by William Cooper himself.

When researching historical events, it is important to look at primary sources (things written at the time the events happened by people actually involved) first, then look at contemporary, secondary sources such as written histories (giving most credence to things written closest to the times of the events). The greater the distance in time from the actual events' occurrence the less reliable the source becomes.

So why is the story of Coopers Falls a legend rather than a simple statement of the facts about the first settlement of the Town of DeKalb? Because there is not one primary source that shows evidence of a Village of Coopers Falls in existence before 1851! The Town of DeKalb Town Record books men-

tion the words "Coopers Falls" for the first time in August 1854, when Coopers Falls school district number 24 was formed from parts of districts #4, #8, #11 and #18 over the objections of the trustees of the affected districts.

William Cooper's maps of the township drawn in 1803 and 1806 shows the village with the mills slightly to the east of the village. The same configuration shows up on the 1814 Goff and Spencer map and the 1821 St. Lawrence County map given to William Averill by John Fine.

Morris traveled down the Oswegatchie River from Gouverneur to Ogdensburg by flat boat in 1808. In his diary of the trip he describes in detail his stay in "Williamstown the capital of Judge Coopers settlement." He stayed the night at the Hotel, "...fairly seated in a well furnished room. The people are attentive and give me a good rusk with butter—both good!" The next morning Morris proceeded down river about one mile to the mills, which he bypassed by using the log loading ramp.

At least two dozen deeds, mortgages, and wills in the county courthouse dating from the period 1803 to about 1823 all refer to the village of Williamstown in the Town of DeKalb. These documents refer to lots in an area including all of the current hamlet of DeKalb and extending almost as far East as the Town Highway barn on US Rt. 812.



A view of the water coming over the falls at Coopers Falls.

The town records of highways districts use the Mills as a descriptive break for districts to the East of the Village. In 1826, they begin describing this break as by the guide board in the road near Coopers Mills.

There is one hand bill in the Averill Papers collection of the NYS Historical Association that advertises a foreclosure sale for land of William Cooper's in Franklin County. The sale is to take place "At the Hotel in Cooper's Village in the Town of DeKalb, ... the first Monday of May 1809."

Turning to secondary sources. The first published history of DeKalb is Hough's (1853) account. It states (page 289) "... they reached the location in DeKalb... arriving on the 12th of June, 1803, with the other parties, at the present village of DeKalb. On the first day they put up the body of a house, and slept without a roof over their heads the first night. On the second day, another house was built, and on the third day, a store, which like the others were of logs, and covered by barks... Clearings were begun in various places, and party was set to work in preparing to erect a mill at the falls. A canal was blasted, and one or two houses were built." (page 290) "The first school in the town was taught by Bella Wills, a Methodist minister, in the winter of 1807, at DeKalb Village, then called Cooper's Village. In 1805, Judge Cooper erected a large Hotel, on a hill in the village..." (page 618). May 2, 1812: "Col. Benedict, to raise 43 men, including non-commissioned officers... These were to be embodied and stationed in the village of Williamstown [DeKalb] as soon as possible."

The second major secondary source would be L. H. Everts' *History of St. Lawrence County New York (1878)*. They repeat directly the above items from Hough plus: (page 354) "The first road in town was the one cut through in 1803 from the State Road to the site of DeKalb Village by the settlers who came in at the time, and for some time this was the only one, it being sufficient for all purposes until the settlers became more scattered. (Page 355) "DEKALB VILLAGE. This place was originally called Coopers Village, in honor of the proprietor ... (page 356). The (post) office was given the name of DeKalb, which it retains, and the original name of Coopers Village fell finally into disuse."

The third major history was written by Gates Curtis in 1894. At this point the historic record starts to get muddled. The people who actually remembered the events of settlement and most of their children were gone. On page 505, Curtis for the first time states "... the settlement was made on the banks of the Oswegatchie, just above Cooper's Falls." However, one page later he contradicts the first statement (page 506) "... arriving with others of the party on the site of DeKalb Village June 12, 1803. The usual custom of putting up log houses was begun, and the first night was passed within the walls of one without a roof."

From here on the legend begins to grow and change. Several newspaper articles that mix information about Williamstown and Coopers Falls together were written in the 1920s when the "new" state road came through both areas. By the time the sesquicentennial came around the legend had grown and taken on a life of its own. Few if any authors bothered to go back to the original papers or even

19th century histories. Coopers Falls the mysterious first settlement ghost town was born. Writer after writer repeated and embellished the story! Meanwhile the actual first settlement, Williamstown (Old DeKalb) went unrecognized.

So what is the real history of Coopers Falls?

This area has been called over time: The Falls, The Mills, Cooper's Mills and finally Coopers Falls. In 1803 Judge Cooper had a wooden sawmill built at the Falls. A freshet washed away the wooden mill in less than a year. In 1804 the Judge had substantial new stone mills built. These mills included a grist mill with two runs of stone and a saw mill with a massive chain and winch for hauling logs and boats up into the mill from the river.

Judge Cooper's account book describes the work as follows: "For erecting a stone dame across the river, in sixteen feet of water, for blowing a canal six perches in length, fourteen feet deep, eighteen feet wide at the top, and ten feet wide at the bottom, through a solid rock. For blowing half the width of the foundation of the grist mill and sawmills, ten feet deep, out of a solid rock, for filling up the other half of the foundation, and thirty feet beyond the gristmill in twelve feet water, with 2,630 loads of stone. For erecting a gristmill, with two runs of stones and all the appendages. For erecting the sawmill with additional wheels, to draw, with a great chain of one hundred feet in length, boats and logs into the mills. For erecting a dwelling house, a good frame barn, clearing and fencing twenty-five acres of land around the mills. For the loss sustained by the first saw mill being undermined and upset by a freshet. Provisions and miscellaneous expenses. See Amos



The mill at Coopers Falls.

Comely's Account of the particular items, amount \$9,049."

According to the written histories starting with Hough in 1853, "one or two dwelling houses" were erected in the mills or falls in 1803. However, in Judge Cooper's detailed account ledger only a saw-mill is listed as being built in 1803. A shanty, loghouse and barn were built in 1804 at a cost of \$154.

William Cooper hired many people to work on the Mills. In 1804 he sent his older brother James, an experienced miller from Otsego County, to oversee the work. Nine thousand dollars was a massive amount of money in 1804. Judge Cooper obviously had great hopes for the financial success of the Mills.

According to Hough: Cyrus, Oshahel, and Asa Jackson were in charge of building the mill frame. Only Cyrus's name appears in the Judge's account book. Others who also were paid by the Judge for helping with the construction included: Alexander McCollom, Joseph Woodhouse, James Cooper, Stephen Titus, Shubal Weston, Gideon and Ford.

During the erection of the grist mill in 1804, one of the Jacksons fell and received a concussion. This person had a trephining performed by Dr. Seeley using an annular saw fashioned from a thimble. The Potter Goff survey (1814) says the victim was Cyrus Jackson, while Hough (1853) says the victim was Asa Jackson. The surgery was paid for by giving Dr. Seeley a parcel of land the Jacksons had traded a forty-five double barrel gun for.

The first death in the township occurred at the Falls in September 1804 when George Cowdry was swept over the falls in a flood.

Along with much work to develop the Falls, Judge Cooper also sowed the fatal flaws that were to keep the area from ever realizing its tremendous potential as an industrial center. When Cooper purchased the town of DeKalb, he financed it by organizing an investment group. These investors bought into "the concern" as "Tenants in Common," meaning they held all the land together undivided. He then required these investors to reimburse him for the expenses of erecting the mills as they were held in common.

After Judge Cooper's death the investors became disgruntled with Cooper's son, Isaac, and his man-

agement of "The Concern." Led by Fredrick DePeyster, the investors forced Judge Cooper's estate to partition the Township in the spring of 1815.

Using Potter Goff and Silas Spencer's 1814 map of the town, they drew lots and tried to equitably divide the property. However, the Mills (Lot 304 and 50 acres across the river off Lots 94 and 95), Lot 305, the village plots and the ore bed (15 acres off Lot 392 now in the Town of Hermon on the Ore Bed Rd.) were not easy to divide equitably and so continued to be held in common.

After this date, to gain a clear title to property in this area, a person was forced to get deeds from as many as a dozen different owners with shares ranging from 40/

60ths down to 2.5/240ths. The only persons who managed to get a clear title to any of the property were Dr. Seeley to thirty acres of Lot 304 in 1815, and James Cooper who purchased five and one-half acres in 1816.

James Cooper appears to have run the Mills throughout the first 20 years of their existence. Having a diverse group of owners all with separate claims, became a liability almost immediately. John Fine wrote to Isaac Cooper in May 1815 that the grist mill was out of order and that it would cost \$400 to set one up in the existing frame. He recommended against doing this as he said no profit could be made from such an enterprise at the present. He recommended setting up a fulling mill instead. In July 1815, Fine wrote again, the proprietors in New York wanted the

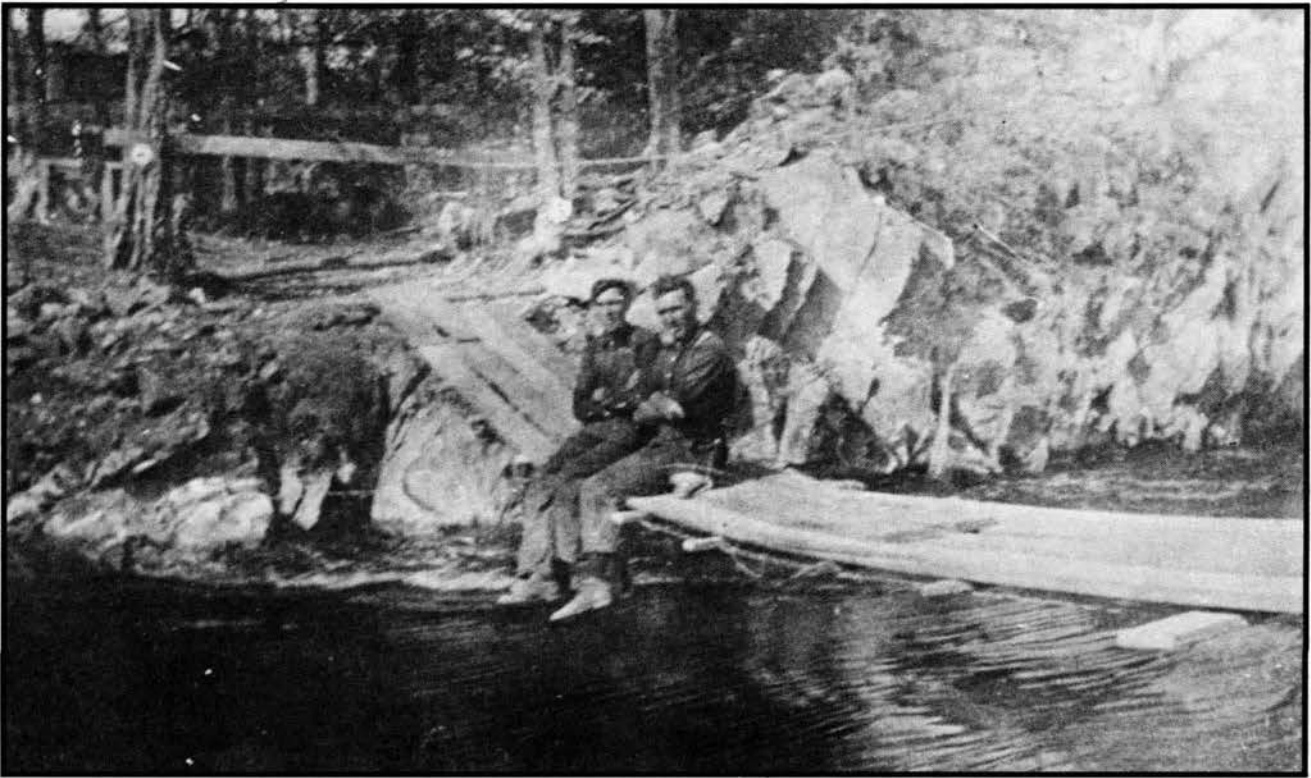
mills repaired immediately. Already the different owners and investors were arguing about how to manage the property.

James Cooper started repairs to the Mills in March and June 1816, when he hired local millwright Abraham Fisk to repair the water wheel, millstone and gears. However, when Seth Pomeroy came to DeKalb as the Cooper's agent in December 1816, he reported that "The Mills have undergone considerable repairs and were almost done. Mr. Fine stopped them where they were when I came on and they are in quite an open situation. Mr. Fine stopped the repairs because of money he was owed by the Cooper family, only one of the many owners of the Mills."

In 1821, the title of ownership of common lots became even more



Men in their suits and hats line up in front of the lumber yard, saw mill and grist mill.



Two men sit on the footbridge at Coopers Falls.

garbled when the Brigden family sued William Cooper's estate over debts dating back to 1794. They won a chancery decree, which led to the eventual bankruptcy of the Cooper heirs. They seized many of Cooper's properties and had them sold, but not the Mills or other lands in DeKalb.

In 1822 William Averill and his brother James Averill and Attorney John Fine purchased, at foreclosure auction, the Cooper family lands in DeKalb and the family's share in the Mills in DeKalb. This did not include the shares of William Cooper Jr., deeded to Fredrick Depeyster and Luther Bradish in 1816. Averill purchased 37/60ths of the Mills for a paltry \$480!

The Averill group now owned a major share in the Mills. They proceeded to grant deeds and sell property as though it was theirs

exclusively. They sold their interest in the Mills to Roger and Edward Sargent, two millers from Oswegatchie. The Sargents traded the Mills in 1831 to James Cooper (older brother of the Judge) for his farm on the Old Canton Rd.

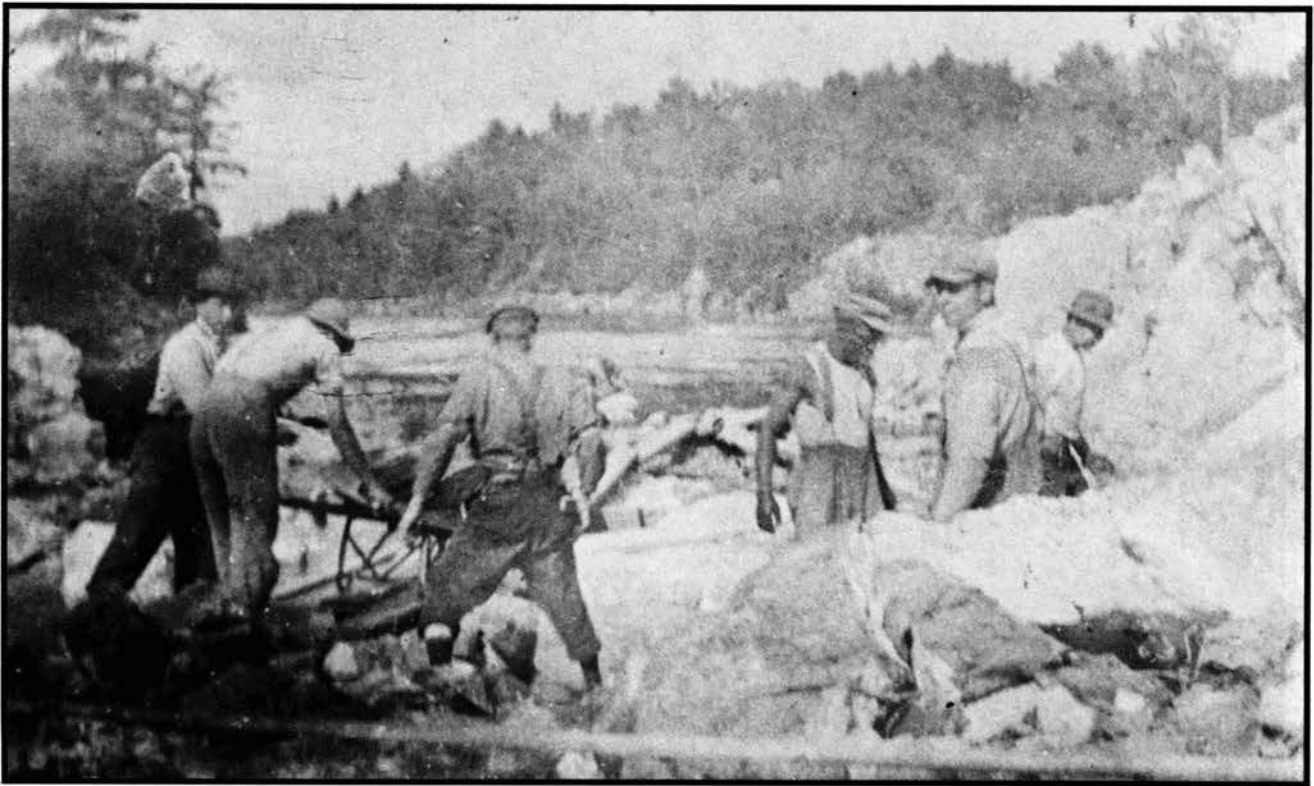
About this time, James Cooper divided his five acre lot at the Falls into 3 lots, selling them to his sons: Courtland, Hamilton and William. Though no clear records have been uncovered for this time period, it appears that James continued to run the Mills and live there. The Mills consisted of a sawmill and gristmill.

However, as the sawmill and gristmill continued to operate, other factors were coming into play. Several of the original proprietors were trying to sell their interests in the Mills. Among those who owned a share through 1840 were: Fredrick Depeyster, James F. DePeyster,

Henry Van Rensselear, Charlotte C. Daubenny, Henry Waddell, John R. Murray, William Ogden, Loyd S. Daubenny, John W. Tate, Thomas B. Tate, William Bayard, Henry Barclay, Henry N. Brush, Luther Bradish, John Fine, James Averill, and William Averill.

In 1832, Anna Marie and Catherine Brigden realized that there were still unclaimed Cooper lands in DeKalb. They brought their Chancery Decree to the St. Lawrence County Sheriff and received a Sheriff's deed for Lot 305. (Lot 305 lies between the current Hamlet of Old DeKalb and Coopers Falls.) They quietly held onto this land for 18 years.

Meanwhile, in the 1840s Orin Fisk entered the scene. A DeKalb attorney, Orin was raised in DeKalb, served as the Town of DeKalb's Supervisor from 1847 to



Men are working at the mill in Coopers Falls.

1849 and again from September 1850 until 1856. He was also chairman of the St. Lawrence County Board of Supervisors in 1849-50. He died in January of 1857.

Orin's father was Abraham Fisk who was granted a lot in the village of Williamstown by John Fine in March 1816 while Abraham was repairing the Mills. Abraham moved onto the lot and lived there for most of his life. However, Mr. Fine, following his dispute with the Coopers over pay, never got around to supplying the deed. Orin Fisk's first wife was a member of the Cooper family. Mr. Fine helped precipitate and later benefited greatly from the bankruptcy of the Coopers in DeKalb. Due to these unsavory business experiences, there was a natural animosity between Fine and Orin M. Fisk.

By 1847 Orin Fisk had managed to become the local legal representative of the interests of Fredrick Depeyster, Susan Daubenny and several of the other proprietors. He began to work as a local real estate promoter.

He wrote to William Averill in January of that year. He described the village of DeKalb as having great possibilities but "is only celebrated for its ruins." He tried to get Mr. Averill to sell a larger lot of land (1 acre) within DeKalb Village to Stephen Slosson who wished to open a store and ashery. He explained that he represented only the fractional interests of Depeyster and thus couldn't grant clear title. Wm. Averill responded to the letter, "protesting that I know not of any interest in the lands mentioned by the persons named or any other persons." Averill also immediately wrote to his brother James

Averill and John Fine in Ogdensburg. They responded that the land in the Village of DeKalb was "practically worthless and never would be worth much" but still should not be sold in larger lots.

Frustrated with his attempts to improve DeKalb Village, Mr. Fisk turned to developing a competing village. He continued to work with the absentee proprietors. He even named two of his sons after them, William Coventry H. Waddell Fisk, and Fredrick Depeyster Fisk.

In 1849 he helped organize the Heuvelton and DeKalb Plank Road Company with the stated purpose of bridging the Oswegatchie near Cooper's Mills. A Lattice bridge was built about 1851. A toll booth stood just to the south of the bridge. In 1851 he got the Bridgen's to grant him power of attorney to act as exclusive agent over their lands

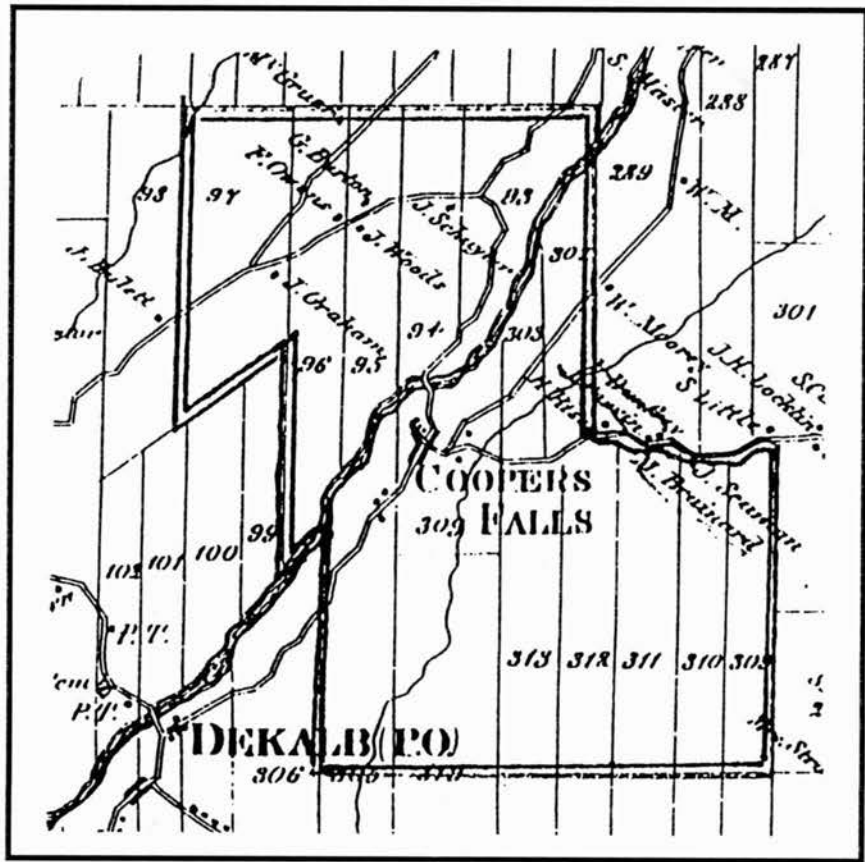
(Lot 305). He then went on to involve the interests of the DePeyster family and the Waddell family in Lot 304 and the Mills. In March of 1851 Orin's son, Charles H. Fisk, surveyed portions of Lot 304 and Lot 305 into village lots and the Village of Coopers Falls was born. The new plank road became Main St.

Seeking to insure his family's fortunes in the new enterprise, Orin M. Fisk deeded lots to his children. Charles received the Hotel Lot. Other village lots went to Orin L., Fredrick D. and Theodore. At the time, Orin L. and Fredrick D. were only nine- and three-years-old!

In March 1854, Orin M. Fisk was assigned a title share gained in court by the Waddell's against the James Cooper family for their share of revenues from the existing Mills since the division of the lots. At the same time Fisk took on a mortgage to the Coopers for \$3,215.70. Soon Fisk took on a second mortgage to Henry Van Rensselaer for \$700 to cover past income debts.

In May of 1854, Orin M. Fisk met with William C. H. Waddell and Fredrick DePeyster in NYC to form the corporation "The DeKalb Works at Coopers Falls." The corporation was to issue \$20,000 worth of stock. The trustees were Orin Fisk, James Brees, and William C. H. Waddell. The purposes of the mechanical, manufacturing, mining and chemical works corporation were to develop the land owned by them at Coopers Falls. The new company began selling village lots.

In the summer of 1854 Charles H. Fisk, company secretary, was advertising widely in newspapers the "New Village of Coopers Falls."



The Coopers Falls School District #24 as laid out in August 1854. Drawn on Beers 1865 map of DeKalb. (Photo reprinted from The Williamstown Gazette).

"This company situated in the town of DeKalb in the county of St. Lawrence... for the purpose of improving and bringing into use their valuable property at Cooper's Falls on the Oswegatchie River—being the best water power on the stream.

"The mechanical erections now in progress and completed are a grist-mill, provided with all the modern improvements, and a sawmill which the company is driving both night and day. They have in contemplation, and the arrangements are now completed for the erection of a blast furnace of large size, and will add various other machinery for the manufacture of wood and iron into articles of general use, as time and circumstances will allow.

"The company would, therefore, now in its embryo state, offer to mechanics and others eligible sites with abundant water power for any mechanical purposes, and the most convenient sites on wide and commodious streets and avenues for private residences. All more or less, having views of the Oswegatchie River... and having the convenience of stores, churches, and other objects tending towards the comfort of its inhabitants."

The notice goes on to describe a system of sixty and eighty-foot-wide streets that have been laid out and promises to plan them as well as the sidewalks as soon as enough houses are built. "... the company will have completed in July a commodious store which... will be an eligible opening for a man of enterprise and business talent." The ad

promises to remove all current "shanties and temporary constructions." And to turn over the title to all streets as soon as the village is duly incorporated.

In August of the same year, the Coopers Falls school district was created. This appears to be the one new community institution that "The Works" established. They did manage to get a few people to invest in the new village and a few houses were built. In September 1855, Charles Fisk borrowed \$3,000 from Fredrick DePeyster to build a hotel. The new community now had a store, hotel and school. However, these investors in the new community were soon to find they had misplaced their trust.

In December 1855 The DeKalb Works at Coopers Falls sold their real estate to Fredrick DePeyster. Orin M. Fisk sold by quitclaim deed his remaining interests in Lot 304 to John Watts DePeyster. John W. DePeyster had purchased several of the mortgages the Fisks had drawn on the property.

After Orin M. Fisk died in January 1857, J. W. DePeyster wanted his money. He proceeded to foreclose on the Fisk estate and everybody they had sold or contracted parcels in the village to, including the trustees of School District #24!

Following the foreclosure, the Coopers Falls properties were deeded to James Mulford, the Columbia County attorney who represented DePeyster in the foreclosure action. J. W. DePeyster retained a mortgage of \$6,500. Mr. Mulford thought he could make good where Orin M. Fisk had failed. He had Henry Thompson remap the village, renaming many of the streets, and sold off lots.

Mulford sold the store and a house to Lewis Brown for \$300. He divided the sawmill and gristmill properties for the first time, selling the gristmill for \$5,000 to Orange McArthur in July 1860. The sawmill and machine shop were sold at the same time to Stephen Slosson. In 1863 Jedediah Thomas bought the sawmill and machine shop and then the store. He died a year later and the property passed to John Fosgate. Fosgate eventually sold the store to D. A. Moore (1871) who closed it.

In 1865 James Ryder, John Lowden, Dolphus Lynde, Elizabeth Sterling and Orville Strong formed the Coopers Falls Iron Company. They purchased the sawmill and machine shop from Jedediah Thomas's estate. Orange McArthur died in 1863 and his grist mill passed through D. S. Lynde and E. Sterling to the Coopers Falls Iron Company. A bank mortgage for \$6,000 was obtained in 1868 to convert the gristmill into a blast furnace.

Meanwhile Mulford, as Fisk had before him, issued a series of land contracts for lots in the village. Unfortunately for these investors, Mulford died in 1861 without repaying his mortgage to J. W. DePeyster. Again in 1863 a large group of people were drawn into a mortgage foreclosure on the remaining village lots in Coopers Falls. These too went to D. A. Moore along with the hotel foreclosed by F. DePeyster.

In May 1869, the bank began foreclosure proceedings. There followed a long series of suits and counter suits involving the investors in The Coopers Falls Iron Works and the claims of the Waddell family (one of the original proprietors). Finally John Lowden (who also owned the Rossie Iron Works)

gained title on May 24, 1872. He sold the property the very next day to the Union Iron Company of Buffalo. The Union Iron Company never operated the Mills and sold the ruins to A. J. Moore in 1900. A. J. Moore also had to purchase a 1/10 part of the iron company from another investor in 1903. Finally after almost 100 years, one person again had control of the Mill property at Coopers Falls. The Moore family eventually sold the water power rights at the falls to the Oswegatchie Improvement Co., a group of local farmers, who wanted to lower the water level to drain their farms. They blew up the ruins of the Mills and dam, blasted a channel separating Bullhead Rock from the rest of the island, and permanently changed the face of the river.

In 1870, the town of DeKalb replaced the lattice bridge at Coopers Falls with a new iron bridge. By October 1872 the iron bridge had fallen into the river. It was never replaced.

D. A. Moore and his family gradually purchased most of the remaining village lots in Coopers Falls, as well as Lots 305 and 306 (the Moore farm) lying between Coopers Falls and DeKalb Village. D. A. Moore was a prominent St. Lawrence County politician. He served at various times as a member of the NYS Assembly and the NYS Senate. He brought many guests to stay at the family cottage at Coopers Falls. They ran a steam yacht up and down the Oswegatchie River. One can easily imagine how tales could grow as people from near and far vacationed among the ruins of the "lost" village of Coopers Falls.

Frozen in the clutches of the incredibly convoluted legal legacy of William Cooper, which took half a

century to unwind, the village of Coopers Falls failed in large part due to poor timing. The village never got off the ground until steam power was replacing water power in manufacturing. When they began to smelt iron, the railroads had arrived, allowing ore to be shipped easily to larger centers where it could be processed more cheaply and the boom iron market of the Civil War was waning. Although the duration of Coopers Falls was brief (20 years), its story has all the elements of a good novel. Rich and famous people, big business, dreams, deceit, loss, even a murder right here in our small town. No wonder legends grew up around the place.

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ILLUSTRATIONS

All photos, with the exception of the map pictured at the end of the article, are courtesy SLCHA.

Memoirs of Edward Mundy-- Part 2

Editor's Note:

Here is the continuation of Edward Mundy's memoirs as he returned to civilian life.

His memoirs while serving in World War I ran in the Spring 2000 edition of the *Quarterly*.

A few days in Ottawa seeing friends, then I went to Inkerman, Ontario, the place Charley Harvey and I went from to enlist. I was there two weeks, then went back to Ottawa, got a part-time job with Imperial Oil till I got my plea through for a six month course in a Telegraph School, and I got a steady boarding place with Mr. and Mrs., or should I say, Sergeant and Mrs. Norris, and I had a nice home for over a year. Then I got on the Can Nalt R.R. and was on the way to a fairly good job.

I used to attend Bell St. Methodist Church some, but I was in and out of the city because of the R.R., but one day I met a nice girl through a lady who attended Bell St. She introduced me to this girl, and I can say now, she was in my mind for all time. I asked her for a date and she agreed, and customarily we went out to a show, and all the evening I felt about that girl like no other I had met. I had plenty of experience before that going to dance after dance, and thought I was pretty wise as to young ladies, but that girl fooled me. She was so shy and quiet, and after going home on the street car we stood outside and conversed, and all the time I could not figure out what was what. But I sure managed to get another date.



Edward Mundy

So it went on and on and soon we were meeting every day. I would plan on being near to where she came out of work and walk home with her, and mostly get a date for the evening. I certainly could not figure her out, and for that matter did not know what was the matter with myself. Then a pal of mine mentioned he was going to buy his girl a diamond ring. That sort of registered with me and I said to him, "Can I go with you to select?" and he said, "Sure."

So I watched him buy a ring for \$125.00, a real 3/8 carat diamond. This was about March 1923 and I was getting big ideas. I spoke to her about rings and got her to speak about them, and she said she believed a girl should have a diamond when she got engaged, but, "Oh, they're awful expensive." That did it. I knew what I wanted and in our own way "I proposed," and she said, "Yes," and I kissed her and said, "I'll see you tomorrow night and we'll make it official with Mama."

Next day I got the same size diamond, \$125.00, and that night before we went out, standing in the hall, I put the ring on. You can bet I had got the correct size. That girl looked at the ring and I'll never forget the smile on her face. She went out and showed the family, then we went out for the evening. To this day I don't remember where or what we did that evening. Next day when I met her coming home, she was just overflowing about the other girls exclaiming over her engagement.

Now we had to get down to serious thoughts. We had discussed it before and decided that I should go through with the plan we had made. I started by train from Ottawa to Prescott, ferry boat to Ogdensburg, eight dollars head tax, and I was in the States. Next morning I took a train from Ogdensburg to Watertown and went straight to the Chief Dispatcher's Office and applied for a job as operator. The chief says, "I'll give you a test," so I sat beside the other operator, who was on duty there, and tried to copy the wire.

It was faster sending than I was used to, but I tried hard and got some of it. The chief looked me over in an hour and said, "I'll send you to a station to post for a week, and then we'll see." He sent me to Felts Mills, and after I met the agent, a Mr. Mike Meng, he suggested a place I could board. It was a nice place and I posted there one week and no word for another week. Then one Sunday night I called the C.D., and when he heard me he said, "Cover Thorn second track at 3 p.m. tomorrow." So at 3 p.m. I'm on duty at "Thorn" and was I nervous. After a short time the dispatch gave me an order which had to be handed on without stopping the big freight. I sure was nervous but stood still and

watched the fireman scoop the order out of the hoop, then I waited for the tail end, which was 100 cars back, and when the train was by, I breathed a big sigh.

I became a N.Y.C. Operator on the N.Y.S. Railroad. From one station to another. Big ones with lots of book work. Tickets and freight and express. That first summer I got good and qualified on every place I went and worked steady through mostly seven days a week, and I wrote a letter to Dorothy every day.

I got no time off that summer being extra, so made good money. During the summer, Redwood, the station I was working for, had extra time for summer account and it was a great place for summer camps. Near Alexandria Bay and New York people flocked up there in the summer, so I not only got a lot of work, but it was great for tickets. I got a lot of experience and when the summer jobs closed in the fall, I had to go on extra board, so boarded in Watertown and was ready for any extra call that was due me.

Charlie MacIntyre, the regular operator in Q office, told me to look at chief's dispatchers book that he kept on operators, and I did and saw he had me marked as qualified on all stations. I liked the work so got good in it. Quite often that fall and winter, I would get sent out to a station where you had to cover all branches of the service, so I made good money. I never stopped writing and sent a letter to Dorothy every day, and she returned on every day.

The second summer I got the job at Redwood and staying at Charlie Derby's home, as I did the summer before, I made arrangements to have Dorothy and her girl-

friend Eileen, who boarded with them, come to Redwood for a week, and we had a lot of fun and I was so glad to see her.

So on for another year and then 1924. I asked the C.D. to let me lay-off as I wanted to get married. He was adamant, said he needed all his men to take care of our R.R. for the summer and I had to agree to laying off in the fall. And when I wanted to go Nov. 1st, he stalled me for two weeks because of shortage of men, but then I was free for six weeks, and Dorothy and I had decided on what we would do and where we would go.

I said to her, "I have sold so many tickets to New York and Washington, that I was eager to see those place," and she liked the idea. So with all preparation and worry and fuss we finally got married, Nov. 29th, 1924. A big send off at Ottawa, and we were on our way to New York via N.Y. and Canada R.R., crossed the line into the States and on to New York. Then the weather man stepped in, it started to snow and we were held up so we missed the connection at Tupper Lake and had to stay there that night. On to New York and got there the next evening. We had supper, then went out to see the sights. I had heard about and read a lot about New York City, but when we saw that "Great White Way," as it was called, well it sure thrilled us to look down that terrific thoroughfare lit up with I would say, millions of lights. One sign only had 29,000 lights in it, "The Cliquot Club" sign showing an Eskimo driving his sleigh with eight dogs. Gorgeous!

So we saw New York at night lit up. We walked and looked until we were tired out and glad to get some rest. The next day we went to various points in New York City,

then on to Washington D.C. We took in a lot of sights and went to the top of the Washington Monument and started to walk down for the fun of it. A beautiful marked stone for each state on every platform and we kept going on and on 812 steps, and when we got to the ground we could hardly walk from running down so many steps. So we took in the big cities. Then we decided to return to Watertown and rest, on account that it was also considerably cheaper. Money was already looking good, as it took considerable to get married, considering everything. We were already a young couple learning the way of life.

I got back to work and bid in Massey, a big freight yard outside of Watertown. Second truck, went on at 8 a.m. and off at 11 p.m. and held that job for a year. It paid good, but wasn't so convenient for Dorothy. She made a trip home to Ottawa after Christmas and stayed two weeks, then wanted to come back.

Summer came and we got a job at Redwood again for the summer, and then we knew the baby was coming, and I kept on working till Dec. 1st when Teddy was born, 7 ½ lbs. Boy, was I scared that night!

We had rented a small house on Grand Ave. in Watertown, and Mrs. Chrysler was our landlady so I went to her house until 1 a.m. and she kept cheering me up. I can't remember really what happened next, but at 7 a.m. the hospital called that I had a baby son 7 ½ lbs., and I got right down to the hospital. I'll never forget seeing Dorothy and the smile on her face, and then they brought the baby in, and all I could really see was Dorothy cuddling that little fellow close to her. To me he was a "grand little baby," but looking at her I knew she would

be a wonderful mother. We got him home and then began the parading around with the baby carriage around the streets of Watertown. I remember distinctly meeting Charlie MacIntyre, operator in Q office, and I saw how interested his wife was over the baby.

So came summer, and again we got the summer job at Redwood, and the main thing that happened to us was just wheeling that 'lil fella around when I was off duty. Then back to Watertown and second trick at Massey, till that fall the small station of Eben came up, a day job and steady, so I bid on it and got it. Day work 7 a.m. to 3 p.m., so to get a place to live, we had to rent a place at Potsdam. We lived at Potsdam for a year, then we bought our home at Eben on Route 11, and one-half mile from Eben station. That was 1926 and Teddy was a year-and-a-half when Dorothy was born.

May 24 about 6 months old, and we got settled in our own home at Eben, and working days at that time every day of the week including Sunday, and we were quite happy.

Two years after Dorothy was born, another little girl, Barbara, came along, and we were very happy until she was just over one year old. When she was one year and one month, one morning we both were awakened with a most terrifying scream that seemed to lift me out of bed, and dash around to her crib where mom was bending over from the bed. The baby was in a convulsion. It lasted about ten minutes, then she was quiet until the next hour when it came again. It came again in an hour and she kept crying very pitiful. Soon as we could get him, the doctor came out and worked over her for about two hours. We tried hot baths and other

ways that the doctor recommended, but they came every hour.

A neighbor came into help, and for two days we worked over her until finally the doctor said, "Take her to Ogdensburg" where the hospital was, and we did. They put her in a private room because she cried out quite loud. For three weeks several doctors worked over her, and they finally gave up and said she would never recovered. They claimed convulsions were not too painful, but still she cried, and the hospital said to take her home, she would never get better. She would sleep, but get a spasm every hour. They gradually lessened, but still were evident every hour, and we had to watch her continuously.

Gradually the spasms lessened so that you could only tell when they came. She gradually grew up as they lessened, but mother had a continuous watch over her. Teddy was five years old and could help his mother with her, and so we knew we had a girl with a continuous ailment. We had to take care of her in a steady way all the time, and mother had a burden with her steady, and as soon as I got home from work, I was kept busy. A disease or seizure that the doctors had no name for except, "An Encephalitic seizure in the brain."

Every ten minutes you would notice the seizure. Though she gradually grew, we had a regular ritual with feeding her, and she grew and learned to walk. She had her own moments to do this or that, go to the corner of the table for mom to feed her, and on and on, growing steadily, learning to walk, then go outside and walk around. The two older kids keeping an eye on her all the time while I got busy and fenced the whole half-acre lot so she could not get out. She grew until she was fifteen years old. A

year before that I had heard of an Encephalitic Ward in a hospital at Rome, and I made a special trip down there. They asked me a lot of questions then finally said they was sure it was Encephalitis and would terminate fatally at fifteen years.

When she was fourteen-and-a-half years old, she got a cold somehow and it gradually got worse. We noticed how she would lie so quietly on her bed, till one night my wife called me at midnight, as we both took turns watching. She just slept away about 1 a.m., so quietly we couldn't be sure for an hour. She was fifteen years old at her death. Davy had been born when she was three years old, and we now were a family of Teddy, Dorothy, Barbara, Bill, Lois, Davy, James, and John.

I had worked at Eben until 1929 when the Stock Market broke, sending panic all over the country, and I had lost a steady job at Eben, but was getting called regular as an extra. Gradually it got worse and worse till I was finally told in 1939 that I was cut off until further notice. Then the tough part came. No work anywhere.

I worked two days the summer of 1940 for a farmer and got \$2.00 per day. Four dollars was all I had earned in a month. I was desperate. Canton Loan was after me for a payment on my mortgage of our home. Then lying on the grass of my lawn at the end of August, I suddenly thought of a life insurance policy I held that I had taken out in Canada two years before I married. It suddenly came to me the policy had a cash surrender. I took a look and I figured it would cash surrender me about \$1,100.00. Canton Loan was on my back, so I grabbed the policy and dashed over to see Canton Loan.

The manager looked it over and says, "Right Ed, you've got \$1,100.00 cash surrender coming," but Canadian currency was then eight percent discount on Canadian bonds." He said to me, "How much can you give us on your mortgage?" I said, "I need \$500.00 for the family this coming winter as it looks bad on the R.R. right now." "If you give us \$500.00 payment on your mortgage I will bring this money over from Canada through the banks which will be only one percent discount," he said. Boy oh boy oh boy, what a relief. Six hundred dollars paid on my mortgage and \$500 to keep my family going, whether I got work on the R.R. or not. Talk about a break, and I remember the Canon Loan. The man said, "It was no break, Ed. You made a wise investment when you bought that policy and did not touch it for 11 years."

Then came another break. The bids on jobs came out and Watertown Chief Dispatcher's Office came up, and to get it a man had to be qualified to handle the wire and copy everything on the typewriter. The operator Duroeher was a friend of mine and called me and says, "Come up to Watertown and qualify because there is no one on the extra board who can." So up I go and worked with him one day-and-a-half and he left me alone to handle it, then left a note to the chief dispatcher that I was qualified for Watertown Q office, and sure enough I bid on it and was the only bidder and got the job. I worked nights at Watertown all the rest of that winter and made good money. There were some men on the extra board older than me and they only made part-time work. So I was able to keep up payments on the house and get the kids to school.

I was on that job six months when Norwood came up for bids

- only ten miles from my home. Second trick, I bid on it and got it because it also was a telegraph job.

About eight years on that job and Potsdam Agency came up for bids five miles from home—a day job. I got the job. The R.R. had cut off a lot of stations on our division, then cut Potsdam to agent, a first trick, and operator on second trick, and with the work attended to on that job, I was not satisfied when they cut Norwood to just one trick.

A job that was on at 5 p.m. to 12 a.m. midnight, and knowing the R.R. as I did, I knew that job would be a lot of over-time so I bid it in 5 p.m. to 1 a.m. Get orders for the freights, let them come out of the yard, and hand in orders to run for Watertown, seventy miles. I was right. Came 1 a.m. I would ask for goodnight, which meant off duty, and about three nights a week the dispatcher would say, "I can't let you go with a big freight due out of Massena and a big freight just leaving Watertown. A little bit of trouble and they'll either meet at DeKalb or Norwood, so I will need you. Stay there, make up your bed and I will call you." I was amazed how much over-time I made that two years I was on the job.

Then I was at the age to retire. Forty-five years service on the R.R. and sixty-seven years of age. Mom and I had been planning on this. Kids were all established on their own affairs. We got a pass on the R.R. for Florida and decided to close the house we owned and came to Florida. My brother Samuel George and his wife Winifred were down in Florida in St. Augustine. We stayed near them but did not like that place too good. We went back to Potsdam to our own house and spent the summer there. Made plans with Jim to stay at our house, then took off next fall

for Florida, only this time we came to St. Petersburg and rented an apartment. We came to a Methodist Church called Euclid, and we got so we liked them. We got acquainted with the church people and joined Euclid church.

Nineteen years going back and forth—summers in Northern New York and winters in Florida. The kids were doing fine. Teddy in Los Angeles with a regular “history” behind him; Dorothy in Edwards, a town in the Adirondack Mountains; Bill in Saratoga, N.Y.; Lois in Trumbull, Conn.; David in Greeley, Colo.; Jim at the home place in Potsdam, N.Y.; and John in Pulaski, N.Y. Seven children and twenty-one grandchildren, and one great-grandchild.

Nineteen eighty one rolled in and Dorothy and I stayed south our usual time until July first, then flew back to Trumbull and stayed at Lois’s place for a week, then she drove us North to Ballston Spa where Bill lived. We stayed there a while. Bill took us up to Jim’s at Potsdam, which was the home place for the whole family. Dorothy lived thirty miles from the home place and came to see us, and John, who lived at Pulaski, also came to see us.

So we saw all of them except Teddy, who was in Los Angeles, and David, who was at Greeley, Colorado.

Mother did not seem to be well, and one day got real sick. So we took her to the doctor’s in Potsdam. The doctor prescribed certain treatment, and though she seemed to get a little better, still I and the rest of the family were not satisfied. Finally we all agreed to go down to Trumbull and Lois got her doctor to examine Mom. His report was not good and he got her

to go and see a specialist at New Haven, CT. His report was very, very serious. He told us that she must have a very serious operation. His opinion was that she could have a collapse any time and gave us to understand that the operation was very, very serious but there was still a chance she might pull through. He gave her four days to think it over, and for four days we were both in the deepest trouble and could not decide, only pray. When she decided to go through with the operation, though I felt awful, I still knew there was no other way. She came through the operation and Lois and I saw her in the Intensive Care Ward. For two days she did well, and I felt happy, though I could see she was very, very sick. After two days they moved her down to the ward, and for five days she seemed to be gaining, but the next day they put her in the Intensive again and I knew something was wrong. She was in Intensive Care three days, then they moved her down again but I knew her health was not getting better.

On Nov. 13, 1981 on Friday, she passed away at noon. I was holding her hand when she died. What can one say when you lose the one you love most? My little girl Barbara and my lovely wife Dorothy were the two most severe happenings in my life. That November 29th was our fifty-seventh wedding anniversary. I do thank the good Lord for the wonderful life He allowed me to have with her, and now I am eight-five this coming May 7th, 1982, and I am ready for any call He may have for me. I am ready.

Interest in life now has an entirely different meaning. As the Bible says, “Threescore years and ten, and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their

strength labor and sorrow, for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.”

Mom was buried in the Garfield Cemetery in Potsdam. She was placed beside Barbara, our “little sick girl” that never talked. So I expect I will be placed beside Mom.

After the funeral I visited all the kids, and last I went to Dorothy’s at Edwards and she was going to take me to Tupper Lake where we would meet Bill. Two days before the snow had come, and all the hunters were joyful because of the snow. I was not. My legs, which after my operation for a tumor, reacted to the cold. In a short time I knew I could not take the North Country. So when the time came, Dorothy drove me to Tupper Lake. We met Bill there and had lunch, and after goodbye to Dorothy, Bill and I went on toward the south. Bill and Carol, came with me to Lois’s, and again I said goodbye to Bill and Carol.

The weather sure was making me think. It got colder and colder, and though I confess I was scared of coming south to a lone house, still my legs shouted “Go!” So finally I said goodbye to Lois, Brian, his mother, Eric, and his girl. I took the plane to Tampa and came over to St. Petersburg and the house where Dorothy and I had been so happy. The neighbors at St. Petersburg were just wonderful and back to the church. Everybody was so solicitous that I sort of got back into a groove of my own and up to this time of writing feel very good, though being all alone in the house is steadily bearing down. I know I’m not the only one, but after writing about it the feeling gets keener. I am trying to keep myself busy, walking a lot, practice organ and piano at the church a lot, my neighbors immediate to me are very kind and help me out in several

ways. The one next door to me, because I walk her little dog Maxie, allows me the run of her house while she is away teaching school all afternoon. She owns a beautiful spinet piano, and I have the privilege of practicing on it, which I greatly enjoy.

As for the lady across the street from me, it is hard to say how one can thank the lady. She has been ready at any time to help. She wrote her phone number in large print so that any time night or day if I needed help, to call, and her husband has been ready to help any time. I find that I'm steadily losing my assurance that I would be capable in case of possible emergencies. Such is old age at the figure of eight-five years. At the moment I write this, my biggest problem is being alone in this house. How can I decide when to leave this beautiful sunshine and travel north where all the family is, and it is coming down to what month can I decide? I must give the landlord a month's notice if I decide to vacate the house, yet if I stay until June 30, I have two month's free rental providing I promise to come back to the house. So I have a real dilemma on my hands, and I must say the first of June looks good to me, so it comes down to "time will tell."

Today, Feb. 23, a strange thing came to light. This last fifteen years down here in Florida, Mr. and Mrs. Hosmer, who came down with us from Potsdam the same years as we did, and after a few years we met Mr. and Mrs. Laneu from Massena, and we got into a nice way of meeting at each others' houses and playing a friendly game of Pinochle every week. Today Mrs. Hosmer, whose husband died last summer, and Mr. Laneu, whose wife died last year, came to see me at this house, and knowing about Mom passing last November, we

realized how life itself, being so uncertain, could be very grievous.

Today, Feb. 24 started with lovely sunshine at 8 a.m. I went to church at 9 a.m. and played on the organ until 10 a.m. Then we had a general meeting of everyone who would come to work on a "general outreach program," to supplement the congregation of our church as our attendance is getting very few. Afterward we had a nice lunch, and in general the day passed very good. But come 5 p.m. and one is sort of confined to one's home, then the loneliness bears down. The big question now is, "When do I start for the north?" A very big question. It seems that if I want to keep up these memoirs, I will have to write them very shortly after each happening.

Today, Feb. 28, 1982, my daughter Dorothy just called, and during the conversation she mentioned, "Did I name every station I worked on the St. Lawrence Division of the New York Central R.R.?" And I answered I would do it.

In my tour of duty, while on the extra board, and when I got an assigned job, I covered every station from Massena, Norwood, Potsdam, Eben, Canton, Thorn, DeKalb Jct., Richville, Gouverneur, from here the G and O had a line, Emeryville, Talcville, and Edwards, where there was an extensive mining area, and the N.Y.R.R. made a large amount of revenue from this short line. Next to Gouverneur on the main line was Richville and a signal station called "Matoon" where the R.R. had two very long sidings, each one holding 100 freight cars and they were used extensively for passing freight trains by each other. To my memory I have no recollection of working

there. Next to it was Antwerp, then Philadelphia, next Evans Mills, then Calcium, then the Mainline went to Watertown headquarters of the St. Lawrence Division, and I covered every one of the three tricks at Watertown, which required copying the telegraph wire and putting it down on the typewriter to have eligible copies for all the offices at Watertown. At a point outside Watertown six miles, a side track was put in to Watertown Freight Yards to facilitate handling of big freights and I worked roots then at Watertown (supt. and chief dispatcher), three tricks then at Watertown Jct. Three tricks. Out of Watertown the line went to Black River, Great Bend, Carthage, then one branch went to Harrisville, Benson Mines, then Newton Falls, and I worked everyone of those places. Another track went on to Castorland, Lowville, Lyons Falls, Glenfield, Barneveld, Slittville, where the Adirondack Division joined the St. Lawrence Division, and from Slittville, it was double track into Utica, which was on the mainline. So I can say I worked all the stations except Matoon. In all sorts of weather, night and day jobs, so I considered myself a thorough R.R. man.

When the depression was at its worst, my "old car" went haywire. So in order to work a job, I had to either walk or bum a ride, and in the course I considered myself one of the best "bummers" in the country. I earned it. I walked a terrific number of miles during that period.

Two years ago, our children: Teddy, Bill, David, Jim, and John, and our girls Dorothy and Lois, presented us with a beautiful television set, which has the love line, channel 23, entirely religious, and I take great enjoyment from it as when I don't like the program on the other channels I turn to the reli-

gious one, and do I get enjoyment from it, especially after Mom being gone. The days go by gradually, even though I keep busy every day. Up at 7 a.m., get breakfast, and walk down to church, usually there about 9 a.m., practice on organ and piano, usually come home about noon, eat dinner, and believe me I sure hate cooking meals, then take Maxie for a walk as his mistress is at teacher's school, and so on till news at night. All day and no one to talk with except when there is a meeting at the church.

May 1, 1982 is going to be a definite date for me to make up my mind. I keep saying to myself, eighty-five years on this old world, and no one to talk to or with.

Summer in the North Country is a nice place, and I am almost certain I'm not going to live forever. Four years in England, fourteen years in Canada, three years in England and France and Belgium, back to Canada and stayed there four years, came to the United States in 1923 and still here, and pining away alone down here in Florida. So what's next?

(Editor's Note: You will see that Mr. Mundy's memoirs now turn to a diary style as he looks at life on a day-to-day basis.)

Feb. 27, tomorrow is last day of February 1982. How time flies when one looks back, but when one is entirely alone, how it seems to drag. Feb. 28th - tomorrow is Sunday, and we are on the way to March. Seems as though swimming should soon be here. The weather report says the water temperature is 68 degrees, almost warm enough.

Tonight I went to supper with a neighbor next door, a widowed lady with grandchildren also, so she

knows what life is. Must say I enjoyed dining with her and talking was very pleasant for a grateful change. Must repeat if possible.

Losing "Biddy" was very sharp, but one must get used to it. I think of the kids all the time, then the thoughts of winter up north and ugh. So I am at a, as the French say, "contretemps," which I think means, "Can't make up my own mind."

Today, Sunday, last day of Feb. 1982. Went to church, had a very enjoyable service, and with a certain amount of walking. The day passed quite pleasant, but when one stays in because of darkness, it is not so hot being your own company.

Our choir sang very good, considering we are only two trebles, two altos, one tenor and two bass. Boy, it would be nice to get about four more singers. I might add that Saturday night, my next-door neighbor took me to a restaurant and we had supper. What a difference when you've got someone to talk with while eating. I've noticed that when the sun goes down at six p.m., the apartment seems to bear down also. I look at the date and behold, it's Tuesday, March 20, so the summer is slowly rolling on, thought today was really cool for Florida, and I find I don't like cool weather.

The love line on the television down here is a wonderful thing and it sure helps to shorten the evenings. Lots of religious singing and church services, and a lot of personal religious experiences that makes it very interesting.

March 3, we had a prayer meeting at church at 10 a.m., then a movie of the Methodist Missions, among the Seminole Indians down

the Everglade region south of Lake Okeechobee. Very interesting as a lot of them are turning to the Christian religion. After, we had a nice get together and lunch, which passed away a good portion of the day while I got in some practice on the organ and piano. Tonight Beulah and Pete took me to the HD for lunch, so the day was not too bad. Still looking forward to the Pier Spa and swimming, but the temp. is still a little cool.

March 4, 9 p.m. and Jim just called from home and was I glad to hear him as it sure makes a real break in the monotony. He says they got the sewing machine O.K. and that's another item finished. Spoke to Marie and Steven, and of course they are plagued with more snow. I remember one March away back, and coming back on foot on the Eben Road I had to wade waist deep through some snow drifts. Seems hard to imagine snow up there and today, here it was 75 degrees.

March 5, 7 p.m. Just got home from Pete's, where I had a nice supper and a good visit with Pete about our church. He and I are both on the Board. Rained nearly all day, though not too heavy, which was good for the grass and shrubs around as they were looking sort of dry. Could get out only part of the time, which sure was depressing and made me think of the kids up north. Being alone sure does bear down on the mind.

I got a shot at the music in the morning. Without the organ and piano at the church, I would sure have had to go north. Keep looking at the Panasonic record player I have with a record of Mom's voice on it, and which I do not play because I'm afraid I couldn't take it.

Saturday, March 6 and it rained quite a lot during the day. Went to choir practice. At 8 a.m. Dorothy called and was I glad to hear her, also talked with Martha. Sure gave me a boost as I've found out very strong that when the sun is not shining, one gets broody. The love line on television helps out wonderful. It is completely religious and goes on steadily program after program. All the kids are very interested in what I will do come May. Boy! I wish I knew myself. Might say our choir is only seven people and I am the only tenor. Same old story. We all like company in whatever we do.

Sunday, March 7 and raining and cool and I do not like it one bit. Went to church, sang in the choir, came home with Beulah and Pete, got my own dinner, and after an hour walked back to church, played on the organ and piano, walked home and spent a dull evening until Lois called at 8 p.m., and it sure helped a lot to hear her. Talked over a few plans, but nothing definite, and it sure was a boost to talk with her.

March 8, Sunday and up fully at 7:30 a.m. It is beautiful after the rain yesterday, the sun seems wonderful. I notice my legs trouble me a lot in cold, wet weather.

March 9, and up at 7 a.m. The sun was shining and did it make me feel good. Walked to church and practiced a little music, then bought a paper and went down to the basement of the church, made some coffee, and read. All day was nice and I walked quite a lot. Then got supper at 5 p.m. After 6 p.m. no one seems to walk on the streets, and that is what I dread, the long evening, though I do like the love line that is on TV down here. Everything completely religious and all religious music.

Tomorrow is 10 a.m. prayer meeting, and after that a get together for lunch and I sure like it. There are twelve rose buds on the bush outside the kitchen door, and when I think of how much Mom used to enjoy it, it makes me feel good that I will be able to pick them soon.

March 10 has gone, a very good day, lovely and warm. Played a lot on piano at church, attended a prayer meeting, and afterward had lunch together. It sure helped the day along. When it comes 6 p.m. and one is forced to stay in, that's the time when life sort of bears down. The religious channel on TV sure helps. Called on Marge our organist, who had an operation on her knee. She is doing fine, able to get around with aid of a walker. Mom used to take her out a lot shopping, and also went and brought her to church every Sunday.

March 11, 9 a.m., starting off for church to get some music as I find it cheers me more than anything. Walked a lot afterward and the day was lovely and warm. At 6 p.m. I stayed home after going out with Max and Lois for supper. Nice, but evening was dull.

March 12, was a lovely day until noon. Spent part of day at church playing piano and organ, walked quite a bit, and am looking forward to the bay water getting warm enough for swimming.

March 13, Saturday at 10 p.m. Last night Teddy called and boy was I glad to hear him. It seems as if all today got tougher and tougher. I'll be glad when May 3 comes, this deal all alone gets worse and worse.

Sunday, March 14, was at church at 9:30 and Bible class, then the regular service, over at noon. I

decided to not go to the house but went and got a snack a few blocks from the church, and then played organ and piano until 3 p.m. and came home and got a regular meal and went out again. Now it's 6 p.m. and I find it's not quite so lonesome. After 6 p.m. everybody stays in anyway.

March 16, up at 7 a.m., mailed letter to Lois about the bank, then to church and practice organ and piano, then home and so on until 5:30 p.m. Went out with Mrs. Baker to HD and got a nice meal. For a change, the HD has got a player for the organ and it sure sounded good to hear it. Made me think of Mom being there last year.

March 17. Prayer meeting at the church at noon and a get together lunch afterward. Beautiful day and the sunshine was simply gorgeous. To be shut in after 7 p.m. by yourself is not so hot.

March 18. Beautiful sunshiny day, walked a lot, played music, and had supper at church at night. Came home with Pete and Beulah. Really tired and went to bed early.

March 19. Up at 8 a.m., went to church. Played music a long time, came home and got my dinner, then sat around after taking Maxie out for a walk. When I came home at 4 p.m., I got so fed up with myself, decided to walk the 8 blocks to the grocery store, bought some stuff, and walked right back. Sixteen blocks - so I know I can take considerable fatigue, but this day was the worst test of all. I'm almost sure that I will change my mind on some of the plans I have outlined with myself. This is one day that really bore down on the alone stuff. No good writing this—here I was interrupted by the phone ringing and it was Lois herself, and boy, was I glad to hear her voice. My first

touch with the "world" all day. It sure cheered me and also I got my instructions. I bet the other kids will laugh when they read this. So this evening won't be so blue after all.

I turned on the television on the religious line and they have some beautiful singing on it.

March 20. Two-thirds of the month gone by. Walked around by myself all day. Practiced some music in the a.m. then went to choir practice in the afternoon. Got my meals and sat around all evening. Same deal. Will tune in on the religious line, it helps.

I have just finished talking to Laurie and Robin, and was I glad to talk to them.

Today was choir practice at the church at two p.m., and that is all the conversation I have had with anyone. Hooray for being a loner??

March 21. Sunday a.m. and went to church. It was a nice service but our choir didn't do so good. We tried to make an anthem out of a hymn and it did not sound too good to me. Too small a choir. After church Mrs. Edna Land, a widowed woman in our church whom we have known for a long time, invited me out to lunch, as she is still driving her car, and it sure made a great break for me taking up quite a part of a hot day. She has plenty of troubles too and I'm fast getting the opinion that we are all alike. Troubles everywhere.

March 22. Took my first trip on bus uptown to Williams Park. I looked the situation over about getting to the Pier, as I will have to take to Spa Beach.

March 23. Up at 7 a.m. and

over to church at 8 a.m. Now looking at the clock and it's 11 a.m. Almost three hours practicing.

March 24. Lovely morning and lovely day. Walked eight blocks to get groceries and eight back. It's tough enough to be alone, but without a care, well it's work also.

March 25. Same deal up at seven a.m. got ready and went to church. Lots of practice on organ and piano, then Bible study at 11 a.m., then everybody stayed for lunch together as our rule is to take our own sandwiches. Came home at 1 p.m. and what to do with my time. No one to talk with and staying around the house on a nice day drives one crazy, so in desperation I started out on a long walk and covered a good two miles walking, then came back for supper. I am sure looking forward to the May 3rd date, as it seems as if everyone is busy but me. I'm sure mulling over the plan for the summer as this place is giving me the willies. I've got to see everyone up north anyway so something will have to be changed. One winter from Nov. to May is about all anyone can take, alone that is. Even makes me feel better writing about it. I keep tuned in on the religious line on the TV and it sure helps. Dorothy and Lois, I have a great feeling that something will have to be changed.

March 26. This day will go on record as my worst day. Living alone is impossible. I've only spoken to three people today, and that was only to ask a question. I've promised myself a swim tomorrow if only to break the monotony.

March 27. Day started off cloudy and then radio says the beach was polluted so that deal was off. Day turned clear and warm.

Then at night went with Mrs. Baker to the First Methodist Church choir concert and it was real good and also broke up a long evening.

March 28. Much cooler. Choir practice at 2 p.m. and the rest of the afternoon completely bored, no one to talk to is making me think the situation over. At 7 p.m. Dorothy called and very, very glad to hear her. Gave me an idea that I had never called Bill, so called him and it sure was good to hear him and Carol. It gave me an idea about how I could manage if I came back down in the fall as I can tell I can't stand being alone. This religious line, #22 on this television set, is sure a great help. They are trying to establish a religious line for Christianity only and nothing to do at all with all the other channels, which with all their advertising are simply a pain in the neck. They are soliciting funds to enable them to create a Christian line all through the country for religious purposes only, and I hope they succeed. I have already contributed to it, and I sure hope it works as it has helped me a lot.

March 29. Sunday and raining hard. Then it let up and only three blocks to church, so off I go. Good service and good singing. That helps. And wonder of wonders, just as I worried in church about what I would do, up comes Mr. Randolph the bass singer in our choir, and says he would be glad if I would go to a restaurant. Boy, was I surprised but with the rain coming did I jump at the chance and enjoyed a good dinner with them, and they have just brought me home and still the rain is coming down.

March 30. Seven a.m. and cloudy and cool. Went down to church and practiced some music. Got word from Lois that the plane

was reserved for May 3rd. Made me feel good. I still don't understand how anyone can be satisfied with being alone. If it wasn't for this religious line on the TV, I would feel sort of desperate.

March 30. A full day of rain.

Apr. 1. Wednesday and up at 8 a.m. Went to church, practiced organ and piano, prayer meeting at 11 a.m., very good and everybody stayed for lunch until noon, which sure shortened up the day, and after walking Maxie next door I went to the store for groceries, eight good blocks, so I get plenty of exercise.

Tomorrow is check day, for which I am truly thankful. Listening to religious channel for evening.

I note that a lot of people in Bible class are talking about their summer plans. Florida has what they call "The Exodus" during the month of April as most northern people head that way sooner or later. And also a lot of Floridians head northward sooner or later for summer holidays as they say it's too hot here in summer. April 1st, the first day of spring. Checks came, cashed, and certain debts paid. Mail to Brinkman in a.m. for sure. Did quite a bit of walking and practicing, but time still hangs heavy on one's head when not too much to do and no one to talk to. This was the first day at church that I did not see anyone. My wonder is, has Lois put in an evening lately with absolutely no one to talk to.

Tomorrow I have to take Maxie walking every evening and all day for this coming weekend, account of Mrs. B. going away until late Sunday night.

April 2, and up at 7 a.m. I want to go swimming, but have got to

stay and try to get my shot. Called Mrs. McIntyre and she came at 10 a.m., so I'm fixed OK for a month. Mailed Joe Brinkman \$155.00 money order so that's it until May 1st rental.

April 3, Saturday. Roamed around to church practice, took care of Maxie the pooch next door, and kept myself busy, but it was still lonesome. Then Dorothy called at 8 p.m. and I was glad to hear her, and then later Teddy called from L.A., and that was another boost, and I also talked with Irmgard.

April 4, and up at 7 a.m. Took Maxie out and then got ready for church. Had a real good service. Sang in choir and I felt real proud of my tenor in the anthem. Then a real surprise. Other members of the choir, Mr. and Mrs. Randolph from Michigan, said they were going to H.D. for lunch and invited me, and was I glad of that. A real good meal and company. That helps. So I keep mulling it over in my mind as to what course to take for summer and after.

April 5. Same formula. Up early, take care of dog, music at church. It's getting monotonous. News tonight sounds interesting, England going after the Falklands. Boy, what will this world come to. Glad I've got the love line, all religious and worth listening to. Mailed a letter to John's Kim. That little lady wrote me a real interesting letter for a girl of eight.

April 6. Day started cloudy but soon cleared up. Started out at 8 a.m., walked a ways, went to church and practiced, then came back at 11 a.m. and they had started to take down an old oak tree in this front yard and it was quite a process. They only got some main branches off by noon

when they quit. The rest of the day I walked and amused myself, came home and got supper, then turned to the love line on TV for the evening, which was mostly Easter and very nice.

April 7. Have date with Dr. Thompson, who did my operation four years ago. Went there at 1:30 p.m. and got a thorough exam and he says everything's OK and to still keep walking. So that's another milepost by on the record. Get back home and they have the big tree down in this front yard and it was a big tree, three feet across the trunk at the ground. The religious line is going strong on the love line on cable. I think it is doing a lot of good to people watching, as they seem to get a lot of response, also a lot of donations to keep the line going. Seems to me the country needs this line badly as all the other channels are full of ads and other foolishness.

April 8. Special morning service for Easter and lunch at church afterward. We had a good service with communion, then a nice get together afterward with about fifty attending, which is good for Euclid. About May 3rd when I go, there will be quite a few people leaving, so the church attendance will be quite slim for the summer.

April 9. Good Friday. Went to church, practiced a little, then got ready for my appointment with Dr. Campbell. There's a thunderstorm threatening, and me walking. I started early and got there ahead of the storm. He gave me a prescription and I got it filled. Doctor's fee, \$18.00; ointment to pat on my feet, \$21.00. Now the question, will it work? Missed the rain though and we did not get much, as the storm went north. Got letter from Lois about Travelers and a picture of Rebecca, which pleased

me as she was the only one I did not have a photo of.

April 10. Cloudy, dark, and cool. Threat of rain in the air. Mailed Travelers Insurance, the dues on me, up to May 20. Music at church was about all. Sure am looking forward to May 3rd. Being alone steady is no good. Tomorrow is Easter. Imagine how time flies, yet to me right now, it sure drags through the day. Enough of this, will start a new page.

Sunday, April 11. Cloudy and wet. Off to church and nice service. Choir sang two anthems and I felt sort of proud of my tenor - being I'm such an old guy. Max Snyder called me and picked me up at 4 p.m. and took me out to lunch with Mrs. Snyder and Max, Brother and Mrs. Paul Martin, and I liked it very much. I enjoyed our Easter Sunday here.

April 12. Nice day. Went to church, played a little, walked back, and after lunch went for groceries eight blocks. Nine p.m. and feel rotten. Went to sleep at 6 p.m. watching TV and woke up at 8 p.m. feeling rotten. Can't understand why I get such a break as this. Seems as if Lady Luck never lets up. Keep watching the love line on TV. Believe in it, but keep wondering why so much depression. Why can't I run into a "pal" of some sort? Being alone is the worst thing in the world. Still think this TV should be sent up north. It's too good to sit around all summer not being used. Ho hum, the more I write the worse it gets. A big orchestra and choir conducted by Leonard Bernstein, maybe that'll help. I take it all back. I've just listened for an hour-and-a-half to a presentation of Beethoven conducted by Leonard Bernstein with a large orchestra and a choir of 160 voices. Talk about music.

It was wonderful and now I feel better.

April 13. Mailed letter to Metropolitan Insurance with two months dues. Forgot month of March, so sent it with April. Practiced at church in the afternoon. Walked down to Lois Connell's beauty parlor, as she wanted me to see it. A good mile walk. Real nice, warm day.

April 14. Another nice day. Practiced music and attended the prayer meeting at 11 a.m. and after a general lunch together. We had twenty people, which is good for us.

April 15, Thursday. Up early and off to church. Nice morning, bit cloudy. Played organ a while, got newspaper, had coffee and cookies in church, then practiced on piano. Don't believe I'll ever make out to be a musician. Made date with Pete for lunch at H.D. and that made an interesting evening. Sure helps. Then Lois called, and after her Jim called, which made an interesting evening.

April 16. Up and at 'em. Over to church, practicing, which is a Godsend to me as I enjoy it so much and it also keeps me occupied. The Ukrainian congregation in the basement of our church had what they call Easter. At 4:30 p.m. Pete and Beulah took me over to visit Edith and we had a nice supper and visited until 8 p.m., which sure helped. Edith's was the last place Mom and I visited a year ago come May, and I sure thought of Mom while I was there. Tomorrow is choir practice, which Edith reminded me of. Life with its sorrows, life with its tears, I'm beginning to think. It's one big preparation for what's to follow. Soon I'll be a philosopher if I keep on.

April 17. Up at 7:30 a.m. Brilliant sunshine and looks like another hot day. Went to church, practiced, then choir practice. Not much else except figuring on my trip north, but went to Mrs. Raught's house to visit and practiced a little on the piano there. She is a wonderful pianist, and for a lady of 92 years, she sure can make that piano talk. I realized there that I was only a beginner.

April 19, Sunday. Up at 7:30 a.m. Eat, then on to church at 10:30 a.m. Choir sang "How Great Thou Art" with all singing the first verse, ladies sang second, men sang third, and the final was sung by all. Went good with only seven people in our choir. Minnie asked Marge and I to go out to lunch with her, which made a grand break for me, as I did not get home until 3 p.m., which is a real blessing in a silent house. Today being Sunday, I have two more Sundays, then the next day and I'm off to the north and am I looking forward to it. I have the religious line #23 on the TV and it's sure wonderful. Helps me pass a long evening.

April 19. Mary here at 9 a.m., cleaning up the house. Went to church for practice, afternoon was very hot. Took Maxie to see Mrs. Raught and she sure enjoyed seeing that 'lil pooch. Trying to get my mind on going north, it's going to take some planning. Made a date with Pete to go swimming, so I should get that in come Thursday.

April 20. Day started hot. Went practicing, but my mind was on getting ready for the north. Took Maxie out at 1 p.m. and it was hot. Got letter from Dorothy about her trip to see Kathie, and I'm glad I got the dates so I can figure. Getting so I have to figure everything account of dates and time. This love live on TV is a

wonderful thing. Completely religious and no advertising. I've got to speak to everyone up north about this channel. It's all over the states and way up in Canada too.

April 21. Another hot day. Went to church early. Bible meeting at 11 a.m. and a nice luncheon after, then Beulah, Pete and myself went to see Marian, who is going north May 1st. Took Maxie out, and home for rest of day. Tomorrow I'm looking forward to a swim down at the Pier. Pete and Beulah going to take me. Evenings sure are lonely.

April 22. Same program in a.m., but this afternoon Pete took me down to Pier and I got in swimming and boy was it good. I could have stayed there all afternoon, but couldn't keep them waiting too long. Then this p.m. we had our monthly luncheon and that helped. Keep wondering just what I will do up north, but at least I'll have someone to talk to.

April 23. Got light bill and phone bill so they are paid up for another month. Cloudy all day.

April 24. Making a start about getting ready for trip back home. Hate packing. Choir practice, and at 5 p.m. Pete and Beulah took me to H.D., and after cloudy all day, didn't it start to rain and poured before we got home.

April 25. Sunday. Church and nice service. Oscar preached, took Maxie out at 7 and again at 1 p.m.

April 26. Called phone company and put phone on stand-by until October. Will cost \$5.30 each month. Called limo who said would show up May 3rd at 9:30 a.m. Funny weather. Cloudy all day for three days and hardly any rain.

April 27. Hot day. Just roamed as usual.

April 28. Date getting close and am I looking forward to it. One thing I know, one makes plans and then puts them into effect if one can. Don't always work.

April 29. Got the rest of my things from Lois Connell. Very hot day and am getting ready packing.

Only two suit cases and a lot of stuff to go in them.

April 30. Starting packing for trip. Visited Mrs. Raught and bid her goodbye. She is now 92 and gets around good, only the doctor has forbidden her to climb steps. She is a wonderful pianist and misses her playing at the church. Pete asked me out and we went with their other guest to the Coach House. Had a wonderful dinner and their guest, a visitor from New Jersey, treated us all, which sure surprised me. If one only mentioned all the surprises that happened, we would realize how wonderful everything really is.

May 1. Sun is shining. Usual practice at church. Postman came at noon, got check, so no worry about that.

May 2. Sunday. Up early and off to church. Good service. Choir did OK and the minister preached a real good sermon, one that fitted most of us old codgers in the church. Grabbed a hot dog and coffee down near church and have enough left in house for tonight and early morning, and me for the high spots in the North Country.

May 3. Up at seven. Ate and got ready for 9:30 a.m. Bus to Tampa, 11:30 took Delta Flight 340 to New York. Wonderful flight, sunshine all the way, except

cloudy at New York, and got to Lois's place at 5 p.m. and still cloudy. Everything fine at Lois's and I felt good getting back into another groove. Beautiful to have company and talk with someone.

May 4, 5, 6. Visiting at Lois's and getting all the low-down on everything. Really enjoying myself.

May 7. Yours truly has reached his 85th year on this date. Started off good, had a Birthday celebration with cake and all and waited up till 11:59 p.m. to see if Kathy's baby would arrive but no arrival, so hit the hay.

May 8. Started off with mowing lawn then mower quit. Hour later, got mower fixed and mowed entire lawn and didn't mind it one bit. Bill and Carol came and we had a good visit all afternoon and wound up singing hymns and it was fine. Took off next morning for Bill's place at Saratoga, N.Y. and got there at 3 p.m. and stayed at Bill's a week. Saw Jennifer and Patricia several times, though they were working and they had not heard lately from Denise, who was a sergeant in the U.S. Army over in Germany.

Then Bill took me north via Lake Placid to Potsdam and home, and was I glad to see them and the place. A week there then up to Dorothy's for a few days, then back to the home place, which seemed to content me more than anything. After a short while, Dorothy made plans to take me to Ottawa to see Eileen, Mom's sister-in-law, and we had a real good visit.

Next day we drove up to Parliament buildings, and I had to ask the government police to show me the Book of Records of soldiers who were killed in World War I. The first thing he asked me was if I

knew my brother's number, and he was sure surprised when I quoted it at once. Then we proceeded to Beechwood Cemetery where Dorothy's father and mother and brother were buried. So I enjoyed my visit to Ottawa tremendously.

Then the next day we returned to the States, and Dorothy left me at the home place, and she went on to her home in Edwards with Eileen, who had come back with us, to get ready for the wedding of Eric and Robin Hickman, which was to take place July 31st. And what a deal that wedding was. I was completely bewildered all the time. Dorothy calling and saying we would do this and that, then Lois calling the same this and that, so until the morning we started, I was lost most of the time. And then came the 31st of July. Dorothy was taking Eileen and I, starting early. Jim and John's families all in one car, with 400 miles to go, and Bill from Saratoga, and about halfway, and the wedding was scheduled for 1 p.m. At 5 a.m. Dorothy, Eileen, and I started from Sylvia Lake in a vicious thunderstorm and it lasted until we got to Star Lake, then turned into a gentle rain and it seemed to me as if we drove and drove and eventually got there in time. Lois's home was being remodeled and we just got a look, then headed for church. Bill and Carol and Jim and John right behind us.

What a wedding. I had been at Jane's wedding, and Kathy's, but this was the first grandson to wed. He, Eric, sure looked stunning in a white dress suit, and his bride was just beautiful. They made a lovely couple and the proceeding went on from 1 p.m. until 3:30 p.m. and by that time I was all in. The one difficulty for me was Mom was not there. I kept thinking how she

would have enjoyed it, but the Lord was not willing. As we know, God's will is best. So the wedding is over and my grandson Eric is wedded. Jane, Kathy, Julie, all Dorothy's girls, and Dorothy, Teddy's oldest daughter, are married. Seems odd. One grandson and four granddaughters. Five out of twenty-one, but when I think of them all, there will be sure plenty more.

Now I could settle down and sit around at home watching while Jim worked like a slave getting his wood split and piled, and he will sure appreciate it come winter. I can just see Judy and Steven carrying all that wood to the cellar window. Judy, in her third year of high school, just loves carrying wood, and if anyone mentions ball to Steve, he will quit in a moment.

Time rolled on. Visit here, visit there. Gradually I kept thinking about the rest of the summer. Jim kept a fire going when it got cool, and I knew I was in no condition to take much cold, and finally made up my mind for Sept. 10 to go south. So I talked with Dorothy and Lois, and they had to plan with Bill about getting down to Trumbull where I would get on the plane, and they got together and settled on the 31st of August. Everybody up there would meet at Dorothy's at the lake and we would have one day there before the parting. And wouldn't you know, it turned cold Aug. 31st and dropped below 50 degrees and I nearly froze. Such is the North Country. Anyway, we had a grand visit and went our various ways. I was going with Bill to his place after saying bye-bye to everybody there. We came by Lake Placid route and I stayed at Bill's a week, then he drove me down to Lois's at Trumbull. Made date for plane Sept. 10. Took off from LaGuardia after saying bye to Lois and again

only two hours and I was in Tampa. It sure amazes me when I think of 1,200 miles in two hours.

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