

*The St. Lawrence County Historical Association*

# *QUARTERLY*

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*Volume XLVI I- Number 2 - Spring 2002*

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# 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 trustees.

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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.

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**Quarterly**

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**Issue Editor:**  
Pamela Ouimet

**Cover Illustration**  
*In 1902 the Rich Lumber Co. extended  
the NY Central Railroad  
from Benson Mines to Wanakena.  
(Photo courtesy of Peter Van de Water)*

# James McCormick :

## A Speech by Edwin McCormick Barry

### Memorial Day, 2002

### Potsdam, New York

Honorable Mayor Ruth Garner, American Legion Commander David Brown, Thomas Dodds, Community Development Director and Guests:

Thank you for coming today to honor our War Veterans here, this Memorial Day.

It is a special privilege for me to be present to honor my grandfather Sergeant James McCormick who lived between 1840 and 1921. He was born in Iroquois, Canada and as a youth of 21 years he crossed the St. Lawrence and immigrated to Potsdam in 1860. He became an apprentice wheelwright and carriage builder in the shop of Daniel Darius Cutting. At the outbreak of the War between the States his employer, Mr. Cutting (age 45 with 5 children and the carriage-wagon business) paid McCormick to take his place in the 60<sup>th</sup> Regiment New York State Volunteers.

He served first in the Capitol area under General Dix in what they called the Railroad Brigade, was transferred to Virginia to the Dept. of the Shenandoah, then to the Army of the Potomac. James McCormick fought in the battles of Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Wauhatchee, Lookout Mountain, Ringgold, and then served as a guard again in the Division Ordinance Trains—probably because of health reasons while his 60<sup>th</sup> Regiment advanced on Atlanta and then on Savannah. He



*Edwin McCormick Barry*

was honorably discharged from service to the Union Army from Atlanta on Oct. 29, 1864 at the expiration of his 3-year term of enlistment.

As a point of interest, this war story has a happy ending because he returned, married the boss's daughter Sarah Ann Cutting, and developed over the years a very successful business on Fall Is-

land, which came to include carriage and wagon building, general repairing, blacksmithing, carriage painting, hack and cab repair and he served as agent for the Babcock Buggy Company, and he was awarded a patent in 1887 for his invention of the McCormick Vehicle-spring by the United States Patent Office. When his buildings burned in

Courtesy of Bonny Sanders



1900 he went on to boat and canoe building on Fourth lake of the Adirondacks.

I am here today to dedicate a plaque on Fall Island to honor this soldier who fought over 130 years ago that his country might remain one nation. It occurs to me that Abraham Lincoln's Gettysburg Address delivered on the battlefield where my grandfather fought gives us pause today, because the words apply to all soldiers in all wars.

Lincoln said so simply but so powerfully:

"It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that this government of the People, by the People, and for the People shall not perish from the earth."

I wish to thank all those behind the scenes for making this Memorial Day so memorable and a day of grand success. I'd like to end with a short poem I wrote about my grandfather...

### THE OLD BEAR-HUGGER

A warrior of no mean dimension  
From a Canadian town of Iroquois—  
The only grandfather I ever knew—  
Others left before I grew.

He was a wheelwright by trade,  
Came to New York to find work,  
But sent to fight the War Between the States  
In Place of his future father-in-law.

He rose in rank—private, corporal, sergeant—  
Those years '61-64—built roads and bridges,  
Fixed wheels and guns, marched and fought,  
Slept in nests of wet straw under stars,

Or in winter quarter tents and huts of stone  
And wood. Defend the Capitol,  
Advanced in Lookout Mountain. Returned  
To marry the fair Miss Cutting—the boss's daughter,

And joined his new father in the carriage shop.  
Two generations later he was still building—  
Two big Adirondack lodges, rowboats,  
And canoes. If I close my eyes

I can see him now, rocking on the front veranda,  
Smoking his pipe, reading his paper.  
Now and then he'd hum or sing one of his  
Civil War tunes—Tenting Tonight  
On the Old Camp Grounds,  
When Johnny Comes Marchin' Home Again.  
He'd greet people with a smile  
And pass around great bear hugs to everyone.

Edwin McCormick Barry



*Edwin McCormick Barry with Mayor Ruth Garner at the Ives Park Gazebo in Potsdam, New York.*

Courtesy of Bonny Sanders

## James McCormick, Carriage Shop

James McCormick, the subject of this sketch, is a practical wagon and carriage maker, having been engaged in the business here for over 30 years. With his experience, combined with good business qualities, it is not at all strange that his success should have been assured from the start.

He has secured a large and lucrative business, which he is attending to with credit to himself. This business includes, besides carriage and wagon making, general repairing and blacksmithing and carriage painting. He employs from six to eight men, all of them thoroughly competent mechanics. The dimensions of the shop in which this work is done is ample, and is furnished with all the appliances of the various trades conducted under that roof.

A specialty is light work. Wagons and vehicles of this description will stand the roughest usage, bearing the heaviest loads and wearing longer without repair than any wagons of a similar description manufactured or repaired by other houses. Back repairing is also a specialty, and hacks, cabs and vehicles used constantly in public service are in better condition after passing through this shop than they were when rolled out of the original factory.

Aside from the repairing and mechanical department of the business, Mr. McCormick deals extensively in the very best carriages and buggies in all styles, the makes of the well-known Babcock Buggy Company, for whom he is agent here. Mr. McCormick is also

the patentee and manufacturer of the McCormick Spring, of which he sells a great many.

He manufactures from forty to sixty wagons a year and disposes of as many more a year that are handled by him. He makes all kinds of carriage and wagon wood work and material and occupies two large buildings, the factory and shop, and the store-room, sales-room and paint shop. James McCormick is a native of Camden, and came here in 1859. He established the business in 1865. He served in the war three years. He is one of the successful men of the village.

1892

## Chronology of James McCormick & Sarah Ann Cutting McCormick

January 6, 1840:

James McCormick was born in Matilda, Ontario Canada in Dundas County, near South Mountain. His parents were Francis McCormick and Mary Shannon.

March, 1845:

Sarah Ann Cutting was born at Stanbridge, Ontario Canada. Her father was Daniel Darius Cutting born May 17, 1816 at Sebovis, Canada, (d. 1906?). Daniel's father was Rubin Cutting. Daniel's mother was Nancy Benson (d. 1845). Sarah Ann's mother was Harriet Spear. Daniel and Harriet Spear Cutting had five children: George, Sarah Ann, Elizabeth, Lydia, and Frances. Two sisters, Mrs. A. Train and Mrs. S. F. Dawson of Lawrence, Mass., are known to survive Sarah Ann. "When a child, her parents moved to Vermont then to Canton and later to Potsdam." Her father may have chosen to move to Canton since there were Cuttings in the area. James William Cutting (1832-1899) was a carriage maker in Pierrepont who had a daughter Elizabeth. Her wedding announcement appeared in *Courier & Freeman*, June 21, 1866, p. 3, Col. 3. Daniel Hurlbert Cutting and his son Aaron Burrows Cutting were also active businessmen in the Pierrepont area and they were all probably related.

1859:

James McCormick moved to New York. His post office at the time of enlistment was Crary Mills. He began to work as a wheelwright for Daniel Darius Cutting in his carriage and

wagon building business. He also may have been drawn to the area by relatives. *History of St. Lawrence County, New York*, p. 224 records the history of St. Mary's (Roman Catholic) Church and mentions that "... a large number of Irish emigrants settled in the western part of the town of Canton... The first mass was said in the log house of one of these settlers named McCormick."

Sept. 1, 1861:

James was enlisted by Capt. Goodrich at Crary Mills, N.Y., in The 60<sup>th</sup> Regiment New York State Volunteers. He was paid to take the place of his employer, Daniel Darius Cutting.

Sept. 9, 1861:

He joined for duty and enrolled for a 3-year term of enlistment at Canton, N.Y. Trained at Camp Wheeler from Sept. 9 to Nov. 1.

Nov. 1, 1861:

Left with the 60<sup>th</sup> Regiment for the Washington/District of Columbia area under Co. Hayward. The Regiment served under Gen. Dix in the Railroad Brigade.

June, 1862:

60<sup>th</sup> Regiment was transferred to Virginia. They became part of the 2<sup>nd</sup> Brigade, Siegel's Division, Department of Shenandoah.

July 1862:

James came down with typhus when the whole Regiment was sent for rest and recuperation to Fauquier White Sulphur

Springs Resort. They were now 3<sup>rd</sup> Brigade, 2<sup>nd</sup> Division, 12<sup>th</sup> Corps, Army of the Potomac.

July 21-Nov., 1862:

James was sent to Carber USA General Hospital, Washington, D.C. (His Regiment fought in the Battle of Antietam Creek (Sharpsburg) Sept. 17-18 while he was in the hospital.)

Nov. 26, 1862:

James returned to 60<sup>th</sup> Regiment now in the 2<sup>nd</sup> Division of the Army of the Potomac.

Dec. 6, 1862:

Appointed Corporal.

Dec. 7, 1862-Jan. 1863:

On veteran furlough.

May 2-4, 1863:

James fought in the battle of Chancellorsville with the 60<sup>th</sup> Regiment, 3<sup>rd</sup> Brigade, 2<sup>nd</sup> Division, 20<sup>th</sup> Corps.

July 1-4, 1863:

James fought in the battle of Gettysburg with the 60<sup>th</sup> Regiment.

July 6, 1863:

Appointed Sergeant.

Sept. 24, 1863:

Regiment boarded B & O Railroad and traveled to Murfreesboro arriving Oct. 8.

Oct. 28, 1863:

James fought in Battle of Wauhatchee, Tenn.

Nov. 23-25, 1863:

James fought in Battle of Lookout Mountain.

Nov. 27, 1863:

James fought in Battle of Ringgold.

Dec. 24, 1863:

James transferred to the 137<sup>th</sup> New York State Volunteers by order of the War Department and Brig. Gen. John W. Geary. He was detained in Division Ordinance Trains as Guard.

March 17, 1864:

James was retransferred to 60<sup>th</sup> N.Y.V. per S.O. no. 47, Dept. of the Cumberland.

March 29, 1864:

Retransferred to 60<sup>th</sup> Regiment New York State Veterans at Stevenson, Alabama by order of the War Dept. per Circular No. 24 dated Mar. 17, 1864 as guard in Division Ordinance Trains.

The records from the Company and Regimental Descriptive Books seem confusing here but they seem to indicate that James did not return to the Army of the Cumberland and fight with his 60<sup>th</sup> Regiment as it advanced on Atlanta, the Siege of Atlanta, or the occupation of Atlanta. He remained as guard in the Division Ordinance Trains.

Oct. 29, 1864:

James McCormick was honorably discharged from service in the Union Army from Atlanta, Georgia by reason of expiration of 3-year term of enlistment.

Nov. 1864-1865:

Returned to his occupation as wheelwright and began to develop his business at 10 Pint Street and later on Fall Island in the Racquette River, Potsdam, which came to include carriage and wagon making, general repairing, blacksmithing, carriage painting, hack and cab repair, and

eventually served as agent for the Babcock Company.

July 1, 1866:

James married Sarah Ann Cutting. The service was performed at Canton, N.Y. by the Rev. P.G. McGlynn of St. Mary's Church.

Nov. 26, 1867:

Son Frank D. born (d. Sept. 29, 1875).

Aug. 24, 1869:

Daughter Velma Ann born (d. 1958).

April 1, 1871:

Daughter Harriet born (d. 1949).

1871:

James spent one year in St. Charles, Missouri.

Feb. 22, 1872:

Son William H. born (d. 1822).

Nov. 20, 1877:

Son Clinton born (d. Nov. 23, 1896).

Dec. 6, 1886:

James filed an application for a Vehicle-spring at the United States Patent Office.

April 5, 1887:

Patent awarded: The McCormick Spring. Letter of Patent No. 360,710. Serial No. 220,849.

May 21, 1891:

Sarah Ann McCormick was a member of the Marsh Women's Relief Corps. When they voted to start a fund to erect a monument in honor of Civil War soldiers, she contributed the first dollar toward the Monument Fund. The statue was dedicated

Aug. 20, 1903.

1894:

Daughter Velma Ann McCormick, married Edwin Malachi Barry of Malone, N.Y. in the McCormick home.

1896:

James McCormick, son Clinton, and son-in-law Edwin Malachi Barry camped on Fourth Lake of the Fulton Chain of Lakes in the Adirondacks.

1901:

James, daughter Velma Ann, and her husband Edwin attended the Pan American Exposition in Buffalo, N.Y.

Feb. 1902:

James, Velma, and Edwin crossed Fourth Lake on snowshoes from Lawrence Point to Gingerbread Point.

1902-1903:

Mr. Shay, a male nurse, residing on Gingerbread Point, sold lots 62 and 63 to James McCormick and he started to build Iroquois Lodge, finished in 1906 - a three-story log camp, encompassed by porches on the first and second floors. They also built a pier and boathouse. He gave Iroquois Lodge to Velma and Edwin, which they ran as a resort. From 1905-1920 it was expanded to include 18 bedrooms, 2 living rooms, 2 dining rooms and one large kitchen. Velma served as many as 60 people in her dining room and boarded 30 people. Edwin ran the waterfront, maintained the canoes and motor boats.

1904:

James built another log camp, Camp Vernon, for himself and Sarah Ann. James made many canoes and row boats, more than



300 maple and cherry, hand-drawn paddles, 60 pairs of oars, motor boat supplies - such as seats, engine beds, marine supplies and other wood parts and equipment.

Feb. 23, 1910:

Sarah Ann Cutting McCormick passed on. She is buried in Stanbridge, Canada.

Dec. 5, 1910:

James' grandson, Edwin McCormick Barry, was born to Velma and Edwin. Grandson Edwin married Gladys Jane Pfeffer on June 21, 1940. Velma Bonny was born to them Oct. 15, 1941. Edwin Ernest Barry was born on Aug. 18, 1943. In 1959 Velma Bonny Barry married Thomas Benton Sanders. Their only daughter, Susan Barry Sanders was born on May 13, 1974.

Sept. 20, 1921:

James McCormick passed on. He is buried in St. Mary's Catholic Church Cemetery, Potsdam, N.Y. His tools, the last canoe he built, paddles, his copy of *The History of the Sixtieth Regiment New York State Volunteers* by Chaplain Richard Eddy, Velma Ann's snowshoes, moccasins, photos, cards, letters, and a copy of patent for carriage spring may be viewed at the Adirondack Museum, Blue Mountain Lake, N.Y. Some artifacts may be also be seen at the Potsdam Museum.

## Obituary of James William Cutting, 1899 (Probably from a newspaper in Guthrie County, Iowa)

(He may have been a cousin or relative of Daniel Darius Cutting and Sarah Ann Cutting.)

I received this obituary from Charlotte Regan, Pierrepont Historian, 5893 Ct. Rt. #24, Canton, NY 13617.

James William Cutting was born in Enosburg, Vermont, Feb. 28, 1832 and died April 2, 1899, being 67 years, 1 month, and 4 days old. He was educated in Canadian schools, being that he was born and reared on the line between Canada and the U.S.

When he was a young man, he went to New York State to learn the carriage making trade and followed that business as long as his health would permit. He and his family came to Iowa nearly 20 years ago (1879), lived in Guthrie County for about 3 years, then moved to Lewis, where they have lived ever since, except about four years in California for the sake

of his health. Mr. Cutting was a successful businessman, and was very much grieved by his physical inability, but being of very quiet disposition, he bore all his sufferings and disappointments with heroic patience. He was a man of fine tastes and large-hearted charity as far as he was able, and would rather suffer himself, than to see others suffer. A kind, indulgent father, good neighbor and faithful citizen.

He was confirmed when 16 years of age in the Episcopal Church and held to that church until death. Those who know, say that his life was a very sweet Christian life, full of faith in the promises of God and in the Lord Jesus Christ. He leaves behind a wife, and three daughters and one little granddaughter to mourn the loss, one son having preceded his father some 20 years ago. On Tuesday at 10 a.m. the funeral took place from the late home which was conducted by Rev. D. E. Evans and assisted by Rev. G.C. Jewell and E.E. Kneeder.



**Obituary of**  
**Sarah Ann Cutting McCormick**  
*(Potsdam Courier Freeman,*  
**No. 39, Wednesday, Feb. 23, 1910, p. 4 col. 5)**

The death of Mrs. James McCormick occurred at her home on Market Street, Wednesday, February 16.

Mrs. McCormick had been in poor health for several months, but it was not until very recently that her friends thought that she would ultimately recover sufficiently to be about again. Up to the very last she maintained a sincere confidence that she was improving and would soon be about again. The turn for the worst came Tuesday at midnight, and from that time until her death she failed rapidly.

Sarah A. Cutting was born in Stanbridge, Ont., March, 1845. When a child, her parents moved to Vermont, then to Canton and later to Potsdam. She was united in marriage with Mr. James McCormick in 1866. Four children were born to them of whom one son, Clinton, died several years ago.

Mrs. McCormick is survived by her husband; one son, William H., a daughter, Mrs. E.M. Barry of Potsdam; a daughter, Mrs. A. L. Hitchcock of Washington, D.C.; and two sisters, Mrs. A. Train and Mrs. S.F. Dawson of Lawrence, Mass.

Mrs. McCormick was a devout and faithful member of the Presbyterian Church. She was a woman of naturally sweet disposition, without unkind words or thoughts for anyone. Looking on the bright side of life and seeking only the good, she attracted

a large circle of friends who deeply mourn her death.

Funeral services were held at the home on Market Street Saturday afternoon. Rev. F. B. Cowan officiating.

**Marsh Veterans Relief Corps**  
**Obituary**  
**Sarah Ann Cutting McCormick**  
*(Potsdam Courier Freeman,*  
**Wednesday, May 2, 1910, p. 3, Col. 3)**

In the death of Sister Sarah McCormick Marsh Veterans Relief Corps have sustained a great loss. We have long missed her from our meetings on account of ill health. She was a very pleasant, lovable woman and faithful worker in our Corps. She was chairman of the Relief Committee for many years and her sympathy went out to the sick and needy. In all the years she held the office no one called on her in vain.

The first dollar of the Soldiers Monument Fund was placed in our fund by her.

A good member, a friend to depend upon, a loving wife and mother, what more could we ask for? The Corps sent beautiful flowers. Let us cherish her memory.

E.J.S., Pres. - (Or, Present Chair)

## Marriage Announcement

(*Potsdam Courier  
Freeman*,

Thursday, June 21,  
1876,  
p. 32, col. 3)

“At the residence of the bride’s parents in Pierpont, June 14 (1866) by Rev. William Whitfield, Mr. Charles B. Merriell (Morrell, Murell) to Elizabeth Cutting.”

At this date, James William Cutting is 34 years, so Elizabeth may have been his sister or cousin and somehow related to Sarah Ann Cutting.

Also a possibility—Sarah Ann also had a sister Elizabeth. Also 2 other sisters Lydia and Frances (and I still don’t know the address of Daniel Darius Cutting 1861-1866). Sarah Ann was married also July 1, 1866. Sara Ann had 2 sisters that survived her. I only know their married names from her obituary—Mrs. Ashael Train, and Mrs. S. F. Dawson of Lawrence MA. My father speaks of visiting his grandmother’s sister—an Aunt Mat or Mattie. If Elizabeth (above) was her sister, she did not survive her, unless she became a widow and married again.

### Sources of Information:

National Archives:

Department of the Interior, Bureau of Pensions  
War Department, Record and Pension Division

War Department, The Adjutant General’s Office

60<sup>th</sup> Regiment New York State Volunteers

--Company Descriptive Book  
--Regimental Descriptive Book

--Company Muster-in-Roll  
--Regimental Return  
--Hospital Muster Roll  
--Company Morning Report

*Registers and Sketches of Organizations*, pp. 2539-40. Albany, N.Y.: State of New York Archives, Military Records.

Obituary of Mrs. James McCormick (Sarah Ann Cutting McCormick), *Potsdam, N.Y.: Courier & Freeman*, Feb. 16, 1910, No. 39, p. 4, col. 5.

Article about Mrs. McCormick by the Chair of the

Marsh Womans Relief Corp., Potsdam, N.Y.: *Courier & Freeman*, March 2, 1910. P. 3, col.3.

Article about James McCormick - “J. McCormick, Carriage shop,” *Potsdam, N.Y.: Courier & Freeman*, appeared 1892.

Obituary of James McCormick, Potsdam, N.Y.: *Courier & Freeman*, Sept. 28, 1921.

*Gallantry in the Field: Potsdam and the Civil War*, Potsdam, N.Y.: Potsdam Public Museum.

*History of St. Lawrence County, New York, 1749-1878*, Philadelphia, Pa.: L.H. Everts & Co., Philadelphia Press of J.B. Lippincott & Co.

United States Patent Office

*Advance Almanac, St. Lawrence County Directory for 1862*, Ogdensburg, N.Y. Printed & Published by J. W. Hopkins, at the Advance Steam Printing House, 1862.

# Frank Wilder's Cranberry Lake, 1899-1948

By Peter Van de Water

Peter Van de Water owns a camp on LaFountain Bay, Cranberry Lake. He is a former commodore of the Cranberry Lake Boat Club and the author of "Northwest Territory" (*Adirondack Life*, 2001 *Collector's Issue*), a history of the early days of Cranberry Lake.

## Author's Introduction

Frank Wilder was a businessman in Carthage, N.Y. when he was invited to make the journey by train and stage to Cranberry Lake. The year was 1899, and Cranberry Lake, set in the middle of a vast untouched forest, was a sportsman's paradise. In 1904 Wilder bought 131 acres of virgin timber and "a couple of miles of shoreline" from Dr. W. W. Boyd of St. Louis. Dr. Boyd had recently built a rambling two-story summer home on Lightning Point about two-and-a-half miles from the foot of the lake. The Wilders called their new lodging Camp Idlewild; it became their summer home for 44 years. The Wilder Tract was eventually parcelled off and in October, 1984 fire destroyed Camp Idlewild. Another large camp, built by Leiper and Kit Read, present owners of Lightning Point, sits on the site of Camp Idlewild.

In 1948 Frank Wilder wrote his reminiscences of almost a half-century at Cranberry Lake. Wilder's account came to Brock Evans, who owned the log cabin on Birch Island. Evans' type-

writer preserves Wilder's stories in the original; Evans neither attempted to organize Wilder's random thoughts nor corrected his English. Wilder's stories - 22 pages single-spaced - were provided through the courtesy of Jeanne Reynolds, Town of Clifton Historian.

Frank Wilder's is a man's story of hunting and fishing and guides and loggers and boats. Although the four Wilder children grew up at Camp Idlewild, the narrative mentions them only in passing and makes scant mention, too, of Mrs. Wilder (Bessie) who presumably had no role in Frank's more vigorous outdoor activities.

In presenting Wilder's account I have omitted sections that seemed to me repetitious or perhaps of lesser interest to the

reader. I have rearranged certain sections to make Wilder's story flow more smoothly. Where I thought it would help, I have interspersed explanations. The narrative is Wilder's in the original form.

2-8-48

J. A. Outterson with whom I was in business in Carthage and who spent some time at the Lake each summer invited George (Wilder) and I to come up for a weekend. We arrived at Newton Falls & had to have Sam Spain, who ran the Hotel & Livery, take us there in his democrat wagon & a spanking pair of horses over 10 miles of road with ruts & mud hub deep we arrived in time for dinner at Ed Aldriches Cranberry Lake Inn. We spent the p.m.



Ed Aldrich's Cranberry Lake Inn.  
Bishop's original log hotel (1871) is on the right.

Courtesy of Peter Van de Water

looking around & I wanted to go trout fishing but George didn't like the place & was homesick to go home. So the following morning at 3 o'clock Bill Aldrich took him to Newton Falls to the 6 a.m. train for Carthage.

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*Author's Note: Travel from the South to Cranberry Lake in 1899 was via the Carthage and Adirondack branch of the New York Central Railroad, which reached Newton Falls and Benson Mines near Star Lake. The remainder of the trip was by horse-drawn "democrat" wagon, a light wagon with several seats and no top.*

*"Ed Aldrich's Cranberry Lake Inn" was successor to Bishop's, the original log hotel, built in 1871 and a gathering place for sportsmen, including Frederic Remington.*

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Ed Aldrich had told me of the good trout fishing in Brandy Brook & he engaged Barney Burns, a noted guide, to take me to his camp. We had excellent fishing & the 2d morning at day break he suggested to go to Bear Mt. pond to see the deer. We went & Barney took his rifle & before we returned he had added to our larder some venison steaks, which were I think, the first venison I had ever tasted and it had made of me an ardent victim of the deer hunting habit.

I stayed 2 or 3 days & returned home via stage. [See Chapter 4 by Atwood and Williston Manley, "Barney Burns at Brandy Brook" in Fowler, "Cranberry Lake from Wilderness to Adirondack Park."]

Each year since my trip to Brandy Brook with Barney Burns I have spent many happy days fishing its waters. Besides Brandy there are East Creek, Chair Rock, Sucker Brook, South Creek, Witch Bay, Dead Creek, the Cucumber hole, Rasbeck hole, Root hole and many others. The black duck hole especially noted for a good place to get a deer in summer months. In the early days about the Lake were many notable characters that during the many years I have been going there have got to know well. Among the early days' residents & guides were Ab Thompson, Barney Burns, the Rasbeck Bros., John Howland, Nelson Howland, Chan Howland, Chan Westcott, Herb Phelps, Del Phelps, Bill McAleese, Sr., Bill McAleese, Jr., Jay Hand - who later turned coat to a game protector & was the bane of my existence (previously in my employ) & the only one to ever get me for having venison out of season; Frank Starkey at this time probably the oldest guide still active; Warren Guinup, guide, lumberman & for many years caretaker for the Syracuse University School of Forestry, now eligible for retirement; Andy Heyburn guide lived at Wanakena; Fred Phelps, guide, home Harrisville, N.Y., who worked for us at the camp many summers & one of the best fly fisherman & a dead shot at deer and who probably killed more deer out of season than any man living or dead & always was able to elude the wary game protector.

George Preston was another excellent fly fisherman & operated from the head of the Lake. George Nunn operated a hotel many years until his death at the head of the Lake, after which it

was turned into a club & owned by N.Y. sportsmen & known as the "Indian Mt. Club." They leased several lakes and built 5 or 6 log camps & ran a fine place for many years.

Other old timers about the Lake were, some also as guides: Rutherford B. Hayes, who now operates the "West Side Boat Shop;" Bill Streeter, guide and also ran a "boat shop," raised a large family, sold out & bought a farm near Waddington, N.Y. Lloyd Davis bought his shop; he acts as an all-round handy man, an electrician by trade, but also runs a boat livery.

We also have a second generation of guides; Fred Howland & Art Howland; Spencer Howland, guide & during the summer months has a government contract to deliver mail for 4 months to Cottagers & also does errands & carries passengers from Cranberry Lake to Wanakena 6 days a week from June 1<sup>st</sup> (to) Oct. 1<sup>st</sup> he fills the bill. Everyone loves Spence, he and the "Grace," a small boat but its been on in the service for more than 20 years.

[There were three Rasbeck brothers, William ("Bill"), Harrison ("Has"), and George ("Gib"). See Chapter 3 "Bill Rasbeck's Diary," by Atwood Manley in Fowler, "Cranberry Lake from Wilderness to Adirondack Park." "Has" Rasbeck was Frederic Remington's favorite Cranberry Lake guide. See Chapter 5, "Frederic Remington," also by Atwood Manley, in Fowler.]

Fred Phelps was the guide who most often accompanied Frank Wilder on his hunting and fishing excursions.



This Lake has 165 miles of shoreline. There were in the first of the century many hotels on the lake, the "Cranberry Lake Inn," Columbia Hotel, "Windsor Hotel," "The Evergreen Hotel," "Lone Pine Point Inn" a club, Balderson's Hotel, "Sunset Inn," "Nunns Hotel," "Deremo's Hotel," and several boarding houses. At this time only two remain, "Evergreen Hotel & Balderson."

These places were patronized by fishermen & hunters for which this Lake is noted, probably as good as any place in the country. The writer thinks so as he has hunted & fished in many parts of the country, in Quebec & Gaspé peninsula country for moose & carabou, of which I have many trophies & the Pacific Mountains for trout & duck & geese, and I think for geese & duck the Klamath Falls Lakes beats the world.

The fishing in the lakes adjacent to Cranberry, of which there are many, is unsurpassed. There are "Hedge Hog Pond," "Curtis Mt. Pond," "Cat Mt. Pond," "Cow Horn," "Bassout Pond," "Big Deer Pond," "Fish Pole," "Silver Pond," "Wolf Pond," "The Oswegatchie Inlet."

Fishing in the Inlet is superb, especially after heavy rains that permit trout to go over the rapids at Wanakena. The big ones head upstream to select spawning beds and the writer has had some wonderful catches with Guide Fred Phelps who used to know every foot of the stream as he fished from boyhood on, at one time operating the "Inlet House" above Wanakena.

We would paddle a canoe from his place about 18 miles to

the High Falls, which was as far as large trout could go - they were unable to go over the falls water to thin (?) for them to negotiate. A big pool at the foot of the falls with a big boulder at the outlet always held a few big ones & with the proper bait would almost always produce 3 or 4 dandies 2-3-5 lbs., maybe. Fred had a camp there (cotton covered) but good & warm & dry. Would often spend a week there and each day most always yielded 2 or 3 trout. There about the falls you could always fill your creel with 7-9 inch trout at any hour of day.

Fred & I would, after fishing the high falls to our content, start down stream in our canoe & fish all the good spring holes. On one early trip, about the first or second, I recall we met an old man coming up in a flat bottom boat with long paddles & with the overhanging alders in places it was almost impossible to get by. We found him across the stream & we could not get by. His first salute was, "A dollar, you men!" At this, Fred, who knew him, spoke up and says, "Give the old

man a dollar. He thinks he owns the land or acts as watchman & collects this from every one he can," his name was Carter & I discovered later he was the father of Judge Milton Carter, county judge of Lewis County. There were many good spring holes down the Oswegatchie that you were almost always (sure) of getting some nice trout from. On one trip I recall, casting a big bait into Coqr (*Author's Note: probably Cage Lake*) Lake springhole & on retrieving my line & hook I brought up a fishline my hook had encountered & on pulling in this line I found it attached to a 3# trout who had taken the bait & broke the line of some other nimrod.

On another occasion with my son Col. Wilder, then a small boy about 10 years or so, with Fred to paddle, and after a heavy rain the day before, we took 14 trout, mostly on flies, that weighed about 30 pounds, in less than 2 hours. This was late August & the trout were on their way to spawning beds up stream.



*Evergreen Hotel, 1907.*

Courtesy of Peter Van de Water





Courtesy of Peter Van de Water

*A "Sport" and his son*

Another incident I recall. The year 1926 I went to Brandy Brook for trout. It was a hot day & the mosquitoes were awful busy. I had fished sometime without results & had to apply fly dope, so I cast a long line into a likely spot for a big one & lay my pole down on my lap and proceeded to apply the fly dope. This done I then decided to fill the old pipe with good old "Warneke Brown" tobacco, known to kill flies on the spot.

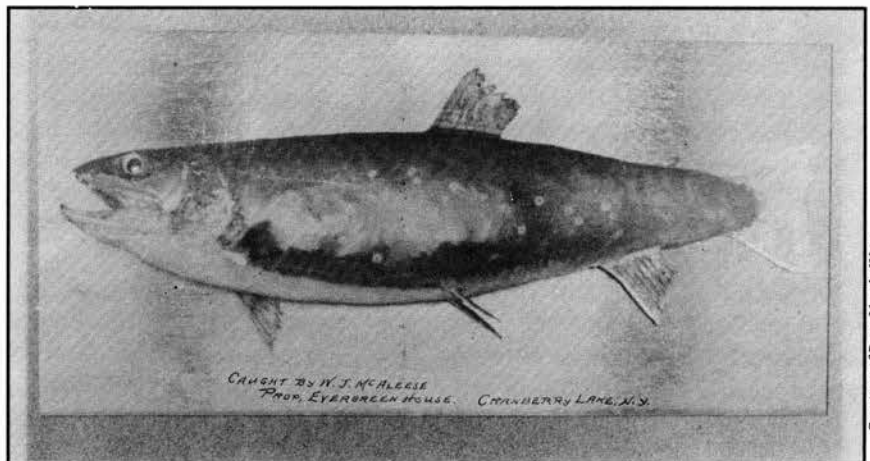
When I took up my fly rod to retrieve my flies, I had a strike. A heavy fish that immediately headed for the bottom in deep water where he stayed. After what seemed like a half-hour, I succeeded in getting the fish off the bottom and finally maneuvered him to my landing net & when I laid the fish in the boat bottom my little #12 Montreal fly dropped out of the fin on his back. But the fish was landed safe and he weighed 5 lbs. & 2 oz., a genuine Eastern brook trout.

Another character I will mention at this time & who knew this stream as well as any man that

ever traveled it was Wilfred Morrison (a Frenchman) of Canadian birth I think, and now long gone. He spoke very broken English and was quite a storyteller & could entertain you with his jargon all day & all night if the liquor held out. I knew him for many years. One trip up the Inlet I recall, with Fred at the paddle, part way up the Inlet near Wolf Creek inlet we began to hear faint cries & moaning & as we got nearer we discovered Wilfred lying on the boat landing, pretty drunk & his face cut & bleeding. He told us that a lumber jack - he told his name

but I don't recall it - & he had got into an argument and the lumberjack knocked him down & stomped his face, Wilfred's, with his spike wood boots, & he nearly killed the poor devil. He was laid up for weeks before he was able to guide. He was no expert with flies or the rifle, but he would make you think he was.

Another time, to show his heart was in the right place, Fred & I started up the inlet to kill a deer out of season. (We) left the inlet house late in the p.m. & had no luck. Early the next morning Wilfred appeared at our camp and says to Fred, "Last night Walter Brundidge, game protector, came to your hotel & was coming upstream early this morning." And he says, "Mrs. Phelps told me where Brundidge was headed for & I thought if you & Mr. Wilder were coming down you would probably get pinched & I came up to take your pack of venison through the woods to Benson Mines, where we could put it in the care on our way home." I thanked him & gave him a pint of liquor, which was all the pay he would take. I hope he is enjoying his hunting grounds in that great beyond.



Courtesy of Peter Van de Water

*This is probably the "record" brook trout--5 lbs, 14 oz.*

*Author's Note: Wilfred Morrison was a noted guide and character. He is a central figure in Herb Keith's Man of the Woods (1972). Game laws were introduced in New York State about 1900; game protectors were "the enemy" to those - like Wilder - accustomed to taking deer in any season.*

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Often Fred and I would go to Wolf Pond to look over the deer in the summer. This pond was noted as a feeding ground for deer in summer. I recall one night we paddled into West Bay we heard deer in the lily pads; when we got close I opened my jack light and counted 20 balls of fire in the scope of my light. Some balls seemed close together, indicating small deer, others far apart, indicating big deer. We watched them for a long time, left them & went around the lake (a small one) and saw more pairs of eyes.

On another trip to "Big Deer Pond" we had counted over 30 deer in early evening. On this trip we wanted some venison. I threw the jack on a small one not over 30 feet ahead of the canoe; when I shot, the deer came head-on & jumped over the bow of the canoe, knocked my 25 Savage from my hands into the lake rim to the shore & dropped dead. Later I retrieved my rifle none the worse for the bath.

On another weekend Fred & I went up to Curtis Mt. for (a) hunt. (There was) some snow on the ground. This was on east side of the lake, 6 miles from (camp) - too far to go with a row boat (launch up for winter). Hart Lafountain offered to take us in his powerboat & come for us at

night, which (offer) we did (accept). We each had 20 rounds of ammunition. We had, I think, the greatest day's hunt I ever recall. When Hart came for us we had 4 deer on shore at landing. Our shells (were) all gone & to wind up, in dressing our last deer, with our guns standing beside a tree 10 feet away, the biggest buck I ever saw came bounding down the mt. & within 10 feet of us passed by. Well, if we had have had the guns in our hands it would have been the same, as our cartridges were all gone. We gave Hart his choice of the deer for his 2 trips for us.

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*Author's Note: "Jacking" and "hounding" of deer were common 19<sup>th</sup> century hunting practices. A "jack" was a light that was placed on a pole in the front of a boat. The hunters would patrol the shoreline at night, usually in a guideboat. When deer were spotted, the "jack" was lit, temporarily blinding the deer and providing the hunter light to shoot by. In "hounding," the dogs started a deer on the hillsides above a lake. The deer went in the lake to escape the hounds and were easy prey for the hunter in his boat.*

*Wilder's "row boat" was in all likelihood an Adirondack guideboat, then plentiful on Cranberry Lake. Guideboats were rowed with long oars that overlapped. They were the "packhorse" of the lakes - capable of carrying large loads and considerably faster than a row-boat.*

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On another occasion I recall, Fred the guide, who lived in

Harrisville, planned a trip to camp in the fall for a weekend of hunting. It was planned for Fred to go up to Benson Mines on the train, get off & hunt to camp, about (a) 10 mile hike, & I was to come up in (the) p.m. by auto. Fred carried his 30-30, pack basket & lunch. When I arrived about dark I found he had killed a nice 4-point buck, (which) was hanging up at the back door. He told me he killed it near Heath Pond & (had) packed it on his back for probably between 7 & 8 miles. That was like him: no matter where he saw a deer he would kill it, whether buck or doe, in season or out. Since his passing,....as I look back on tales he told me, he no doubt was the champion outlaw of the Western Adirondacks during the time. He told me of starting to hunt & trap with his father when 10 years old & spent most of his days following this occupation. This, together with the blacksmith trade, which he learned when not in the woods, made him a decent living for himself & wife.

*[Fred Phelps, "The guide," was typical of 19<sup>th</sup> century guides. They were proficient at just about any outdoor activity, and they supplemented their guide wages with some other business. In Fred's case it was blacksmithing; many others were farmers or loggers. See Charles Brumley, "Guides of the Adirondacks: A History" (1994) for the first (and only) book exclusively about Adirondack guides. Chuck Brumley's list of guides includes some - but certainly not all - of the Cranberry Lake guides.]*

Shortly after the turn of the century the Emporium Forestry Co. of Emporia, Pa. came to this

region and purchased, in round numbers, about 75,000 acres of virgin Adirondack timber, and established saw mills at Cranberry Lake & Conifer, N.Y. This was the saddest day that Cranberry Lake ever experienced, for it began the destruction of the great virgin forests of the Western Adirondacks with its beautiful spruce, pine, hemlock and all the hardwoods. Now, more than 40 years later, with all that goes with good lumbering operations, fires, erosion, the country is growing a second covering of the same kinds of timber; many sections that have escaped destructive forest fires are well covered with the new growth. With lumbering on the Lake came the tug boats towing rafts to the saw mills, many times taking 20 to 40 hours to tow a raft 8 to 10 miles. This work was carried on by Hart LaFountain, who owned the boat, and Rudy Hayes was engineer. This work took many years to complete. Mose LaFountain, a brother of Hart, joined the State Forestry Department and became, for many years, head of rangers in that dis-

trict. Both Lafountains have now passed to the great beyond.

Besides the Emporia Forestry Co., Bissell Bros. established a sawmill at the Lake that operated for several years, towing the lumber to Wanakena where it was loaded on cars. These men were Dana & Brome Bissell.

Wanakena was put on the map about the turn of the century by the Rich Lumber Co., which bought some 20,000 acres of virgin timber. The Riches, Herbert, C.A. & Wallie Andrews & Pop Wilson, gen supt., all came from Cataraugus Co., N.Y., and were a fine lot of gentlemen. It became necessary for them to build about 15 miles of railroad to connect them with the N.Y.S. Ry at Benson Mines, N.Y. After the completion of their lumbering operations, around 1920, their mill was taken down and, I think, moved to near Manchester, Vt. The railroad was abandoned and today the right-of-way is where the State Highway #3 is located.

In addition to the sawmill, it became necessary to build homes

for workers and Wanakena became a town that is still thriving and no doubt always will. Many people built summer homes there & there is also a good hotel, the "Wanakena," this being an Indian name. After completion of the lumbering operation & all the timber (merchantable) had been removed, the Rich Lumber Co., gave to Syracuse University (Forestry Dep't) 2,000 acres for forestry experimental & permanent reforestation. The University, probably in the early 1920s, set out this tract to spruce & pine and today it's a beautiful sight to behold. So far no fires have occurred & the ground is again covered with evergreens.

About the time the Rich Lumber Co., arrived, Syracuse University built just down the Oswegatchie (Hos-we-got-ye = Indian lore) from a town a "Forestry School" where all-year-round classes are held. This school graduates the finest forestry engineers in the country. On the east side of Cranberry Lake the University has about 1,000 acres of land on which are located summer school facilities where students do actual forestry work: estimating trees per acre, species, caliperizing sizes of trees & all work in connection with this course. At this location they all have ample housing facilities for about 200 men, with large passenger boats and all facilities. Warren Guinup has been caretaker here for years and is now eligible for retirement. Previous to this position he was log contractor on the Lake for years, most of the time with the International Paper Co. who had large operations here.

[For more on Warren Guinup see "Warren Guinup, Lumber Jobber," Chapter 9 in Fowler.]



The Emporium Mill, Cranberry Lake Village, 1904-1927.





Courtesy of Peter Van de Water

The Rich Lumber Co. had a spur railroad up the Oswegatchie River to High Falls.

Another lumber jobber in the Adirondacks was James Weston of Harrisville. He operated many years on Cranberry Lake & was a very unusual character, a big fellow (of) 250 lbs., drank more beer than any man should, never slept - a couple hours a day was plenty - & his men all liked him & would kill themselves for him.

In 30 degrees below zero weather (he) never (wore) anything but a light sweater & was a hard worker & would sweat in winter with perspiration trickling off his chin at 30 below zero & always leading his men. One of his by words was "Mighty Christ," which came out about every other word. Always had fat (?) work teams, the finest in the woods, & always finished his job ahead of other contractors. Now long gone to his rest.

Of late years there seems to be many more bear than at the turn of the century. One day, in discussing this with Del Phelps, he said to me - this was when lumbering was about finished on the Lake 25 years ago. He says, "Frank, you will live to see the time when these forests will be

inhabited with bear, wild cats & timber wolves the same as where I came from Pennsylvania." He told me (that) after lumbering was over & small growth came back, the bear, cats & whatnot got to be a pest. And sure enough this has happened in the Adirondacks. The past two winters dozens of bobcats & timber wolves have been shot & there (have) likewise (been) plenty of bear taken every fall during deer open season.

*Author's Note: Lumbering provides new browse for deer, and explosions in deer population often follow lumbering. Bear are more an animal of the deep woods, avoiding man and feeding on beechnuts, grubs, and carrion. Bobcats likewise avoid man, usually dining on rodents and rabbits, and an occasional weak deer. Timber wolves are thought to have been extirpated in the Adirondacks by 1900. Because of the "Forever Wild" provision of the New York State Constitution, the heavily logged forests in the Forest Preserve*

*around Cranberry Lake are returning to their natural condition.*

The first Mail Contract was operated by the Cranberry Transportation Corp., and stockholders were J. L. Humes, F. P. Wilder, Dana Bissell, and Fred Hale. They operated the Steamer "Helen" for many years starting about 1905. This boat was built on the Lake by Capt. Charles Leach, he acting as Captain. For many years he acted as engineer and Capt. Henry Mullin of Harrisville was pilot. The 3d hand was Burton (?) Fulton of Cranberry Lake for many years. About 1910 the Co. bought the "Zenda" a small steam boat brought to the Lake by J. L. Outterson for his personal pleasure. A few years later the Co. bought the launch "Wanakena" from the Rich Lumber Co., who operated a big sawmill at Wanakena & were stiff competition for the passenger business. This boat had as captain John Aldrich, son of Ed Aldrich of Cranberry Lake Inn with Geo



Courtesy of Peter Van de Water

The "Helen" transported passengers and mail to the hotels and camps on Cranberry Lake.

Shamp as engineer. This was a fast boat, about 15 mi. per hr. & of course it handled most of the passenger business, the "Helen" did freight & towing mostly.

In the early days of lumber camps & logging, the "Helen" handled parcels & mail for all camps. We - the writer - contacted the U.S.P.O. Dept. at Albany and as a result, about 1908 or '09, we were awarded a "Star Route" mail service on the Lake, operating it June, July Aug. & Sept. each year. This helped compensate us for the service we could make no charge for. And this service is still in force on the Lake. The present contractor & he have had the contract for the past 20 years or more. His trip leaves Cranberry Lake about 9:30 a.m., covers the entire lake to Wanakena, N.Y. & back to lake about 1 p.m. Cottagers appreciate this service & Spencer Howland the contractor.

This boat business continued for many years until the gas engine & automobile came into their own. In the meantime, we had bought up other boats that

were competitors. So our fleet consisted of the "Helen," "Zenda" & "Wanakena." When inboard and outboard gas engines came into their own, it resulted in our business dropping each year, until we finally disposed of the "Zenda" & "Wanakena" to Fred Howland; the "Helen" was beyond repair, so we dismantled her. Thus ended the Transportation Co.

*[Later in Wilder's account he relates that about 1918 the "Helen" hit a submerged log which split open her hull and she was scuttled in LaFountain Bay.]*



## History of the Joseph Clark Family, Part II

Written by Carrie J. Woodard Douglass, 1939-1940

### Editor's Note:

*This is the second half of a journal written by Carrie Woodard Douglass. The first half of the journal appeared in the winter 2002 issue of the Quarterly.*

*Please note that most of the grammar and punctuation have been left as it was written by the author.*

Now I must write about Rizpah Agnes Clark, born May 17, 1836. She was the sixth child of Grandfather and Grandmother Clark and was only about one year old when they came up from Gilsum, N.H. to Raymondville, N.Y. on a sleigh in the winter.

She was my mother, and my father was Azro Ashley Woodard, born July 11, 1833. They were married in Raymondville in 1863 or 1864 and soon went to Great Bend, Pa., where Father worked on Delaware and Lackawana railroad. I was born Carrie Jennie Woodard, September 19, 1866 and I had a brother Arthur Alonzo Woodard, born August 9, 1868, in Great Bend.

November 16, 1868, when Arthur was but three months old, Mother's brother, Edwin, died of typhoid fever at Chateaugay, N.Y., and was brought to Raymondville, N.Y. for burial. Mother was determined to go to his funeral so Father and Mother and baby Arthur went. They had to ride in a buggy from Norwood,

which was seven miles, in a sleet storm. Mother took a severe cold and went into "quick consumption" so they moved back to Raymondville. Father bought a farm about a mile east of the Raquette River. There Mother died Aug. 3, 1869 and was buried in Raymondville cemetery.

So, in a few years Father rented the farm and took Grandma and us children and moved back to Great Bend, Pa., where he again worked for the railroad a little while and was sent to Green Ridge to work for the same railroad. It was only two miles out of Scranton but Grandmother was very poorly and wished to come back to her old doctor in Raymondville so we went on a visit. I think what ailed Grandma was that she worked too hard, for she was 68 years old by this time. Father finally moved our goods and rented a house on the top of the hill up the Clark Road and in 1875 he sold the farm, which had been rented ever since we went to Pennsylvania after Mother died. Then he bought Saxon Arnold's butter tub factory and his home located on the main highway through Raymondville. When we lived there Grandma had a "hired girl" until Father married Harriet Coats, May 2, 1877. When Grandma didn't have to work so hard she got to feeling much better.

Our stepmother was quite religious but much wrapped up in self. She was a spoiled child although she was thirty-five years

old. She wasn't motherly to us children and I never learned to love her but I wasn't disagreeable to her. I tried to make the best of everything. Grandma used to say I was a happy child. I wasn't so happy when I became a young lady. I felt the need of a mother then more than I had before. I always feel sorry for any girl who has lost her mother. She needs her more as she grows up than when she is little.

Grandma Woodard lived with us until she died on Sept. 21, 1884. Had she lived until Jan. 1, 1885, she would have been 80 years old.

On Sept. 27, 1888, I was married to John Alexander Douglass in our home at Raymondville. We had a small wedding of relatives only. We left for Nebraska on October 10 that same year. The reason we didn't go at once was because John wanted to visit a few of his friends before leaving for the West, as he had been home only a week when we were married.

On November 27, 1894, my father died. I went back there to his funeral. He was buried in the Raymondville cemetery. I had my little son, Earl, with me, who was four years old. They told me later that Father had said several times that he wished I was there.

I couldn't understand why they didn't send for me then for he died the same evening that I arrived. I have always regretted that I didn't go sooner. It makes

me sad whenever I think of it. He was a kind man. He tried to be father and mother both to us. I loved him dearly. He always saw to it that we were well dressed. I always had a pretty dress, hat, coat and shoes for church and Sunday School and suitable clothing for school and so did Arthur. Of course, Grandma Woodard deserves some credit for that. She was good to us children. She scolded some but I don't remember that she ever spanked us.

I used to hear people say that Father's word was as good as a note.

He was a tall man, six feet two inches. He didn't seem very tall, neither was he a very fleshy man.

In about 1884 the Raquette River began to flood the town and in 1886 it took out the three span iron bridge. At that time father was highway commissioner so it was his duty to see that another bridge was built. It was decided that a one span bridge would be safer so a 300 foot bridge was built in 1886 or 1887. Father's name, A. A. Woodard, together with the name of the bridge company, is on a marker on each end of the bridge. After that the river flooded every year until the bank of the river was cleared of everything. Today large trees stand where Father's factory, Uncle Charley Clark's butter factory, Johnson's woolen factory, Grandfather Clark's wheelwright shop and Allen Babcock's flour mill stood. Only the one span bridge is still there and probably will be for a great many years as a monument to my father. The floods were caused by the cutting of the timber in the Adirondack mountains

at the source of the river. That made the snow melt faster since the timber was gone, so in the spring the water came rushing down and helped to break up the ice in the river, and Trout Brook rushed in just above Raymondville so it all jammed the ice every spring until it took everything, even the dam which was just below the bridge.

The water used to come up around our house so much that Father decided to move it up on the hill back of where it stood, but the very next year the floods stopped. It is said that the dams going out and trees growing up at the source of the river stopped the snow from melting fast.

Several years after that a paper mill was built up the river a little above town. It ran about twenty years, then the Depression came on and the mill shut down so now the town is dead.

My stepmother had a life lease on our old house but she died in 1935, aged 92. Arthur died in 1922. So in 1936 John and I went back there and sold the old home which was rather dilapidated. I got \$500.00 for it and I was lucky to sell it at all as there are lots of old houses standing vacant.

It was bought by a World War I veteran who got a bonus. He built a filling station by the road which is a paved highway. But I understand that now he is working at the aluminum plant at Massena, about seven miles north of Raymondville.

When father was a little boy the church at Raymondville was built nearly across the street where he lived and where he and Uncle Stuart were born. It was

the southern brick house nearly in front of the church and school house. The northern brick house was my stepmother's old home where she was raised. Her father, William Coats, ran a brickyard in the gully near there.

One day while the church was being built, Father climbed clear up to nearly the top of the steeple. Grandma was frightened and wanted to call to him to come right down but Grandfather told her that he wouldn't be so apt to fall if she kept still until he was down. I imagine he got a scolding then.

The school where Father and Uncle Stuart went to school was across the gully to the north. It was high upon the east bank of the river. They called it an Academy. I suppose he went to the lower grades in a little old schoolhouse which stood where the newer one stands now. It was built in 1871. As far back as I can remember a mean old man lived in the old Academy building. His name was Jim Taylor.

On February 27, 1852, Grandfather John Woodard died very suddenly. He was taking a sewing woman home in his sleigh and he dropped over against her dead. She took the reins and drove to the nearest house where a doctor was sent for but nothing could be done for him.

He was born in England, Nov. 27, 1800. I don't know when he came to America but he came to Raymondville when a young man. He was a shoemaker. Boots and shoes were nearly all made by hand in those days. Uncle Stuart told us that Grandfather was six feet six inches tall. I don't know anything more about him.

Grandma Woodard's maiden name was Jane Brock. She was born January 1, 1805 in Vermont. She had a brother Robert, also born in Vermont, March 16, 1809. He died in Raymondville, Sept. 13, 1826.

They moved to Raymondville when quite young. Their father's name was William Brock, born March 18, 1780, died September 20, 1864. Her mother was Eunice Fuller born February 8, 1783, died May 18, 1856. Her grandmother's name was Lois Stuart and was a relative of the royal family of Stuarts of Scotland, so she told my grandmother.

Grandfather and Grandmother Woodard had two sons, Robert Stuart born January 20, 1830, died about 1916, and Azro Ashley born July 11, 1833, died November 28, 1894.

I don't know how soon it was after Grandfather Woodard died that Father went to California, but it must have been within a few years or so for he was gone seven years. I have heard him say and as nearly as I can reckon he married my mother in 1864 or 1863. He went with quite a company of young people by the way of the Isthmus of Panama. Among the company was Uncle Amos Clark and Aunt Helen Clark, Uncle Edwin Clark, a Mr. McCarthy, and a woman going to her husband and some others. They went to New York City by train and as they alighted from the train they took the nearest cab, which proved to be driven by a couple of crooks who took them to what was supposed to be a ticket office. Some of the crew bought their tickets. The crooks kept taking the money and watching the clock, then

said they didn't have time to make out the tickets but would take them to the boat and make it right with the captain. Father was one of those who didn't pay for a ticket. He said he began to get suspicious and told some of them so. So when they got off the cab the drivers undertook to get away in the crowd but Mr. McCarthy, a big strong Irishman, collared one of the men and demanded the money. When it was counted it was just half the money paid in. The other fellow got away supposedly with the other half. This made it hard for those who had lost half of what they had paid for their tickets. The recovered money was divided among those who lost. Father was one who had not lost, so on the boat he bought a first class ticket and exchanged with Aunt Helen for she had a cheaper class than he had.

They crossed the Isthmus by rail, for that was long before the Canal was built. They sailed up the west coast, I think to San Francisco, for I have heard father speak many times of several cities in that vicinity. Before I began to study geography I knew how to pronounce San Jose, San Juan and some others.

Father stayed in California until he had saved several thousand dollars, then he went to Nevada where Uncle Frank Clark had a quartz mine. Father loaned Uncle Frank \$3,000, but while there he had typhoid fever and was very sick, but Uncle and his wife took very good care of him. He thought they saved his life. Hospitals and nurses were very scarce in those days. Uncle either couldn't or wouldn't pay Father back the \$3,000 so Father never got it for he wouldn't sue them for they

had been so good to him while sick.

I don't know when Father went to California or when he returned but I have heard him say he was gone seven years. I think Uncle Stuart must have married Sally Carrol of Chase Mills about the time Father left for California, and came to live with Grandma in the brick house near the church, for I know their daughter Lola Gertrude was born there July 9, 1857 and died there December 9, 1863. Their son, John D., was born there, too.

I don't know when Father was married and went to Pennsylvania or when Uncle Stuart went, but it seems to me it must have been some time in 1864. Grandma Woodard went with Uncle when they went, but came to live with us about the time I was born and she lived with us the rest of her life.

I don't remember much about my mother. I do remember that she was sick in bed in the parlor on the farm and Grandma took care of her. People weren't taken to hospitals except in cities in those days and there were no nurses. When sick people needed night care the neighbors took turns. I don't know whether she had such care at night or not. If so, I was asleep for I wasn't three until the next month after Mother died. I do remember that they let me sleep with her one night and that in the daytime someone kept the flies off her with a bunch of long peacock tail feathers. We kept those feathers for several years. I have been told that Mother was never very strong but I have always been quite healthy and so was Arthur after he was grown, but he took a severe cold the same time



Mother did and was sick nearly as long as she was. I don't remember that but I do remember that he was quite a large boy before he got so he didn't have the croup every winter. About the first I remember of Arthur was when he was large enough to play with me, probably 1 ½ or 2 years old. About the first I remember was he and I playing on Grandma's bed in the early mornings with our nighties on waiting for Grandma to help us dress.

Then a little later on Father had Jim Taylor make us each a little rocking chair. Arthur's chair was quite small and had arms. Mine was a regular little sewing chair not much larger than Arthur's. Each chair had a reed seat, a slat back and was painted light blue. We kept those chairs a long time. Many were the times that Grandma would have us sit in our little chairs and she would tell us Bible stories and teach us Bible questions such as, Who was the oldest man? Methuselah. Who was the strongest man? Samson, etc., there being quite a list. By this time Grandma was about 64 years old. There was lots of work on the farm so she always kept help. The first girl I remember was a strong Irish girl by the name of Bridget Creighton. She stayed quite a while but one day her folks came after her for she had a big red boil on her nose. I can see just how it looked. Then we got another girl by the name of Josephine Stearns. She stayed with us until about the time we were going to Pennsylvania. She afterwards married Uncle Charley Clark. He came up to our place quite often while she was there. She never knew when he was coming, it seemed. Sometimes he would find her bare-

footed. Then she pretended she was mad but she really thought a lot of him and always did.

While Aunt Josephine lived with us she took lots of care of men and often took me out home with her. Her youngest sister was about my age. Her name was Ann so I enjoyed going out there very much. I liked Aunt very much. After she and I lived in Nebraska she often visited us.

I'll tell a little more about them later. Father used to take care of us part of the time. I remember his taking us to the hayfield and when a load of hay was ready to go to the barn he would boost us up on top of the load with the help of the hired man. I used to go with him to the sugar woods to gather sap and watch him boil it to syrup in a big pan in a small building near the house.

Arthur was a dear little fellow, quite a hand to amuse himself by making things in the wood shed. I was quite a run-away, always looking for someone to play with. There was a family across the road, boy and girl about my age, and sometimes they came over to our house. There was an old lady there they called Granny Kingsbery. She liked to smoke. Neither of my grandmothers smoked. Grandma had a lovely flower bed and lots of big red poppies. This old Granny would come over after the poppies had gone to seed and scratch the seed pods so the milk would run out and when the milk had dried she would come and very carefully gather the opium to smoke.

I don't know when Uncle Stuart and Aunt Sally went to Pennsylvania, but on July 27, 1871, their son John Woodard

died and was brought to our place on the farm. I remember this very well but I don't remember going to the funeral at the church. He was twelve years old.

I was a great hand to run away over to Haggerty's, which was about three quarters of a mile on the road over on the other hill where there were several children. Once in a while Grandma would tie me with a long scarf to a tree in our yard. She was too old to walk so far after me. She should have spanked me but I don't remember of her ever spanking me or Arthur either. She used to praise Arthur for being a good little boy.

I commenced to go to school when I was 5 years old down at the new schoolhouse by the church. Some of the time I'd stay through the week days with Grandfather and Grandmother Clark who lived in the town of Raymondville. The rest of the time, I'd go and come home from school with Kate Haggerty. We had to walk about 1 ½ miles to and from school. While we were yet on the farm Uncle Henry Clark, Mother's brother, and Aunt Maggie with their baby son Frank, born June 18, 1872, in Raymondville, visited us and Uncle gave Arthur and me a lot of candy. They were leaving in a few days to live in California.

It must have been the spring of 1872 that Father rented the farm and moved back to Great Bend, Pa., where he again worked on the railroad. Uncle Stuart's brother-in-law, Amos Carrol, was an officer of that road so I think that is how Father and Uncle each got jobs for that road.

At Great Bend I was still a run-away. I'd go over to Aunt

Sally's sister, Mrs. Summerton, where there was a baby. I was always interested in babies. I ran away over there so much that Grandma told me she hoped if ever I was married I'd have a dozen. It's a wonder she had as much patience with me as she did.

After a while we moved to Green Ridge, a suburb of Scranton. There Father worked on the same railroad and Amos Carrol had a farm not far out of town with a big brick house on it. We visited out there once. Amos' brother, Ira, was one of his hired men on the farm. I heard him say once that Amos paid him only \$25.00 and got \$125.00 himself. Those were thought good wages in those days but maybe the brother didn't state the amounts right.

In Green Ridge, Arthur and I played house in our back yard, and sometimes climbed the back fence to play in a big sand pit (a rather dangerous place to play). On the flat not far from there Father took us to our first show. It was Barnum and Bailey's. We certainly enjoyed that. Then on the 4<sup>th</sup> of July Father took us to Scranton on the train of open cars full of sightseers to see the fireworks. The train stood on the track across the river from a hill where the fireworks were. They were the nicest fireworks I have ever seen. They had George Washington's picture; a motto, God Bless our Union; and a lot of beautiful wheels, etc. I went to school in Green Ridge, too. Arthur wasn't old enough.

The most direct way to go to school was across the railroad tracks, but when we weren't in too much of a hurry we would go farther around across a via-

duct over the tracks. I say "we" for there were neighbors' children with me. Often we would stand there and watch the trains go under us. The engines were very much different from what they are now. They had big bulging smoke stacks, like some of the old ones they showed in the picture of the Union Pacific produced this year.

I remember Grandma taking us children to visit at Uncle Stuart's. They were alone those days for Johnnie had died in 1871, as I have said, and Gertie died while they lived in Raymondville, 1863, a little over five years old. She was two years older than her brother, John. Uncle lived in a mining town not far from Wilkes Barre. He was yard master for the railroad in that town. They shipped lots of coal from there. Seems that they didn't ship much else but Uncle had to see to it that each car was switched right and sent to its proper place, etc. I stayed with them one summer and went to school to a Miss Stearns who was from Madrid, New York. One day Aunt Sally took me and went to Wilkes Barre and bought me cloth for a lovely blue and white plaid worsted dress and a hat to match. I had that dress and hat when we went back to Raymondville the last time.

They still lived in this town when Aunt Sally died on September 19, 1880. They had gone to some town not far away to stay over Sunday with Aunt's brother. They had some maple syrup which was a treat to them so the "hired girl" was told to get cornmeal pancakes for breakfast Sunday morning, but they didn't have the cornmeal so the girl went to a neighbor who was a relative to borrow some, but the

sack had been left in the basement where they had taken it to fix a dish of meal and poison arsenic for rats. In some way the girl got some of the poison meal into her cornmeal and some of them commenced to be sick even before they were all through breakfast. Aunt and her sister-in-law died and the rest were terribly sick but they ate lots of syrup with their cakes so it was thought the digestion didn't commence so soon so that the ipecac which was given them got a better chance to save them.

These two women were brought to Chases Mills, N.Y., and there had a joint funeral. The sister-in-law was buried at Madrid and Aunt was brought to Raymondville and buried beside her children. Uncle took this very hard. He soon came to live with us and worked for Father a few years, then he bought a farm near Norwood and lived several years there alone. Then he married again. Her name was Hannah McCurry. She was a maiden lady who had taught school for many years. They lived on that farm until Aunt Hannah died. Then Uncle Stuart lived with Arthur a while. Arthur's wife thought she couldn't take care of him. He was quite old and never would clean up or take a bath and he didn't offer to pay her. He seemed to think his taking care of the garden would pay his board, etc. Well, John and I went back there and brought him to live with us. John helped him take a bath every Saturday and while they were in the bathroom I would get his dirty clothes and put clean ones in his room, but he only stayed about a year. A young friend of ours came out from Massena, N.Y. to see her son so Uncle went back with her



and stayed with an old neighbor of his until he died. He had sold his farm at an auction and all household goods with it, before he went to Arthur's. He always did things hastily and that was one of his hasty mistakes. He should have let Emma have some of his lovely quilts, etc., which sold for twenty-five cents. I don't blame Emma for not wanting to keep him. Poor old man, he didn't seem to realize what was the proper thing to do. He was bright enough but he had a queer disposition.

I don't know just when he died but he was buried at Raymondville beside his family. I don't know just his age but he was past 80.

I must have been a little past 8 years old when we moved back to Raymondville, N.Y. There Arthur and I both went to school both summer and winter terms. In the winter we had a man teacher and in summer a woman teacher. There were so many pupils in the winter that finally when I was in my teens the winter teachers began to advise the oldest ones to go to Potsdam Normal School. Some of the Douglass children went to Raymondville School. There was John, Elizabeth, George and Jeanette. John and some other boys were the first to go to Potsdam. There was no high school around that we could go to then. This school at Raymondville wasn't even graded. When a new term began we went into the class we chose ourselves, which was generally with the pupils we had always been with. Elizabeth Douglass finally decided to go to Potsdam and tried to have me go with her (we had always been good friends) but Father thought

he couldn't afford to send me that year. I taught school in the Ames District below Raymondville that next spring and Father let me go to Potsdam that next fall. I boarded with a Mrs. Sloan and her two daughters. There was another girl boarding there, also. Then I taught school at the Blanchard district near Norfolk and went that fall to Potsdam. That time I boarded with a widow whose name I forget. Jeanette Douglass and Carrie Brownell were there, too. Then the next spring I taught near Norwood over on the west side of the river near Uncle Stuart's farm. So the next fall Arthur and I both went to Potsdam. We rented two rooms with another girl and her brother and we girls did the work with some help from our brothers. I think all told I went 70 weeks. Arthur graduated.

I must go on and tell you more about Arthur. When he was going to school in Raymondville after he was large enough, he worked in vacation in father's factory. I don't know when but father had equipped the factory to make cheese boxes so he made both butter tubs and cheese boxes, mostly cheese boxes, for so many butter factories had gone to making cheese. But by the time that Arthur graduated at Potsdam the factory was gone. Arthur finally learned to be a railway mail clerk and got the run from Cape Vincent to Watertown in New York and went down and back twice per day. He married Nellie Moncrief of Buck Bridge, N.Y. She didn't live many years. She died from the effects of an operation for a tumor. After a year or two he married Emma Sheets, a widow whose maiden name was Emma Cline. She was from Canada but Arthur had

known her years before for she had relatives in Raymondville. Emma had one son, a little fellow when she married Arthur, Cecil Sheets, who is a physician now in New Jersey. About the time he married Emma, Arthur changed his run and lived in Massena, N.Y., and ran from Massena to Syracuse three days a week, Monday, Wednesday, Friday. That meant he was home every Sunday, so he attended the Methodist Church and Sunday School and was quite active in them. He always seemed to have a good disposition and when at school he was more studious than I. He was heavy set and quite athletic. He died quite suddenly of heart failure. He had been having a vacation on account of his heart and intended to go back to work on Monday when he died on Sunday night with a sharp pain about his heart. It was June, 1922, he was buried in Madrid cemetery beside his first wife.

Emma still lives in their home in Massena, N.Y. and boards the school teachers.

Every year her son, Cecil, sends her a ticket to visit them in New Jersey during the Christmas vacation.

John Douglass came to Nebraska in 1886. We had been engaged over a year and had planned that when we could afford to be married it would be on September 20 because our birthdays were September 19 and 21.

What started him to think of coming to Nebraska was a man he knew when he went to Potsdam Normal and had come to Schuyler, Nebraska, kept writing to John to come. John thought perhaps there would be

more chances for a young man in the west than in old St. Lawrence County, New York. He had been teaching school and that wasn't getting him anywhere and there didn't seem to be anything else for a young man to do.

He taught school in Nebraska and worked on a farm in the summer for a while then went into insurance business with another young man, but this other fellow let John do all the work but shared the profits. They didn't keep at that long before they had a settlement. So John got a horse and a couple of cows and some money out of the deal and not knowing what else to do, he engaged the school in Rogers, Nebraska, and came back to Raymondville, N.Y. after me. But he didn't arrive until September 18 and expected to be married on the 20<sup>th</sup> but I hadn't sent out any invitations nor other preparations except to get my dress made, etc. I wasn't going to go too far with preparations until he came for I realized that it was possible that something might hinder him from getting there by the 20<sup>th</sup>. So we wrote the invitations together and postponed the wedding one week. We invited only relatives and were married in my old home on September 27, 1888. We visited our friends a few days, then left for Nebraska. It was rather late in the afternoon of the third day out when we were a few miles from Council Bluffs we noticed another train on a track parallel to us a few rods away. The fireman was shoveling in a coal and we noticed that our train was speeding up so the trains were racing into the station but when we arrived the other train was all unloaded. It was probably the C.B. & Q.

We came to Rogers, Nebraska, where Mr. John Craig met us and took us to their farm home about three miles out of Rogers. They had a big nice new house and big barns and lots of land. John had worked for them and they seemed to like him so they made us quite welcome and had a party one evening for us. But I was too diffident to be a very gracious guest. But Mrs. Craig was very nice to me all the time we lived in Rogers. John taught school in Rogers about two years and John and the railroad agent, Bruce Biggs, became quite good friends. One day John came home from the station and said, "What do you say to my learning station work?" I said it would be nicer than teaching for the pay would be all year instead of so much vacation. So he purchased a telegraph instrument and set it up on our dining room table. He spent his time after school at the station learning the book work and evenings at home learning the Morse alphabet and practicing making them on the instrument. After a while he wanted me to learn to make the letters, too, so I went at it and finally I made them for him to practice reading them. I'd take the newspaper and write what it said. We kept at that for a long time until he would read well enough to catch it off the wire in the station. That wasn't until after he had a job as a clerk in the station at Fullerton, Nebraska.

At Rogers one day the traveling auditor was there and he said to John, "You are here every time I come. You should have this business learned by this time." And the agent said, "He has all but the telegraphing but he will soon have that." So the auditor said, "There are three stations that need a clerk. Would you

consider one?" Of course, John said, "Yes." So it wasn't many days before a telegram came saying, "Ask Douglass if he will go to Fullerton at \$40.00 per month." John was right there so he accepted at once. It wasn't long before another telegram came saying, "Pass Douglass to Fullerton." That was his first pass on the Union Pacific Railroad. Ever since then we have had an annual pass on the Union Pacific Railroad for Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Douglass and dependents and extras on roads when asked for.

John went to work at Fullerton on May 23, 1890, but I didn't move for about three weeks because the agent there wasn't satisfied because John wasn't an efficient telegrapher so he corresponded with the officials about it and got so saucy that they let him out and sent another agent there. But it wasn't only a few months before John could take messages off the wire. That agent who lost out was very sorry indeed, for he was given a smaller station where he didn't need a clerk and he got less pay and all because he wrote too strong language to the railroad officials.

So when that was settled John found us a house of four rooms for \$10.00 per month. That left \$30.00 for us to live on. We got along nicely that summer but on November 11 our baby boy was born. Mrs. Craig had given me patterns for baby clothes so I cut and basted a lot of things then rented a sewing machine for two weeks and sewed almost constantly and everything was ready when he came. I wasn't so very sick. Of course, I had a doctor and a neighbor woman in and got along nicely with just a young

girl to do the work and she took care of the baby, too. She wasn't a nurse but was quite good, for she was used to babies at home. I let her go in two weeks but all I did was get our meals and take care of the baby for another two weeks and by that time I felt fine but commenced to do our washing with John's help. We had no washing machine, just tub, board and wringer. I shouldn't have done it so soon for I haven't felt so well all my life since. We were slow naming Earl. John said he wouldn't have another William or John, for there had been a William and a John in the family for generations and it was time it was changed. We had been reading some Scotch poems among which was one about Robert Bruce and Earl Douglass. Something was said about calling him Robert Bruce but John objected again. He said he wouldn't have another Bob Douglass for he had a cousin by that name that he had no use for. I thought Earl Douglass made a rather pretty sounding name so finally we called him that but we weren't quite satisfied without a middle name, yet we let it go for quite a while. I kept trying to think of some name I liked but nothing appealed to me but Bruce. I thought it a very pretty name so I guess Earl was about six weeks old when we decided we would call him Earl Bruce and I have always liked the name.

The next spring John found a little house near the station. The rent was less so we moved there. It was a cozy little place. We had a garden and some chickens. There was a small barn. This house wasn't any nearer to the railroad station than the other, but it was there I could see the trains come in and many was the time I'd watch to see if my father

wouldn't get off, yet I knew well enough that he couldn't come. Then I'd think if he only hadn't married the second time he could come and live with us.

On May 24, 1894, John was sent to Monroe, Nebraska, as station agent in a new station. We couldn't find a vacant house so that summer we lived in the station and had one room in a house two blocks away where I cooked and washed, etc., but we slept in the station and we were there most of the time for there was no room to stay in what we used for a kitchen. John's sister, Elizabeth, was teaching in an Indian school at Muskogee, which was then Indian Territory but now is the state of Oklahoma. She came to spend that summer with us. The way we lived was next to camping out. I didn't see how we could spend the winter that way for it would be very inconvenient if any of us were sick and it seemed to me there would be considerable danger of us getting very severe colds, especially our little Earl. So Elizabeth helped me to persuade John to build a little four room house. It was beginning to be cold weather before we moved into it. I did all the inside painting. It took me two weeks besides doing my cooking, etc. Elizabeth had gone back to her school by this time.

John got an old barn somewhere and moved it onto the back of our lot and we had a cow. He bought a hog and raised a litter of pigs which when sold, made a good payment on our house. We also had a chicken house and raised chickens.

In the summer of 1897 or 1898, a cyclone came up about 10 o'clock in the evening and blew our barn to kindling wood.

The cow was tied outside. In the morning she was missing but she came home unharmed. Our chickens, of which we had 60 at that time, were blown quite a distance but John found about half of them. Our house was showered with pieces of splintered lumber and one board came through our living room window and lodged standing in the opposite corner of the room. It took the window out clean. It was soon over so we took an old quilt and tacked it over the window. It was thundering and lightning and raining hard by that time. We went looking out on the opposite side of the house and saw that a house had been blown apart. So John lighted his lantern and went over there and found that the kitchen had been blown off and lay on the ground in four pieces, each of the three sides and the roof lay separate but intact. The woman who was in the kitchen was bruised on the ear and the man on the nose. John had them all come over and stay until morning. The children were unhurt.

On August 4, 1899, our little daughter was born there. We named her Rizpah after my mother. I had always wished that it were my name and I used to say when I was a girl that if ever I had a daughter that would be her name. Then for her middle name we gave her Grandma Douglass' name which was Anna.

Earl was much pleased to have a baby sister. For some reason he didn't go to school until he was seven but he was a very industrious little fellow. He was quite mechanically bent and was always making something. He made trains by taking baking powder cans for the boiler of the



engine, a spool for the smoke-stack, spools for wheels, pasteboard for cow-catcher, also for the tender. He made many coach cars by spreading pasteboard flat and cutting windows on the sides and creasing the board so it would fold and form a realistic coach. He would play with that a little while and then make another or something else.

In November, 1899 John was sent to Brainard. In 1902 he was sent to Columbus and in 1908 to Lincoln. Each place was a raise in salary. In Lincoln his salary was raised three times. We were much pleased to go to Lincoln for it meant that our children would have a chance for a good education.

Earl graduated in Civil Engineering and Rizpah in Home Economics.

Earl enlisted in the World War and was sent to Fort Scott in California and put in the Headquarters Corps. Then after a while he was sent with a coach load of other men to Fortress Monroe, Va. There they were given a short course in a military school. They were enlarging the school and when Earl finished the course he was made instructor in that school and that was where he was when the Armistice was signed.

In the meantime, John was sent back to Columbus and the Lincoln freight business was put at the Northwestern station and the passenger traffic at C. B. & Q. Station. But when the War was over John was sent back to Lincoln as freight agent for the U.P. Railroad at \$250.00 per month. The passenger traffic was left at the C. B. & Q. Station for it is very much more conve-

nient for passengers there for the Union Pacific Station is below the viaduct and there are stairs to climb to get to the street.

I had been having hay-fever every year and it was growing worse each year. Our nearest neighbor recommended Eldora, Colorado, up in the Rocky Mountains as a good place to go to get away from hay-fever, so in the fall of 1921 I went to Eldora. I found I was quite free from hay-fever, so I kept going in August and would stay nearly through September, except one year Rizpah and I with some friends went to Evergreen, Colorado. It was all right for hay-fever there but it seemed too much like a city. We thought we would rather go to Eldora. But it was costing quite a sum for rent of cabin for so long a time that I concluded that if I owned a cabin I could rent it the fore part of the summer and then use it myself the latter part of the summer. I had \$350.00, which I had inherited from Arthur's estate so I used that to have a small log cabin built in the summer of 1923. At first the cabin was only 14 X 16 but later on we built an enclosed porch 14 X 19. Then still later on we cut a back door and built on an entryway. I went up there and stayed alone except that some of my friends often went with me and stayed a while. Then in 1933 John retired from the railroad and has gone with me ever since. Now we go August 15 and stay until the latter part of September. Sometimes we visit Earl in Wyoming before we come home.

Rizpah taught school three years, then she had an offer to take up extension work at the Agricultural College at the Nebraska University.

We had been talking some of building us a house out south, but when Rizpah went into extension work she lived at home so we finally concluded we would build out north near the Agricultural College. So in 1927 we built us a six room house which is 1123 No. 45<sup>th</sup> Street. Rizpah lives with us and we all enjoy our little home very much.

We joined the Plymouth Congregational Church several years before and finally the First Congregational Church and Plymouth Congregational united and built a \$475.00 plant on 21<sup>st</sup> and D streets, so that is where we go to church, but Rizpah joined the Westminster Church later so that is where she goes to church. Our last pastor Rev. Raymond McConnell came from Brooklyn in 1935. He has a sweet wife and four manly sons who live at home and a daughter who is married and lives in New York City. They all are liked very much.

We very much enjoy having Rizpah live with us. She has a sweet kindly disposition and a motherly nature. She is always looking out for the best interest of her mother and father. She likes her extension work but it is hard work traveling over the state so much.

In the fall of 1937 she went to Columbia University in New York City to take a year's course so as to get her Master's degree. She enjoyed the year very much and made a good many friends. She was elected house president, i.e., she called and presided at meetings the girls on her floor in the dormitory, which was Seth Low, had once per month. She was also taken in to the Kappa Delta Pi and Pi Lambda Theta.



When she graduated from the Columbia University in the spring of 1937 I went to New York City to attend Commencement, also to see the city, etc. Her last examination was May 21. It was on Saturday so I arrived that morning. Coming from the Douglass farm in northern New York State, I got off the sleeper at 125<sup>th</sup> Street and Rizpah met me there. It wasn't far from there to Seth Low by cab. After she finished her last examination we went sight seeing. Took a 5<sup>th</sup> Avenue bus and went down town. After looking around the stores we ate at a rather swell place, then walked around to see some of the lovely lighting. We saw Times Square, etc. Then came on a subway train back to Seth Low where I had a room for \$1.00 per day. I can't tell all the places we went and saw but we did go to Radio City, took an elevator to the 70th floor and went out on the balcony where we could view the whole city. We could see clear to the Goddess of Liberty, Jersey City and Brooklyn. One day we went clear down to lower New York, took a boat to sail clear around Manhattan island. While waiting for the boat we saw a big ocean steamer leave for Liverpool and one for South America. Had it been earlier in the week we were told we could have gone onto the Queen Mary to see what it was like. I can't tell here what all we saw. We went to Boston and spent two days with Mr. and Mrs. Cramer. Mrs. Cramer (Minnie Joy) was an old friend of mine in Raymondville, N.Y. when we were girls at school there. They took us to see a lot of the old historical buildings, to see Harvard and Wellesley Campus and out to the beach which was Cape Cod Bay. The last forenoon we

visited some of the stores in Boston, ate lunch at Edward Fileenes mammoth store. The place where they serve was up several stories and is called the Salad Bowl. Then after purchasing a few things we took the train back to New York City. There we went sight seeing, etc. until Commencement Day which was June 1. The exercises were on the University Library steps and chairs were placed on the street, which was roped off and away across on the opposite side where there was a vacant lot. They estimated that there were 35,000 spectators. The class numbered 4,626 graduates. They marched two by two from behind the library coming around from each side. It took a long time. Of course, they all dressed in caps and gowns. The President, Nicholas Murray Butler, and some of the deans were robed in red caps and gowns and three cornered caps, all of red satin. That showed that they graduated at Oxford, England. The diplomas were granted by classes by the President but each graduate had to go in to the library to get his diploma. There were several colored graduates, also people from other countries. This was June 1, 1938.

The next day we got ready to leave and went to Washington, D.C. Rizpah wished to consult some of the heads of the Extension Department but we stayed at the Y.W.C.A. five nights and went sight seeing, too. Went over to Mt. Vernon one day. Washington is a beautiful city. The Capitol Building is grand. The library is grander. We visited the House of Representatives in session, also the museum. Then we took the Pennsylvania Railroad to Chicago. There we spent the day visiting

our cousins, Charles Clark's family, also Marshall Field's store and took the evening train for Lincoln and home. Rizpah had a year's leave of absence from the extension work with half pay.

She has been home a year now and she seems satisfied to remain in Nebraska extension. The woman's extension work which she is in consists of seven or eight girls with Mary-Ellen Brown as leader, who go out to the farm women's clubs and instruct them in many problems along home economics lines. Each specialist is given a separate territory. The girls seem to be liked among the farm women and at the end of the year's work they are often given quite nice presents by the clubs.

Earl has never lived at home with us since he first came home from the World War. For some time he did surveying work in Wyoming. I think the last surveying was for the Ohio Oil Company. Then he got a job with the Producers and Refiners Oil Company. Part of the time he was stationed in Rawlins, Wyoming. There he met Emily Virginia Mueller. On June 1, 1924, they were married. They were moved to quite a number of places which was generally a promotion. Finally the Producers and Refiners Company failed and was taken over the Sinclair Oil Company of Tulsa, Oklahoma. Earl was worried then for he feared that they would send other men to take over the jobs but instead they only sent a few to take the higher jobs. One of them was a man to read the meters of all the wells, both gas and oil and test both. He stayed a year for he didn't like the cold climate so Earl was given that job. He is under no boss except

that he makes his reports to a man at Tulsa. But I must say that Earl is trustworthy and conscientious. He has been married 15 years, June 1, 1939. They have two lovely and bright daughters, Virginia Mary who is 14 on August 13, 1939, and Kathleen Rizpah who was 12 on June 14, 1939. There are only eight grades in their home school at Bairoil, Wyoming, so the girls go to Rawlins to high school. It is a small oil town but Earl was located there because it is the most central place for him to travel to the many wells which Sinclair owns in different parts of Wyoming. He gets a good salary besides house, gas, electricity, telephone and water which makes over \$200.00 a month. He likes his job. He is furnished a car and traveling expenses so that makes quite a sum more for he is away from home more than half the time.

Earl is an ideal father. He takes lots of interest in his daughters and teaches them a lot of things they should know. They wouldn't think of disobeying him for they think so much of him.

Emily was an adopted daughter when she was only three years old. Henry Mueller of Rawlins took to the little girl who was being boarded by a neighbor of theirs. Her father was living and was a blacksmith in Rawlins but her mother had died. She had a baby brother who had died. Muellers have no children of their own but they think as much of Emily as if she were theirs. Emily's mother was Scotch and her father was Danish. I don't think Emily knows where her father is now. Earl and Emily visit Muellers a lot

and it seems to me that Emily and family are the joy of the lives of those old people.

They drive to Lincoln on an average of once per year. It is 600 miles but they get an early start from Rawlins and make it in one day. We grandparents hope to live to see our grandchildren complete their education, but John is 76 in September and I am 73 on September 19. John seems very strong and well but I have a weak heart and will have to be very careful to manage to live that long. Earl always has been very good to write to me often ever since he has been away from home. Of course, I write him often, too. Our fiftieth wedding anniversary was last year, September 27, 1938, and he sent us a lovely golden colored set of dishes. A very generous gift it seems to me. My two children love me dearly and are the joy of my life.

I hardly know what to say about my husband. He has a very peculiar disposition. He is quite changeable and impatient. I never know what he will say about anything. He is not very observing and jumps at conclusions without investigation. He loves to visit and is very nice to most people so he is pretty well liked.

In the last eight or ten years John has changed considerably and is much more patient and unselfish. And since he retired in 1933 from being freight agent for the Union Pacific Railroad in Lincoln, he helps me a lot with the housework, etc., for as I have said, I have to be careful.

He goes to Eldora with me ever since he retired and seems to enjoy the stay up in the moun-

tains. I mind the elevation considerably for about ten days so I keep very quiet

**Editor's Note:**

*It appears that the text to this journal was abruptly cut, as though some pages may be missing.*

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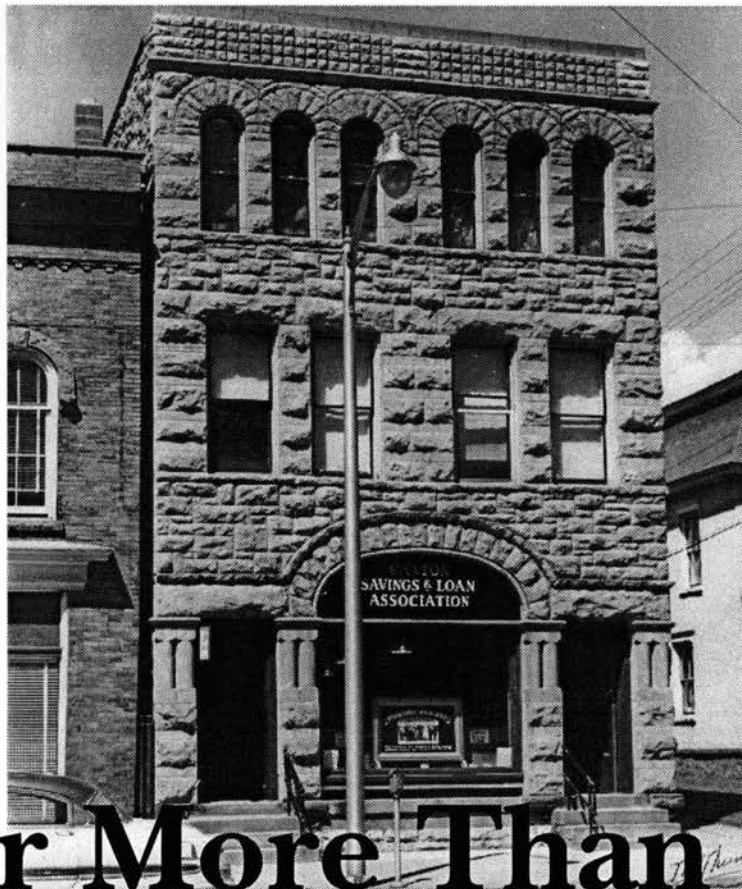
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