Minerva Historical Society Quarterly

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The Mineral Historical Society Museum
Olmstedville, New York

District # 4
One Room School, Irishtown, New York

VOLUME XXVI No. 3

OCTOBER MEETING

Date ..... Oct. 29, 1996
Time ..... 7:30 p.m.
Place ..... Town Hall

Program:

The October program will be a talk and slides presented by Jane O'Connell who lives on River Road in North Creek. The title of her program is "One Woman's Journey from El Barrio (Spanish Harlem) to Adirondack Woods Woman." Jane is an Associate Professor in the English Department at Paul Smith College. She has been exploring the Adirondacks since her move north in 1987. She is a forty sixer having climbed the 46 peaks in the Adirondacks and most of the Catkills. She is a N.Y. State licensed guide. Most recently she has hiked 200 miles across England, canoed down Churchill River in Labrador and has done a 5 day trip down the Alagash River in Maine. You won't want to miss this program !

July's Program:

Minerva Historical Society Meets DEC Dog

Environmental Conservation Officer Steve de la Rosa and his trained Department of Environmental Conservation German Shepherd dog, Jim, presented an interesting program at the July quarterly meeting of the Minerva Historical Society. Environmental Conservation Officers Larry Johnson and Dick Matzell were also at the meeting.

De la Rosa gave a brief history of conservation law enforcers from the 1880's when they were called "game protectors," to 1964 when they were called "conservation officers," to 1970 when the DEC was established and they became known as "Environmental Conservation Officers" and received police officer status in 1971.

Prior to 1992, dogs and their officer-partners were trained under the auspices of the New York State police. In 1992 a Canine Academy was sponsored by the DEC with three officers and three dogs enrolled, including de la Rosa and Jim. Matzell trained this first DEC class of "canine units," assisted by Johnson. The training program was successful, based on each officer's use of patience, repetition and praise as he worked with his dog. There are presently seven dogs who have been trained and are part of the DEC certified canine units with their officer-partners, and each unit works together to enforce the law.

Jim and de la Rosa ended the presentation with a successful demonstration of the goals reached by the dogs in the training program: obedience, aggression, tracking and detection. Officer Johnson, wearing protective padding, assisted with Jim's demonstration of aggression.

During the business portion of the meeting conducted by president Nancy Booth, the minutes of the April meeting were read by secretary Fran Paradis and accepted, as was Lester Sternin's treasurer's report. Committee reports were also heard.

Following the meeting refreshments were served by vice-president Betty LeMay.

Ten Week Club:

As we go to press, on September 4th., we have had eight weekly winners of $20 each. Those winners are: Martha Johnson, Barbara Gibbs, Floyd William, William Beadnell, Nancy Kimball, Arthur Lynn, David McNally, Lucy Wilcox and Sue West. The next quarterly will give you the names of the last two weekly winners and the winners of the $250, $100, $75 and $50 on September 14th.

Plump Chicken Inn:

The Minerva Historical Society held the annual Plump Chicken Inn Heritage Dinner on Saturday, August 24, at the Minerva Central School.

The planning committee for the event included Nancy Booth, Noelle Donahue, Patricia Hewitt, Betty LeMay, Shirley McNally, Frances Paradis, Marion Persons and Nancy W. Shaw. The committee thanks all the members of the community who helped to make the event a success, as well as those who attended.

Tickets were sold at the door by Brenda Foley starting at 4:30 p.m. and about 200 people from the Minerva-Olmstedville community and several out-of-town areas attended.

Hostesses for the evening were Noelle Donahue and Helen Wager; the proprietor of the Plump Chicken Inn was Ed Milner; and Gladys Meisten was in charge of the guest book. All the attendants were dressed in old-fashioned costumes, coordinated by Noelle Donahue.

This year the theme of the Plump Chicken Inn was "The History of the Town of Minerva (1817-1996) As Seen Through the Eyes of the Fourth Grade," which coincided with the theme of the Minerva Historical Society Museum's 1996 exhibit.

Carol Gregson made posters advertising the Heritage Dinner, Noelle Donahue was in charge of decorations at MCS, assisted by Helen Wagar and Rose Morse. Handmade quilts were again displayed, plus antique props loaned to the Plump Chicken Inn by Floss and Bob Savarie of Board 'N Batten. Floral arrangements by Sandra LaBar added to the decor.

In the entrance hall there was an historical table staffed by Molly Maguire and Lucy Wilcox, featuring various heritage items for sale. There was also an exhibit of items based on the theme and borrowed from the museum for the day.

As the guests entered the dining room, Lizbeth Ochsie took their tickets and gave them each a Minerva Historical Society pamphlet. The dining room was set up under the supervision of Marion Persons, with rolled scroll tied with a green ribbon at each place setting as a souvenir of the event. The scrolls were titled "Our History As Seen Through the Eyes of the Fourth Grade," with a picture of children holding a map of the town of Minerva and a sign reading "Town of Minerva 1817-1996," The pamphlets and scrolls were designed by Noelle Donahue and printed by Gladys Maines.

The menu included chicken and biscuits with gravy, mashed potatoes, candied carrots, cranberry sauce, pickles and pickled beets. Dessert was "Sunshine Gingerbread," a delicious fruited gingerbread made with peaches and a whipped cream topping.

Attractive waitresses in old-fashioned costumes who courteously served the guests were Katherine Halloran, Heidi Kelly, Patricia Mather, Jennifer Meehan, Rose Morse and Amanda Savarie. Letitia Persons carried the biscuit basket and served extra biscuits to the guests. Punch was served under the guidance of Mabel Gonyo and Helen Sylvester, and coffee and tea were supervised by Wanda Callihan.

Patricia Hewitt chaired the kitchen preparations with many assistants; Richard Galusha made the biscuits; Carol Pratt cooked the chicken and gravy and baked the special gingerbread dessert; and Nancy Booth cut the cake and made the punch. Those who helped with de-boning the chicken and peeling potatoes, preparing and dishing out the food, or the final job of cleaning up were Wanda Callihan, Noelle Donahue, Bob Foley, Rose and Paul Frettoloso, Martha Galusha, Rusty Kotula, Betty LeMay, Frances Paradis, Marion Persons, Betty Shinn and Lucy Wilcox.

The school gym was transformed into the public room where entertainment was provided before, during and after the dinner seatings.

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Mike Leddick was the charming master of ceremonies who introduced the various acts. Mary Ann Brown of Greenwich sang several songs accompanying herself on a computerized keyboard. Art and Hilda Pratt played country music duets with Art playing the fiddle and Hilda playing the guitar. Bill Blackburn, Jimmy Daniels and Jimmy's daughter, Katie, played guitar and sang.

MCS students who also entertained, were Nicholas and Elizabeth Kelly, each playing piano solos. Brightly costumed dancers were MCS students Colette Mason and Jordan Green who performed a duet, and Bridget O'Brien who tapped a solo. The three girls, who attend the Florence LaPoint School of the Dance in Warrensburg, danced to taped music coordinated by Dawn Green and Nancy O'Brien.

MC Mike Leddick also played the guitar and sang, and Plump Chicken Inn proprietor Ed Milner joined him for a few songs.

The evening was a success and the community is grateful to the Minerva Historical Society for this annual event.

Ancestors:

West/Epple

In our April 1996 Quarterly we asked for information on Johnathan West. Though we were not successful, we did learn of another West connection in the Town of Minerva.

Elise A. Epple, of Irishtown and a postal clerk here in O'ville is the daughter of

Alvin Gordon West - born 8/4/1907

Elise's grandfather was

Adam Grant West - born 5/2/1866, married Charlotte DuShannon - born 1866 Liberty Center, Ohio

Elise's great-grandfather

John Thomas West - Carol Co. Md. born 5/11/1830 - married **Patience Spiegle** Gloucester City, Md. - born 3/23/1833

Elise's great-great-grandfather

John B. West - Valley Forge, PA born - 1/16/1801 married **Mary Ann Hopkins** - born 1814 near Baltimore, Md.

Museum News:

The theme this year at the Museum was **OUR HISTORY AS SEEN THROUGH THE EYES OF THE FOURTH GRADE.** Since last fall, Mrs. Katherine Halloran's class has been studying, visiting and learning about the past days of Minerva. One exhibit in the Museum was the genealogies of each child in the class.

There were pictures of places and buildings THEN and how the same places look NOW. Another exhibit was of maps of the Town of Minerva, Newcomb and Essex County. Some were topographical, some were flat. One was the cherished map drawn by Henry Bradley. He was supervisor of the Town of Minerva for many years from 1865 though 1872, from 1877 to 1880, from 1888 to 1893 and 1899 to 1890.

The class became intrigued with **DRUMMER BOYS**, some their own age, who were important in the Civil War and this led to an exceptional Civil War exhibit for the Museum, complete with a real drum from that era.

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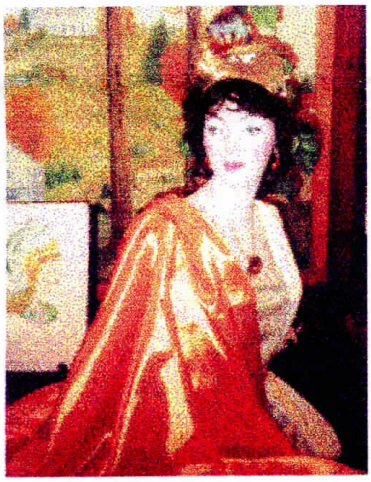
Also at this exhibit site was a printed roll of the men of Minerva who fought in the Civil War and one of the Town of Johnsburg given to us by Raymond Tucker.

The children visited the old Alpine Tannery site in Olmstedville and saw the stone foundation that still stands. Many artifacts from the site have been dug up, including one hundred and fifty year old leather, square nails and other relics that make up another exhibit at the Museum. There was a taped dissertation by Del Kingsley, of tannery days at the Horicon Tannery and the folks who did various jobs at that tannery in the 1800'.s



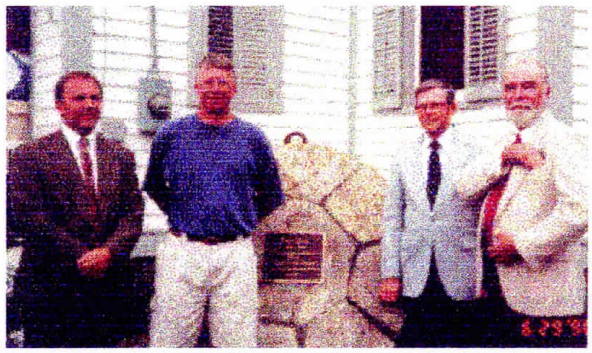
A fun exhibit was on the Roman Goddess Minerva who gave her name to the town. A lifesize torso cleverly decorated to resemble her namesake, by two of the fourth graders, dominated this exhibit along with pictures the children drew of the "beauteous lady,"

The Forefathers Contest that the fourth graders made up in the center divider, had pictures of well-known townsfolk on one wall and descriptions of them on another. The prize winner of this contest was Patricia Moriarty.

Nancy Kimball gifted the society with a doll belonging to her grandmother, Gertrude Hayden and her mother, Catherine. The doll has a porcelain head and snood, a cloth stuffed body with leather arms and shoes. Peggy Chrostowski, owner of the Doll Shop on Rt. 9, Lake George, mended the leather arms for us for us at no charge.

Miss Patricia Sullivan's art classes at Minerva Central School exhibited their art work at the Museum again this summer.

Attendance this year was 263 people who signed the book, and income from the Museum was $256.00.



The present supervisor, Daniel Palmer and three former supervisors, Joseph Kelly, Frederick Morse and Andrew Halloran attended Opening Day Ceremonies at the Museum. Former supervisor Edwin Briggs was unable to attend.

IN MEMORIAM

Seth F. Howe
1905 - 1996

Seth F. Howe, 90, died July 14, 1996, at the Meadowbrook Nursing Home in Plattsburg, after a long illness. Mr. Howe was born on Aug. 23, 1905 in Olmstedville. He was the son of Jesse and Rose Middleton Howe. Seth's paternal grandparents were Seth and Mary Jane Prouty Howe. His paternal grandparents were Henry and Sarah Wells Searls Middleton.

Mr. Howe was a self employed logger, carpenter and mason. During the construction of the Adirondack Northway, Mr. Howe was Inspection Engineer for New York State. For 17 years he delivered the Sunday newspapers to the Blue Mountain Lake area.

He is predeceased by his wife Elizabeth Wells Howe; one daughter, Ethelwynne DeBray; one brother, Smith Howe; also 2 sisters, Kate Stone and Hazel Wheeler. Survivors include, one son, Morgan Howe of Plattsburg; five daughters, Phyllis Howe of Booneville, Madeline Raymond of Olmstedville, Betty VanGundy of Plattsburg, Ellen LaPoint of Slingerland, Linda Howe of Colonie, one sister, Dorothy Hammond of Olmstedville; seventeen grandchildren and fourteen great-grandchildren.

Funeral services were at Barton - McDermott Funeral Home, Chestertown with the Rev. Dennis Carey, Pastor of the North Chester Baptist Church officiating. Burial was at the Griswald Cemetery, Pottersville.

Dorothy A. Hammond
1918 - 1996

Dorothy A. Hammond, 78, died Aug. 13, 1996 at Glens Falls Hospital after a long illness. Born Jan. 4, 1918 in Glens Falls, she was the daughter of Jesse and Rose Middleton Howe. She was the granddaughter of Seth and Mary Jane Prouty Howe and Henry and Sarah Wells Searls Middleton. Mrs. Hammond was a third generation resident of Olmstedville. She married Leland Hammond in 1938. Mr. Hammond died in 1973 after 35 years of marriage.

Mrs. Hammond started her working years cooking and baking for various area families. She also had been employed with the cafeteria staff at the Minerva Central School for 11 years. Her enjoyment included her family, her pets and baking biscuits for the Plump Chicken Inn to benefit the Minerva Historical Society.

Two brothers, Smith Howe and Seth Howe, and one grand-daughter, Shelly Sue Hammond, all died before her. Survivors include eight sons, David of Pottersville, Philip of Igerna, Eugene of Indian Lake, Gary of Olmstedville, Michael of Pottersville, Dale of Brant Lake, Brian of Olmstedville and Bruce of Adirondack; One daughter, Lucille Warner of Glens Falls; 26 grand children and 21 great-grandchildren.

Funeral services were held at the Minerva Baptist Church with the Rev. Kathleen Davie, pastor and the Rev. L. Duaine Allen, pastor of Agape Covenant Church of Glens Falls, co-officiating. Burial followed at the Federal Flats Cemetery, Olmstedville.

(A profile of Dorothy Hammond was in the January 1996 Quarterly.)

IN MEMORIAM

Wanda E. Thissell
1960 - 1996

Wanda E. Thissell, 35, of Bakers Mills died Aug. 24, 1996, at her residence following a long illness. She was born on Sept. 28, 1960, in Ticonderoga, the daughter of Franklin and Mina O'Dell Collard, Jr. Her father Franklin died before her. She was the granddaughter of Franklin P. and Jenny Dimick Collard, Sr.

Survivors include her husband, Urban (Butch) Thissell Sr. of Bakers Mills, whom she married on Sept.28, 1986; her mother, Mina O'Dell Collard of Minerva; three daughters, Leslie Collard of Minerva, Roxana Thissell and Cassie Thissell of Bakers Mills; a son, Kelly Thissell of Bakers Mills; several step children and grandchildren; two brothers, Wiley O'Dell of Schroon Lake and Weslie Collard of Minerva; three sisters Wendy Marr and Whitney Morehouse of Brant Lake and W. Emily Collard of Olmstedville and a stepsister, Linda Rose of Chester. Funeral services were quiet and burial was at the convenience of the family.

Charles W. Barnes
1907 - 1996

Charles W. Barnes, "Bill", 89, died Sept. 16, 1996 after a short illness. Born July 31, 1907, in Olmstedville, he was the son of Charles and Margaret Sullivan Barnes. He was the grandson of Wesley and Julia Vosburg Barnes and Patrick and Margaret Mulhern Sullivan.

Bill worked on the last three Hudson River - river drives, moving logs from Newcomb to Glens Falls by river. Mr. Barnes worked on the construction of the railroad bed from North Creek to Tahawus prior to working as a brakeman and conductor for the Delaware and Hudson railroad for 20 years. After his retirement from the railroad he worked for 15 years as a school bus driver for Minerva School District and owned and operated the Pinehurst Restaurant.

Bill also served as an assessor for the town for many years.

His wife Geneva died in 1980; a daughter, Marcia Barnes died in 1961; a sister, Helen Barnes died in 1993.

Survivors include two sons, Charles (Bud) and Thomas Barnes both of Olmstedville; one sister Molly Maguire of Olmstedville; five grandchildren, two great grandchildren and several nieces and nephews.

A mass of Christian burial was celebrated at St. Joseph's Catholic Church in Olmstedville. The Rite of Committal took place at St. Mary's Cemetery in Irishtown.

Sweet Bess

By J. Philip Sullivan

(Editors note: Phil Sullivan, former Town of Chester Historian, is now a resident of White Water Manor in North Creek. He is writing a book titled Growing Up With Grandpa. This is a short poem to be included in the book.)

Sweet Bess, was Grandpa's little cow,
Just an ordinary cow, no pedigree-
Though I do believe, a lot of Jersey in her breeding.

Sweet Bess, was well cared for - doted on, in fact,
And she gave, in her contentment, a great quantity
of rich milk, foaming up in the milk pail, as Grandpa
leaned his head against her side and gently milked her -
twice a day. and, after the milk was set to let the
cream rise, yes rise, golden yellow and thick.

Yes, sweet Bess was the best, so Grandpa said!

Each morning, when milking was done, Grandpa would take
Sweet Bess out to the pasture, to spend her day grazing
and wandering in and out of sunshine and shade, at her
whim. At day's end, Sweet Bess would be standing at
the pasture gate, waiting for Grandpa to come, bringing
a small can of grain, as her reward - - - and she knew it !

Once back home, settled in her freshly cleaned
stansion, Grandpa again leaned his head against her
side, and as he milked her, he sang a little tune to
Bess, as that foamy milk almost filled the pail - - -
fresh warm, sweet, so fragrant to the nostrils.

Yes, Sweet Bess was the Best, so Grandpa said !!!!

Resurrecting The "West House"
By Helen Wagar

About the time that the Civil Was in the States was getting up a full head of steam in 1861, an acre of land next to the Minerva Baptist Church was being donated to that organization by Norman West with the intention that it be used to build a parsonage; which it was.

Originally, Norman's grandfather Nathan had donated the land on which the Church was built. Both men were staunch members of the Baptist Church

The first minister who inhabited the parsonage was Elder Bush followed by Rev. Caleb Smith and others, for a short period. By 1886 it had stood empty for several years and was sold back to the Wests when Clinton bought it. Historical notes state that the church needed the money to pay off some debts.

This "parsonage" still stands next to the Minerva Baptist Church. Today it is proudly owned and restored by Norman and Ruth Day of Lenox Massachusetts who use it for a vacation and "getaway" home. The Days purchased the weather-beaten brown shingled Greek Revival dwelling with a shed attached and about three acres of land in 1986. The seller was Mae West, widow of Fenton who was a son of Clinton. It is safe to say that the house has always been "the West House," (with the exception of the short period it was used as a parsonage.) Also on the property was a large garage that was used by Fenton, a school bus driver, to house the school bus.

The West's converted this building into a house and moved into it. Fenton died in 1976 and Mae lived on alone in the garage house.

She was there when the Days were having the former parsonage restored and voiced her displeasure when the brown shingles were shucked and replaced with gray clapboard (which was more authentic.) Eventually she grew reconciled to the change and even liked it.

The 125 year old house (in 1986) needed plenty of work and architect Norman and wife Ruth were prepared to go the distance to reclaim it from obscurity. Contractors Pat Strohmeyer and Matt Kelly with the help of Rodney Tucker and his backhoe tore out the original rock foundation, the now rotted sills, and dug the crawl space into a respectable cellar. The original hand hewn bearing beam still supports the house. A new concrete block foundation was put in and today the house is probably more sound than ever.

The original cornices on the back of the house were restored and when the entrance porch was built on the front of the house, new cornices were built that are an exact copy of the originals.

When the Days purchased the house it was cluttered with many small rooms. The inside walls were torn out on the first floor. Four large windows were installed which face the Hoffman Mountain Range.

The removal of walls made an open kitchen on the right and one large open area on the left that serves as a dining room-living area. The light from the windows bounces off the white walls making a radiant, friendly space that still, somehow, maintains its 125 year old status.

Another room on the first floor houses the laundry and 1/2 bath and the entrance to the cellar whose stairs take a very abrupt right as you step down onto the steep and narrow stairway.

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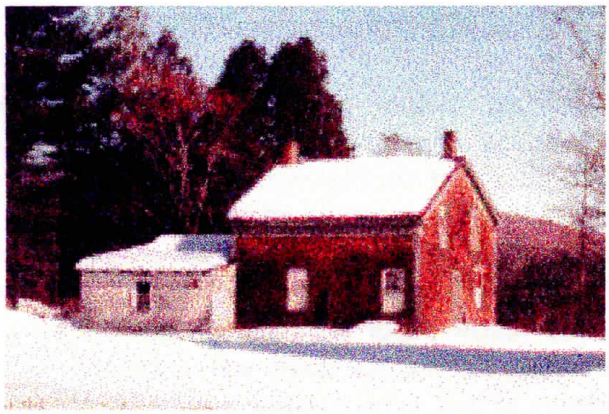
The three bedrooms form the second floor. One wonders how on earth Clinton West, his wife Etta and nine children lived comfortably in the small house.

Norman saved three chestnut doors for a number of years and found the perfect opportunity to use two of them on the first floor, on the upstairs entrance, and on the door leading to the laundry. Of dark luxurious wood, they look striking against the white walls.

An old metal roof that was blowing off in sections was also replaced on the house. It has all been done over, ready for another 125 years.

Ruth was not at the house when I visited, but Norman was an interesting host. He says that he likes this house better than his house in Lenox and really enjoys the solitude and beauty of the Minerva home. Neither is a newcomer to the area. Ruth is the daughter of Carl Kraeling and spent many summers vacationing on Minerva Hill in the family log cabin there; later with Norman. Norman is a self employed, semi retired architect and Ruth was and is his secretary.



TIME TO BUTCHER

By Dorothy DuRose

Election being over and the house banked, it was nigh on time to butcher the hog. A big iron kettle filled with water, a pair of hog scrapers and a crude scaffold seemed to be awaiting for action.

Porky pig had been stuffed with goodies and was slightly overweight and that was fine as it gave the owner something to brag about. The men were always talking about how much their hogs topped the scales at. "Biggest hog I ever did see, the thing went well over 200 pounds and hardly an ounce of fat on him." Sounds a little unlikely as to all that lean but every fall they told the same old story.

So on with the butchering that crisp day in late November. Apparently my parents had no intentions of enlightening their little daughter about the sordidness of butchering as I was soon spirited off into the parlor for the morning and highly entertained until this event was over. I even got to cut a few pages out of the Sears, Roebuck catalog so my paper dolls were treated to a new wardrobe and if I dropped a few cookie crumbs on the rug, no one seemed to notice. Nor did I get told to keep my sticky fingers off the organ keys and stop pumping the wheezie thing. I even got to do some primping in front of the big Larkin mirror and in all that time, I never realized what was going on in the back yard.

Later in the day when I went out to play, everything was back to normal. The black kettle was back in its home behind the barn, all signs of the butchering had been done away with. The shiny white pork hanging on the scaffold held no special interest for me. Everyone seemed pretty matter of fact about all this so I ran off in search of more exciting adventures.

From now on, we would have all matters of good things to eat like pancakes and sausage, ham and eggs, baked ham, fried side pork and milk gravy, liver and bacon, and a big tenderloin roasted for Thanksgiving dinner. Head cheese was special and took a lot of time to make. All those scraps of meat off the jowls were cooked up real well, then put to drain in a colander. Later on salt, pepper and sage were added and then the mixture was put in a large bowl lined with cheesecloth and left to season for a few days. After awhile it would appear on the supper table in nice thick slices that looked kind of jellyed-like in spots. As the man on TV says, it was oh, so good. Every mother had her own way of making these special treats and this is how I remember our head cheese. Making saugage was even more work, cutting up and grinding the pork and beef took time and filling all those homemade cheesecloth bags was a real chore. Not all bags were made of cheesecloth, some were made from that worn out unbleached sheet that had been washed, and left swinging in the sun, all those nice fall days. Now the remains of the old sheet was swinging in the shed stuffed with sausage and frozen stiff.

While my mother was doing her thing, my father was making a brine for the pork that he had packed in a big crock at the foot of the cellar stairs. The old family receipt seemed to read something like this: 10 lbs. of salt to 100 lbs. of ham, 10 oz. of saltpeter and 2 lbs. of brown sugar. I wouldn't take a chance on it. The yellow paper crumbled in my hand and the scrawling letters, so faded and gray, left only a memory of pink hams roasting in an old black pan in the oven. I wonder where the old crock went. I could buy the whole hog with what that crock is worth today. I heard that someone is using such a crock for dirty laundry. It makes such a delightful conversation piece.

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As my father sat smoking his pipe in the dusk of that late fall evening, I think he might have said, "all in all, it looks like a fair to middling winter comin' up. Plenty of potatoes in the cellar, the hens are laying good and the cow is keeping' up all her milk. The shed is full of dry wood and that was the biggest damn hog I ever did raise. What more could a man want?"

I agree, what more could a farmer on Main Street in Pottersville want? Way back then before all this zoning falderal took place, a man could keep his pig in the parlor or out behind the house. Not that I ever saw a pig in the parlor but I remember the sow and her pigs living in the backyard.

Strange to say, no one seemed to care where the old girl lived. All that seemed to matter was that the hog was around to butcher come fall.

I guess butchering ain't no big deal anymore. It's hire someone to come to butcher, then the hog is thrown in a truck and carted off to be cut up and smoked. The big iron kettle got dragged out from behind someone's shed and filled with plants. The thing looked real pretty with flowers all a-bloom last summer. Of course, the hog scrapers got picked up by the antique dealer and if he was lucky enough to get a set of candle scrapers, it made his day. He was luckier yet if he got the crock before the lady decided to use it for a clothes hamper. So much for way back then.

Think I'll go make a sandwich out of that ham I bought at the deli yesterday. Somehow it just don't look much like those ham sandwiches I remember. This ham looks kind of thin and faded out. It just ain't got what it takes to make a real sandwich but I ain't too choosy after getting this story together.

I've been kind of lax about the old tales. I'll have to get perking again. It's a great way to spend the day, just toying with memories.

BACK PAGE:

A Mystery Solved !

Mrs. Ruth Kraeling Day has loaned the Museum a small wood carving of a man that was found in Kraeling's barn. No one knew anything about it or where it came from.

In August, Bob Kraeling stopped at the Museum to tell us that the "1800's Wooden Carving" belonged at one time to a resident of the hotel at the four corners in Olmstedville. This man had a room on the second floor. He had a wooden leg. One wooden leg was also found in Kraeling's barn.

Charlie had carved his own "peg leg" and it is no surprise that he would have carved other things as well. So now we know that Charles Dougherty was probably the carver of the wooden man ! Charles was born in 1867, the son of Peter and Catherine Farrelley Dougherty. We have his wooden leg at the Museum and also Dr. Wall's journal. According to his journal Dr. Wall started visiting Charlie on Jan.3, 1881. After 5 visits at $12 each, the doctor visited Charlie every day from Jan. 14th through Feb.11th at $1 per visit. On Feb. 12th. the notation reads "amputation - $10. Dr. Wall continued his daily visits at $1. for the next 46 days. The only other mention of Charlie in the log is: June 16th, medicine - .25; Aug. 3rd, medicine - .75; and Sept. 3rd, medicine - .75.

Molly Maguire recalls when she was young and going to St. Onge's Academy across the road from her present home, that one of Charlie's wooden legs was in the privy. Anna St. Onge was Charlie's sister.

Published by Gladys Maines