

**PEG'S STRIDE MAY BE SLOWER BUT THE BISHOP WIT'S
INTACT
09/07/99**

Today is the first day of September and I do not know why, but I started the day feeling sort of glum.

We were at the Fair the day before and except for a little confusion getting there and leaving, it went well. I will save the confusing part for latter as it's another whole story. The only thing I will say is Route 690 is wide open from one end of Syracuse to the other with three bumper-to-bumper lanes of traffic moving at 75 miles per hour.

My mood changed abruptly from bad to worse after I picked up the mail. I had a notice from the State Sales Tax Division demanding a \$50 penalty of me for failing to file my sales tax return on time. The fact that I had no sales to report added to the disgust for my stupidity.

Badly in need of a mood altering swing, I followed through on a promise I made to myself to visit an old friend I haven't seen in years. The friend is Peg Bishop of Thendara and arthritis has restricted her to activities to home.

Time may have altered her step, but not her quick wit or frank manner. The few conversations we had in the past revealed her to be that way and I was pleased to see she had not changed.

Our first conversation concerned her son Don and showed me what a caring, devoted mother she was. Don enjoyed hunting and the woods. His jaunts usually took him in on the Big Otter truck trail and lasted long enough so that his mother began to be concerned. As the ranger for the area she would call asking for my help to see if he was all right, which he invariably was.

Still, a devoted mother, Peg has added a new dimension to that part of her life in granddaughter Bailee. Bailee is son Peter's daughter and is a very pretty and vibrant 14-year-old who would make any grandparent proud. She is a popular Town of Webb student. Peg's son Don has two grown children, a son and a daughter, who is a senior at Oswego State.

Born on a farm near Gilbertsville, NY, Peg learned to care for livestock and was interested in my account of the draft horse show at the State Fair. She told me that one of her brothers at one time raised between 300 and 400 hogs.

Peg came to the area in March of 1946 at the behest of an aunt who was living here. She immediately thought it was the greatest place on earth and has been here ever since. A job at Van Auken's Hotel was only the first of many she tried her hand at.

She supervised the maintenance staff at the Forge Motel for 35 years and at several other local businesses at the same time. I found her account of work and life in general reminiscent of many others of the same time frame. They all worked hard and long, usually at more than one endeavor to make ends meet.

Her husband, August Bishop, before he passed on, was a lumberjack. He hailed from New Brunswick and come from a family of 14 brothers and sisters. I was intrigued to learn she has never met any of his family.

Gus, as he was known to everyone locally, worked for many years at his trade in the woodlands of Maine before coming to this area to ply his trade. Like many other locals of his persuasion, he worked for C.J. Strife, the most prominent logging contractor in the area.

Her husband subcontracted many small operations and maintained logging camps near the job sites. Peg cooked for the men and helped Gus in their operations. Peg recalled jobs in the Twitchell Lake and Big Moose areas in particular.

Unfortunately, Peg feels the area does not hold the same charm and mystique it once did for her. I agree to some extent, but I feel much of it is due to a simple premise. To make a long story short, it's a lot like my old army days. We only remember the good parts.