



Historical Society Newsletter

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The Town of Greenfield Historical Society, P.O. Box 502, Greenfield Center, NY 12833

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Joan's Jabbering — March 2024 — by Joan E Rowland, President

Well, this is a muddy month. My maple trees have been tapped, 2 large tanks are set, waiting for warm days and freezing nights. This was the easiest I have ever tapped my trees. Oh, you guessed it, Tim Monica and his crew are doing all the work, not me.

February meeting was "An Evening with Elizabeth Conant." The weather was great – and we had a special guest, her mom Nancy Conant. Elizabeth talked about growing up – visiting Greenfield for the summer, staying on Grange Road (where the winery is now). Later her parents bought land on Wilton Road but didn't realize there was a house there because of all the growth. She rode bikes with the neighbor girl, Sherry Van Arnum. Riding to the general store for penny candy or just to take a ride. She talked about her father, Robert Conant's many talents and how he started the world-famous Festival of Baroque Music. She talked about some special visitors that came to the center for the Art Show to anonymously purchase their daughter's artwork, (while there had a Genny from the can on the front lawn). Elizabeth shared Nancy's many rolls in the event, ticket taker, caterer, hostess, maid, bookkeeper, and this was held on her 3 weeks of vacation from her full-time job. (Now, that is a working vacation.) Elizabeth brought many photo albums of those famous musicians who attended, played music here in Greenfield and some family photos.

Elizabeth can be heard at her keyboard on many Friday nights at The View and many other places around the county. She will again be opening for us on July 13, 2024 at our Car Show/Music in the Park, in Middle Grove, NY.

I am looking forward to our March meeting – I do not know a thing about the Trevett and Sons Chair Factory. Oh, did I say that out loud?

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

Tuesday, March 19 — Meeting 7 p.m. at the Community Center, 25 Wilton Road, Greenfield Center. **Program:** "The Trevett & Sons Chair Factory" hosted by Providence Town Historian Bob Wemple. Mr. Wemple will share the history of the Trevett & Sons Chair Factory which was located in the town of Providence. The factory was in operation from the mid-1800s through the early 1900s. Bob and his wife Sue will bring several examples of Trevett chairs from their personal collection.

Tuesday, April 16 — Meeting 7 p.m. at the Greenfield Community Center. **Program:** *Ice Harvesting* hosted by Tom Ragosta, president of the Watervliet Historical Society and Watervliet City Historian. The program will include a brief history of ice harvesting during the late 19th and early 20th centuries as well as the process used in storing natural ice. The program will include a display of various artifacts used in the ice harvesting process.

Tuesday, May 21 — Meeting 7 p.m. at the Community Center, Greenfield Center. **Program:** This meeting is dedicated to and in memory of *Ron and Alice Feulner*, please come and share stories, memories, and photos.

Everyone is welcome, admission is free, and you don't have to be a member to attend.

March refreshment volunteers are Elizabeth Conant and Patti Veitch. February volunteers, Joan Rowland and Patti Veitch, served cookies.

Looking for a couple members interested in becoming a board member or program chair. Please contact Joan E Rowland at jrowland25@verizon.net

Remembering Ron Feulner

by Joan E Rowland, President

"Stop me if I have told you this before!"

This was a statement I heard often both at the Greenfield Farmers Market in the early years of the market and at the Historian's office at town hall during lunchtime. Did I stop Ron when I had heard it before, no way – it was always a good story.

I remember Ron from the Historical Society meetings when I would drive my mom when she gave up driving at night. It was her social time since many of her friends were members. Ron was the president and Alice the treasurer. Ron would take the clipboard around and get people to sign in – talking to them the entire time they tried to sign in. It was his way of welcoming people to the meeting. He ran a rock-solid meeting complete with Roberts Rules of Order. He knew the Constitution inside and out (later I learn, he helped write the Constitution and Bylaws).

I would see him hanging around the Farmers Market. I understand he talked a few people into getting the market off the ground, talked them into becoming the Market manager. They held the manager position until Covid hit and we stopped the market. I would stop in on Fridays after work to chat with some people, pick up some veggies, listen to the music. I ended up having a chair in my car so I could bring it over and sit with Alice and Ron to see what had happened during this week.

Then by mistake, I announced my retirement. Oh, Ron picked up on that – now he needs some more help at the Historian's office. "You would be a good one to help. It's only Wednesdays, and we pay for all the Decaf coffee you want to drink."

Continued on page 2

Continued from page 1 — I held out for a year and then gave in to his asking every time I saw him. Guess who is still working on Wednesdays. He would give me praise and double my salary when I finished a project and did a nice job. He would also give me demerits and tell me they will take that out of my salary when I could not complete the task. But in the end, we would just laugh because I still got paid nothing.

How many of you volunteered for an event or a season or are still volunteering because Ron asked you to help out. Just this one thing – that got you hooked?

Lunch time would always be interesting. It always ended up with a story – of his travels across county, his many jobs he had held (Ellsworth Ice Cream, IP in Corinth, shoveling poop at many local farms, his sunburns (should have left my shirt on), surveying jobs, renovating, and reselling houses before anyone else heard of flipping houses.) Who would have known he was an Earth Science Teacher.

He would say our kids, Alice's kids and when we would say something like, so how many are yours? He would return with "all of them."

Ron and technology was always interesting. He knew a lot about computers and had enough knowledge to ask good questions but then with the little things would get stuck. He always had someone else in the office call Tech Support but was right there to learn. He had a burner cell phone but one of his kids upgraded him to a regular cell phone. They created a monster. He had videos now of great-

To: Greenfield Historical Society From: Ron Feulner

I would like to thank all the people I have become friends with who supported and looked forward to my writings every month, especially those dear friends who have taken time out of their busy day to drop me a line or to say that they appreciated what I was doing for the Town of Greenfield. It is my expectation that the town will find someone equally or better qualified to carry on the tradition of telling the town's wonderful history. When the time



RONALD WILLIAM FEULNER – age 85, passed away on Thursday, February 1, 2024, at the Gateway House of Peace in Ballston Spa, NY.

Ron was the eldest of three children, born to Fredrick and Evelyn (Marcellus) Feulner on April 19, 1938. Besides his loving parents, he was predeceased by his wife of 63 years, Alice (Bull) Feulner, and his stepson, Paul J. Rickett III. He is survived by their five children, David E. (Lori) Feulner, Michael F. (Patricia Seybolt) Feulner, Jeffrey M. Rickett, Kelly E. (John) Woods, and Candace R. (Gene) Feulner, his sister Joan A. (Elthan) Peacock, and brother, Gene A. Feulner, as well as several grandchildren, great-grandchildren, nieces, and nephews.

Following graduation from Hoosick Valley High School in 1957, he received his BS degree from SUNY Potsdam in January 1964, and receiving a National Science Foundation Scholarship, he completed his master's degree from Cornell University in June 1968. He taught earth science at Fort Plain Central High School from 1964 till 1986, serving as Science Department Chairman from 1977-1984, and in 1986 he received the High School Teacher of the Year Award. During his years at Fort Plain, he was a principal writer of the Lab Supplement to the NYS Earth Science Syllabus (published by the State Ed. Dept.), and a pilot teacher for the NYS Earth Science Curriculum Development Project. In September 1986, Ron became a college supervisor at SUNY Oneonta for science student teachers while teaching a seminar in science education at the college. In June of 1987, he left teaching and started his own real estate development company in the Cooperstown area, where he completed several

grand children to entertain us with. He would laugh at their video as we were trying to watch it. He had friends cell numbers and learned to text too.

He had a visitor in the office, many were friends who returned at least once a month just to say hi. Most of their visits ended with a good ballgame memory. It was like the game was last night.

The Chatfield Museum upstairs was his baby. Just go up and it has Ron all over it. Stories of how he found out about the very heavy stove that is in the second-floor kitchen and how many guys it took to get it up there; with his brain and their muscles. The Stewart's Display and the hours of going through boxes of items. The display of his father's trophies of woodsman contest, all the types of saws. Ask about one thing and you have the story off the top of his head.

We sure miss him already. We have been filling in for him at the Historians office until they get someone in the position. I know three of the questions he could have answered off the top of his head. It took me 3 weeks to answer one of the questions and I am still looking for answers for two others.

He rushed through the final reread of his last book he has been writing since 2019. He was making sure it was done to his liking. He had his daughter Kelly contact me to give me his memory stick with the final version for his part. Wanted to know if I could finish my part by Jan. 1. I said I would, but Christmas needed to come first. Kelly said, "don't let him push you around." His voice is in my ear every time I sit at the computer – "is the book done yet?"

comes, I hope the public will support them in the same way they supported me by sharing their local family histories and stories for future generations to enjoy and learn from. I also wish to thank the many local historians and volunteers who have joined forces with me to find answers to historical problems that I was unable to solve on my own. My wife Alice and I always found the work rewarding and valued the connections it created for us to the community. In short, thank you all for letting us be a part of a local historical society.

Sincerely, Ron Feulner

renovations and subdivisions.

In 1996, he and his wife, Alice, retired and moved to Greenfield Center, NY, where he began writing several books. He wrote *King of the Mountain*, *Lucinda*, *Porter Corners Graphite*, *Greenfield's Glass Factory*, and a novel, *Adirondack Justice*. Because of his interest in the history of the region he became involved in the Greenfield Historical Society and served as president of the society for several years. In 2010, he was appointed the Town of Greenfield Historian and served in this position until his death.

In his last few years, Ron's free time was spent teaching, writing, building things, and water-color painting. He loved his children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren taking great delight inventing activities for them like shooting a potato gun or running an obstacle course with the riding lawn mower. He especially took great pride in engaging them in debates about current issues, often taking an opposing side to sharpen their debating skills. His favorite words were "How, Why, and What if."

At Ron's request, his body has been donated to Albany Medical College's Anatomical Gift Program. Any persons wishing to remember him may send a donation to either Hospice's Gateway House of Peace, 479 Rowland St., Ballston Spa, NY 12020 (or online at their website), or to the Greenfield Historical Society, PO Box 502, Greenfield Center, NY 12833.

A memorial luncheon to celebrate Ron's life will be held Saturday, April 13, 2024, at The View at Brookhaven, 333 Alpine Meadows Rd., Porter Corners, NY, from 11 a.m. to 1 p.m. All friends and family are welcome.

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HISTORIAN'S CORNER

March 2024

Brookhaven Golf Course History Brookhaven: A Community's Golf Course Section Five (Final)

April 19, 2011 – by Ron Feulner

Continued from February's Newsletter

The letter continues with more strategy and concludes:

Whatever the outcome of the match, you shall remain in my view, a magnificent striker of a golf ball.

There can be no doubt about the positive relationship between teacher and student and her family, as indicated by Lynn Pepper's [Dottie's mother] praise of the man:

He was a great teacher, and he did it with such humility, he was such a gentleman. I don't know anyone who knew him who didn't totally respect this man.

On September 21, 1981, George Pulver wrote a letter to Al Mattau of the Saratogian. He finished the letter with a post script that read:

P.S.: Dottie is a sound, powerful, and exciting golfer. And what is more, she has brains and charm. I do not care to predict down the road, but she has both golf and business to turn to. She is pleasant, happy, and indefatigable.

In 1985, Dottie Pepper said:

He [Pulver] taught me how to win and how to think my way around the golf course.

On May 19, 1992, nearly six years after George Pulver died, the daily Gazette ran an article by Bob Weiner describing Brookhaven. Weiner said:

Despite its modest length — 6,150 yards from the white tees and 6,527 yards from the blue — Brookhaven is a true test of golf. There is plenty of trouble to compensate for the relative lack of distance. Almost every hole is a dogleg, and there are numerous hazards that seem to suck up your ball like a huge vacuum cleaner. ... Golfers can get a good workout by walking the course, as there are plenty of hills and quite a bit of distance between greens and the next tees. And the scenery is magnificent on a clear day.

Weiner went on to say:

George Pulver, the head pro who gave LPGA star Dottie (Pepper) Mochrie her start, was the architect for the ... course.

Gary John, manager of the Brookhaven snack bar, told Weiner:

Dottie Mochrie was a steady customer as a youngster. Dottie was our club champ, but then again, she was everybody's club champ at one time or another. I used to putt with her for Cokes, but she never bought a Coke ... Mochrie's grandmother was a charter member of Brookhaven.

Many individuals have worked their hearts and souls out at Brookhaven. From millwrights to golf pros, from greenskeepers to bookkeepers, they have all given their best to this community-based project. There are too many to name, but if you had to choose two people most responsible for Brookhaven having been built, and being what it is today, I think most individuals would agree that tops on the list would be George Pulver. However, George Pulver could

not have done it alone, for the purchase of the land, design, construction, and maintenance of the course all took large sums of money. Of course, in the beginning, International Paper and their employees were responsible for most of the financial support, but a mill is nothing without the people who are positioned to make those decisions.

From the beginning, Herbert J. "Bert" Edwards was the mill man who maneuvered the project from its inception through a maze of setbacks and challenges to the final product — a working man's course to be enjoyed and taken pride in by an entire community.

While Edwards was a no-nonsense business man, he must have also had a lighter side. In the early years, he created a hand-out sheet for players, giving pertinent information about each hole, including its name and a little poetic description of how to play it. The sixth hole read:

Waterloo — Split those tall pines down the middle; that will help you solve the riddle. If you are straight, you should pull through, If not, you're at your Waterloo.

On August 11, 1980, George Pulver wrote Bert a letter; his opening words were:

I ponder on the long years we have worked together. My association with you and Brookhaven, has been a happy one. From a tangle of Adirondack flora, International Paper now has a pleasant and playable 18-hole golf course.

Pulver continued:

... IP [International Paper] must be given credit for acquiring the land, enormous help in initial construction and operation during its formative years. Clearly, this help was critical.

George Pulver finished by saying:

You [Bert Edwards] have resisted the demands of the few, for the good of the many. You have tried to run the club with class and tradition. Certainly there could have been no Brookhaven without Edwards.

According to Chris Baker, current General Manager of Brookhaven, Edwards was the white-collar man at the mill who found the potential site, hired George Pulver, and helped to secure the mortgage to buy the property. Baker said:

Somewhere along the line, I think Bert Edwards even had to put his own house mortgage up to make it all happen. He was the one who handled the politics. At one point he told me not to make the final payment on the Brookhaven mortgage. I'm not sure why, but I think that there was a faction at the mill who wanted to turn the course over to the State of New York.

About that time — it was my first year on the job as course manager — a group of men in business suits were out walking the course — looking everything over. I think there was a movement at the mill to trade the course for some of the State's woodland. I think that may be why Bert told me not to pay the last mortgage payment — it may have been his way of holding things up. I'm not sure about all of this, but I do know that Bert fought to keep the course and keep it with George Pulver's original design. It is a course that utilizes the land's natural contours, and it doesn't necessarily give a long ball hitter the advantage. It was designed to be all about risks and rewards. I still have players who tell me

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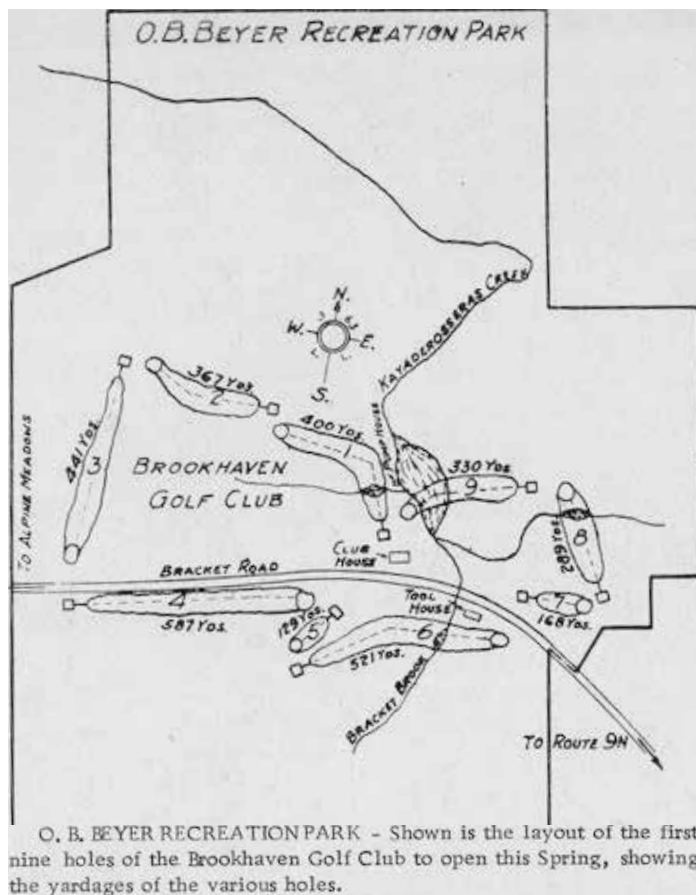
that they had to use every club in their bag, a testament to George Pulver's creativity.

Both George Pulver and Bert Edwards believed in the natural beauty of the place, and they didn't want the course modified in any way that would challenge that.

They both would have been repulsed by the idea of reshaping the course in any way.

Bert Edwards came from downstate (Westchester County) where he graduated from Yonkers High School before attending Manhattan College where, in 1941, he received a B.A. in Business Administration and Education. Edwards married a Yonkers girl, Claire P. Kelly, and continued to live in Yonkers a short while before moving to Glens Falls and then to Corinth where he lived for many years on Hamilton Avenue. He was employed for 32 years (until his retirement in 1977) at the International Paper Company as the Assistant to the Director of Industrial Relations and Personnel. He died April 10, 2007.

In 2010, with the International Paper Company mill in Corinth closed and gone from the area, the O.B. Beyer Recreational Park Corporation's board members decided it was time to dissolve the corporation and end their ownership of Brookhaven. The course and surrounding acreage was offered to the Town of Greenfield as a gift with the stipulation that it always remain a recreational area. On September 10, 2010, Town Supervisor Richard "Dick" Rowland and the rest of the Town of Greenfield Board voted unanimously to accept the gift.



O. B. BEYER RECREATION PARK - Shown is the layout of the first nine holes of the Brookhaven Golf Club to open this Spring, showing the yardages of the various holes.

SYMPATHY NOTES

You could have knocked me over with a feather when I read that Ron Feulner passed away. It seemed like just a few weeks ago he had come to the post office to let me know that his wife Alice had died (I hadn't known) and to return a letter I had written to her. He mentioned how much she enjoyed our visits and appreciated our correspondence. I thought "how thoughtful of this man in his grief to reach out to others and take care of them." He shared how he had met Alice and how thunderstruck he was by her. And now to learn he did this knowing he himself was dying is just incredible to me. I am so glad I got to rub elbows with him and know it must have been amazing to be his friend. — *Laura Miller*

I am deeply saddened to see the passing of Ron. He and his wife were the sweetest and kindest couple ever. Now they are together again. Please extend my heartfelt condolences to his family. — *Deb Dittner*

Sorry to read about Ron's passing, will miss him and his articles. — *Rick Bishop*



NANCY J. WAITE, 74, passed away Saturday February 10, 2024, surrounded by her family at Saratoga Hospital. Born September 15, 1949, in Ballston Spa, NY, Nancy lived her life with her mother, father and brother Carl.

Nancy had worked as a secretary for New York State for a majority of her life up until her retirement. An unusual encounter with Kenneth Waite at a New Years eve party in 1977 where Nancy was being her usual fiery self of arguing with Kenny, they slowly began dating and married August 4, 1978. Nancy and Kenny had so much love to share and deeply wanted a family. After years of trying to no avail, they opened their hearts to a little 8-year-old boy named Edward, starting their journey as a new family of three they moved into their newly built home in 1989 in Greenfield. This is where Kenny lived till, he passed in December of 2015 and where Nancy lived out her days till her recent passing.

Nancy served her community her whole life with honesty, integrity, and service above self. She was an EMT at the Community Emergency Corp. in Ballston Spa and joined the Greenfield Fire District in 1978, serving for over 50 years. Nancy

was head strong and passionate about many things and many people. She made sure all those who were in her life had what they needed before she thought of herself and that even if they just needed a shoulder she was there to lean on. She often spoke of seniors and how she was looking forward to so many events, especially the butterfly gardens or the musicals. She also enjoyed game nights with her grandchildren, and spending time with her fur babies Gracie Mae a 12 year old Pekingese, and a 2 year old kitten, Willis.

Nancy is survived by her son Edward Waite (Sharon Waite), and grandchildren Jordan Krzemien (Benjamin Krzemien), Zachary Waite (Alexis Waite), Ian LaRock, and Dominick Bonarrigo, nieces Tammy, Pam, and Carol, nephews Jason, Ryan, Matt, and David, as well as many other family and friends lives that Nancy has touched.

Services were held at the Armer Funeral Home, Inc., in Ballston Spa, on Friday, February 16, for friends and family to reminisce, grieve, support each other, and of course chat. Memorial contributions in memory of Nancy may be made to the Greenfield Fire District, PO Box 103, Greenfield Center, NY 12833.

The Search For Gearbox Oil

by John R. Greenwood



With an impending storm approaching and the bread and milk bunch hitting the streets early, I thought I would share this old and semi-accurate tale of pre-snowstorm preparation. Enjoy.

Take one unexpected and historic Nor'Easter, add a pre-Halloween Saturday, sprinkle it with crazy and you've got a story to tell. I thought I was doing pretty good this year. I felt so proud; I was preparing my snowblower hours before the approaching storm. Normally, my preparation for Storm #1 consists of waiting until four to six inches of wet, backbreaking white slop has settled in the driveway. Over the years I have found it more rewarding to wait until after dark. It's more challenging when you have to hold a slippery metal flashlight under your chin while digging through the cluttered shed trying to extricate the Toro 828XLE Power Max. It is my opinion that only sissies prep their machines in August or on a sunny Saturday in September. Experience and bad words have injected me with enough intelligence to spend the extra money for something that will start on the first pull.

I warmed "Thoro"* the Toro up for a few minutes then shut him down and drained the tar from his crankcase. I guess I napped through Engine Oil Change 101, because I'm pretty sure I missed this step last year. Now all I needed was a replacement quart to refill "Thoro." I must have been late the day they discussed having fresh oil to replace the one you drain. Luckily Stewart's is just a sip of coffee away. Off I sped. With a fresh quart of engine oil for "Thoro"* and a buttered hardroll on the front seat for me, I returned home to fill our bellies. With "Thoro" full of fresh oil all I needed to do was lube his dry cables and squeaky parts and we were ready for anything Bob Kavachick could throw our way. Wait! There's one last thing to check. I grabbed a crescent wrench and loosened the small plug on the front of the gearbox. The same gearbox that keeps "Thoro" moving forward through snow and bank. I crouched low like Camilo Villegas eyeballing a long birdie putt. Nope, not a drop of oil in sight. I tipped him forward, still dry. "Thoro" was three years old, how long was his gearbox dry?

Week #3's class, 'Importance of Proper Gearbox Maintenance' was a waste. I must have gone fishing that day. Even Stewart's can't fill this order. Off to Home Depot with a detour to Price Chopper for carrots and a box of Ditalini. Mrs. G.'s intuition tells her I will need a bowl of hearty soup after this goose chase. After weaving through four lets-pretend-we-are-busy orange vested customer service specialists I found the rack containing engine oils of all viscosities and temperature ranges but the only oil not found, was you guessed correctly, gearbox oil. After asking a bewildered man with an orange vest where the gearbox oil would be, I cut my losses and skipped happily to the exit.

Where to now? Sears and the Blue Crew are just around the corner. Now there's a manly man's store. They have shiny Craftsman tools, with Lifetime Guarantees, argh, argh. I'm positive they'll have large wide shelves bursting

with gearbox oil. I circled around and around the lawn tractors waiting for Blue Crew Boy to finish with his sale. When he was done he attempted to slink off to chat with his clustered Blue Crew co-semi-workers. I tackled him so quickly Brian Urlacher would have been impressed. When he regained consciousness, I asked him, just for the pure joy of watching his eyes cross, "Where is the gearbox oil?" As Judge Judy would say, "Um, is not an answer." He returned to his semi-worker buddies and they huddled up like the Giants on a third and goal-to-go. In unison they grunted, "Automotive," clearly passing me off like that annoying neighbor kid no one wants to play with. Storming around the corner I startled the Automotive Specialists who looked like a pair of 2 a.m. bar leaners at Gaffney's. Thumbing quickly through the Blue Crew, "What not to do" training manual, and with no gearbox oil in sight, they directed me to the Napa Auto Parts store across town.

I was now faced with a man-dilemma. Do I traipse across town for a quart of gearbox oil or do I move an acre of snow with a dry gearbox? This was a tough one. After all, "Thoro's" gearbox had probably been dry for three years anyway, what's one more storm going to hurt? As I whistled and sang my way to the Sear's exit a bolt of brilliance smacked me forehead high. Tractor Supply was only one green arrow south. The night was young. I entered the land of tractor parts, birdhouses, and \$2.00 tool bins with a bit of trepidation. If Tractor Supply is gearbox oil free, I may lose what's left of a counterclockwise mind. I proceeded warily. Peering around corners like the cast of Ghost Hunters, the fear of failure began to sink in. I will brave one last attempt at asking the question I have yet to find the answer to, "Where can I find gearbox oil?"

As luck would have it, the only weekend part-timer in sight was sitting on the floor assembling a pile of metal. He appeared surprised there was a customer in the store. His customer service failed response was to point vehemently backward over his shoulder toward what appeared to be the rest of the store. Surprisingly I was encouraged by this because this meant he felt strongly that the store did in fact contain the item I was in search of. Look out Uncle Jed, I smell bubbling crude! There it was glistening in the fluorescent lighting like the Hope Diamond, GL-5, SAE 85-95 Gearbox Oil. I cradled it like a pound puppy. Smiling like a chubby-cheeked kid with a bag of candy I headed for the register. Patting my right ass cheek to check for my wallet, a cold chill ran quick up my spine ...

* "Thoro" stands for Thoroughbred

TOGHS Program – February 20 An Evening with Elizabeth Conant



MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION/RENEWAL AVAILABLE ONLINE

Become a member of The Town of Greenfield Historical Society and receive our newsletter. **Our membership year begins June 1 and ends May 31, dues are paid annually. Send \$10 per household (or \$100 for Lifetime Membership)** along with your name and address to the address shown below. **If you send more than \$10 for your household, the balance will be considered a donation.** You also may join at one of our meetings. Send this application form and fee to The Town of Greenfield Historical Society, P.O. Box 502, Greenfield Center, NY 12833. Make checks payable to: The Town of Greenfield Historical Society. **YOU CAN PAY YOUR DUES ONLINE AT OUR WEBSITE! www.GreenfieldHistoricalSociety.com.** Email toghistsoc@gmail.com for more information.

Click on “Store,” “Membership” then click either “Annual Membership – Household” or “Lifetime Membership.”

Please Print – Please indicate how many persons 10-years-old or older are in your household). _____ New Renewal

Name _____ I am interested in volunteering.

Address _____

Email _____ Phone number _____

Areas of interest to you _____

To sponsor a newsletter send \$50 along with your name and address and the wording describing whom you would like it dedicated to.

If you know someone whom you think might want to become a member, send us their name and address, and we will send them a copy of our newsletter along with information on how they can join.

Name _____

Address _____

If you'd like to dedicate and/or sponsor a newsletter, send \$50 to *The Town of Greenfield Historical Society, P.O. Box 502, Greenfield Center, NY 12833*, include your name, address and the wording describing who you would like it dedicated to and/or sponsored by. Please send articles and/or photos to: JJones18215@roadrunner.com.

T-Shirts for Sale

Our T-shirts are still available for purchase. Front has a left chest logo. Back of shirt has a Caboose Day advertisement which was designed by Conductor Carey Ward of the Saratoga Corinth & Hudson Railway. Shirts are available for purchase for \$20 each. Sizes still available are Small, Medium, Large, X Large and a limited supply of 2X Large shirts. If you need to have your shirt mailed to you, please send a check to our PO Box 502, Greenfield Center NY 12833. Please indicate size and include an additional \$8 for postage and handling. \$28 total.

RECYCLE BOX GREENFIELD LIONS CLUB

The Greenfield Lions Club has a recycle box in the entry way of the Town's Community Center. (Box is on right between entry doors).

What can you leave in this box? All things plastic. Store plastic bags, ice bags (dried), reclosable bags, cereal box liners, bread bags, newspaper sleeves, dry cleaning bags, bubble wrap, and plastic e-commerce mailers. All items must be clean and dry.

Later we will see a bench made from the recycled plastics.



**The Town of Greenfield
Historical Society
P.O. Box 502
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