



Historical Society Newsletter

OFFICERS: President, Mary Vetter; Vice President, Joan Rowland;
Secretary, Patti Veitch; Treasurer, JoAnn Rowland;

TRUSTEES: Ron Deutsch, Ron Feulner, John Greenwood, Mike Gymarthy,
Louise Okoniewski, Robert Roeckle, and Patty Schwartzbeck

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

Volume 22, Issue 1



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email toghistsoc@gmail.com
www.GreenfieldHistoricalSociety.com

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

September 11, Saturday – ANTIQUE SALE,
10 a.m. to 3 p.m., Middle Grove Town Park.
John Greenwood is organizing this event. (See more information on page 3.)

September 21, Tuesday – meeting at 7 p.m. at the Community Center in Greenfield Center. **Program:** *John Greenwood* will present a study group on *Forgotten Crossroads of Saratoga County History.*

September 25–26, Saturday–Sunday – Chatfield Museum/IOOF Hall will be open noon to 5 p.m., to participate in the *Brookside Small Museums Open House.*

October 19, Tuesday – meeting at 7 p.m. at the Community Center in Greenfield Center. Program to be announced.

November 16, Tuesday – meeting at 7 p.m. at the Community Center in Greenfield Center. Program to be announced.

Contact John Greenwood, program chair, if you have program ideas.
email jgreenwood3@nycap.rr.com
cell 518-832-0122

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

UPDATING OUR RECORDS

We're asking every one that uses email to send us your email address in case we are unable to do a complete mailing in coming years. We will mail to members that don't use email or still want a hard copy. Thank you
toghistsoc@gmail.com

Our membership year begins June 1 and ends May 31, dues are paid annually. (\$10 per household or \$100 for Lifetime Membership)

SEPTEMBER NOTES 2021

by Joan Rowland, Acting President

Hot and Humid has been the words for August 2021.

Caboose Day – in the books. I would personally like to thank Louise Okoniewski for chairing the 11th Caboose Day. Great job again. Many thanks to Tom Clute for organizing the Car Show. There were many volunteers who helped put up tents, tables, move the gas grill for food booth, as well as bakers for the bake sale and the sales ladies. Volunteers sold raffle tickets for the 50/50 and framed glass blown fish drawing. We had some great questions at the caboose and train stations from people who do not live here and also those that are Greenfield residents. Biggest question was “did a lady live here at one time?” And the answer is yes, Mrs. Sukala! All in all – was a wonderful day to be with our neighbors and share history.

Next up is the **Antiques and a Story** – chaired by John Greenwood. I know he has been traveling around collecting up antiques to sell and chatting with people about their antiques. This event will be held Saturday, Sept. 11, 2021 from 10-3 at the Middle Grove Park. Stop in to see what's for sale and maybe you will fall in love with someone's historic item.

Don't forget, the **IOOF/Chatsfield Museum** will be open the last weekend in Sept. 25 and 26 from noon to 5 p.m. as part of Brookside – **Saratoga County Small Museum Open House.** We were asked to select a scavenger hunt item. What is it? Well, I can not tell you that, but it has history!

Since the museum hasn't been open since our holiday open house in Dec. 2019, it will be needing a little extra vacuum/dusting (both floors). If anyone is interested in helping, please email jrowland25@verizon.net. I will need to schedule something the week prior, but want others to come help out.

The great news from here is that we will have our monthly meetings starting Tuesday, Sept. 21 at 7 p.m. at the Community Center. John Greenwood has volunteered to become the program chair since Katie Finnegan asked to retire from this position. Thank you, Katie, for all your years of bringing us exciting programs. I look forward to working with John and some of his clever ideas.

As Joan said, Caboose Day is in the books. We made a profit of just over \$1,000. The winner of the 50/50 raffle was Allen (Bodie) Brown, of Porter Corners. Thank you to all that helped make this a successful event. *JoAnn I Rowland, Treasurer*

HISTORIAN'S CORNER

September 2021 — by Ron Feulner

Last month, I talked about Moses B. Rowell and Jennie Emmalissa Smith Rowell, his wife, the last Rowells to own the store in Middle Grove.

In her writings, Jennie described the Rowell store and how difficult it was for her husband to keep up with its demands; especially after he had developed a spot on his lung which they thought was tuberculosis. She also talked about, following the death of her father-in-law, Moses D., the decision to move in with her mother-in-law in her newer house across the road from the store, and how difficult it was to adjust to that move considering the old lady's disposition and behavior.

Moses B. and Jennie had lived in the apartment behind the store for several years until his father, Moses D., died in 1903. Soon after, Moses B. and his family decided to move into the new house and live with his mother, Harriet, and her son Haven. This arrangement apparently had its advantages and disadvantages as described by Jennie Smith Rowell.

The following describes a number of years in Jennie's life living in Middle Grove and is taken from her own writings. Here is Jennie Rowell's story taken from Ruth Donogh's book, *"The Stories of the Smith-Rowell Family."*

Jennie begins by describing the birth of her last child, *"I was wakened in the small hours of a cold April day by a passing pain, soon gone, then recurring again with regularity and I knew that, once more, 'my time' was upon me. From former experience I knew too that there would be many long and suffering hours before my baby would lie in my arms. So I thought it was needless to wake my tired husband, lying by my side. B. [That is what she called him, short for Moses Bently Rowell.] was not strong himself, for the last ten years, and it would be a hard day for him, as well as for me. I could not sleep again and my mind went forward to plans for the management of the coming day and the thoughts of days that were past, of the warm, dry, September day when I had first realized that there was to be another child"*

"So many years had gone by in safety — I say safety as my family doctor had told me that I would die when my last arrived. Forty-six days in bed and weary weeks of slow returning to strength. But health and strength had returned and now for many years it had been my husband's health that had been my care and anxiety. Long hours of confinement in a country store and the inability to collect enough money to pay the bills for his stock when stock itself was worn and faded on the backs of his farmer and lumberman customers and cooked, eaten and forgotten from their pantry shelves, had undermined his health."

"They all liked B. and felt they showed their liking by giving him their trade and by sitting around the big iron stove, a spittoon at each corner, every evening. If there were a special subject of interest, if they were waiting for the election return or Charlie Mae had shot a deer, it might be midnight before he could lock the ponderous front doors of his store — a gift from his father and a mortgage on which had secured his first stock in trade — with the old nine inch brass key and open the door into his own sitting room."

"If I had anything to read and if the day and the care of two children had not been too fatiguing, I might still be sitting with my feet on the fender of the tall coal stove with its cheerful lighthouse of isinglass, to keep them off the floor where the cold air played around them like a current of water, as there was no cellar and only a very imperfect foundation under the living rooms of the building. He brought with him a sickeningly heavy odor of tobacco smoke and perhaps an item of news. But there was little time for that, as the store opened early and, in the interval, it might be that I was disturbed by a croupy child in the second bed, which I could rise and grease and steam and syrup without waking my tired husband, or he would rise, summoned by loud knocking, to provide some needed medicine from the store, for man or horse and I could sleep through that interruption, each of us responding to our own call, mercifully aided by subconscious mind."

More from Jennie in future issues.

The Town of Greenfield Historical Society is still looking for a few good bodies (and minds)!

Are you good at planning social events?

Are you good at working with people?

Do you have carpentry skills?

Are you good at organizing collections?

Do you have computer skills?

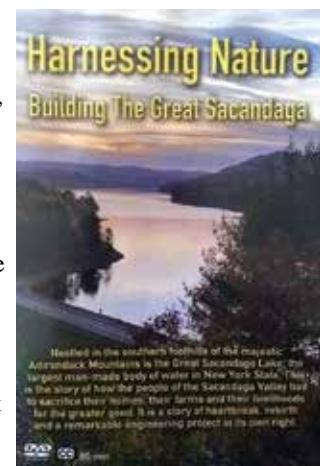
Do you like lawn and landscaping work?

We need your ideas and skills.

Please contact us at 518-322-5675 or email us at toghistsoc@gmail.com

"Harnessing Nature: Building the Great Sacandaga"

This DVD is an 80-minute documentary telling the story of how the people of the Sacandaga Valley had to sacrifice their homes, their farms and their livelihoods for the greater good. It is a story of heart-break, rebirth and a remarkable engineering project in its own right. This is the story of how the Great Sacandaga Lake, the largest man-made body of water in New York state, was made. DVDs are available for \$20 at the Greenfield Town Hall, or by contacting the Historical Society at P.O. Box 502, Greenfield Center, NY 12833. (Please add \$3 if you want one mailed.)



GOT ANTIQUES?



I want to remind everyone that we will be collecting items this summer for our *Antique Sale Fundraiser* on **Saturday, September 11, 2021 at the Middle Grove Town Park, from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m.** If you have items to donate please contact me by email or phone. We would love you to include a story with your item. Pre-pricing your donation or providing an estimated value will be helpful. Historic memorabilia will be especially welcome. We also need to sell these items so remind your friends and neighbors to plan a visit.

Our goal is to ask town residents to donate an antique item of value that can then be sold at our booth. The entire proceed of the sale item would benefit the Historical Society. We thought it might be easier for people to part with items from their home, barn, attic, or shed rather than a monetary donation. We have an entire summer to assemble items for the sale. Once the items are collected they would become the property of the Historical

Society. The value of the items would be discussed with the donor, but ultimately the sale price would be determined by the society member in charge at the time of the sale. Any items not sold at the end of the event could be sold at a later date or event.

An element I'd like to add would be to have the donor include a three by five card to be placed with the item. That card would include some historical information about the item. It could be as simple as where it originated to a more detailed story about its significance to the person donating it. This gives the sale and the item a historical trail that promotes the mission of the Historical Society.

We use the term antique loosely. We encourage any item with an attachment to local history, regardless of its exact age. We will consider any type of antique furniture, historic memorabilia, framed artwork, or vintage photographs of local significance. Even books of local history might be considered. To promote the sale, we could share pictures on Facebook of items being collected. This gives residents the opportunity to see what we will be selling and what type of donations we are seeking. This is a first for me. I welcome any suggestions that might help with the success of this event.

Thank you all in advance for your generosity.

John Greenwood

email jgreenwood3@nycap.rr.com – cell 518-832-0122

FOOTBALL SEASON

By John Greenwood

Yes, that's a basketball, not a football. My mother Helen took this 1971 photo on my 16th birthday. It was June. Football Season was months away.



*Standing: Chris Shay, Bill Shay, Barry Baldwin, Bill Baldwin;
Seated: Kevin Cornell, Brian Gibbins, John Greenwood,
Rick Gibbins; Mr. Shay's 1965 Ford Pickup*

My fondest memories growing up in Greenfield during the '60s and '70s were the pickup football games. I'm sure it's the reason I love fall so much.

There were two fields that we used for our football games back then. One was a small field (lawn) between the Clines and Shays on the west side of 9N across from the Greenfield Town Hall. One end zone was six feet from the edge of 9N. The other end zone was a white wooden fence lined with Mrs. Cline's peonies. The Clines and Shays are gone, and the field is now a stand of trees, guarded by a brown wooden fence. The vision of teenage boys playing tackle football in that space makes me want to grab a pigskin and run until I can't run anymore. Our games usually consisted of 8-10 boys, sometimes less, seldom more. We always seemed to find a way to divide ourselves evenly. I'm sure there were arguments, but somehow, we figured out a way to resolve them. The

biggest battles usually involved brothers or a dispute over what was out of bounds. 9N wasn't nearly as busy back then, but I'm amazed we didn't lose more footballs under the tires of passing cars. Someone's Great Dane showed up to play defense one day and ended up grabbing one of the boy's arms instead of the football. The last thing I remember was seeing a screaming boy with holes in his arm running for home. The pony-size dog was then ejected from the game. There were no winners that day.

Our football field of choice was atop Dake's Hill. Charley and Philly Dake were gracious hosts. They allowed us to use their westernmost lawn as our Field of Dreams—football style. The field was four times the size of Cline's at the bottom of the hill. One of the end zones was a large stonewall. A row of century-old maples was one of the sidelines, and the other was a thorn-thick hedge. We seldom played touch football; most games were all-out games of tackle. There were no pads, no helmets, no Gatorade. There were twisted ankles, bloody noses, and plenty of torn jeans, but we couldn't get enough. In autumn, when the leaves are falling, and the air is crisp, I can close my eyes and transport myself back 50 years. I'm able to hear the voices of my friends, smell the leaves, and see the bunch of us chasing after a fumbled ball.

I'm not a fantasy football guy. I'm not a football fanatic. I do enjoy watching a late Sunday afternoon game with a bowl of chips and a frosty beverage. But, what I love most is driving up "Dake's Hill" on South Greenfield Road on an October day, peeking over the stonewall, and thinking about how lucky I was to grow up where and when I did. I'm grateful for the friends who made those years so special. When it comes to fond memories, I'm a rich man.

If this newsletter comes out before our Sept. 11, 2021 Antique Sale I hope you stop by to see me. I'd love for you to share a favorite fall memory of yours and maybe take one home with you.

Eleventh Caboose Day and Car Show at King’s Station – August 14, 2021



The Cafe – Robert Roeckle (cook) & Adam Brown (helper)



JoAnn Rowland (treasurer)



Linda Davin & Katie Finnegan (bake sale)



Patty Schwartzbeck (TOGHS table)



Tom Clute, Dennis & Karen Downen (car show)



Joan Rowland (acting president & Kings Station Guide)



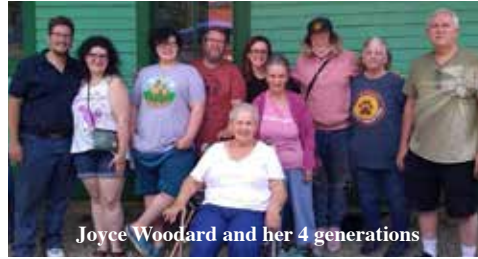
Tony Bucca (conductor)



Ron Deutsch, Bill Hinckley Jr. & Ron Feulner



JoAnn Rowland, Janet Jones, Patty Schwartzbeck, Katie Finnegan, Linda Davin. Back: Robert Roeckle, Adam Brown, & Joan Rowland



Joyce Woodard and her 4 generations



Bob Roxbury, Peter Dumar, Dave Wilson, Louise (chair of Caboose Day), Dennis Downen, Tom Clute, (chair of Car Show), & Donald Giglio



Verna Plummer Artistic Endeavors



Leiah Cornell



Karen Gibbins & Helpers

2021 Car Show Participants

PEOPLE’S CHOICE AWARD:

1. Gary Childs, 1931 Ford Model “A”
2. Donald Giglio, 1950 Dodge B2B Pick Up
3. Bob Marcotte, 1955 Ford Victoria
4. Louise Okoniewski, 1993 Mercedes Benz
5. Jim Major, 1963 Studebaker Avanti
6. Ken Kimball, 1966 Lincoln Continental
7. Chuck Higley, 2004 Pontiac GTO
8. John Biss, 1993 Ford Flatbed
9. Dan Hutchins, 1965 Chevy Impala
10. Fred Ferrara, 1937 Chevy Coupe
11. Joe Mayville, 1963 Ford Falcon Sprint
12. Joe Rapant, 1940 Packard 120 Coupe
13. Bill Marzano, 1971 Pontiac LeMans Sport Convertible
14. Bill Svoboda, 1974 Corvette
15. Art Duckett, 1937 Chevy Truck
16. Randy Ramsey, 1931 Dodge Rat Rod Pick Up
17. Dustin Ramsey, 2004 Mazda Rx8
18. Nick Palmateer, 1967 Pontiac GTO

19. Scott Ferrara Sr., 1965 Cadillac Coup DeVille Convertible
20. Kay Youngs, 1969 Volkswagen Beetle
21. Michael Richardson, 1968 Impala
22. Wayne Youngs, 1949 Buick Super
23. Wayne Youngs, 1972 Ford F100
24. Bob Schmidt, 1937 Dodge Truck
25. Richard Bublak Jr., 1969 Dodge Charger
26. David Barnes, 1973 Oldsmobile
27. Mike Duggan, 1976 Ford Bronco
28. Stan Zeh, 1965 Oldsmobile F85
29. Bob McMartin, 2013 Harley FLHX
30. Bob Ernst, 2013 Harley Street Glide
31. Bill Van Derburg, 2010 H-D Ultra Classic
32. Mark Shave, 1947 Ford F1
33. David Day, 1970 Chevy Nova
34. Kevin Potter, 1967 Chevy Camaro
35. Cody Girard, 1974 Chevy Camaro
36. Stephanie Carrico, 1931 Ford Model A
37. Ryan Christopher, 1968 M35A2 (Deuce)

- A. Tom Clute, 1950 GMC Pickup, Host
- B. Steve Companion, 2005 Z-51 Corvette
- C. Greenfield Fire District Fire Rescue Extra Cars that showed up but didn't enter:
 - 1965 Chevy Truck (orange)
 - 1973 Chevy Pickup (blue)
 - 2009 Ford Mustang Roush (white)

People that Donated Items for the Cafe, Bake Sale, and Car Show Door Prizes

- | | |
|----------------|---------------|
| Robert Roeckle | Karen Gibbins |
| Katie Finnegan | Verna Plummer |
| Joan Rowland | Tom Clute |
| Brian Nicol | |

Stewart’s Shops (Gift Cards for Kids)

Town of Greenfield (Porta-Potty & Trophy) and for their support over the years.

Eleventh Caboose Day and Car Show at King's Station *continued*



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.

Updating Historic Sites Map in the Town of Greenfield

We invite our membership and readers of this newsletter to share with Dan any historical information about an interesting person, place, structure, or event within our town. Dan reserves the right to proofread and edit submissions, but he will be very happy to add your information to our map. We are always looking for historical information to add to and enhance the map, which we consider to be an ongoing work in progress. Please email Dan Chertok at Dgchertok@gmail.com, call his cell phone (518-321-0330), or text him.



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