



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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email toghistsoc@gmail.com
www.GreenfieldHistoricalSociety.com

This newsletter is dedicated to Horace and Frieda Richmond: "From hayrides to employing teenagers, they supported Porter Corners like no other." Sponsored by J. Frank Goyette

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

November 16, 2021 – Tuesday, meeting at 7 p.m. at the Community Center in Greenfield. **Program: *Ghost Fleet Awakened – Lake George's Sunken Bateaux of 1758*, by Joseph W. Zarzynski, Maritime Archaeologist.** The talk and book tell the story of a little-recognized sunken fleet of Lake George warships–bateaux–from the French & Indian War (1755-1763). From 1987 to 2011, Zarzynski was the executive director of Bateaux Below, the nonprofit organization that studied colonial bateau-class shipwrecks in the 32-mile-long Lake George.

December 2021 – There will be no program or holiday event this month.

January 18, 2022 – Tuesday, meeting at 7 p.m. at the Community Center in Greenfield. **Program: *Saratoga Plan – Casey Holzworth***, a member of the Palmertown Guidance Committee and staff at NYS Parks, will update us on the exciting things that are happening in the Palmertown Range and the Sarah B. Foulke Friendship Trails. This planned network of trails in Northern Saratoga County, emphasize celebrating friendship, building community, and connecting people from all walks of life to nature and to each other. If you have a friend, neighbor, or family member interested in this program please bring them along.

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

Meetings Cancellations

If schools are closed due to weather, our meeting will be canceled. A message also will be posted on our website and on our Facebook page.

www.GreenfieldHistoricalSociety.com
[www.facebook.com/search/top/?q=town of greenfield historical society](http://www.facebook.com/search/top/?q=town%20of%20greenfield%20historical%20society)

NOVEMBER NOTES 2021

by Joan E. Rowland, Acting President

No frost yet (end of October). The woolly bear says long mild winter (harder in the beginning, less at the end). I think this is the same woolly bear I saw last year.

The Historical Society lost two long-time members this month. Lelah Cornell and Henry Rowland.

Lelah Cornell was best known for being the "Jam Lady" at the Farmers Market. She was one of the first vendors when Ron Deutsch first started the market 13 years ago. She was there every week (or talked someone into getting the jam and selling it for her). Everyone knows her lingo – "I have jam" you say, I make my own and she comes right back – bet I make one you don't. And then there is her big sale. \$5 a jar or the special 2 for \$10.

How many of you fell for that one? Most years at the market, someone escorted her truck and her into her spot. Then a few vendors helped her put up her tent. When she was ready to leave, they took her tent down and off she went until the next week. At 85, I think it is okay if you have a little help. She was there selling her jam the last week of the market, then 3 weeks later she is gone. This summer, she told me that when she died, there will be no obituary – no one needed to read about her. At the grave side service, her next-door neighbors, the Greenfield Seniors, and some friends that would get calls to help her out, all said a few words. I also told of her farmers market times and her putting the bottle of open beer in her pocketbook on a senior trip. She was sent off with a can of beer and as she wished – no obituary. She will be missed.

Henry Rowland was my uncle, so this one will be harder for me to write. He was the youngest of the family of eight kids. In his younger years, he hated to work the farm but loved it when he could stay back and make the dinner, do canning, gardening, and other household chores. He was well known for his knitted socks, the many mittens he and his wife Dorothy knitted and donated to the Greenfield School. He was always there for every Greenfield Grange dinner and breakfast. He was the one

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pouring the coffee at the breakfast and talking to everyone in the room. He worked many church events both at Middle Grove and Simpson in Rock City Falls. He would be the cashier for many events.

He gave his recipe for steamed Brown Bread to Simpson Church when he and Dorothy could no longer help. He and my Aunt Ruth were wanting to both teach me to Tat. It was at one of our family reunions. I was not in the mind set to learn that day but now, I do not know how. Not many know this old craft, but Henry did beautiful works. We believe that Henry was one of the original founders of the Historical Society (if not the first year, maybe the second.) If you have ever come to our Christmas open house, the Wassel served was Henry and Dorthey's recipe. Henry had a very calming voice. Always a people person. He is a great loss to our community and family.

Our October meeting had a complication with the date of the meeting being passed to the speaker, so we went without a speaker for the evening. BUT the problem has been resolved and Saratoga Plan has been rescheduled and will be coming to the January meeting.

I am looking forward to the Tuesday, Nov. 16, 2021 meeting at 7 p.m. at the Community Center in Greenfield. Program: *Ghost Fleet Awakened – Lake George's Sunken Bateaux of 1758*, by Joseph W. Zarzynski, Maritime Archaeologist. This program was originally scheduled before the pandemic hit.

HISTORIAN'S CORNER

November 2021 – by Ron Feulner

In the last two issues, I included Jennie Rowell's description of life as a store keeper's wife in Middle Grove and in the last issue, a description of the store itself all taken from Ruth Donogh's book "Stories of the Smith-Rowell Family." This month, I shall continue with Jennie's description of the Rowell home which is still standing on the southeast corner of Middle Grove and Murray Roads in Middle Grove. This section was also taken from Ruth Donogh's book.

"Mother Rowell and her epileptic son, Havens, had lived by themselves [in the new house across from the road from store] but now with father gone, with B's work [as a traveling salesman] going to keep him so much away from home and with both families to provide for, it seemed better that we should all be under one roof. I had dreaded to live in the house with mother, who though a good Baptist and one of the best principled of women, was certainly difficult to get along with: devoted to her children with an unreasoning, animal like devotion but critical of her daughters-in-law and rather proud of her free speech when, as she used to say, her Bentley was up. But I had liked to live in a better house with even floors and straight walls and I had taken great pride in cleaning away the grime of Mother's old-lady housekeeping. Those that remembered her youth said she had been a wonderful house keeper and she still kept things in order, but had a distaste for hard work in the latter days, when both back and breath failed, and comfortable applications of what she termed 'fair

The winners of our drawings at the October Meeting were: Blown Glass Fish in a Frame – Carrie Richmond and Cow in a Stewarts Milk Bottle – Ron Deusch.

FRIENDSHIPS

Friendships like an autumn leaf,
crimson, gold and brown
Drifting thru the sunlight
drifting all around
Far upon a distant knoll
stands a tree aflame
Something stirs and prods at me
perhaps I'm growing old
Knowing that the beauty of this
is all too brief –
Soon the winds of winter
will give the leaves release
Cold and icy fingers will whirl thru
to the ground
Bare and naked branches
are all that can be found
But the memory of the autumn
can never fade away
Friendships like an autumn leaf,
crimson, gold and brown –

by Alice Feulner

water,' that is water without soap, had only served to even off and gum down the dirt on wood work and oil cloths.'

"Another interest had loomed large of late and that was gardening. When we came to live with Mother, B had put in a cesspool and done away with the need of throwing dish water from the back door and scalding out the grass and had built a paved walk to the barn. Then I had reveled in what the women's magazine called a 'redeemed back yard.' We had the wood drawn, cut and got in the shed when the snow was on the ground, so no seas [standing water] remained when spring covered it with grass. I sold the junk pile to the junk man, remains of wagon and bob sled, wheel barrow and implements all carried away and in this place, against the old barn, lilacs, lavender and white syringas, B's favorite shrub, and at the corner of the newly painted and eye satisfying red and white building, a honeysuckle bush. A hedge of lilac softened the foundation line of the new barn and screened the toilet [outhouse]. How many times I had to go and expel an intruding bee that kept my bee fearing family from entering that toilet.'

"Blooms over the back porch, shrubs set by house corners and in fence corners testified to long winter evenings spent over seed catalogs, while Edna enjoyed her new Etude and B studied the annual supervisors report. For B was now Supervisor of his town. Those neighbors and friends, who had kept him pale in the store and from needed sleep, who had kept their families on credit from his store while he worried over bills, many of which were yet unpaid and always would be, had yet rallied around him enthusiastically when he ran for office, so that he ran way ahead of his ticket."



HENRY A. ROWLAND

Jan. 24, 1926 – Oct. 18, 2021

Greenfield Center, NY – Henry A. Rowland, 95, a lifelong resident of Porter Corners and Greenfield Center, died on Oct. 18, 2021, at Wesley Healthcare Facility in Saratoga Springs and is now reunited with his beloved wife, Dorothy.

Henry was born on Jan. 24, 1926, to the late Joseph and Florence Rowland in Porter Corners. He attended a one-room schoolhouse and graduated from Saratoga Springs High School with the class of 1943. He served as a Corporal in the Army during WWII in the European Theater from 1944-1946 and was honorably discharged. Henry’s career began at Milliman & Hall Lumber Company, Saratoga Springs (now Allerdice Building Supply) as a bookkeeper. He later became a manager and part owner of the business until his retirement in 1983.

Henry married Dorothy Potter on Aug. 29, 1948, and they celebrated 72 years of marriage before her passing on Nov. 29, 2020. He is survived by his sister, Ruth Hayes; son and daughter-in-law, Dick and Joan Rowland; daughter and son-in-law, Lynn and Tom Cumm; and son and daughter-in-law, Stephan and Rosamaria Rowland. He is also survived by his grandchildren: Shana Cumm and Tom Rupert; Shaun and JoAnne Cumm; Lauren and Rob Delaney; Dominique and Brandon Semzock; and Stephanie and Nicholas Chandler; along with his great grandchildren: Landen, Blake, and Avery Cumm; Waylon and Eleanor Semzock; and Emily Chandler. Henry is also survived by: his sister-in-law, Norma Potter; brother-in-law, George Potter; and many nieces and nephews. In addition to his parents and

wife, Dorothy, Henry was predeceased by his sister, Gertrude, and his brothers, Myron, Jarvis, Ralph, Warren, and Winfield.

Henry was a communicant of Simpson United Methodist Church in Rock City Falls, a 75-year member of Greenfield Grange #807, a member of Saratoga County Pomona Grange, NY State Grange, and National Grange. He also served as Director of the NYS Grange Museum in Cortland. For many years he and Dorothy served as NYS Grange Deputies for Saratoga and Fulton Counties, Co-Directors for the NYS Grange CWA Committee, along with having an integral role at NYS Junior Grange Camp and at the Grange Building at NYS Fair. He was a member and Past President of the Adirondack Lumberman’s Association and a Director for the N.E. Lumber Dealers Association. He and Dorothy were also members of the Saratoga County Agricultural Society, where they served as Ad Hocs for the Culinary Department at the Saratoga County Fair. Henry was President of the Greenfield Cemetery Association, member of the Greenfield Historical Society, member of the Greenfield Seniors, and for many years delivered meals for the Saratoga County Home Delivered Meals program.

The family would like to express their sincere thanks to the nurses and staff of 3 Hathorn at Wesley Healthcare for their kindness, care, and concern for our Dad during his illness. In addition, many thanks to Eileen Beckwith and the Home Instead caregivers who helped to take care of Henry when he was still at home.

In lieu of flowers, donations may be made in Henry’s memory to Simpson United Methodist Church, 1089 Rock City Road, Rock City Falls, NY 12863. Relatives and friends may call from 11 am-1 pm, on Wednesday, Oct. 27, 2021, with a funeral home service immediately following at William J. Burke & Sons/Bussing and Cunniff Funeral Homes, 628 North Broadway, Saratoga Springs, NY. Burial will follow in Greenfield Cemetery. Online remembrances may be made at www.burkefuneralhome.com



LELAH CORNELL

April 15, 1936 – Oct. 10, 2021

Lelah Cornell (the jam lady), a long time resident of Middle Grove, passed away at her home on October 10, 2021. She was a member of our Historical Society and always sold her jams at the Farmers Market. A graveside service was held October 19 at the Hutchings Cemetery.



LITTLE WONDER OF A BIRD, BY LELAH CORNELL

Always singing, always heard
Tells of life among the trees
Little breezes, softly blowing
Telling stories to the trees
Little waters softly flowing
Adding life among the seas
Little cubs cheerfully playing
In the branches gently swaying
From limb to limb, a squirrel is hopping
From below a bud is popping
Shall it become a blushing rose
That’s a secret no one knows
And then the nights begin to chill
The chipmunk has his house to fill
He gathers nuts from the trees,
Tucks them away, where they shant freeze
The birds gather and fly away
Hoping to meet again someday
The trees begin to turn from green
To the prettiest shades you’ve ever seen
Red and gold and hues of brown
Then they all come tumbling down
All ’cept the evergreen,
it doesn’t change it’s hue

When wintery frost replaces summery dew
Then the snow begins to flurry
How the squirrels and chipmunks scurry
To their nest in tree and ground
Where they shall remain safe and sound
The cubs are tucked away – sleepily waiting
For the first warm day of spring
The ground blanketed by the snow
Shields those cubs as winds do blow
Ice pulls bare branches low,
the ice they break
Those little cubs, they still do not wake
Then the days begin to lengthen
It’s the very first sign of spring
The frosty snow begins to melt
Uncovers nest where creatures dwelt
The ice has cleared from the stream
As the sun upon them did beam
Once again spring has come
Once again the bees do hum
The birds are all back on the wing
In the treetops they do sing
The leaves begin to appear on trees
Gently pampered by the breeze

The squirrels and chipmunks start to play
The cubs are romping bright and gay
They grew all winter – now big enough
to roam
They wander out to seek themselves a home
As the flowers begin to blossom
Among which the bees do hum
Once again the season’s changing
The squirrels home he’s rearranging
Once again, the little bird
Always singing, always heard
Telling life among the trees
Once again the breezes blowing
Telling stories to the trees
Once again, the waters flowing
Adding life among the seas
Once again the cubs shall play
As the branches gently sway
Once again a squirrel is hopping
Once again a bud is popping
Since this ’tis the miracle of spring
Is it any wonder why the birds do sing.

Things Don't Always Go As PLANNed

by John Greenwood

I apologize to those who attended October's GHS Meeting hoping to hear a presentation by Saratoga PLAN. I made a dreadful error and used the incorrect date in my emails when scheduling their visit. Thankfully the folks at Saratoga PLAN understood and were able to reschedule their presentation to our January 18, 2022 GHS Meeting. I was also fortunate that the members in attendance were forgiving and agreed that tar and feathering would have been excessive. In the end, the meeting turned into an enjoyable evening of catching up. What I saw were intimate groups of two or three sharing old stories and reconnecting. It's been a tough couple of years, and I think we all enjoyed a good old-fashioned visit with one another. As we turned off the lights that night, I was reminded that when a storm ends, there's a good chance it will be followed by a rainbow. Mine came the next day.

I visited Ron Feulner at his office in the Town Hall one Wednesday in 2019 before the pandemic hit. I had asked him if he would take me on a tour of Glass Factory someday to point out the landmarks he'd written about in his books. I was somewhat familiar with the area from my rides with my father back in the 60s. Still, I was more interested in Johnny Quest than in history at that stage of my life. I felt it was time to absorb a little more knowledge now that I was retired. Ron is the consummate teacher and said he would gladly share everything he knew about Mount Pleasant and the Glass Factory. It took about two years, but the opportunity finally came. We made a plan to meet at his office the morning after my GHS Meeting miscue. The weather was perfect for an autumn ride up to Lake Desolation. On the way, Ron pulled down a dirt lane off Coy Road. At the end and just out of view of the main road was Hutchings Cemetery. The stonewalls and falling leaves provided the ideal start to our tour.

Ron pointed out his family's plots and some others he thought I might recognize. He was right. I saw the names of many people that had touched my life over the years. Names like Bowen, Kahl, Jones, Hurd, Dake, and Hammond, all names whose memories revived an instantaneous story associated with it. I'd traveled Coy

Road many times over the years and never knew the Hutchings's Cemetery even existed. In the center of this history-filled acre was a freshly dug memorial. I wasn't expecting it to be someone I knew. I froze when I saw it was our friend Lelah Cornell's resting place. I paused when I realized I still had a jar of her rhubarb jam in my refrigerator at home. I'd bought it on Caboose Day two months earlier. Suddenly I was transported back to that day. I could hear her asking if I would like to buy some jam. The historical society was just setting up, so I promised her I'd be back later. A couple hours passed, and as I was checking out the classic cars nearby, Lelah waved me over to the tailgate of her pickup. She looked at me with that saleslady twinkle in her eye and said, "You promised." I took two jars. Rest in peace, Lelah Cornell; you will surely be missed.



Ron took a right off Coy Road and up the mountain we went, past Kilmer's Sawmill on the right and further up past Hick Hoffman's old place on the left. Ron showed me where the dugout road once ran, and the Marcellus Farm once stood. Story after story, memory after memory flowed like a mountain spring between the two of us. I would have loved recording them, but it would have ruined the experience. As we circled around the backside of Lake Desolation, I recalled forty years earlier helping George Varney shovel off his camp roof the winter before he died. He'd tuned up my Plymouth Satellite for me one day in the old Varney's Garage on Maple Avenue. I was a young father working nights at Saratoga Dairy. George wouldn't take any money. The only thing he wanted was some help shoveling the snow off his camp. I retold the story as we passed by the dirt road that led to George's old camp. With the timing of a classic historian, Ron replied, "My father and brother built that road to George's camp!" I sat there with my mouth agape. What were the odds???

Onward we went, sharing mutual stories of time spent with our fathers in the same woods we were passing by. We stopped at the site of the now invisible Glass Factory. Ron showed me the old foundations and layout of where the school, homes, and hotel once stood. He showed me where the town had straightened Fox Hill Road leaving Smoke House Turn an overgrown memory. Ron recalled

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times during the winter months when his father would have to make multiple runs up Smoke House to make it to the top. He said, “Somehow, dad always made it around the third try!” I knew he was replaying the scene of his father and him barreling up the hill in their 49 Pontiac sedan with a chainsaw and gas can in the trunk. He didn’t know that I was visualizing my father and me traveling the same route in our International Scout. I could see the gun rack he’d made from leftover aluminum he’d gotten from work in the window behind his seat. It was always carrying guns or fishing poles—usually both.

Ron and I drove into Archer Fly and signed the trail register to record our presence on this scrapbook-worthy day. The lake shimmered as two canoes scooted across the leaf-laden water. We continued up Fox Hill Road to Band Mill Vly and parked at the access trail. We took a short hike from the road down to the water. I had an instant flashback to a day around 1968 when my father drove me down that now impassable road in the Scout. I could remember him sighting in his .30-06 Winchester there. He rested his arm on an old boat cushion he placed on the hood and fired several rounds at a fixed target in the distance. Today as Ron and I approached the water, I saw shell casings of all types and calibers scattered in the sand. I now understood the reason for the sign posted back at the trailhead prohibiting the use of the site as a shooting range. Ron pointed to the outlet of the vly. “That’s West Vly Creek; it leads to the land where my grandfather operated his sawmill and where the family homestead once stood.”



Back in Ron’s car, we headed toward Hans Creek. The bridge over the creek was being replaced, so it was closed. The barricade was an indication that our tour had come to an end. We turned around at a place Ron called Flat Rock. You could sense he was reminiscing about the land surrounding it. The land where his family’s roots were planted and our day on the mountain would be added to the history books.



I owe a huge debt of gratitude to Ron, not just for the historical resource he’s been for me but also for the stewardship he’s provided for our town’s history. His appreciation for what has passed before him is evident in the care he takes sharing it. Whether through his books, his work as a historian, or as a past President of The Greenfield Historical Society, his contribution is immeasurable.

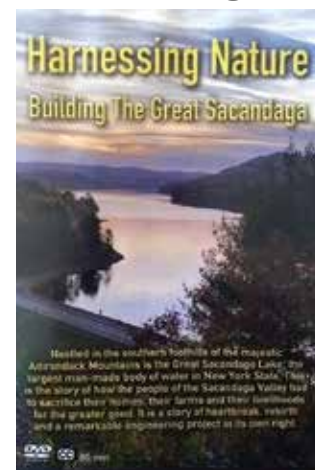
I thank you, Ron; we all do.

Note: I would also like to thank Joan Rowland and Joyce Woodard for covering Ron’s office that day. These opportunities are rare and appreciated.

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.)



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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