

Town of Greenfield

January, 2005

Historical Society Newsletter

Ron Feulner, Editor
PO Box 502, Greenfield Center, NY 12833

OFFICERS: Coral Crosman, President; Deb Dittner, Vice President; Karl Zeh, Secretary; Alice Feulner, Treasurer; Robert Roeckle, Trustee; Ron Feulner, Trustee; Jud Kilmer, Trustee.

Volume 5, Issue 5

This issue is sponsored by Arlene Rhodes in memory of her parents, John and Lillian Bratge.

Calendar

Tuesday, January 18th, 7p.m. at Community Center in Greenfield. Regular meeting to be followed by program **Shared Memories of Childhood Toys.** Members are urged to bring examples of toys that they treasured as children or at least the memories of those toys.

Tuesday, February 15th, 7p.m. at the Community Center in Greenfield. Regular meeting to be followed by program **Lucinda: the Mountain Mourner** presented by Sandy Arnold.

Tuesday, March 15th, 7p.m. at the Community Center in Greenfield. Regular meeting to be followed by program.

amazing quilt which (while not exactly instigated by the historical society) our members could certainly take pride in its completion (a list of all who contributed follows; please let us know if anyone has escaped mention!) and, to round out the year, members and a few visitors shared neighborly chat, nibbled yummy homemade confections, sipped mulled cider and otherwise enjoyed yet again the preservation of the 1878 Odd Fellows Hall, Middle Grove... for all of our enlightenment and entertainment.

What to do with the carriage sheds acquired toward the end of '03 remains an issue; they came with our parcel around the hall added to institute certain amenities but the stabilization of these unique structures is up for immediate consideration.

Contributors to the quilt, including neighbors who made individual blocks, were present at the Dec. 9 meeting of the Town of Greenfield board where Mary DeMarco, town historian, and JoAnn Rowland, historical society quilt project coordinator (along with sister, Joan) talked about various phases of the quilt's completion en route to its taking an honorable spot in the Town Hall. Supportive members present (with cameras & applause) appreciated the "warm" reception the quilt received...maybe we should knock off a few replicas as a promotional/fundraising item. (Just a thought...)

A meeting of the officers & trustees also took place this same first full week of December; it was (of course) a very rainy (foggy) night but some were thankful for it not being snow...some. Brainstorming continued over the various

A Message from our Treasurer:

I want to thank all of the members who not only sent their membership dues but often added something extra. I also enjoyed the many comments you sent. I wish you well in the coming year.

Alice Feulner

Coral's Calls

Nearing the end of 2004 as I write this tho' it will be a New Year before it reaches you, it is a good time to reflect on the landmarks of this past calendar year which has seen the Daketown School (1877) about ready for public view, thanks to many helping hands, our historic photo CD reaching a Greenfield audience & beyond, our

challenges that face the organization as the President (yours truly) described some sources of possible funding she learned of in talking with the co-president of the Charlton Historical Society which also has responsibility for a museum-building within its domain. Further discussion entailed the pursuit of state historic status, possibly starting with the one-room school-house. The dues structure (our organization being a *bargain* in that area) also came up for consideration. I'm grateful to Catherine Caine of Charlton for her generous time in sharing ideas at this busy season (& to my fellow golfer Jean Aabo, her hubby a past Charlton HS president, for providing the reference.)

I'm looking forward to our "show 'n tell" toys of childhood session on Jan. 18th at 7p.m.—this time that we (traditionally) sit in a circle and share our own experiences in the reflective light of others has come to be a very special evening for many... Please try to join us! I am still carrying with me the "spell" of our holiday get-together with the big red bows at the elegant windows of our Odd Fellows Hall, gracious wreath and tree, nativity figurines and—oh, those goodies, some too delicately lovely (like the chocolate-covered-cherry mice with almond ears) to even devour...*thanks again to each and everyone, especially Dot & Henry Rowland, for making our seasonal gathering one worth remembering!*

Richard DeCoteau provided sketches of town landmarks for the Greenfield quilters. Other contributors (as listed by Mary Demarco in a program for the town board meeting) include: Helen Callenius, Dorothy Carrico, Coral Crosman, Holly Darfler, Monica DeCoteau, Alice Feulner, Shirley Hammond, Margie Jones, Louise McCormick, Joan McGrath, Doris Pike, Joyce Porter, Dorothy Rowland, Evelyn Rowland, Henry Rowland, Joan Rowland, JoAnn Rowland, Barbara Schallehn, Patty Schwartzbeck, Joyce Wheeler and Joyce Woodard. Diana Gentile served as chairman of the commission's quilt committee.

Letters to the Editor

Wednesday, October 13, 2004

Dear Ron:

Thanks to you there is a great resurgence of interest in our early history. You're doing a fine job for the community.

I noticed that on my 1866 Beers Map the Daketown School is shown as number 18. Was

wondering if there is any significance to the change to the current Number 8.

Larry Frank

[Can anyone answer Larry's question concerning the district number change? Larry also sent a recent photo of our Daketown School.]

October 18, 04

Hi from sunny California (first rain this weekend in six months).

Sunday's edition of the L.A. Times had an excellent write-up about the fall colors along the Hudson that made me lonesome for the Adirondacks and the hunting season, which brought back fond memories of the thirties and forties.

The second barrel was your Greenfield Historical Society newsletter and JoAnn Rowland's article on the 4-H club activity in Saratoga County. Enclosed is a copy of an article that I thought you all would be interested in about the Saratoga County 4-H members clean sweep of all the contests in the Adirondack Forestry Tour that appeared in the September 15th, 1941 issue of the Saratogian.

We did a great job that year representing Saratoga County in the Forestry meet. Doug Deuel, the 4H county agent who graduated from Cornell was responsible. He was the greatest 4-H county agent I ever saw.

I sure enjoy reading your newsletter. The first school my brother Frank and I went to was the Daketown School that Arthur Jones taught. Helen Jones Woods was a classmate of mine and Estelle Jones McLaren was also a classmate of mine in Porter Corners school along with Ray and Bud McKnight.

*Keep up the good work. A.J. Kubica
[The following is the Saratogian article Mr. Kubica sent.]*

County 4-H Members Sweep All Contests in Adirondack Forest Tour

(9/15/41)

Saratoga County 4-H members swept competition in the annual Adirondack Forestry Tour staged over the weekend at Lake Clear.

More than 100 boys and girls from 29 counties took part.

Team of Irving Plummer and Andrew Kubica Jr., Ballston Spa and Greenfield boys, won the sawing contest going through a ten-inch spruce log 12.45 seconds. Montgomery County was second and Chemung third.

Irving Plummer won the chopping contest, cutting a five-and-one-half inch pine log in thirteen seconds. James Dufal, Montgomery County, was second and John Holenbeck, Genesee, third.

Andrew Kubica Jr. won the tree climbing contest with Irving Plummer third behind John Skelton of Genesee.

Miss Elanor Sherman, Schuylerville, won the tree identification test with 97 points. Irving Plummer was second with 96 and Ernest Upson, Herkimer County, third with 95.

Plummer was one of three to receive an award for best decorated walking stick.

Miss Dorothy Washburn, Gansevoort, also made the tour. County agent and Mrs. Douglas C. Deuel accompanied the group.

[Editors note: It was with great interest that I read Mr. Kubica's letter and news clipping because Irv Plummer worked for my father, Fred (Fritz) Feulner, for a while during the 1950s cutting pulpwood and logs. I remember him as a hard working, honest, and capable woodsman but never realized that he had received his career training in the 4-H.

My father was a NY State champion chopper before WWII, and I believe he chopped exhibition shows for the local grange and possibly the 4H. In fact his best chopping time was during one of these exhibitions when he chopped a twelve-inch diameter pine log in seventeen seconds.]

My Childhood Memories

By Evelyn Marcellus Feulner

The first I remember my childhood was when we lived on what I call the Pinnacle, which is located just above the town's sandpit on Lake Desolation Road. You turn right just above the sandpit on a small steep gravel road, which climbs straight to the top of the mountain. The Older family of Middle Grove owns the house now and uses it as a camp. I'm not sure if my father built that house or just repaired it so that we could live there.

While he was working on it, we lived in a small house across from Kilmer's sawmill, also on Lake Desolation Road. That house, which is no longer there, stood where Kilmer's planing mill now stands. That house is where I was born in 1911.

One of the things I remember while living on the Pinnacle was an old- fashioned milk separator. It was about three and one-half feet high, round, and it had a small glass window in front where you could see how much cream had risen to the top of the milk. You could draw the milk off through a faucet, and the cream would come last. Ma saved the cream to make butter. I also remember Ma's churn. It was round like a small barrel and about two feet high. In the center was a wooden handle with paddles attached to the bottom. Ma would raise and lower the handle many times to make butter. Ma always put a piece of cheesecloth over the separator filled with milk and fastened it there with clothespins to keep the flies away. I remember Pa and Uncle Louie (Ma's brother) were quite young, and they liked to horse around in the kitchen. One day they were fooling around and Uncle Louie caught his suspenders on one of the clothespins and tipped the whole separator filled with milk over. Milk went everywhere, what a mess. Ma wasn't too happy, and maybe that's why I remember it.

Many years later, after Pa passed away, Ma used to come and stay with me, and I would ask her questions about the old days when I was a small girl. She told me that when we lived on the Pinnacle, we sometimes walked down the steep hill to visit my grandmother (the farm is still there across from the sandpit). One time when we did this, we were shocked to find their house on fire. My grandparents weren't home, and Ma wanted to go in the house and try to save some things, but every time she let go of me, I would follow her toward the burning house. She had to stand there and hold me while she watched the house and all of its contents burn to the ground. We had no car or phone, and there were no close neighbors so all we could do was watch. What a terrible loss for my grandparents; they lost everything they had worked so long to have. There was no insurance in those days.

Ma and Pa had no running water in their house on the Pinnacle, but there was a spring not far

away where we got our water. There was a pipe from the spring that ran to a big tub, which was used as a watering trough for horses. That's where we got our water.

Ma sewed gloves at home (leather gloves delivered by a man from one of the glove mills in Gloversville) to earn money for groceries. Pa and Uncle Louie did a lot of hunting and fishing which helped put food on the table. Ma told me that Pa was young then, and he and Uncle Louie did a lot of hunting and fishing. Pa didn't work very much to provide for his family then, but as he got older he settled down and worked hard.

We had moved up on the Pinnacle about a year after I was born, and we lived up there until about 1916. Then we moved to a small farm between Middle Grove and East Galway. We called that place the Kessler Place. Pa rented it—it was bigger than the Pinnacle, and it had better soil to farm on. I had been blessed with a baby brother when we had lived on the Pinnacle, and when we moved to the Kessler Place, Leland was about a year-and-a-half old.

The Kessler Place had a much bigger house, and we were closer to a general store. We still didn't have any running water in the house. We didn't have a car then, but we did have a horse and two-seater surrey wagon with a fringed top. Pa had several cows, a small flock of sheep, chickens, and two pigs so it kept him busy on the farm. He didn't have as much time for hunting and fishing. We raised all our meat, and we always had plenty of eggs and chicken dinners. In the spring, he and Ma planted a big garden, and in the fall, Ma canned all our vegetables. I remember the pickles best because

they were a favorite of mine, and Ma sent them in my school lunch.

At that time, you had to be seven years old to start school. I had to walk about two and-one-half miles to a one-room country school. When I first started, Pa asked a neighbor if he would have his son walk with me. The problem was, the neighbor's son had a bicycle, but he made the best of it. He would ride on ahead, then stop and wait for me. Now I think about it, and I bet he hated having to wait for me, but he did it just like his father told him.

My great-grandchildren sometimes come in my apartment now and ask me about those days in school. I tell them that we didn't have buses to take us to school like they do today. We didn't have gym either; we got enough exercise just walking to school. There was no cafeteria, we carried our lunches and ate in the school. Our school experience was much different from today's. I sometimes wonder which experience is the best. All I know for sure is that I was a happy child and have lived a happy and peaceful life. **[To be continued next month.]**

To join the Historical Society send \$6 individual or \$10 family along with your name and address to the address shown below.

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

**Town of Greenfield Historical Society
PO Box 502
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