



Historical Society Newsletter

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

Volume 17, Issue 7



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www.GreenfieldHistoricalSociety.com

To Honor the Memory of Horace and Frieda Richmond

Sponsored by Frank Goyette (*see letter on page 6*)

CALENDAR

March 21, 2017 – Tuesday, meeting 7 p.m. at the Community Center in Greenfield Center.

Program: *Lauren Roberts*, our county historian, will do a presentation on **The Homestead – Saratoga County's Tuberculosis Sanitarium**.

April 18, 2017 – Tuesday, meeting 7 p.m. at the Community Center in Greenfield Center.

Program: *Dave Fiske* will talk about a new book he has written, **Solomon Northup's Kindred: The Kidnapping of Free Citizens Before the Civil War**.

May 16, 2017 – Tuesday, meeting 7 p.m. at the Community Center in Greenfield Center.

Program: *Marty Podskoch* will speak about a book he wrote on **Fire Towers**.

Everyone is welcome, admission is free, you don't have to be a member to attend and refreshments are served after all programs.

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)

February refreshments volunteers, Patty Schwartzbeck and JoAnn Rowland, served Lemon Bars, Brownies and Pumpkin Delight Magic Bars with Pecans and Coconut.

March refreshments volunteers are Katie Finnegan and Mary Vetter.

Janet Jones, Refreshment Chairperson

MARCH NOTES

by Mary Vetter

It was so nice to see everyone at February's meeting. Ben Kemp delivered a very interesting lecture on The Irish Brigade and Ulysses S. Grant. He filled us in on the colorful and fearless history of the brigade and its local connection. A copy of this presentation will be available at the Town Historian's office for anyone to enjoy.

As promised, the Board held a meeting on Feb. 28 and we accomplished quite a bit. We have set dates for our fundraising events. Look for a letter in April outlining the volunteer opportunities that will be available for you. We believe that our members have a wealth of skills and ideas that can help us continue our mission of preserving our history. So, take a moment to think about what you might have to offer and be prepared to sign up for a volunteer opportunity. Remember, "Many hands make light work." With enough elbow grease (mental and physical), we can make each of our events a success.

At the meeting, we also continued to address our storage needs at the museum. In early May, we will conduct an inventory of the items we have stored so we have a better idea of exactly what needs should be addressed. The best solution for textiles may be different from the solution for wood or metal items.

This month's meeting at 7 p.m. at the Community Center in Greenfield Center will feature a program by Lauren Roberts, county historian. She will do a presentation on The Homestead – Saratoga County's Tuberculosis Sanitarium. Ron Feulner took all of his volunteers from the Town Historian's Office to meet Lauren last year. I was impressed with her wealth of knowledge so I am sure we are in for a very interesting presentation.

Last but certainly not least, I want to thank Mike Gyarmathy for taking care of the plowing at the museum. We appreciate your efforts in the face of those nasty winter storms.



Ben Kemp doing a presentation on Ulysses S. Grant and the Irish, with an emphasis on The Irish Brigade in the Civil War.



Helen Elsie Stanton, 91, of Greenfield Center, passed away suddenly early Thursday, Feb. 16, 2017. Born on Aug. 3, 1925, on the lower east side of New York City, she was the daughter of the late Julius and Mary (Hochfelder) Slenchuk.

Helen moved to Greenfield as a young teenager and attended Saratoga High School. Following World War II, she married Donald L. Stanton of Lake Luzerne and settled on Spier Falls Road in Greenfield to start their family.

Her proudest achievement was the raising of eight successful children. Along with her husband, Don, who passed much too soon, she provided a nurturing household, although hectic at times, in giving their children all the opportunities their means could provide. After Don's passing in 1974, and the children growing up, Helen found employment at the Holiday Inn in Saratoga Springs. She worked there a number of years and made many friends. Helen enjoyed participating in the Greenfield Fire Department Auxiliary and enjoyed her numerous trips with the Senior Citizens of Greenfield Center. Proud of her Slovak heritage, as she grew older, Helen sadly outlived her Slovak friends with whom she could keep her language skills. Mentally sharp till the end and always opinionated regarding politics, her body just needed a long rest. She will be truly missed.

Besides her husband and her parents, she was also predeceased by a half-sister, Mary Ann Neahr.

Survivors include her eight children, Steven (Christine), Nancy, Larry (Teri), Michael (Sharon), Donna, Debra, Donald and Edward (Wanda); her grandchildren, Jennifer, Renee, Jesi, Ryan, Matthew, Brandi, Ami, Michael, Jordan and George; 12 great-grandchildren; and two half-sisters, Eleanor Warren and Pauline Cordone, both of Florida.

Services are private and at the convenience of the family. Burial will be in Luzerne Cemetery. The family suggests memorials take the form of donations to the Porter Corners Fire Department, P.O. Box 41, 405 Bockes Road, Porter Corners, NY 12859. Arrangements are under the direction of Densmore Funeral Home Inc., 7 Sherman Ave., Corinth.

Helen was a member of our historical society and enjoyed all of our newsletters. At the 2011 Caboose Day, she donated a Railroad Plater and it's on display at the Station. Both my mom, Margie Jones, and I, remember her as being a lot of fun to be around. She was always smiling and laughing. Our condolences to her family.



HISTORIAN'S CORNER

by Ron Feulner

In the December 2016 and January 2017 issues of this newsletter, I wrote about a place near Porter Corners called "Sky Ranch." I have received quite a bit of feedback from readers who had or knew about experiences associated with this place. This month, I will return to the topic and share some of that feedback.

Estella Jones McLaren (now residing in Corinth) remembers working at the girl's camp when she was a teenager. She worked with three other area girls, Norma Morrison Waite, Beatrice Atwell Sesselman, and Margie Atwell Jones. (I am including their married names even though none of them were married at the time.)

Estella said that she and Margie served meals to the camp girls while Beatrice and Norma worked in the kitchen preparing the food. They each received their room and board and fifty dollars at the end of the summer.

Estella also remembered that in the evenings, after their work was done, they frequently had visitors. The local Porter Corners boys seemed to be drawn to the site and often showed up to take the girls dancing. In fact, when the summer ended and Estella returned home, she was feeling sick, so her mother took her to the doctor. His diagnosis was that she was simply suffering from exhaustion from a lack of sleep.

Joan Rowland, one of my volunteers at the historian's office, remembered that her aunt and uncle, Peg and Toby Rowland (deceased), also had a history of working at the girl's camp, and contacted their daughter, Terry Rowland Tomlinson, for more information. Terry searched her parent's collection and found the following skit. It was from the year 1943, and the girl's camp was called Talualac. The skit was written and performed by the girl's in the camp and was designed to make healthy fun of many of the people working at the camp from counselors to handymen. Several of the character names you should recognize from our previous articles. "Ellen" would be Ellen Mousin, "Dorothy" is Dorothy Mousin (she married Andy's brother), Peg and Toby Rowland, and Andy would have been Andy Mousin.

The play was apparently performed in 1943, but was supposed to be taking place at the Counselor's Banquet at Camp Talualac in the future year, 1945, on Friday, August 27th, at 12:00 Midnight. Apparently, there was a storage trunk at the camp site labeled "Top of the World," which apparently gave the girls a name for the "spirit" who read the "Last Will and Testament." The skit began with an invitation to the event and then continued. When an audience member recognized themselves being described, they were apparently supposed to stand and say, "That's me."

(Original play retyped by Joan Rowland.)

Invitation

The Grande Dame Talualac Requests your attendance at a meeting of her followers in Ye Marry House of Chow – Junior Division. Friday, August 27th at the stroke of 12:00 Midnight Dame Talualac has requested for this last conclave of her faithful few that only happy, carefree souls will gain attendance.

The spirits "Laughter" and "Levity" will prevail. So come with minds and hearts full free – Ye Counselor Staff of '43.

	Program	
Roll Call	Miss Dorothy	A splinter, cold, and broken arm Are in this lady's line She scolds you hard for getting hurt Then makes you feel quite .fine
First Course	Fruit Juice Minutes	(Miss Bess)
Main Course	Chicken fried steaks, pear salad, Hard rolls, coffee, jam.	To a very fair lady we offer our thanks For she holds a high place in our ranks She can fix up a meal in the nick of time And food so good - - - could fit in a rhyme.
Old Business		Queen of the Chow House, she is it – Long may she reign o'er our bottles and our kits Mr. Guiles
Financial Report	Miss Lillian	
Chow House Report *	Dietician – Mrs. Young	
Desert	Apple Pie ala mode.	Assistant cook and bottle washer In the kitchen you can find her. Loves to swim and likes to dine - - - She's a cheerful Cherub all the time
Sick and Disabled Report Nurse	Miss Bess	(Marilyn Claydon)
Will and Testament	Concluding Message from Dame Talualac	Always ready with a will Texas boots she does fill: With nimble legs and a steady shuffle She'll teach you to square without any trouble You all know her when she yells out the call By the way she twists that Texan drawl. Noodles and rice, fritos and peas She'll devour with the greatest of ease!
	Roll Call (When counselor recognized own description – answered saying "that's me")	Tex – Pat Twis
Our Boring Gypsy maiden With cares so heavily laden Arrives each Friday at the station To take in hand our situations! From upper to lower and lover to upper She shuttles back and forth for her supper And after taps the brain trusts meet To plan the schedule for the coming week You're the one, both tried and true! We sing our praises loud to you!	Dorothy	This Yankee came yodeling from out of the West As a bar-be-que boss, you'll find her the best. Sho-nuff, honey, you'll love her big smile - - Her boots and her duds are in best Texan style Ditty
Ever worrying 'bout her campers By the hour, To bed on time, and scrubs 'em In the shower	Ellen	She uses her hands as well as her head Of her handiwork nothing more needs to be said, Her perpetual giggles are infectious too – Without her what would we ever do???
Campers adore her Counselors floor her; Andy and Toby will do anything for her. She sings like a lark; Scrapes trees of their bark; Eats shredded Wheat, Top o' then all, she's hard to beat - - - Ain't our director wonderful"?	Peg	Muriel
Campers' darling and idol– their Gypsy Queen. Though always at work, what a pal she's been... Efficiency plus, 1-2-3- no rest Water's hex element, her strokes perfect. Program planner and dabbler in dreamer Just look at her now– watch her blush and stammer.	Lennie	There's a gal u hear who toots the horn: Gabriel stood by when she was born. In a nurse's uniform she'll soon be attired So keep watch for Talualac's Nightingale You soldiers under fire!
		Louise Young
		This lassie has her troubles Don't see how she stays alive While others have so many men This poor gal has only five
		Alice Bowman
		From the smallest mite to the great big stars, She loves the out-of-doors On many a hike no matter how far She'll show the beauties of nature lore. Any hill or cheery jam jar to explore Will find her ready to come back for more.
		Alice Bowman

A bit new but a camper true
 Who was the man with eyes of blue
 The Saratoga claimed for You??
 We think you're fine - he must think so too!
 Edith

She knows about singing
 And flowers and bees
 You'll find her 'round camp
 With her hands on her knees.
 Skipper

Each camper and each counselor
 Would sleep the whole day through
 But her bugle warns us loudly,
 "That will never do"
 Freckles

Breast stroke, side stroke
 Fancy diving too.
 Without this expert swimmer
 What would we ever do?
 Vivian

Although our candy supply was rather low
 Her other duties kept her on the "go"
 Lillian

We'll have her tokens through
 The coming years--
 The lovely things we made
 For souvenirs
 Helen Appel

She took the campers on long, long, hikes
 (No doubt they often wished for bikes)
 Ruth Rossoff

A little dash of this right here
 A little touch of that;
 And she's made something wonderful
 That makes us all get fat.
 (Mrs. Phoenix)

Pencil and paper always in hand
 Making sure our little swimmers,
 Were safely on land.
 Kitty Kelly

When this counselor evening program planned
 We found ourselves again in Fairy land!
 Gene Patton

A cheery word for poor K P's
 Who claim they've had enough of
 The garbage pail which she says
 Is nothing to shy off of.
 Mrs. Annie Bredehorst

To plan a meal for 50 girls
 Requires a lot of brains
 No matter what this lady plans
 There's someone who complains
 Mrs. Young

Man of the woods—silent and strong—
 We've enjoyed having you around;
 Camper's "dream man"—* they adore you - -
 Counselor's too, could have seen more of you!
 Toby

Always Johnny on the spot—
 How can Talualac do without ??????
 Prince of the Polka - our Camp Fire boy
 An entertaining escort— never a bore.
 Cheery ever - - through thick and thin
 Army claims him—we will praise him!
 Andy

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE SPIRIT OF TOP' O THE WORLD, 1943 ESQUIRE

We the undersigned, on this 28th day of August, in the year of Our Lord 1943, at Talualac, Camp Fire Girls Camp standing with face toward the sky, overlooking the county of Saratoga in the foothills of the Adirondacks, state of New York; being of sound, absolutely mind and body, do hereby bequeath and bestow upon the following as sole heirs and benefactors, the effects and estates enumerated below;

Upon our beloved great aunt Dorothy we bestow the untiring services of the remnant wrecks of counselors she installed at an earlier day of the season.

To our faithful and well-beloved Peggy, widow of Top o'the World, a pass-two to the Goodwill Hour so that she may have ample opportunity to present before the renowned Mr. Anthony her multitudinous problems of administration.

To her companion and sympathizer Cousin Lennie, we bequeath a 45 acre plantation of fresh-roasted peanuts buttered and salted, this land formerly the property of Samuel H. Planter. Inc., but allowed to go to seed upon the death of three of the company's esteemed samplers after the last harvest.

Upon Aunt Kama we lovingly bestow the exclusive right to deny henceforth and forevermore all seconds in servings, effective immediately, and as an added evidence of our devotion to her we leave her a 12 by 12 foot icebox for her own use.

For cousin Marilyn, in sincere appreciation of her devotion we fondly subscribe to a latest Sears Roebuck model of an automatic dishwashing and sink scraping machine.

To Aunt Bass, persevering healer of bubus, we bequeath the latest Johnson and Johnson automatic splinter removing machine.

Upon our Cousin Mrs. Young, we bestow a Super Self Service Market—no ration coupons required—, and all the time in the world so that she may spend more time singing for us.

To Uncle Andy our accommodating relation, we have conscientiously endeavored to obtain from the OPA specific permission to record in wax a sequel to "Lay That Pistol Down" entitled "Andy Get your gun"

Copies to be made thereof. We await reply by special messenger.

To our nephew Toby we fondly ascribe an unlimited speed allowance on his wonderful one-horse shay for so long as its life shall last, and also, upon the expiration of said caboose, we bequeath unto thee, dear nephew, a high-spirited bronco which we hope will suffice to the end of the life of either.

To our distant relation, Cousin Tex, we bequeath a revised edition "How to speak English with a bread loine accent, so that she will win friends and influence people once she has set foot upon the streets of New York, the breeding point of all culture.

For the twin of our cousin from the wild and woolly west, dear cousin ditty, we have laboriously plotted, entirely in nacadochos Indian symbols, a detailed and descriptive map of the illustrious city of new york, so that she may without difficulty blaze her trail to the hot spots.

To our daughter Muriel in token of our appreciation of her ever-ready artistry, it is our designs to bequeath six best-selling authors who will write continuously and at her command one book after another of lasting fame to fit her illustrations. In the event that we are unable, due to the general shortage of everything, to outfit her with this crew, we have made provision to obtain a set of matchless finger paints with which, together with the celebrated view from Top o' the World, she may dabble the rest of these days.

To Louise, our darling granddaughter, we will an especially talented cook who has to his credit the unusual ability to reach the high C required to produce a pre-reveille awakening, and who will also with a reasonable degree of accuracy, crow the entire melody every Sunday morning while she goes to church.

To Aunt Edith, our long-suffering relative, we will time and a half to recover from the almost fatal results of having lived for 7 terrible days with the 7 terrors of Top o' the World, and a mouseless cabin to do it in.

To our sister Alice in perfect understanding of her flagrant devotion of the green world around us, we hereby confirm her sole and titled heir to the entire utopian tract of land described on page 37 of W. H. Hudsons entrancing novel green mansions, said territory to be for her own lifelong delight and afterwards to be returned to the Cuayana savages who now inhabit it.

And finally, to those ever prevalent members of our household the following donations have been received

Widow Peggy has contributed 6 cartons of super-soft Kleenex to provide them with a well-balanced winter's diet.

Cousin Lennie has donated the eyelet embroidery from her powder blue dress

Aunt Emma has promised 1/4 of her camp's food supply and all of the camper's packages from home.

Cousin Tex has donated the back seat of her cowboy jeans.

And to insure their comfort during their much needed winter's rest, after so much activity, top o' the world has leased the eaves of all the cabins to them and

their kindred furry friends until the bufle blows once more at the pole.

To the lame fellow, a close relation of a Mr. I am a fox, we leave complete cleanup rights around the kitchen door and we pledge ourself to register no discouraging complaints if the garbage cans are knocked over.

O fall, winter, and spring in their natural succession we leave all our property that they may administer unto it according to their talents.

To the flagpole in the morning sun we leave one last wink and a blink.

And to 1944 we leave the hope of a season as fruitful and beautiful as was 1943.

And now, firm in the faith that we have justly and equitably distributed our various and sundry possessions, and that our family and relations are well-pleases with our bestowals, we declare this to be our last will and testament.

Signed

The spirit of top o' the world, Esq.

August 28, 1943

A generation later, Frank Goyette remembered his experiences at the Sky Ranch site, which he shared with us in the following letter:

Letter from J. Frank Goyette

Reading your history of the Sky Ranch in the December Newsletter was very interesting. While I have nothing to contribute in the way of documenting the history of the site, your story reminded me of an adventure that Brian Hendrie and I shared many years ago that originated at the Sky Ranch. It was maybe 1958 or '59.

I believe we were on our way to the graphite mine cabins and when we got to the Sky Ranch area there was a man clearing brush out of what was to be a pond area. There was a friendly greeting and the only thing I remember about the guy was that he was using the first reciprocating saw that I had ever seen and was not using a chain saw. Brian and I noticed the remains of an old car amongst the brush and trees. There was even a sapling growing up through the rear frame. I am not sure as to how it came about but the guy said that if we piled the brush and wood he had cut we could have the car. I don't remember if we worked one or two days piling brush but we came back at some point and put some "marvel mystery oil" in each of the cylinders because we thought it might have set up over time. I remember the vehicle as a 1932 Plymouth but I am not sure what it was. The back end was cut off to make it into a truck as was the custom of the area to repurpose old vehicles. The problem we faced was to get it off the mountain and to the Rodgers where I lived at the time.

I borrowed the "doodle-bug" we had at the Rodgers and Brian and I headed to the Sky Ranch. We towed the old car out to the road and discovered that the car's engine was indeed set up and there were no brakes. We chained the back of the car to the front of the doodle bug and I pushed the car to the top of the hill with Brian steering it. The plan was to pop the clutch whenever we got going at a pretty good clip to try to free the engine. The popping of the clutch and the dragging wheels of the car served another purpose to. As it turned out the doodle bug with its mechanical brakes did not have enough braking power to effectively slow both vehicles down. We would get going maybe ten or twenty miles an hour and Brian would pop

the clutch. The tires would smoke and I would put the brakes to the floor in the doodle bug to try and avoid running into the back of the decelerating car with Brian in it. This is the way we came down the mountain from Sky Ranch.

After several more clutch popping thrills the engine broke free and we hooked the doodle bug to the front of the car. Brian was quite skillful in using the engine compression for brakes as we towed the car up Allen Road to the Rodgers. We worked on the vehicle and in a short time had the brakes working and the engine running. We liked to think it was one of the fastest cars in the neighborhood. It was neat looking to. It had a long chrome grill that came to a point at the bottom and swept forward. It had a floor shift lever that came up almost as high as the dash. I think we replaced the rotted floor on the back of the vehicle to make it useful.

At some point we decided to sell the vehicle. I believe we sold it to Rudy Rumph. I don't remember what we got for it but we "delivered" it to Rudy's house. As usual every event involving old cars and teen age boys has the potential for excitement. Rudy and his brothers were working on a dam in a nearby brook. Brian and I walked to where they were working to inform them we delivered the car and it was in their backyard. We got in their old car that they were using to haul their tools for working on the dam and headed back to their house at a pretty good clip. As we got close to the house Rudy saw his father's car and because his father did not want old cars parked in front of the house Rudy made a quick turn and the old car we were in rolled over behind the house with all of us in it. We were all a little bit shaken up but Rudy didn't seem to mind that his car was wrecked maybe because he just bought ours.

We began this search for information about the history of Sky Ranch when someone contacted the historian's office asking for information about the place. We had very little in our files at the time, but now, thanks to our readers and their willingness to share memories, we have a considerable file.

Shop at Amazon Smile

Help support our historical society when you shop at Amazon. Amazon Smile, the charitable arm of Amazon, will make a donation to us on qualifying purchases when you sign into your Amazon account at [smile.amazon.com](https://www.amazon.com/smile). The first time you do this, tap Accounts & Lists then tap Your Amazon Smile. On the right-hand side of the screen tap the change charity button and type in: The Town of Greenfield Historical Society.

Once you have saved us as your charity, start shopping. When you checkout, Amazon will let you know if any of your purchases qualify for a donation. Amazon then sends the donation to us. You do nothing more. Remember to sign in at [smile.amazon.com](https://www.amazon.com/smile) on all your Amazon shopping trips to support us. Thanks!

Letter to the Editor

Dec. 26, 2016

I was recently sharing stories with some coworkers about how we earned money as teenagers about 60 years ago. None of us had allowances but we all had various types of jobs to earn spending money. I remember my first \$1.00 an hour minimum wage job doing farm work for Horace Richmond right there in Porter Corners. I wasn't the only kid that worked for Horace, your brother, Harold, also worked for him. I don't remember who else may have worked for Horace but I am sure we were all grateful for the opportunity Horace provided to us. His wife, Frieda, as I remember her, was always cheerful and pleasant to me on the few occasions that our paths crossed. If I remember correctly, Frieda was a nurse and worked for the Visiting Nurse Association.

Horace also volunteered his time and equipment to provide hayrides for our 4-H Club. The first hayride I ever went on was pulled by him and as we meandered around the country roads, boys and girls were snuggling in the hay-covered wagon. It was a good time and provides good memories even today.

Horace and Frieda were kind and compassionate people and were very helpful to me and the community in general. For this reason, enclosed is a check to sponsor a newsletter to honor the memory of Horace and Frieda Richmond.

Yours truly, **Frank Goyette**

THE FARM

Dec. 25, 2016

Beaded fringes on a lamp, French lace beneath an old, dusty piece of opalescent glass candy dish.

The table worn at the edges from years of graciously lending itself to a never-ending cavalcade of display items. In a far distant corner sits a fine chair of oak – comfortable, and laden with bright and smart velvet and brocade, embellished with tarnished brass tacks.

A familiar odor, mixing with the musty scent of the room – a faint detection of rose water. Caring hands of yesteryear carefully filled the jar with blooms from the yard and made an elixir that lasted through all this time.

Auntie's pink embroidered couch pillow is now faded and tossed on the floor alongside the couch.

Elusive shadows dance up and down the hallway as sunlight plays tricks on the home. It is near evening. A late supper is being prepared in the kitchen. Fresh baked bread, leftover roast, oven baked potatoes and rich dark brown gravy.

The table is set with chipped, fine hair-lined cracked vitreous, complete with matching cups and saucers. The stories these pieces could tell – tales of escapades, lost loves, discussions of politics and philosophy. Remembering the announcement of the long-awaited pregnancy, and mother – filling the plate to overflowing at this news.

Through the door shuffles the large, slightly rotund, coverall figure of a man. He was drawn to the scene by the Pied Piper aroma wafting from the kitchen.

It had been a very long, humid day. Finally, one of the stalls were repaired, and now the mare can return to her most favorite spot.

These days were somewhat difficult, as the price of wood had risen drastically, and to mend anything, a bit of ingenuity and invention was always in order. The old ice shed down by the creek gave up its boards – a few at a time over the years to become a filler or a strengthener for some other structure on the farm.

Fran Lambert, Gatekeep On The Mountain

Remembering When This Group of Ladies Ran the Town

by Pauline Levo



Diana Gentile, retired Postmaster; Mary Ann Johnson, retired Town Clerk; Maureen Rowell, retired Assessor; and Pauline Levo, retired Town Clerk

At a recent luncheon, four Town of Greenfield women who have all worked at the intersection of Route 9N, Wilton Road and South Greenfield Road, and together have over 108 years of working in that area, met for a reunion. They are Pauline Levo, retired Town Clerk; Maureen Rowell, retired Assessor; Diana Gentile, retired Postmaster; and Mary Ann Johnson, retired Town Clerk. All four of these women still reside in Greenfield Center with their husbands.

Pauline Levo was first appointed Town Clerk in June 1969, was elected Town Clerk in November 1969, and was re-elected 14 times until retiring in December 1999, with over 30 years. At the time of her first few terms, the Town Hall only consisted of the original meeting hall of one room. The building was built in 1920, by E. Clarence Jones, and donated to the Town. The Clerk had an area in the one corner of the Hall. In the center of the room were two tables at which the Town Board held monthly meetings. Court also was held on these tables and the elected Assessors worked there to prepare the annual tax roll.

Some very early photos of the buildings that Pauline mentioned in her article, way before these Greenfield Ladies were around.



Town Hall



I.O.O.F. Hall



Post Office and General Store

In September 1983, Maureen Rowell was appointed by the Town Board to the first position of an appointed Assessor. Prior to this, the Town had three elected assessors who prepared the annual tax roll. During her term, she prepared property record cards and the Town went to full value assessment. Maureen also worked in the one room Town Hall when she was first appointed. She retired in 1997, after 14 years.

In 1985, the first addition to the Town Hall was made. This included offices for the Town Clerk, Supervisor, Assessor and Building Department, as well as a rest room. It was during this time, in 1985, that Mary Ann Johnson was appointed Deputy Town Clerk. She also served on a part-time basis as Planning Board Clerk and as Clerk to the Assessor. She was elected Town Clerk beginning January 2000, and served until her retirement in December 2015. She also served as Tax Collector from 2006 until 2015, and served 30 years for the Town.

In 2002, the final addition was made to the Town Hall and now included a separate Court Room in the lower level, as well as additional offices for Planning, Zoning and Building, Town Historian and Bookkeeper.

While all this was going on in the Town Hall, there was activity in the Postal Service as well. The Post Office had several locations in the Town. From 1939 to until 1958, it was located on the lower front floor of the Odd Fellows Hall, which is located on the south side of South Greenfield Road and has now been converted to an apartment. In 1958, the Post Office was moved to the west end of St. John's Lodge on South Greenfield Road (now Veterinary Clinic). It was at this location that Diana Gentile became part-time clerk in 1973 and on January 1979 was appointed Postmaster. In 1989, a new Post Office building was built across the street from the Town Hall. In May 2007, Diana Gentile retired from the United States Postal Service with 34 years of service.

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 proof read 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 Chertok@LCYLAW.com or write him at:

Dan Chertok, 58 Ormsbee Road, Porter Corners, NY 12859

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 ONE YEARS DUES, 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**

CLICK ON:



AND FOLLOW THE INSTRUCTIONS.

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

Name _____

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.



The Town of Greenfield
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