



## Warrensburgh Historical Society Quarterly

Volume 1 Issue 2

*Pearl Pasko's Writing Arm  
Windsor Chair*  
by Ed Kreinheder

I first heard of the great chair from Charley Procity in 1941. Charley had a very interesting antique shop in the store where Belle Hager was located. Charley told me that Henry Ford had offered \$1500 for it in the 20's or 30's (a princely sum in those days) and the offer had been refused and was now owned by the recluse, Pearl Pasko (she insisted on spelling her name with a K).

When I first met her in the 1950's she was a slight woman probably in her sixties, refined, intelligent and sometimes a little cranky. She seemed to suffer from arthritis and other ailments.

The Pasko home and store was a large, long two story building that stood straight and square with drawn blinds and without paint for decades. It had a harness shop in the front and Emerald Pasko, her father, then deceased, also did taxidermy on a grand scale. In all a very bleak looking place. I never dreamed I would get inside; it did not encourage visitors.

However, I had been buying a few little things from Mrs. Soper at 179 Main Street where Mrs. Ethel Roberts had her antique shop later, and is now the Field House Antiques. She asked me if I would like to see the inside of the Pasko house. (She was a very good friend of Miss Pasko). I told her I certainly would and she arranged a meeting at her house at 179 Main Street. This, I believe, was sometime in the late 1950's. It so happened it was raining that evening and I took Miss Pasko to my station-wagon with an umbrella, folded the umbrella, and opened the door for her. (Henry Ford and Co. had been making cars for over 50 years but had not quite learned how to make this model stationwagon shed water properly when parked at a certain angle). As she stepped on the running board a sheet of cold water drenched her and she let out a shriek.



May 1997

Grandparents of Pearl Pasko: Mary E. and A. L. Pasko in front of their & later Pearl's house

This photograph is part of Art Browns collection

I thought the trip was over but Miss Pasko wanted to get home so on we went.

Coming to the front door of the old house one saw a heavily molded door with a large etched glass panel. This panel was carved with a beautiful large floral design, truly a work of art. The door wouldn't unlock and I became nervous and asked her to let me try once. I unlocked it and we entered the front dimly lit room. This was filled with mounted animals and birds of her father's skillful work, Emerald Pasko. There were predatory birds, a large eagle, cases and groups of small birds, and animals of all kinds. Deer heads, maybe a small bear, and a large peacock were included in this wonderful collection. After her demise, I was able to purchase them.

The blinds were drawn on most of the house and it was quite dark. The house was very old and had many additions and improvements over the years. There was still furniture and things scattered throughout the house. There was a large hall at the rear which had at one time been used by the Odd Fellows and a small room off this with furniture with a fine 18th

century Chippendale chest in cherry or mahogany in perfect original condition. A pantry came next filled with old magazines neatly piled three feet deep that covered the entire floor.

The doors of the earliest parts of the house had large iron carpenter box locks with brass knobs. The later doors, about 1880, were flat paneled with painted simulated mahogany grain finish with white porcelain knobs and white porcelain keyhole escutcheons.

At last I saw the great chair as shown in the photo. An 18th Century writing arm Windsor of the highest type with drawers under the seat and under the arm and high fan back. Excellent turnings and thick shaped seat. I was able to purchase this at the estate sale and understand that it is now in the Ford Museum.

Upstairs was the grandmother's room, still with it's original furnishings. I remember a set of six fine chairs and large oval framed engravings of George and Martha Washington and with all other items as when it was lived in. The ceiling

*Continued next page*

**A NOTE FROM THE PRESIDENT**

I've been struggling to come up with what I might say here. Then, as I was rereading the material submitted for this issue, it became obvious. To those who are writing these articles: Bravo! and Brava! The content and the flavor of your writings are wonderful. Your work is indeed what is making this publication successful. To the readers of these works: make sure you note the authors. They deserve our recognition and our accolades. And please, consider joining their ranks.

**Delbert D. Chambers**

**Upcoming Events**

The Warrensburgh Historical Society will offer a lecture and audio visual presentation on the various aspects of food customs in the North Country on June 17, 7pm at Richards Library in Warrensburgh. The speaker, Varick Chittenden, is director of Traditional Arts in Upstate New York and a folklorist with 20 years of professional experience in Northern New York. Color slides and recorded interviews will take us inside homes, to public suppers, inside food establishments, into the garden and the wild. Themes introduced will include food as local culture, food as ethnic identity, food as celebration, traditional methods, food as income, food from the garden and the wild.

A discussion period will follow the presentation and refreshments will be served.

This program is made possible in part with public funds from the New York Council on the Arts and the Warren County Arts Initiative Program.

**New Members:**

Elizabeth Heath Brown  
Nellie Heath  
Margaret Jackson  
Julia M. Brown  
John Thurman Historical Society  
Eric Egan  
Gloria Planty  
George Remington  
Donna Southwick  
Ruth J. Underwood

*Continued from front page*

of this room was decorated with an ornate raised plaster design of a quality suitable for a fine mansion. Original antique wallpaper, of the highest quality, extended into the hall, altogether a most impressive room in pristine condition.

Miss Pasko lived in a small room with an adjoining bath. The bathroom had a large wooden bathtub copper lined, a marble top lavatory and commode with a tank high up on the wall with a pull chain. I don't remember the heating arrangement for these two rooms, probably a wood or coal stove, no central heat.

At last the tour was done and I thanked Miss Pasko for the rare privilege. I must have made a good impression for she said I could come again, which I did and sometimes did small favors for her, one time climbing up on the roof to attend to a chimney problem. However, she never sold me anything, nor did I try as I was content to explore the old place.

One day she showed me an elegant side saddle her father had made for her and a photo of herself mounted on a small horse, a pretty picture. Later on she showed me her father's gun, an 1873, 38-40 Winchester rifle of super deluxe grade. Her father, Emerald was a great hunter. It was in a sheep lined case and almost new condition. It had a circasion walnut stock forearm, nicely checkered, half magazine with over ninety per cent of its original blue. To cut out the middleman she asked me to sell it for her rather than selling it to me. I had just sold a rare 1866 Winchester to a wealthy gunsmith in California, and he was looking for more fine Winchesters. I was able to get her a very good price for it, no commission. That was almost forty years ago, today it would be worth two or three thousand.

After her death, Ethel Roberts did the appraisal and bought or had the sale of items that were not left to relatives or friends.

I bought the complete taxidermy collection, the fine front entrance door and many other of the doors. I also purchased the magazines ( two large station wagon loads) the peacock, which I crated and shipped out ( it arrived safely). The rest of the collection went to the Stony Creek Rod and Gun Club. The great chair I bought from the estate later and kept it for quite a while, later selling it. I have been told that it now finally rests in the Ford Museum.



"The Great Chair"  
photograph from the collection of  
Ed Kreinheder

I consider myself fortunate to have known Pearl Pasko and explored the old house, sharing her memories of the past.

*Ed Kreinheder owns and operates his wonderful  
Antique Shop at 197 Main Street,  
Warrensburgh.  
Look for his marvelous insights in our  
Newsletter*

**Warrensburgh Historical Society Quarterly**  
*is published quarterly, March, June,  
September and December*

*Submissions are welcome  
Next Issue Deadline is August 1*

**Editor Linda Denner**  
**Production Coordinator:**  
**Delbert D. Chambers**

*Published by  
Denton Publications Inc:*

**Warrensburgh Historical Society**  
**P. O. Box 441**  
**Warrensburgh, NY 12885**

### Antique Soup

by Caron L. Akeley

#### *Some Kitchen Necessities from Grandmother's Day*

If you dig way back in your kitchen drawers, under the plastic spatulas for the teflon pans and behind the stainless steel knives, chances are you will find a kitchen treasure from days gone by. Apple peelers, cherry pitters, lemon squeezers, tin cookie, donut and biscuit cutters, pie crimpers and butter molds, all hidden away for a couple of generations are finding a renewed place in the kitchens of today. There is a resurgence of interest in doing things the old way, and if not being put to their original purpose, the implements are finding new uses as attractive wall and counter displays.

Churned butter was shaped into blocks using a wooden mold and then frequently decorated on top using a wood butter print which impressed a picture of animals, flowers, leaves or other attractive subjects into the top of the butter.

Apple peelers and cherry pitters were hand turned mechanical devices which did exactly as their names implied. These "labor saving" devices were a great boon to the weary housewife who had to turn out many pies at once.

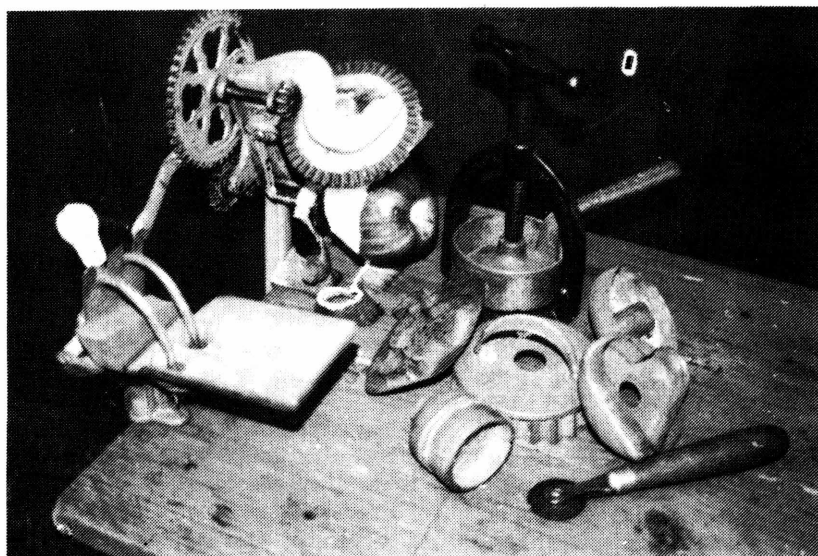
Pie crimpers, a small revolving wheel on a handle, were used to trim the pie crust to shape after it was laid in the pan and also to open the little holes in the top crust to let the steam escape.

Lemon squeezers ran the gamut from simple hand-held wood or metal ones to more elaborate counter top models that not only squeezed out the juice, but would also slice and ream.

Old time cookie cutters in interesting shapes are still fun to use. Animal, human figures (including Santa Claus), geometric shapes, all added to the diversity of treats from the kitchen and fun for the kids! Everyone is familiar with good old-fashioned gingerbread men!

Wood, tin, or a combination of both were used to make donut cutters. They were round forms with a handle and a projection in the middle to make the hole. Tin biscuit cutters, plain, round, or scalloped edges ones were always in use. Some fancy models had built-in "stickers" that pricked the holes in the tops of those good old beaten biscuits.

By now I hope you're on the way to the kitchen, not only for a snack, but to check and see if you have any of the hundreds of fascinating 19th century utensils that were



photograph by Carol L. Akeley

in use. If you find one and haven't a clue to its use, just ask around and chances are someone will come up with the answer. Then enjoy putting it back to use or displaying it where it will bring back memories of tasty treats of yesterday.

*Caron L. Akeley is the owner of Cleverdale Antiques in Warrensburg. This delightful shop is along the Schroon River entering our town, just North of Warren Ford. Caron generously shares her love of the past and her extensive knowledge of antiques with our membership in her "Antique Soup" column.*

***We recently received this  
correspondance from Julia M. Brown,  
now of Horse Shoe, NC, who is among  
our newest members:***

"Thanks for your nice note acknowledging my membership, and thanks for giving me the date for the earthquake reported in Volume 1 Issue 1. I'm afraid 1916 was a bit before my time, so it must have been some other phenomenon I remember. (Nevertheless, I could qualify as a "senior member".

Thanks for sending me Volume 2, Issue 1; I read it with great interest and was moved to pass along some thoughts.

The article on the Odd Fellows Hall states that alterations were made for classrooms in August 1938. I went to kindergarden in the Odd Fellows Hall in 1934. I believe that was either in the first or the second year that kindergarden was available. We were taught by Miss Evelyn Brown (as far as I know, still alive and well) and class was held on the first floor.

Sometime during the war years, my friend Dorothy Brooks (now Bull) and I had the pleasant task of walking from the School Street school to the Odd Fellows Hall to sell defense stamps to the grade children housed there. The stamps cost 10 cents, were pasted in a book, and when the book was full, it could be turned in for a \$25 war bond. I think we were freshman, so that would probably have been in 1942.

Your piece about the Blue Bird Bakery brought back memories of Hoffman's Bakery which stood on Elm Street, on the riverbank, by the bridge at the end of New Street. (I don't know the name of that street now). Mr. and Mrs. Hoffman turned out wonderful breads and pastries...and on one day a week, chocolate eclairs and cream puffs. What a treat to go down there during school (the new school) lunch hour, sit on the steps and enjoy those special treats. Does anybody remember Mr. Rist who ran the shoe repair shop before Art

*(continued page seven)*

### **Remembering Frank W. Smith**

*by Jean Hadden*

This is the story of a fine house, a great man and of the days when the Democratic Party totally dominated Warrensburgh politics. All three came to an abrupt end on June 22, 1931.

#### **The House**

For many years Warrensburgh businessman Jack Toney and his family have lived in their modern new house at 46 Elm Street. Looking back down the long tunnel of town history, this lot has an interesting tale to tell.

Louis Weinman was born in 1843 at Allenmuhl, Germany. He came to America just after the Civil War in 1866. In 1880 he moved to Warrensburgh and with the Hon. L. W. Emerson as a partner established the Empire Shirt Company. In 1885, for one year only, he was also in business with Thomas J. Smith in the manufacture of shirts.

Weinman was a staunch Democrat and in 1897 was elected Supervisor of Warrensburgh. He became Chairman of the Board of Supervisors in 1903. Some of the slate sidewalks he had installed are still here today.

Around 1901 Weinman had a large, handsome house built at 46 Elm Street. I do not think that he and his wife, the former Emma G. Johnson, ever lived in this "show place". He died of a heart attack in 1909. Their daughter, Theresa married Hart Joseph and the locals always called the place, "The Hart Joseph House."

By 1916 the house was owned by Frank W. Smith, the son of Weinman's old business partner, Hilda Smith and their ward, Antoinette Parenti. Also living there was their housekeeper, Margaret Filkins and the Smith's beloved little bulldog, "Bubbles."

#### **The Man**

Frank W. Smith was probably one of the greatest men this town has ever known but I doubt if anyone ever told him that before his untimely death. Our present day Supervisor, Maynard D. Baker has a portrait of Smith hanging on his office wall and has mentioned to me on several occasions his admiration and respect for the man. He was serving

his third term as Supervisor when he died in 1931. He was a leader in up-county Democratic circles for more than a decade. Bertha Smith was Democratic State Committeewoman for twelve years, and the first woman in Warren County to be nominated for county treasurer. Frank was also president of the Lake George National Bank.

Besides being a diligent and hardworking supervisor, Frank would buy bushes and trees to beautify the town. He was always on the road, talking to voters, listening to their opinions and always ready to hear about their problems. He took his dog, Bubbles everywhere with him. If Frank kept him waiting in the car too long, Bubbles wiggled his fat little body behind the wheel and leaned on the horn until Frank came back. Everyone knew that Bubbles was the smartest dog in Warren County. Newspaper editor, John Tubbs wrote him up often in the Warrensburgh News.

#### **The Fire**

On a Monday morning at 5 o'clock, June 22, 1931, housekeeper Margaret Filkins awoke to the sound of falling glass. The family was away and Frank was the only other person in the house. Margaret tried to get to Frank's room to arouse him but was driven back by the flames. Reaching the first floor, she tried to phone for help but found that the wires had been burned away. Her cries awakened Frank Hastings next door and Henry Bertrand on Library Street.

Fire Chief William M. Ticknor was sick in bed in his house near the bridge at 1 Main Street and First Assistant Chief Loran B. Hoffman took command of the fire. Loran owned the Queen Village Bakery where Lenore Smith now has her Riverside Gallery on Elm Street. He was my close friend and was Justice of the Peace and Town Councilman when he used to regale me with stories about that fateful morning when the Fire Department tried so hard to save Frank Smith's life. Loran suffered a deep cut on his hand but remained at his post until the fire had been brought under control.

The big house was a total loss estimated at \$45,000. Ben T. Patrick, brother of famed aviator Floyd Bennett, finally located Frank's smoldering body which was lying against the charred railing

of the porch. He had almost made it to safety before he had been overcome by the heat and smoke. His body was burned almost beyond recognition, but oddly enough the town records, located in his office at the rear of the building, were not damaged.

Frank's remains were taken down the street to the home of his sister-in-law, Mrs. Burt J. Smith, near the corner of what is now Stewart Farrar Avenue. His funeral was undoubtedly the largest one Warrensburgh has ever seen. It required several automobiles alone just to carry the flowers. His massive bronze casket was entirely covered with a blanket of red roses. New York Governor and Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt immediately sent the bereaved widow a telegram of condolence when they heard the dreadful news.

Every business in town was closed for the funeral. Mourners came from Albany and all over the state to pay homage to this great man. The street were lined with people who silently watched the funeral procession pass by. Traffic officer Eugene Taylor had his work cut out for him. The man who was so taken for granted in life was mourned like royalty in death. He was buried in Warrensburgh Cemetery.

#### **Afterward**

In every version I have heard about the death of Frank Smith, I was told his dog, Bubbles, died in the fire with him. Actually the dog lived for another five years and was eighteen years old when he went to join his master. I know this to be a fact because he is the only animal buried in the Warrensburgh Cemetery who has his own little engraved gravestone. In death he lies beside Frank just as he did in life.

Bertha Baker Smith bought a house at 84 Bay Street, Glens Falls, and moved there after her husband's funeral. She dedicated a gateway in the Warrensburgh Cemetery to her Baker. They were built with the help of Edward Hadden, my late husband's father.

Bertha dies at her home in Glens Falls on July 22, 1937 of a simple case of tonsillitis and bronchitis which was suddenly complicated by a pulmonary embolism. It is said that she never saw death coming. She is buried between her husband and Hilda Aileen Smith, her daughter. Her funeral was nearly large as her husband's.

*(continued next page)*

Frank Smith was Warrensburgh's last Democratic supervisor. Immediately after Town Councilman Wyman D. Pasco was appointed as supervisor. Franklin E. Pasco was named to succeed him in his post of Justice of the Peace, an office he held for ten years. Wyman Pasco's appointment made the Town Board an all Republican organization. It was the end of an era.

**The Architectural Heritage committee of Warrensburgh Beautification Inc.** completed an Intensive Level Survey of the Historic and Architectural Resources in the Hamlet of Warrensburgh in January of 1996. The four hundred page compendium of text, mapping and photographic documentation is an important educational and community resource and planning tool, cultivating awareness and pride in Warrensburgh's architectural heritage and historic past. This survey constitutes the necessary step towards a Multiple Property State and National Register Listing for the hamlet, a follow-up to the preservation work begun in 1975 by the Warrensburgh Historical Society, identifying the Warrensburgh Mills Historic District. The nomination would include a Hamlet of Warrensburgh Historic District comprised of 212 properties, in addition to 23 individual properties. This designation will help create public awareness and shape future development and change in ways that are sensitive to the cultural and historic qualities of our community, fostering an approach to economic viability which is based upon their preservation and promotion. The following information is provided to dispel any myths regarding National Register Listing. For further information please feel free to call Teresa Whalen at 518-623-4243.

#### **For Your Information**

##### **The National Register**

*What does it mean to a homeowner?*

**What is the National Register?** The National Register of Historic Places is the federal government's official list of properties worthy of preservation. The list is maintained by the National Park Service in Washington, DC, but much of the actual work of nominating properties is done by a state historic preservation officer in the state, where the property is located. Three criteria determine whether a property is eligible for listing: historical significance, integrity, and age.

Over 800,000 properties in the U.S. are currently on the Register.

##### **What are the benefits of having your property listed on the National Register?**

Having your property on the Register is like the federal government's official "stamp of approval" on a historical property. It's an honor and an important benefit for many owners.

Financial assistance (i.e., grants or loans) that may be available for restoration of historic properties is generally limited to use on properties listed on the Register.

Owners of properties often are eligible for tax credits for rehabilitation within federally established guidelines.

Properties listed on the Register have some limited protection from the harmful effects of federal "takings."

##### **What restrictions apply to homeowners if their property is listed on the National Register?**

None. That's right. Many homeowners believe that listing on the National Register imposes restrictions on their right to do as they please with their property. They're wrong. Any restrictions imposed are a result of local law, not National Register designation. This means that owners can, if local law allows, paint their house any color they choose, even tear it down if they wish. They do not need to open the property to the public or put up a plaque identifying it as a National Register site. Listing simply means what most owners of historic property already know...that the property is important and worth saving!

*The above information was a reprinted portion taken from an advertisement in the May/June 1996 issue of "Historic Preservation Magazine".*

A copy of the aforementioned Warrensburgh Survey..... is available for purchase through the **Architectural Heritage Committee.**

Additionally this Survey is available for study at The Richards Library.



*photograph by Len Denner*

##### **Herrick's Variety Store**

*by Linda Denner*

When I was a child, my parents owned a summer camp up on Putney Hill, which is now known as Alden Avenue. We spent ten weeks every summer during the 1940's and 50's until my Mother established permanent residence on this property in 1972. Weekly shopping excursions to Glens Falls provided a supplement to the daily supplies that we purchased at Herricks Variety. We could get bread, milk, soda, hardware, books, newspapers, sugar, shoelaces, and too much to list here at this local establishment. As my mother tended to her list, I would eye the new packages of Crayola crayons and determine just how many weeks of savings bottle deposits it would take to have sufficient funds for those new crayons!

Over forty years later, a recent visit to Herricks which is now owned and cheerfully run by Richard Maxam, is a wonderful reminder of a happy past. Herricks was established in 1893 by James G. Herrick as a Carriage Shop. In 1912 the carriage side of the building was destroyed by fire, but the balance of the structure was maintained as an important general store for the Lewisville community. It was a post card station featuring wonderful souvenir post cards of the area, as well as a warehouse of food, clothing, toys and hardware. Richard Maxam began his career working with his Uncle Floyd and Aunt Edna Herrick 44 years ago. He was partner to the pair, then partner to his Aunt, and finally sole proprietor. He and his friendly wife, work six days a week from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m. still serving the area with the warmth that only a small neighborhood store can provide..

***Preserving the Past****by Linda Denner*

As time slips away, we all face the passing of loved ones, old homesteads, school chums, and the charm of the town of our youth. We treasure more and more the photographs that record those moments. Snap shots in an old family album showing young people in awkward positions speak volumes of another time and place. Far more family albums are lost to indifference and neglect; and the tragedy is compounded when they are passed on to future generations that cannot identify the places or people in the pictures that were once so familiar and dear.

Collecting old photographs has become an actively pursued hobby. Attending auctions reveals the enthusiastic market for snapshots and prints of individuals and groups from the first half of this century. Observing the buyers happy expression when examining a new acquisition, is a strong reminder of the wealth I have in my own closets. There are my parents in their youth frolics on holiday in Thurman, Lake George and of course, our own Warrensburgh.

The chief use of photographic collections are for historical research as well as public displays. The keystone of any collection must be identification. Prepare a written record that should accompany your prints or negatives. This catalogue can be simply contrived with the solid information that is vital for the photos identification. Keep collections together as their juxtaposition can serve as a clue to their identification. Avoid careless handling of the photographs and negatives during this process, wearing inexpensive white cotton gloves readily available at local photo supply shops. The perspiration and bacteria from hands can cause serious damage to a collection. Use a powerful magnifying glass for identification purposes, taking care to keep negatives away from intense light. Try to develop a sense of recognition of popular local landmarks to aid in identification. Old newspapers and magazines, available at the local library, may provide verification of these landmarks. Plain photocopies can be made of your prints to help create a catalogue or to carry on your search for information.

Many photographic collectors and societies organize auctions and swaps of their material. Mail order sources found in magazines can provide a wealth of



*The "new Warrensburgh fire house" was built after a special election was held, on May 2, 1929, A proposition to spend \$12,000 to erect it on Elm Street Collection/Jean Hadden*

historic information.

In compiling your catalogue, avoid writing on the prints or negatives with felt tip markers. Only a very soft lead pencil should be used to mark a small number on the rear of the photo. This will not mark the print, and can then correspond to more details listed within your catalogue. Never write on the front of your photographs. Negatives should be kept in acid free sleeves, no more than one per sleeve, to avoid scratching. The sleeves are also inexpensive and readily available at your local photo supply store. While visiting the photo shop, purchase lintless clean cloth, and some Kodak film cleaner.

Upon examination of your prints, you will quickly determine their irreplaceable value. Deterioration has undoubtedly occurred to some of the collection, however our main concern at this time should be to preserve and store the balance of the collection, for ourselves and future generations. We must be aware of the dangers to the collection, and how to safeguard the photos from the ravages of a harmful environment.

Avoid contact materials such as mounting boards, cardboard, rubberbands, raw wood, fingers, newspaper, unprotected steel, rubber cement, scotch tape, and glue to name but a few. Direct sunlight and fluorescent light can also be harmful. Never paste or tape prints in albums for convenience in handling. Albums that

have been stored in hot attics or damp basements quickly reveal the ill effects of improper temperatures. Keep the collection in a cool dry place in your home. Steel cabinets or drawers as opposed to wooden storage boxes work well.

Original historical prints, even those in good condition, and properly cared for collections, will eventually fade and deteriorate. To perpetuate such images, quality negatives should be made from the originals. Study collective photographs with a magnifier for creative cropping can reveal pictures within pictures, more treasured than the original.

Last but not least apply the same care to the family photographs we are shooting today. When framing a new portrait, remember to use matting to avoid the prints direct contact with glass. This provides an important air space, as well as avoiding the image sticking to the glass as time and heat play havoc with the picture. Retrieve and store the negatives of valued pictures in those archival sleeves that you obtained at the photo supply store. The next time you proudly show your friends the prints from your family vacation, warn them to handle their edges, and not touch the picture surface.

Technology and education can serve us all for lengthening the life of our historical images. John Wulfken, our Society Secretary, is in the process of recording local photographs on his CD Ram via his  
*(continued next page)*

(continued from last page)

computer scanner. John is attempting to compile an extensive directory of people and places in Warrensburgh history. He has no goal other than to provide a reference library for the future. He hopes to include as many images as possible, and invites us all to participate in this effort. John assures us that he will hold your pictures no more than two days, and it will be returned unharmed. What a wonderful insurance to know that your prints will be part of a growing archive of Warrensburgh. Call John at 623-2919 for more information.

To read more on the preservation and collecting of photographs may I recommend: **Collection, Use, and Care of Historical Photographs** by Robert A. Weinstein and Larry Booth. This book is available through the Crandall Library.

### *Architecture of a Small Town* by Delbert Chambers

#### *Mounting Blocks*

In the concept of Architecture the meaning considered by most, is as defined by The American Heritage Dictionary, #1 as "the art and science of designing and erecting buildings." But more generally speaking, and the crux of this column, is as the #4 meaning, that being "any design or orderly arrangement perceived by man." Here then we will consider the individual components of a structure, or a simple structure in itself...that structure not necessarily being a building but any designed assemblage for the benefit of its user. (So both cars and ice cream scoops can be considered an architectural form).

With this definition in mind let us consider a seemingly very simple piece of architecture...the *Mounting Block*. As the predecessor of the automobile, the horse drawn vehicle existed as the usual means of transportation for the general populace. Whether a wagon, a carriage or a buggy, by their design it was one heck of a hop from the ground to the seat. Further, the effort of "mounting" a horse, especially in the attitude of sidesaddle, as oft did the ladies, surely presented a need for help. The help came in the existence of a large, flat stone,

generally two feet by three feet by twelve inches high and weighing some 1000 pounds, and positioned near the way of travel and most often convenient to the front of ones home, or store or church. As stones like this aren't something that one could find "down by the crick," it would be necessary to quarry them. Locally many of these blocks would have been quarried from Hackensack Mountain, as was much of the stone used architectually in Warrensburgh in the 1800's. At the turn of the century there were very many mounting blocks in Warrensburgh. They have since been lost, mostly due to the widening of the roads and some due to "improvements" to properties in the early to mid 1900's. After all, with the disappearance of the old-fashioned method of transportation, because of the widespread use of the motor vehicle, mounting blocks were no longer needed and were, in fact, in the way. (I wonder does a 140 horsepower car put 140 horses out of work)? What happened to these mini-monoliths is a historical insult to the importance they played in making life a little easier. Many were buried as was most convenient, just to get rid of them. Some were reused in foundations or moved to a new porch and used as a step. If you can identify such a stone perhaps you can view it with a bit of appreciation and consider it being used in "mounting" a horse or carriage at the end of your front walk.

A few years ago, it was brought to my attention by Mr. and Mrs. George Remington that they believed that the existence of a stone at their home at 11 First Avenue is the only remaining positioned mounting block in Warrensburgh. In my travels about town I have not been able to prove them wrong, can you? Write me in care of the Warrensburgh Historical Society if you know otherwise.

#### *(Letter Continued from Page 3)*

Brown bought it?

I'm looking forward to your next issue and hope that it will bring back more memories of those Warrensburgh years.

Sincerely,  
Julie Brown

**Editor's Note:** Hoffman's bakery was in the building now known as the Riverside Gallery. Will someone tell us which street was called New Street?

#### *Did You Know?*

by John Wulfken

According to Lyman Ross his Great-grandfather ran a hoop shop. What are hoops you ask? They are steel rings used to hold wooden barrels together. Sometime around 1860 David Ross built a shop just before the Glen Bridge. He provided hoops for the many lumber mills in the area. Sometime in 1881 David's house burnt down. He was forced to move into the hoop shop. Needing a place to live, David added an extension onto the back of the shop. Though the house now stands vacant, hoops still hang on the side of the house.

*The following composition was written by Erin Harrington & Carolyn Vaisey students of Warrensburgh's 5th Grade*

In 1800 the main road in Warrensburgh was made of wooden planks or boards. At about the same time a man named Timothy Stowe built a wooden bridge across the Schroon River at the southern end of town. Mr. Stowe charged a toll to cross his bridge. You had to pay to cross. He later sold the bridge to Samuel Judd. After that it was known as the Judd Bridge. The bridge that was just torn down was built about 1930. It also had a wooden plank roadway. The bridge itself was built of steel. The new Judd Bridge is being built. I doubt it will have wooden planks for a roadway. If not, the Judd bridge has changed forever.

# WARRENSBURGH HISTORICAL SOCIETY

presents, on August 10, 1997, the

## STICKY WICKET

### -----CROQUET GAMES & PICNIC-----

In the panoramic atmosphere of the Warren County Fish Hatchery on the scenic Hudson River, we will turn back time and invite you to an "old-fashioned" affair.

Bring your picnic and some to share. (We will supply the cold drinks)  
Enjoy CROQUET, BADMINTON, HORSESHOES...

PICNIC will begin at Noon.

TOURNAMENT will begin at Three.

\* FREE ADMISSION \*

DONATIONS FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY ENCOURAGED

