



Warrensburgh Historical Society Quarterly

Volume 2 Issue 4

December, 1997

Honest John Sullivan

Antique Dealer at 25 Main Street
Warrensburgh
by Ed Kreinheder

In 1941 when I first met him, he was well established as an antique dealer. He had formerly been a used furniture dealer in Glens Falls.

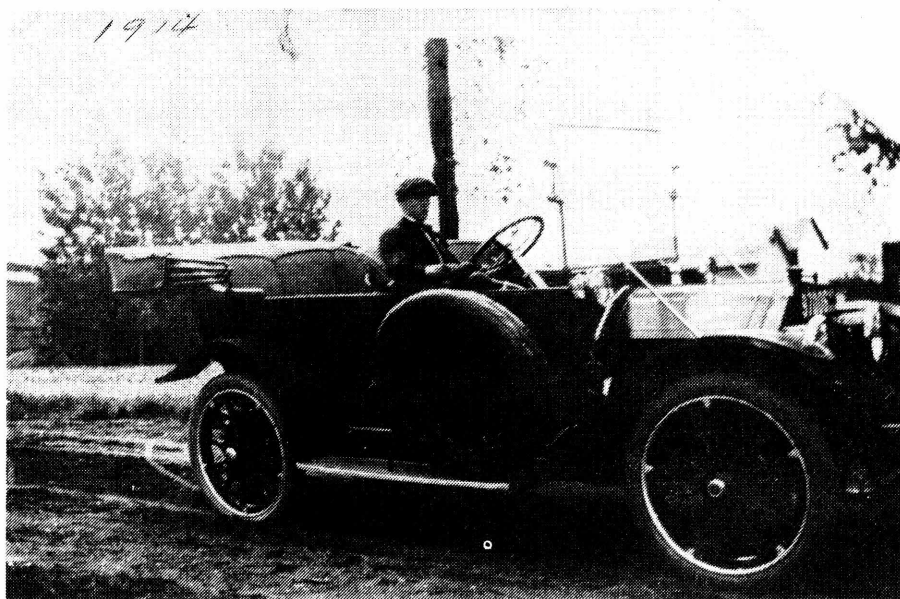
John was a tall spare well-built man in his sixties. He was quite dignified and courtly in manner, soft spoken and always polite. However, he was a very friendly approachable person with a good sense of humor and liked a good joke. Impressive in appearance with rather craggy but pleasant features, he had a high arched rather Roman nose. He was a character study, and the tourists liked him as did everyone else. He always wore neat but old fashioned clothes and had the appearance of a man from an earlier time.

Even at that advanced age he gave the impression that he would have been a powerful rugged individual in his youth. John told me he did hard physical work when young and was quite a roughneck and laughingly told me his favorite sport was to go from bar to bar and shout in the door, "I'll take on any man in the house!" He enjoyed many rough and tumble fights.

John's shop was his home; it began 25 feet south of the stone antiques shop, a long narrow old, old building strung along the stone retaining wall still standing there, and extending to Brands gas station now also gone, but directly across from Warren auto showroom.

He had a 1929 Chevrolet sedan and small trailer he used to haul his antiques. This was kept in a small shed at the end of his property.

There were no facilities in the building, no electricity, water or cooking arrangements. He slept in a small chamber above the shop and had a woodstove for heating. A very pleasant nostalgic sight was to drive by his shop



Noted on photo back: "The Car we made love in", Jean Hadden Collection

at night and see John reading his newspaper by the light of a fine antique kerosene "Gone With the Wind" lamp.

John liked nice antiques and always had some good pieces. Always a fine cherry six leg dropleaf table with one board leaves reaching almost to the floor. I sold him two of these, a Hepplewhite circa 1800 with square tapered legs, and a Sheraton with turned legs. I remember a small 18th Century mahogany corner cupboard, sets of Hitchcock stenciled chairs, cupboards, mirrors, etc. Always some nice early china and glass were displayed. However, John had one bad habit, being a frugal man, he could not bear to discard anything, hence always a few non-descript items, and used furniture which detracted from the general appearance of fine antiques were present.

In good weather there was always an interesting exhibit along the sidewalk.

Continued on page eight

Looking Back:

by Jean Hadden

After the turn of the century Warrensburgh still had dirt streets but they were made lovely by the stately old Elm trees that line them. On top of the hill behind the present day Town Hall was the stone mansion of Frederick Osborne Burhans, built especially for him by his industrial father, Benjamin Peck Burhans. Charles Burhans was the last of the family to live there, and it was torn down after he was gone for many years. Above we see a photo, taken in 1914, of the automobile Charles drove, a familiar sight around town. The location is about where the firehouse now stands near Burhans Avenue.

In Bedlington Churchyard, Durham, is to be seen the following:

"Poems and epitaph are but stuff-
Here lies Robert Barras, and that's
enough."

perris

A NOTE FROM THE PRESIDENT

Ya Like Good Eats?! We know you will enjoy "Pat's Column" and follow her old time recipes for some truly delicious, downhome cook'n.

The Warren County? Historical Society? While it is understandable that some local Historicial Societies are apprehensive to support this recently founded organization, I'm certain that it is due to a lack of information as to their purpose and intent. Therefore, I have asked for a letter from the president of the WCHS, Mr. William L. Richards, and have published it on page six. For further information contact Mr. Richards at 792-1820, Dr. Marilyn J. VanDyke, Vice-president at 792-8097 or 761-8252 or Eleanor H. Oudekerk, Secretary at 792-0341.

In possession of Mr. Ed Kreinheder is a 1954 publication of antiques dealers and also includes some words of wit, all compiled by the publisher, Harold A. Perris. The title of the publication is: "Our Antique Dealers, (as I see them) of Warrensburg, Lake George Road, Glens Falls, Hudson Falls, Fort Edward". We have strewn about this issue several of Mr. Perris' entries.

In 1994, "The Post Star" featured an article written by Ms. Linda Bassarab entitled, "The Diary of Grace Noyes". The introduction, "Entries from the journals kept by a black servant living in Warrensburg, offer a glimpse of local life in the late 1800's," well defines why we find it appropriate to include this work in the *WHSQ*. Thank you Linda.

New Members

Don Egan
Tom Havens
Harry Combs

**Acquisitions Committee Report
by Caron Akeley, Chairman**

1. 48 Star American flag given by Mr. & Mrs. Jake Combs from the Combs family through the intersessor Martha Fish
2. "Antiques" shop sign given by Ed Kreinheder
3. Miscellaneous ephemera given by Pat Terrell
4. "Warrensburg Woolen Co." red-plaid wood jacket given by Suella & Mark Rogers through intersessor Pat Terrell

**News For the Modern Woman
(While She Is Resting!)****Old Feathers Better Than New**

If the feathers of old beds have become dirty, matted, or have lost their elasticity, by age or use, they should be emptied into a hoghead and washed in warm suds, agitated by means of a rake or garden hose; and afterwards rinsed in clear water. They are then to be pressed dry by the hand, and put upon the floor of a well lighted room, and now and then whipped and stirred up; and when thoroughly dry put again into ticks. They will be found after this better than new feathers, because deprived of the oit which abounds in the latter.

perris

Needles were first made in England by a native od India, 1545; the art lost at his death; recovered by Christopher Greening, in 1560, who was settled with his three children, Elizabeth, John and Thomas, by Mr. Damer, ancestor of the present Earl of Dorchester, at Long Gredon, in Bucks where the manufactory has been carried on from that time to this present day.

perris

**Special
Thank You
to Jane LeCount**

who allowed space on her front lawn for
the Warrensburg Historical Society

Display
during

The World's Largest Garage Sale

Board of Directors

Delbert D. Chambers, President
John Wulfken, Vice President
Linda Denner, Secretary
Shane Newell, Treasurer
Caron L. Akeley
Jean Hadden
Kaena Peterson
Pat Terrell
Teresa Whalen

Calendar of Events

Dec. 7- "Christmas in Warrensburg", 10am-5pm at the Elementary school. A computerized display of Warrensburg postcards and a display of Warrensburg bottles will be featured

Dec. 18- *Holiday Dinner Social*, at the Grist Mill restaurant. Members \$15, guests \$20, reservations by December 12 are necessary. Call 623-3514.

Jan. 1 - *Deadline for Membership Renewals*

Jan. 28- *Regualr Board of Directors Meeting* WHS, all members welcome- call for location 623-3514.

Feb. 1- *Deadline for submissions to WHSQ Spring Issue.*

Feb. 12- *Annual General Membership Meeting*

Mar. - look for the Spring issue of the *Warrensburg Historical Society Quarterly*

Warrensburg Historical Society Quarterly
is published March, June, September and
December

Submissions are welcome
Next Issue Deadline is February 1
Editor Linda Denner
Production Coordinator:
Delbert D. Chambers

Warrensburg Historical Society
P. O. Box 441
Warrensburg, NY 12885

Antique Soup

by Caron L. Akeley

Kerosene lamps or oil lamps as they are frequently called, are a type of lighting that basically has been around for two thousand years. Grease lamps were used in ancient Greece and Rome from around the second century B.C. and no substantial improvements were made until 1784 when a man named Argand invented the tubular wick, and others starting experimenting in ways to improve lighting. In the early 19th century, gas lighting came about, as did the use of whale oil. Other burning fluids were subject to experiment, but were very volatile and considered extremely dangerous.

In 1854, coal oil, or kerosene as we know it, was patented in the United States by a Canadian geologist names Dr. Abraham Gesner. In 1859 the first oil well was discovered and drilled in Pennsylvania making kerosene plentiful and inexpensive to the general population.

Kerosene was certainly the most popular form of lighting in the 19th century, even after electricity came along in the 1880's, and was still widely used in rural areas until the 1930's.

Many types of lamps were developed for use throughout the home, frequently corresponding to the forms we are accustomed to in today's electric lighting. Standing lamps, both large and small, provided light in both parlors and bedrooms. Beautiful "Gone with the Wind", lamps, (called so today because of the many shown in the movie of the same name), were of substantial size with lovely colorful and decorated globes and fonts, were a focal point in the victorian parlor. Lamps on tall bases of brass or cast iron stood by the piano to illuminate the keyboard and sheet music. These, of course, were called piano lamps. Smaller lamps, often with a finger ring, were frequently carried from room to room as needed. Bracket lamps were placed on fancy brass or iron holders attached to the wall. They often had an attached mirror called a reflector behind them to cast more light into the room.

Hanging lamps with beautifully decorated with ornate glass shades, often with crystal prisms, were frequently used over the dining room table. Smaller, simpler versions were used as hall lamps. They had a mechanism that allowed you to pull the lamp down lower for lighting and filling. A plainer version of the fancy hanging lamp, with a brass font and simple tin shade, was often used in kitchens and stores.



Many people today enjoy the beauty and romance of these old lamps whether electrifying them for convenience or spending an occasional evening in the gently glow of kerosene light and being transported back to another century.

Pat's Column

by Pat Terrell

Sitting this Sunday morning in crisp 22 degree weather makes me think about breakfast, past and present.

The ideal cold weather morning meal is good coffee, home-made baking powder biscuits, "put up" jelly or applesauce. Who says bacon and eggs have to start the day! As children, my sisters and I had cereal, cooked or dry depending on the time of year, and probably toast or leftover biscuits.

My husband, however, remembers breakfast being whatever was "in season". For example, during the winter pancakes, fresh pork (fried), potatoes and eggs (if the hens were laying). Summer breakfasts were much different. In August the morning meal maybe boiled potatoes with corn on the cob, it being "in season". The potatoes, of course, were young "new potatoes" fingered out from the mounds or hills of potatoes growing since spring. This fingering had to be done carefully so as not to upset the nice large ones to be held in the cold cellar for winter use.

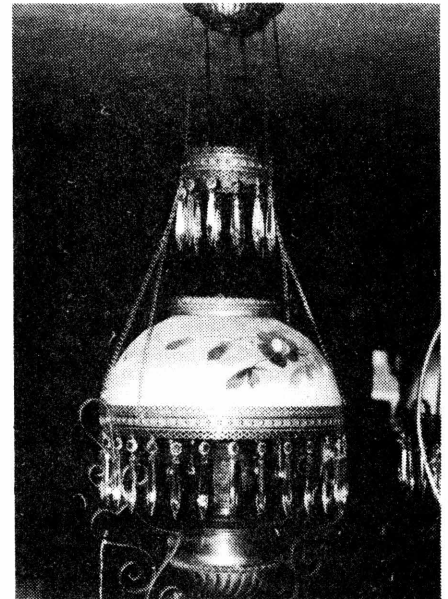


Photo courtesy of Caron Akeley

Mother's Baking Powder Biscuits

2 cups flour
4 tablespoons Crisco or "the like"
3/4 cup milk
4 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt

Preheat your oven 350-375 degrees

If an egg is available, or even just a yolk, add it to the mixture, but remember also to add a little more baking powder, about 1 teaspoon. Knead the dough on a floured board and cut with the cut-out end of a canned milk can or a floured tumbler. Bake in hot oven till nice golden brown tops form.



Photo WHS Archives

The Diary of Grace Noyes

by Linda Bassarab

This article is reprinted with consent of the Post-Star which first published it on February 27, 1994

Warrensburg- For centuries, historians ignored women's writings. The diaries, the poems, the musings were not considered "important." Dates, kings and wars were the weighty matters. But that has changed—partly because of an increase in women historians and partly from an understanding that the majority members of the species cannot have been mere bystanders. And diaries show us something not found in annals of the kings: private thoughts about everyday life. Nothing fancy, nothing political, nothing for the history books. But as Laurel Thatcher Ulrich showed so well in "A Midwife's Tale," women's words tell us much about the late 1800's.

The books record the weather, the daily chores of the house and farm, the sickness, the scandals and the travel.

The diaries indirectly tell us much about Noyes herself, although recorded evidence of her life is scarce. In fact, no one seems to know much about her, if they know anything at all.

In the 1850 census Noyes is listed as a black servant, 25, living within the household of Pelatiah Richards. Her place of birth is stated as Connecticut. An earlier mention of her is found in the records of the local Presbyterian Church. At a session meeting held on April 4, 1840, Noyes is listed as one of six "individuals (who) presented themselves requesting to be admitted to communion of the church." At the time she wrote the diaries, Noyes worked for Minerva Richards King, Pelatiah's daughter. Her husband, Hesden, died in 1866.

The King farm is listed in the 1875 census as being 36 acres. The home was located at 125 Main St., where the Grand Union now stands.

Throughout the diaries Noyes makes mention of each of the King children: George, Horace, Fred, Hesden (Prior), Samuel and Charles.

Fred lived in the household and appears to have been a hard worker. Working side by side with "Jim", the hired man, Noyes reports Fred to be packing ice

that Jim has cut and to be making fence. Noyes seems to have a special relationship with Fred. On Aug. 22, 1878, she writes: "Fred went with me on Prospect Mountain." It says, "from Fred M. King," and is explained by her entry for Jan. 16: "I got a book from Fred."

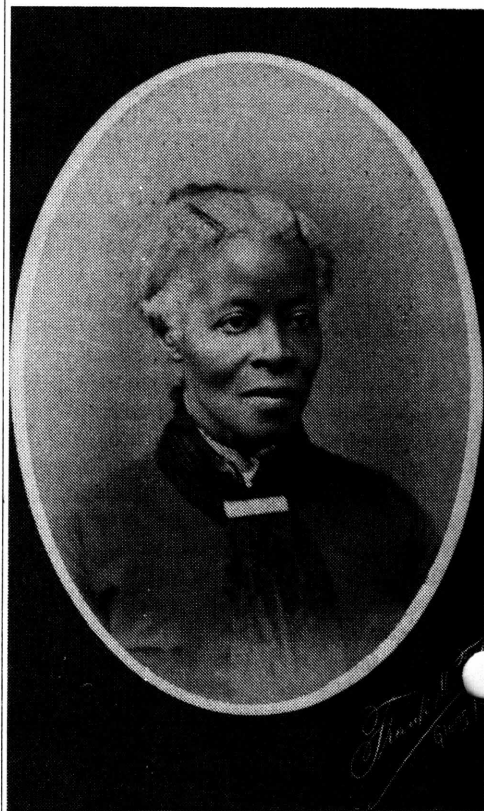
The entries are all made from the first of the year, so we are left to assume she kept notes somewhere else and rewrote them when she got the book. Fred also kept diaries for many years.

Not surprisingly, weather plays a big part in Noyes' life. Each day's entry includes a statement about the weather. They range from the general—Jan. 23, 1878: "It was most dreadful cold"—to the specific—Jan. 13, 1879: "15 below zero," or "It is verry warm, 86 in the shade to day," on July 12, 1879. November 1878 included more than a week of rain. On the first three days, she mentions the clouds, but by the 20th, she simply writes, "Rainy Rainy." She repeats this two-word litany until the 24th, when it turned "plesent, but cold."

Winters also kept Noyes housebound, usually from November to April or May, according to diary entries. In 1878 she didn't get outside until April. The reader can almost feel the joy of the sunshine beating on her head with her entry of April 19: "Very warm and plesent, I went out on the front stoop this AM for the first time and walked awhile." The next day, "very warm and plesant. I went out to the front gate, washed and got the dinner." But it was a false alarm. On the 20th, she was back inside, "Cooler," she writes. "I did not go out at all today, was baking and was tired." The full magnitude of how much the cold and snow affected her life is very clear by the May 2 entry: "Very plesent and warm. I went out today and had my first ride since November and felt real smart." And on the 19th: "It was warm quite warm and I went out to church this AM, was the first time since last November."

The weather could also make her ornery. On May 30 she notes that it's "Decoration Day," and adds, "rainy disagreeable day. I did not go out. I felt real mean. I have not been out to ride this week".

The little bit of emotion that she expresses in the books concerns being tired or "mean."



Courtesy of Richards Library Collection

Another servant, Biddie (Bridget Philben from Ireland), did the wash for the household. At times, it seems she was tough to be around. Entries like "Biddie mean as blazes" or "Biddies just as mean as Jim" and "Biddie washing and about as mean as Cain" show that the washerwoman's moods affected Noyes' day.

Other ordinary entries concern the health of the household members. Several entries spoke of Fred's toothache before the day the tooth was pulled. Mrs. King was ailing a lot during 1879, but she continued the work of keeping house. On May 9, 1878, she writes: "Charlie has the measles at Dartmouth." As for her own health, Noyes mentions she feels "real bad" a few times, but she is generally very healthy. The daily running of the farm and the household is illustrated in the repeated entries. The chores of baking, sewing, ironing, washing and the "work" are split

between Mrs. King, Biddies and Noyes. Outdoor work is done first by Jim and then by Frank and Clarence. "Jim went up home and took his things," she writes on March 16, 1879. And then, March 18, she writes, "Clarence commenced work this AM." At this point Frank is still young. His last day of school was March 21, according to entries.

The range of work includes cutting and packing ice, cutting wood at the back door or on the mountain, killing cattle or pigs, planting corn and potatoes. Jim spends time hauling bark, which may have supplied the tannery. Noyes never says for sure.

Each person of the household was important, and a missing person meant someone else had to chip in and help. During March 1879 the girl who had come to work went home sick. Frank picked up the slack, until someone else was found to take her place. And on March 27: "Frank helped with the work. We did not have any girl, Mrs. King ironing." The next day, she writes: "Frank at work in the house. We had no girl. Mrs. King very tired. She done the ironing this week."

All was not work, though. Church played a big role in Noyes life. She mentions each Sunday whether she or others went to church. The "Reverend MacBeth" either boarded at the house or spent a great deal of time there. His activities and whereabouts are noted regularly. There are times when he holds prayer meeting in the house.

Several different entries mention "sociable" held at different homes. During fine weather Noyes speaks of making calls and having visitors. "Band entertainments" are written about, as are singers at the opera house. Sometimes Noyes said she had gone, sometimes just that the events occurred.

Periodically, Noyes went to "the Falls," but she never went alone: "Samual came down to the Falls with me," she said on July 9, 1878, about a trip into Glens Falls. "Went to the bank and got my interest \$30." The diary shows Noyes collected her interest about four times a year, but never explains how she earned the interest money. Her most elaborate personal entry is about a trip made over the July 4 holiday of 1879. She writes: "We went to a Pic Nic to Sand Point. Went out on the Lake for a sail and went to June Barton's and from there to Dick Bolton's and staid all night."

The next day, she writes, "Still at Bolton's. Went out fishing this forenoon on Brant Lake with Dick and his brother and staid all night. It is a real plesernt place up there."

Noyes' entries assume an understanding of events of the time, but they take research today to figure out. For example, on Jan. 17, 1878, she writes: "Jim went to Ft Edward for printing press. Is the first one over here." A reading of the "History of Warren County," printed in 1885, fills out this entry. *The Warrensburg News* issued its first publication on Jan. 10, 1878. At the time, it was the only newspaper in Warren County outside of Glens Falls. On Nov. 24, 1879, Noyes writes: "Hannah commenced work today at the Shirt Factory." The factory opened that year. As stand-alones, Noyes' entries of June 17 and 20 make no sense: "Boys made 5000 bricks today." Other entries on July 30 and Aug. 1 also mention bricks. Possibly, the bricks were used in building a house mentioned in the Nov. 1 entry. That day, she writes: "Coven and Lary finished brick house today and went home this PM." Other records show that Fred had a brick house built on the property, which still stands today at the corner of King Street and Mountain Avenue.

And like most diaries, romance is mentioned in entries. Repeated visits to Marie by Jim Perse lead to their marriage. Hesden's marriage to Anne E. Cowles of Glens Falls is duly noted on Aug. 20, 1879. "Mrs. King, Fred and myself went down to the wedding," she writes. Mystery enters into the picture when we read on March 3, 1879: "Annie...came home tonight from the Falls married to Edd...married once again to Annie...at the Episcople Church here in town." Noyes goes on to mention the name of those who attended the wedding. Outside records give possible insight into the scorn mentioned by Noyes in the entries. It seems Annie's father was a gambler and Edd was a repected businessman in Glens Falls. Noyes also mentions a child born to Annie in late November, and the child is noted in the 1880 census, but other records state the couple had no descendants.

While Noyes did not leave her mark in any known history books, it is the daily life portrayed through her writings that make her diaries treasures.

Her story is special because it is written. It gives us a chance to stand in her shoes for just a while; shoes that walked on the plank road that ran from Lake George, through Warrensburg to Chester. It takes us back to the time when her new glasses cost \$2, not \$200. We can travel back to when a stage route connected Chester, Warrensburg, Thurman Station and Glens Falls; when a rail line at Thurman Station allowed products to avoid the journey to Glens Falls for export.

Noyes died on Jan. 5, 1881, just a bit more than a year after her last entry of December 1879.

Her grave can be found in the Warrensburg cemetery, on the west side of Hudson Street,

In her diary Grace Noyes did not use punctuation. It has been added in the quoted entries to make reading easier.



*Delbert Chambers
"Thank you Shirley Sherman", Secretary
of Warrensburg Cememtry Assoc.
for assistance in locating the grave*

The Warren County Historical Society

by William Lee Richards, President

The Warren County Historical Society came to life as the indirect result of a series of discussions among a group of acquaintances, all of whom shared a common interest in the history of Queensbury.

It was felt at first that the town of Queensbury was being inadequately represented in historical efforts in the area, and that, furthermore, the studies being conducted by some of the local historical groups were concentrating more and more on the Victorian period and less on those periods both before and after that time.

The natural area of interest of this group was that of north Queensbury since one of the members was directly descended from one of the founding families of the town of Queensbury who had pioneered the northeast corner of the town. These discussions, beginning in May 1997, became more serious in nature and before long, turned to plans for the organization of a study group whose purpose was the updating and upgrading of the history of this section of the town.

It was soon made apparent to the group that the history of the entire town of Queensbury, as well as that of the city of Glens Falls, was being dealt with by local historical societies, as declared in their mission. The focal then began to shift to the county as a whole, so planning began to broaden the scope of the study. During these planning stages, it was discovered that the Warren County Department of Public Works, then directed by Fred Austin, was more than willing to cooperate in a venture involving the study of county history, partially from the standpoint of archival maps and data involved in country infrastructural planning.

It was found, for instance, that the county was in possession of hundreds of glass negatives from pictures taken of work being performed in the county. These negatives dated from the earliest years of the twentieth century and showed work being performed in the construction of highways, dams, flood control and other state and county initiated projects. In addition to these sources, the county

was willing to reproduce any of the thousands of maps in its possession, some dating to the first quarter of the 19th century. This seemed to be a unique approach to county history through the study of the development of its highways and the development of the town boundaries within the county itself. It was quickly realized by the researchers of this vast resource that there was too much material for a quick search and the project was temporarily set aside.

Partly as the result of these and other resource discoveries (the archives of the Chapman Museum together with their large collection of county and local photographs as well as their superb collection of S. R. Stoddard material, and the availability of the marvelously organized records and archives of the county itself), the emphasis of the nascent group was broadened to cover the county as a whole.

It was at this point that discussions began concerning the development of the Warren County Historical Society. Warren County is one of only six counties in the State of New York (out of a total of 62 counties) that does not have (and never has had) its own historical society. Investigation, with the help of the New York State historian's office and the state archives indicated that there had never been a Warren County historic society, nor had there ever been an attempt to found one. The county being over 180 years old at this time, it was felt that it was time to found one.

The first informal meeting was held in early June of 1997 and the immediate question was how to excite the interest of the eleven towns in the county and their individual historians and historical societies in this project. It was decided that a letter of explanation of the goals and aims of the new society and an invitation to join in this effort be sent to the historians, or historical society presidents, of the eleven towns in the county. This was done immediately.

The next step was to establish a constitution, by-laws and collections management policy, and to bring the process of filing for a provisional charter from the State Education Department. Step two was to begin a search for a suitable building for use as a headquarters. By the time this goes to press, the Warren County Historical Society will have, we hope, news from the owners of an eminently suitable building that we would like to use as a headquarters. Shortly after that, the Society expects to receive its charter as a New York State educational corporation.

In addition, the Society has been working for several months to obtain a "resolution of support" from the Warren County Board of Supervisors and we hope to receive that shortly.

There has been some resistance to the concept of a county society, and there has been no little suspicion that the county historical society will operate to the detriment of the individual town groups. The Warren County Historical Society is not planning to compete with other societies for money, artifacts, archival data or public interest. If anything, we feel the opposite. One aim of the Society is to act as a central point for the use of those interested in the care of their own artifacts and their storage. These items might become part of the planned "Town of the Month" display, featuring a rotating exhibition to be set up at the Warren County Society headquarters for a period of one month (displays would be changed six times yearly with one month between changed to allow for construction of the next display). Suggested programs included mutually advantageous town/county efforts in the areas of education, display, archival data collection and sharing, and a centrally located information service for out of area guests. It was suggested that a large, easily read "you are here" map be displayed at headquarters for visitors to be shown the best routes to take within the county to historical sites.

It is interesting to note that, as the New York State Historical Society which was founded in Caldwell in 1898 grew resistance by individual towns and groups was present. Now located in Cooperstown, it has just completed a five million dollar expansion program to the detriment of no one and to the help of everyone.

We feel we have come a long way in our six months. Our contacts with other societies has been fruitful and exciting. When we open our new "home", we hope to see the members and friends of all the historical societies with the county at our first get-acquainted festival, (after we sweep the floor, wash the windows, "freshen up", and get some furniture).

Rules for Nineteenth Century Gracious Living

by Jean Hadden

In our twentieth century, most of us learned etiquette and good manners from our parents. We keep our elbows off the dinner table and get on quite well in these modern times. A hundred or more years ago there seemed to be a lack of dining rules for bunkhouse cowboys and big families living on the farm and an over abundance of stuffy do and don't for fashionable society. It must have been really hard for a lad who grew up on the farm to find himself one day having high tea in an aristocratic Boston home.

A fine old book, entitled, "The Family, The Farm and Gardens and the Domestic Animals," by Willis W. Sittser, published in 1859, laid in an attic of a house in the Green Mansions area of Warrensburgh for many years, until I bought it at a garage sale. Reading an interesting chapter devoted to the art of nineteenth century cooking and table manners, was like getting a peek into an amazing new world.

Domestic rules were, "Do every thing in its proper time. Keep every thing to its proper use. Put every thing in its proper place."

Advise was to buy prime provisions - "Don't be as those bargain-hunters who trot around, around, around about a market till they are trapped to buy some unchewable old poultry, tough tup-mutton, stringy cow-beef, or stale fish, at a very little less than the price of prime and proper food and than toddle home in triumph, cackling like a goose that has got ancle (sp)- deep into good luck."

Low neck dresses, short sleeves, laces, rich silks, flounces and jewelry were in decidedly bad taste and were considered vulgar at the breakfast table. "Cup plates" were out of date and coffee or tea was to be drank only from the cup and not from the saucer. When you did drink from the cup you were to always remember to take the spoon out first. The milk and sugar must always be put in the cup first and the coffee poured in last. A lady must not bend to the new fashion of using brown sugar in coffee because it injured its delicate purity. Pies should no longer ever be eaten at

breakfast because the new style was to have fruit on the breakfast sideboard.

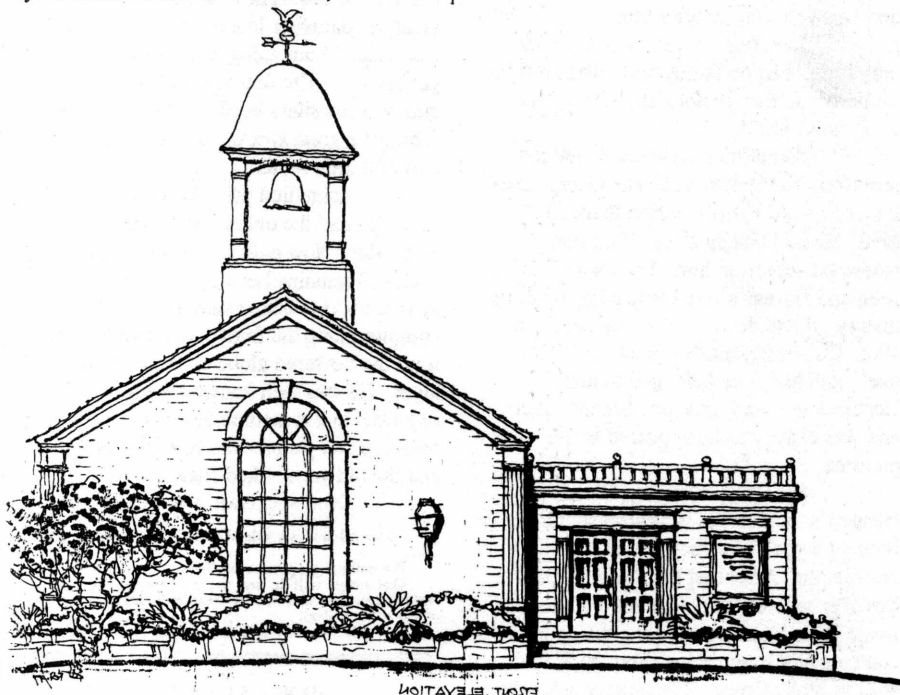
At dinner one must not confuse their handkerchief with their linen napkin as one is for the nose and one is for the mouth. "Habits of eating are important, and no little straw shows more plainly which way the wind blows, than this shows one's acquaintance or want of acquaintance with society."

The lady of the house distributes the soup. It is considered vulgar to ask for a second helping. The lady should never rise from her chair to fetch anything because in all refined homes her standing up means the meal is over and everyone at table is obliged to stop eating. Either the servants or the daughters of the home should take turns doing her errands for her.

"Do not eat in desperate haste, as if you had not time to attend to the wants of the body God gave you - nor eat your food in immense mouthfuls,

swallowing it without proper mastication." Do not lean your arms or elbows on the table. Butter is never put on bread that is to be eaten with meat. It just isn't done! Carry your food to your mouth instead of your mouth to the food. Be careful to eat very little french mustard as it is believed that ingesting too much can bring on insanity.

"Do not take salt upon your knife and make a great clattering by striking on it with your fork that you may scatter it all over your food at once. Use the salt spoon to take salt from your salt dish and put some on your plate. Than salt each mouthful as you eat it, either by touching it to the salt, or by touching your fork to the salt, and thus seasoning your food. Use your finger bowl, which is half full of warm water with a slice of lemon. This always sits beside the dessert plate. Wipe your hands on your napkin, not on your handkerchief or your pants. Make witty conversation and enjoy your meal!"



*Architecture of a Small Town
Delbert Chambers*

This is a conceptual sketch of the new *First Baptist Church*, as conceived by Dr. Robt. Bennett of Church Consulting Associates.. Pastor Allan Reeves reports the construction is well under way and completion is expected in March, 1998. Gallup Bros. of Athol are general contractors. I am told that the structural design will not allow for the weight of the bell. Instead, it will be displayed at

ground level. Stone from the original foundation will be used in the landscaping.

The artist's rendering shows clapboard look siding, a keyed arched window and the roof balustrade indicative of Colonial Revival styling. While the doorsurround and corner pilasters reflect Greek Revival styling. I expect the building will be a lovely enhancement to Main Street.

Honest John Sullivan
continued from page one

I recall one time seeing a Salem and Boston rocker, plank seat chairs, an early pine cupboard with small panes of glass in the upper door and original stencil decorations, one and two drawer cherry stands and a fine birdseye maple clock with wooden works. At that time the clock could bring \$65, now it would be worth well over \$1000. Also weathervanes dotted the store and at one time, a cigar store indian.

The tourists loved poking around John's shop, and liked taking pictures of him. John liked it. He was quite a character study and showed me a picture they took of him with a bandanna around his head to look like a pirate. The young women and girls liked him too and made quite a fuss over him, and listened to his tales of old times. They took pictures and all gave him a big hug. When they were gone, John discovered his wallet was gone. He always carried a large amount of money, and was very careful after that.

John had a nice business, spent very little, had no family and owned a little property, so though not rich, always had a good cash reserve.

Sometimes notables visited his shop from the Bolton and Lake George area. I met Edward Everitt Horton there one time. He had bought a fine Victorian rosewood sofa from him. I had sold it to John and Horton wanted to ask me about its history. It had descended in the family of Wm. Cullen Bryant, the great writer and poet, and had once belonged to him. Horton was a very gracious friendly man and was exactly as he appeared in his pictures.

Speaking of history, Floyd Bennett's homestead in Warrensburg. It brought a good price because of its association. After that the dealers would discover several every year for a while. Some years later I was buying the antique contents of a summer log cabin on States road in Stony Creek. The elderly lady who was giving up her summer home told me there was one very valuable item, a cradle that had belonged to famous Floyd Bennett. I was about to laugh, and tell her the story but decided not to, and was able to buy her nice collection of antiques, which I may not have been able to if I had ridiculed her cradle.

John sold most of his furniture in as-found condition. If it had old paint you

had to sell it cheaper. The paint had to be removed, as at that time people in New York State wanted the patina of the fine old wood, not grungy paint. I can still see John carefully removing the original black paint from a fine old braceback Tracy-Windsor chair out in the sun in the little courtyard between the two shops with a piece of broken glass. This fine chair sold for \$65, it too would bring \$1000 today. John grumbled at the price refinishers charge to clean furniture. "Why I can clean a chest of drawers in a half hour", he boasted. He did once, but it was a very easy one with light varnish only and in front of a warm stove. However some pieces could take hours and a very dirty job.

John occasionally visited our house in Stony Creek, sometimes for dinner, once on Thanksgiving. He always brought presents and candy for the children. He liked children and teased and joked with them and told stories. On Thanksgiving he brought three dolls for the girls and a toy gun for the boy. They liked John and our youngest daughter looked up gravely at John and said, "I am going to marry you when I get bigger". The four year old boy broke his gun over his sister's head in a fit of temper. John got a great kick out of this, and often told of it afterwards.

John died when he was around 80 years old and the old building was torn down soon after. Now only the long high stone backwall remains. People who knew John missed his interesting shop and display of antiques along the front and the yellow glow from the flowered globe of his oil lamp at night. He was well known for his honest approach to a sometime devious business and people who like good antiques and the old ways, liked John.

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"Local Dealers Directory"
by Perris (1954)

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Morris Shiffrin, 95 Sanford St. GF
W. R. Gemmill, Ridge Rd. GF
George Curtis, Saratoga Rd., SGF
Jordon and Montena, Saratogag Rd. SGF
John J. Leonard, 18 Main St. HF
Sam Guy, 6 Cherry St., HF
Duane Taylor, 81 John HF
Mrs. Monroe Oppenheim, 111 Broadway, FE (Fort Edward)
Ernest Gould, 10 Eddy St., FE
Mrs. Wallace F. MacNaughton, 222 Broadway, FE
Mrs. H. Bennett, 227 Broadway, FE
Frank Doerhoefer, Moreau Rd., FE
Garner an Bess Gwinup, Bay Rd., GF
Mrs. Wallace Pierce, 7 Glenwood Ave., GF
Mrs. St. John, Miller Hill GF
Frances Antique Shop, 27 Main St. W.
John Sullivan, 25 Main St. W.
Mrs. Ballos, 12 Main St., W.
Seville's, 11 Maill Ave., W.
Fred's Red Shed, W.

In Bedlington Churchyard, Durham is to be seen the following:

*"Poems and epitaphs are but stuff-
Here lies Robert Barras, and thats'
enough."*

perris

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