



# WARRENSBURGH HISTORICAL SOCIETY QUARTERLY

VOLUME 3 ISSUE 3 FALL 1998

## *Second Annual Sticky Wicket Event* by Linda Denner

Sunday, August 9, 1998 was a blue skyed balmy summer day. It was also the long awaited "Second Annual Sticky Wicket Picnic and Croquet Tournament", held by the Warrensburch Historical Society.

Pat Terrell, Historical Society Board member, generously donated and prepared, with the help of husband Dennis and daughter LeeAnn Rafferty, 45 pounds of chicken for all to enjoy. President Delbert Chambers manned the grills as the many in attendance savored the plentiful offerings. Everyone brought something to share and the ice table set up to keep all the food cold was abundant with salads, fruit, cheese, watermelon, home-made ice cream, soda and beer. The Warren County Fish Hatchery provided the ideal setting for this event with covered picnic tables, grills, restrooms as well as ample space for our tournament green.

A large group comprised of local residents and vacationing visitors were treated to the old-fashioned picnic, free of charge, in keeping with our best Adirondack traditions. Horseshoe games were set up as well as three sponsored croquet fields for the competitive minded. A modest fee for tournament players separated the amateurs from the observers. For we who prefer shade, cool drinks and enjoyable company, we continued to enjoy the day at rest. Favorite stories were shared by Pearl and Ed Kreinheder, Jean Hadden, and Dorothy Reed. Jane LeCount's little grandson Roger decided his first taste of homemade ice cream was worth the trip.



*Stickey Wicket Croquet Tournament (L-R) Champion Raymond Whalen, Spouse Teresa, President Delbert Chambers.....Warren County Fish Hatchery*

*Photo courtesy of Caron Akeley*

Wandering out on the tournament green, many ladies wore long dresses and straw hats reminiscent of Warrensburch summers generations past. Sandi Parisi, Society Treasurer wore sensible sporting attire hoping to gain a competitive edge by dressing for the game, not the period. Though all were serious in their pursuit of the beautiful "hand-crafted" trophy, only one player carried home the prize. Ray Whalen, with his wife Teresa looking on proudly manipulated the final ball through the last wicket.

Good food, good company and the balmy breeze across the Hudson, filled all present with contentment. Join us next year for the Third Annual Sticky Wicket Picnic and Croquet Tournament. There is something there for everyone. Specific date and details will follow in our upcoming newsletters.

## *Antiquing in Warrensburch Fifty Years Ago* by Ed Kreinheder

Antique shops are a tradition in Warrensburch going back to the beginning of this century. I remember reading in a book about antiques, of a man riding a streetcar on Main Street in town, who saw a fine 18th century tavern table in front of a shop. He got off at the next stop and went back and purchased it, and considered it a great find.

It was a very lucrative business for a few and most full-time operators made a living at it. The tourist business was great in season as it is now. The town was well known as an antique center and dealers and collectors came year round to buy.

*(continued on page 4)*

### ***From the President...***

I want to open my notes by recognizing John Wulfken and his contributions to the Warrensbury Historical Society. John has resigned his seat on our Board of Directors. He has sat on the Board since late 1996, first as our secretary and lastly as our Vice-president, during which time he has also assumed the duties as treasurer when the need arose.

His enthusiasm and support have been a valuable asset to this organization. We expect, and look forward to John's continued participation in this Society.

Next, a thought regarding a regular column "Antique Soup. "Antiques", to most of the folks reading this publication, pretty much refers to the goods that our grandparents considered "used", be it furniture or kitchenware or many of the other things that Caron Akeley tells us about.

Perhaps not unlike today, when our grandparents could afford new, the used stuff was stored in the barn. The other scenario is of those who may have had second homes of "camps" to where the "used" second-hand stuff would go. Caron's column is really telling us about our forefathers; how they lived and perhaps, giving us some insight into who they were. So that in digesting her column, one might better understand who we are today.

### ***Notice***

*The regularly scheduled meeting of the Board of Directors has been changed to the Fourth Thursday of each month. There are exceptions so stay in touch, and remember, the regular monthly meeting of the Board of Directors is open for any of our general membership to attend.*

### ***OOPS!***

*Please note the following corrections to our last newsletter. Ed Kreinheder's article caption should read, Dickenson. Trolley 40, from John Wulfken's article, toppled down near*

*Mosquito falls not Spider falls. Lastly please note that the stone building was the Mixer barn; the Warren house stood in the location presently home to Stewart's Ice Cream store.*

*On the front cover of the Historical Society Quarterly, May 1997 was a picture of Mary E. and A. L. Pasko, described as husband and wife. Mary Eliza Pasko was Alexander's sister. His wife was Cynthia F. Capron of Broadalbin, who is buried beside his in the Warrensbury Cemetery.*

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### ***Board of Directors***

*Delbert D. Chambers, President  
Sandi Parisi, Treasurer  
Linda Denner, Secretary  
Caron L. Akeley  
Jean Hadden  
Kaena Peterson  
Patricia Terrell  
Teresa Whalen*

*Quarterly Editor...Linda Denner*

*New Members  
Betty Sprague  
Phillip Wulfken  
Beecher Harvey  
Terry C. and Margie Keith*

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### ***Special Notice***

Pat Terrell has accepted the Chairmanship of our Nominating Committee. Pat and her committee will be responsible for filling the vacancy of two Directorships on our Board of Directors. If any member of our Society would like to serve on the Nominating Committee or submit their name as a candidate for the Board of Directors, please call Pat at 623-2490.

### ***Calendar of Events***

***October 15, 1998 General Meeting of the Warrensbury Historical Society 7 p.m. at the Richards Library. The program title: Preparing for the Fall in the Adirondacks.... Master gardener, Lainie Angel will be our featured speaker. Refreshments will be served, all are welcome!***

***October 22, 1998 Board Meeting of the Warrensbury Historical Society 7p.m. Glens Falls National Bank, Warrensbury.***

***October 23-25 The Black Crow Network will be hosting a three day seminar entitled, "A Celebration of Adirondack Women II", in Northville, New York. Songs and stories of folk lore will be featured. Contact P.O. Box 158 Rexford, NY, 12148 for pre-registration information.***

***November Board Meeting date to be announced***

***November 1, 1998 Deadline date for the Winter Issue of the WHSQ. Warrensbury Historical Society Quarterly.***

***Mark your Calendars for our Annual Christmas Dinner held this year at the Merrill Magee House***

***Thursday Evening  
December 17, 1998***

***for members and non-members***

***Choice of Entrees***

***More details will follow as the date approaches.***



photograph courtesy of Caron Akeley

### *Antique Soup* by Caron Akeley

#### *Old Garden Tools*

This fall, when you go to put away those faithful old garden tools that every summer you dig out to dig with, you might want to give them an extra good cleaning and oiling just out of respect for how long they've been around.

Chances are, that trowel you reach for every year to plant the annuals in the flower boxes...you know, the one with the traces of green paint still on the handle...has been handed down from previous generations. That claw-like thing with the short wood handle, that comes in so handy for cultivating around plants and getting that weed out of the broccoli patch, probably belonged to your, or someone else's, great-grandmother.

Speaking of great-grandmothers, in Victorian times, ladies had to dress a certain way to "garden" as they did for everything else. A long, to the ground, washable cotton skirt, a large straw hat to protect the complexion and kid gloves were appropriate attire for planting those radishes. You may

have swooned from the heat, but at least it kept down the mosquito bites!

Many garden tools, including those "push" lawn mowers, came in smaller, lighter versions specifically for ladies to use. Sometimes they were decorated with pictures of flowers or something else "pretty". By the 1870's, nearly every home had a mower and sported a neatly trimmed lawn. Before that, lawns were roughly cut using a steel scythe...a very labor intensive activity.

A variety of rakes and hoes and shovels from the last century can still be found either in the back of grandpa's garage or at the local flea market. Given the most basic care, these tools never seem to wear out and still get the job done. The Victorians, always up for something new and exciting, were busy designing garden tools for very specific uses. Pruning shears and budding knives, strawberry forks, iron, steel and wooden rakes, hoes for onions and hoes for carrots and hoes for flower beds, all filled a niche. Short, fat trowels and long, thin trowels, several different kinds of grass clippers and forms of watering cans, were all considered necessities for the care of one's garden. When you think about all the various kinds of eating utensils they used, each for a specific food, it's not surprising they approached the care of gardens in the same manner.

### *Pat's Column*

In late January or February 1934, the ice was the right thickness to be harvested on Echo Lake, "Bond's Pond".

Guy W. Baker, a boy of 14, lived "under the hill" by Howard Hull's Century Dairy and tagged along with the men, horses, saws, etc., to see the action. A team of horses pulled the large, circle saw that made the initial cut, the men then sawed by hand with ice saws through the remaining ice. When the blocks floated-a single horse with men guiding pulled the blocks up on shore to be loaded on wagons and transferred to the "icehouse".

Several men worked on the harvest; among them were two Warrensburgh brothers, Gilford and

Algie Kenyon, the latter being known as Shine. Shine came by his nickname as I am told, because no matter when you saw him his face shone like a new penny!

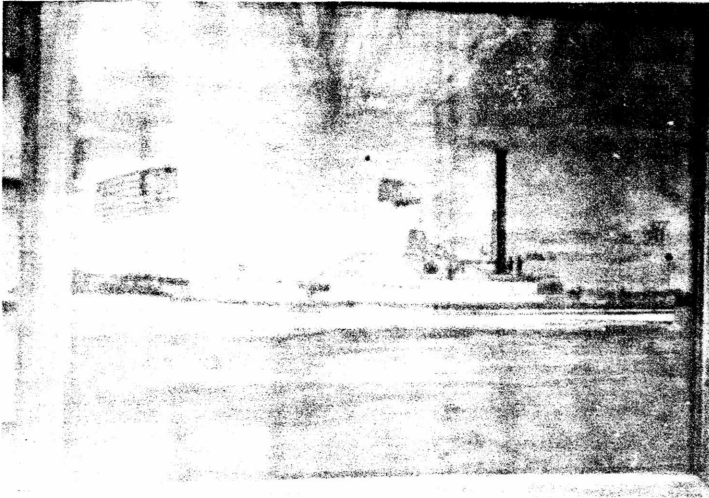
At one point during the 1934 harvest the team fell through the ice, as it was not as thick as anticipated. Quite a scramble ensued, the horses got out of the freezing cold water with much help and strength. Shine Kenyon and Guy Baker rode the horses, bare back, wet and freezing returning to the barn where they were kept warm and wiped down till they were out of danger.

The ice was stacked with layers of sawdust for insulation in an ice house at the head of Echo Lake about where the Schiappa property is today.

Gilford and Algie Kenyon worked many years at the Century Dairy. Guilford delivered milk and Algie delivered ice to all the homes and businesses in the area. They were from a family of six and have all gone to their final rest. A brother-in-law to the boys, Rufus Baker was for many years a teamster at the dairy. Guy Baker is still living locally and is this writers brother-in-law.



Hull Milk Bottle Courtesy of  
Pat Terrell



*Watercolor of the Steamboat Indiana  
courtesy of Ed Kreinheder*

*(continued from page 1)*

My wife Pearl and I began buying antiques here in 1941. In 1947 we opened an antique shop in the building now used as a showroom by Warren Auto. It was then owned by Jim Hastings and he also owned the large garage next door now used by the Ford agency.

Our first important purchase for the shop was an American grandfather clock. A local bartender owned it and said it had been in his late wife's family for 150 years. Without any high expectations, I visited his home in Hudson Falls, a very modest place, and there I saw the finest tall case clock I had seen up to that time. It turned out to be a Mathew Egerton case of the 1790-1800 period, a New Jersey cabinet maker considered to be one of the finest cabinet maker of the period. Egerton was noted for his work in the Hepplewhite style. It had a tall slender case of the finest fancy veneers and inlay work, in original finish and condition. The face was a hand-painted metal dial, brass eight day movement and three brass ball and spiral finials. The asking price was \$200, which I readily paid. Not a cheap price then, as it took me a couple of years before I could retail it for \$300. About thirty years later, it

came on the market again to be sold at auction. I thought I would like to own it again and resolved to go as high as \$3000...however, it brought \$6000 to a dealer. Today it would be worth from ten to twelve thousand dollars. Good antiques were a splendid investment due to the escalating inflation and the now scarcity and popularity of fine antiques.

At the time of the clock purchase, I also bought a four volume set of "The Families of the Hudson and Mohawk Valley", for \$35 which proved to be a valuable tool for research on many future purchases. It contained the history of the family that had owned the clock.

In the ensuing months we found many items of equal interest and value including a large James Bard watercolor of the Steamboat Indiana. It then sold for \$100; today paintings by the Bard brothers bring tens of thousands of dollars. Additionally I found a very fine early 18th century tavern table, which would sell today for about \$2000, but at that time sold for less than \$100.

In the meantime my wife Pearl covered the roads and small towns from Sacandaga to North Creek, and found a great many fine items in Vistorian glass and lamps. Every old house had something, and people were willing to sell.



*Mathew Egerton American  
Grandfather Clock  
courtesy Ed Kreinheder*

It was an interesting adventure, but lots of hard work. All painted furniture had to be stripped and refinished then although antiques were well in plentiful supply. Items at a high price were slow to sell, and we found it necessary finally to engage in other work to keep our growing family in food and clothes. I became a carpenter and small time builder-contractor. There was plenty of work, in that field, in the Lake George area at that time.

We continued, however, in the antique business and eventually besides our shop, ran a full page ad in an antique magazine every month. We shipped all over the country. In 1960 we returned to the antique business full-time. We have had an antique shop in Warrensburgh, year round, for the past 35 years. We have prospered to a small extent and had a very interesting occupation.

**Floyd Bennett**  
**The Untold True Story**  
 by Jean Hadden

Countless heroic tales of drama and adventure have been told and retold over the years about our illustrious local hero, Floyd Bennett, who stirred the hearts of the nation before his untimely death seventy years ago. Although he well deserves the honor and praise he has received, he was not at all like the swashbuckling character historians try to make him out to be. Floyd was a scant five feet, eight inches tall with a slight build. In 1953 columnist Agnes Gilligan wrote about him, "He never talked much and seemed interested in nothing but motors and automobile engines. People who tried to strike up a conversation with him could get him to comment on nothing but the weather. Sometimes he refused to talk about that." The poverty, hardship and neglect he suffered as a child must surely have shaped his life long personality.

Floyd was born October 25, 1890, on Truesdale Hill, at the home of his grandparents, John W. and Alzina Marie Baker Patrick. He was the third child of Hannah "Henrietta" Harrington Patrick who married Wallace Bennett, 38, on January 3, 1888. Her oldest child, born in 1876, was Ben T. Patrick who, although he only had one arm, went on to become a well respected house painter in Warrensburgh. Next came LeRoy Bennett, born December 17, 1888, who grew up and went to school with his younger brother. Floyd and "Roy" along with 34 others, were listed in 1899 as being pupils of Miss Frances May Mickey in School District No. 1, Caldwell (Lake George).

The two younger children were Effie Mae Bennett, born some time between 1893 and 1895, and Herman (also called Harmom) Bennett, born around 1896. Henrietta and Wallace were well known for their stormy relationship. Legend has it that when they started arguing at their home on Truesdale hill, they could be heard across the valley over on Harrington Hill.

The family was finally forced



*Official Navy photograph of Floyd Bennett courtesy of the Richards Library*

to split up because of "adverse conditions" and Henrietta, 43, and four children, on February 16, 1901 were admitted to the Warren County Home, known locally at that time as "The Poor House". County Home records say that Effie Mae should be "placed in an institution as soon as possible". "Wall" Bennett was admitted to the County Home on April 23, 1901 with a broken leg.

In 1905 LeRoy is listed as a laborer on the farm of James and Jane Colvin on Harrington Hill. That same year Floyd is listed as living on Harrington Hill with his uncle and aunt, (James) Warren and Mary Elizabeth Bennett Stanton. A photograph of this rustic old house has been reproduced on scores of souvenir postcards over the years.

When Floyd became a teenager, he grew tired of living upon the side of the mountain and he convinced his uncle and aunt to move to town. They lived for many years in Warrensburgh at 6 Fourth Avenue, in the house where Sheriff Baker and his daughter Mrs. Ashsah Richardson later resided.

In 1907 Floyd left home to work in a lumber camp to earn money for studying at an automobile

engineering school. He completed a six month course in mechanics in just two months and went to work at The People's Garage at Ticonderoga and later Dick Bolton's garage at Hague. He had an auto repair and taxi business at Plattsburgh.

When he was in Ticonderoga he met Cora Orkins and they were married in Virginia on February 9, 1917. Floyd was her second husband. He enlisted in the Navy on December 15, 1917 in Burlington, Vermont and was placed in the new Naval Aviation Wing.

Herman Bennett was one of the children that went to the County Home in 1901. He was placed up for adoption by the Children's Aid Society of New York and was unofficially adopted by E.D. Foree, Attorney, of Rockwell, Texas. Herman died April 4, 1918 of pneumonia while in training at Fort Sill.

Floyd received aviation training at Bay Shore, Long Island and at Pensacola, Florida. In 1920 he was assigned catapult testing aboard the USS Richmond, the Navy's first aircraft carrier.

Floyd's aunt, Mary Stanton had been ill for a long time with a host of illnesses. She died at her home on Fourth Avenue on February 21, 1921 and the funeral was held at the Warrensburgh

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Baptist Church. About the same time as the funeral was going on, her brother, Wallace Bennett, 61, dropped dead at Norfolk, Virginia, where he was employed delivering telegrams. He was known as "the oldest messenger boy in America". Neither brother nor sister knew that the other had died. As soon as Mary was decently buried, her husband, Warren Stanton lost no time in packing his belongings and moving back up to the old homestead on Harrington Hill.

On December 14, 1922 Effie Mae Bennett married Frank Russell of Lake George. In 1932 she was listed as living in Johnsbury. LeRoy Bennett served overseas with the U.S. Army during World War I. He married Letha Decker and they resided in Hague. Their six children are Jean Bennett, Lucille Macomber, Lura Hunter, Betty Lou Hardy, Joyce Denno, and LeRoy Bennett Jr. He died in 1966.

In 1925 Floyd accompanied Admiral Richard Evelyn Byrd to Greenland where he acted as his mechanic and pilot. Byrd was himself a fully qualified aviator, but he had sustained leg injuries playing sports while at the Naval Academy. On May 29, 1926 they flew over the North Pole in a three-motored plane known as the Josephine Ford. Floyd remained at the controls for fifteen and a half hours while Byrd navigated the ship. It was the first time that men had ever actually flown over the top of the world. There is controversy today about whether they actually made it over the pole or not but we have no reason to believe they didn't. Congress awarded Floyd the Congressional Medal of Honor and on February 25, 1927 it was personally given to him by President Calvin Coolidge. He was also honored by the National Geographic Society.

On July 16, 1926 Floyd returned home to Warrensburgh as a hero. These were his short-lived days of glory. Festive ceremonies were given in his honor which included a banquet at the Adirondack Hotel (Colonial Arms) followed by another one in Lake George. A parade was organized and he was driven through

convertable, wearing his dazzling white uniform, with his mother at his side. People sat on High Rock, across from the Judd Bridge and cheered as their hero passed on the road below. Poor boy Floyd Bennett had indeed come a long way.

Floyd was advanced to Warrent Machinist in the Navy. He intended to fly Byrd's plane, America, across the Atlantic in 1927. The plane crashed during a trial flight and he received injuries that confined him to a hospital bed for months. He was far from well when he started making plans to accompany Byrd on an expedition to the South Pole.

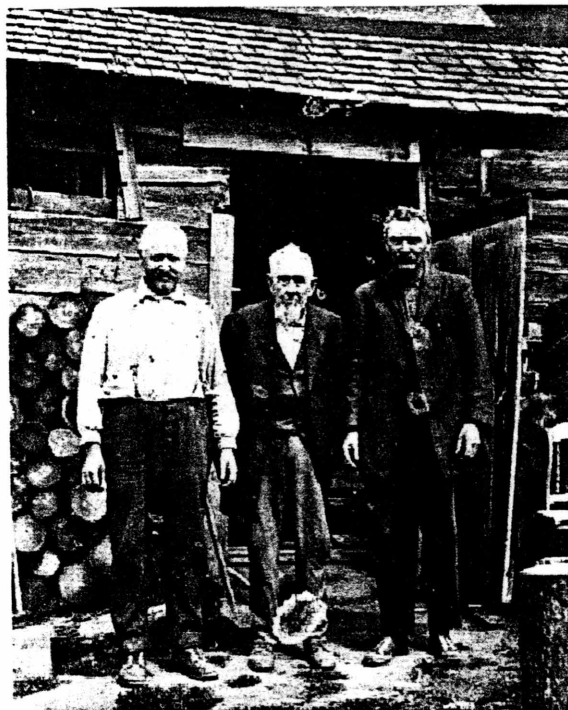
He held the country spellbound as he rushed from his Detroit hospital bed to the aid of German-Irish fliers that were stranded after they were forced to land on lonely Greenly Island in the North Atlantic near Labrador. He was accompanied by flyer Brent Balchen. Landing on Lake St. Agnes, he was too ill to continue and was sent to a Quebec hospital in another plane.

It was discovered that he had double pneumonia and it was felt by doctors that an antibody serum

prepared by the Rockefeller Foundation might save him. Col. Charles A. Lindbergh managed to get the serum and flew over Lake George on his way from New York to the Plains of Abraham at Quebec's door, in three hours and forty five minutes. When he arrived with the life-saving medicine it was discovered that Floyd was dying of "type 3" pneumonia which was a type not covered by the serum brought so far by Lindbergh. Admiral Byrd was at Floyd's bedside when he died on April 25, 1928, and walked behind his coffin as it was drawn on a gun carriage through the streets of Quebec on the way to the station. Floyd was thirty-seven years old.

Floyd Bennett, the poor boy from Warrensburgh who had come so far, was buried in Arlington National Cemetery with full honors. The nation wept!

Henrietta Bennett attempted to attend Floyd's funeral in Arlington, Virginia, but was too ill to leave the train with Cora when they reached Washington. When she reached Union Station in Albany, on her way home, she was met by her faithful son, Ben T. Patrick and was provided with an escort of motorcycle police that returned her to her home in the Virgin Hollow section ( now Sewell Street) of Lake George.



*This photograph shows James Warren Stanton, center, in front of his old home on Harrington Hill, to his left is Frank House, with Eugene Mosher to the right. Collection of Jean Hadden*

*(Continued from previous page)*

Henrietta continued to live in Lake George until her stomach cancer would allow her to live alone no longer. She moved into Ben's comfortable home at 13 Mountain Avenue in Warrensburgh. On Memorial Day, 1931 she managed to unveil the tablet on the Floyd Bennett memorial flag pole base in the new park in his honor. Paul Gurney designed the bandstand. Henrietta died October 24, 1931. The next day would have been Floyd's 41st birthday. Ben died in 1956 and is buried beside his mother on the new side of the Warrensburgh Cemetery, faithful in death as he was faithful in life.

The childhood home of Floyd Bennett was believed to have been built before 1835 and a hundred years later it was owned by Gene Mosher. He exchanged it for a piece of property in Hamilton County with a Mrs. Pasco from Hudson Falls. She hadn't moved in yet when, on March 18, 1935, Caretaker Robert Fuller filled the woodstove and went out to work in the barn. When he came back he discovered the roof to be on fire. He was unable to save Mrs. Pasco's furniture. By 11:30 a.m., the best known landmark in Warren County was gone forever.

Flyers were not considered to be good insurance risks so, after Floyd's death, Cora was left nearly destitute. She moved to Brooklyn where she got a job selling, of all things, insurance. She married Arthur Hoffman, a music publisher's agent and wrote a book about Floyd's life. To promote it she took flying lessons. In 1942 she was on hand when the destroyer Bennett was launched in Boston.

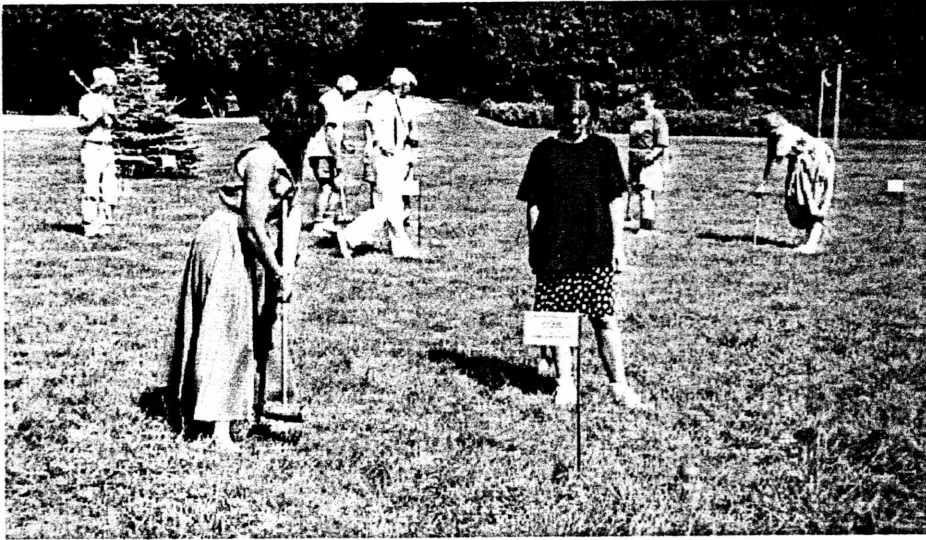
She died March 1, 1962 and is buried in Nassau Knolls Cemetery, in Port Washington, Long Island. She would be pleased to know, I'm sure, that now, seventy years after Floyd Bennett's death, plans have been made to name an airport in Glens Falls after him. He is truly gone on yet another great adventure, and will not be forgotten.



*On June 11, Lecturer Virginia Myers treated the Warrensburgh Historical Society to her wonderful program "Herbs in Colonial America" The program was attended by members and non-members at the Richards Library*



*Following the lecture on June 11th all in attendance enjoy Strawberry Shortcake prepared by Board Member Pat Terrell. From left to right, Recording Secretary Linda Denner, Marie Borth, Jane LeCount, Pat Terrell, and Caron Akeley.*



*August 9, 1998 the Second Annual Historical Society's Sticky Wicket Picnic and Croquet Tournament. Players include Teresa Whalen, Sandi and Steve Parisi, Society President Delbert Chambers, Caron Akeley and numerous guests. The wicket flags denote our generous sponsors.  
Photograph courtesy of Ray Whalen*

***The Warrensburgh  
Historical Society***

*proudly calls your attention to  
our 1998 Sticky Wicket sponsors.*

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Commerce  
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Society by patronizing these  
businesses and saying  
"Thank You"  
to the organizations and  
individuals that made our  
event such a great success.*

**We Invite You All to Submit  
Stories, Photographs, and  
Remembrances  
for Inclusion in our Upcoming  
Issues of the  
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