



Warrensburg Historical Society Quarterly

Volume 10 Issue 2

Summer 2005

CLASS OF 1955

Joan Bennett Abel
remembers her days at WCS.

What I remember most about the 23 kids in the class of 1955 was that everyone liked each other. We had an awful lot of fun and everybody worked together on any project. There weren't any big blow ups, it simply was a bunch of kids who enjoyed hanging out together. Maybe that's one of the pluses of a small class.

Sadly three of us are no longer living. Linda Stone was a good friend and fellow cheerleader. We ran together in friendly competition for the first "Miss Basketball Sweet Heart." We had a pajama party and made our posters together. We got in trouble because we decided to put on lipstick and kiss the posters, saying "You want some kisses, Root for the Junior Misses." Coach Khoury got very upset and we had to take the posters down. We were handing out Hershey kisses. And they did get more attention. Linda won with me as runner up.

Sheila Reynolds was another great friend and fellow cheerleader. We got into a lot of fun with each other. She was always one of the first to help on



FLOYD AND THE USS BENNETT

By Steve Parisi

Not one Warrensburg resident at a recent meeting was aware that a World War II destroyer was named for Floyd Bennett, Warrensburg's famous aviator. That includes this writer.

Through the efforts of a Bolton resident, David McComb, officers and crew of the USS Bennett held their annual reunion in Lake George and Warrensburg in late May. Mr. McComb, a World War II marine historian, and Don Sheridan, engineering officer from the Bennett did a presentation to local residents, complete with slides and a four-foot long model of the ship.

On April 16, 1942, four months after the United States declared war on the Axis powers, the USS Bennett was launched at the Boston Navy Yard. Just under a year later she was commissioned, the 39th ship of the 2100-ton Fletcher class destroyer. The Bennett was deployed to the Pacific where she spent several months patrolling the waters off Hawaii. Later deployed to the Solomon Islands, she supported landings at Bougainville and Green Island and bombardments of Kavieng and Rabaul, before heading

north for the invasions of Saipan, Guam, Palau, Iwo Jima and Okinawa.

On April 7, 1945 the Bennett was crashed into by a Japanese kamikaze, or suicide bomber, killing seven men and wounding 14. The ship suffered damage to its forward engine room and lost all electrical power. Following the surrender of Japan in August 1945 the ship, now repaired, served as part of Operation "Magic Carpet," transporting returning servicemen back home. Although it was decommissioned in 1946 and "mothballed" for awhile, the USS Bennett's service had not ended. She was sold to Brazil in 1959, where she entered service as the *Paraibo* until being scrapped in 1978.

On May 24th crew members assembled at Warrensburg's Town Hall for a brief welcome by Supervisor Jerry Quintal. At that time they presented to the Warrensburg Museum a 4' x 6' map showing the Bennett's routes from Boston to the Pacific and all of its deployments. A moment of silence was observed by all present in memory of their fallen brothers.

The Warrensburg part of the reunion

Continued on page 3

In This Issue:

Class of 1955	1
The USS Bennett	1
Society Page & Upcoming Events	2
Songs & Happenings of 1955	3
Where Are They Now? - David Harpp	4
Fond Memories	4
Other Historical Societies	5
Golf, John S. Hall & Genealogy	5
Caring for Your Antiques	6
Artifacts Night	7
Country Doctor, Then and Now	8

Continued on page 3

President's Letter

Dear Members and Friends,
What a pleasure and relief to see the Quarterly back up to its usual size. There are plenty of stories to tell about Warrensburg – we just need you to write them down.

As we do every year, this issue features articles about Warrensburg Central School's 50th year alumni class. Reminisce with us about life in Warrensburg before the Northway, universal color TV, cell phones and desktops. (If you attended WCS we encourage you to attend the Alumni Banquet at Echo Lake Lodge on August 20th.)

What a spring it has been for your Historical Society! You'll read about Artifacts Night, the USS Bennett and Dr. Way elsewhere in this Quarterly but I just want to say here how gratifying was the high attendance for all three events. Interest in our historical roots is high.

In the "Better Late Than Never" department, at its April meeting, your board of directors elected its officers for this year. Rosemary Maher was elected as secretary, replacing Missy Morgan. Incumbents John Hastings, vice president, Jackie Leonbruno, treasurer, and myself, president, were reelected.

Looking forward to summer, our next event will be the 10th Annual Sticky Wicket, on Sunday, August 14. This is our major fundraiser that has received the generous support of Warrensburg's business community. Its croquet tournament and free picnic are great fun. You won't want to miss it! Work on the Museum is progressing, both on the building and cataloging the collection. The Town's crew is doing a fabulous renovation job, for which we are very grateful, both to the workers and to the Town Board for their support. We are planning to reopen the Museum in 2006.

I wish you all a pleasant and prosperous summer, with lots of historical explorations!

Steve

Contributors to this issue:

Joan Bennett Abel
Frank Bennett
David McComb
Roscoe Hastings
Rosemary Maher
Steve Parisi

Sandi Parisi, Quarterly Editor

We welcome comments, corrections, articles, pictures, reminiscences, and letters to the editor. Send to :

Warrensburgh Historical Society
c/o Sandi Parisi
115 Hickory Hill Rd,
Warrensburg, NY 12885
or parisibb@netheaven.com

*The next Quarterly Deadline is
September 1st*

New Members

Mr. & Mrs. Edwin Hunter
Laurel Juckett
Marion VanBuren

Museum Note

During July we plan on moving the entire collection to the new storage area on the top floor and will need "able bodied" help for that. Call Steve at 623-2207 to volunteer.

Warrensburgh Historical Society Quarterly
Copyright 2005. All rights reserved

Board of Directors

Steve Parisi- President
John Hastings – Vice President
Jackie Leonbruno - Treasurer
Rosemary Maher - Secretary
Rita Ferraro
Jean Hadden
Marilyn Hayes
Melissa Morgan

The Board of Directors meets at the Senior Center, 3847 Main Street, at 7 PM on the second Tuesday of each month. Society members welcome. Call Steve to confirm at 623-2207.

COMING EVENTS

August 14 (Sun.) - 11-4 **Sticky Wicket**, Fish Hatchery. See page 8.

Warren County Historical Society upcoming events:

July 20th (Wed.) – 7:00 PM at Adirondack Community College **Local Pre-History of the Native Americans** with Dr. David Starbuck, Archeology Professor.

September 8th (Thurs.) – **French Indian War Commemoration.** A quiet ceremony in honor of the day with a wreath laying and a short speech to honor the occasion.

September 16-18 (Fri.-Sun.) – **A major reenactment in the Lake George Battlefield and at the site of the Bloody Morning Scout.** There will be a rededication of both the Johnson-Hendrick Memorial and the Indian Fountain.

Membership Information

Individual	\$12.00	Student	\$ 8.00
Family	\$25.00	Senior (62+)	\$ 8.00
Contributing	\$ 50.00	Business**	\$ 50.00
Institutional	\$100.00	Life*	\$250.00

*Individual Only

**Revised business rate includes Sticket Wicket Sponsorship

Membership is on a calendar year basis.

If you would like to join and receive the Quarterly by mail, please send check for the amount of the membership classification, with name, address and phone number to:

Warrensburgh Historical Society, PO Box 441, Warrensburg, NY 12885.

NOTICE

The recording of history is an interpretive and ever changing study. Therefore, the Warrensburgh Historical Society or its Board of Directors or members shall not be held liable for the accuracy or authenticity of the material herein. We welcome and encourage corrections, comments and additional information.



WWII Shipmates of the USS Bennett assemble for their reunion in Warrensburg's Town Hall on May 24th. Photo from David McComb's website www.domeisland.com

USS Bennett con't. from page 1

was capped with a luncheon at the Merrill Magee House. As Lake Luzerne Supervisor Larry Bennett, a direct descendant of Floyd Bennett, was speaking of his family and its famous son, in swept an energetic young man clad in a sheepskin lined leather flying outfit, helmet and goggles, breathless and claiming to have landed his trimotor in a nearby cornfield. "Floyd Bennett," portrayed by our own Don Hazlett, gave these members of "the greatest generation" a fitting finale to "one of the best reunions" they ever had.

any project and a good friend to all. I



Floyd (Don Hazlett) showing David Emerling and Montana Alger how his plane took off.

don't think  Sheila ever met

Class of 1955 con't. from page 1

anyone she didn't like.

Clarence Tennyson was loved by all. He was very smart and sort of quiet with a dry sense of humor. Even though Clarence lost his Mom and had a lot of responsibilities, he learned how to cook and bake and would bake something for every sale we had and bicycle into town from Route 28 to work on class projects.

I believe Arlene Black and Sue Anne McClosky and I were the only three members that still lived in town. Different class members would stop in and see me when they were in town visiting, back when I still had my store. It was like old home week.

Editors Note: Joan, who operated Second Time Around in Warrensburg for many years now lives in Arizona.

Some of the songs of 1955:

The top hits of the year were "Rock Around the Clock" by Bill Haley and the Comets, "The Yellow Rose of Texas" by Mitch Miller, "Love Is a Many Splendid Thing" by the Four Aces, "Autumn Leaves" by Roger Williams, and "16 Tons" by Tennessee Ernie Ford. Other songs that made the charts were:

Melody of Love, Earth Angel, Open Up Your Heart (and Let the Sun Shine In), Sincerely, Ballad of Davy Crockett, Cherry Pink and Apple Blossom White, Day-O (Banana Boat Song), Blue Suede Shoes, Charlie Brown, Yakety Yak,

Little Egypt, Hot-Diggety-Dog

Some Happenings in 1955

While you were sipping your soda at Cal's, here are some of the things that were happening in 1955:

"Scrabble" debuted in the board game market.

A truck driver from Tupelo, Ms., made his first-ever TV appearance. Elvis Aron Presley was featured on "Louisiana Hayride". This prompted promoters to send Elvis to New York City to audition for Arthur Godfrey's immensely popular and career-making "Talent Scouts" program. Talent coordinators and Godfrey are said to have passed on Elvis appearing on the show. Not much later, he was tossed out of the Grand Ole Opry as well, and told to "go back to driving a truck." In a little over a year, however, the nation was caught up in Presleymania which continues even today.

The Salk Vaccine was declared safe and effective. Salk vaccine shots for polio began to be given out to school kids.

"Peter Pan" with Mary Martin was televised and The \$64,000 Question premiered. Other TV programs that were popular were: The Lawrence Welk Show, Gunsmoke, Captain Kangaroo, The Mickey Mouse Club and Wyatt Earp.

Tappan sold its first home microwave oven for \$1,295.

Special K, the Kellogg fat-free toasted cereal made, made its debut.

Ford Motor Co. introduced the Thunderbird to compete with the GM Corvette.

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

HISTORIAN SEEKS HELP

- In 2013 Warrensburg will be celebrating it's 200th Anniversary.
- Your Town Historian is working on an "encyclopedia" of Warrensburg's history, which The Warrensburg Historical Society has agreed to publish. There's tons of information, but it needs to be sorted, filed and documented.
- If interested call Sandi at 623-2207

David Harpp

By Rosemary Maher

Fifty years ago Warrensburg High School graduated a class of 19 seniors. Among them was David Harpp, a young man who grew up on King Street and who remembers Warrensburg from the late forties to the mid fifties as “a great, great place.” Presently living in Montreal, Canada, David still maintains his family home and can occasionally be seen jogging on Hudson Street or cruising around town in his black and white ‘59 Chevy.

Looking back, David remembers all the



good times he had growing up here. He remembers playing “war” on the mountain, baseball at the rec field, nickel and dime poker, caddying at Cronin’s, the Fairyland movie theater, and swimming at Echo Lake. He frequented Dean’s Pharmacy which later became Millward’s. His first job was at a fruit market across from Potter’s Diner where he earned 65 cents an hour. One of his best memories was “playing cellar basketball with Jack Toney. We used wire coat hangers and nylon stockings for baskets and practiced dunking a small ball before dunking was popular.”

“School was fun then,” David remembers, “never complicated.” He mentions his basketball coach George Khoury who had as many wins over his lifetime as any New York State coach at that time. He also mentions Kenneth Niles “a wonderful music teacher.” “It was a small town,” says David, “half the size it is now but it was a good place

to grow up and go to school; a story book place right out of the American Dream.”

Today David is a popular chemistry professor at McGill University in Montreal. He is acclaimed for his visual approach to teaching chemistry. In the sixties it was slides; today it is power point. He wants his students to enjoy chemistry. He uses a variety of media techniques to “bring chemistry to life.” Professor Harpp is the winner of many teaching awards, perhaps the most prestigious, the 3M Teaching Fellowship awarded by The Society for Teaching and Learning in Higher Education. When asked what may have sparked his interest in chemistry, Professor Harpp replied, “As a child I received a chemistry set from an uncle. In those days you could really do things with a set. They were not the watered down versions of today.”

So if you see someone tooling around town in a ‘59 Chevy or a physically fit class of ‘55 jogger on Hudson Street stop and say hello. It might be David Harpp and he loves to talk about the “old days.”

FOND



MEMORIES

Continued from Spring Issue

The Leaking Boat

By Frank Bennett

If you remember from the last issue, Frank and his grandfather found an old river boat belonging to Finch Pruyn Lumber Company and decided to “borrow” it to move all the supplies, 20 cinder blocks and the lumber, for Frank’s Dad’s cabin on Goodnow Flow. We pick up from there.

Gramp was going to control the motor on dad’s boat and go very slow up the flow, while I hung onto the rope that went back to the river boat. We realized of course that the river boat had some slow leaks but what we didn’t realize was that there was an open seam on each side of the river boat not too far above the water line that was about ¼ inch from front to rear,

and that the heavy weight we loaded onto the boat would make it leak even faster which would also add to the weight and therefore make the waterline come up higher on the boat!

Somewhere out toward the middle of Goodnow Flow and about half way to camp I heard this rushing of water sound! I looked back at the river boat, and had just enough time to grab Gramps’ tent before the river boat disappeared underwater with 20 cinder blocks in her belly! I was sure glad that dad wasn’t there to see this!

We had to look at the positive side, the lumber that we had tied together floated even though the boat sank. So the table and chairs were ok too. We decided to tie a block of wood to the rope that was still attached to the river boat to float and mark the spot where the boat went down. Then we managed to pull the stack of lumber with the table and chairs on up the flow to the building site, where we unloaded it onto the shore.

I put on my swim trunks and Gramp and I went back out to see what we could do about getting that old river boat out of about 12 to 15 feet of water. I dove down to the old boat and pulled up on the front of it only to discover that by doing so it was pushing me down into the very soft bottom of the Flow right up to my knees! For a couple of seconds I wasn’t sure if I was going to be able to get free of the mud or not! I went back up to the surface and told Gramp of the situation. He told me to go back down and see if I could bring one cinder block at a time up to the surface so he could take it from me and put it in dad’s boat. I did what he said and after a couple of trips the river boat was empty. Then we



The finished cabin “high and dry.”

Photo courtesy Frank Bennett

tied the river boat rope to my dad's boat and gave it full power. At first it didn't seem to move, but all of a sudden the bottom released its grasp on the old river boat and we were able to tow it to shore at water level. We had to work pretty hard to get all the water out of that heavy old boat, and made our minds up to the fact that once we got that old river boat back down to the dam we would never borrow it again!

We have many fond memories of camp and we were pretty proud to have the first finished camp back into Goodnow Flow in the fall of 1954.

Editors Note: Watch for Frank's next articles in the Fall & Winter Issues.

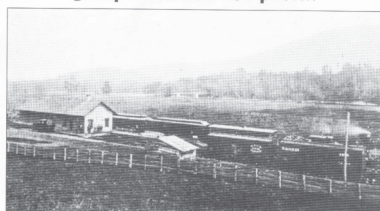
"Getting Lost in the Wilderness." and "Playing with Dynamite"



INFORMATION FROM OTHER WARREN COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETIES

John Thurman Historical Society still has some of its 2005 calendars available. Each page has some wonderful old photos, including the Ingrahams, Crosby Duell, Al Parker and Charley Ross, old shops, Had and Sophronia Combs, Ephraim Tucker house with leaching barrel, Thurman Baptist church with horses and carriages waiting outside, and more! A nice collection for anyone interested in Thurman's history. Price is \$8.00. Call Joan at 623-2018 days for sale locations, or send \$9.25 (includes postage) to JTHS, P. O. Box 7, Athol, NY 12810 for your copy.

Thurman's 2005 Calendar Jump back into the past...



Continuum Passenger and Freight House built in 1910
Sponsored by John Thurman Historical Society

GOLF, JOHN S. HALL AND GENEALOGY

By Roscoe Hastings

If this sounds like three unrelated topics I guess you could be correct. One thing I have discovered, in 60 plus years, is that isolated incidents, during life, often turn out to be interconnected in the big picture. So it is with golf, John S. Hall and genealogy.

In the summer of 1951 my dad, Willis "Buster" Hastings was working for Bob Cronin at Queen Village Vacationland Country Club. They were building housekeeping cottages overlooking the Hudson River. One night Dad came home and informed me that he had a summer job for me. I would be a caddie at the Golf Club. Well, as a ten year old, before the advent of television, I didn't have a clue what a caddie was or if you got runs, hits and errors in the game of



Members of the Hastings Family. John, Roscoe (standing in middle) Don, Jenny with Dave on her lap.
Photo courtesy of Abbie Hastings.

golf. Bright and early the next morning, with a lunch packed by Mom [Abbie Lydia Davis Hastings]. I was in the car with Dad headed for the Golf Course.

In the early fifties the use of caddies to carry the golf clubs was beginning to decline. A new invention called a pull cart was gradually replacing caddies at country clubs. On arriving at the golf course I found there were still quite a number of caddies, some of whom I

knew from school. They included John and Bob Smith, John and Ed Merrithew, Tom Sprague, Art Thayer, Dick LaVergne, Barry Aldrich and, a couple of years later, my brother Don Hastings.

It didn't take long to learn the nature of the job. We hung out in a building near the maintenance barn until called by Bob Cronin for a job. The first to arrive in the morning was the first to go out and followed the order you arrived in, until everyone had a turn. We made 75 cents for nine holes of work unless we got a bonus tip. It was common that the other caddies stayed for the morning but went home to swim at Echo Lake in the afternoon. I was stuck there until Dad finished work at 5 PM.

I still remember my first bag. I was lucky that Tom Sprague had a bag in the same group and he taught me the caddy's responsibilities as we went along. What I really remember is losing a ball, for my player, on the seventh hole. The reason I remember it is that the ball was in the fairway.

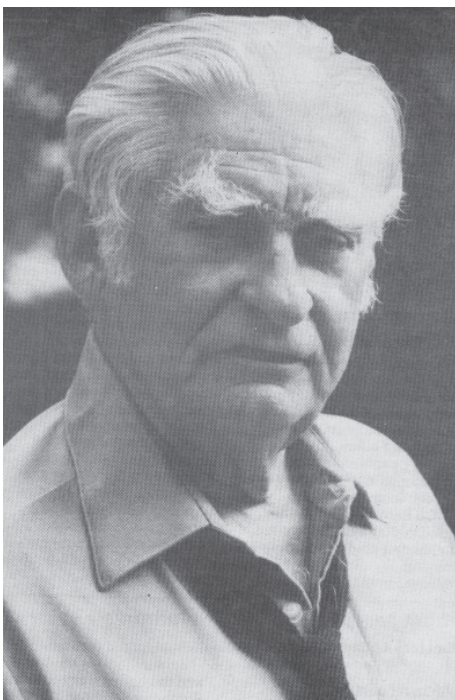
I have always enjoyed sports and quickly learned to like the game of golf. Occasionally Bob Cronin would let us play, which became a big occasion. The summer flew by and I had accumulated quite a sum in my bank account by the end of the summer. It seemed like a lot of money then but at 75 cents a bag for nine holes it wasn't too much.

As one might imagine, when you get half a dozen young boys together everything was not business. We had to somehow fill the time while we waited for our turn to work. Some of our activities were productive but often they were not. Usually we didn't have golf clubs so we spent a lot of time on the putting green where we rolled the golf balls instead of putting them. (Maybe I should try that in my game today. It might work better.) We also spent considerable time searching for golf balls on the course. This was profitable since we could sell a good ball, without a smile, to players on the course for 25 cents. Needless to say Bob Cronin didn't think too much of this. I mention golf balls with smiles since in the 1950's golf balls had a soft balata cover and could be easily cut with the iron clubs.

In our search for golf balls we often found snakes so killing snakes was also

part of our daily routine. I remember one time we killed one about eight feet long. There were three of us with crooked sticks carrying the big old snake around the course. Some how Bob Cronin heard about that and really let us have it. For some reason he didn't think that carrying an eight foot snake around the course was good for business.

There were many bushes with red berries around the club house. We often had berry fights and had to come up with a reason why we had red stains on our shirts when we got home. One time John Merrithew got a new speedometer for his bicycle. When he went out to caddie we took turns riding his bike to route 28 to see how many miles we



John S. Hall

could put on the odometer. John was a little upset when he got back.

The summer of 1952 turned out to be a memorable time. One afternoon, after the other caddies had left, I was just waiting to go home when two men arrived to play golf, and they both wanted caddies. They had old clubs that looked as if they had just been dragged out of the closet. Being the only caddie there I had to carry both bags. The two players were not much better than their golf bags, but they seemed to enjoy themselves.

Now caddies are business men and waiting your turn for a bag didn't lend

itself towards making much money. It was therefore the custom that when you got a bag you asked the players if they were coming back to Queens Village Country Club and if you could caddie for them. This was called a "special." At the end of the round I asked and lined up these two players as my "specials." As it turned out they were both local residents and played a lot after that. Later I learned that my "specials" were John S. Hall and Mark Bruce. It wasn't long before they bought new bags and clubs and those big new bags made the job much tougher.

After a while I gave up one bag but continued to caddie for John S. Hall. He always treated me great and a good tip was always there at the end of the round. In time John gave in to the new trend and bought a pull cart. That did not end our relationship because I continued to caddie for him except then I could pull the clubs around on his pull cart. John liked to chew tobacco when he played golf. He would always remind me to stand upwind. Because of his work John often played golf in the late afternoon. This created a problem, at first, because my ride home was with Dad at 5 PM. When John learned of this he volunteered to drive me home when he finished playing golf.

The most memorable event in this association happened the following summer. One Sunday John was going to play in a golf event at Ticonderoga Golf Club. He ask me if I could go with him to caddie. After consulting with Mom it was agreed that I could make this trip on a Sunday. At about this time John bought another new invention called a Polaroid camera. He wanted to take some pictures with his new camera during the golf event. The solution was to hire brother Don to carry the camera and tripod. Early Sunday morning John came to our house to pick us up. We hadn't left home before we made a killing by selling him a bag of golf balls that we had collected. I think we made \$5.00 for them. It seemed like the Ticonderoga course was very hilly but that was probably because we were used to Queens Village Golf Club which was flat farm land.

At that time John had a Buick convertible. On our trip home we were coming down Route 9N and Don and I

were sitting on top of the back seat just enjoying the fresh air when a Warren County sheriff pulled us over and suggested that we might use the seats as they were designed.

At different times I had heard that our family was related to John S. Hall's family. Over the past few years I have worked on the Hastings Genealogy. In time I discovered a relationship to John S. Hall. At that time I didn't know the full story. Both John's ancestors and mine go back to the small town of Newbury, New Hampshire.

In 1779 Jonas Hastings, my great, great, great, great grandfather was elected the first selectman and town clerk in Fisherfield, New Hampshire. The name of the town was changed to Newbury, New Hampshire in the early 1800's. Jonas had a son Asa, my great, great, great grandfather, who lived about 20 miles farther north in Chester, NH. His son Asa, Jr., my great great grandfather, moved to Brome County in Canada before settling in Horicon in the late 1830's.

Back in Fisherfield, NH there was a man named Benjamin Cilley who had a large farm overlooking Sunapee Lake. Benjamin Cilley and Jonas Hastings lived close to each other but little did they know that 100 years later their descendants, Jennie Maud Cilley and William Henry Hastings, Jr. would marry, in Warrensburg, and become my grandparents. Benjamin's son Stephen Cilley bought 250 acres along the Schroon River in Bolton and moved there in 1838.

My great, great, great, great grandfather, Benjamin Cilley's first wife was Polly Emerson. Polly had a brother James who married Polly Cilley, Benjamin's sister. James and Polly Emerson had four children before James died at the age of 41. Polly remarried Aaron Pingrey. In the late 1830's Polly Pingrey and three of her children left Newbury, New Hampshire and settled in Warrensburg. Her son James Emerson was the first of the Emerson family to develop a prominent business in Warrensburg. His son, was Albert Cilley (A.C.) Emerson. James' brother Stephen lived in Warrensburg but seems to have been involved in the lumber business around Chestertown and

Horicon.

The third Emerson child who came to Warrensburg was a daughter named Lydia. It appears that she and her husband, Simeon Hall, came by way of Vermont and had five children when they arrived in Warrensburg. Their son Elbridge Gary Hall married Jane Ripley. Elbridge and Jane named their first two sons after their fathers, John Ripley and Simeon Hall. The younger Simeon Hall seems to have married a lady named Emma and had a son E. Garrie Hall. E. Garrie Hall married Julia Ann Simmons and they had two sons, Mac Garrie Hall and John Simmons Hall. Thus the rumors were correct and John S. Hall is my third cousin.

Recently I added another chapter to this relationship. Remember Stephen Cilley who moved from Newbury, New Hampshire (Fisherfield) to Bolton? He had a son named Elbridge King Cilley. Elbridge was the supervisor in Bolton for two terms. Elbridge and his wife Sylvia Ann (Phelps) Cilley's oldest daughter was Mary Eliza Cilley. She married James Robinson and lived out her life in Bolton. Mary and James' oldest daughter was Jannette Robinson.


Thomas Simmons, a resident of Warrensburg, married about 1870 but this wife died about 1875. Shortly there after Thomas married Jannette Robinson. They named their first daughter Julia Ann Simmons, the future wife of E. Garrie Hall. Thus John S. Hall is not only my third cousin through the Emerson family but we also share a great great grandfather in Elbridge King Cilley.

I guess this proves what Jean Hadden says, "If you live around Warrensburg long enough you will be related to almost everyone." I don't think John Simmons Hall knew that he was related to me but he sure treated me like family. I will never forget those good times at Queens Village Vacationland Golf Club and John S. Hall.

ARTIFACTS NIGHT

By Steve Parisi

About 30 people attended our

Artifacts Night on April 26th, at the Senior Citizen Center. Everyone listened with rapt attention as "exhibitors" told about their treasures. Among them was a letter, written in  about 1868 by one of Frank Bennett's ancestors to another. Alice Ackery had several photographs of workers at the Warrensburg shirt factory, including a



Joe Barlow presents book of insurance maps.

party at what was believed to be the Warren Inn. Chuck Bederian teased us with several pieces from his huge

thermometer collection. John Morphis, up from Glens Falls, showed us a comprehensive Hudson Valley trolley schedule from about 1912 including that of the Warrensburg run.


There was a bottle from the Warrensburg Bottling Plant, a photo of the Stanley Steamer Warrensburg-to-Chestertown bus in front of the Grand Army Hotel, other vintage photos and postcards, a diary, and more.

A highlight of the evening was a large book of maps of Warrensburg streets and houses dating to 1927 that was issued by an insurance company for rating purposes. This was donated to the Historical Society for the Museum by Joe Barlow, who acquired it from the former Swan Insurance Agency.

This was a fine and rewarding evening thanks to the enthusiastic people who attended, and a hearty "thank you" goes to the Society Board for putting together an excellent dessert table!

COUNTRY DOCTOR, THEN AND NOW

A Talk by Dr. Daniel Way
by Steve Parisi

On Wednesday, May 25th, Dr. Dan Way delivered an entertaining power-point  talk contrasting a country medical



Some of the attendees at Artifacts Night listening to an exhibitor.

practice of 100 years ago with his own work at Hudson Headwaters Health Network facilities in North Creek and Indian Lake. Held at the Merrill Magee House, the event drew a record crowd of 65 people from as far away as Indian Lake and Glens Falls.

In addition to being one of the few medical practitioners who makes home visits, Doctor Way is an accomplished photographer. His recent book, *All in a Day's Work: Scenes and Stories from an Adirondack Medical Practice*, includes color photos of many of his patients along with scenes from his travels enroute to work from his home in Glens Falls and visiting patients.

The idea for such a program came to me nearly a year ago as I was sifting through documents and artifacts at the Museum of Local History. Warrensburg has been home to numerous doctors in its nearly 200 years of existence and various documents from their life had been passed on, eventually winding up in the museum. (No actual personal medical records have been found.) Being a patient of Dr. Way's I knew of his picture-taking avocation and his recently published book. Last fall he delivered a talk about his work, both medical and photographic, at the Chapman Museum, and the seeds of a

that. Fortunately Dr. Way came to the rescue, having discovered a book by a doctor from rural New York, James A. Holley, who practiced from 1885 through 1939, and who wrote about his medical experiences. Holley's book talked about some serious illnesses which, according to Dr. Way, have been virtually eliminated (only to be replaced by equally threatening ones such as aids), and about certain treatments which have been totally replaced with modern pharmacology.

In addition to presenting the medical aspects of practices a century apart, Dr. Way proved to be equally facile as an entertainer, with sequential photos of his drive to work, threatened by deer and moose crossings, blizzards, and the ever-looming Buick.

This was a well-received program. Perhaps once the museum reopens we can do our own version of "Country Doctor Then" and invite Dr. Way to return.

CARING FOR YOUR ANTIQUES

Caring for Your Family Papers

- * Separate highly acidic paper like newspaper clippings from other materials.
- * Photocopy contents from highly acidic documents onto acid-free paper.

- * Don't laminate important papers.
- * Leave deacidification to professionals.
- * Don't use paper clips, rubber bands, tape, or glue on important papers.

Excerpted from *Caring for Your Family Treasures* ©2000 Heritage Preservation, Inc.

WARRENSBURGH HISTORICAL SOCIETY



Dr. Daniel Way atop Sleeping Beauty
(Photo by Harriet Busch, MD)

talk in Warrensburg took root. Dr. Way was enthusiastic about the idea.

While I had initially thought we (the Society) would create the "then" aspect from the Museum's artifacts, time constraints prevented me from pursuing

Ninth Annual STICKY WICKET CROQUET GAMES & PICNIC

Sunday, Aug.14,
2005
at the Warren County Fish Hatchery
Eleven AM through the afternoon

In the beautiful setting on the banks of the Hudson River we turn back time for this "old-fashioned" affair.

Admission is FREE

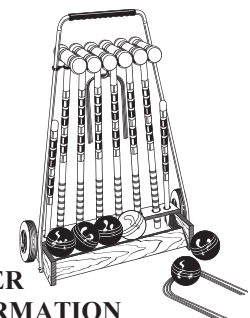
(WITH SINCERE THANKS TO OUR SPONSORS) We will supply the chicken and the cold drinks...
You're welcome to bring some fixin's to share (optional).

*Period dress encouraged.
Wear your Garden Party Hat.*

**PLAY FOR THE COVETED AND PRESTIGIOUS
STICKY WICKET TROPHY**
Tournament play is open to all for a \$5.00 entry fee.

WHS Rules of play are available.

**ALL DONATIONS TO BENEFIT
THE WARRENSBURGH
HISTORICAL SOCIETY**



**FOR
FURTHER
INFORMATION
OR SPONSORSHIP
OPPORTUNITY - 518-623-2207**