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Quarterly

## MEMORIES OF A LITTLE WHITE SCHOOLHOUSE

- By Mrs. Kathleen Baker-

As one grows older one is apt to look backward to his earlier days.

One of my memories is of my early days at school. The little white schoolhouse. (Why not red as most were, but ours was white, why I do not know). The wood house was attached to the school building and was filled with stacks of dry wood to feed the big, long iron stove which stood in the center of the room. The long stove pipe ran to the chimney at the end of the room, thus helping to keep the room warm.

The windows were on both sides of the room, which meant cross-lighting, which is now contrary to modern ideas. The desks were hand made, all the same size and shape. These were double allowing two children to occupy one desk. The tops were not too smooth, but no one minded.

If you were tall, you stuck your feet under the desk in front but if you were short, you dangled. I was only five...so I dangled.

A long recitation bench was in front facing the teacher's desk. Here we sat and recited our lessons which we had learned. we read aloud, standing straight, feet flat on the floor, with emphasis on meaning and pronunciation. We did Arithmetic at the board; diagramed for English. (That was for the older students).

My first teacher was a Miss Phoebe Smith. She boarded at our house.

Each morning two "good" pupils were allowed to take the water pail down to our house to get water. "Good" pupils meant those who had their work finished on time, did not whisper, etc. We little ones didn't get the opportunity to go--too little.

No one dawdled, because they "lost their privileges" as the teacher called it. One pail of water, one dipper for all, but no one seemed to suffer from any diseases. Perhaps we were more hardy then.

With noontime came recess when we played 'tag', 'old witch', 'stealing steaks', etc. In the winter time we slid down hill, skated on our rubbers if there was ice in the yard and played 'fox and geese'. The big boys had skip-jacks which they would ride down our steep pasture hill. Stormy days we stayed in and played quiet games so not to annoy the teacher.

Winter times we had about thirty students ranging from five to sixteen years of age, but in the fall and spring the older ones stayed at home to help plant or harvest.

My first book was a Barnes' Primer. This contained very few small, uninteresting pictures all in black and white and I read that primer over and over and over until at the end of the fall term at Christmas time, I could recite it from cover to cover without even looking. I still remember some of it. Then came the big day when we started to read our first reader, also Barnes'. These lasted till school closed for the summer. Many of the stories were rather sad with a moral, of what happened when pets were not taken care of, (I always stayed home when one particular story was read, as I always cried). Some stories were of children who were not kind to old people. Very different from our present day books.

In spring and fall, nature and geography lessons were often held out of doors under a big yellow birch tree near a small brook. We learned the names of flowers and trees; different parts of flowers and the kinds of clouds. Many geography lessons we studied by doing.



We made maps from clay from the brook putting in the rivers, lakes, mountains and the great divide showing why some rivers ran west toward the Pacific and others toward the east. Often we younger ones didn't understand all of it but we listened and remembered. We learned the beauty of poetry with its many lovely words.

At the close of school year we had what is now called "Patrons' Night" only ours was in the afternoon. All of our best work was displayed, specimens of our writing, and stories we had written. Our proud mothers looked them all over with much 'Ohing and Ahing'. And at last the picnic itself and what good "eats"!

Oh yes, I forgot, we had a wheezy old organ so we had songs and recitations for the parents' pleasure, but we children didn't always enjoy that part but it had to be done. Our mind was on the picnic. Everybody dressed in their best.

One of the boys took care of the fire so we would be warm. At night a big 'chunk' was put in and all the drafts closed to prevent any danger from fire. Ink bottles were put under the stove so the ink wouldn't freeze.

A boy came early to build the fire if perchance it had gone out; also to sweep and dust. But the less said on that subject, the better...so the girls got the broom and swept and dusted during the no hour. The boys cleaned the erasers.

There has been a big change from those days, much for the better, but they were happy times.

Children seemed to learn to read, appreciate good books and to prepare themselves for their future lives. Many of our greatest men were at one time scholars in these one-room schools. Men who went on and obtained high positions of honor.

Now these little schools are a thing of the past, and large impressive buildings have taken their places. All things must change and we hope each change is for the better. Only time will tell.

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### THE LEGEND OF WOLF ROCK

By Kenneth G. Combs

Located on the west side of the Hudson River, a little south of the Glen, Warren County, N. Y. there is a high point of rock known as Wolf Rock. In the years before the railroad cut through it along the bank of the river, it was a high, narrow point jutting out over the river. As the story goes, (or as it was told to me), back in the early pioneer days some hunters, their identity unknown, cornered some wolves on this point of rock. And cutting off their way of escape back from the river, their only choice was to leap into the water, which they did. Since that time this has been known as, "Wolf Rock". This is the way the story was told to me--true or false.

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### CORRECTION

Regarding the article, "Six Miles Square", written for our September 1968 issue by Mr. Leslie N. Rist of Newcomb, N. Y., please note the following correction: "Stephen Griffing was the first Griffing to settle at Thurman Station, but might or might not have been the first settler at Thurman Station, Mrs. Maude Chase Rice tells me that Stephen Griffin, 2nd's headquarters while in town of Newcomb was at Lower Works (now Tahawus Club).

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A STORY ABOUT A ROCK

By Armine Gurney

A friend recently lent me a little souvenir booklet entitled, "The Legend of the Diamond Rock". It was copyrighted in 1888 and written by Nathaniel Bartlett Sylvester who was associated with the Historical Society of Saratoga. Delicate sprigs of dried, pressed, wild-wood flowers of the Adirondacks were affixed to several of the pages. An Indian legend explained the Diamond Rock. It was told to the author by an Adirondack Indian who called the legend "Mo-ne-ta's Tears". Mo-neta was the widow of a Mohawk Indian chief slain by the Adirondack Indians when they invaded the Mohawk Valley. For forty years she kept a beacon fire burning on top of a rocky mountain, near the present city of Troy, to guide back her son who went searching afar for his brother, taken captive by the Adirondack tribes. The many tears she shed during her lonely vigil solidified into diamonds among the rocks.

Not long after reading this tale I bought an old album of post cards and in it was one of the "Diamond Rock, Upper Troy, N. Y." mailed in 1909. So now, fifty-eight years later, this card may rest in Sylvester's little book in which he wrote: "High on the brow of a hill overlooking Lansingburgh a huge calciferous rock crops out and terminates in a peak rising some sixty feet above the surrounding surface with a jagged, sloping side, extending over an area of half an acre or more. This rock is filled with shining quartzose crystals which glitter in the sunlight like sparkling gems. Hence it is known as the "Diamond Rock". From this summit can be seen a view of the Hudson Valley extending a hundred miles along the River from the Adirondacks to the Catskills."

I wonder if this rock still exists or whether it, like our old "High Rock" which too was known by the Indians, has been leveled by the demands of modern progress?

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PROGRAM FOR 1969

Friday, Jan. 10, 1969

Stewart Farrar, Warrensburg, N.Y.

More reminiscences of Old Warrensburg with illustrative slides

Short Business Meeting

Music

Refreshments

ALBERT EMERSON MEMORIAL TOWN HALL

Warrensburg, New York

8:00 P. M.

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Friday, March 14, 1969

Mrs. Philip H. Roberts, Warrensburg, N.Y.

"Care of Your Antiques" will be Mrs. Robert's subject for tonight.

Short Business Meeting

Music

Refreshments

ALBERT EMERSON MEMORIAL TOWN HALL

Warrensburg, New York

8:00 P. M.

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Friday, May 9, 1969

Folk Singer

"Old Neighbor Night"

Annual Business Meeting

Slides

Refreshments

THURMAN TOWN HALL, ATHOL, N. Y.

8:00 P. M.

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Friday, June 13, 1969

Program to be Announced

Business Meeting

8:00 P. M.

THURMAN TOWN HALL, ATHOL, NEW YORK

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# Past Prescriptions OF THE People

If there are any Doctors or Nurses in the John Thurman Historical Society (at least I am unaware of any), I shall not feel too badly about criticisms which will surely arise concerning the few rambling remarks which I am about to make.

Because of necessity, people of the past preserved their health by simple remedies handed down from their ancestors. Many times folk lived 15 or 20 miles from the nearest Doctor. The nearest Drug Store was located as far away as the Doctor and since horse and wagon was the mode of transportation, the laws of Nature had to be obeyed and in the event of illness Natural remedies were used.

As I look back to my own childhood, I believe regularity and temperance were key words in Grandma's Medical Vocabulary. As children, we knew that when the clock struck 9, we were to march right off to bed. At 6 a.m. the aroma of pancakes and sausage awakened us and after a good restful night we were ready to arise and greet the new day. Plain foods made up the menu from day to day, and these were eaten temperately. Stimulating beverages were very definitely not a part of the diet. And, Grandma always insisted that "Cleanliness is next to Godliness" so that too was part of our Health Code. Plenty of hard work provided the necessary exercise and fresh air. Thinking back, I recall some of the simple remedies used and I thought the present generation might find them interesting and perhaps a little amusing. Below I have listed a few from Grandma's old "Doctor Book".

BLEEDING Bind a handful of wheat flour mixed with a little salt on the wound. If not accessible, bind a bunch of cobwebs on the place of bleeding.

BURNS: Apply fresh lard.

NOSEBLEED: Place a silver knife on the back of the neck.

BEE STINGS: Apply plantain leaves.

CHEST COLD: Apply hot turpentine and lard.

CROUP: Flaxseed tea. Or Roasted onion juice mixed with honey and two drops of turpentine.

HEADACHE: 1 tablespoon salt; 1 ounce of hartshorn and camphor, mix with  $\frac{3}{4}$  quart of water. Wet cloth in mixture and apply to forehead.

SORE EYES: Apply scraped raw potato or a cold tea bag.

COLDS AND FEVERS: were usually aided by the "stuff a cold and starve a fever" method. Or by baking the feet in an oven on a block of wood.

The above are only a few of the simple home remedies of bygone days. At the end of the medical information was the following advice: "Drink less, eat less, chew more, walk more, clothe more, worry less, work more, give more, write less, read more, preach less, practice more."

The simple life was seemingly a difficult one in view of present day living but the longevity of the past generations should cause one to stop and think.

M. Tucker





As I reflect, I recall reading in an early issue of the Warrensburg News about my maternal grandfather who lived to be 104 years of age, and who on his 100th birthday celebrated by skating across Lake George.

I can only conclude by stating my belief that "They must have done something that was right."

--Mabel M. Tucker

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Note:

It was a surprise to both Mr. & Mrs. Kenneth Combs and myself this summer while being interviewed by Professor August Rubrecht of The University of Wisconsin, to hear that people of the past in his area had about the same remedies as those stated above.

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#### EXPENSIVE FOOD

"The woman just ahead of me unloaded her cart at the supermarket checkout counter. She had cigarettes, two magazines, cleaning fluids, paper napkins and towels, soap and 2 cosmetic items, a phonograph record, a bouquet of artificial flowers, a growing plant, a strainer, six glasses and one other dish, a quart of milk, a dozen eggs, a box of cereal, a "TV" dinner and two packages of frozen chicken. As she paid her bill she said, "My, food is expensive. No wonder the farmers are so rich." (Selected)

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#### THE WARRENSBURG WOOLEN COMPANY

The Warrensburg Woolen Company was noted in its day as the manufacturer of men's woolen pants. This was in operation for many years and employed a goodly number of people. This company manufactured much of its own material, starting with the raw wool. They were especially noted for double-and-twist material. This was a favorite with woodsmen since the fabric was unbeatable for its warmth and long wearing qualities. This Company closed approximately 30 years ago. Following the suspension of its operations, woolen blankets were made at the same location on Milton Avenue.

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#### ADS FROM THE WARRENSBURG ANNUAL January 1, 1866

##### FARMS FOR SALE:

One farm of 120 acres, half way to Chester. Good grazing farm and iron ore believed to be on it. Price \$1,000.

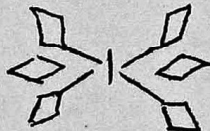
A farm of 130 acres, lying handsomely, well watered and timbered, about three miles from the village. Price \$1,300.

A farm of about 370 acres--six miles from the village in the town of Thurman--about 100 acres of river flats. Iron ore of the best quality.

For other particulars respecting the above, apply to Wm. B. Farlin, Warrensburgh.

Village lots, eligibly situated, for sale, Apply to Wm. B. Farlin

Season's Greetings!





"THE JAM AT GUERRIAN'S ROCK"

"Come all of you brave shanty boys and a story I'll relate,  
Concerning a young river man and his untimely fate.  
Concerning a young river man with a heart so true and brave,  
'Twas on the Jam at Guerrian's Rock he met his watery grave.

'Twas on a Sunday morning as you will quickly hear-  
Our logs were piled in mountains high and we couldn't keep them clear.  
Our foreman said, "Come all brave boys with hearts devoid of fear,  
We'll break the Jam at Guerrian's Rock and to Agentown we will steer."

Now some of these were willing, while others they were not,  
All afraid to work on Sundays, they didn't think they ought.  
Now six of these brave shanty boys have volunteered to go  
To break the Jam at Guerrian's Rock with the Foreman, young Monroe.

They hadn't rolled off many logs when they heard a clear voice say,  
"Keep on guard, you shanty boys for the jam will soon give way".  
These words were scarcely spoken when the jam did break and go,  
Taking with it six of these and Foreman, young Monroe.

Now when these other shanty boys this sad news came to hear,  
In search for their dead companions to the river they did steer.  
Six of these mangled bodies a-floating down did go,  
While crushed and bleeding on the bank laid Foremen, young Monroe.

They took him from his watery grave, combed back his chestnut hair;  
There was a fair form among them, whose cries did ring the air.  
Clara was a noble girl, the river man's true friend  
She and her widowed mother lived on the River bend.

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The above was contributed by Mrs. Ina Wood Eiklid who says that there is a little more to this true song but she did not know it. A reader requested the above and we wish to thank Mrs. Eiklid for sending it in.

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KINSHIP KORNER

Two gentlemen from Vermont who are writing a Family History are very anxious to contact anyone knowing any information concerning Mr. James Pollard, who formerly resided in the Thurman area. Anyone having this information please contact Mabel Tucker, Warrensburg.

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THIRD BRIDGE AT THE GLEN

The 1959 Glen bridge was the third to connect the Towns of Warrensburg and Thurman. The first was a covered bridge built in 1816.

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STONY CREEK

In the years past, Stony Creek had sawmills which operated with the "up and down" saws.

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A forest fire at Stony Creek in the year of 1908 burned for three weeks and burned over thousands of acres.

--Selected Items

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Have you sent in an Article for your Quarterly yet? If not, why not?