



# Warrensburgh Historical Society Quarterly

Volume 5 Issue 3

Fall 2000

## The Ghost of Old Bill Spencer

By Jean Hadden

On a hot summer day, when the going gets rough and my telephone is working overtime telling me all sorts of things I don't really want to hear, I pack my camera, notebook and pencil and head for the local cemetery. I can't think of a more relaxing place to spend an afternoon, reading gravestones and piecing together bits and pieces of the town's glorious and not so glorious past. When cemetery caretaker Peter Haggerty occasionally comes along and joins me, we try to outdo each other with tales about people buried there and the role each played on the Warrensburg stage of life. What fun this is!

When I grow tired of visiting with the dead, I go and view the living, sitting on the park bench in front of Floyd Bennett Park and watch the endless stream of humanity pass by. Sitting there reminds me of Charlie Keays who used to sit at the same spot after he retired from working for the State. Charlie lived through a lot of town history and now he is over in the cemetery. It is hard to believe that someday we will all join him.

Watching people walk on the sidewalks makes me think back to the time when the parents and grandparents of people living here now walked on the same sidewalks and lived in the same spaces we presently occupy. Being a diligent reader of old newspapers and obituaries

enables me to know who many of them were by name, where they lived and what they did for a living.

One time as I was sitting there, a little melancholic and nostalgic from the sweet intoxicating aroma of carbon monoxide fumes, I looked down the street and who should I see strolling along

but the ghost of old Bill Spencer, "the whole of Warrensburg's colored population," as he was called. Rumor has it that the old gentleman originally came here from South

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## Lewisville

(a section along River Street)

By Pat Terrell

Our former historian's home at 88 River Street was built in the year 1872. Hamilton and Henrietta Lewis were the owners and being Mr. Lewis's trade as a carpenter, we assume he was the builder. The house was built of planks being vertical and three thick as to overlap the



cracks. This was a standard way of building at the time and a great many homes of this construction are still standing and very sturdy. The bay windows were added about 1916 and gave a lovely cottage look to the home. Cement porches have replaced the old wooden ones. In

(continued on page 6)



This drawing depicts old "Bill" Spencer, one of the colorful characters of Warrensburg's past. Drawing by Paul Guernsey, 1973

## From the President

Well here it is the end of Summer, and what a great Sticky Wicket we had. I would like to thank all of the sponsors for their support. I would also like to congratulate Delbert Chambers on his victory at the Croquet tournament. (See page 10 for pictures and list of sponsors. Ed.)

While looking through some of the new memberships, I was pleased to see the Warrensburgh Fire Department join as a member. The history of our town, as with most towns, is centered a lot around the activities and membership of the fire department. Hopefully, we will see some historic articles for our quarterly with some of the historic fires and some of the heroic men that fought them.

The Society had a booth at the Warren County fair. I hope everyone had a chance to stop by.

It is time for everyone to start marking their calendars for the Christmas Social. I know it is the end of summer, but Christmas season sneaks up on us all. The date is set for Thursday, December 14th, the location to be announced.

I would like to thank everyone for their support over the summer, and I would like to welcome the new members. With the continued support of people like you, our town's history will continue to be remembered for generations.

Tony Fidd  
E-mail - AMF@capital.net

**The Board of Directors will meet at the Glens Falls National Bank meeting room at 7 PM on the following dates. Members welcome.**

Thurs., Oct. 5, 2000  
Thurs., Nov. 9, 2000  
Thurs., Dec. 7, 2000

## Warrensburgh Historical Society

### New Members

We welcome these new members, and look forward to their participation in our programs and events.

Daniel Chamberlain  
Scott Combs  
Barbara Ann Jary  
Walter Kennedy  
Harvey Lambeth  
Ruth Leonard  
Patricia Wassel  
Charles Wheeler  
Helen Wood

Alynn's Butterfly Inn – Business  
Robert J. Sweet, Inc. – Corporate  
Warrensburgh Volunteer Fire Company – Corporate

### Board of Directors

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John Cleveland - Vice President  
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Grants - Theresa Whalen  
Membership – Brenda Cleveland  
Programs - John Cleveland  
Quarterly - Sandi Parisi  
Scholarship – Delbert Chambers and Regina Porter

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**We welcome comments, corrections, articles, pictures, reminiscences, and letters to the editor**

### Send submissions to :

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### Quarterly Deadlines

November 1  
February 1  
May 1  
August 1

Warrensburgh Historical Society  
Quarterly  
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## Calendar of Events

### Cruise

Warren County Historical Society  
Heritage Cruise on the Horicon  
Sunday, October 1  
792-0341 for info

### Program

Thursday, October 26, 7 PM  
Richard's Library  
Carol Gregson,  
The Pottersville Complainer  
"Memoirs of an  
Adirondack Resident"

### Winter Dinner Social

Thursday, December 14, 2000  
6:00 PM  
Location to be announced

### **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.

### *The Ghost of Old Bill Spencer*

*continued from page 1*

Carolina, where he had been born in 1840, and lived in The Glen before he came to Warrensburgh to become a legend in his own time.

Paul and Walter ("Tink") Gurney grew up in Warrensburgh. Before Paul retired in Chicago from being an architect, he designed the Floyd Bennett bandstand as a gift to the people of his beloved home town. As a boy he was well acquainted with old Bill Spencer and wrote the late Kathleen Goodman a letter about him which was published in the Warrensburg-Lake George News in 1973.

Around 1915, Paul was about 11 years old and old Bill was 75. Paul, upon occasion in those days, would go over to Bill's shack and deliver a pie that his mother, Evangeline Gurney would bake for the old man. He always looked forward to going because he knew Bill would share the pie and tell some of his Uncle Remus stories for which he was well known. Paul had trap lines set up along the stump fences in the fields north of the cemetery. Bill's shack was in that area, just a little east of the present day Conservation Department building on upper Hudson Street. Paul came to visit often.

Bill Spencer was described as a kind, good natured and fundamentally happy man. He was said to be "the embodiment of politeness" back in the days when a man always opened a door, tipped his hat to a lady and sometimes even bowed from the waist. He usually carried a bottle of "Green River" whiskey, which Paul described as "a hydroxyl compound designed to lift men's spirits." He had a gentleman's respect for "medicinal spirits" and no one ever saw him drunk. To earn a living he did odd jobs such as chopping wood, mowing

the lawn and cleaning out a stable, which he did expertly and cheerfully. The late Kay Maltbie remembered him as "a very nice old man."

Paul Gurney gave a first hand description of Bill's cabin when he wrote to Miss Goodman. He said, "The cabin was pretty rustic - even for an Adirondack hermit. Sacks of groceries or maybe a ham hung from the ceiling beams so the mice couldn't raid them. His bunk was under the single window and near enough to the stove that you wondered why it didn't catch fire. A spark in that indescribable bedding could have smoldered for days.

"How Bill loved that little shack! The way he acquired it was around the time of the first World War. That piece of land was owned by Lemuel Wooddard. The County Home people wanted Bill to come up there and live but he said no because he had his pride and wouldn't accept charity. It just could have been also that the County Home people didn't allow any "Green River" to be tucked in the back pocket of their guests. Word got out about Bill's plight and Mr. Wooddard gave permission for him to build a shack on his Hudson Street property. As a summer residence it was ideal, cool and airy. It was located close to the Echo Lake picnic grove where Bill liked to attend tent revival meetings. He was a religious man who often spoke of spiritual matters to his young friend, Paul who said that when he saw Bill on his knees over at the grove, he appeared to be on firmer ground than the preacher.

Summer always comes to an end in these times and in those days it was no different. When winter arrived, Bill's "cool, airy" little shack became an icebox with its thin, porous walls which did little to keep out the penetrating north winds which sweep over the open plains in that area. In

1922 John J. Archer, who lived in the house on Library Avenue later owned by Mrs. Howard Savage, worried about Bill's welfare. Archer organized a "bee" composed of local citizens who were prepared to work to fix up and winterize the humble little abode. The men met at "Kid" Manzer's barber shop on a Saturday morning, armed with their hammers and saws, prepared for a good day's work and Archer supplied the materials. Maurice Ashe agreed to donate a wood stove and promises of other comforts of various sorts poured in from all over town. The Mohican Camp Fire Girls made plans to provide Bill with a good Christmas dinner.

"Uncle Bill" as he was called by old and young alike, first appeared in this locality just after the Civil War. I have never found any information that he was a former slave although he was twenty years old when the war between the states began. I believe that the stories he loved to tell were meant more to entertain than to relate actual facts.

One place Bill liked to hang out was Kid Manzer's barber shop in the Music Hall building, corner of Main and Adirondack Avenue. Paul Gurney wrote, "how he kept himself clean, I'll never know, but Kid barbered his kinky head and I never heard mention of crawling things; and that is more than could be said of some of the third and fourth graders I know, that frequented the Richard's Library and attended Sunday School."

When Bill got to be quite old he disappeared from Warrensburgh and after a while his friends heard he was living in Chestertown and doing odd jobs for Mrs. Gertrude Park-Stephens who was quite fond of the old man. He died on January 3, 1930, "after a short illness of general debility and heart disease." Mrs. Park-Stephens wrote, "This tribute to

his memory is offered by those who mourn his loss, in whose service he has been for many years, performing his duties faithfully, honestly and devotedly." He was buried in Hori-con after a simple service conducted by the Rev. T.H. Reinhart. He was 90 years old.

Although Bill died long before I was born, one memory concerning him comes back to me which makes me laugh. My step-daughter, Sue Ann Hadden and her husband, Tom Corlew used to live in a log home they built on the south side of the Conservation Department building on upper Hudson Street. They had two horses and one day Sue and I were standing by the pasture fence. She was telling me that when she had been out riding the day before she had found the remains of Bill's cabin. She said, "I know you would probably like to see it but it is in a hard place to get to and you will have to ride Tom's horse!" The horse in mention, all the time we were talking, was standing by the fence, sound asleep, with his nose buried in my hand. When Sue said the Words... "ride Tom's horse," he came awake with a start, stepped backward and started pacing the ground, shaking his head back and forth as he did so. I got his message loud and clear. I never did get to see Bill's shack.

The best description I found of William Spencer was in an old copy of the Warrensburgh News dated 1901. The name of the article was, "Never Lost His Religion," and was undoubtedly written by editor John Tubbs. It was common to use racial language in those days that we would no longer think of using now and no disrespect was intended at that time. Bill was referred to as "an ebony-hued citizen" who came into town "when Negro nature asserted itself." The article said "The typical darkey always has an idea that what he has to say is the same as saying grace to any white community, so Bill blended song and story from the

ground floor stoop of the Aldrich-Thomson block and for a while attracted a crowd and considerable attention."

Bill Spencer said, "Bredderin, I've been a mighty mean nigger in my time. I had a heap of ups and downs - 'specially-downs - since I left Hori-con and jined the church. I stole chickens and stole water-millins; I cussed, I got drunk, I fit wid my fists, but never slashed wid my razor, and I done er sight of odder things; but, thank the good Lawd, breddern, I never lost my religion."

I sat on my park bench, with Paul Gurney's bandstand behind me, and Bill Spencer's ghost walked by and tipped his hat to me. As I watched him turn left and start up Hudson Street, I noticed he had a slight bulge in his back pocket.

## Local Odds and Ends

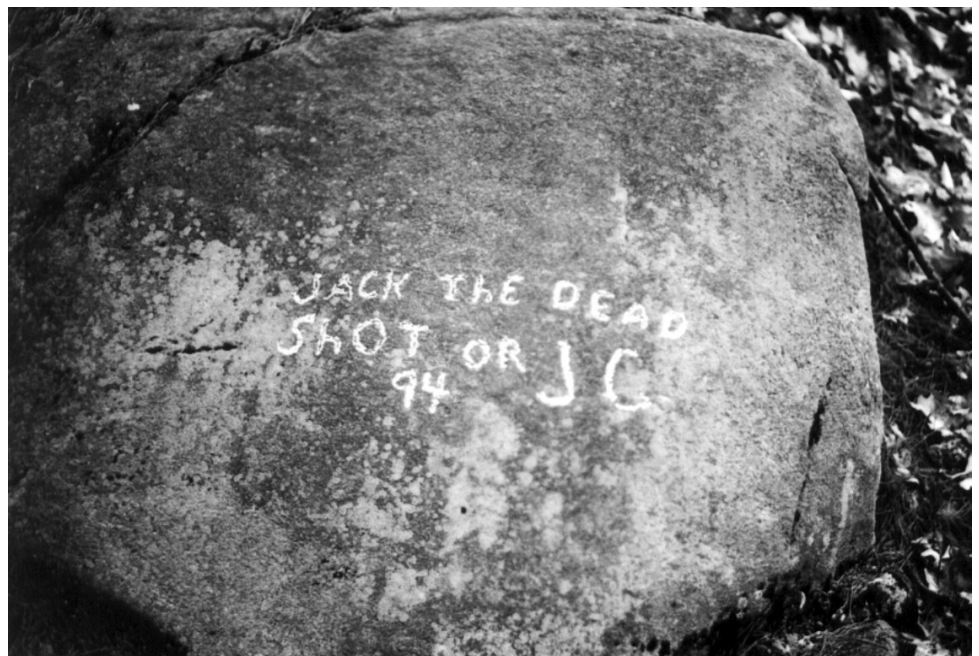
By Ed Kreinheder

About ten thousand years ago the waning icesheet and receding glacier left two large boulders on the upper side of the road encircling Hackensack Mountain. They are just inside the upper line of our lot about 100

yards apart and about four feet by six feet in size.

Two proud hunters chiseled their names on these over 100 years ago. The one pictured and outlined in chalk, is inscribed "Jack the Dead Shot or J.G, (18)94. The other is marked "Adirondack Mt. Jack or J.J.W.(18)98 as I remember . Some research might tell who these hunters were. Kay Maltbie told me she believed one was a Woodward.

About 30 years ago a friend of mine told me a story about a Warrensburgh man who had taken in an 1804 silver dollar in payment for gas at a station he worked at. My friend said he had tried to buy it (a very valuable coin) but he would not sell it. The owner of the coin was a good mechanic and though a good sort of person, he was a hard luck type who never had a good job. Some years later he did some work for me and I asked him about the coin; He said yes he had it and it was a good one but he no longer had it. He told me that he had come home from work tired one night and there was no meal ready for him. His wife said bitterly "We have no food and no money so no meal." He took his silver dollar and went to Grand Union and bought some food. This is a



story. An 1804 silver dollar is worth one million dollars today. A restrike of which seven are known is worth over \$ 200,000 today. Silver dollar mintage was discontinued with 1803 date and any minted that year if there were had the 1803 date. The 1804 dollars so dated were minted in 1834-35 period as presentation proof sets. The restrikes were made in 1859 (seven known) so it's possible he had a genuine restrike worth \$200,000.

The late Arnold Davis told me that when he was a young man he found a quantity of expensive looking gold jewelry on a pile of earth recently dug up by a woodchuck. He carefully returned it to the bottom of the hole and covered it and tamped it down so he could return and recover it if it turned out not to be stolen. He never dug it up. It was buried in our line running from Route Nine up to the foot of Hackensack and a few hundred feet up in the woods. Hial Hall tried to locate it with a metal detector but there was too much interference from the fallen wire fence. It may still be there. Arnold never lied or made up stories. Many local finds have come into our shop over the years. Grant Kenyon found a 3 dollar gold piece on a woodland trail. it must have been dropped in the mud by some city sport as it was unscratched and perfect. We probably paid around \$300, at that time a goodly sum.

George Paulowich found a 1955 double strike Lincoln Penny about thirty years ago. A rare coin that we probably bought for around \$150.

About 15 or 20 years ago a beautiful New York State powder horn was brought into our shop. Professionally carved and in colors the finest I ever saw. Inscribed to Colonel Goose Van Schaight at Albany, 1764 for services in the French and Indian War. Intricately carved with map of the Hudson and Mohawk valleys



showing all the forts and towns and embellished with a large British coat of arms with Lion and Unicorn. He was also appointed colonel of the second New York Regiment in the Revolution and sent by Washington to destroy the Onondaga Indian settlements. He was commended and appointed Brigadier General. It was bought for \$4,800 and sold for \$6,500 and now resides in the Ticonderoga Museum. We have a picture in color. Today it would be worth

\$12,000 - \$15,000.

Another one. Fifty years ago a local Methodist minister told me that in the early days of his ministry, that would be about 90 years ago, times were hard. A family in his congregation in the fall of the year found themselves without any stored up food or money, but had a good crop of potatoes. Not willing to accept credit or charity, they lived all winter on potatoes. One hopes they might have had a few carrots or turnips or a family cow. They survived and it shows the rugged good character and independence of the Adirondack people in those days.

## Pat's Column

By Pat Terrell

### The 1800's

The Schroon River in the 1880's was a lot larger than it is now. There was good fishing in the good old days. Local boys caught Northern Pike and sold them to store owners for twenty five cents. That was a lot of money then and the boys helped out with money for the household.



FISHING IN SCHROON RIVER NEAR WARRENSBURGH, N. Y.

At one time in the early 1890's there were two steamboats on the Schroom River. Charles Burhans had one and so did James Emerson. a channel was dredged in the shallow places and the steamboats could make the six mile run as far as the County Home. Each boat could carry about fifteen people. Boating got to be quite a sport in those years. Sheridan Prosser had a boat dock where Warren Ford is now with ten or twelve boats for hire. On nice Sundays these boats were generally all in use as well as privately owned ones.

T.J. Smith came to Warrensburgh in the 1880's and bought the grist mill from B. Burhans. He lived in the Irving Arbuckle house where Mr. Arbuckle had a barbershop. A barbershop was still there when this writer moved to Warrensburgh in 1946. The property now has been renovated by Mrs. Lenore Smith and restored to its original duplex construction.

At that time there were a lot of farmers in town. Harrington Hill and Putney Hill (now Alden Avenue) were quite thickly populated. Everyone raised corn, oats and buckwheat and took them to Smith's to be ground. My husband's father had his grains ground there and I was told he paid his bill with grain; how wonderful the barter system.

It was a stone mill at that time, with three separate stones; one for meal and feed, one for buckwheat, and one for wheat although not much wheat was taken in. The porch of the mill would be full of grist, the men waiting their turn.

From the grist mill steps one could see a solid line of teams from Herrick Bros. Wagon Shop to the Osborne Bridge, horse teams and ox teams both, moving slowly along with loads of hemlock bark, hay or wood as well as grist.

## Lewisville

(Continued from page 1)

1925 Mabel Tucker's grandparents purchased the home. Births and deaths in the Tucker family have happened there in the same house till Mabel left in 1999 to live elsewhere.

Across River Street and a little west, the Christian and Missionary Alliance Church was constructed in 1915. One year later, without

Street, or as I always knew it "Bake Shop Hill". Where the church stood on River Street is now a parking lot belonging to Richard and Martha Maxam, owners of Herrick's Store.

Herrick's store is one of the oldest, if not the oldest, continuous businesses in Warrensburgh. some of the Herrick family has been connected with it since 1893 when brothers Simeon and James Herrick purchased the building. The business has changed



### Services Interdenominational

Compliments  
of  
Rev. and Mrs.  
W.F. HASSEL  
Pastors

1917 JANUARY 1917						
SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
F. M. 8 ☺	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31	L. O. 16 ☺	N. M. 23 ☺	F. O. 29 ☺

Warrensburgh  
New York

You Are Invited to  
the Services

Souvenir calendar produced by the Church in Lewisville

"pulling a nail" the building was moved to the lot on the down side of River Street from Herrick's Store. The church had a small but active congregation and has since been demolished. A new building was constructed on Pine Tree Lane, off Elm

in nature since then but always sold groceries, hardware, glass, paint and or wallpaper.

After 107 years of continuous business, economy has forced closure of the business and the oldest store in



Lewisville is FOR SALE.

As a youngster in the 1950's, several of my friends and I browsed and shopped in the "household and gift" part of the store. Back windows gave a breathtaking view of the rapid river in the spring run off and in winter the beautiful snowy white, ice covered rocks with water rushing around them.

Speaking of winter reminds me of Christmas shopping which was fun at Herrick's. I recollect once buying my mother a nutcracker with picks in a nice little box for 39 cents and my dad a lead cord for his battery charger for a mere 49 cents. these were great buys as that Christmas of 1951 I had a grand total of \$2.00 for my shopping.



## *Diary of Grace Noyes*

(18 January 1825 – 5 January 1881)

Continued from Previous Quarterly

Friday, March 1, 1878 Thawing like everything real plesent Emma & Jennie went home to day I have been baking to day

Saturday 2 Thawing quite fast Jim came home this AM from the woods We are all well to day as usual Mr

MacBeth has gone to East Lake George to preach

Sunday 3 It rained all last night very bad walking indeed Rev Mr Stray came here to preach from East Lake George

Monday 4 Jim getting ice & Fred packing real cold The Crosbys were up here Rev Mr Stray left fore hom this morning

Tuesday 5 Jim geting ice and Fred packing real cold

Wednesday 6 Jim at work for William Noble It was real warm and plesent snow going fast

Thursday 7 Jim went to Glens Falls for Hunt Fred was here

Friday 8 snow going of very fast Fred took Miss Freeman & Allie down to the cars (railway station Thurman?) Biddie just as mean as sin

Saturday 9 Gracie went to the Falls Jim & Fred finished geting ice this AM It was a real plesent day Hesden came up home to night

Sunday 10 Plesent MacBeth preached Hesden up home to day Morris came in the PM Miss Freeman & Allie gone home to attend the funeral of her Father

Monday 11 Stormy Hesden went down to the Falls this AM Marie went to Pottersville Biddie washing to day Jim sawing wood Aurther Richards started for the West to day

Tuesday 12 Rainy all day Jim sawing wood Fred stud(y)ing & had a bad cold

Wednesday 13 Rainy all day Jim sawing wood Fred has a bad cold yet

Thursday 14 Rainy all day Jim sawing wood Fred has a real bad cold on his lungs

Friday 15 Drawing hay from the other barn Jim sawing wood

Saturday 16 verry plesent and warm Fred went to Luzerne Jim cuting wood Mrs Bates came with the rest

of the yarn Gracie came home to day We had some pigs this AM

Sunday 17 St Patricks day Plesent snow about all gone Fred not here Mr Austin(?) rang the bell Jim gone home Harrie 0 Burnso(e)n here Mrs Eaton came up to church

Monday 18 Jim sawing wood Biddie "washing" Mrs King sewing wether unplesent

Tuesday 19 Jim sawing wood Cold rainy day

Wednesday 20, Mrs Centen (Sentenne) here to dinner and spent the day Jim cuting wood Mrs MacEwen here to tea Plesent but cold

Thursday 21 Jim cuting wood Plesent

Friday 22 Jim cuting wood

Saturday 23 Mrs King went to the Falls with Mrs Emerson Jim cuting wood

Sunday 24 Snowing all day Jim went up home

Monday 25 Biddie Washing & about as mean as Cain Jim sawing wood

Tuesday 26 Jim sawing wood

Wednesday 27 Jim sawing wood rainy Kate Griffin here to dinner MacBeth went to Glens Falls

Thursday 28 Jim went to the Falls fore J. G. Hunt

Friday 29 Cuting wood Jim was at work at it Plesent

Saturday 30 Jim Cuting wood

Sunday 31 The folks all went out to church It was cold

Monday, April 1 Jim at work cuting wood Biddie washing

Tuesday 2 Jim cuting wood and him & Fred went to Foster Place to make fence and all went to ride in the Pm Mrs McEwen & Mrs King made some calls Entertainment at Smiths Hall

Wednesday, 3 Entertainment at

Smith Hall Jim at work for Noble (William Noble)

Thursday 4 Jim at work for Noble Sociable here to night Saml Stone died to night

Friday 5 It rained all day Jim sawing wood Some one stole all the money they got at the Entertainment

Saturday 6 Jim cutting wood Jones hard at work Mrs King went to the Falls Saml Stone Buried this morning (Buried in warrensburch Cemetery) Mrs King brought me alpaca to day

Sunday 7 Jim went home a cloudy day & cool G ? Trap down home McBeth preached H.Prior Home to day

Monday 8 Cool & unplesent Mrs King went & took Hesden to the Falls this AM. James & Noble here at work Biddie Washing I done up the work Gracie came home to night

Tuesday, 9, Cool & windy James & Jim & Fred all at work on Wood Mrs King sick head ache Biddie mad

Wednesday 10 Rainy James cutting Wood Jim & Fred been after gravel for Hunt Mrs King

Thursday, 11 rainy Jim sawing Wood Mrs King not well & I felt real bad all day ---

Friday 12 Sugar tea & coffee and rice came today It cleared away this PM Dinnie plowd the garden. Jim drawing Butts up from Emersons Mill Tweed died to day at noon Boss I mean

Saturday 13...Drawing out manure in the fore noon. Went up to Currys after potatoes in the Pm geting ready to plant potatoes

Sunday 14 Palm This is Rev Mr Currys last Sunday (Methodist 1876-1878) here A plesent day Biddie Went to church Mac Beth preached to day ---

Monday, 15, 1878 Biddie washing. Marie Came Back to day & her

sister with her a plesent day Wilie Jones began work this A-M- Mrs MacEwen & Mrs Grant Call this PM

Tuesday 16 Biddie did not Work to day. drawing out manure. MacBeth came home today from Lake George Crosbys were here. Ice Cream made Last Sociable at Eben Grants. Mrs King set up with Mrs Coles to night

Wednesday 17 Biddie not here Went to Donovan's Jim drawing out manure. April shours all day Mrs King looking over Papers and all most sick & Tweed was Buried to day

Thursday 18 Jim plowing to day Biddie not here Very Warm & plesent I Went out on the Front Stoop this AM for the first time & Walked awhile Mrs. Aldrich & daughter called this Pm

Friday 19, varry warm & plesent I went out to the Front gate Washed and got the dinner. Biddie Came Back from D this PM. Hesden Came up to night

Saturday 20 Cooler I did not go out at all to day Was Baking and was tired Hesden looking over Papers with his mother. The first thunder storm to night Fred & Mac Beth went to Lake George to Temperance Meeting

Sunday 21 Easter Sunday Rev Mr Curry gone to Confrence Fred & Mac. Came Back this AM from Lake George MacBeth Preached to day Very windy did not go out Hesden up here

Monday 22 Not very plesent Biddie went to the Falls with Mrs King Marie done the washing & I done the work Jim & Fred makeing fence got things fore Miss Freeman

Tuesday 23 It rained last night a damp rainy day Fred getting ready for Band Entertainment. (Fred King played piccolo) Biddie commenced Work this AM - at, 10 shillings per Week. Mrs Shanehan Call this P.M.

Wednesday 24 rainy. I have not been out this week Jim puting up the ? Mrs King sewing Marie at work for Miss Freeman

Thursday, 1878 Rainy Boys at work at fence Band Entertainment to night at Smiths Hall

Friday 26 Rainy Boys at work at fence Mrs Grant left town to day for Gloversville Band Entertainment at Smiths Hall

Saturday 27 Plesent & warm Mrs King went to the Lake Mr,Mac went to Glens Falls 'Jim at work at fence Mr Fennell came up to preach (Presbyterian Church, Glens Falls) Mrs Ira Coles died to day at 12. oclock

Sunday 28 rainy & unplesent Rev A. J. Fennell Preached here to day It rained here all day

Monday 29 rainy all day The Boys making fence Biddie wash Marie sewing I done the work Rev A J Fennel left for home this AM rainy day Mrs Coles Buried to day

Tuesday 30 a damp rainy day Jim at work at fence at Foster Place Marie sewing fore Miss Freeman Mac Beth Came to day



Fred King



## Further Recollections of Katts Corners Road

By Steve Parisi

Where to go from here? If you recall, these recollections date back to November 1946, when my mother, step-father, sister and I moved into the former Daggett farm along the Hudson River near the end of Katts Corners Road (now Hickory Hill Road). My parents purchased the property from its previous owners, the Boucher family of Glens Falls.

Residents along the road at that time were Charlie and Mary Hovey, Leon Rogell (at that time just in the summer) and, at the very end of the road, Mr. & Mrs. Joe Riley. Frank & Charlotte Swinton occupied the house at the original Katts Corners. (across the rerouted State Route 418). Rex (Sr.) and Mary Stone owned the farm along 418 adjacent to Katts Corners Road, with one son, Rex ("Junior") still home. Their other children, Hilda (now Halavin), Pauline, Margaret (Maggie Lemieux), Don and Walton ("Buck") were married and living elsewhere. In that family, Hilda alone survives.

These neighbors were all friendly and supportive of the "newcomers."

Changes, of course, were inevitable. The Rileys left in the spring of 1947, and were replaced for brief periods first by Genevieve Ackley and her family and then by Roger and Maggie Lemieux and Maggie's daughter, Mary. That house was actually owned by Earl Woodward and stood vacant until Bob and Wanda Suprenant and their daughter Ellen, who was my age, moved in, perhaps around 1949. They lived there until the late 50s, about when Ellen succumbed to an asthma attack. This little cottage at the end of the road, the original structure of which now forms the core of our B & B, was bought by my mother in 1967 from the late Edgar Cotherman

and his wife (Earl Woodward's sister).

Sometime in the 50s, Ray and Pearl Stone built a "camp" on his ancestral



c. 1929 cottage built by Warrensburgh businessman, Charles Brown and now part of Country Road Lodge Bed & Breakfast

property just across the tracks from us. Ray managed the Warrensburgh Fish Hatchery for the State and Pearl assisted librarian Jennie Cameron at the Richards Library. They lived on Library Avenue but liked to get away from "crowded" Warrensburgh. Age eventually limited their activity and they sold their Katts Corners Road camp to Grace and Irwin Beecher, friends of my mother. Beecher was the minister of a small church in Brooklyn. Following his death, Grace was befriended by the son of a parishioner, Frank Oliver, who inherited the property upon Grace's untimely death in 1976. When Frank and his new wife, the former Josephine Aiken, moved to Florida, they sold to Irene Havens, who continues to reside there, with her son Tom.

The Rogell property was sold to a family named Perry, from Woodcliff Lake, New Jersey, who used it as a summer and winter vacation home. It remains in that family.

Back out at the "main road" (Rt. 418) bigger changes were to take place. After briefly operating a grocery store on River Street (across

from Herrick's) Rex and Mary Stone moved an outbuilding down to the road, restored it and opened a grocery store right there at Katts Corners! I think that might have been about 1949. After Rex Sr. died, Mary continued to run the store, until she sold it and that corner of her property to Jim and Grace Parker about 1956-7.

Jim was a Thurmanite, I believe the son of Allan and Alice Parker. I was away at school most of this period but my step-father became friends with the Parkers. Jim and Grace had great plans and soon built the first two units of what

was to be a motel. It provided a home for them and their young family but times were hard, and Jim, a millwright by trade, eventually found work in the Syracuse area, and they relocated. Delila Walter, Thurmanite and former Warrensburgh teacher, informed me that Jim died just last year, at the age of 79.

It was in the early sixties that Jack Arehart, founder of 1000 Acres Dude Ranch, convinced Mary Stone to sell him her entire property. Sit'n Bull Ranch was born! Parker's Store and the widowed Charlotte Swinton's home were quickly "annexed" and demolished. A new building replaced the store, and a barn and corral were built on the Swinton property.

Sit'n Bull operated summer and winter until the early '80s. Katts Corners itself was busier than it had ever been! Curiously, few of their guests ventured far, and Katts Corners Road, now renamed Hickory Hill Road after the ski area, remained the sleepy lane through fields and forest it had been forty years earlier.

*(to be continued)*

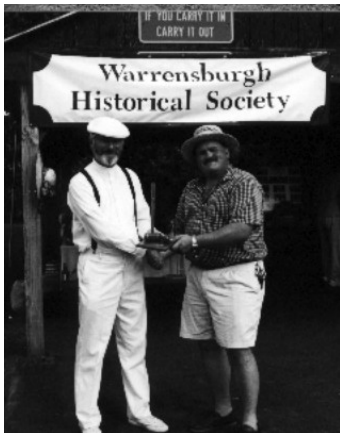
# STICKY WICKET August 27, 2000 Warrensburch Fish Hatchery



Chef Brian Engle



The Pink Flamingo Course made a hit with children (young and old)



President Tony Fidd presenting Delbert Chambers with the 2000 Sticky Wicket Trophy

It's not often you get to "spit" in the Sheriff's eye and live to tell about it. Well that's just what your editor did. Sitting across the picnic table from Sheriff Larry Cleveland, I bit into my butter dripping corn on the cob and proceeded to send spurts of corn and butter into Larry's face. He was a good sport, but I know he will never let me forget it (or sit across the table from me!). Speaking of corn, what a great spread we had. Chicken done expertly by Chef Brian Engle, scalloped potatoes, baked beans, pasta salads, greens salads, Jell-O yummies and on and on. Desserts were also wonderful and the brownies to die for. We had a special treat this year (a donation by L.D. Hall), sarsaparilla, root bear and cream soda in the old style brown bottles and a wonderful reminder of our childhood.

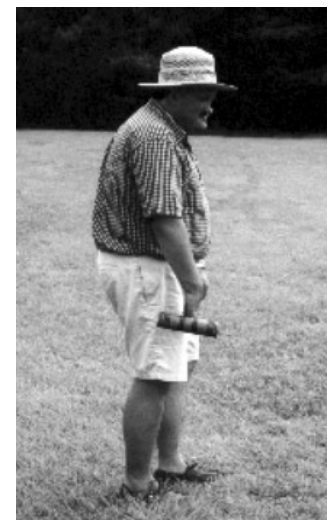
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Past president Delbert Chambers showing his winning stance



President Tony Fidd "studying" the course

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