



# Warrensburgh Historical Society Quarterly

VOLUME 26 ISSUE 2

SUMMER 2021

## LOCAL POET: CLYDE FARRAR

by Paul Gilchrist

The last Quarterly President's Column mentioned that we want to focus not only on local history from one or two hundred years ago, but also more recent decades. One such example would be the work of local poet Clyde Farrar, whose drug store and soda fountain, where New Way Lunch parking is now, was one of 3 pharmacies in town 60 years ago. He lived on Library Ave. at the corner of Sanford St. This year marks 40 years since his book of poetry and prose, *We Need a Creed*, was published and 60 years since his book of poetry, *Colored Rhythms*. Both books can be found at Richards Library.

Here's a sampling of his poetry (better, in my opinion, than much of the poetry one finds in the New Yorker).

### ETERNAL TOO [my favorite]

Where does the life of a dog with tricks  
Or a bird with a glad song go?  
To a timeless place where they forget  
Or a place and time they know?

Does any living form we love  
Share life with us in vain?  
The trials of feathers, fur and flesh  
Earn more than earthly gain.

And as for us, would we enjoy  
The heavens we suppose  
Without our dogs or colts or cats  
Or dolphins, ducks or does?

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## ELM UPDATE

by Paul Gilchrist

11½ years ago the Warrensburgh Historical Society began an effort to restore elm trees to Warrensburg by planting young trees that were guaranteed resistant to the Dutch elm disease that had all but wiped out the species fifty years earlier. Let's look now at how the trees we planted have fared.

We started with four 8' trees ordered from the Elm Research Institute in Keene, NH. We planted two of these on the lawn of Richards Library on November 1, 2009, the other two in front of the Senior Center (Miles Thomas house) in an Arbor Day 2010 ceremony. In following years we planted six more at the library, two in front of the Presbyterian parsonage, and two at the cemetery. In addition, Peter Haggerty planted two from Mead's Nursery just inside the middle gate on the western side of the cemetery.

While the trees are doubtless resistant to Dutch elm disease, we learned to our dismay they're vulnerable to another disease we never heard of. It struck here suddenly in one of the Miles Thomas trees three years after it was planted. I received a call one morning from Teresa Whalen that on one of the trees a vertical streak of yellow-brown dead-looking leaves had appeared. By nightfall, whatever it was had spread all over the tree, which was obviously dead. Lab analysis led to the conclusion it was a disease called "elm yellows" - no cure and no effective way to stop its spread. To learn more, go online to [bygl.osu.edu](http://bygl.osu.edu) elm yellows.

Sadly, six of the trees we planted have succumbed: four at the library, one at the parsonage, and the first one at the Miles Thomas house. The other Miles Thomas

(Continued on page 6)

## MARIE ROSS

by Barbara Whitford

See photos on page 3

Marie Ross, a longtime member of the Historical Society and museum guide, was interviewed at her home on May 7 by Barbara Whitford, assisted by Tammy Jones, Marie's daughter.

Marie Logan (Rhodes) Ross was born August 27, 1929, on Hackensack Ave. in Warrensburg to Anna Laura (Logan) Rhodes and Floyd A. Rhodes, who married in 1917. Her parents had lived in the double house at the north end of King St. that had originally been the Methodist Church on Main St., built in 1849 and moved to King St. when the current church was built in 1896. Marie's older sister, Martha, was born in that house in December 1925.

A gentleman from New York City named Sig Wachter had moved in with her parents in 1919. He built a house for them around the corner at 9 Hackensack Ave. in 1925 with a room and bathroom for himself on the first floor. They all moved into it shortly after Marie's older sister, Martha, was born. Marie's grandmother Logan lived across the street. Marie's mother, Anna was the grand-daughter of Dr. Cassius Logan.

Marie was born just before the Great Depression started. Her family grew vegetables and kept chickens for eggs. Items in the stores were not plentiful and available meat was not the best. The vegetables they grew were canned and then stored in her grandmother's root cellar across the street.

Anna had worked in the shirt factory and for years was a telephone operator. Floyd worked at the woolen mill and eventually became a commercial lighting expert for Niagara Mohawk. He also unjammed

(Continued on page 5)

## SOCIETY/MUSEUM NEWS

### Historical Society Update by Sharon Stone

It has been an eventful year for the Historical Society. We have a new president, Candice Healy whom we are looking forward to working with. Candice has been on the Historical Society Board for three years and has a very good idea of what needs to be done during the upcoming months. Along with now holding the title of Society President, Candice also volunteers as a Museum Greeter on the in the museum. She can often be found there with one or both of her children in tow who seem to enjoy time spent in the past. Which, I might add is preparing them to be well rounded, involved future citizens.

We are sad to have lost Beth Kinghorn to warmer climates. Her time on the board brought to light areas that the Society excels at, such as remaining viable and connected to the community as well as areas that we need to focus on to keep that success going. We wish Beth all the best in her new endeavors.

Another change is that our Quarterly Editor, Serena Stone also moved to warmer climates and is now expecting her 2<sup>nd</sup> child. We will miss her and wish her all the best. For now, Sharon Stone has taken on the editing of the quarterly once again.

Speaking of the quarterly, we are always on the lookout for new news about old times. If you have a story that you would like to share, please contact us at [whs7396@yahoo.com](mailto:whs7396@yahoo.com). Y'all must have a story or two told to you by your parents or grandparents. Or perhaps, one that you never told your parents that you would like to fess up to. Maybe you know something about one of our historic buildings you would like to pass on. Give us a shout out and we will see to it that you are a published author.

We are excited to have the museum once again open to the public Sat. and Sun. and are hoping to expand our hours. For us to do that, we need your help. The museum needs greeters. If you are interested in our local history,

enjoy meeting people, or simply need to get out of the house for a bit, please consider giving us a chance.

Please email us at  
[whs7396@yahoo.com](mailto:whs7396@yahoo.com).

Also in the works for the museum is the search for a new Museum Direc-

tor. Please be on the lookout for more news concerning that position.

The Historical Society and Museum are looking forward to continuing to have a strong place in our community. We hope to see and or hear from you. Remember, the story you live today will be the history told tomorrow. ♦

## SOCIETY INFORMATION

### CONTRIBUTORS TO ISSUE:

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Sandi Parisi  
Sharon Stone

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We welcome comments, corrections, articles, pictures, letters, and reminiscences. Email to above or mail to  
WHS - PO Box 441  
Warrensburg, NY 12885

### Please Update Your Email

If your email has changed, please update the Society at:  
[whs7396@yahoo.com](mailto:whs7396@yahoo.com)

### UPCOMING EVENTS 2021:

Special Event—Sept 13, 2021  
Save the Day

### Warrensburg Historical Society

**Website:** [www.whs12885.org](http://www.whs12885.org)

**Email:** [whs7396@yahoo.com](mailto:whs7396@yahoo.com)

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Quarterly  
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**TREASURER:** Candice Healy  
Dot Langworthy  
Mark Brown  
John Gable  
Dave Nabozny  
**TOWN HISTORIAN** Sandi Parisi

### BOARD MEETINGS

The Board of Directors will meet in the Town Historian's Office at 6:30pm on the FIRST Wednesday of each month in the Shirt Factory Building at 100 River St.

Past Quarterlies can be found at  
[whs12885.org/archives](http://whs12885.org/archives)

### CURRENT MEMBERSHIP

273

### MEMBERSHIP INFORMATION

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

**Warrensburg Historical Society  
P.O. Box 441,  
Warrensburg, N.Y. 12885**

### MEMBERSHIP RATES

Students	\$5.00	Contributing	\$55.00
Individual	\$15.00	Business	\$50.00
Family	\$25.00	Institutional	\$100.00
Sr. (62+)	\$10.00	Life (Individual only)	\$300.00
Sr. Family	\$18.00		

(Farrar, continued from page 1)

### *C<sub>2</sub>H<sub>5</sub>OH*

Wine does not come from the sun,  
But where the spider's web is spun  
In darkened cellars, steals a shape  
From luscious grape.

C<sub>2</sub>H<sub>5</sub>OH is a fuel of faster rate  
Than carbohydrate found  
In fruit that's sound,  
Sweeter to taste,  
Above the ground.

But haste is waste;  
If we do not live as slow  
As days should go,  
We heavyweight or shrink.  
Men should think, when they want a drink,  
Of H<sub>2</sub>O..

### *JAZZ*

Rollicking, lusty, boisterous jazz,  
Your trombones laugh,  
Your trumpets shriek at prim tradition.  
You sin, the way you rag a composition,  
But win because you vamp for recognition.  
In substance, jazz,  
You've got what has  
A worthy ring . . . But wait:  
Is swing the thing?

Turbulent, gusty, confident swing,  
Your saxes laugh,  
Your fiddles squeak with imposition.  
You sin, the way you jam a composition:  
You're din, the way you ride for exhibition.  
Too nervosa;  
All too presto, too crescendo.  
Retardando!  
You've got news . . . ? Rhythm n' blues?

Blues . . . You've found a chord . . .  
The keys you've thrown away.  
For all that, it seems you're here to stay.  
Come jumping' jives  
They televise  
From all the dives  
Of Harlem, San Francisco,  
Old New Orleans and Chicago . . .  
Banjo, cello, bongo.

You may know modulation  
But you don't know moderation,  
And you carry syncopation  
To the point of dissipation.  
A bedlam of cacophony  
Your sessions of tympani:  
Your drummers think percussion  
Is the ultimate discussion.

You paraphrase Tchaikovsky and Stravinsky.  
You drive the masters mad or make them frisky  
On shot of jitters-gin or smaltzy whiskey.  
Their mad chromatic glee  
And those acrobatic sprees  
Of dizzy thrills, arpeggio spills  
And breaks are off the key:  
Not merely accidental:  
With you it's instrumental.

Why use a "steal?" You have a tone surprise  
In "Sunrise Serenade" to harmonize:  
And "Scatterbrain," along with "Lazy Bones"  
And modern "Who" have local color tones.  
In dissonance you have an artful ease . . .  
That arabesque of "Kitten on the Keys" . . .  
While in your soulful welling of "Temptation,"  
In "Night and Day," that lover's proclamation,  
In iridescent "Rhapsody in Blue,"  
Your parent gift of genius lives anew.

The means you have to give us variation!  
A tantalizing nymph wrecks devastation  
In all your clarinets with sweet evasion,  
And gentlemanly smoothies talk alone  
To sultry sirens from a saxophone.  
Your trumpets flourish sky-hooks for elation,  
Then triple-tongue its captive demonstration.

Pianos run the tempest: with it done,  
The xylophone sheds raindrops in the sun.  
The big bass plays the ogre with a frown  
Who takes to sullen striding up and down  
The seven notes in seven-leagued boots;  
Then piccolos play Pan with merry toots.  
The concertina sends us, rhythm led,  
A panther's proudly pussy-footing tread.  
The fiddle leads them all, for it's a witch,  
To platters which can chatter any pitch,  
Or with its charm it leads them in a reel  
Which plays them back with Hi-Fi swing appeal.

It's commodo, Jazz, you scorn the obligato;  
The absolute in music is your motto;  
But arranged with more precise,  
You could well be virtuoso . . .  
You prodigal, you prodigy . . .  
Finale.

### *MUSAVISTA*

Is there a realm  
In which lightness and music,  
With distant horizons  
Can lift us to gladness---  
Where toil is attention  
To faintest harmonics  
And pleasure the coolness  
Of breezes nocturnal?

Is there a life  
Which is buoyant and vibrant,  
Inspiring with movement  
The innermost spirit,  
Or holding nuances  
Of tranquil enjoyment  
In far-reaching moments  
Of lingering magic?

Is there a people  
With speech always fluent  
Whose song, above laughter,  
Extolls their existence:  
Whose love is the giving  
Of idolized rapture,  
Awakening the senses  
To beauty thereafter?

### *LOST MOMENT CONFESSED*

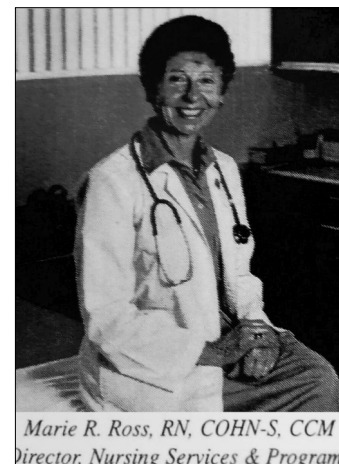
I wish I had gone with you then.  
If only I knew you well . . .  
But far from my thoughts  
In that moment lost  
The meaning your words might tell.  
Can you forgive  
That I did not ask  
To be with you then, on your way?  
It's late, I confess,  
But I claim it now;  
That moment lost -- if I may. ♦

#### **Artificial Kidney Successful In Tests at Albany Hospital**



ARTIFICIAL KIDNEY USED HERE—One of the nation's few modern artificial kidneys is shown being used to help a patient at Albany hospital. The man, victim of an auto accident, is having his blood cleaned by the Albany hospital machine, right foreground, since his normal kidney function was stopped by the accident. If the patient recovers he will owe his life to the machine.

Marie (left) with early kidney dialysis machine at Albany Med.



*Marie R. Ross, RN, CCHN-S, CCM  
Director, Nursing Services & Program*

Marie at time of retirement



Marie Ross today,



Saturday and Sunday  
12:00—2:00 PM  
Updated Hours will be posted on  
both our Website and Facebook

### Steve Parisi Memorial Tree Planted

A tree was planted in front of Warrensburg Central Junior-Senior High School to memorialize the life and legacy of Steve Parisi, who passed away in December 2020. The ceremony was held on Thursday, May 20, also serving as a belated celebration of April's Arbor Day and Earth Day. The tree is a sugar maple provided by Warren County Soil and Water Conservation District. The program was organized by Teresa Whalen, President of Warrensburg Beautification, Inc. Two individuals from Soil & Water, Jim Lieberum and Maren Alexander assisted with the planting. Steve was much involved with the elementary and junior-senior high schools, the students and the teachers, to give them exposure to, and appreciation of, Warrensburg's history via its museum, of which he was the Director. ♦



Sandi Parisi tosses the first handful followed by dozens of Steve's friends



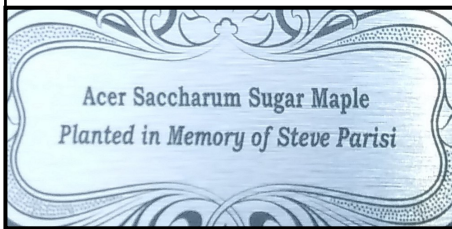
The sugar maple is planted by Jim Lieberum, Maren Alexander, and Teresa



Gary Bivona delivers accolades in tribute to Steve's talents, accomplishments, character, and legacy.



Jim Lieberum hammers stakes into the ground for the guy lines that will support the young tree.



↑ The Plaque

A group of friends stand with Sandi after the ceremony →



Teresa Whalen makes introductory remarks



Maren Alexander of Soil and Water Conservation speaks about the sugar maple to those attending the dedication

(Ross, continued from page 1)

logs on the river, even though he couldn't swim. "He didn't think anything about stepping from one log to another." Marie worried about her father, because some men would go down between the logs and never come up.

Marie loved Mt. Hackensack. "The first time I looked out and saw that I must have been five. The first time I realized that mountain was there to climb, I can remember I started up the road and my father came out and said, 'Where are you going?' I said, 'I'm gonna climb the mountain.' He said, 'You're not old enough yet to climb the mountain.' I said, 'You can't tell me I'm not old enough to climb MY mountain!' He said, 'Ohhh, yes! I'm old enough to tell you you're not going to climb that mountain today.'

"But it wasn't very long before I did climb the mountain." She and her father would climb it together. Other times she'd go by herself. Her father "would go up the road and blow his whistle. If I didn't come down I knew he'd come and get me. That would be embarrassing because that was my mountain. They always knew if I wasn't around, I was up on the mountain. I lived on that mountain."

"I was always outdoors, and if I could possibly get in a tree, I'd get in a tree. My mother would say, 'I think we had a boy.' But they loved me anyway."

Marie remembers the old Fairyland Movie Theatre downtown. She saw *Gone with the Wind* there. She loved the sound of big band jazz on the radio. "Even the circus coming to town ... those kinds of things I wouldn't have missed for anything."

One Halloween, Marie and her friends decided "there was no point in hanging out in the cemetery - there wasn't going to be any excitement there, so we decided we would 'borrow' Orton & McCloskey's hearse. So I came down the street, riding on top of the hearse that was pulled by the boys, and we went by Sig Wachter's store, and my mother was sitting there, and she said, 'I couldn't believe it. Marie was sitting on top of a hearse, riding down Main St.!'"

Later she was called out of class to the principal's office, and the principal "chewed me out, and I said, 'But it was really an awful lot of fun.' And he said, 'I give up. I'm not going to convert you, am I?' And I said, 'No.'"

The principal made them clean the hearse and return it to the Orton and McCloskey funeral home. A lot of her classmates accompanied her. Marie said, "McCloskey was a hoot and he loved any kind of

(Continued on page 6)

## Summary of Annual Report—Beth Kinghorn

Our Annual Meeting took place on Thursday, April 15, 2021 via Zoom, attended by 7 board members and 6 Society members. President Beth Kinghorn recapped last year's meeting held at Lizzie Keays featuring a presentation by Steve Engelhart of AARCH. Treasurer Candice Healy reviewed the Society's outreach to local businesses in response to the pandemic and the success of our annual raffle. Membership has grown and we're in good financial standing. Town Historian Sandi Parisi reported on the Thurman Historical Society's merger with ours. She is supervising the enormous project of cataloging many boxes of artifacts from them. Secretary Sharon Stone reviewed museum activities in 2020, including Steve putting the museum collection online, the museum being open in Covid times, an elementary school exhibit, and artifact loans to the Adirondack Experience. A committee has been formed to search for a new Museum Director and consider how to move forward. Warrensburgh Beautification's Teresa Whalen reported on efforts toward historic preservation: rescheduling a tax credit benefit presentation for owners of historic properties, work done and needed in Tannery Park, and the creation of an annual Historic Preservation Award. Candice Healy was elected as our new president. Other officers will be elected at the next Board meeting.

## Annual Report

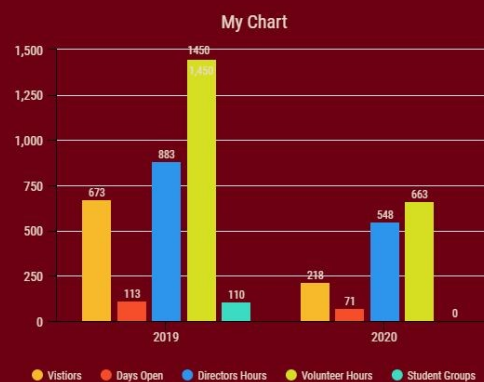
### Exciting News

- Touch Screen Added
- Past Perfect Online
- Tote for 10-12th Grades Completed: 20th Century Wartime in Warrensburgh
- Eleven posters and Other Artifacts: Lent to Adirondack Experience for their Wilderness to Warfront, The Adirondacks, and World War II Exhibit



"What's in a Uniform?" Service theme, but talks as well about learning, discipline, courage, integrity, honesty, fellowship, and caring.

### Museum Report



### Two New Board Members for 2020

John Gable & David Nabozny

### Tannery Park Property

Plan for development moving forward



### The Warrensburgh News Thursday, June 28 951

WARRENSBURG - Miss Marie Logan Rhodes, daughter, of Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Rhodes, 9 Hackensack Avenue, and Herbert Earl Ross, Jr., of 35 Warren Street, son Mrs. Nina Ross of Warrensburgh and Herbert E. Ross, Sr., of Brooklyn, were married at 8 P.M. Saturday in a candle-light ceremony at the First Baptist Church. The Rev. Eldon A. Winans, pastor of the Baptist Church of Endicott, officiated.

*(Elm, continued from page 1)*

tree has been cut, but it's not known whether it was a victim of the disease. Another library tree was cut to make way for the patio, but the three remaining appear OK, as are the cemetery elms.

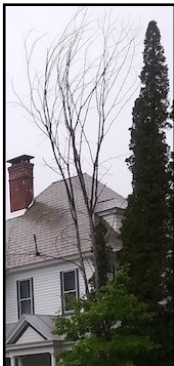


How did the disease travel here? Were some young trees pre-infected? We don't know. We've discontinued further planting, but we can continue to admire the elms we have as they grow, and hope they someday attain the stature of the great elm in front of Oscar's Smoke House, 105 feet tall and 16¾ feet in girth.



*The three surviving elm trees of the eight that were planted at Richards Library are indicated by the arrows. The tree on the left was planted in November 2009. The downward arrow points to the elm at the Presbyterian manse in the distance.*

There are many smaller elms around town killed by Dutch elm disease, identified by their inward curling branches. Here's one on the corner of Adirondack and Main; another seen from the corner of Thomson and Second Ave. For more details, go to [whs12885.org/archives](http://whs12885.org/archives). Vol.14, #4, p.5. ♦



*(Ross, continued from page 5)*

things like that. He said, 'You can't be mad at her! She's doing what a normal woman would do!' Of course, none of them thought it was very funny that we got it on the steps of the high school. But they forgave us. Warrensburg was a really good place to be born."

Marie was 12 when the United States entered the World War II and 16 when the war ended in 1945. Much of the information given to the public about the war was filtered but everyone was trying to remain patriotic. She remembers various drives for the community to raise money for the war effort.

She also remembers being frightened about the war. Children were not told the details of what was going on in the war, seemingly to protect them, unfortunately leaving them with their young minds to run wild with fear. Having played on Hackensack Mountain growing up, she said that she knew of a depression in the rock (a "cave") where she could go and hide if the enemy marched into town. She helped her father be a plane spotter on the top of the town barn at the rec field to watch for enemy planes in case some of them actually flew over our country during the war. It was a difficult time for children growing up.

Marie went to kindergarten in the Odd Fellows Hall, which is now the Warrensburg Museum of Local History. She attended the Warrensburg High School on School St. (now Stewart Farrar St.) and in 1947 graduated from Warrensburg Central School on James St.

When she was a teenager, Sig Wachter took Marie and her sister Martha to New York City on the train. They went to several theaters. He had been a prominent booking agent and knew a lot of Vaudeville and Broadway show biz people. He brought back a lot of comic books to sell in his store.

Marie hadn't wanted to be a nurse because of what was involved in taking care of sick people, but she eventually became interested in nursing by reading the old medical books of her great-grandfather, Cassius J. Logan, while sitting on the cellar steps by a basement window. Someone told her that Albany was the very best place to go to learn, so she thought, "Well, I'll go and give it a shot."

One of her early nursing tasks did not go according to plan. "I was supposed to be working in Intake, and they said, 'We need somebody to empty bedpans.' I said, 'Really? Okay, I guess I can do that.' But the first time I was flushing a bed pan the stupid thing exploded all over the place! I

put it in wrong. They weren't quite sure whether I intentionally made it explode because I didn't want to do it. But no, I just put it in wrong, and when I flushed it, it went like THIS!" *[Marie makes an "explosive" gesture with her hands.]*

"There are dozens of things that can happen when you try to do something you haven't done before, or use equipment you haven't used before. It can be a big surprise. In spite of the mishap, she and Martha both graduated from the Union University School of Nursing at Albany Medical Center.

She worked at Albany Med and in 1950 was involved in research and development of their first hemodialysis unit. After that she was in nursing management on a surgical floor in a hospital in Queens, NY.

When Marie was in nursing school her sister, Martha, was dating Lionel Ross (whom Martha later married), and Marie was friends with Lionel's sister, Werna. She met Lionel and Werna's brother Herb while square dancing when she was 17 (he was 6 years older). "We ended up doing LOTS of square dancing." Herb's mother would go along and watch. Herb and Lionel both called dances.

Marie and Herb were married on June 23, 1951. They lived for a while on Long Island. In 1952 they moved back to Warrensburg and had a home on Fourth Ave. In 1953 they built their house on Oak St., working on it together, where they raised four children and where Marie still resides.

In 1957 while raising her children, Marie went to work as office manager/nurse for Dr. Clinton E. Lawrence, a family physician in Warrensburg. His office was in the Emerson house on the corner of Main St. and Emerson Ave. In 1959 he moved to Elm St., next to the library.

Marie went on to become a certified occupational health nurse. In 1974 she started working for General Electric in Hudson Falls and Fort Edward in many different Health Care management capacities. Herb, a school psychologist, died unexpectedly in 1987. They were married for 36 years.

Marie went to work for Corporate GE in 1989, and in 1991 she was named Corporate Director of the Nursing Service Program for General Electric, based in Fairfield, Connecticut, mostly commuting from her home in Warrensburg. She retired on January 1, 1997.

Through the years she has enjoyed traveling, collecting antiques, and hand-crafted miniatures. She has four living children, 10 grandchildren, and 3 great-granddaughters. She and Tammy frequently served together as greeters at the museum until Covid-19 forced them to stop. ♦

## Historian's Corner

By Sandi Parisi

One of the books we received from the Thurman Historical Society is titled "Report of Superintendent Public Education, New York 1887." The Volume was furnished by the State of New York, and sent to School District No. One, Town of Thurman, County of Warren, and signed by A.S. Draper, State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

The report is quite extensive; the amounts for total monies paid directly for common schools in the entire state was \$13, 284,986.34, of which \$7,878,597.30 was expended in cities and \$5,406,389.24 in towns. One hundred and thirty-five years later, the proposed Budget for the Warrensburg Central School District for 2021-22 is \$21,766,212.00. The total paid for teachers 1886-87 in New York State was \$9,102,268.77. (Warrensburg's proposed budget for teachers is \$16,304,907) Other interesting figures were the total number of volumes in the school libraries 734,506. The number of teachers employed during the year was 31,325 (5,952 males and 25,373 females). The average annual salary in cities was \$701.31 and \$261.66 in towns.

There were 11,940 public school houses (62 log, 370 stone, 1,494 brick and 10,099 frame).

The section in the book for Warren County is 2 ¼ pages. The report of the School Commissioner, Mr. J.N. Whipple, is as follows: In the 11 towns comprising the district there were 141 common school districts and 1 union free school district. There were 165 teachers employed. There were 157 teacher certificates, 19 for first grade, 79 for second grade and 59 for third grade. Two teachers hold State Certificates and 6 hold State Normal diplomas.

Mr. Whipple reported that in the 120 visits he made to the schools, not one of the rural schools was provided with the necessary apparatus in the form of globes, charts, maps, etc. Three quarters of the schools lacked suitable blackboards, and less than one-third had dictionaries. In many there was no uniformity in textbooks. Libraries, except in a few of the village districts, were a thing of the past. He also reported that there were few really comfortable or well-furnished buildings in the rural districts, not over six were provided with any means of ventilation except for doors and windows. One-fourth of the buildings need to be rebuilt, and many others need repairing.

Regarding teachers, Mr. Whipple said that it was impossible at the time to secure

enough amply qualified teachers, but many have been doing excellent work, and that, too, under great disadvantages. But there are many others who have no knowledge of the art of teaching or the methods, and who ought not to be allowed in our schools as teachers.

In conclusion Mr. Whipple recommended that the Dept. of Public Instruction establish a standard examination that shall be practically uniform throughout the state. He also suggested that the rate of State Tax should be increased, that the public money will support good schools.

*Wonder what the report of the same would look like now! ♦*

### We were tickled PINK to find FLOYD (again) by Paul Gilchrist

The spring 2009 issue of the WHS Quarterly has the story of the successful expedition by six of our members 5½ miles up Harrington Hill to find the site of the boyhood home of Floyd Bennett. It was a cool day in November 2006, vegetation was bare, enabling us to find the cellar hole quite quickly.



*The author, Steve Parisi, John Farrar and, Jean Hadden at the site. The cellar hole is in the left center of the photograph.*

In about a year, access to the dirt road (Wilderness Way) was gated due to an arson event at a nearby building site, so we were disappointed the cellar hole site had become inaccessible.

Recently we were advised by a distant cousin of Floyd, Betty Reynolds, that logging activity had made the road accessible again, at least temporarily. We helped her find the exact location of the cellar hole and she has taken several photos. We drove in there, too, and identified the spot from the lilacs around the hole, which are in full bloom. In spring it looks much different from the autumn 2006 photograph, above.

Readers can see a map of the cellar hole's location and a photo of the home that was once there by going to our Quarterly archives at [whs12885.org/archive](http://whs12885.org/archive) and scroll down to spring 2009. ♦



*Lilacs mark the cellar hole. Photo was taken from the dirt road by the author.*



*Looking into the hole, photo by Betty Reynolds, a distant cousin of Floyd. Mother née Bennett whose uncle Willis founded Bennett's Riding Stable in 1942.*



*Betty standing in the hole. Rocks on edge of the hole are likely from the foundation. Jim Reynolds photo*

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## Member Address



### MYSTERY PHOTO

If you can identify this photo and its location, please email Paul at [prg12824@yahoo.com](mailto:prg12824@yahoo.com) or leave a voicemail at 518-623-3162.

### Mystery photo from last issue.

The last issue's Mystery Photo was of the Messenger House on Hudson St. It operated as a boarding house for 40+ years well into the 1950s. In the 1940s it was approved by the School Board as a residence for women teachers. Ken and Catherine Niles both lived here before they were married. See pages 68 and 95 of the Society's book *"Warrensburgh, New York, 200 Years, People, Places, and Events"* (unfortunately out of print).

Those who identified it correctly were: Kevin Walker, Alice Maltbie from Raleigh, Jack Toney, Catherine Davis "Kaie" Dunn, and Martha Betsy Remington from Bolton, MA. Rusty McAllister McDonnell from San Diego guessed Ashes Hotel - close, but on the other side of the street.

