



Warrensburgh Historical Society Quarterly

VOLUME 25 ISSUE 4

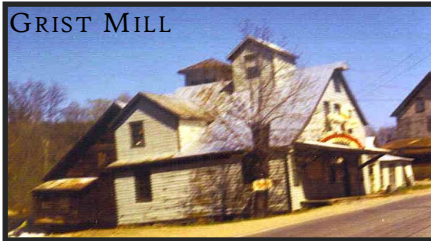
WINTER 2020

A SESQUICENTENNIAL LETTER: CHAPTER 2

See Autumn 2020 for Chapter 1

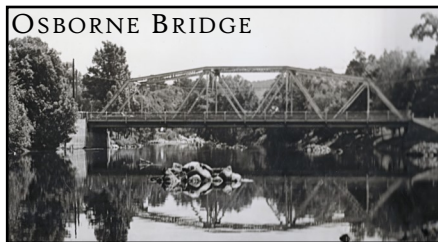
By Sandi Parisi

J.F. Smith came from Glens Falls to Warrensburg about 1887 and bought the Grist Mill from B.P. Burhans and sons.



GRIST MILL

He lived where Arbuckle's Barber Shop was. There was a horse shed in the corner of what is now his lawn. He built his house about five years later. You could sit on the Grist Mill



OSBORNE BRIDGE

stoop and see the road from the Osborne bridge to Herrick's Blacksmith shop and the road in the winter would be full of teams all loaded with hay, bark, wood or logs about as many ox teams as horses.



OX TEAMS

A.C. Emerson's office used to sit right next to the sidewalk down the road from where it is now. Tuck Cunningham ran a store in a building about where the office is now. The area was piled full of lumber from what is now Mill St. to the double house above the Shirt Factory. Abial Burdick ran the carding mill and lived up above Ridge St. in the second house, the one with the barn on the river. Pat McGann lived on the corner of Ridge St. We called it Hadden Hill then.



CARDING MILL

Jacob R. Foster & Sons ran the Peg Mill. There was a mill pond from the dam to the Planing mill. The water wheels for the peg mill and planing mill were on the lower end of the pond. He made his barrels in the cooper shop that still stands on River Street, across the road from the Brick house. Del Pasco built an addition on it when he ran a store there. Frank G. Stone was the cooper. Cooper G. we called him. (The building is no longer there.)

Steve Pasco and Walter ran the Planing mill and sash and blind factory, made doors and windows. A good four panel inside door without knots sold for \$1.50. A painted door to cover the knots was \$1.00.



Pasco's Hardware store was their show rooms. The peg mill burned in 1899 or 1900. Del Pasco bought the planing mill in the 1890's after it burned. He and George Davidson started a hardware store where the store now is. I bought a cook stove from them in 1900.

Phil Rise and Major Woodward built the planing mill on Commercial Avenue around 1907 or 1908.

Halsey Herrick ran a store
Parisi (continued on page 6)

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PRESIDENT'S COLUMN

As 2020 draws to a close, I think a little humor is in order. My brother-in-law sent some jokes to my family recently so I thought I'd share a few:

- Age 60 might be the new 40, but 9:00 pm is the new midnight (aka "the older I get, the earlier it gets late!")
- I had my patience tested. It was negative.
- I don't mean to interrupt people. I just randomly remember things and I get really excited.
- Don't bother walking a mile in my shoes - that would be boring. Spend 30 seconds in my head. That will freak you out!
- A sign in a shoe repair shop: "We will heel you. We will save your sole. We will even dye for you!"
- A sign at an Optometrists' office: "If you don't see what you are looking for, you've come to the right place."
- A sign at a car dealership: "The best way to get back on your feet - miss a car payment."
- A sign at a Veterinarian's office: "Be back in 5 minutes. Sit! Stay!"
- In the front yard of a funeral home: "Drive carefully. We'll wait."

It's great to read something other than headlines, isn't it?

This past year the Historical Society has had the opportunity to try new ways of interacting with the community, and we had a lot of fun seeing Warrensburg from a different perspective. We were able to personally make contact with many of our local businesses in order to purchase gift cards for our annual raffle, and in doing so we were reminded of the rich local history many of those businesses represent. We opened our museum doors mid-year with limited hours thanks to our faithful volunteers, and found that even in the midst of a pandemic people are grateful for a safe and interesting place to visit. And with the need to turn to virtual options to carry on with some of our annual events, we discovered videos! Thank you for your encouragement as we have experimented with virtual Graveyard Walks and Heritage Trail Tuesdays. There is so much to share about Warrensburg, and any way we can get our story out to this ever-changing world is worth a try!

As we look into 2021 and

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CURRENT: 226

beyond, we are committed to facing challenges like we had in 2020 with humility and humor and a dedication to the task we have been given to keep and share Warrensburg's ongoing history. Please consider being a part of this effort! Museum volunteers don't just greet visitors (though we would love to add you to our roster of greeters!). We could use your help upstairs to assist in digitally recording and appropriately storing the many artifacts (from photos and letters to tools, toys, quilts, clothes and beyond!) given to us. Or perhaps you would be interested in serving on the Board. There are Board member positions open, or you could just serve on one of the committees run by Board members in order to plan and execute events, work with social media and accomplish other Board tasks. Any help is welcome - small or large, and we welcome all ages from high school through long-past retirement age!

If you are interested, please come to the museum during open hours and let us know, or contact us through our website at www.whs12885.org. We can't wait to welcome you aboard!

The Warrensburgh Historical Society Board wishes you the very happiest and healthiest of Holidays this year. As we count our Christmas blessings, we are especially aware of how grateful we are for each and every one of you! ♦



SOCIETY PAGE

CONTRIBUTORS TO ISSUE:

Sarah Farrar, Paul Gilchrist, Elizabeth Kinghorn, Linda Lamy, Peedee Shaw Sandi Parisi, Steve Parisi, Barbara Whitford

BECOME A CONTRIBUTOR

Please email Serena with new submissions at, serrie@zoho.com
 Be sure to send copies to Beth too at, elizabethlkinghorn@gmail.com

UPCOMING EVENTS:

Due to the Pandemic all events are on hold until further notice. Keep an eye out for updates on our Facebook page and local newspapers. Thank you for your interest and support.

BOARD MEETINGS

The Board of Directors meets in the Town Historian's Office at 6:30pm on the FIRST Wednesday of each month in the Shirt Factory Building at 100 River Street. Email Beth to confirm: whs7396@yahoo.com

Warrensburgh Historical Society

Website: www.whs12885.org

Email: whs7396@yahoo.com

Phone: 518-232-7349

MEMBERSHIP RATES

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

MEMBERSHIP INFORMATION

For the duration of the Pandemic: **FREE NEW** memberships in 2020 with full benefits thru 2021! If you would like to join and receive the Quarterly by mail, please send your membership classification with name, address, phone number, and email to:

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

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HISTORIAN'S CORNER

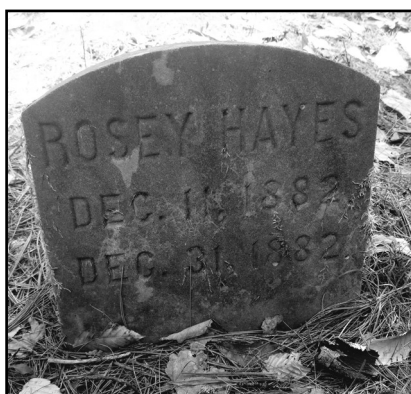
By Sandi Parisi

*YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT YOU
WILL FIND...*

Some loggers were working on Alden Avenue this spring and came across two small tombstones way back in the woods. One was Orphia A. Hayes: February 16th 1859 to July 6th, 1902. The other was Rosey Hayes: December 11th, 1882 to December 31th, 1882.



Supervisor Geraghty received the photos and sent them on to me, asking if I knew anything about them.



At the time, they didn't ring a bell, but I went through my files and found Orphia (aka Orpha) in the 1892 census, which showed her birth as 2/16/1859 in Hague. It listed her father as George Foot and her mother as Martha.

I also found her husband in the census record as being born 2/1854, with two different spellings, but an article in the Glens Falls Times listed him as Adniram Hayes. He also shows up as Admiral. His obituary shows they were married in 1874. He was born in Warrensburg in 1855 and died here in 1918.

Going through the later census records, I found four other children.

Adelaide born in 1875 in the 1875 census, Frank born 1880, and Myra born 1891 in the 1892 census and Edna in a later one born 1898.

An article in the Buffalo Commercial dated 8/16/1904 reads:

"Old Man Regains His Senses. Glens Falls, Aug. 16. Adoniram Hayes, an aged Warrensburg widower, who attempted suicide because a young girl refused to marry him, has repented. Following the attempt at suicide, Hayes barricaded himself in his room and, revolver in hand, drove away members of his family and his physician. Later he fell to the floor weak from loss of blood and cried for help. As the wounds in the man's abdomen and head were so long neglected it is feared blood poisoning will cause his death."

Apparently he survived for fourteen more years as his obituary is dated 1918. Amazing what a photo and a little research can find. ♦



FROM THE HISTORIAN'S FILES: SPANISH INFLUENZA

By Sandi Parisi

I have been keeping information on our current Covid-19, and started thinking about what was going on 100 years ago during the Spanish Influenza.

In Warrensburg, during that period the Funeral Records show that from June to December of 1918, nineteen people died of the Flu. There were also quite a few who died of Pneumonia, which may have also been the flu, but not recorded as such. In 1919 there were five deaths from the Flu.

The Burial records at the Hudson Street Cemetery are also interesting:

Burials
1916: 33
1917: 32
1918: 49—about 50% increase
1919: 41—about a 28% increase from the 1916—17 years
1920: 32—back to average. ♦

A TALE OF ELDRIDGE'S HOTEL

By Sarah Farrar

This is a story brought to mind by the Bonus Mystery Photo in the last issue, (*see page 8 in this issue*).

In about 1895 Charlie and Satie Hill lived at the high point of the Lake George Road on the corner of Newton Road, somewhat over a mile south of Warrensburg. They had a teenage son Frank, and a daughter Ada, who was five. The hotel was a few hundred feet to the south of them, owned by a man named Eldridge — he started having "girls" at the hotel for "entertainment." So Charlie bought property about a mile north at the corner of Caldwell Church Road and the Lake George Road, built a house and moved there. The Hills did not want their children anywhere near that hotel. Old maps identify the owner as Eldridge at that time. It was a place to rest the horses hauling up from Lake George Village.

Fast forward to Prohibition (1920-1933). The hotel was also a place to get "bootleg" liquor. Route 9 was a through route — New York to Montreal. And there was a trolley stop nearby at Guiles Crossing. Charlie Hill's place had been bought by his daughter Ada and her husband Ben H. Guiles, (they called it "Guiles Gardens"). They farmed and logged the acreage they had added onto the property. Ben's potato field was between the house and the hotel. It was May; Ben was planting. The owner of the hotel came hurrying up the road. Would Ben help him? He'd just received a delivery from Canada when a phone call from Lake George Village warned him that revenuers were coming north, checking hotels and restaurants. Ben agreed to help.

After the revenuers left, Ben and the owner dug up the potato hills and retrieved a bottle from each hill. The man knew that Ben, (who was a Methodist converted to Baptist teetotaler), could be trusted not to take the booze nor to squeal on him, (Ben's father was a revenuer in Corinth, but that's another story.)

Farrar (continued on page 7)

FROM THE MUSEUM

-Steve Parisi, Director

It has been awhile since we've talked about the museum in these pages.

As you know, we closed the museum in mid-March due to Covid-19. We reopened under NYS guidelines in mid-July on a reduced schedule, just for two hours on Wednesdays, Saturdays and Sundays. I am grateful that a core group of about a dozen volunteers was willing to serve as Greeters, in spite of a reduced visitor attendance. It can be discouraging when only a few, or even none show up. (The museum is, indeed, the safest public space around - so few people go there!)

But it's not only Covid-19 that's responsible. Museum attendance has been dropping all over the country - even in larger institutions. Which is why a place like the former Adirondack Museum in Blue Mountain Lake (Smithsonian level) re-organized itself with new exhibits, digitizing many and providing hands-on experiences. They even changed the name to *The Adirondack Experience!* Fact is, a survey of "Millennials" indicated that, while they are clearly interested in local history, they shy away from traditional museums. Several years ago I queried one of our frequent Greeters, a 90-year-old Warrensburg native and long-retired nursing administrator, "What do you think of when you hear the word, museum?" Without hesitation, she answered, "Boring!" This from a strong supporter of the Warrensburgh Museum and everything we do.

When the transition started in Blue Mountain Lake, I began to think along the same lines. That museum had been a model for us to emulate when we reorganized the Warrensburgh Museum beginning in 2004. What should we now do to prevent the gradual drying up of our own constituency? Should we remain just a repository of old artifacts so far removed that younger visitors cannot even imagine their grandparents using them? In telling the story of



In time for Veteran's Day, this exhibit at the Elementary School features uniforms of military service personnel and civilian police, as well as that of a nurse-in-training, a Cub Scout and a Boy Scout, and a Campfire Girl. A girl's basketball uniform from a winning team in the 1930s and the victory jacket of a championship girl's hockey team member from the 1980s are also featured. The theme, "What's in a Uniform?" talks about Service, but also about learning discipline, courage, integrity, honesty, fellowship and caring. A tribute to those in the services who lost their lives in defense of country is included.

Warrensburg's past are we too reliant on lengthy paragraphs pasted on the walls - not even appearing on "a screen"?

Almost everyone today carries a "smart" phone, with access to literally anything in the world. Many, as you know, even use the device for entertainment and playing games. And we have gotten so used to "sound bites" that anything longer than two sentences taxes concentration.

Our challenges right now are to make what we do more in line with the wishes and needs of younger people so they will WANT to visit, and to communicate that change to the public. Then we will need to be open more hours to accommodate them! We're talking digital and social media! We're talking touch-screen and interactive displays. And we're also talking more volunteer hours. (Honestly, many of us are "ageing out.")

You - our membership - has been strongly supportive of our effort over the years, and this is greatly appreciated. Now we are asking for your time and talents as well. If you can give us those two precious items

we can confidently move into the 21st century as "the best little museum in the country!"

I would be happy to talk with anyone who is interested in helping, in any way. Please don't hesitate to contact me by phone, 518-232-7349, or e-mail at paris39@yahoo.com. ♦

Sadly, the Historical Society Holiday Dinner is cancelled this season due to Covid-19. It is an event we look forward to every year, especially because the dinner is a way to recognize the support of our volunteers.

The Board has suggested that the Historical Society plan a picnic in the spring once the weather is warm again. Perhaps by then we can celebrate being together free of restraint! We will keep you posted.

In the meantime, we wish to publicly thank the volunteers without whom the museum could not be open to the public, and operate many of the tasks that take place behind the scenes. The statement, "Volunteers are unpaid. Not because they are worthless, but because they are priceless," has never been truer than at the Museum of Local History!

MORGAN & FAY CRANDALL

by Barbara Whitford
& Linda Lamy

One of eight children, Morgan was born in 1925 to Charles and Melissa (Madison) Crandall in Stony Creek, where the family had a farm. Charles was a lumberjack, carpenter, and also worked for the town clearing brush along the roads with a scythe. He'd work for 2-3 weeks, then lay off so someone else could have work in a rotation.

Morg walked to the Stony Creek District 4 schoolhouse, and helped carry firewood from the schoolyard into the school. (The schoolhouse is now a museum, and Morg has been back to visit it.) The Crandall children would drive the neighbors' cows to pasture and to the barn, and the neighbors would drop off milk for the family. Morg remembers splitting wood, picking berries, and going fishing when he was a boy. For entertainment, family members would walk into Stony Creek to the general store, (the building is still a store), sit on the floor and listen to the radio. (The Crandall home had no electricity.)

When Morg was still a young boy, he worked in the woods of West Stony Creek with his brother Ernest. The horse was dragging a log when the wood snapped back, breaking Morg's leg. Ern carried Morg out of the woods. When they reached the car, they found it was out of gas; apparently it had been siphoned out during the night. Someone came along and gave them enough gas to get into Stony Creek to buy more. Then Ern drove Morg to the doctor in Luzerne, all of which took a good share of the day. Morg's comment now: "Great day."

Morg's father died of blood poisoning when Morg was 7 or 8. After awhile the family had to give up the farm and move into town (Stony Creek) and then, eventually, into Warrensburg. They lived in what was called the Bee Hive on River Street. Older brothers Ern and Gordon supported them, for awhile working

at the Pack Forest CCC camp.

Laura Fay Fish was born in Pottersville in 1927 to Le Roy and Roxanne (Hill) Fish - one of ten children. Fay remembers not having electricity in her home as a child, so the family used oil lamps and had wood stoves for heat. Le Roy was a mason and carpenter; he built the entryway at Scaroon Manor. He worked at every job possible to support the family, and as a result, the family had to move a number of times while Fay was growing up. He also made home brew. When revenuers were in the area, it was hidden in a big oatmeal bin. One of the family's moves landed them in Warrensburg.

In Warrensburg, Morg and Fay attended school in the building that had been the Warrensburgh Union Free School and Academy, which closed in 1943. It was where Stewart's is now.

Both Morg and Fay talked about Christmas as kids. Usually the Christmas tree didn't get set up until after the children went to bed, so when they got up in the morning, there it was! Not many presents, usually some fruit like oranges and apples, and some useful clothing items such as socks. But they had wonderful Christmas dinners with their families.

The U.S. entered World War II at the end of 1941. During the war, Fay and friends, including Anna Baker, Miriam Morey, and Arvilla Parker, would spend summers babysitting children of friends working for the war effort in Schenectady. They spent weekdays in Schenectady and came home weekends on the bus.

Morg enlisted in the army in March 1944 and volunteered to train as a paratrooper. "We jumped out of planes when we didn't have anything else to do," he says. In December he sailed to Scotland and was reassigned to the 747th Tank Battalion. He saw action in Europe as a tank driver and rifleman. He fought in France, Belgium, and Germany, including in the Battle of the Bulge, where he froze his feet. Several websites online tell about the actions of the 747th tank battalion.



*Morgan and Fay Crandall
2013*

It was attached mostly to the 29th infantry division, but also temporarily to the 28th and 4th infantry divisions. During March 1945, the 747th was equipped with 100 LVTs and ferried the 30th and 79th infantry divisions across the Rhine, then returned to their tanks. It ended up with the 69th division, which made contact with the Russians at the Elbe River.

Morg and Fay knew each other from school days. The war was over. It was a surprise, however, when one evening Morg and friend Vern Barrett, looking for Fay, showed up at the Fish family's home, which by then was in Smith's Basin in Kingsbury. During their courtship Morg and Fay would go to movies and on picnics. Fay had thought she didn't want to settle down just yet - she had things she wanted to do.

However, on September 10th, 1949, they were married in the Stony Creek Baptist Church. Ernest and Mabel Crandall stood up for them. Money was tight, but Fay's mother had managed to save enough for her to have a new store-bought blue dress to be married in. After the ceremony, the four of them went to Ernest and Mabel's house for a light luncheon. Later they went to Fay's parents' home, which was on River Street across from the Wayside Inn, (now Spirits Tavern), where they enjoyed a lovely dinner with the family.

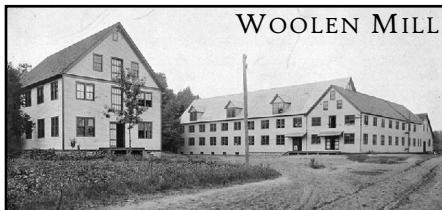
**TO BE CONTINUED IN THE
NEXT ISSUE...**

Happy New Year!

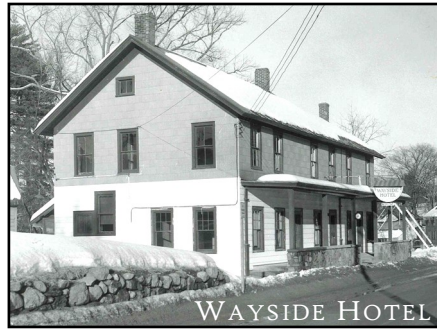
Parisi (continued from page 1)
 across the road from McKinney's and then built the McKinney store and Oliver Whitby ran a store in the one he moved from. I don't recall whether that burned or was torn down. Herrick sold to Frank Stone (Hecky) and he built the house and lived there and then moved up to the corner store at the end of the bridge.



Joel White ran the blacksmith shop between the Woolen Mill bridge and the Wayside Hotel, lived in the house this side of Mayes store (now the American Legion Hall). There was a watering trough about where the store is now. Afterwards R. R. Whitby bought the house and ran the Woolen mill until sometime in the 1890's.



We had two bands in Warrensburg then, the G.A.R. band up street, John L. Tubbs leader and the Citizen's Band in Lewisville, Percy Whitby leader. We had two good bands as long as the rivalry lasted, but then they consolidated in about three months we did not have any band. We met in the Music Hall the first night and I thought we would raise the roof, 40 members. There was a lot of musical talent in town then and probably still is.



Martin Griffing built the Wayside Hotel and lived in the house on the knoll. Just below it there was an old house where Gillingham's is and no more until you came to the Burdick farm. That house still stands. Below Joel White was Frank G. Stones, then the one where Orlin Magee lives and the one where Mrs. Fish lives. That was the last one on that side of the road. Charlie White lived where Orlin Magee did. He was foreman in the peg factory.

Warrensburgh started to boom in the 1890's and early 1900. Fred King cut his farm up into building lots. T. J. Smith bought Fred Hadden's farm and cut that into building lots, bordered by Ridge Street and Mill Street. Abial Burdick died and the Cunningham's cut that into lots. Fred Cunningham sold the lots on the left side of Ridge Street at auction in 1904 and built the ten houses on Burdick Avenue in 1902.

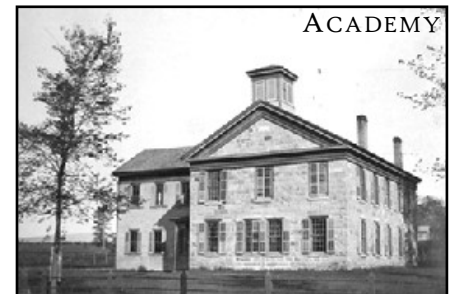
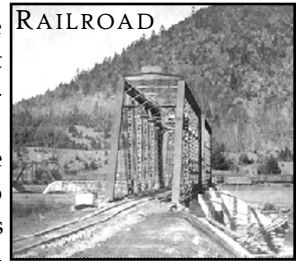


Charlie Bennett and Sanford W. Young bought the George Hall farm, bordered by Mill Street and South St., and cut that up. The George Hall barn sat about where the Warren Bower house is on South St. Fred Hadden's barn was about where Frey's house is on Ridge Street The well was in the corner of Pete Fish's lot next to Smith Street. The Burdick barn was about where Harry Hayes house is. Burdick Avenue was a lane up to the barn.

The railroad built in from Thurman in 1905.

There were two school districts in Warren-

burg in 1885 and the Academy, a private school. The lower District was the Owens house on upper River Street and the other school was on Second Street. I went to the lower district. There was a pond above the school along the road where those two houses are now. We called it the Darby Pond. Gilt Jarvis was my first teacher, then Carje Gill. There were two rooms and two teachers.



W. Lila Herrick taught the older grades. The Union School was formed about 1888 that started with four rooms. The Primary, Intermediate, Grammar and High School. I started in the Intermediate room with W. Lila Herrick. They were not listed in grades as now. The first professor was Fred N. Moulton and they were lucky to get him. There was too much feeling between the two ends of town in those days, but he found that he could handle the big boys from either end of town. They bought the Academy and built an addition on it for the



Union School. The second professor was Mr. Record, I don't recall his first name. I left school during his admin-

istration. We all walked to and from school and Don Cameron and his sister from Thurman.

The trustees were as follows:

- Stephen Griffin
- D. M. (David Minor) Woodward
- M.N. (Myron Nelson) Dickinson
- Henry Griffing
- Walter Pasco
- L. C. Aldrich
- E. S. Crandall

I have some old almanacs from Hammonds Drug store, Dickenson's Drug Store and Halsey

Herrick's store in the 1880's. I also have a deed to a parcel of land in Warrensburg dated 1867. I bought the same land in 1921 and there were no deeds in between.

These are just ramblings of an Old Codger that has paid taxes in Warrensburg since 1902 and still does. I lived there all my life until 1955 and watched it grow. If you can use any of this in the Centennial you are welcome. ♦

William G. Hayes

57 Green St.

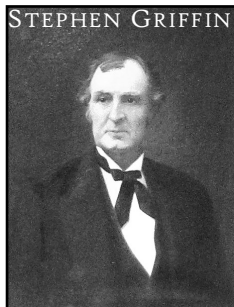
Schuylerville, NY



Farrar (continued from page 3)

Readers may wonder about locations and people in the story. Lake George Road was old Route 9, remnants of which still exist south of town. Caldwell Church Road met old Route 9 at what became known as Bakers Crossing after the trolley track was built in 1901. It was also known as Smith Brook Hill Road, then Diamond Point Road. The Caldwell Church was by the Caldwell Cemetery at what's now the corner of Truesdale Hill Road.

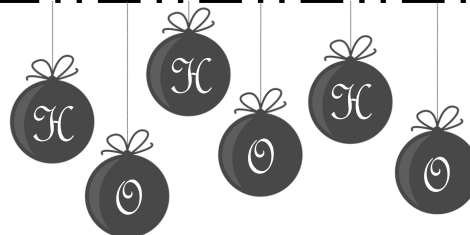
Guiles Crossing was where Newton Road, (now Somerville Road) crossed the trolley track just to the



west of current Route 9. The Eldridge House was the hotel's name in 1876; at one point it was the High Point Tavern, (perhaps not during Prohibition). In 1916 it had the name Halfway House. In the photo it appears to have the name Fox Farm Lunch. (A farm raising foxes was a few hundred feet to the north). The building burned in the 1930s. John and Mabel Kollman bought the property and had a garage, gas station, motel, and small diner. Charlie's grandson, Ben F. Guiles, married Audrey Kollman. They had a gas station and the Wind Song Motel. The old garage/gas station building is still there. After that, the motel was run by their daughter Patricia and her husband Henri Anatole. Patricia's twin sister Pamela, and her husband Jeff York now own Charlie's original place.

The house Charlie built farther north got moved down to the Schroom River oxbow beside the Porto Fino Restaurant where recently there was a garden center greenhouse business. It was destroyed by fire. Charlie and Satie Hill were great grandparents of Sarah Farrar; Ada and Ben H. Guiles were her grandparents. Their four children included Mary Farrar, Sarah's mother, and Col. Ben F. Guiles, her uncle. ♦

IN CASE YOU MISSED
THE VIRTUAL
GRAVEYARD WALKS THIS
YEAR, THEY CAN BE VIEWED
ON THE
MUSEUM'S FACEBOOK PAGE.
SEARCH 'WARRENSBURGH
MUSEUM OF LOCAL
HISTORY' OR ON THE
HISTORICAL SOCIETY
WEBSITE:
WWW.WHS12885.ORG



Dear Warrensburg Historical Society,

I was just day-dreaming and remembered Ozzie Millward's drug store. On a whim, I googled it and up came your treasure of Warrensburg memories.

My family summered at a bungalow colony, Indian Head Camp on Echo Lake from 1948 to 1958. I believe the children's camp, Echo Lake Camp, purchased it soon after that time. Indian Head was a community of New York school teachers who had the whole summer free and where parents volunteered as camp counselors for the kids. It was owned by the Pasco family and run by Helen Pasco Reinecke and her husband, Ken.

As kids, we thought it a great adventure to bike to town for ice cream at Millwards.

We also bowled at the Colonial Arms hotel where we flirted with the local boys who were pinsetters.

There were two boys we got to know, a John Smith and a John Potter. One day we rode to the municipal golf course with one or two clubs and no clue how to play. John Potter gallantly retrieved my ball from the rough and then pretended to strangle me. I had the worst case of poison ivy and couldn't turn my neck for weeks.

We also took craft classes in the back of a guest house run by Phil and Ethel Roberts, south of the Library. I think it was the Pillars. We befriended a local girl, Penny Bosse whose father ran the local paper.

We used to go to movies in town and bought giant sugar cookies in the Bluebell bakery.

One summer I worked at Miss Frances's Antique Shoppe at the south end of town.

Hope you can appreciate how much one of the mere "summer people" loved your town. ♦

*Best Wishes,
"Peedee" Shaw
Roslyn, NY*

We at the Museum sure miss the great confections served up at Bluebell Bakery!

MYSTERY PHOTO

If you can identify this Mystery Photo, please email Paul at prg12824@yahoo.com or leave a voicemail at 518-623-3162.



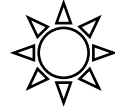
WARRENSBURGH MUSEUM COLLECTION IS NOW ONLINE!

Almost every artifact in our collection can now be viewed online at:

<https://whs12885.pastperfectonline.com>

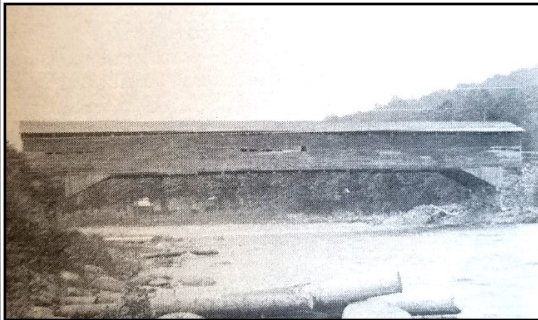
You can search using keywords or by names of people, places or objects.

Just follow the instructions on the opening page. Please check it out and give us feedback.



LAST ISSUE'S MYSTERY PHOTO ANSWERS

The covered bridge in the last issue's Mystery Photo crossed the Hudson River at The Glen. Built in 1843, it was swept away by ice in 1903. See page 61 in the *Society's 2013 Bicentennial Book*, Warrensburg New York, 200 Years People Places & Events. Three people identified it correctly: Kaie Dunn from Newcomb, retired Richards Library director Sarah Farrar, and Martha Betsy Remington, who now lives in Bolton Massachusetts.



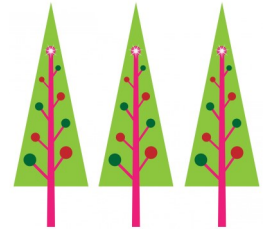
Kaie Dunn quite closely identified the location of the building in the Bonus Mystery

Photo. Sarah Farrar said it was located a little over a mile south of the exit 23 traffic light, behind the old concrete block service station beside the Wind Song Motel. It was on the west side of old Route 9 where now runs the southbound lane of the Northway. Sarah's grandparents (Ben and Ada Guiles) lived just a few hundred feet to the north. Please see a related story on another page in this issue.◆



BONUS MYSTERY PHOTO

In lieu of a Bonus Mystery Photo, here is an interesting old photo of the back of the house on the corner of Lake Avenue and Hudson Street (the next house north of Ashe's Hotel). The point of interest is the very large rectangular ice house attached to the back of the house. Note the ventilation structure on the flat roof. It's likely the ice was cut from nearby Echo Lake each winter. Block ice was commonly used to refrigerate food in "ice boxes" right up into the mid-1950s. It's not known why this ice house was so large. The photo was provided by Kaie (Davis) Dunn, who once lived in the house, now lives in Newcomb and soon in Queensbury. The house was owned in the 1960s by Marcus Bruce.◆



*Have a Happy
Holiday Season!*

Stay warm. Stay safe. Be well.