

Gilboa Historical Society

Dedicated to learning about, sharing, and preserving our history

Spring 2009

Volume II, Issue I

THE BIG THIRST

New York at the Turn of the Century

Diane Galusha

It was a celebration for the history books. Booming cannons and ringing church bells greeted the dawn. Throngs of marchers stepped smartly along a seven-mile parade route that started at the tip of Manhattan, wound up Broadway, circled a spouting fountain at Union Square, and headed back down to City Hall Park. There were speeches, balloon ascensions and receptions held at bunting-bedecked buildings all over the city.

Such rejoicing welcomed the completion of the Croton Reservoir and the 42-mile long underground aqueduct that delivered water from the wilds of Westchester County to save city dwellers from the ravages of disease, pestilence and fire. The cholera outbreak that killed thousands in 1832, the conflagration of 1835 that reduced 700 buildings to smoldering ruin, the suffocating stench of horse manure, pig offal and human waste in the gutters were now, it seemed, bad memories, washed away by water.

Wrote diarist Lydia Child “Oh, who that has not been shut up in the great prison-cell of a city, and made to drink of its brackish springs can estimate the blessings of the Croton Aqueduct? Clean, sweet, abundant water!”

Abundant, at least for the 350,000 people who lived on Manhattan island in 1842, the year Croton water was introduced to the thirsty city. But by 1850, the population had grown to more than half a million and, spurred by the development of the modern bathroom, with tub, washbasin, shower and “water closet,” water consumption nearly tripled, from 30 gallons per day per person, to 78 gallons a day.

By 1880, there were 1.1 million people in Manhattan. A decade later, 1.4 million residents, perhaps a third of them recently arrived immigrants, were consuming 145 million gallons of water each day. The city rushed to keep up with demand, building more reservoirs in Putnam and Westchester Counties, and trying to curb water waste by installing meters.

But there never seemed to be enough water. And with want, came misery. Jacob Riis, a police reporter and photographer, documented in his 1890 book *How the Other Half Lives* the plight of a million city residents who lived in cramped squalor in 37,300 tenements. “It no longer excites even passing attention when the sanitary police report counting 101 adults and 91 children in a Crosby Street house . . . Or when a midnight inspection in Mulberry Street unearths a hundred and fifty ‘lodgers’ sleeping on filthy floors in two buildings.”

Describing an airless tenement on Cherry Street, Riis wrote, “The sinks are in the hallway that all the tenants may have access and all be poisoned alike by their summer stench. Hear the pump squeak. It is the lullaby of tenement house babes. In summer when a thousand thirsty throats pant for a cooling drink in this block, it is worked in vain.”

And then, in 1895, the city got even larger—and the imperative for reliably delivered water even greater—

Please turn to NYC, page 18

Note to Our Readers

Gerry Stoner

I want to thank the towns of Gilboa and Conesville for making this longer issue of the *Newsletter* possible.

As all *Newsletters*, this issue covers lifestyles of the past—activities at Airport Farm, walking to school, playing ball on the Gilboa-Conesville team, being a teenager in the 1920s, and the evolution of Cornell Hollow in the 1900s. There is an article on a small cannon used for splitting logs the old-fashioned way, and a rundown of current activities.

In addition, there are tips on making genealogical research and dissemination easier; and ways of getting out and walking around our countryside with the history and trails of the Long Path.

This enlarged *Newsletter* is meant to better meet our goal of learning about, sharing, and preserving our local history.

Spring Schedule

March 18, 7:00 P.M.

Brian Strasavich on the New York State's Park System. See page 13.

April 15, 7:00 P.M.

Barbara Waring on restoration and recognition of historic buildings. See page 7.

May 20, 7:00 P.M.

Abraham Lincoln, In Person, talking of his life and work. See page 20.

AIRPORT FARM

Betty Matalavage

In the late 1930s, the farm around the intersection of Meeghan Road and South Gilboa Road was owned by John Conrow and Ulysses "Uly" Clark. I think they were brothers-in-law who were both very active in the South Gilboa community. Since they had a long, flat meadow on their property, my cousin Dayton Griffin, who lived in Stamford, leased the land and built a hanger for his plane on the site.

Over time, the Conrow-Clark farm became known as Airport Farm. After the hay was cut on the field, Dayton organized a weekend air show to which the public was invited. Dayton charged for an airplane ride but there was also a hot air balloon that everyone marveled at as it took off into the air and soared away. The balloon was followed carefully by a truck that met the balloon on landing and then returned it to the airport.

Please turn to Airport Farm, page 4

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**The Gilboa Historical Society meets at
7:00 P.M. at the Gilboa Town Hall on
the third Wednesday of the month,
March through December**

The **Gilboa Museum**, 122 Stryker Road, is
open noon-4:30 on Saturdays and Sundays,
from July through Labor Day, Columbus Day
weekend and by appointment (607 588-9413).

The **Tourism Map, Newsletters**, and other
items of general interest are available online at
<http://www.gilboahome.com/ghspublications/>

Please contact Gerry Stoner
with feedback or suggestions on the Newsletter
(607 652-5988, gerrys@gilboahome.com).

This article is from a 1939 Mirror Recorder.

AIR SHOW WAS WELL ORGANIZED

Crowd of 1,500 Enjoyed the Program Sunday

WEATHER DELIGHTFUL

*Schoharie and Greene Counties Were Well Represented at
Stamford Airport Sunday—Stunts Were Very Effective
and Many Passengers Viewed Scene from the Air—
Amplifier Kept Talent Busy*

Taking advantage of the beautiful warm, bright, day Sunday, a crowd estimated by Manager Dayton Griffin at around 1,500 people went to the Stamford Airport Sunday to observe the planes in action and to attend the air show program which Griffin had prepared for them. There was one noticeable omission. It was the gliding exhibition by Warren Eaton, president of the Soaring Society of America. Mr. Eaton was to have given his exhibition Sunday of last week but, as everybody knows, a threatening rainstorm and an unfavorable wind caused a postponement of the program. No admissions were charged at that time. Meanwhile, Mr. Eaton had already been booked for an exhibition at the charity pageant held Sunday at Roosevelt Field, so through no fault of Mr. Griffin, this part of the program was necessarily omitted.

However, there was plenty of action and people were present in numbers from Greene and Schoharie counties as well as Delaware county. The program was well organized. State Troopers Bentley and Coons directed traffic, Trooper Coons in charge of parking and Trooper Bentley keeping the crowd out of the way of the planes which were busy all day.

During the afternoon, a breeze developed and the balloon ascension was delayed a bit on that account. Later, when the score of men released the big new bag for the parachute race, it shot upward so straight with the Messrs. Bonette perched on a double trapeze, one above the other, that a "race" was out of the question and it was not attempted, due to the danger of the chutes becoming fouled. Prof. V. C. Bonette dropped first and his son, King Louie, went up several hundred feet farther before the collision hazard was eliminated, then he too dropped, the pair making a pretty exhibition. The balloon came down about three quarters of a mile away on the Frazee and Pierce farm.

The stunt flying of Harold Bowen of Norwich in his taper wing Waco was a clever demonstration, especially his long vertical power dive and his upside down flying. His feats were performed with a cloud for a background, which offered an exceptionally pretty picture. Bowen is a pupil of Rickard, the Schemectady stunt specialist.

One of the visitors to the airport was H. H. Linn, of tractor fame, from Morris. He flew to the Stamford field in his new Stinson cabin monoplane, piloted by George Steed. A Commandaire biplane of the Oneonta Flying Club, with John Willyhard as pilot and accompanied by Lester Haines, also spent a short time at the field.

A glider, constructed by Emerson Stevens, son of Dr. O. G. Stevens, the Stamford veterinary, was a center of interest during the day and afforded the crowd an opportunity to inspect the powerless frail craft. Over in Germany a short time ago a skilled glider pilot kept a similar craft in the air for 36 hours, which at that time constituted a world record.

Clarence Johnson of Oneonta with his amplifier hookup afforded an opportunity for amateur talent in this vicinity to do their stuff. There were solos, duets, instrumental numbers, and

Please turn to Air Show, page 6

GOING TO SCHOOL

Elsa Anderson Eklund

In 1924, Harold and Hannah Anderson and family moved from New Jersey to Blenheim Hill. The family consisted of Pop, Mom, Harry, Inga, and Elsa.

We moved in with Pop's sister, Faster (the Swedish term for "aunt") Esther and Uncle Pete Ericson. Their children were Henry, Arthur, and Evelyn. Esther's brother, Uncle Leo, had two boys, Leonard and Walter, who also lived with Faster Esther, so there were eight children altogether. All the children attended the one-room school located about a mile away, between Ericson and the Pete Miller farm. We all walked to school carrying our books and lunches. When we got to school someone had to walk to the Miller farm to get a pail of water, that lasted all day. There was one dipper and everyone had to drink from that. While the chore of getting water was being done, someone had to carry in the wood for the stove. In winter during recess we would flatten out cardboard boxes and use them for sleighs to slide down the frozen stream.

In 1927 Pop bought the Egnor farm. Harry went to Stamford High School. Harry worked on the Easton Fisher farm for his room and board. He rode to town on the milk wagon in the morning to go to school. Inga and I went to Cornell Hollow's one-room school, a round



The Cornell Hollow one-room schoolhouse was about a mile south of my home and was moved in the winter of 1952–1953 to partially replace the burned Brimstone Church. Photo courtesy of Clarence Hartwell.

trip walk of about 2 miles. We would ski in winter when the snow was deep. I didn't like it when Inga went off to school in Stamford. Inga worked at the lawyer's, Len Govern, for her room and board; it was a hard place to work.

In 1930 it came my time to go to high school. Pop decided that as long as the three of us were all going to the same school, Harry could drive the Model-T Ford, as long as the roads were open. That was great, not having to walk to school. We had our problems, though: sometimes we didn't have enough gas in the tank. The gas tank was under the front seat, one of us would have to hook the tire pump on the gas tank and pump air into the tank as Harry was backing the car up. This was on Welch's (Wilson's) hill.

Winter seemed to come sooner and last longer in those days. No snow plows on the back roads meant deep snow in winter and sinkholes in the spring. Sometimes it seemed the road had no bottom.

Please turn to Going to School, page 10

EARLY BASEBALL

Gilboa-Conesville Central School

Lincoln Faulkner

I was one of eight siblings growing up on the family farm on Durham Road going out of Manorkill, part of the Susquehanna Trail. My eldest brother, Elwood, was the best ball player on our family ball team but he hurt his shoulder in a motorcycle accident and never did play competitive ball.

The first Gilboa-Conesville Central School ball team was fielded in 1933 or 1934. Clayton (the second oldest) was the first Faulkner to play for GCCS. However, times were tough and the team could not afford to provide mitts for lefties (a right-handed player would wear the glove on the left hand and throw the ball with the right). Clayton, a lefty, had to field the ball like a righty, take the mitt off his left hand and then throw the ball.

I was in grade eight when the war started, and I served as the manager for the ball team. The manager's job was to do all the chores that no one else wanted to do: lining out the field, placing the bases, filling holes in the field, setting up the pitcher's mound and home plate; if the field was wet, you tried to drain it so it was playable; and most importantly you were responsible for carrying the bag of bats and other equipment to the game. In Gilboa, this meant climbing the hill behind the school and then out to the field.

Baseballs at that time were very valuable items—you would never give up on a lost ball as you might nowadays. Any lost ball would immediately stop the game and everyone would search for the ball. In higher grass, you would lie down and start to roll where you thought the ball might be. Rolling over a lump in the grass was a good thing, for then the game could continue.

Most balls were made like my father did it: take the strings from feed bags and roll them tightly up into a ball. Then, when the ball was about the right size, he used friction tape to wrap around the ball as a protective skin (friction tape was black electrical tape but did not have the elasticity of today's version—it actually felt more like today's adhesive tape but would leave a residue on your hands).

A lot of people practiced batting at home. I would throw the ball up onto the roof of the barn, and then try to hit the ball when



Clayton, the first Faulkner to play for GCCS, was a lefty. At that time (as here), he would field the ball like a righty, take the mitt off his left hand and use it to throw the ball.

Please turn to Baseball, page 17

Airport Farm, from page 2

During World War II, Dayton was in Alaska working on the hydraulic systems of our Army planes. The freezing temperatures there caused the systems to malfunction. After the war, he moved to Florida and for years ran a trailer park in Pinnellas Park.

As a very young girl I remember he would often buzz our house: we'd come out into the yard and he'd stall the engine and yell, "I'll be down for dinner" or "I'll be right down as soon as I land." Then a few minutes later, he'd come running cross-lots over the hill. Often his wife came out for dinner or supper too and then they'd return to Stamford.

Another native of South Gilboa, Ken Dean, used to parachute over the airport and this, too, was watched with awe. For its time, this was quite an event. Ken was killed in an air show in Oneonta when his chute failed to open. Most of his friends and neighbors were in attendance at the air show and I remember the horror of that day. The crowd was stunned.

Farm Equipment for the GHS Museum

Kristen Wyckoff

The Gilboa Historical Society Museum received a donation of farm equipment from Michael McNamara's old Benjamin Farm in Gilboa. Lou and George Clark and the Gilboa Highway Department provided the equipment and manpower to move it.

Some of the things donated were a dump hay rake, wooden roller, harrows, grinding stones, bob sled, and more, and it all was in wonderful condition! The equipment has been stored until spring when some pieces will be placed outside the museum and others will wait to be displayed in a to-be-constructed outside shed.

Thank you, Lou, George, Lester, and the men of the Department of Highways for making this happen!

ONLINE GENEALOGICAL RESOURCES

Sarah Livingston

There are so many Web sites on any topic that it can be confusing. Add in the idea of looking for ancestors, known or unknown, and it can become a very frustrating experience. The world of online genealogy has exploded in the past ten years, but many of the best Web sites out there have been around for a while. Here's a list of some of the more popular Web sites to get you started.

<http://www.familysearch.org>

Familysearch.org is a Web site of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. The Family History Center has made quite a few changes in the past few months. Not only do they have their Web site (familysearch.org) with databases that include the Social Security death index, pedigrees, and ancestral files contributed from people all over the world, but they now have another new pilot database project. You can find this new project at <http://pilot.familysearch.org/recordsearch/start.html>. If you are interested, you can help transcribe records for this new set of databases. Projects range from Arkansas marriage certificates to Argentinean censuses, to the 1916 Canadian census. Of note as well are the country-specific research guides and foreign language word lists and letter templates.

<http://www.lib.byu.edu/flslab/>

Closely allied with Familysearch.org is the Brigham Young University Family History Library Web site. While some of the site's resources are for students only, there are some projects, such as the Immigrant Ancestors Project, that have great possibilities for researchers. Click on the records link for access to online databases and projects.

<http://www.rootsweb.ancestry.com/>

Although Rootsweb.com is owned by Ancestry.com and advertisements are heavily used on this Web site, it is a great resource. Search databases, email lists, and message boards for family names. One database, WorldConnect, puts you in contact with other genealogists who may be researching your ancestors through contributed family tree information. Like many good genealogy Web sites, volunteers and active researchers make up the heart of this site.

<http://www.usgenweb.org> and <http://www.worldgenweb.org>

Time has only made this resource better. First started in 1996 in Kentucky, this project now includes counties and states from all over the world. Volunteers and family genealogists transcribe cemetery information, family bibles, obituaries and more. This is a great Internet resource to start with and an even better networking tool if you are trying to do your research long distance. Researchers beware; the wealth of information available varies from county to county. Check out the special projects section as well.

<http://freeukgen.rootsweb.com/>

If you've done your United States research and are looking to track back to the United Kingdom, then this Web site is for you. This is the main page that links to three free online projects, FreeCen, FreeReg, and FreeBMD. Indexing records from censuses, registers, and civil registration records respectively, these resources are a real find.

<http://www.ellisland.org> and <http://www.castlegarden.org>

If you are looking to see if your ancestors came to the United States through Ellis Island (1892-1924), then this is the Web site to check. If you find them, you can then request an official document and sometimes a picture of the ship that they came in on. If

Please turn to Online Genealogy, page 11

SCRAPBOOKING

The Nation's Biggest Hobby

Fran Nantista

Scrapbooking is one of the most popular hobbies of all time. Many of us kept scrapbooks when we were young, but as you look at them now, you see how your photos have yellowed and the glue has dried. Scrapbooking today has a new meaning: a way of preserving history, photos, and souvenirs without yellowing or having things fall off the page.

The most important aspect of scrapbooking is to be sure to use only *acid-free* papers. As you shop for supplies, the labels will state *acid-free* or *lignin-free* (these are equivalent in meaning for our purposes), and even glues are labeled with these statements.

Some basic tools are an absolute must. A good 12-inch cutter is the only size to get as most acid-free papers are 12 × 12 inches. These “papers” include paper, cardstock, and vellum (a translucent paper). A decent pair of scissors should be kept on hand for trimming as well, and a small pair of scissors works best if you want to cut out small items. Most scrapbookers use a tape runner—a continuous roll of acid-free, double-sided tape in a dispenser, and there are several different brands on the market, but it is best to select a *permanent* adhesive. All of these supplies are available at Joann stores, A.C. Moore, and Michaels. Scrapbooking Studio is a small specialty store at 10473 State Highway 23 in Davenport Center; Oneonta and Cobleskill Walmart stores both have scrapbooking departments; and online purchase can be made at www.Joann.com, www.ACMoore.com, and www.Michaels.com.

When scrapbooking old photos or historical documents, there are two options. The best is to have these photos color-copied or scanned into a computer and printed onto acid-free photo paper (color copying or scanning of black and white photos ensures that all tones will be present even though they still will appear to be black and white). The other option is to spray the photo with a deacidifying spray (this is not the best thing to do, as the spray is quite expensive and could even mar the photo). Newspaper articles should be handled in the same manner.

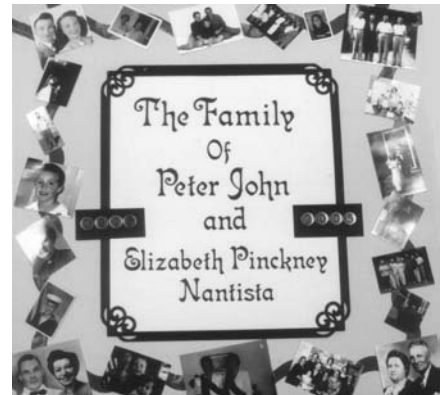
Once your materials have been copied, use the copies for your scrapbooks and keep the original photos out of the light. They may be kept in an acid-free scrapbook (keep the book closed most of the time) or in an acid-free photo storage box available at craft stores. If you use the computer for scanning your pictures, you can store the files on a DVD and give copies to your family.

When scrapbooking a genealogical book, it is best to keep your photos in chronological order. Organization is the key to having a well-presented work. Keep in mind that you do not have to use every photo in your possession. Sort through the available photos and choose the best. It is always a wise idea to make a title page for any themed scrapbook. Like any book, this announces your work.

“Journaling” is anything written on the page. If you create a title for your page or wish to name each person in your book, it is wise to have this information at hand. If your handwriting is not legible or even if you just don't like it, do your “journaling” on the computer. Many fonts are available as well as many colors.

A “layout” is how you design your page. How many photos will be on the page is totally up to you. It is best when doing an entire book with a “theme” and to choose simplicity over busy. Choose a background paper, two colors to “mat” your photos, and one printed paper. Use these on each “double-page” spread and use them differently. A “mat” is a piece of acid-free card stock or paper that is usually about 1/8 inch larger than your photo. This will outline your photo. You

Please turn to Scrapbooking, page 19



The title page from my family's historical album. Below, the background is a copy of the passport my great grandmother used.



A double-page spread is a two-page layout made to coordinate with each other so that when your book is opened flat, you have a 12 × 24" spread.

Air Show, continued from page 2

every now and then an orchestra record, interspersed with comment on the program and other interesting touches.

The final event of the day was a parachute drop by King Louie Bonette from Manager Griffin's plane. It was as neatly executed as the others. The crowd was orderly throughout, the parking arrangements were perfect, and there were no accidents, which reflects credit on both the management and the Troopers.

This article appeared in the 1939 *Mirror Recorder*. Called the Stamford Airport by the paper, the location was the Airport Farm in South Gilboa.

GILBOA AIR ACTIVITY 1940s and 1950s

After the Second World War, air activities in the area had a resurgence not only at Airport Farm, but also at several new airfields in the area.

The runway at Airport Farm was again put into use to the delight of the children in South Gilboa and to the consternation of mothers who had taken their families to the South Gilboa Church. Summer services were regularly interrupted by the noise of a plane taking off or landing that never failed to distract the children.

Hooking an airplane ride was a favorite pastime, but it was not without its dangers. Mark Powell recalls he and an older brother begging rides in a 2-seater. Having seniority, his brother got the first ride, but before Mark could take off, both were busted by their irate mother who had forbidden them to beg rides from the pilots.

Another development occurred as a result of aviators returning from the war and wanting to fly recreationally. For instance, Everett Peters cleared a portion of his Curtis Road property in order to store a plane and be able to fly just for the fun of it.

Please turn to Gilboa Air, page 11

SPLITTING GUN

Carlton Lewis

Through the 1930s, timbering was a year-round activity. The first stage, gathering the wood for the coming year, started after the haying was completed. Generally we brought out the misfits first—dead, hollow, stunted, or crooked trees that would be good for firewood (e.g., wood with strong grains like oak, ash, hickory, cherry, elm, maple). After the misfits, we would then harvest the largest mature trees we could find that were in areas where smaller hardwoods were starved for sunlight.

Harvesting required axes and two-man saws to cut trees and trim branches, resulting in huge lengths of wood and smaller branches and tops. We would then cut the trunk to lengths that a single horse could drag to the homestead. Generally, these were 8 to 12 feet long and up to 36" in diameter. To drag them out, we would use a chain and grab to attach the logs to a horse's harness.

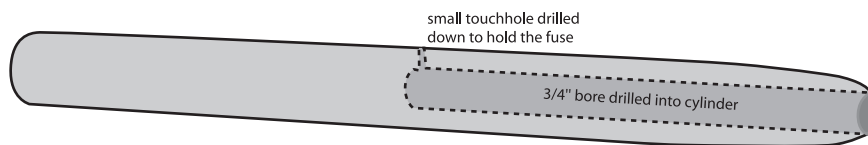
Throughout the year, the wood would be cut and split for use as firewood, fence posts, and timber, and harvesting would continue periodically as the initial supply of wood was processed.

In the 1930s, power saws were in stationary beds driven by water or gas engines and the wood had to be fed to the blade—there were no portable saws (like chain saws) that could easily cut wood to correct lengths. If you wanted firewood, you would have to get it from 8' to 12' logs with diameters of from 16" to 36"! Given this situation, how would *you* proceed? Would you split these logs first using wedges and a maul, knowing that you could manhandle the 8' to 12' long pieces of thinner wood onto the small gas-engine-powered saw to cut them into firewood lengths? Or would you use the 2-man saw to get fireplace lengths that you could then split with axes?

The splitting gun provided another option.



A grab was a 4" to 6" barb on the end of a chain, used to protect the chain from excessive wear. It would be driven into a heavy log, and the small anvil on the chain end would form a pincer with the barb locking the grab in place. Courtesy of Carlton Lewis, photo by Gerry Stoner.



A Splitting Gun

Solid steel cylinder, tapered and rounded at one end

This splitting gun (above) is a piece of steel 1½" in diameter, 16" long, and somewhat tapered at one end. It has a ¾" hole drilled about 9" deep into the center of the shaft and a small hole drilled from the outside of the gun to the bottom of the ¾" hole. To use the splitting gun, you need fuses, a pewter funnel and spoon, and a jar of black powder.

Fill the large hole with an appropriate amount of black gunpowder using the pewter funnel and spoon—an appropriate amount being learned by experience. Stop the hole with a piece of wadded paper, position the gun at the end of a length of potential firewood with the small hole pointing up. Drive the splitting gun into the log, and continue setting it into the wood with a maul to a depth of about 3 to 4". Using a piece of straw or pick, clear the touch hole and place a wick into it.

Please turn to Splitting Gun, page 18

RECOLLECTIONS

Life in the Hills Remembered

Maude Bailey Haskin

At the age of 95, Maude Bailey Haskin was asked by her daughter, Beatrice Mattice, about life changes in the 1920s, 30s and 40s. She was born in 1913 in Flat Creek to Clive and Edith Bailey, and later married Almon “Josh” Haskin. The “recollection” project started August 19, 2008 and soon Maude was very excited about it. She pulled out all the scrapbooks, photo albums, and even came up with her teenage diary. What started out to be a short article for the newsletter evolved into a 40-page booklet.

Maude is in fairly good health and enjoys going out to lunch, church, and shopping. She can see, hear, and remember everything, and this truly is a blessing for her. She bakes strawberry rhubarb pie or banana cake for birthdays, and made 80 jars of her famous jam this past summer. A great joy is her family: her daughter, 3 grandchildren, 7 great-grandchildren, and 3 great-great-grandchildren.

Here are just a few of her Recollections of the 1920s—

When Maude was a teenager, she lived in Broome Center where her father had a store. She and the neighbor children walked from Broome Center to the one-room schoolhouse near the present Chapel Church.

There were parties of all sorts, and ball games for the

young folks (older folks too). Many people about her age lived nearby; the Haskins, Hubbards, Woods, Browns, Cooks, Spencers, and Jacksons to name a few. Her diary of 1928 tells of many, many parties and smaller get-togethers to play games.

Popular games included Freemason and a simple draw-and-discard card game called Scat, but she also remembers a card game named Rook that was played with a special deck of cards. It had four suits (black, red, green, and yellow) and each suit had cards numbered from 1 to 14. There was a 57th card, the rook, which was the joker. It turns out this deck had been introduced by Parker Brothers in 1906 as an alternative to the traditional deck for communities that considered playing cards to be the “devil’s tool.” At that time, young folks also played a lot of “kissing games” like Spin Platter and Post Office.

January 1, 1928— We have listened to a football game this P.M. (on the radio). January 2— Tonight the Broome Center Past Time Club will meet. January 3— (At school,

A Tale of Two Churches

Or, What Age Is “OLD”?

Are There Advantages to Being Old?

Barbara Waring

Visit any of the “old world” countries and you will forever think of the United States as a young, developing country. Nevertheless, we do have a history and should honor both the people alive today who have witnessed about a third of this nation’s history, and the buildings and artifacts that reach back an equal or greater span of time.

To preserve the history of structures or objects, they must first be identified, one by one, by the state; and if their stories are significant enough, they may also be identified and subsequently registered by the federal government. This process will be the subject of the Gilboa Historical Society’s meeting in the Town Hall on April 15 at 7:00 P.M. The speaker, Barbara Waring, will relate the historical stories of two churches—both Lutheran, both in Schoharie County, and both structures considered worthy of historical recognition but for very different reasons. The Evangelical Lutheran Church of Gallupville and St. Mark’s Lutheran Church in Middleburgh offer fascinating lessons about history and about the historical registration process that has enabled them to be recognized and partially funded for structural improvements.

Barbara Waring has a long standing interest in history, particularly eighteenth and nineteenth century local history. She compiled the history of the Evangelical Lutheran Church, Gallupville, New York and St. Mark’s Lutheran Church, Middleburgh, New York as part of successful applications for those churches to acquire registry on the New York State and U.S. Registers of Historic Places.



August 25, 1929— Beatrice Tompkins (later Kenyon) and Maude. They were born the same day and were cousins.

Please turn to Recollections, page 12

THE LONG PATH

The Vision and the Trail

Howard Hart

The Vision

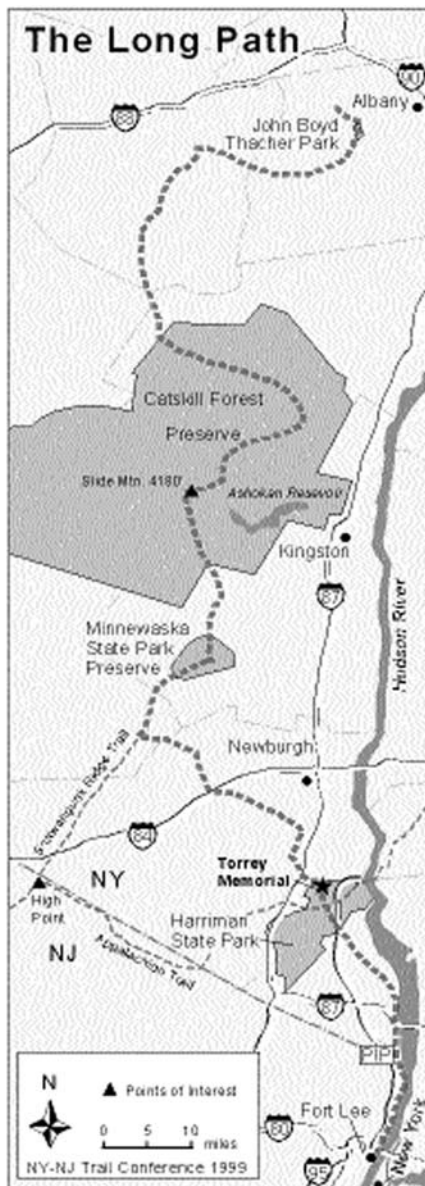
Vincent Schaefer had a vision. In the early 1930s this Schenectady scientist and outdoorsman had in mind a hiking trail in New York that would be similar in some ways to Vermont's Long Trail, but very different in its fundamental character. It would not be a marked trail, but a series of isolated landmarks indicating a route meandering from the George Washington Bridge to Whiteface Mountain in the Adirondacks. The name of the trail came from Walt Whitman's poem *Song of the Open Road*: "There lies before me a long brown path, leading wherever I choose."

From Schaefer's correspondence we know what he had in mind:¹

There would be no cutting or blazing, for this trail would be a truly wild walk that wouldn't erode the land or scar the solitude . . . and each found site would be an adventure in orienteering.

. . . a route that a person having good "woods" sense could use to move across a region using a compass and "topo" map . . .

Work started on the Long Path in the mid-1930s. Though the vision was Schaefer's, very important early work was done by W. W. Cady, who laid out the route from the George Washington Bridge to the Catskills, with the progress publicized by Raymond Torrey in a series of New York Evening Post columns entitled the "Long Brown Path." Schaefer concentrated on the Long Path from Gilboa north. With the death of Torrey in 1938 and the start of World War II, the Long Path dropped from public view for over 20 years.



The Trail

Beginning in the 1960s, the New York–New Jersey Trail Conference adopted the Long Path as a new trail.² In the years following World War II there had been rapid and extensive development in southern New York, and the Trail Conference decided that Schaefer's idea of isolated landmarks and an orienteering public was not practical. Some of the landmarks were no longer accessible, now on posted private land, others had been so altered as to lose their character, and the idea of unwelcome hikers rambling across private lands was worrying. Thus the Long Path became a maintained hiking trail marked with aqua blazes, following the general route that Schaefer and Cady had in mind. Where possible, the Long Path was located on state land or on private land owned by willing landowners. Where necessary, those off-road sections were joined by short sections of secondary roads. The NY–NJ Trail Conference publishes a well-produced, detailed trail guide for the Long Path, now in its fifth edition.³

The Long Path is heavily dependent on those private landowners who let the trail cross their lands. They are protected by a revocable agreement with the New York–New Jersey Trail Conference in which the landowner can determine the uses to which the trail can be used, for example: "Yes" to hiking, "Yes" to skiing, "No" to overnight camping, etc. In return the Trail Conference takes out liability insurance covering the landowner should a lawsuit arise. In fact, New York State law relieves

Please turn to Long Trail, page 11

1. Waterman, Guy and Laura, Forest and Crag: *A History of Hiking, Trail Blazing and Adventure in the Northeast Mountains*, Appalachian Mountain Club, Boston, Mass., 1989.

2. *The Long Path Guide*, fifth edition, New York–New Jersey Trail Conference, Mahwah, N.J., 2002 (revised 2005).

3. Schedules of the public hikes led by members of the Long Path North Hiking Club can be obtained by calling Mark Traver at 518 295-8039 or Cherie Clapper at 518 827-4386.

In addition, there are useful articles online: Wikipedia has a very thorough article: "Long Path" at www.wikipedia.org; and the NY–NJ Trail Conference has an article on the Long Path at its Web site: www.nynjtc.org/trails/longpath/

THE LOOKING GLASS POND TRAIL

Clarence Putman

Looking Glass Pond is located on the Eminence State Forests about 25 miles from the New York Power Authority and offers a beautiful easy hike for a Catskill spring day and great bass fishing. Go north on State Route 30, turn left onto County Route 4 (a mile north of Breakabeen), and drive about 4 miles. Turn left on Rossman Hill Road at the Looking Glass Pond sign, and the parking lot is about 4 miles on the left adjacent to Rossman Hill Road.

Looking Glass Pond was originally a mill pond. The mill foundation can still be seen 0.1 mile north of Rossman Hill Road. The 1856 Schoharie County map shows a GM (grist mill) at the site, and on the south side of Rossman Hill Road where the mill pond was located is the residence of B. Felter. The state bought part of the site of the mill pond from Jennie Felter in 1931. This land became part of the state forests and the open fields were soon planted with seedlings by the Civilian Conservation Corps (CCCs). The state bought the remainder of the Looking Glass Pond site in 1989.

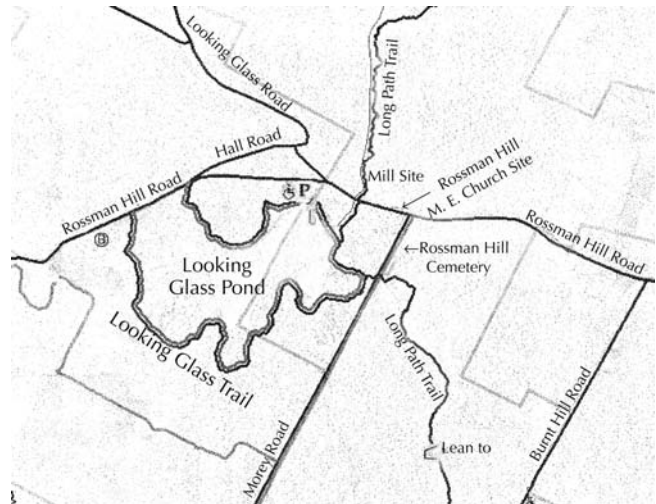
An agreement was made in 1995 between the West Fulton Rod and Gun Club and the NYS Department of Environmental Conservation to construct a 22-acre fishing pond at the site of the old mill pond. The construction was completed in 1997 thanks to the donation of equipment and manpower from Cobleskill Stone Products and a \$25,000 grant from State Senator James Seward. The pond was constructed to make it accessible for the mobility impaired. It was stocked with large mouth bass in 1997.

The loop trail around Looking Glass Pond was built after the pond was completed. It was constructed as a multi-use trail for hikers, cross-country skiers, mountain bikers and others. The total length of the trail is 1.9 miles and is marked with yellow trail disks. The trail terrain is mostly flat with some gentle slopes.

The best place to start the walk around the pond is at the parking lot. To access the trail from the parking lot, walk through the gate on the way to the dock and the fishing pier. Just past the gate, the trail, marked with yellow disks, turns to the left and starts across the dike of the pond. At the end of the dike, the yellow trail intersects the aqua paint blazes of the Long Path Hiking Trail. Continue following the Long Path blazes and the yellow disks. The pond is on your right. Follow the aqua blazes and the yellow disks after crossing the dike. You will enter a spruce plantation. These are some of the tree seedlings planted in the 1930s by the CCCs. The trail next heads away from the pond. In a short distance, the yellow trail turns to the right and the Long Path blazes continue straight ahead. This point is about 0.25 mile from the parking lot.



The dead trees at the back of the pond were left standing when the area was cleared for the pond. These trees provide habitat for wildlife.



Looking Glass Pond is located on the Eminence State Forests, adjacent to Rossman Hill Road, in the town of Fulton, Schoharie County. The parking lot can be reached from NYS Route 30. A mile north of Breakabeen turn left onto County Route 4. Drive about 4 miles and turn left on Rossman Hill Road at the Looking Glass Pond sign. The parking lot is about 4 miles on the left.

Shortly after turning right, the trail crosses a small bridge and continues through the spruce plantation. The trail turns right and heads back toward the pond. It then heads away from the pond through a mixed stand of hardwoods and hemlock. There are some large hemlocks in this area, some of which have died leaving a dead stub standing. The old trees in this area may be an indication this area was never cleared for fields. There is a small stone foundation here with a sign stating the foundation was a sap arch. Shortly the trail crosses one of the many stone walls in the area and enters another spruce plantation.

The trail now heads back to the edge of the pond and a wildlife observation deck. This is a good spot to stop, sit, and look for ducks swimming between the dead trees. The observation deck marks the approximate half-way point

Please turn to Looking Glass, page 12

Going to School, continued from page 3

Snow came early and so did hard times. We had to get up at 5 o'clock in order to be on the road by 6. On the road meant with the horse and cutter (sleigh). Mom had a lit lantern which we put by our feet under the blankets. Of course it's dark at 6 o'clock in the winter, but the horse knew the way. We went through wood roads and fields to cut down on the miles. Then, when we'd finally get to Route 10, we'd find that sometimes the roads were bare—the plow had been through—and pulling the sleigh on bare roads was hard. Almost to town (at the point where the Conservation Department is now), the wind would howl as though you would blow away.

It took us three hours to get to Stamford. Then Harry had to leave the horse at the livery stable that was on River Street. We had to walk up to school which was on Prospect at Academy Street. We were almost always late for school. School started at 9 o'clock. So in all, we spent at least 6 hours a day on the road.

Mom would always have supper

ready for us when we got home. Harry played basketball so after supper he would put a saddle on the horse and ride back to town to either practice or play basketball on the nights scheduled.

One real stormy night as we got off Route 10 and got to South Jefferson, John T. Stewart stopped us and invited us in for supper. Of course we were some happy kids. J.T. took the horse in the barn and took care of him. Belle Stewart had a beautiful hot supper for us and then she asked us if we would like to stay all night. We had to call home and when Mom and Pop said we could, we were elated. That's the first time we had slept in feather beds. Inga and I thought we were floating in heaven. J.T. and Belle were the parents of Ardith Hamm.

Here we didn't have to get up so early and travelled only half the usual distance. I'll never forget the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Stewart. It seems people were kinder and more thoughtful in the old days.

The fall of 1931 came and school buses were introduced. We were assigned to the Jefferson Central

School (1931–1934). Pop bought an old Buick touring car and got the job of driving the bus. Sometimes we had to walk to Cornell Hollow to meet the bus because Pop couldn't get the car up home, but that was a breeze for us. Inga and I were on the basketball team, so when we played on Friday nights, two teachers would invite us to stay overnight. We would have to walk home from Jefferson Saturday morning.

So from then on, going to school was not a problem for me. Inga still wanted to go to college. She enrolled at Oneonta State in 1934 and worked for her room and board for the four years. She lived on Chestnut Street and walked up to the college. That's the way many folks got their education years ago and that's why they appreciate it.



Elsa Anderson Eklund, born in New Jersey, moved to Blenheim, attended one-room schoolhouses on Welsh Road (Blenheim) and Cornell Hollow (Gilboa), and farmed on Cornell Road.

ACTIVITIES AND HISTORY OF LANSING MANOR AND THE BLENHEIM-GILBOA POWER PROJECT

Historic Lansing Manor is an early American country estate built in 1819 by John Lansing, who had represented New York as a delegate to the Constitutional Convention in 1788. The Manor House was restored by the Power Authority in 1977 and is filled with authentic furnishings from the first half of the 19th century. The Manor includes a servants' quarters, horse barn, land office, tenant house, and visitors center housed in a 19th-century dairy barn.

The rooms of Lansing Manor reflect the common practice of their time for wallpaper to be used only in the rooms used by the elders of the family.

There is an extremely beautiful (nearly flamboyant) floral print used in the master bedroom, and wallpaper was also used for the bedrooms of the older sisters and governess—with the exception that wallpaper in those rooms was more subdued.

Younger children's rooms were not papered—the room for the five little girls was painted a pale yellow and that of the little boys was painted pale pink/beige.

This practice was continued downstairs, where the [ladies'] reception room and the [men's] library were both papered.

Likewise, elegant canopies and bedcurtains over the bed are used in the master bedroom but are notably absent around the children's beds—especially in the winter.

March 8, 2 P.M. Travelogue: parks in the immediate area, including Minekill State Park, by Brian Strasavich.

March 15, 2 P.M. Travelogue: Utah's Bruce Canyon & Zion National Parks by Bill Massoth.

March 21, 2 P.M. Travelogue: South Dakota parks: Theodore Roosevelt National Park (Badlands) by Bill Massoth.

March 29, 2 P.M. Travelogue: Canadian parks including Banff National Park by Bill Massoth.

April 5, 2 P.M. The Easter Bunny photo-op at Blenheim-Gilboa Power Project's Visitors Center.

May 1, 10 A.M.–5 P.M. Lansing Manor House season opens.

May 16–17, 10 A.M.–5 P.M. Quilting displays on the grounds of the Visitors Center.

May 23, 11 A.M. Brian Strasavich will lead a spring hike on the Bluebird trail from Lansing Manor to Minekill State Park.

Admission to Lansing Manor is free and guided tours are available from May 1–October 31.

Closed on Tuesday. For more information, call 800 724-0309 or visit www.nypa.gov.

Blenheim-Gilboa Power Project Visitors Center, 1378 State Route 30, North Blenheim, NY 12131 (800 724-0309)

Online Genealogy, continued from page 4

you're having trouble searching by name and think a ship search might be easier—you can do that as well.

Castle Garden was America's first official immigration center and is known today as the Castle Clinton National Monument located within The Battery. It was in operation from 1830 to 1892, when Ellis Island took over as the main port of entry for the New York City area. Its Web site, <http://www.castlegarden.org>, is much like the Ellis Island Web site.

<http://www.cyndislist.com>

Started in 1996, Cyndislist links to more than 250,000 genealogy Web sites. Ranging in topic from how-to Web sites to National Archives and historical societies to online records, this resource is a one-stop shop for the family genealogist.

For a smaller resource than Cyndislist, try Huntington Memorial Library's Online Genealogy Workshop, a small list of good web resources for genealogy. <http://www.hmloneonta.org/onnyrlinks.htm>

<http://www.italiangen.org>

Not of Italian descent? That doesn't matter with this great resource for New York City researchers. The Italian Genealogical Group has transcribed New York City area birth, marriage, and death records as well as naturalization records. These records are available in several different databases on their site. Using the information you find here, you can then request an official document.

Ancestry.com library edition

Libraries pay for Ancestry.com for you—you don't have to pay for the commercial version. Available are immigration records, census records, military records, city directories, and more. If you are trying to find someone alive today, check out the public records databases. Check with your local library to see if they subscribe.

<http://www.stevemorse.org>

Ever want to throw your computer out the window because you can't find what you are looking for? Well maybe it's your search or maybe it's the Web site you are using. Stephen Morse has done a lot of work to help make searching difficult Web sites easier. His one-step approach is aimed at allowing users to search for information using fewer steps than the Web sites that index the information, and some allow for searching across multiple Web sites at once. Not all of the searches point to free resources, but most do. If you need help figuring out an Enumeration District or street name change, this site is for you too.



Sarah Livingston is the New York State Room librarian at Huntington Memorial Library in Oneonta, New York. She received her Masters in Library Science from Indiana University Bloomington. This is an updated version of a column that Mary Harris, her predecessor at Huntington, had written for the Oneonta Daily Star.

Long Trail, continued from page 8

the landowner from responsibility for such uses of the trail. The agreement can be revoked with sixty days' notice.

In the 1970s the Long Path North Hiking Club was formed to extend the Long Path northward through Schoharie, Albany, and Schenectady counties. The volunteers associated with this club maintain the trails, removing brush and downed trees, and building bridges across streams. Members of the club also lead scheduled public hikes on the Long Path.

At this time the Long Path is a hiking trail that starts at the George Washington Bridge and extends north through the Catskills and through Schoharie and Albany counties, as shown on the accompanying map. The officially recognized trail ends in Altamont. Unofficially, it continues across the Mohawk River through Schenectady County. It is hoped that ultimately the Long Path can be extended all the way to Whiteface Mountain in the Adirondacks.

Since private land often changes hands, and since New York State sometimes obtains new lands, the Long Path is a dynamic trail, changing to reflect changes in land ownership. For instance, private land north of Thacher Park has recently become available to the Long Path, thus creating a need for a new edition of the trail guide. When this happens, members scout possible new trails, obtain permission from willing landowners, and clear, blaze, and map the new trail.

We are fortunate that Schaefer's Long Path passes through our area, even though not exactly as he planned it. There are sections that are pleasant walks with beautiful views. There are other sections that are physically demanding. There are sections for each of us; he would want us to get out and enjoy them.



Trained as a physicist, Hart worked in many areas at GE Research, ranging from the study of moon rocks to the development of MRI. He has been active in the Adirondack Mountain Club and is one of the Directors of the Long Path North Hiking Club. Info on the club can be obtained by calling Mark Traver at 518 295-8039 or Cherie Clapper at 518 827-4386.

Gilboa Air, continued from page 6

Richard Lewis recalls the Bell-Car Restaurant above Broome Center. It had been built down by a large blueberry bog, and the dining room had a large colorful floor made of maple and cherry planks. The tables could be moved aside for large dances or parties.

As an added attraction, the Bell-Car had a landing strip beside the restaurant and offered plane rides for its customers. However, word got out and planes arrived from Albany with hungry pilots and passengers; and sometimes a plane would land only to pick up a "to go" order of the outstanding blueberry pies.

Looking Glass, continued from page 9

around the pond. The trail continues through the spruce plantation and enters an area with a bridge. The bridge was an Eagle Scout project. You then enter an area of 10-year-old spruce trees. These trees were planted by the state after the declining red pine trees in this area were harvested.

The trail continues past an old house foundation that was abandoned before the state bought this land in 1931. A water hole was constructed here by the CCC in the 1930s as a source of water to fight possible fires in the young conifer plantations. The trail then reenters a 1930s spruce plantation and turns right at the sign for the Jones Cemetery. The cemetery is a short distance uphill to the left. The trail heads out to Rossman Hill Road through an area of wild apple trees. The apple trees have been maintained by the inmates from the Summit Shock Camp to provide habitat for wildlife.

The trail turns right onto Rossman Hill and follows the road for about 700 feet to avoid a wet area. It then turns right, off the road to again follow the edge of Looking Glass Pond for a short distance back to the parking area. If you wish, you can just follow Rossman Hill Road back to the parking area.

Short walks

The old mill site can be seen by following the Long Path about 0.1 mile north from its intersection with Rossman Hill Road. The Long Path can be accessed from the Looking Glass Parking lot by following Rossman Hill Road east for 0.1 mile. There is also a pleasant 0.5 mile hike from Morey Road to the Rossman Hill Leanto on the Long Path Hiking Trail. This is a mostly flat trail through mixed hardwood-hemlock forest and a red pine plantation. This trail can be accessed from Morey Road about 100 feet south of the Rossman Hill Cemetery. Follow the trail east from the road.

Nearby sites

Rossman Hill Cemetery is on Morey Road 0.2 mile south of the intersection with Rossman Hill Road. The cemetery is a fair sized rural cemetery that gives an indication of the number of families living in the area in the 1800s. At the intersection of Rossman Hill Road and Morey Road is the site of the Rossman Hill Methodist Episcopal Church. The church was abandoned before the state began to purchase land in the area. There is some yellow paint on the north side of the Rossman Hill Road marking the bounds of the church site.



Clarence Putman retired from the NYS Department of Environmental Conservation in 2002 after 35 years managing Schoharie County State Forests. He continues an involvement with the Long Path Hiking Trail that started while working at DEC. The club address is the Long Path North Hiking Club, P.O. Box 855, Schoharie, NY 12157, and his email address is clput@wildblue.net.

Recollections, continued from page 7

where they always were 10–15 minutes late). The sliding on the ice is great. We have lots of fun. Coming home from school we raced to see who could walk the fastest. (Now, isn't that a "simple pleasure"?) Kenneth Cook and I were fastest. Mother could get nearly everything on the radio tonight. We can get Canada and anywhere. January 4—This noon we all slid on the ice. Kenneth Jackson and I met and both fell down. I cut my stocking and knee as well. January 7—The Thimble Club meets at Emilda's today. Mother did not go because she is afraid Baby (Clyde Belle) will get chicken pox. We made Brother (George) a birthday cake, as he is 17 years old today. January 9—I surely have the chicken pox. January 13—There is a party at Everett Wood's tonight. February 3—I hear there is to be a party at the Old Broome Center Store.

She later went to the old Gilboa High School that was in one of the large buildings in "Imerville" or "New Gilboa," near the present Post Office. She boarded with the Bakers for \$5 a week, because she had chronic appendicitis and couldn't ride the school bus that came down from Broome Center. Then the new Gilboa-Conesville Central School opened in 1929 and she went there. She loved going to that school but then had to have an appendix operation and lost a lot of time. She didn't think she ever would catch up so she wouldn't go back. She remembers the Civics class with Mr. Ames as teacher. They didn't have enough books to go around. She took a test without ever seeing a book and got 86. She knows now that she should have gone back to school, as she planned to be a nurse. Maude very proudly got her GED in the 1950s.

For three summers starting when she was 15, she and a cousin went to Windham and worked as waitresses at the Osborn House. This was during Prohibition. There was a clubhouse with dancing and the city people had drinks. If they got word a policeman was coming, everything just disappeared. The girls went to these dancing nights, and this was a memorable time for the young girls. This is the nearest Maude came to the "Roaring 20s."



Maude Bailey Haskin has been an observer of life in Gilboa for all of her 95 years, and is documenting her views on life in these decades. This issue deals with the 1920s, and later issues will cover subsequent decades.

GHS Newsletter Available Online

The *Newsletter* is available as a free download at <http://www.gilboahome.com/ghspublications>. Please forward this address to friends and family, or send us their email address and we will add them to our electronic subscription list. Remember, this is a **free** download.

LEONARD MOUNTAIN CEMETERY TOUR

Beatrice Mattice

On October 18, a tour to four very old cemeteries on Doc Leonard Mountain, Broome Center, was led by Beatrice Mattice, with the help of Linda Newerla, who lives on the mountain. Cindy Buel, Jean Schroeder, Dorothy Pickett, and Ted Latta were very interested participants in the tour. Two of the cemeteries are in the Town of Gilboa and two in the Town of Broome, all on state land and within two or three miles. The cemeteries are unmarked, and off in the woods. Very few know where they are and this tour was to familiarize more people with their locations. Lists of those buried in the cemeteries and directions will be available online at <http://www.gilboahome.com/ghspublications/leonardmountain.html>.

Leonard Mountain Road is a turn off the Broome Center–Flat Creek Rd., in the hamlet of Broome Center. This goes up Blacksmith Hill. The road was originally called the Old Mountain Turnpike, from Broome Center to Bates Hollow, and was settled long ago as part of the Scott Patent.

A little history was told along the way, as these cemeteries are where the very first settlers were buried. Many years ago, Ford Nickerson told that four men came together and settled on “the hill” apparently before the Revolution: Aaron Stone, Isaac Wheeler, Samuel Ellis, and a Spencer. By the time the children of these four were of marriageable age, the Reeds, Wilburs, and Nickersons lived near and the young people all married neighbors. Many small farms were along the road. The foundations can be found by the lilacs and apple trees that were by each home. The 1866 Beers atlas map of this section shows the names of the early farmers: Dr. D. M. Leonard, S. Gordon, D. Hagadorn, William Hallenbeck, School House No. 3, Mrs. Reed, F. Smith, A. Hurlburt, W. Spencer, and D. Decker. Very near were C. and H. Nickerson, J. Haskin, and A. Mattice. In the 1920s ’til 1940, New York State bought up almost all of this mountain land for reforestation and the little farms disappeared.

The first cemetery visited was the Leonard family cemetery. You drive up an unmarked driveway, pass the foundations, then it is a short walk straight ahead. Of the monuments still standing and readable, the earliest burial was 1833. Of those buried, the earliest birth date was 1755. A nice stone wall surrounds the cemetery.

The second is the small Stewart cemetery that can be seen from Leonard Mountain Road. Here the earliest burial was 1844 and the earliest birth date 1749.

Not far was the Reed cemetery, way off in the woods. There now is an unmarked trail leading to the cemetery. We are very pleased that the DEC made this trail and keeps these old cemeteries trimmed of brush. (Years ago, my parents knew the general direction and we had to tramp through brush and trees until we spotted a tombstone.) This is large with a nice wall, few stones. Not everyone could afford a fancy tombstone and field stones marked some graves. By the large size of the enclosing stone wall, we surmise many more are buried here. The earliest burial was 1841 and the earliest birth date 1773.

The Spencer cemetery is 0.2 mile further east, way off the road: a lovely, small, wall-enclosed cemetery. A trail has been made, making this much

easier to find. Our thanks to Linda Newerla, who lives nearby, for making this trail for riding her horse. The earliest burial was Emeline Spencer in 1841. The earliest birth date was Hannah Spencer in 1773.

After a pleasant two hours wandering the hill, some went on to the tower. You no longer need to climb the tower to “see forever.” An area below was clear-cut a few years ago, to open up a spectacular western view. The fire tower was built in 1947 and was manned until 1986.

In early May of 2009, a tour is planned of 4 cemeteries in Bates Hollow, on down the Old Mountain Turnpike. Hopefully, we will also be able to visit the historic Bates Church. In the spring, contact any of the people listed above for more information.

Lists of those buried in the cemeteries and directions will be available after Bee Mattice's return in the spring. The online address will be <http://www.gilboahome.com/ghspublications/leonardmountain.html>

New York State Parks Office of Parks, Recreation, & Historic Preservation

Brian A. Strasavich

The Historical Society will host a presentation by Brian Strasavich of the New York State Office of Parks, Recreation, and Historic Preservation on March 18 at 7:00 P.M. at the Gilboa Town Hall.

Originally put together by Michael Geiss (the retired Assistant Regional Director of the Thousands Islands Region with over 30 years' experience with the agency), Brian's presentation will “show and tell” of the history and evolution of the agency from the creation of the nation's first state park—Niagara Reservation, later to become Niagara Falls State Park—to the current state park system, including its challenges, opportunities and successes.

It tells of the actions of influential governors or commissioners who created the great park system we have today, and inventories the resources in the various state parks and historic sites.

CORNELL HOLLOW: FARMS ALONG THE LITTLE MINEKILL

Clarence Hartwell

I grew up in the farming valley to the south of Blenheim Hill formed by the Little Minekill Creek. The Little Minekill runs to the east from State Route 10, past SR 30 and on into the Schoharie Creek. My home in this valley was called Cornell Hollow, stretching three miles east from Blenheim Hill Road to the Shew Hollow section of that same valley.

Having just celebrated my 97th birthday, my recollections may be somewhat different from your reality, so let me tell you of the places and people of Cornell Hollow.

The map of this area has changed in my lifetime. Where people now think of a 5-mile long Shew Hollow Road, I remember two separate roads—Cornell Hollow Road running east from Blenheim Hill Road for about 3 miles, and Shew Hollow to the east of Raymond Shew's farm and continuing for another 2 miles to Route 30. Because this geography relates to the first half of the twentieth century, I will continue to use the names then prevalent—Cornell Hollow Road for the western half of the area, and Shew Hollow Road for the eastern half.

Roads of a century ago tended to be more numerous but shorter than the roads of today. They were meant to get you quickly to your neighbor's farm, your nearest mill or store, or your church and tended to go in all directions to where you might want to go. Although today's roads are wider and smoother, they are also more circuitous in getting from one point to another. For instance, today's Shew Hollow Road has no direct connection to the north or south except at its two ends—the two roads now joining Shew Hollow (Cornell and Starheim roads) run about a half mile to the north and then bend to the west and all come out at the same place: the dead ended Welsh Road or the Brimstone Church.

In my memory, there were one southbound and three northbound roads: Sam Adams Farm Road, Moore Hill Road, and Decker Road. The most westerly, Sam Adams Farm Road, went north from Cornell Hollow Road for about a couple hundred feet and then forked: Sam Adams went to the west taking you to (naturally) the Adams's farm and then on to Jefferson, while Ada Effner Road bore to the right (now a logging trail) and went straight north to the Brimstone Church and continued over Blenheim Hill.

East of Sam Adams Farm Road was a crossroads: Moore Hill Road. To the south, it went in the direction of Moore Hill, the farms on Cape Horn Road, and then to South Gilboa station or South Jefferson. To the north, Moore Hill Road went to Blenheim, and crossroads like Anderson Road would take you west past the Anderson farm and on to the Brimstone Church and Jefferson.

Continuing further east would take you to Shew Hollow Road and another northbound route to Blenheim: Decker Road. You would go north on this road and either take a left on Curtis Road towards the Brimstone Church, or go straight through the Decker (Starheim) barn built over Ward Allen Road, and continue on to Blenheim.

In my youth, there were many poorly maintained but reasonably direct

Please turn to Cornell Hollow, page 16

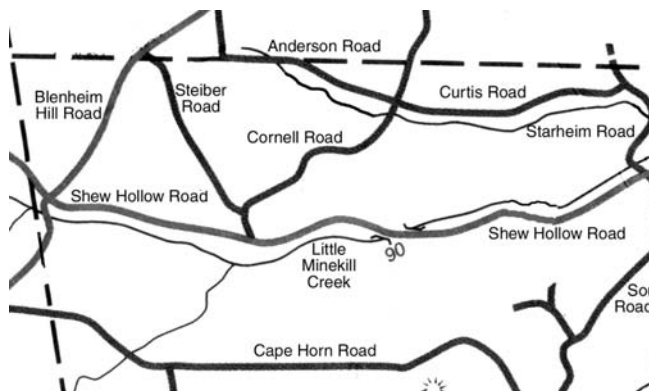


This is a map of West Gilboa in 1866. It hadn't changed much by the time I was a young man in the early 1920s, although we had lost the post office and the name "West Gilboa." Instead, my home was called Cornell Hollow, and the land to the east was called Shew Hollow.



A new road was constructed from the junction of Sam Adams and Cornell Hollow Roads northeast to Moore Hill Road just below Catherine White's current home. This new road was called Dykeman Road, and both Ada Effner and Moore Hill Roads south of Dykeman were abandoned. Over time, the name Cornell Hollow Road was changed to Shew Hollow Road, Sam Adams Farm Road became Steiber Road, and Dykeman Road became Cornell Road.

I cannot remember the provenance or purpose of the long narrow barn beyond the shovel.



This 2008 map of the area reflects the results of this construction.

FULLER DISTRICT #4 ONE-ROOM SCHOOLHOUSE

Jillian Collins and Kristen Starheim

If you were to relive the history of Jefferson, you would find that the only means of getting an education would be to walk several miles in all weather conditions to reach a one-room schoolhouse like Fuller District #4. It was the only school for a remote area of Jefferson from 1837 until the 1930s. It is currently a public museum and visiting center, but has gone through an interesting history to reach this point.



This picture shows the students attending the Fuller School, but we have been unable to name the children. Please let us know if you recognize these people: Gerry Stoner, 607 652-2665, or gerrys@gilboahome.com.

The schoolhouse was built in 1837, but due to its inconvenient location, it was soon moved closer to the road onto land donated by Joseph D. Fuller. After the move, the schoolhouse gained the title Fuller District #4. It was an eight-grade school with a student population of about 25–30 children. One teacher was expected to teach all of them in very limited quarters. Surprisingly, there were rarely any problems. During the winter months when the temperatures would plunge below zero, the teacher would brew hot chocolate on the stove, which was very similar to the one that is in the schoolhouse today.

In 1935, after 98 years of operation, there was a national movement to central schools as part of the New Deal. This forced the one-room schoolhouse to close, and bookshelves and other items were sold at an auction. The building was abandoned for 50 years and fell into disrepair. Nicholas and Mary Gennarelli (who owned the Fuller property) donated the building to Cleo Moore, who had attended school in this historic building and still owned the family farm

nearby. Moving the schoolhouse was a tricky affair however, as funds weren't readily available. The schoolhouse was moved as buildings had historically been moved, by rolling it on logs. Instead of horses or oxen, however, the power was supplied by several tractors down the Jefferson dirt roads. It was an all-day event, and Larry Davis of East Meredith provided four tractors for the occasion. It was an exciting experience for many people, Moore remembered: "We had a lot of help that day, a lot of sightseers too." His son Roger was among the dozens of volunteers who made the move possible.

Because the schoolhouse had been abandoned for decades, Moore had a big job ahead of him. He restored the structure, replacing siding and using the original rock for the foundation. Always an avid collector, he had many items to refurbish the interior, and dozens of people donated books, desks, photographs, and old documents. While at his residence, the schoolhouse played host to many school kids, scout troops, and senior citizens. Others held picnics, meetings, and reunions there. Cleo and his first wife, Avis, welcomed visitors regularly and opened the schoolhouse on weekends for drop-in visitors. This hospitable tradition was later continued by Cleo and his second wife, Ruth.

The Fuller District schoolhouse remained at its location on the Moore property in good repair until Moore's death in 2005. Following his wishes, Cleo Moore's family donated the schoolhouse to the Town of Jefferson. It was moved a final time to its current location in Jefferson along State Route 10 (this time with the use of a flatbed truck).

Jefferson Girl Scout Troop 2384, as a part of their Silver Award Project, has made further improvements with the help of the Jefferson Historical Society and numerous volunteers. Jillian Collins, Cleo's grandchild and co-author of this article, is a member of this troop, which also includes Ashley Banks, Stacie Meadowcroft, Kristen Starheim, and Nicole VanGlad. The Scouts have done a thorough cleanup of the interior along with organizing and researching some of the original

Please turn to Fuller School, page 20



Clara and Ina recalling old times at the schoolhouse for Jefferson District #4 in October 1967. Below, in 1985, Cleo Moore received the schoolhouse and restored it to its former glory, including a new outhouse and picket fence.



Cornell Hollow, continued from page 14

routes to the academy in Stamford, the gristmills of Jefferson or Blenheim, and the transportation of South Gilboa Station or Grand Gorge. Many of these roads have been abandoned and now all traffic flows south onto Shew Hollow Road and then east or west to state highways 10 and 30.

The William Humphrey Cornell farm was extremely large for this area (Catherine White believes it was about 600 acres, and I heard that it had over 350 tillable acres). The land was on both sides of Cornell Hollow from Blenheim Hill Road for nearly three miles to well past Moore Hill Road. The original farmhouse was on the northwest corner of Sam Adams Farm Road and Cornell Hollow (now 583 Shew Hollow Road, the Thalls) and had a large woodshed attached behind it. This house often housed travellers on the Jefferson–Gilboa Turnpike. The farm buildings were across the road where George Wilson's freshening Jersey cows now graze. In my youth, the buildings of this working farm included the barn for cattle and a smaller carriage house (both still standing); a chicken coop; a barn for small animals like pigs, sheep, and goats; and a smoke house, ice house, corn crib, and other outbuildings.

William was blessed with a successful farm and a large family (see sidebar), so that the Cornell name and genes were spread widely throughout the area and large parcels of land remained in the family for generations. One, the 170-acre farm opposite Sam Adams Farm Road on the south side of Cornell Hollow, was split off, to be farmed by my grandfather Austin Cornell, my grand-uncle Fred Cornell, and then later by my parents, Melvin and Grace (Cornell) Hartwell.

Born in 1911, my primary education took place in a one-room schoolhouse on Cornell Hollow Road (548 Shew Hollow Road). At that time, the farm had about 200 chickens and 30 cows that produced eggs, meat, and milk for consumption and income. Farm-produced cider, maple syrup, vegetables, and potatoes fed the family with enough left over to produce additional income, and barley and buckwheat grown for cattle feed was a cash crop.

The farm also owned a separate chestnut forest down next to the Shew farm. While the blight was killing the forest, the trees continued to produce income, first from the nuts which were sold in Stamford and later from the wood sold for fence posts and telephone poles. This farm was sold to Robert and Maureen (Ginger) Boehning in 1971 and remains in beautiful condition at 602 Shew Hollow Road, a testament to the Cornell tradition.

As a young man, I bought the Grant and Samuel Miller farm to the west of my birthplace, and this farm has been my home for the rest of my life (754 Shew Hollow Road). I was the second owner of this farm.

On the north side of Cornell Hollow west of Sam Adams was the farm of Andrew Vroman and Howard Cornell (597 Shew

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Sidebar: William Cornell

William Cornell was born around 1748 and moved here with his wife, Eleanor Hunt, from Fishkill about 1795. He bought several hundred acres and farmed that land, and he erected a tannery and shaving mill that provided the area with hemlock bark for tanning skins. This first Cornell mill was located north of the creek where it crosses under the road to the west of my house.

William also erected a weaving mill on the south side of the creek at 436 Shew Hollow, and a gristmill that straddled at 889 Shew Hollow Road. The gristmill foundation and some of the spillway is still visible.

William was prosperous and prolific, fathering 6 boys and 3 girls who all survived to marriageable ages. The second, third, and fourth sons (Abe, Will, and Tom) moved to Owego or Oswego, leaving 5 children to populate Cornell Hollow.

William's oldest son, Daniel, was a weaver and may have worked in his father's weaving mill. He apparently left Cornell Hollow but returned to manage the gristmill for his father. He married Mary Morey (or Mooney) in 1812, was licensed to preach in 1814, and later was ordained as Elder of the Methodist Episcopal Church. In 1818 or 1819, Daniel built a gristmill in Gilboa, but moved back to Cornell Hollow in 1821. He ran the family's gristmill until 1833, during which time he and Mary had 9 children.

They moved to Davenport, running the gristmill there for 5 years (and having 2 more children). They then moved to the gristmill in Rockdale, Chenango County, for 10 years; followed by short stints in Sidney and Mononville in Delaware County before returning once again to Cornell Hollow.



The foundation and laid stone walls of the livery stable serving the stage coaches on the branch line of the Catskill Turnpike.



The Gilboa-Conesville baseball team of 1944. Front row from left: Raymond Gregory, Donald Dunham, Eddie Gray, Franklin Clapper, Edsel Deyo, Francis Peck, Tom O'Hara, Mr. Rotenburg. Rear row from left: Robert Brownell, Donald Lewis, Arthur Disbrow, Ron Lath, Harry Van Wormer, George Haverly, Jerry Buckley, Lincoln Faulkner.

Baseball, continued from page 3

it fell off the roof. I would make sure to hit the ball against the side of the barn if possible, because a hit over or around the barn might well result in a long roll in the grass. At that time, my father and I disagreed as to which was a worse disaster: broken siding on the barn or a lost ball.

Practices were held after school, causing you to miss your bus home—like the old story, it was uphill both ways. My trip was about 10 miles, and some players would not stay for practice because it was too difficult to get home. Many tried to hitchhike but there was not much traffic in those years, and many cars would not stop to pick up a group of 5 or 6 young men.

Most of the uniforms were made out of wool or a wool-blend material, and were uncomfortable on a hot sunny day. The caps had a small brim and weren't nearly as full as today's ball caps, and there was no manufactured protection for pitchers or catchers who had to protect themselves.

The gloves were much smaller: a glove for a first baseman was about half the length and much narrower than today's mitt, and gloves for in- and out-fielders were a reinforced

leather work glove. They did not come with pockets, so players would keep oiling the glove, bend it into shape around a baseball, and leave it tied up overnight with twine to shape the mitt to their specifications.

There was no formal schedule for games early in the war due to rationing of gasoline. Coaches for the various schools would call each other and arrange a game when they could arrange transport. A small bus might be used to take the team to closer schools like Grand Gorge, but games with more distant teams were usually held in a field part way between the two communities to save on gas.

My debut as a player was at second base in 1944, and I also was a pitcher and a catcher for the three years until I graduated in 1947 at the age of 17. At that time, you could elect to take a fifth year of school, and I wanted to do this. However, Schoharie County would not let you play ball in that year, but you could in Delaware County. I therefore moved to Stamford, lived with my brother Clayton, enrolled at Stamford Academy, and played both baseball and basketball in 1947–48.

At that time, Sam Tompkins was a pitcher for Stamford with a blazing

fastball. It was so fast that no one else wanted to catch for him, and so I spent the time kneeling behind the plate and not having to chase ground balls. Luckily for me, Sam had wonderful control of his pitches, so I could hold the mitt up and he would hit it every time. Sam eventually ended up in AAA ball.

As for me, I played briefly with the Homer Braves (Homer, New York's minor league team belonging to the Boston Braves) that summer. I joined the army and played Army baseball with Harvey Haddix and several pitchers from the Brooklyn Dodgers, and later moved with my family to Ottawa, Canada and continued to coach baseball. My Big League's Division team of Little League (16–18 year olds) won three national championships (1978, 1986, 1990), and I'm proud to say that there is now a ballpark named Carl Faulkner Field.



As is apparent from the article, [Carl] Linc Faulkner has been passionate about youth baseball from his school years in Gilboa through his successful coaching of Little League in Canada.

NYC, continued from page 1

when the residents of Brooklyn, Queens, Staten Island, the Bronx and Manhattan voted to unite. Consolidation became effective on January 1, 1898, when fifty-six separate cities and towns—including the City of Brooklyn, which had been the third largest city in the country prior to consolidation—merged into “Greater New York,” a 360-square-mile metropolis with a population of 3,350,000. And, believe it or not, 2,000 farms.

At that time, Manhattan and the Bronx were getting water from the Croton system; Brooklyn was pumping from the water bearing sands of Long Island; Queens and Richmond (Staten Island) were supplied from local wells operated by private companies. Brooklynites’ worry about salt water intrusion and pollution of ground water by the steadily increasing pressures of development was among the factors that spurred the consolidation movement.

During the decade that followed, 135,000 more people (more than five of today’s Kingstons) moved to the expanded city each year. And almost a quarter million more commuted every day from New Jersey, Westchester and Connecticut to jobs in Manhattan. Even after the construction of 12 Croton System reservoirs and the claiming of three lakes, the need for water threatened to outpace the city’s supply.

In 1905, after three years of investigating potential new sources of water, New York City successfully made its case to New York State lawmakers. They passed legislation allowing the city to acquire land and build dams and aqueducts to provide “an additional supply of pure and wholesome water.”

Later that year the newly formed Board of Water Supply submitted to the State Water Supply Commission its plans to develop the Esopus, Rondout, Schoharie and Catskill Creek Watersheds. On May 14, 1906, approval was granted, forever linking the fates of Catskill Mountain residents with those of millions of thirsty strangers.

SOURCES: *Water for a City*, Charles H. Weidner, 1974; *Water for Gotham*, Gerard Koepfel, 2000; *Liquid Assets, A History of New York City’s Water System*, Diane Galusha, 1999; *The Columbia Historical Portrait of New York*, John Kouwenhoven; NYC 100 website (www.nyc.gov/html/nyc100)



Diane Galusha is author of Liquid Assets: The Story of New York City’s Water System (1999, Purple Mountain Press). She is Communications Director and Education Coordinator at the Catskill Watershed Corporation.

Splitting Gun, continued from page 6

Make sure to use pewter, wood, or plastic implements to avoid sparks! The splitting gun is a dangerous weapon—use traditional black powder, *NOT* modern high-power gunpowder, and do not try to make one. It is truly a historical artifact.

Once the splitting gun is set firmly into the log, take another large piece

of wood or rock, and wedge it securely against the butt end of the gun. This will absorb the kick from the firing of the splitting gun. Finally, light the fuse and move well away from the wood. If all goes well, the length of potential firewood will be split into 2 or more strips that can either be further split or are light enough to be jockeyed into position for sawing.



Immigrants enroute to America were packed on the deck of this passenger liner. Many would find accommodations in New York City tenements to be equally cramped.



Water from the Croton System was not just for people and as New York City grew, so did its need for water to battle fires.



Carlton Lewis, a dairyman for nearly 30 years, became a master machinist in the early 1970s. At that time, the dairy industry in the Catskills had fallen on hard times, all creameries were cutting back, and the closing of Blenheim Creamery spelled the end for the 500 dairy farms that it served. There are additional pictures of the use of the splitting gun at http://www.gilboahome.com/lghspublications/splitting_gun.html.



Cornell Hollow, continued from page 16

Hollow Road) and the remainder of the property has been subdivided. The final property in Cornell Hollow was on the site of William Cornell's gristmill. The house was located between the mill and the road and had a stone barn across the street. You can still see the barn's walls to the east of number 894 Shew Hollow Road on the property of Olaf Starheim. The house served as an inn and tavern, and for years was a hostelry and livery stable for the stage coaches on the branch line of the Catskill Turnpike.

The stone foundation of the Cornell steam-driven sawmill is approximately 500 feet further east, set back from the road, and adjoins a small hay field that was the start of the Shew properties.



A lifelong resident of Cornell Hollow, Clarence Hartwell bought his farm in 1934 as a home for his small herd of herefords and 2000 broilers, and brought his bride, Dorothy Buck, to the homestead a year later. Their family grew to include 7 foster children.

He was a schoolbus driver and maintenance supervisor for Jefferson Central School until 1955; a refrigeration mechanic for GLF (later, Agway) until 1980; and a teacher of refrigeration at SUNY Delhi until 1986. He lost his wife of 72 years in 2007, and followed her on January 10, 2009.

Scrapbooking, continued from page 5

may mat each photo twice, the second mat of a different color and an additional 1/8 inch larger than the first mat. This will make your photo visually pop off the page. Do the same with your titles, descriptions, or names used on the page.

Once you begin to "scrapbook" you will see things with scrapbook possibilities (such as period buttons, fibers, or yarns) to make your pages more interesting. Even though these are not acid-free, you should have no worries *as long as your photo does not touch them*. If you always remember to mat your photos at least once, anything not acid-free that is under the photo will not affect your photo because it is protected by the acid-free mat.

Albums today come in 6 x 6", 8 x 8", 8 1/2 x 11", and 12 x 12" sizes, and pages can be added as needed. There are two varieties: strap-hinged and post-bound. The straps seem to deteriorate over time, so I use the post-bound variety that has the additional advantage of being able to add posts, spacers, and pages to make larger albums (the narrow spacers are placed in the spine between pages as necessary, and allow even a large album to lie flat).

All albums purchased come with "page protectors": clear, acid-free plastic sleeves into which your pages are slid once they are completed. These keep each page from touching another page and destroying the acid-free environment.

Each layout of your pages can be different and could contain as many photos as you can fit. Many photos can be cropped to eliminate the extraneous things in the background so their size can be minimized and will highlight the main area of the photo. A scrapbook page is a work of art and only you have to be satisfied with the outcome.

Using as many acid-free products as you can will ensure that your album will be around in a hundred years for someone else to view with as much interest as you had making it. Adding a dedication page either at the beginning or at the end of your scrapbook will ensure that your descendants will know to save your work. I, personally, have left mine in my will to my godson with explicit instructions not to destroy it, but to share it as well.



Fran Nantista spent 25 years as an administrator for a physician's group, retired, and became a NYS registered child care provider. She has been scrapbooking for 13 years and leads the Scrapbook Social at Joann's store in Northway Mall three times each month.

Membership Application Form

Name: _____	() Individual membership (\$10.00)	\$ _____
Address:* _____	() Lifetime membership (\$100.00)	\$ _____
_____	() Senior or student membership (\$7.00)	\$ _____
City: _____	() Couple membership (\$15.00)	\$ _____
State: _____ Zip: _____	() Family membership (\$25.00)	\$ _____
Phone: _____	() Memorial gift†	\$ _____
Email:‡ _____	() Gilboa Historical Society Museum	\$ _____
	() Scholarship fund	\$ _____
	() Old Gilboa DVD (\$19.70 w/ shipping)	\$ _____
	() General fund	\$ _____
	() _____	\$ _____
	() _____	\$ _____

* Our Newsletter uses bulk mail and will not be forwarded by the Post Office. Please notify us if you have a temporary address during our mailings in early March, June, and September (there is no winter issue).

† For memorial gifts: we are developing a GHS wish list available from a board member. Provide the wording of the dedication, your name and address, and the name and address of a next-of-kin who should be told of your generosity.

‡ Please fill in your email address to be notified of the availability of each issue of the Newsletter and of other GHS materials offered on the Web.

Total amount enclosed \$ _____

Gilboa Historical Society, Post Office Box 52, Gilboa, NY 12076

Fuller School, continued from page 15 books, rehangng old photos, and holding an open house and dedication for the public. Future plans include restoring an old map of New York State and planting a garden on the grounds.

For the 2009 summer season, Troop 2384 will continue their community service work by teaching younger scouts about the schoolhouse and helping them to earn badges.

Fuller District #4 will be open as a museum one Sunday a month for the public to visit, and will be open whenever there is a town-wide function (i.e., Heritage Day, to be held July 2009).

The scouts also are working to have it again used *as a schoolhouse* for JCS students in the local history portion of the elementary curriculum.

Girl Scouts of America Troop 2384 does not have regularly set meeting times because of the many conflicts that high school girls have. For information, however, please email us at brandj@hughes.net or phone 607 652-2156.



From left to right: front row Jillian Collins, Nicole VanGlad, and Ashley Banks; back row Kristen Starheim and Stacie Meadowcroft. All are currently sophomores at Jefferson Central School. They completed the project while freshmen. Photo compliments of Barbara Palmer.

Abe Lincoln to Visit GHS

The Association of Lincoln Presenters (ALP) is a union of men and women dedicated to bringing Abraham and Mary Lincoln to life with presentations that educate, entertain, and inspire.

Jim Hitchcock is a charter member of the ALP and has portrayed Lincoln extensively throughout New York, Pennsylvania, Georgia, and Florida. He was a speaker at the 125th anniversary of the closing of the Confederate Prison in Elmira, and participated in a weekly radio series on Lincoln broadcast from Philadelphia.

He has presented Lincoln's humor and history in many classrooms, and will join us at the Gilboa Town Hall on May 20th at 7:00. He will round off his presentation with some little known information about the life of Mary Todd Lincoln.

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