

Gilboa Historical Society

Dedicated to learning about, sharing, and preserving our history

Spring 2008

Volume 10, Issue 1

CORPORAL CATHERINE KAUFMANN, U.S.M.C.

Catherine Kaufmann Harwood White

In 1940, I was Catherine Kaufmann from Cornell Road, living and working in Stamford as a sitter for the Harold Rushmore family while finishing my senior year at Stamford Central School.

Upon graduation, I moved to Albany to learn “comptometry,” a forerunner of today’s business data processing curricula. I then went to work for New York Telephone in Albany, and was on my way to being a very traditional woman of my time—I worked to support myself but I was social, outgoing, and popular. In 1940, I considered war possible and voted for Roosevelt—he had gotten us on the road to recovery from the depression and seemed the best choice to be president if war did break out. I believe I was leading a normal life for a woman of that time: I voted on the basis of consideration, held a responsible job, and wanted a good life with marriage and family in the future.

December 7, 1941 changed that situation. By the early part of 1942, many of my male counterparts were entering the military and job opportunities were expanding geometrically by the middle of 1942. One of my friends was working at the Watervliet Arsenal, but all production of war goods—including food and clothing—started to boom. For instance, people were working around the clock at the Cargill grain elevator in the port of Albany, and a classmate of mine was at the Arrow Shirt plant in Troy. And my brothers Bud and Bill were entering the military: Bud was learning to be a Navy flier, and Bill became an electronics technician on destroyers.

The life of this “normal” woman was in turmoil and I thought long and hard on what these changes and opportunities would mean to me.

“Free a Marine to Fight”

This was a call for women to serve in the Marine Corps Reserve during two world wars. Although 305 women served in the Marine Corps Reserve during World War I, all were separated from service after the war ended, and there were no women in the Corps. On February 13, 1943, the Commandant of the Marine Corps announced the formation of the Marine Corps Women’s Reserve.

I joined the Marines nine days later, on Washington’s birthday, 1943. Just like any other grunt, I traveled down to New York City, enlisted, and



Corporal Catherine Kaufmann, 1944

News of the Museum

Cristl Reidman

2007 Season

The Gilboa Museum had a very successful 2007 season. More than 300 people came to see the Old Tyme Kitchens exhibit. There were also a number of school groups who visited.

2008 Season

The museum will be **open for Memorial Day weekend** this year. Please plan to stop by and visit.

2008 Season Exhibit

This summer’s exhibit will be the oils and watercolors of local artist Kristen Van Houten Wyckoff.

Visitors to the museum are familiar with Kristen’s interpretative work on the Devonian period, but these paintings show a completely different side—Gilboan impressionism—of this talented local artist. The formal opening will be July 6th.

Museum Plantings

The plantings for the Gilboa Museum will begin this spring, and the landscaping should greatly enhance the look of the museum for the Memorial Day opening, the exhibit opening on July 6th, and the 2008 season as a whole.

Museum Expansion

Plans are progressing on a possible expansion of the Gilboa Museum as Mr. George Decker has indicated a willingness to donate money for this purpose. So far, we have preliminary drawings for the project but we need more information. We are hopeful the expansion will happen. Watch for more details in future newsletters.

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THE LANDS AND FORESTS DIVISION

Robert Stetson

The Civilian Conservation Corps reforested our hills by planting seedlings during the 1930s, but little is documented about a state program that took place just after World War II and continued this work: the Lands and Forests Division of the New York State Conservation Department.

But first, let me introduce myself: my mother died in the early 1940s, and Joe McGuire (the brother of a family friend) invited me to Gilboa for the summer.

Joe and I worked on the road crew for the then-superintendent of roads Vern Pickett. Living on the farm of Joe and Sophie was one of the biggest events of my life. He taught me self-confidence and self-esteem, and from the time that I met them they always considered me part of their family. When I was discharged from the Army Air Corps in the spring of 1947, I came home to Joe and Sophie.

At that time, we did not have electricity or running water, and heating and cooking was done by burning about 130 cords of wood a year. This was not too great a problem as the McGuire home was in the woods between the Brown and Leroy Farms, and was within sight of the Leonard Hill fire tower.

By 1946–1947, Joe was working for the New York State Conservation Department in the Lands and Forests Division erecting the Leonard Hill fire tower, and I joined him for the final stages. After the construction was finished,



Joe and Sophie McGuire home, ca. 1947.

Although we were poor, we did not recognize the harsh reality of it and we unfortunately did not even own a camera. This photo was taken by a friend in 1947.

this division was organized by county, with the purpose of thinning the reforested public lands and providing jobs for returning veterans.

After we finished with the fire tower, we worked the state lands in the Burnt Hills area above Blenheim during the summer of 1947. We were to tend the area by thinning the forest and removing undergrowth. This was necessary as very large trees would prevent light from entering the forest and kill the younger trees. We would cut and fell a tree without damaging the younger growth, or alternatively girdle the tree by removing bark from around the trunk. This would kill the tree but would leave it standing to provide a wind shelter for the younger trees. The forest would mature and the dead tree would eventually fall and rot, causing no problem.

There was a section of Burnt Hills that contained rock oak trees. These were not planted but came from a

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Genealogical Corner

Janette Reynolds

Welcome back! What better way to start our a brand new year than by finding your ancestors!

I hope many of you are writing in a notebook or journal all your memories. I know someone whose parent wrote their feelings and time spent with their grandparents.

Memories, good or bad, are great to have. Like a jig-saw puzzle—we are putting together a picture of our past.

I love photographs! I know it is difficult to write on the backs of them, but it is necessary. Put them together in a photo album. The latest craze is scrapbooking where you attach your pictures on acid free paper, add stickers and journal about the photo. This is a wonderful hobby. However, we are talking about old photos here. You really should get a duplicate made if you want to use it in scrapbooking. If you have a computer, you can scan that old picture. Then print it out and use that copy in your scrapbook. Put in pictures of your grandparents and parents with a brief history of them. When and where they were born, married, and children. A nice touch would be your special memories of them.

My favorite is a scrapbook calendar. I attach pictures of relatives on the months of their birthdays, then fill in the bottom of the calendar with everyone's birthdays and anniversaries. You can list their age if you want to. The best part of scrapbooking is there are no plans to follow. Just remember to use acid- and lignin-free supplies to preserve the life of the pictures.

I hope we did not stray too far away from genealogy. I do have a few ideas and suggestions for future columns. Until the next newsletter comes out, I want you to keep digging out old photos and writing down those old memories. Someday you will be glad you did!

Good Luck!

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

The **Gilboa Museum** is located at
122 Stryker Road next to the town's garage.
It is open Memorial Day weekend,
Saturdays and Sundays in July through
Labor Day, Columbus Day weekend,
and by appointment for groups (607 588-9413).

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

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

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was shipped out to Camp LeJeune in North Carolina for boot camp. The facilities of the women's program were separate from the men's, and the regimen may have been less intense—we had weapons training, physical training, and mess duty just like the guys, but they told us that our boot camp was easier than theirs as shown by a higher attrition rate for the males—but maybe we were just better . . .

In any event, I graduated from boot camp, and with the Bulldog Award, no less! (During World War I, the Germans called the Marines "teufel-hunden," meaning Devil-Dogs. Soon after, a U.S. Marine recruiting poster depicted a snarling English bulldog wearing a Marine Corps helmet, and the image took root with both the Marines and the public. The Marines adopted an English bulldog named Jiggs as a mascot, and the top recruit in each class was given the "Bulldog" award.)

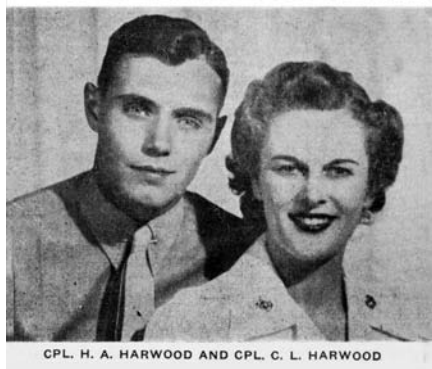
The troops of the Marine Corps Women's Reserve were not assigned outside the continental United States until late in 1944, and I had the opportunity to be assigned to Oahu, Hawaii only as my time was just about up and the war was winding down. The main purpose of this force was to man (woman?) the Marine support infrastructure in this country, so when this bulldog graduated from Marine training, she was assigned to the motor pool of the Philadelphia Supply Depot.

There, I walked guard duty, drove a truck, operated a mobile cafeteria in the port, chauffeured visitors, and worked in the dispatcher's office. Later, I was assistant to the general commanding the depot.

There were no women's barracks for the MCWR: instead, we bunked in a Philadelphia hotel with several women to a room and with only one real bed. There were a few Murphy beds that pulled down from the wall, and when one Marine went on duty, another coming off duty would take over her bed.

I met my future husband during this Philadelphia tour, and we married on June 23. Two and a half months later, September 2, 1945, was V-J Day—Victory over Japan! And on October 28, 1945, the two of us were released from the Corps.

TWO CORPORALS WED IN PHILADELPHIA



Back in 1940, I was a gregarious (some might say flirtatious) girl with a desire both for the good life and with a need to make my life count. The Marines helped me

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GRAVE NEW YORK

Connie Ruehle

The speaker at the March GHS meeting will be Chuck D'Imperio, discussing his fascinating book *Great Graves of Upstate New York*. It is an exciting travelogue, comprehensive reference work, and a fun- and fact-filled source focusing on the lives and deaths of 70 great American legends. He has visited all 70 grave sites across upstate, and has documented the final resting places of an astonishing array of famous and infamous Americans.

You will be amazed at who lies beneath our ground, from Buffalo and Syracuse to Utica and Albany. Chuck will also tell us stories and epigraphs of these personalities, from Lake Placid south to Westchester county: Susan B. Anthony, John Brown, Lucille Ball, John Burroughs, Andrew Carnegie, Ezra Cornell, Frederick Douglass, B. F. Goodrich, Grandma Moses, Emily Post, Rod Serling, Kate Smith, Harriet Tubman, and Wells and Fargo—plus murder victims, mafia leaders, four presidents, 3 saints, one Kentucky Derby winner and the most famous one-legged tap dancer in the world!

March 19, 7:00 p.m., at the Gilboa Town Hall on 990V just before the reservoir.

SORGHUM IN THE CATSKILLS

Tony VanGlad

Catskill farmers of yesteryear raised sorghum for their animals, especially cattle. Sorghum is a high-energy food stock, aids animal health, and improves milk production.

Originating in Africa, sorghum thrived in hot weather and could survive drought. As part of the diet, sorghum was brought over in the slave trade. Selective breeding created specialized varieties of sorghum and now there are varieties of sorghum that thrive in the Catskills.

I have been interested in sorghum production for over four years. It started from an article in *Farm and Ranch* magazine, progressed through a trip to Pigeon Forge, TN, and a lot of talk and viewing. On the plus side, I already had the crop-farming equipment and maple syrup boiling apparatus. My problem was the process of harvesting sorghum by hand and bringing it to a stationary press—tons of work! I solved this by making a portable press and roller mill that could squeeze the juice on the move.

At my presentation in April, we will see how sorghum is produced in the South and in the Catskills. We also will have a tasting of sorghum and jugs of syrup with recipes.

April 16, 7:00 p.m., at the Gilboa Town Hall on 990V just before the reservoir.

RESTORING BOOKS AND LETTERS

Paul Schlotthauer

Paper is highly affected by the surrounding environment. It's happiest living in dust-free rooms that enjoy moderate, steady temperatures and relative humidity, clean air, good air circulation, and little natural or fluorescent light. Unfortunately, most of our family Bibles, letters, and other documents have spent their existence in less-than-ideal surroundings and have often suffered as a result. Two common problems are musty odors and folded pages too brittle to open. In most cases it's possible to solve—or, at least, minimize—these problems with some homemade solutions.

Those unpleasant musty smells you notice when you open an old book are the result of past mold or mildew. The first thing to do is make sure the book is dry by putting it in a cool, dry space for several hours. If the book is damp, open it and stand it up with pages fanned so that they will dry. Circulating the air with a fan will speed up the process.

Next, you'll need two clean containers, one large (with a lid) and one small. Garbage cans are ideal, but make sure they're new or at least very clean—you don't want to replace the smell of mold with that of garbage! In the bottom of the larger can, place some type of odor-absorbing material, such as baking soda or clay kitty litter. Put the book into the smaller can, and place that inside the larger can. Be careful to keep the deodorizing material from touching the book. Then place the lid on the larger can and leave it overnight in a cool place. It may take a number of days before the smell is absorbed, so you will need to check once a day. Also, while you're at it, check to make sure that no mold is growing; if it is, the surrounding environment is too warm and damp.

Letters

Most people never think to unfold letters or documents before storing them. Over time, the paper becomes brittle, making it impossible to unfold without breaking it along the fold lines. Sometimes you may be able to unfold it but the sheet will not lie flat and may deform other documents stored with it. For documents that can't be safely unfolded, humidification is the remedy. Humidification is the process by which water vapor enters the fibers of the paper, allowing them to relax. Once that happens, you may be able to open them safely so that they can be flattened for future storage.

Before beginning the actual humidification process, gently and carefully clean the paper as much as possible by wiping off dust and grime, because moisture can cause dirt to become embedded in paper fibers, making it

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number of old seed trees. Many of these giant trees were old, had become hollow, and provided homes for porcupines, the slowest reproducing rodent in North America (with a gestation period of over 200 days). Nevertheless, porcupines damage a lot of pine trees as they eat the tender bark and eventually kill the tree. Therefore, we destroyed their habitat by removing as many of the hollow oak trees as we could find.

We also worked on the large stand of larch trees that the CCC had planted in Broome Center and Manorkill. These trees were about 12 inches in diameter and were mixed with white and red pine. There, we had to remove gooseberry bushes that caused blister rust.

During the summer months, one man (usually one of the older men) was selected to find a spring, while during the winter months a man was selected to keep a fire burning. As a rule there were over 40 men working in the general area. We all carried our own axes—some double bladed, though the majority carried a single-blade plumb axe. We had use of a chain saw that was borrowed from another camp under special circumstances. This was a two-man chain saw with a five-foot blade and weighed 112 pounds.

We lived at home and drove in groups. Usually we were at the site in less than an hour after picking our riders up. Most areas had a small shack that contained special equipment, and one such place was on an access road near the Ferris camp overlooking Potter Hollow. We probably worked 4 or 5 acres on a good day. It was hard work and one of the hazards was stepping on a nest of yellow jackets. We had small pieces of rags that we would use to warn of a nest, but it was not uncommon to get up to 30 stings and possibly be taken to the doctor.

We discovered the remains of what turned out to be an original homestead from the Indian Wars. We found the hand-dug basement and the remnants of the log foundation; and you could see where wild animals had gnawed away the wood while eating the grease and salt located in the kitchen area. In addition there were wild hops growing around the foundation where they had cultivated hops. A large tree that was many years old had grown in the center of the basement. This homestead between Betty Brook Road and the old CCC Road was reported to Albany, and we were told that they had no knowledge of it being there since it had been abandoned during the Indian Wars. Eventually we were told that they did identify the family who had fled. In retrospect it was only by a stroke of luck that we came upon it at all, as the area was completely in a heavily wooded area with considerable undergrowth.

In 1945, the rate paid for working on the Conesville Township Road doing manual labor was 25 cents per hour; if you operated the truck it was 35 cents per hour;

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with both of these goals. I remember my friends, colleagues, and commanders from Marine days with affection. But most of all, I remember visiting the men in the Veteran's Hospital at the Philadelphia Navy Yard, bringing them newspapers, and talking with them in my off hours. These wounded men were still far from their homes, scared, still living the hell of combat, and fearful about the recovery from their grievous injuries. I can still remember the horror I felt after each visit, the dreams I had those nights, and my compulsion to go visit the hospital the next day.

And so I returned to my life in the Catskills 2½ years later, a very fortunate person. I was still a gregarious (and some might still say flirtatious) woman with that same desire for the good life, but now with a feeling that I had indeed made my life count.

We need the lower cost of bulk mail to distribute the Newsletter, but this means that *the newsletter will not be forwarded by the Post Office*. To avoid this, please notify us if you have a temporary address for our mailings on the first of March, June, and September. 607 652-5988, GHS@gilboahome.com

Also please let us know if you want to receive the PDF version of the Newsletter in place of the print version. The electronic file is available at <ftp://ftp.gilboahome.com/>

Information Needed

Our next issue will focus on transportation in the area, and we would love to publish *your* photos and memories of area railroads, highways, busses, the Hudson boats, and Airport Farm! Please contact us regarding any unusual pictures or memories you may have of these essential parts of life in the Gilboa-Conesville area.

Email airport@gilboahome.com or call 607 652-5988.

SGT. JEANNE KUENZIG POWER, U.S.M.C.

Jeanne Power

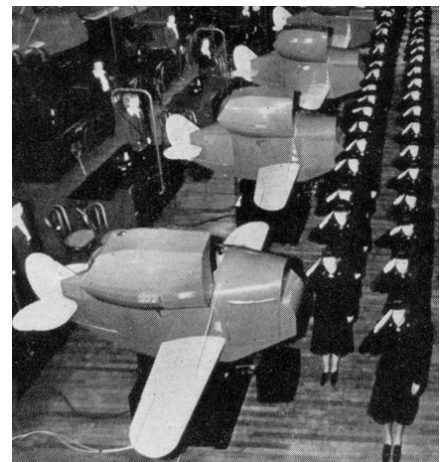
In 1943, I was Sergeant Jeanne Kuenzig, United States Marine, and I helped train Marine pilots to fly at night. To do this, I used a Link Trainer.

At that time, most people had not heard of “flight simulators” until the term, shrouded in secrecy, was used decades later in connection with the space program in the 1960s and popularized in the 1980s by photos of the iconic Krista McAuliffe and movies on the training of Top Guns. Nowadays, you can use flight trainers on your PC and learn to fly—and crash—in the comfort of your Barcalounger.

Starting a new business in 1929, Edwin Link, a Binghamton, NY organ manufacturer, created a machine that could simulate being in a plane. It was used by amusement parks as a fun ride and secondarily to teach flying techniques. A series of night and bad weather accidents while delivering mail in 1934 suggested a new application of the flight simulator, resulting in the Link Trainer for teaching “blind” navigation. The first customer of this training machine was the United States Army Air Corps (the second customer was the Japanese Imperial Navy), and nearly every air force in the world was using the Link Trainer by 1940.

I was responsible for training pilots to navigate planes at night or in bad weather using radio beacons from known locations. One of the pilots going through the program at the Marine Air Station at Cherry Point, NC was a new recruit named Tyrone Power.

At the time, the most obvious application for the Marine Corps was for the night ferrying of planes to the West Coast: in 1943, there were no radio beacons showing the way from our Pacific Coast to Japan, and no surface ship would risk alerting an enemy to its presence by broadcasting location markers. Later, I realized that my aviators on night operations might have been using beacons set on islands by reconnaissance troops or placed at sea on buoys released from our submarines.



BAMs (broad-axle marines) at an inspection with their Link Trainers.

Before the war, the Marines had a cadre of just over 19,000 officers and enlisted men; by mid-1942, the population of the Corps was over 143,000, and the Joint Chiefs projected a population of nearly 310,000 in June of 1943. The Marine Corps and its tradition of being “elite troops” would be tested by this call to double its already-large size.

To ease this situation and to also meet the conditions of the recently established Fair Employment Practices Commission, Lt. General Thomas Holcomb, the Commandant of Marines, instituted a program popularly called “Free a Marine to Fight”—he would use women Marines to fill continental non-combat positions, thus making men available for the Pacific theater.

Naturally, there was resistance to breaking this tradition by introducing women Marines, and people started to think of Marine acronyms to compete

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the pay for a private in the army was \$50.00 per month; and the Lands and Forests Division was paying 75 cents per hour in 1947—a big boost in the pay scale of the time. However, by 1948, the division had only a few veterans remaining on the crew; farm workers had been exempt from military service and thus the area had fewer returning veterans. Also, the smaller peacetime demand for agricultural goods had driven domestic agriculture into a slump. The bottom line was that the program quickly lost its sheen as a veteran's program and started to be viewed as a public works program for the out-of-work. The program had significantly raised the standard of living in the community, but the funds began to run out in the fall of 1948 and the layoffs were not far behind.

Some might call this program a “pork barrel,” but I considered it a really good, beneficial program. It restored the forests—remember the 130 cords of wood we consumed each year and the reality that forests were essential to life at that time—while supporting veterans and raising the standard of living in the area. But even a good program may not last, so you have to depend on yourself. It is crystal clear to me that education is the key to success. If there is anything to be learned from this, it would be to “educate yourselves and your children.”



Sophie McGuire & Bobby Stetson during summer of 1945

Archaeological Day School

Amy Wilson

On Saturday, September 29th, the Archaeological Day School was hosted by Amy Wilson at Royal Oak Farm, North Blenheim, NY. The day began with an introduction to archaeology and practice with artifact identification, during which various precontact and historic artifacts were shown and passed around by the participants. After a short break for lunch, the remainder of the afternoon was spent utilizing archaeological field methods in hopes of detecting the original location of the Fink Hotel, which later became the Wilson Farmhouse. The approach employed the use of shovel test pits excavated at close intervals across the suspected location of the former hotel. Each shovel test was 40 cm (15 in.) in diameter, and when possible, was excavated into sterile subsoil. The soils from each test were sifted through fine hardware cloth screens and examined for cultural materials. After each test was completed, the soil levels were recorded according to their texture, color, and depth below ground surface. When artifacts were found, they were relegated to the stratum from which they were collected and bagged separately.



Photo courtesy of Cynthia Wilson

In all, three shovel tests were excavated along a single transect oriented north-south and parallel to NY State Route 30. The plow zone contained within these tests was a dark brown silt loam, while the subsoil below the plow zone was a dark yellowish brown compact sandy silt. The archaeological remains of a historic laid-slate walkway was identified within the first shovel test, directly aligned to the existing front door of the farmhouse, which is also visible in early 20th century photographs of the farm.

The third shovel test, closest to the existing driveway to the farm, recovered a high concentration of historic artifacts, such as brick fragments, faunal bone fragments, various ceramics (e.g., Jackfield, stoneware, and whiteware), coal/charcoal, glass, metal fragments, mortar, and shell fragments. The most interesting finds were the fragments of a kaolin pipe, which displayed a pattern of parallel lines on the bowl. This test was expanded into a 1 x 1 square meter unit of excavation. Upon removal of the second stratum, an anomaly was detected within the soil, which may be indicative of the former building footprint of the Fink Hotel. Such a hypothesis could not be confirmed without further excavation, so in the interest of time—and more importantly, to preserve the archaeological integrity of the site—the



Photo courtesy of Cynthia Wilson

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MILK HAULIN', ETC.

Flora Del Hallock Hubbard

One of my fondest early childhood memories was riding on the back of my father's red Ford milk truck. Prior to the bulk tank era, hauling farmers' milk in and around the Flat Creek-Mackey area during the '40s and '50s provided a means of income for several families with trucks. In 1942, my dad Ivan Eugene ("Gene") Hallock purchased Jay Mat-tice's milk route. Seven days a week, through rain, sleet, icy roads and deep snow, Gene traveled to the surrounding farms to pick up the farmers' canned milk. The Daitch creamery in Roxbury assigned each farmer a number which was painted on their milk cans and lids. The Stewart Mace farm was #62 for example. Each heavy galvanized metal can with a tin lining weighed about 15 lb. and held 85 lb. of milk.

Skillfully, my father maneuvered his truck through the farmers' barn yards and/or pulled up near their milk houses. Being a strong man, he would hoist each can from a sunken, spring-fed water vat used to keep the milk cool. In a rhythmic swinging motion, Pop loaded the 100 lb. can of milk on the platform bed of the truck. While at the farm, he unloaded the empty cans belonging to the farm for the next morning's load of milk. It was important to keep the truck bed organized—shifting the proper "empties" and the "fulls" until the last pick-up. Five cans per farm was about average; some had two, while others 10–12 cans. Stewart Mace tells me that in the springtime when the farmers were "flush" with milk, my dad had a smaller truck to pick up the milk from farmers farther out to later be double-decked on to the larger truck. To keep the milk cans cool on a hot summer's morning, Pop would break up large blocks of ice (perhaps from my grand-parents' ice house) and spread them among the cans. Then the load would be covered with a heavy canvas.

When Pop arrived at the creamery, he swung each full can onto a track leading to a doorway into the building to be dumped and weighed. Out of the left door, the roller track carried the scalding-hot sterilized cans to be reloaded. He righted the upturned lids and closed up the cans to keep them sanitary.

Once my father left the creamery, he often had to stop along the way home to fill orders for the farmers. Sometimes a farmer needed various animal feeds from Lutz's or Harley's feed store in Grand Gorge. Many times he would stop for farm supplies such as strainer cloths, rubbers for the milking machines, etc. Pop had a good memory. Most of the local farmers' orders were committed to his memory. Stewart Mace recalls that Gene seemed to deliver the goods faithfully without writing an order. Occasionally, my father would be asked to pick up some groceries for the farmers' wives or stop at Draffen's store for boots. Sometimes the

wife asked him to purchase feminine hygiene products while at the grocery store. Imagine my father's humiliation! When my brother and I were accompanying our father to the creamery, we would tease him to stop at Don Savage's store in Grand Gorge on the way home for some candy or a cookie, or if we were really good, ice cream.

My dad was trusted to deliver all his farmers' bi-monthly milk checks from the creamery. The truckers' own pay check was based on per 100 lb. of milk averaging about 5 cents to 12 cents per 100 weight at that time.

Vernon Pickett Jr., a veteran 19-year milk hauler, and I recalled WW II war times when it was difficult to buy a truck, as well as maintain one with tires, gas, etc. These items, along with many others, were rationed per family. Because my dad was classified as a milk hauler, he became eligible to purchase his milk truck. Pop was his own mechanic, maintaining the truck in good running order and making repairs when necessary.

Around 1946 or '47, Vernon Pickett Sr. took over Gene's route. (My father was offered a construction job driving a Euclid on Route 145, Windy Ridge project.) Vernon Sr. expanded the milk route until September of 1953. His son Vernon ("Verne") Pickett Jr. started hauling milk for his father on weekends when he got his driver's license in 1949. In 1953 Verne purchased a new green 3/4 ton Chevrolet truck for \$1325 (including GM's best heater) and paid his father \$200 for his milk route. He hauled until 1971. By that time a new law was passed requiring the hauler to have the unladen weight, tare weight, and gross weight painted on the left side of the truck. Verne recalls hauling from at least 26 farms. Those from Flat Creek-Mackey, Broome Center area were: Stanley Brown farm, Carlton Hallock, Raymond Maybie, Roy Mower, Valley View Farm, Merel Hubbard, Ben Benson, Franklin Clapper, Sonny Peterson, Tony Harrington, John Juried, Ernie Bremer, Thurston Peterson, Fritz Klenow, Raymond Brown, Lyle Blakesley, Clifton Hubbard, Clarence Ellis. Seven days a week, Verne hauled to Sealtest in Grand Gorge and unloaded a portion of the cans. After the empty cans were reloaded, he would drive on to Daitch in Roxbury to deliver the rest of the milk, complete the process, and head home. In the winter, if a heavy snow storm was forecast with the possibility the roads would be closed, Verne made an extra trip back to each farm,

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Microfiche

The Family History Library in Salt Lake City, Utah, microfilms genealogical records and uses miles of microfilm in the course of a year. Both Kodak and Fuji have informed the FHL that after 2010 neither company will be making microfilm. As a result, the FHL is digitizing all their records and will eventually place them online.

DUTCH BARN OF UPSTATE NEW YORK

Connie Ruehle

Harold Zoch can add “speaker to the Gilboa Historical Society” to his list of achievements—Schoharie County historian; trustee, chairman, and president of the Schoharie County Historical Society; volunteer curator and interim executive director at the Old Stone Fort; curator of the Best House medical exhibit in Middleburgh; president of the Van Epps-Hartley chapter of New York State Archaeology Association; and a founding director and president of the Dutch Barn Preservation Society.

Dutch barns are his passion, and he will be talking to us about these examples of living history. Built in large numbers between 1630 and 1825, these buildings represented the center of historic farm activity during this period, providing housing for farm animals, a facility for threshing grain, and storage for both hay and grain.

Dutch barns are different from other historic barns because of their distinctive shape, arrangement of interior space, and H-shaped structural frames giving a rigid core for the external roofing and walls. They have a box-like shape with low side walls and a broad, steeply gabled roof. Traditional Dutch barns originally had double wagon doors centered in the gable end with flanking animal doors at the corners and horizontal siding.

May 21, 7:00 p.m., at the Gilboa Town Hall on 990V just before the reservoir.

Day School, continued from page 6

excavation of the unit was terminated at this point, and the stratum was sealed with plastic.

The archaeological remains of the former Fink Hotel is a significant component of the historical fabric of North Blenheim. The hotel functioned throughout the 19th century and



Photo courtesy of Cynthia Wilson

played host to both the local settlers and the king's tax collectors during the Anti-Rent Wars. The Archaeological Day School confirmed the suspected location of the former hotel.

Over the summer I may be hosting a similar sort of program in the area. If you or any of the GHS members would be interested in participating, please feel free to let me know at amymwilson@gmail.com

Restoration, continued from page 4

difficult to remove later. Of course, you may not be able to clean the entire document if you can't unfold it; in that case, just clean the outer areas. A brush with *very* soft bristles is ideal for this. Next, unfold the document if you can do that without damaging it. Because metal fasteners can rust in humid environments, remove staples and paper clips if you can do so safely. It's better to separate bundles of paper into separate sheets so that humidification will occur more quickly and efficiently, but if the documents are too brittle you can start humidifying the entire bundle and then separate the pages as they begin to relax. Also, it's recommended that you start the process early in the day, because it takes several hours and you should never do it overnight.

Get yourself a container made of solid plastic with a tight-fitting lid and no ventilation holes. Storage containers made by Rubbermaid or other manufacturers will serve, and are available in different shapes and sizes to accommodate the type and number of documents to be humidified. Remember that the deeper the container the longer it will take for the air inside it to become saturated, thus extending the humidification process. You'll also need a light diffuser panel—those plastic grids that cover fluorescent lights in drop-ceilings and that can be found in building supply stores. The panel, which should be at least 3/8 of an inch thick, should be cut to fit flat in the bottom of the container (if you're cutting it yourself wear protective eye gear, as the plastic is brittle). The grid should be small, about 1/2 inch, to provide even support for the paper.

Take a towel cut slightly smaller than the bottom of the container, soak it with cool or room-temperature water, lightly wring it out, and place it flat in the bottom of the container as the moisture source. Place the diffuser panel on top of the towel, and the documents on top of the panel, making sure the documents touch neither the towel nor the sides of the container. Be certain to leave enough room for a folded or rolled document to relax and open without touching the sides or another document, and make sure a rolled document can't roll off the panel and touch the towel as it opens. If you have several documents that need attention, you can stack the diffuser panels to create layers by placing something (such as small, clean butter tubs) between the panels at the corners to create layers at least three inches apart (this will allow the air to circulate well).

Place the lid on the container and check every fifteen minutes or so. Taking the lid off allows the humid air to escape, so don't leave it off for very long. The use of clear containers might allow you to check the progress of the document without having to take the cover off. The length of the process will vary, depending on the document, though you should never humidify paper for

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Marines, continued from page 5

with WACS, WAVES, and SPARS. General Holcomb put resistance to rest in a statement published in the March 27, 1944 issue of *Life*: "They are Marines. They don't have a nickname and they don't need one. They get their basic training in a Marine atmosphere at a Marine post. They inherit the traditions of the Marines. They are Marines."

The initial effort called for 1,000 officers and 18,000 enlisted women (this is the same size as the entire Marine Corps in 1939). By the end of the war, 965 officers and 22,000 enlisted women had freed a like number of men for battle, and all courses on the Link Trainers were conducted by women Marines after the first of August of 1944.

Corporal Catherine Kaufmann (now Catherine White, see the article starting on page 1 of this Newsletter) and I experienced similar events:

- we both graduated in 1940
- went to business school and into the job market
- were social women
- volunteered as Marines in the summer of 1943, went through boot camp, and completed advanced training
- were subsequently successful in skilled areas within the Marine infrastructure

I have never met a veteran of this program who regretted the decision to join or felt that the time in uniform was anything less than a time of pride and purpose. Personally, the only regret that I have is for a road not taken—I will always wonder what might have been had I re-upped in 1945.



On a personal note, I married Paul Power in Pittsburgh in 1946. Over the following years, we had two children—Peggy Gifford of Clifton Park and Pat Power of Stamford—and spent a lot of time abroad including 7 years in Frankfurt, Germany. We moved to Stamford in 1964 and were in the military food brokerage business until retiring in 1995. I currently work at the Stamford Village Library.

For more information, see *Women Marines: The World War II Era* by Peter A. Soderbergh, (Westport, CT: Praeger Publishers, 1992).



PFC. Kuenzig, now Jeanne Power, at her graduation from boot camp at Camp Lejeune.

SOUTH GILBOA RAILROAD STATION

***Soon to be a stop on
the Rails to Trails route***

Linda Stratigos

The Gilboa Historical Society bought the South Gilboa Railroad Station—a building on the National Register—with the hope to restore it. Raising money for historic preservation was difficult, although the O'Connor Foundation committed to a grant of \$84,000 on the condition of our being able to match these funds from other sources.

Two years ago, we discovered a likely match through a grant from the NYS Department of Transportation. One of the requirements for this grant was a resolution of municipal support from the town board. Unfortunately, Gilboa's Town Board voted against writing that resolution despite the fact that the Historical Society would handle all the paperwork and there would be no risk to the town.

It became apparent that the Society alone would not be able to raise the matching funds and we were forced to sell in order to save the building. We were very fortunate that the Catskill Revitalization Council expressed interest—it has foresight and a record of respect for historic buildings and communities.

We are now waiting for the final title search and will then be able to proceed to closing.

HOLIDAY FOOD BASKETS

Thank you to members of the community for food donations, cash, and gift certificates; Walter Wyckoff, Dan Shultes, and Will Clark for their assistance; and Jim Eisel for his support in making a happier holiday for two local families.

Ice Cream Social, 2007, 2008

Emerging from our winter wonderland, we are having pleasant thoughts of our Society's tenth anniversary—ice cream from Stewart's eaten to the music of the Esperance Band under the direction of Peter Hughes.

And looking forward to a similar event for our 11th anniversary.

The **Gilboa Museum** is located at 122 Stryker Road, on the corner at 990V next to the town's garage.

It is open Saturdays and Sundays on Memorial Day weekend, from July through Labor Day, and Columbus Day weekend.

It can also be open by appointment (607 588-9413).

Restoration, continued from page 8

more than eight hours. You can speed up the process by gradually unfolding or unrolling the paper as it relaxes, after which you can use weights, such as smooth 2 × 2-inch pieces of glass or Plexiglass, to hold it down (make sure the weights don't have colors that could transfer to the document in humid conditions, and don't place them on top of ink or other media). When the document has relaxed completely it will stay unfolded or unrolled on its own and may feel cool and slightly (not thoroughly) damp. A damp document will be fragile, so handle it carefully and avoid touching and smudging ink or other media.

There's one last step: drying and flattening. Take sheets of medium-weight, 100 percent-cotton blotting paper (available from archival suppliers) and cut them into smaller blotters of uniform size, at least one inch bigger than the largest document to be flattened. Place two blotters on a clean, level surface, lay the document flat on top, add two more blotters, and top it off with a pane of Plexiglass (obtainable from glass supply stores) at least 3/16 of an inch thick, of at least the same size as the blotters and with smooth edges. (Several layers of blotters and documents can be stacked under the Plexiglass if necessary, but include only documents of approximately the same size and position them in the same location on the blotters.) Distribute weights (such as heavy dictionaries or encyclopedias) evenly on top of the Plexiglass to provide moderate pressure—you won't need too many. Then leave the documents for at least twelve hours and repeat if necessary. Don't worry if a document isn't completely flat; your objective is to relax it enough so that it can be used and stored without further damage.

Keep in mind that certain items should be treated only by professional conservators, such as exceptionally important or valuable documents (valid wills or deeds, for example), documents made of parchment or vellum rather than paper, photographs, items that are heavily soiled or moldy, coated or varnished papers, and documents with media that are delicate or can crumble (art works made with charcoal, pastel, and gouache are examples of this). There's always a small amount of risk when exposing paper to water, but humidification is a common procedure that is relatively safe if you are careful. And, of course, to avoid these problems for future generations, make sure you open any letters or documents you're planning to hand down to your descendants and store them flat in acid-free folders. Remember, once they're ruined you can't get replacements!

Paul Schlotthauer has been an archivist and librarian at the New York Public Library for the Performing Arts, Teachers College at Columbia University, and the Queens Borough Public Library. He is currently the archivist of Pratt Institute and lives in New York City.

THEMES IN LOCAL HISTORY

Gerry Stoner

This issue of the Newsletter has truly excited me. Let me try to explain.

I loved the earlier issues when we presented buildings of bygone times. We heard about the Decker-Starheim barn, one-room schoolhouses, and a rural country store where you could smell the smoke and taste the crackers.

I was also fascinated with artifacts like the 1910 state examinations for students in grades 5–7 and the school trustees' reports on the establishment, maintenance, and demise of the one-room schoolhouses in the area. The discussion of farming through the last few centuries was interesting and thought-provoking, and we played baseball and heard about new interpretations of our fossils.

Seeing these stories come to pass was very rewarding, and I hope you enjoyed them as well.

This issue, on the other hand, deals with people. We have the story of two of our daughters going into the military in an age when this wasn't done, and for the simple reason that they felt they should—that they could make a contribution. And they did. Talking with Catherine and Jeanne is a privilege and a treat.

Then there is a story about a fellow who bought a truck because it was a way to make a living, but who used it more to bring business to the area, to provide local entertainment to friends and strangers because he could, and who was continually on the go in order to help people. Today, every home seems to have two or more cars in the drive, but Gene used his wheels not only for making his living but also for helping his friends and neighbors.

Bob Stetson was a man swept up in a time of universal upheaval that many of us cannot envision. Raised in the Depression, losing his mother to death and his father to grief, young Bob made a new life up here; went into the military before his time (i.e., he lied about his age), came back to manual labor with minimal skills, and went on to live the American dream in all aspects.

And there are a number of other people living through all of these stories—the people who supported the decisions of the newly enlisted marines, or who helped Gene become this purveyor of happiness.

And most of all, there were Sophie and Joe McGuire, two people with few resources who had a habit of helping other people. They took in a troubled teenager and made him their own at a time when many were homeless or lost. They still had Bobby in their hearts when he returned from the service, and they supported him in his decision when he left to find his future.

Gilboans, please remember: our history includes not only the buildings and artifacts of our town, but also the people and the humanity they shared with their neighbors.

Milk Haulin', continued from page 7
 dropping off the empty cans for the next day's milk. Often, after arriving back home, Verne would unload the truck and promptly leave for Forest City, PA for a load of coal for a family. Before leaving the mine the load was rinsed with water to remove the coal dust. Invariably, Verne returned home with the load—frozen solid and ice hanging off the truck.

My husband, Clifton LaVerne Hubbard, began hauling milk in 1951, driving a green 1½-ton dual wheel International KB 160. Being only seventeen, he would start his pick-ups early in the morning, regardless of the weather, so he could get to Gilboa school for classes. He hauled about 40 milk cans to the Dairyman's League/Tuscan creamery in North Blenheim. His route took him from the Clifton Hubbard homestead, on to Clarence Ellis, Kenneth Cooke, Sarbackers in Spruce Swamp, George Bailey, Stewart Mace, and the Almon Haskin farms. He often used the truck to deliver saw-

dust, logs, hay (loose or baled), salt blocks, etc. Like most haulers, he did his own truck maintenance. Between milk runs, he often stopped at Raymond Brandow's garage in Gilboa for gas, oil, and parts.

The milk haulers' trucks never "sat idle." Daily, once the milk and sundry items were delivered to their proper places, the farmers and neighbors needed the milk truck for many other purposes. A few times Stewart Mace needed my father's truck to get his boar hog to another farm for breeding purposes. Stewart loves to describe the details about transporting his mare horse on the back of Gene's truck to Windham to be bred. I recall the time when my father hauled a load of furniture to Brooklyn, NY via Harlem. Our family filled the cab, so my Uncle Harold rode on the back amongst the load, sitting in the rocking chair. What a sight that must have been as my father drove through New York City and Harold waved at the city folks!

Shortly after the Catskill Game Farm opened, my father contracted to haul hay and feed for the animals. At that time, there were only white-tail deer, a few fallow deer roaming freely, and a few monkeys in cages.

During the mid-forties, fifties, and early sixties, eight homes along Flat Creek Road hosted guests from New York City, Long Island, New Jersey, and Connecticut. The "boarders" from Valley View Farm (Verne's home), the Meadows Farm (my parents' boarding house), the Merel Hubbard farm, and the Almon Haskin farm liked to be entertained country-style. Most of the people did not have cars, so it was up to the owners of the boarding houses to provide entertainment. The most popular entertainment was loading up the milk truck with loose hay and traveling around the side roads. Men, women, and children sang old camp songs at the top of their lungs. I remember taking our guests to the carnival in Grand Gorge or the movies in Stamford.

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Gilboa Historical Society Memorial Program

The Society's memorial plantings have been a win-win situation: the museum will be made significantly more attractive while our patrons have a great way to memorialize their loved ones. However, for practical reasons we are going to have to put a hold on future plantings until all of the plants are in place and start to fill out.

We will continue the memorial program and will be presenting alternatives in the next issue of the newsletter.

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	\$ _____
	() <i>Old Gilboa</i> DVD (\$19.70 w/ shipping)	\$ _____
	() General fund	\$ _____
	() _____	\$ _____
	() _____	\$ _____
	Total amount enclosed	\$ _____

* 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: please provide an idea of what you would like to see purchased (we are developing a GHS wish list: talk with board members or museum committee members). Please also provide the wording of the dedication, and the name and address of the next-of-kin.

Milk Haulin', continued from page 11

Verne Pickett remembers borrowing my dad's milk truck to take their guests to the free outdoor movies in Middleburgh and Schoharie. Sometimes the main streets would be closed off for square dancing. Chairs were set up along the street. Another time the guests were taken to a round and square dance at the CCC camp in Breakabeen. Occasionally, the men got drunk and the women had to assist them onto the truck. When they returned "home," one of the inebriated men thought he would return the favor, carefully helping the women and reminding them to "watch your step." He then promptly fell off the truck.

There were times when large amounts of hot water were needed

on the farm. After emptying the milk cans, the creamery filled the cans three quarters full and then heated the water with a steam hose. Verne says that the whole truck shook from the pressure. The hot water was used to help farmers when they butchered their pigs, or to thaw out frozen water pipes and drains, etc.

Raymond Whitbeck, who lived in the area at the time, recalls that when he was baptized at the Flat Creek Baptist Church, Verne supplied the indoor baptistry with cans of hot water from the creamery.

Interestingly, Raymond's job was also vital to the local farmers. When their milk cans became too rusty, the creamery would set them aside. Raymond owned a truck and traveled all

over New York State to collect the deteriorating cans and truck them to Interstate Retinning Co. in Brooklyn, NY to be retined inside and out.

What became of those outdated milk cans? That's, as they say, a "whole 'nother story." Think about the last milk can you saw and remember what it was used for.

Acknowledgments: The following people provided information for this article: Vernon Pickett Jr., Stewart Mace, Pearl Hallock (my aunt), LaVerne, and Raymond Whitbeck. Thank you for your inspirations and for sharing your experiences and information. I am dedicating this account of an important phase of farming to Gene Hallock's six granddaughters.

In the last newsletter, we ran a picture of the Gilboa-Conesville Central School bus fleet in 1929-30 and 4 of the drivers. The left man is unknown, but Joan Mullen and Bee Mattice identified the others as Harold Gordon, Edsal Fancher, and Otis Wright.



Gilboa Historical Society
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