

# Greenville Local History Group Newsletter

September 2001, Issue 126

Pat Lambe - Agriculture

One of our more memorable meetings awaited us on a pleasant, late-summer evening. Twenty came out: Martha Turon, Rosemary Lambert, Connie Teator, Betty Vaughn, Gerald Boomhower, Ron Golden, Dot Blenis (and guest, sorry, I forgot her name), Kathie Williams, Mimi Weeks, Phyllis Beechert, Harriett Rasmussen, Orlie & Jean Bear, Cris Ketcham, Alice Roe, Pat Lambe, David & Judy Rundell, Edna McAneny, and Don Teator.

We took fifteen minutes to look at the Gallery display, which was the "Minding Greenville's Business" photo display of fifty-seven older photos and three hamlet aerials, put on by Don Teator, Deb Teator, and the GLHG! The reception was held on September 1 and a reasonable turnout saw our opening. Many people have complimented us on the nice display of photos that range from 10-120 years old, with most in the 1920s-1940s range. It is interesting to look at the hamlet aerial photos and identify the changes just within the last ten years.

Calendars are still available, and usually are until the new year.

The star of the night was Pat Lambe, who acted as a catalyst for what turned out a very packed hour-and-a-half roundtable for "Agriculture: Greenville's Rural Passed." It was a cute title (passed, past, ha!) but one that proved itself thoroughly before the night was over.

It is difficult to decide how to write this account; I'll try to capture the essence. Those who were there fully enjoyed the variety of connections to agriculture all of us proved to have.

Pat started with biographical information. He was born in London, and post-war England was a good reason for him to come to America. Pat's sponsor (for immigration purposes) lived in Albany County, and Pat would become Albany County's Dairy Herd Improvement Supervisor in 1956. One chilly February day, in a search for Henry Ingalls' and George Rauf's farms, he strayed into the Greenville area for a brief, few hours.

Although he had no official business in Greenville until 1959, Pat would find his way here on his trips to southwestern Albany County. In 1959, Pat began testing milk in Greene County, and in 1965 succeeded Ralph 'Bud' Ruland as the artificial inseminator.

Pat found some statistics for Greene County agricultural production in the 1920s and found dairy and fruit to be the two sizeable parts of that economy. (We would later suggest the fruit was going to uses not quite considered Prohibition!)

Another element of Pat's discussion was that agriculture had yielded to the tourist economy, with many of the farm houses of century's turn taking advantage of a little extra money that, for

some, supplemented the money that agriculture was providing.

And he would suggest from the meeting's beginning that the decline of agriculture in Greenville had already been established by the time he chanced upon Greenville. We would spend the rest of the evening testing Pat's theory.

Orlie and Gerald amply filled in some of the details of agriculture from their experience, with both relating their boyhood farm experiences and how that parlayed into their adult experiences. And then we went around in a circle, each identifying how agriculture had played a part in their lives. (Actually, the few at the end of the line got shortchanged but it was getting late; sorry, Kathie & Mimi.) It was apparent, that with the exception of a couple of city girls, that everyone had some connection. Some of us lived on a farm as a youngster, some made part of our living on a farm, some of us worked on a farm, some lived next to the farm, some played at a hobby farm or raised a few animals, some had business that interconnected with the farming community, etc.

I suspect part of the charm of this night's topic was the diffused memories that time allows. When asked if we would want to go back to those "good ole days," there were parts we would not want to re-live but there are parts that might be preferable to what today's world holds.

Some of those memories was instigated by Pat's recall of the times when he would stay at a different farmer's house each night and following day, which led to numerous stories of cleanliness (or lack thereof), snow

storms, milk cans, roads, personalities, old businesses, etc.

The villain of the night, at least, for the dairy way of life, was bulk tanks. As I think back, it was interesting that not many blamed NYS for the new regulations, but it was the new regulation requiring bulk tanks that drove out many small farmers. Because that happened in the 1960s, it's almost easy to identify that decade as the shifting zone in Greenville's agricultural history. However, Pat had pointed out earlier that the agricultural, rural (we used these two term interchangeable this evening, although they are different) nature of Greenville was clearly fading by the time he had arrived upon the scene.

We stopped the meeting at 9:30 in order to let the school teacher go home and get ready for the next day but it was clear that this is one of our favorite three or four topics.

The next meeting will be a share session. Harriett says she'll be ready. Also, we'll pick our recognitions for the 2003 calendar. A list of past nominations and past recognitions are included in this letter. I'm close to having a program for November and, if true, would make the October 8<sup>th</sup> meeting the last share session of our season.

Also included is a copy of a poem by Edmund Ingalls, a reading of which by Pat Lambe closed out the night's meeting. Anyone who knows of the existence of any other of Edmund's poems, please let me know.



## GLHG Calendar Honoree Nomination List

The following are people who have been mentioned in some of our meetings. You can add to the list by letting me know of your suggestion.

Battini, Dave  
Baumann, Ron & Evie  
Baumann, Tom & Joann  
Becker, Louis-police chief  
Bryant/family  
Campbell, Ed & Ronnie  
Carney, Tom  
Elsbree, Dave & Pat  
Gardiner, Len & Claribel  
Gumport, Harriet-BdofEd  
Heisinger, Bob & Mary

Hulick, Clement-teacher, scoutmaster  
Ingalls, Walt & Shirley  
Jennings, Webb & Marie-resort owners  
Macko, Andy  
Nicholsen, Gary (or family)  
Quackenbush family (or individuals)  
Rose Robert-TownJustice  
Schreiber, Rich & Carol  
Story, George  
Tiberi, Frank  
VonAtzingen, Bill  
Wilcox, Mark  
Williams, Kathie

(Posthumous nominations are possible, even though we have tended to honor a person who is alive to enjoy it.)

*POSTHUMOUS*  
Baker, Gus-rest&bar owner  
Blaisdell, Thomas-GCS Eng teacher  
Blenis, Rob  
Carelas, Pete  
Carley, Beryl-oldtimer parties  
Crowley, Rev Cornelius-RC  
Ellis, Phil  
Gardiner, Harrison-lawyer  
Ingalls, Stanley-superv, lumber yard,  
ScripBr  
Ingalls, Warren  
Jesse, Warren-resort owner/BrKn, ElmSh  
Lacy, Dr. Curtis-Freehold Dr  
Maxwell, Bill  
McGarrahan, Rev. Michael-  
Parks, John  
Parks, Marvin  
Roe, Elsie-Local editor

Romary, Dr. vet  
Rundell, Ford-farmer, gunsmith, clerk of  
BdEduc  
Shaw, May  
Shepard, Gus-resort owner  
Simpson, Gordon-garage, fireman  
Smith, Rev John L-1st mastt at StJRC  
Stevens, James-flower club, insurance,  
new day lily  
Stevens, Pierce  
Stevens, Ruth  
Stevens, Wm-  
postmaster, hardware, AmLegcharter/  
founder  
Weeks, Lillian  
Wooster, Muriel-GCS teacher  
Yeomans, Harry, Sr-Chevy dealer, garage

## Past Recognitions

Stanley Maltzman (1996)  
Orloff & Jeanne Bear (1997)  
Chris McDonald (1998)  
Leland & Curt Cunningham (1999)  
Ossie & Bunny Gundersen (2000)  
Fred & Leona Flack (2001)  
Harry & Cris Ketcham (2002)

## Posthumous

(1999) Al Bryant, Sr., Dr. Kenneth Bott,  
John Ver Planck  
(2000) Harry Ketcham, Rev. Chas. Rice,  
Gerald Ingalls  
(2001) Edna Ingalls, Scott Ellis, Rev.  
Richard Clark  
(2002) Capt. Leslie Gumport, William

## MY MOUNTAINS

By Edmund H. Ingalls

How oft when I wake in the morning  
I see the mountain tops capped with white.  
What a wonderful change old nature has wrought  
Through the shadowy stillness of night.

I love to look at those mountains  
As they tower serenely on high.  
They stand like sentinels of heaven  
Guarding the gates of the sky.

God made those wonderful mountains,  
They speak of His glory to me.  
I ever shall feel He is near me  
If my mountains I always may see.

In tempest, in trials and sorrow  
Those mountains give me new strength;  
They lighten the weight of my burden,  
They shorten the weary day's length.

Sometimes the dark mists hide them,  
My mountains no longer I see;  
Roll away, ye mists o' the valley,  
And bring back my mountains to me.

What care I for the whirl of the city,  
For its bustle, its din and its glow;  
Take me back to my dear old mountains,  
Where the trees and the wild flowers grow.

Take me back to my dear old mountains,  
Where the birds sing so sweet in the glen;  
Take me back to my dear old mountains,  
And I will never leave them again.

When my journey in this life is ended,  
And on my death-bed I peacefully lie,  
Prop me up with my face toward the mountains,  
And with a smile on my lips I will die.