

# Greenville Local History Group Newsletter

April 1996, Issue #78

Share Session

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- the Winter 1996 *Heritage*, a publication of the New York State Historical Association from Cooperstown. Also, Don had a flyer about the seminars on American culture in early July.
- the 1993 Greenville Volunteer Fire Company and 1996 Greenville Volunteer Fire Company Auxiliary calendars, with local information.
- copies of a Mountain Eagle series about the Catskills area communities. Featured so far have been Durham, Andes, Conesville, Catskill, Jefferson, Shandaken, Roxbury, Windham, Middleburgh, Stanford, and Halcott.
- the Fall 1995 quarterly newsletter of the Rensselaerville Historical Society.
- a January 11, 1996 Greene County News article featuring Jeanne Bear and her role in Greenville.
- the finding of some old documents up in the attic of the library. In the find were attendance registers from

1905 to 1920, a copy of the monthly report card, and a 1904 GFA report to the NYS Education Department.

- another Mt. Eagle article by Mike Ryan that mentions the Tommy Knowles memorial, formerly a watering trough for horses and now a planter that has stood on the four corners of Greenville for decades.
- Bill Gedney's Greenville, a copy of which is enclosed, unless you already received one at the March dinner or April meeting. If I have mistakenly ignored you, call me for a copy.
- a Kelsey's Bus Line schedule from 1932-1933. This bus line ran eleven stops from Catskill to Middleburgh.
- an update on the Carrie Ingalls diary. A fall program on the 1920's is likely.
- a large lap cover/blanket, featuring sites of Greene County was shown. Sponsored by the Coxsackie Rotary, and attention made to it by Phyllis Beechert, Don bought one for the Local History Group.

A few more digressions took us to 9:30 and we retraced our steps back up to the library lobby.

Other notes:

1. The May program will feature an interview with Jeanne and Orlie Bear, which will be a combination of their accounts of their lives and Greenville, a few of our questions, and most surely several digressions from the audience. Come on out to share stories with the Bears (and tell some stories about them, if you have any!).
2. Our sympathy extends to the family of Marguerite Simpkins, who died April 6. Marguerite rarely came to meetings, but was always good for a genealogy question. Also, a get well goes to Betty Vaughn.
3. Organized too late to be mentioned in the annual report, the March dinner was held at the Episcopal parsonage with about 15 coming out for good and company. A big thank you goes to Phyllis Beechert and Betty Vaughn. Betty even helped set up in the afternoon despite being too sick to attend the dinner, and her two pies were delicious. I think the elderberry pie had Ray's name on it.
4. Copies of the report card and Kelsey's Bus Line are reproduced on the back.

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(In the 1986, former Town Historian Edna Adams tape-recorded Bill Gedney (who was born in 1898) on three different occasions about early Greenville life as he remembered it. Current Town Historian Don Teator has transcribed these tapes, and the following is Bill Gedney's account.)

### Bill Gedney's Greenville

This is William Gedney. I was born in Greenville, October 28, 1898 in the house where Mrs. McCarthy lived and before that Joe Smith.

I'm going to put some names with places, starting with Stevens' Hill, traveling west. The first place is Sanford (the Turon farm), where John Sanford was brought up, the father of Ruth Hook. Next place is Powell; I don't remember her first name. She had one son. He become an engineer on the west shore and lived in Ravena. The next place Captain Jim Stevens. He started the first insurance business in Greenville and had his children - oldest James, Alice, Walter, ? . The next place was Bert Abrams - one son. They moved out of the territory. The next place was Chesbro - five girls and one boy. Matt painted and paperhanged. He also raised game chickens. The next place was Lou Brouillard's, the barber for years. The next place was Winne's print office, near where the liquor store was. It was a fair sized press. When the town water supply was plentiful, he run the press with a water wheel. If the water was low, he needed someone to turn the press. Upstairs, he had a gallery for taking pictures in the area. He had one son who went to Hudson. The next building was a blacksmith shop where LeGrand Ellis, uncle to Scott Ellis, was a blacksmith for years. After Mr. Ellis, there was a Mr. Radley who lived in the west someplace. Next building after that was my great-grandfather's workshop, the first undertaker of Greenville and first cabinet maker. He made the first hearse. When the hearse was finished, the first one he used it for was his mother. That also became John and Ed Roe's storehouse for the store and after that became the city hall. I can remember having a couple trial cases there and they would chase us kids out. Next door to that were a couple tenant houses. The most memorable one was of Tom the Jap when he first came to Greenville. He run a laundry there and done odd jobs. The next place was Smith's, the dentist. The one story that sticks to mind is of the one who came from out back and wanted a set of teeth; Mr. Smith made the teeth, and put them

in, and told him to not take them out. The man went home and later came back and said his teeth was missing. He looked in mouth and not a tooth was left in his plate but he get the plates out. They had grown fast so he had to break them.

Next to the dentist were three stores in the same building, which in later years was known as Baker's. The first one was a candy store which Bill Irving operated who took over from William McCabe who had it as a drugstore; during the winter you used to be able to get a plate of oysters and soup and crackers for a quarter; next to that was a pool hall which was quite lively at times; and then the barbershop of Mr. Brouillard. Sanford's livery was in back of what was Baker's. They'd rent out rigs and sell their ware in the countryside. Pat Evans who was supervisor for years took over from Sanford.

Next to that was Stevens' general store. Next to that was Lym Wood's. He had candy, and articles of different kinds. It was so dark in there you could barely see. You could buy a horse hair fur coat for twenty dollars. He had the post office in there sometimes, depending on the politics.

Next to that was the house on the corner; there was a public penstock there. The water ran constantly with a lead pipe running to there from the spring in the cemetery behind Main Street Garage. It also fed the watering trough which is still by the pond. Quite a few people got their water there. the water went across the road for the watering trough also. I can I remember when there was a drought and all the wells in the town went dry. The penstock didn't go dry but there wasn't enough water for the town; so they drew water from over by Ingall's boarding house from a spring that feeds his swimming pool. The house on the corner was a big white house. Mrs. Townsend lived there with two other ladies. One of them married Ford Roe; the other married Henry Barker.

Then there's the pond. Beside the pond was Charlie Roe's. He trucked it a little and what else I don't know. That's where the bank is now. Next was AJ Cunningham's; he was the undertaker, furniture dealer, and grain dealer. He had a three horse team and a truck on the road in his trucking business. He also had the agency for International Harvester. Anybody who wanted anything done called on Ambrose Cunningham.

Next to him was the house my second sister Ruth was born in. After that, Neil Avery, the druggist who took over from Mr. McCabe lived there for years. Hallenbeck, the mailman, lived there

also. He later hung himself in the barn in back of the house.

Then up the hill, Mr. Botsford built the big house there. It was rumored to have cost \$3000 to be built in 1884 or so, or that's the date on the barn. Then there were no other houses until you come to Mary Vanderbilt's, a very old house. That was the Calhoun house. This house was also the Holsenger house. My father started house there and my sister Loretta was born there.

Next to that was a house that belonged to Coonley. He was a doctor but he did not live in Greenville; the house was his summer home. He was a brother to the one who ran the hotel and had a farm down Route 32 where the riding academy is today.

Another brother had a farm they called the Plattekill. He also run the hotel. Dr. Coonley had a windmill and had a tank near the top and had running water into the house. They had quite a fire and the house burnt down. He wasn't here at the time. He built a new house. After he sold the house and left there, the house burned down a second time. Then the Cabin was built in later years.

A little beyond the Cabin was where a tollhouse stood. I remember the foundation. The next house is Wakely's, the yellow house atop Scripture Bridge hill. Winnie Wakely married an Earl. The next house was Ambrose Hall's. As kids, we used to tease him. He did something to his hair and it turned green.

Next was Scripture Bridge. The first bridge I know Pat Evans put in there; then Stanley Ingalls put in the one there today. We cross the street back to Greenville. On the west side of the bridge was a little house they just tore down for the new bridge. His name was Green, I think, and a veteran of the Civil War.

We go past the Catholic Church to Crow Griffin's which was Doc Botsford's. That was the father to Henry Botsford who built the house across the street. The next house down the hill was Dr. Charles McCabe. His father was also a doctor and lived on South Street. Next was the Opera House. A

company came out of Albany and would put on five plays, an exciting time in Greenville, with full houses. They'd move on after five days to the next town. We'd also have dances there.

The building next to the opera house was the fire house. That was a little building with the fire apparatus. Next to that across the creek was the hotel barn and the hotel on the corner. Tourists and salesmen, or drummers as we called them, would come up from the river and stay overnight there. Some had horses they'd hired in Coxsackie and they put them up in the barn; others had the horses brought up to Greenville and they hire a horse from Greenville onto the next town. On Halloween, Phillip McCabe and I once went into the barn where they had some pigs. We each got a pig, held their snout so they couldn't squeal, and let them in a side entrance to the hotel. That caused quite a fracas because they'd go



Looking from Greenville's four corners, this view eastward (about 1930) shows Stevens Hill, today's Rt. 26. Stevens Hill was a favorite sledding hill.

into the dining room and they were just high enough to go under a chair and upset it. It was quite a time. Coonley was the first one I remember running the hotel. He built the house where Dr. Bott lived. His brother took over then; he had a daughter Susie Coonley. After that, Jim Smith run it awhile, then Ezra Cleveland, and Harold Woodruff bought it, making the barn into a dance hall. By then there were plenty of automobiles and the hotel wasn't doing much business.

Across the street from the hotel was the corner store. There was man named Bentley who ran it but I don't remember him or the store being operated at that early date. Will McCabe had it after that; he also had a tinsmith shop upstairs. The house that went with that store, Wilbur Baumann has as the apartment house.

Next to that was the little building that still stands there; the roofline still comes out and covers the porch. That was Philo Irving who had watch repair and clock repair. Next to that was the building whose roof came out just like the one mentioned but was taken off at a later date and made with plate glass windows in it. Square McCabe run a tinsmith shop there. He hired several men to make tinware

and had the wagons loaded with tinware and they'd go out and all over the country and all over the mountain to sell the tinware. They'd stop to all the farmhouses and trade stuff and bring back old iron, and stoves, and hair, and bones. He did quite a thriving business for many a year. Will Irving later moved here with his ice cream store. When Irving bought the store, it was he who remodeled it with the plate glass. When he did that, Sanford opened up a candy store where Irving had just moved out so we had two candy stores in Greenville. Square's had a son who later run the corner store. Next to that was the drug store. McCabe run the drug store; he was the pharmacist and he was the brother to Charlie McCabe the doctor. The lodge was upstairs. The drugstore also had a telegraph. At that time there was no connection from the outside with Greenville by telephone. The village had telephone but not long distance. The telegraph message would come from Cairo and the message then relayed to whomever it was meant for.

Next to that was John and Ed Roe's general store. Over that was the Masonic Lodge. Next to that was my grandfather's house, Reuben Gedney. There was a big barn in the back with horses and horse stables. He had an ice house and the slaughter house. He also kept cattle and drove them to Coxsackie to the paddle boats which went into New York City. This was before refrigeration so everything going to New York had to be alive. He'd keep cattle in the field beside the house, and when he had enough, he'd drive them to Coxsackie onto the boats. After he retired, my father built a little butcher shop from which he peddled meat as my grandfather had till he sold out. I believe Jim Smith had the butcher shop built over to a house and that's where Ted DeLaVergne and his wife, my sister, lived when he was running the garage. The next house was where I was born.

Across the street, up on the hill a little bit, on the bank, belong to my grandfather and he had a sister that lived there.

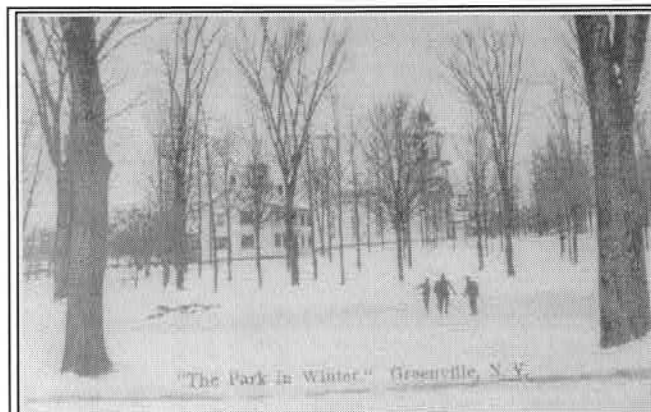
After that, Mrs. Finch lived there and brought up her granddaughter Lizzie Finch. When you turn the

corner on 81, that also belonged to my grandfather but Charlie Sanford bought it; his wife Fannie was an aunt of mine. The next house was Ed Chesbro's. He worked around town, dug all the graves and a great man for sawing up stove wood. The next house was Bogardus, the shoemaker. The next house was Seaman and they had one daughter where Dr. Bott lives.

Across the street on the corner was Ellsworth who had a daughter Ruth. Down the hill was Alva Finch; across the street was Jenkins, a colored family. Across the street was a man who was killed by a steamroller on Fish's Hill.

I have other memories of our town. They had a stage. Jim Evans ran the stage before my time. He drove four horses or mules for the stage that looked just like the westerns. In fact, the western movie people bought his stage after he was through with it for the movies in the west. It was designed so it was slung on leather; when you hit a bump, it would rock back and forth and took the worst out of a bump. It was quite comfortable if you didn't get seasick. After he had it, Joe Halvordson had it, then Mr. Vaughn, then Warren Ingalls, then Ray Traver, then Ezra Cleveland who also ran the hotel. Jim Smith also ran the hotel at one time. The last ones to own the hotel was Woodruff. When the hotel in Athens burned down, they bought the hotel in Greenville. By that time there were no more horses and he took the barn and made it over into a dance hall. That's the way it was until the insurance company bought it and tore it down.

We also had a telephone company. Mrs. Sanford had charge of it. You bought your phone and put it in; the lines weren't too sturdy and got all twisted up. Everyone had their own number of bells they'd answer to. In the early days they had three blacksmiths. One I mentioned was LeGrand Ellis. On the north street where the barbershop is today was Deyo. Up Irving Road was a blacksmith shop Dave Irving run. He was the last one in the blacksmith business. Three blacksmith shops seems like a lot but they all seemed to stay busy. Deyo had his shop upstairs and repaired wagons and ironed them off. There was a ramp



Skating on the Greenville pond would have been a favorite winter activity at the turn of the century. In the background are the Academy and the Presbyterian Church.

that went from the shop to where the hot dog stand is today. Wessel bought Deyo's shop, run it as a blacksmith shop and then a garage, the first one in Greenville. In those days, they made the whole shoe for the horses, put the holes in it. Later they would buy the shoes of different sizes and it didn't take much to weld the quoits on. Most of the farmers shod their horses twice a year. In the winter they had shoes with sharp tacks on so the horses wouldn't slip on the ice. In the summertime, they came off. They had to change shoes because the hoofs would keep on growing over the shoe. There was also a lot of work resetting tires. The wheel with no rubber, when it hit a stone had quite a shock. The tires wouldn't shrink and had to be taken in. They'd shrink the rim and measure it around and draw it out just the right distance and heat it. They strap it on the rims, pour water on it, shrink it on and it would be tight. It had to be done just so or there would be too much pressure.

We also had two doctors, Dr. McCabe and Dr. Wasson. Dr. Wasson was a surgeon and lived where Scott Powell lives. If you had a bad cold in those days and couldn't come to the office, you called up and the doctor came to you, usually on horse and wagon or sleigh. So a doctor spent a lot of time on the road. With your horse making three or four miles an hour, a trip to Lambs Corners would take a lot of time. When the Model T Ford came, that changed things considerably and helped the doctors considerably.

There were also a lot of teamsters. There'd be a parade of horses and wagons going to the river. This was quite a fruit country - pears and all. They'd ship them by rail or by boat. In the fall of the year, hay or straw or wheat was shipped to New York by train or boat. There was a lot of traffic from Greenville to Coxsackie. They'd come from far out - Preston Hollow, and down. Some would go through Cairo and Catskill. Our post office was either in the drug store, or when politics changed, it was in Lym Wood's store. It went back and forth whenever politics changed. The state road, Rt. 81, in Greenville, for years only went to the top of Cut

Rock Hill. That's where it stopped. That was politics, exactly what I don't know. Ed Roe was supervisor I believe. I'd heard the road would never be finished as long as he lived. And it was never finished until after he died. Rob Van Houten was supervisor for many years. The town was Democratic for a good many years.

It was also a dry town. Before I was too big, they could go to South Westerlo to get something to drink. That didn't last too long. By the time I was bigger, that was a dry town also. So the nearest place was the Crank - down 81 just this side of Earlton. The place has been torn down but a few can remember it. That was the nearest place to Greenville you could buy a glass of beer.



The Glen Royal Hotel occupied a prominent spot in town until it was torn down to make room for the Pioneer building in the late 1920's. Beyond the hotel are buildings that at times were a fire house, a garage, a game room, among other uses. The last building jutting on the far right is the Vanderbilt Theater.

The hotel had a bar in it but they never sold anything over the bar. What was behind the bar I don't know. They had a lot of apples here and there was a lot of cider made. Ernest Slater ran a cider mill and there were others. Quite a few farmers would put in a few barrels of cider, and some made vinegar. Stores here would buy a barrel of vinegar from the farmers. That was actually illegal because pure apple vinegar wouldn't come up to the test, which needed an acid, and the law wasn't enforced. There was a cider vinegar mill in Coxsackie and a lot of them sold their cider there where the acid would bring it up to test. We had three general stores. Roe, Stevens, and Hartt. Hartt was on the South Street just below the hotel. That was the double store - Hartt had half and Stevens had his insurance company in the other half.

We also had the Cairo Fair. In the fall, when the roads had about three inches of dust on them, there was a lot of traffic between Greenville and Cairo. Each horse plodding through really raised a lot of pollution, but just dirt. Around 1914-15, Jim Smith, Rob Van Houten, and Art Connell bought a Hartford truck from Post in Catskill. It was a three ton which was about the biggest they made in those days. It was six feet across. It had a top across it, like a carriage, and it had curtains if it rained. Along the side was the steps. They started carrying passengers from the river and the railroad station to

Greenville. That was our first taxi service. That opened up the taxi business in Greenville. Everybody had a Model T or an Overland or something like that. For a while, there were almost as many taxis as passengers. The truck was sold to Slater who left a couple of rows of seats. On Saturday nights, he'd load it up to go to Earlton to a dance hall. Then they went into the trucking business and things changed even faster.

This new service really opened up the boarding business. Farmers had taken boarders but the taxis really opened things up. People started to come up here because they could get here easily. Before that one had to come up with horse and wagon from the train or boat. It was a long drive, and also dirty. The boarding houses on the mountains had been booming long before us. They had a narrow gauge rail that ran from the dock on the river up to the foot of the mountain where they had an Otis Incline. The little railroad also came to Cairo. The railroad also carried some freight some number of years after the incline closed. With the automobile, people could go up the mountain more easily than by train and boat. The railroad could only work in the summertime; eventually, it was sold to South America someplace.



Probably taken from the Pioneer's second story, this view shows the eastern half of the four corners. The corner store is on the right (torn down to make room for a widened Route 81 in the 1960's), and the house on the left (torn down in the mid-1940's) stands where the Mobil gas station now does. A Route 32 sign is visible on the telephone pole on the corner.

I worked at Post in 1914 in Catskill and I go down to see that train come up through in back of what is now Newberry's and across the bridge across the Catskill.

Also, Tom the Jap, after he did no more laundry work, moved to West Greenville. He had four daughters, one of whom left Greenville. The other three graduated from Greenville High School and become nurses. Tom was everybody's right

hand man, a good worker. He took care of a lot of people who had odd jobs to do. One night, he went to Greenville, got a bag of rice and a bag of beans, started home. It was very dark and Jim Smith lived the other side of the bridge. The light to his house lined up with the bridge if you were on the road. Jim was working late this night in the shed in the back with a lantern hanging out. Tom must have thought the light was to the house so he headed for the light. But he missed the bridge and went down the bank, broke his beans and rice and kidded about it later. He was known for his sense of humor.

Ernest Slater was quite a mechanical man who ran a sawmill for years. He was one of the first ones to have an automobile. Put Automobiles with horses and you had trouble; you could scare them with the noise they made. Ernest had this one cylinder car and I bought the engine from him. I got it running again. Ted DelaVergne and I ran a garage, main Street Garage. We'd charge batteries. Cars either had batteries or were cranked by hand. Batteries were coming in, and they had to be charged, but the nearest place was Catskill or Albany. We bought a generator and I took that motor; with this, we had lights in the garage and we could charge up batteries.

Hoose had a barber shop over the corner store but Broulliard bought him out and moved it to the building by the garage. He came up out of New York. He was cutting hair by kerosene light. After he saw our lights, he wanted lights too. We wired lights up there. Then, Roe's store had gasoline lights and we put a couple of bulbs there. Then we needed a bigger engine. We wired the Masonic Hall, the Knight of Pythias Hall, the drugstore and the other stores on Main Street. Stevens had a 32 volt plant of there own. We even ran a wire over to Vanderbilt's Hall, which was just beginning to have movies. That little engine kicked around; I left Ted's; and the power company came in. That motor still was around and I gave it to Curt Cunningham for his museum -one of the first engines in Greenville, and the first to make commercial power.

In the winter, Sanford's and Bill Irving made ice cream. And we had to have ice houses. In the winter, we had to fill the ice houses. The ice came from Lester Cunningham's pond and the pond by Galatian's mill. The ice was cut by hand and made a lot of extra work. The ice would be covered with sawdust and kept very well.

Bill Irving had the first baker's bread in the town of Greenville. Bill had a one cylinder Reo. Once a week he'd go to Albany and get banana and

stuff but he always brought out bread. Before that the women had to make their own bread every day or so. Irving did quite a business; it was quite a relief for the women not to have to make bread.

In the early days, the school didn't have athletics so every town had their own baseball team. Greenville had a very good one for a number of years. The one team we could never beat was Preston Hollow. John Sanford and Professor Cook were umpires. Usually we played on Saturdays.

Years ago our winters were severe than they are today, more snow and colder. The Hudson River would freeze over three feet or better. The river was lined with ice houses. The farmers from this area would work at the ice house and make big money, three to four dollars a day. They had board and room down at those towns. Some even went back and forth and do their chores, go to sleep, and start over. They'd work to pay their taxes. Normally, the men worked as an extra hand -a dollar and a half by the day, or a dollar a day for a month, or fifty cents for a boy like me. So the ice business was quite a windfall.

We had a road commissioner. They'd get out the scrapers and scrape the roads after they dried up and dig out the ditches, fill up the ruts. With good ditches, the road stayed much drier when it rained. The only time they scraped roads in the snow was when they had a warm spell or it rained, turned around cold, froze and got a crust on it. A horse might go through and through his leg out. So they'd break the top crust off and throw it aside. Three feet of snow and it blew hard. Drifts could be ten feet deep.

We sawed wood a good many years. Farmers would want lumber, a little wood.

We'd go to the farmers, saw down a few trees, saw them up, take it home, and stack it up. He didn't have to run to any lumber yard. They sawed up different lumber for different things. Tongues and wagons was made out of ash, slats was basswood which was light and strong. Ernest Slater had a portable mill and he'd move to any stand the farmers wanted him to go.

Another thing that's changed considerable is the stores. They used to sell kerosene from Coxsackie in barrels. I remember quite a celebration for a few days in Greenville. I believe it was the 100th year celebration. George Van and I had a race across the pond in a wash tub. Mine sank. There was a lot of activity for that celebration.

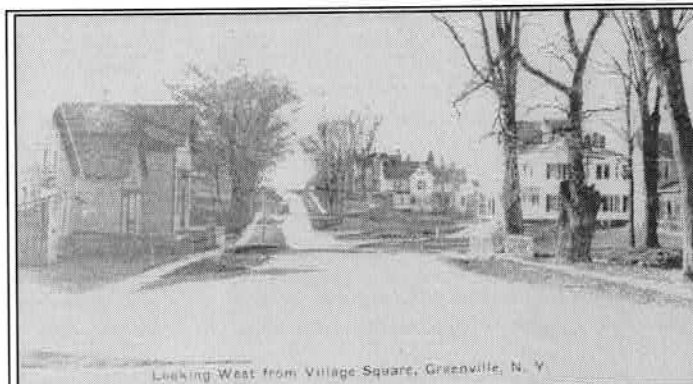
I've been told the town had a brass cannon for the 4th of July. One time they loaded it too heavy and it blew apart and a piece went through the hotel siding. That was the last of that celebration.

I remember them sawing wood on North Street with a team of horses on a treadmill. After that Lew Hoose had a steam engine, sawing up stove wood. Hoose ran the Vanderbilt farm and peddled milk around the village. He had a milk can and a quart dipper on a rod. You would go out with your pail and he'd dip you a quart of milk or whatever you wanted. After Lew Hoose, Henry Barker run the farm.

With no television, other things were done. In the wintertime, there was a considerable amount of skating. There was quite a crowd riding down Steven's hill. On the hill were breakers that were used for the horses going up and down the hill. It was a mound of dirt. A horse going up would have a

rest when the wheels went over the hump and the driver would stop. The carriage would settle back on the hump and the horse would catch its breath. Then onto the next one. Of course it was great for riding downhill. When we hit them, we'd go ten feet before we hit the ground again. There was a competition to see who could go the farthest.

Pete Winne had



This would have been the view from Greenville's four corners, looking westward out West Main Street, today's Rt. 81. Cunningham's is on the right, and the Vanderbilt Opera House (today's site of Cumberland Farm) juts out on the left.

a string running from his print shop from a pig bladder. On the other end, he would tap onto that and talk to his wife. Around 1914, Jack Cameron bought the house where I was born, I believe from Hegaman, and he built a meat shop just this side of the little creek. Joe Smith worked for him. All they had was ice, so when they went in with the lantern, the lantern warmed things up. I rigged up a little flashlight bulb in there. We made dry cells so when



they went in they could flip the switch and have a little flashlight bulb in there to light the icebox. I'd get the zinc from the dumps. Neil Avery, the druggist, helped me with the batteries. This was probably the first electric light in Greenville.

After that I left Greenville. I came back about 1920 and Ted DelaVergne and I opened the garage.

I started to work when I was twelve years old. I worked for Lester Cunningham, Ambrose's brother, for two summers. I'd raked hay on the farm on the old Spees place. I'd get there at 7, go to the creamery. He couldn't fill the can because I couldn't pick up a whole can. I'd come back and rake hay. Rush Atwater worked there also, and Norm Baker. I'd load hay. One day I was riding up through the village, and Lester asked Dorothy his daughter how she'd like a little brother to play with.

I worked for Slater, who had bought big steam traction engines. I carried the water to the boiler, in the middle of the winter when it was very cold. We'd get it fired. We started for Greenville from Cocksackie. Where the snow was there was no problem; where there was ice, we couldn't move so I'd throw wood or whatever there was for traction. He ran it over to the Holsinger place and we sawed that off, about 300,000 feet of lumber. Ray Hunt drew it out and I'd pile it up. I was only 14. That was the year Ray Hunt got married, 1913. After that I'd worked for Trum Ingalls. Trum had a mill on Cheese Hill behind Preston Hollow on one of those cricks. George Croogan was firing the boiler. He hired me to tail the mill. it was all virgin oak, not an knot in it. It was all I could do to handle it. The only thing that saved me was George wasn't able to keep steam up. Trum run into Slater and asked where he could get someone to fire the boiler. Slater said what about me. Clarence Ingalls was there too. One of his sisters did the cooking, and Carrie Ingalls was up there a lot. Art Matthews was there. He usually got about \$11 a thousand. He had a dozen cricks to cross. High water would wash the bridges. He would build the bridges on the slant so the water would come down on top of them and then had no more trouble.



Three youths casually travel on East Main Street (Rt. 81, east of the four corners). The picket fence surrounded the house on the corner, now the site of the gas station on the northeast corner.

After that was over, I was on the truck with Slater for year. Then Ralph Dealy was on the truck and I was the helper. I was old enough by then, worked for McCabe as a tinsmith and he thought it would be a good idea if I got a license to bring stuff up to the market. There was no such thing as an operator's license then; it was a chauffeur's license for hire. I come to Albany for my license. They had

one corner in the northwest corner of the Capitol and that was the whole space for the Motor Vehicle. They'd test two days a week and of course we were up there on the wrong day. Will McCabe had some political pull so I went and took my test; so I had my license.

We never did take stuff into Albany but I did drive for him. I drove the truck for two years, to Cocksackie, with hay or apples or whatever it was. It was a day's work for a dollar.

I left Greenville for Brooklyn and got a job in the Home for Incurables. I was the coal passer. Ted DelaVergne worked there as an electrician so I worked as a handyman. Ted got drafted for the WWI and I got to be electrician. I was there for a couple years. I got into the draft the last year. I had tried to enlist a couple different times. I had had hay fever bad and it had affected my heart. When I came down into the salt air, the hay fever left me but the heart was bad. Every time the doctor examined me, he call it heart murmur. I got examined by some expert heart doctors, and they still turned me down. Then I went to work in an electrical gang but after a couple days, someone recognized me and chased me out. He transferred me over to the boiler. There were 87 boilers in the place. The pipes carried superheated steam; you couldn't see it. You couldn't go past any joint without sticking a paddle in front of the joint to make sure there weren't any leaks. We could only stay in for five minutes because of the heat. We'd come out and cool off, and worked in relays. It was a 30 inch steam line. I worked at that for awhile but I kept hollerin' that I wanted to go back to the electrical

gang. I got back. We had a 25000 horsepower turbine.

I would go to different auto shops; I had it in my mind I would go back to Greenville, and if I worked in each of them, I'd know a little of each. We opened the garage in Greenville. One year Stan Ingalls was working on Rt. 26; that was the first county road in Greenville. I fired the engine to crush the stone one fall.

I left Ted and went into the Navy despite the bum heart. Six months later the war was over. I got jobs in merchant ships and then got a job running the Kraft cheese shop in Brooklyn. When the trucks needed fixing, I was the one. I got the job through the mason's unemployment. I did that a couple years. I didn't like the city so I came to work for Otis

in Albany. The Depression came along but that didn't bother anything. The State Office Building was just being done and I knew the generators. I worked as a helper for a while, later as maintenance. I made more money, and got married October 18, 1930 to Violet Tryon of Norton Hill.

I worked in Pittsburgh for a while, didn't like it, and put in to come back to Albany as district maintenance supervisor until I retired in 1963. In the meantime, I had two sons, William Gale and Richard Tryon. My mother's name was Gale, from Chesterville, which today is Westerlo. In back of Baker's was a livery stable, Sanford's. It was run for the salesman from Cocksackie mostly. Then Pat Evans ran it; he was town supervisor for years.