

# Greenville Local History Group Newsletter

April 1997, Issue #87

Share Session

Welcome back to another season of local history.

Actually, our season got off to its unofficial early start with a potluck dinner at the "Episcopal" parsonage. (I was reminded that I had written Presbyterian in the annual letter. I wish I had a good excuse for the error; all I can say is that a mental blind spot must have hit me on the night I was writing it.)

About a dozen came out for some local fare and a chance to see what the other historians had been doing all winter. A big thank you goes to Betty Vaughn for doing most of the work setting up (we hear Toot must have helped also - thanks, Toot). And, of course, the required elderberry pie was made for Ray. At meal's end, Harriet and Don read a piece copied from Adirondack Life, a copy of which is enclosed in this newsletter, unless you already were given a copy.

Our first regular meeting came on a typical mid-April evening. For those of you who haven't made a meeting in a while, we now meet in the bigger community room which is on ground level; thus, climbing up and down stairs is one of those "pleasant" memories gone by.

Our first meeting of the year was a share session.

Betty Vaughn was cleaning out, and gave several high school playbills from the late 1960s and early 1970s for the files.

Don brought back two maps that Dot Blenis had given at the end of last season. The maps were maps drawn by Gordon's father of the area with many house sites and the names of the residents listed. We spent some time remembering people, and the stories that go along with them. We then tried to guess about what year the maps must have been drawn. One map we guessed was drawn about the late 1940s.

Of course, the idea has been mentioned

that a similar project could be done for the Town of Greenville, representing current reality.

Harriet is back to her summarizing the early years of the Taylor diary, apologized for taking so long, and then charmed us with 1859. A copy of it will probably appear next month.

Connie Teator baked a couple dozen cupcakes and brought a few liters of soda for refreshments and we had a good reason to celebrate Don's birthday - yes, 40-mid-something. Which, of course, meant a few stories from the more-than-forty-something story tellers.

The May program is Toot & Betty Vaughn, who will relate their experiences, and I'm sure we will tell stories "thick and furious". Come on out for an interesting evening.

Take care,



Genealogy requests:

1. Philip Hickok, 1100 Pike St, CF-2041, Huntingdon, PA 16654-1112 is requesting any information about the Hickok families that may have lived in the Greenville area. Philip mentions Gideon & Ann (Buckingham) Hickok, as well as Francis, Gideon, Addison, David, Louis, and David Mulford Hickok. It sounds as if he is looking for any kind of information. If you can help, feel free to contact him.

2. Constance D. Royer, 564 Wolf Brothers Road, Piney Flats, TN 37686; phone # 423-538-3823 is looking for a Hannah Tompkins, born in 1799, married to John Tinker.

3. The annual report should have been Issue #86, not #84.

# One Simple Life

VISITING A TIMELESS WORLD  
THROUGH THE WORDS OF  
FRANK LILLIBRIDGE

BY DANIEL WAY

**O**ct. 21, 1933. Twenty one years old. Received for my birthday one pair leather gloves, one dollar, one cake and five bananas, also one pair of shoe insoles. Helped to dig Hilda's grave. I had my birthday dinner at grandfathers. I have this date nine dollars and seventy-four cents. Beginning reading the Bible through, also to write it through. . . . Saw the airplane both ways.

SO BEGIN THE CHRONICLES of Frank Lillibridge, the last master of Maple Grove Farm in Thurman. The third generation of his family to reside there, this unassuming man documented events from 1933 to 1978 in diaries that serve as a time capsule of a simple, quiet life on a southern Adirondack farm.

As a family physician with Hudson Headwaters Health Network, which serves the Adirondacks from Indian Lake to Bolton Landing, I first met Frank ten years ago, when he became a patient of mine. Our relationship grew into a real friendship, so that a year before he died, he generously offered to share his journals with me "for what good might come of it."

To know Frank, you have to know the land on which he lived all his life. In the southwestern shadow of Crane Mountain, which looms like an enormous cairn over the hills between Warrensburg and Johnsbury, lie a hundred-odd acres that Frank's grandfather Horace Lillibridge bought in 1888. In those days—as is still true today—you couldn't reach this secluded area without circumnavigating Crane. The mountain was enough of an impediment to forestall the invasion of modern civilization into Thurman, a community that was first settled in the 1790s. When Horace moved his wife and six children into the two-story farmstead built by Abner Sartwell, he found it little changed from the eighteenth century. He also found it so deeply buried in snow that he had to crawl in through an upstairs window.

Horace's second-youngest son, James, born in 1880, stayed on the farm and worked it with his father. In 1912, when Frank, the only child of James and his wife, Mabel, was born, Maple Grove Farm was a bustling, self-sufficient enterprise.

Frank grew up in the days when muscles, not machines, performed labor, and men worked together on communal projects like cutting hay. His journals vividly portray a bucolic life-style that echoed the farm and forest seasons. In the winter he wrote of cutting vast quantities of wood, as well as hunting and trapping rabbit, raccoon, fox, skunk, weasel, muskrat, porcupine and woodchuck. Each spring, the family tapped four to five hundred sugar maples and boiled enough sap to produce sixty to a hundred fifty gallons of syrup. In late spring they put in the garden: tomatoes, cabbage, parsnips, turnips, beets, onions, corn, string beans, cucumbers, squash, pumpkins, carrots and lots of potatoes. When summer came, they mowed hay, which they hauled to town to sell or trade. In the fall they harvested and canned vegetables and sold the surplus; they also cut and sold more wood. The Lillibridges had dairy cows for milk and butter and raised cattle and chickens for meat and eggs. They kept horses for hauling and plowing. Mending fences, sharpening tools, shoeing the horses, hauling manure, tending livestock and taking the buggy to Warrensburg or Johnsbury for supplies were necessary year-round chores.

Time hardly seemed to touch the farm from the day Horace Lillibridge



Mabel Baker Lillibridge, baby Frank and dog.

HISTORIC PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR