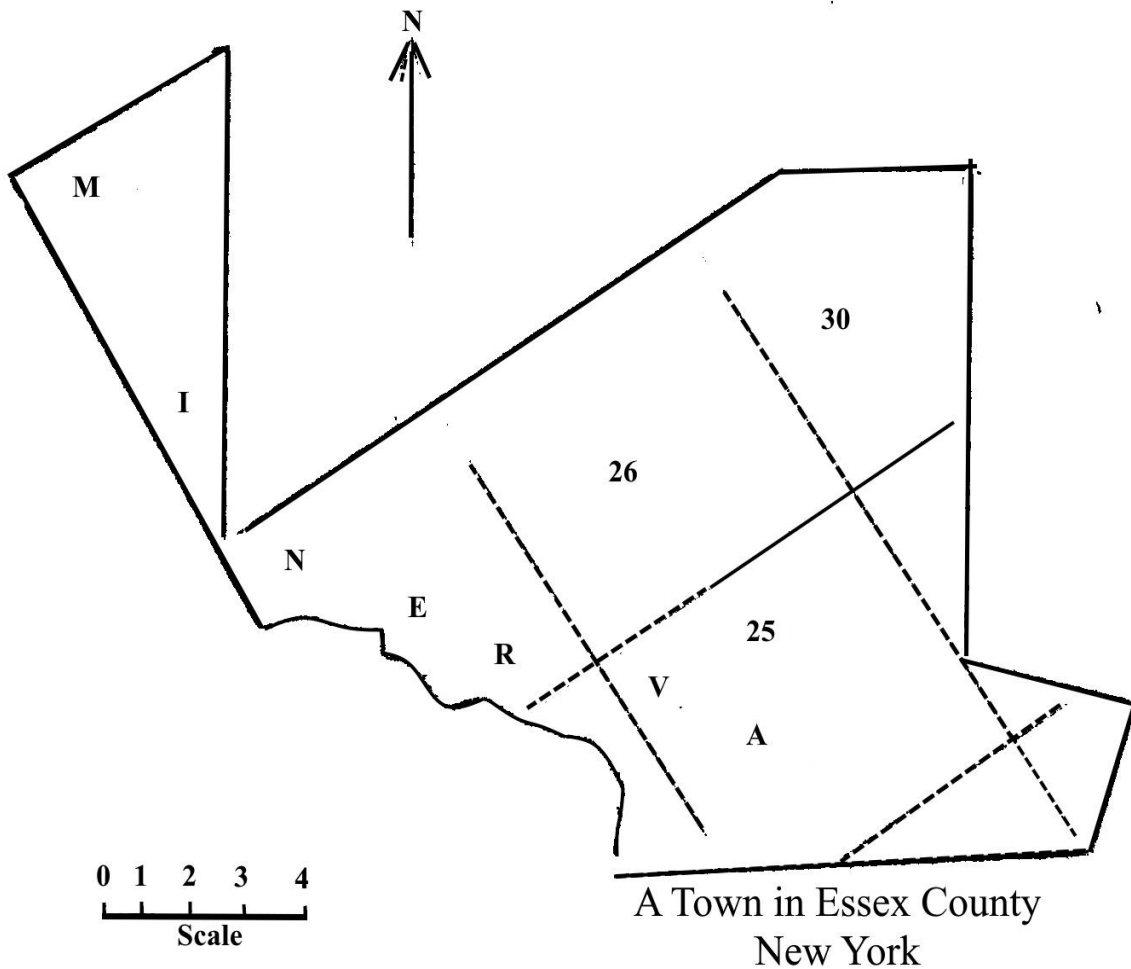


The
Historical Society
of the
Town of Minerva
Quarterly



APRIL MEETING

The April meeting of the Minerva Historical Society will be held in the Town Hall on Tuesday evening, April 24th, at 7:30 P.M. Election of officers will be held followed by a talk by Mrs. Doris Manley. To illustrate her talk, Mrs. Manley will show slides of homes and other buildings, some of which have been taken in this area. She is much interested in the preservation of buildings of architectural value and finding uses for them. It will be an interesting program to which all are invited.

This is the time to pay your dues to the treasurer, Mrs. Andrew Halloran. The amount is two dollars for all — students one dollar. The payment of your dues entitles you to receive the Quarterly which we hope you are all enjoying. Dues must be paid by July 1st or you will not receive the July Quarterly.

JANUARY MEETING

The program at the January meeting was in charge of our Town Historian, Mabel Jones, whose subject was "Ancestor Hunting." Considerable interest was shown and much digging has been done since the meeting on the Flynn and McCullough families. Some new information has been turned up and no doubt more will come to light.

New York State is fortunate in having a historian in every town, and, if a law before the legislature passes, it will become mandatory for each county to have a historian. This makes ancestor hunting much easier than in states where there are no town or county historians.

THAT UNUSUAL UTENSIL

We have now learned the use of the unusual kitchen utensil given by Gene Porter and mentioned in our January Quarterly. Dr. Emil Kraeling, of New Canaan, Conn. and Minerva, offered to see what he could do for us. A drawing was sent and the Stamford Historical Society referred him to the Old Sturbridge Village at Sturbridge, Mass. Here is a copy of the letter which he received:

Dear Dr. Kraeling:

The object you have inquired about is a steak or meat broiler. It is made to fit in a cast iron cook stove. One of the covers or lids is removed and the broiler fits over the hole directly above the fire. These probably date about 1870–1880.

I hope that this will be of some help to you.

Sincerely,

/s/ Henry J. Harlow

Chief Curator

We are most grateful to Dr. Kraeling for getting this information.

PROFILE**Henry Houghton**

Henry Josiah Houghton was born December 23, 1887, in Newcomb, the son of Edgar Josiah and Olive Parker Houghton. He was named for his two grandfathers — Henry Parker and Josiah Houghton. Through his mother he is descended from the West and Gates families of Minerva.

On July 2, 1892, when Henry was four years old, his father was drowned in a log drive on the Boreas River, leaving a wife and four small children. Four years later, Henry's mother married John Howland Johnson, son of Samuel and Susan Ann Wickham Johnson, and in time three more children were added to the family.

Henry attended the public school in Newcomb until he was sixteen years old when he went to work for Fred Provencal, helping with the farm work.

At the age of twenty, Henry started working for Edmund Chase in his sawmill which was powered by water from the Hudson River. Ed, as he was called, was the son of Caleb J. Chase who was a farmer and boat builder. Ed learned from his father how to make the now famous guide boats which are a unique part of Adirondack history, being light enough for one man to carry and reliable enough to withstand the sudden storms which sometimes arise on Adirondack lakes. Henry Houghton worked for Ed Chase for six years, sawing lumber, cedar shingles and occasionally spruce planks for the ribs of the guide boats.

In the summer of 1908, since there was not enough water in the river to run the turbine water wheel, the mill was closed for the time being. The scarcity of rain had also led to the outbreak of a forest fire in the Cold River area. Mr. R. G. Pruyn, an Albany banker who had bought the former Newcomb Preserve, was afraid the fire might spread to his land and was looking for someone to patrol the area. He was told that Henry Houghton was just the man for the job as he knew the woods well. Henry took the assignment and stayed in the woods all summer. By late fall there had been enough rain to bring the river up and the sawmill was reopened.

The sawmill was sometimes closed during the coldest winter weather and might not reopen until after the early spring log drive. As a result, Henry worked on the river drive two different years. Since, as a boy, he had played with other boys on the logs left in the bays and had become adept at balancing on the logs and running from one to another, he was well prepared for work on the river drive.

In 1914, Henry accepted a job as guide for some of the members of the Upper Works Tahawus Club and it was there that he met Mary Cuffe who was in the employ of the West End family. They were married in New York City on December 30, 1917, and soon after went to Boreas Pond to work for the Finch Pruyn Lumber Company. That summer Henry was offered a position as caretaker at Hewitt Lake, which he readily accepted and remained there for forty-four years. When in 1955, Gustav L. Stewart III, of the Hewitt Lake Club published a booklet entitled, "Hewitt Reflections" he dedicated it to Henry Houghton. Below Henry's...

“Woodsman first and last,
Gentleman and wit,
Friend to three generations at Hewitt.”

Since his retirement in 1962, Henry and Mary have lived in their new home in Minerva and have been wonderful friends and neighbors to all.

Mary Cuffe Houghton

Mary Ann Cuffe was born February 7, 1890 in Lismore, County Waterford, Ireland, the daughter of Michael and Mary Webb Cuffe. Mary had two brothers and two sisters, she being the second child and the oldest daughter.

She has written down some of her memories of Ireland, such as a lark singing in the sky; the hawthorns and primroses of spring; moonlight coming through the window as the family knelt to say the rosary, the grandfather leading in Gaelic; the tinker coming to make pails, funnels or whatever was needed; hitching the donkey to a little wagon and taking the weekly roll of butter to the store to be exchanged for necessities. Above all she remembers and appreciates the fine hospitable people who lived around her, just as she does today.

After Mary's father died in 1910, it became necessary for her to leave home and make her own way. She had an older cousin who had already spent some time in America and returned to Ireland for a visit in 1911. It was decided that Mary should come to America with her. The required amount of money for passage was supplied by her mother and was paid back by Mary from her scanty earnings as a maid in New York City. She worked for several families before being employed by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Masten, he being of the law firm of Masten and Nichols with office on Wall Street. They were members of the Tahawus Club and spent their summer vacations there. Of course, Mary came with them and it was there that she made the acquaintance of Henry Houghton who was serving as a guide at the Club. They were married in 1917 and in 1918 began their forty-four years at Hewitt Lake. It was there that they raised their four children — Olive, Margaret, Edgar and Henry, all of whom served in some capacity during World War II.

Olive was with the Red Cross in charge of a recreation center, first in Florence and then in Rome. Peggy was an army nurse who saw service in Italy and Africa. Edgar was in the Air Corps in Italy and England and Hank was a paratrooper in France and Belgium. At the close of the war, Olive came home, got her Master's degree and became a teacher of English with the Army of Occupation in Japan and Okinawa. She now teaches in Niskayuna. Peggy married and had a son. She died in 1961. Edgar is a salesman in Albany. Hank was in the forestry service in California, but developed multiple sclerosis and is now in a nursing home in Albany. He has written a paper on the history of his disease in an effort to help the medical profession find a cure to help others.

Mr. and Mrs. Houghton have maintained their strong religious faith and their cheerful dispositions in spite of the tragedies and hard luck. They are good people and are always hospitable and thoughtful of others.

SCHOOLS OF YESTERYEAR

(A talk given by Clarence Jones at a PTA meeting) (About 1960)

Officers, parents, teachers — I feel highly complimented to be asked to give a repeat performance. I feel much indulged to be given a chance to do better. And then there is another feeling I can't just diagnose; the purpose or theme of this program is to bring out the great advantage of education as is over education as was. Well, I intend to cooperate. Still, if I gave the impression the other time that our school was neglected, backward, or out-of-date, I want to correct it. Our trustees and taxpayers provided the best to be had at that time.

Didn't they furnish a building? Equip it with stove, desks, charts, maps, recitation benches, and blackboards? They even hired someone to sweep out after school. In the morning, he was supposed to have a fire built so it would not take the teacher so long to get the place warm. The teacher furnished his own bell.

Our school was just as up-to-date as the homes of its time. What time? Well, I don't want to give the date — and let it go at that. It was the time before we had television, radio, telephone and electricity. In order to realize how much that gives us now, think of the times when the power has gone off. Were you right in the midst of washing? Did you give up easily, hoping the power difficulty would be repaired before the wash water got cold, and decided to finish that bit of ironing left from last week? When the iron didn't heat you muttered a little and thought you'd do a little cleaning. The cleaner wouldn't go so you thought you'd make a cake. That splendid little mixer that takes over the drudgery of the job was helpless also. "Well, I'll wash up the dishes before I go at something else," but the water is cold and it hardly runs at all. You can't cook or bake anything because the stove is cold. "Must I get dinner some other way — oh, oh, the clock has stopped!" One thing you do accomplish — you get the refrigerator and the freezer defrosted. Husband can't even shave. The cows haven't gotten out yet, but they'll soon remind you that one wire doesn't make a fence unless there's magic in it. If it is cloudy, you are reminded that pretty soon you won't be able to see a thing. Have to get out the old oil lamps.

Back in my school days in Minerva, there were no flash lights. Jim Ovitt had the first one I ever saw — a little thing shaped like a wallet. No automobiles or hard surfaced roads. The first gasoline engine I ever saw was operating Mr. Manning's carding mill in North Creek. There were no furnaces and only wood burning stoves. It was William Cameron who first demonstrated that we could have a faucet on the water pipe in the house and not have it freeze. He had the first bathtub around here and lived where Harold Kilburn does now (in 1973 it's still the LaRoque home). I think Guy McLaughlin had the first phonograph I can remember. Thermos bottles in a lunch kit hadn't come into existence. I can't tell who made the first silk-rayon or nylon stockings, but it is not because I have forgotten. Nothing could seem more absurd than to think that a commercial milk route or bakery would ever visit Minerva.

Now if you take away all these conveniences, school tomorrow morning would be very different, but you wouldn't have Minerva back as it was. (When I say Minerva, I include the suburbs around.) We would have to get back our front yard fences, pigs, sheep, cows, and horses; bring back the old wash boards, pounding barrels and flat irons; the milk cans, churns and butter crocks, oil lamps and lanterns; and lard pails and molasses jugs. Yes, bring back the Pottersville fair and bring back Irishtown. Mr. O'Rourke, is Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" on the list of prescribed readings in English now? I wish, when you are reading it, you would notice how it describes Irishtown. It would be fine if you would take your class in the little bus and get Mrs. Moore to go along up to the hill beyond the O'Donnell home where she grew up. From that hill you can see so much of the valley around and she could tell you of the families that lived there and how they lived.

I don't think agriculture was ever a full-time job for our residents. Like in wartime France, it was carried on by the women, youth and the old men; not because of universal military training, but because as soon as a boy was big enough, he worked in the woods and was at home only between seasons. He continued to go to the woods until his sons thought they were better able. People raised what they could and if there was any surplus of horses they too went to the woods. A surplus of beef, lamb, pork or potatoes found a ready market along with the butter and eggs. The first chance the store keeper's son had to be useful was to pack eggs ready for their trip to Newcomb. The first summer employment for boys, besides the work at home, was as helpers when droves of sheep and cattle would be taken to Newcomb, and Father would never let me go, I was too frail. George Coughlin would come back with tales of adventure and wealth — he got two days' pay and rode back out with a freight team. I was just a grasshopper in my own sight and he had joined the ants. The stock would be brought in Irishtown and the herders would gather them from Pitzirillo's, Byrne's, Shevline's, and Mea's and assemble them in Jim Eastham's barnyard while they gathered more from the road up toward the Schroon line. Then more would be gathered in from O'Connor's and John Brannon's, all brought up to Dave Lahey's barnyard (present Sturdevan's) and they would all be ready for the grand march to Newcomb.

If I don't hurry, I'm going to be late for school again. Going to school was just like selling our cow. We opened the gate and Birdie was happy to go with the others when the drove was starting for Newcomb. We opened the gate and joined the gang on the way to school. Arriving at school, those who had come from a distance took their dinner pails in by their seats and then a game was started. There was absolutely no playground — all games were just like games would be one of these: tag, catcher, or kick the can. In the fall the frost came and the flag pole was the only zone of relief from "jail"; we tried not to depend on the seniority rule; there was great merit in being the last one to be caught but the heat's been a good stickler.

Toilets — I must tell you about them. Sometime, a little before this, the Education Department began making stipulations. There must be a separate building for each sex, out of sight of each other. Of course, they could have been built on opposite sides of the school house, but then they wouldn't really be "back houses". So, they were set back to the fence at the edge of the line and a board fence built between. This extended from the woodshed in the back fence, so, in order to run around the school house, one had to jump or climb the fence twice. The department stipulated the height and depth of the board fence, as well as that it should be tight. So, there was a fine new building out to the northward for the girls. To the eastward, beyond the woodshed stood the old one which was now given over entirely to us boys. The inside partition was taken out and the second door nailed up and we had accommodations for four. Where the partition had been taken out, it was evident that the floor had been put in last for the boards didn't quite meet in the middle, nor had they ever been nailed down. By sliding them along a deadfall could be laid for the next patron. By spells this was a favorite indoor sport. If the trustee was alert to his duties, this place was cleaned every year before school started.

The school house was equipped with an entry which also served as a storm front. Here was kept the wash bench, basin, pail and dipper, as well as the broom. The floors of the school house were of grain, and, like the Grand Canyon, showed the erosion of time. Knots and nail heads had resisted, but in between were the valleys that were still wearing away. The seats which I remember in my early visiting days were the old home-made ones, also made of spruce. Like the tombstones in Grey's "Elegy" they seemed to have a solemn eloquence for the preceding generations and their skills, especially in wood carving. About the time I became a real inmate, we got the new modern desks — smooth hardwood seats and desks on metal supports. Each double desk supported the seat for the two pupils in front. It seemed to be an unwritten law that the little ones should be nearest the teacher, and since all sizes were there together, each row of seats graded down from large at the back to small at the front. So, of course, some of the seats and desks did not match. The first day of school there was always a scramble to get the seat and the seatmate that you wanted, and, after you got your books, pencil, tablet, and perhaps pen and ink, into a certain desk, that was yours for the term. These items were not furnished by the school.

The heating system was one of those huge rectangular things without grate or ashpit. The top would swing around and receive a bigger and longer chunk of wood than any fireplace around. For the blackboard, spruce again, well planed. I don't think they ever decided whether flat black or gloss black was better. Then we had two recitation benches. Each was one board long, supported at either end and in the middle by a fish tail looking piece and a board on each side for its bracing effect. These were too high for the little children, but a happy medium for the rest.

We then discussed ways and means. Boys had an easier battle because, with a close haircut, the vermin could be exterminated. After that it was the common thing for the boys to have their hair as short as clippers could get it and smell of tar, kerosene or turpentine; and no one pointed a finger of shame at them. It was a noble purpose and the boy was respected and honored rather than shamed. He could maintain his place in the games or on the recitation bench or anywhere. Yes, the poor were always with us. We were all poor, but I don't think head lice were commonly in attendance at our school. (NOTE: Miss Margaret Mallon later married Henry Owens and was the mother of Alice Switzer and Frank Owens. When Mrs. Moore was Mary Ann O'Donnell, she was Clarence's teacher about 1902. She married James Ryan and two of her children were Teresa Ryan Keeler who lives in Olmstedville and Roselle Ryan Dillon of Newcomb. After Mr. Ryan's death, Mary Ann married John Moore, the carpenter who is told about in "Minerva 1817-1967.")

A CITY CHILD'S RECOLLECTIONS OF A COUNTRY SCHOOL

by Jane Amster Gevirtz

Before I, a city child, entered the third grade at Olmstedville Central School, I thought school was a place where children daydreamed and took naps. One day in my new classroom was all that was needed to cure me of this misconception. The teacher, it seemed, had eyes all over. Though there were three different grades in her classroom, no one ever sat idle. And anyone who dozed, slept, or failed to pay attention, was laid neatly over her lap and spanked with her ruler. Since I did not relish this kind of attention, I decided to keep my mind on my work. I discovered that if I worked quickly, I could listen to the first and second grade lessons and acquire all the skills I had failed to gain in the crowded city classrooms. By the time I was promoted to the fourth grade the next year and brought into the inspiring presence of the fifth and sixth graders, I had completely adjusted to the new system and I rushed through my lessons so I could hear our teacher lecture to the two older grades.

Aside from our classroom teachers, there were specialists — a music teacher who taught us singing every day and a special science teacher who took us on walks and set up a miniature solar system in the library. In the winter we went skiing in our gym period. And in the spring and fall we played baseball in the school yard. Even when it rained, I was happy because we had a chance to play in the smooth, cleanly varnished gym.

Another activity I greatly enjoyed, though it was not part of the curriculum, was eating lunch. In the fall, before the state lunch program got started, we ate outdoors and swapped sandwiches. Afterwards, we ate in a cafeteria with long tables. My favorite dish was macaroni and cheese with tomatoes. For dessert we had apples and peanut butter cookies. The only thing we had to watch out for was the occasional cow, and straight from the cow in giant milk cans and cost a penny.

I also looked forward, at the end of the day, to the journey home. Since I lived seven miles from the center of the town, the school bus didn't come my way the first year and I drove home with one of my teachers. The next year I remember going on a bus and traveling the road behind the Minerva Baptist church.

Special school events were the Senior play given by the High School students, the Halloween party and the Christmas Pageant. On Halloween we dressed up in costumes and went to a house outside of Olmstedville. To me it seemed dark and mysterious and I am ashamed to admit that I joined my classmates when they put on hideous masks and frightened the squeamish second graders. We did however, redeem ourselves at Christmas time. Then we draped ourselves in bedsheets and fluttered about like snowflakes caroling greetings at the high school girls who had arrayed themselves as angels.

When I returned to the city schools two years later, I never could get used to them. They were still large inefficient and impersonal.

COMMUNICATION IN 1825

(World Book)

The Erie Canal was completed and on October 26, 1825, the Seneca Chief, the first boat to make the trip through the canal, left Buffalo for New York City. On board were several of the state's most distinguished citizens, including Governor Clinton. The pealing of bells, the booming of cannon and the shouts of enthusiastic people greeted the boat all along its route, and its arrival in New York was the occasion of an imposing celebration. The news of the opening of the canal was sent from Buffalo to Sandy Hook, a distance of over 500 miles by means of cannon placed at appropriate distances along the way, the sound of each gun being the signal for the firing of the next one. The telephone and telegraph were not then invented, and it was eighty-one minutes before the people of New York knew by the booming of the last cannon, that commerce had begun on the new waterway.

THOSE WERE THE DAYS!

Tinderboxes

Before the common friction match of today came into use, matches were domestically made of white pine wood, perhaps twice the size of cur match, with the ends dipped in melted brimstone. The only way to light a brimstone match was to bring it in contact with a spark of fire. For this purpose, a small tin box filled with burnt rags was kept in every house, gaining the name "tinderbox". In order to obtain a light, a gun flint was struck with considerable force against a piece of steel which produced a few sparks that lodged in the burnt rags. This made sufficient fire to readily light the match. The smoldering rags were extinguished by a round tin cover called a damper.

THE GREAT MIGRATION

by Eleanor LaBar

After the war of 1812 a new westward movement began, known in history as “The Great Migration”. It was not confined to any one section. Instead, as one historian says, “a steady human stream poured its flood into the great interior basins” of the country. An emigrant of the time wrote: “On the grand trek towards the Ohio, we are seldom out of sight of small family groups, behind us and before us. The road is literally covered with wagons.” The Great Migration was indeed an extensive process.

By 1818, Illinois had already become a state. Chicago was a village of 350 people in 1833, but by 1840 it had 4400 people and a decade later 30,000. It was the rapid growth of Chicago that in part, at least, encouraged the LaBar family of Stroudsburg, Pa., to start their journey westward in 1839. Through a diary kept on the trip we have been able to trace their route.

Daniel LaBar with his wife and nine children ranging in age from Elizabeth who was 23 to little Albina Rosalie, not yet three, left their Pennsylvania home on May 23, 1829. They traveled southwest through Allentown to Harrisburg, the capital, ordinarily averaging about 25 miles per day. In addition to the family, all the necessary utensils and duffle, the tent, the horses and wagon, there was also the family cow.

At Harrisburg, after feeding and tethering the horses — and the cow — under the trees along the Susquehanna River, they were met by friends who took them sight-seeing through the State House and the legislative chambers.

In Carlisle, Pa., they “saw the locomotive”, evidently quite a treat. By June 3 they were crossing the Allegheny Mts., recording that they had traveled 28 miles over “Laurel Hill and a great many other hills” in several days of rain.

Upon leaving Pittsburg the family stayed at a Quaker’s named Pyle. The names of the people where they spent the night are always mentioned. We assume they did not know all these families in advance, but probably certain people permitted the emigrants to tent on their property, use water from their well and so on.

Proceeding northwest toward Cleveland, some time was lost in having the wagon repaired. At Cleveland they took off “two boxes”. No further explanation was made, but one can guess every pound that lightened the load was a welcome subtraction. At one town in Ohio, they had to spend a day “washing and baking”.

Often the family camped in the woods. One such campsite was on the Chicago Turnpike. At Elgin Prairie the Butz family who were evidently traveling with them, left for a different destination. Orton Rees, the oldest son, was able to take the girls to meeting on Sunday. Near Michigan City they encountered the "worst road". One day they traveled in sand for 28 miles and since Lake Michigan the "musquitos were the worst they ever saw".

Upon arriving at Chicago, 839 miles from home, someone called "James" saw them from a distance and came to meet them.

On July 4, 1839 they arrived at Delevan Wisconsin, their destination. Here the Hollinsheads, another Stroudsburg family, were already living in a log cabin. The LaBars stayed with them until their own cabin was completed that October on land that had been purchased from the national government.

Why Delevan? Rumors were circulating that a railroad from Chicago would be going through Delevan and might even be very close to the LaBar property. All who depended on the fruition of the rumor were, however, soon to be disappointed. Delevan never became the rail center they had hoped it would, but the family had found fertile land in what became a friendly small town in beautiful natural surroundings.

(Editor's note — One of the grandsons of Daniel LaBar was the Rev. F. M. LaBar who lived in Minerva from 1901 until his death in 1931. The story of his life is told on page 95 in "Minerva 1817–1967". His son Charles has spent practically all of his life in Minerva. He and Eleanor reside at "Morningside" in the house built by Absalom Morse, Minerva's first supervisor.)

ANOTHER WEDDING OF THE PAST

Callahan – Flynn

The wedding of Elizabeth Ellen (Lizzie) Flynn and Charles Callahan took place at St. Joseph's Church, Olmstedville, N.Y., on June 12, 1900 at 7:00 in the evening. Lizzie was the daughter of Michael and Margaret Jane McCullough Flynn and Charles was the son of Dennis and Ellen Boyce Callahan.

Lizzie's wedding gown, fashioned by her mother, was of gray satin. She was driven to the church in a surrey "with the fringe on top", owned and driven by Joseph C. Mitchell. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Thomas J. O'Brien and the attendants were Rose Flynn Lahey and Thomas Owens.

Following the ceremony at the church a reception was held on the lawn of the bride's home, the food and wedding cake having been prepared by her family, cousins and friends. A platform was built to accommodate the musicians, and dancing was enjoyed by all until the wee hours of the morning. (From information from Annie McCloskey and Margaret Lahey Tormey in "Minerva 1817–1967" Vol. II – No. 2, issue of the Quarterly.)

GIFTS

William Waddell of North Creek has given us a duplicate copy of the first newspaper printed in North Creek, called the North Creek Journal and dated May 7, 1886. Although the name of the editor is not given, we learn that it was A. E. Prescott, father of Arthur Prescott who now lives in North Creek. Mr. Prescott was a jeweler and he had an interesting ad in the paper saying that he was willing to take old gold in exchange for clocks and watches or for repair work on them.

A large part of the space in the little journal was given over to advertising and it may be that this was the only source of income, since there is no mention of a subscription price. The paper came out quarterly. In this first issue there is the following information about North Creek: "The leading business carried on here is tanning sole leather, which is operated by Billings and Eaton of Boston, giving employment to 25 men, and turning out from 35,000 to 40,000 hides a year. The mercantile business of the place is done by M. Crechore and Co. and Taylor J. Eldridge both of which are reliable houses to deal with. A large number of the men of the place are engaged in the lumbering business, which furnishes employment to a great many men during the year. A large portion of the Adirondack travel passes through the place during the summer months."

D. Baker conducted a "tonsorial" (barber shop) in a room of the "American House" of which John McInerny was proprietor. There were two millinery stores, one conducted by Miss Mary E. Moynehan, "first door south of McSweeny's Hotel", and another conducted by Mrs. Jennie Beech. John H. Wade sold furniture and carpets, as well as coffins. The hardware store was run by Ovid Podvin who announced that he marked his goods in plain figures. He was selling fine 6-quart tin pails, "of my own make", for 12½¢; 10-to-14-quart pails for 25 to 50 cents and a Universal clothes wringer for \$3.25. He also sold stoves and ranges and would take paper, rags, old rubbers and barter of all kinds in exchange for new goods. Roofing, guttering and jobbing of all kinds were also done.

Carriages were made and sold by A. J. Petters and he also carried a full line of bolts and screws, neck yokes, whip sockets, and boys' carts and sleds. Joseph H. Higgins sold carriages and wagons and was very particular attention to repairing them, as well as doing carriage and sleigh painting.

N. Albro was the harness maker while D. Stone and Co. sold grain, meal, feed, lime, coal and brick, besides general groceries. This store was located near the railroad depot.

A retail market report, "as given by our leading dealers" follows: hay — \$15 per ton, eggs — 15¢ per dozen, butter — 20¢ per pound, pork — 9¢ per pound, molasses — 50¢ per gallon, kerosene — 13¢ per lb., beans — 5¢ per lb., flour — \$6 to \$6.75 per bbl., potatoes — 45¢ per bu.

The Journal contains a few items of news such as “D. Bissell of Minerva has brought out the Minerva stage route and is running a good rig. People can now ride with ease and comfort.”

“It is rumored that there has been a coal mine found in this vicinity and that it will burn as satisfactorily as Pennsylvania coal, only it is heavier. But even so, if it is a coal burner that is all it is necessary as it could be mined very cheap and wouldn't exceed in price \$3.50. It would be better than paying \$8, which we are now paying. We hope it will pan out rich.”

The paper contains two items of national interest and both are about strikes:

For Eight Hours

New York, May 4 — “The great struggle in this city for shorter hours, inaugurated Monday, continues, and thus far has been freight only with strikes and lockouts. No violence of any kind has occurred. There are about 3000 men out, principally piano makers, furriers, wagon and carriage makers, furniture workers, machinists and metal workers. In Union Hill, N. J. 1200 silk weavers are out for increase of wages and shorter hours.” The other is a street car strike.

PICTURES OF WILSON FAMILY

Mr. Waddell also gave us copies of two pictures of the Wilson family, which were taken July 19, 1898. One is of the seven Wilson brothers who were then living — William, John, Thomas, Robert, James, David and Joseph. Samuel, the youngest of the family, had died three years earlier. There was one daughter, Margaret. The parents who had resided in before 1898 were Joseph and Jane McKee Wilson who came to Minerva from Rensselaer County about 1847, but were originally from Armagh in Northern Ireland. Joseph is said to have worked in an iron foundry in Troy for some years before coming to Minerva.

The second picture is a group of 32 members of the Wilson clan. Both pictures were taken by J. T. Holley of Chestertown and we are guessing that there must have been a very special occasion to bring this large group together. It may have been the visit of William who had been gone from Minerva for many years. Gladys Wilson tells us that William went to Kansas as a young man and there he married and raised a family. Since he is in the pictures, we know that he was in Minerva for this event.

The son Joseph lived in Leonardsville on what later became known as the Floyd place. About 1890, his son Joseph bought the Dornburgh building in the village of Olmstedville (later P. T. Johnston) and was a storekeeper.

Thomas Wilson married Roseann Burckhardt who lived with her father and two brothers in the house now owned by P. Peter Collard. Her father died in 1855, the brothers went West and the farm became known as the Wilson place. That road is now called the Wilson Road.

John R. Wilson lived where Walter and Dorothy Berggren do now. He was the grandfather of Dorothy Berggren, Ivan Wilson, and others. One of his sons was Charles Wilson, School Commissioner, about whom we wrote in the January '73 Quarterly.

David Wilson continued to live on the farm where he was born, which is now owned by Mr. and Mrs. Epple. That is where Gladys Wilson grew up. We are told, however, that the first Wilsons lived in a house across the road and that the present one was built by William before he went west.

James Wilson married Ella Straight and went to Northville to live.

Robert and family lived on a farm in Leonardsville, south of the Floyd place. Jessie Wilson Shields, their only child, taught school in North Creek for many years. Samuel, we are told, had lived in a house which stood about where Beatrice Lynn resides.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

- A sink should be rubbed with lamp oil twice a week to keep it clean.
- Newspapers wrapped around ice will prevent it from melting too rapidly.
- Table oilcloth is a sanitary substitute for wall paper in the kitchen.
- It is bad to acquire the habit of folding one's arms.
- Clean the inside of decanters with tea leaves or chopped potato parings.
- Cover your kegs of pickles with strips of horseradish and they will not mold.

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