



# Binghamton Township Historical Society NEWSLETTER

Serving Past and Present Residents of the Town of  
Binghamton, N.Y. and its Neighboring Towns

Logo by Doug Webb

Vol. 10 No 2

APR – MAY – JUNE 2013

The Binghamton Township Historical Society is dedicated to the preservation of the history of the region and its inhabitants. It meets on the first Tuesday of every month at 1:30 PM. from April through October in the Museum-Fellowship Hall in the rear entrance behind the old Hawleyton Methodist Church located at the junction of Hawleyton Road (an extension of Pennsylvania Avenue) and Saddlemire Rd. just after the Park Ave./Hawleyton Rd. Junction. Visitors are welcome. Annual dues are \$10.00 for individuals \$15.00 for families (due by September – start of our fiscal year) and includes the Newsletter. Non members may receive a subscription to newsletter for \$5.00 a year. Newsletter in color may be viewed free on [www.townofbinghamton.com](http://www.townofbinghamton.com) .



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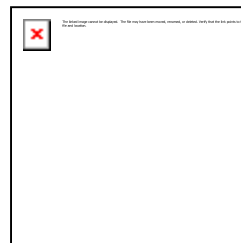
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We thank departing members,  
Joan Moseng and Judy Zurenda for their  
past service and welcome..new reporters,  
“Bill” Cline..[WE Cline129@gmail.com](mailto:WE Cline129@gmail.com)  
Carol Haskell Stankevitch  
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## IN MEMORIUM



Harold (Ben) Hogan, 83, of Vestal, NY, passed away peacefully in his home on Monday morning, March 11, 2013. He is predeceased by his brother, Paul Hogan; sister, Agnes Gabriel; brother-in-law, Armand Gabriel; brother-in-law, Frances Buckley; and sister-in-law, Judy Hayes. He is survived by his wife of 47 years, Maria (Mary Paoletti) Hogan; daughters and sons-in-law.



Sullivan, Thomas J. , 89, of Binghamton, died Saturday, April 13, 2013. He is survived by his wife, Genevieve Giblin Sullivan, his children, Mary Casey, and, Michael and Ann Sullivan, Thomas Sullivan,

Brian and Patty Sullivan, and ; his grandchildren, and ; four great-grandchildren;also sisters, Elizabeth Dempsey, Lela and Charles Kresge; and several nieces and nephews and the Walter and Kathryn Giblin family

Lynn A. Meeker, 84, passed away on 19 January 2013 at a nursing facility in Bandon Oregon. He is survived by his brother David E. Meeker. He was born in Binghamton on 19 March 1929 to Esther (Barney) and Lynn Meeker Sr. and raised in Hawleyton. his ashes will be interred in the family plot in Hawleyton cemetery with his parents and brother Robert.

He would have appreciated donations in his name to any nature-related non-profit organization.



Samson, Ann DuBrava died Dec.24, 2012. Town resident (Maxian Rd.) since childhood, she was

predeceased by husband Perry Samson.

Ann's survivors include children Gloria (Richard) Knapp, Perry J. (Deborah) Samson, Julie (Robert) Henry, and Daniel (Wendy Dury-)Samson and several grandchildren and great grandchildren. Internment in St. Augustine Cemetery, Brackney Pa in the spring.

Micalizzi, Margaret deLucia of Binghamton passed away Jan.19, 2013. Her husband of 43 years predeceased her. She was survived by two Town of Binghamton sons, Frank (Mary) and Christopher and many beloved grandchildren and great grandchildren.

Micalizzi, Clara Urciuoli died on Jan.23, 2013, a few days after the death of her mother-in-law, Margaret Micalizzi. Clara is survived by her husband Christopher, Clara left sons Chris, Stephen and Matthew and three grandchildren, Antonio, Emily and Samuel. Burial was in Calvary Cemetery.

## Firing Up Our Education

By Bill Cline

It has been said that the worst thing about memories is that they become what you want them to be. Still, our romance with our nostalgic past is one of the greatest comforts of the aging process. That is my approach to this history of our childhood.

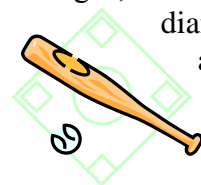
We are the generation who started in one or two room schools and then opened Brookside. Unlike older siblings who went on to North High, our excursion took us through Binghamton to Conklin and Susquehanna Valley High School – with a short stop in the Little White Church.

This is too large a journey to chronicle in one article so I will examine it in one bite at a time beginning with kindergarten. If anyone shows interest – we will continue the trek in sequels.

To my classmates I extend this invitation to join me with your memories. After all, I don't want to just pen my own memoir.



As an introduction let me paint the landscape from the eyes of a four year old nearing school age. I saw Hawleyton in the early fifties consisting of three stores: Dunham's, Bogatis's, and Rex's; scattered houses, a fire station, a church, "the Grange", and the crown jewel – the ball diamond. Life, for me, revolved around these places, but the



main attraction was the ball field. It would host hours of recreation (mainly pick-up games), but eventually Little League (of which Hawleyton was always champ- or so it seems to me). Then there were the ice cream socials, fairs, and the Christmas carol sing with a Santa that sounded a lot like

“Uncle” Lowell when he laughed. All three stores offered amazing treats such as candy, soda, and ice cream. Vosburgs was the superstore – with rare items not to be found anywhere else. It also featured what I thought was a large used car lot – with the emphasis on used.

Four years olds are not very discerning so I thought everyone was Methodist and Republican since that’s all I was aware of back then. Social life revolved around the church with periodic trips to the “big” city (Binghamton). My dad loved flower and vegetable gardens, as well as chickens, rabbits, and a horse named Tony. My parents worked and belonged to “Grange” and other social groups. Dad also sold insurance and was a lifelong town official.

It seemed it was the way then, for fathers in particular, to work multiple jobs to make ends meet. For me, it meant my grandma was a key figure in my upbringing.



It is against this backdrop that I approached the trials and tribulations of my school years. If you want to aid my memories, and if the editors decide to humor us, we will begin with a stop at the Hawleyton Fire Station where sirens and naps learned to co-exist.

## Maple Syrup Memories

By  
Carol Haskell Stankevich

One of the harbingers of spring when I was growing up was seeing the maple trees in front of our home on Hawleyton Road tapped and ready for sap collection. My uncle, Gerald Haskell , began the yearly



tradition of tapping, collecting, and boiling down, which resulted in sweet and delicious maple syrup.

The trees selected and tapped with stiles or spouts were large sugar maples that stretched from in front of my Uncle Arnold's (Haskell) house, past our house, and down past the ball field, to the corner of Saddlemire Road. Trees were also tapped in his backyard on Saddlemire Road.

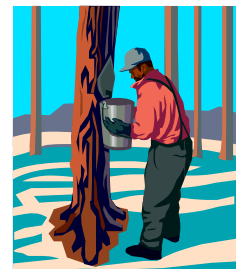


Generally the maple sugar season starts in the middle part of February, with sap flowing from 4 to six weeks. The sap will start to flow once the overnight temperatures dip below freezing and the day temps are over 35 degrees Fahrenheit including wind chill temperatures. If the weather is not precise, the sap will not flow. It will continue running, however, if daytime temps are in the 40’s and the temps from the previous night were in the 20’s.

I remember the good times we had when we would all gather in his backyard around the fire watching the ritual of boiling down the sap.

My cousin, Mary (Haskell) Reynolds, recalls the following... "Boiling sap was great for the entire neighborhood. It gave everyone something to do. Everyone was included no matter what the age. We never left anyone out.

Everyone was included in chopping and gathering wood to burn, tapping the trees on the ball field and in our back yard, gathering sap by pulling a wagon



with a garbage can to collect it in. and a heavy pan over an inside part of an old furnace. We would boil down for several days and then mom would take it inside to finish it off. This was done by boiling hard and pouring milk into the syrup that would curdle up and bring the soot to the top, which we would scoop off, making the syrup clear. Then she would boil to a soft ball stage and put boiling hot into canning jars and put top on to seal as it cooled.  
We would store it in the basement for use all year."

Simple things like this bring back fond memories. +

## **Town Businessman, Mike Harris**

As interviewed by Esther Pettengill



Mike Harris walks to work every day. He owns and operates Lone Maple Farm on Hawleyton Road, and lives across the street (up the hill) on the farm. He graciously carved out time from his busy schedule so we could interview him for this article. He has a gentle demeanor, and his kind face lights up when he speaks about Lone Maple and the rapport he has developed with his customers.

Mike grew up in the Town of Binghamton, on the farm he now owns. Except for a few years in Poughkeepsie when he was very small, his family has always lived here. In 1973 when Mike was about nine years old, the family

decided it would be fun for him to sell apples from a farm wagon where the Lone Maple building now stands. Mike and his Grandfather spent many happy hours selling apples and getting to know the people who bought them.

That simple farm wagon evolved a couple of years later to a bigger wagon more like a small building on wheels, with more shelf space for the farm produce, and sides that were closed at night for protection from the elements. That wagon was replaced in 1978 with the first stage of the present Lone Maple building. Sadly, Mike's grandfather passed away before the building was completed. In 1982 a large addition was built with more space added in back. Later a small greenhouse was attached to the south end which has been replaced with a bigger greenhouse. The main greenhouses, however, can be seen across the road on the hill.

Mike says he has worked at Lone Maple Farm since its inception. He first worked summer and fall until he went away to college. He attended the University of Georgia, earning a 4-year marketing degree (BBA) but still found time to do the advertising and accounting for the business. After graduation he came home to earn his MBA from SUNY Binghamton (now Binghamton University). He spent 11 years after that in Atlanta, working for a company that used his computer skills.

Although he enjoyed his lucrative years in Atlanta, Mike observes that it is a much bigger place than Binghamton, and the traffic is crazy. He was still doing the accounts for Lone Maple and one day decided to come back and work at the family business with a view to eventually becoming the owner.

During these growth years, his family had planted some semi-dwarf apple trees (he says they are 20 feet instead of 40 feet) which are easier to maintain. His parents tried numerous times to raise a large volume of produce in the field but either weather or deer would thwart their efforts. He tells about the time his parents had transplanted good-size tomato plants, spending one whole day planting an entire field. Next morning they found that deer had eaten the

tops off every tomato plant in the field. One of the innovations Mike brought to the business is hydroponic gardening. He says his biggest incentive was the fickleness of Mother Nature.

Hydroponic gardening is the perfect solution (no pun intended) to this problem. Fifteen years ago when Mike came back he wanted to try greenhouse gardening but had no experience. He is a careful man and so he started with a small hobby-size hydroponic lettuce table. Things went well until he added the wrong amount of nutrient and it killed the whole table of lettuce. He eventually raised some lettuce to sell that year, though. Customers who bought it reported back that it kept fresh in the refrigerator for 10 days! He harvests it with the roots on and keeps them moist. While it is a good system, he says it is labor intensive. You say have to keep an eye on it. If one of the pumps fails, for example, the whole table could be dead in an hour.

Lone Maple uses two hydroponic systems, NFT (Nutrient Film Technique) and Bag or Bucket. The NFT uses only water and the produce is grown in tubes. The second method uses a growing medium made up of vermiculite, perlite, and peat moss. The nutrients are introduced directly into that medium. Plants are planted in the medium and suck up the nutrients they need. It is considered hydroponic because there is no dirt involved. Mike grows tomatoes, peppers, cucumbers and strawberries in this medium. His produce is essentially organic because he uses no pesticides.

Last year we had some of his hydroponic cantaloupe and it was the best I've ever tasted. Mike says this year he wants to try some personal size melons which will be sweeter than those he sold last year. Each year he wants to introduce something new. He does not grow bananas, oranges or onions. For those things he partners with other local growers.

One of the signs on his produce said he uses beneficial insects in his greenhouses. I asked Mike about them. He says beneficial insects are bugs that eat the bad bugs. He uses insects like lady bugs, praying mantis, beneficial mites, wasps and some spiders. He also uses bumblebees for pollination because they are more hardy than honeybees and they "work" in

all weather associated with this area. Honeybees don't do well in the greenhouse environment.

Lone Maple sells a wide variety of baked goods. The bakers are all family members, he says. He and his wife, a cousin and maybe a few others. They bake right there at Lone Maple every day from 3 AM to 11 AM to ensure that everything is fresh every day.

This year is the 6th year Lone Maple has had a CSA program (Community Supported Agriculture). Unfortunately, enrollment for 2013 is now closed. The next opportunity to enroll will be in December. Watch the website for exact dates the enrollment is open, sometime between 12/1/13 and 3/31/14. Lone Maple's CSA program works a little differently from other's, in that the customer gets to choose which products (not just produce) they will purchase with their membership. As an added bonus, all but the \$150 membership entitles customers to a 10% discount on all purchases with the CSA card

Lone Maple opens for the 2013 season on April 26. I asked Mike why they chose to open on a Friday. The simple answer is they take Monday through Thursday to get everything set up and make sure everything is working: ovens, cash registers, freezers, coolers, etc. Then on Friday they are ready for customers and everything is working.



Over the last couple years they have started selling to local restaurants and last year they even sold to Wegman's.

One would think that with hydroponics, the growing season could be year round. Mike said that while that is true, they have discovered that greenhouses need to be shut down and sanitized from time to time. So while they are "resting" during the cold winter months, the greenhouses are also "resting". Lone Maple achieved GAP certification for farms which is FDA approved.

Right now there are three things grown outside at Lone Maple: apples, blueberries and strawberries. Everything else is grown hydroponically. Check out the two websites for Lone Maple where there are photographs, and tons of neat information.

lonemaplefarm.com & farmermike.biz

## President's Corner

By Esther Pettengill

We are officially open for the season and are off to a good start! We have planned 3 open house days in May and June. The first is Monday, May 27 right after the Memorial



Day parade that is tentatively scheduled to start at 10:00 a.m. We will be open until 1 p.m. There are two "Path Through History Weekends", and we will be open both of those Saturdays. (We do not open on Sunday except by special arrangement.) Those dates are June 1 and June 8. Our hours will probably be 12:30 p.m. – 4:00 p.m.

In addition, we are still actively raising funds to repair the damage caused by the raccoons. Our long-awaited "Raccoon Rumble" is scheduled for Saturday evening, June 15 at 7:00 p.m. in the Family Life Center of the Hawleyton Methodist Church. We are very excited about this event and are lining up some new talents for your enjoyment. Please attend this fun evening. (And yes, in the event of a horrendous rainstorm, we WILL still hold the concert!) That was kind of a joke – the first fundraising concert we had was on an evening fit only for ducks, but over 30 hardy (and very generous!!!) souls braved the rain to enjoy the concert.

We have only 31 cookbooks left. They are \$10 each, while they last. Some of your teenagers might want one, especially since they contain some old-time recipes and vignettes not found in modern cookbooks. Students going off to college might appreciate them, too.

Want to help us but not sure how? There is a need for new windows in the museum's annex. Each snug, strong, and WORKING window costs \$200, installed. We need 19-

20 of them, and the company says they will install them one at a time as we get the money. Please



consider a donation of a new window, (accompanied by a marker with any designation you wish -- "donated in memory of \_\_\_\_\_" or "given by the \_\_\_\_\_ family" for example).

If you use a computer, be sure to check out some of the websites mentioned in this issue's articles. There is a wealth of information on them that might interest you. Also check out our website at: [binghamtonhistorical.org](http://binghamtonhistorical.org)

## From Our Museum

What is it?



An iron CRIMPER used to iron tiny pleats.

## Remembering Mom's Clothesline

By Esther Pettengill

(There is one thing that's left out of the following text. "Others had a long wooden pole (see a "clothes pole" in photo) that was used to push the clotheslines up so that longer items (sheets, pants, etc.) didn't brush the ground and get dirty again."

I can hear my mother now...

**"BASIC RULES FOR CLOTHESLINES:"**

### Binghamton Township Historical Society Membership / Donation Form

Annual Membership is from October 1 through Sept 30. Please check the date above your name on the address label of this newsletter. If your membership has expired, please consider renewing now so you won't miss an issue of our quarterly newsletter.

- Single \$10                       I wish to make a tax deductible donation of \$ \_\_\_\_\_  
 Family \$15                       This is a gift membership (enter name & address below)  
 Newsletter Only \$5             My employer provides a matching grant (please enclose completed form)

Your Name	Street	City
State/Zip	Phone Number	email Address

Any comments/instructions

*Please make checks payable to the BTHS and mail to:  
Phyllis Merriam, Treasurer, 3940 Roberts Road, Binghamton, NY 13903*

**We are very grateful for your support. Thank you.**

(If you don't even know what clotheslines are, better skip this.

If you never used a wringer washer this is also probably true.)

1. You had to hang the socks by the toes... NOT the top.
2. You hung pants by the BOTTOM cuffs .. NOT the waistbands.
3. You had to WASH the clothesline(s) before hanging any clothes - walk the entire length of each line with a damp cloth around the lines.
4. You had to hang the clothes in a certain order, and always hang "whites" with "whites," and hang them first.
5. You NEVER hung a shirt by the shoulders - always by the tail! What would the neighbors think?
6. Washday was on a Monday! NEVER hang clothes on the weekend,

or on Sunday, for Heaven's sake!

7. Hang the sheets and towels on the OUTSIDE lines so you could hide your "unmentionables" in the middle (perverts & busybodies, y'know!)
8. It didn't matter if it was sub-zero weather... clothes would "freeze-dry."
9. ALWAYS gather the clothespins when taking down dry clothes! Pins left on the lines were "tacky"!
10. If you were efficient, you would line the clothes up so that each item did not need two clothespins, but shared one of the clothespins with the next washed item.
11. Clothes off of the line before dinnertime, neatly folded in the clothesbasket, and ready to be ironed. [Hey, later and they got damp with dew!]
12. **IRONED? , a whole OTHER subject!**

Esther Pettengill, President  
Binghamton Twnshp. Historical Soc.  
3639 Saddlemire Rd.  
Binghamton, NY 13903



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And now a **POEM.** about .Clotheslines.\*

A clothesline was a news forecast,  
    To neighbors passing by,  
There were no secrets you could keep,  
    When clothes were hung to dry.  
It also was a friendly link,  
    For neighbors always knew  
If company had stopped on by,  
    To spend a night or two.  
For then you'd see the "fancy sheets",  
    And towels upon the line;  
You'd see the "company table cloths",  
    With intricate designs.  
The line announced a baby's birth,  
    From folks who lived inside,  
As brand new infant clothes were hung,  
    So carefully with pride!  
The ages of the children could,  
    So readily be known  
By watching how the sizes changed,  
    You'd know how much they'd  
grown!

It also told when illness struck,  
    As extra sheets were hung;  
Then nightclothes, and a bathrobe too,  
    (Haphazardly were strung.  
It also said, "On vacation now",  
    When lines hung limp and bare.  
It told, "We're back!" when full lines  
sagged,  
    With not an inch to spare!  
New folks in town were scorned upon,  
    If wash was dingy and gray,  
As neighbors carefully raised their brows,  
    And looked the other way.  
But clotheslines now are of the past,  
    For dryers make work much less.  
Now what goes on inside a home,  
    Is anybody's guess!  
I really miss that way of life,  
    It was a friendly sign  
When neighbors knew each other best...  
    By what hung on the line!