



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. 8 No 4

OCT – NOV - DEC 2011

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 Fellowship Hall 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.



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Our deepest sympathy to the family of Valerie Clark, an SV graduate and a senior at Binghamton University, who died recently.

PRESIDENT'S CORNER

By Esther Pettengill

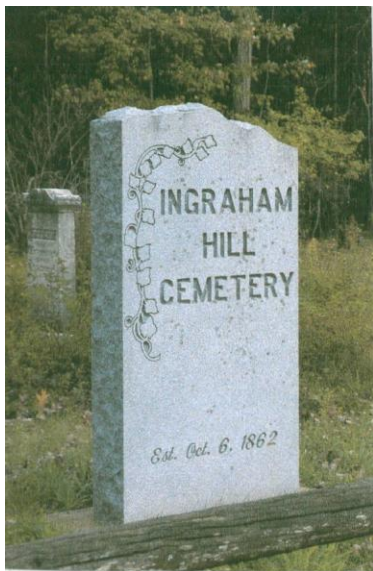


Once again, a huge thank you to all our roof fund donors. We met our goal of \$30,000 and are waiting for a period of dry weather so work can begin on the new roof. Our contractor is hoping to begin about October 24th. Please pray for good weather (a few warm days would permit them to paint the front of the Church as long as they have the use of a lift to do the steeple roof).

We have about 250 copies of our new cookbook to sell for \$15 per copy (add \$4 for shipping and handling if it is to be mailed) and can be obtained from any BTHS officer. You can even pick up a copy at the Town Hall. See Judy Zurenda. These make nice gifts (especially for those unexpected occasions when you need a quick gift for someone). The recipes are yummy (I tried out many of them during the long months of typing them) and there are even a few historic photographs and some excerpts from our oral histories sprinkled in.

We plan to repeat the evening of music we had in June on probably the rainiest day of the year! Our small audience enjoyed the concert immensely and

Close to Heavens Door...Historic Ingraham Hill Cemetery By Margaret Hadsell



Ingraham Hill Cemetery is tucked along the north side of Ingraham Hill Road at the intersection with Foland Road. The stone sign at the entrance to this half acre irregularly shaped cemetery reads "Est. Oct. 6, 1862" but two things point to an earlier beginning.

First, the deed dated on the 6th of

October 1862 transfers ownership of the "Ingraham Cemetery" from Willis and Henry DeLong to John K. Pierson, Charles Ingraham, Eugene Sternberg and others, some the same men who would later incorporate the cemetery.

Second, the earliest documented burials date to 1847. Twenty-six year old Benjamin (in the Ingraham plot) died on the 18 February 1847. He was followed in October by 74 year old Benjamin Ingraham, husband of Grace Austin Ingraham. The children of James and Hannah Rose, Abraham in 1850 and Samuel in 1851, would rest nearby. In all there were twelve burials in the "Ingraham Cemetery" before 1862 with two more added that year.

At the nearby Ingraham Hill School twelve men met on Wednesday 15 August 1888 to form and incorporate the Ingraham Hill Cemetery Association. They were: John L. Ingraham, Jacob Vosburg, Isaac F. Pierson, Joe Snedaker, Amasa Ingraham, A. M. Flower (meeting chairman), O.N. Straite, Edwin Fairbrother, Eugene Sternberg, John Huntley, Eugene Snedaker, and Henry J. Vosburg. The association voted to have six trustees; their names are the first six in this list. The remaining members were divided into three classes and assigned either a one, two, or three year term of office. The purpose of the

association was to procure and hold lands to be used exclusively for a cemetery. Association members were to meet annually on August 15th for the election of trustees. A copy of the Certificate of Incorporation can be found in Volume 1, Page 272 of the Incorporated Societies book at the Broome County Clerk's office.

Located in Great Lot 8 which was part of the Town of Vestal until 1873, Ingraham Hill Cemetery was included in a survey of Vestal cemeteries that entailed photographing the gravestones and researching information about the interments. By compiling records from the Ingraham Hill Cemetery Association, a survey by Eleanor Maxian Haines and Arnold Haskell, death records from Town Clerk Judy Shapley Zurenda, Vestal death records, gravestone transcriptions done in 1959 by members of the Jesus Christ of the Latter Day Saints, and obituaries, there now exists a reasonably complete listing of those that rest in the shade of large hemlock and oak trees on Ingraham Hill.

The resulting collection of information, which includes gravestone photographs, a list of interments, and general information about the cemetery is available at the Town of Binghamton Town Clerk's office, Town of Binghamton Historical Society, Vestal Historian's office, and Ingraham Hill Cemetery Association for use by family researchers.



Elaborately carved Garten Davis monument.

Memories of Frederick's Farm
From notes by Peggy and Larry
plus articles in The Binghamton Press

At the request of **Mike Quick**, formerly of Lori Lane, who used to work for the Frederick's along with many of the youth of in our Town, we asked Peggy and Larry to recall some of their interesting memories.



Perhaps the most poignant was one mentioned in the Binghamton Press in Nov, 1965. Larry developed hepatitis and was bedridden for four weeks at harvest time with 15 acres of corn to be picked, needed to feed his nearly 7,000 chickens. At sunrise on a Saturday, some 50 neighbors gathered to hand pick the corn as the ground was too wet for the picker. A photo identifies **Art VanVorce** shoveling husked ears into the sheller with **Paul Carpenter** and Larry's dad, **Bradley Frederick** helping. Peggy believes they also helped Larry with the daily chores. Women served a pot luck dinner at noon for all those volunteers at the Hawleyton Methodist Church.

Peggy was 7 months pregnant with their fourth child and only with the help of **Ted Bennett** was she able to make the egg deliveries. Ted worked second shift at IBM, and he would go with Peggy to do the lifting while she did the billing.

Peggy recalls, "We wanted to thank the people who helped that day, but how? So many were involved and we didn't know who they all were. The best thing I could do was to post a note in Vosburg's Gas Station/General Store. At that time in life, 'everyone' stopped there."

Larry remembers, "It was **Ellwyn Gaige** that headed the workday and **John Wilson** along with some other farmers provided 'spikes' to husk the corn. 'Spikes' were like bent nails that were strapped to the hand to save the fingers. The field was about 10 acres and laid between Pennsylvania Ave. (Hawleyton Rd.) and Park Ave. across from Vosburg's 'junk' yard."

EDITOR'S NOTES: The website www.fultonhistory.com with key search words *Hawleyton* and "*Frederick*" recovers another 1965 Binghamton Press article about Larry, Peggy and

their family. (They took over the farm from Larry's father in 1961.) It reminded this writer of a conversation with Peggy years ago in which she revealed that they used to get up at 4 AM to gather, check, grade, candle and pack ready for market, some 4000 eggs before their young children awoke. (That's a little more than 116 dozen!) Most of the 6500 hens were in an automated henhouse where they laid their eggs in nests of plastic covered wire which slanted down so the eggs would roll onto a conveyor belt and off to a grading device. The rest had to be hand picked and Larry had to wear the same clothes each time he entered their hen house so as not to frighten the hens!



MAIL ROUTE FOR THE HAWLEYTON
AREA IN 1914

*Taken from the Binghamton City Directory and Transcribed by **Maurice R. Hitt**, Former Route Carrier & BTHS President*

While doing research on a company in the Binghamton area, I came across the rural routes for Binghamton. Being a past president of the Town of Binghamton Historical Society, I always look for anything interesting for our area of Hawleyton. When I found this listing, I first thought of Theresa Washco, who is a retired rural carrier (I also being a retired rural carrier for the post office). I will give the description of the route, along with the mileage for each stop.

Rural Route No. 2 (Binghamton, NY). Effective June 1st 1914:

Starting at the Post Office, the carrier will go thence: East to Washington, .1 mile; south to Washington St. bridge, .5 mile; south across Susquehanna river to Vestal av., .25 mile; southwest to Park av., .1 mile; south on Park av. to entrance to Ross Park, 1 mile; south and southwest to school house No. 7 corner, 1.75 miles; south to Hawleyton (village) corner, 2.55 miles; east to W.D. Morrison residence and retrace to Hawleyton corner, 1 mile; south and southwest to Brackney turn; 1.85 miles; southeast to Brackney Post Office, delivering and collecting mail by closed pouch, and retrace to Brackney, 2.45 miles; west to Riley corner, 1 mile; north and northeast to Mrs.

Vosburg corner, 3.3 miles; northwest to Horace Cole corner, 1.6 miles; west and north to Stephen Eldred corner, 1.8 miles; northeast, north and northeast down Ingram hill to Snedaker corner, 1.7 miles; west and south to Sternberg's residence and retrace to Snedaker corner, 1.3 miles; northeast and north via new turnpike and Penna. av. to Vestal av., 2.3 miles; northeast to DeRussey, .15 mile; north across Washn. St. bridge to Washn. (st.), .25 mile; north on Washn. (st.) to Henry (st.), .5 mile; west on Henry (st.) to the Post Office, .1 mile. Total, 25.55 miles.

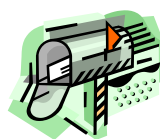
People on the above mail route

(97 residents receiving mail):

(Note: Some residents' names at least in the Ingraham Hill area did not appear on this list.)

AINEY, H.L.
 ALDRICH, Charles D.
 BEALL, C.S.
 BENN, Grant
 BROWN, C.J.
 BROWN, George W.
 CADDEN, James
 CADDEN, Wm., .
 CALLAN, John J.
 CARMAN, Ray
 CARMAN, T.C.
 CLINE, J. Henry
 CLINE, Robert W.

CONNELL, H. R., Rev.
 COON, Abram
 COON, Datus
 COON, Sidney
 DEVORSKY, Steven
 DONOVAN, Daniel C.
 DUNTERMAN, G.A.
 Edgecomb, J.E.
 Eldred, Bert J.
 Eldred, John
 Eldred, T.
 Fiala, Emil J.
 Florence, R.W.
 Flynn, Mary
 Gabragan, Thomas
 Gage, B.R.
 Gage, Caleb S.
 Gage, E.H.
 Gage, H.M.
 Gage, Lewis
 Gage, Q.B.
 Gaige, Hattie, Mrs.
 Giblin, Patrick F.
 Gibbons, Michael F.
 Gleason, Marvin
 Golan, John, Mrs.
 Green, E.L.
 Hadley, Charles
 Hamilton, Seymour
 Hawks, H.R.
 *Hazel, Fred C.
 Herzog, F.H.
 Howard, H.D.
 *Hull, Benj. F.
 Ingraham, F.J.
 Jaycox, Ebenezer M.
 Johnson, L.
 Kelley, L.
 Layton, Myra, Mrs.
 Light, Irving
 Markham, James M.
 Maxian, Michael
 Medlar, J.M.



Meeker, E.H.
 Meeker, L.D. Mrs
 Meeker, Myron
 Milks, Frank
 Monahan, Frank L.
 Monahan, W. Ernest
 Morrison, Patrick G.
 Morrison, Wm. D.
 Moses, Albert G.
 Murphy, Timothy E.
 North, Wm. L.
 O'Connell, Thomas
 O'Donovan, Harry
 Parker, Oliver
 Pierson, B.W.
 Pollock, Stephen
 Prentice, H.L.
 Reynolds, B.R.
 Rodman, G.A.
 Rodman, Harry E.
 Rosencrans, F.
 Rowley, W.D.
 Rulison, Frank E.
 Rutherford, R.L.
 Sherman, Wm.
 Shoemaker, A.
 Sibley, Frank E.
 Slater, Austin
 Smith, Leonard M.
 Smith, Lewis H.
 Snedaker, Earl
 Snedaker, John C.
 **Sternburg, Abram
 Tripp, Phillip
 Turk, L.
 Vosbury, Elvira, Mrs.
 Walsh, Leo
 Webb, Martha, Mrs.
 *Weston, Cady B.
 Williams, L.B.
 Zabadal, A.

*First name found in street index.
 **It is spelled Sternberg in the route description.
 (See memories of Route Carrier, Burt Cline on pg.8)

RECOLLECTIONS

growing up at Vosburg's Store

By Judy Shapley Zurenda



Rex Vosburg

My first memories of Vosburg's Store on Pennsylvania Avenue (now Hawleyton Road) were centered around family. It was a place where we often went on Sunday after church to enjoy a Roast Beef dinner that Grandma (Viola Vosburg) would prepare just like any other family. However, her potatoes would usually have boiled dry and scorched because Grandpa (Rex) would call her away from meal preparations in order to wait on a customer in the store while he watched like a hawk as someone searched for a much needed car part from his enormous collection of abandoned cars that filled both sides of the road. His philosophy was that if he didn't have it, you didn't need it and trying to get him to settle on a price was often another part of the adventure. I liked to help Grandma cook, and she would allow me to pick out a can or two of vegetables off the shelf to go with the meal. (I liked cream of corn and limas with a stick of butter and cream!)

Other star players were my twin uncles Ralph and Robert (a.k.a. "Wimpy"), although certainly not identical. As the years passed my Mom (Nellie Shapley) often was called to the store to help when there was a wrecker call or grandpa disappeared with some of his fishing or hunting buddies. I remember how proud Grandpa would be to show off the string of fish he would bring back or how the fish would be in a bucket by the store door so all could see them and hear about "the ones that got away." Hunting

season would bring another group to the store as they planned their expeditions with warnings about those from prior years who got lost in the French Tract. The uniform of the day would be red and black plaid coats and the license then was simply a pin to wear. Proof of the kill would hang outside for days with full bragging rights. It was like a rite of passage into adulthood for the young men as they lifted their first deer to hang from the scale. I remember Grandma sputtering about how long the deer would swing from the overhang out front and others discussing how to best cook the venison without a gamey taste.

This all triggers my memories about the food that was sold at the store. I can remember vividly the big wheel of extra sharp cheese and Grandpa shaving off a "sliver" for customers to try. There were bananas and hot dogs to weigh out by the pound as well as bologna to be sliced and eggs that set in the front window to be crated as needed. And then there was the ice cream case and the sodas. I remember trying to break the orange popsicles when I was forced to share – they never seemed to break evenly down the middle. My favorite beverage was a grape or orange pee-wee which sold for a nickel. Of course the candy case was the big attraction for all ages. I so enjoyed looking at the huge selection and was so grateful when a customer would give me the needed penny or two for my choice. Uncle Charles, Aunt Marian and Aunt Joyce also grew up at "the store" and could often be seen there over the years. But Uncle "Wimpy" was the one that stayed the longest. He



Bob "Wimpy" Vosburg

would share news while pumping gas, start cars on many frigid mornings and even deliver messages to

neighbors as they stopped on the way home each evening to pick up their copy of the newspaper. And I often heard “put it on my book” – long before credit cards.

On September 23, 1990, the door to Vosburg’s Service Station closed for the last time. Not a visible sign of the store or the vast junk yard remains. However, my mind continues to play over and over the wonderful times spent there and the many people that I met over the years. I have so much more to share and would like to hear your memories so please contact me!

Ballet at Brookside



By Esther Griffin

In the 1960’s, as Recreation Director for the PTA at Brookside School, I struggled to find a way to ballet lessons for my three young daughters and other children at the school without cost to SV. We were able to convince a ballet instructor from Roberson, Ruth Covelli, to offer weekly group ballet lessons at Brookside. The first week, a bevy of youthful dance enthusiasts appeared, clutching three precious quarters in hand. Due to a miscommunication, the instructor didn’t show up. Panic! I grabbed a book on ballet from the school library, and this desperate mother with two left feet proceeded to convey the illustrations of ballet terms, like *PLIE*, and *JETE*, to the eager dancers. A friend, Mary Furch, on an errand to the office sailed past the windows in the auditorium doors, backed up and did a stunned double-take on seeing me instructing dance. We got through it and Ruth appeared next week with a pianist and did a

commendable job for us for some years. Her husband, John Covelli, was then a budding classical musician and on one occasion when the pianist couldn’t make it, he humbled himself to tinkle out ballet tunes and exercises for us. Now a world renowned classical musician, he will always have a place in our hearts for his humility and help.

We put on annual ballet programs for the school with Sandra Haines’ mother, Mrs. Titus, making lovely costumes. I remember *Peter Pan* and *A Magic Garden*. At least three or four of the girls, Laura Gaige, Teresa Furch, Kim Griffin and Cheryl Haines, (who was already enrolled in professional classes,) went on to take ballet at Roberson from Thelma Morris and Oleg & Mireya Brianski. Some appeared in local operas in dance sequences. Kim was privileged to dance in the NYC Ballet summer program’s *The Nutcracker Suite*, and returned to teach ballet classes at Brookside, and at SUNY Oswego. In Spain she met fellow ballet student, Princess Elena, daughter of King Juan Carlos. Perhaps these early lessons instilled in many of the youngsters and their families a lifelong appreciation for the art of ballet.

What ever happened to four of these budding ballerinas?

Laura Gaige Daniel, daughter of Asher & Eleanor Gaige, lives in Panama, is an environmental, health & safety consultant to the oil & mining industries.& with her husband, works a dairy farm. Teresa Furch Morikawa, daughter of Earl and Mary Furch, was a Court Reporter in Hawaii and is now a Beauty Consultant/Make-up Artist for M.A.C. Cosmetics in Houston, Texas. Kim Griffin, daughter of Frank & Esther Griffin, has accepted a fellowship at the University of Cantabria, Spain to create and direct a new Institute for Research in Spanish as a Second Language. Cheryl Haines, daughter of Roger and Sandra Haines not only owns the acclaimed Haines Art Gallery in CA which has a roster of world renown artists, but has set up a wilderness art colony in Nevada City, CA for out of state and foreign artists to gather.

Binghamton Twnshp Hist. Soc.
c/o Agnes Gabriel
1118 Conklin Rd.
Conklin, NY 13748

October



November



December



FIRST CLASS MAIL

MEMORIES FROM ONE OF THE ROUTE CARRIERS

(From an interview with Burt W. Cline on 6/25/80 by Theresa Washco)

“In about 1919 I worked for the Post Office delivering mail on RD2 up to Brackney PA. The Post Office paid me \$96 a month. I had to use my own horses (father’s and mine) and sold stamps and delivered parcels. In winter I would stay overnight with the horse and sleigh. The roads were seldom plowed in those days. I would deliver mail up to my house. Then I would stop and help out at home, then proceed with the rest of the mail deliveries. The mail route began at the Binghamton Cityline and ended at Brackney, PA. When the roads started getting bare

of snow, I would sometimes travel in the field with the horse and open sleigh. Sometimes I had to walk many miles beside the sleigh. It was very cold. We had to wear a facemask and heavy clothing. Selling stamps was very difficult. I had to get out of the sleigh often to service the mailboxes. The snowdrifts made traveling extremely difficult. Often times the sleigh would tip over and I’d have to pick up the scattered mail 3 or 4 times along the route. My fingers would be frozen and I’d have icicles hanging from my facemask by the end of my route.” *(And we worry about losing Saturday deliveries!)*



