

A Country Farm Boy Remembers - II



Bernard W. Potter

Our Family -- Easter 1967



Margaret Smith Potter

Wilburn Harold

Bernard W. Potter

Nancy

Joanne

Katherine C. Smith
Mother/Grandma

Patricia

Florence B. & Wilburn Herrick Potter
Dad & Mother/Grandma & Grandpa

Bernice

Truxton United Methodist Church

A Country Farm Boy Remembers - II

My self styled biographies of experiences of a lifetime seem to be "bursting at the seams". Since completing "A Country Farm Boy Remembers", many other reminiscences come floating around in my head. Some are purely random recollections of little interest to anyone but me. My "bank account" of memory deposits just keeps growing and growing – also the "interest rate" continues up and up. As these experiences cover a lifetime – they may seem like my obituary!

It seems that short stories are the easiest way for me to capture those memories. They are listed as "Chapters". Other than my first "Chapter" of Anniversary Photos, I have not attempted to place them in chronological order nor of any preconceived importance. Family and friends photos and messages are special memories to me. In this second book of my memories I have included many photos with captions. Each one has a special place in my heart and memory "bank".

I thank my family and friends who have helped make the contents of my two life experience books "mostly" factual! I continue to thank God for his many blessings to our family.

Bernard W. Potter
September 23, 2005

cover photos
front: Margaret and Bernard, April 2005
inside front: family, Easter 1967
inside back: family, Christmas 2003
back: Bernard, circa 1925

99/100

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Our Family -- June 11, 1994



photo: 6-11-94:

*George, Bill, Joyce, Brenda, Pat, Bernie, Margie, Joanne, Lee, Bernice, Nancy, Mark
Michelle & Chris Potter Erica, Adrienne, Alaina & Gregory Masler*

(Christmas message, 1994)

Our 1994 highlight was Celebrating 50 years of marriage. We are blessed with wonderful family and friends who either attended our party or sent remembrances. Our family's rendition of "Song of the Decades" was special.

Along with the usual—Brewster House, Historical Society, Church, Rotary, Cemetery, Cornell, Garden, Home, Florida we added 5 golden wedding parties and a trip west. We flew to Denver -- drove to South Dakota to visit son-in-law George Gull's parents, Albert and Irene. They took us to Custer Park and Mt. Rushmore -- no end to their hospitality. From there to Vail & Beaver Creek, CO. to visit niece and nephews Diane, Jim, Justin and Travis Potter - a great time! We were awed with the Rockies and the Aspens. The "homecoming" of our Venezuelan family, Ana, Jose, Jose Bernardo, Jose Raphael, and Ana Mercedes Colmenares, on sabbatical at Cornell and Ithaca schools, added to our joyful year.

We send our love and best wishes for a Healthy and a Happy 1995.

Margaret and Bernard



Anniversaries

The Anniversary pictures go right to the heart of our families recognition that marriage is forever. I can't say it in any other way. There are many hymns and songs which express Love in different ways – “Blest Be the Tie That Binds”, “Standing on the Promises”, Love's Old Sweet Song”, “I Love You Truly” are some expressing unfailing Love and set forever in song.

In my day, three Anniversaries closest to me are the Golden ones of Katherine and Rey Smith, Margaret's parents; Florence and Wilburn Potter, my parents; and Margaret's and mine.

I well realize the part that good health and fortune plays in reaching this marriage level – however I understand that 54% of marriages end in divorce. Whatever the figure, that number tells me that many couples who think they are in Love, have not made a commitment to live that Commitment. 'Nuff said.

The Love that Mother and Dad Smith showed for me and the Love that Dad and Mother Potter showed for Margaret, as the two of us became part of new families, more than sixty-one years ago had no bounds. Praise the Lord.

I ask those who read these words to consider the legacies that the Rey Smith and Wilburn Potter families have endowed the future generations of our family. With these thoughts in mind let's take a look at those afore mentioned.



*Sister and Brothers: Marian, Carleton, Bernard, Willard.
Margaret and Bernard's Silver Anniversary party, June 10, 1969*



*Florence and Wilburn H. Potter
Celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary, October 7th. 1964. A reception was held at the Truxton United Methodist Church. They were married October 7, 1914 at the Cortlandville farm home of William J. and Emma Bean, Florence's father and step-mother. Rev. Wilburn D. Potter, Wilburn's father, officiated. This Anniversary photo was taken on the lawn at the home of Margaret and Bernard Potter. Across the valley is Florence and Wilburn's home and farm, since 1920, on Cheningo Road.*



*Katherine and Rey Smith
Celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary October 14, 1962 at the Academy of the
Charlton Feehold Presbyterian Church. They were married October 16, 1912 in Ballston
Spa, at the home of Katherine's parents, George and Fanny Crawford.*



Erica helps Grandma & Grandpa cut the cake



Margaret and Bernard Potter Celebrated Their Golden Wedding Anniversary June 11, 1994. 200 Friends and relatives enjoyed a tent party and barbeque buffet at thier 6351 Prospect Terrace home in Truxton. Margaret and Bernard were married June 10, 1944 in Sage Chapel, Cornell University. Rev. Walter Dodds, pastor of the Presbyterian Church officiated.

Our Family -- June 11, 1994



photo: 6-11-94:

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Margaret and Bernard

Margaret and Bernard Potter 50 Anniversary Party – June 11, 1994

Song of the Decades

(Tune: Song of the Classes - a Cornell song)

1. Oh, please gather 'round while this story we tell,
'bout Margaret and Bernard, fine grads of Cornell. She
worked for extension, a farmer was he, Soon they fell in
love, and the rest's history.

Refrain: Oh....it's.....one, two, three, four, five; the
decades roll by. While Bernie and Margie walk on side
by side. Oh....it's....work hard, serve others, thank God,
and have fun. In the Potter tradition, in the town of
Truxton.

2. At - Sage Chapel they married, the chimes they did
ring. With high hopes they started their honeymoon
fling. Then - the car blew a hose, finally got it fixed
right, And they didn't sleep much 'cause the phone rang
all night. (Refrain)

3. Soon more than just heifers ran over the hill. At first
there was Patty, and then there was Bill. They - had
Nancy, Joanne and Bernice to include. It took fifteen
years, but they hatched the whole brood. (Refrain)

4. Oh, we are the children, they've raised and they've
taught: "No-dessert 'til you've finished," "Pick up like
you ought!" "Don't-go up empty handed," "Do the job
all the way," "Speak naught if you've nothing of value to
say."

(Hum line)

(Refrain)

5. Oh - we are the grandkids, there are six in all.
Michelle a teenager, Chris growing up tall. -Adrienne
ponders, Alaina has smiles, And Erica's four now, while
Greg'ry walks miles. (Refrain)

6. And - you are the family and friends that they know,
And like us you've all felt the love that they show. We're
glad you could share in this day, oh so fine. Now we'll
sing our chorus with you - one more time! (Refrain)

Song of the Decades....continued!

to Bernard and Margaret Potter on the occasion of their 60th Anniversary
June 10, 2004,– Fairbanks, Alaska

We...sing... praises aloud to you're an-ni-ver-sa-ry
It's hard to imagine it's number six-ty!
You're much healthier than most, we cheer with this toast,
With genes like our parents' we have lots to boast!

refrain: Oh...it's two, four and six; the decades roll by
While Bernie and Margie walk on side by side.
Oh...it's...hard work, serve others, thank God, and have fun.
In the Potter tradition, in the town of Truxton.

Well... we... try to keep up with your travels and such,
It's golf, giant pumpkins and volunteers' lunch!
You've traversed lots of miles all over the globe
And we think your smiles are more precious than gold!

refrain...

From Pat, Brenda, Bill, Joyce, Nancy, George, Jo and Lee,
Bernice, Mark and grandkids we'd all like to be
Here in Fairbanks, Alaska, to sing you this song,
But we lack the stamina to all tag along!

refrain...



Fairbanks Alaska- June 10, 2004

State Fair Memories and History

In April of 1841 the Executive Committee of the New York State Agricultural Society Resolved: "The State Agricultural Society hold its annual fair in Syracuse – September 29th and 30th next". The motion was made by Henry S. Randall of Cortland. The NYS Agricultural Society was organized in 1831 and its first president was James LaRay DeChaumont. The purpose of the Society was to assist farmers in proper husbandry with their crops and livestock. So the Society was really the beginning of what we know as Agricultural Extension and Research. Elkanah Watson was known as the "Father of Fairs" in New York State.

Because of travel problems in the early years, the location moved from city to city. Some being Albany, Rochester, Poughkeepsie, Elmira, Utica, New York City, Utica, Auburn, Saratoga Springs, Buffalo, and perhaps more. In 1890 Syracuse became the permanent home of the New York State Fair.

Shortly thereafter with the establishment of the State Department of Agriculture and Markets, the Fair became a division of that Department. The Director (manager) of the Fair became an employee of the state. The position was an appointment by the Governor – therefore it was considered political.

Harold L "Cap" Creal became Director of the Fair on May 27, 1950. "Cap" Creal was the epitome of Agricultural leadership in the state and at that time he was serving as Assemblyman from Cortland County. Gov. Thomas E. Dewey had become well acquainted with Cap, having visited his farm and home in Homer. On the Creal farm he saw some of the first calves born from cows bred by the new process of artificial insemination. Governor Dewey was also a close friend of Rev. Ralph Lankler of the First Presbyterian Church in Cortland. Rev. Lankler preached summers in Pawling, NY, Dewey's farm home. These visits and observations undoubtedly reinforced Dewey's admiration for Cap. The result was his appointment as State Fair Director.

The political process was again applied when Governor Averill Harriman, a Democrat, was elected. Cap was put "out to pasture" for one term. When Nelson A. Rockefeller was elected governor, Cap Creal was reappointed Director starting with the 1959 State Fair. Harold Creal, working under Commissioner Don J. Wickham, Deputy Commissioners Dan Dalrymple and John Stone managed the Fair through 1966--13 fairs under two governors.

Harold L. Creal and I were very close friends even though he was twenty five years my senior. He was my mentor, advisor, counselor, brother (college fraternity and Masonic). He took unusual interest in me and my family. He encouraged me in the public aspect of agriculture, in politics and in local government. Over the years he involved me in various campaigns known as Rural Citizens – i.e. Nixon-Lodge, Keating for U.S. Senator and in 1966 state chairman of Rural Citizens for Rockefeller and Wilson.

A AND M SUN

NEW YORK STATE

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE AND MARKETS

DON J. WICKHAM, Commissioner

10th Year, No. 11

Albany, New York

February 1967

Bernard Potter To Direct State Exposition



PROPHETIC PICTURE -- Taken five years ago this picture of Harold L. Creal, Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller and Bernard W. Potter, popped up in the files when we were looking for a photo of the new Director of the New York State Exposition.

(story on page 4)

Cap Creal never intimated that he would like me to succeed him when he retired. But after the fact it was easy to read his long term plan. He had planned on having me succeed him as Director of the fair. (for example: when I was an up and coming member of the Cortland County Board of Supervisors, there was to be an opening for State Senator from our then district. Some had asked me to consider running. I remember the evening as if it were yesterday – a cold wintry evening. Cap and I were walking toward Church St. from a meeting in the old Court Street YMCA. I asked him about my running for the Senate. Cap's answer "Oh, I don't know if you want to get into that, etc." It made me think it thru again and I passed on running.

Shortly thereafter came the 1966 State Fair and the reelection of Governor Rockefeller. Cap announced his retirement as Director and recommended me to Com. Don J. Wickham and Gov. Nelson Rockefeller. Creal, Com. Wickham and Ass't Com. Dalrymple had this all planned thru the vehicle of Rural Citizens of Rockefeller – but had never indicated to me.

The appointment was not automatic. There were others who sought the position, but none of them had the planning which was done for me. Early in the morning of January 16th, 1967, my long time friend Commissioner Don J. Wickham, a very jovial full of humor fellow, called me from Albany. He started, "Bernie, I can't tell you anything now, but I just thought I'd call and tell you that perhaps by 3-4 o'clock this afternoon I might have something to tell that might interest you!". My response, "Thank you, Don". Never a word about what might happen – just let me wonder and I asked no questions. By 4 o'clock that afternoon another call from Don Wickham, "Bernie, I am pleased to say that Governor Rockefeller has appointed you as Director of the State Fair". "Thank you Don, I'll do my best."

I must repeat, it all came as a result of the guidance of my dear friend Harold L. "Cap" Creal. Shortly after, I said to Cap, "I don't know if I can handle this job. I know I've had lots of agricultural experience, as well as political and community service, but I've never had the responsibility of managing a large staff." Cap only said, "Forget it, you have the stuff."

Cap Creal believed in me, there was no way that I would or could let him down. In my files, I treasure the notes of encouragement and praise which he wrote to me. As I said earlier, Cap and I were 25 years difference in age, yet we were like brothers.

On February 1, 1967 my job commenced. On that day there was a very informal "make your own sandwich" lunch upstairs in the Fair Administration Building. At that time Cap said his thanks and good byes to his force of about 30 full time staff. He introduced me to these people. All I can remember saying to them was, "I know you are looked upon as a family. I want to be part of the family as we work together to build on the best of what Cap Creal has accomplished." Cap disappeared and I was left with new faces, many who would become dear friends – even to this time.

As I became acquainted with them I could see the pride each one held for the State Fair. There was a mix of ethnic backgrounds – Italian and Polish, Irish and WASPS, and 2 Afro-Americans. I particularly recall, that first day, Dominick La Face. Dominick was a short, stocky fellow, perhaps 5 feet in height, in his 60's – very proud as the head gardener. He engaged me in conversation about his plans for the flower beds. When Dom talked he would be smiling and close his eyes as he was imagining where every little plant would go in the beds. He had kind of an unkempt nursery over in Lakeland – but his contributions to the fair were those of extreme pride.

There were several key persons in the fair operation. Ken Lindeman, a career employee of the Department of Ag and Markets was the Business Manager. Ken knew the fair forward and backward. He was also well acquainted with the leaders involved in state and county fairs across the country. Ken was a team player – he schooled me, counseled with me and always was open with me about the fair business. I was indeed fortunate to have Ken Lindeman as a partner. He and his wife, Rosalind, became Margaret's and my good friends.

Carlyle "Carl" Cleland was Building and Grounds Superintendent. He was in charge of the outside maintenance staff. Carl was known as the "warden". He had spent much of his state service at Dannemora State Correctional Facility in Plattsburg. He was also known as "Dr. no- no", as his first reaction to a new or different idea was "it shouldn't or couldn't be done". Then he would proceed to make it happen. We became friends along with his wife, Betty. They lived in a mobile home on the fairgrounds – which in some ways was not good. I will tell of an experience.

The Fair was being used more and more as a year around facility and on this particular weekend the race track had been rented to a "Thunderbird Team" for some auto races and exhibitions. At it turned out the track became very wet from rains. Carl in his attempt to be father and mother of the fairgrounds told the promoter that he couldn't proceed with the program. I don't know all of the words that were said but I do know that the promoter called me at home and appraised me of the incident, "if that xzyq so and so Superintendent of yours shows up (for the rain date) there may be a hospital case." I called Carl and suggested that he and Betty go for a ride the next afternoon and enjoy themselves.

Monday morning when I came in the office – my first caller was Carl, my friend. This big, tough man sat down in the chair by my desk and broke into tears. He said he was sorry for making this incident so big that it had caused me a problem. I reassured Carl that I understood his concern for the fairgrounds and the track and I knew he was only doing what he thought was appropriate. This incident showed me very positively the big heart inside of this fine man with a hard outside – he was also a brother Mason.

Emily Purvis, my secretary, was my right arm, confidant, dear friend and talented beyond words. Emily called herself a “squarehead” – she was Norwegian. She grew up in New York City, trained as a legal stenographer and worked for a top corporate firm in the city. Later she and her husband Bert – who was on the road as a manufacturer’s rep for sports equipment – moved to Syracuse. Emily took a job with the College of Forestry and later came to the State Fair as Cap Creal’s secretary. Emily was fifteen years my senior. She loved roses, flower gardens, ice skating and her family. Emily was my ears and eyes for a lot of things that sifted in and out of the office. She made my job easier – often listening to me as I wrestled with some of the problems.

Early on in my tenure Emily suggested that I come up to the 10:00 AM coffee break. The office staff always got together at that time. Now on the farm I never got involved in that kind of frivolous activity – so I declined. Emily did bring me a cup of coffee as I continued to work at my desk. After several months I told Emily that I would join the group – guess I was weakening to those time wasting ideas. That decision was very, very helpful in knowing my staff. I learned of their frustrations and anxieties at home, in their lives as well as their happy experiences and as a result the fair family became complete.

When Emily retired, the Fair held a grand dinner party for her in the Art and Home Center. In this memory collection I show a photo of her in the office, one at her party and a copy of a letter she wrote to Margaret and me after her retirement. Emily was a special person and friend.

Helen Bull Vandervort was the Director of the Art and Home Center. She had the responsibility for all the Crafts, seniors, women’s, food demonstration kitchen, clothing and more. It was an appointed position, same as Fair Director. Her background included service to Cooperative Extension, graduate of Cornell’s College of Home Economics, active in local, state and national humanitarian causes and the Republican party. Helen and I became close partners in the program of the Art and Home Center. We modernized its kitchen, dining facilities, and heating as this was the center for fair luncheons, dinners, trade shows and many small groups including the newly established Empire State Theater and Musical Instrument Museum. Esther Twentyman, my future sister-in-law, followed Helen as Director of the Art and Home Center.

As the Fair is a state facility, any construction must be monitored by a representative of the Office of General Services. We were fortunate to have a full time “clerk of the works” assigned to the fair in the person of Clark Flint. He was a strong advocate for the Fair and is included as a member of the Fair family.

The full time staff of about 30 was supplemented by over 200 in the summer and during the fair itself there were over 1200 persons who received some paid service for the Fair. Beyond that there were many, many, volunteers.

The N. Y. State Fair is a member of the Association of International Fairs and Expositions. Some of our staff always attended its annual convention. The opportunity to share ideas with other fairs was rewarding as shown in new programs adopted for our State Fair. The convention first was held in Chicago – later In Las Vegas. Some major fairs we visited were the Royal Winter Fair in Toronto, Eastern States Expo in Springfield, Ma; Minnesota State Fair St. Paul; in Pa. – the York Fair, and the Harrisburg Farm Show. Great experiences!

At the 1973 Fair, Com. Frank Walkley asked me to become a Deputy Com. of Agriculture and Markets in Albany. After my resignation, editorials said we did a great job – even asked us to continue. Cap Creal and I left a solid foundation for future fairs – we are proud of that legacy.

In all of this my dear wife Margaret was my partner, listener and supporter. Margaret went with me to some of the conventions and fairs. She was admired by all who met her. One Syracuse newspaper article headline read, *"He Runs the Fair – She Runs the Farm – The Potter Management Team"*. Margaret carried the family and farm responsibilities – then added the partnership with me in the Fair. I am so blessed and grateful beyond words for my Margaret.



Emily and BWP at work

February 27, 1973

Dear Margaret and Bernie:

One of the privileges I now can enjoy is getting to call you "Bernie".

As I sit here exercising my retirement option, I am reminded again of how much I am going to miss my association with you both. I don't know of two finer people who try to live more by the Golden Rule than you folks do.

I was just mentioning to Vivian yesterday that it is only since you folks came to the Fair that the employees have come to know one another better. It is missionary work of the highest order but only a Solomon could solve all the problems that confront you, Bernie, day by day. I think the only solution would be for you to get yourself one of those little beaners and make like a Solomon when the going gets rough.

Here I go rambling on and forget to mention what is uppermost in my mind. How I can ever thank you both enough for all you did to make my retirement party such a memorable occasion. I surprised my friends and even myself by now breaking down. I confess I did a little praying beforehand and asked God's help.

That orange luggage will certainly add a bright note to my travels and I'm sure to spot mine right off when they unload. As for that lovely bag you gave me, it will go perfectly with my Sunday best and will always remind me of your generosity.

I hope that you both will get out on the links come spring and do justice to those new clubs. Although I won't get to playing golf with you folks, I will be thinking of you when the trillium and other wildflowers come up in the spring. After all some of them did come from Potters' acres. God willing, and my joints and the weather cooperating, I should have a beautiful garden this year and I hope you both can drop over this way when things are in bloom.

Again, my everlasting gratitude, and a happy and prosperous future to you and yours.

Affectionately,

Emily



*Emily Purvis upon her Retirement 2-14-73
Mrs. Flint BWP Ed Keane Bert Purvis*

The Mighty Wurlitzer

This letter, written to the President of the Empire Theater Musical Instruments Museum at the State Fair briefly relates a bit of its establishment. BWP 2-10-2003

May 2, 2002

Dear Mrs. Myrick,

Let me introduce myself. I was Director of the New York State Fair from 1967 to 1973. This being the era when the Mighty Wurlitzer came to the Art and Home Center – formerly the Women's Building.

When I arrived on the scene somewhere about February 1, 1967 the organ laid on the floor of the auditorium in hundreds of pieces – waiting to be renewed and reassembled by an eager group of volunteers who loved musical instruments.

The enclosed is historical data which was sent some years ago to me by Ed Patrick. I believe it should be in the hands of the ESTMIM officers and a complete copy handed to Peter Cappuccilli, now Fair Director.

Most of it is self explanatory, however if you have any questions I will try to answer them. Many of the original group are now “under the sod” – I’m lucky to be still up and at ‘em. My interest in the Musical Museum has never waned. I am proud of its being where it is and I’m happy that the volunteers of today are building on the organ’s history. You are to be heartily thanked.

The “Restoration Team” as noted on item #6 really did the brute work to make this possible. They were dedicated and each one should be given roses. I knew most of them.

So I entrust you with the enclosed records and know that you will see that they reside in the proper place. There may be other documents some place but I am not aware of such. Enclosed is a small contribution to help keep the organ “Notes a Comin”.

Sincerely yours,
Bernard W. Potter
State Fair Director, 1967-73

Tragedy on the Fairgrounds

I have never been a fan of auto racing. When I came to the Fair I was worried that a tragic accident might happen on the race track. There was one bad one on the second turn of the race track. My memory does not tell me if it ended in a fatality. Whatever, I resigned myself that the participants of races knew the chances they were taking. The following experience has no rationalization for me.

A small boy broke away from his family's hand, ran under a garbage truck and was killed. This was a traumatic experience for me. The family had come from the Rochester area to enjoy a pleasant outing at the fair and tragedy struck. It was late afternoon, the truck was moving slowly when this happened.

I remained in my office after others had left the administration building. I pondered over this tragic unnecessary loss. Shortly, State Police Sergeant Fred Fessinger, the acting head of the State Police on the grounds, and his superior Major Robert Charland came to my office.

Fred, a good friend, said, "Bernie it's over, you can't change it, it's sad but it's over. Come on with us and let's think about something different." The two State Policemen took me in their squad car to the State Police helicopter. We took off as the sun was setting. We toured over Onondaga Lake and the city of Syracuse as lights were coming on all over the town. I can't remember how long we were up in the chopper – probably a half hour or more. Gradually I could relax.

The warmth and friendship of these two gentlemen as they took me by the hand, helped me over this tragic accident, refocus on a positive side and look forward to a brighter tomorrow.

John Burke

The Industrial Exhibit Authority is a legal unit established to help the State Fair in certain financial matters. For example, if a capital improvement was urgently needed, but not funded by the Legislature, the Authority had the power to seek alternative ways to secure the requested improvement. Authorities were used in many ways in the State of New York. Sometimes not in the "public's" best interests.

There were certain criteria for membership on an Authority. In our instance the State Budget Department was represented by a Mr. John Burke. Mr. Burke believed he and only he had the wisdom for financial matters coming before our Authority.

At this particular meeting of the Authority there some lengthy discussion about a financial problem. Whatever the issue was is not important for this memory. At an opportune time I added my thoughts to the discussion and some how I said that I was just a farmer and had not much experience,-- but I believed this might be the direction we should follow which was different than that of the "sage" from the Office of the Budget.

Without any hesitation Mr. Burke responded, "Don't give me any of that Country Boy routine -- etc." My fantastic secretary Emily, who by training was a legal stenographer, always took down every word that was spoken. John Burke's "don't give me any of that Country boy routine" appeared in the minutes.

At our next meeting, Mr. Burke would not vote to approve the minutes until his comment "don't give me any of that country boy routine", was scratched. His wish was granted but not until many of us had a good laugh. Mr. Burke was a little more careful with this "Country Boy" in future meetings!

Fair Entertainers

One of the traditions that made the State Fair so popular was the free entertainment by some of the best talent in our land. Empire Court was the location. With the beautiful flowers on the bank in front of the bandstand and the Sugar and Norway maples in the grassed lawns it made a peaceful relaxing spot to sit and listen – all for free as part of the admission ticket.

Ward Beam from Goshen, N. Y. sought out the acts for our shows. He had been in this business for many years and had a feel for what the fair visitor wanted to see and hear. He also had to do it within a reasonable budget. What is “reasonable” sometimes depended upon the popularity rating the performer held. For example, Sonny and Cher were at their high point and commanded the top dollar of, as I recall, \$35,000 for 2 performances a day for 2 days. We signed them and until a few years ago we had the highest attendance for a day – 115,000 people on the grounds.

The New York State Fair is a mix of many attractions all blended around the agricultural theme. Probably the one attraction that gets the most publicity is this card of entertainers. We often said, “The entertainment brings the public to the Fair so they can really see the vast variety of educational activities on the grounds”. Today the special entertainers are reserved for a paid grandstand ticket. However there is continual free entertainment in the Court at the Main entrance.

During my seven years as Director we had some of the best talent of those times. Without any question, Sonny and Cher attracted the most people through the turnstiles. However, without any question they were the most difficult pair of professionals which we had to do business with. Enough said.

Victor Borge, as you might expect, was a riot. His act on the Empire Court stage followed a young elephant act. It seems as the elephant had not been well “potty” trained and had left his trademark on the stage just before Borge’s entrance. You can imagine the impromptu remarks, by this comic, as his show went on!

Jim Nabers—(Gomer Pyle) was a fun guy and great to work with. After his evening show, he and I jumped on the wagon of a six horse hitch as it was entering the Coliseum – the crowd just loved him – This Man of La LaMacha. He liked the Fair so much that he came back the next morning and ate pancakes at one of the concessions. He gave me his telephone in L.A. and invited me to stop in if in California. Soon after, I was in L.A. but he was in Miami and that was the end of that.

At different times we had entertainers from the “Hee-Haw” show. Archie Campbell, Grandpa Jones and Charlie Pride were three that I quickly remember—Charlie Pride and Grandpa were staying at the Farrell Road Holiday Inn. One evening Charlie sang song after song for the Inn patrons, at the bar. I went to bed while he was still entertaining. That’s what you call free entertainment. Also from Hee Haw were — Boots Randolph, and his saxophone and guitarist Chet Atkins

The Lennon Sisters were popular at that time. I have a lovely picture taken with them in their dressing room at Empire Court! Liberace in all his finery gave great piano performances in Empire Court.

Of course the Lawrence Welk performers were riding high in those days. I'll have to tell you my experience with piano player Joann Castle. Joann, as you may remember, is a very large lady – perhaps six feet and er ahah – nicely proportioned. Our director and contractor of entertainment, Ward Beam, wanted me to meet her. This being my first fair in 1967, I was excited to meet this artist. At the introducing I reached out to shake hands – to my astonishment she stretched out both arms placed them under my armpits and picked me off the stage floor. Fun time!

Many of you may remember Harold Ousby, owner of McGraw Box. He and his wife Rhea became my Superintendents of the State Fair Horse show. Through their energies we procured the Royal Canadian Mounted Musical Ride for performances in the Coliseum. The Coliseum was jammed, at every performance, to watch the extraordinary riding exhibition – I think 24 horses in drill step like a Virginia Reel. Beautiful. They were here 2 different years.

Happy Louie and his Polka Band, from Connecticut gave us wonderful music. Festus (Ken Curtis), from Gunsmoke was great. Also George Gobel.

I will wrap this up with two special experiences that will remain forever in my memory. First, Anita Bryant the “orange juice” gal. She was singing in Empire Court this day. Gov. Rockefeller was due earlier but had been held up so the programmers started Anita's show. The Governor arrived and as you might expect, his people took over. They brought the Governor to the stage in the middle of her performance and introduced him. Anita glowered at them. The Governor sized up the situation and said, “I am happy to be here today and I have something I want to say to you, – but right now I want to hear the rest of Anita.” Rocky walked off the stage. He and I went out front of the stage to hear the “rest of Anita” – and was she happy of the courtesy of the Governor.

That story doesn't end there. Rockefeller sat down on the grass with his legs crossed. I squatted down and rested on the calves of my legs. Rocky looked at me and said “Bernie, where'd you learn that. ”, I answered, “I guess it was milking cows”. Rocky's reply, “Gosh it would kill me”! I mention this just to say that here was a billionaire, a Governor who was also as common and as often said “pulls his pants on one leg at a time just like the rest of us.” What an experience to be on a first name basis with a fine gentleman, Gov. Nelson A. Rockefeller.

Finally, I want to tell you about my all time favorite entertainers. Can you guess who? – Roy Rogers and Dale Evans. My experience with Dale started before the Fair – perhaps in July. We had them under contract to appear for two performances on two days – one of them being a Sunday.

Traditionally on Sunday we had a religious program, “The State Fair Pauses Before God”. We rotated faiths – Jewish, Catholic and Protestant. In July the scheduled faith was unable to provide a clergyman. We were sweating it out. My ever thinking secretary, Emily Purvis, suggested that we ask Dale Evans. Capital idea. I made a call to Apple Valley- – talked with her manager, told him of our predicament and made the request of Dale Evans to be our speaker. He assured me that he would return my call with an answer as soon as he could reach Dale. I figured a few days might be soon. Not so – within the hour, he called back and assured us that Dale would be delighted to speak and there would be no contract or extra fee to us. We were on cloud nine.

The Fair came, I suggested to Ken Lindeman, my Business Manager, that we should do something special for Roy and Dale and the Sons of the Pioneers. We invited them to dinner at the Cavalry Club in Manlius. Margaret and I arrived shortly after Roy and his group. To my astonishment here was Roy on his knees in the grass outside of the Club. We introduced and I asked, “Roy, what are you doing on your knees?” His answer, “I’m looking for a 4 leaf clover. Wherever I go, I’ve always been able to find one.” Soon, there were several of us on our knees looking for 4 leaf clovers!

Their musical performances at the fair were exceptional and appreciated. However, for me, “State Fair Pauses Before God”, was the highlight. There was a choir of over 100 singers from Central NY churches and temples. It was a hot, hot humid day – close to 100 degrees. Thousands of fairgoers were in Empire Court. “A Mighty Fortress is Our God” was the Hymn. To stand by Dale Evans as she sang, with all her volume and quality, that wonderful hymn was a thrill that will never, no never, leave my memory.

8-97 bwp for Cortland Rotary

Cocktail Parties

Occasionally I find myself thinking about embarrassing moments among my experiences. This was 1967, my first State Fair. The event was the annual cocktail party held in the dining room of the Art and Home Center, for State Legislators and their guests.

My negative allergy to this kind of an affair is deep rooted. However, being my first year as Fair Director I decided that the experience might be educational for me. That was an under statement to say the least! The location of the party was where fairgoers might look in and see the antics of their elected, or those in charge, so to speak. On this particular day, late in the afternoon, the affair was under motion. I planned to attend somewhat later. A message came to me in my office that an unfortunate experience had occurred at the "party".

The story goes that one Assemblyman Mason (Republican) arrived early and had probably consumed more than his share of the alcoholic treats. One of the visitors at the Fair that day was Robert Kennedy, who was campaigning for United States Senator. When Bobby Kennedy entered the party it is alleged that the afore mentioned Assemblyman uttered, in a rather loud manner, "Throw the s...o..b... out". The Assemblyman was duly escorted from the party.

No apologies could undo the damage. I made up my mind that there would never be, under my administration, another official party held on the fair grounds, where hard liquor was served. The next year, 1968, we had wine punch and nonalcoholic appetizers, which brings our story to that Fair.

At this party I decided it was in my best interests to be present from the beginning. Mr. and Mrs. Bill Giddings were horticulturists from Baldwinsville. Bill was a member of the State Fair Advisory Board and formerly President of the New York State Agricultural Society. He was very helpful as a Fair advisor. At my arrival, Mrs. Giddings came directly to me and asked, "Where's the booze?". My just as direct answer, "There isn't any". Her response to me, "Well, Honey, if I'd known this I'd have had a snort before I came!!"

Cocktail parties at the New York State Fair were never missed after that one embarrassing experience.

Carnivals at the Fair

Looking back to the Fairs of 1967-1973, I continue to be more appreciative of the diverse opportunities which came to me because of being Director. Today I am thinking of the carnivals at our great State Fair which was held annually in Syracuse – or to be specific, in Lakeland, Town of Geddes, county of Onondaga, New York State. I perhaps dwell on this too much, however it still seems unreal that a country farm boy like me could ever think of overseeing a carnival at one of the largest fairs in our land.

When I came to the Fair in 1967 I soon learned that there were two carnivals to deal with. It was an education! E. James Strates and the Strates Shows was the large one. Tony Santillo the lesser. Strates Shows set up in the traditional location to the west of the coliseum, sheep and swine barns. Santillo on the east and north of the grandstand.

The Strates Shows were managed by E. James Strates, Jr. who had assumed the CEO after his father's death. Jimmy, an ex-marine, was a brash young Greek in his thirties at the time. From what I could learn, some of his decisions relating to the fair were not appreciated by Mr. Creal or business manager Ken Lindeman. The result was the contracting with Santillo to balance the carnival business. Santillo's headquarters was in Pittsford, New York. Strates, in Pine Castle, Fl., next door to Orlando. The Strates family were natives of Big Flats, N.Y in Chemung County.

Strates and Santillo were contributors to the state Republican party. It's no secret – supporters were often rewarded. I'm also just as sure that when Democrats are in Albany contributions are directed their way. It is not illegal or unethical, it's just plain good business.

During my early years at the Fair, contracts were continued with both carnivals. The Fair receives a percentage of the carnival receipts. Gradually Strates upped the percentage which they would pay – Santillo could not meet. As a result we discontinued Santillo's rides. He continued to have several food concessions. My relations with both of these gentlemen was just great. I no longer have contacts with the Santillo family. Jimmy Strates and I continue as friends.

Perhaps a few lines about Strates and the carnival business will make interesting reading. For background, Strates sister was the wife of Lee Alexander, former Mayor of Syracuse, whose career was not exactly illustrious. It would be an understatement to state that Lee was not Jimmy's favorite brother-in-law! – nuff said.

As a farmer and agriculturist it would seem imperative that I should always side with my farm friends. One time my shepherd friends came to the office complaining about the proximity of the Carnival to the sheep barn. I went over to the barn to survey the problem. The shepherds believed that carnival workers would steal from them. At that point we had a frank discussion. My message to the shepherds was that perhaps those in the carnival had a vocation one hundred eighty degrees different

from theirs, yet their goals for life were no different. There may be bad carnival workers and there may be bad shepherds. As a whole each was no different from the other. The shepherds listened – we had no further complaints.



*Bernie Jimmy
Syracuse 2003*



*Margaret Jimmy Bernie
Orlando 1988*

Some State Fair “Firsts” In My Tenure!

1. The Bell Rocket Pack – Flew over the gate to open the Fair
 2. Jimmy Strates and Tony Santillo – getting to know the carnival business
 3. Superintendents – many from Cornell – what a wonderful gang
 4. Selling the fair, P R firms – -Doug Johnson and Don Nowak
 5. Mike Dempsey – #1. Syracuse citizen and sign painter without peer
 6. Building the Beef Cattle exhibit barn
 7. Constructing the long needed grandstand
 8. Finding spot for amateur Talent shows – Charles Riley Sr., Sup’t.
 9. Demonstrations in Veterinary Surgery – Drs. Bob Feece & Morrow
 10. Butter Sculpturing and the cooler system – Prof Clements from Canada
 11. Accessibility for the handicapped
 12. Horse Shoe pitching pits and blue clay – 1974 tournament
 13. The Royal Canadian Mounted Musical Ride – Harold Ousby
 14. Expanding the Indian Village (Native American) – Dr. Walter Long, Auburn
 15. Expanding the Microd Races and track – Greg Miller
 16. Modern Milking facilities – Agway-Ron Goddard and Walt Butcher
 17. Keith’s Wurlitzer Theater Organ and Musical Museum – Charlie Schubert, Paul Fleming
 18. Railroad Exhibition – Dick Kowal
 19. The Fred H. Zautner wool exhibit and building
 20. State Police barracks to motel – Major Bob Charland, First Sgt. Fred Fessinger, Major Ray Rasmussen
 21. Major facility rebuilding program including sewer system.
 22. Change auto and motorcycle racing program-to Glen Donnelly from Ira Vail
 23. State Parks exhibit – Sam Perry, administrator
 24. Center of Progress, year round exhibit building – Bill Hartman
 25. Unions – Greater Syracuse Labor Council – Nick Ferrante, Walter Butler
 26. A complete Hall of Health building
 27. Dedication of Horse Show Arena – Harold and Rhea Ousby
 28. Installing new ice making equipment in horse arena.
 29. Visits of Govs. Rockefeller and Wilson
 30. Art and Home Center – new china – Helen Vandervort, Superintendent and much more!
- Portions of a talk to the Rotary Club of Cortland, N.Y August 2001 by State Fair Director (1967-1973) Bernard W. Potter.*

Fairs Over the Years – Wrap Up!

My early interest in fairs was as a participant. Through 4-H Club work I exhibited at the old Cortland County Fair in the 1930s. For the new arrival in Cortland, the Fairgrounds extended along Homer Avenue – from Wheeler Avenue nearly to the present road to the Junior Fairgrounds. The buildings came practically out to Homer Avenue. John Greenman and A.J. Sears were early County Fair Presidents – Harry B. Tanner was the longtime Secretary. I believe he was the forerunner of Tanner-Ibbotsen Insurance.

I exhibited Ayrshire Heifers, White Leghorn Pullets, vegetables and crafts. The best of these were exhibited at the New York State Fair. At the State Fair, I was at one time a delegate from Cortland County. One year I showed Guernsey cattle for Mr. Leon Randall of LeClarin Farms on the East River Rd. Leon Randall was secretary of the Cortland Standard for many years. My mother, Florence B. Potter, served on the Women's Advisory Committee of the State Fair back in the days of Gov. Thomas E. Dewey. Margaret, my wife, judged in the Foods competition, at the Art and Home Center, for many years. My early interest in fairs was in competitions, not management.

In addition to State Fair Director, Harold L. Creal, a number of Cortland County people have been involved in the State Fair over the years. I list those I remember: – Florence Potter, Helen Burdick, Harold and Rhea Ousby, Esther Twentymen, Lyle Keller, Ivan Kingsley, Jean Weddle, Chet Smith, Paul McLaughlin, Allen Christopher, Bob Blatchley, Tom Dumas, Joe Taylor, Margaret Potter, Ralph Higley, Dave Fales, Syd McEvoy.

Each year when August rolls around, my mind goes back in time to the exciting experiences which I received as Director (Manager) of seven New York State Fairs. It hardly seems possible that my first Fair was 38 years ago. Please forgive me for a lack of modesty in this discussion. My fairs 1967-73 were very personal and a treasured experiences for me. I have been excited to “dust off” some of those “inside” events and relationships – in these few pages.

As my tenure came to an end in December 1973, friends held a “Retirement” party for me in January 1974 at the LeMoyne Manor. We thanked them for giving me the opportunity to be, for seven years, leader of the Great New York State Fair.

See you at the Fair!!



Margaret Bernice Bernie Native American Princess
Bernie made a "Blood Brother"



1971
Dale Evans and Roy Rogers - Margaret and Bernie



Family at BWP Retirement -- February 1, 1974
Willard and Jane, Bernice, Margaret and Bernie, Pat, Bill, Marion and Carl, Gil



*Harold L. "Cap" Creal - Director NYS Fair
1949-1954, 1959-1966*

*Bernard W. Potter- Director NYS Fair
1967-1973*

*Edmund J. Keane- Chairman NYS Fair Advisory Board
"Forever!!"
Acting Director NYS Fair--1974*

*Don J. Wickham Commissioner of Agriculture and Markets
1959-1972*

Bernie Potter- "Don -- My Boss-- My Friend"





Margaret and friends prepare for a food demonstration at the Art and Home Center, New York State Fair, 1950s



Margaret and Bernice Henry Fitchett judge "Ginger Bread Houses" at the Fair (early 1960s)



*Fred H. Zautner Wool Exhibit--1974
 Dick Terrell--Wool Queen--BWP shearing,
 Keith Johnson & Norm Rothchild, co-Fair Directors--Com. Frank Walkley
 Fred Zautner was inspiration for State Fair Wool Show.
 Fred: Dad to Jane & Willard--Grandpa to Bruce, Scott & Dan Potter*



Bernie and Margaret, Sen. Tarky Lombardi N.Y.S. Senate exhibit at State Fair--1967

Prospect Terrace – -A Dream Came True

Years ago Bob Doubleday was known by all the rural farmers in Central New York as the “Speakin’ Deacon”. He broadcasted every weekday morning at 5am over WSYR radio Syracuse. One of his favorite lines was, “Yuh know as I was comin’ down city this mornin’ I got tuh thinkin’ – etc”.

Well, this particular morning, I “got to thinking” as I was using neighbor Mike Seelye’s snow blower to clean our driveway from the new fallen 6” of snow on the 7th day of January 2002. The plan had been for Margaret and me to be arriving in sunny Florida on that day.

Those plans changed in an instant when Margaret became faint and was taken to the Emergency room at Cortland Memorial Hospital, Sunday morning the 30th of December. Later that day a pacemaker was inserted. It immediately gave Margaret’s dear heart a boost with a rhythm which had been lacking for some time. So the travel dates were slightly adjusted. The great news was that she is better than ever.

Well, back to the “I got to thinking”. Mike and Joyce, our next door neighbors brought over a beautiful basket of fruit and wished Margaret well. Mike asked, “Bernie would you like to use my snow blower”? He had offered it before but I never took him up on it. This time I accepted. He showed me the controls and left for his work as a New York State Policeman.

This neighborly gesture “set me to remembering” as I was blowing the beautiful snow. Remembering the great neighbors and friends we have in this world and especially, in this instance, right here at Prospect Terrace and Prospect Street in country Truxton. This also “got me to thinking” about the evolution of Prospect Terrace from a six+ acre piece of farmland to eight modest homes occupied by the hearts and souls of these fine neighbors. Here is the story.

I had dreamed of making this happen. Of course I had already plenty to do with a wonderful wife and family and the farm. My Dad was always an idea guy. I thought to myself, “maybe it’s my time”.

I was elected Town Supervisor in the fall of 1959. With this position those dreams became even stronger as I saw our community from the governmental aspect. Where would be an ideal site to start a development? The perfect spot for a small development was possibly available.

The Alice Atkinson property on Prospect Street, originally known as Maiden Lane, was in her estate. She and her granddaughter Karleen Ryan had lived in one side of the house. Her daughter Frances Atkinson Ackerman lived on the other side with husband George and their family. Previously the site had been considered for our new school, also for the new Methodist church.

There was a hitch. The estate's attorney was Hon. C. Leonard O'Conner, a former Supreme Court Justice and Truxton native. Justice O'Conner, one fine gentleman, was notoriously slow in doing his legal work. The estate had been hanging for a number of years. I made up my mind to visit Mr. O'Conner and throw out my ideas for bringing Truxton up to what was happening all around us. I offered to buy the Atkinson property. Would he give me a price?

After visiting with Justice O'Conner several times he agreed to place a price for the property. On November 27, 1961 we executed the agreement for my purchase of the Atkinson property in the amount of \$8,500 plus costs. I gave him a check for \$1,000 as down payment. On December 15, 1961 I paid him the balance due, \$7540.01. Margaret and I were now in the real estate business!

In 1964, we sold the house to Lenford "Jake" Williams, the G.L.F. (Agway) manager in Truxton. After a short period Jake purchased a house in Cuyler. He sold the Atkinson house to George and Mary Horstman. The Horstmans could not keep up their payments to the Farmers Home Administration. Margaret and I paid off the mortgage, the Horstmans moved out and we owned the house again. I thought it might be renovated, but after much study we decided to tear it down and sell the lot. The dream of a subdivision was still very much present.

In June of 1964 we met with the Truxton Town Board and told them of our plans. Hearing no dissension we contracted with Hall and Stearns to make a street from Prospect Street through the property to the north boundary. We hired Walt Tennant and F. Donald McKee to do a survey and divide the property. We decided to name this new subdivision, "Prospect Terrace". Its cul-de-sac road joined Prospect Street. On April 25, 1965 I received a map from the County Clerk's Office for the approved subdivision map of Prospect Terrace. The subdivision was divided into eight parcels of approximately one-half acre each. Truxton had its first approved subdivision eight years after my initial dream. It wasn't until November 1973 that the town board of Truxton received and accepted my deed for the highway thru the Prospect Terrace tract. Nearly 12 years had passed since our purchase, now we could follow our "dream".

In the meantime I had sold the small lot between the Atkinson house and Harry & Rena Reakes to the Reakes. This was not large enough for a building lot however it helped the Reakes have additional "elbow room" on their west side. I had sold the other lot fronting on Prospect Street to Darrel Reakes. Later Darrel sold that lot to Bob O'Donnell, as he had purchased the Parker farm on Route 13.

George Sherman Sr, builder, purchased the first lot in Prospect Terrace for speculation. Then he bought two more. John and Gloria Perry purchased a lot, also Bill and Laurel Bearup. Fran and Stan Bushaw wanted the lot where the original house once stood. Later, Wade Sprouse purchased one. We were now down to two lots, side by side.

The houses are all well constructed middle price structures. Margaret and I are most fortunate to live near neighbors who are such wonderful folks. Bob and Carole Henry own the house Wade Sprouse built. Bob and Mary Ann Gotie own the first house Sherman built. Nancy and George Sherman Jr. sold their house, built by his dad, to the Development for Disabled. Mike and Joyce Seelye purchased the Roy and Doris VanWagener home also built by Sherman, Sr.

In 1989 daughter Bernice and husband Mark decided to leave dairy farming on our home farm. Margaret and I were too old to resume farming so we decided to sell the farm and build a new home. The two lots on Prospect Terrace were ideal – side by side, upland, great neighbors and in our home town. We built our ranch style home on one of the lots, keeping the other for lawn and openness. Our builder, Horst Fuerherm, was a perfectionist. We couldn't be happier. We moved from a classic farm home, built in 1816, where we lived for 47 years to this modern home, convenient for our needs as we grow older.

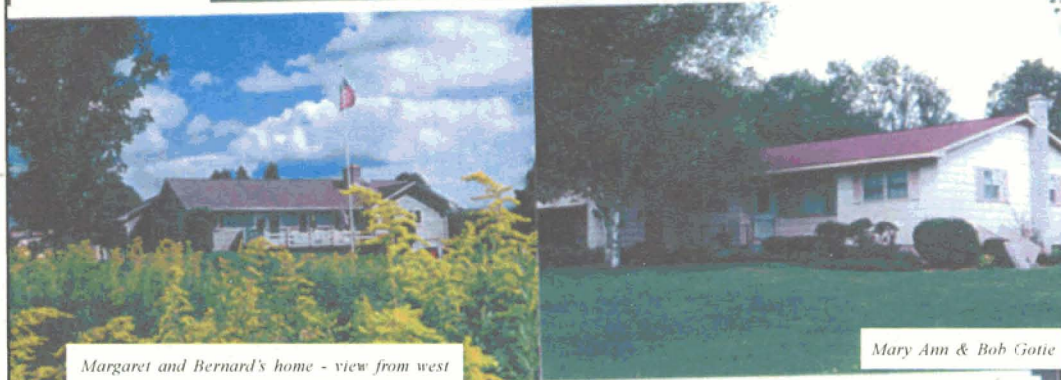
Our dream for a developing Truxton through a fine middle class subdivision has been realized. Prospect Terrace is alive and well. It is time to dream again!

bwp

11-22-03



*A Beautiful Frosty Morning at
6351 Prospect Terrace -- October 22, 2002*



Prospect Terrace--Spetember 2005

A Bit of Politics

Often times I am asked how did I ever get started with politics. The answer is very simple. As a small boy, community was discussed freely at our round cornered dining room table. My parents, Florence and Wilburn, believed that if one lived in a community one should be involved in making it the best place possible. The umbrella of our community covered church, school, farm and home organizations, family activities and government.

Neither of my parents held public office. However, Mother "served" for many years on the town of Truxton Election Board. This entailed the counting of the paper ballots on election night. Mother would not get home until the wee hours of the next morning. She knew first hand who won and who lost. The results were always discussed around that dining room table at breakfast time. Rural people were predominantly Republicans as were Dad and Mother. I believe it was from this excitement that I caught the "political bug".

In the early fifties a visitor called on Margaret and me one evening. Fred C. Applegate the local barber, who was also town Justice of the Peace, was that visitor whom we welcomed. He invited me to be a candidate for Assessor, on the Republican line, in the fall election. It seemed like a good idea so I said "Yes".

My background included a Farm Appraisal course and a family who had made several real estate transactions. Probably I had as much background as any other person in town except I was young – thirtyish. I didn't give it a thought that a Town Assessor was a controversial person as all taxes are paid on real property valuations.

There were three elected assessors. I believe one was elected for four years and the other two for two. One of the three was Lafayette Gilbert. "Layfee" as he was known about town was Democrat as well as being much older. He always wore a well worn black suit and a black derby. He was a farmer of sorts on the Town Line road between Truxton and Homer. His two fine children, Leslie and Marian, came to Truxton for high school at the same time as I.

"Layfee" was a master of old time grassroots politicking. He would walk the town roads of Truxton, handing out candy bars to each household. On election day he would stand outside the polling place, tip his derby, and shake each person's hand as they entered to vote. Today that is not permitted. He always received more votes than his Republican opponent. He was a fine person.

In the assessor's race I don't remember my opponent but I was elected for a two year term. My political career had begun – so I thought! Two years later, my friend Joe Maher and one of my former ag students ran against me. He beat me by about ten votes – so my political career seemed finished!!

Lee Secor, a fine older gentleman, was the third assessor at that time. Shortly after the election in which I lost, Mr. Secor died. The Truxton town board appointed me to take his place. So "Layfee", Joe and myself were the assessors. Joe's mother, Agnes Sheehan Maher, kept the assessors books in a meticulous manner. She was a wonderful neighbor, friend and the mother of twelve children. As I recall, I was assessor for seven years. I enjoyed the experience as well as learning much about real property valuations.

For a number of years our neighbor, Walter Arnold, was Town Supervisor. He was a dairy farmer. Walt and his wife, Erma, had a wonderful family. They were active in our local Methodist church and community affairs. He also was chairman of the Cortland County Board of Supervisors.

If my memory serves me right, in 1957 the local town Republican committeeman, Dennis Comerford, felt he could not support Walter for reelection. He supported the Democrat nominee, Delbert Smith. Mr. Smith was of good character, with little business savvy. He beat Mr. Arnold, the incumbent, because of the support from the Republican committeeman who deserted his party's nominee.

Two years later I decided to seek the nomination for Town Supervisor and run against the incumbent, Mr. Smith. Another gentleman, Howard Heath, also wanted the Republican line. A Republican caucus was held upstairs in the Truxton Fire Hall. Over one hundred persons attended. I was nominated by about 2-1 that evening.

The new Republican committeeman at that time was Dan Murray, son-in-law of Mr. Heath. Dan supported me for the position. Dan was in my ag class in high school, in our 4-H club, in church and his wife Alice Heath Murray was part of Margaret's church released time class when she was in school. Dan's father, Charles O. Murray was a member of the town board and civic leader. It was a touchy situation but Dan believed I was the person for the job. I hope I have thanked him enough for his support. Even though Howard and Henrietta Heath were friends of Margaret and me, I felt awkward. I did not go to Mr. Heath and ask for his support in the election nor did he come to me to offer his. Today I would go directly to him and talk it over. Maturing changes many views! I can say that over the years we remained good friends and neighbors.

It was hard for me to go out and ask people to vote for me. My friend and mentor, Mr. Harold Creal from Homer, urged me to be more assertive in seeking the position. On election day I won the position of town supervisor by just 2 votes over the incumbent, Delbert Smith. This in a town that was 3-1 Republican was truly humiliating. I made up my mind that I would be the best Supervisor that Truxton ever had. I would show the people that I could handle the job and would campaign for it again in 2 years. Such was the case. Two years later I beat Mr. Smith, who the Democrats ran again, by 3-1. I ran and was elected 4 times.

Delbert Smith was a gracious loser. After the election he came to me and said, "Bernard you'll get along fine with the County Board, all you have to do is vote with the majority". I didn't subscribe to that advice!

In those days the Town Supervisor was expected to keep the town books. There was concern about the accuracy of the town records. I mentioned earlier that Mr. Smith was a fine person with limited business skills – his integrity was never questioned. My first action was to ask for a complete audit of the town books. A state auditor from Greene, N.Y., Mr. Greenfield, spent a week in our home reviewing the town books. He found errors and made many suggestions for changing the town's record keeping system.

The Town Board is composed of 5 members. Herb McCall, Charles Murray, Fred Applegate, Ollie Barrows and myself made up the board. The Town Clerk was Sally Wilson. Dick Brown was Highway Superintendent. This group of dedicated citizens worked very closely during my tenure.

I wish to deviate slightly. Dick Brown was an outstanding town Highway Superintendent. He was also very positive about his management practices. Sometimes the board would ask questions. Dick didn't hesitate to let the board know that he was in charge. Sometimes the relationship was touchy – even made me feel bad. Deep down though I knew Dick was doing the right things – if he had been just slightly less - er- caustic.

While town highway Superintendent, Dick had an accident. As I recall he was using the town's old IH bulldozer in a gravel bed. To make a long story short, the dozer slid backwards down the bank to the hard ground below. Dick suffered major injury to his back. He could have claimed lifetime disability. In time he made limited recovery and resumed his work. After his service for the town he and his lovely wife Joan were the CEOs of the State Highway Superintendents Association for many years. This endorsed the respect given by his peers in New York State as well as us who knew them best in Truxton. Dick and Joan have our lifetime admiration.

During my tenure we built and paid for the town garage on the Labrador Road; organized the town books and I personally extended the tax roll. Many of the town roads were improved under funding from the Erwin town road improvement program. This state program was conceived and adopted as a farm to market law to aid rural areas.

It was an extreme privilege to work with two native Truxtonites while I was on the County Board of Supervisors – Albert C. Kenney, Clerk for years, and John T. Ryan Sr., County Attorney. At my first meeting of the Board I remember two long time respected members coming to me. Ivan Smith, town of Taylor and Chairman asked me to represent the Board on the Farm, Home, and 4-H Committee. Roy Rofe of Preble, a short man with an ever present cigar came to me with a handshake and said, "Bernard, I don't know much, but if there is ever anything I can help you with – don't hesitate to ask". Rofe, the dairy farmer and Cornellian, was an expert in town and county government. I felt not only welcomed, but also comfortable that these two leaders offered their support.

During my tenure, Frank Greene former Homer Supervisor and then County Treasurer and also County Republican Chairman, asked me to become a Commissioner in the Central New York Region of the NYS Parks and Recreation Commission. I served this appointment for 15 years – a great experience.

John Kimmich, Supervisor from Harford and my long time friend also offered his help. I could always depend on John for sound advice in the matters of governance. Later he became Chairman of the Board. In that position he appointed me as chairman of the County Ways and Means Committee. He later was elected County Clerk. I was elected Chairman of the Board in 1966 to succeed John.

My tenure as Chairman was a little over a year. In January 1967 I was appointed by Gov. Rockefeller as Director of the New York State Fair to succeed Harold L. “Cap” Creal. My last elected office was Supervisor from Truxton.

The State Fair appointment was the result of years of friendship between “Cap” Creal and myself. Creal and I were both Cornell Alpha Gamma Rho brothers – 20 plus years apart. We were both dairy farmers. We were both deeply interested in our communities. We were both Republicans and supported the party. We were both active in agricultural organizations. Our families were well acquainted. Mr. Creal believed in me as I was maturing. Elsewhere I have shared at length my admiration for this fine gentleman, Harold L. “Cap” Creal.

“Cap” Creal served as Director of the State Fair under two governors. Thomas E. Dewey and Nelson A. Rockefeller. Cap never gave me the slightest inclination that when he retired he would like me to take his place as Director. When he recommended me for the position the pieces all fell together.

This was a political appointment. He had urged me to become supervisor of Truxton. When a state wide Rural Citizens group was organized he and his friend Dan Dalrymple asked me to chair it. When “Cap” came to retire I had much exposure to those who would make his replacement. The governor’s appointment was from the recommendation by another friend and fraternity brother Don J. Wickham, Commissioner of Agriculture and Markets.

As mentioned before, having never managed a staff and office caused me some fear that I might fail in the job as Fair Director (manager). Again my friend, “Cap” Creal put starch in my backbone when he said, “Forget it, you will handle it fine”. With his extreme confidence in me I would never let him be disappointed. True enough -- we not only handled the job-, we gave the fairgoer some well accepted new looks. I’m proud of my seven years at the helm!

After seven fairs – 1967-1973, I was asked to become Deputy Commissioner of Agriculture and Markets by the new commissioner Frank Walkley who had succeeded my friend Don Wickham. Frank Walkley was a Cornell friend of the class of 1943—same as I.

Understandably Margaret was some reluctant for me to take this on as it meant my commuting to Albany. We discussed the opportunity. She knew I would like to try it and gave me her consent. Margaret would be at home with the farm labor responsibilities and Bernice in high school. Most every week I would leave for Albany early Monday morning and return Friday afternoon for supper. Each morning I would call Margaret early from the office to talk over the family and farm concerns. We did have competent help on the farm with Dave Shirkey as top man.

Recently I was asked, “What were your responsibilities as Deputy Commissioner?” In short Directors, ie department heads, funneled their actions, problems to me. I was responsible for several Departments – Weights and Measures, Meat and Dairy Inspection, Food Control. If needed I passed them on to the Commissioner. It also worked in reverse from the Commissioner through me to the Directors.

The “Unit Pricing Law”, passed by the State Legislature was assigned to the Ag and Markets for implementation. Our legal department developed applicable regulations by which all retail sales in the state must abide. It was my responsibility to conduct hearings at which any retail business could appear and affirm or protest the wording of the various regulations. Any article sold for retail in our state has price per the applicable unit on its tag. To the best of my knowledge those regulations are still the same as we put in place back in 1974.

The Deputy Commissioner position lasted from February 1974 to April 1975. In the fall of 1974 Democrat Hugh Carey was elected governor. The Republicans who held appointed positions left Albany. This is a normal practice – just one of the facts of politics – so no one was really surprised. Malcolm Wilson had replaced Rockefeller as Governor after Rocky was made Vice President. Malcolm was a super Governor -- without the charisma and wallet of Rocky—. He just couldn’t get the votes to be elected.

Thus ended my state wide political career. The Fair and the Ag and Markets positions were enjoyable, learning and serving experiences. I treasure them. The minus side was that the 15 months spent in Albany was the longest of my life – being away from Margaret and family so much of the time.

My final go round in the political arena was at the county and town level. I served as Republican Committeeman for Truxton some 20 years and as Cortland County Republican Chairman for about four years.

My most rewarding experience in that period was serving as campaign chairman for Carl Edlund who was seeking the office of County Treasurer. Our assignment was to defeat an incumbent – and it was a tough one. The incumbent had the sympathy of many because he was handicapped physically – although a brilliant mind. Carl and I worked closely together. Our entire campaign team spent hours developing strategy and then implementing it. We were successful. Carl Edlund served Cortland County with dedication and distinction for several terms until his recent retirement.

Prior to this campaign, Carl and I were only casual acquaintances. The greatest gain from this experience was a new and lasting friendship. Carl, his wife Jane, Margaret and I became close friends because of a political campaign.

I could be classified as a “moderate” in political terms. While I do believe in a “pay as you go” philosophy, I also recognize that this is a different world than a century ago. There are changes every day. We have to be “for” some of those changes to meet a changing society. We should be willing to recognize and accept those, which are for the betterment of all.

To sum up fifty plus years of political activity and observations:

1 – The public has been led to believe that more government is the solution to all our problems. In general the press has taken this route – so we have been inundated with a heavy dose of liberal talk and writing.

2 – There has been much written and inferred that people in politics receive special favors of one kind or another. Never, in all my years, did I ever receive or been asked to receive or give an unethical favor.

3 – Politics is the science of governing. I am convinced that most of those who serve want to do the right thing. No question there have been exceptions.

4 – If my being involved in Truxton, Cortland County or New York State governmental affairs has contributed even a little bit to a more satisfying life for our people, I will say to them, “Thank you all for the unique opportunity which this country farm boy has been privileged to be a part”.

Most of all, the inspiration to be involved was sown in me by my parents, Florence and Wilburn Potter, dedicated community leaders in their time.

Florida Getaways

Today, let's take off on this journey of a life filled with many exciting, ordinary experiences. I am writing this on January 24, 2003 from our two bedroom, two bathroom, kitchen, screened patio villa in the Spanish Village, six miles south of Leesburg, Florida. Since 1988, except 1991, Spanish Village has been our southern retreat. 1991 was the year Margaret and I moved from the farmhouse to our delightful new home on Prospect Terrace in Truxton.

The climate is moderate, there are rolling knolls and many small lakes here in Lake County. Margaret often says, "I guess we're in a rut"! If so, it's very comfortable – perhaps not as exciting as brother Carleton would prefer. We live a lot for friendships. We are so lucky to have our year around friends in Truxton, Cortland and New York State. We also have seasonal friends here in Spanish Village. We look forward to renewing this friendship each January through the middle of March. It seems as they feel the same with Margaret and me. Twice blessed.

Our early "Getaways" were a couple of weeks. Gradually we lengthened them to the present 10 weeks – and that is it. Neither Margaret nor I want to be away from our family or fine home in Truxton for a longer period. We especially want to be back to celebrate granddaughter Erica's birthday on March 20th.

Our first visit to Florida was early June 1946. Margaret and I drove down to Pine Castle, Fl. where Grandma Potter, Grandma Bean and Aunt Cora Gilbert always spent winters. Pine Castle was just a little post office village among orange groves. Today it still has its name but has been absorbed by Orlando, Disney World and other developments in the area. The purpose of the journey was to bring the three lovely ladies home to the northern climate for the summer months. Mission accomplished.

We didn't stray south together again until the middle '70s. Margaret, her mother Katherine Smith and little Bernice went down in the spring of 1966. At that time our friends Harold "Cap" and Mary Creal were enjoying their winters near Clearwater. Cap and Mary met them at the Tampa airport. They also visited Truxton friends Bill and Ada Turner who wintered in that area to be near their daughter Marjorie and family who lived in Duneden. Margaret, Mother Smith and Bernice visited Cypress Gardens, Sunken Garden as well as Clearwater Beach. They also witnessed the Gasparilla Parade in Tampa. The Creals were gracious hosts. It was Mother Smith's first and only visit south.

Fred and Marleah Zautner owned a small home in Oldsmar, Fl. Oldsmar is near Duneden and Clearwater. One of our early trips was to be with them. Marleah had the side room all ready for us – even some fruit in the little refrigerator. Upon our arrival they had arranged for Art and Marion Bean to come and visit. Art was the son of Arthur Bean, a first cousin of my mother.

Art Sr. lived in Homer and for many years operated a starter, generator and battery service in Cortland – first on South Main, later on Clinton Avenue. Marleah knew Marion Bean at Cicero schools. Later years we visited at their home, also played golf with Art several times.

I believe we stayed in Fred and Marleah's home three different years. We stayed in a nearby motel one or two years – not far from Zautners. Fred Zautner, sister-in-law Jane's father was a grand man. I should write a story about him. We went for dinners many times. His choice place was "Chief Charlie's".

One year, because of my fair interest, Margaret and I visited the Florida State Fair just east of Tampa. A far cry from our great New York State Fair. Each year we continue to be invited to the dairy breakfast at that fair – however we have been unable to attend,

On each of these early trips south we always journeyed to Englewood Isles where Cap and Mary Creal now owned a delightful small home. Cap and Mary made us most welcome. Cap set the rules for dining out – "Everyone pays his own bill". After Cap passed away we continued to visit with Mary and Pepper – her constant little dog companion.

The first time we went to Englewood we played cards with the Creals and longtime mutual friends George and Ethel Spader – AGRs from Morrisville. George was Superintendent of the Flower Show at the State Fair. He was secretary of the national men's garden club. At the State Fair he and I would often go for a quick round of golf at noon time on the par 3 course at Lakeland.

In Englewood we were introduced to the AGR reunions which the Creal brothers and wives – Cap and Mary, Don and Margaret also Don and Flossie Wickham started some years earlier. The tradition keeps a going – this year we met in Ruskin, Fl. Initially we met in the clubhouse at Englewood Beach Isles where the Creals lived. We also met at Don and Flossie's home a time or two – later at Cap and Mary's home.

We visited Irv Perry, long time friend, advisor and Farm Bureau agent in Cortland County, as he wintered in the Englewood area. Later we visited him several different years in the local nursing home where he died at 99 years.

For many years we visited cousins Herbert and Gertrude Bean who owned and wintered in Venice Isles Park. We spent an overnight with them each visit. Herb and Gertrude have now passed on. Also in the Venice area are the Blixts, and the Fred Randalls.

Two different years we spent a month in the South Fort Myers area. Our dear friends Dottie and Jim Cochrane from Ripley, NY winter In Tropicana Mobile Home Park helped make the arrangements from their friends Fran and George Markham. The new friendships were great, however the weather was too hot for both Margaret and me. We like the north central Florida climate – also the less traffic and resulting less congestion.

For a number of years we continued to travel to and visit with Dottie and Jim as they continue to stay in Tropicana. Lately we have not traveled that distance. Years ago we stayed with Hartley and Jane Martin in Lehigh Acres not far from Ft. Myers. The Martins lived with us in our farm home in 1946-47 while he taught agriculture in Truxton following my wartime teaching.

In Tropicana we had several visitors. Cap and Mary Creal, Betsy and Gerald Young, Herb and Gertrude Bean- all spent overnights with us. While in Ft. Myers we drove across the state to Lake Worth. Frances and Elmer Randall of Cuyler offered us an overnight in their mobile home which made easy driving distance to the Miami airport from which we flew out of to visit Ana and Jose Colmenares in Venezuela. While in the area of Lake Worth we visited Doris and Joan Plummer, Howard and Mary Allen, Art Wood, Clair and Georgia Webster – all friends from our home area. I remember that Howard enjoyed woodwork and putting clock works in his crafts.

One year Truxton's Dick and Joan Brown offered their mobile home for our stay in Kissimmee River Estates park near Okeechobee. This was enjoyed especially because our friends Flora and Lynn Hammond of Troxton had taken residence in that park. The park was also close to Ft. Pierce where brother Gilbert and sister Phyllis Smith vacationed. They drove over and spent a night or two with us.

Our fondest memories of the southerly tours were in Ft. Pierce. Gil and Phyllis rented a plush apartment on Hutchinson Island. What a grand time we had with them and their family and friends, Howard and Vi Hunter, who also became our friends. We really soaked up their hospitality, the walks along the Ocean, golfing on the little Par 3 course and of course the fine dining in the area. Phyllis and Gilbert are special.

A tragic Florida memory is an auto accident in which Keith and niece Kay Smith Additon and their daughters, Rebecca and Emily, were involved. Phyllis called us at Spanish Village telling us of the accident. While the Additons were motoring on Route 60, a block of wood flew off a truck, through their car windshield struck Kay on her temple causing terrible injury. She was in a hospital in Vero Beach. Margaret and I drove to the hospital to be with the families. Kay was in critical condition. We are happy to relate that after months and years, Kay has mostly recovered. She has returned to teaching and other activities. We were blessed that this talented, lovely, young mother is with us as we have always known her. We love you, Kay.

Another annual Florida overnight trip was to Melbourne. Win and Leon Vickery from Phoenix, NY wintered there. I became acquainted with Leon as a member of the Central New York Regional Park Commission. We would arrive in the afternoon, go to dinner, memory visit in the evening. The next morning we would play 18 holes of golf, have lunch, then we would be off for Spanish Village. A great time was had for several years. Later because of Leon's failing health our annual visits continued with lunch at a restaurant in St. Cloud, halfway between Melbourne and Leesburg. Soon Leon was in a nursing home. He has since passed away.

First time tourists usually try to visit the many attractions in Florida. We were no exception. We visited Disney World and Epcot twice, once with Milt and Jane Soper, another with brother and sister Carleton and Marion Potter. A great experience. The Space Center, Bok Tower, Cypress and Busch Gardens, Thomas Edison Museum in Fort Myers are others which we have visited. On our first trip in 1946 we stopped in St. Augustine at the "Fountain of Youth". What can we say, we are still alive and kicking 59 years later—maybe we should visit it again!

Accommodations at the Spanish Village are satisfactory but not grand. For twelve years we rented an efficiency villa. It consisted of a combination livingroom-bedroom, a kitchenette, bathroom and a screened in patio. For two years we rented a two bedroom, living room, two bathroom, nice kitchen and a screened patio – much more comfortable. This year, 2005, back to the efficiency. The Spanish Village park has been sold several times since we first stayed. I understand it was started by a church. It was called Oxford Estates in 1988.

Margaret and I have tried to recall the early years involved for these southerly "getaways". We may have just "floated" between motels and friends but we can't pin it down. We always had a "home base" from which we took the short trips. One year I was a delegate to the American Dairy Assoc. meeting at Miami Beach. That was a short week affair. We came by air to that. This young country couple got a first hand eyeful of the affluence at the resorts – wow! We also took a tourist ride in a blimp over Miami and surrounding area – some fun.

Almost forgot to write about our unforgettable stay at Lake Louisa, south of Clermont. Brother Carleton had purchased a building lot or two close to the lake. The previous year Paul and Julie Newman, Margaret and I had driven down from Newmans place in Hawthorne Village to find this land. That year Carleton made some arrangement with Skip Demeree to build a house on the lot. Skip was a transplanted Homerite to Clermont.

The house did not sell. Carleton held title to it. He wanted to sell and get his money out of it. He offered Margaret and me to stay in it (kind of like overseers) – no furniture – no bed – only a range and a table. We shopped around, bought a foam to sleep on and "roosted" in this nice new house with no furnishings. Carleton and Marion left for Homer.

Margaret and I continued to "reside" there. Once we had a b-b-q. The Jim Randalls, Wilsons and the Alexanders came for a fun time. The Sopers and the Cochranes stopped by in their motor homes. We became well acquainted with Rev. Dean and Alice Sauerwine – neighbors on Lake Louisa. He was a retired pastor of a Moravian Church. Fine folks – Alice always had a flower in her hair – unusual to say the least. They liked bingo – took us up to a little campground club to play one night. He also preached at the Citrus Valley Campground.

Things were going along just fine until one morning Carleton called, said he had a buyer for the house who demanded immediate possession! Margaret and I packed up, rolled up our foam and went looking for a place to lay our heads. We did find one for a night or so on nearby Lake Mary – it wasn't much. Don't recall the rest of the "getaway" that year after the experience of our dear brother selling the house out from over and under us!!

Our trips to this south land took various routes. In the early years we spent the first night with Bill and Joyce. Recently the first night has been with Joanne and Lee in Alexandria, Va. We visit Bill and Joyce when we return north. A planned stop was often in Kingsport, Tn. with Larry and Susan Potter Newman. Once we were snowed in Martinsburg, West Va. for 24 hours. It wasn't all that bad as late the next day when the road opened up we went only as far as Natural Bridge, Va. where we found a beautiful southern hotel to enjoy, The next morning we walked up the gorge where "G. Washington" had carved his initials in the stone. He had surveyed the area. I trust it is authentic.

We have visited my cousin Ruth and husband David James in Hampstead, North Carolina where they wintered on their boat. Margaret and I slept on the boat. When they decided to head for dry land they settled in Annapolis, Md where we have visited three times. The first, in the hospital where Ruth was recovering from carbon monoxide poisoning – their last night on their boat.

Twice we visited Frances Crawford Thompson, Margaret's cousin, in Swansboro, N.C. On our last visit to Swansboro, Fran invited her brother Glenn and Sister-in-law to have dinner with us. A wonderful affair. Fran is a "hostess with the mostess". She has since moved to Charleston, S.C. In Charleston, as well as Fran, we have also visited Elizabeth and Jeremy Cook, Margaret's grand nephew, Phyllis and Gil's grandson. In earlier years we visited Aunt Elsie, Frances mother, in Raleigh, N. C. Aunt Elsie was the widow of Margaret's Uncle John Crawford. Years ago we visited them in Harbor Creek, Pa.

Always a delight to make an overnight with cousin Joan Bean Smith and Louie in Surfside, SC. near Myrtle Beach. We reminisce, play a game and dine. They hang out there February and March. Louie passed away in October. We all miss him. Joan told me that she will not be going to Surfside again.

When our long time friend, Helen Beard, was alive we made it a point to stop in Hope Mills N.C. for a visit with her and daughter Carol. One year we looked up Oscar and Lucille DeRock in South Carolina. Oscar worked for us on the farm when I was at the State Fair.

After our friends Ralph and Clara Faulkner retired and moved to Virginia, we made stops at their home. Since Ralph's passing, Clara has married Elmer Bliss. They live in Lancaster, S.C. We visited them on our way home, 2005.

Our traveling timetable plans are always flexible. One year after leaving Sue and Larry for the south, as we came to Chattanooga we decided, on the spur, to go down thru Alabama to Panama City, Fl. Cincinnatus golfing friends stayed there. It was farther than we estimated, darkness settled around us. We didn't know the country and didn't see the motel in Dotham, Ala. which Margaret had found in a guide book. We drove several miles, finally we passed a place with lodging which looked like a southern plantation. Drove a little farther, decided it best to turn around and go back to Dotham. When we turned we saw a gentleman working in his shop – we halted. He told us Dotham was eight or ten miles back. We quizzed him about the plantation inn which we had just passed. He told us all the rich golfers go there!

We thanked him and headed for Dotham. In our anxiety to find a place we decided to stop at the plantation. We registered, dinner would be served after we freshened up. The price was right, the dinner was excellent. In short we had all the amenities and service one could ask for at this fine southern plantation. When we awoke in the morning, we gazed to the west, out over a beautiful rolling golf course like we had never seen. Unfortunately it was drizzling so we did not play. When we arrived in Panama City we searched for our friends – to no avail, then headed east and south around the Panhandle toward our designated Florida retreat.

On the front page of the local Dotham newspaper was this verse, from the Old Testament, "You have a friend in Dotham" – so true! I haven't been able to find which Book!

Our Florida Vacations get us out of the cold winters up north. We still drive ourselves both ways. Our family would like to take over the driving. We feel comfortable to drive, don't try to hurry, also we are free to change plans as we travel along. Our main concern is that when the time comes we hope we will recognize it and turn the driving over to others. We understand their concerns.

Friends

It is difficult for me to write under the heading "Friends". Each of us has friends – is one more than another? I will name a few who have been special through the years.

As a youngster growing up on Cheningo Road in Truxton my buddy was John Feeter. He was six weeks older than I, however one year behind me in school as I skipped 6th grade. Our parents were close friends. John and I were in 4-H together, also in Church, Junior and Epworth League and the Boy Scouts. After graduation from high school, I went to college, John went to technical training, married and into the military service. Our paths went in opposite directions, he with General Motors in Buffalo – me a farmer in Truxton. He has lived in Lockport, New York most of his adult life.

He and his wife, Mary, have two children. John never lost his love for Truxton. His parents are buried in Truxton Cemetery. Twice a year he returns "home". On these trips "home" he never fails to stop in to see Margaret and me, have a cup of coffee, a cookie or two, chew the fat and reminisce. In between visits he often calls me with some special news. We have come almost full circle back to our friendship of boyhood days. Recently, June 2004, Margaret and I made a short visit with Mary and he at their home in Lockport. I treasure his visits. John Feeter, a real friend for the years.

For many years, Hessel and Charles Murray who farmed in Cheningo were close friends. Charlie and I served together in various activities. Because of his well thought out advice, I called him the "cornerstone" of our Town Board. Hessel was a leader in church, Home Bureau and other community activities.

More boyhood friends come to mind. Kermit Lockwood and Lloyd Holdrege lived all of their years right here in Truxton. Early on Kermit brought Doris Jones to town as his wife. The two of them are very special to Margaret and me. He passed away some time back. Doris loved our church. She died this week – July 22, 2005. I see Lloyd regularly – mostly at church. We were in the Busy Helpers 4-H club together.

Gerald Young and I became friends at a young age. His parents farmed down the road in East Homer. Our fathers served on the Truxton Central School Board of Education at the same time. We first became acquainted down at the David Harum vineyard in East Homer where pea pods on the vines were hauled in to be shelled. Ever since that fortunate day we have been friends – the 4-H years, at Cornell, fraternity brothers, at family gatherings, anniversaries, as well as sharing sadness. We both showed cattle at the Cortland County Fair. We traveled with the 4-H club agent to dairy judging contests. He was an usher in Margaret's and my wedding. Gerald and his wife Betsy, Margaret and I have shared countless events together for close to 50 years. One of Gerald's biggest regrets was being deprived of finishing his Cornell education. He joined Alpha Gamma Rho – Gerald lives this Cornell connection with all his heart.

Gerald never forgets the “home folks”. If someone is in need of a hand – Gerald gives “two”. His contributions to our community are countless and still counting. Gerald we love you. He is truly a friend. Betsy died a few years ago.

My Cornell AGR roommate, Jim Cochrane and his wife Dottie are very close friends to Margaret and me. We swapped as “Best Men” at our weddings. Jim and Dottie farmed in Chautauqua County so distance separated us from frequent visits. As mentioned in my story about “Florida Getaways”, we have been able to become closer in our retirement years – another full circle!.

Cap and Mary Creal, Don and Flossie Wickham, Bob and Blanche Everingham, Stub and Vivian Borden, Jane and Milt Soper, Ripper and Diddy Collins, Jerry and Bobbi Bowne, Gordie and Thelma Jones, Jim and Lynn Earl, Esther and Rog Bradley, Milt and Connie Coe, Jim and Janet Starr and Dode and Bill VanNostrand are a few of our AGR friends with whom we have enjoyed continued friendship over the years. Two of my Cornell teachers have always been special – Stan. Warren, Farm Management & J. I. Miller, Livestock Judging.

In later years thru Ag Society and Cornell Trustees we became close friends with Janice and Bob Bitz. It was our good fortune when we crossed paths.

Our incomplete list of friends would still be incomplete without Miss Marion H. Hartnett, Bob and Alice McCune, Irv and Kay Perry, Ira and Gloria Blixt, Carl and Jane Edlund, John and Evelyn Kimmich. I could write pages of happy memories about each.

Other than Margaret and my parents, “Cap” Creal influenced my life’s course more than any other single individual. After his death in 1987, his wife Mary asked me to write some memories of the man who was often called “Mr. New York State Agriculture”. In a separate collection, I will include those memories and others of my friend – Harold L. “Cap” Creal.

When I start thinking about friends through the years – it is awesome!! Wow! Truly blessed! – and there are many more – the list is never ending!

Chair Seat Caning

I've never been bored for something to do. In fact, I relish the opportunity to try something new. I am not all that interested about how much I can gain financially from a new project, more how much satisfaction I may gain from the experience.

For the past several years I have enjoyed caning chairs. Never kept track of how many caned—probably thirty or more. I have done a few for charity, the others mostly for family and friends. It takes about twelve to fifteen hours for me to cane a chair seat. Seats make up most of the caning jobs. I have done two chairs with caned backs. Round seat chairs are the most difficult to do. Most chair seats have 70-80 holes. Those who charge for this service get fifty cents a hole or more.

Cane is the outside part of a palm called rattan, grown in the dense forests of Sri Lanka, Malay Peninsula and other tropical areas. As I understand, it is like the bark of the long stems which grow to maybe 100 feet in length. These stems are not over an inch in diameter and are cut into lengths of approximately 20 feet. The bark of these stems is stripped into various widths. Different widths are used for chairs with varying sizes and spacing of the holes.

Some chairs seats have a groove rather than holes. Pre-woven cane webbing can be purchased for that type of seat. I have done one in that manner. I call it "cheating" as it is so simple!

Some caners use plastic cane. I made up my mind to use only the "real" stuff. While it is a slow and perhaps tedious task, there is much satisfaction of seeing the finished caned seat in a beautiful antique chair. It's a great hobby.

bwp
10-27-03

The New York State Agricultural Society

The following fits into the scheme of my memories to include some thoughts and experiences as a member of the NYS Agricultural Society.

First, some background: Frank Taylor was a prominent local farmer who lived on the first farm out of Cortland on the Owego Street-Virgil Road. Frank was well known as an auctioneer and milk cooperative leader. Later on he was Supervisor for the town of Cortlandville, Chairman of the Cortland County Board of Supervisors and number one proponent of a community college. If the present day Tompkins-Cortland Community College were to have a name, it should be "Frank K. Taylor". Now to our Society story.

The annual meeting was always in early January in Albany. Albany isn't fit for bird or beast on any January day. Harold "Cap" Creal invited Frank and me to ride with him to attend the Albany meeting. I can't remember what the program was about, however I do remember that Life Memberships in the Society were \$15.00, annual memberships \$3.00. I figured that I'd last more than 5 years, so I signed for a Life Membership!

The evening program was always held in the Dewitt-Clinton Hotel. It was known as the New York Farm Products Dinner. Members of the Society solicited various merchants for foods that were grown in New York and the hotel prepared them. I remember the steaks, milk, cheeses, vegetables, apples, grape juice, and more on our tables. It was a pretty sight as well as a delicious feast. I believe that Spencer Duncan and Joe Firth made all the preparations.

These two gentlemen were Director and Assistant in the Marketing Division of the Department of Agriculture and Markets. At that time, Spence and Joe were Secretary and Treasurer of the Society and volunteered their time. The highlight of the evening was the presentation of the Century Farm Awards by the Governor of the State of New York.

Traditions sometimes have to end. Such was the case of the dinner with only NY farm products. The impact of agriculture on hotel management was less and union activity both in food preparation and in marketing made it more difficult to get donated supplies into the kitchen and onto the table. It also took a great amount of volunteer time.

The presence of the Governor at the dinners was also somewhat sporadic, probably not because of a lack of interest but more in the growth and demands of government on a governor. I remember one year in Governor Rockefeller's reign, when he had promised to be with us but at the last minute he was flown to New York City to settle a dockworkers strike.

If a person attends and shows interest there is always a place for him as a Director. I soon found myself in that position. Again with the encouragement of Cap Creal I became a Director. He liked young folks and pushed them along. He recognized the need of new blood for survival. I became very interested in furthering the purposes of the Society.

Tradition had the meeting in Albany because it would be handy for not only the Governor but also members of the Legislature to attend. Gradually this wasn't the focal point of the Society and so a more central location, Syracuse, was selected. I believe the last time it was held in Albany was in 1982 for the 150th anniversary of the Society.

Some of the expressed purposes of the Society, are:

- Developing agricultural leadership
- Recognizing superior agricultural journalism
- Selecting and honoring Century Farm Families
- Providing a platform for agricultural discussion
- Supporting agricultural safety
- Awarding Distinguished Services Citations
- Supporting agricultural representation on the Cornell Board of Trustees and participation in nomination of appropriate individuals.
- The Society's website is --- www.nysagsociety.org

The Society has no paid officers or staff. It carries out its mission through the January annual meeting and forum. Membership numbers are modest, with some contributing members. We do no lobbying. In a nutshell, we want the public to understand the role of agriculture in their daily lives. Perhaps our mission is public relations.

The Charter of Cornell University called for the President of the New York State Agricultural Society to be a member of the Board of Trustees of the University. Ezra Cornell was a farmer and a past President of the Society. He wanted the impact and input of agriculture upon the Trustees of his University. The President's, of the Society, term was only two years, consequently the person as Cornell Trustee had barely "wet his feet" in University business when he was replaced by a new President. The Directors recognized the problem, so the office of Chairman was created as well as President. The President could continue as Trustee of Cornell for a number of years. The Chairman of the Society would be the operating officer changing every 2 years.

I was fortunate to serve the Society as President before that change and later as President as a member of the Cornell University Board of Trustees for eleven years.

NY STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY'S DISTINGUISHED SERVICE AWARD

January 7, 1993

The Distinguished Service Award was first given in 1956. Included as recipients are educators, scientists, farmers, journalists, public servants in government and cooperative leaders. Each, through service to agriculture, has contributed to an improved lifestyle for all society. I am honored to be included in that number. I first became aware of the recognition when we sat down for the evening banquet and looked at the evening's program!

Off the cuff acceptances may be the best, I would have preferred to put some words together in advance. Bob Bitz, president, asked Roger Barber of the Citation Committee to make the award. Roger graciously mentioned our long friendship and told the audience the designation was easy to make. I'll try to recall my acceptance remarks.

"Roger, Bob, Friends all, I thank you. I am surprised and pleased. This honor would not have been possible for me to receive if it had not been for Margaret. Thank you, Margaret for your patience and understanding of the countless times I have left the farm chores to attend a farm related activity.

Three other persons whom I would like to thank are not here. I'm sure they are watching from above. Dad and Mother; – Mother was a president of the New York State Federation of Home Bureaus. She was a leader in improving the lives of women in rural America and an equal partner in the family farm business. My father was a farmer-veterinarian, also a devoted family man and community servant. Both of them encouraged me to see beyond the fence lines, do things off the farm, take off the blinders and see the whole picture. They also gave me "plenty of rope" so I could fend for myself. Their encouragement was a key of my becoming a part of the larger picture. Thank you Dad and Mother.

Harold L. "Cap" Creal is the third person I would like to thank. Cap was my friend, my fraternity brother, my mentor, and inspiration to help me be my best. Cap "opened doors" for me. Once they were open it was up to me to enter. He gave the encouragement and support needed for me to handle whatever assignment was beyond the doors. Thank you, Cap.

Tonight two of our daughters, Nancy and Bernice and our son-in-law Mark are here. They kept this surprise from me.

This forum today is what its all about in the '90s – understanding and communicating with our non-farm neighbors. I'd like to relate an experience on the farm to illustrate. On this particular day one of our farm employees was driving a tractor pulling an over filled side opening manure

spreader down Route 13. He made a quick left turn and as it crossed the road the enrichment spread all over the pavement. At that moment two men on motorcycles passed through the slop and were plastered! They went to our house in an understandable bad humor. Margaret sized up the situation, offered them both showers. After they were cleaned up, their unhappiness turned to friendliness. They thanked Margaret for her hospitality and went on their way toward Albany. As farmers we should never have let a situation like that occur, but it did and Margaret handled it with class. I wasn't home!"

Back to the citation. "I am honored to be included in the group of outstanding people who have received this Award. I treasure it and I thank you all."

Sometimes it's hard to show modesty. Perhaps it has been a shortcoming of mine. Yet on the above date I felt unashamed to accept the "Service to Agriculture Award" presented annually by the Society. Somehow it seemed just a little out of order that I could have had so much enjoyment from being involved in many varied agricultural activities, while others deemed it as "service".

In any case, I have the deepest respect and admiration for those who made the decision to give me the Award and so I tried to express my appreciation and thanks to them and the Society.

A Cornell Trustee

Occasionally I am asked, "How did you happen to become a Cornell Trustee?" "Happen" is the proper word or perhaps "seek". I will not deny it either way. It will take me a bit to put the answer together.

Until 1983 there were, on the Cornell board, three trustees from the field of agriculture. They were, the Commissioner of Agriculture and Markets, the President of the New York State Agricultural Society and a representative of the New York State Grange.

In 1981 Charles Riley Jr, President of the New York State Agricultural Society decided not to seek reelection to the Board. The term of a Trustee at that time was three years. I was a member of a nominating committee from the Society to find a replacement for Charlie. We asked a number of persons and received negative answers. Warren Braley, a Dartmouth alumnus, offered to be a Trustee if asked. The search committee had some reservations of a non Cornellian for the position. Because of this thinking and as we had not found any Cornell related persons, I offered to be appointed if the Directors of the Society wanted me. The Directors said "yes".

At the January 1981 meeting of the Cornell Trustees I joined the Board at the Cornell Medical School in New York City. This meeting was the first of many until I retired in June 1992. The full Board traditionally meets 4 times each year – one in NYC – 3 in Ithaca.

This was an eye opening experience, to say the least, for this farm boy from Truxton. Most of the Trustees were of considerable means, held positions of influence and well known in Cornell circles. My many experiences in the agricultural field gave me a distinct "in" with most of the Board who had little if any connection with agriculture. The other Ag trustees at that time were Commissioner of Ag and Markets John Dyson, and Bruce Widger representing the Grange. Bruce was one of the longest serving Trustees.

One special person I met at lunch on that January day stands out in my mind. Sol Linowitz, was perhaps the highest respected member of President Jimmy Carter's near East advisors. He and I became friendly. I sought his advice on various issues which came before the Trustees. That first day also was my privilege to meet Ezra Cornell, Steve Weiss, Nelson Schaenen, Mrs. Lehman, George Peter, Chuck Stewart and Austin Kiplinger to name a few.

I was appointed to the Committee on Land Grant and Statutory College Affairs. At a breakfast meeting of that committee a gentleman, whom I immediately recognized as President Frank Rhodes, was going around the table shaking hands. When he came to me I dutifully stood up and greeted him as

“President Rhodes”. “Just call me Frank” was his response and that’s the way it always was and still is. He and his lovely wife Rosa are the finest of the finest.

It would serve no useful purpose for me to recall the many interesting experiences of my years as a Trustee except for one. In 1983 a Board Committee called for a reduction of Trustee membership from 62 to 42, a 1/3 reduction. At the same time the Committee recommended that Agriculture have 1 position – a 2/3 cut.

As Cornell is a Land Grant university, the State Legislature must approve any Charter change. Agriculture was being unfairly treated. We had a special friend in the New York Senate – Steve Riford. We appraised him of our concern. Steve talked with Sen. LaValle, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Education. That Committee had to approve the Charter change before any action by the full Senate.

Sen. LaValle promised Riford that there would be no action on the amended Charter until Agriculture was satisfied it was getting fair treatment – i.e. – 2 trustees. Cornell leadership realized their dilemma. President Rhodes asked our friend and former Dean of the College of Agriculture and Life Sciences, Provost Keith Kennedy, to help. Keith came over to our farm in Truxton on a very snowy day. We had a great visit – he left as a firm ally for 2 Ag Trustees!

The solution was simple – grant Agriculture 2 Board seats in the amended Cornell Charter. The upshot was that a special meeting of the Trustees was held on April 26, 1983 in New York City. At the meeting a Trustee asked me, “What if we don’t approve your request?” My answer, “There will be no Charter change”. He then said, “You play hard ball, don’t you”. Hard ball or not it worked. Trustees unanimously approved the Charter Amendment calling for 2 board seats for Agriculture. Dick Church, Trustee from the Grange and a good friend, and I wrote the “Procedure for Selecting a Trustee from Agriculture”. It was also adopted unanimously.

Nineteen years later, May 21, 2002 Gov. Pataki signed a bill which again changed the number of Trustees. The legislation reads, “Fifty-six Trustees shall be selected in such manner and for such terms as the Board of Trustees may determine”. It further states that “at all times it shall include 2 from the field of Agriculture”. With the change up to 56 Trustees, Agriculture should have had its original 3. Those of us who understood the original intent were not advised of this swift action. It does not spell out the selecting procedure which Dick and I wrote – I assume it remains in its original wording.

Even with the above change, I am proud of Dick’s and my efforts to continue Agriculture’s representation on the Cornell Board of Trustees. It remains a highlight of my trusteeship.

As the years passed I became somewhat disillusioned about my effectiveness on the Board. I felt most decisions were made in committee with the Board saying "amen". My attitude changed 180 degrees when Robert Bitz became a Trustee from Agriculture. He gave me a new prospective of the opportunities and responsibilities as a Trustee. However the biggest plus, for Margaret and me, was becoming friends of Janice and Bob Bitz.

The years as a Cornell Trustee brought a whole new area of acquaintances before which I never imagined. Upon retiring in 1992 I was elected Trustee Emeritus. I still occasionally attend functions of the Trustees and Cornell.

Outstanding Young Farmer

The Outstanding Young Farmer (OYF) program was originated by the Junior Chamber of Commercials across the country in 1947. Its purpose is to recognize farmers, age thirty-five or younger, who are contributing to agriculture in ways similar to Jaycees in their various businesses. The Jaycees sought financial assistance from Corporations to fund the OYF program. Early funding came from the American Petroleum Industry. For many years, to this date, John Deere has been the major sponsor. On March 16, 1958 in Indianapolis, Indiana the 1957 state OYF selectees were honored. It was the fourth event at which National Awards were presented. Margaret and I were chosen to be recipients from New York State.

Cortland County has produced several state OYF winners – Harry and Bill Underwood, Bennie Gunzenhauser, Leonard Kimmich and myself. In 1957 Cortland County Jaycees sponsored an awards program. One day our dear long time friend Elizabeth “Betsy” Young, Gerald’s wife, asked me my age. I told her, 35. She wanted to submit my name with some biographical material for the local awards event. I remember that she didn’t waste any time as age was a factor. Ira Blixt our outstanding long time Cooperative Extension Agent and a master of organizing behind the scenes work for any program was the planner. I must insert and emphasize that Ira Blixt was a special friend. It was often said that he “made the snowballs for others to throw”! Ira was also a fellow graduate of the Cornell College of Agriculture 1943.

The Cortland Jaycees dinner program was at the new San Rocco lodge building, now Pomeroy Place, in Cortland. I believe that Dr. Ken Robinson, Cornell professor Ag Economics was the speaker. Several nominees for the local award were presented. I was selected to receive the award.

Interviews by a selection committee were held in Morrisville prior to the state awards meeting in Batavia, NY. The Jaycees entered 20 young farmers from across the state. The previous year’s state selection was Carl Yunker. Carl and I were friends in Cornell – he was an Alpha Zeta.

Shortly before the state event I received a letter dated March 7, 1958 from Jaycee National President Charles Shearer, it read as follows,

“Congratulations on your selection as the Outstanding Young Farmer of New York”. The letter goes on to enclose instructions about preparing for travel to the national convention in Indianapolis on April 16, 1958. I couldn’t believe this as the state selection was yet to be made in Batavia on March 15, 1958. I took the letter as fact and kept the contents to myself during the events of the Batavia program. Before Margaret and I left for Batavia I saw my Dad as we met in our autos at the corner of Route 13 and Chenango Road in Truxton. He was headed for a vet call. We rolled down our door windows. He wished me good luck. I thanked him, said something like I’m sure everything will be ok. He replied, “You think so”, I just smiled!

The Batavia meeting was an overnight. I recall that something made me real sick the evening before and the next morning. By the next evening awards dinner I was in fair shape. We should end right here – I received the award!

The National Conference in Indiana was an exciting affair. We met all the state designees, learned about their farm businesses and above all enjoyed a great group of young farmers. The events were memorable – visited Eli Lilly, rode around the Speedway of the “500”, listened to Sen. Barry Goldwater, and to cap it off, listened to radio comic Lum of “Lum and Abner” the popular radio show of those days. I still remember one of his stories! The setting of their radio comedy was in Pine Ridge – a small town in Arkansas. Lum, in his slow, nasal southern drawl, says, “Our preacher down in Pine Ridge absconded with the funds – however it worked out all right, we got him back – he’s going to preach it out”!!

The banquet was festive. Four couples were selected for the national award. We became friendly with one, Bill and June Erwin from Bourbon, Indiana. They operated a very large beef, hog and crop farm. Bill eventually was Under Secretary of Agriculture in the Nixon Administration. When our family traveled west in 1960 we stayed overnight at their home and farm. In later years I visited with him in Washington at the Department of Agriculture. A fine gentleman and great farmer.

The Outstanding Young Farmer program continues today. Margaret and I receive invitations to the National Convention each year but have never attended since 1958. In my day there were and even today, there are many Outstanding Young Farmers in New York State. We were very honored to be their 1957 representative.

The “Iron Horse” in the Tioughnioga Valley

Truxton and railroading have been much a part of history in Central New York. The Lehigh Valley Railroad story should be documented as a major part of Truxton's proud heritage. At the present time there is a movement to transform the Historic Lehigh Valley Depot in Truxton into a useful structure. Several of our younger visionary citizens are carrying the ball with this dream --It's A “Go” – 7-21-05 Cortland Standard!!!

I do not consider myself as one of the pioneers of the area, as my family started farming on the Cheningo road in 1920. We purchased the John J. Bloomfield farm on route 13 south of Truxton in 1942. The Lehigh Valley Railroad divided the meadowland on this farm.

I do have an intense desire to preserve the heritage of our valley for our descendants to marvel. This heritage can only get more exciting as the years go by. In this chapter we'll make some words which hopefully paint a picture of the importance of railroading in our valley down through the years. My story will “veer a little left and a little right” to include a few other highlights of the times as I think of them.

As I am thinking about the depot, I also got to thinking about the complete railroad. One of the older persons who had a connection with the Lehigh Valley Railroad would be Nora Button Mott. I reached her on the phone and queried her about her years in Truxton. In a couple of days she called me back and said she would like to come out and visit. She lives in Cortland.

Nora tells me she is passed eighty-five years. A visit with this lady was special in many ways. Nora came to Truxton as a small girl with her parents. They arrived here by the Lehigh Valley at the depot in Truxton. She remembers that her introduction to the depot was the walkway attached to the outside of the building. The attached picture shows it in detail along with the platform between the depot and the tracks. I noticed the steps at the north end of the walkway. Probably the passengers who came from town walked on Railroad Street up those steps around to the front of the depot into the waiting room to purchase their tickets for their train ride.

I gathered that the date was somewhere around 1920 when the Button family arrived here from Fayetteville. Her father, James A. Garfield Button, came here to help a Mrs. Thompson operate her farm on the Cheningo Rd. – where Clarence and Archie McCall farmed, also Howard and Henrietta Heath. Later they moved to the farm next door which was owned by Linus Reakes. This farm was next to the district school, which we called Wicksville. That is where I, as a little fellow, became acquainted with the Button family.

Some years later Nora married Warden Mott, a gentleman somewhat her senior. They moved to Truxton where “Mottie” became station agent for the Lehigh Valley Railroad at the Truxton Depot. American Express freight service was also available. There were three employees at this depot.

Warden Mott was born in 1895 near Fish Creek on the east end of Oneida Lake. A Mr. Kent of McConnellsville taught him telegraphy. His first job for the railroad was at Lehigh Valley's Freeville station.

There were three wire lines on the poles along the track. One was for telegraph service by Western Union. One was for telephone – strictly for railroad business and the other for all other telephone needs. We both remembered the telegraph on the bench between the depot's bay windows.

Nora remembers when the New York Giants played baseball at our John J. McGraw Field in August 1938, that the telegraph was used to relay the continuing information about the game to Giant's headquarters in New York City. She also remembered that the game was delayed a while until Mrs. McGraw arrived.

In the depot office was a "pot bellied" stove. After the demise of the railroad it disappeared. A signal tower was at the northeast end of the depot. Its arms were controlled by rods and levers in the office of the depot. The station agent adjusted them to positions which the oncoming trainmen could see to know if another train was approaching in the opposite direction. If there was, one was switched on to a railroad siding to let the other pass. The depot picture shows the location.

Francis Hoffman or his brother Leo usually met the train and received the mail from the car man – often times while the train was moving. This about ends my Lehigh Valley Railroad visit with Nora Button Mott.

The Lehigh Valley as I remember. Near to the depot was the J.H.B. Gordon coal storage. Cars of coal were brought by train, switched on to a siding, located on the north side of the coal storage, and unloaded. Feed for horses and cattle was also brought in carload lots and unloaded. As I remember my dad usually purchased it in twenty ton tots. The price was better to buy by the carload. The broker was in Buffalo. The feed was corn gluten – later corn distillers was shipped in. Mixed rations had not arrived on the scene.

A dividend from a freight car of feed was the "car door panels". These were wooden panels nailed across the inside of the car to keep the feed from leaking out and pushing against the rail car door which was hung on a roller track to be opened and closed as needed. These panels were taken home to the farm. They served many useful purposes around the farm.

In the post card picture one can also see the ventilators on a building. This structure was the Hilton cabbage house. Cabbage was stored there in the fall. Later the heads of cabbage were trimmed, bagged and shipped to New York City usually by rail.

At one time there was a small stockyard corral beside the railroad siding. If my memory serves me correct it was used during the epidemic of tuberculosis and brucellosis in dairy cattle. The cattle were tested by injecting a small dose of "tuberculin" under the tail of the animal. If after 72 hours a swelling occurred the animal was deemed to be positive to TB. Those positive animals were branded

and driven to the yard to be loaded and shipped to a slaughter house. The farmer received an indemnity from the state for each animal. An appraiser looked at the individual animal and placed a value on it. This "test and slaughter" program was the initial procedure for controlling the disease. In the case of brucellosis, calfhood vaccination was soon available. To my recollection there was no vaccine against TB in cattle.

On the south side of the railroad tracks and to the north of the Cheningo road was the Sheffield Farms milk plant. Farmers brought their milk here. Whole raw milk and cream was shipped in cans in milk cars to New York City. The cans were covered with chopped ice which had been stored in the plant ice house the previous winter. The ice was harvested from a pond situated between the station and the Tioughnioga River.

At one time milk casein was produced at the plant. I recall that once after the waste from this process was flushed into the river, hundreds of fish were killed by this waste. Our farm which was about a mile and a half from town was by the river. We saw those dead fish floating. I'm sure this was the advent of regulations prohibiting this practice.

A short distance on the north side of the railroad was the Bryant (later Marshall Wood) Furniture factory and sawmill. This industry had its own railroad siding. The land is now owned by the Truxton Cemetery Association.

This section of the Lehigh Valley extended from Canastota to the East Ithaca station. Another section extended from Freeville to Sayre, Pa. The north-south system of railroads was consistent with the times. They served as connectors for the main railroads traveling east and west.

David Marcham's book, "Lehigh Valley Memories" has a whole chapter detailing the stops of the Lehigh Valley milk train in the course of its travels on this line. It includes pictures of the stop in Truxton as well as the other places. I copied some of Marcham's pictures and words which are included with this brief.

At the Cortland County Historical Society there are a quantity of postcards relating to Truxton and its railroad. Here are two beautiful blown up shots. The Lehigh Valley depot is just as I remember it. "The Creamery" picture is before my memory. It shows the siding to the plant, the main line track, the siding to the depot which also had a spur in it for the coal cars to travel on. Notice the stock yard ramp.

The coal car on the "Creamery" siding was undoubtedly carried soft, bituminous, coal to be burned in the plant's boiler. The locomotives for the trains also burned soft coal. Much smoke was emitted when the engine was being stoked. Every engine had a fireman to keep the boiler burning at the proper temperature.

Richard Palmer, historian, has a book, "Railroading thru Cortland". In it he writes of the New York, Oswego and Western which was the predecessor of the Lehigh Valley through our Tioughnioga valley.

Unfortunately my correspondence with a Mr. Noseworthy of Lehigh Valley has either been lost or destroyed. It was quite complete in my filing cabinet. So the following comments are strictly from "as I remember".

When the railroad ceased operating in 1969, the rails and ties were sold to a contractor for salvage. Later on the railroad bed was made available to the adjacent landowner for one dollar a lineal foot. It seems as there was about 3500 feet of railroad bed through our two farms. The rail bed, at that point, was 60 feet wide. We had purchased the Lark (formerly Hildreth) farm adjacent to ours. The railroad owned this land – it was not an easement. My recollection is that I paid the company \$1.00 a foot for the land. Frank Jones, a local contractor, bulldozed the rail bed into a beautiful continuous meadow with no division. It was a good investment.

The Arnold and Gerald McCall families also purchased their footage, as did others. Some chose not to purchase the rail bed as they believed the original deed contained a clause stating if there ceased to be a railroad that the land would revert to the owner of record at the time of abandonment.

The town of Truxton in Carl Crispell's administration as Supervisor purchased the bed from and including the depot to the Crains Mills crossing. Edward O'Donnell and the Truxton Cemetery Association owned lands on each side of the rail bed. They purchased that bed from the town, each paying half the cost.

Later the Truxton Cemetery Association, which also owned the land adjacent to St. Patrick's Cemetery, teamed up with St. Patrick's and purchased the railroad land between them and also the remaining land to the Truxton-Chenango Road. By owning this land it has made both cemeteries more accessible. As years go on I vision that access being frequently used. I should bring out that the railroad land in this area was wider than 60 feet in order to accommodate the sidings.

Recently I had a visit with our longtime friend and community citizen, Francis T. "Sud" Hoffman. Francis is now past 90 years. He was postmaster in Truxton from July 1945 until 1978. He had many memories of the Lehigh Valley Railroad and the receiving and sending mail by the mail car. He mentioned Bobby Burns from Canastota as the mail clerk on the car, also a Tom _____ in the same position.

"Sud" brought me up to date on the postmasters and post office locations in Truxton. His father, Ernest J. Hoffman, was postmaster from 1914 to 1928. From the years 1914 to 1924 the post office was in the Hoffman store which at that time was located in the old O'Conner Hotel. The hotel was where Brown's Garage is now. In 1924 Hoffmans moved their

business to the building on the east side of Labrador Creek on Main Street in Truxton. Muller's hardware was on the west side. His father continued as postmaster until 1928. The position of postmaster was political. In 1928 Ralph Reakes was named postmaster. The post office was moved into the Hilton building on the corner of Main and Cheningo. Cora Webster followed Mr. Reakes until 1945 when the office was moved back to Hoffman's store as Francis was named postmaster.

Francis remembers vividly the sad news that was sent by telegram to Truxton when Warden Mott was station agent. Fred "FJ" Sutton, son of a fine local family, was serving in the armed service. He was killed in a non combat action. Mottie received the telegram and had to deliver it to the Sutton Family.

He also remembers the accident which left Paul Gulini Jr. with a stiff knee. As boys, some of them were climbing on the signal tower by the depot. Evidently the signal arms were moved by the levers in the depot. Paul fell to the ground causing this permanent disability.

Francis remembers the cattle yard between the main tracks and the siding. Hilton's cabbage house, on the northwest side of the track was renovated to make the Truxton GLF – later Agway. GLF was short for Grange – League – Federation, the three organizations which founded the cooperative. Those organization were the Grange, Dairymen's League and Farm Bureau Federation.

A few more of my recollections. In the winter, after a blizzard the tracks were often blown full of the white stuff. The railroad had a large snowplow on the front of an engine. This was used to clear the track before the scheduled train could pass. It seems to me that one of the worst spots, for the snow to drift in, was north of Cuyler.

The steam engine was the power for many years. With it was the coal car. A fireman had the job of stoking the engine with soft coal to keep up the power. After World War II the diesel engine took over. We marveled at this new locomotive as it pulled the cars up and down the track.

As mentioned in one of my other books, accidents did happen between train and trucks and autos. One that stays in my mind was at Young's Crossing (now known as Hegeman's also Town Line). Bert Rogers and George Young were in a pick up. Perhaps it stalled on the track. Bert was killed. He had a fine family. He farmed just south of Truxton.

At each road crossing the railroad tracks was a sign. "Railroad Crossing". A riddle which is now corny but seemed funny for little kids years ago went like this, "Railroad Crossing Watch Out For The Cars, how do you spell it without any Rs"? Of course the answer was "IT"!!

Cattle and other animals often were on the railroad tracks. Many times they were injured or killed by the oncoming train. On the front of each locomotive was a grill which looked like a small snowplow. It was called a "cowcatcher". I don't know if any animals were saved from this contraption, however I believe that if one was hit it was shoved to the side of the tracks so the engine would not run over it and cause a possible derailment of the train. It would also remove debris from the tracks such as a fallen tree.

The more I ponder about this idea, I can see only positive results for our town by moving to renovate the depot. Those positive results would be:

1. A town office building, with a two or threefold purpose, in a central location .
2. The preservation of a piece of history which was a major factor in the economy of Truxton and the Tioughnioga valley.
3. A renewal of pride in our community.
4. Provide the town with a center for small group gatherings.
5. A museum or cultural center which would entice others, looking for a residence, to be interested in coming to Truxton. Outsiders would look at the citizens of Truxton as being progressive and interested building upon their history.
6. The opportunity of tying this improvement to activities at the adjacent John J. McGraw recreation field.
7. A classroom, apart from our fine school, where children could visit and get a feel for the history of this valley.
8. A small cost, beyond just building a structure, by each taxpayer. To grow we must first invest.

We are fortunate to have in our community a young, ambitious, thoughtful and energetic group of citizens who care about Truxton with its churches, school, fire department and appearance. Margaret and I wholeheartedly support their efforts not only to continue our great heritage, but also to revitalize our pride in Truxton. We consider it an excellent investment of our tax dollars for this major improvement.

reference
Richard Palmer – Tully
315-696-5374

August 8, 2002 Box 295. Truxton, NY, 13158
e-mail: pottmb@odyssey.net
607-842-6426

The Governor's Office for Small Cities
Albany, NY 12223-1350

Dear Grant Committee:

At the present time there is a movement to transform, into useful purposes, the historic Lehigh Valley Depot in the hamlet of Truxton. The Railroad has been much a part our history and should be preserved. This section of Lehigh Valley extended from Canastota to the East Ithaca station.

The Depot was the business point. It was divided into three areas: – the station agent's office, passenger waiting room and freight storage.

There were three wire lines into the Depot. One was for telegraph service by Western Union. One, for telephone – strictly for railroad business and the other for all other telephone needs. I remember the telegraph on the bench between the bay windows. In the Depot office was a pot bellied stove.

Outside was a signal tower at the northeast end of the Depot. Its arms were controlled by rods and levers in the office. The arms were set to positions which the oncoming trainmen could see to know if another train was approaching in the opposite direction. If there was, one was switched on to a railroad siding to let the other pass.

At one time there was a small stockyard corral beside the railroad siding. Cattle were shipped out – horses in.

On the south side of the railroad tracks and to the north was the Creamery. Whole raw milk and cream was shipped in cans to New York City.

At one time milk casein was processed at the plant. Cabbage and potatoes were also shipped out. A short distance on the north side of the railroad was the Bryant (later Marshall Wood) Furniture factory and sawmill p

Near to the Depot was the J.H.B. Gordon coal storage. Carloads of anthracite coal were brought by train, switched on to a siding and unloaded. Feed for horses and cattle was also received in carload lots.

The restoration of the Lehigh Valley Depot in Truxton is a "Small Town America Project" dream. Some positive results would be:

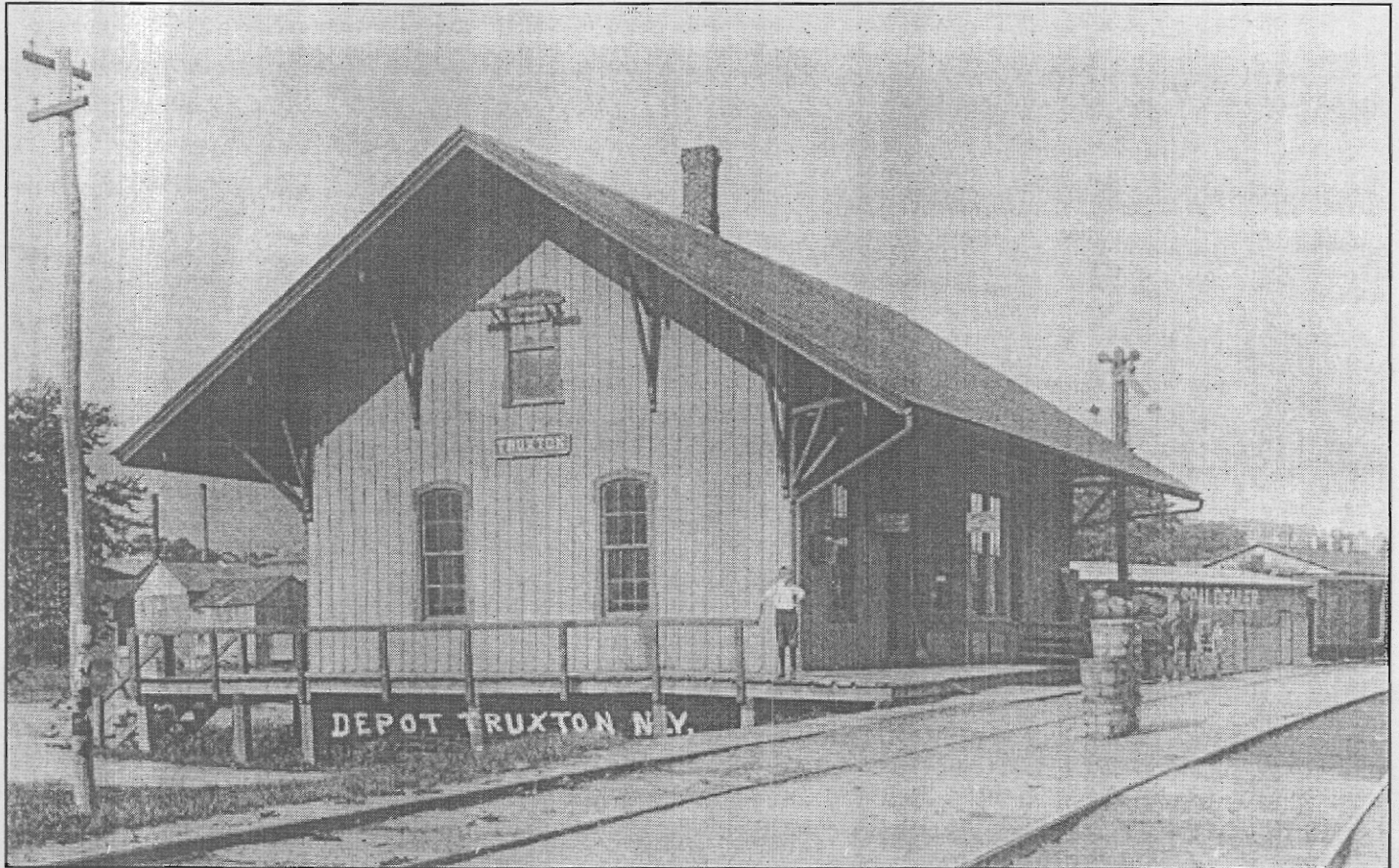
1. A town office building, in a central location, with a twofold purpose.
2. The preservation of a piece of history and major player in the economy of Truxton.
3. A renewal of pride in our community.
4. Provide the town with a center for small group gatherings.
5. A historical center which would attract others to Truxton.
6. The opportunity to tie to activities at the adjacent John J. McGraw field. (McGraw, the Cooperstown Baseball Hall of Famer and New York Giants Manager was a Truxton native)
7. A classroom, apart from our fine school, where children could visit and study Truxton's history in our Tioughnioga River valley.

We have in our community a young, ambitious, energetic group of citizens who care about Truxton with its churches, school, fire department, small businesses and appearance. My wife and I support their efforts to continue our great heritage, and revitalize a pride in Truxton. We believe it is a sound investment for local and state tax dollars. Funding is the limitation.

We respectfully ask for your financial assistance to this small country township of Truxton. A grant of \$25,000 to rehabilitate the Lehigh Valley Depot would surely encourage the Town Council to follow up with local funding. Many thanks for your favorable consideration.

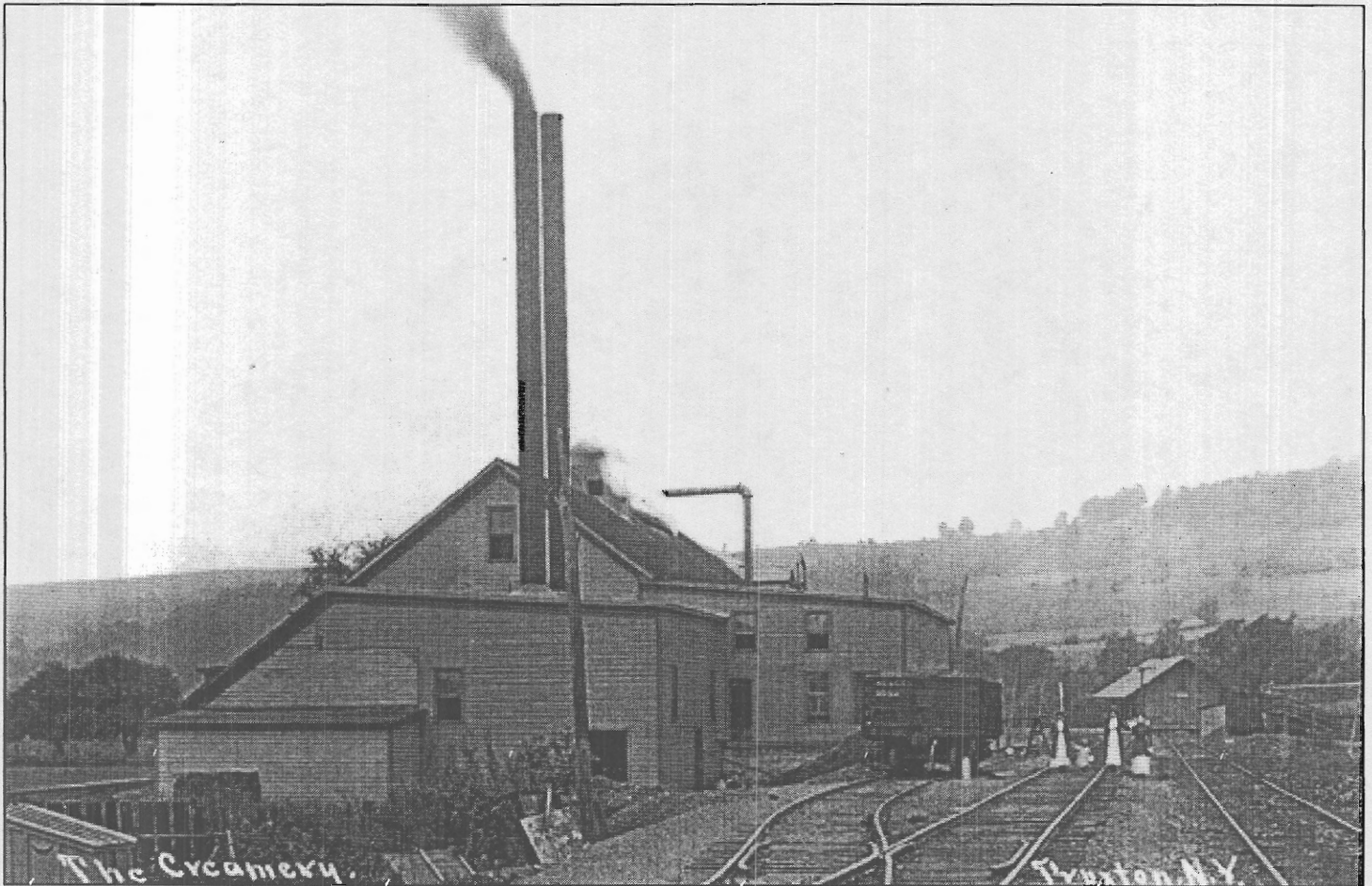
Yours very truly,
Bernard W. Potter
Supervisor Town of Truxton 1960-1967
Lifelong resident, retired dairy farmer

attached pictures courtesy of Cortland County Historical Society: Lehigh Valley Depot, Creamery



When restored, our Historical LeHigh Valley Railroad Depot will be home for town offices, a justice courtroom and Truxton's exciting history.

- a picture postcard at the Cortland Historical Society



“The Creamery”, known in our times as the Sheffield Farms Milk Station
one of seven milk plants between Cortland and DeRuyter.
-a picture postcard at the Cortland Historical Society

Mottie's Potato Chips

A sequel to Nora Button Mott's railroad memories was the business she and Warden Mott started while they lived in Truxton. "Mottie's Potato Chips" were the tastiest, best chips that could be found. She and Mottie fried these chips in the old Westcott Store on Main Street in Truxton.

They looked for the highest quality potato for this venture. She did not name the variety. Nora told me that Grace Bliss peeled the potatoes. Anna McGraw fried, packaged and anything else needed in the process. Norma Bosworth, one of our fine young citizens was Anna's first assistant. Nora marketed and delivered the Chips in her small commercial van. Her formula for cooking the chips was to use cottonseed oil. Her chips were never soaked in water as was the practice by other makers.

Nora mentioned that she found a trade name of "Hawaii Kettle" potato chips which were similar to their product. This venture was operated for twelve years. She and Mottie prospered during that period with "Mottie's Potato Chips" and as the "Station Agent".
6-17 -02

MEMBERSHIP IN THE "ZIPPER CLUB" – Initiated July 7, 1992

A favorite topic of conversation seems to be one's operation. Since having open heart surgery, I am surprised at the number of homo sapiens who have had the same and love to visit about there own particular surgery. We refer to ourselves as "members of the Zipper".

To the uninitiated it is unbelievable that this "life or death" experience can have its humorous overtones. I found this to be true, and I think it is about time that I spelled them out for – whoever might read. First, to set the stage, I was suffering from loss of breath — medication was not helping. I thought I was just "growing old". Dr. Sam Mason suggested I go up to St. Joseph's Hospital in Syracuse and have a catheterization. Dr. Reger would be my cardiologist.

A catheterization procedure is where the cardiologist inserts a "worm sort" instrument into a vein in you arm or groin and moves it to the heart area. Pictures show where circulatory problems may be. The patient lies on an operating table as the process is carried out. At the same time the patient can follow a TV monitor to watch what is taking place.

During this procedure I turned my gaze to another area in the room and immediately knew that this hospital was the proper place to fix me up. Right there on a shelf was a can of "WD-40"! What a relief to know that they had thought of everything that might loosen up a problem!

While I was observing this process the cardiologist said, "Now we're going to 'squirt' (I use the term loosely,) some dye so we can get a final picture, don't be surprised if you warm up some place". Surprise – I felt hot flashes all over! Almost as quickly, the heat came out of me in any place there was a vent!! It was surely a funny and laughable sensation.

The test showed an artery ninety percent closed and two other arteries 50- 75% closed. He gave me my options. Because of the location he suggested by- pass surgery. I had already made up my mind that I wasn't going to operate the rest of my life on about one third power. After short , conversation with the surgeon, Dr. Rosenberg; my doctor, Dr. Mason, and my family I said "let's go".

In four weeks I was at St. Joseph's again and Dr. Rosenberg performed open heart and a triple by-pass. I had every confidence that the surgery would be successful. However, I realized the possibilities and I thanked God for the wonderful seventy years which I had been privileged.

At this point, I shall recount what Rich Newman had told me before my surgery. Rich is my nephew-in-law as he is married to niece Janet. He loves a good joke or story. He works for Welch-Allen, makers of fine surgical equipment. Rich said, "Now Bernard, if when they wheel you into that operating room and you look up and if the equipment doesn't say Welch-Allen, you tell them that the operation is all off!!" To this day I can't say what the equipment was as I was nearly out by the time I arrived in O.R.!

Another reason for success was the fact that I, a Protestant, was in St. Joseph's Catholic hospital, and Jewish Dr. Rosenberg was my surgeon. We covered all the bases!

What was performed? In layman's terms my left mammary artery was unhooked and spliced in beyond the blockage on my heart's left side. A 17 inch vein was taken from my lower right leg and from that 2 by-passes were spliced on the right side.

Humor again. Using a man's left mammary artery reminds me of an earthy saying we had down on the farm, "there's nothing more useless than the hind teat on a boar (male) hog"! Not so in my case.

There are volunteers who make visits in the cardiac unit, all of them have had heart surgery. They are a source of inspiration and confidence to the new patient who is waiting for surgery. Bert Bertini, from Cortland, was such a person. He came in to visit me right after I arrived. What a help he was. Humor again – I kid him as to what his mission was at that point. Ann, his wife, was the operator of Bertini Funeral Home. I quizzically ask Bert if he was out looking for business!!

Another inspiration when I arrived was my first caller. Lou Vaneria, retired professor of history at Cortland State and fellow Rotarian had undergone surgery 4 days earlier. He walked into my room dressed in a fine lounge robe – and looking just great.

What's happened in the past twenty one months. I am in great shape – took off about 8 pounds, walk regularly, attend Safe Shape exercises at Cortland Hospital, twice a week, eat Margaret's nutritionally balanced meals and have no noticeable problems. I can walk 18 holes of golf, if I choose. I'm a new man! Zipper Club members have a new lease on life and they are very thankful.

This was my first hospitalization. I can't begin to say "Thank you" to family, friends and yes, even strangers who cared to give me a boost. I hope I am passing this on to others as they face difficulties in their lives.

3-26-94

Update – Still feeling great, however I don't walk 18 holes of golf any more!

11-22-04

The Truxton Cemetery Association

Helping share the upkeep of our local cemetery is a rewarding community service. Twenty-two years ago I was asked to become a trustee of our Truxton Cemetery Association. I will spin a few lines about the cemetery experience.

My introduction to the cemetery goes back to 1967, the year Dad and Mother died. At the time of mother's passing, September 1967, Dad was in the Cortland hospital suffering from a stroke. Our family had no burial plots except perhaps a spot in the Cortland Rural Cemetery. Bob Moore, President of the Truxton Cemetery Association said that there was one plot of 16 graves still available in the cemetery and suggested we buy it.

Dad never wanted to face up to the fact that physical life is terminal, thus he had steered away from talking about death and burials. Carleton, Willard and I took Bob's advice by purchasing the entire plot. Shortly thereafter, December, Dad passed away – already two spots had been used. Well, ok now for our cemetery real estate.

In years past Erastus Short dug the graves with pick and shovel. Charles Moore served as president, superintendent, sexton for many years. Later his son Robert served in the same positions along with wife, Alda, who handled the books as secretary and treasurer. The Moore's – Charles and Mary, Bob and Alda served the cemetery for at least 88 years. During that whole period the Board of Trustees was rather a sounding board for Bob's and Charlie's management and things went very smooth with little change. I always wanted to have a memorial in the cemetery for the two Moore families who gave untiringly of themselves for the upkeep our cemetery. Bob has since passed on.

During Bob and Alda's tenure the trustees would meet for the annual meeting at their home. Alda always served chocolate cake! The trustees at that time were – Lawrence Bartholomew, Linus Smith (the elder), Kermit Lockwood, Willard Potter, Donald Young, Lloyd Holdrege, Bob Arnold, Bob Moore. Larry Bartholomew followed Bob Moore as head caretaker and vice President – he also served a short time as president. He did a fine job until his failing health caused his retirement. For a number of years the Moores mowed the cemetery. Later Charlie Maxson mowed. At the present time Jim Crandall has done a superb job of mowing and trimming our cemetery. Frank Maher digs the graves with his backhoe. Presently the trustees are Dale Smith, Ed White, Greg Lockwood, Lloyd Holdrege, Carleton Young, Bob Arnold, Darrel Reakes and myself. Carole Potter serves as secretary and treasurer. Janice Smith keeps the burial book.

Next to the original cemetery, north of St. Patrick's cemetery is two and a half acres. On November 14, 1932 the trustees purchased the parcel for \$2,000. At one time the Baptist Church, the Marshall Wood furniture factory, the Bryant sawmill and a two family house occupied portions of the field. Before the

purchase, the sawmill had burned. The house rental received was minimal – the renters supposedly were to keep up the house. That didn't happen. In 1989 the trustees decided to have the firemen burn the house as it was in such bad repair. The house lot was then cleaned up. The original purpose for buying the land was for cemetery expansion, the trustees had surveyor Jim Denkenberger lay out the land into burial plots. That was done. Around 1200 plots were marked. Thirty or more burial sites have been sold at this time.

The cemetery purchased magnetized markers, called "monuments" to be set go inches in the ground at strategic points in the surveyed land. This makes it very easy to locate points for the burial sites. I donated 24 sugar maples from our woods on the farm to be set along the south side and also as rows delineating the driveways for the newly surveyed land.

A few years back the Association and St. Patricks joined to purchase, from the town of Truxton, the Lehigh Valley railroad right of way from the east point of the new land then west to the highway leading to Cheningo. Previous to that the Association and Edward O'Donnell purchased the right of way behind the original cemetery.

At the time of the survey Denkenberger was in need of iron rods for his surveying business. Jim Denkenberger did not charge for the surveying. We sold him the iron fence along route 13 except the iron posts. The Association purchased chain from Cooper Industries (formerly Brewer-Titchner) in Cortland, also iron posts from an outfit in Sherburne. The posts were placed along the new cemetery by Route 13 with the chain attached to them as well as to the original posts by the old cemetery.

Following the Moore years as our leaders, brother Willard became President. He served faithfully until his death in 2003. At the 2003 annual meeting Dale Smith was elected President, Linus J. Smith, Vice President-sexton; Carole Potter, Secretary and Treasurer. Dale and Linus along with some help from the rest of the trustees take special care and pride in our cemetery. We receive many complements for the fine care.

Two years ago a new Memorial Day custom was set between St. Patricks and the Association cemeteries. Ray Dumphy, a new resident of East Homer had an idea to broaden the participation in the ceremonies. Several hundred persons have attended this joint ceremony both years. It is a class act. For many years the members of the American Legion and its Auxiliary place in both cemeteries have placed American flags by the graves of veterans.

By now you may be wondering what happened to our other 14 burial sites purchased in 1967. Ada and Fred Zautner are buried in 2. They were my sister-in-law's, Jane, parents. Baby Colmenares has a headstone. He was the son of our friends Ana and Jose in Venezuela. Cremation burials are now using ther spaces. Sister Marian and Harry Kitts; nephew David Kitts; brother Willard and Jane Zautner Potter; sister-in-law Marian Wightman Potter. Each cremation has taken a half burial site. Margaret and I have decided on cremation which will use one burial plot. The remaining 8 burial spots are available for family members.

11-28-03

I have capsuled the many years of service by the Moore family to the Truxton Cemetery Association. Charles Moore was elected trustee for 1 year at the meeting on June 3rd, 1939. At the 1940 meeting he was elected for 3 years. In 1950 he was elected Secretary succeeding Leona Muller who resigned in 1949. In 1951 Mary (Mrs Charles) Moore was appointed ass't secretary. In 1952 Mary G. Moore was appointed Secretary and treasurer to replace her husband Charles Moore deceased. At the meeting May 3, 1952, Robert Moore (Charles and Mary's son) was elected trustee.

At a special meeting of the trustees, January 19, 1957, Robert Moore was elected president to succeed Lynn A. Freeman, deceased. On February 17, 1962 Alda Moore was elected Secretary and treasurer succeeding Mary Moore. The service of the Moore family:

Charles Moore	12 years
Mary Moore	11 "
Robert Moore	35 "
Alda Moore	30 "

88 years of service to the Truxton Cemetery Association!

Willard Potter (deceased) trustee February 26, 1968-35 years to 2003

Current Trustees: continuing a family tradition of service

Bernard Potter, March 30, 1981 –
Dale Smith (Linus Smith & Linus J. deceased),
Robert Arnold (Walter Arnold deceased)
Carleton Young (Donald Young deceased)
Gregory Lockwood (Kermit Lockwood deceased)

As I write this page, January 30, 2005, we are saddened by the passing of Linus J. Smith. Linus has served the Truxton Cemetery Association with his heart and soul as a Trustee and Superintendent for several years. His legacy of devotion has continued that given, in modern times, by Charles Moore, Robert Moore and Lawrence Bartholomew.

Bloomfield Farm Modernization Thru The Years

I am thinking about the many changes which we made at 3455 Route 13, the Bloomfield Farm, since November 1942 when Dad purchased the farm from the Estate of John J. Bloomfield.

Let's start with our house. It was always Margaret's and my intention to maintain this treasure, our home, nearly as it was when John Jeffries built it in 1816. Mr. Jeffries was a great grandparent of our dear friend and neighbor, Isabelle Woodward Feeter. The original 1816 structure, facing Route 13 was rectangular.

There was an upstairs and a downstairs fireplace at each end of the house – four in total. The two at the north end of the house had been removed before we lived in the house. The two on the south end had been bricked faced and thus closed off. Before we lived in the house there was an acetylene gas lighting system. We removed most of the piping as we remodeled various areas. Unfortunately we did not save any of the gas lighting fixtures!

Margaret orchestrated most if not all of the many improvements in the house. She was very patient and understanding as progress was sometimes painfully slow. A particular rough time was when the north side apartment was occupied with a family and several children. At that time we had only the one small bathroom, for 2 families to use, between the two living areas. As I turn back the pages of time I continually feel so blessed to have had such an understanding partner, with an unmatched talent as an organizer. Thank you, Margaret.

Many changes/improvements come to mind, not necessarily in chronological order:

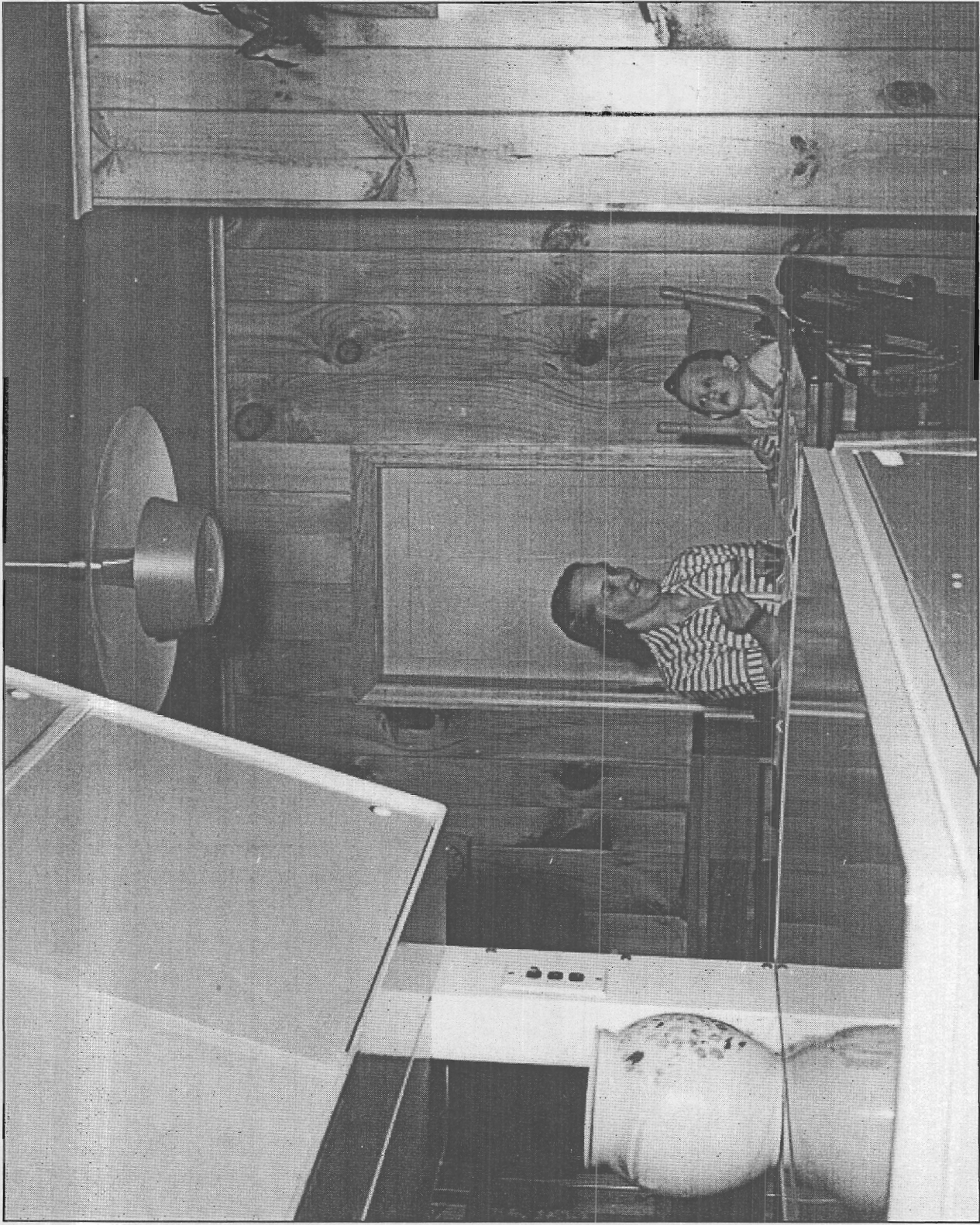
1. Removed iron sink in kitchen – any waste from it had soaked into the ground outside the kitchen!
2. Originally the only heat for the entire living area was from a pipeless furnace – one large register in main hall! The only way we could keep real warm was to stand over the register! They were often called “a pipeless, heatless furnace!!”.
3. We purchased a hot water heating system from Carmen Supply in Cortland during World War II. The system was coal fired. A Fairbanks-Morse bin fed coal stoker was purchased from Ed Hatter. He and his wife Christine operated a coal yard in Cortland. Some years later the original boiler was replaced with a new one and an oil fired burner. Two 250 gallon fuel tanks were in place of the coal bin. Long time friend Max LeFever from Agway did the installing.
4. 1950 – Hurricane Hazel blew the massive pine tree in the front yard on to the house roof. Little Billy and Patty were taking naps upstairs at that moment. Margaret took them to Homer to stay at Marian and Carleton's. The three stayed there while the elements were being kept from coming into the living area. Bacon French and Dennis Comerford and others worked well into the night, placing canvasses over the shattered roof. These good samaritans saved the living

interior from major damage. At the height of the storm a large south section of the east end of the barn roof blew off. One of our hired men, LeRoy Shaw, placed an extension ladder at the front of the barn, climbed up carrying a hay rope, threw it over the north front section, secured the end of it thru a basement window to keep that section from blowing off. It was a miracle that he wasn't blown off the ladder. George Berner, a practice teacher of agriculture was staying with us at the time. He helped us immensely during and after the storm while the power was out. Vacuum from the manifold of our Ford tractor was enough to operate one milking machine unit.

5. Following the hurricane the house roof was repaired by replacing 14 rafters. The slate were replaced with the help of Bill Crandall. The front porch of the house was completely removed as it was impossible to repair it after the tree fell. The barn roof was repaired and standing seam roofing replaced with help of George Beard and Harley Reakes.
6. The pine tree logs were eventually sawn to lumber by Clair Peterson. Howard Robinson in his Cortland Woodshop kiln dried the lumber. Bacon French put the pine boards on the walls of the "play room" also made the pine shelves and cupboards.
7. "Cornell Kitchen" was installed 1953. Joanne was a baby. Earl Cranson of DeRuyter did much of the carpentering. "Cloughy" from Cornell Ag Engineering assisted. New windows to the kitchen were part of the project. The "Cornell Kitchen" was designed by Housing and Design staff at the College of Home Economics at Cornell. Five of these prototype kitchens were placed in farm homes. They were of plate aluminum. The purpose was to test their feasibility for commercial manufacture and sale. They incorporated many ease of work ideas for the homemaker. They were never marketed. A "Dutch Oven" which had been hidden by the interior kitchen wall was opened for viewing. It is a classic and remains a "conversation piece" in the kitchen. We never started a fire in it as we were not sure of the mortar in the chimney flue from the oven.



Lovely Margaret in her Cornell Kitchen



*Margaret, "Joanne, it's good"! -- 1954
Pine paneling from tree which fell on our home -- Hurricane Hazel*

8. Earl Cranson and helpers changed the upstairs to connect front hallway to back, installed a new bathroom, hardwood floor and new windows in Patty's bedroom and a hardwood floor in the back hall. With the help of Joe Maher a new septic system in south lawn was connected to the new bathroom.
9. With these various projects, all existing electrical wiring was replaced. A new pole electric service was placed near the north side of the house. The barn and the house were supplied from it. With it was also a double throw switch for auxiliary power use in case of a power outage.
10. The original walls of the house were clapboard, plank, open space, lath and plaster – very cold! We replaced most of them with roll insulation and sheetrock. The high ceiling in the front room was lowered several inches by Lloyd Sutton.
11. Most of our later electrical work was by Dave Elston. Can't remember the earlier electricians.
12. The kitchen of the former apartment was made into a laundry, barn clothes and freezer room. The original tiny bathroom was completely remodeled. Jim McGuire installed a new septic system for it, the kitchen and the laundry room. This system replaced the laid up stone wall cesspool in the back yard.
13. A hardwood floor was placed in the middle room on the north side – making it a very comfortable for TV and den.
14. The original ash plank floors in the front hall and living room were sanded and beautifully refinished. When we first lived in the house the floor was covered with linoleum laid over newspapers.
15. Lightning rods were installed on the house and two barns.
16. The little room off of the dining room was converted into an office. A built-in desk and cupboard was crafted with cherry lumber sawed from trees in our woods.
17. The "catch all" shed at the rear of the house was torn down. A two car garage attached to the house was built – with overhead door openers. For the first time we could come into the kitchen without fighting the elements! Originally the garage was across Route 13. The cesspool was accessed through a manhole in the center of the new garage.

18. Around 1969 or 70 when at the State Fair I became acquainted with Tom Galko, of the Syracuse Pool Center. He had rented space at the fairgrounds for a swimming pool display. I visited with him about a pool for our home. Joanne was about a senior in high school at that time. We believed this would be great opportunity for her to invite friends to come and enjoy. The upshot was Margaret and I purchased a 20' x 40' inground pool and a propane pool heater. We purchased, from Sears- Roebuck, a chain link fence to protect the pool from any cattle that might be roaming, however that did not stop one of our young red-rock pullets from flying into the water and drowning! The pool heater proved to be too expensive to operate. We later traded it to Mr. Galko for a pool cover.

The purchase of the swimming pool was a never regretted investment. For years it was enjoyed by our family as well as friends and neighbors. Recently a new pool liner has replaced the original. 35 years later, the pool is being enjoyed by the next generation of Potters, living at 3755 Route 13 – Stephanie, Dan, Drew and Nate.

19. In the late 1980s, a major project was replacing the entire slate roof. Plywood decking was installed over the roof boards and asphalt shingles were laid. The original slate roof was put on around 1890. It was laid over wood shingles. My friend, Chet Smith, told me that his father helped lay the slate. That's how we arrived at a date. Slate is forever – in our case around one hundred years!

When we remodeled with a bathroom upstairs we discovered mud like "insulation" showing round log like impressions This leads us to believe that the 1816 house was attached to a log home. Some years later the log part must have been demolished and the present rear (west) part added to the original 1816 house. We have no idea as to the date. The original structure with this later addition made a sixteen room house.

Originally there were three basement areas under the house. Under the original house were two of them -- one for the furnace area and one with a brick wall making it ideal for a vegetable cold storage area. A dirt floored cellar, not connected to the front cellars, was under the north side of the house. A two/three foot head room crawl space was under the kitchen, dining room and office at the west and south. The front and back cellars were accessible by hatchways.

Some years later we removed the stone wall between the front furnace and rear cellars which made each accessible by one set of stairs. We also dug out a foot or more of the dirt floor in the back cellar giving it more headroom and poured a concrete floor.

While we were wished to keep the original clapboard siding on the home we did give in and placed aluminum siding on the south and west walls. The reasoning being that a new chimney was needed back of the south wall, resulting in the removal of the original clapboards.

These are most of the many updates to our beautiful 1816 home.

Let's move to changes made to the other buildings at the Bloomfield Farm. From the purchase of the farm in 1942 until roughly 1992 when Margaret and I moved into our new home in the hamlet of Truxton there were many, many improvements in the buildings of which I can only scratch the surface without boring the reader. Perhaps the best way is to list them as they come to mind. I have shown a sketch of the interior of the main cow barn with its 60 swing stanchions, 2 bull pens in an addition at the west end, and 2 calf pens at the east end. Another picture shows the large posts which supported the cross beams of the haymow, In these 12 inch or larger posts were braces to the cross beams.

When the cow manure was loaded in the manure spreader by hand (shoveled from the gutter behind the cows) the horses drew the spreader through the barn. Often times the hames of the harness would get caught on the braces over the driveway floor. To remedy this problem we removed the braces over the driveway.

As Mr. Bloomfield had modernized with Jamesway swing stanchions we found out that the stalls were too narrow, 36 to 40 inches,— when a cow was lying down often times a neighboring cow would step on her teat causing severe injury. So the next move was to develop a plan to widen and lengthen the stalls. To accomplish this necessitated the removal of the original wood posts because the gutter now would come in line with them. This was done by replacing them with 4-6 in steel pipes on the cow bed. They were spaced to accommodate the wider stalls. Most of the Jamesway stanchions were used again. In one section of the barn we installed tie stalls spaced 54 inches apart. We also made a concrete curb between each cow. With the longer, wider stall and the curb we practically eliminated crushed teats. In this stall restructuring we eliminated the calf pens at the east end of the barn, replacing them with stanchions. Eventually we did the same at the west end with the bull pens. We extended the barn to accommodate bull pens. Next came the mechanical gutter cleaner which eliminated the need for any in-barn horse drawn manure spreader. An E-Z-Go barn cleaner designed and sold by Mr. Heckerman of Syracuse was purchased.

Originally there were 2 silos on the south side of the main barn. One was a 12' x 28' wood stave, the other was a 20' x 26' clapboard wrapped. The interior was tongue and grooved 3/4" x 6" boards. Between the interior and exterior wrapped were vertical 2" x 4" s. There were a number of these early style silos on farms around the area.

For a short time we also stored corn silage in a bunk silo dug into the ground in the pasture just south of the barn. It was a mess. Some years later we purchased two 20' x 50' concrete stave silos. The silage was unloaded by a silo unloader. While this was a big step forward, silo unloaders were not the long term answer. Later we made two bunker wood walled storages next to Kenney Brook Road. This made good use of our tractor bucket loader in combination of the "mixer wagon" system. To use this system we provided silage mangers for the cows who were now being housed in a "free stall" barn.

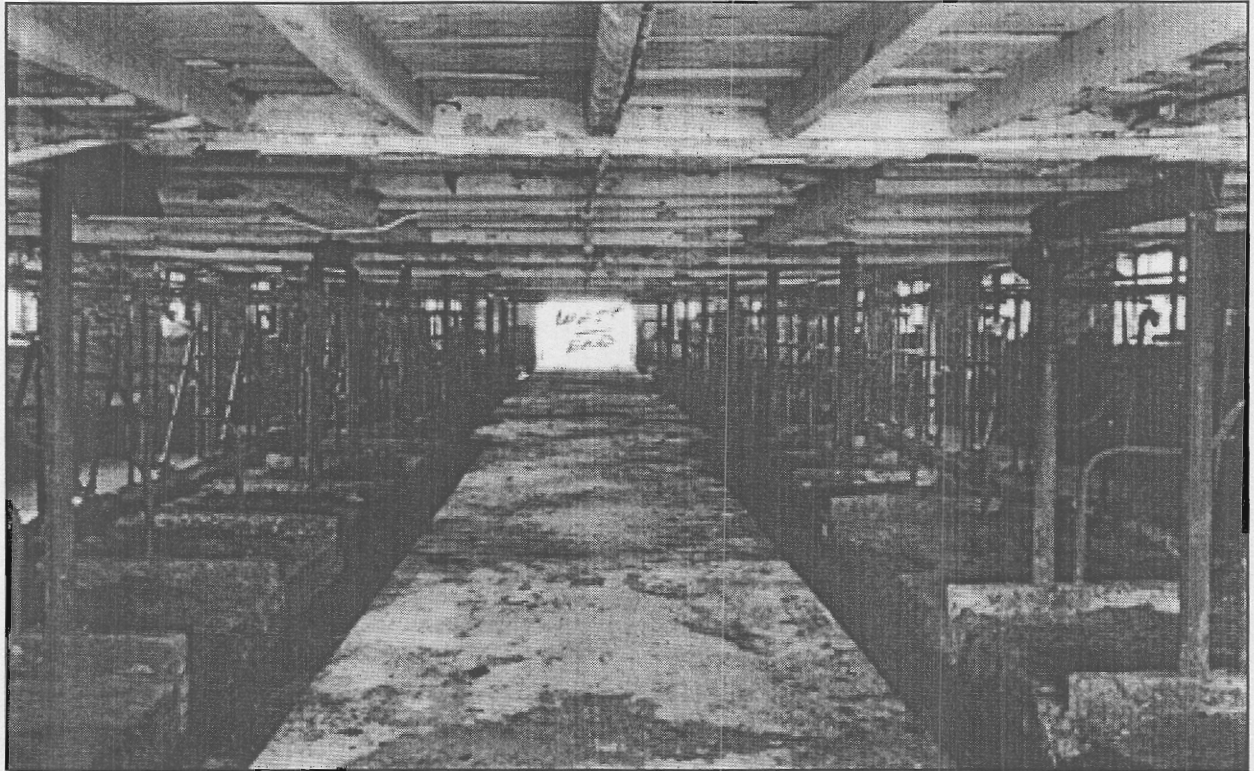
This is a very brief review of the transition from unloading silos with a silage fork to mechanical handling. As I look back I am awed by the many transitions over the period of our dairying years and this is only a start.

The 1950s was the advent of milk being cooled in bulk tanks. The cooled milk was picked up by a tank truck. The era of milk in cans was coming to an end. Some farmers were slow to accept the bulk tank cooling system. At a community meeting to discuss this new technique, one farmer asked the question, "What are you going to do with your milk cans?" From the other side of the meeting room came this response, "What did you do with your horseshoes?"

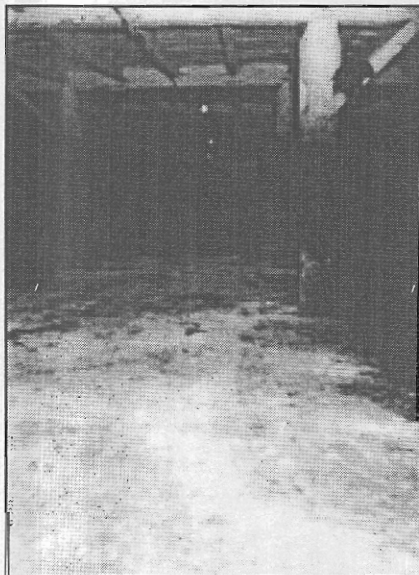
Dad was very progressive. He could "read the handwriting on the wall!" and suggested that we get on the "band wagon" and install a bulk milk tank at both of our farms. There was an incentive by the milk cooperatives for farmers to install bulk tanks. We were paid a premium of 20 cents a hundred weight for our milk if we would go bulk. Because we got on the "band wagon" early we paid for our tanks with the extra income from the premium. Those farmers who went bulk later were not so fortunate as the premium was stopped.



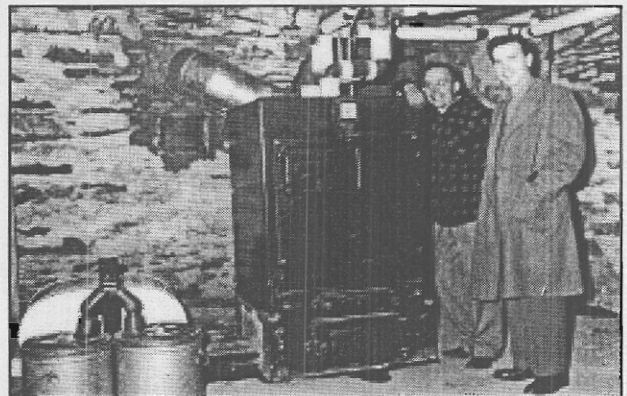
1957-- Milk was carried in pails from the stable to the milk house, strained through a "flannel" disc as it poured into the bulk milk tank to be cooled to 37 degrees F.



East -1946 ReBuilt Stables



1946 Stables



*Hot water Heating System for our Home
Fairbanks-Morse bin-fed Coal Stoker
Ed Hatter, Hatter Coal-- Carmen Supply, Installer*

before

Stable Changes for Cow Comfort

after

before 1946-- 16" wooden posts on driveway--braced left and right

after 1946-- removed bracing on drive side

replaced wood posts with iron pipe on platform

widened and lengthened stalls--concrete curb

The Lee Kibbe Story – Raising the Collapsed Heifer Barn

On page 30 of my earlier writing, "*A Country Farm Boy Remembers*" I included a picture of the collapsed free stall facility for heifers, formerly the horse barn, at the farm. Mr. Lee Kibbe, who lived at Solon Pond, Town of Taylor, helped us put it back together. I wish to tell you about Mr. Kibbe. When I was a small boy, a Martin Kibbe and his wife, Sybil worked for Dad and Mother on the home farm. I'm not sure of the relationship.

I must give some background before Mr. Kibbe got involved. The barn is 50 feet in length and 30 feet wide. In making it a heifer facility we built a raised concrete feed alley lengthwise in the middle of the barn. The heifers could eat from each side of this manger, as there were openings for their heads. The reason for the collapse was pressure from the accumulated manure pack of the previous winter which was yet to be removed. The structure was the horse barn, one of the original buildings on the farmstead. It had a so called basement area and a floor above it where the bales of hay for the heifers was stored. At this time this area was nearly empty, as the new crop had not been stored yet and luckily the heifers were on pasture.

One noon while Margaret, Mother Smith and I were having lunch we heard a loud thud! I went out and quickly saw that our heifer barn had spread off its stone foundation, the hay floor fell into the lower level and the heavy slate roof had dropped from the ridge straight down to the hay mow floor which was now in the basement. The rafters still clung to the sidewalls which were still in an upright position. That was the picture. What to do was the question?

I contacted the Farm Bureau (now Cooperative Extension) for advice. Ag Engineer and friend, Hollis Davis, was sent out to assess the situation. His immediate suggestion was to bulldoze, burn the structure, and build a new pole barn.

I was very proud of the structures on the farmstead. Our beautiful 1816 home, the cow barn and the remodeled horse barn. This layout was a classic and pictured in the *1876 Cortland County Atlas*. I could not bring myself to dispose of the collapsed heifer barn. I decided to look into the possibility of restoring the barn. An old time barn builder, Mr. Lee Kibbe, was suggested to me.

At that time I was a member of the county Farm Bureau (now Cooperative Extension) Committee. Another member of that committee was Howard Potter – no relation. Howard lived near Lee Kibbe by Solon Pond in the town of Taylor. I asked Howard what he thought about the idea of getting advice from Lee Kibbe. Howard's reply, "I wouldn't think much of it".

Some neighbors didn't appreciate Lee Kibbe. My limited background of Mr. Kibbe was very prejudiced because of comments like Howard Potter. From what I knew or heard was that he was very intelligent, a nonconformist, eccentric as well as an outspoken opponent to school centralization. I also understood that he had a keen mind in the field of mechanics. I knew he had a sawmill run by water power and that its carriage could handle a forty foot log. I had never met the man, so I decided to find out first hand from the gentleman. I reached him on

the phone. He accepted my invitation to come over and look at the collapsed heifer barn.

Some time later a Model T Ford driven by a rather ruddy, some whiskered gentleman drove into the driveway. I knew without any introduction that here was Lee Kibbe. He stepped out of the Model T and as we shook hands I could imagine his independence. He was perhaps six feet tall, slim but rugged and easy to meet, contradicting how others had represented him. I had been prepared to meet a gruff, hard nosed individual.

We walked around the barn in its pitiful condition. I told him how I had been advised to push it out of the way and erect a pole barn. Pole barn construction was becoming very popular. After Mr. Kibbe and I had done some more discussing about the possibilities and another trip or two around the fallen barn he said to me, "Young Feller, seems like you got a head on your shoulders, if you want to work with me, we can put that barn back in its original condition". Those words were music to my ears. After some more visiting and a Handshake I said, "Let's do it – when will we get started?" No questions were mentioned about how much it would cost. I don't recall if he set a date, however he would start as soon as he finished some work he had going at that time. I felt comfortable as he explained the work as it should be done. He was an experienced post and beam barn builder.

True to his word, a few days later Mr. Kibbe and Model T drove in the driveway. Towed behind was a small trailer loaded with log chains, railroad jacks, "come-alongs", long poles, jackscrews and other tools which he might use in resurrecting my barn.

Much had to be done before Mr. Kibbe could do the barn raising. The smashed hay loft was cleaned out. The gable roof needed to be stabilized so it wouldn't drop further. That was accomplished by putting cables from one side of the building to the other at the roof plate where the rafter set at the side wall.

With that done we could get into the barn shell and clean out the manure pack. The barn needed a solid foundation. The field stone wall was replaced with a new concrete foundation. The sides had spread enough so we could get the old wall out of the way and pour "ready mix" concrete in for the new.

The 10" x 10" beam plates which originally set on the stone wall were pretty much deteriorated so we took a chain saw and shortened the siding and vertical beams by about 16 inches. A wide plank plate, was bolted to the new foundation to set the barn back on. Much of this we were able to do with our own help from the farm.

Mr. Kibbe was very meticulous as he carefully planned each step in the roof raising. In the heifer barn manger two or three vertical posts to the roof rafters were set on railroad jacks and steadied with a light chain. A cable with a "come-along" was set in a window in the main barn and one thru the door against the grainery wall of the main barn. As the railroad jacks were lifted a notch or two to lift the roof, the come-alongs were ratcheted the same. This was a very tedious procedure – but it was working. Eventually the barn roof was up to its original pitch, the barn siding and shortened beam posts were set on the new plate, threaded iron rods placed crossways the barn in two places at the eaves, were tightened to hold the roof in its position.

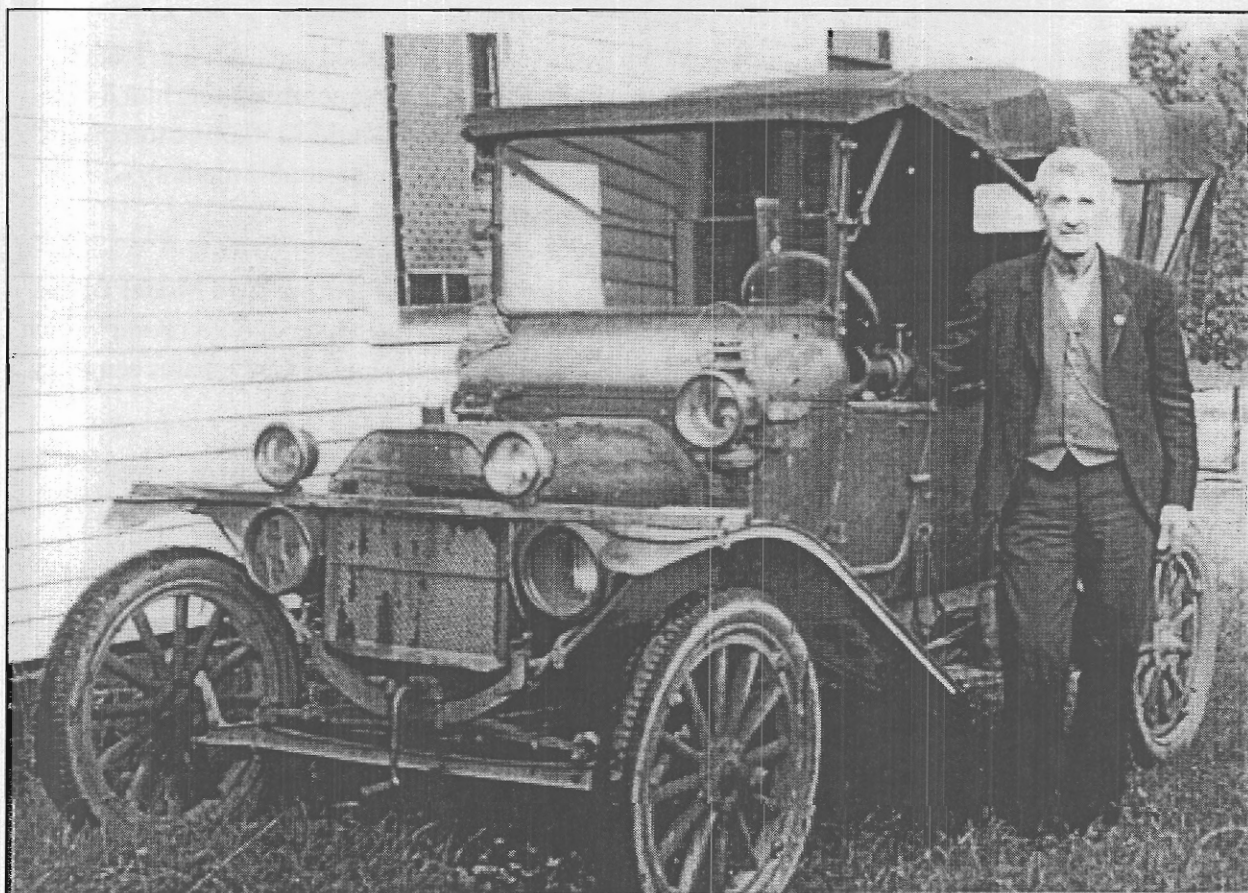
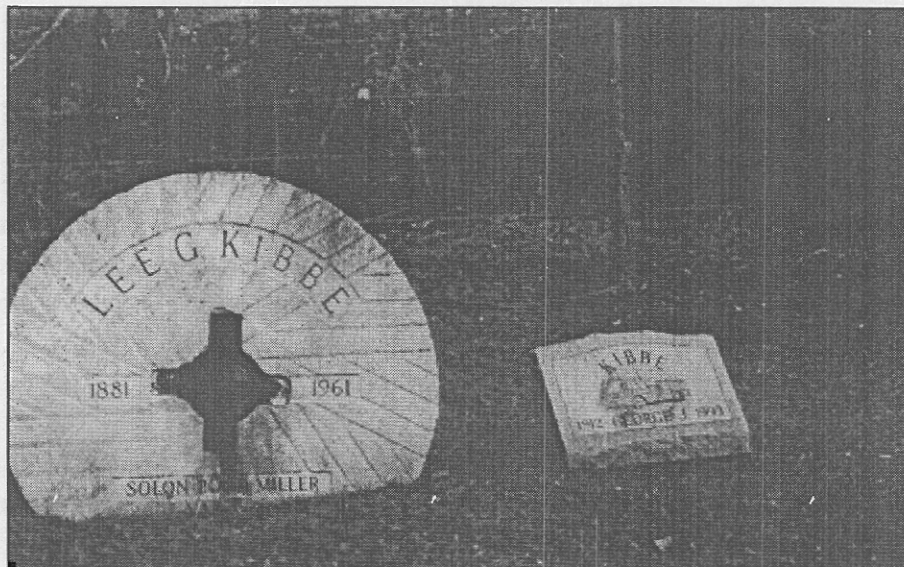
We did not replace the cupolo or the broken slate shingles. We used asphalt shingles to finish the roof job. Mr. Kibbe had done as he promised – our "heifer barn" sat erect on a solid foundation!

During his work on the barn Margaret asked Lee to eat with us. Mother Smith was living with us at this period. She enjoyed listening to Lee Kibbe as we visited over our noon dinner. Lee was a widower – kept his own house. He especially enjoyed Margaret's apple pie!

Our heifer barn story needs an ending. When Lee's work was finished and his trailer loaded with all the equipment, there was one detail which was unfinished – that was compensating him for the fine job. I asked him, "How much do we owe you, Lee?" His answer, "Would \$250.00 be too much?" That's the "old school". Lee's and My "handshake" was our contract. A pleasurable memory – to say the least. Lee Kibbe has left an indelible mark in my experiences.

Dave Fuller of Taylor, Lee's nephew, gave me a picture of Kibbe and his 1914 Model T Ford labeled with Lee's handwriting; also, a copy of Nancy Duffy's essay, "The Miller of Solon Pond" which tells it as he was! I took a picture of the Lee's mill stone monument in the Lower Cincinnati cemetery.

Next page to see and read –



*Lee G. Kibbe + car 1955
beside Eshenango church*

The Miller of Solon Pond

By NANCY DUFFY

Lee Kibbe built his whole world out of millstones and grists, crowbars and potato crates.

He is known down Chenango way as the "bullhead of Solon Pond," the man with the long hair and felt hat who owned the sawmill, a 1914 Ford, and kept his 10 children running the pulleys and levers of his mysterious mill.

When he died in December, 1961, he was buried under his self-designed one-ton millstone. And his famous sawmill never buzzed again. But the breezes of Solon Pond still blow the legend of the man and the mill.

Nestled in the foothills of Cortland County, Solon Pond is quiet now. You could drive right by it without noticing the abandoned old sawmill by the water's edge or know of the genius that built it.

The unusual structure with its granary, woodshed, blacksmith shop and well is out of another century just as Kibbe was. And rural folk of Solon Pond who could never forget him, direct curious to the site with a grin.

Millstones and grinding stones grow in the mill's yard and inside the structure steering wheels, nuts and bolts, jars, shelves, potato crates and rubber pads each have their purpose. (Any place he would be apt to hit his head is fitted with a rubber pad.)

It's an antique dealer's paradise — it even has one of the oldest water wheels hereabouts. A trapdoor and pulley system brought water to his wooden barrel. Another opened the slot for the cat. He could look through a glass-covered "window" in the floor to see if the light was out in the room below. A vacuum cleaner contraption in the attic provided the draft for the stove.

And signs he made in his print shop abound. A faded one near the well reads: "Notice — Build no fire. Take no wood. Warning: If you want free access to this pond, leave things alone around the dam."

Everything in the mill-house (the third floor quarters housed the 12 of them) was run by water power — from the washing machine to radio. A twist of one set of wheels started a generator

which provided electric power for the lights. To shave, he turned another set of wheels.

The wheels of Kibbe's head were going all the time, too — sometimes all night to figure out a way to save 15 minutes of time. But on Sunday — a day of church and rest for Kibbe — he slept most of it away. And in the summer, he refused to go on Daylight Saving Time.

But the inventive miller found time to be machinist, carpenter, notary public, justice of the peace and town historian. He built steel roofs for his neighbors in his bare feet — less apt to fall off that way, he said. He made his own medicines and concocted a brew made with whiskey for stomach ulcers. He sold odd-size nuts and bolts and offered everyone in town his pressed cider.

Kibbe could quote law cases by the dozens and once when he was summoned as a minor witness to a trial in Utica, he so impressed the court, they adjourned to Kibbe's mill. The account of it was written up by the local press.

He had his own method of keeping warm in winter — he wore five or six pairs of pants. The more clothes on your trunk, the less you need on your extremities, he contended.

He let his hair grow long in the winter to keep his neck warm and he grew a beard to avoid sore throat. Part Indian, he walked in a straight line "because you don't kick so much snow or exert as much energy," he would say.

But his 1914 Ford with Kibbe-customizing was his trademark. He created an entirely new braking system, installed an axle shift to quadruple the horsepower, had three sets of headlights and two sets of license plates, a vacuum-type windshield wiper and padlocks on his car doors.

The Ford Co. at one time offered to trade any car in its factory for Kibbe's model, but he would hear none of it. He wouldn't have trusted them with it, his daughters said.

His water power was used to light the Solon Pond community hall and neighbors sometimes minded when he turned the power off every Saturday night at 10. But no one dared quibble with the man. At 10 on the dot, the lights would go off and the meetings were adjourned.

Kibbe had an opinion on everything. He was firmly against drinking, smoking and activity on Sunday. He went to everyone's funeral, was a vegetarian and ate at least nine of his home-grafted apples a day. He kept a pail of his apples in his Model T, too, in case it should break down.

Above the mill, the whole family slept in 4 rooms. His four-poster bed was three feet off the floor with room for the trundle underneath and a basket for the babies hanging overhead.

Two of his daughters, Grace Kibbe and Mrs. Emily Moon, both of Venice Center, remembered they never had time in their childhood for mischief.

He taught them how to measure tons of hay, build roofs with him, run the grist, shuck pumpkin seeds and bag shavings.

Mrs. Edward Fuller, another daughter, who lives down the road from the landmark, remembered that Lee didn't believe in cuffs on his pantlegs, wearing out clothes with the washing machine, or curtains. "Windows weren't made to be covered up," he would tell her.

He was once elected justice of the peace on the Republican ticket, but he never got a chance to practice until the day he married a couple.

He himself as a widower married his second wife when he was 75 years old. "We didn't even know he was planning it until a day before the announcements were sent out," Mrs. Fuller said. Of course the ceremony was unique.

He and his betrothed memorized the vows and said them aloud facing the small congregation in the Keeney Settlement Church.

The miller of Solon Pond to the day he walked into the Cortland Memorial Hospital unaided never changed. He was an individualist, and whether driving through the county in his 1914 Ford or walking straight as an Indian brave in winter gusts, he left everyone feeling he was the most remarkable man he had ever seen.

A Free Mason

On April 13, 1944, I was “*raised*” in Tully Lodge #896 as a member of Free and Accepted Masons F &AM. At twenty-two years of age my understanding of the fraternity was minimal. I remembered my father mentioning, more than once, that he regretted not becoming a Mason. My grandfather, Wilburn D. Potter and his brothers Bernard U. and Wendell were Masons. What I did observe was that Masons were upstanding citizens who believed there is only one God, the Father of all.

According to legend, masonry evolved from the time of building King Solomon’s temple. The original builders (free masons) were divided by three guilds depending on the level of their training. In England in 1717 the “accepted” persons (not craftsmen) could join the craft. Masonry is male oriented. The ritual is secret. The Eastern Star is related. Master Masons, their wives, widows, children over 18 may belong to the Star.

“The Masonic Creed from the Holy Bible which is the Great Light in Masonry follows:

The Masonic Belief

There is one God, the Father of all men.

The Holy Bible is the Great Light in Masonry, and the Rule and Guide for faith and practice.

Man is immortal.

Character determines destiny

Love of man is, next to love of God, man’s first duty.

Prayer, communion of man with God, is helpful.

Recognizing the impossibility of confining the teaching of Masonry to any fixed forms of expression, yet acknowledging the value of authoritative statements of fundamental principles, the following is proclaimed as

The Masonic Teaching

Masonry teaches man to practice charity and benevolence, to protect chastity, to respect the ties of blood and friendship, to adopt the principles and revere the ordinances of religion, to assist the feeble, guide the blind, raise up the downtrodden, shelter the orphan, guard the altar, support the Government, inculcate morality, promote learning, love man, fear God, implore “His mercy and hope for happiness.”

The statement of Masonic Teaching brings to mind an experience some 40 years ago when our family was making a trip west. We pulled into a service station around Chicago, it was hot, we were thirsty, to sum it up, it was a beastly day – we were a mess. The gentleman in charge noticed my masonic ring, Quick as a flash out came cold water, towels, to wipe on with this statement, “Anything for a brother Mason”. When brother Willard was courting Jane, Dad and Mother were invited to Ada and Fred Zautner’s for Sunday dinner. Later Dad was telling about meeting the Zautners. He said to me, “He wears one of those rings”! meaning Masonic. Dad admired Masons.

Fred Zautner was "*raised*" in a lodge in Albany. I had the privilege of taking him back for I believe his 70th year of membership. The format was a table Lodge where each of us sat at a long table and ate during the ritual. In Truxton, Bob Webster, Charlie Murray, Walter Arnold and Doug MacPherson, all upstanding gentlemen, were Masons consequently I accepted the opportunity to become one – I have never regretted the move.

Members are encouraged to go through the chairs to become Master of the lodge. I did not choose to do so for family and farm obligations as well as being active in various agricultural activities. I have supported the Masonic Brotherhood Fund each year and occasionally attend a meeting. The best way to say it is that I am a dues paying member and comfortable to be in that classification. Participation in fraternal organizations seem to be not the "in thing" these days. Masonry is no different. Its purposes have not changed for generations. The Masonic Home in Utica for elderly and endowments for medical research are only two of the efforts by F&AM to improve the lives of fellow man.

Although I was "*raised*" in Tully, my many acquaintances were in a different direction. I demitted and joined Homer Lodge #352. Last spring, 2004, I received a 60 year recognition as a Master Mason. My brother, Carleton, is a long time member of Homer Lodge #352 F & A M.

– "*raised*" – *masonically*, "*joined*"

Thankful and Proud to Live in Truxton

Because of the sad event of September 11, 2001 the people of our land have suddenly awakened to the fact, which we too long have taken for granted, that we are fortunate to live in this great country called America,

At this time of Thanksgiving we counted the blessings which we have for the opportunity to live right here in our community of Truxton – a small piece of America.

These come to mind: –

1. Small town and neighborly – away from – but close to the big city
2. St. Patrick's and United Methodist churches for worship and cooperate ecumenically.
3. A fine Elementary school dedicated to the service of Marion H. Hartnett.
4. A Nutrition site and program for seniors
5. A summer Recreation program for our youth
6. An active, well equipped fire department including rescue services
7. A convenient transfer station for our garbage and refuse
8. A town Highway Department which cares for our town roads in summer and winter
9. A beautiful Forest Lake Campground
10. A memorial to John J. McGraw – one of our historical figures
11. A memorial park dedicated to Andy Tei – one of our many modern day leaders
12. A Senior housing facility
13. A low income housing facility
14. Two well cared for cemeteries
15. Active businesses: Labrador Mountain, Dairy Support Services, Animal Medic, Brown and Rainbow garages, Nanna's restaurant, Twin Oaks Gun Shop, Bearup Construction, Knob Hill Golf Driving Range, Wintry Acres Tree Farm, etc.
16. A Syracuse University Environmental Science Forestry Facility
17. Several dairy farms – adapting to the ever changing styles including organic.
18. Producers of maple syrup
19. Cable TV available in the hamlet
20. Well lighted streets provided with town funds
21. New sidewalks in the hamlet
22. Improved drainage direct to Labrador Creek for storm water from West Hill.
23. John J. McGraw Field for town and school athletic events.
24. A picnic Shelter at McGraw Field
25. Several rundown edifices have been removed by individuals and the town
26. A Scholarship from the Marion H. Hartnett Endowment Fund – for a Homer graduating senior's advanced education – student who attended school in Truxton.

27. The Eudorus C. Kenney Scholarship is available each year for students, whose home is in Truxton township, attending Cornell University. \$32,605 available for 2001-02.
 28. Labrador Unique Area has a boardwalk for the handicapped to view the environment of Labrador Pond. State Forests for hunting, hiking, cross country skiing.
 29. Prospect Terrace – a fine new subdivision.
 30. Camperships for youth of the Truxton and East Homer Methodist churches.
 31. Town Board members who serve, with small compensation, the residents of Truxton.
- For these and more we give Thanks for living in this neighborly, friendly Town of Truxton.

Margaret and Bernard Potter

Thanksgiving, November 22, 2001

Community Fund Drives

Through the years Margaret and I have enjoyed helping secure funds for worthwhile projects.

Below are some of those with which we have been involved.

One time campaign:

- Truxton United Methodist Church Building Fund
- Alpha Gamma Rho Fraternity House Rebuilding at Cornell –
- Friends of Witter Agricultural Museum Endowment – State Fair
- Harold L. “Cap” Creal Memorial Fund at Cornell
- Elizabeth Brewster House for Elderly in Homer – expansion

Continuing Annual requests:

- Cortland County Historical Society appeal and Pumpkinfest
- Cortland County Republican committee – finance chair
- Church finance chairman (2x or 3x)
- Cortland Memorial Hospital Foundation
- United Way – ag division

Still Receiving Gifts:

- Marion H. Hartnett Endowment – College Scholarships
- Cortland County 4-H Foundation – Youth Programs for our County

Family and Friends contributions:

- Wilburn H. and Florence B. Potter Scholarship at Cornell – College of Veterinary Medicine

Margaret and Bernard personal Endowments thru the United Methodist Church Foundation –

1. Camperships, for Youth of Truxton and East Homer.
2. Construction of a Permanent Handicapped Accessible Entrance to the church lower level, in memory of Willard Harmon and Jane L. Zautner Potter

The opportunity of helping find the resources as well as seeing each fund's purposes fulfilled has made the expended effort enjoyable. Six of the programs have directly benefited youth.

Buying Cows in Canada

In one of my earlier memories I detailed the loss of many dairy cattle in New York State because of Brucellosis, commonly known as Bang's Disease. To replenish our herds it was necessary to find Bangs free cattle. This led to the buying and importing cattle from the "clean" herds in Canada.

My father made contact with a broker-buyer in Mallorytown, Ontario, Canada in the mid 1930s. The gentleman was Leslie O. Warren, also a dairy farmer. Mallorytown is only a short distance into Canada across from Alexandria Bay. This was about the time of the construction of the Thousand Island Bridge. Prior to that a ferry from Ogdensburg to Brockville, Ontario was the way to reach the north side of the St. Lawrence River from the U.S.A.

Dad and Otis Young, Sr. sometimes went together. I also remember that Ernest Woodward and Lynn Freeman, Truxton friends, made trips to Canada with my Dad. I went with him once when I was in High School. It was wintertime. One thing that stayed in my mind was seeing a "*one armed bandit*" in a restaurant – nothing like that in the U.S.! On these trips Mr. Warren would take us to the farms and look over the animals which were for sale. Dad would decide which animal (s) he would make an offer for and Mr. Warren did the negotiating. The exchange for a US dollar was \$1.10 Canadian dollar. That ten cents paid for the trucking, Mr. Warren, testing and any other incurred expenses. The animals reached Truxton at the same price as on the farm in Canada. Mrs. Warren provided bed and breakfast as part of the cost.

Dad had a St. Lawrence Aggie friend, J. Leon Atwood, of Plattsburg, a successful Ayrshire Breeder. At one time we thought some Ayrshires might be a breed that would help us so we bought some Ayrshires in Canada. We quickly changed our mind – nice looking – no milk – we stayed with the Holstein breed. With the ready market for replacement cattle Dad embarked into selling cattle as well as draft horses. Dad enjoyed dealing.

I have no idea how many trips to Canada were made. The Customs entry at the border was on Wellesley Island between two spans of the Thousand Island Bridge. At that point it was mandatory to show the identification by registration paper of each animal, also the certification test of being free of tuberculosis and Bang's disease. It was usually accomplished very quickly as it was the broker's responsibility to have all papers in order.

One trip I vividly remember. In 1940 I had just finished my freshman year at Cornell. Dad suggested I take our Chevrolet stake rack truck to Canada and bring home his recent purchases. I jumped at the chance – 18 years old and trucking from Canada, wow! The rack was 12 feet long, eight feet wide – the truck was a 1 and 1/2 ton model. Extension side racks were placed above the conventional stakes so to extend above the cattle a few inches. The tail gate was eight feet wide and the height of the extended sides It was held up with rods through the extended sides – also with a light weight log chain. I believe I was to bring 7 cows. Depending on size, 6-8 animals could be hauled in a 12 foot rack.

With all the confidence in me Dad gave me some cash and saw me off. Route 11 was the route – no I-81. in those days. Around Central Square a flat tire slowed me up – fortunately I was able to get it repaired promptly so the trip to Mr. Warren's was not too late. Early the next morning Mr. Warren and I set out to load the cows – which we did without any problems. I recall that one of the cows had calved – the calf was placed with the cows to find its own spot! At the border we had the proper papers to enter the U.S. Back in New York State and headed for Truxton – just one hitch, the truck needed more gas to get to Truxton. I wanted to fill up before dark so I went to Watertown. Another hitch – Dad didn't send me off with enough cash to buy gas and repair a tire!

In my wallet was a refund check from Cornell which I had received when I returned my ROTC band uniform. After walking the streets of Watertown I found a place which would cash my check by showing my identification – as the banks were all closed late in the afternoon. I gassed up, headed down Route 11 with the precious cargo and arrived in Truxton late in the evening. The cattle were all in good shape and the baby calf stood the trip perfectly. With today's regulations it would be labeled as "cruelty" to animals to carry a calf in that manner, also the truck could not be loaded without a cap, etc. I think the main point of this story is the simplicity of the times and more importantly my father's confidence to send this 18 year old out of the country to bring home a special live cargo. I have said it before and will repeat it again. Dad and Mother gave me "plenty of rope" to make decisions which has meant so much through my exciting lifetime.

p.s. – just in – another memory of that trip!! I loaded a young cow from the herd of A.J. Bushfield, Picton, Ontario. Picton was near Kingston. The farm, on an island in Lake Ontario, was reached by driving through shallow water. The cow's name was Imperial Abbekerk Ruth. She became one of our finest – always called her "Bushfield". Last winter, 2004, in Florida, I met a Mr. and Mrs. Clayton McCann from the Kingston area. They knew exactly where we found "Bushfield". Small world!!

No. **2509246**

THIS FORM ADOPTED JANUARY 1940

EAR TAG NO. 66305

The Holstein-Friesian Association of America

CERTIFICATE OF REGISTRY

THE COW NAMED

Imperial Abbekerk Ruth

BRED BY

A. J. Bushfield, Lyn, Ont., Canada

OWNED BY

Dr. W. H. Potter, Truxton, N. Y.

BORN

Apr. 15, 1938

COLOR, BLACK AND WHITE, DIAGRAMS ON REVERSE OF THIS CERTIFICATE

SIRE

Donnachie Ambassador Imperial (109559 CHB)

No.

DAM

Spot Burke Abbekerk (309960 CHB)

No.

2509245 H F H B

APPLICATION RECEIVED

6-2-44 MGA B-36730 10-26-44

HAS BEEN ACCEPTED FOR REGISTRY IN VOLUME 97 OF THE HOLSTEIN-FRIESIAN HERD-BOOK, UNDER THE RULES OF THE ASSOCIATION, AND WILL BE NUMBERED AS ABOVE.

THIS CERTIFICATE IS ISSUED IN FULL RELIANCE UPON THE TRUTH OF THE STATEMENTS CONTAINED IN THE APPLICATION FILED THEREFOR, BUT IN NO EVENT IS IT TO BE DEEMED A GUARANTEE BY THE ASSOCIATION OF THE BREEDING OF THE ANIMAL, AND SHOULD SAID APPLICATION BE PROVED UNTRUE, THIS CERTIFICATE AND REGISTRY OF THE ANIMAL WILL BE CANCELLED.

Amundson
SECRETARY

CERTIFICATE OF TRANSFER

(IN CASE THIS ANIMAL IS SOLD THIS CERTIFICATE SHOULD BE RETURNED TO THE SECRETARY WITH AN APPLICATION FOR TRANSFER, THAT THE CHANGE IN OWNERSHIP MAY BE RECORDED ON THIS CERTIFICATE)

THIS ANIMAL HAS BEEN ONLY TRANSFERRED ON THE RECORDS OF THE HOLSTEIN-FRIESIAN ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA AS FOLLOWS:

(NO RECORD ON THIS CERTIFICATE IS VALID EXCEPT AS IT IS MADE AND SIGNED BY THE SECRETARY OF THE ASSOCIATION)

TRANSFER
NUMBER

DATE OF SALE

PURCHASER'S NAME AND ADDRESS



The cow was purchased in Canada

"Bushfield's" Registration Certificate
she was first registered in the Canadian Association

H. W. NORTON, JR., SECRETARY, BRATTLEBORO, VERMONT

Bushfield
101

Milk Promotion

In the late 1950s, dairymen were very concerned about the decreasing per capita consumption of dairy products. At that time I became a member of the Board of Directors, later President, of the American Dairy Association and Dairy Council of New York. This state organization was a member of the national American Dairy Association. The ADA's purpose was to spread the word to consumers far and wide about the nutritional value of dairy products with the hopeful result of increased consumption resulting in higher returns to the dairyman. The program was supported by most dairy cooperatives. Later a check off was made by individual dairymen who signed for a deduction from their milk checks.

ADA was organized to promote fluid milk sales. The Dairy Council of New York advocated the nutrition and health advantages by consuming milk and dairy products. A merger came later as ADA and DC of NY.

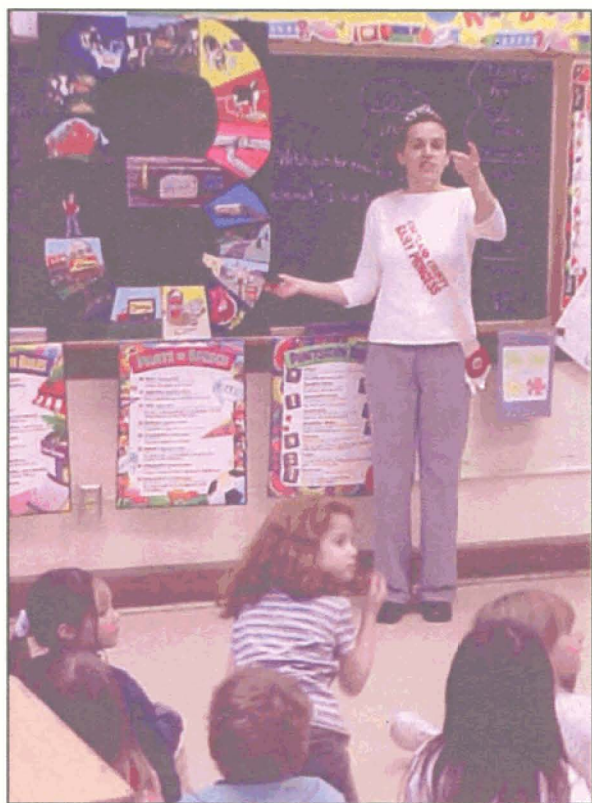
Carl Camenga of Syracuse was the first manager who assisted farmers with their mission. In 1970 he sent me a lengthy hand written note which details the history of milk promotion efforts beginning in the 1930s. I should make a copy, for historical purposes, and give it to the present organization.

Agricultural colleges conducted research to measure the effect on dairy product sales if dollars were invested in various promotions. Prof. Olan Forker, Cornell Ag Economics, spent much of his early years studying this issue. His work contributed greatly to strategies eventually followed in milk promotion. A "large" fringe benefit to his work was a friendship between Olan, his wife Katie, Margaret and me.

June was designated as "June Dairy Month". Originally, contributions to a "Milk for Health" program were spent promoting Milk. To increase visibility for milk and dairy products, a Dairy Princess Contest was inaugurated. Before the Princess program, girls who promoted milk in schools and at other functions were known as "Dairy Maids". Most New York counties, where dairying is important, conduct a contest with the winner vying for the State Dairy Princess honor. The Princess reigns for one year. Her role, in each county, is to speak up for milk and dairy products at schools, businesses, for publications etc. She is crowned during June Dairy Month.

Daughter Bernice was Cortland County's Princess in 1977-78. In June 2004, Alaina Masler, Bernice and Mark Masler's daughter, our granddaughter, was crowned Cortland County Dairy Princess for 2004-2005. We are proud of Alaina and happy for her in this role. She was a great Ambassador for the Dairy Industry. She, her sisters and brother own and milk Nubian dairy goats as 4-H projects.

*Cortland County Dairy Princesses
Mother---Daughter*



Alaina Dawn Masler---2004-2005



Bernice Margaret Potter-Masler --- 1977-1978

Bull Business!

Back in the mid 1940s this young dairyman's head was full of dreams, one of which was developing a herd of outstanding Registered Holsteins. He read the Holstein-Friesian World from cover to cover each time an issue arrived. He became obsessed and caught up with the promotion by the outstanding breeders of the day. Weren't we just as able as they? So Dad and I gave it a try and jumped into the "water with both feet" so to speak.

It was 1946, the Oneida Limited herd near Oneida, NY was to be dispersed. The much advertised bull, Montvic Lochinvar 14th, who came from the great Mount Victoria Farms in Canada was the attraction. His pedigree was "deep" with the best of Mt. Victoria's paternal and maternal lines. Oneida Limited and Fishers Greyrock Farms in Chittenango owned him jointly. I'm sure Dad and I were carried away by the publicity. We bought Lochinvar 14th for \$2325, brought him back to Truxton and placed him in the bull pen at the farm. By the 2005 dollar that price does not look to be out of line – but in 1946 dollars!!.

Lochinvar 14th was a very easy bull to handle. He had only one testicle, however he was sold with a guarantee that he was fertile. We decided that we should only use him artificially in order to extend his usefulness. It was at this point that I learned the technique of drawing semen, extending it and servicing cows, with "fresh" semen, by artificial insemination. The use of frozen was in its infancy. Lochinvar's offspring were ordinary good producers – nothing special.

Pabst Farms in Wisconsin was another highly publicized developer of great Holsteins. We purchased fresh semen from one of their sires. It was a complicated process to have it delivered – but we made it work. On a given day when we had a cow in heat, we would call Pabst for semen. Pabst would send it by rail to the airport in Chicago, where it was shipped by air to Syracuse and delivered the same evening to the Syracuse Post Office. I would drive to the Post Office, pick up the semen package, then call our good friend Marty Leonard of Preble, the NYABC (New York Artificial Breeders Cooperative) technician. Marty would come to our farm in the middle of the night to service the cow! We did this several times. The servicing was successful. We saved a young bull from this experience – result – no great herd building progeny.

The next "experience" was our membership in the Cortland Holstein Bull Association. This will take some writing! It seems as Hays Limited, a Canadian Farm and Holstein Brokers was having a dispersal. The headliner in the sale was the bull, Glenafton Ragapple Historian. A local group of Holstein enthusiasts approached others in Cortland County with the idea of forming an Association with the intention of buying Historian. Each breeder was to invest \$500. Sixty or so breeders wrote their checks of which Dad and I were #35.

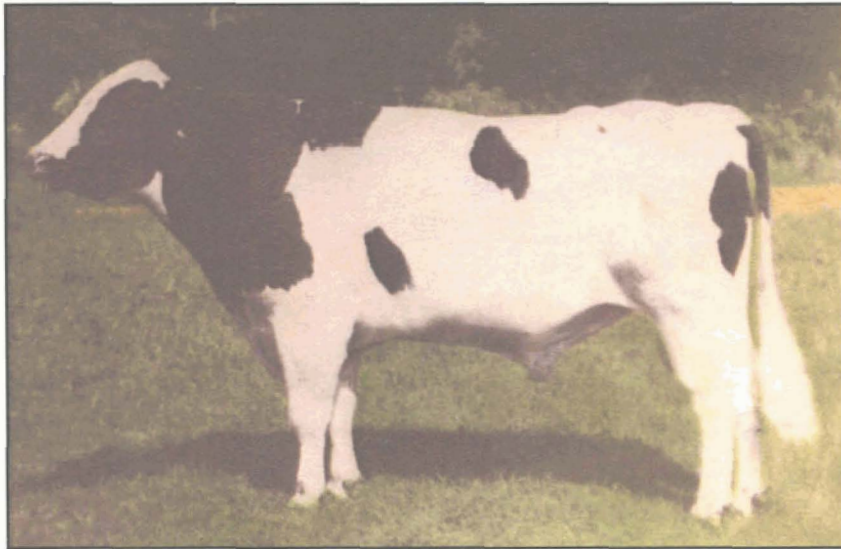
My memory serves that Walter Burtis, of East River, a turkey grower turned dairyman, and Paul Smith from Newark Valley represented the Bull Association at the sale, as well as Richard Anderson and John Maxson. The story goes that Burtis and Smith were "well entertained." prior to the auction. Their final bid for Historian was \$20,000. At the same time a bull calf of outstanding pedigree was to be sold. The committee reasoned that this young sire would be a back up for Historian. Hays Rag Apple Climax, the youngster's name, was bid off at \$10,000 to our group.

These two valuable animals were brought, for a short period, to the Fred VanSchaick farm, just outside of Cortland on Route 13. Oliver Carley, Sr. a small dairyman at Freetown Corners had agreed to house and care for the sires as soon as he had adapted his barn. His son, Oliver Jr, was a NYABC (New York Artificial Breeders Cooperative) technician. He agreed to collect semen from Historian and service the members cows along with his other duties. This arrangement work well for a period. Mr. Burtis served as President. The Directors were VanSchaick, Clarence Harvey, Anderson, Dick Padgett of Preble, Maxson, Don Dutcher and perhaps more. I was Secretary, not sure if a director.


By the time of the second annual meeting of the Association, Historian had become sterile! Various remedies were proposed to no avail. It was even suggested that he should be fed turkey mash and raw eggs – no luck! One of the Association's members was Mr. Rounds of New Hope – farmer and undertaker. He was a realist. At the annual meeting held in the old WMCA on Court Street he read a poem which he composed about Historian's and our dilemma. I can only remember the final line of each verse "– when your over the hill man, your over the hill"! I do not remember when Historian was sold for beef.

By this time Climax had grown to service age, so he was the members sire. It was decided to invest in two young bulls from the herd of C. J. Cerswell of Canada. They were sons of a popular Canadian bull named Marksman. These two sires were Esquire and Vanguard. Eventually the Carleys became disenchanted with the Association and wanted out. The officers and members were discouraged. Soon the Association went out of business. I believe that Esquire was sold to Jim Keller in Marathon. What happened to Climax and Vanguard I have not found out.

Historian sired a few offspring before he went sterile. Those of us who sold those few animals were very fortunate – we recouped our \$500. They brought big prices because of his pedigree. I consigned to the popular Earlville sales, a cow with no particular record carrying a Historian calf. She calved before the sale. If I remember correctly, the calf sold for \$390! The point of this lesson – we dairymen sell milk for a living. We should rely on the information gained by the artificial breeding cooperatives and Dairy Herd Improvement records for the potential of a sire's offspring rather than fancy pedigree and promotion. I'm still trying to locate the records of the Cortland Holstein Bull Association.



Montvic Lochinvar 14th

Certificate of Membership		No 35
of the		
Cortland Holstein Bull Association, Inc.		
<i>Incorporated under the provisions of Article IV. of the Cooperative Corporations Law of New York State</i>		
<p>This certifies that <u>Dr. W. H. Potter & Son</u> is a member of the Cortland Holstein Bull Association, Inc., and that he has paid a membership fee in the amount of Five Hundred Dollars (\$500.00). As a condition of acceptance the member agrees to hold the Association harmless from any liability for damages that may accrue as a result of membership in this Association.</p>		
<p>This Certificate is not transferable but may be disposed of in accordance with the provisions of the By-Laws.</p>		
<p>In Witness Whereof, The Cortland Holstein Bull Association, Inc., has caused this Certificate to be executed by its duly authorized officers and its corporate seal to be hereto affixed this <u>27</u> day of <u>August</u> 19<u>47</u>.</p>		
	<p><u>Walter W. Burtis</u> President <u>Frank P. Maule</u> Vice President Secretary Treasurer</p>	
Cortland Holstein Bull Association Membership- 1947		

John J. and Margaret Bloomfield

I have written very little about those who preceded our ownership of the farm on Route 13 in the town of Truxton. The only living ones I knew were John and Margaret Ryan Bloomfield. I do know that Moses and Mrs. Kenney are pictured as owners of the farm in the 1876 Cortland County Atlas. It is interesting that for most of the 20th century, a "Margaret" was the "head" of the farm home. Mrs. Kenney's given name was not mentioned in the Atlas. I have found her name – it was "Frances".

Margaret and John Bloomfield were a high class couple. She was Irish Catholic, he an English Protestant. He was a Master Mason F. & A.M. Margaret and John were childless, however they dearly loved others children. While I was not as well acquainted with Mrs. Bloomfield as Mr. Bloomfield, I did feel their extreme warmth and interest in the younger generation. In our day we always referred to our elders as Mr. or Mrs.

Mrs. Bloomfield was a large person – today we would say "overweight". That did not hinder her from being community minded. As I recall she saw to it that any family in need was cared for by the limited town welfare assistance of the times. The Bloomfields owned one of the original Packard automobiles. It was four door and Black. I remember seeing her driving the auto as she went about serving others.

In later years she lost her eyesight and was confined to her home. Because of her condition very little was done to the interior of the house. Her nieces gave much of their time to assisting her. This was very much appreciated as farm families usually boarded the hired men. The Bloomfield farm, where the Bowe brothers – Alfred, Joe and sometimes Andrew lived and worked, was no exception.

In my other writings I have detailed Dad's purchase of the Bloomfield Farm. When we purchased the farm in 1942 the only bathroom in the house, off of the kitchen, had a short bathtub and sower. On the bathtub was a wood seat hooked to each side of it. I gather that Mrs. Bloomfield would sit on that seat to take her shower.

Mr. Bloomfield was unquestionably the most progressive farmer in our community. He followed the latest crop and animal husbandry practices of those days. For example – as an incentive by the recent Federal AAA (Agricultural Adjustment Act) he spread ground limestone on the fields to raise the pH of the soil in order that the high protein legume, alfalfa, could be grown for hay. He raised Registered Holstein cattle, with the resulting higher milk production than most of his neighbors cows. In the stable he removed the wooden stanchions and replaced them with the new style Jamesway swing stanchions. He installed automatic water buckets for each cow rather than turning them out to a water

tub twice a day. He installed the McCormick-Deering milking machine which replaced the hand milking of his cows. Alfred Bowe, his herdsman and valued helper encouraged Mr. Bloomfield with the Registered Holsteins. They showed a bull at the New York State Fair. Mr. Bloomfield was a pioneer for modern agriculture. He welcomed the Cornell Farm Management class of students led by Prof. Stanley W. Warren to his farm, where they learned many of the strategies for a successful farm operation.

Our home farm was directly across the Tioughnioga River from the Bloomfield Farm. I remember walking upon our hillside and sitting on the wall at our spring, from which water was piped to our farm and neighbor Harry Reakes. As I looked across the beautiful valley, boy dreams of owning the Bloomfield Farm flowed in my head. It seemed as if everything over there was a cut above the rest of the farmers. The dream came true!

Mrs. Bloomfield died some years before Mr. Bloomfield. Sadly, to my mind, this wonderful couple who lived together for so many years, are buried separately – Margaret in St. Patricks – John, in the Truxton Cemetery.

The New York Giants Play in Truxton

The most exciting event ever in Truxton? In my 83 years that event has to be Monday, August 8th, 1938. On that day the great National League New York Giants Baseball Team came to our little town. They played, on McGraw Field, a team of amateurs from Truxton and the surrounding towns.

The purpose was a benefit to honor the late John J. McGraw who served as Manager of the Giants for 30 years. McGraw, born in Truxton on April 7, 1873, became a major leaguer at the age of 18. Mrs. McGraw and Mr. Horace Stoneham, owner of the Giants, attended the game. Whenever one drives through Truxton, the John J. McGraw Memorial statue greets the driver as he rounds the bend in Route 13. That Memorial was purchased from money received from the 8,000 or more visitors who came to see the Giants on that beautiful August day in 1938.

For the Memorial program, Syracuse Post Standard's Joseph H. Adams, wrote these words, "John" Joseph McGraw, the "little Napoleon" of baseball left behind a record of unprecedented and dynamic leadership when he retired from an active role in June 1932, after 30 years as manager of the New York Giants".

John McGraw never forgot Truxton. One of his legacies to the Truxton Town Baseball team were Giants uniforms. When the major league ball season was finished he often sent Giants used uniforms for the players on our town team. Those uniforms were worn with pride by the Truxton players.

Around 1930 the hay field by the Tioughnioga River was developed into a ball diamond and field. A small grandstand was built. The site was named John J. McGraw Field. Behind right center field a tennis court was also made.

My personal memories of that day are still vivid. I was awed at watching Mel Ott, the great Hall of Famer, hit fly balls over the river behind left field during batting practice! I had just received my "Junior Driver's License" at age 16 and graduated from Truxton Central School. Dad donated the use of our milk trucks to haul the bleachers, for the game, from Cornell and Syracuse U. After one trip to Cornell, Dad excitedly told me that he met Coach Carl Snavely. Cornell was "big time" football at that time.

The excitement on Monday, August 8th, 1938, in our little town of Truxton was as never before. I'll predict – never again! Our home town players had the thrill to play against the great New York Giants. Those Truxton men as listed in the program were: – Andy Tei, Gerald Moore, Eddie Hammond, Jack McGraw (distant cousin), Leo Hoffmann, Ed. Robbins, Alton "Cy" Root and Francis Hoffmann. Bill McGraw (cousin) and Ed. Hoffmann were Co-Managers for the "Truxton Giants" on that great day! The Giants won. The real winner: A Memorial to Truxton's John J. McGraw, the "Little Napoleon" of baseball.

MEMORIAL BASEBALL GAME

NEW YORK GIANTS

VS.

TRUXTON GIANTS



In Memory of the late

John J. McGraw

at

JOHN J. MCGRAW FIELD

TRUXTON, NEW YORK

MONDAY, AUGUST 8TH, 1938

Civil War Veterans and Summer Vacations in East Rochester

When I get to reminiscing about my days as a boy, fond memories of summer visits to East Rochester just erupt! Aunt Emma Bean Hazzard and her husband Uncle Edmund Hazzard lived in East Rochester. Uncle Edmund operated Pierce-Hazzard Drug Store with his partner, Guy Pierce. Aunt Emma was Mother's, Florence, older and only sister. Aunt and Uncle had 3 children. George William and Virginia were of similar age to my sister, Marian and brother, Carleton. Ruth was three years younger than I.

Each summer the Cousins took turns visiting in the others' home. Something like "city mice" and "country mice"! As I recall, George helped on the farm with the haying. George and Virginia were great on the piano and often played duets. When we visited in East Rochester, Aunt Emma sometimes took us to Mendon Pond or Irondequoit on Lake Ontario to swim or even to the Amusement Park, Sea Breeze. George and Virginia liked to play tennis, so we went to the park in East Rochester to watch them. We also enjoyed going to the drug store and visit with the customers. Uncle Edmund told us from the beginning that we were not to touch any of the merchandise. Uncle and Auntie played golf but we never went with them.

Occasionally we would drive into nearby Rochester. On this particular day in Rochester there were many old men, walking on the side walk, dressed in dark suits with ribbons pinned and wearing "Panama" type hats. A convention was being held in Rochester honoring the Veterans of the Civil War. I suspect the year was around 1930. If my arithmetic serves me right, these gentlemen would have been between 80 and 90 years old. My guess is that today the students in school would think it impossible for anyone living in 2005 to have seen a soldier who fought in the Civil War which ended in 1865 – 140 years ago!

Summer vacations with Aunt Emma, Uncle Edmund, George William, Virginia and Ruth Ann in East Rochester, remain as highlights of my younger days.

4-16-05

“The Sounds of Music”

Can't remember if I ever told you about my experiences in the “world of music”. In our family, music has whetted our appetites for – almost ever and ever. Recently with our grandchildren – all six of them – showing extraordinary skills in music, I am asked “were you musical?” or “how did they come by this talent”? Let's expand upon that question to find the answer.

Grandfather Rev. Wilburn D. Potter, from my understanding, was talented musically. He could sing, play the clarinet and violin with class. His wife, my Grandmother, played the organ and piano also with class. My Mother played family piano – Dad was a “good whistler!” and hummed a tune!.

Sister Marian loved to sing and play the piano. Brother Carleton played the clarinet in the Cornell band and plays “Turkey in the Straw” on the piano. Brother Willard was our church organist and pianist for more than fifty years before his passing in 2003. I guess that leaves me to explain my musical “talents” – will get to that in a bit. Margaret took piano lessons in her youth.

Our children were endowed with varying music abilities. Pat is a pro, being church choir director, organist and piano teacher for many years. She also played the oboe in high school. Bill plays a good piano as well as the sousaphone in the Cornell Big Red Band. Nancy enjoyed the piano and clarinet, Joanne, the piano and flute. She is now studying the bass violin. Bernice plays the piano. Each of them do well with voice.

Now, for my own – talent?? Mother wanted each of her four children to play the piano. I took lessons from Miss Louisa Jones who lived, with her elderly parents, on Madison St. in Cortland. Miss Jones was a high school classmate of Dad and Mother. She was afflicted with Infantile Paralysis at a young age, leaving her with a permanent back disability and small stature. She was able to drive her auto. She was organist at Grace Episcopal Church in Cortland. Miss Jones had a beautiful Steinway Grand piano in her living room. She was a classical pianist and believed that each of her students might become the same! Bernard apparently had no such aspirations. He didn't enjoy scales and the hours of practice required to become a great pianist! Later, I took a few piano lessons from Miss Lois Haskins, the music director at our Truxton school. She held a recital for her piano students in Cincinnatus. My best memory of that was that I couldn't remember the piece I had memorized and had to stop before finishing!. That was the end of my piano education.

Grandmother Potter sent Grandpa's violin to me. Miss Beardsley at the old Cortland Conservatory of Music on Court Street was my violin teacher. I made some progress on the “fiddle” before I stopped taking lessons.

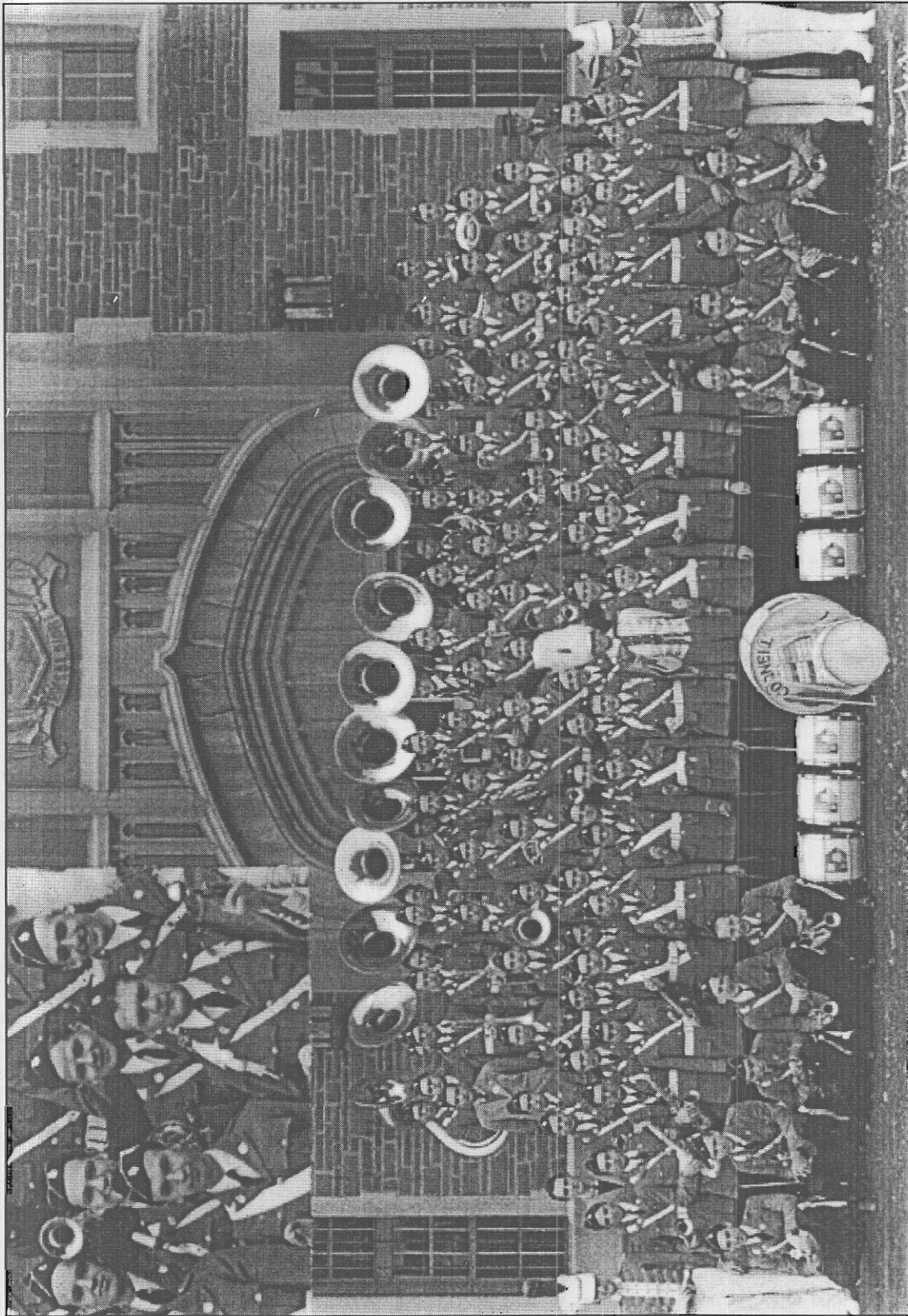
I was applying for admission to Cornell in the fall of 1939. I wanted to play in the Big Red Band – so I could see the football games for free! In my post-graduate year 1938-39 at Truxton Central School I purchased a Tenor saxophone with prize money received at the old Cortland County Fair. Andy Tei, music director at TCS taught me the sax. He was a good teacher – we even had a little dance band – kind of extra-curricular. He provided sheet music from some of the latest popular hits of the times. Can't remember if we ever played at a dance, – we sure had a lot of fun practicing for one!

At Cornell in the fall of '39 I signed up for the freshman ROTC Band. My sax-ability had progressed enough so I was accepted. Later that fall, a saxophone member of the Big Red Band left, leaving a sax vacancy. I was asked to step into that spot. The band played at the annual Thanksgiving Day football game between Cornell and Penn in Philadelphia. My sophomore year, 1940-41, was my last year in the band as I was practicing for and hoped to make the Cornell Livestock Judging Team.

The Big Red Band was a great experience. I have said many times that I was not a great saxophonist – but I could march! The intricate formations which the band spelled while marching were a lot of fun. My instrumental career was over! Being in the Band also satisfied the mandatory two year commitment to the ROTC program at Cornell.

Should write just a few words about my vocal talents! As a 7th grader I was asked to sing a solo in a "Tom Thumb Wedding". That beautiful old melody, "Love's Old Sweet Song", was the song. The "production" was held in the old Methodist Church. What can I say, I was never asked to sing a solo again! I do enjoy singing and believe I have or had a decent voice. After college I sang in our church choir for a while. For two or three years I sang in the local Community Chorus under the fine direction of Muriel Newcomb. I was able to learn the bass part as I listened to the person next to me. I often wished I had more training for part singing.

The response to the question, "Is there music in your family?" My answer is an emphatic "Yes, we enjoy making and listening to, the Sounds of Music".



Cornell Big Red Band- Drill Hall (now Barton)

BWP -- Tenor Sax-- 1939 & 1940

(insert) cousins: l. Bernie Potter--r. Ken Bean

MORE RAMBLINGS

I never kept a diary. Why I happened to write on the following date, I can't remember. Anyway, here's what I was thinking about on –

BWPD IARY 12-9-92

What a beautiful day! 8 degrees F and the trees are glistening with frost all up and down the Tioughnioga River Valley. How do I know? Well, this is Wednesday and every M-W-F the Escort and I ride down NY 13 to Cortland Memorial Hospital for cardiac therapy at gam. By the time I got to East River crossing the sun had disappeared – frankly it had never appeared in the lower parts of the valley.

The exercises went well. The only change in routine this a.m. was in the treadmill. I decided to set it for three miles per hour and increased the grade to 4% That's up from 2.6mph and 3%

From the hospital we went over to Willcox Tire, hoping to mount a new Michelin and use the spare, which was also new, on the front. Well, the spare was a "spare" only and the spare wheel was black instead of silver. That only meant that we were short one new tire as Jeff Willcox had ordered only one. As the front wheel was sprung I purchased another silver wheel to mount the one new Michelin. Jeff will have the other tire next Monday. Oh well, it doesn't pay to take any thing for granted – even a spare tire!

Drove over to Katie Lane and saw Bernice and Erica, who had driven in the garage just ahead of me. They had been grocery shopping. Margaret had asked me to stop in for our Christmas card list labels which Bernice had prepared. Erica and I traded hugs and kisses and I picked up a handleless push broom and a spare handle and brought them home to repair. By the time I got home it was lunch time and Margaret had a delicious tuna noodle casserole.

Our long expected painting from the art gallery in Pa had arrived by UPS. Oh yes, we'd purchased the painting at a Syracuse Cornell Club Art Auction. It was to be shipped. After lunch we proceeded to open the package and to our consternation the glass over the painting was in many pieces, also the art had been damaged. Margaret called the gallery. They will send another copy and will use plexiglass this time. UPS did not handle the package as directed. It was well labeled "GLASS", however it had been mishandled so much that it was pushed out of the frame and the corrugated backing was also sprung. I cleaned up the broken glass and only pricked my finger once, then I repacked the painting so it will be ready for UPS to haul back to Pa. Margaret philosophically said, "another chapter"!

Having neglected to bring the baskets (2) of red delicious apples in from under the deck, I decided it was time now that they were well frosted or frozen. I sorted what seem to be ok and put them in the refrigerator and also a few in the freezer for experimentation. Talk about "closing the gate after the cows are out", I am a past master at procrastination.

Really something nice happened. A delivery man brought a parcel to the door. Upon opening we found a beautiful poinsettia – our dear friend Mary Creal had sent it. Margaret knew exactly the right spot for it. The red plant will grace the landing of our stairway as it sets on the stand.

After all this I decided to play with the computer and try and learn about documents. That accounts for all of the above. Margaret has set up the Candles (electric) in the windows and she has also been hi-lighting the candle on our Christmas message.

It is now 5:45 and delicious aromas from the kitchen are finding their way into the office. Perhaps it's time for me to go out and pick up the Cortland Standard and see what the latest is in Cortland and Somalia.

This evening at supper we will watch the news of the world, Wheel of Fortune, Jeopardy and who knows what else. **That's retirement!**

PS: The eclipse of the moon is happening. We called Bernice – perhaps the girls would like to watch. Woops, it was only the streetlight?? After supper Margaret went to UMW at the church and I went down to the family room and enjoyed watching the Syracuse Orangemen beat the Tennessee Vols in basketball 87-81. Nearly bedtime!

Diary 12-9-92

All For Now!

Probably more appropriate title for these few words would be, "This Is It" or "The End is Right Here" or "I've Run Out of Gas" or "The Best is Yet to Come" or whatever comes to mind. Needless to say, the memories which are now on paper will never leave me until the final breath. Just reading one of them brings joy and thankfulness to "this old feller". It is often said that "you are as old as you feel"! Writing these has made me "young at heart"!

Can't say, "I'm ready to start over again", however with the sun shining brightly through the window, a giant crow ambling across the lawn, and most of all, Margaret by my side doing book work, what more could be asked?

Yes, it has been an experience just to sit down and recount, in two installments, a few blessings of a full life. Don't get me wrong – I'm not ready to "cash in my chips" yet! When that time comes I can only say "Thank you, Lord" for a loving wife; children who have made us proud; six grandchildren who followed the same route; guiding parents; a super sister and brothers. I looked at the calendar – this day 2003, brother Willard went to the Lord. We miss him so much. Put this gratitude all together and add in the many opportunities to serve a community in various ways – what more could one ask of a life? Praise the Lord.

Thanks for Reading,
Bernie

April 29, 2005

epilogue – In this writing, I have neglected to enlarge about the place of Prayer in the lives of the Potter and Smith families. A few words about Prayer in our homes follow.

May 16, 2005

hang on! – just found the front page of the February 1955, "The Cortland County Farm and Home Bureau and 4-H Club News", I'll put it in here – with my comments first. Then we'll go with "Prayer" and lastly some picture pages. I promise you there will be no more "Country Boy Memories" for this edition!!

June 18, 2005

"The Cortland County Farm and Home Bureau and 4-H Club News"
February 1955

Recently I was fortunate to find this "cover". The article "Extension - Farm Bureau" separation was the talk of the times. The pictured "Extension Officers for 1955 were my friends. Irv. Perry's "Letter of Resignation" brought back very special memories for Margaret and me.

When Margaret came to Cortland as Associate 4-H Agent, July 1943, she lived with Irv and Kay Perry. It was there where Margaret and I fell in love – we soon married on June 10, 1944. Margaret's and Irv's family were Saratoga County farmers and well acquainted. Irv and Kay were special. Today, the house at 83 North Main Street is not in the mint condition of 1943.

Another memory was the opportunity to select Irv's replacement. Fred Randall of Cincinnatus and I were very close on the Farm Bureau Committee. Our efforts resulted in bringing Ira and Gloria Blixt to Cortland County. Ira and Gloria served our community with distinction. They now live in South Venice, Florida. Margaret and I try to see the Blixts and Randalls when we are South.



Margaret Bell Smith lived with Kay and Irv. Perry- 1943-44
83 North Main Street, Cortland

THE CORTLAND COUNTY Farm and Home Bureau and 4-H Club News

VOLUME XXIX

CORTLAND, N. Y., FEBRUARY, 1955

No.



Irvin B. Perry

To the People of Cortland County:

In sending in my resignation to your Executive Committee, I have done so with mixed feelings after being with you here in the county for twenty years and in Extension for twenty-four years. You have made a lot of progress since the flood of 1935. Many of you now are farming who were youngsters in 4-H when I came here. Others were young farm families then who have well-established and successful businesses of their own.

It has been a real pleasure to work with you over the years. I have had the finest kind of co-operation and a great many of you have contributed to making the Farm Department of the Extension Service one which is alive to your problems and trying to help you in solving them.

The Executive Committees all through the years have been loyal and understanding and have had the real farming interests of the county at heart in helping to direct the work. The secretaries who have worked under me have been outstanding and deserve a note of appreciation.

In my new capacity, working in the farm credit field, I am sure will be able to work with a great many of you and I want you to feel free to come to me on any farm credit problems which may confront you.

Kay and I have thoroughly en-

joyed living in Cortland County and working with you and if I were to choose a career over again, I would choose Extension. Your Executive Committee has elected a man who has had considerable experience and a very good reputation wherever he has worked and I hope that you will give him the same co-operation you have always given me. I am sure that the work of the Extension Service will move forward under the guidance of the Commodity Committees and the Executive Committee who work for you and I am sure that you will continue to build a strong and more effective service right here in Cortland County.

Yours sincerely,

Irvin B. Perry
County Agricultural Agent

Extension - Farm Bureau

There appears to be a lot of questions on just what Separation of the Farm Bureau from the Extension Service is going to mean in the county. To set the record straight, the personnel including agents, and office secretary that you think of as Farm Bureau have been and will continue to be extension personnel.

It is thought that there will continue to be an extension membership fee in the future to support the extension program at the county level.

The present setup as far as New York State Farm Bureau is concerned is simply that county Farm Bureaus have collected membership in Farm Bureau which at the state level has been a federation of county Farm Bureaus.

By January 1, 1956, if you wish to continue membership in the Farm Bureau, you will be given the opportunity to join the State Farm Bureau which will be a service organization at a fee that will probably be higher than any you have paid in the past.

Farm Bureau representatives are not apt to be established in



Extension Officers for 1955

Pictured above are leaders of Cortland's Extension service for 1955. Seated left to right are Bernard Potter, Secretary of the Association and Rutherford Bell, President of the Association. Standing are Mervin Lang, Vice-chairman of the Farm Department; Ralph Barrett, Chairman of the 4-H department and Mrs. Albert Jebbett, Chairman of the Home department, and vice-president of the county Association. The officers of the Association were elected at the annual Board of Directors meeting held January 17th at the Court House.

A Salty Story

It's the sodium and not the chlorine in salt that cows need most, and if it were not for the prohibitive cost, sodium bicarbonate could be fed to the cows in place of salt. This is just one of the interesting facts brought out recently in tests made by Dr. S. E. Smith of the animal husbandry department at Cornell University.

Dr. Smith directed five year tests which reveal that the hard salt block has proved its merit. It showed that cows get about one ounce of salt per day from

each county in the immediate future. Farm Bureau will probably be represented by 9 or 10 field representatives situated throughout the state.

a block. This is ample to meet their supplementary salt requirements.

These Cornell tests show that cows will eat more loose salt from a box than they will from a block and that the extra salt is luxury consumption. Dr. Smith says, "In fact, cows will consume up to four times as much salt as they need if it is made available to them in loose form."

Cows with not enough salt will show definite deficiency symptoms, according to Dr. Smith, who says that cows with no salt develop a marked craving in about three weeks. They begin licking stanchions and the overalls of the barn help and eat soil. When the supplementary salt is withheld for about a year, cows drop in milk production and are plagued with poor appetites and heart abnormalities, Dr. Smith says.

In Prayer

In my first book of Memories I concluded with some thoughts about Prayer. It is fitting that I should pen some more, to finish this edition. Prayers do not need to be "original". Several times I have used an "Anonymous Prayer" given years ago by my friend Rev. Dr. Kenneth Roadarmel. It is complete in my first Memory Book.

As little children, at bedtime, we would kneel at Mother's knee as she sat on the bed. She would place her hand on each of us as we said the age old prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep, if I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to keep". Mother would then ask the Lord, in Jesus name, to care and protect each of us as we grew. Then she tucked us in bed, with the "goodnight kiss".

Special days – Easter, Thanksgiving, Christmas seemed to "require" a Blessing. If a Blessing was said it was given by Mother. At large family gatherings, it was Aunt Carrie Allport who "delivered" a good "Baptist" Blessing as we all listened intently. Aunt Carrie Harmon Allport was a cousin of Grandmother Annie Harmon Bean. How she got labeled "Aunt" I never knew. Anyway her "Blessings" must have worked – she lived to nearly 100 years!

Spoken prayer, in our home, was seldom said at meal time. There seemed to be some sort of mystique or reticence for one, other than clergy, to make such a deliverance. As we matured, and with encouragement from a new "breed of clergy" many of us as laymen found it comfortable to give audible prayers. At meetings I was often asked to give an invocation. Although I may have been clumsy with the words, I assure you that they were sincere.

I never remember Dad, the preacher's son, ever giving the Blessing. In Margaret's home it was always Father Smith who gave the Blessing. His Blessing was given so quietly that at the end we could not pick up his words. At recent Smith gatherings we have tried in vain to recall all the words. Perhaps we should ask Uncle Harold, Margaret's ninety-one year old brother, to enlighten us – his mind is in better shape than the rest of us! Margaret and I take time at our supper meal to, "Bless this food to our use and us in Thy service, in Jesus name, Amen".



*Margaret, Patty, Katherine and Rey Smith, Billy, Bernard
1947*



*The Smith Family -- c.1937
Harold Dad Gilbert
Mother Margaret Agnes "Billie"*



*Dad Billy Margaret
Patty Mother -- 1948*



*Florence gives words of "encouragement" as
Wilburn carves the Thanksgiving Turkey*

Vocational Agriculture Teacher - Truxton Central School 1943-1946

The University of the State of New York

Education Department

Temporary License

Be it known that BERNARD W. POTTER is hereby granted this license which is valid for service as teacher of Agriculture in a public --- school of the 2nd district, village or city of Cortland County for a period not to exceed one year from September 1, 1943. This certificate can not be renewed for service beyond the period specified herein. The holder of this certificate can not be assigned to teach subjects other than those specified.

In witness whereof, the State Education Department grants this license no. 44X5909 at Albany, New York, this 27th day of July 1944.

Alvan T. Cogan
Assistant Commissioner of Education

DUPLICATE VOUCHER				DETACH BEFORE DEPOSITING			
INVOICE		PURCHASE ORDER NUMBER	TOTAL INVOICE	DISCOUNT	NET TOTAL	DESCRIPTION	CODE
DATE	NUMBER						
June '44			183.33				3-9
Retire.		7.33					
Tax		25.60	32.93		150.40		
Mileage					3.24	\$153.64	
NAME AND ADDRESS OF CREDITOR		Bernard W. Potter					
REGULAR PAYROLL		MONTH	GROSS SALARY	DEDUCTIONS PER PERSON	NET SALARY	SUBSTITUTE PAYROLL	
						DAYS @	

To-Ag Teacher 1943-46
The salary was much appreciated

TEACHERS CONTRACT

Term of Contract from Sept. 28, 1943, to June, 1944


This AGREEMENT made the 28th day of September, 1943, by and between the Board of Education of Truxton, New York, party of the first part, and Bernard Potter, residing at Truxton, New York, party of the second part,

WITNESSETH: That the said party of the first part covenants and agrees to pay to the said party of the second part in consideration of such service so to be performed in the sum of One hundred eighty three 33/100 (\$183.33) per month, payable at the end of each thirty days during each of nine months of the year. It is mutually understood that 4 per cent (4%) of the amount of each order or warrant issued in payment of the compensation required to be paid hereunder shall be deducted by the party of the first part, as provided by article 43B of the Education Law relative to the State Teachers Retirement Fund.

And the said party of the first part covenants and agrees to pay unto the said party of the second part in consideration of the expenses incurred in travel in connection with the maintenance of instruction a sum not to exceed \$50.00 payable upon vouchers submitted by the party of the second part covering the miles traveled by automobile, at not to exceed 4½ cents per mile.

And the said party of the second part hereby covenants with the said party of the first part that he is duly licensed under the Law of the State of New York and the rules and regulations of the State Education Department to teach in the public schools of the said district and is fully competent to perform the services required under this contract.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, the said parties to these presents have hereunto set their hands this day and year above first written



President Board of Education at
Truxton, New York

 Teacher



*stand : Estonian friend, CWP, ____, Willard, Marion, Mother
 seat: Dad, Margaret, Billy, Jimmy, Bobby, Susan, Patty?
 at the Farm, Cheningo Rd -- June 1950*



*Mother, Dad (holding Nancy)
 Patty, Bobby, Susan, Billy
 at the Farm, May 1952*



Florence and Wilburn Potter 1952



Boston City Council

NEW CITY HALL
ONE CITY HALL SQUARE
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS 02201

May 28, 1982

Bernard W. Potter
3455 Cortland Road
Truxton, New York 13158

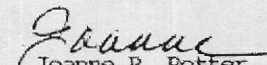
Dear Mr. Potter:

Please accept my heartiest congratulations upon the memorable occasion of your daughter and son-in-law's graduations from Cornell University this week end.

Few people, I'm sure, are fortunate in their lifetime to have the experience of marching as a trustee of this fine institution while leading two distinguished graduates who are members of the family.

My thoughts are with you on this eventful day. Congratulations.

Love,


Joanne R. Potter
Daughter

JRP:jrp
Enc.

*Joanne's incomparable "way with words"!!
Bernice and Mark's 1982 Cornell graduation*





*Margaret Loved her garden--flowers and vegetables
today's pick -- pail of snap beans!*



*BWP receives Medallion from N.Y.S. Veterinary Medical Society
in Commemoration of its 100th Anniversary -- January 9, 1990
"for Exemplary Service in the Quest for a Better Life for Man and Animals"*

Nancy, George, Margaret, Bernie, Carleton, Marion, Pres. Ken Rotundo



*Bernard W. Potter--Chairman, Cortland County Board of Supervisors
Edwin A. Link-- developed at Cortland Airport, the "Link Trainer"
for Pilot Training. He was presented this plaque --1966
William Piper -- President, Piper Aircraft*



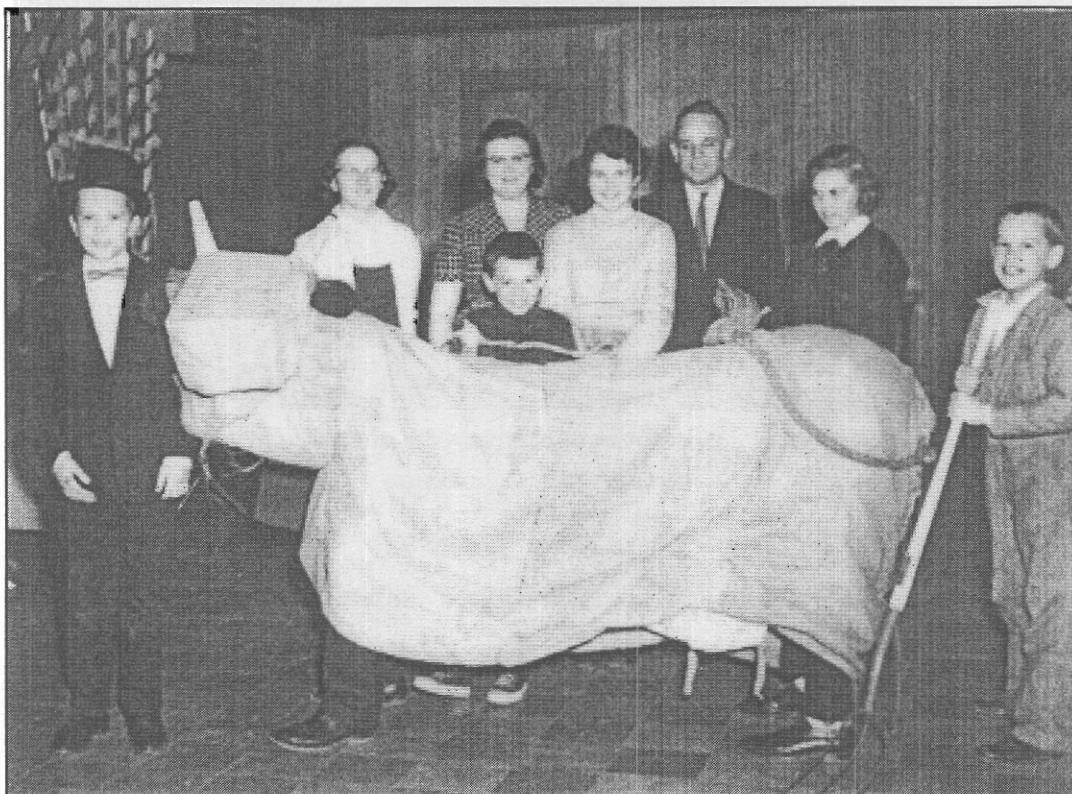
*Doris Power, Virgil, Bill Underwood, Preble Gov. Rockefeller BWP
Rural Citizens for Rockefeller -- Chase Field, Cortland Airport*



*Jim and Dottie Cochrane -- Margaret and Bernie Potter
November 2001 at Truxton*



*Margaret "Margie" Smith -- Dorothy "Dottie" O'Meal
as in the 1943 Cornellian*



Ti-Tiver 4-H Club at Cortland Kiwanis, Hotel Cortland circa 1960

Demonstration: "Points of a true type Cow"

*l-r: Stuart Young- (Prof. Udderwise), Margaret Brooks, Barbara Brooks, (leader)
David Brooks, Kathy Stoddard, Bernard Potter (leader), Linda Scott, Kevin Young
John Stoddard & Billy Potter (cow)*



*Florence & Wilburn
Willard & Bernard
at Aunt Carrie's, 87 S. Main, Homer c.1935*



*Cousins Jimmy & Patty Potter
1947*



*Christmas at Marion and Carleton's- c.1950
adults: Margaret, Joe Bowe, Dad, CWP, Mother
children: Susan, Bobby, Patty, baby Nancy
2 boys in rear-- _____, Willard*

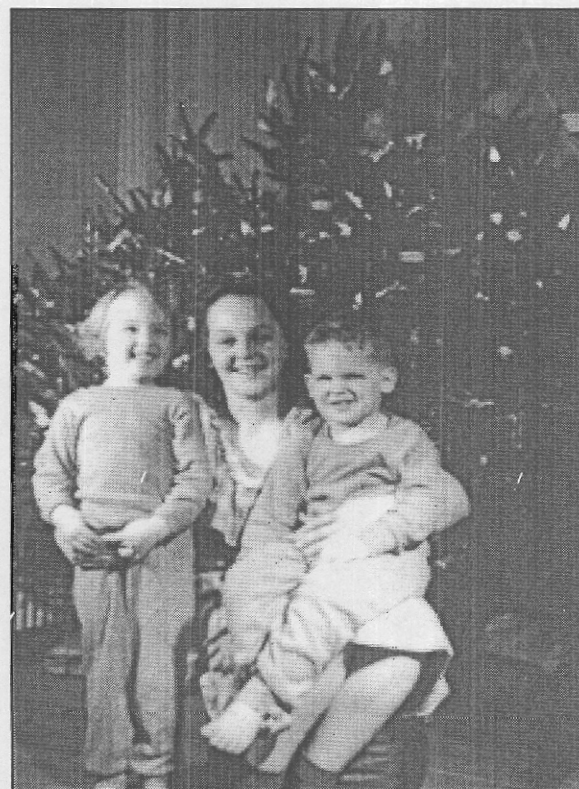


Patty and Billy -- all squeaky clean!



*Margaret, Dad and Mother, Billy and Nancy
help Patty blow out her 7th Birthday candles -- 1952*

Patty, Billy, Nancy--BJ, BB
before Joanne, Bernice
Margaret, Mother & Dad



*Margaret, Patty and Billy
at Christmas*

Family Christmas -- 2003



*stand: Brenda Adrienne Alaina Nancy Joanne Mark Bill Joyce Bernice
seat: Pat Lee Erica Michelle Margaret Bernard George Chris Greg*



the Author -- circa 1925