

# Marshall Historical Society

*Looking to the past to inspire our future*

Newsletter

October 2008

Marshall Historical Society  
P O Box 232  
Deansboro, NY 13328

Dorothy McConnell,  
President  
William Koren, Vice  
President  
Carol Gilley, Secretary

Trustees  
Dale Allen  
Joanne Bolan  
John McConnell  
Edith Eastman  
Anne Jasek  
Howard West

Website:  
[www.marshallhistsoc.org](http://www.marshallhistsoc.org)

**Next Meeting**  
7.30 pm on  
Thursday  
October 16  
Town Hall,  
Deansboro

**Join!**  
Provide your name  
and address to the  
secretary and pay  
the membership fee:  
individual: \$ 10.00  
family: \$ 15.00

**Donate!**  
Your donations to  
the Marshall  
Historical Society are  
tax deductible.

Fall is in the air with wind and cooler weather. Hope you are enjoying the beautiful colored leaves before they fall. The Canada geese are on the move.

Our **September meeting** drew a good crowd who came to hear John Rogers, Mr. New York State Bluebird, who gave a most interesting power point video on the life history of the bluebird. The colors and songs of the birds were vibrant and musical.

## **Election of officers**

The officers for 2008-2009 were elected unanimously as follows:

President	Dorothy McConnell
Vice President	William Koren
Secretary-Treasurer	Carol Gilley
Trustee	Howard West

## **Budget**

It was voted to accept the budget proposed by the trustees.

## **Insurance**

After discussion, it was voted to cancel our current insurance policy.

## **Charter**

Carol Gilley has received application forms for renewing the Marshall Historical Society charter and hopes to get that ready to send in promptly.

## **Oneida County History Day, October 4**

A display entitled "Remember when" was set up with the help of Fern Biederman. Edie Eastman volunteered to help greet visitors. Posters were put up and notice was given in the Waterville Times in hopes that there would be a better turnout this year.

## **October meeting**

The Marshall Historical Society will meet October 16 at the Marshall Town Hall to hear Shirley Burch recall the heyday of Summit Park. During and after the First World War, many came by trolley to enjoy music and dancing in the spacious ballroom. There were other attractions like a carnival. Come join us on at 7:30 PM on October 16 to hear about Summit Park.

Dorothy McConnell, President

## Dairying in the 1940's

By Dorothy McConnell

Every little farm had a few cows at that time. There were many milk plants around the towns in central New York. Clinton had Queensboro. Deansboro had Hinman Milk Plant. Oriskany Falls had Jetter plant. Waterville had Bordens. At Marshall Station, near Davies, was the Renkin plant. And there were Dairylea plants in Vernon and Utica. At that time the Town of Marshall had around 125 dairy farms. Milk was strained and put into cans, which were cooled on the farm. Some trucked their cans individually to the nearest location. Other larger truckers would pick up several people's milk to go to Vernon or Utica.

On March 28, 1940 there was a huge snow storm and the banks and drifts blocked many from arriving at their milk plant. Some men were able to use sleighs to haul their milk to market. Of course Route 12 on the Paris Hill - New Hartford Road was closed, but even the Large plow of the Town of Marshall was unable to open the road. This happened on Easter Sunday and roads were finally opened on Tuesday.

Some thought the storm was as bad as the one in 1888. One of the reasons roads were impassable

was that the powerful plows were stuck in the huge snow drifts blown in by the three day storm.

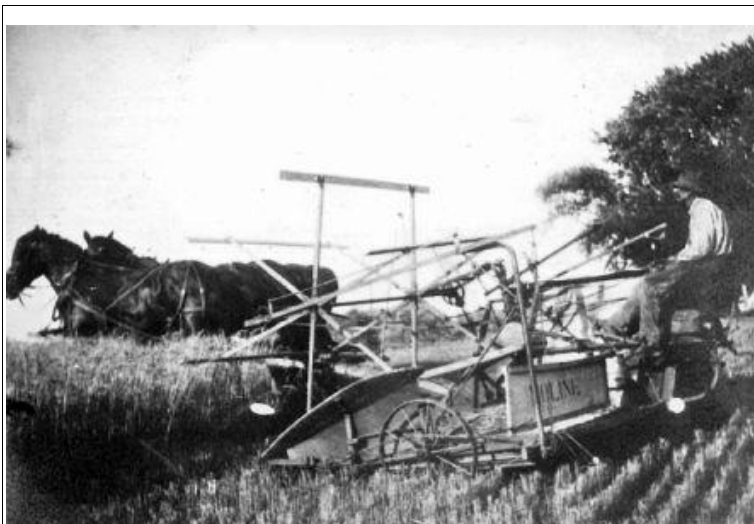
After we were married in 1949 the McConnells sent their milk to Dairylea in Utica. Bert Excell



*Haying on the McConnell Farm in the 1940s*

and his brother Fred had a large truck which took several farmers' milk. Our number was F5; Lee's was F1 and the Excell milk and the O'Dowd's were some of the others. All of the cans were emptied, washed and sent back to the farmer for the next day's use. In those early days everything was done by hand:

hand milking, hand cleaning manure from the gutters, and hand throwing ensilage down out of the silo and into a basket for each cow. Hay was loaded on a wagon loose and taken to the top of



*Reaping on the McConnell Farm in the 1940s*

the mow with a horse fork, which slid along a metal rack at the top of the barn and a rope tripped it in the proper mow.

Corn was cut in the field with a corn harvester and taken to the silo in a wagon. Here it was chopped and sent up into the silo.

Things are certainly different today with more cows. Many things are less work now with machines and pipeline

which takes the milk directly into the bulk tank, where it is immediately cooled. Ensilage and haylage have an automatic unloader and go into a cart which travels along in front of the cows and drops a certain amount for each cow. Feed comes in bulk and a bulk tank truck comes to the farm each day to unload milk and take it to Vernon. Hay is baled either in oblong bales or large round ones. These are stored under cover when possible. We went from a handful of cows back then to around 55 milkers in 2006. Corn is

chopped in field and taken to the silo by wagon where a blower sends it up into the silo.

In 1949 every place on Post Street was a dairy farm (8 - 10 places).

Today, in 2006, the McConnells' is the only dairy farm there. Stricker, Schachtler, and Goldstein are some of the others in the locality. The Town of Marshall is down from 125 to 24 active dairymen.

## **Silent Tribute to Pioneers**

[Newspaper article: no source, no date]

Located in a pasture, midway between Waterville and Deansboro, is this huge lilac tree, now in full bloom. Beneath it are a number of headstones marking the final resting place of early settlers.

At this spot 104 years ago a six-year-old boy was buried and five years later it became the resting place of a male adult. His stone bears the words: "He was an Indian from Rhode Island."

The Brothertown Indians once occupied this region. These Indians were composed of remnants of the various tribes of New England and Long Island.

A group of about 400 congregated in this section of Southern Oneida County and a settlement was established. They were made up of the once powerful Narragansetts, Mohegans, Montauks and several smaller tribes.

The area reserved for the Brothertowns was on each side of Oriskany Creek and one of the main settlements was near Deansville and Dicksville.

Asa Dick, after whom the later section was named, was a Narragansett Indian.

The State Legislature approved an act relative to the area owned by the Indians and a commission was appointed to carry out the provisions. By this act the people of Brothertown were to meet on the first Tuesday of April to elect town officers and peacemakers.

The Brothertown Indians were finally moved to the Northwest near Green Bay, Wis. However, many prominent Indians had passed away and were buried on the Oneida County lands.

Some thoughtful person, perhaps 100 years ago placed a lilac twig on an Indian grave.

**Programs 2008 – 2009**

		Feb 19	<b>Battle of Oriskany</b> by Zelma Davies
Sep. 18	<b>Bluebirds</b> by John Rogers	Mar. 19	<b>County Legislator</b> by Edward Stephenson
Oct 16	<b>Summit Park</b> by Shirley Burch	Apr. 16	<b>Bottle Club 101</b> by Fred Capozella
Nov. 20	<b>Post Cards</b> by Evelyn Edwards	May 21	<b>Banquet</b>

**Poems and October**

by Carol Gilley

As a fifth grader, I was required to memorize poetry. . When we read the accounts of her teaching by Kate Loftus Welch, we are reminded of what an important place was given to memorizing poetry in the past. As we experience the beauty of autumn in October I find myself reciting a poem I memorized in 1946:

**October's Bright Blue Weather**

by Helen Hunt Jackson

O suns and skies and clouds of June,  
And flowers of June together,  
Ye cannot rival for one hour  
October's bright blue weather.

When loud the humble bee makes haste,  
Belated, thriftless vagrant,

And Golden Rod is dying fast,  
And lanes with grapes are fragrant;

When Gentians roll their fringes tight,  
To save them for the morning,  
And chestnuts fall from satin burrs  
Without a sound of warning;

When on the ground red apples lie  
In piles like jewels shining,  
And redder still on old stone walls  
Are leaves of woodbine twining;

When all the lovely wayside things  
Their white-winged seeds are sowing  
And in the fields, still green and fair,  
Late aftermaths are growing; ...