

Marshall Historical Society

Looking to the Past to Inspire Our Future

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Next Meeting

**August – History of
Printing – Patty Louise**

Join!

Provide your name and
address (and email, if
applicable) to the secretary
and pay the membership
fee:

Individual: \$10:00
Family: \$15.00

**HAVE YOU PAID
YOUR YEARLY DUES?
GET YOURS IN
TODAY!**

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Your donations to the
Marshall Historical Society
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Greetings Friends:

July, 2026

Many people came out on July 16 to hear Max Sykes of Oriskany Falls give a talk on Heidelberg Materials, formerly Hanson's, and formerly Eastern Rock, which is located on the south-western edge of the Town of Marshall.

He gave a fascinating history of the evolving quarry trade. It started off in 1832 operated by F.E. Conley of Conley Stone Co. and Sidney Putnam, a prominent resident of Oriskany Falls. The location was most likely around the area where Nassimos' Co-op Gas Station is located now. At that time, most of the mining work was done by hand.

Things changed over the years, Max said. Bardrof, Davis and Chapman took it over 1836, and then it incorporated in 1921 into the Utica plant of Eastern Rock Products, Inc., but was carried on as a separate plant, Peerless Quarries. Most of the rock found near the plant was limestone, and Peerless installed the very latest and best labor-saving machinery of the time to really develop those vast limestone beds.

In 1929, Peerless Quarries merged with Eastern Rock. By the time Eastern Rock was sold to Hanson Aggregates in the early 1990s, the quarry was about 190 acres, and the crushed limestone was used for many projects, including the Congregational Church in Oriskany Falls, the race track at Vernon Downs, the runway at Griffis Air Force Base in Rome, and parts of Routes 20 and 8, and the New York State thruway.

In 2021, Hanson Aggregates was sold to Heidelberg Materials. One of the things they focus on is supplying lime for agricultural uses. They also supply cement, aggregates, ready mixed concrete and asphalt (also called colprovia).

Max emphasized Heidelberg's interest in conservation. They have planted trees and shrubs once the subsoil and the topsoil have been carried away, and the water used from Oriskany Creek to keep the dust down is filtered before being released back into the creek.

Heidelberg also has an interest in safety, Max told us. He came across only one or two accidents in the quarry's 100+ history. Each employee receives \$5.00 per pay period for working safely.

Max is a student at SUNY Oneonta, majoring in history. He is vice-president of the Limestone Ridge Historical Society, and Historian of the village of Oriskany Falls. He is a wonderful, knowledgeable speaker, and we thank him very much for his presentation.

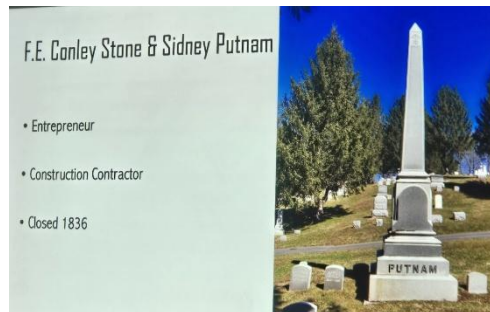
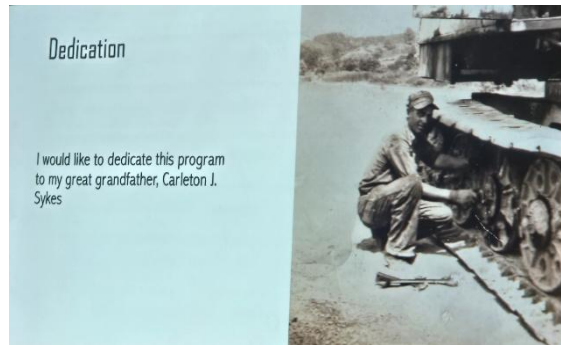
On August 20, we welcome once again Patty Louise, Editor and Publisher of the Waterville Times, who will speak on the history of printing. This is sure to be an interesting program - don't miss it!



Max Sykes giving a wonderful presentation, and spoke of his great - grandfather, who worked at the quarry. Max's program was dedicated to his great-grandfather.



An attentive and appreciative audience.

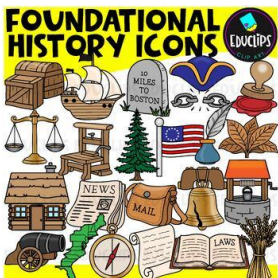


There are always good refreshments following the presentations. For the quarry presentation, among other goodies offered were pebble cookies and rock candy, thanks to Yvonne Schick and Alycia Shick.

THE TOWN OF MARSHALL CELEBRATES OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA!!!



On July 11 and 12, Town of Marshall residents made their way to the green behind the Marshall Town Hall to help celebrate the Town's observance of the 250th anniversary of the USA. There were lots of crafters – some with free give-aways – and booths set up by both churches in the



Township. In the midst of this was a bouncy house, courtesy of Oriskany Falls. Members of the Barton Hose Company put on a chicken barbecue which was very popular, as was the food truck, which sold delicious (so I am told) tacos. Also enjoyed were the pie-eating contest, the corn-hole tournament, and the duck race on Oriskany Creek. The parade was long and fantastic. There was a book sale and a bake sale, and to top it all off, live music.



Of course, the Historical Society had a set-up in the Town Hall. There were books to sell, and lots of pictures to look at. A steady stream of people stopped by. Among the intriguing items on display were the trivets which the Historical Society purchased for the 1976 Centennial celebration. Yvonne Brady and I came across a box of the trivets stored away, and they were as popular today as they were then.

When Max Sykes mentioned his great grandfather, to whom he dedicated his program, it got me thinking of interviews from people who had great influence in the town, but who are no longer with us. The first is an interview done in 1987 with Conrad Eisenhut. He was born in Switzerland, and died in 1994 at the age of 95.

Question: How did the Milk Strike personally affect you?

Answer: I remember we didn't gain much by it! We didn't know what to do with the milk. We had a separator and we separated the milk and kept the cream, and made butter from the cream with the washing machines; that's what we did. This was in June, the strike was; and they had some calves down there only turned out two weeks, I guess. They went down with cans of milk and the little devils wouldn't drink it any more! Everybody wanted to make cheese, but there are no cheese factories around here. P.N. Lewis had one; and there was an old one, old Charmon Lewinberger was his name; he lived over here in the Stock farm (*McAdam Stock Farm on McAdam Road off Gridley-Paige Rd.*) He made cheese up there for a while. As much as I remember the strike lasted three weeks.

A lot of milk was wasted; a lot of bad feelings. People throwing the milk; farmers getting stopped and getting into arguments and trouble: no good. Milk strikes are no good; never amount to anything. We tried to form co-ops. Worked pretty good for a while. Now, to me, it seems as if co-ops don't work anymore either. It may have been that the government should keep their hand off of the farmers' business, because we don't farm here like in California – can't use the same rules and regulations at all.

So I think they should leave things alone. We got 79 cents for milk back then (*the 1930s*). 79 cents a hundred. Of course, we didn't pay taxes like we do now.

Q: What changes did you notice in your own life over the years?

A: Well, there were changes in the farming machinery, but things were pretty much done the same way. The change came slowly. I think farmers were better off. We didn't get into debt the way they do now. The change was when the government started giving the farmers so much credit. We took our milk right up in Deansboro.

We had tough winters. The seasons change: we get a later spring and a later fall than years ago. We used to sow peas in March. Now you can't sow peas in March; you're lucky you can start sowing them in April. In 1923 on Thanksgiving Day it was 5 degrees below zero and a lot of snow like you see now in January. We got electricity when Roosevelt was president, around 1932. We really appreciated it, I'm telling you. Made everything a lot easier. Years ago, no refrigerators, no freezers. We kept the milk cold in ice houses: every farm had a ice house. We made ice in the wintertime. The ice man would go around with tongs and deliver ice to the houses in chunks.

Q: What did you do for entertainment?

A: Sing and yodel. My wife played the piano; we had two accordions, a violin. For entertainment we also walked.

The next interview was with Curtis Cook, Justice of the Peace of the Town of Marshall from 1968-1978. That took place in 1988.

We lived in Augusta during the Milk Strike. I remember it very well. 1931. The farmers all had cans then, and Bennett and Burke used to pick up the milk in Augusta on a big, flat-bed truck and take it to Vernon to be processed at the Dairymen's League Plant. The farmers were afraid of its being dumped on the way between Augusta and Vernon, so about 15-20 of them always rode the truck with the cans and they would all have pickaxe handles or something to discourage people who wanted to dump the milk. I can remember seeing a big flat bed truck with about 15 farmers on it, and all of them carried some kind of club. They didn't get any milk dumped on the way to Vernon! They were armed with all those clubs.

They were trying to get a better price for milk. Milk at that time was about \$1.10 a hundredweight, or a little less, which for 40 quarts is about 15 cents a quart. They wanted more money and they didn't immediately get it; the strike got over in a few days. A lot of the farmers – the sneaky ones – would take their milk into the plant at night; then they go ride the truck the next morning to keep people from dumping other people's milk while theirs was already in and taken care of. There were a lot of dishonest farmers in those days, and that was a dishonest thing to do because they were supposedly supporting the milk strike, yet they were taking their milk in at night and getting rid of it. And then dumping other people's milk, some of them. I remember that much; I was – let's see – 18 or 19 at that time. Maybe I wasn't that old, maybe 15 or 16.

There were very few cheese plants around at that time; some would feed (the excess milk) to the hogs, and the hogs would grow very fat very quickly on it. And at that time the farmers didn't have as much milk. The farmers that had 10 tons of milk, which would be 800 lbs. - well, that was quite a lot of milk at that time. 10 tons is nothing today. The farmer who's making a ton today is a poor farmer – or a small farmer. A lot of them made butter. Once in a while, disgusted farmers, who supported the milk strike, would waylay a tanker which had milk in it on the way to New York and riddle it with bullet holes so a substantial portion would leak out; but mostly the milk did not go to New York – it was processed locally. It never came to anything, ever, because it was so poorly organized.

I remember the Depression very well. I was 12 years old when it started, and I went through 4 years of high school without one penny of spending money. In 1935 they hadn't picked up much. I was only making \$12-15 in the Mill and that's for 40 hours. It lasted a long time. It didn't start to pick up until around 1939. We came out of it quickly after the War started, when Germany invaded Poland in 1939. Gasoline was 12-15 cents a gallon. We ran a gasoline station, so I know how much it was. We pumped gasoline for a living in 1921 until 1937 – not a very good living, either. I remember the Depression very well.

I remember the big complex where Hinman's garage is now (brick building on the corner of Rts. 12B and 315), the L-shaped complex with stores and barber shops and so forth. Benny Smith had a barber shop, and Fred Nelson had a grocery store. Between 1945-50 it was torn down. JC Earl, or somebody, had a farm machinery place in there. There were five or six stores. There was a kind of a covered porch along (the stores) and wooden steps going up. For a long time there was a blinking light at the intersection where Rt. 315 hits Rt. 12B, and it caused nothing but problems, because it slowed traffic down and people were always hitting each other.

During Prohibition, the Deansboro Hotel was a grocery store under Applegate.

NOTE: Does anyone know the date of the blinking light on the corner of Rts. 315 and 12b?

The next interview was later - 2016 - with Eleanor Dawes, another prominent member of the community.

Interview with Eleanor Lloyd Dawes at Clinton Manor Apartments December, 2016. Mrs. Dawes was 95 at the time:

Minnie Jones was my father's (Seymour Lloyd) half-sister. My grandfather (Robert Lloyd) was married three times. His first wife (Jane Jones) had Minnie and Dora. Dora died (at age) 16-17, something like that. Minnie lived until 1941.

Then he married Louisa Bennett from Brookfield, and she was my grandmother. They had three boys – one of them my father - and one girl. They lived where the old CCC camp was (on Route 12B on the right toward Oriskany Falls). That was called the Northrup Farm and my grandfather worked there as a tenant farmer. They lived there when my grandmother passed away.

My father was 18 years old when his mother died.

Then my grandfather married another lady from Ilion – never found out how he got to know her - she was a very stylish lady. Her name was Martha Lloyd. She's the one I remember most as my grandmother. They lived where Joan Benedict lives now, in a little apartment in the front where the antique shop is now. When he got older he drew the mail on a handcart from the railroad station to the post office. Then he would have to take the mail to the train on the push cart. That's what he did after he retired.

After Martha passed away my grandfather lived with each son. Well, just my father and Uncle Jay; so they would take turns. Then he passed away at a place across from Faxton Hospital; it was a hospital for elderly gentlemen.

My father worked at the McAdam Stock farm in 1918. That's where my mother and father started out. They lived in a tenant house across the street up there. Then they moved to where Schachtlers live. It was a nice community up there.

My mother passed away in 1941 and I took over running the household. She was 48 when she died.

My father and brother, (Bob Lloyd) worked on the farm across from the cemetery where Roberts live; before it was the Millers – Howard Miller built the big house next door. That was where we lived for the first 23 years of my life. We sold the farm in February 1943.

My husband, Bob was serving in the Army, stationed in South Carolina. Once Pearl Harbor happened, I went down there and we were married on December 19, 1941.

We moved to the house on Route 315 because my brother had gone into the service and my father couldn't work the farm alone. We had no tractor, no modern equipment.

In, 1949, Bob and I moved to Deansboro, on Route 12B. We were married in 1941. So I was there for 90 years!

Following the interview, Mrs. Dawes and I talked about various things she remembered about Deansboro when she was growing up. She remembered dancing at Willona Hall at Waterman's, and how the Ladies Aid met there. She also remembered meeting her husband at a Deansboro band outdoor concert. She revealed that during the Depression they "didn't have many extras." It was always such a pleasure to visit with Mrs. Dawes – she had such a sharp mind, and a treasure trove of memories! She passed away September, 2020 at the age of 100.