NNHS NEWS LETTER

Northville Northampton Historical Society

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Editor
Gail M Cramer

FOUNDING FATHERS

Ever wonder how and why families settled in Northville years ago? They were so important to whom and what we are today. I've just been helping someone research the Foote Family. I thought you might be interested in learning about where they came from and why they chose Northville area. Many families made the decision to settle in the Town of Northampton-Northville for many reasons. I'm sure glad that my ancestors made that choice so many years ago.

As most of us know, Samuel Olmstead was the first white man to settle here in Northville. There is a historical marker on South Main Street that reminds us of his arrival here.

THE FOOTE FAMILY
In Northville

Some of us remember several (or more) of the Foote family.

Elisha (1784) and Rebecca Foote
*
Henry(1791) and Anna Foote
*
Aaron(1816) and
Caroline Gifford Foote
*
William A Foote Sr.(1869) &
Maria Harris
*
William A Foote Jr.(1897) &
Helen Heath

a U.S Marine career man who served in WW I and II. He enlisted in 1917 and officially retired in 1956. He was fire chief in Northville 1915 –18, and again 1932 - 39. *

Barbara Foote Draffen
(Retired and now living in the family home on Main Street)

William W. Foote
Graduated from NCS in 1949 joined the Air Force and lost his life flying off the coast of Scotland in 1962

The following is excerpts from "Historical Sketches of Old Montgomery and Northampton Circuit" assembled by Rev.Wm Kroeger .

"In the autumn of 1796, Elisha and Rebecca suddenly decided to sell their earthly possessions in Connecticut and trek away to the valley of the Sacandaga, where land was cheap and where beaver grass could still be cut in the swales of the great Vlaie. They loaded their portable goods into two wagons and hitching a light team of horses on the one and a span of brown oxen on the other. Now they were on their way in quest of their land of dreams. In the one wagon were loaded a plow and iron for a spike drag; a wash tub and a barrel of pork; three axes and a crow-bar and a heavy cast iron caldron, which the men had lifted into the wagon by main strength and several chairs and chains and feather ticks and bundles of hay and sacks of mixed grain for the cattle; and feed for the family; with two milk cows and a yearling calf trailed behind.

In the team drawn wagon rode Elisha and Rebecca, and the five younger children, and grandmother Azubah. Several skin-covered trunks and pine chests filled with the kitchen utensils completed the load.

It is only in imagination now that we may trace the road they took and their experiences by the way: their start in the early dusk (sic) of each day and the long noontime rest beside a grassy stream, and another trek down toward the dusk of the evening and the twinkling night stars.

Their course lay north along the Conn. River, then went through Pittsfield and over the Lebanon Mts., down to the ferry at Albany, then Schenectady, Amsterdam, on north via Perth and Mayfield.

(continued on next page)

MUSEUM NEWS

Our application to renew our temporary charter for the museum has been approved. We now officially (again) have a temporary chartered museum for the next 5 years. Apparently we can reapply again in 5 years.

Rebecca said, " If the weather be favorable we should be in our new home by Saturday night." But the weather was not favorable. One night they slept on the floor of a Dutch barn near Schenectady.
While the cattle munched hay in the stable, Elisha and Aaron nervously repaired the harness and greased the wagon and reset the horses' shoes, and looked again and again for clearing signs in the west. Rebecca and Azubah enjoyed the visit with the women at the farm and they were all invited to eat supper with the farmers.

Early the next morning they were on their way. That night they arrived in Perth, NY. After sun-down they stopped to enquire if they might spend the night under the trees, and if the cattle would be safe in the night pasture. "We'll try to cause you but little trouble, tomorrow early we'll be up and away, we are bound for Mayfield and are anxious to reach our destination ," said Elisha.

"Unhitch, or move on as you will, but if you do unhitch as you are welcome to do, you will not leave on the morrow. Tomorrow is the Sabbath, when man should worship and beast should rest."

So the emigrants did rest that night and the next day attended church in the Scottish church. Most of the people talked in their Gaelic tongue. There was much psalm singing and a long prayers in which President Washington and Governor John Jay were remembered and the protection and guidance of the Almighty solicited for these folks who still faced hardship and danger. The preacher that morning was from Albany and perhaps it was only coincidental that he should be moved to preach that morning on "Remember the Sabbath and keep it holy". Rebecca was greatly moved.

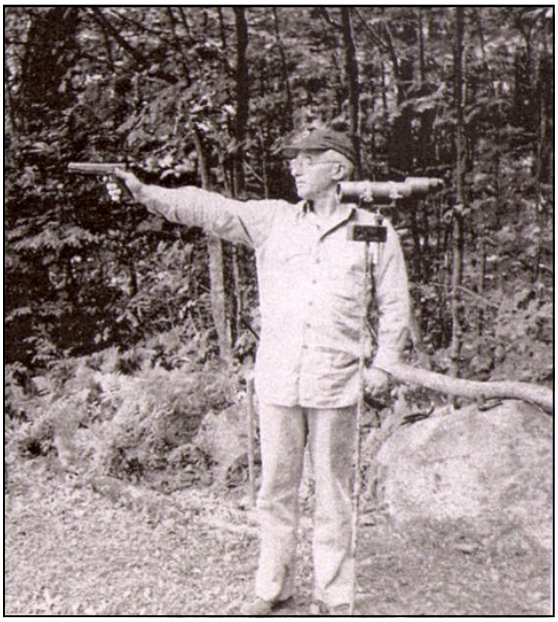
She wondered what the wilderness would do to her and her husband and her family. A tear dropped on the face of her baby son. She prayed, "God bless the child and make him useful and good like Jesus". (When grew to manhood, he became a pastor and preached the gospel. He was called to preach in Nebraska)

It was late in December 1799, the Foote's had a home now and barns and out buildings, almost an exact counter part but on a larger scale of those they had left behind in New England. According to records they first lived on the Mountain Road near the intersection of the road to Cranberry Creek. They lived there until they moved "below the Bunker Hill School house on the road to Denton's Corners. (Town of Northampton)

Methodism was introduced to the area by the circuit riders. They approached the Foote's who lived on the Mountain road to have a gathering in their house, soon afterwards a home "church" was started on the Bunker Hill Road.

There is much more written about this family and can be seen in the archives of our historian.

William A Foote House North Main Street
Barbara Foote Draffen
and husband live there today



William A Foote, Jr

Maria Harris Foote with her son William A Foote (boys dressed much like little girls until they were 4 years old. (Reed Street)

The Foote Family is only one of hundreds of families who made their way to the Sacandaga Valley years ago. They all must have had similar experiences as Elisha and Rebecca did. There are many names that we still hear around our town/village today that have been here for generations. Names like; Wilson, Gifford, Groff, Sweet, Collins, Van Arnam, Mosher, Frasier, Robinson, Ginter, Brownell, and others.

In account with HENRY FOOTE,
Plumbing, Gas and Steam Fitting,
Contractor and Builder.

NATURAL GAS beyond the Gas Mains:

You no longer have to wish for the conveniences denied from Cooking on an up-to-date Gas Range. You can now enjoy them by installing a

Pyrofax Gas Outfit

with a modern Gas Range.

PYROFAX GAS is a natural Gas compressed and delivered in steel Cylinders. With Pyrofax you always have one cylinder in reserve.

Pyrofax Gas *and* Pyrofax Ranges *now on display by*

WILLIAM A. FOOTE, Jr.

Phone 65 F-4 Local Representative Northville, N.Y.

William A Foote Sr. and son, William Jr. had a plumbing business, in the basement of the Heath Block. Later they moved to their barn on North Main Street. William Jr. became the local distributor of the first bottled gas business in Northville about 1930. William Jr was on the first Adirondack Baseball team 1913

Henry Foote's house is still standing on Bunker Hill Road, but in very bad repair.

John Wesley Foote was probably the first undertaker in Northville. He built caskets in his shop behind his house. on S. Main St. The house was demolished a few years ago. It was located across the street from the Methodist church. J.W. Foote was a brother of Henry Foote.

Northville Navy Pilot Killed

(Gloversville newspaper article)

Lt. William W. Foote, 30, of Northville, who was stationed at the Royal Navy Air Station at Lossiemouth, Scotland, was killed Saturday in the crash of a jet plane in the sea off the coast of Scotland.

Complete details were not available today.

He had been stationed at the Scotland base for 18 months as a U.S. Navy aviator flying with the British Royal Navy on exchange officer duty.

Lt. Foote was born in Gloversville on Oct. 20, 1931, son of William A. and Helen Heath Foote of Northville. He was graduated from Northville Central School in 1949 and attended Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., for a year, before transferring to Springfield College, where he was graduated in 1954.

He was a member of Kappa Delta Pi and Sigma Delta Psi fraternities.

While in college, he was twice named All-New England goalie as a member of the Springfield College soccer team. He also played on a New England championship baseball team. Lt. Foote was a 3-letter varsity athlete at Northville Central School.

After graduation from college, the airman taught for a year at St. Mark's School in Dallas, Tex. In July, 1955, he entered the Naval Air Training Program at Pensecola, Fla. He was commissioned an ensign on May 6, 1956.

Lt. Foote was designated a Naval aviator on Dec. 6, 1956. He extended his training for a year to take advanced jet training at Corpus Christi, Tex., and then was assigned to the carrier Essex on a Mediterranean cruise and the carrier Shangri La during a North Atlantic cruise.

NORTHVILLE FOLKS WE WILL NOT FORGET

NORTHVILLE FIRE DEPT 1940'S GLENN DUNCAN AS FIRE CHIEF

Front Row: Loren Weaver, (?), Frank Catanzaro, Glenn Duncan, Sonny Hopkins. Back Row: (?), Ed Mills Sr., Frank Langr?), Ken Warner, Ed Groff, (?), Ed Mills, Jr., (?), Howard Dunham, John Willard, Nelson Weaver (please help me identify the (?) firemen, or let me know if I've mistaken any of the others)

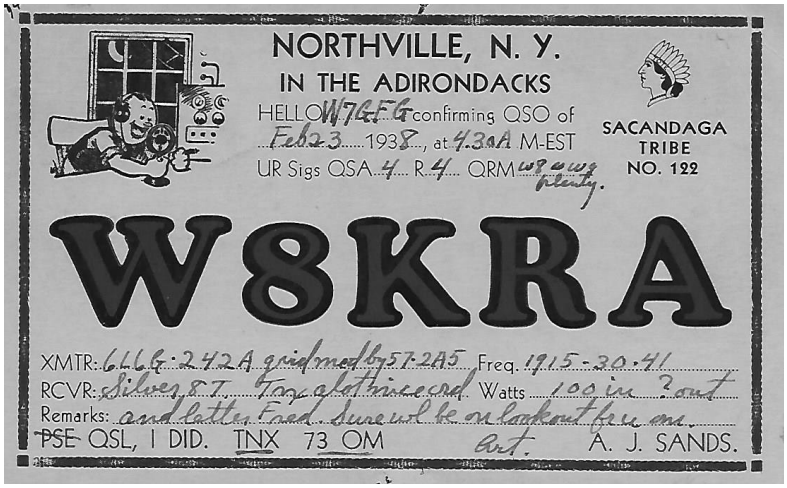
FOLLOW UP ON THE SEPTEMBER NEWSLETTER

What memories you brought back this month. How well I remember Langr market. I remember going there with my mother to see if he had any sugar or other items that was short in supply during the war. Also remember the rationing stamps needed to buy different products. Another thing I remember. To help, I ran a trap line during the war and melted down the fat from the animals, strained it and put it in lard pails then taking it to Langr market to be used for the war effort. Also remember picking milk weed pods for the war effort. I am going on 84 and so far have a good memory of things present as well as the past. It just takes someone like you to bring them to mind. Keep up the good work. May God Bless You.

Charles Ginter

Thanks for sending the NNHS on to me! So interesting to read about the grocery stores and then to recall that special spot in my memory where they are located. My father took most of our small appliances to Fat Sands for repair and as I read the article, I could remember the distinct smells from his shop. From a child's point of view, I think I always thought his first name was "Fat" because that's what my father always called him. You do a terrific job on these newsletters.....Ann B.

The article on page 5 about AJ Sands, rang a bell with me. I checked through my small collection of Northville/ Northampton post cards, and found this QSL card from 1938. Amateur radio operators acknowledged contact with others via these post cards. They were whimsical, funny, informative, and a wonderful momento from a time mostly gone now. .....Steve Collins



Arthur J Sands call letters

As always, enjoyed the newsletter. Particularly the photos of my father's and grandfather's meat market. I am sitting on the deck at camp looking out to the Kenyon Islands where my grandparents' farm was. Grandpa Langr had a wing of the farmhouse which was the meat market. He sold meat from there but also had a route from Osborne Bridge to Fish House, Batchellerville, Edinburg, Northville and Sacandaga Park.

They harvested ice from the river to keep the meat fresh. He would have sides of beef, pig, chickens, hams, bacon which he smoked, etc. He would stop at people's houses and cut them whatever they needed, a couple of chops, a steak, etc. Some of his children would help on the delivery route.

When the valley was flooded my dad stayed in the farmhouse to the last minute, heating the farmhouse with the wood from those beautiful trees which lined the route past the one-room schoolhouse and the center of town where there was a store, church, cemetery, blacksmith shop. The foundations of the farmhouse and barns are still there as well as all the other structures in the village. Also the stumps of those trees are still there, preserved these 85 years by the waters of Great Sacandaga Lake.

The Langr family moved to Gloversville. The children were boarded for a time with families in Northville so they could complete the school year and then attended Gloversville High School. My dad and grandfather operated Langr's Market on Bridge Street, next door to Lykes Apparel which is now Klippels. They had a smokehouse out back and a small barn where I kept my pony and rabbits. All the Langr children worked in the store, cashing out, stocking shelves, doing inventory, sneaking cookies, candies and First Prize Hot Dogs. Our brother Frank learned the meat trade and worked there too. Harry Savage was employed there and we all had a lot of fun at the store and making deliveries around town and in Sacandaga Park.

My aunt gave me a big binder recently with records of all the people who supplied the goods for the store - 15 chickens from this one, a calf or cow from someone else, two pigs from so and so, fresh eggs, etc. I am sure many descendants of the other grocery stores cited in the newsletter have some stories to tell too. Thanks Gail, for another good read.

Cookie Langr Blanchet