THE LITTLE RED SCHOOL HOUSE
On the Corner of Division and First Street

In 1928 Centralization of the Districts was coming into place. When the one room school houses started closing, the students were transported to the Union Free School on South Main Street, which caused a crowded situation in the school building.

Mr. Everett Lane was principal when the Board of Education hired the red building on the corner of First and Division Street from Mr. Smith and moved Mrs. Edith Cunningham and Mrs. Jessie Miller there as the teachers. They had nothing to work with except seats and children. Gradually supplies were furnished. According to an article by Mrs. Cunningham, by way of amusement for the children, because they couldn’t do some of the things they did at the big school, they started the Halloween parade idea which has continued to the present day. The first rhythm band was started in the Little Red School House also. They started with coffee cans, silver forks, blocks, with sandpaper fastened on them, baby bells etc. Mr. Wilbur Kingsley, who was a musical critic, passed by one day when they were rehearsing. He stopped to listen to the “noise”. He was impressed with the rhythm and suggested they play “in the big school”. When the band was heard, the president of the PTA was so impressed the PTA purchased them a set of Ludwig Rhythm Band Instruments.

MUSEUM NEWS

We are looking for volunteers to be guides in the museum. You don’t have to be a member of the historical society, just have some knowledge, love, and pride of your hometown.

The displays in the museum are mostly self explanatory. You don’t need a lot of historical knowledge. It’s a very rewarding experience and everyone who is a guide is always learning something new and meeting new people.

Hopefully next season we won’t have to close or cut down the hours for lack of volunteers

Children and their teacher, Mrs. Cunningham dressed in Indian Outfits, in front of the “Little Red School House
Technology wasn’t nearly as sophisticated when the school newspaper was first published. Illustrations, covers, advertisements were all created by hand. The text was typed on a typewriter, no computers insight. A mimeograph machine was used to make copies. Remember those messy inky machines. You would always have ink on your hands when the job was completed. The school newspaper has a very interesting beginning.

Quoted from the 1945 NCS yearbook, written anonymously by one of the “culprits” in the incident. “It was time for the senior English class and the eleven had pelmelled (as usual) into the class room only to find that Miss Wood had been detained for a moment in the office. As a matter of self amusement a certain undignified member of the class strolled over to the bulletin board and on it penciled some so called humorous news items. Miss Wood arriving in due course, noticed the unusual attention being given to the otherwise ignored bulletin board and she took a look. As true of most teachers, her first impulse was anger at the desecration of her private domain, but being a wise disciplinarian, she allowed the guilty to simmer during the class period, while she thought up the penalty. The verdict was just punishment but also constructive — the culprit was assigned the task of inaugurating a high school newspaper. The group caught the idea, and under the capable guidance of Miss Wood, the child was born. Crude, yes, very high schoolish, yes — nevertheless a paper written by pupils, typed on mimeographed sheets, run off on a very crude machine, stapled and somehow sold. The venture proved successful and a prize was offered for the most appropriate name. The Northern Light was suggested by Mrs. Eugene Mishler (Amy), who won the money (or something) and became emblazoned on the cover in a design created by Olaf Johnson, Jr. Issues followed monthly at 15 cents a copy.

Twenty long years have passed. The first copies are yellowed a bit, as also are those who started the paper. At this time, however, we of the class of 1926 thank you and all the classes in between for the great boost you given our ego by carrying on this paper. We thank you and we congratulate you for the splendid twentieth anniversary issue.”

The newspaper continued on until 1974/75. At the end of this story there was a postscript in the 1945 year book, “Note: Gordon Mosher, who in modesty withholds his name from the authorship of the above. Gordon (aka “the culprit”) is now a member of the Board of Education. You see, students who labor over the Northlight and the Senior Annual, what happens!”
A replacement for train service to Sacandaga Park and Northville appeared on the scene in 1930. Completion of the Sacandaga Reservoir (now the Great Sacandaga Lake) had flooded the F. J. & G Railroad tracks in the Cranberry Creek area, so this Mack bus replace the old steam trains. Buses also served the Fonda, Johnstown and Gloversville area to replace trolley service. By 1932 the F. J. & G. bus fleet had reached ten.

A rear view of the F. J. & G. Railroad bus when served the Northville area in 1930. This photo shows The baggage and luggage compartment, protected from theft by chain-link fencing and padlocks.
The very latest styles in bathing suits circa 1919. This family group poses before taking a dip at the Old Sacandaga Park resort. Visit our museum where you will see on exhibit, a man’s bathing suit like the ones above.

The Northville Aircraft Warning Station, during World War II. It was located on South Second Street on the lot between Serfis’s and Forsey’s. This small building was just one of thousands of such structures in the eastern part of the country. They were manned 24/7 by volunteers. I remember my grandmother volunteering.

1949/50 NCS Soccer Team
Front row: Jerry Greenhill, John Giblin, John Williams, David Call, Ivan Shields
Second row: Larry Serfis, Earl Fraiser, Frank Langr, Jack Smith, Al Zambella, Cal Humphrey
Third row: Bob Sweet, Don Gardner, Jack Quimby, Bill Giblin, Dave Whitham, Bob Smith, Fritzy Fish
Fourth row: Mr. Abbey, Dick Jenner, Dave Morrison, Bob M., Bob Boyle, John Olsen. Jim Thum, Mr. Meade