

# DRYDEN HISTORY HOUSE

## AT SOUTHWORTH HOMESTEAD

October, November  
December  
Volume 39 (2016)

Dryden Town Historical Society  
14 North Street, Dryden, NY 13053  
607-844- 9209

*Over the next few years, we will be including excerpts from Bob Watros' Life Story. We hope you will enjoy reading these stories about growing up and raising a family in Dryden. Bob lived his early years in Varna, and Ithaca. Our first story was about his move to Dryden in 1946. The following is his story about the Dryden friends he made and his experience with Dryden schools.*

### DRYDEN FRIENDS

John (Jack) Strong, the boy across the street, was the first kid I got to know. His parents were Harold and Helen Strong. Harold operated one of the two funeral homes in Dryden. The Strong family was highly respected and served as a model for me as I grew up. Harold took meticulous care of his property and operated his business in the same manner. Jack was 16 months older than I and in the sixth grade at that time. While I was of slight build, Jack was very large. We developed a friendship that has lasted throughout our lives. We spent time entertaining ourselves at a number of different things. Jack had high quality toys and games and he took good care of them. We both had wagons and made a number of modifications to them. We added lights and installed tire chains on all four wheels in the winter. Dorothy and Earl Cole ran an electrical store on Main Street. Dorothy was very generous and freely gave us materials along with the required soldering work for the wagon lights. Unfortunately, due to our size differential, Jack always ended up as the one pushing me in the wagon. Around town we were called Mutt and Jeff after the characters in the funny papers. Mutt was very tall and Jeff was very short.

**WINTER HOURS (Starting January 7 through March), 1<sup>ST</sup> AND 3<sup>RD</sup> Saturdays, 10am - 1pm**



### Holiday Work Shop

**December 3, Saturday 10 am - 1 pm**

**Dryden Town Historical Society Activity Room, 14 North Street, Dryden**

- ❖ Free holiday ornament workshop
- ❖ All materials furnished
- ❖ Miniature holiday scene
- ❖ Quilt Raffle drawing at 12 noon
- ❖ Refreshments
- ❖ Free and open to all ages



### **Private Tours of Southworth Homestead available. Tompkins County's only historic house museum!**

Tours of the historic Southworth Homestead can be scheduled by appointment year-round. Each tour takes about an hour and can be extended to include viewing the archival storage area or viewing historical photographs or objects from the collection. Arrangements can be made to include refreshments.

We welcome family and organizations to meet in the lower level and then tour. Donation \$5.00 per person.

Please call ahead and spend an enjoyable time at the historic Southworth Homestead. Gina Prentiss 844-4691.

## Many thanks for Homestead Heritage Day, September 24, 2016

- Carleen Skawski for the inspiration to feature Family Quilts
- Nancy Ostman, Cathy Carman for making the Quilt Turning so informative and fun
- Bob Timmerman for reworking the banner
- Chris Baurle for hay bales
- Betsy Cleveland, decorations
- Mary Hornbuckle, pumpkins
- Fingerlakers Old Tyme Band
- Vicki Wilkins and George, kids games
- Carl Taylor and Lance Sprague, chair caning
- Jim Bartsch, blacksmithing
- Janet and Fred Rimmell, old time toys
- Hayley Harris, cross stitch
- Wayne Harbert, Jean Tyler, Townley Great Wheel spinning
- Sue Quick, flax spinning
- Blacksheep Handspinners Guild
- Cathy Whalen, Fingerlakes Lace Guild
- Dryden Community Cafe'
- Southworth House Tours - Leslie Chatterton, MaryLou Taylor, Mary Hornbuckle, Trish Sprague, Muriel Likel
- Dryden Fire Department, chair loans
- Set up & Take down - Bob Watros, Fred Likel, Shirley Price, Muriel Likel, MaryAnn Sumner, Mariah Prentiss



Carleen Skawski, DTHS member and inspiration for the Local Quilt display at Heritage Day talks about her Sunbonnet Sue quilt. Carleen loaned 15 family quilts, from 1870s through 1950s for display.



Under the tent on Homestead Heritage Day, spinners and chair caners



Quilts everywhere at the quilt turning tent. Being held up was one of the oldest quilts, ca 1860s.

Nancy Ostman, Tompkins County Quilters Guild, on left, shows a civil war era "Temperance" quilt during the quilt turning, something new at Homestead Heritage Day.

She introduced us all to more than 75 local family quilts during the Quilt Turning. Thanks to Nancy's knowledge of fabric, patterns, dyes, and designs, each quilt had a unique story.



Jim Bartsch sets up the blacksmithing display. In the background, Dryden Community Cafe' offered really good eats in the barn.



New this year at Heritage Day, antique toys for kids to play with. Joshua Prentiss tries out a handmade toy.



## DTHS Pie & Bread Sale – Another Great Success!

The **2016 Pie & Bread Sale** was held on Saturday, Nov. 5<sup>th</sup> in our favorite sales location, the lobby of the 1<sup>st</sup> National Bank of Dryden. Our most sincere thanks go to everyone who donated baked goods to this event: breads, pies, scones and one luscious cheesecake. There were fewer pies this year but a wide variety of breads.

Special recognition goes to the following members who donated their time to get the word out and make the sale a success: Jean German (calling), Patti Kiefer (calling), Muriel Likel (sales and photography), Sue Morrie (calling and sales), Trish Sprague (calling), and Ginny Stairs (calling).

For those who haven't experienced a Pie Sale in person, it is about an hour and a half of chaos, with pies and bread coming in the door and being sold before the door closes. Shirley likes to call it a "pie exchange" as members bring in their donations and leave with someone else's with the DTHS graciously accepting a "fee" to facilitate the process. The sale is short and sweet and the Southworth Homestead benefits from all the fun. This year we made \$660!

It is always good to plan ahead and the 2017 Pie & Bread Sale will be held on November 4<sup>th</sup>. Think about baking a pie or two (and, personally, I'm still hoping for a donation of cinnamon rolls).

Mary Hornbuckle and Shirley Price



*"Dryden Friends" continued from page 1*

Jack and I had an experience I want to relate here. One day we were exploring the old abandoned barn next door when we came upon a chicken nest with a single chick in it. We took it home and placed it in a birdcage. We named him Chipper. He shortly out grew the cage and ultimately grew into a full size Bantam rooster with long spurs. He was ugly and would come up behind you and gaff you in the leg. I also had a pet crow that hung around the yard. The crow got into the rooster's pen one day and the rooster killed him. Having enough of that bird, I gave him to my friend, Jim O'Shea. He had him a day or so when the rooster tackled Jim's father, Clifford. Jim's father instructed him to get rid of Chipper in short order. Jim took him to the local livestock auction where, I expect someone bought him and took him to the cockfights.

I made other friends in the neighborhood. Bill Bailey lived across the corner. His father was George and mother Alice. They ran the local insurance agency. My mother worked at their firm for several years as a clerk. Bill was about six years older than I. Therefore we never had a close relationship in boyhood, but have remained close friends throughout life.

Over on Library Street were the O'Shea boys. Their father owned the Dryden Supply Co. at the end of Wall Street. Michael (Mick) was my age and Jim was two years younger. At the time, a game called "Kick the Can" was in vogue. It was played similar to "Hide and Seek" but with a tin can for home base, guarded by the person who was "it". You had to get to the can and kick it to free all the kids who had been caught. All the neighborhood kids played the game throughout each summer.

Down Elm Street was the Roy Hulslander family. There were several kids in the family, but only Bob was near my age. He was always available when a ballgame was scheduled. Baseball and football were popular summer sports for all the kids in the village. Regularly, someone rounded up the neighborhood boys and got a few from "over town" and played an informal game. We would play at Montgomery Park or on a ball field we made in back of my house.

## School In Dryden

I entered the Dryden school system in fourth grade in 1946. At that time, it was called the Dryden-Freeville Central School. Freeville merged with Dryden in 1936. The original school building was built in 1912. A large addition was added with the merger in 1936. As I lived in the central village, there was no bus service. Hence, I walked or rode my bike the one-half mile distance each day. At one point, the school schedule provided a lunch period long enough to allow me to go home for lunch. Even in those early days, I had little interest in school. I rarely missed attending school, but I gave it the least amount of effort possible. I always got up at the last minute and never ate breakfast and hurried to make it to school before the bell rang. My sister was always a model student and performed at the top of her class. My fourth grade teacher, Miss Iseff, was just out of college but I think was a good teacher. That first year in the Dryden school, I met kids who I would associate with until graduation. In those days there was very little turnover in the community. Each new school year you would find just about every classmate from the previous year. Our class became close friends. I believe it was in the sixth grade we were split into two groups and assigned separate rooms. My sixth grade teacher was Mrs. Adeline Arnold who was a wonderful person and liked very much by everyone. When our class graduated from High School she was given special recognition in the yearbook. When we moved up to the seventh grade, Philip Dewey was our homeroom teacher. He also taught English which was one of many subjects I disliked. Hence, Mr. Dewey and I were at odds much of the time.

*("School in Dryden" continued)*

During most of the period I was in school, the principal was Edward Long. From a student's perspective, he was considered the "chief warden" and was someone to avoid. He had strict discipline over the entire student body. The auditorium could be full of kids making a lot of noise but when he stepped into the room, there would be total silence. I did my best to avoid any significant infraction of the rules that might require me to appear at his office. There was a legend that he had a large paddle in his desk and put it to use on occasion.

I joined the music program when I was in Junior High. I have always found pleasure in music. I suspect that interest was passed down from my grandfather or grandmother Watros as my father and uncles all played a musical instrument. My grandmother Moulthrop played the piano but my mother exhibited little interest in music. At the time, drum and bugle corps were very popular so I decided to study percussion. Throughout high school, I played in the school band and orchestra and ultimately in the dance band. In those groups I got to know Walt Davis. He, and his sister Vestilla, were the only black students in the school system. Their father was the head chef at Willard Strait Hall at Cornell. Vestilla was about four years ahead of me and Walt was two years my senior. Vestilla played the piano and cello while Walt was a drummer. She was very intelligent and graduated as Valedictorian of her class. Walt was of average intelligence but played the drums at a professional level. Both of them were highly regarded and racism never entered the mind of any student in our school. After graduation, Walt joined the U.S. Air Force and played in one of the bands. I talked with Walt many years later when he told me he learned about discrimination after he joined the service. Our school music director was Joseph Jones during most of the time I was in the music program. He ran his department like a tyrant. He was in constant battle with other department heads, but mainly with the athletic director. We used the gym for rehearsals, which often conflicted with sports programs. Jones, with his brash manner, usually won out. He also alienated a few parents over time and the school board was put under great pressure to release him, so he resigned. Once he had left, I believe all students that studied under him agreed that the highly regarded music program was solely due to his leadership.

I became interested in girls starting in the sixth grade. I was attracted for some time to one girl living on the Harford Road. However, I didn't seriously pursue them until my final years in school. Until that time, I was preoccupied with tractors, trucks and other mechanical things. Several of my buddies had girlfriends throughout high school. I guess they all thought I was resigned to bachelorhood. When I started dating a young girl from Etna, and then another from Freeville, I found myself the subject of many jokes. I was a senior when I first dated Joan, though it was not a regular event until two years later.



Setting up for Heritage Day. Thanks to Bob Timmerman for updated banner.



Wayne Harbert, Blacksheep Hand Spinners guild, demonstrates spinning on the Richard Townley great wheel. Heritage Day in the DTHS Exhibit Room, Southworth Homestead. The big wooden "Dryden" sign hung on Dryden Railroad station. The signature quilt features names from the Carpenter Hill area.

## Childhood Games

By Shirley (VanPelt) (Otis) Price

As I watch my 8 year old grandson, Isaac, play a video game where he sees how many bananas he can accumulate, I think back to when I was a child and what I did to entertain myself. Since we didn't have electronic games or even a television until I was about 10 years old, it was up to us to entertain ourselves.

Being from a family of 7 children, there was always someone thinking of something to do. I don't ever remember anyone whining to my parents that they had nothing to do because my parents would find lots for us to do. We did have chores as we lived on a farm, but we also had time for play.

We were always playing outside in all the seasons. Winter was sliding down hill on sleds, flying saucers, cardboard; and anything that we could ride down the hill on. We played duck, duck, goose. We built snow forts and had snowball fights. We built snowmen and other animals. We dug snow caves. We plopped in the snow and made snow angels. We played in the snow and depending on the consistency of the snow dictated our fun for the day, packing snow for snowball fights and snowmen, crusty snow for rides down the hill. When we were stuck inside we would play card games or marble games on wooden boards or a puzzle; or read a book or magazine.

Spring was for mud puddles and watching everything come to life. Pussy willows and spring flowers and lilac blossoms and frogs and worms and bugs all come out in the spring. We would just lay in the new grass and look for four-leaf clovers, to see who could find the most, and soak up the sunshine as the days got longer.

Summers there was no school and lots of things to do. We were always in Virgil Creek by June 1<sup>st</sup>. In between haying and our chores we swam, played baseball and rode horses. We did not have a trampoline, but we did have two large tractor tubes that we jumped on in the yard and then took them to the creek and had wars trying to knock each other off the tubes. Summer nights we would play hide and seek in the lawn with the light pole as the free spot. At one point the bulb blow out and I remember one of my siblings running into the light pole on a really dark night. We would catch fire flies in

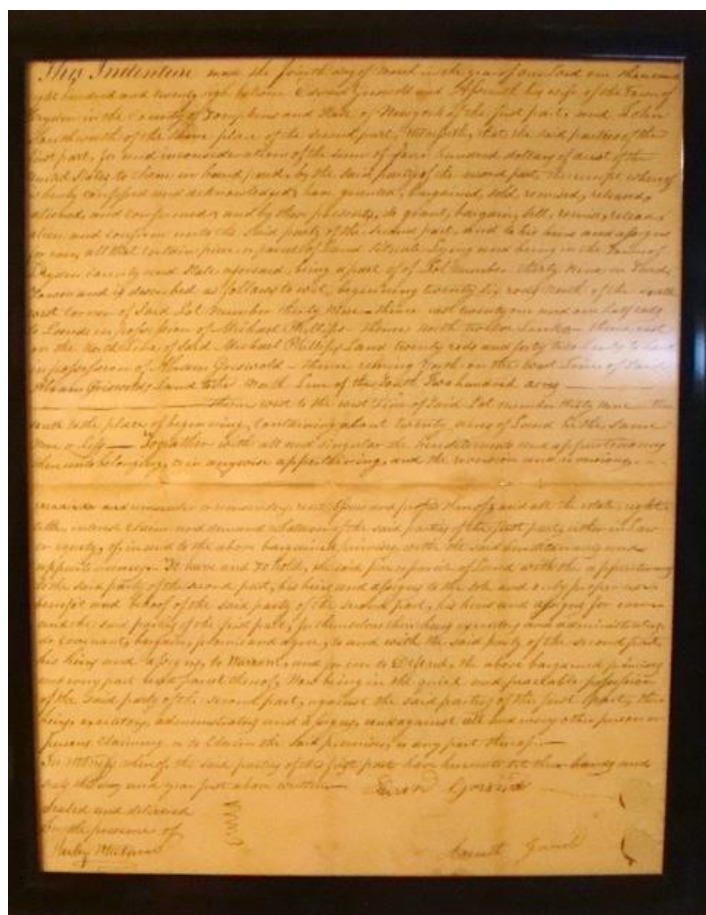
our hands as Mom didn't want us using her glass jars, whether she was afraid we would break them and get hurt or if she just wanted to keep them clean for canning. We would catch snakes; I especially liked the little green grass snakes and the little red bellied snakes. We would catch land turtles and my Dad would drill a hole in the side of their shell so that we could tie them to a stake with a piece of rope. Somehow they always escaped and as I look back I think my Dad let us play with them for a day or two and then let them go. We could always know which turtles we had caught before as they had the hole in the side of their shell. We always had a dog and kittens in the barn which would entertain us for hours. We had sheep, goats and baby calves to play with and observe. We had horses to ride, what little girl didn't want a horse? Dogs are very loyal and were our constant companions, going with us on our adventures to the creek or wherever else we went.

Fall was back to school and our play time was limited. The days became shorter so we played indoors again, dusting off the marble boards; and lots of reading.

Isaac is a great reader and loves to play cards and jump on his trampoline and plays board games and loves his Legos and his video games. His mother regulates how long he is allowed to watch TV and play video games so I know he will be okay.



**ORIGINAL SOUTHWORTH HOMESTEAD DEED**



Copy of original deed to Southworth Homestead at 14 North St, Dryden. See this in the DTHS Exhibit Room

**The Pleasure of Research by Bob Watros**

The Southworth property is part of the military lot Edward Griswold purchased prior to relocating to Dryden in 1802. Shortly after the society took ownership of the property, David Smith did extensive research of the Southworth records in the Tompkins County Court House. The earliest deed of record he found was dated in 1845. It covered certain lands John Southworth purchased from Edward Griswold's son, Abram. In as much as the Southworth house was built in 1836, we assumed Southworth must have purchased at least some of the land prior to the house construction.

This past spring, David Smith and I decided to visit the Olin Library archives at Cornell archives to do further research. Cornell holds many old documents including records of John Southworth. David and I spent about three hours at the library reviewing only some of the Southworth papers. I spent my time just reviewing the various deeds of property once held by him. He owned over a hundred different properties. Fortunately, one of the first deeds I found was the document we had been looking for. It was the deed (pictured above) covering lands conveyed in 1828 to John Southworth from Edward Griswold. It is now on display in the exhibit room at the homestead.



Southworth House dining room ready for Becky's Birthday Party. The brass hanging lamp was purchased by Ella Ward Southworth in 1900 at VanTine's in NYC. The 1930s Ithaca Calendar Clock is from the DTHS collection and belonged to Dryden dentist, Dr Ensign, ca 1939.



These two framed silhouettes are hanging in the living room of the Southworth House.

The type of silhouette is called "hollow cut." The image is cut from white paper which leaves a negative cut out area that is mounted over black silk. The frames are grained wood.

These silhouettes were made ca. 1810 and predate the Southworth House, which was built in 1836. These treasures are in need of conservation\* and further research.

*\*A paper conservator would charge about \$300. to prepare an estimate for conservation.*



Jim Bartsch demonstrates his blacksmith skills near the Southworth red barn.



New this year at Homestead Heritage Day, Hayley Harris demonstrates cross stitch



## Listings of APPRECIATIONS and CONTRIBUTIONS

NEW --- ending: November 19, 2016

### ***Southworth Homestead Project "Circle"***

William & Jane Bailey	Marilyn Baurle, Trust
Gabriel & Penelope Carpenter	Eleanor V. Day
Myra Fincher	Victor G. Fulerson
Mark & Alice Goldfarb	Richard Heidt (Lawn Fertilizer)
Phyllis Meekin	Kenneth & Catherine Paddock
Carol T. Rogers	James D. Webster
David Wheeler	

C.C.S.N. Woodworking (Repairs to west entrance)



**2016 DTHS Quilt Raffle**  
**Drawing December 3**  
 Amish Quilt, 9' x 9'  
 Fits high queen or king bed  
 Tickets - \$5 each or 3 for \$10  
 Proceeds benefit Southworth Homestead

### ***In memory of Sue Cardwell***

Marlene Luss

### ***In memory of Michael Dick***

Jennifer Dick

### ***Donations-In-Kind***

***Used Archival Supplies*** – Brian & Jody Earle

***Used PC OS 7 Mini-Tower System*** – Lois Fox

### ***Non-fund Specified***

Joyce M. Perkins

### **Local History Books make great gifts**

DTHS has a good selection of local history books and sturdy coffee mugs for sale.

Ranging from the beautiful book of Verne Morton photographs to the simple Christmas story, all mark the history of our area.

The proceeds from every sale help maintain the Southworth Homestead and make local programming possible.

Visit our website at <http://www.drydennyhistory.org/membership/> and scroll down to Publications for the list of the books we have.



Great local gift ideas.  
 All available at DTHS.

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**DRYDEN TOWN HISTORICAL SOCIETY**

14 NORTH STREET

WINTER HOURS (Starting January 7)

**1<sup>st</sup> and 3<sup>rd</sup> Saturdays, 10 AM – 1 PM**

or by appointment

Would you prefer to receive the newsletter electronically, as an attachment in an email, instead of the print version that arrives in the mail?

If so, please send us an email with “Prefer Newsletter Electronically” in the subject line to [drydennyhistory@gmail.com](mailto:drydennyhistory@gmail.com).

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