

Interviews with and a Letter from German Bullock Published in the Penn Yan Chronicle-Express in 1927

Penn Yan Chronicle-Express - May 26, 1927 - Pages 9 and 12

RECOLLECTIONS OF FORMER STUDENT IN CHUBB HOLLOW AND STARKEY SEM.

German Bullock, Of Milo, Recalls Amusing Incidents Of Over 60 Years Ago - Pupil Located Thief Who Took Firewood By Loading Fuel With Powder - Midnight Serenade On Old Four-Post Bedstead Rudely Interrupted

(German Bullock, who lives with his daughter, Mrs. Floyd Fletcher of Second Milo, has described the following interesting incidents which occurred when he was a student in the rural school in Chubb Hollow, where his father worked on the old Merritt place, and later while he was studying in Starkey Seminary. Mr. Bullock is now 78 years old.—Editor)

I do not think there ever was a person as bashful as I was. If neighbors came, I would leave the room. If I was likely to meet a woman on the road, I would get over the fence and go around so as not to meet her. But if I was behind a board fence looking through a knothole, I could not look at one half long enough.

I and a nephew of the teacher who taught when I was about six years old were eating our dinner and I told him I was going home. He must have told his uncle as I had not gone far before I heard the teacher behind me. I was near a board fence just as he was likely to overtake me, so I ran and got my arms around one of the boards, but he got me loose and took me back. He knew his business as far as punishment was concerned as he punished me the worst way he could by making me sit between two girls the rest of the day.

I remember one rule a teacher later gave. It was that none of the boys should chew tobacco. Did you ever see how mean a boy can be and yet do nothing wrong? Well, there was a patch of penny-royal in the field next to the school house and the leaves had been frozen and turned brown. Two of the larger boys gathered a lot of it and all the boys chewed. The juice looked exactly like tobacco. When he inquired as to who had chewed tobacco he could not find one who had. What could he do about it? They had not disobeyed any rule.

There was a long hill, one-half mile long, commencing in front of the school house. Father let the boys have the sleigh. We took the entry door and put it on and all got on that could find a hold. Then the fun, for we would get about three rides during the noon hour. But the joys of school has its ending as the balance of the year the farm needed our time.

When 18 years old, I went away to Starkey Seminary. There were an equal number of boys and girls, 60 each. I and a neighbor boy roomed together.

The best teacher I ever went to was only 16 when she taught her first term. I was only 13 then and she was my teacher and preceptress at the Seminary. There were two buildings, the lower



German Bullock

part of each for recitations, the upper part for lodging. Girls in one, boys in the other, the doors being placed so as not to be opposite. At the end of the ladies' building were steps ten feet wide and eight steps high. The teachers thought the boys were planning, some game on them, which they were. They said no boys could enter the building without being caught. Four boys, who were going to graduate that term, thought differently. But the professor was a foxy person so when two of the neighboring residents complained of having lost their clotheslines he knew something was up. He went up to the second flight and hid in the back end of the hall where he could not be seen but could observe all that could be done.

He had not been there long before he heard and saw them as they came in after taking off their boots (there were no shoes at that date for men). They began by fastening one end of the line in the first door handle then half hitched it in the next and so on but they had not gotten far before he started down the hall. The boys retreated down the stairs but did not have time to get their footwear. They thought it would be a joke, as it was raining hard and had all day, and the mud was nearly three inches deep, to take away the steps so they moved them about six feet away. The professor fell to the ground and was injured but not seriously enough to prevent his taking care of their case the next morning in chapel. After prayers he said he had been fortunate enough to find the boots of the four "burglars." He offered the owners the choice of claiming their footwear or having him read their names in chapel. The boys owned up to their prank and were not expelled, probably because the professor could get five dollars more for each if they completed the remainder of the term.

Two students occupied one room and each was required to furnish his own fuel. One student thought his wood was disappearing too fast and he suspected where it went so he bored a hole into a couple of sticks, put in some powder and plugged up the hole. A few days afterwards a stove was blown up. It happened to be the one he suspected.

The preceptress used to laugh until her sides ached as she told of a school trustee bringing a young man to visit. When he presented him to her he mentioned the fellow's name and said, "This is Miss B____, our female woman preceptress." And the trustee did not know what they were laughing about.

My roommate and I occupied an end room, the one next to it being vacant. All rooms were furnished with similar bedsteads, some of you have seen them. Four turned posts, eight square rails for fastening together and a wooden pin in one side of each and placed about seven inches apart for the purpose of fastening the bed cord to. I would like to see anybody today put the bed posts and rails together. There was a thread turned on each end, left handed on one end, right handed on the other end, and holes turned in each post to match. Then the top of the head posts had a hole in each opposite one another and a turned rail to be placed in them.

It was this top end rail which we used. First, we removed the cord, then secured one end to it and wound the balance around it. There happened to be a hole in the wall directly straight from the center of our bed. We enlarged this a trifle and put the end of the rope through it and pulled it up to the center of the bed so we could handily reach it when we were in bed. We poured kerosene freely at each end of rod where it entered the posts. It makes or has the same effect on the wood, as you turn it, as rosin has on a violin bow. It brings out the music to a full tone. We had to retire at 9:30 but that was too early to get the best effect. We had to wait until all were asleep, even to the janitor. About eleven we began our performance. We had nearly finished the first piece when we thought we would rest a bit as we were aware the janitor was on his job. He came the length of the hall trying the handle of each door, then went back. We started another piece but we could not finish as we heard him creeping along trying to locate the source. Finally

he took his key and tried the doors down the hall. Then he knocked at our door. We waited until he knocked the second time, then each groaned and asked who was there and what was wanted. One of us tucked the rope back through the wall before the other started to open the door. He looked around thoroughly, then went out; but we saw he was suspicious. Before morning we had the next room bed all corded and the loose plaster cleaned up. We asked several boys if they knew what that noise was, but nobody seemed to know.

In those days some, as now, preferred to stroll about, if the other fellow did not have his girl. I suppose it has been that way always. The girls seemed to know that I was bashful and tried to annoy me for one day as I was passing a group of six or seven, one, whom I knew by name but had never spoken to, stepped up to me and said, "Will you marry me?" As luck would have it there had been a slogan passed around for several weeks and as it just suited the case I used it, saying, "Yes, when I've nothing else to do." The rest of the girls geyed her very much and when they met me, they eyed me.

Penn Yan Chronicle- Express - June 2, 1927 - Pages 1 and 5

German Bullock Describes “Crooked Lake” Outlet

Penn Yan, R. D. 5, N. Y.

Editor Chronicle-Express:

Imagine an old canal boat along the lake shore and a building on one end of this, the other on the land at high water mark and furnished for the entertainment and pleasure of the public and you have the first pleasure resort on the shore of Crooked Lake, owned and run by Calvin Carpenter, a retired canal boatman. It was called “The Ark” and has always retained the name, although having changed owners several times as has the lot below which it is situated. It has been remodeled a number of times. It is situated about one-fourth mile south of the beginning of the outlet and is now owned by G. L. Barden.

On the east side of the outlet, where the Empire State wine cellar now stands, was a large lumber yard owned by Charles Wells, a retired lumber man. Next below came the resort of Tom Harrison, which probably antedated “The Ark” but was not as popular although it had its patrons. Then there was the marsh, which covered several acres, covered with cattails and thickly populated by the first musical orchestra with which Penn Yan is credited. The only complaint made against them was that they knew only one tune. Below the bend and below the boathouses at the top of the bank was a lime kiln owned by John Conklin, where burned limestone was prepared for use on land or to be used in building. Twenty rods lower was Liberty street bridge. Below was the house of Mr. Castner, who owned the Castner flour and grist mill on the south side of the outlet below Main street bridge.

Old Sash and Blind Factory

Then where the Lake Keuka Fruit Sales Co. is now located was the malt house operated by George Stewart. I am not aware of the names of the owners. Then came Main street. The Walker Bin property was then owned by John Shepard and used as a sash and blind factory besides the usual work of a planing mill. It was operated by Melville Miller. Then there was a barrel factory, also run in connection with it and operated by a Mr. Wetzel.

In the winter of 1879 my wife purchased the Melzer Tuell estate on the corner of Lake and Main. Their agent was George R. Youngs, who during the Civil War issued a series of shinplasters and the pasteboard was so poor that probably very few were redeemed.

I built a cement building for a basket factory but had only run it two years when the “corkscrew railroad” company purchased the right of way and as my building was two feet beyond the old blue line I was thrown out of business.

But two things happened then which I am going to relate. There was a timber 40 feet long and one foot flattened surface, but there was a curve in it at the center so that if one crossed it it tipped down, so you were likely to slip off. Well, one day a boy came to the door and said there was a boy drowning. As I ran I turned the throttle and stopped the engine A boy about ten had slipped off (the curve was upstream) on the upper side so his feet stuck up on the lower side.

Skirts Made Rescue Difficult

It was easy to get him out, but not so when about a month later another call came. A young lady had attempted to cross with the result that she did the same as the boy. Well, you may think

it an easy thing to draw a person weighing about 130 pounds and garments as then worn, 13 yards to make a dress that reached to within two inches of the ground.

I sat down on my heels and told her to put her left hand on my right shoulder then with her right hand to try and push herself back. As I straightened up as best I could she tried to release her garments from her limbs. After a spell she placed her hand on my arm and we managed to work our way back to the end from which I had started. When I backed up to the end there were over a hundred around, having seen us from the Knapp House and as soon as some of her gentlemen friends could get to her without a possibility of soiling their shoes they did so, saw her several times on the street but she did not know me. Her name was Stebbins.

GERMAN BULLOCK.

Half Century Farmers' Club and Ladies' Auxiliary
Four Narrow Escapes From Death Mark This Half Century
Farmer's Life - Recalls Amusing Incidents At County Fair
On Old Grounds And Early Events On Lake Keuka - Made
Baskets In Penn Yan Short Time

If any member of the Chronicle-Express Half Century Farmers' Club has had an eventful life, that man is German Bullock, 77 years old, who lives with his daughter, Mrs. Floyd E. Fletcher, of Second Milo. As Mr. Bullock says; "I have lived a charmed life though not a charming life. And old Miss Fortune has always followed me." Certain it is that he has been unfortunate enough nearly to lose his life several times and yet fortunate enough to escape without fatal injuries.

In the 60's Mr. Bullock and some other young men were helping repair the Barrington Baptist church. The flooring put in by a former contractor was a little too thin and suddenly gave way under the gang of men as they were lifting the heavy center beam for the roof. Nine of the men crashed through the floor as the big beam came hurtling down. German Bullock was later rescued from the debris unconscious. He had struck with his side and head against a stone wall.

One day in 1872 he realized that he must be carrying the proverbial horse-shoe in his pocket. He was working then for George Fenton on the east side of Keuka Lake near Crosby. While cutting corn in the field the old steamer "Steuben" came near shore to land a lady passenger. Since there were no docks in the vicinity in that day he started out in a rowboat to take the lady ashore. Mr. Bullock was not an experienced oarsman, and the waves from the steamer capsized the small craft. For nearly 20 minutes Captain Archibald Thayer, who was in charge of the steamer, and members of the crew searched for the boat and its occupant. But even though the steamer had drifted several feet from the scene of the accident they saw no sign of either. Captain Thayer was just about to give the signal for his boat to proceed when he happened to think of the paddle wheel house. Investigating on the shore side he found the rowboat turned upside down and an arm and hand reaching out from under it to cling to a blade of the steamer's side-wheel. It took another 20 minutes of work to rescue Mr. Bullock and revive him. He was unable to do any work for three months after this experience.

Again, and this was only some 13 years ago, he was returning to his home after shopping in Penn Yan on Tuesday, a warm day in March and after taking the trolley to Keuka Park and walking about a mile along the shore tried to get from the beach to the ice when he fell in some ten feet of water. The basket of provisions and his boots full of water pulled him down. Friends in an iceboat came to his rescue, and one of them, Marian DeWater, despite a physical handicap, maneuvered a plank over the ice and helped him to safety. Fortunately, says Mr. Bullock, the wind went down, so I was forced to walk to my home near Crosby rather than ride on the ice-boat. This probably saved me from catching a fatal cold.

Escaped From Burning House

But his luck, or hard luck, didn't end here. As a result of this ducking he was bothered with water "singing" in his ears, so he stuffed them with cotton. On Friday of that same week a storm threatened while he was working out of doors so he went into his house and built a fire. Sometime later he went to the barn to work and as he turned around discovered the entire top of his home ablaze. Quick action saved only a few articles before the flaming building collapsed.

Mr. Bullock believes that he was in the dwelling for some time while it was on fire, but that he could not hear the noise of the blaze in the second story because of the cotton in his ears.

But Mr. Bullock's career has not been entirely made up of such exciting escapes; he has helped others out of trouble, too. He says, "One day when the wind was blowing a gale, I saw a sailboat near the center of the lake, which looked to me as if it would go over, and over it did go. I had my boat ready to start in case it should. I pushed off and rowed to them. There were three clinging to the boat, and one, whom I meet on the street occasionally, was the only one serviceable. He and I got the other two into my boat after considerable trouble, they being somewhat, weak in the head as well as the legs. He arranged things, fastened a rope to the two boats with considerable distance between, got into my boat and we took it over to Fenton's landing. Luckily the wind was in our favor. He waited there until the down boat came for Penn Yan. He has referred to it several times. This happened just where the steamboat battle, I recently described, ended."

Nor were all incidents on Keuka Lake as serious as these. In the winter time, says this Half Century Farmer, "I can well remember when Reuben Thayer used to take his iceboat and when the wind was favorable and the water an inch or two on the ice invite anyone to take a ride. He would tell them exactly where to sit, then when he saw a favorable time, turn the boat by a quick jerk of the rudder, and away they would go for a rod or more, skidding through the shallow pools of water. Usually after that they thought it wisest to walk until their clothes dried. He seldom caught the same one twice."

An Early Fish Story

This lake was at first known as Crooked Lake. The name was changed, according to Mr. Bullock, about the time the boats began making special trips between Penn Yan and Keuka. And apparently it has always been notorious for its fish stories. Here is one which he recited and which is fully as entertaining if not so true as the one of the boy catching a trout on his nose: "They I say it was in 1888 when this fish was caught. Three Rochesterians came to fish. They visited all the saloons, which were numerous, hired a boat, brought their provisions, including a box of oranges, hired a camping outfit and an old woman to cook for them. When about a mile out they thought they saw a fish and threw out the camp chair, which it swallowed. A mile or so farther they imagined it came up again, then threw out the box of oranges, which it also swallowed. Then they thought the woman had hoodooed them, so they threw her out. It swallowed her. A couple of days later someone caught the fish. When it was opened, there sat the woman selling oranges, two for five cents. Is it any wonder Crooked Lake was noted for good fishing?"

German Bullock was born in Barrington, September 10, 1849, on what was then the Samuel Miller place, now owned by Dr. John Miller, of Corning. His parents, Calvin and Lucinda Simpson Bullock, came to Warsaw, Barrington, from Columbia county, and moved about considerably from one farm to another with their large family of five girls and four boys, of which German, the youngest, is now the only survivor. His grandfather served in the War of 1812, and his father was captain of the Home Militia in Columbia county. His sword is now in the possession of Homer Bullock, a great nephew.

Helped His Mother Weave

When he was five years old his family moved to the Merritt place in Chubb Hollow, where Homer Merritt now lives. A year later, when six years old, he went to the school, of which his

father was a trustee, with a man 35 years old from Ireland, who worked for his father and was just learning his letters. Children of this Mr. Killigrew now live in Dundee. When not busy with school work he used to help his mother at her weaving, at which she put in most of her time, the girls doing the housework. Two of the children, one on each side of the loom, would pass the shuttles wound with carpet rags of different colors, through the warp.

After eight years here his parents purchased from Joseph McCane, George Bullock's grandfather, his place on the Bath road about seven miles from Penn Yan. "We were there 14 years," Mr. Bullock narrates.

"Father was a thorough and particular person about his work and taught us to be the same when we went by ourselves. I remember my elder brother enlisted the night of his 21st birthday in the 126th Regiment, Company B. He was wounded and had both hands crippled in the Battle of Gettysburg. Henry and Herman attended Penn Yan Academy and also took two terms at Starkey Seminary. I had to take them on Monday and bring them back on Friday. Father died in 1868 and Herman took charge of the place.

"Then I worked by the month and went to Starkey Seminary the winter of 1869 and 1870, working that year. But I had to go and come as I could and also pay my way. In 1870 I worked for a farmer who was a Democrat, and he did his best to convert me. The old gentleman when Abraham Lincoln was assassinated, said 'It was good enough for the traitor', for which he had to chew his words. Election morning they took one team and went right after breakfast, leaving me to plow with the other team. During dinner I told Mrs. F. that wanted to go up to my brother's and see about a horse so as to go to the polls. She was a Republican and said to go. I plowed as long as I dared, for it was a nine-mile horseback ride to Crystal Springs. The first persons I met were my boss and his father, holding a ticket and calling, 'Hurry up! I will hold your horse.' I ran into the building and cast my first vote. Someone said, 'Polls closed!' before I could turn around. Quite patriotic to try to keep a person from voting!

"I taught school two terms, working eight months between each. In 1872 I worked for George Fenton and bought a vineyard of seven acres nearby on the lake shore for \$600. It was here I had my first narrow escape from drowning." Last fall Mr. Bullock sold part of this place to Earl Gibson and the rest to a Horseheads party.

Made Baskets In Penn Yan

On January 6, 1874, he married Delia B. Wright, daughter of Dr. Samuel H. Wright, of Jerusalem. They built and started housekeeping immediately. In 1880 Mrs. Bullock purchased the Amasa Tuell estate on the corner of Lake and Main streets in Penn Yan. Mr. Bullock erected a cement building here and began making grape baskets. In 1882 the "Corkscrew railroad" company purchased the canal rights and claimed up to the "blue line" which placed his building two feet within their property. This stopped his business and proved a loss. In 1884 his wife sold this property and bought the B. F. Freeman farm of 46 acres, three miles north of Warsaw. They then moved to Mr. Bullock's small place on the lake and he worked both properties for two years from there, finally renting the buildings on the lower place and moving on the hill in 1886. Later they again removed to the lake, where she suffered a shock, then to Rochester for a short time, and back again. Mrs. Bullock died on October 29, 1916.

They had three children: The oldest daughter, Eva, born April 10, 1878, married Paul Birr, of Rochester; Mary Joanna, born February 9, 1883, married George D. Lambert, of Rochester; Florina, born April 8, 1889, married Floyd E. Fletcher, of Penn Yan. It is with Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher that Mr. Bullock now makes his home at the store in Second Milo. His three brothers

were: Reuben, who lived seven miles from Penn Yan on the Bath road and died in 1899; Henry, who died some 20 years ago, and was father of Allred Bullock, of Penn Yan; Charles, of Geneva, and Emma, of Rochester; and Herman, father of Edgar, Homer and Joseph, of Penn Yan; William and Mrs. Edith Elliott.

The Old Fair Grounds

"I remember being at the fair in Penn Yan when the grounds were in the neighborhood of Keuka St., north of Elm St., but I cannot give the exact locality and outlines," Mr. Bullock reminisces. "The race course was on the lot north of The Pines. The entrance was at the southwest corner and the grandstand half way between the outlet and the entrance. One horse which ran was a sorrel from Waterloo. On the first round this horse, as he neared the entrance, stopped short and threw his rider over his head. The jockey rolled over three times, got up, mounted the horse, and won the race, which required twice around the half-mile track.

"As is usual sweet cider and lemonade were sold. The man who owned the cider had a tent and the barrel, rolled to the back of it. He had his hands full for quite a while, when all of a sudden his patronage stopped. A friend of his came and told him what the trouble was and where. Another friend, who was fond of a joke, had tapped the other end of the barrel and was selling for three cents a glass from that end, while the owner was trying to sell at five cents at his end.

"At that time where the fair grounds are now was a tobacco field owned by a Mr. Kimball. That year father had half of his garden set out to tobacco. When fit, each plant was cut close to the ground, two of those tied together at the butt and hung up in the loft of the barn to cure. Father died the next spring. That fall I went to a store and bought a cigar, wet it, unrolled it, and saw how they were made. As in the three families nearest to us and in ours there were only 20 boys, it kept me pretty busy. But mother, when she saw I was going too fast, requested me to stop. I had a good mother and I did as she requested. I have been thankful since. About that time, when I went to church (we rented our seats then) there, was a man who smoked a pipe who sat back of us. When he got up to sing, I sat down. I have doubted since if anyone could sing a song of praise to God with such a breath. There are three things I never do, drink, smoke or chew."

Half Century Farmers' Club and Ladies' Auxiliary

Wild Pigeons Destroyed Whole Fields Of Grain, Writes German Bullock - Received Vivid and Lasting Impressions Of Old Hoop Skirt - Describes Early Methods Of Logging And Country-side Sports - Hog Helped Horn Bride And Groom

German Bullock of Milo, who described many of his interesting experiences during the some 77 years he has lived on Yates county farms in last week's Chronicle-Express, this week recalls some of the amusing incidents, the hardships and the pleasures of early farm life in the Chubb Hollow and Barrington sections.

Speaking of some 60 years ago, Mr. Bullock says: "People saw then what you would like to see for a short time, but only for a short time because of their destructiveness—the wild pigeons. For about 15 years they were a curse to farmers because of their number and their love of standing grain. Whole flocks, numbering several thousand, would light on a field of grain and bend it flat, eat what they desired and fly away to another piece. Sometimes the straw was not broken, just bent, and would straighten up again, at other times it would not. I have seen flocks so large that when the sun was shining their shadow would cover three acres. This sounds unreasonable, but it is true.

"There was a story that a party wished to trap some of them so he spread a large canvas supported by stakes, attached a long rope to the canvas, put grain under and waited. A flock came and got under, He pulled but the canvas began to rise, so he sprang and climbed up, but he found they were going to carry the canvas and him with it, so he began to pinch heads. They took him 20 miles, according to this yarn, before lighting and the only way he could find his way home was by following the line of dead pigeons.

"But as numerous as they were, the winter of 1873 was so severe that there has not a wild pigeon been seen since. It was surmised that they might have migrated, but I have read several accounts relating to them, and none have been seen in any other country. They were about the size of the tame ones, a trifle slimmer and somewhat darker. Good riddance, but it was a sight not to be forgotten."

School Days

As a boy Mr. Bullock lived for a few years on the old Merritt place in Chubb Hollow. Then on March 25th, 1857, the family moved to another farm which they purchased about two miles from there. He then went to school in what was considered one of the best districts in the town. Of the 36 scholars, some were young men 24 years old and young women 21. About every three weeks the schools would have contests in algebra, arithmetic, reading, etc.

At the school contests, as described by this Half Century Farmer, some mischievous person was always trying to break up the affair. "One night when about two thirds through, one of the toughs threw a handful of red pepper on the stove. He was discovered and the whole bunch of them were whipped, so there was no more trying to break up spelling schools that winter. Father lived about 20 rods from the school house, and we would take his bobs, take off the school entry door and all get on that could. The hill commenced at the door and extended for nearly a half mile.

"Except for school hours I was working on the farm of 98 1/2 acres. Father was a good farmer and we boys worked as boys will. Squirrels were plenty then. I have many a time seen four in

one tree, black and gray, mostly gray. Neighbor boys would have a hunting match and scour the woods for far around. Foxes also were plenty, but they were wary.

“How I would like to see someone try to plow with an ox team. Nearly half the farmers had them at that time. I had used the old ones, but one day I was told to take the steers, just broken. All went well for two or three rounds when the wind blew a paper in front of them. No 'haw,' 'gee' or 'whoa' could stop them.

The Good Old Days

“We lived then in a large house, part of which was finished only with siding. Mother put sheets along the side and beds next to them, then a straw tick and a goose feather tick on top of that. On the coldest, windiest nights we slept as warm as toast all though many mornings there would be nearly a fourth of an inch of snow on the quilts. Then up and out to do the chores and eat a stack of pancakes and ham and eggs by candle light. My next older brother and I were the only milking machines we had. Each of us had our chores to do and they were done. Candles were the lamps. Then everyone had their molds to hang up, fill with hot tallow, put in the wicks and when cold take out and fill again. Scout boys can light a fire with a flint and a tinder box, but they don't have to when just out of a warm bed into a zero room and everything frozen up, even your boots. Oh, yes, sometimes we would put our cold feet up against the register for a spell!

“Sulphur matches came in use about that time and we were not at all sorry. A little later came the kerosene lamps. They were far ahead of candles as they gave four times as much light without candle grease dripping. And the lamp just suited the girls, for one, whose father had just bought one, wrote to her beau, ‘John! John! Come over tonight. We have a new lamp and it gives a nice light and we can turn it down so it won't give hardly any light. Come over and let's try it.’ Then along came the sewing machine and it was a blessing to a woman who could afford one. But now they have no use for half as many clothes and those are much more simple. It used to require 13 yards for a woman's dress, now that amount would make three or four or more. But I am glad the old fashioned crinoline is not in existence, only as a relic. Boys, you ought to have seen them. They were made to fasten around the waist and tapered down to the bottom, or floor, where it was about three feet across, the bottom hoop therefore being nine feet long. There were 42 of these, about three thirty-seconds of an inch wide and very thin. These hoops were held in plate with six pieces of tape from top to bottom and each hoop diminishing in length. They were spaced evenly so there was a taper from top to bottom, only the tapes in front were shorter than those behind so that it extended only a few inches from a perpendicular in front and out two feet behind. Touch it on one side and up it would go on the other.

Thanks For Modern Dress

“I had an experience with one once in this way. Father sent me with the horse and buggy to get a man and a woman nine miles away. Well, I got them in the buggy. Then the fun (it was not fun for me) commenced. It was in the summer and a person wears thin pants then. Well, I sat down but there was no room on the seat for me, crinoline covered it all, so I had to sit on the lady's lap. I rode that whole nine miles and about one-third up hill, but the horse felt sorry for me and went his best licks. Now after 64 years, when I think of it, I also feel an impression. In fact it was three or four days before I could sit down fairly easy.

"In the winter of 1859 father sold his oak timber. He had to furnish it dressed, that meant it had to be scored and hewed square as far as it would go clear timber. Scoring meant that after the tree was felled it was lined straight with a chalk line and cut with a square or straight bitted axe,

so as not to cut too deep. Then the men, sometimes three or four, would each cut out a V so it would be straight down the line. These would be as far apart as he thought he could split out the piece between, from 15 to 16 inches usually. Then a man who understood his business took his broad axe and hewed what was left to the line. It was a wonder how smooth they could make it, nearly as smooth as a board. Some of these timbers would measure 30 inches square at the larger end and 50 feet long at the small end where it sometimes would be eight or ten inches. It was a busy scene, sometimes ten men finishing the fallen trees and the same number cutting down and trimming the limbs and a couple to make roads for this timber as it had to be delivered out of the woods near the highway. Two teams were kept busy at this work.

"Us boys got at the limbs and worked what we could into four-foot wood to sell. The balance we drew down to the house to cut into stove wood for home use. We had a two winters' job of it, no buzz saws for fire wood then. We got to love a cross-cut and bucksaw. Later, two teamsters with their teams and heavy sleighs came and drew the timber to Lake Keuka, or as it was then, Crooked Lake, two miles to the west. One of them was a violinist, the other a performer in a circus. They had good luck drawing the log until the last trip when the load turned over and broke the musician's leg.

"In four families there were twenty boys. We formed a baseball club and purchased our outfit and I was appointed captain. We had a few games but had to give it up as there was too much work.

Then came the Civil War. Father was not well and help was scarce so we all put in a good 14 hours a day. My older brother wanted to enlist against my father's wishes. The night he was 21 (and no man ever put in a better days work than he did that day) at the supper table he said, 'Well father, I am my own boss now and as much as I hate to leave you I am going to enlist.' He was gone nearly two years and was wounded at the battle of Gettysburg, July 3rd. He saw a sharpshooter in a bush and had his aim, but the rebel got the pull first. The ball came along under the rifle, took off the third linger of his left hand, then the first finger of his right and grazed his shoulder. Gangrene set in and he came near losing his life as well as his right hand.

Lots Of Fun In Those Days

"In the sixties the country people had various recreations and pleasures which the young people of today do not enjoy very often. One was the old fashioned sleigh ride to their dances, when some good-hearted young man would volunteer to hitch up his team to a double sleigh, fill the box with straw, provide seats and blankets and buffalo robes a plenty. Once on the Bath road there was a snow bank 14 feet deep near our house and a five-foot cut shoveled through the bank at the top. The road was about six feet below the top. One evening I went to the door and heard a muffled call. I went out and found a sleigh with a bob attached, their runners up and the young folks under the box. I called my father and brothers who came on the run. We unhitched the team, which fortunately had not been hurt, removed the sleigh and box and released the load of young folks. In the fall when they drew their corn into the barn everybody came to the husking bee, each trying to get the first red ear, The jug of sweet cider was often emptied and games lasted so they wouldn't go home till morning.'

"Four families at that time joined in a horseback ride. They used a side saddle with its horn to hold the lady on. They used to vie with each other to see which would have the finest outfit. It was a great sight to see some 15 riding at a gallop or a run and hear the echo of the hoofs as they raced over the hard road.

"Horsemen had their steeds broken to suit themselves. Everyone could not take another's

horse and get results. One had his horse broken so that when he drew up on the rein the harder lie pulled the faster the horse would go.

Horning The Bride And Groom

“Mr. Holland in his article mentioned a horning. I will relate one which happened in the early sixties. The man who got married was the ring leader of all previous ones so his friends thought he was entitled to one better, and as usual when one was expected to get married his tracks were marked. Nearly 40 friends called on him. His father said, ‘He has gone away.’ But they knew better so caught a 300 pound hog and put it in the bedroom window. While that was enjoying itself they were enjoying themselves by devouring two pans of honey which they had found in the cellar, besides a couple of pans of sweet milk which they knew they would need to prevent being sick. The father came out to investigate. There was a large land roller by the side of the road so they, being half drunk, started it after him. Fortunately he heard it and stepped aside thereby saving his life.”

*Collected by his grand nephew Paul D. Bullock
January 2014*