

# Nanticoke Valley Historical Society

2 020 Newsletter # 1 March

edited by Phil Childs

[www.nanticokevalleyhistoricalsociety.com](http://www.nanticokevalleyhistoricalsociety.com)



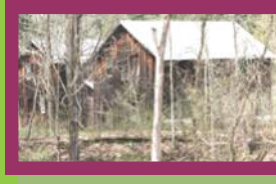
*Fifty-One  
Years*



1850



1830



1840



1845

1. Table of Contents, Board of NVHS, Photo Maine 1900
2. Meet your President, 1976 Sketches
- 3-6 Donna Poole—Original Story of Life in Maine
- 7—8 Article on Anita and Dick Shipway Press & Sun Bulletin, Connie McKinney
- 9 Coffee Houses, What's Comin' , Memoriam
10. 20th Anniversary of School House, Kilmer Museum
11. Curator's Corner, Notes from the Past President
12. Join Us! .



## Officers 2020

President:	Gordon Gottlieb	232-0702
Past President	Philip M. Childs	862-3405
Vice President:	Anita Shipway	785-9207
Secretary:	Carla Sullivan	862-5385
Treasurer:	Sandy Halliday	862-3470
Museum Curator:	Sue Lisk	862-9705
Mill Curator:	Tom Kotasek	862-3081

## The Board of Trustees\*

**Emeritus:** Gordie Gottlieb, Rachael Lawler, Cyrena Summers  
**2020:** Jeff Egan, Ruby McConnell, Betty Welch  
**2021:** Judy Kunz, Sandy Rozek, Nancy Berry  
**2022:** Bob Lawler, Rita McKeon, Joanne Weir

\* New positions are voted on each year. The term of a trustee is three years. This provides for an ever changing but ongoing board coverage.

**Mainefest Saturday September 12**



1900 view of the hamlet., looking south from the hill on Lewis St. , three churches are shown: Lewis St. Church St. and Main St' (can you see them?)

## MEET Gordie Gottlieb Your NVHS President

It's been a great pleasure to serve as a trustee for the Nanticoke Valley Historical Society over the last few years. I've met a lot of terrific and talented people who have donated so much of their time and efforts to the preservation of our history and promotion of our unique sites, works of art, and traditions. I've learned to appreciate the countless hours and labors of so many volunteers. As the new President, my hope is to spotlight those efforts and resources and continue to serve the community. I encourage people to check out our ever growing website @ [www.naticokevalleyhistoricalsociety.com](http://www.naticokevalleyhistoricalsociety.com) and look through some of the past presentations.



As we move into 2020 we are planning to grow those resources and we are setting some new goals of providing valuable information, improving our sites, offering educational programs and entertainment. We plan on offering classes this year on a variety of subjects like home-movies and picture presentation, Plein-Air Painting, knitting, gardening, and we are open to suggestions from the community for future classes. We realize we are making history every single day.

We are preparing for the Third Maine Fest to be held on September 12<sup>th</sup>, 2020 and we will continue our Maine Fest Coffeehouses that run one Saturday per month from September through June. We've had some great entertainment and we hope you'll support that effort as we incorporate art and music into our programs. We are also planning another book this year. In 2018, we published the "Art of Clarence Stratton" and our 2020 publication will include a wider variety of Nanticoke Valley Artists and more works by Clarence Stratton.

We will be running exhibits in our gallery again this year and will also be participating in the Broome County Arts Council **Art Trail** on June 6<sup>th</sup> and 7<sup>th</sup>. We also plan to expand our Plein Air art contest and exhibition at the Maine Fest. At the 2<sup>nd</sup> Maine Fest a dozen artists painted all day and brought their works back to the Maine Fest site for display and judging. It was simply amazing to see the great artwork that was created that day. Every painting was a wonderful historical snapshot of the town's nature and beauty.

We are also investigating integrating some multimedia presentations into our museum and upgrading our tools to present feature programs and talks. I have to thank the current and former Members, Officers, Trustees, and Volunteers as we go into this year with a strong and stable organization that is eager to progress and contribute to the community. I'm so looking forward to the future while treasuring our past. Gordie



Rose's Sugar Shack — T. Whipple 1976



Mary Crockett's General Store—Nancy Berry 1976

A few weeks ago Rita McKeon was contacted by Donna Poole. Donna Piarulli (Poole) is a writer and a 1966 ME graduate, wanted a photo of the Maine Baptist church. The following story, printed with permission of the author, is a "snapshot" of life in Maine in the late 1950's. Perhaps you knew some of the people mentioned in this story. Her blog is [backroadramblings.com](http://backroadramblings.com)

**FEBRUARY 3, 2020 BY GETTING OFF THE INTERSTATE**

When I Sinned Against Love

by Donna Poole

It was getting old, this standing, red-faced, in a new classroom in the middle of a school year, trying to help a teacher pronounce and spell my name. Why couldn't I be Donna Smith instead of Donna Piarulli?

We moved often because Dad worked for an airline. I was in eighth grade now, and I really hoped this would be our last move. I looked with a critical eye at the little town of Maine, New York, population around 5,000, and sighed. I'd loved the few years we'd lived near Taberg, New York, in the foothills of the Adirondacks. If my parents asked me—they didn't—this town had about 4,950 too many people. I wanted my wild, isolated country back.

Once again, a truck backed our ten-foot by fifty-foot house trailer into yet another spot in yet another trailer park.

I felt a little better about the move when I discovered the nearby Nanticoke Creek. At least my sisters, Mary, Ginny, and I had somewhere close to wade, swim, and ice skate. And we had our bikes. Who knew what adventures awaited?

I didn't relish the adventure of finding a church, but I knew we had to do it. That's one of the first things Mom and Dad did whenever we moved. A new church was as bad as a new school, especially a church where all the kids had known each other since they were born. When my parents chose First Baptist, I had a feeling no one would even talk to us.

I was wrong. First Baptist, Maine, New York was easy to love. The church orchestra forgave Mary and me when we played our clarinets off key. They patiently explained we didn't have to try so unsuccessfully to transpose our music because it was already written for B-flat instruments. They didn't even laugh, at least not in front of us.

We were welcome in the Bunts' home anytime. They had fifty-seven children, or maybe it was only eleven. No one there cared if everything was perfectly neat. They just shoved things aside and made room for us in their hearts and home. I loved Mrs. Bunts, always smiling, never ruffled, never saying her kids were going to give her a nervous breakdown. Not only that, but Mr. Bunts worked for a dairy, and we could drink all the milk we wanted.

Bonnie Ward was only a year or so older than I was, but she was a serene, comforting mother hen. I still remember her tiny bedroom with its lavender flowered wallpaper. It was beautiful, just like she was.

I had so much fun at Jim and Judy Cole's house. They taught me to play pinochle. I didn't tell my parents. Playing cards was on their rather long list of sins.

Half the girls in the church had a crush on one of the older boys, Donnie and Jack Olson and Rodney Post. Many years later, my sister, Mary, married Rodney's younger brother, Steve.

And then there was Ronnie Lewis. I thought he was cute; he never knew I existed. I remember getting an awesome fleece hat with a long tail and a big pom-pom. I wore it when we church kids went Christmas caroling. *Maybe, I thought, Ronnie will notice my hat and say he likes it.* He didn't.

Time passed with youth group parties and outings, water skiing, bowling, and roller skating. We had struggles at home about many of the church activities. Water skiing happened on Sunday afternoons; that was the Lord's Day. Bowling was another issue because they sold beer in the basement of the bowling alley. And roller skating? That was an awful lot like dancing. Mom and Dad finally did let us do most activities with the other church kids. One thing they refused to budge on was letting us dance in gym class. The Piarulli girls sat on the bleachers and watched while some of the other church kids had fun learning dance steps. I wondered if anyone from church who did let their kids dance wanted to adopt me.

Some kids dread going to church, but I loved it. Looking back, I don't remember a single sermon. I just remember how the pastor and people made me feel: warm, wanted, and loved. If more churches made kids feel that way today, they might lose fewer of them.

By the time we were high schoolers our church youth group had our own room for prayer meeting. We met upstairs with no adult supervision. Pastor Barackman said he knew he could trust us. We had wonderful times in that room. We talked, laughed, prayed, and mostly behaved. Until that Halloween night.

Someone said, "Hey, where's Ronnie?"

"I don't know. I think the Lewis's had to go out of town."

"Really?"

The pastor's son just happened to have a dozen or so bars of tiny soap, the kind you get at motels. Someone suggested we go soap Ronnie's window. I don't know if anyone objected; I'm pretty sure we all went.

We had all heard the warning. Soaping windows was strictly prohibited. If anyone was caught, the offender would get arrested and must wash all the soaped windows in the town of Maine. But we didn't intend to get caught.

We snuck down the creaky stairs and passed the open doors of the auditorium where the adults were praying. *Had anyone heard us? Nope.*

Giggling with relief we hurried the few blocks to Ronnie's house, getting more nervous the closer we got. It was a dark night, and we had no flashlights; it felt spooky. We didn't see anyone else.

When we got to the house, the conversation started. "I don't think we should do this. I'm scared we'll get caught."

"Yeah, me too."

"Well, someone should do it. The rest of us could keep look out."

"I'll do it," I said. "Which window is Ronnie's?"

I was terrified, but I wasn't going to admit it. Through the dark, shadowy yard I crept, finally arriving at the window. I gave it a good soaping. Then, feeling as triumphant as Caesar on a victory march home, I ran back toward my friends, laughing. I was high on adrenaline; nothing had ever been this much fun, not even the amusement park at Harvey's Lake.

“You guys! I did it! I . . .”

That’s when I noticed my friends were strangely quiet. No one said anything. Not only that, but two tall men were standing with them. I squinted into the darkness. It couldn’t be...but it was. Cops. Two of them. They turned on a flashlight and shined it in my face.

“What were *you* doing?” One policeman demanded.

“Ummm, I was soaping our friend’s window,” I said.

“Whadda ya know,” he said, sarcastically, looking at his partner. “We got an honest one. The rest of you who told us you were just out for a walk? Do you think we’re idiots?”

Fortunately, none of the kids answered that question.

The policeman pointed his flashlight at the ground. There was a big pile of soap the kids had ditched when they had seen the men coming.

Those policemen scolded us until our stomachs churned. Then they marched us back to church and into the auditorium where the adults were still praying, heads bowed reverently, murmuring in hushed tones.

“Who’s in charge here?” One of the policemen shouted.

Prayer stopped. Parents looked at us in horrified disbelief. Pastor Barackman looked at us, hurt on his gentle face. “I guess you could say I am,” he said.

Then the policeman scolded our pastor. “If you can’t be responsible enough to keep your church kids under control. . .” he said. I can’t remember the rest of it. I just remember how betrayed Pastor looked when he glanced at us.

I don’t remember what Mom and Dad did to us; I’m sure it wasn’t fun. I do remember that was the end of our youth group having our own prayer room. The adults said we couldn’t be trusted.

I can still see our pastor standing there, taking that tongue lashing from the policeman, and it was our fault. It was my fault. The adrenaline rush long gone, all I felt was regret, not for what might happen to me, but for what was happening to him. And there was nothing I could do about it.

That was the day I learned it doesn’t pay to sin against love.

Isn’t that what every infraction does though, sins against love? Inexplicable love sent Jesus to the cross to take the sins of the world into his heart, to suffer the guilt, to feel the shame, to pay the price so that we lost sinners, every last one of us, could be offered His gift of eternal life.

Well, so many of those people who looked at us in shocked disbelief that night are in heaven now, Mom and Dad, Pastor Barackman, and even Ronnie Lewis. With their glorified sense of humor, perhaps they will forgive me if I still get a trace of a grin when I remember flying through the shadows, soap in hand, a triumphant night warrior.



THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH  
Maine, New York  
REV. FLOYD H. BARACKMAN  
JR., Pastor



SUNDAY

Bible School	9:45 a. m.
Morning Worship	11:00 a. m.
Young People's	6:30 p. m.
Adult Bible Study	6:30 p. m.
Evening Service	7:30 p. m.

WEDNESDAY

Praise and Prayer Service	7:30 p. m.
---------------------------	------------

"By God's Grace  
the Truth Always"

*Thanks to the many friends who helped me obtain these pictures! Special thanks to Joyce Young, Rita McGregor Stanley McKeon, and especially to Phil Childs for taking time to find and send me photos from his files along with some interesting history.*

**Donna Poole**

My name was Donna Piarulli. I graduated from Maine-Endwell in 1966. I've been writing and selling stories, articles, and Sunday school curriculum for forty-six years. The total is approximately 3,000 now. I recently finished a fiction book about a pastor and wife who spent fifty years in a country church. A few true stories wiggled their way into the pages! The book is being edited now. Its style is a lot like my blog. My sister still lives in Newark Valley, so we get back home now and then. Part of my heart will always live in Maine. Blessings!

My blog [backroadramblings.com](http://backroadramblings.com)

**Giving Back: For nearly 60 years, Endwell couple share a love of history, service  
Connie McKinney, Special to the Press & Sun-Bulletin  
Published 5:00 a.m. ET Dec. 31, 2019**

Dick Shipway of Endwell likes to show students equipment from the past now on display at Techworks!, a Binghamton museum. "These kids haven't seen a typewriter," he said. "Most of the kids don't know what a punch card is."

His wife of nearly 60 years, Anita Shipway, has had similar experiences giving students tours of a one-room schoolhouse in Maine as a volunteer tour guide for the Nanticoke Valley Historical Society. Most kids can't fathom a world without smartphones, computers and the Internet. "It's part of the mission of the historical society to show kids and grownups that things that had to get done got done before we had computers," Anita Shipway said. "People had the same basic needs. They had to meet them."

The Shipways share a love of history and community service. Their service to the Nanticoke Valley Historical Society started back in the late 1970s and is still going strong. Anita Shipway now serves as the society's vice president who sets up programs for the society's monthly meetings in addition to giving tours. Dick Shipway serves as assistant to the treasurer and does bookkeeping and mailings for the society.

Anita Shipway enjoys showing children how life was lived back in the days of horses and buggies and one room schoolhouses. The society also maintains a museum, grist mill, and carriage barns. She herself attended a two-room schoolhouse while growing up in Ames, New York in the Mohawk Valley region. "It worked very well for me," she said of her small school.

Her husband enjoys interacting with young visitors at Techworks!, a downtown Binghamton museum which showcases inventions, equipment and technology that was developed in the Southern Tier. He is helping to restore an IBM check sorter on display there. When he's not working on the check sorter or answering questions from visitors, he's hauling heavy equipment up the stairs on its way to new displays at the museum.

When Dick Shipway isn't volunteering at a museum, he's usually playing music. For nearly 40 years, he's been a member of the Maine Community Band, one of the oldest community bands in the United States. He plays the tuba and serves as the band's president. "It's like a family," he said of the band.

His wife puts her musical talents to good use, too. She sings in the choir and the funeral choir of the Church of the Holy Family in Endwell. Anita Shipway also volunteers as a companion at Mercy House in Endicott, a home for people who are terminally ill. She reads to residents and often reads them poems that she's written herself. She chats with residents or just sits and keeps them company. Both Shipways say they will keep on volunteering as long as they can and encouraged others to join them.

Just do it," Dick Shipway said. "It just happens," Anita Shipway said of their community service. "That's part of volunteering: Knowing when something needs doing and doing it."

**DICK AND ANITA SHIPWAY**

**Home:** Endwell

**Hometown:** She is from Ames, NY. He is from Cherry Valley, NY.

**Education:** He graduated from Alfred University, now known as SUNY Alfred with a bachelors degree in radio and communications. She graduated from Buffalo State College, now known as SUNY Buffalo, with a bachelors degree in special education.

**Career:** He is retired from IBM. She is a retired teacher.

**To learn more:** Contact the Nanticoke Valley Historical Society by going online to <http://www.nanticokevalleyhistoricalsociety.com/home.html> or find them on Facebook.



**Dick Shipway talks to sixth grade pupils at Binghamton's West Middle School who visited TechWorks! museum in downtown Binghamton recently. He volunteers at the museum and several other places. His wife, Anita, is also an active volunteer. (Photo: Provided Photo)**



**Dick and Anita Shipway relax inside their Endwell home. The couple are longtime volunteers for several organizations including the Nanticoke Historical Society. (Photo: Connie McKinney/ Correspondent Photo)**



Upcoming Events COFFEE HOUSES will feature:

- ◆ **Saturday, March 28, 2020** - Available Credit Duo And Michaela Clark
  - ◆ **Saturday, April 25, 2020** *Curt Osgood and Friends*
    - ◆ **Saturday, May 30, 2020** - TBD
    - ◆ **Saturday, June 20, 2020** *Jeffrey Pepper Rogers Trio* 20, 2020
- For more information please contact: [themainefest@gmail.com](mailto:themainefest@gmail.com)



**Saturdays from 7—9 PM**

**Located at the Maine Federated Church Fellowship Hall  
2615 Main St , Rt. 26, Maine, NY 13802**

### WHAT'S COMIN'

Check our website [www.nanticokevalleyhistoricalsociety.com](http://www.nanticokevalleyhistoricalsociety.com) for up-to-date information.

- Meeting are the third Monday of the Month March—December  
Meetings usually start at 7 PM located at the museum 13 Nanticoke Road
  - Coffee Houses See Above
- Saturday, April 25 at 1:00pm. 5th Annual NVHS Fundraiser Tea. Maine Event  
2525 Main St
  - Memorial Day BBQ and open house 11 PM Smokey Legend Plus
- June 6 & 7 Broome County Art Trail Full Gallery starting 10—4 at 13 & 14 Nanticoke Road
  - Summer Tours at the 3 buildings Sundays 1—4 June—September
    - Maine Fest September 12

### IN MEMORIAM



John H. Sieczkos December 28, 2019  
Martine Rosine Barnaby January 12, 2020  
Jane F. (Barno) Coleman February 18, 2020.

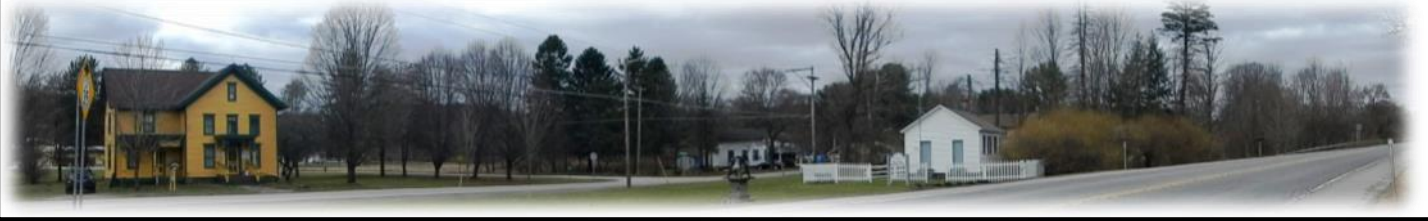
## History and Memories.

It does not seem like twenty years ago that the 1845 one room school house made its way to Maine NY from the hills of Endicott. Thousands of school children have toured the school house to witness first hand what life was like over one hundred and seventy years ago. Thanks to all those involved in bringing this school to Maine.



### *Schoolhouse No. 4*

*10 years in Maine*  
Sunday, September 26, 2010



## Kilmer Mansion Opening its Doors

The historic Kilmer Mansion on Binghamton's West Side is a well-kept secret of the Southern Tier. Inside, intricate woodwork, distinctly colored marble fireplaces, and many rooms with unique personalities exist in all their historic charm. Gargoyles, dragons, and "green men" remember watching the Kilmers and their horses on their property that extended down much of Riverside Drive.



2020 brings new events and increased visibility for the building that hosts "one of the last grand parlors of the Parlor City." Join the Kilmer Mansion on the 3<sup>rd</sup> Sunday of every month for tours, and look out for other programming such as trivia nights, lectures, and more. Contact [kilmermansion@gmail.com](mailto:kilmermansion@gmail.com) and follow the Kilmer Mansion on Facebook and @kilmermansion on Instagram for more information.

For many years our organization has been receiving gifts from the past from Shirley Woodward and her family. Scrapbooks and photographs about Union Center, a bible that held a 200 year old scrap of a bride's wedding dress, the Ketchum family cast iron steam iron, the Rockefeller kerosene lamp, were among items donated by the family. The list is very long. This week I received another box full of treasures from Shirley that contained one very intriguing item you don't see very often these days. Along with each item Shirley includes a description and history. This is what Shirley included with this artifact. " This bottle of Aunt Lydia's cure all has a metal covering. It can be placed on the back of the wood stove to keep warm. 1 tablespoon "cures" all from "arthritis and Zebra Rash." It tastes awful! I did some research on it and it is 90% whiskey! This bottle was found in the wall of Eddie DeGarmos' home that was built in the 1800s, on route 26 opposite the Woodward farm. The carpenter must have left it when it was empty. Eddie gave it to me as he did not know what it was. Gordon's (Shirley's husband) mother kept a bottle of Lydia's. It sure heals a head cold overnight. I think it was the 90% whiskey that did it!"

Shirley may have moved to Arizona many years ago but I feel like she is still here with us in the Nanticoke Valley. She sends me a letter every couple weeks that includes historical information and valuable advice. Thank you Shirley and Happy 91st Birthday on March 3rd!

Sue Lisk Curator



### IT TAKES A VILLAGE...

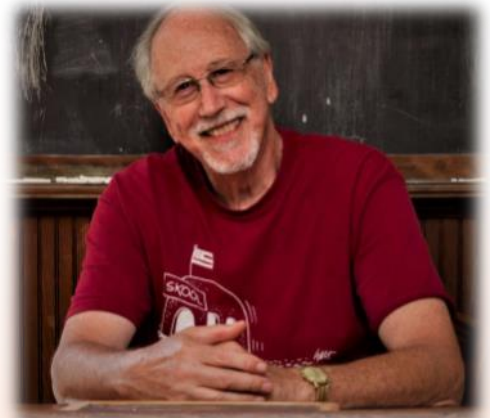
#### A few thoughts by Philip Childs—

Past President Nanticoke Valley Historical Society. (NVHS).

When I think of Maine NY the first word that comes to mind is community. The town of Maine comprises over 5000 individuals each with different points of view. A few years ago the town adopted a comprehensive plan which included the opinions and desires of many residents. On a whole people are happy to live here and as a group they think of Maine as an historic, friendly town with kind neighbors. They love to view the quaint countryside with its beautiful hills and valleys and enjoy that each season brings a different glory to the countryside and that each season has its own rhythm. Since 1969 the town has been the home of the Nanticoke Valley Historical Society

Starting In 2016 until 2019, I had the honor to lead the NVHS. However it wasn't me but rather those great individuals that led me and the NVHS. These included; *Alice Hopkins, Anita Shipway, Carla Sullivan, Sandy Halliday, Sue Lisk, Tom Kotasek, John Haggerty, Nancy Berry, Lucas Kaczynski, Diane Fleenor, Sandy Rozek, Rita McKeon, Betty Welch, Pat Stacconi, Dick Shipway, Gordie Gottlieb, Rachael Lawler, Cyrena Summers, Jeff Egan, Ruby McConnell, Judy Kunz, Bob Lawler and Joanne Weir.* During this time I met so many delightful and knowledgeable people. The benefit of interacting with so many individuals was enormous to me. I thank all of you for supporting such a valuable institution. The NVHS has always been there to make Maine the wonderful community that so many wish to be part of.

Go...Maine!!! Go NVHS!!!





---

---

---

---

Amount Enclosed: \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Dues: \_\_\_\_\_ \$20.00 Individual \_\_\_\_\_ \$35.00 Family \_\_\_\_\_ \$20 Senior/Student \_\_\_\_\_ \$50 Patron \_\_\_\_\_ \$100 Business \_\_\_\_\_ Other \_\_\_\_\_

**Newsletter: Mailed or Electronic**

**E-Mail Address:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Phone: (Home)** \_\_\_\_\_ **(Work)** \_\_\_\_\_

**City/State/Zip:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Mailing Address:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Name:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Date** \_\_\_\_\_