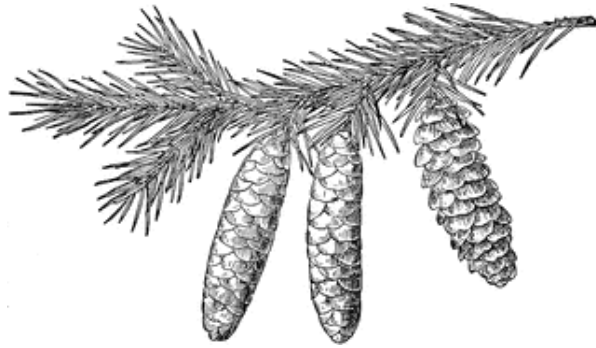


THE COURIER

Newsletter of the Lansingburgh Historical Society • December 2017

The road from Lansingburgh to Waterford before the construction of the dam, was bordered with stately elms along the river bank, and was a great resort for young ladies and gentlemen, and a favorite walk as far as the bridge, where they usually rested to procure a glass of Mariner's celebrated spruce beer, so often spoken of.

Lansingburgh Courier. April 14, 1876: 2.



[A]s more proof that everything old is new again, a handful of craft breweries are now developing their own versions of spruce beer, blending it with ingredients like molasses to mellow the flavor and create that "Christmas tree in a glass" sensation. You don't even need to gather your own spruce these days if you want to brew at home.

Fulton, April. "Don't Waste That Christmas Tree: Turn It Into Spruce Beer." *The Salt: What's on Your Plate*. January 4, 2013. NPR.org <https://tinyurl.com/sprucebeer2013>

☞ Sleigh ride parties are all the go. Almost every evening a joyous load leaves town for Mechanicville, Read's Hollow, Jonesville, or some of the neighboring villages. All right. Go it while you're young! This sleighing will not always last. We like winter. Show us the man who dislikes it, and we will show you a person who hates his mother, damns his father, and is crossways with all the world. What is more delightful than to engage a two-forty nag, a fancy cutter plentifully supplied with robes, and then ask Lucy Maria, the girl of your heart to accompany you. Again, we say, all right—we've been thar [*sic*]. What matters if the small hours of morning come creeping on, before you think of returning—you are comfortably housed, in a warm room, while the joyous notes of the piano keep time to the joyous footfalls of your companions. Sleighting is a great institution and no mistake. The girls all think so, and we vote with the girls.

Lansingburgh Democrat. January 17, 1856: 2 col 6.

Two-forty Pace. With great speed. A 2.40 gait for a trotting-horse was, not long ago, thought to be very fast. Now a 2.15 gait would be the one demanded.

Barlett, John Russell. *Dictionary of Americanisms: A Glossary of Words and Phrases Usually Regarded as Peculiar to the United States*. 4th Ed. Boston, MA: Little, Brown, & Co., 1877. 725.

JACK FROST'S SONG.

Sunny Spring, so sweetly smiling,
Shining softly soon subsides:
Opening scenes all care beguiling,
Time on fleeting pinion glides.

Sultry Summer, slowly sliding,
Sluggish, slothful, slumbering, sleeps,
Like a sullen serpent, gliding,
Time along by inches creeps.

Autumn, always awful airy,
Adds again an ample aid;
Golden harvests make all merry,
None of want may be afraid.

Wasting Winter, wildly wailing,
Waits with woeful western winds;
Youthful hearts are now regaling,
Youth in leisure pleasure finds.



Horse & Cutter, Fifth Avenue and 108th Street

Lansingburgh Democrat. January 2, 1851: 1 col 2. (Excerpt from "New-Year's Address of the Carriers of the Lansingburgh Democrat to Its Patrons.")

Lansingburgh Went Berserk!

Flashlight photo by Boice.

Degree Team of Godthaab Lodge, Danish Brotherhood, Troy.

An old Danish saga represented in costume by members of Godthaab Lodge, No. 183, Danish Brotherhood, of Lansingburgh, being the first and only fourth degree team in the order of the Danish Brotherhood of America, a fraternal and beneficial organization with a membership of about 20,000, divided into 265 lodges throughout the United States. The members, who are here represented in character, are as follows: From left to right, standing in the rear—Jorgen Bork, Soldier; Niels Hansen, Lieutenant; Fred Nelson, Captain; Fred A. Beck, Treasurer; Chris Jensen, Soldier; Carl Hermansen, Soldier; Thorvald Lauridsen, Warrior; middle row, seated—J. V. Jensen, Warrior; John S. Beck, King; Andrew J. Smith, Warrior; front row, seated on floor—Andrew Hermansen, Soldier; Chris Beck, Inside Guard; Andrew Jensen, Candidate; Theodore Christiansen, Outside Guard.

“Et Alvorsord, I danske Maend, I Brodersamfunds Raekker;

“Til Kamp og Daad, El blot til Lyst, Berserkerne os vaekker;

“Ved Kaempe Kraft og Saga’s Magt, I Stjaernebanners Skygge,

“De hjaelpe vil, det Danske Folk, D. B. S. at opbygge.”

Troy Times Art Section.



John S. Beck of Lansingburgh authored a book detailing the Berserker degree he created for the Danish Brotherhood in 1913, which seems to be rare. The Lansingburgh Historical Society is working on securing at least a photocopy of it.



Gregorio Obdeal Porral (1897-1969)

LANSINGBURGH. — Independence of Philippines Discussed by Local Authority—Birthday Surprise Visit—Lawn Party for Church Benefit. In connection with the desires of some of our Congressmen to give the Philippines their independence it is interesting to know how this proposal is viewed by a native of those islands Gregory O. Porral, a resident of Lansingburgh and a member of last year’s graduating class at the High School, when asked his opinion on this subject, said he ultimately hoped to see the Philippines an independent republic, but he thought the time was not yet come when independence should be granted. “It is to the younger generation that are now receiving a good education and an opportunity to study the methods of Americans that the Philippines must look to for emancipation. There are three great tribes in the Philippines, the Tagalog,

Visayan, of which I am one, and the Moros, who gave the American soldiers so much trouble in subduing the islands. Among these three tribes there has always existed a great rivalry and even hatred, and it will take years to change this attitude. Practically every island is a different country. The people speak different languages and have different customs, and actually have nothing in common. The splendid work that the United States government is now doing is affording all the advantages of an education, and with this as a start it will not be very long before the people of the different islands find they have something in common in their desire to make the best of their opportunities which American occupation has given them.” *Troy Times*. June 31, 1914: 3 col 1.

—Private Gregorio O. Porral, a member of the Three Hundred and Third Infantry, is visiting friends in this section, after receiving his discharge from service. He recently returned from overseas where he took part in the great American drive last September. He was wounded in the thigh on September 28, and for a time it was feared that he might lose his left leg as the result of his injuries. He spent four months in a hospital in France before he was returned to duty in January. Private Porral for several years lived with Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Filley on [One Hundred] Fourteenth Street. He is a native of the Philippine Islands. “Lansingburgh.” *Troy Times*. July 19, 1919: 2 col 4.

Full-Time Horticulturist Cares for Plants at Inn. A full-time, year-round horticulturist to care for its thousands of growing indoor plants and extensive grounds, is another innovation chalked up by Cherry Hill Inn. In this capacity, the management has obtained the services of Gregory O. Porral, whose experience and training as a horticultural fit perfectly into the job at hand. Porral was born in the Philippines but spent virtually all his life in the United States. He came to these shores as a small boy and received his elementary and high school education in Troy, N. Y. **Served in War** Upon completion of his freshman year at Syracuse University, Porral transferred to Michigan State College to major in horticulture. The war, however, disrupted his studies and he spent two years with the armed forces in Europe where he was wounded in action. At the war’s end, he took courses in French, botany and plant pathology at Marseilles University in France. Returning to the United States he resumed his studies at Michigan State from where he was graduated with a degree of Bachelor of Science in Horticulture. **Managed Private Estate.** For five years Porral managed the estate of LeGrand Tibbits in New York and then decided to try his hand at the commercial end of horticulture. As a consequence, he became the propagator for one of the largest flower growers in the East at nearby Berlin, N. J. Four years later he established his own flower business, from which he came to Cherry Hill Inn. *Camden Courier-Post* [NJ]. October 8, 1954: 31.

Information about Greg Porral shared with the Long-A-Coming Historical Society <http://long-a-coming.com> of Berlin, New Jersey (where he moved to from Lansingburgh) may help with a Berlin Cemetery tour they’re planning, their first such – they’re considering having an actor portray him!

Nineteenth Century In-Line Trolling

For the Lansingburgh Democrat.
GUILTLESS POVERTY NO DISGRACE.

Ponder it well O ye, who blessed with store,
Regard with score the abject, suffering poor;
In tattered garb what though thy brother be,
No shame to him pertains, but rather thee;
Though Providence to thee accordeth wealth,
Ease, friendship, honors, independence, health;
Deem not thy merit these for thee hath won,
Beggard and poor are equal—son with son;
Ye have no higher claim—no nobler birth,
Both sprung from dust, and both return to earth.
In costly garments or in large estate,
Lies not the wealth which makes the poor man great,
Less affluent he whose guarded coffers deep.
Laden with gold, enclose a glittering heap,
And less to be desired the monarch's sway,
Mounted on kingly throne, and, day by day,
Bowed down to, flattered, courted, sought, alway—
Than honest poverty, of with the rest,
He harboreth not contentment in his breast;
Evil is not to indigence confined,
Joint fellowship it hath with all mankind:
A very pauper, if to virtue true,
Can face a vicious king, and shame him too.
Kings may be great and rule with sapient nod—
“An honest man's the noblest work of God!”
Shame on the craven fool who, lost to sense,
Scorns the clean palm of honest indigence.

TIMON

Lansingburgh Democrat. August 10, 1854: 2 col 3.

The Albany *Knick* says that some wag has come a good drive over Lamb, of the Lansingburgh *Democrat*. A very well written piece of poetry, entitled “Guiltless Poverty no disgrace,” was sent to him which he published. After his paper was printed, it was discovered that it was an acrostic, which read as follows; “Printed by Bill Lamb, the Jackass.” *Essex County Republican*. August 19, 1854: 2

William J. Lamb published Herman Melville's two "Fragments from a Writing Desk" in the *Lansingburgh Democrat* in May 1839.

A Biographical Note regarding Dr. Bruce Loatman by his brother Karl Loatman **Dr. Loatman's memories of growing up in Lansingburgh follow on the next pages.**

My brother Dr. Bruce Loatman & I grew up around the corner on 2nd Ave. between 113th & 114th St. in a home that was in our family from about 1920 to 1966. My brother was asked by his daughter to write a brief autobiography for his grand kids describing what it was like growing up there when we were 4 & 5 years old in 1949. Both he & I graduated from St Augustine's and Catholic High. He went on to Fordham through his Ph.D. in math and had a career in Washington. Bruce left the Burgh in September 1963 to attend Fordham University in NYC where he earned his BA. He was married in 1968 then joining GE in Schenectady till October 1969, touring the west coast, returning to NY to go back to graduate school for a Ph.D. and had applied to Fordham's math program receiving a National Science Foundation Traineeship. He submitted his thesis, a proof of Olber's Paradox (why all the light of the stars doesn't make night as bright as day) using Topology and left for a position as associate professor of math at Georgetown University in Washington DC. When his thesis was defended and he was awarded his PhD, he left and formed a firm to do consulting for Health Education & Welfare. After Reagan changed the emphasis to the Department of Defense, he joined a firm as Chief Scientist to do DOD consulting gaining several patents in artificial intelligence where he stayed till retirement. He resides with his wife in Reston, VA and is the father of four and grandfather of five. He published a book with Dell as an introduction to artificial intelligence for high school students. All of his other publications are secure. — Karl Loatman

For the Lansingburgh Democrat.
MR. EDITOR:—

Timon's poverty is no disgrace,
It's anything but common-place;
He almost caught the poet's fire,
Took down his harp and tuned his lyre,
And just when plumed for fancy's flight,
On the eve of something bright,
Lo, and behold! though in his pride,
Could but recall the donkey tribe;
The jackass stamped, and loudly brayed,
And thought the lion's voice he made;
There hard beside and full of flee,
His master stood, amused to see
The cunning trick of royal jack,
The donkey's voice, but lion's back.
And who could but be thus amused,
To see the means the donkey used;
He tried the poet's flight to soar,
Just as the jackass tried to roar,
And why he failed the first to do,
The beast eclipsed the poet's view.
But tell us, ye witty donkey's clown,
About the printing for the town,
Is all your bills most just and true!
Then why not have it still to do?
But come, ye wise one, write again,
We'll try your lines more close to scan;
Perhaps we've misconceived your plan;
We'd never wrong a brother man,
For sure he is a noble work,
To prove it, just read Timon's flirt.

THE TARTAR.

Lansingburgh Democrat. August 17, 1854: 2.

Early Years

Friends

Deenie lived about 4 houses down from us on the same side of the street on Second Avenue. We were about 4 years old when we met while playing on the block in front of our houses. Ed Hennessey lived across the street on the second floor of his house. He was also about 4. I didn't see as much of him then since I couldn't cross when there was traffic on the street. Sometimes Deenie would come to my house and sometimes I would go to hers. She liked to talk a lot, especially to me because I liked to listen to her. We were friends. But she moved away with her family after about a year.

So I spent more time playing with Ed. Sometimes my little brother Karl would come along. He was one year younger. Karl and I would go to the Hennessey's back yard and call out: "Eddie, can you come out and play?" If he didn't come out soon, we would shout: "Eddie, Eddie, Eddieeee" until he came out. Sometimes his mother, Rita, would stick her head out the window and say Eddie wasn't ready yet and he would be out in a little while.

We would walk around the block to First Avenue, which was right on the Hudson River, which is named after Hendrick Hudson, a Dutchman who had explored it. There were a lot of Dutch place names in the area, like Amsterdam, Poestenkill, Schuylerville and Lansingburgh, where I lived (also a lot in places not so close: Manhattan, Brooklyn, the Bronx, Staten Island, Peekskill, Fishkill – any "-kill" is a Dutch name; it means "creek" or "stream" and refers to that as well as to the town around that water). Also a lot of Dutch names for people like the Rasmussens who lived three doors down from me and the Loatmans (my family).

Exploring the Neighborhood

There was a house on the corner of 1st Ave and 114th St, where Herman Melville had lived in the 19th century before writing "Moby Dick." It was a nice, big house near the river. It's a museum now.

We would explore other parts of our neighborhood too, but not too far away. When I got older (five) my big brother Paul would sometimes let me tag along with him and his friends. We would often go up to the hills about a half-mile East of the river. There was a railroad track along the bottom of the hills that was still in use. For some reason that was a good place to catch snakes, which Floyd Moore, one of Paul's friends did. I don't know what he did with them; maybe he cooked them and ate them – I know he ate rabbits that he and Paul trapped. Floyd would let me carry the bag of snakes; I never opened it – I didn't like snakes.

To the East of the tracks the hills got steeper. There were interesting things there like Devils Falls, a two or three tier waterfall below a series of ponds above, in the Oakwood Cemetery, which was the second biggest cemetery in the US. Next to the falls was Devils Kitchen, a flat area in the middle of hills above and below with a wall of rock separating it from the falls. I don't know how they got their names (maybe it had something to do with their being below a cemetery) but my parents knew about them so they must have been around for quite a while. Just below that was Lovers Rock, a large (around 15 feet) round, smooth stone jutting out of the ground. My parents also knew that name.

There were a lot of "Rocks" around there, like Indian Rock on one of the trails leading up to Devils Falls, and Red Rock, a red sandstone hill to the North. And there was Diamond Rock, a mini-mountain made of granite. By the time I was six I would explore these places with Karl, without Paul. We discovered that below Diamond Rock there was a wild strawberry field. We learned that the berries grew in June and would pick them at that time each year. We would pull our shirts out to make a pouch to carry them so we could take them home. But very few if any of them made it home since we ate them on the way; all we had left by the time we got home was very messy red-stained shirts.

On the way to Diamond Rock, at the bottom of the hills, just inside the cemetery was a spring, which we would always stop at to get a drink. Some older boys tried to scare us by saying there was dead body juice in that water since it was at the bottom of a hill from the cemetery, but the water was actually very clean. Adults would drive there with gallon jugs that they filled to take home. Some people would actually pay for this water in bottles but if you went to the spring it was free and natural. Next to the spring was a patch of wild blackberries that ripened in late summer (they grew on bushes surrounded by trees so got less sunlight than the strawberries that grew in an open field). We would pick them for a snack. There were a lot of other natural springs in the area around Troy, like Indian Spring in Cohoes on the West side of the river, which we would sometimes walk to. That one was inside a very small graveyard, where some Indians were buried, I think. The most famous was, and still is, Saratoga Springs. Stores sell bottled water from there.

The Tradesmen

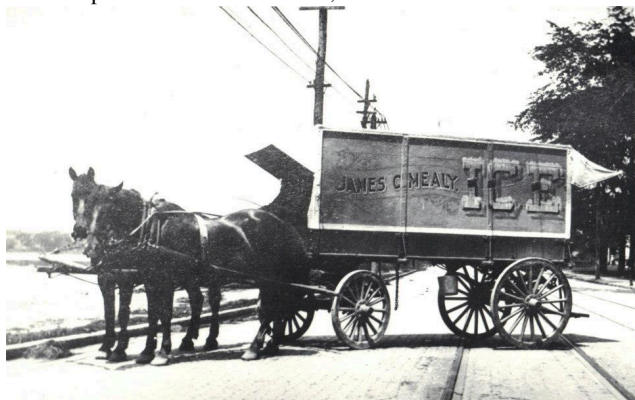
There were other interesting things in the neighborhood too, like the recyclers – they weren't called that then, but that's what they were. The **Rag Man** would come through the alleyway behind the houses about once a week, calling out loudly: "Any old rags? Any old raaags? Any old raaaags?" He would pick up rags, newspapers, bottles, etc. to bring them someplace where he sold them. If my mother had an especially large bundle of newspapers or some old copper pipes or other metal, she would go out and negotiate with him; he would pay for them.

Sometimes Karl, Jim Doin and I would find pieces of steel that had been knocked off the railroad tracks in the hills, which we would collect and bring to Doin's junkyard where Mr. Doin (Jim's father) would pay us a penny a pound. We would only go there with Jim since the guard dog recognized him and would leave us alone then; you don't want to mess with a junkyard dog. When we went there we would also "break" tires, which meant separating the rubber tires from the steel hubs (hard, complicated work, but worth 10 cents per "broken" tire) – Mr. Doin needed to send the rubber and steel to different places for recycling. We usually collected enough steel and separated enough tires to buy some hot dogs (10 cents each) and a carton of milk for each of us at Hotdog Charlie's, which was near the junkyard.

The **Bread Man** delivered to our front door in the morning every day except Sunday from a Freihofer's bakery horse-drawn wagon. The bread was still warm if you brought it in soon after delivery since it went straight into a bag from the oven and then to the wagon. The bakery was only about a mile from our house. The wagon was a mini-store; if you wanted something other than the bread, you put a small Freihofer's cardboard sign in the window and the bread man would stop on his way back from the morning bread delivery and come to the door to see what you wanted. Sometimes my mother would ask for some Freihofer's chocolate chip cookies, which he always had (they are still famous) and we would have them with our lunch during the break from school, which was a two-minute walk away so we always came home for lunch.



The **Milk Man** also delivered Borden's milk every day except Sunday. You could get other stuff from him, like ice cream but we usually just got milk. You had to go to the front porch and bring it in early in the morning, which I usually did since I got up early; in the Summer on a hot day it would get sour if you left it out there and in the Winter on a cold day it would freeze and expand, pushing the cardboard cap off, with the frozen cream rising out of the bottle (because of the cardboard cap the glass bottle never broke as a result of the freezing). My father used to pour some of the cream off the top for his morning coffee (in those days there was no "homogenization" so the cream, which is lighter than the rest of the milk, would rise to the top simply due to gravity); if you wanted "whole milk" you had to shake the bottle a lot before pouring. If you skimmed all of the cream off the top then you had "skim" milk with almost no fat. You would only do that, though, if you had some specific use for the cream, which was rare.



Some deliveries were less frequent, like the **Ice Man**, who came once or twice a week. He delivered mostly to bars since most houses had refrigerators. He would stop on 2nd Avenue at Daley's Inn on 113th Street and at the All Troy Club at 114th Street to deliver 50-pound blocks of ice for their iceboxes. Sometimes on a hot day in the Summer the blocks of ice would partly melt on the truck and fuse together. The Ice Man had an ice pick that he used to separate them. In doing so, he often had to chip off some small pieces of ice. If we saw him passing on a hot day, Karl and I would follow him and grab those small pieces off the truck to suck on to cool us off a bit. He didn't care since none of his customers wanted a two- or three-ounce piece of ice.

Some older people, like my grandma Bertha, still didn't have a refrigerator. I would sometimes go in the car with my father to the **Ice House** in South Troy where he would put a quarter in a slot and a large block of ice would pop out. We brought it to her and grandpa Eldrich and put it in the top compartment of their icebox. Food was stored in the lower compartment since


the cold air flowing over the ice is heavier and would drop down to cool the food.

An even less frequent visitor to our neighborhood was the **Peanut and Popcorn Man**. He came maybe once or twice a month during the warmer weather. He wheeled a cart into 113th Street between 1st and 2nd Avenue. The cart had a large (maybe 2 ft. x 2 ft. x 3 ft.) glass-enclosed compartment on top with a smaller compartment suspended within with a gas or sterno flame below it to heat corn kernels for popping and to warm peanuts in their shells on a shelf a little higher up. The popped corn would burst out of the heating pan and over into the larger compartment below. You can still see imitations of this in movie theaters today but that's not the real thing. If we had a nickel to spare we could buy a small bag of peanuts or popcorn (with or without salt and melted butter).

Still less frequent than that was the **Knife Sharpener Man**, who came maybe 3 or 4 times per year. You knew he was in the neighborhood by the sound of his bell, which he hit with a hammer – a loud, low-pitched, slowly-paced "clang ... clang ... clang." He wheeled his cart up 2nd Avenue and waited for customers to come out. The cart had a large grindstone that he cranked with his foot to spin it while he held your large knives against it. Five cents per knife, more for very large ones. The result was a very sharp knife.

—Dr. Bruce Loatman

The Bijou Theatre formerly at the northeast corner of 112th Street and Fifth Avenue



GRAND Opening
OF THE
BIJOU THEATRE
TUESDAY EVENING—AUGUST 30th, 1938

TUESDAY—WEDNESDAY—THURSDAY
ERROL FLYNN AND OLIVIA DE HAVILAND
IN
"ROBIN HOOD"

ALSO SEVERAL
SELECTED SHORTS

ADMISSION ADULTS . . . 25c
 CHILDREN . . . 15c

DOORS OPEN 6 P. M.
Continuous Show 8:30 P. M. on

In presenting this new theatre to you, we do so as neighbors providing the most universal type of entertainment to a neighborhood in which we are proud to live. In appreciation of your past patronage, we dedicate the Bijou to you, our neighbors, in the hope that it will bring you many happy hours of entertainment.
(Signed) WILSON BROTHERS.

A Novel Method. A novel method of concrete construction is being tried by the mason building the foundation for the new motion-picture theatre at Twelfth Street and Fifth Avenue. The foundation below the surface will be built without forms. This is done by digging a trench to the required depth, filling with large cobblestones and allowing a very soft mixture of cement to settle in the interstices. The work will be completed in another week, and the carpenters will then start the building.

"Lansingburgh." *Troy Times*. September 13, 1912: 6 col 2.

—The new Twelfth Street motion-picture theatre is being built at a rapid rate. The entire frame work and a portion of the interior boarding have already been placed. The construction is of a novel kind, no lath or planer being used. There will be boards on both sides of the studding, with building paper between.

"Lansingburgh." *Troy Times*. October 2, 1912: 6 cols 2-3.

DEMOLISHED — A pile of rubbish is all that remains of the Oxford Theater (formerly the Bijou) at the corner of 112th Street and Fifth Avenue in Lansingburgh. The brick structure was constructed in the 1930s by the Wilson family of Lansingburgh, replacing the old wooden Bijou Theater. The Countrywide Theaters, Inc. purchased the theater a few years ago and changed the name to the Oxford Theater. Wilson's Liquor Store, adjoining the theater at 472 5th Ave. also was razed. A new State Bank of Albany branch will be built on the site.

Times Record. September 7, 1973: 13 cols 3-5.

Times Record. August 29, 1938: 11 cols 3-5. (Notice of re-opening after substantial remodeling. Ad cropped and edited from scan by Fultonhistory.com)

Two Lansingburgh Film Actors of the 1940s-50s: Carl O'Bryan and Martin V. Walsh

LANSINGBURGH MAN PLAYS IN NEW ROLE

Carl O'Bryan Has Appeared in Several Movies.

Carl O'Bryan, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry O'Bryan of 40 124th Street, who has appeared in several moving pictures, plays the part of a soldier in "Ruthless Age," now at a local theater.

O'Bryan is a graduate of Lansingburgh High School after which he entered Cornell. He finally gave up his college studies in favor of dramatics.

In New York he appeared on the stage in "White Horse Inn," "Higher and Higher," "Three After Three," "Panama Hattie" and "Sons of Fun." He also spent two years with the Aquacade at the World's Fair.

Two years ago he went to Hollywood and has appeared to "Broadway Women," "Two Girls and a Sailor," "Christmas Holiday" and "Canterville Ghost."

Times Record. December 26, 1944: 11 col 3. [What films were meant by "Ruthless Age" or "Broadway Women" is unclear. Probably *Reckless Age* (1944), at the Troy Theatre that month and perhaps the latter was *Two Girls on Broadway* (1940) or *Babes on Broadway* (1941), though O'Bryan's credits otherwise are from 1944 onwards.]

The Internet Movie Database has several other credits for Carl O'Bryan, all relatively minor roles that went uncredited onscreen: *Crime, Inc.* (1945); *River Gang* (1945); *Yankee Pasha* (1954); *Francis Joins the WACS* (1954); *Six Bridges to Cross* (1955).

Troy Couple Visit Son In California

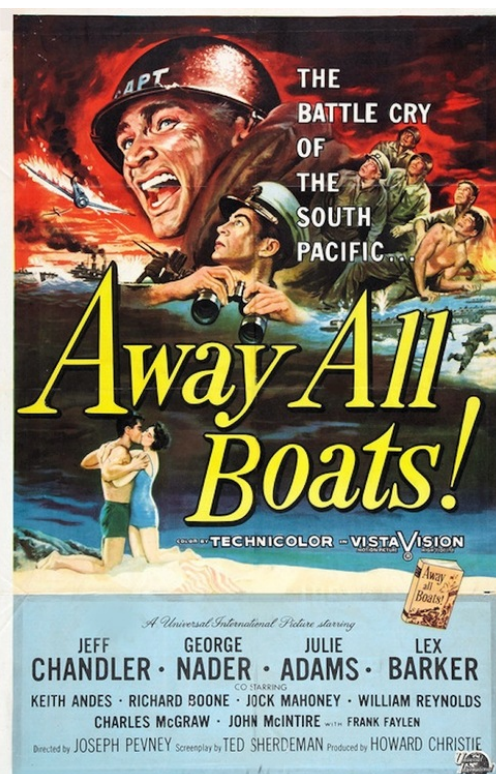
Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. O'Bryan, 40 124th St., are in Joshua Tree, Calif., visiting their son, Carl O'Bryan, formerly of Troy.

Carl O'Bryan is one of the originators of Joshua Tree's annual Christmas pageant which is presented on each of the seven nights before Christmas. The pageant takes place in a business block in the center of town and traffic is rerouted while it is in progress. A graduate of Lansingburgh High School and Cornell University, Mr. O'Bryan has been an actor in Hollywood and New York and is presently part owner of the Moonstone Cafe in Joshua Tree.

Troy Record. January 4, 1958: 6 col 2.



Both film posters from IMDb.com



Troy Marine in Motion Picture

Marine Pfc. Martin V. Walsh, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert F. Garrett of 36 Park View Ct., appears in the motion picture, "Away All Boats," now being presented at The Troy Theater.

Private Walsh graduated from Catholic Central High School in June of 1954 and enlisted in the Marine Corps in November of that year. He is stationed at Camp Lajeune, N. C.

Times Record. August 16, 1956: 34 col 8. [It was seemingly an uncredited role]



"Bijou." *Times Record*. September 24, 1956: 10 col 7.



"Bijou." *Times Record*. December 26, 1944: 17 col 6. Both *Times Record* ads cropped from scans by fultonhistory.com

From the President's Desk

As we near the end of another successful year in preserving Lansingburgh history we are deeply indebted to all those selfless volunteers, trustees, officers and their significant others for their tireless efforts helping to make the Burgh a better place.

We have made some wonderful strides in preserving this 1786 house and in trying to make it more appealing to those who visit it. This year we have had increases in our visitor rate, attendance at events and in artifact donations, all of which is testimony to the hard work of you, our volunteers and members.

We ask that you help us sustain this upward momentum by renewing your membership and like us on Facebook. When ordering from Amazon use <http://smile.amazon.com> Stop by and visit us. Offer suggestions for events and speakers or donate some free time to help. We have also had some trustees retire this year. If you would like a more active role in continuing to try to improve the Burgh please let us know if you would like to become a member of the board and know you do not need to be an expert, only that you care about the Burgh.

The Burgh needs you to help make it a better place. May the holidays bring you joy, peace, love and a warm remembrance of the days of our youth in the Burgh. As I noted in last year's final Courier of the year I had heard a story on TED and I have been asked to reference it again so here is the site <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=sAQfzHBpRsc>.

John Ward, Acting President

Hoping you had a Merry Christmas or Happy Hanukkah, and wishing you the best for New Years!

LHS OFFICERS

Acting President – John Ward (2015)
Acting Vice President – Mary Ellen Ward (2015)
Acting Treasurer – Kathy Howard (2017)
Assistant Treasurer – Mary Ellen Ward (2015)
Recording Secretary – Linda Segreto (2016)
Corresponding Secretary – Kathy Fomuk (2017)

LHS TRUSTEES

elected 2015: Michael Barrett, Sue Busta, Pat Dorow, Byron Moak, Chris Philippo, John Ward, Mary Ellen Ward; *elected 2016:* Kathy Fomuk, Linda Segreto; *elected 2017:* Kathy Howard, Heidi Klinowski

Calendar

January — Trustees will be planning the years' events and open houses; one is currently known:

July 28 Herman Melville Birthday Party – speaker Wyn Kelley, Professor of Literature at MIT, on “Teaching Moby Dick in a Digital World” \$

For details see our website or Facebook page or contact us!

What might you like to see the Lansingburgh Historical Society doing?

"White Spruce Pine Cone" on cover from Sargent, Charles Sprague. Manual of the Trees of North America (Boston, MA: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1905).
https://etc.usf.edu/clipart/81000/81085/81085_whitespruce.htm

Help LHS with Amazon Smile!



At the LHS website's homepage appears the above; click the button there or go directly to <https://smile.amazon.com/ch/23-7089102>

Amazon will donate a small percentage of the cost of your subsequent purchases to benefit LHS!

Please visit our website

lansingburghhistoricalsociety.org

It has gone from ten pages in July 2016 to 369 pages as of December 2017!

Corporate

Members

All Troy Athletic Club
Carignan Insurance
Danish Brotherhood in America
Diamond Spring Water
Foreign Auto Sales
Fraternal Order of Eagles
Friends of 112th Street
Grethen-Cahrenger Memorials
Historic Eastfield Foundation
J & J Auto Sales
McLoughlin & Mason Funeral Home

Oakwood Cemetery Association
Rensselaer Park PTA
Riverview Funeral Home
Sanvidge Funeral Home
Standard Manufacturing
Testo's Restaurant
Troy Boat and Canoe Club
Troy Irish Genealogical Society
Verdile's Restaurant
Veterans of Lansingburgh
Warren Fane Inc

Our membership year begins on April 1st. Those joining in January, February or March extend their membership through the next membership year. Consider upgrading your Regular Membership to a Sustaining Membership. Encourage friends to join! Regular Membership \$15/year, Sustaining Membership \$40/year. Student/Senior membership \$5/year. Corporate/Professional Membership \$200/year.

Donations are always welcome!

Name _____ Phone _____

Mailing address _____ City & State _____ ZIP _____

Email address _____

Regular _____ Sustaining _____ Student/Senior _____ Professional/Corporate _____ Donation _____

Send to Lansingburgh Historical Society, PO Box 219, Troy NY 12182-0219

If you are on Facebook join us there as well at <https://www.facebook.com/LansingburghHistorical/>

Lansingburgh Historical Society
PO Box 219
Troy NY 12182-0219