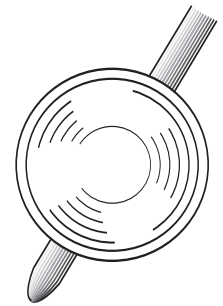


the *PENDULUM*



The Newsletter of the Pound Ridge Historical Society
& the Pound Ridge Museum

Fall/Winter 2007

Volume XXV Number 2

OUR 33rd ANNUAL ANTIQUES SHOW! JOIN US ON NOVEMBER 24th AND 25th AT FOX LANE HIGH SCHOOL

Our 33rd Anniversary Show will again be at Fox Lane High School, Route 172 in Bedford (just east of Exit 4 of Route 684). The show is readily accessible from major thoroughfares. Show times are Saturday from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. and Sunday from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Once again Martin Greenstein, in partnership with the Pound Ridge Historical Society, will bring over 60 dealers offering the finest antiques and collectibles to the Show. What a wonderful opportunity to spruce up your home before the holidays, or to purchase a very special gift! Refreshments will be available. At this Show, we will have our much acclaimed posters, "God's Country" by Jay Harris Hess — and our other publications — for sale. In addition, copies of "Pound Ridge Past: Remembrances of Our Townsfolk" by Bonni Broderick, will be on sale.

The coupon below offers a discounted admission of \$8 per person for up to 2 people per coupon. Admission without a coupon is \$10.00 each. Additional discount coupons are available in area newspapers.

The Pound Ridge Historical Society is committed to keeping the history and legacy of Pound Ridge alive through programs, exhibits and publications in addition to maintaining a growing archival collection of documents, artifacts and photographs. To accomplish this successfully requires funds in addition to the time and work generously contributed by dedicated volunteers.

Our annual Antiques Show is our primary fundraiser. By attending and participating in this 33rd Annual Antiques Show, you will be supporting our work. Thank you and we look forward to seeing you at the Show for your holiday shopping.

DISCOUNT COUPON

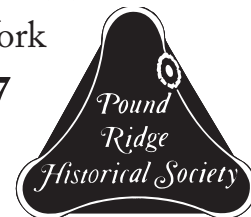


The Pound Ridge Historical Society's 33RD ANNUAL ANTIQUES SHOW

Fox Lane High School, Route 172, Bedford, New York

NOVEMBER 24th & 25th, 2007

Saturday 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. • Sunday 11 a.m. to 5 p.m.



Regular Admission \$10.00 per person

With this coupon, admission is \$8 per person for up to 2 people.

Luncheon and Refreshments available • Free parking

Quality Antiques & Collectibles at Affordable Prices



GROWING UP IN POUND RIDGE

Memorabilia of Childhood in our Town

Exhibit opening Spring 2008

Pictures and artifacts from our extensive archives will explore the intriguing world of children growing up in Pound Ridge.



*The Long Ridge School,
one of our 1-room schoolhouses*

The exhibit will open in Spring of 2008. Further details and times will be announced in future mailings.

The Pound Ridge Museum will be closed for the winter but will reopen in March (except by special appointment). It is located in The Hamlet at 255 Westchester Avenue, next to Conant Hall.



Carleton Scofield, 2 years, 10-1/2 months

“Mad as a Hatter”

Hatmakers were “busy as a beaver” in America

There was a hatter named Adam Moore in Pound Ridge in the mid-19th century. His house still stands on Salem Road in the Boutonville area. He is listed as a hatter in the 1850 census. Jay Harris mentions more about him on pages 53 and 136 of her book, “God’s Country” (see page 5 about obtaining a copy of the reprint).

In seventeenth-century England, there was enormous demand for fashionable beaver hats with attractive brims and long-lasting quality. The hats were not made of beaver fur, but of felt made from beaver fur. By the end of the sixteenth century, the supply of pelts from Scandinavia and Russia had diminished significantly, and North America was the primary new source.

Two skilled trades were involved in the process, feltmaker and hatter, both of which were learned by apprenticeship. In smaller shops, the hatter was also the feltmaker. The process of hatmaking was long and costly. First, the guard hairs in the pelt were pulled out of the fur with tweezers, leaving only soft wool on the hide. To roughen the wool and increase its matting quality, a solution of nitrate of mercury was brushed on the pelt. The wool was then shaved from the skin. A bundle of the soft, fluffy fur weighing from eight to twelve ounces was required for one hat. The bundle was cleaned of dust and dirt while bowed with a stringed instrument that hung over a worker’s slotted table. The bowing increased the matting of the wool.

The wool was pressed into a sheet called a batt, which was modeled into the beginnings of a hat, sprinkled with water, and heated while being manipulated by the worker. The heat helped shape the batt, but it also caused the mercury to release fumes that attacked the nervous system. The expression “mad as a hatter” described the mental disturbance that could occur, coupled with muscle twitching and difficulties in walking and talking. In a step called planking, the batt was immersed in a kettle or tub of very hot beer, wine grounds, and diluted sulfuric acid, which could scald hands and arms, and which again released mercury fumes. The worker continued to mold and shrink the cloth-like material, readying it for dyeing.

The final steps of hatmaking, done by the hatter, included blocking the felt into shape, waterproofing it with fats and rosin, and stiffening and ironing it. The hat was then deemed ready for a lining and trim.

Reprinted with permission from Shirley Moore Barnes, “William Loveridge (Leveridge), Hatter of Albany and Ulster County,” NYG&B Record Vol. 138, Number 3 (2007): 165-55. William Loveridge set up his business of trade with the Indians and manufacture of beaver hats in Albany, 1671.

From the Minutes of the Pound Ridge Presbyterian Church, 1834-1835

by Josina vander Maas

3.

Conclusion of the 2-part story begun in the Spring 2007 issue of "The Pendulum."

(If you missed the first part of this story, "The Pendulum" appears on our website www.PRHSmuseum.org.)

This story is entirely fictional, except for the names Joseph and Abigail Scofield. Dick Major had pointed me to the Session Minutes of the Pound Ridge Presbyterian Church (July 2, 1822 through June 21, 1949), while I was spending the afternoon as docent at the Pound Ridge Historical Society Museum. A copy of these historical church records had been recently acquired by the museum. When I started reading through the minutes, I realized that there were real, human stories buried in these dry and formal accounts of the meetings of the Minister and Elders. I was inspired to write a story, using extracts from the Session Minutes as the framework. *Josina vander Maas*

December 18th 1837

The session again met at the call of the Moderator. Present: Rev. William Patterson, Modr., Elders Abijah St. John, William L. Smith, Amos Babcock. Opened with prayer. The minutes of the last session were read and approved. The committee appointed at the last meeting made the following report: Viz, that they had conversed with Mrs. Abigail Scofield, who acknowledged that the charges preferred against her were true, but she was not yet prepared to make a public confession of her sin before the Congregation. This report being accepted it was resolved that Mrs. Abigail Scofield be and hereby is suspended from the communion of the Church, until she give satisfactory evidence of repentance. It was also resolved that public notice of this decision of Session be given from the pulpit on next Lord's Day. The following resolution was also adopted by Session, Viz Resolved that Isaac Waterbury, a member of this church, be cited to appear before Session at the house of Abijah St. John, on the third day of January next, at 6 o'clock PM to give reasons why he has absented himself so long from the worship and ordinances of the house of God. Adjourned. Closed with prayer. William L. Smith, Clerk

After Reverend Patterson and Elder Smith left, Abigail was still in the parlor, facing the spot where they had been standing. She felt even colder than when she came in. The parlor was like an ice house. The people who had been in it just a minute ago had been the ice. Solid, unforgiving, freezing all that is warm and happy. Yet inside herself, Abigail felt heat, passion, purpose. She, Abigail, had withstood their demands. She knew the price she would pay. Even though she had led a rather sheltered, restricted life and knew virtually nobody in town, she had heard enough from Mary's occasional outbursts and mean gossip to know what happened to women who stepped out of line or flaunted the rules. A special hell was reserved for women caught in adultery. She had never, in all the time with James, thought of herself as an adulteress. Yet she now had to face that she was one.

Her mind was skittering around feverishly. How could she contact James without Joseph catching her at it? Should she run out of the house and go as far as she could so that she would never have to face these people again? What

would happen to her now? Would her parents take her back? Would her disgrace follow her everywhere? Before she had time to make a decision, Joseph burst into the parlor, closely followed by his mother. Abigail turned around. He stopped only inches in front of her. When he started to speak, spittle flew in her face, his breath condensed in a cloud around her head. In all the years she had been married to him, she had never been this close to his face. Now he spoke with passion for the first time, not born out of loss of any love he might have had for her, but in hate and desire for retribution. "You have disgraced us

all. Not just by your immoral conduct, but even more so because of your refusal to confess your sins. Until you confess and ask for public forgiveness, you are no longer allowed to consort with decent, God-fearing people. You will stay in the attic room until

you come to your senses. Until then, you can starve to death as far as I am concerned."

Abigail knew that she could not expect any help from Mary, who was watching them with an almost happy expression. As if they had rehearsed it, they grabbed Abigail and marched her up to the bottom of the ladder to the attic. Joseph gave her a push. Abigail knew that there was no way that she could escape them. She went up the ladder and opened the small door that led into the attic room that was used in earlier days as a dormitory for farm workers. They slept there on corn cob mattresses. The room was infested with mice and bats. If possible, it was even colder in the attic than it was outside. How was she going to survive up here? And how was she going to get out? Was giving in the only way out?

December 24th 1837

The Session convened at the call of the Moderator. Present William Patterson, Modr, Elders William L. Smith, Amos Babcock. Opened with prayer. The minutes of the last session were read and approved. Mrs. Abigail Scofield, who had been previously suspended from the communion of the Church, appeared before the Session and having given satisfactory evidence of repentance it was resolved that she be and hereby is restored to the communion of the Church.. Closed with prayer. Adjourned. William L. Smith, Clerk

“ She had to see James. All she wanted was his arms around her. He would keep her warm. He would tell her that they would be alright, that they would go away together. ”

This time Abigail was alone. Joseph had refused to accompany her. He said to his mother that he did not wish to be seen with this Jezebel. These days he did not speak to Abigail directly. He no longer spoke to her, as she was unworthy, but he did share his bed with her again. He had decided that she was now a necessary appliance for his property only, no longer his wife. Having sex with her was not a personal thing, just a necessary and convenient approach to protecting and ensuring the future of his property. Mary had hoped for a more definite solution. She wished that Abigail would have died in the attic for what she considered her betrayal. She did not blame herself for having picked Abigail as Joseph's wife. She blamed others, as she always had.

Abigail felt numb. The night that she had managed to escape from the attic room seemed so long ago. She had been full of hope that she could still find happiness somewhere. Even if she were to live far away from anyone she had ever known, being with James and building a future with him would be enough for her. After three nights and days of brutal cold, thirst and hunger, she realized that the only alternative to begging Joseph to forgive her and let her out to make confession was to escape. She timed it carefully. Joseph was always a heavy sleeper. Mary tended to be more restless at night, but her bedroom was not directly under the attic. Abigail had loosened some of the wooden shingles on the roof. Now it was time. She piled up all the old mattresses and loose pieces of wood she could find and reached up to the rafters. Slowly she was able to pull herself up and wedge herself in the opening. Her skirt ripped as she freed herself. Her hands were scrabbling in the snow piled on top of the roof. She had to keep her balance until she found the best way to get down. She made her way slowly to the extension of the roof over the lean-to where the summer kitchen was. From there it was only a fall of about ten feet to the ground. She fell hard. It knocked the wind out of her. She was sore, but able to walk away from the house.

The walk through the snow seemed endless. There was no moon. The clouds obscured the stars. She felt more than saw the road. She had to see James. All she wanted was his arms around her. He would keep her warm. He would tell her that they would be alright, that they would go away together. Now she was ready. She finally came to the turn in the road that led to the farm that belonged to his parents. The farm where he lived with his large, boisterous family. The farm that would one day belong to his oldest brother. There were no lights. Abigail went to the kitchen door. She had never been there, but James had told her about the farm so often that it was familiar to her. She banged on the door. It took a long time before a light went on. She kept knocking until the door opened. She saw the sleepy, alarmed face of an older woman who must

be James's mother from his description of her. She said "my goodness, who are you and what are you doing here at this time of night?"

Abigail fell to her knees. It had taken all the strength she had to get there. She could not even speak, her jaw felt frozen. Her hands reached out but found nothing and ended up braced on the floor. On all fours, she looked like an animal. Slowly, she started rocking back and forth. The woman became even more alarmed. She backed away from Abigail as if she were looking for help to deal with this strange creature. Finally, Abigail found her voice. She was croaking, as if her vocal cords had been frozen. "I am Abigail Scofield. Please tell James I am here." As soon as she said it, the woman sat down heavily at the kitchen table and covered her face with her hands. Abigail said again "Please tell James I am here." Finally the woman looked at her and said "You are too late. He is gone." Abigail looked at her and made a moaning sound. The woman got up and moved toward Abigail. She hauled her to a chair near the fireplace and threw a log on the embers. She wrapped a knitted throw around her and rubbed her hands.

Softly, she began to speak to Abigail, who never said a word. She explained that James had learned that their love affair had been found out. He was frantic because there was no word from Abigail. When it was clear to him that she was not going to contact him, he guessed that Abigail had chosen to repent. He decided to leave for the West, where he had decided his fate, and once Abigail's, would lead him. He was gone. Abigail was silent, frozen, for a long time. They sat there, side by side, like mother and daughter. All of a sudden, a deep wail came out of Abigail's throat. An unearthly scream that had no resemblance to human sound. It went on forever as if she had saved up her life's breath for this one, supreme effort. All her life, all her love went out of her mouth in a continuous stream, leaving an empty shell. When it ended, she got up and without a word went out of the house.

Now that it was done, now that she had fulfilled her duty to Joseph, there was no spark left in her. She would never sing again, not even in secret. She would never see her family again. She would never be loved again by anyone. They were waiting for her. Waiting to exact retribution. Forever.

It started to snow. She thought again of the night she escaped from the attic. She had hopes then. Suddenly, she turned away from the road home and went into the field. The snow was deeper there. For a while, she was cold and she tried instinctively to keep warm. When she stopped feeling the cold, a calm happiness came over her. She heard her mother sing to her, and she smiled as she heard James laugh. ▲

Births/Baptisms/Marriages/Deaths 1787-1792, 1800-1808, 1822-1937 Poundridge Presbyterian Church

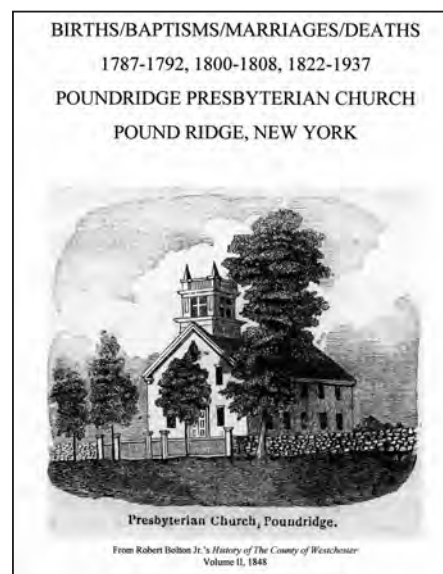
The short story concluded on pages 3 and 4 of this issue was inspired by entries in the records of the Poundridge Presbyterian Church.

These records also included vital statistics information which have been transcribed for this new booklet along with other data from the Society's archives.

This recent publication by the Pound Ridge Historical Society is drawn from Poundridge Presbyterian Church Records held by the Presbyterian Historical Society of Philadelphia as well as archival records of the Pound Ridge Historical Society.

It includes biographical information on Rev. Benjamin Judd 1755-1834, photographs and sketches and documents. The information indicated in the title has been transcribed from the original handwritten documents. Copies of the original documents are also included in the booklet.

This fascinating record of our past is available at the Museum for \$10.



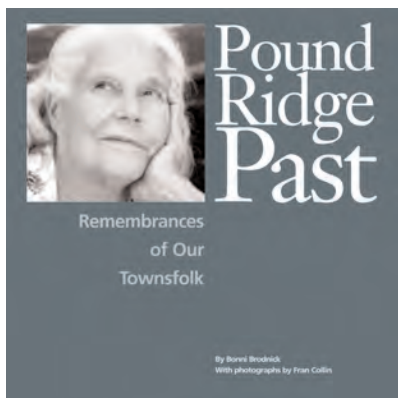
“Nana Songs - A Collection of Memories”

Ebie Wood, one of our talented Trustees who was raised in Pound Ridge, states on the cover of this wonderful CD, “These are the songs that my Grandmother and my Mother sang to me, and now I sing them to my grandchildren.” Ebie’s mother, the late Jean Ensign, is profiled in “Pound Ridge Past.”

There are 21 songs on the CD and she is backed up by Beth Travers and Dave Signs who provide the instrumental music and vocal harmony.

Some of the songs include: “Naughty Bird” (Russia), “All the Ducks” (Netherlands), “Will You Plant Your Seeds With Care” (France), “Swing Swong” (Southern Song), “Sleep Little Pigeon” (Eugene Fields), “All the Pretty Little Horses” (traditional), “Christopher Robin Is Saying His Prayers” (A.A. Milne).

There are several copies of this charming CD at the museum and you are welcome to borrow them. Please contact Dick Major at 764-4333.



POUND RIDGE PAST: Remembrances of our Townsfolk

Pound Ridge Past: Remembrances of Our Townsfolk, by Bonni Brodnick with photographs by Fran Collin and graphic design by Gina Federico, is a collection of more than 30 first-person interviews with the town's elders. The recollections in this non-profit project span from the 1920s to the 1970s, and reveal what life was like in the 20th century

Tallulah Bankhead, Frank Morgan (The Wizard himself!), Howard Cosell, Florian Zabach, Buster Crabbe, Shirley Jones, Eli Wallach, Ann Jackson, Westbrook Pegler and Stuart Ostrow were just a few of the screen, musical and literary celebrities dazzling the calm of the countryside.

Copies are available at the Museum. Or request from Pound Ridge Past, 217 Salem Road, Pound Ridge, NY 10576. For more information, call 763-3218.

“God’s Country” can be yours!

If you missed the first reprint of Jay Harris Hess’ definitive history of Pound Ridge, “God’s Country,” the second printing of the book is available for only \$70 each. The hardbound book, complete with dust cover, is a full-sized facsimile reproduction of the original.

Until the end of November, you may pick up a copy at the Museum on Saturday or Sunday from 2-4 p.m.

Or, you can order the book via email or directly from the Society by mail. There is a nominal charge of \$8 for mailing. Please make checks payable to the *Pound Ridge Historical Society*.