

Teator / Teter Tree

Autumn 1995

Newsletter #6

Yes, it's been a while since last newsletter, Fall of 1994, to be exact. I told myself that I wouldn't mail out a newsletter without a family profile, thinking this kind of pressure would certainly get it done. It got done but not in time for the spring. Finally, enough has been done to justify another mailing.

The family profile in this issue is that of Ken Baldwin, Sr. It turns out to be lengthier than some, all of it coming from an taped interview Ken cheerfully submitted himself to. Some of the interview was condensed but 85% of the 85 minute interview has been transcribed for this newsletter. You can probably guess the progression of questions. I do have a family profile ready for the spring but looking ahead to next fall, I still could use some brave person to volunteer. Again, some people would rather write their own but if you'd like me to come to your house, you to my house, or call on the phone, I'm willing to interview and write.

A thank you to Ken for being such a willing "victim".

Profiles so far in the Teator newsletter so far have featured

Howard & Stella Teator - Fall 1992

Nancy (Radick) and Robert Lynk - Spring 1993

Katherine (Teator) Brink - Fall 1993

Alfreda Teator - Spring 1994

The Fall 1994 issue had no profile and what should have been Spring 1995 never happened. So, it's been a year and a half since the last profile.

Although most of the profiles have been written by some of the "more senior"

(excuse my indelicacy!) people, I would encourage any person or family to write a profile. Obviously, even though writing from age 25 will produce a perspective quite different from age 70, such a profile is just as valid and interesting.

Reunion

Plans for the 3rd John Teter Reunion look like the following.

3rd Sunday of July, the 21st, 1996
Brandow Park, Oak Hill, NY

Look for an update in the spring newsletter

Anyone with an idea to consider should pass the idea along.

Any new births or marriages not mentioned in the newsletter? If you give me the information, I'll update the genealogy as well as bring notice in the next letter.

If you move and let me know (as some are doing), I can keep the post office from returning newsletters because of "address unknown". Thanks.

Who Are the Other "Teators"?

In the Spring 1994 Newsletter, I noted 48 different spellings for Teter, or whatever variation you wish to use. My research shows that practically every Teator in the Hudson Valley before 1900 descends from the 1710 immigrants, Jurge and Lorentz.

So, what does that mean about the rest of the Teeters, Teters, and Daters? And there are a few distinct clusters! Are we all related to the 1710 immigrants? The answer appears to be no, or at least no connection has yet been found.

My family research shows at least four distinct family trees with surnames that are similar to ours.

The first one is written about in *New York's Finger Lakes Pioneer Families: Especially Tompkins County*, Compiled by Helen F. Lewis, Kinship, Rhinebeck, p. 308-320. The most common spelling for this family is Teeter, and Conrad appears to be the earliest one found.

Who his parents are is not said, but Conrad Teeter (Dieter, another spelling noted) marries Maria Catharine Weber (she was born in 1724 in Hintzweiler, Duchy of Zweibrucker, Germany. Conrad and Maria Catharine are associated with Knowlton, Sussex County, NJ. He leaves a will when he dies in 1771 in Knowlton. They had six children:

1. Henry (1743-1804), who marries Elizabeth Beidleman, and has 9 children.
2. Elizabeth (1746-1845), who marries Abram Smith and then John Gibbs.
3. Jacob (1747-1786), who marries Catharine Rice, and has 8 children.
4. Peter (1749-) who marries Catharine Rice, and then Margaret Rice, and has 10 children.
5. Marie Catharine (1751-) who marries John Diltz.
6. (Adam) Michael (1754-1836) who marries Maria Catharine Congle Keefer; number of children undetermined.
7. Sybilla (1755 -) who marries three times.
8. Conrad (1756 -) who marries Elizabeth Dietz, and has possibly 2 children.
9. Elias (1760 - 1830) who marries Catharine Huffsmith, and has
10. Charlotte (1765 - 1841) who marries Daniel Britton, and has 6 children.

The families of Henry, Jacob, Peter, Conrad, and Charlotte go to the Tompkins County, especially the Lansing area where a sizable cluster of Teeters still live.

Thus, a Teeter family appears to start in New Jersey, makes a short stay in Pennsylvania, and richly endows western New York with a genealogy almost as big as ours.

A second cluster is detailed in a Shirley Colaw Howell (of Sumter, South Carolina) manuscript, *The Colaws of Virginia and Points West*, that describes what I called the Virginia Teter cluster. The immigrant appears to be Hans George Dieter (Teter), born in 1699, died in 1744, and married in 1720 to Marie Margaretha Luttman. Hans' ancestry is explained for a few prior generations. George Teter came to Pennsylvania in 1727 aboard the "Molley", and along with other 70 other Palatines signed a loyalty oath. Hans George and Maria Margaretha had eight children:

Johannes Michael 1722 -
Maria Chistina 1726 - 1726
daughter
George 1730 - 1798
Paul 1730s - 1784
Barbara 1734 - 1814
Philip 1730's - 1815
Rosina

Philip had 11 children and it is that line that is researched in the 20 of the 25 pages that shows his line to the early 20th century.

A third cluster is one found in Allegheny Township, PA, as described by Bruce Brown in John Deeter of Allegheny Township, 1990. John Deeter marries Catherine Spring and has ten children:

Son 1784 - 1784 died at four days
Son 1785 - 1785 died at birth
Magdalena 1787 - 1833
Johannes 1789-1812
Elizabeth 1781- ?
Samuel 1794 - 1871
Jacob 1796 - ?
Henry 1798 - 1798
Catherine 1800 - 1865
Mary 1809 - ?

A fourth cluster is one that needs further research. In my notes, I found a Thomas Dater of New Jersey who claims his ancestry from Orange County, New York. My research shows a cluster of Daters in that area who suddenly show up in the 1860 census. According to Mr. Dater, his ancestors came from Germany mid-1800's to that area and were miners and masons.

Any connection between our ancestry and any of these groups has not been made yet. Should any of you have such information, please let me know.

Family Profile

Ken Baldwin

I'm Ken Baldwin; I was born October 6, 1932 in Durham New York. We lived right in the village of Durham until 1953 when we moved down to Cox-sackie. We lived right next door to Uncle Norm and Aunt Evelyn and Howard, Janet, Raymond and Shirley, the house closer to the village on the opposite side, the one with the big pine trees. I was over there more than I was home more or less because I didn't have anyone around.

Howard was a year older than I was. They would kid because I would go home for lunch, and I wouldn't take very long about whether my mother had fed me with a shotgun.

Durham was a down-to-earth place; everybody knew everybody else. Not like today; I wouldn't know anybody else except for Uncle Norm.

The first two years I went to school I went to the two room schoolhouse in Durham before they built the new school up by Elpel's. The old schoolhouse was the first house on the left up from 145; it's a residence now. The teacher, Henrietta Morse, used to live right across the road from the school. The other teacher was Elvira Bullivant. When she was teaching school, her family used to live on the Brown Road; they sold that and bought the farm on that corner.

I wasn't too bad a student. We would play pranks on each other. They had the old outdoor privy. The closerooms were divided with a partition down the middle. You used to be able to hear what the other teacher was saying. We had grades 1-4 on one side and 5-8 on the other side. I got left back in the second grade. When we moved to the new school, I had to go back to the second grade up there.

At home, we would play hide-and-seek, hopscotch because they had a stone walkway where they mark the blocks on the stone. I would help during the haying season. It was something to do. But if I got tired, I didn't hang around. We played baseball some but not much because there weren't enough of us, and the girls were always doing something else.

For a few years, Charlotte and Barbara were there too. Don and Ferris too but I don't remember how long.

My father's name was Vernon Baldwin; he was brought up in the village also. His father was Joe Baldwin. He had the post office in the village for 45 years, along with a hardware and candy store. He did shoe repair and harness repair. I would help my

father on the farm sometimes in the summertime. His farm was right next to Uncle Norm's, about sixty acres, along Rt 145. Only around the barns and house was pasture. So we had to drive the cows past Norm's and we had a little fence along 145 and up into the banks where Durham road comes out into 145 on the other end and goes across the Teator road. The cows would go along the edge of the road to bypass Uncle Norm's property. Now what we used to cut hay on is all grown up to brush.

My mother, Nora Teator, was born and brought up on Teator Road, the second house on the right, just past Charlie Kohr's place, just before you go down to Brown's swimming hole. There were a couple houses down there. She could have been born up to Cheese Hill just above Preston Hollow. For a while, she lived down in Medway, near Sodom Road, before she got married. She would tell about picking fruit off the trees, and berries.

On my father's farm, I would have to get the cows and bring them back, help milk, especially summertime. He would have 15, 16 cows. He had about 5000 chickens, laying hens. He would sell eggs to the people around and the boarders would stop by to buy them because they knew they were fresh. I'd gather eggs, feed the chickens, help with chores. It would take a couple hours to do chores; we would have to milk the cows by hand until we got milking machines. After we put our silo up, Uncle Norm and my father would work together to fill silo.

The Baldwins came from Baldwin, Connecticut. My father made up a genealogy and after he retired he made up another one. He left out some stuff in the second one that he had in the first but he threw away his first one as soon as he finished the second. I remember reading the first one and there was a lot more stuff in that one. He traced it back to 900 sometime in Constantinople, and then they went to Europe, Italy, Germany, France to England and then came over, I think, in the 1600's. The Baldwins were some of the early settlers of this area, up on Meeting House Hill and then to Durham.

My father a good father, strict and fair. He was into politics, a justice-of-the-peace for twenty years, and two terms of town clerk for thirty years of town politics. That's one reason I was never interested. He was a father who believed in a good whack across the seat of the pants.

My mother was a good mother, fair in discipline; always had enough to eat and good clothes to wear. She would help around the farm too when she could. She usually washed the milk utensils. Sometimes she would go gather the eggs. If we got in a jam in the summertime with the haying season, she would take care of the chickens, gathering eggs and feeding the chickens, especially at night.

Weekends we would go up on the mountain,

picking strawberries or blueberries, blackberries, on Mt. Pisgah. You go the other side of the mountain towards Manorkill. There was a road that turned left, state land now. There was a shale pit just off the road; you can hardly see the road anymore. Usually in good weather, my mother would pack a picnic lunch and we would visit our relatives. Uncle Olin was in East Durham, and all his kids went to Durham and later to Cairo. We'd visit Orlando even if he was a tough person to find sometimes. I remember going up to Albany, Orange Street; he had a garage. For a while, they lived in Durham on top of Prink Hill and then they moved down on 145 just outside of East Durham. Mary Teter used to work in boarding houses, and used to be up in Windham and East Durham.

My mother would bake all the breads and pies. For breakfast, we would have bacon and eggs or pancakes and sausage. In those days they believed in the big breakfast, to get you going; and then a big meal lunch and supper too. She would cook a variety of meals; I liked chicken but I got sick of it after a while. I liked ham because we butchered in the fall and we'd put the ham and bacon in the salt brine instead of smoking. She used to can the beef. We'd butcher in the fall and let it hang until spring until it got too warm it would spoil. She would can the excess. That was good because it was cooked so much it was tender. She'd put it in the canning jars. The meat would hang in the barn, we'd take a saw and saw whatever we needed; it would freeze and thaw. It was OK as long as it didn't get too warm for any length of time. When we did use the canned meat all she had to do was to heat it up. A typical meal would be meat, potatoes and a vegetable. My father couldn't go without his potatoes.

Desserts was pie or cake, sometimes jello or pudding, bread pudding, rice pudding. My favorites were tapioca rice pudding, bread pudding at times. I liked pretty much everything.

My parents moved in 1953, down to Coxsackie on the old Matter farm on Flats Road, right across from the drive-in. It was about a half a mile on that road, and the farm sits on the right. Flach owns it now. At the time I was working on the White farm on Rt. 32 between Cairo and Freehold. That's where I started working when I got out of high school in 1952. We were looking around for a place, found this place and moved there in November of 1953.

That was sort of a tough decision for them. They had always lived around Durham, and they probably did it for me. I wanted to farm it.

Back to school for a minute. I went to Durham until 1948, then went to Greenville to high school. It was different, I got to ride the bus more. For a while we had to walk if we were late. We met more kids because it was a bigger school system. At Durham,

there might have been twenty kids in my grade; at Greenville, there were 25-30 in each class. I thought it was a nice school, most were friendly. I got along with all the teachers, except for the stuff I didn't quite understand. I had trouble making them make me understand. One of my favorite teachers was Miss Wooster; she was real strict disciplinarian. And I like Mr. Blaisdell, he taught English. Also Miss Harding, who became Mrs. Falkey, taught math. Randall was the coach, Mabee was the phy ed. Scott Ellis was the principal. Bob Tyrell was the music teacher in the choir and glee club; I just saw him over to Columbia Greene and he's running that. He hasn't changed except he's lost a little hair; still looks real good.

I played baseball, soccer and track. Usually, the bus would take us home, or I'd ride with someone, or when I got my license, I would drive myself. My first car was a '35 Ford, four door; a couple years later, I got '39 Chevy four door, both of them black.

I would mostly drive back and forth to school. Although one time, Bob Cochrane's father had a camp in Bleecker, by Sloansville; Bob's grandfather, Bob and I went up there for a fishing trip one weekend and I drove the old Ford up there. The old man used to kid us there that I could eat a half a pound of bacon and a dozen eggs for breakfast, and he didn't like to cook.

Looking back over my teen years, I wouldn't call them tough. You kept your nose clean, did what you were told, and things usually went pretty smooth.

Back to farm. When we moved to Coxsackie, we increased to about 30 milkers and about 18 head of young stock, 160 acres there, rather than 60. So it was a big change for them. Then we started redoing the old buildings. They were the old style. After a few years, we put in a barn cleaner to make things a little easier. We had two old wooden silos and we put up one big concrete one, changed the milk house so we could put a bulk tank in, replaced some of the buildings. The person who had owned was old and retired and couldn't keep up with the repairs. The farmer who had it was Albert Matters, brother of Bill Matters who has the construction outfit. In the meantime, he had sold it to someone in the city, and he it wasn't what he thought it was going to be so we more or less swapped; he bought our place in Durham and we bought that from him. When he got to Durham, he couldn't have as many cows, he worked alone anyway.

The milk went to the Normanskill Dairy in Albany when they were in business. The first milk went out in cans.

I was on the farm for three or four years. In 1954 I got married, bought a small mobile home and put it behind the house, lived in that. Money wasn't there on the farm, so I started working in the winter of '56, driving oil truck for Post in Catskill. I did that three

winters and helped out on the farm when I could. In 1958 or 59, I went working full time for Watson in Coxsackie. I bought a house up on Route 51, fixed that up, still helped out on the farm whenever I could. My house was just up the hill by the big green barn.

My first wife was from Freehold, Hildegard Reinhold. I met her at the Altamont Fair. I was going out with another girl at the time. She asked Hilda and her sister Millie to go to the fair with us, so when we got there, she disappeared and left me with her. We got married in 1954 at the Episcopal Church at Greenville. Rev. Clark married us. We first lived in the mobile home until 1957. When I worked for Post in Catskill, we rented an apartment in Catskill for a while for some months. Then we got sick of apartment life and rented a house on the Athens-Leeds Road for about a year. We got out of there because of the heating, the walls sweated so much, it was musty. We then bought the place on 51. We bought it in 58, think it was built in 53. It sat on top of cement blocks, we jacked it up, dug a cellar underneath it, laid up blocks and fixed it up better.

Then kids came. Kenny was born in 55, when we were in the mobile home yet. Then there was a miscarriage, and then one who was born healthy but without an esophagus. They were all born in Catskill but that one didn't look right. When the baby drank, the milk would come up through the nose. Dr. Tuzio checked the baby over and we took the baby up to Albany Med for an operation but didn't pull through. Herman was born in 59, then Karen in 61, Vernon in 63 and Joe in 67.

Karen just had a boy so now we have 16 grandchildren. The kids were normal kids. Play, fight, yell. I would play at times when I had a chance. They always got a kick from mouse-in-the-middle. They all went to school at Coxsackie.

Back to work. I started full time at Watson's about 1957, 1958. I quit him in 1965. My father-in-law got me into carpentry. I worked down on one cement job for about four months. I didn't work very much because I didn't belong to the clique. Then I went to work for one of the chemical companies in Deposit, New York. It was a wood processing plant where they made siding and clapboard. I was with them for about six months and never got much more work from the union.

In 1967 I went to work for the pool outfit in Albany, Paddock on Railroad Avenue, across from Frueworth's. I worked there until 1973 until I bought the welding shop in Tupper Lake. That last for about 18 months, and I went back to work for them in 1975. I couldn't make enough of a living up there, not enough business. I went up there from an ad I saw, a welding shop for sale. We almost sold the house down here to move up there; it was a good thing we

didn't. I worked for Paddock Pools until 1980, when I quit and left for Colorado for nine years, came back in 1989 and went back to work for them again.

I probably cut my own throat when I went out there. I had a dispute with one of the bosses up there. I was working on one job and he told me to help another one out. There was a job coming up in New Jersey, a new start, and they were going to send the guy I was helping out to go I would have to finish up this guy's mess. I didn't go for that because we never had to do that before.

When I worked for Paddock, I was welding the circulating systems around the top of them. When times were slow, I might go help someone build, form out, plumb, or whatever had to be done. Usually a 45x75 would take two weeks. On a bigger one, it would take longer. A 45x75 is 240 feet around it. Sometimes, we would get on a 500 or 600 linear foot - lazy z, or l-shape may be longer. It was a pretty steady job. In the winter, if it got slow, we would go into the shop because they fabricated their own equipment.

So, I went to Colorado in 1980. Another fellow I had worked with was out there. I was talking with him and he said there were more ads out there than our newspaper was thick. So I took a chance and went and never had so much trouble finding a job in my life. I should have taken a hint from that and gone back.

Finally I came across a guy who was building water treatment plants for small communities. He built mostly for west of the Mississippi, but about a dozen went to Puerto Rico. We made the equipment at the plant but I did go out on a couple jobs - to Wyoming, other parts of Colorado away from Commerce City where this plant was.

When I left, he was in financial difficulty with the bank but as far as I know he's still in business but in a smaller capacity. I came back because there was no work, work slowed down. When I got back, I called and was talking to one of the bosses I knew before, and he said to give a call and I'd have a job. So, I was back to Paddock's until July, 1994, got laid off because they had a snag with the Lawrence insurance group and lost their bonding for the job. He laid off 40 of us. I turned 62 in October so I signed up for Social Security.

It's been a pretty good life, a few bumps and bruises along the way.

I got divorced in January of 1980 officially. I met Loretta in Tupper Lake. Even after I had gone back to Paddock, I still had the building so I would go there on weekends, try to pick up a little business. I wanted to sell it but I didn't want closed down. I met her then but didn't get married until November 10, 1990 at the Coxsackie Justice of the Peace

This is my first year of retirement, since October

of last year.

Looking back, it's been a good life. Staying here, I don't like the humidity of summertime. I went back working enough, a few months, till I caught up with the amount I can earn with Social Security. I'll do a few odds and ends.

One thing we like is camping. We go to Nickerson's camp up in Gilboa. We have a trailer. Loretta bought a 35 foot trailer in 1992. So we take it up there and use it all season, usually on weekends. We have air conditioning if there is power for it.

A little information of my children. Ken married Pat, live in Athens, have three children of their own, plus two of hers from an earlier marriage. He works as a sergeant for NYS Correctional at Downstate. Herman married Susan, live at the Air Force base at North Dakota, and have four kids, three boys and a girl. Karen married Steve Page; his father was a doctor. They live in Maryland, he works for the Colgate company, and they have two boys and two girls. Vernon married Kirsten, have two girls and a boy. Joe married Diane, they met while both were in the service, and have two boys. He changed his name to Sky Ben.

Loretta

My maiden name is Loretta Jacques. I lived in Maine. This is my second marriage. The first time I was married, I was twenty. I was 21 when my son was born. I was married August 1, 1942. My son was born 1943. He died June 18, 1961, two weeks before his graduation, he drowned. So I have no grandchildren through my son, but I have sixteen through his children. His boys and the daughters-in-law feel like my own. We fit right in.

I had been in Tupper Lake from 1945 to 1970. I was married before. It was September 14, 1988 that my first husband died. Ken had come to Tupper Lake with my nephew. He had a big red truck with all the equipment behind it. My sister-in-law was sick at the time and she couldn't cook, so I was the cook. This was about 1989. He started not wanting to come to Tupper Lake every weekend. I sold my home. On June 9th, 1990, we moved down to the mobile home. It was rainy the night we got married. I met his mother. I stayed with her for three weeks when she was sick. She was the nicest person there was. I wish I could've known her longer because we got along together; but she still didn't really know who I was.

Computers

These newfangled machines with modems and with programs readable by other programs are finally making their presence felt. Although I don't have anything in mind at present, it might be possible to use the computer to spread or share our findings of our family history.

Drop me a line, let me know how you're using the computer for family history, and if a few are doing so, I'll make mention of it in the spring newsletter. Perhaps, a few of us working together might make the creation of a family history even a little more interesting.

For your information, I using an IBM compatible, 486, with internal fax / modem, and Word for Windows 6.

VITALS

Births:

Robert Joseph Armstrong, son of Lawrence and Michele Armstrong; born at Bedford, Ohio on Decembr 30, 1994.

(If I have missed any other marriages, births and/or deaths, let me know, and I'll put it in the spring newsletter.)