



Spring 1997

Newsletter #9

# Teator - Teter Tree

Welcome to the Summer of 1997, and I trust this letter finds you in good health.

Someone with a good eye will notice the headline date of Spring 1997. Although I realize July is not in the Spring, I will maintain the tradition that the first issue of the year is the spring issue. It's also a reminder that I should have started about three months sooner.

I'm in need of more material. If anyone wants to write a paragraph or two, or even a few hundred words, or more, feel free to send it to me. It could be an accomplishment of someone in the family, a trip, or some other event of interest. I'm slowly using up the stockpile of material I once had and may have to cut back in a year or two.

Since this year is an odd numbered year, the next reunion is a year off. Just a reminder - the next reunion will be Saturday, July 18, 1998, tentatively scheduled for Brandow Park in Oak Hill. We've alternated between Sunday and Saturday; the last reunion was on a Sunday.

After badgering some of you for a family profile, I thought I would take some of my own medicine and tackle a tough one - that of my father and mother. I was somewhat hesitant to write it but thought someone should do it.

My hesitancy comes from trying to write someone else's life story, especially

when there are quite a few people who knew my father as well or almost as well as I did. Even more daunting is the idea of how my father would want to be remembered. Maybe I could have talked my mother into writing the profile. Anyway, I took up the challenge, got some help from my mother, and you'll find the profile of my parents, Don and Connie Teator.

After reading it, I hope many of you will see the "danger" of your son/daughter some day writing your family profile, so I hope this will spur some of you to tell your own story in your own words. Seriously, feel free to write a profile of a parent or parents who may be deceased. Even better, start writing yours. Once a certain time goes by, the accuracy of memories get a little fuzzier until no one remembers anything but stories handed a down a couple times removed.

For example, the estate of Luther Teter is described later. I wonder who he was, what did he think, how did he fit into his community, what did neighbors think of him, who were his friends, etc. But, no one alive knows and that person is a name with some dates, fitting into a family tree, known mostly for the estate his brother administered.

Enjoy your summer, and I hope to get the fall issue out before snow flies.

## History / Genealogy

One of the most important documents I came across in my early Teator genealogy hunting was the administration of the estate of Luther Teter, an event I've referred to in an earlier newsletter.

To set the stage, I had already talked to Lydia Von Linden who had told me about her ancestry back to a Calvin Teter who lived in Broome Center in Schoharie County. She knew Calvin's father was a David Teter but she had no knowledge of a John Teter; she did remember some reference to an Alec Teter. Could this be Alexander, and thus set up the basis for connecting her Teter line with my Teter/Teator line?

One of the logical places to go when doing genealogy is to the county courthouse, and it was the Schoharie County Courthouse I struck genealogy "gold." The indexes listed a Luther Teter and my notes reminded me that there was a Luther Teter in Albany County censuses. Along with the dozen or so other Teter pieces, I descended into the basement and requested to see the details of the index entry.

Anyone who has ever searched for a piece of confirming evidence and has spent a lot of time hunting for any thing can imagine a gasp when that piece is in one's hands. I gasped, looked at the names on the page, read each letter of each name to make sure it was what I thought it was, and it was.

So, what did it show? On the next five pages, I've copied parts of the administration of the estate. (I don't use the word "will" because Luther did not make one. And dying, unmarried, with property of value and no designated heirs to leave it to, it was up to Calvin to administer the estate. Our John Teter, Luther's oldest brother, probably would have done it except for one major detail -- he had died a dozen years earlier.)

The first of these pages is the petition of Calvin B. Teeter (a clerk's "misspelling"?), who is the administrator of his brother's estate. The listing of names and their relationship to the deceased was the evidence I needed to connect Calvin and John, and thus all the other relatives who now fit together.

This sheet tells us that Calvin had the following relatives:

- Betsey Teter - sister
- Calvin Teter - brother
- David Teter - brother
- Alexander Teter - nephew
- Orlando Teter - nephew  
(all from Broome, Schoharie County)
- Angeline Reddick - niece
- Rachel Gillespie - niece
- David Teter - nephew  
(these last three from Albany County)

- Elnora Cantine - niece
- Charles West - nephew
- Adelbert West - nephew  
(these last three from Greene County)  
More about the West connection later.

The next page is one of the pages listing the money owed Luther, ranging from \$.17 up to \$151.79. A notation next to some of the names indicate that the collection of that money might be doubtful. Someone who could research names would probably find many of these people were neighbors.

The bottom of this second page, combined with the next two pages, gives us an interesting insight to the belongings Luther owned that were considered of some value upon his death. (Excuse the dark copying, the original is slightly better but I really should re-Xerox these again if the courthouse has a better copier than when I was there ten years ago.)

The final page shown is the listing of the final value of the estate and its division among the remaining heirs. Each must sign his/her name and has done so except for David, who makes his mark; Rachel and Elnora who are signed for; the West nephews, who appear to be represented by an attorney for the guardian, whose name I cannot make out; and Orlando, who seems not to be mentioned in the signature place.

I don't know what \$76.29, or \$12.71, or \$38.15 would be worth in today's money, but for me, the value of seeing it listed on paper is worth Luther's estate (Well, I would take the money if you gave it to me, make no mistake!)

And so I walked away that afternoon in 1985 with a major find, answering a big question - How did John fit with Calvin? Since the proof that the recognized children of John were nephews and nieces of Luther, brother to Calvin, was on a primary document, that answer was finalized.

The one question that immediately springs up is - Who are Charles and Adelbert West, and where did they go? Whose children are they and what is the connection to the Teter name? If you want a good puzzle to solve, this is one of them.

The only clue I have to the new puzzle is the burial of people with the West name next to Philip Teter in the Rensselaerville Cemetery. Philip appears to be the brother of John's father, David. And there are two other Teter men - William (1828-1865?, marries Harriet West) and Elisha Teter (1826-1895, marries Cordelia West) who have left no clue that I have found yet that ties them to any parent. I have tentatively placed them as children of Philip but I have no proof of that, and there is evidence that even this placement could be incorrect. More research!

And thus ends one of my early pieces of the Teter puzzle.

To the County Judge of the County of Schoharie:

The Petition of Calvin B. Jeter, of Broome Co. N.Y.  
Respectfully Showeth, That Letters of Administration upon  
the estate of Lucretia Jeter, late of Broome  
Schoharie County, N.Y.

deceased, were granted to your Petitioner — in the Surrogate's Court of Schoharie County, on  
the ninth day of December — 1878. That the persons interested in the  
estate of said deceased, as creditors, ~~legatees~~, next of kin, or otherwise, and their places of  
residence, to the best of the knowledge, information and belief of your Petitioner — are as  
follows, to wit: Betsy Jeter sister, your petitioner, brother

and David Jeter brother, Alexander Jeter, nephew,  
+ Orlando Jeter nephew of Broome Scho. Co. N.Y.,  
Angelina Reddick niece, Rachel Gillespie niece,  
+ Maria Jeter <sup>nephew</sup> of Albany County N.Y.,  
Elvora Carlton, niece, Charles West nephew,  
and Adelbert West <sup>nephew</sup> of Green Co. N.Y.

That the creditors of said dec. will be  
paid before the day named for final settlement  
and therefore need not be cited

That your Petitioner has filed in the Surrogate's Court of said County, an  
Inventory of the personal estate of the said deceased, and has advertised for  
claims against the estate of the said deceased, pursuant to law and the order of this Court.  
That more than twelve months have elapsed since said appointment, and your Petitioner  
is desirous of rendering a final account of all his — proceedings as such  
Administrator — as aforesaid, and therefore prays that a citation  
may be issued out of, and under the Seal of this Court, to be directed to, and served upon,  
the creditors, ~~legatees~~ next of kin, and all persons interested in the estate of the said  
deceased, requiring them to appear as in such citation directed, in this Court, and attend the  
final settlement of the accounts of your Petitioner as such Administrator  
as aforesaid.

Dated Dec<sup>r</sup> 16<sup>th</sup> 1879 — Calvin B. Jeter

of bad and doubtful accounts, and should be correctly footed up.  
 amount of each description of assets, and should be made and signed by the appraisers—  
 Upon the completion of the inventory, duplicates should be made and signed by the appraisers—  
 one to be retained by the administrator or executor, and the other to be returned to the Surrogate's  
 office, within three months from the date of the Letters, to be filed by the County Judge.

The following were all the accounts found  
 on the Books of Luther Peter deceased  
 remaining unpaid & due to his Estate viz

20	Dr	Amos Piner on conside <sup>r</sup> collected doubtful	7	34
		Jacob Goodrich	2	00
		Wm Shepherd		58
20		<del>Wm Shepherd</del>	5	78
		<del>Wm Shepherd</del>	6	98
17		Eliza Thorn		17
20		Frank White		40
20		Amelia Borthwick		75
20		John Babcock (col doubtful)	1	30
20		Frank Sebolt " "	2	30
20		Elisha Becker	6	40
20		Amos D Borthwick	1	29
		Martin L. Woodford	27	69
17		Myron Seave	4	75
		<del>Eli M. Dutton</del>	4	81
20		Lewelly Kerner	1	80
20		Adam Stiner		60
16		Eli Goodrich (col doubtful)	5	00
20		Lorenzo Borthwick	23	75
20		Chas Thorn	4	65
20		Chas Wood		60
58		Wm H. Brayman	5	68
50		Geo J Borthwick	1	30
		Lorenzo Borthwick for miscmtry on Settlement	151	79
			<b>266</b>	<b>01</b>

The following property was seized as  
 follows viz:

	7	Bunches Shingles & also loose one	3	50
		ox yoke		13
	2	pair Sleigh runners	1	00
	8	pair Whiffletrees	2	00
		ox yoke		50
	40	feet ash lumber		50
	10	" hemlock "		50

footing of the  
 appraised amount of  
 included in this Schedule

Scantains & prices	9 13
1 Garnil Stone	25-
1 Ladder	50
1 pitchfork	25-
1 brushhook	50
4 Axes	15-
12 Chisels	75-
4 Planes	2 50
adds Compass & darning knife	1 50
<del>signatures</del>	1 00
1 Spoke Shore	75-
1 round ax	25-
Brace & 12 bits	30
2 Saws	1 50
1 Screw thread cutter Hammer &c	50
Bolts & old iron in bag	1 00
Scratch and & Chalk line	25-
Dummy fork & shovel	15-
Lot of ash & basswood lumber	10
quantity lumber	25-
1 Bedstead & bedding	1 00
1 black coat & pants	3 00
1 grey mixed coat & pants	5 00
2 hair pants	2 00
1 overcoat	3 00
1 hat	1 00
1 pair gloves	1 00
<del>shoes</del>	75-
<del>shoes</del>	75-
1 butter tub	50
1 5 gal Molasses keg	25-
1 Persian net, 25 fish net, 50	75-
a quantity of Corn	1 50
1 round adds 30 3 cans, 25-	75-
1 gal Lecq. 10 1 1/2 bush Kresner, 25	35-
1 Carpenter Slick	25-
	47 93

117 93  
75

2.5 bot old wine in chamber, 50

1 00

	3 benches, 25 lot old iron in chamber, 50	417	98
	woy hook felted brass in box	1	05
	1 Whiffletie 20 pair clamps 20		30
	hoof bar	1	00
	1 pair scales	1	50
	Pick Ax		30
	1 hand saw		1 00
	1 buck "		25
	1 Oxy cutt "	1	50
	7 Chairs		35
\$65.87-	1 Double Shot gun	7	00
	The find and inventory and appraise the following notes which were among the effects of the deceased viz:	\$62	88
No 1	One was given by Abram S. Borthnick George J. Borthnick & Lorenzo Borthnick to Luther Peter or bearer dated April 12 1871 for \$300 payable with interest two years after date		
	The following endorsement appears on said note		
	"Rec <sup>d</sup> July 7 <sup>th</sup> 1876 Sixty Dollars on the within notes"		
	The amount now due on said note	410	73
No 2	another note given by Abram S. Borthnick George J. Borthnick & Lorenzo Borthnick to Luther Peter or bearer dated April 12 1871 for \$200 payable one year after date with interest		
	The following endorsement appears thereon viz:		
	"Rec <sup>d</sup> April 6 <sup>th</sup> 1875 on the within note \$157 <sup>71</sup> / <sub>100</sub> "		
	The amount now due on said note is	112	12
		522	85

The following amounts are due the following named heirs at law of Luther Yeeter, late of Brown Co. as found and ascertained, upon a final settlement of accounts of Calvin B. Yeeter Administrator, as stated in a decree made and entered in the Surrogate Court of Scho. Co. on said account, on the 26th day of January 1880 =

- To Calvin B. Yeeter. \$76.29.
- " Betty Yeeter 76.29.
- " David Yeeter. 76.29.
- " Alexander Yeeter 12.71
- " Angelina Holcomb Redick 12.71
- " David W. Yeeter 12.71
- " Rachel Greenup 12.72
- " Eliza P. Cantin Minor 12.72
- " Orlando Yeeter Minor 12.72
- " Charles West. Minor 38.15
- " Albert West. Minor 38.15

\$381.46

Received of Calvin B. Yeeter Administrator, payment in full of above amount decreed to be due us from estate of Luther Yeeter, deceased

Alexander Yeeter Betty Yeeter  
 Henry Rankin for Angelina his wife  
 David W. Yeeter Edward & S. C. Yeeter  
 F. W. Greenup for J. Rankin  
 Rachel Gillespie for J. Rankin  
 Maria Cantin }  
 for Maudie Keewong  
 Executors of the estate of  
 Calvin B. Yeeter

## Family Profile

### Donald and Constance (Murray) Teator A Son's View

Donald Orlando Teator was born on July 19, 1928, at Mackey's Five Corners, an almost forgotten crossroads in the Town of Gilboa. He was the first child of Orlando Teator and Glenna Fitch, soon to be followed in the next several years by Ferris, Barbara, and Charlotte.

By his own account, his family lived a poor



Wedding Day

existence, moving from place to place. His parents separated, and he remembered moving from a neighbor's or relative's house to another house, sometimes just overnight, sometimes for

months. One story he often told was of waking up one morning, beside several others, on the kitchen floor of his Uncle Norm and Aunt Evelyn's, who often shared their house with many others beside their own children. The moves came so often that he rarely finished a whole year in any school.

At about age ten, he was left to live with other farm families, his father still moving from place to place, eventually living in Albany, and his mother housekeeping for several places, the last one for Howard Shaw on Big Woods Road in Freehold from the 1940s to the early 1960's.

I recall his mentioning living with several farm families in the Oak Hill - Durham - Preston Hollow area. He might spend a few months at a place, and sometimes as long as a year. I recall his telling that he lived and worked at the Ralph Hull farm, the Leland and Dorothy Cook Farm, and the Ormsbee farm. Not one given to expressing much affection, he did seem to hold a special place for Mrs. Ormsbee.

I would hear stories of his walking across miles of farm land to get places, sometimes from Oak Hill to Freehold to visit his mother. The difficulty of living a life with non-family, however well-meaning, certainly had to shape his growing up years. And the toughness it built in him has been told me in a number of forms, from many sources. Some of you reading this must have a story or two of a tough, stubborn young man making his way

into adulthood. And I suspect I should let most of them lie in peace for now.

Eventually, he was drafted in the Army, and stationed in Camp Kilmer in New Brunswick, New Jersey. Since this was the early 1950s, my father faced, but never left to fight, the Korean War.

And then one of the chances that life throws in one's path came across his path. And that chance was the meeting of my mother, Constance Murray.

My mother had lived quite a different life. Born the oldest daughter to Ninian Murray and Ruth Williams in 1929, her parents and grandparents had been of a modest wealth, perhaps the wealth of her grandfather being a bit more than modest. They lived a genteel life, with strong family connections. My mother remembers the Depression years, with a suddenly lowered standard of living, but still with warm memories of family and neighborhood and growing up.

She grew up in the suburbanized Pompton Plains and West Orange area with her siblings (Bruce, Margaret and Grace), went to work for a dental surgeon, and met my father at a dance.

Six weeks later she was married to a strong, reasonably handsome young soldier from upstate New York. She was in for some big changes.

Finishing out his Army stay in Fort Eustis, Virginia, Don moved back to his home area, settling on the farm of Conrad Koch in South Bethlehem for about a year before buying the farm and former boarding house of Elmer Carlson on Big Woods Road. Forty-four years later, my mother still lives there.

It was a way of life my father was well acquainted with. For my mother, though, it was a time for coping. She suddenly found herself "alone" in what seemed like the backwoods, pretty backwoods however, of Greene County. I was a year old (having been born at the army base) when they moved into the Big Woods Road house, and within four years, my brothers Ron and David kept her busy. Church, Home Bureau, PTA and the school activities of her children allowed my mother to socialize and to know her new community.

Those of you familiar with Freehold in the 1950s know it was still a farming area, albeit one that was in an irreversible decline. Most of the town roads were still dirt, and the housing boom had not hit yet. (I remember growing up with five houses on the three miles of Big Woods Road; today, there are nearly thirty.) The boarding houses were the one growth industry although even they



were to rapidly change within the next ten years, if they wanted to remain open. So, the Teator family finally planted itself in a twelve room house on 82 acres.

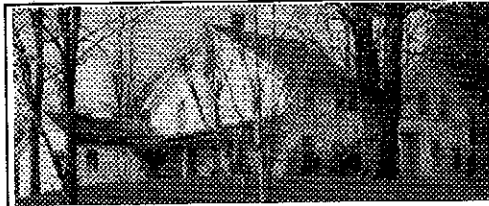
My father soon bought enough cows, about ten, to start shipping milk, and would get a little bigger before state regulations of the 1960s made him go back to a handful for home use. He bought a truck for the light trucking he would do in the area. He bought enough farm machinery to do the required haying he needed for himself and to hire out, which would end up being his main income. He would do a variety of other jobs -- light carpentry, farm work, mechanics, etc., -- in between, and for all his life worked for himself, working at these kinds of jobs, more of the handyman type as he got older. My father would call himself a "jack of all trades, master of none." Some of the neighbors I knew because of his long working relationship, and because we would also be on the job. He worked at Helen Ditges' for thirty five years, and I recall Pete Keefe, Stanley Kieszkiel, the Bates brothers, Bruce Whitbeck, the Freehold Farm Store, Bud Becker, and Everett and Doris Hempstead, as well as my uncles Ferris and Roger, among the collage of many faces and people who crossed paths with my father.

Thus, life was a hard, physical one for him, me, and my brothers. We were expected to help out with haying as soon as we were strong enough to lift a bale, and the bales my father baled were often 50-80 pounds. To save money from the kerosene stove, my father turned to wood heat, and I remember the first winter we heated with wood, wood that I had helped saw with a crosscut saw, something that changed with the purchase of a chainsaw the following year. Saving on store costs meant keeping a garden, a chore that was one of my main activities. Because I was young, I rarely helped my father when he drove the milk route, and the lifting of tens of eighty pound cans, sometimes one in each hand, a job my father had for about ten years. Even in later life, maple sugar season meant lugging gallons of sap from the woods and building a steady hot fire, but it gave him the satisfaction of physical work and a home-made treat most others had to buy at the store.

All of these types of jobs meant a person better be healthy and strong. And my father was known for his strength. His weight would often fluctuate between 200 and 220, and combined with

the strength of heavy lifting, I would observe and would often hear others' stories of his strength. (Perhaps, not wanting to have to do that meant I had to look for some other career choice!)

And he was an independent (some may say stubborn) man. Don usually got what he wanted, or he got what he wanted with what he



Big Woods Road House

had. Relative poverty meant he did a lot by himself and he took pride that no one was going to tell him what to do. If I had to pick out three or four principles he lived life by, this was one of them. The government was not going to tell him what to do, other people were not going to

tell him what to do, well, you get the picture. I did not pay much attention to this unless it came to my not applying for scholarships because he was not about to supply anybody with any information about his financial resources.

Another important element of his life was religion. I was about 8 or 9 when he was "saved". One can try to explain these momentous changes in life, and I'm not sure I can do justice to this one. I do recall him saying he was looking for a sign, found it, and turned to Christ to direct his life. Many of you who knew him already know of this part of his life, for it would be a vital one in his life.

He approached it in his usual way. He took a Moody Bible study course, spent hours on it while the cupboard was somewhat less than full. It was God's will (I mean no disrespect to any of your beliefs) and we would live with his, or His, will. Of course, he loved to argue about the Bible and what it meant. The book smarts that easily came to him showed in this newly found knowledge and in an ability to cross-reference from memory. At times, it might have looked like a bit of arrogance, especially at those times when he himself personally was delivering God's message (again, no disrespect). When the TV broke, it was never fixed or replaced, especially since it was the "tool of the Devil." I will always take with me the memory of the first-thing-in-the-morning, daily Bible reading and prayers.

As one church became too soft or not reflecting of my father's views about the Bible, he would turn to another church. Many of my memories of my youth are about the variety of churches. First, it was the Greenville Center Baptist Church, then on to Oak Hill Methodist, to Livingstonville, to West Kill, and finally to Westerlo Baptist. It was during my teen years that my father attended West Kill and the hour ride there and back, in addition to

making my sister carsick, made me wonder what he was seeking.

Yet, at the same time, this turn to religion humanized my father. The Ten Commandments, the New Testament's call to forgive and love one's neighbors softened, I think, the rugged edges. Sunday became an absolute day off, no work, even if the hay was raked and ready to be baled, and the forecast for Monday was rain. It was one of the few things I liked about Sunday. My father would help neighbors with odd jobs, often neighbors with little means. My mother might be irritated that things should have been done around the house but he would do for others, even if his own family might go without.

His independence meant cash only. He had no bank accounts, recalling the effect of the Depression and the banks closing on his and his parents' generation, and how their lives changed. The stores in the area, Lawyer's in East Durham, Wood's in Freehold, John I's and Powell's in Norton Hill, often extended credit. Still, he owed no one anything for any reason any where.

In the meantime, my mother's life was a hard one. She gradually adapted to country living. A daughter, Phyllis, was born twelve years after me, and as Phyllis became a teenager and young adult, my mother gained a good friend and confidant, a relationship that continues today. I remember many a meal my mother prepared at home and bringing it out to the whatever hay field my father was working at. She adapted to our lack of wealth, and kept a stability and warm spot for us kids. My mother would regularly visit her own parents and her grandfather, Henry S. Williams, in West Orange, and I remember many a ride for holidays to New Jersey when I was a kid.

Today, she still maintains the farm house, still heating with wood. Church is an important part of her life, having attended the Westerlo Baptist Church for the last fifteen years or so. She manages to keep up with her five grandchildren (Nathan, Tiffany, Brett, Jared, Rebekah) - in Freehold, Glenmont and Westerlo. For the last several years, my mother has volunteered as a Senior Companion which has kept her busy. At this point of life, even though she knows the farm house is a bit big, Freehold has meant the center of her adult life, even after my father's death.

A couple more pieces about my father. Despite some of the rough edges, he had plenty that I respected. His sense of honesty was one that was quietly practiced all his life. He felt his word was his honor, and he often carried out whatever he said, even if it occasionally was not to his benefit. If

Don Teator said he was going to be somewhere, or do something, one could count on it being done.

His love of nature also came shone clearly. Having lived a physical, outdoors lifestyle, and having lived in the same area for years, he tried, and I think succeeded, to pass along his observations and attitude towards the natural world. He would take a hike or two each year and would urge us to go along. Even as kids, we would tromp over Mt. Pisgah, Pratts Rock, and a few other places. When I was an older teen, the four of us hiked the Escarpment Trail in the same day. The last picture I took of him (he was terribly camera shy) was of him and my son Nathan on a hike from Diamond Falls to Westkill Mountain. Also, the cutting of wood over the years meant knowing wood well. And any of you who have lived on a farm knows that means a certain acceptance of whatever nature throws one's way.

Don Teator had always been a strong man. So, when he went to the doctor's in late 1988 and was told he had two weeks to live, you can imagine the shock for all of us. In his own stubborn way, he had ignored, or had allowed us not to notice, the pain that ultimately meant that cancer was destroying his body. With some chemotherapy and radiation, he lasted until May of the following year, and was buried in the Freehold Cemetery, in the town where he lived longer than any place he had ever lived, and longer than anyone would have expected. During his illness and after his death, it would not be uncommon for someone tell me some story or memory they had of my father. At the memorial service, nearly 200 people filled the Westerlo Baptist Church, with tens of people contributing a memory or story about my father's life and service. And for all the contentiousness of my teen years with him, I was fortunate enough to recognize the person many of these people were talking about. Although Don Teator was no saint of a man (something, I think, he would have been the first to admit), he made a strong impression on the people around him.

I end this hoping, for those of you who knew him, that you recognize parts of what I've written. I know some of you have stories that add to or may counter mine own. But as I started out reminding you, I tell this through a son's filter.

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#### **Reminders:**

Last newsletter's reminders still stand. Please let me of address changes, desire to change your address label, new households, any birth or marriage or death. You can email me at [teator@aol.com](mailto:teator@aol.com).

red - no address known

REUNMAIL

8/12/97

first	last	addr1	addr2	city	st	zip	phone	9
Lawrence & Michel	Armstrong	19 Eldred Ave		Bedford	OH	44146		x2
Robert & Bonnie	Armstrong	4793 Maple St		Willoughby	OH	44094		x2
Robert & Janet	Armstrong			Cornwallville	NY	12418		92
Ken & Pat	Baldwin	1 Marlboro		Athens	NY	12015	518-945-2697	92
Vernon & Kirsten	Baldwin	RD#1		Coxsackie	NY	12051	518-731-9705	92
Ken	Baldwin	RR#1, Box 99L-1		West Coxsackie	NY	12192	518-731-2589	92
Sky & Diane	Ben	RD#1, Box 57		Coxsackie	NY	12051		x2
Katherine	Brink	Box 24		Durham	NY	12422	518-239-6920	92
Bruce & Bonda	Brink	Box 26	Susquehanna Tpke	Durham	NY	12422		92
Ernest & Peggy	Brink	Box 19	Susquehanna Tpke	Durham	NY	12422		92
Linda	Carey	74 Summit Ave		Catskill	NY	12414-1025		92
Douglas & Pamela	Dunavin	Box 93, Albany Tpke R		East Chatham	NY	12060-0093	518-392-4037	x2
Gene & Claudia	Every	RD#1, Box 109C		Cornwallville	NY	12418		92
David & Lori	Fogarty	126 Main Str		Catskill	NY	12414		92
Shelia	Hallock			Philmont	NY		518-672-7470	x2
Bebera	Hallock	HCR#2, Box 135D		Fleischmanns	NY	12430	914-254-5314	92
William	Hallock	PO Box 429		West Sand Lake	NY	12196-0429		92
Gayle	Hallock			Rensselaer	NY	12144	518-426-9057	92
William	Hallock	RD#1, Box 98D	Edwards Hill Rd	Oak Hill	NY	12460		x2
Ken & Sharon	Hayner	RD, Box 85	Crawford Rd	Laurens	NY	13796		92
Robert & Robin	Koochagian	9 Carriage Dr		Doylestown	PA	18901		x2
William & Elsie	La Bate	21 Kallen Ave		Schenectady	NY	12304	518-381-6105	x2
Tamara	Lynk	60H Str, Apt. 2		Boston	MA	02127		x2
Charles	Lynk	PO Box 281		Slingerlands	NY	12159		x2
Robert & Nancy	Lynk	70 Mosher Rd		Delmar	NY	12054	518-439-3948	92
Archie & Charlie	Lyon	Box 27	Susquehanna Tpke	Durham	NY	12422		92
John & June	Monette	883 Warren St		Albany	NY	12208	518-438-0235	92
Cindy & Wes	Moore	RD, Box 225		Medusa	NY	12120		92
David & Jennifer	Murray	630 Fobes St		Painesville	OH	44077		x2
Steven & Karin	Page	10 Dewberry Way		Bel Air	MD	21014	301-698-1367	x2
Edna	Pearson	633 Delaware Ave	Apt 15	Delmar	NY	12054		x2
Walter	Pearson	Box 174		Rensselaerville	NY	12147	518-797-3947	x2
David & Cindy	Phillips	7A Wilshire Dr		Albany	NY	12205-2109		x2
Charles	Radick	PO Box 566		Preston Hollow	NY	12469		92
Herman & Susan	Reinhold	1844B Missouri Str		Grand Forks AFB	ND	58204		x2
Hayden	Reynolds	7 Boulevard Terrace		Boston	MA	02134		x2
Mark & Kim	Reynolds	Box 201, Rt 9W		Selkirk	NY	12158		92
Cliff & Phyllis	Richardson	RR#1, Box 90CA		Westerlo	NY	12193	518-297-5204	92
Ed & Shirley	Ritter	R.D.		Coxsackie	NY	12051		92
Jeff	Rogers	102 Saddle Rock Rd		Lynchburg	VA	24503-3852		x2
Kevin	Rogers	129 Beulah Rd		Doylesstown	PA	18901		x2
Charlotte	Rogers	RD1, Box 225		Medusa	NY	12120	518-731-6898	92
Charles & Linda	Ruocco	RD#1, Box 103		Greenville	NY	12083	518-634-7361	92

Wm Hallock Sr. with son

first	last	addr1	addr2	city	st	zip	phone	9
Glenna & John	Ryan	1223 Pleasant St		Schenectady	NY	12303		92
LeRoy & Rose	Salisbury	23 Arden Lane		Wynantskill	NY	12198	518-489-27157	92
Andrew & Bonny	Sattler	Box 28A	County Rt. 10	Durham	NY	12422		92
<del>Keith &amp; Lynn</del>	<del>Skortseve</del>	Box 36		Summit	NY			x2
Roberta & Charles	Soderblom	Rt. 145		Durham	NY	12422	518-239-4892	92
Katherine	Teator	Rt 1, Box 440D		Middleburgh	NY	12122		92
Raymond & Barbara	Teator	Rt. 145		Durham	NY	12422		92
Howard & Stella	Teator	Box 60		Acra	NY	12405	518-622-3809	92
Constance	Teator	RD#1, Box 140		Freehold	NY	12431	518-634-2515	92
Donald & Debra	Teator	RD#1, Box 147		Freehold	NY	12431	518-634-2397	92
Donald	Teator			East Chatham	NY	12060		x2
Roger	Teator	Sunny Hill Rd		Greenville	NY	12083		x2
Braley & Marjorie	Teator	Tower Mountain Rd		Stamford	NY	12167		92
James and Bev	Teator	7A Wilshire Dr		Albany	NY	12205	518-452-9765	92
William R.	Teator	Rt. 145		Durham	NY	12422		92
Ferris & Althea	Teator	1383 Blue Mt. Rd		Saugerties	NY	12477	914-246-6848	92
Norman & Astrid	Teator	Elm Str		Valatie	NY	12184	518-684-5584	x2
Gary & Marjorie	Teator	RR#2, Box 529A		Pleasant Valley	NY	12569		92
Alfreda	Teator	2456 Flicker Pl		Melbourne	FL	32904		92
Adam	Teator	PO Box 185		Greenville	NY	12083		x2
Ron & Leona	Teator	Hartman Rd		Glenmont	NY	12077	518-463-0891	92
David & Connie	Teator	Box 26D		Coxsackie	NY	12051	518-731-6179	x2
Jay & Anita	Teator	SR Box 60		Acra	NY	12405		92
Darren	Teator	SR Box 60		Acra	NY	12405		92
Mark & Tammy	Teator	RR#6, Box 71	Colonial Circle	Trinity	NC	27370		92
Norman	Teator			Durham	NY	12422		92
Phil	Teator	1608 Avenida Oceano		Oceanside	CA	92056-6925	619-945-6532	
Loretta	Wilgus	806 Cedar Ct		Coxsackie	NY	12051-1720		92

RD Box 225  
Medusa  
12120

7/14/97

Dear Donnie:

I received and read your account of your father's life and it brought back a flood of memories. In your words, it was a "son's view". I thought perhaps you might like to have a sister's point of view. There was another side to my brother which probably few people ever got to know.

I was only 5 years old when our father got custody of the four of us: Donald, Ferris, Barbara and me. My recollections are dim because of my age at the time, but I do remember that our father was not home much of the time and we four were left alone a lot, even at night. My big brother looked out for us and tried to see that we had something to eat. I seem to recall big pots of "mush". I can also recall thunder and lightning storms and my sister and me being scared to death. (I still don't like them to this day!) For an 11 year old, my brother had a big responsibility.

That same summer my two brothers left one day and walked over the back fields from EastDurham to Cornwallville to where my mother was staying. After finding out where the boys were, my father took my sister and me and dumped us on Uncle Norm and Aunt Evelyn. I stayed with them for all of my school years and left when I graduated from high school at 17. My sister had left some years earlier to live with our mother.

Over those years I had little contact with my mother, father or brothers. However, when I was in my early teens and Donald was old enough to have a license to drive a truck, he had a milk route and took cans of milk from farmers to the creamery. After his milk run was finished, he would stop by my Aunt's or where I was working to see me. When he was going in the service, he was the one who told me and we corresponded for all of the time he was at Camp Kilmer. He wrote me about his marriage and when I was a senior in high school, he invited me down to visit. I went down to New Jersey the day before you were born. Because he was spending most of his time at the hospital with your Mom and I was alone at the apartment, I went to stay with your grandparents (the Murrays) until your mother and you came home from the hospital. He was a very caring brother, husband and new father.

When he got out of the service and moved to S. Bethlehem, I was again invited to his home. When he bought the Carlson farm, I again was invited to visit. I have very pleasant memories of those visits.

I was married a year or so later and we saw each other whenever we could. In the early 60's your mother took you kids and left for a time. I think at that point my brother had a nervous breakdown. He was a broken and lonely man. I have never seen anyone so helpless. He was at our house every night during the whole time your mother was gone. Needless to say, things were reconciled and things seemed back to normal, but my brother was never the same after that. Some of the bravado was gone.

Over the ensuing years, we were both busy raising our families and saw each other occasionally. After my divorce, he again found time to visit me.

Then on one hot summer evening my brother came alone to visit me. He knew he was dying; I didn't and he didn't tell me. I guess I should have known because of the way the conversation went. The last time I saw him was in the VA Hospital in Albany. My big, strapping brother was no more.

I guess what I wanted you to know is that your father had a softer side. He was the only one of our family who kept in touch with everyone, even though our family was split apart. He visited our father, our mother, my brother and sister, my Aunt and Uncles, and cousins. It seems looking back that even though his family deserted him, he wanted to make sure he kept in touch with all of us. These are some of the memories of my brother that I will always remember. I miss him!

Sincerely,

*Charlotte*  
(Aunt) Charlotte