



Teator - Teter Tree

Winter 2012

Newsletter #31

Good day, to all of us descendents of John Teter!

I trust life is treating you well since the last newsletter (eighteen months ago, in case you are counting).

I will be sending out a shorter newsletter in a few months which will serve as the 2012 Teator Reunion invitation, usually set for the third Sunday in July (the 15th). I still need to arrange for the site but, unless events intervene, Brandow Park is our usual place. If you have thoughts to do something different, let me know – mail, phone (634-2397), or email (dteator@gmail.com).

My travels have taken me around, and past, many of our local homesteads, leading to memories and stories and so on. But, the devastation inflicted by Hurricane Irene on so many people is heart-rending. I can only hope that all of you who experienced the brunt of the storm, and the follow-up of Hurricane Lee, escaped this devastating damage. Here in Freehold, we watched potential disaster approach within feet of us, but eventually we suffered only minor cosmetic lawn damage.

On to cheerier stuff.

One of my best days of this past half-year was a late morning in early December when I rode backseat to Wayne Teter and Ray Teator. I had wanted, and arranged for, the three of us to visit some old Teter/Teator sites (originally planned for later summer but life's details kept butting in). On the edge of the back seat, I was the kid in the candy store!

Keep in mind that I was in the midst of two of the best story-tellers and memory keepers of the Teter/Teator clan, and, in this case, $1+1=3$. One memory led to another which led to some tangent which led to a further afield offshoot that then connected back to the main point (or some point!).

Wayne drove, and we started up Cheese Hill, the last right turn in Preston Hollow (just before the park, as one drives westward). Cheese Hill is quite a climb, making one wonder how our ancestors found such hilly territory (the Teters seemed to find a lot of these areas). Nearing the top, before it meets Scutt Rd, Wayne pulled over for a view across the Catskill Creek Valley, a vantage point from which one can see "Teter Hollow", the deep cut valley leading southward from Rt 145, accessed by the full-skeleton metal bridge that crosses the Catskill Creek, just before one drives into Livingstonville. (It appears the flood waters of Irene have mortally damaged the bridge even though it still stands.)

Teter Hollow contains an old, abandoned roadway that connects Rt 145 by that bridge and leads up the mountain until you arrive at Teter Rd, just over the crest of the Broome Center Rd from Potter Hollow. I believe John Teter lived, for a short time, on a piece of 10-15 acres on mostly flat land in that "holler" (unbelievably, considering how steep everything else is).

Before turning up Scutt Rd, I led Wayne and Ray to the Cheese Hill Cemetery, where David Teter and Catherine Hess Teter, and a bunch of Hess relatives, are buried. The last time I was there, some

twenty-five years ago, I shot pictures of those stones, many of which we could not find this time.

From there, we drove up Scutt Rd, to the next four corners, the northwest corner being where the David Teter house is marked on the 1850s map, later lived in by Luther Teter, whose inventory of household goods and belongings were detailed in an earlier newsletter. Today, the area is grown up in the tree-planting efforts of the CCC and of the Depression Era, and any easily visible trace of a house is gone.

The turnaround down the mountain led to, and past, Potter Hollow bearing left into Bates Hollow, where Wayne's grandfather Marion and great-grandfather George lived, with Marion's house located midway-ish between the main road and the intersection in Bates Hollow. The house burned several years ago.

Along the way, Wayne recounted memories about his parents, and grandparents, and great-grandparents, and other community members. With Ray filling in his share, I got quite an earful of Teter/Teator, as well as community, history.

Thanks, Wayne & Ray, for a wonderful day.

Vitals: recent or catch-up

(If any birth, marriage, death of any "Reunion" member has not been listed in this newsletter, please contact me to update my file, no matter how old the event is. Thank you.)

Births

- Lucy Brink Palmer (no hyphen!), 28 May 2011, at Columbia Memorial Hospital, Hudson, NY; to Alicia (Brink) and Shawn Palmer

Marriages

- Tiffany Teator to Valbon Nishefci, 29 Dec 2008, at City Hall in Podujeve, Kosovo; Tiffany is the daughter of Ron and Leona Teator; Val is the son of Ismet and Halime Nishefci
- Nicole Murray to Noah Brudapast, 25 Jun 2010, at Mooreland Mansion, Kirtland, Ohio; Nicole is the daughter of Jennifer (Armstrong) and David Murray.
- Alfreda Teator to Bud Breyer, 8 Sep 2010,
- Lisa Every to Kevin MacNeill, 15 Oct 2011, at Oak Hill-Durham United Methodist Church, Durham, NY; Lisa is the daughter of Claudia (Armstrong) and Gene Every. Kevin is the son of William MacNeill and Nancy MacNeill.

Deaths (obituaries included)

- Vincent Teator – 6 Oct 2010
- Donald O. Teator – 15 Oct 2010
- Ed Ritter – 29 Jan 2011
- Roger Teator – 1 Feb 2011
- Kenneth Baldwin Sr. – 26 May 2011

Congratulations to the new brides and grooms, and congratulations to the new parents. We wish you years of joy and pleasure.

Our sympathy, of course, extends to those of us who lost someone close.

The Baldwin family held a memorial service for Ken, Sr., on a very nice day beside a bucolic pond in South Westerlo, with memories to tell and with family and friends to share it with. Thank you, Ken & Herman & Karin & Sky & Sky, for inviting Deb and me, and congratulations on putting together a keepsake scrapbook of photos and memories of your father.

I don't have all the details of Roger's death but it appears that an obituary was not written. So, I am doing one for our sake. (This is the reason why all of us should write our own history; otherwise, your children and/or other relatives get to tell their "facts," no matter how fair and careful they are.

Vincent Teator, son of Glenna Teator, also died since last newsletter. I have included the piece posted online.

On another family note, I have copied a recent article about my brother Ron's business. Even taking into account the appearance of cheerleading for Ron, I thought the article consequential enough and probably interesting for most of you.

Also copied is a worthy 2010 article about Wes Moore, husband of Cindy, who is the daughter of Charlotte (Teator) Rogers.

If you have articles like this, feel free to pass them along.

Also, I would like, with your agreement, to invite Wayne Teter and Susan Weaver (and families) to the next reunion. Although they do not descend from our John Teter, both descend from John Teter's brother, Calvin. Their father is David, thus making the next closest connection we have, and even more interconnections to enjoy. And, since both live in the area, I feel it is more natural to include them.

Take care,



27 Jan 2011

RAVENA

Crossroads Ford: An American auto success story

By Hilary Hawke 10.9.10
Hudson-Catskill Newspapers CDM

When Ron Teator decided to close the old Crossroads Ford and Mercury Dealership on Route 9W directly across the street from Route 143, he knew he might be taking a chance.

The economy was fragile. Auto companies like GM and Chrysler had been taken over by the federal government. The recession was still raging.

But Teator is nothing if not unfailingly optimistic, so when the opportunity arose to buy the former Marshall's Subaru dealership slightly north of the original Crossroads and on the other side of the road, Teator jumped at it.

Since the fire several years ago which had severely limited Crossroads space, showroom access and employee quarters, it had been tough going.

The new property offered almost 14,000 square feet of interior space, a massive parking area which currently stores roughly 80 new and 70 used vehicles, and the possibility of acquiring another building on the property's northern border.

Nine months later, after months of renovations, painting, repaving and reconfiguring, Crossroads is not only up to its former business but has surpassed it by roughly 25 percent.

Business is so good Teator has added four people to his staff - a mechanic, a service adviser, a salesperson and an office worker.

"We have two-and-a-half times the space we had at the old location," Teator said. "I've invested considerable money into the business and I fought to keep it in this area. The community has been unbelievably encouraging and customers have told me getting in and out of the shop is much more convenient now."

But moving took a lot more than money. It took hours of sweat equity, painting and refinishing the interior, and cleaning the mess the former tenant had left behind.

"It took us thirty days to move in completely," Teator said. "Our 22-member staff and Office Manager Ann Schaub were invaluable. We never closed at all."

During the tour of the property,

Teator was understandably proud of everything from the eleven bays in the service area to the new detailing shop.

The double Crossroads signs on the exterior make the dealership more visible to travelers driving either north or south on 9W, and the impressive Ford sign towers invitingly over the dealership.

The new location has a huge gleaming showroom with room for six cars, a service area, mezzanine, offices, a customer waiting area and more.

Teator went so far as to regrade the bank behind the buildings and plant colorful wild flowers along it. One employee set up a communal picnic table.

Teator, who said he had always wanted to own a dealership, worked for many years in the service side of the business. He said he is one of those rare auto dealers who understand cars from front to back, as well as the business side of it.

"I want to sell and service vehicles," he said. "I know my product inside and out. I

love cars. I love people. I love getting people in a car they love."

And he is clearly proud to be selling outstanding American-made cars when the auto industry is on life support.

"I am impressed with Ford's 2011 line," he said. "The new models feature fuel economy, reliability, comfort and affordability."

"We provide financing, full warranties, and even loaner cars," he added.

On the wall in Teator's spotless office are works of art from local artists, including Stanley Maltzman. But the one Teator is most proud of is a picture of himself with Ford CEO Alan Mulally at the 2010 Ford convention in Chicago.

"I thanked him for not taking the bailout and for helping make Ford a profitable and enduring company," he said.

"I foresee running a Ford dealership in this area for many years to come."

Pointing out a photo donated by Ravena Coeymans Historical Society President Ralph Bianco of a 1909 Ford, Teator just smiled.

The photo said it all: Ford: 100 years and counting.

Edward J. Ritter, 80, formerly of Cossackie, died at Livingston Hills Nursing and Rehab Center following a brief illness.

Mr. Ritter was born on the family farm on Flats Road in Cossackie on July 10, 1930 to the late John G. and Clara Agnes Pheifaus Ritter. He owned and operated his own dairy farm, currently the Ritter Bros. Farm until his retirement. He was an accomplished accordion player who enjoyed playing with a local band and in later years entertaining private groups with his music.

He is survived by his sister Barbara T. Ritter of Catskill; five nephews: Stephen J. Ritter, Richard Ritter, Herman J. Ritter Jr., Joseph Ritter and Robert Ritter in addition to his niece Karen Ritter, great-nieces, great-nephews, and cousins. He was predeceased by two brothers: Peter Ritter and Herman J. Ritter Sr. and his wife Shirley Mae Teator Ritter on March 25, 1998.

Friends and relatives are invited to call at the Millspaugh Camerato Funeral Home at 139 Jefferson Heights in Catskill on Sunday from 2 to 5 p.m. Funeral services will be held at noon on Monday in the funeral home with Pastor Neil Irwin officiating. Interment in the Town of Catskill Cemetery will be at the convenience of the family.

Baldwin, Kenneth Sr.

COXSACKIE — Kenneth Baldwin Sr., 78 years, of Coxsackie, passed away on May 26, 2011.

Born in Durham, N.Y., on October 6, 1932, son of the late Vernon and Nora Baldwin. He was a welder, retired from Paddock Pools.

Predeceased by his wife, Loretta Baldwin and son, John Baldwin. Surviving are his children, Kenneth Baldwin Jr., Herman Reinhold, Karin Page, Vernon Baldwin and Sky Ben and 19 grandchildren.

Arrangements by the Cunnigham Funeral Home are at the convenience of the family.

Teator, Donald O.

EAST CHATHAM — Donald O. Teator, 62, of Albany Turnpike, East Chatham, died Friday, October 15, 2010 at Columbia Memorial Hospital. Mr. Teator born July 6, 1948 in Chatham is the son of the late Willis and Freda (Whitbeck) Teator.

He graduated high school and went to work for John Blake in the roofing business for many years before he became employed with New York State Police as a security guard for 27 years mostly in the TenEyck Building of North Pearl Street in Albany. He was a member of the Police Benevolent Association Inc. of which he was proud of. He was an avid New York Yankee fan.

He is survived by his wife, Margaret (Peg) Morse Teator of East Chatham; daughter, Peggy Sue Teator of East Chatham; stepson, Patrick MacIntyre of Rochelle, Ill.; brother, Norman Teator of Valatie; sisters, Pamela Dunavin of East Chatham, Rose Salisbury of Latham, June Monette of Albany, Alfreda Teator of Melbourne, Fla. He was predeceased by his sister, Elsie LaBate. He is also survived by many nieces and nephews.

Calling hours will be Wednesday evening 6-8 p.m. with a memorial service following at 8 p.m. from the Wenk Funeral Home Chatham, N.Y.

Memorials may be made to the National Kidney Foundation, 99 Troy Rd., Suite 200, East Greerbush, NY 12061-1027. For online condolences visit:

wenkfuneralhome.com

“Vince "Two Bears" Teator was born September 9, 1938 in Stanford, New York. He was called on by his creator on October 6, 2010. He was a Vietnam Veteran and served as a Navy Seal, Sergeant 1st Class from 1964-1968, receiving an honorable discharge. He was recognized as an Elder into the Iron Circle Nation in the early 90's. Vince was very proud of his native culture and found great strength in his beliefs. To all who knew him, he freely shared his wisdom as well as his mistakes, always using them as a reminder that anyone can change. You could tell him anything and he made you believe it would all work out. Those lucky enough to be on Vince's "beaten path", got to Beehim often. He had an enormous chosen family and Vince was greatly loved and will be eternally missed. He loved, was kind, and loyal. He is survived by many friends who will keep his spirit alive simply because he touched us.”

(from an online memorial, forwarded by Glenna Ryan - thank you, Glenna)

(the same forward has a picture of Vincent, and a bear paw print.)

(my note: Vincent was the son of Glenna (Fitch) Teator. He was living in California, most recently in the San Pedro area, from what I am told. He is survived by a half-sister, Charlotte Rogers; and is predeceased (today) by half-siblings Donald O, Ferris, Barbara, and Roger. If anyone has anything to add to this, let me know.)

Roger Teator passed quietly in his sleep, at home, on February 1, 2011. He was born February 22, 1942.

Roger was raised in Freehold on the Howard Shaw Farm on Big Woods Road, where his mother Glenna (Fitch) Teator lived as a housekeeper for the Shaw family. He attended Greenville Central School until the junior high school years. He worked on the farm until the death of Howard Shaw forced the transfer of the property about 1962.

Roger, along with his mother, then moved to East Red Mill Road, Greenville. When Roger's mother died in 1974, he continued at the same site until a few years later when he inherited the Sam Johnson house on Sunny Hill Rd, Freehold. Roger moved to the "new" house, where he lived until his death.

He was cremated, with burial site plans still to be determined.

Roger was predeceased by his half-siblings Donald O, Ferris, Barbara and Vincent; and his mother. Surviving is a half-sister Charlotte, as well as nearly a dozen nephews and nieces.

After leaving the farm, Roger worked many years as a groundskeeper/cleaner at the Pioneer Insurance Building in Greenville, followed by a number of years at the Greenville Recycling Center, until he retired on disability.

(If you wish to add to this, let me know.)

Like father, like son

The late Ivan Moore and his son,
Wes Moore have served the public for
more than half a century combined,
helping keep roads safe in the town of
Durham since 1954.

Apr 24, 25
2010
CDM

By Michael Ryan
Hudson-Catskill Newspapers

DURHAM — There's probably going to be some bewilderment in Durham when citizens of that rural, Greene County community head to the polls, next election, to pick their highway superintendent.

For the first time in half a century, somebody with the last name Moore won't be running for the office, making people think maybe they've wandered into the wrong town.

Wes Moore is retiring in late June after 36 years on the job,

including 23 as the roads chief, having literally and figuratively followed in the footsteps of his father, Ivan Moore.

Actually, the family connection to the highway department goes back more than 50 years, since Ivan started working as a laborer in the mid-1950's before becoming the boss in 1960.

Voters never had to think twice about him or his son doing whatever needed to be done and then some, walking into the polling booth always feeling absolute faith, pulling the same lever.

No disrespect intended to Alan Beechert, who has been Wes Moore's deputy superintendent and the guy Wes has hand-picked to pick up where the Moore legacy leaves off.

He's a good man," Moore says, letting residents know that Beechert, who must campaign for the title in the fall, won't miss a beat when June 23 comes and goes like a warm breeze.

It will be just another day according to Moore, who says he won't look back, content to exit now while he is still youthful in spirit

and his aching back is relatively strong.

"I'm wore out," Wes says, which isn't surprising. Over the past five decades and then some there has been a Moore watching over things, seemingly being more places than one at once.

The proverbial branch didn't fall far from the tree with respect to either father or son, beginning with Ivan who had a reputation for wearing his heart and his soul on his sleeve.

Please see Moore, page C2

Continued from page C2

Two o'clock in the morning phone calls from neighbors seeking help never went unanswered, even after a rough couple of days behind the wheel, plowing snow that was drifted up over the axles.

The son's inability to say no sprang from that same fellowship source so it is highly doubtful Wes Moore will be disappearing, already telling the new boss he'll be a backup in a pinch.

"I'll come in if he needs somebody to do some paving in the summer or some plowing, if the guys are tired, but otherwise I'm not going to miss it," Moore says, not totally convincingly.

This last winter was not entirely awful for Moore, with its historic snowstorms that dumped as much as five feet of white stuff in the Durham Valley and more than seven feet on the mountaintop.

It's true that Wes got a plow stuck and almost tipped it over during the deluge, on Cunningham Mountain, an infamous spot that has plagued road crews in Durham for generations.

He had to get yanked out and while he was sitting there, taking in the scenery, Windham highway super Tommy Hoyt happened to call on the cell phone, asking for assistance.

Windham had 12 miles of unplowed roads and Hoyt was shifting to Plan B. "Yeah, he got ahold of me and I said I'd be glad to come up but first I had a little problem I needed to fix," Moore says.

No further explanation was offered in his typical laid back fashion, and the next morning, grinning from ear to ear, Moore was headed for the hilltowns in his trusty V-Plow.

"I'm the happiest when I'm night-plowing," he says. "I love it. My father was like that too. I remember, growing up as a kid, going out with him in the middle of the night."

"I was ten years old or thereabouts, working as his wingman. We were together a lot. I'd hang around the shop and my dad taught me the basics. He was real good about it."

"He'd show me something and then leave me alone to have at it, let me figure it out on my own. If I ran into trouble, he'd be near by to help me out. That's kinda' the way I like to do things too."

The careers of father and son overlapped, with Wes stepping in on January 1, 1988, less than 24 hours after Ivan officially stepped out, though Ivan seldom strayed far from the garage.

Dad, "didn't want the headaches and responsibilities anymore," says the son, but the father worked for his boy as a mechanic until the day he passed away, gracefully passing the torch and tool box.

There are no more Moore sons. Wes and his wife Cindy have a daughter, Kristy, who has a Masters Degree in Ocean Engineering and lives in Florida, about as far away from winter as she can get.

Kristy's mom and pop met in serendipitous fashion. Cindy, from a nearby town, was visiting her

cousin, a couple of miles from the Durham highway department barn, playing volleyball.

Wes cruised by on a motorcycle and his pal Bernie Mulford hollered for him to stop, introducing him to the woman who would be his wife by saying, "this girl is looking to get married."

"Who knows what would have happened if I hadn't stopped?" Moore says. Thirty-one years down the road, mom and pop live on the same farm where Wes grew up, a mile or so from the shop.

Durham's highway department has become known as a National Guard base during Moore's tenure, an affectionate reference to Wes' penchant for buying junkers and turning them into jewels.

"I've never liked new trucks," he says, not only for their expense, which has quadrupled since he took the reins, but also because he felt too prim and proper in a shiny pickup truck or front-end loader.

A fleet of used military vehicles have been transformed into plows and whatever else the town requires, saving taxpayers plenty and letting Moore "drive the heck out of them," like a kid with a toy.

The child in him won't ever stop tinkering with machines and motors (until the Man Upstairs needs an engine rebuilt, exactly like his father), even as the grown up moves on to a different existence.

"I've been very fortunate," Moore says. "The town of Durham let me hire guys who all had a knack for doing something. They work very well together. We're lucky to have them."

"The only thing I had to do, besides putting together a budget, was give the men an idea of what had to be done and let them have at it. They generally came up with something better than what I would."

To reach reporter Michael Ryan call 518-734-4400, or e-mail mryan@windhamjournal.registerstar.com. To comment directly on this story, visit www.registerstar.com.

Nice article!
Wes!