

Greenville Local History Group Newsletter

August 2026, Issue 348

Lillian Joy—the person, family, scrapbooks

A pleasant enough evening, although slightly warm, as August so often can be, awaited these attendees: Joyce Chase, Anita Orsino, Terry & Garth Bryant, Stewart Wagner, Margaret Donohue, Bonnie Chase Gifford, Roger Gifford, Johanna & Robert Titus, Peter O'Hara & John Garofalo, David Tschinkel,

John Snider, Mary Lou Nahas, Jon Haker, Lew Knott, James Haker, Ed Volmar, Elaine & Toby Nevins, Vaila Joy, Edward Stephen Joy, Wayne Joy, Stephanie Ingalls, Christine Mickelsen, Robin & Gary Binley, Don Teator, and a few more who evaded capture by pen or memory. It was heart-warming to see so many of Lillian Joy's descendants.

Lillian Mackey Joy: The Woman, Her Family, Her Scrapbooks

The following quote is not attributed to any one person but one variant by Ernest Hemingway went: "Every man has two deaths - when he is buried in the ground and then when the last time someone says your name."

The gut feeling behind the quote was enough reason for Joyce Chase to team up with Don Teator with the best look in 38 years at the Lillian Joy Scrapbooks.

These albums had been placed in the historian's collection during Edna Adams' tenure as Town Historian. Edna (the town historian before Don, 1980-1988) had known about the collection (apparently about 30 books) and had suggested to Mrs. Joy that the books that were of Greenville interest should be preserved. Eventually, sixteen of the scrapbooks, roughly 12"x15"x2" in size, were given to the files.

These scrapbooks were created for private purposes by Mrs. Joy and thus the material included showed the general Greenville area, headlines in the news, feature articles of her interest, and news from the Cattaraugus area in which one of her children lived. The newspaper clippings came mostly from the Greenville Local but a half dozen other papers were used semi-regularly.

Clippings were pasted on every single square inch of page and thus felt something like a mosaic at times. Entries started in the late 1940's with much of the information in the late 1950's and throughout the 1960's. Often featured are the pieces of the individual hamlet correspondents, reports of accidents and crimes, pictures of local people, etc.



Mackey Family, 1895: Corning, Linda,
Lillian (on top of wagon), Niles, Libbie

The sixteen albums are stored in three archival boxes. Album numbers, with date ranges of material, is as follows:

Box One: with albums numbered:

3 – 1940s & 1950s

4, 5, 7, 8 – mid-late 1950s

Box Two: with albums numbered:

9, 10, 13, 14 – early-mid 1960s

19 – 1969-1970

Box Three: with albums numbered:

11-12 – 1957-1962

17, 20 – mid-1960s, piece of 1950s

21 – 1963-1970

28 – 1940-1950s

The curious mind, of course, immediately wonders what happened to the other half of the albums. If there is an answer, it seems to not be known.

More on the albums' contents after Joyce's contribution. She gathered her information and contributed, and read, the following feature of her Grandmother Lillian Joy's life, with the trail of family, to be enjoyed.

The Life and Times of Lillian Joy

June 4, 1885 - June 17, 1982

By her granddaughter, Joyce A Joy Chase

My goal today is to enlighten you of the life of Lillian Joy who resided both in the Town of Rensselaerville and the Town of Greenville. Most of my facts are from a book that her daughter, Dorothy Joy Haker put together after her Mom's passing. This proves Don's statement about the 2 deaths. I am so thankful for all the information she provided.

Lillian, my Grandmother, was born in a house on Sayre Road in the hamlet of Medusa and the Town of Rensselaerville on June 4, 1885. She was one of three children born to Corning Erastus Mackey and Libbie A. Niles Mackey; Lillian, the oldest child, and then Niles Luther born September 10, 1887 and Linda born June 11, 1892. They attended school at the Sayre schoolhouse and the schoolhouse in Medusa. Her attendance was spotty as there were medical issues at home that sometimes required her absence.

At the age of 25 she married Stephen Walter Joy whose family originally came from Manchester, England and settled in Kingston then journeyed north to the Town of Rensselaerville on Kenyon Rd. They lived but a few miles from one another. A marriage was planned and on October 19, 1910, in a cream colored cashmere and lace wedding dress with a 22 inch waist was made by her cousin, Emma Mackey Rawlings. A ceremony was performed by Rev. W. L. Comstock of Cornwallville at Lillian's home on Sayre Rd. in Medusa. The reception was also held at the home and about 60 people attended. They didn't leave for the honeymoon alone, as her sister and friend accompanied them as far as Coxsackie with a horse and decorated carriage toting the sign "We're Hitched".

From Coxsackie they went on to Albany, Schenectady, Goshen, Oriskany, Syracuse and back home arriving on the first Monday in November the 7th, 1910. They had to be home in time to vote! I roughly figured it to be 350 miles one way. When they returned to the home of the groom, Stephen, the snow banks were higher than the horse's backs.

About Stephen: He was the only child of Walter Stephen Joy, who was born 1855, and Sarah Teter Joy born September 8, 1861. They were married Nov 13, 1881 at age 20. Sarah was born in 1861 on Cheese Hill in Preston Hollow to Lisha Teter. She had spells and came to live with Stephen and Lillian after the death of her husband, Walter.

Stephen was born June 19, 1889 (a year after Lillian) and died at the age of 59 of Pernicious Anemia. (Pernicious anemia is a specific type of vitamin B12 deficiency. It happens when your immune system mistakenly attacks the cells in your stomach lining or a special protein called intrinsic factor. Without intrinsic factor, your small intestine cannot absorb vitamin B12 from the food you eat, leading to low red blood cell production and potential nerve damage). Several treatments were tried but none worked.

Stephen's dad, Walter, well over 6 feet tall and weighed nearly 300 pounds, built the House on

Lillian Mackey Joy—1965



the Hill in 1900, during which time Walter fell off the roof and became crippled for the rest of his life. He died Feb 28, 1901 when Stephen was not quite 12 years old. Stephen became the man of the house with a lot of responsibilities.

After the death of Walter, Lillian, Stephen, and the children moved off the Hill March 17, 1919. It would always be celebrated each St. Patrick's Day. The reason for the move was Dad Stephen wanted his children to have more educational opportunities, less wind and snow, more tillable soil, more neighbors, and be closer to the village.

The new home was called Meadow Dale Farm. It was pretty self-sufficient. Food was grown for livestock and cooking. They had ducks, chickens, turkeys, sheep, pigs, and cows - about 6-8 - for milk and cream that was used to make butter and home churned ice cream served once or twice a week. Extra eggs were taken to the Elsbree General Store in Preston Hollow to sell or trade. The wood lot provided heat to keep 2 wood stoves and the kitchen stove burning. Also, for repairs and new buildings, like the ice house that was built on a foundation of a house that burned

down. Using sawdust, the ice kept until the next winter. Any extra logs were sold.

The farm entertained boarders who would come and stay usually a week at a time. There were gliders, hammocks, and of course farm work. Many like to take part in the operation and often a hayride. There was hay in the summer, apple, pear and grape picking in the fall. Once the garden got going, there were weeds to pull and product to gather.

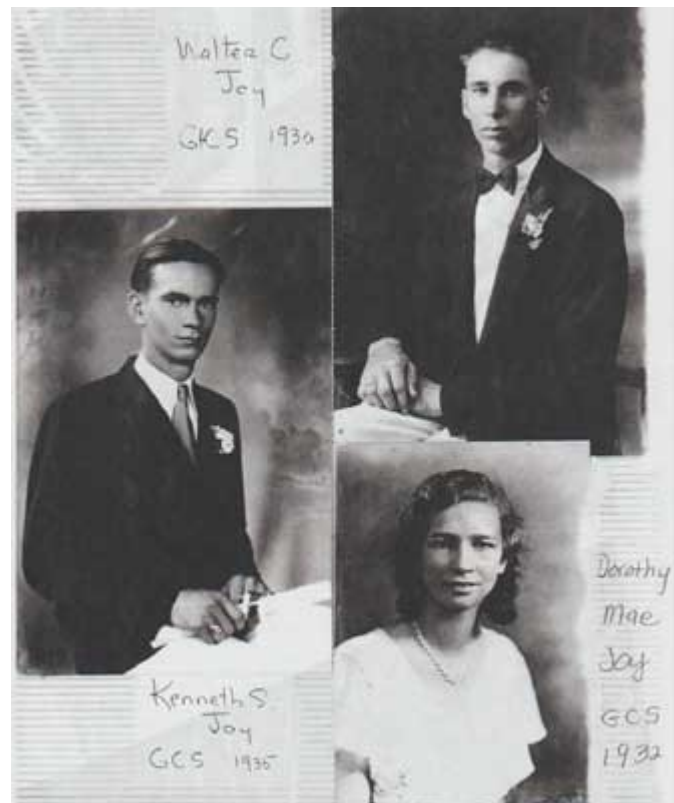
There was a doodlebug with big tires used in place of a tractor. That came much later. Lillian's children had their designated jobs. Dorothy, of course, was stuck inside with the kitchen duty and the dining room. At one point her Mom told her to "be more alive." The children were expected to give up their rooms to the boarders and settle in the attic. Lillian and Stephen did not give up their rooms!!

By 1922 a 2-line ad could be found in the classified section of the NYC newspaper. It took a good eye to see it, but they did and they came quite steady. Business was spread by word of mouth and despite wind, rain, drought, disease of animals, and illnesses Meadow Dale Farm flourished.

Many local boarding houses didn't have enough rooms for their boarders and would contact Lillian if she might have rooms available. All water for cooking and drinking had to be hand pumped in a pail and carefully carried to the house. In the cellar was a cistern that was used for washing clothes, bathing and the like. Workers were hired for the season and paid on Labor Day. Dorothy writes she never was hired; she just came with the territory.

Her brother Walter, my Dad, loved farming and after his marriage to Beulah Rugg, he bought a farm of his own. Kenneth, the youngest child, preferred sports and later joined the Air Force. His planes recovered the wounded in the war zone and took them to hospitals. He continued using his flight license in his jobs with GLF and then Agway to fly to

Lillian's three children—graduation photos



meetings. Occasionally Gram Joy, Ed and I got to fly back home with him in 4 seater planes.

Dorothy did bookkeeping for a fuel company and volunteered at Albany Medical Center in the children's ward. In the 1930s, electricity came to the farm with inside bathrooms, water that was pumped to the barn and no more carrying the pails of water to the house.

When Stephen died in 1948, Lillian still took in some boarders but realized at 68 years, it was time to sell the farm to the Vedder family on October 5, 1953 and retire. She chose a small piece of land in Norton Hill (once again she lived on the hill) just as you enter the village from Greenville between Mrs. Clapper and the Bauer's. It had 2 stories, a full basement, 3 bedroom, 2 bathroom kitchen and adjoining dining room.

She walked to the Norton Hill Methodist church where she helped with activities such



Above: Lillian Joy's descendants present at the August meeting: Roger Gifford (great grandson in law), Jon Haker (grandson), James Haker (grandson), Edward Joy (grandson), Wayne Joy (great grandson), Vaila White Joy (great granddaughter in law), Ashley Gifford (great great granddaughter), Joyce Joy Chase (granddaughter), Bonnie Chase Gifford (great granddaughter)

Below: Joyce Chase with her grandmother's wedding gown (and more)

as ripping and rolling white sheets for bandages for the Cancer Society. She didn't know at the time that several of her family members would have cancer in their lifetime. Powell's store is where the majority of her groceries came from and it also held the post office. When the post office moved, she got a mailbox at the end of her driveway, right on the top of the hill. How she didn't get hit, I don't know. Lillian took in a few boarders, even at her new house. At some point in her life she wanted a middle name and gave herself the name of Lillian Rose.

(Ken writes to Mom: Maybe this we don't talk about it much but we all know that whatever measure of success we have enjoyed is directly responsible to the way you and Dad brought us up and taught us to live. None of us will ever forget that or shouldn't look at moving from the Meadow Dale farm as a sad thing but a great triumph that you and Dad were able to raise a family and buy a farm and save enough money so you can build a small home and be completely independent as long as you live. Not many people today can say that, Love Ken).



Thanksgiving was always Lillian's favorite holiday. From the time they were married in 1910 the family gathered around the long tables to celebrate with thankful hearts for what God had provided. She had excellent health until her early 90's. A baby aspirin in later years was all the medicine she needed. She mowed her own lawn with an electric lawn mower, pruned her own bushes with manual cutters, picked blackberries, and raised chickens in a henhouse. This all happened on her small piece of property.

Later, the hen house was used to store things and thaw the Thanksgiving turkey which my sister, Elaine, said was her job to carry it to the house in helping Gramma. She said every Thanksgiving Eve they went to church. I remember my Mom and I taking it upon ourselves to make the pumpkin pie that Gram always made and she forgot. We couldn't find her recipe, so we used the one on the pumpkin can which called for evaporated milk. Gram Joy, walking by, inquired at what we were making and in no uncertain terms told us she NEVER used that in her pies.

For us cousins, it was our favorite time to be together. Gram had a player piano in the basement and Cousin Joy had really long legs and she could pump the piano to make it work and several rolls of songs later, we stopped. On the piano was a stuffed snowy owl that my brother Ed said had been killing their chickens on the farm. A snowy owl is usually only found in the Arctic Tundra. The basement also held her wringer washer and clothesline. Several families in this area benefited from her washing and ironing their clothes.

Gram Joy loved to play canasta and hardly a grandchild of that era would be taught how. She wrote for the Greenville papers in what people called the gossip columns. Working with genealogy as I do, those columns are often filled with information that is useful today. Thanks Gram!

You would always find Gram with a nice housedress on, overlaid with an apron which

had to have a pocket for her hankie; usually stockings; and tie shoes. I never saw her with sneakers. Because she was tall and thin, finding clothes for her was hard, so in Gram's later years, her daughter, Dorothy made her some pant suits to keep her warm.

On occasion my husband and I and the kids would be invited to supper and she made the best fried chicken. I truly think it was cooked in the bacon fat that sat in the cast iron frying pan on the back of the stove with a cover on it. One particular meal we were instructed to go in the setting room and enjoy ourselves with the game cabinet and she would call us when the table was ready. The call came and we were sure it was the fried chicken. Instead, when the cover was removed from the platter, there laid a whole smoked cows tongue uncut. We ate it is all I can say. Her daily coffee was Sanka.

She had her own home remedies and two were lye soap for all wounds and poison ivy and peppermint oil for sore gums. She was found with a gangrene toe that she was trying to heal with lye soap. It didn't work. She walked at a slow pace, ate at a slow pace and lived a slow paced life. Maybe that's the secret to living to 97.

She rode to various activities with Harriet Spaulding because Gram didn't drive. One occasion my Mom called her and asked about her day and she had been to a funeral. Oh, who died? She replied, "I didn't know the family but I saw people there I knew. These events were her social time as well. When asked about her meals on wheels meal, it was always meat, she didn't know what kind.

As you find in many an old timer's kitchen, there was the ball of string and one of rubber bands she had wound and always wishbones hanging from the swing away can opener. She ate with a razor sharp knife spreader and a needle sharp fork (both maybe as wedding presents) sitting at the TV tray table lined with a dish towel and a cloth napkin in front of the TV watching her "soaps." On the hutch was the glass dish with pink Canadian Mints and a glass cover. She always knew when we got one.

Things in Gramma's house never changed. She didn't rearrange furniture or change where the old toys were kept and always molasses cookies in the cookie jar. When they got low, she made more. To go back to those days we took for granted.

Her entertainment and love was making the scrapbooks. She used only LePages brown glue and cut the edges very clean. Our only complaint is she didn't always include the year of the article. She had a treadle sewing machine upstairs that she sewed quilts for family and friends and mended clothes. She

helped her community in any way she could. How thankful I am that God gave me a role model of faith..she believed the word of God to be true and lived her life accordingly.

Her final days were being cared for by others with love and care just as she would have done. Lillian Joy died June 17, 1982 and was laid to rest in Brookside Cemetery in Preston Hollow, NY with her husband, Stephen.

—Back to dt notes
Joyce, thank you for your portrait of your grandmother and her family.

This led next to Don's Power-Point presentation.

Joyce had shared about 25 photos for Don's slide show, illustrating her grandmother's life and family. A couple of them are shown in the newsletter.

- The second half of the slide show were scans of scrapbook pages that attracted Don's attention. In order of presentation:
- Greenville Dairy changes owners
- obituary of Mrs Rose Baumann
- a full page of neighborhood columns and obituaries - typical
- a neighborhood column - a combination of Greenville Center and Far Hills Nursing Home
- a page of four pictures of mixed interest - one of them are car crash killing a person
- a article of the Stevens family party - a success with the International Harvester business, and an obituary of Warren Scutt
- a page full of almost 50 pieces of engagements and births and local news with a two column section about Cornwallville

- a page showing an in-water/stream baptism in West Virginia
- a page of an obituary for Mrs Stanley Ingalls, an obituary for Henry Karkheck, and the golden anniversary of Mr and Mrs M.D. Chesbro
- a page featuring a D&H passenger train crash that killed two
- a page that featured the fire at Happy Days, leading to the title: Flames Cause Unhappy Night at Happy Days, alongside an article about a grinder that killed a Cossackie Man
- a page about World War II: the Guadalcanal Army and killing many Japanese, Roosevelt dying suddenly at Warm Springs
- an article featuring Mrs Pat McCabe and David Elsbree getting married
- a page with a profile about David Gumport - three columns
- a map and an article about the Thruway Construction, progress, and the situation of the Catskill exit
- a page containing the Norton Hill Methodist Church rededication service in 1957

- a page showing the dedicating of St John's Hall
- an article about the contract award for the village well in 1956
- a photo of the Greene County Farm buildings in Cairo along side an obituary of Mr Johannes Johannesen
- a page with a photo and caption of a superstore destined to become Bryant's
- a wedding announcement of Mrs Carol Johannesen and Mr Fred Lamb
- a photo of Piano Bridge, soon to be replaced 1960 (the bridge over the Catskill Creek on north side of Cairo, CR 41)
- a photo of Mr and Mrs Harry Lawyer on their 50th anniversary
- 1959 - Carelas to build a new drive-in movie theater, also an engagement notice for Beverly Blenis
- a three column article about violin making the hobby of Salvatore Esposito in Greenville
- a picture of the new houses in the Valley View Park showing a split level today on New Ridge Road (Greenville's Levittown!)
- Harry Adriance in Greenville working out his horse Panza on a spring morning, and the Bergen Players helping the Haskins Museum fund
- the Greenville School charter is recovered and is celebrated at the library



- Durham Central celebrating a anniversary (about 1959), and dogs killing 30 sheep on the Vanderbilt Farm
- a program at the Vanderbilt Hall, put on by the Academy seniors
- a photo and caption about James Stevens and his hobby of day lilies
- Greenville farmer Olsen killed in a tractor mishap, the Baptist Bible Camp opened in Freehold in 1961

I know a different reviewer would have easily listed as many features, with few repeats.

September 14 Program

The September program will feature the 2027 Greenville Local History Group Calendar. I understand that snippets of rumors have trickled out that it is not the usual calendar. And it is not. Instead, this one, for the first time in my tenure as Town Historian, will feature a theme – Barns. I think it will be a memorable calendar and hope you will enjoy it. Instead of a revealing of the calendar, I am calling it a presentation of the calendar.

Instead of the usual 12 monthly photos of the Greenville area, 2027 contains 27 photos.

Instead the array of different topics, BARNs is the only topic.

Instead of all photos coming from Greenville, 2027 has half the monthly photos from outside the town boundary.

Instead of the 50-75 hours to complete the calendar, 2027 is probably in the 250-300 hour range (could be more). And Ted Hilscher's hours increase the total.

Instead of 28 pages (counting each side as a page), 2027 has 36 pages.

Instead of the nearly 2,000 words of calendar text, 2027 contains nearly 5,000 words.

Instead of a mostly solo project, I had a major contribution of time and knowledge from Town of New Baltimore Historian Ted Hilscher and other help from my brother Ron Teator and from Greene County Historian Jonathan Palmer.

== **It is a benchmark calendar, in my humble opinion!**

One of the hundreds of pages in the Joy Scrapbooks., this one featuring Carelas Drive-In, and a local engagement

Notes:

Thank you, Stephanie & Christine, for another wonderful variety of light refreshments. Always appreciated!

Terrible Luck: the short version: After their program of their 2025 cross-country tour earlier this year, the Tschinkels embarked again on another trip this past month. On Day 1, in Quebec City, while viewing a movie in a theater, everything they brought with them – truck, camper, contents – was stolen by a crime ring. I am at a loss of words to say much more.

Garth and Terry are busy at the Locust Cemetery. Between cleaning stones and strengthening monument bases, the cemetery soul is breathing a sigh of appreciative relief. Garth says there might be a program next year. I am saving a spot.

Sarah Teter was mentioned in Joyce's program. As it turns out, Sarah fits, as you might have guessed, into the Teator/Teter family tree, making Joyce's family relatives of the Teator family. Sorry, Joyce! ha