



THE SENTINEL

Vol. 16, No. 2

The Newsletter of the New Scotland Historical Association

Winter 2007

An Army Nurse (1942—1946)

From Lt. Belva Gardiner's memoir.

Into La Belle France

On the first of October, 1944 we left the rather nice accommodations in Bournemouth for the C-5 marshalling area where conditions were not so good. On the 3rd of October, in Southampton, we boarded a channel boat, the Duke of Wellington, which would ordinarily have taken us across the channel in a few hours. But because it was too rough for unloading, we spent two days on the choppy waters of the English Channel. We were anchored three miles off the coast of Omaha Beach of Normandy waiting for calmer seas. Even the best of sailors felt the lightness in the pit of the stomach and others were laid low with sea sickness. This boat, prepared for short channel crossings, was running low on coal and supplies and we were faced with either unloading, rough or not, or going back to England for supplies. None of us wanted to go through this again and we elected to go in and land. This was October 5th. There were no usable docks on the coast of Normandy, they had been destroyed by the retreating Germans. So the deep water channel boat came in as close to shore as it could and then we unloaded into a big flat-bottomed barge called a landing craft troops or LCT which took us up into shallow water but you always at least got your feet wet.

The smaller LCT bounced around in the choppy water at a faster pace than the larger channel boat. Many men came over the side of the big boat and jumped into the LCT, hoping they wouldn't miss the LCT in a swell when the boats pulled apart a little and then possibly be squashed between the boats as they bounced back together again. The women came from the big boat down a tarpaulin chute which was attached to the top deck of the channel boat and the other end was held by two enlisted men who were trying at the same time to remain upright in the pitching and rolling LCT. Yes, this was the way I disembarked and the way I first entered La Belle France. Loaded as we were with all our gear, was an experience! At times it looked as if we might shoot over the far side of the LCT as it bounced around like a cork. As it filled with people, it bounced a little less.

Once in the fiendish LCT, there was nothing to do but stand there holding on to anything available while the others came aboard which seemed to take forever. Fully loaded, we all stood up packed like sardines. It was awful for those who were seasick like Mary was... Loaded, the LCT moved in on Omaha Beach near St. Laurent sur Mer until the bOn the first of October, 1944 we left the rather nice accommodations in Bournemouth for the C-5 marshalling area where conditions were not so good. On the 3rd of October, in Southampton, we boarded a channel boat, the Duke of Wellington, which would ordinarily have taken us across the channel in a few hours. But

(Continued on page 4)

Doc Sutherland

Recollections by Ann A. Eberle

My grandparents, Hoyt and Bess Austin, lived at 468 Kenwood Avenue in Delmar. Across the street was the family doctor, "Doc" Holmes and his wife Florence. They were Grandpa and Grandma's poker and bridge-playing friends.

Doc Holmes brought me into the world and he ministered to my wounds when I fell down the stairs at the age of two and came to a stop after hitting the big mahogany Victorian combination mirror, hat rack and umbrella stand that was in the front hall.

I have only a dim recollection of Doc Holmes except he was kind and gentle and liked to smoke cigars.

We were living in New Salem when Dr. Donald Sutherland moved to Voorheesville and opened his family practice on Main Street. My father told me the story of how, soon after Dr. Sutherland set up his practice, he was startled to find 'crusty' old Doc Holmes sitting in his waiting room along with the patients. Doc told the new doctor he would wait until all the patients had been seen. So when the last people had left, Dr. Sutherland went out into the waiting room and took a seat opposite Doc Holmes.

Doc didn't say a word, just lit a cigar and sat there smoking it. Doc Sutherland took his cue and he didn't say anything either. When Doc Holmes had finished his cigar he stood up and picked up his fedora.

"Well, young man, I see you don't shoot your mouth off. You should do very well," and he shook Doc Sutherland's hand and left.

We saw a lot of Doc Sutherland after that. He made house calls and I remember him coming over and examining my younger siblings and giving them their diphtheria and tetanus shots right in the dining room.

When I was seventeen I was sick in bed and Doc came to see me. After checking my vital signs he stepped out into the hall and said to my mother, "She'll probably pop by tomorrow." I had no idea what he meant but it sounded really bad and, already in a weakened state, I began to cry. When he stuck his head back into my room to say good-bye and saw my tears he said, "What are you crying about, you jerk?" Then I really

(Continued on page 5)

Reminder!

Sunday, December 2

2:00 P.M

Cindy Pollard

"Life at the Home Front Café"

NEW SCOTLAND HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION

P. O. Box 541
Voorheesville, NY 12186

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Robert and Marion Parmenter,
Editors
Marie Hornick
Willard Osterhout

Web Page

www.townofnewscotland.com

PRESIDENT'S LETTER

Dear Members and Friends,

This is a special season to think of all the things for which we are thankful, and I can make a list that would extend to Thacher Park. However, at the present moment, I would like to extend a huge round of applause to those on the museum committee for the wonderful WWI and WWII exhibit in the museum and the November 10th Open House and Encampment. Over 100 people attended the festivities that day. Even the sun cooperated. Special thanks go to Marion Parmenter for her leadership as museum director and the head of that committee. One member of the group was overheard saying, "I will be so sad when we have to take this exhibit apart in the spring." Everyone who has shared some personal items or stories have helped to make these wars come alive in our minds once again. It has brought tears, but they are tears of remembrance and we need to *not* forget all that has happened here and abroad.

Bob Humes also played a huge part in honoring our veterans. He brought many artifacts for the Opening of the Exhibit last April. He came back again on November 10th and spent the entire day explaining the items and pictures of his own. Bob gave a very informative talk at the November 5th meeting. There is so much we can learn from his expertise.

Cindy Pollard, owner of the Home Front Café in Altamont, will be speaking to NSHA on December 2nd about her memories and the thoughts of others who come to her restaurant. If you haven't been to her Café, you should make a trip for the food and for the wartime memories that will surround you.

Speaking of programs, the October meeting was a full house plus. Willard Osterhout took us back to the '40s and '50s as we traveled to the Indian Ladder Lodge up on the hill. This was a very popular business run by a family and many friends. A large number of those attending the meeting had enjoyed some sort of events at the Lodge. Time was provided for a great deal of sharing. Thanks, Will.

Hopefully all of you will enjoy some very special days with family and friends during the upcoming holidays. It makes me think of my Mother when we asked her what she wanted. "Just some time," she would say. So please take some time for yourself and perhaps give a little of it to someone who needs some.

Peg Dorgan
President

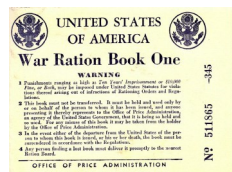
NEW SCOTLAND HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION WINTER PROGRAMS—WINTER TIMES 2007-2008

Dec. 2, Sunday **Cindy Pollard: History of the Home Front Café**
Cindy will offer a personal view of life at the Home Front Café. The Café, well known in this area, is located on Main Street in Altamont.

Feb. 3, Sunday **Don Rittner: The "Onrust," A Dutch Ship Under Construction**
Don will be introducing us to the "Onrust," a Dutch ship currently under construction.

Mar. 2, Sunday **Geoff Stein: The "Day Peckinpaugh," A Commercial Boat on the Barge Canal**
Geoff will explain the story of the "Day Peckinpaugh," a commercial boat on the Barge Canal.

The winter program offerings are all scheduled for Sunday afternoons at 2:00 P.M. in the Wyman Osterhout Community Center in New Salem. The Museum will open half an hour before the programs, which are presented with the support of the Voorheesville Public Library, and are free and open to the public.



What was the first staple to be rationed during WW II?

*Answer to Fall 2007 What is it?
WW II ammunition clip used in WW II*

Museum Report

This has been a busy autumn in the museum. October found us working with the Voorheesville Fourth Graders—5 classes in all. First Bob Parmenter visited the Elementary School to show the boys and girls slides to acquaint them with what Voorheesville and the rest of the town looked like years ago. During their museum visit, Martha Slingerland led an activity about the Anti-Rent Wars and what they were all about. She is getting very proficient in blowing the Tin Horn at the end of each session! In Andrea Gleason's, activity the children learned about plane spotters right here in New Scotland during World War II, and how the spotters learned to identify planes. School in New Scotland 100 years ago was explored by Marion Parmenter's activity. First we figured out which one room school they would have gone to depending on where they live and looked at pictures of their school. Writing with quill pens is a favorite activity, followed by using regular straight pens, (like Marion used in 6th grade in Voorheesville!). Bob Parmenter, Marie Hornick and Peg Dorgan guided small groups of children through the museum. Thanks to all the volunteers who continue to make this program a success each year.

Andrea Gleason continues to schedule volunteers for Sundays in the museum. We continue to have a steady stream of visitors on most Sundays and have arranged for several special openings for those who request them. In addition, thanks to the volunteers who manned the museum all day on Election Day.

Planning for the "Field Camp" kept us busy recently, but the wonderful turnout made it all worthwhile. Honoring ALL of our veterans is so important. When you see a Veteran, be sure to say "thank you" for his/her service. Where would we be without them?

The committee is now beginning to make plans for the next exhibit opening at the end of April. We'll keep you posted!

Marion Parmenter
Museum Chairman

Mission Statement

The Town of New Scotland Historical Association preserves, protects and promotes history in the Town of New Scotland through the stewardship of material culture directly related to the town. The purpose is to promote an appreciation of local history, heritage and culture through research, publications and educational programs.

Recollections

My Thoughts

I assume that many of you, like myself, watched the Ken Burns special about WWII. I found it very educational and informative. It gave me a different perspective on the whole thing. Although I was too young to remember the war, I have certainly heard a great deal about it in my lifetime. One of the things that caught my attention was some of the music that was used during the program. How many times before had I heard some of those tunes! I decided to do a little research about the songs from WWII. Here is what I found:

This Is the Army, Mr. Jones
There'll Always Be an England
Harbor Lights
When The Lights Go On Again
Goodnight Sweetheart
We'll Meet Again
Auf Wiedersehen Sweetheart
Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy
Coming in On a Wing and a Prayer
Don't Get Around Much Anymore
I'll Be Seeing You

I'll Be With You In Apple Blossom Time
I'll Get By
I'll Never Smile Again
Is You Or Is You Ain't My Baby?
The Very Thought of You
It's Been a Long, Long Time
The Last Time I Saw Paris
You'd be so Nice to Come Home to
You'll Never Know
We'll Meet Again

Well, there you have it, some of the popular songs from WWII. I bet as you read this list, you found yourself remembering some of the lyrics and humming the tune. I know I did. Memories are such a wonderful treasure.

Willard Osterhout

Life in 1942

Average wages per year: \$1880
Cost of a gallon of gas: 15 cents
Bottle of Coca Cola: 5 cents
War Bonds were introduced raising \$13 billion
Manhattan Project started (atomic bomb)

Price of a new car: \$920
Price of a new house: \$3,370
Average cost for rent: \$35 per month
Instant coffee was introduced
World's first Nuclear Reactor built in Chicago

because it was too rough for unloading, we spent two days on the choppy waters of the English Channel. We were anchored three miles off the coast of Omaha Beach of Normandy waiting for calmer seas. Even the best of sailors felt the lightness in the pit of the stomach and others were laid low with sea sickness. This boat, prepared for short channel crossings, was running low on coal and supplies and we were faced with either unloading, rough or not, or going back to England for supplies. None of us wanted to go through this again and we elected to go in and land. This was October 5th. There were no usable docks on the coast of Normandy, they had been destroyed by the retreating Germans. So the deep water channel boat came in as close to shore as it could and then we unloaded into a big flat-bottomed barge called a landing craft troops or LCT which took us up into shallow water but you always at least got your feet wet.

The smaller LCT bounced around in the choppy water at a faster pace than the larger channel boat. Many men came over the side of the big boat and jumped into the LCT, hoping they wouldn't miss the LCT in a swell when the boats pulled apart a little and then possibly be squashed between the boats as they bounced back together again. The women came from the big boat down a tarpaulin chute which was attached to the top deck of the channel boat and the other end was held by two enlisted men who were trying at the same time to remain upright in the pitching and rolling LCT. Yes, this was the way I disembarked and the way I first entered La Belle France. Loaded as we were with all our gear, this ottom struck sand. There were some sunken ships around, possibly from D-Day and maybe some had been scuttled there to act as breakwaters. When the fore end of the LCT was lowered, we walked off and waded through shallow surf to a muddy beach. AND it was raining, as it had been all the while the LCT was loading.

Then the women crawled into the back of an army truck (the enlisted men marched) and we went to tents in the "cow pasture." The motion of the channel crossing stayed with us for a day or two after hitting terra firma. This was a little different from when we came in England nine months earlier.

6 Oct. 1944, V-Mail: France—yes here we are and I just wish you could see us. Nellie, Gwen, Mary and I are sitting on our army cots writing a letter in a tent with a floor that is mostly mud. Our shoes are wet and I have one pair out on the ropes that I cleaned and are now supposed to be drying. Weather permitting, they should be ready for water-proofing about tomorrow. This is quite a rugged life but we have been well clothed for it and we don't complain too much. We wear pants so our legs are warm.

I find my H. S. French may be of some use but haven't had much need for it yet. We bought four pullet eggs from some folks and they were 7 francs or 10 cents each. Not a bad price and I am sure they will have a market for all the eggs they can bring us. Two little girls, Jeanine age 7 and Theresa age 5, were in today to sell us some cheese. We are "bivouacking" out in the country, a cow pasture in Normandy. The aftermath of war is in ghastly evidence everywhere. I wish everyone back home could see it. There is a numbered U.S. cemetery at the crest of the beach hill. Mary is sending out an SOS for Leroy [her husband.]

8 Oct. 1944 It is hard to realize that I am in France now instead of England and they are separated by only a relatively narrow

channel, yet so different in language and customs. I have not had a chance to contact many people yet, but natives seem rather cool. Of course they have not liked having their churches and homes shot up—even les boche did not do that. They have a great loss in civilian life as well as property.

[5 paragraphs skipped]

Water is very scarce here and I think they are going to transport us about three times a week to hot showers. [But that happened only once.] So far we haven't had anything but cold water and very little of that. I have washed my underpants in the same water I washed myself with no rinsing. We are dressed like men and wear helmets all the time have. Wish you could see our latrine (toilet).—army style. It has a screen around it and there is a rough bench with six holes pretty close together situated in an apple orchard. So of course there's lots of puns such as "Don't sit under the apple tree, etc." and "sitting cheek to cheek". Sometimes it is funny. It is not uncommon to be conked on the head with falling apples either. [The above mentioned washing was done in our helmets.]

10 Oct. 1944, airmail: So much has happened since I last wrote that I hardly know where to start. First, I had my field jacket stolen three days ago—I am almost certain it was by a civilian for some of them are quite desperate with winter coming on—and I am half sick about it. Not so much for the jacket for that can eventually be replaced and francs are plentiful, but those last two pictures of Harry [Her fiancé who had been killed in the Italian campaign.] were in the pocket and they can never be replaced. It is irony that I can't even have those pictures which Harry had lovingly inscribed for me. They can't have any meaning to whoever stole the jacket.Also in the pockets were my best fountain pen and a new tube of Max Factor lipstick.

There is no hurry but I wish you would be on the lookout for another fountain pen against the time this one comes apart entirely. I would also like a couple more Max Factor lipsticks....It will cost about a \$1.00 a tube. We look bad enough these days—a little glamour is in order. No need for silk stockings in these mud puddles. We wear boots, men's boots and many wear a 4-buckle overshoe, some of them all rubber. I don't have any yet. Slip, slide, gloom and glide and then land broadside and get well greased up. I have never seen such slippery mud.

We got our ration of toilet paper today for the next two days and it bears watching for it sometimes "walks" away. Now don't laugh for it is very important when you don't have it, Kleenex or even newspaper. Little things are so necessary and often scarce here. Mess is much better now that our field stoves have arrived. For over a week we ate only cold meat and bread (sometimes with jam), sometimes canned fruit and a rationed amount of coffee (for water is scarce). We had K rations for two days and they have something on the ball when they put about eight pieces of toilet paper rolled up in the supper unit. We also had some C rations for a time (it was awful STEW from a can). K rations are the best...Usually K rations go to the front.

[On 18 Oct. 1944 we left the cow pasture for Paris via hospital train #1...].

25 Oct. 1944 airmail: I am sitting here with my coat on and I

(Continued on page 5)

(Continued from page 4)



Dressed in fatigues and helmets in England on the Burns Estate. Belva is on the right.

am going to crawl into bed to warm my feet. If there is any hot water, I'll fill my canteen and take it to bed with me for a hot water bottle. Here we are dressed in class A uniforms [dresses] again and that leaves the legs more or less unprotected.

28 Oct. 1944 airmail: I can see your setting for the "first evening of a long winter." We, too, face the winter without heat but the season will likely not get quite as cold as yours. Just the same there isn't anyplace to go to get warm except to bed. [Unknown then, we were heading into one of the worst winters France had experienced in many

years.] The boys in the front lines are much worse off than I for their feet are always wet, too.

24 Dec. 1944 airmail: This is Christmas Eve and some of the girls have just gone to midnight mass. It is approaching 7 P.M. at home. I don't know if you are in church or having a quiet Christmas Eve at home. I am going to bed. I am tired but we had a nice Christmas in spite of everything.

Today we went caroling around on some of the wards and then had an evening service where we had the biggest turnout I have seen. Afterward a great many hung around and we sang carols. I guess we all felt like it. It was worth a lot to see the expressions on their faces—they were all so earnest. Many were patients returned from "hell" but some undoubtedly have a return ticket. We all got hoarse and many remarked they hadn't sung so much since they came overseas. In fact a good many fine looking boys just tagged along after us from ward to ward during the caroling. All were looking for something they could not find and carols were about the nearest they could get to something they remembered miles away. God, may they all get back! They are sons of average Americans. It all made me feel weepy and my mind wandered out to the battle line where they were still being trampled.....

(Belva Gardiner was Martha Slingerland's sister. Thank you, Martha, for sharing part of her memoirs with us)



Belva Gardiner, Army Nurse 1942—1946



Our hut in England.

(Continued from page 1) Dr. Sutherland

cried. He was right though. The next morning I was covered with chicken pox.

That actually wasn't the first time Doc had hurt my feelings, delicate as they were. He also gave the high school physicals at Voorheesville Central. This particular year he had Sandy Kidder, a fellow classmate destined to become a nurse, taking notes for him. When he finished my examination he turned to Sandy and said, "Pes Planus." When I looked puzzled, Sandy translated the Latin term for me saying gleefully, "Flat feet!"

Probably the last time I saw Doc Sutherland professionally was in about 1957. I had been married to Don for about a year and we were living in our first home, a three bedroom ranch opposite LeVie's Farm. Don was opening a large carton with a sharp knife, which he accidentally plunged into his own leg. Of course it bled profusely and scared both of us. I phoned Doc and he said to get out a clean dish towel and tell Don to press it against the wound. Then I was to "slowly and carefully" drive him to Doc's.

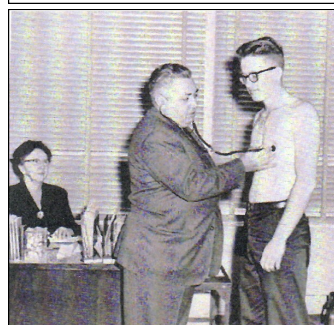
When we went into the examining room, Doc said Don could remove the bloody towel now. When he did, we couldn't even see where the knife had entered his leg.

"So you see," said Doc, "if the wound is no larger than the palm of your hand, you can stop the bleeding by applying direct pressure." It was a good lesson to learn since we went on to raise three active sons.

Later I heard that one of Doc's hobbies was searching out semi-precious stones. I think he and his wife Betty had a mobile home, or trailer, as we used to say. Apparently they would travel around the country searching out garnets and the like. This had to be after Doc retired.

He made quite an impression on me. I became a medical secretary and worked for an Albany pediatrician before our first son was born.

Last winter Ann suggested we do some writing about our former country doctors here in New Scotland. If you have any recollections to share on this topic, please call or write us. Thanks!



Dr. Sutherland examines Bill Severinghaus during his school physical, 1959. Looking on is Miss Busier, school nurse.

Voorheesville 4th Graders visit the museum.





Lysenko Home

103 Crow Ridge Road

By Steve,

Laurie, Jennifer and Kristen
Lysenko

We purchased our home on Crow Ridge Road from Dr. G. Frank and Mavis Little in the fall of 1988, and planned to move in early December before the long, hilly driveway was snow covered. Moving in was made “interesting” by Frank and Mavis’ difficulty moving out; we arrived with a full van, only to find that they were still packing 45 years worth of possessions they did not wish to discard! With some diplomatic cajoling and assisting, we were able to move in. In the ensuing 19 years, we have grown to love the beauty, privacy, and history of a home that has watched our children grow and has provided a scenic setting for everything from holiday gatherings to retirement parties for friends and colleagues.

Our knowledge of the home’s history is somewhat limited, but with the assistance of our neighbors the Parmenters, we learned early on that our land was deeded to Garrett Houghtaling from Helmes Houghtaling, Jr. in December 1846. Evidently the land had been purchased by Helmes Houghtaling, Sr. from A. Van Deusen and T. VanVechten, and the land transferred to Helmes Jr. upon his fathers death, then to Garrett.

We do not know exactly when the home was built, but since it is on the 1854 Gould map, it must have been between 1846 (when it was deeded to Garrett) and 1854. It was typical of the period, with its white clapboard siding, 2 story center entrance and 1 1/2 story wing with eyebrow windows. We have heard that it was built by the same individuals as the Lavery and Calomeni homes on Crow Ridge, formerly known as VanAuker Road. Since moving in, we have completely replaced all mechanicals, and completed a kitchen/family room addition in 1998.

We have not yet done a genealogy of our home, but Dr. Little told us that the house had not changed hands many times over the years. He commented that few children had ever lived in it, accounting for the minimal damage to the woodwork! We were visited in 1999 by James Mayer, who told us he had lived in the home as a teenager in the 1930’s with his father, stepmother, and siblings. This impromptu visit explained the initials “JLM” in the cement resurfacing of the stone foundation in the basement. He also indicated that the long driveway from Crow Ridge Road, with its culvert across the ravine, had been installed in the 1930s when he lived here. Evidently, access to the property was originally from Helmes Houghtaling’s farm, now owned by the Parmenters.

It is hard to believe that we have been here 19 years, but before and after pictures attest to the extensive work we have done to modernize our home yet keep its historical character. We look forward to making many more memories in a home which we cherish.



House as it appears in 1999 after renovation.

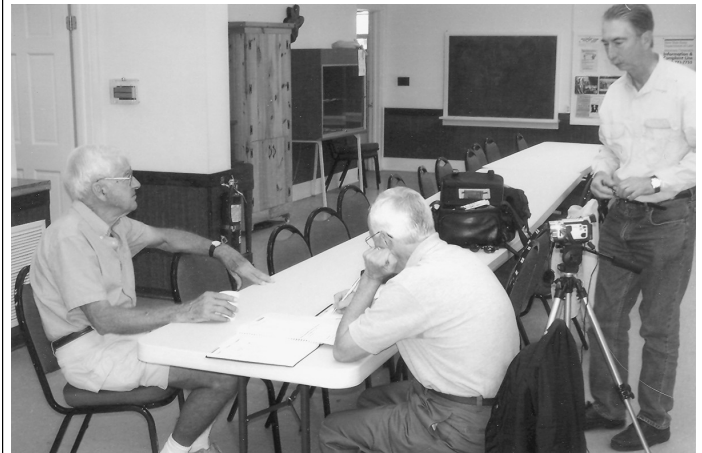


Historic Marker

Members of the Vanderbilt family of Onesquethaw are gathered by the new historic marker placed in front of the

DeLong-Vanderbilt home, built in 1807, on Tarrytown Rd. The sign dedication took place Saturday, September 22. This is the most recent sign placed by NSHA in its goal to identify historic buildings throughout the town of New Scotland..

Oral History Project



World War II Veteran Bob Cook, left, is being interviewed by Mike Russert, from the Saratoga Military Museum, and his assistant, Wayne Clarke. During the last week of September, ten New Scotland residents were interviewed as part of the New York State Oral History Project. DVDs of all of the interviews to date may be viewed at the museum.



Field Camp November 10, 2007
Hosted by NSHA to honor our veterans.

NSHA Web Site

The New Scotland Historical Association's newest foray into the world of technology takes us on a tour of our own website: www.newscotlandhistoricalassociation.org. With a generous donation from the Don and Ann Eberle Fund, the website became a reality in September after months of planning on the part of the website committee.

In the spring, the group began regular meetings, as consultant Kate Johnson led committee chairman Stuart Lehman and committee members Martha Slingerland, Marion Parmenter, Janet Betlejeski, Marie Hornick, Bob Parmenter, and Willard Osterhout in a discussion of what would be the most important requirements for an Association website.

With input from members of the NSHA Board, specific page ideas were chosen for the website, including such things as the mission statement, an introduction to the Association, a calendar of events, genealogy research, information on joining NSHA, a "tour" of the Town of New Scotland, a "tour" of the museum. Kate Johnson then turned these ideas into a home page with links to the topics selected by committee members. True to the technology the committee was accessing, meetings were conducted online, with members giving input, suggestions as to the visual effect of colors and images, edits of the text, etc.

In September, committee members visited their website online and saw the results that are now available at the address given above. Several NSHA members have taken classes with Kate Johnson, learning how to actually set up the text on the pages, correct any errors, or make changes to data as new exhibits are added to the Museum or new programs are added to the schedule. Members Dan Schryver, Bob Parmenter, Stuart Lehman, Janet Betlejeski, Peg Neri and Marie Hornick will be able to maintain the website in the future, keeping it current and changing information featured on the different links.

Our new website provides both members and new visitors with many opportunities for learning and sharing information. There are links to main areas of interest, including the New Scotland Museum and both its ongoing work and its current main exhibit, and genealogic information, with a long list of sources to consult for various aspects of historical research. A calendar of events lists programs and speakers, special events, and changing exhibits. There is even a list of ways to become involved with the Association, such as writing articles for the *Sentinel*, keeping scrapbooks of information for future stories, learning how to accept new artifacts for the museum, or helping set up a new exhibit. In addition, articles from back issues of the *Sentinel* can be downloaded by interested readers.

More basic information is provided for visitors new to the Museum: hours of operation and directions for finding the Museum and membership forms for those who wish to join the Association. There is information about the New Scotland Historical Association itself, and its mission. One can even take a "tour" using a series of historical photographs of the six hamlets and one village which make up the Town.

Anyone is welcome to use any of the books, manuscripts, videos, maps, documents and photos during a visit to the Museum. Members are allowed to borrow videos for a period of one month. Among the topic areas of resources are genealogy; local, state and national history; literature, poetry and folklore; Museum collections and practices; Natural History and Archeology, and a miscellaneous category. Enjoy visiting our website

and learning about the New Scotland Historical Association.

*We wish you a very
happy, healthy
Holiday season!*



T9 Locust Tank

By Bob Parmenter

On November 10, 2007, the New Scotland Historical Association sponsored a "Field Camp" with World War II Reenactors. Both indoor and outdoor exhibits could be found, as well as the special museum exhibit.

One of the more unique items on display was a very rare airborne tank. The prototype of this tank was designated as a T9. Later, in September 1944, it was renamed the M22.

We can thank Jack Pollard of Altamont for providing this special item for exhibit. Jack acquired the body of the tank and then had to manufacture the turret and gun. This tank was designed to be loaded into aircraft or gliders and then provide support for paratroopers in combat.

The original idea for this tank began in May, 1941; after several revisions, the Marmon-Herrington Company received an order to build 1900 tanks. 830 were actually built by 1944. By the end of 1944, the U.S. decided not to put the tank into operational service. The British Army had other plans.

The British Army received 260 of these tanks under the Lend-Lease Act. The tank was now referred to as the "T9 Locust." The British were able to easily load these tanks in their Hamilcar Gliders.

Their combat record in WW II was not all that impressive. A few were used near the Orne River after the Normandy invasion with reportedly poor results.

Later, in March 1945, they were used in small numbers by the British 6th Airborne Division when it invaded Germany east of the Rhine river. Apparently, they had only limited success.

In spite of their limited success at what they were designed for, the T9s certainly are an example of how changing technology forced the need to create new weapons.

Once again, we want to thank Jack Pollard for providing this interesting piece of World War II history.

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