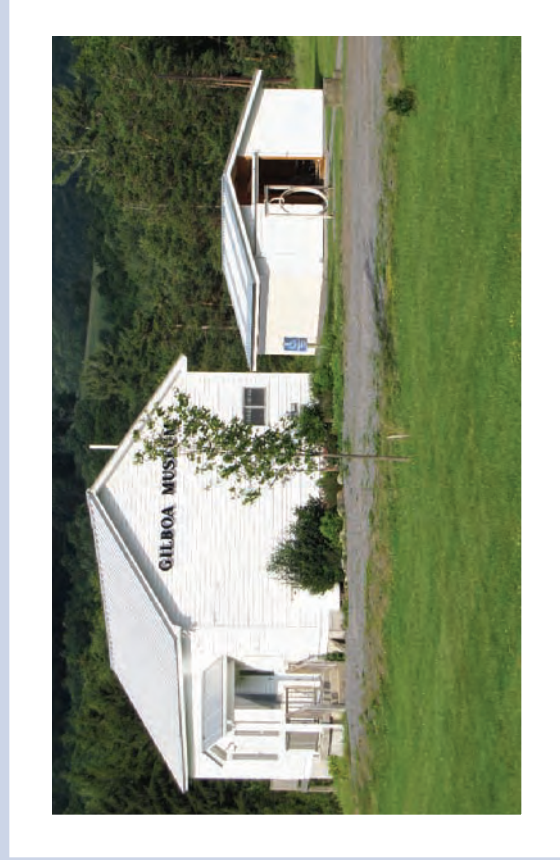


JULY 11, 2010

OPENING OF THE GILBOA MUSEUM



Dedication of the Juried Memorial Barn

Housing agricultural equipment from the Benjamin Road farm of Michael McNamara, the Village of Gilboa's produce delivery wagon from Clayton Buel, and George Decker for his barn tools.

Opening of "The Beauty Around Us"

The beauty of our northern Catskills home as seen through the photographic art of Michael Fleischman and fine arts of the students of Gilboa-Conesville Central School.



John Juried

April 11, 1893–February 12, 1975

Thanksgiving Day, 11/26/71



Anna Juried

November 22, 1893–January 31, 1990

Thanksgiving Day, 11/26/71

THE JURIED MEMORIAL BARN

The Juried Family Foundation made a grant to the Gilboa Historical Society for a new barn to display farm equipment next to the Gilboa Museum. The Historical Society has gratefully accepted this offer, and dedicates this building as the Juried Memorial Barn in honor of Anna and John Juried.

However, this dedication goes beyond just these two people, who symbolize all of those people who farmed these hills in the early nineteenth century and who created a civic character that promoted values like these:

Some teachable memories from Anna and John Juried

On Vision

On every trip to get the cows from pasture Papa would stoop and pick up surface rocks and deposit them in neat, vertical “monuments.” His purpose was to expose the soil beneath to promote grass growth, thus making a better pasture. This was a lesson of patience and persistence . . . that even a small effort with no immediate benefit, if repeated consistently, will cumulatively result in a beneficial outcome.

On Trust and Integrity

Many months the milk check was less than the feed bill. Keeping up with and paying bills was always difficult and stressful. Papa would always pay “something” each month on every bill, never failing to acknowledge the balance with a short note of explanation. He impressed me to never evade or ignore a financial obligation or commitment.

On Frugality

Nothing of potential use was ever thrown away. Purchase of anything “new” was deferred if something still had usefulness. Mama set the ultimate standard, once saying about a Christmas gift, “Why did you buy me a sweater? I already have a sweater! I got it 12 years ago in Brooklyn!”

A Remembrance of John and Anna Juried

Nick Juried

My parents would have been honored to be remembered in this way, and I thank the Gilboa Historical Society for them. For those of you who did not know Mama and Papa, let me tell you something about them, their life on our farm, and how they formed my character and philosophy of life.

To understand the essence of Mama's and Papa's nature and character you need to know how they came to America as young immigrants from Russia. Papa was born on April 11, 1893 to indentured peasant parents, the youngest of nine children, in the village of Prusinova in the district of Minsk, Byelorussia. At the age of six he was already helping his father with chores, working on the Count's estate under Russia's feudal agricultural system. At age 19, with his father's and authorities' permission, he was granted a passport to America and arrived at New York's Ellis Island on July 8, 1912. He settled in Brooklyn and soon found work in the men's clothing industry and worked diligently to learn the English language. He proudly became an American citizen seven years later and with an entrepreneurial spirit he organized his own business manufacturing men's suits and overcoats. He prospered throughout the 1920s but the business became a casualty during the Great Depression, resulting in the family losing their home and all its possessions.

Throughout the following hard times he continued working in clothing factory sweatshops and also moonlighted as a building janitor to make ends meet. Born a peasant without opportunity for formal schooling, he was self-educated by reading extensively both Russian and English newspapers and periodicals. He knew education was the path to a better life and he strongly encouraged his children and grandchildren to study and educate themselves. It was not until many years later that I came to fully appreciate the extent of their financial sacrifice to support my Cornell University education, and even more significantly, accepting the loss of my labor on the farm.



Left: First year, 1941 original farm house. Right: First dairy barn addition and milk house, circa 1945.

With so much work to do on the farm, all daughters, sons-in-law, friends and children were considered extra hands whenever they visited for weekends, vacations and holidays. In good spirit and combined with eating, drinking, and vigorous conversation there was enjoyment and a genuine pride of accomplishment at the end of each day.



Labor on a mixed farm such as ours was varied. Clockwise from top right: 1. Papa, a friend, and Mischa planting potatoes in 1943. 2. Another load of manure heads to the field driven by the head muremaster. 3. Nick mowing hay with horses until 1946 when a Ford Ferguson tractor was purchased. 4. Nick up close and personal with one of the Juried cows. 5. Helping to prepare Thanksgiving dinner. 6. Old-fashioned haying by Mike Baryk pitching and Papa loading in 1944. 7. Tending the garter snakes. 8. (center) Hay lifted into the barn loft with grapple hook hoist and trolley.

Mama was born on November 22, 1893 in the village of Dobrinova in the district of Minsk, Byelorussia, also of poor farming parents, with eight siblings. She came to America by chance rather than planning. In the early 1900s her brother, Ivan, who had earlier emigrated to New York City, sent for his sister, Katerina. Just before Katerina's ship was scheduled to leave she declared her intention to marry a young man in the village and refused to go. Instead, Anna, at age 19, was given Katerina's name and passport and arrived at Ellis Island in 1913. She subsequently found work as a cook and domestic servant for a Jewish family where she acquired her eclectic Russian and Jewish cuisine. She and Papa met within the Russian immigrant community, married in 1916 and over the next thirteen years had six children: Sophia, Mischa, Luba, Anna, Vera and Nicholas.

"The Farm" was purchased in 1941 when I was 11 years old. Originally intended as a summer place, it consisted of 116 acres, of which 30 acres were tillable and the rest were rocky pasture and woods. The "improvements" consisted of a spare 75 year old farmhouse lacking electricity or plumbing. Water was hand pumped from a 16-foot dug well. A two-holer outhouse was "the facility." Only two of five old barns were relatively useful. Overall, the farm had very little for which to commend itself, except for the magnificent views of the western mountain horizon, the irresistibly beautiful setting suns, and the invigorating "fresh country air." But most importantly, it reawakened Papa's and Mama's dream of "returning to the land" and the opportunity to escape an oppressive city life and environment.

So began their next chapter of discovery, struggle, and accomplishment in America. In this new challenging environment, it would take very special qualities of character and strength to succeed. For the first two years Mama, Vera, and I lived alone on the farm while Papa continued to work in the city. Rural electrification had not yet arrived so kerosene lamp lighting was our only evening illumination for barn chores, eating supper, reading, doing school homework, etc. Obviously we had no power tools, kitchen appliances, or TV either! We had no car to drive. Papa would visit us on weekends, and if nobody else was driving up, he would take the bus to Grand Gorge and walk the 13 miles to the farm. After working all day Saturday and most of Sunday, he'd begin walking to Grand Gorge to catch the bus back to New York, arriving just in time for his garment factory job. To me he epitomized the saying, "The longest journey starts with a single step." I learned from him that if nothing better is available, just make do with what you have . . . start walking!

Once Papa moved to the farm permanently the entire agenda was to build, remodel and secure the means of livelihood. Chores and work projects were on the agenda every day. Sundays and holidays included. Nobody, including family and visiting friends, escaped the obligation to contribute their



Work was a constant, but the other was friendships between members of the family, and between the family and friends and neighbors — there was always time for a picture. Above left: 1945, Mama and Papa take a pause for a pose. Above center: 1948, Anna and John with daughters Vera, Anna, Luba, and Sophia. Above right: Nick, Mama and Vera. Left: 1941, back row: John, Anna, Mischa, and Sophia Juried with a friend; front row: Vera, Nick, and Anna Juried.

labor and skills to ever present tasks. If something had to be done, it had to be done! And despite the occasional resistance and grumbling, everyone joined in a cooperative spirit to accomplish whatever tasks were assigned. When any of us would attempt to persuade Papa that he was working too hard and should slow down, he'd reply, "It's not work . . . it's my pleasure!" It became his mantra for the whole of his life.

Because I was the only other "man" available to help Papa and Mama cope with the workload, I was unable to participate in most Gilboa after-school activities. In spite of my pleading and tears that fell to no avail, the burden of chores needed to be fulfilled and I had to carry my share. It was during this formative period of my youth that I learned much wisdom from Papa's Russian folk tales. One tale I clearly remember is about the lazy man who always shirked his work duties by complaining to others that "his shirt sleeves hurt!" So, whenever I might dillydally, complain or claim tiredness, Papa would ask, "Do your shirt sleeves hurt?" Another similar tale was about the traveling gypsy who agreed to work for his meal by helping split firewood for the woman's cookstove. The punch line was that he fulfilled his effort by contributing loud sounds of strenuous exertion synchronized with the woman's swing of the ax as she split the wood herself.

Another teachable tale was his classic story of the two horseflies sucking blood from atop the plow horse's head, looking backward and saying, "My, what a wonderful job we're doing. Look what straight rows we are plowing in this field." It illustrated how some people will claim credit and take benefit from the work done by others. These stories, and very likely a bit of genetic inheritance, probably explains why some have described me as a workaholic. I was taught that laziness was the worst kind of human weakness.

Of all Papa's Russian folk tales, though, my favorite is the tale of the aristocratic princess who, while being driven in her coach by her poorly dressed, uneducated peasant driver, complained to him about the plight of her pampered lap dog who suffered from lack of appetite. No matter what was offered him—prime beef, chicken, sturgeon, caviar—he would refuse to eat, lay about, and whine. She loved the dog so much and had consulted with the highest intellectual sources for some remedy . . . all to no avail. In fact she mentioned a handsome reward to anyone who could diagnose and cure the dog of its malady . . . to which the uneducated peasant driver responded, "Let me have the dog for one week and I will cure him . . . he will not only regain his appetite, but he will even relish eating cold, baked turnips!" The aristocratic princess was skeptical of the ability of this poor, uneducated, roughly dressed Russian peasant to effect such a cure, particularly since she had already consulted with the most expensive and highest intellectual sources without success. But, being at her wit's end, she agreed and turned the dog over to the rough, uneducated peasant driver. A week later the peasant returned to the palace with the dog, along with a dish of cold, smelly, baked turnips . . . the princess fully expecting another failed cure. But, lo and behold, when the dish of baked turnips was placed before the dog, the dog could not be restrained from devouring the turnips with such vigor and enthusiasm that the princess cried out with joy and happiness, marveling to the uneducated peasant, "What is the secret of your cure?" To which he replied, "There is no secret. I threw your dog into my root cellar a week ago, released and brought him back to you today. Now, he's hungry."

Beyond common sense, the lesson I took is that an open mind will find that profound intelligence, concepts, ideas, and native common sense can arise from the least likely sources, however humble. It also suggested that abundance, affluence, or sophistication do not necessarily guarantee happiness and satisfaction, but often lead to being vain and unappreciative of what you already have.

I would not change a single thing about my boyhood on the farm. Papa and Mama not only gave me strong roots but also wings for flying. Papa died peacefully in his sleep on February 12, 1975, just shy of 82 years old. Mama died 15 years later on January 31, 1990, at the age of 96. Both are buried in the Middleburgh Cemetery. May they rest in peace.

CONSTRUCTION OF THE JURIED MEMORIAL BARN



Doug Anderson, teacher at BOCES in Grand Gorge, and some of the students who built the barn.



Dennis Muthig and his robotic truck placing the second half of the barn.

THE BEAUTY AROUND US

Michael Fleischman

Use your imagination.

That is Mike Fleischman's goal as you look at his photographs. The 54-year-old native of West Conesville (well, since he was 5) loves to imagine the stories behind what he finds in the woods and countryside, then snap photos to preserve the details.

"If I photograph an old car, I always wonder if the family used it to go to church on Sunday or as a get-away car. In either case, it's abandoned and overgrown now, but the memories are still there."



THE BEAUTY AROUND US

Susan Kliza

There's no place like home. This is a familiar saying that reminds us to appreciate the places that we live in or have originated from. Our planet has many beautiful places to travel to and experience, yet our homes should be special places to each of us.

In an effort to cultivate a deeper appreciation for our home and our community, the Gilboa Historical Society approached me with an idea for an art contest. The theme of the contest was to be "The Beauty Around Us." The historical society hoped that the students would create works of art that would portray their views of the beautiful area that we live in.

As an art teacher in the foothills of the Catskill Mountains, this was a wonderful task to be asked to perform. While I was encouraging my students to recognize and appreciate the natural beauty that surrounds them every day, I was able to share with them that other artists before them had also appreciated the beauty of our area. I was able to share with them that the area that we call home was also the birthplace of art in America.

We learned about the Hudson River School of painting. This was the first group of artists in America who gained international recognition for the beautiful landscape paintings that they made. What were the subjects of these artworks that brought the world's attention to this small group of American painters? It was what many of us see every day in our community, the beautiful landscapes of the Catskill Mountains and the Hudson River Valley.

Through an Arts in Education grant we were able to take three groups of students to the historic homes of two Hudson River School painters. Cedar Grove was the home of Thomas Cole. It is located in Catskill, NY. Thomas Cole was the founder of the Hudson River School. Olana was the home of one of Cole's students, Frederic Edwin Church. It is located in Hudson, NY. Visiting both of these historic sites helped to enrich what the students learned in the classroom. At these places they actually walked the grounds where these artists lived. They saw some of the landscapes that inspired them. They stood in their studios and saw the easels, palettes and brushes that they used. In her reflective essay about the trip, senior Samantha Rose wrote "At Cedar Grove I liked Thomas Cole's studio by the barn. I liked this because you could still smell the paints and oils in the room." Sophomore Alysa Bathen wrote, "My favorite part of the trip was the view from Cedar Grove because it would be a great thing to try and paint."

By visiting both historic homes, the students were able to compare the lives of these two artists. "I learned that Fredric Church and Thomas Cole had very different lifestyles," wrote grade six student Derrick Brown. Kira Weaver, also a sixth grade student, wrote, "Church's house was big and fancy. It reminded me of a castle... Cedar Grove was Thomas Cole's house. . . . His house was small but cozy in a way, and the grounds were great." Senior Samantha Mead summed things up well when she wrote, "All in all, the trip was amazing and I can't wait to bring my family there this summer. It really gave me a new perspective on where we live and made me appreciate the nature I see every day."

Our students also had the wonderful experience of having a local landscape artist visit with us. Kristen Wyckoff is an artist who lives and works in our area. She was kind enough to come into our school and present some of her local landscape paintings to our art classes. Mrs. Wyckoff's passion for our local area was very inspiring to our students.

Art students in grades four through twelve created their own landscapes of our surrounding areas. They were displayed on May 18th during our Spring Concert. Then a jury from the Gilboa Historical Society viewed all the artwork and selected twenty-one pieces of student artwork to display in the Gilboa Museum for its 2010 season. The student artwork will be on display along with the beautiful landscapes of local photographer Michael Fleischman. The show opens on July 3 for weekends until September 5, and will remain open for Columbus Day weekend. The museum is open every Saturday and Sunday from 12:00 P.M. to 4:30 P.M. There will be an open house at the museum on July 11 from 1:00 to 3:00 P.M and an awards ceremony for the students whose work will be on display will take place during the open house.

I'd like to thank the Gilboa Historical Society for presenting us with the idea for the contest and also for valuing the artwork of our students by giving them the opportunity to display their work in the Gilboa Museum. I'd like to thank Mrs. Kristen Wyckoff for coming into the school on a number of occasions during this school year to share with and inspire our students. I would also like to thank the Arts in Education program for providing the admission costs for our students to enable them to visit Olana and Cedar Grove.

GILBOA-CONESVILLE CENTRAL SCHOOL ART COMPETITION

Grades 4-6

First Prize Megan Eisel
Second Prize Michael Merwin
Third Prize Charlie Post

Honorable Mention

Philip Berger
Kassidy Cipolla
Taylor Kamna
Brayden Spinner

Grades 7-9

First Prize Mikaela Cipolla
Second Prize Casey Smith
Third Prize Abigail Gockel

Honorable Mention

Brianna Alacci
Christopher Clark
Christian Cooper
Sinzia Reese

Grades 10-12

First Prize Ashley Wagner
Second Prize Michaela Reinhart
Third Prize Stacey Post

Honorable Mention

Kayla Coons
Samantha Mead
Kaytlin Russell
Ashley Wagner



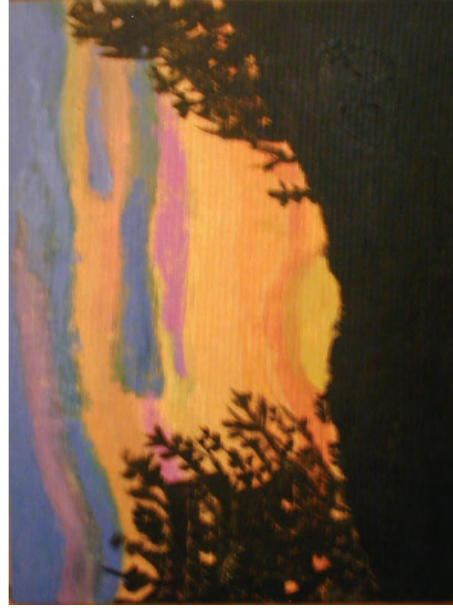
Grades 10–12
First Prize
Ashley Wagner



Grades 7–9
First Prize
Mikaela Cipolla



Grades 4–6
First Prize
Megan Eisel



ABOUT THE GILBOA MUSEUM

Kristen Wyckoff

The Gilboa Museum opened its doors in July of 2005, and over the years we have exhibited pin-hole camera photos, antique clothes, old-time kitchen tools, toys and sports memorabilia, and the works of several local artists. We also set up memorial tree and shrub plantings to provide beautiful landscaping dedicated to our loved ones.

So many folks in the community have helped make this happen, along with the constant support of our Town Board and the Gilboa Highway Department. The Museum Committee has really been dedicated and has worked long hours to realize this dream — its twelve members have struck it out and continue to carry on the history and provide for the public every year. They are: Kristen Wyckoff, chairperson; Val and Christl Riedman, Janette Reynolds, Connie Ruehle, Marianne Neuber, Marlynn Kessler, Jean Schroeder, Shirley Kutzscher, Richard Lewis, Mary Jane Laban, Kathy Szanari (who recently moved away), and Wallace (since passed) and Sylvia Van Houten.

I cannot name all the individual tour guides that help us, but we thank each one for the time and effort keeping the museum open on weekends. Several members of the Historical Society have played a big role in helping with the events of 2010, and I would like to thank Bee Matrice for her wealth of information and knowledge; Dottie Pickett for both publicizing our donations to GCCS alumni (and especially to Nick Juried) and giving her time to the entire barn project; Doug Anderson, teacher at BOCES in Grand Gorge, and his students who built the barn; Sue Kliza, art teacher at GCCS, and her students who created such extraordinary art for our summer's display; and Jane Fox for proctoring the art contest. A special thanks to Michael Fleischman for the theme this year, "The Beauty Around Us," and for involving GCCS students in this year's exhibit.

Finally, this year has benefitted from the extraordinary contributions of the Juried Family Foundation, Michael McNamara, Clayton Buel, George Decker, Dennis Muthig, and Dustin Truesdell—a contribution that will be seen and enjoyed in the years to come at the Juried Memorial Barn.

Thank you all!