

Go to the Fair

If you haven't been to the Washington county fair this year, you have today, tomorrow and Saturday to do so, and you should go, and take the family. It is quite a revelation to see what the hard work, interest and enthusiasm of a good many people can accomplish.

Many of us can remember when the fair wasn't much more than a midway carnival with a few tents and a few agricultural exhibits around. Today the carnival takes second place to the thousands of agricultural, homemaking, commercial and institutional exhibits which fill all the frame buildings on the fairgrounds and spill over into tents and outdoor displays.

There's something for everyone at the fair, and even if you're not a real judge of chickens, cows or canning, you'll find these exhibits, as well as the many more are interesting. Spend a while watching the judging being done, admire the handiwork in the homemaking department, run your fingers through the wool on a lamb's back, wander through the commercial building and see the vast array of wares. Best of all just walk around the grounds and see the folks. You'll meet neighbors as well as friends you may not have seen for a long, long time. It's all fun.

Lighter Side

(From Gene Brown in Oneonta Star)

A reader clips this poem and sends it to me as an expression of how she feels. She says "99 per cent of the youths are darn good kids with a keen sense of decency and fair play." But adults have their problems too... the worst one being that they are over 30.

JUVENILE OR

We read in the paper, we hear on the air Of killing and stealing and crime everywhere. We sigh and we say, as we notice the trend, This young generation — where will it all end? But can we be sure it's their fault alone? Too much money to spend; too much idle time; Too many movies of passion and crime; Too many books not fit to be read; Too many evils in what they hear said; But too many kids encouraged to roam; But too many parents who don't stay at home. Youth doesn't make the movies; they don't write the books That paint the gay pictures of gangsters and crooks, They don't make the liquor; they don't run the bars; They don't make the laws, and they don't make the wars; They don't make the drugs that idle the brain. It's all done by older folks, greedy for gain. And how many cases, we find that it's true — The label, "delinquency" fits older folks, too!

Andrea Bogolub

The best thing about the fair is that it is not too big. You can turn the youngsters loose and let them wander too. You can see everything, and there's a lot to see, in an afternoon or an evening. You can sit down and relax dozens of places and just watch the people go by.

The fair retains almost all of the rural fun and atmosphere that we sometimes think have disappeared. It's up-to-date, but it's old-fashioned too, and therein lies its charm.

In the past decade the people who are associated with our county fair have developed it to the point that it is considered one of the best county fairs in New York state and the north-east. They have put a great deal of work and thought into building up this annual August enterprise, and deserve the plaudits of everyone interested in the county.

Not only does the fair provide five days of education and entertainment for thousands of people, but since the erection of permanent buildings the fairgrounds are used for many different public programs by many different organizations the year round—another plus for the fair boards and for us.

We can be proud of our fair and our fairgrounds.

Enjoy Backwater Now, Progress Is Sure to Come

To the Editor and other mourners of the passing of the Niagara Mohawk power plant: Cheer up! All is not lost. The sun will shine again in Washington county. Look out your window. See the quiet green hills; smell the clean air and listen in vain for the rumble of high speed truck traffic. Enjoy it while you have it. Progress will come. It will certainly come.

You call Greenwich a "backwater" and "buncks." If that's what it is, then thank your God and dry your tears so you can see what you have and enjoy it while you can.

Your cry for progress is typical of the small-mindedness and short-sightedness of community leaders all over this country to whom happiness is a six lane highway with toll booths to boot. No doubt you have already counted the profits you would have made. No doubt Greenwich and Easton would be the first communities in this country to "profit" from the rape of its countryside and further pollution of its major river. No doubt.

Let me tell you of another New York community that at twenty years ago was very similar to Greenwich. It was quiet, even bucolic. It was clean; it was a pleasant place to live. Then Progress came to Huntington, Long Island. It came with terrifying force whether wanted or not. It caught the Old Guard napping and laid them low; it tore up the country, polluted the drinking water and the air and it brought that old friend of Progress, Corruption. It also brought that old friend of the working man, the Long Island Lighting company blaring the trumpets of "Great Times are Coming" and the highest rates in the nation.

Now their great power plant fight is over. Now twin 500 foot candy-striped smoke stacks mar the view and pollute the upper air. Now the bitter struggle to eliminate the ugly transmission towers is over. I suggest a diversion for some coming fall day. Drive to Huntington. Fight the traffic to get there and talk to the people whom Progress has brought.

Robert Rogers Day to Be Held at Fort Edward

Louis Horvath, associate planner for the Hudson River Valley commission, will be speaker at the first annual Robert Rogers day program next Sunday at 2 p.m. at Rogers island in Fort Edward.

Mr. Horvath who instituted the commission's island study project which covers the 70-odd Hudson river islands between Manhattan and Glens Falls, including Rogers island.

Other speakers will be John Cuneo of Westport, Conn., attorney and historian who is a recognized authority on Major Robert Rogers and the Rogers Rangers of the French and Indian war; Earl E. Stott the island's owner and historical coordinator; Richard Mason, president of the association, and Melvin L. Gonick, a trustee who will serve as master of ceremonies.

The activities also will include bagpipers, a cannon exhibition and a display of artifacts excavated from the island.

"Have A Good Convention, Dear"



INTERESTING WORLD BY ABBY BERG Summertime When the Livin' Is Buggy!

I'm sitting here typing, minding my own business, and there's this large economy-sized fly with a built-in kazoo buzzing around my head.

We have eighteen rooms. Downstairs there are seven, plus two bathrooms, and a porch on either side of this house plunk in the middle of 99 acres, packed solid with crawling, creeping, flying, charging, zinging, zooming lollipop-sized bugs!

One porch, which is done up fancy with picture windows that can be taken out for washing, and paneled with solid oak siding applied over a thick layer of greenbacks — was designed, apparently, to keep flies, bees, gnats and gypsy moths from escaping.

But because of bug repellent, electric appliances, and other hanging things—nowhere in the inside of the whole house is there a flying insect.

Except in this one room where I keep my typewriter. And where dwells yours truly in snatches of time between cooking, cleaning, and breaking up fights that seem to be the chief entertainment of that young bug-proof gang o'mine.

The point is—I'm sure that that fly, and his brothers and sisters and all his distant relatives—have a bee-line on me.

Wherever I go, it tags along, buzzing busily. Upstairs in the bedroom, at the dinner table, in the living room, all may be quiet. But I've come to learn that quiet is the lull before the buzz. For sure enough, out of the blue sky it materializes. And it heads for nobody else but me. And that's the truth!

If I sound as if I'm suffering from a persecution complex—it's only because I am.

And there's nothing complex about it. Bugs are driving me bugs!

There it goes again! For a blessed moment I thought it had given up.

Believe me, there is nothing louder than a fly's drone when you are trying to concentrate. And nothing more distracting. Which accounts for this distracted column today.

Today, the Israelis and the Russians will have to get along without my advice because this thing is bigger than all of us.

I am being attacked by an Identified Flying Object, and must muster all my resources.

Bev Kuzmich Leaves Turkish Family Today

August 13, 1968 Kadikoy, Istanbul

Dear Miss Tefft,

Thank you so much for sending me The Journal. It was great to read about activities back home.

The life in Balikesir, as compared to Kadikoy, Istanbul, are worlds apart.

Women in Balikesir wear long skirts and some even wear veils. From what I saw, men sat around all day and drank coke. Women worked in the fields. It's hard to believe that something like this exists in our modern world, but it's true.

The major part of my summer is being spent living with a modern cosmopolitan family. Here miniskirts are the thing and I've had to shorten mine in order to fit in. Here my activities include swimming in the Sea of Marmara, playing tennis with my sister, and going to clubs. As you can imagine, I'm enjoying every minute.

It's hard to believe I'm so far away. I guess people are the same all over the world, only customs differ.

The only thing that reminds me I'm in Turkey is the call to pray. Five times a day there is a repeated chant by a man in a minaret. In Balikesir, this call was strictly obeyed by the adults. Here, it's mainly used as a device for telling time.

On August 22 I will leave my Turkish family. It's been the best time of my life and I want to thank the AFS and its committee and my parents who have made my trip possible.

The last part of my AFS summer will be spent sightseeing in Ankara, Ismir and Istanbul. I will return home before September first.

Sincerely, Bev Kuzmich

ALBANY

Open Line

by Alex Rankin
When the governor is away, almost anything can happen.

For example, while Governor Rockefeller was away in Miami Beach at the Republican national convention, members of his administration were in Albany attacking his Medicaid program.

A month ago it would have been heresy.

But there he was, Dr. Daniel McMahon, regional director of the State Health department, telling a seminar for municipal officials that Medicaid is "an example of comprehensive non-planning."

Translated from bureaucraticese, that means the program is a mess and a waste of money.

That will come as a shock to anyone who has attended any of the numerous public hearings on Medicaid held around the state during the past two years.

One consistent observation of all these hearings was that no matter what the charge, state officials always defended Medicaid—because it was the governor's program.

There is, it must be noted, some consistency in Dr. McMahon's remarks recently.

After saying that Medicaid "wastes resources in the private sector," the state official said the answer to this is Rockefeller's "compulsory health insurance proposal."

That proposal died quickly at the 1968 session of the state legislature, not because anyone lobbied strongly against it, but because 1968 is 1968—an election year.

The principal argument heard against it was that it would drive small businessmen out of business, since they would have to pay half the coverage of their employees.

No sane politician would do anything to drive small businessmen out of business in an election year.

Next year, however, is another story.

The city council of Saratoga Springs shocked everyone recently.

They rescinded their three per cent sales tax.

After Medicaid was passed in the state legislature, a lot of counties and cities around the state put in sales taxes or substantially hiked the ones they already had. They blamed it on the rising costs of Medicaid.

This raised some suspicion that if the costs of Medicaid ever went down—the local taxes would too.

This year the legislature cut back drastically the Medicaid program.

Save for Saratoga Springs, the local taxes have remained.

The fathers of Saratoga Springs apparently cut the tax out of charity to the merchants of the city.

One official, Tax Commissioner James R. Foley, said the tax had created a "tax island." Taxes in the city were higher than in the surrounding county. Therefore everyone did their shopping in the county.

During the Republican national convention Moses M. Weinstein was governor of the state.

The state constitution provides that if the governor, the Lt. governor and the majority leader of the senate are out of the state, then the speaker of the assembly becomes governor.

The first three were at the Republican convention.

Weinstein, Democrat from Queens, was left running the state. He became speaker when Anthony Travia left to become a federal judge.

Weinstein's speakership may also be temporary. If Democrats manage to keep control of the assembly after the November elections, he faces a fight to keep his post among his own party members.

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From The Files of The Greenwich Journal

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

August 20, 1868—
Street Lamps.—Several citizens are complaining that the new street lamps have not been lighted during the recent very dark nights. We are of the opinion that the village fathers retire before 8 o'clock, and so are not aware of the extreme darkness of the night, or else they think that the lamplighter can't see to light the lamps unless it be moonlight. For the benefit of those who have "barked" their noses against trees and their shins by falling over crosswalks we ask, Why are not the lamps lighted?

Graded.—Hill street and Mowry street are being rapidly graded and put in good order.

A HALF CENTURY BACK

August 28, 1918—
The government asked all car owners east of the Mississippi not to drive on Sunday except when absolutely necessary. This was a request but it was accompanied by a threat that unless it met with a patriotic response the order would become mandatory.

THIRTY YEARS AGO

August 24, 1938—
The village board made application to the PWA for federal aid in construction of a municipal building to cost approximately \$45,000, and preliminary plans were being drawn.

Plans for the establishment of a centralized school and the erection of a new school building with the aid of a federal PWA grant already authorized were progressing rapidly in Argyle. This would be the fourth district to be centralized in the county. Hartford had centralized some time before, and Salem and Fort Ann within the past year. The estimated cost of the new school was \$214,000.

Fire destroyed a new barn on the Franklin P. Larson farm in Bald Mountain, and the cause was unknown. A bull and five calves were saved, but 50 hens, 40 tons of hay and other produce were destroyed.

Deaths:

Mrs. Thomas Reid, 61, Greenwich; Henry Hunt, 63, Easton; Edwin Holbrook, Bald Mountain; Edward Gifford, 73, Middle Falls.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

August 13, 1948—
For the third successive year the Washington county junior fair was to be held for two days at the county highway grounds in Fort Edward. The fair was sponsored by the 4H clubs, F.F.A. chapters, juvenile granges, older youth organizations and home economics departments, and was financed in part by the county board of supervisors.

The draft board which would serve Washington county was to be located in the postoffice building in Hudson Falls, according to announcement of Brig. Gen. Ames T. Brown, state director of selective service. There would be only one board for the entire county, instead of two as there had been during the war.

The Battenkill Country club was having what was probably its largest season on record this year, with approximately 100 members enjoying the facilities of the club, and in addition an unusually large number of golfers using the courses on the greens free basis.

Deaths:

Mrs. Hugh Henley, 84, Greenwich; Henry R. Perry, 91, White Creek; Mrs. Frank Rogers, South Cambridge.

JUST A YEAR AGO

August 24, 1967—
Hans Klunder Associates, planning consultant for the Easton planning board, had begun a door-to-door survey of all households and businesses as a first step in the development of a comprehensive plan. Despite the fact that the applications for federal and state funds had only recently been submitted, the consultant was going ahead with the survey in anticipation of approval of the proposed planning project early the following year.