

TRICOUNTY NEWS

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THE CATSKILLS GEOLOGISTS - PROFS ROBERT & JOHANNA TITUS

Traveling through Time with Thomas Cole

We like to think that we are good citizens of the Catskills and the Hudson Valley. Of course, we do a lot of writing hereabouts, but also, we belong to a number of our region's historical, artistic and conservation groups. We are active members and enjoy promoting their causes. That has long included Cedar Grove: the Thomas Cole Historic Site. We have been with Cedar Grove almost as far back as to when it was founded. Recently they approached us about doing a series of audios for them. In each audio we would focus on one of Thomas Cole's

more important paintings. In our mind's eyes we were to drift back in time to the Ice Age. There we would view those same locations as they had been when ice age events were literally shaping them into what they would be when Cole painted them. This gives us an entirely new venue where we can elaborate on one of the important themes of our writings. We have long advocated that it was the Ice Age that shaped our magnificent landscapes here in the Catskills and Hudson Valley. We think that under-

neath and behind most Hudson Valley School of Art landscape paintings is an ice age history. We have long been writing about this but now Cedar Grove has given us a chance to recite and record our images of the past. We think these can be called dramatic readings. We are trying verbally to capture the feelings of being to those locations back then. Neither of us has much skill in painting but both of us enjoy "painting" with words. Our dramatic readings are designed to be just that - paintings. Musicians often compose tone poems; they

try to paint images with music. Perhaps our readings can be called "tone writings." We just plain enjoy this sort of thing. We hope you will too. We have done four of these audios and they are going to be released in four installments over the course of four Tuesdays; that started on September 29. In that first reading we planted ourselves on the west porch of Cedar Grove and looked west toward the Catskill Mountains. We found ourselves gazing at a very sizable ice age lake, something called Glacial Lake Albany. We went on to describe

what Thomas Cole would have seen, and perhaps painted, if he and his home had been there back then. Want to listen to this? Go to thomascole.org and then click "What's on," then "exhibitions and events." Scroll down to "Art Trail podcast" and there we are! Do you compose music?

Perhaps you can listen and find the inspiration to compose something to go with our readings. Ice age tone music? Contact the authors at randjtitus.net. Join their facebook page "The Catskill Geologist." Read their blogs at "thecatskillgeologist.com."



Cedar Grove

WHITTTLING AWAY -- BY DICK BROOKS

The Next Season

Summer is quickly riding off into the sunset. While I did enjoy the nice weather we had between April and October, I find myself wishing for more as the freight train of winter approaches. I await the beautiful days of Indian summer that I hope are still ahead. The usual blaze of autumn colors hasn't happened yet this year. Every thing seems to be tones of gold, yellow and brown. I think the early summer rains washed out most of the bright colors. The sumac, usually the

brightest of reds, is a rust color. This doesn't surprise me since I am not sure if the tan I got this year was as a result of the sunshine or just plain old rust. My joints during this unusually cold and damp early autumn have voted for rust. I think I'm going to forgo visits to the Weather Channel and start listening more to my joints. Grandpa used to predict bad weather by listening to his joints, "Gonna rain soon, feel it in my bones" and darned if it didn't. His bones had a better accuracy

record than The National Weather Service or even that most accurate of predictors, The Old Farmers Almanac. I thought Grandpa was full of hooey (his word). Now that I've reached the age he was, his DNA seems to have kicked in. I can not only tell that precipitation is coming but can even give a prediction as to the time of arrival and I'm usually right especially if I've watched the morning news weather forecast. Old timers in Grandpa's days didn't have the advantage that Bob Kovachik gives

me. They did their predictions by observing nature. During the winter, the old farmers where I lived would tell me, "Birds flying low, there will come snow". They were usually right. Since Grandpa is no longer available, I went to one of my favorite books, The Fox Fire Book, to check up on old weather sayings to see what kind of winter lays ahead. I found the following: It will be a bad winter if: squirrels begin gathering nuts early (Mine started gathering in May). Squirrels' tails are bushy (Mine are dragging theirs like wedding trains). Birds eat up all the berries early (I don't have any berries

but I didn't get one of an abundant cherry crop). Crickets come inside (It sounds like The Boston Symphony warming up around here). Woolly Bears black band is wider than the brown ends (The last two Woolly Bears I saw were completely black). You see Woolly Bears before the first frost (I saw my first one in August). Butterflies migrate early (I haven't seen many since the July monsoons). Trees are laden with green leaves late in the fall (My maple trees haven't even started to turn colors). There's a heavy crop of berries, acorns and pinecones (I have so many pine cones that when I mow the lawn, my neighbors wear

helmets). If it frosts before November, it will be a bad winter (enough said). The signs have spoken, I'm going out now to tune up the snow blower and try to find the snow shovel under all the junk of summer. Better yet I think I'll call my brother, the one who lives in Florida and tell him to expect company. We shouldn't stay more than three or four months. Thought for the week: Diplomacy is the art of saying "Nice doggie!"...till you can find a rock--Gallagher. Until next week, may you and yours be happy and well. Whittle12124@yahoo.com

Honoring John Goettsche and His Legacy

By Michael Ryan
WINDHAM - Memories work in strange ways so it will always seem as if John and Mickey Goettsche are walking together somewhere.

Mentioning the two of them as one makes sense even though John passed away earlier this month, a couple of weeks shy of their 67th anniversary.

He wanted no hubbub and his family respected that wish. He wouldn't have expected this either but his leaving is the same as the maple trees that once lined Main Street in Windham, his adopted hometown.

They were cut down for progress and people coming here new wouldn't know they were even there, other than old photos. Nevertheless, they are forever a part of what Windham is and so are John and Mickey Goettsche.

The image of them walking along the highway, to and from the Windham Path, inclement weather or not, is etched in the collective memory (as if their presence in the com-



John Goettsche "loved his family, his country, his community and the United States of America," says Mickey Goettsche, his bride of 67 years and his closest companion.

munity hadn't etched them there already). John and Mickey met when their families ran the Osborn House and Thompson House resorts, next to each other along Route 296. Mickey was a native daughter from one of the most unshakeable families in town. John was a guy who had seen more as a boy, growing up in World War II Germany, than he cared to share with anyone. Except Mickey, of course.

He'd been thrust into the military in his early teens and captured by Russian forces, somehow managing to escape, swimming across the Elbe River to an Allied sanctuary. John surrendered his German citizenship, later serving with American troops in Korea, earning a Bronze Star. That happened after the courtship with Mickey had begun so when he returned stateside there was no reason for him to go anywhere else.

But he never stopped moving. John was a volunteer firefighter for 60 years, past commander with the VFW and a Boy Scout cub master.

He was the local school board president, a board member of the Windham Methodist Church and a passionate footballer, traveling with the Stamford (Connecticut) United Soccer Club.

John was Greene County Veteran of the Year in 2015 and drove for the Meals on Wheels program for 30 years, delivering meals to elderly and homebound folks until Mickey made him quit, last year.

He was 90 at the time. "John joked that he gave it up because everybody was younger than him," says his VFW compatriot Dick Hughes.

John and Mickey never quit walking, though, or working, which John did until the day he couldn't anymore, mowing lawns outside while Mickey busied herself inside their beloved Thompson House. "Theirs is a very sweet love story," says Christine

Peters, one of John and Mickey's four children, leading to 9 grandkids and 11 great grandkids who are keeping the Thomson House tradition intact. "My mom is the kind of person who, when she asks someone, 'How are you?' she is genuinely asking. She will stand and listen for an hour. My father be-

came very patient. He would stand there with her, waiting." Other than that, they were in constant motion, so if you believe you still see the two of them, heading for the Windham Path on a summer or wintry morning, don't be surprised. Don't be surprised in the least.

Jay Gould Memorial Reformed Church

Take Out Only Pot Roast Beef Dinner



Friday, October 16, 2020
53837 State Hwy. 30
(Carriage House) Roxbury
607-326-7101

Take outs ONLY available from - 4 - 6 p.m.
MENU:
Pot Roast Beef, Mashed Potatoes, Gravy, Green Beans, Squash, Coleslaw, Roll & Dessert

Take out Prices: Adult-\$15 Sr. Citizen-\$13
Children: 6-12 years-\$7 ~ 5 years and under-FREE

Family Plan: Kids 12 and under 1 FREE with each adult ticket purchased!

You can pre-purchase your tickets on Tithely at:
<https://tithely.com/event-registration/#/2530067>



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VIEW FROM THE OFFICE

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