



Allegany Area Historical Association

November 2004

Issue XXIII Vol. 4

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

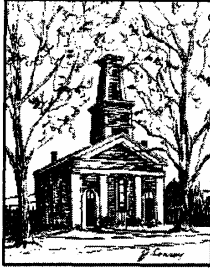
A brief report this time as I seem to have covered a lot of things last month. Be sure to check out the information about our upcoming meeting on Sunday, November 14th. Craig Braack is always interesting, and a lot of the War of 1812 happened right here in Western New York and neighboring Canada. When I was in Niagara-on-the-Lake this summer, I saw a tower-fort at the mouth of the Niagara River that had been built from the remains of the town which had been burned by the American army during that conflict. Fort George in Canada and Fort Niagara on the American side were busy shelling each other then, the Americans were repulsed by the British at the Battle of Queenston Heights, and there were battles in Buffalo, which was burned, and in Fort Erie. So the history of that war is really in our backyard.

In going through the microfilm of *The Allegany Citizen* at the Heritage Center, we came upon an article from 1927 which gives a little of the sports history of Allegany Central School. "The year 1922 marked the first year that athletics were ever had in our high school. The first year we had baseball and basketball teams. Our baseball diamond was up to par, but what about our basketball court? (If it could be called that). The old livery barn which stands on Fifth Street (*Ed. Note - Today this site is the post office parking lot*) was used as a place for our boys to play their home games. Despite the fact that our "gym" was not up to the standard, the people nevertheless came to the games and gave the team their loyal support, of course this was when we had a championship team. In the year 1925 our new school was opened. This building as we all know is an honor to our town and stands out as one of the best buildings in our village. Our school has the best "gym" in Cattaraugus County, and well as all other facilities. Last year (1926) was the first time in its history that the A. H. S. turned out a football team. The record made by the boys last year was not very impressive, yet it must be taken into consideration that it was their first year in this branch of athletics. The support given the various teams last year as well as so far this year has been nothing sort of terrible." The article goes on at some length to scold everyone for their poor support of the athletic teams, and notes that the students will be selling game tickets for a match with Little Valley, and they also plan to hold a parade to drum up enthusiasm. The editor of the *Citizen* was never shy about expressing his opinion, which was always on the front page, and it all makes for some very interesting reading. We'll try to have some more from past issues in future newsletters.

We have a new Recording Secretary. Shirley Russell has volunteered her services, and we are very grateful. Thanks, Shirley.

There is mention elsewhere in this newsletter about our annual Community Christmas service. We hope you will be able to attend this "opening" of the holiday season. As always, thanks to all our members for their support of the cookie sale and the Christmas service. We would be out of business without all you do for us.

Francie Potter, President

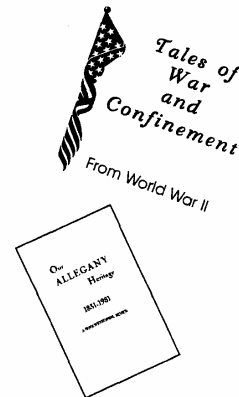


COMMUNITY CHRISTMAS SERVICE

We will hold our 22nd annual Community Christmas Service on Sunday, December 5 at 2 p.m. at the Heritage Center, 25 North Second Street. A collection of canned goods and paper products will be taken for the benefit of Genesis House in Olean. Refreshments will be served after the service. We hope you will be able to join us.

BOOKS

When you are looking for Christmas presents, don't forget we have some very interesting books for sale. Tales of War and Confinement from World War II contains letters from Clem Martiny and Richie Boser written to the editor of the Allegany Citizen; and a letter from Van Munson detailing his experiences as a German prisoner of war. The cost is \$6.00, plus \$3.00 for shipping and handling. Our Allegany Heritage: 1831 -1981, is a reprint of our original history book. This soft cover edition costs \$7.50, plus \$2.50 for shipping and handling. Make your check to AAHA, and send to PO Box 162, Allegany, NY 14706. We will have copies of both books available at our Christmas Cookie Sale on December 4th at Nature's Remedy.



In our files at the Heritage Center, we have a small (possibly 3 inches by 5 inches) embroidered piece, that says, "Allegany Lily Club, No. 484." We think it might possibly be related to the Grange. Does anyone have an idea on this? Please let us know.

Grandma Tells It As It Was

by C. D. Barber

Some folks talk of the "good old days"
When Grandma was a lass;
They tell us things were better then,
And they're sad to see them pass.

Well, I made jelly, canned the corn,
Spent hours at the churn;
Fed the hired hands, baked the pies,
And at weedin' took my turn.

I carried out the chamber pots,
Plucked feathers for my bed;
Scrubbed all the clothes upon a board,
Stoked fires and made the bread.

I fed the ducks and chickens,
Picked berries in the bog,
My only entertainment was
Sears-Roebuck catalog.

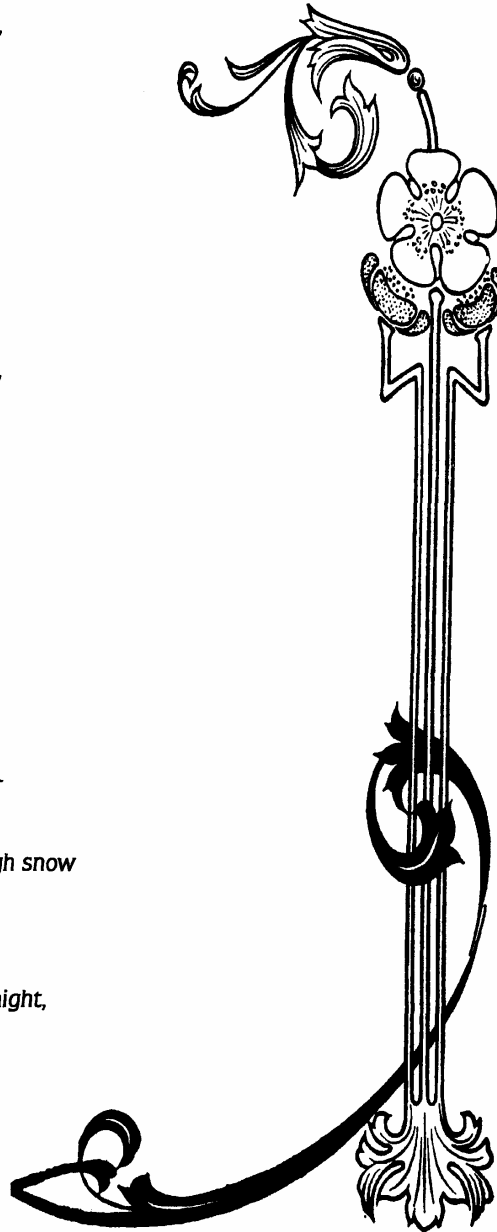
I made the scrapple, kraut and soap,
And all the children's togs.
Then if I had time to spare,
I helped at butcherin' hogs.

I raised a pack of droolin' kids,
Was doctor, farmhand, wife.
There was no respite from the chores -
It was a gruelin' life.

The children walked three miles through snow
Before they reached the school.
I often went to bring them home
Upon our old gray mule.

I scraped and scoured from morn till night,
And to make my day complete
I hopped into an icy bed
With hot bricks at my feet.

I milked our old cow twice a day
And often chopped some wood.
If these were the "good old days,"
I'm glad they're gone for good!



TREASURER'S REPORT
October 1, 2003 - October 1, 2004

This report is presented to give you an understanding of our sources of income and our expenses. AAHA receives no public assistance from village, town or state.

Income

Membership dues	\$2,528.00
Memorials	1,020.00
Donations	326.00
Christmas Cookie Sale	745.00
Heritage Days Profit	1,215.00
Microfilm Reader/Printer Fund	150.00
Misc. Sales	131.00
Copier Use	32.00
Checking Account Interest	25.00
American Legion Donation (Tales of War)	1,000.00
Sales of Book	342.00
Anonymous Donation (Allegany History Book)	600.00
Sales of Book	165.00
TOTAL	\$8,279.00

EXPENSES

NYSEG	\$2,124.00
Niagara Mohawk	825.00
Insurance	1,111.00
P.O. Box Rental	48.00
Bulk Mailing Permit	150.00
Newsletter Printing	399.00
Newsletter Mailing	154.00
Programs	75.00
Dues	85.00
Service Contract	319.00
Supplies	86.00
Collections	260.00
Maintenance	79.00
Street Sheet Expense	234.00
Printing Costs	
Tales of War	2,186.00
Allegany History Books	1,211.00
TOTAL	\$9,346.00

Memorials

For: Kay Karl Schuman
From: Bill and Kay Palmer

For: Ruth E. Capozzi
From: Charles, Leonard and Steven Boser

For: Ann Boser
From: Thomas R. Walsh



For: Josephine Gaylor Weinman
From: Dan, Cindy and Stephanie Pikulski
Jim and Diane Boser
Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Jonak
Mrs. Rita Keim
Orin and Margaret Parker
Kathleen Karl
Stephan and Joan Gollaher
Bob and Francie Potter

NOVEMBER MEETING

Our November meeting will be on Sunday, November 14 at 2 p.m. at the Heritage Center. Our speaker will be Allegany County Historian, Craig Braack. His talk is entitled "Home At Last". In October of 1987, 28 sets of remains were uncovered by accident near Niagara Falls, Ontario. Tests proved they were United States soldiers from Western New York who fought in the War of 1812 Niagara Peninsula Campaign. In June of 1988, they were re-interred in the National Cemetery at Bath, New York Veterans Administration Hospital. We hope you will be able to come to hear this interesting talk. Mr. Braack is always a delightful speaker, and will be glad to answer any questions you might have. See you there.

DUES—DUES—DUES

Our dues are coming in very nicely, but **you** may have forgotten. If you have, please send your check, made out to A.A.H.A., to AAHA, PO Box 162, Allegany, NY 14706. Cost is \$10 for a single membership, \$15 for a family, and \$20 or more for a patron membership.



Christmas Cookie Sale

We are having our annual Christmas Cookie Sale on Saturday, December 4th from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. But we have a **new location!!!!** This year, instead of the Olean Mall, we will be at **Nature's Remedy** at **120 West Main Street** in **Allegheny**. Our sales have been flat the last couple of years at the mall, and the owner of Nature's Remedy, Linda Kruppner, has graciously agreed to let us use part of her store for the day. Be sure to come see us in our new location. A word to our cookie bakers - several of our ladies who have contributed the fancy decorated cookies in the past are unable to do so this year. So when you are baking, please try to make some decorated Christmasy ones. All the cookies sell well, but the fancy ones sell the best.

**DON'T FORGET - CHRISTMAS COOKIE SALE - SATURDAY,
DECEMBER 4, NATURE'S REMEDY, 120 WEST MAIN STREET, ALLEGANY - 10 A.M. TO 4 P.M.**

**Allegheny Area Historical Association
P.O. BOX 162
Allegheny, NY 14706**

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ALLEGANY, NY 14706**

INSIDE SPECIAL ISSUE:

Presidents Report
Community Christmas Service
Treasurer's Report



Allegany Area Historical Association

October 2004

Issue XXIII Vol. 3

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

So much has happened since the last newsletter I hardly know where to begin. First, I think I'll tell you a story about our heating system. Three years ago, a skunk managed to get into the building and into the furnace. Of course, he couldn't find his way out, so he died there. The smell, as you can imagine, was quite bad, but eventually it went away and when we turned the furnace on in the fall everything seemed all right. Two years ago, a bird got into the furnace and died. This time when the furnace was turned on, feathers spewed out the registers. Last year another bird died in the furnace. Search as we might, we had no idea how the critters were getting in. This spring, we were in the building and heard scratching noises coming from the ductwork, which was a definite sign we had another unwelcome visitor. Sure enough, in a few weeks we began to notice an very unpleasant smell. It kept getting worse. Not knowing what else to do, we called Mazza Plumbing & Heating in Olean, who services the furnace. A very nice young man came out, we told him the story, and he, gently humoring us old ladies, went to see what kind of "critter" had invaded this time. Very shortly he reappeared and announced in a loud astounded voice that we had a dead woodchuck (!) in the furnace. What's more, he volunteered to remove it for us! Which was good as none of us even wanted to go near the furnace to see it. He disposed of the woodchuck, sanitized the furnace, and then did a survey of the premises to see how it and the rest of our "visitors" had been getting in. He found a place outside where they had been invading and we have now closed off that avenue of entrance. I can hardly wait for the next big adventure! When you have an old building, many things can and do go wrong, but wildlife invading your furnace isn't one of the first things that comes to mind.

Another thing that goes wrong in an old building is the ceiling falling down - literally. The ceiling tiles have started dropping in two places. A panicked visit to Duggan & Duggan Construction immediately followed, and Mel sent a crew to put things back together, so the ceiling doesn't fall on our guest speakers or our audience. So if you see Mel around, be sure to thank him, and if you need heating work done, I highly recommend Mazza Plumbing & Heating.

The 22nd annual Heritage Days was once again a success. We sold out on the chicken BBQ on Friday, and we had one of the few rainless days on Saturday for all our outdoor events. Our major display this year was "Allegany's Military Heritage" and it was warmly received. Many people loaned us pictures to copy, the past issues of the *Allegany Citizen* were searched for stories, military uniforms from our collection were brought out, letters and memorabilia were gathered from various sources, and lots of volunteers put together a very interesting, educational display. We picked this theme to go along with the book we published (more later in this newsletter) about the letters of Richie Boser and Clem Martiny to the *Allegany Citizen* during World War II, and the letter from Van Munson relating his experiences as a German prisoner of war. The display showed Allegany servicemen from the Civil War right through to the current conflict in Iraq. One of the great additions to the display was the work of Kyle Stetz, who has been a Civil War buff since he was very young. He's now in college, and volunteered to help us during Heritage Days. He patiently answered many questions during the day about artifacts from his private collection that he so

generously shared with us for the day and about the authentic period uniform he wore, and he also talked about the men from Allegany who served in that war. Many thanks to Kyle for sharing his knowledge with us.

Several people have asked about the water fountain that was in front of the Town Hall, and that was removed when Main Street was reconstructed last year. They will be relieved to know that the fountain is back, not near the street as it was before, but back a ways in the Town Hall lawn. It spent the winter at Studio 4 East, being repainted and refurbished. It looks very nice, but isn't hooked up to a water supply. I don't know if that is in the plan, but it is back.

Mel Duggan has had some of his men mowing our lawn in the past. This year he paid a gentleman, Dave Swatt, to do the job. Mr. Swatt has the place looking the best it ever has. He trims around the flower planter and the sign, and edges the walk. He even mows along the back fence line. If you should happen to be there when he is working, or if you know him, please thank him for a job well done.

The winner of the naming contest for our book of letters from Richie Boser and Clem Martiny was Rebecca Fortuna Black, a member from West Palm Beach, Florida. She suggested the name, Tales of War and Confinement from World War II. She received a free copy of the book. Thanks to all who offered names. There is more later in this newsletter about the book, and how you can order copies. I think it would make a great Christmas present for Allegany friends far and near.

We have lost some members since the last newsletter - Catherine Riehle Senyk from Westons Mills and Jean DeArmitt of Allegany. Ann Boser also died, on September 13th. Ann was one of the founding members of AAHA, and an avid genealogist. The results of her family searches have enriched our genealogy files. She organized our Community Christmas Service for 21 years, and could always be counted on for help in any area whenever we needed it. She will be greatly missed.

Our Vice-President, Marge Geise, has once again put together an interesting schedule of programs for the coming year. All the meetings are on Sundays at 2 p.m. On October 17, Fr. Dominic Monti, OFM, will speak on the History of the Franciscans and the College (more on that further in the newsletter); Sunday, November 14, Craig Braack, Allegany County Historian, will give a talk on the Final Burial of 28 Western New York Soldiers from the War of 1812; Bruce Perry of Bradford will talk on March 13 about sports car ice trials on Red House Lake; and Steve Howard will finish our season on May 15 talking about a Prehistoric Site Along the Allegheny: Reports from a Field School, detailing a dig he did along the river in back of Bockmier's Farm Market.

One of our long-time members who is also our Secretary, Vernon Field, is now residing at The Pines, the Cattaraugus County Nursing Home in Olean. He goes from there for kidney dialysis on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, but other than those days he would certainly welcome visitors. He's in Room 11, so check to see what the visiting hours are and stop by to say hello.

I hope you are all enjoying the delightful late summer-early fall weather we are having, and I hope to see you at our October meeting.

Francie Potter, President

The following article was given to AAHA during Heritage Days by Edward Wheeler Havers of Olean. I hope you find it interesting.

There is no doubt that we, the citizens of the United States of America, are going through some very difficult, sad and scary times. However, we have come through other frightening challenges and succeeded in overcoming them. Now, we are challenged once again and we must be as determined to accomplish the task of overcoming the terrorist regime that has brought us to this state of affairs as we have in years before when we fought the Revolutionary War which made us a free nation, followed by the confrontation of the Civil War which pitted state against state and family against family. It was that war which brought us together as the United States of America. We have been engaged in many great battles which have called us together as a united people, World War I, World War II, the Korean War, the Vietnam War and others, and in each we have stories of brave young men and women who stood for what they felt was the right. Thousands of these brave veterans fought to keep this wonderful land of ours free, and so many gave the supreme gift, their lives.

An example of such a young man is Devillo Wheeler, a fifteen year old lad who on September 24, 1862, left his home on the North Nine Mile in Allegany, N.Y. to join the 154th N.Y. Volunteers, one of the army regiments which many other young men had joined. He lied about his age to enter the confrontation, because he felt that it was his duty to enlist. Sixteen was the age for enlistment, and as stated, he was only 15.

Most of the Civil War enlistees were sent to Jamestown, N.Y., separated into regiments, and then moved to an active post. The following is a short excerpt from a letter written by Devillo while in Jamestown on September 27, 1862: "We have marching orders from here now and expect to leave on Monday. I send this check for I can't come home. We only get \$50.00, and I bought a watch. I am sending you all that I can. Spend it as you see fit. I probably shall never see you again unless I come through the war safely. I should like to see you all again but I can't. I'm leaving for Camp J. M. Brown."

Fighting a war is a difficult and frightening experience. Many decisions have to be made. The letters sent to family members and friends read as pages from a history book many years after they are written. One has the chance to look into the past and learn what the sender and his comrades had to endure. They not only had the war about which to think, but often they worried about the folks back home. This is another excerpt from a letter sent from a camp near Fredericksburg, Va., February 2, 1863: "We are going to have some more pay the last of this month then I will send you some. I only have \$5.00 for myself and need money a great many times. Things to buy are very dear. I have seen brandy sold for seven shillins a drink. I tell you when a man has been out on picket and comes in all wet and cold, seven shillins a drink is no object. I was on picket the other day on the Raphanock River and the Rebs come over and give me some tobacco but I didn't use it. I gave it to Capt. Mills. The Rebs said they was sick of the war and wanted to go home as bad as we did. The reb regiment was the 10th Alabama. Some of them threwed down their arms and gave themselves up. It is easy to cross the River by jumping from stone to stone. The Rebs want our hardtack bread and they trade tobacco for it. I shall see home by the next time if I am alive war or no war. It makes no difference to me how I must see it." (The rest of the letter is missing.)

Toward the end of the Civil War the Battle of Gettysburg was fought. It was shortly before that battle that Devillo wrote his parents another letter. However, only an undated fragment of the letter was found. It follows: "I am all right now don't worry and don't work yourself to deep for you will get along just well."

Be cheerful and I will come out all right though if I was home I should like it better and would feel safer. Let it be ever so humble there is no place like home. When I hear the brass band play 'Home Sweet Home' in the evening it makes me think of home." Signed Devillo Wheeler to his father and mother and sisters and brothers, forever Devillo Wheeler. He adds: "You can't expect me to write on my knapsack as well as I could on the desk up there to Mother Warners."

Devillo was taken prisoner at Gettysburg, Pa., and was transferred to Andersonville prison where he starved to death at the age of seventeen.

War is not a pleasant state of affairs, and as said before, it brings about much worry and sadness. It is a dreaded event and a terrible waste of young lives, lives such as Devillo's and others that have been lost in other battles if only the perpetrators could understand that. However, we must unite, just as our veterans did before us, and face the enemy and rid our nation (and the world, in this case) of the terrorists who are determined to bring us to our knees. Once again we will prove to the world, we are a united people who will stand up and protect our freedoms, freedoms that are a gift to us by the sacrifices of those brave individuals who fought for freedom and built us a strong nation under God.

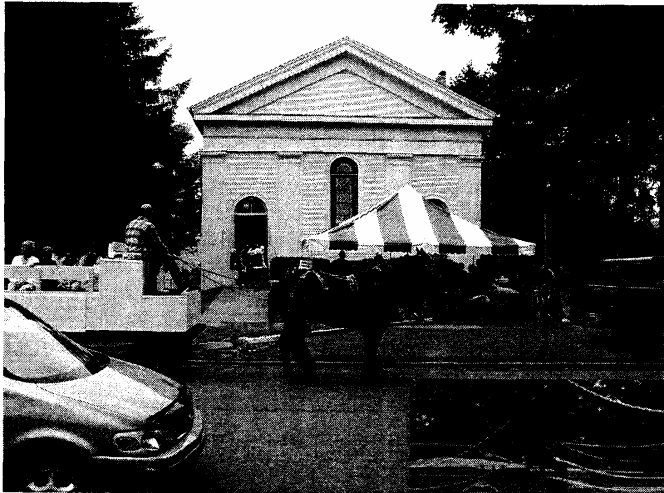
Devillo Wheeler was (and is) my uncle. I wish I had known him personally. I admire him and am proud of his part in helping to unite our country and its people. We are a great nation under God. Let's keep it that way.

OCTOBER MEETING

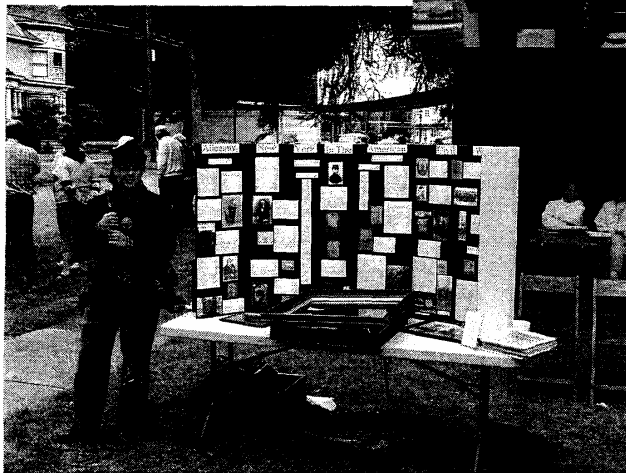
We will meet on Sunday, October 17 at 2 p.m. at the Heritage Center, 25 North Second Street, Allegany. Our speaker will be Fr. Dominic Monti, OFM, Ph.D., and a Professor of Theology at St. Bonaventure University, which will celebrate its sesquicentennial during the 2008-09 academic year. Fr. Dominic, a native of Bradford, PA., a noted church historian, and former interim president of the university, will relate the history of the Franciscan order in this part of America, and how the Franciscans came to found St. Bonaventure College on land donated by Nicholas Devereux of Utica. St. Bonaventure University is a vital part of our life here in Allegany, and Fr. Dominic will detail the rich history of the college as it has grown over the years. I hope you will be able to join us for this interesting talk.

2004 Heritage Days

The Heritage Center

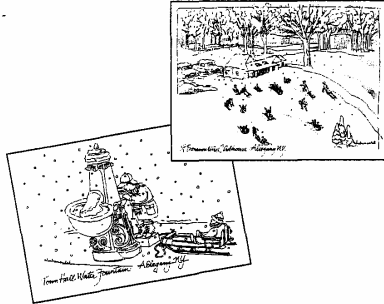


Chuck Straub's Wagon Rides



Kyle Stetz and his Civil War display

— CHRISTMAS CARDS FOR SALE —



We are offering Christmas Cards for sale. Some of our out-of-town members might like these as a reminder of "the good old days" in Allegany. They come in an assorted pack of 10 cards for \$2.50, plus \$1.50 for shipping, for a total of \$4.00. Please allow 2 weeks for delivery. There are 3 cards showing the AAHA building, from a sketch done by the late Joanne Martiny Conroy; 3 cards of Santa arriving in Allegany aboard a fire department engine; 2 of the Norton house on North Second Street; and 2 of the Town Hall water fountain. The latter 3 cards were all drawn by Dan Wintermantel of Studio 4 East. Make your check to AAHA, and send to PO Box 162, Allegany, NY 14706.

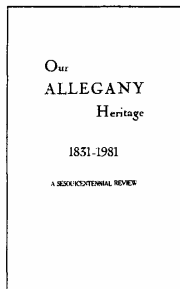
**TALES OF WAR & CONFINEMENT
FROM WORLD WAR II**

Our book containing letters from Richie Boser and Clem Martiny from World War II, and a letter from Van Munson detailing his experiences as a German prisoner of war is now available for sale. The cost is \$6.00, plus \$3.00 for shipping for a total of \$9.00. Make your check to AAHA, and send to PO Box 162, Allegany, NY 14706. Allow 2 weeks for delivery. We once again want to thank the American Legion Post in Allegany for their help in underwriting the cost of publication.



*Tales of
War
and
Confinement*

From World War II



OUR ALLEGANY HERITAGE - 1831-1981

Thanks to an anonymous donation, we have reprinted our original history book, Our Allegany Heritage, 1831-1981. This soft cover edition is available for sale. Again, allow 2 weeks for delivery. The cost is \$7.50, plus \$2.50 for shipping, for a total of \$10.00. It is the same as the original version. For our local members, it is available for sale at The Little Apple in Olean and Nature's Remedy in Allegany. Tales of War and Confinement in World War II, and our Christmas cards, are also available for sale at these establishments, and can also be purchased at our October and November meetings.

Memorials

For - Francis X Pendl
From - Harold and Marjorie Geise

For - Bertha Bucher
From - Kathleen Karl
Bob and Francie Potter

For - Judson Spring
From - John Spring

For - Ann Boser
From - Orin and Margaret Parker
Bob and Francie Potter
Margaret Green
Jerry Buffington-Dunn
Alice Altenburg
Marion Zink
Clarise Sue
Donna Sherwin
Virginia Peace and Larry Bennett
Fred Lunden
Mary Snyder
Marney Ferguson



A LONELY LITTLE PUMPKIN

By Vernon E. Field
October 8, 2003



Halloween is near
I am not a lonely little petunia
in an onion patch.
I am a lonely little pumpkin
in a pumpkin patch.
My brothers and sisters
Have left me all alone.
I long for a little child
To take me to his home,
To make me a smiling face
To show the candle light
Through mouth, nose and eyes
To lighten the dark and scary night.



DUES ARE DUE

October is the month to **pay your dues**. A single membership is \$10, family \$15, and patron is \$20 or more. Make your check to AAHA, and mail to PO Box 162, Allegany, NY 14706. **Don't forget**, because if you don't renew your membership, we will take you off the mailing list, and you wouldn't want to miss even one issue of our always interesting newsletter.

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P.O. BOX 162
Allegany, NY 14706

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INSIDE SPECIAL ISSUE:

Presidents Report

Heritage Days Pics

Items for Sale



Allegany Area Historical Association

May 2005

Issue XXIV Vol. 2

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

I am very sorry to report that Vernon Field has died at the age of 88. Vernon served for many years as the Recording Secretary of our historical association, but more than that, he served as an enthusiastic member who always attended the meetings, helped with Heritage Days, helped with questions of genealogy, helped in so many ways. An enduring memory is of Vernon sitting in our library room during Heritage Days, talking with all who came and filling them in on Allegany's history.

He was born in Allegany, graduated from Allegany Central, and worked on the family farm after graduation, as well as at Potter Lumber Company. He enlisted in the U.S. Army at the age of 25, served until he was discharged in 1946, and was in the Army Reserve until 1969. After the service he returned home to continue working at the family dairy farm. He married Jean Delaney in 1950. Vernon went to Reserve summer training for 2 weeks each summer and Jean ran the farm while he was gone. Jean died in 1996.

Vernon gradually retired, but found other things to keep himself occupied. He enrolled at Jamestown Community College in 1978 and earned an Associate in Humanities degree in 1988. He developed a special interest in writing, and over the years wrote an autobiography and several books of local history. AAHA is fortunate to have copies of most of his writings in our files. He also made maple syrup for many years, finally quitting in 1994. In later years he had great difficulty in getting around, and finally had both knees replaced, at the same time, which eased things for a while. Before he went into the nursing home, he would often call me to see if "Potter's taxi" was running to our meetings. I would pick him up (he was my next door neighbor), and away we would go.

He leaves behind three daughters, and many fond memories for those of us lucky enough to have known him.

I recently took a weekend trip to Washington, D.C. What a place to visit if you are interested in history! The Metro subway system is cheap and very easy to navigate. We used the National Park Service's Tourmobile to get around the first day and found it to be the way to go. You pass by most of the major sights to see, you can get off and on all day long for one price, and you save your legs. There was an exhibit in the Museum of American History on polio - I was a student at the University of Michigan on the day that Dr. Salk announced that the polio vaccine worked and I remember the electric atmosphere on campus that day. There was an exhibit about Ella Fitzgerald - I was fortunate enough to see her in concert several times. Does the fact that these things are now considered "historical" make me old? The new Museum of the American Indian is very well done and the building itself is marvelous. But the U. S. Holocaust Memorial Museum is the one that will stay with me the longest. It covers that time period very completely and makes you aware, if you weren't before, of the terrible sufferings of the Holocaust victims. It's not for young children. For them, there is the Museum of Natural History with a Woolly Mammoth commanding your immediate attention in the center rotunda. And the best part was that spring had come to Washington. All the trees were leafing out, anything that could bloom was blooming, and the air was full of flowery perfume. We drove through snow on our way back to Allegany, but this year I will have two springs, not a bad deal.

This is the last newsletter before Heritage Days, which this year is August 5th and 6th. We are making major changes to Heritage Days this year in that all the events will be on Second Street around our Heritage Center. By concentrating everything in one area, we hope to attract a larger attendance. We'll see.

Our main display this year will focus on the village of Allegany, as it celebrates its 100th year since incorporation. The *Allegany Citizens* of 1905 will be a rich source of material for us, as well as our own files. I know you will all, as always, help in many ways to make Heritage Days a success.

We are still looking for some help with our library as we prepare to open for the summer. The library room will be open on Wednesdays beginning May 4th and ending the last part of October. The hours are 1 to 4 p.m. and the duties are light. They mostly consist of assisting people who come to do family research. You will receive training so you will know what we have and where it is, and you will always work with another person. So don't be shy, come help us out.

We are planning our meetings for next year, so if there is a topic you want to hear about or a speaker you think would be interesting for us, please contact Marge Geise on the West Five Mile Road. We are always looking for topics of interest. We are the only historical association in the area that has a regular slate of speakers (we have 5 each year), and I feel that this is one of the special services we can offer our local members - a chance to broaden their knowledge of the history of our area.

Francie Potter, President

Memorials



For: Sophia Wolf
From: Bob and Francie Potter

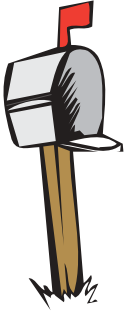
For: Margaret Pitcher
From: Marjorie and Harold Geise
Richard and Susan Yehl

For: Forrest and Orlena Wing
& Catherine Hornung
From: Carolyn A. Wing

For: Charlotte Farr
From: Alice Altenburg

For: Vernon Field
From: Jim and Orma Carls
Francis Hirt
Margaret Green
Thomas R. Walsh
John and Jillian Walsh
Ed and Sandi Petrovick
Edythe Mayberger
Bob and Francie Potter
Orin and Margaret Parker
Larry and Nancy Kardos
Craig and Pamela Senfield
Mark H. Dunkelman
Hugh and Lois Crean
Alice Altenburg

Stephen and Kim Potter
Connie and Gary Lockwood
Mario and Cathy Zakel
Robert and Ruth Conhiser
Robert and Gloria Chapin
Steve and Betty Eaton
Ivan and Susan Streif
Joyce and Edgar Melanson
Jan and Wallace Bailey
Don and Lucy Benson
Jerry Buffington-Dunn
Clinton and Shirley Christianson
Staff at the Mid-Atlantic Regional Office of USDA
Loretta Eaton



As people sent in memorials for Vernon Field, many enclosed a word or two about Vernon, and we wanted to share some of those. Nancy and Larry Kardos: “In memory of our dear friend,.; Mark Dunkelman: “To honor a remarkable man.”; the staff at the Mid-Atlantic Regional Office of USDA, Food and Nutrition Service: “Made by co-workers of [Vernon’s] daughter, Joyce Rouba. Joyce had suggested your organization as an appropriate one for a memorial donation, as her dad had not only been affiliated with your group, but had a deep interest, appreciation and fondness for the work accomplished by your agency.”

The *Olean Times Herald* has a monthly supplement in the paper called *Seniority*, which has items of interest for senior citizens and works of fiction and poetry by seniors. Vernon Field was a regular contributor to *Seniority*. In the issue of April 8, 2005, there was a separate box on a page of *Seniority*, and the heading was: “In memory of Vernon E. Field, 1916-2005, a gentleman and a friend.” It goes on to say: “Vernon Field was a regular contributor to this magazine’s Wrinkles of Wisdom section, a collection of original writings contributed by senior citizens across the Twin Tiers.” Three people had notes and poems about Vernon.

The day Vernon died, March 7, we lost a special friend. For years, Vernon attended our Enchanted Mountain Senior Writers class and we grew fond of him. He always had his lesson done and even mailed assignments from the nursing home. He was more than a writer - Vernon was a gentleman and a friend. It was right that we canceled class and went to his viewing on March 9. Two writers in our group penned these memorial poems to our dear friend.

*Betty Lundberg
Enchanted Mountain Creative Writers*

TO VERNON FIELD

*Vern’s depiction of history
dispels some of the mystery
of events of the more recent past.*

*His recollection of farming
and time with the army
is recorded with care, meant to last.*

*We honor this writer
more farmer than fighter
whose knowledge as recored is vast.*

*Continue your writing
your stories inviting,
dear friend, so the public can know
of the struggles for rights,
of a great person’s insights
that helped this great nation grow.*

Ruth Lowe, Olean

TO VERNON

*You were blessed with many friends
and in your journeys here
you brought to us the memories
that filled the lines you penned.*

*We heard of far off places,
some beyond our shores.
You showed to us what matters,
no blessing was too small.*

*We wished you well in this life
and know that in the next
what will be in store for you
will be more wonderous yet.*

*May we be reminded of our blessings,
large and small,
and may there be within our hearts
peace for one and all.*

Norma Bissell, Allegany



MAY MEETING



Our next meeting will be Sunday, May 15 at 2 p.m. at the Heritage Center, 25 North Second Street, Allegany. Olean native Steven Howard will talk about an archaeological dig he worked on at a site near the Allegheny River in back of Bockmier's Farm Market. The Bockmier Point site was identified as being an early Late Woodland site (800 to 1200 AD), and the results of two seasons of digging will be presented.

Mr. Howard worked on the site as an undergraduate at SUNY Geneseo, and is currently finishing his masters degree in anthropology (with a concentration in archaeology) at Ohio State University, and plans to continue his education to obtain his PhD.

I was fortunate enough to look at the site while the dig was underway, and found the whole process very fascinating. I think that Mr. Howard's talk will be equally fascinating, and hope you will be able to attend. Don't forget - ***Sunday May 15th, 2 p.m., Heritage Center.***

**Allegany Area Historical Association
P.O. BOX 162
Allegany, NY 14706**

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INSIDE SPECIAL ISSUE:

Presidents Report

Memorials

The Loss of a Friend



Allegany Area Historical Association

November 2005

Issue XXIV Vol. 4

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

November, already! Are you ready for Thanksgiving? Are you making your Christmas lists? I know I'm not ready in the least. But we are getting ready at the association. Our annual **Christmas Cookie Sale** will be on **Saturday, December 3** from **10 a.m. to 4 p.m.** (or until we're sold out) at **Nature's Remedy, 120 West Main Street in Allegany.** So start digging out your favorite recipes so you will be ready when you're called to help bake. We made over \$800 on the sale last year and hope to do as well this year. We also need workers that day, so if you can help there, let Alice Altenburg know.

We are also planning our **23rd annual Community Christmas Service** to be held on **Sunday, December 4th** at the **Heritage Center**, 25 North Second Street at **2 p.m.** We will be collecting canned goods and paper products at the service to benefit Genesis House. This is always a nice way to begin the holiday season, so we hope to see you there.

We held our annual election of officers and trustees at the October meeting. The new officers are: President - Francie Potter; Vice-President - Marge Geise; Recording Secretary - Shirley Russell; Corresponding Secretary - Marion Elling; Treasurer - Alice Altenburg. Two trustees were elected for a 3 year term: Jim Hitchcock and Mel Duggan.

Speaking of Mel, he may regret saying yes to another term, as our ceiling is once again falling down. Mel's crew patched up last year's ceiling collapse, but now it's falling down in a different place. Mel said that once the weather brought his crews inside, they would get to it in earnest this year.

We thought we'd mention, for the benefit of our out-of-town members, some of the items we have in our collection. One of the most valuable items is the complete *Allegany Citizen* on microfilm, from 1896 to 1976. This has proved to be a tremendous resource for us. We have family histories donated by various families who have done extensive research on their ancestors and have given us a copy of the results. And, of course, we have many brief and not-so-brief genealogies on families whose roots are in Allegany. We have old maps which are a big help to us. And we have many items for sale, which we will offer at the Christmas Cookie Sale.

One way to find out more exactly what we have is to access our web site at **Allegany Area Historical Association** or through a link to us at the excellent web site of the village and town of Allegany at **Allegany.org**. The combined web site is very good and worth a look, and an excellent way to keep up with what is going on in our area. Our AAHA web site is maintained by Tom Healy of Buffalo, and he deserves thanks for designing it and keeping it up to date.

Another reminder, in case you forgot in October, that your dues are due. A single membership is \$10, family \$15 and patron is \$20 or more. Make your check to AAHA and mail to PO Box 162, Allegany, New York 14706.

The village had a festival during St. Bonaventure's family weekend, called Bonagany. It was on Main Street between 4th and 2nd Streets. The weather was perfect and it was a huge success. Our association took part, answering questions about Allegany history, and selling our books and cards. It was a good way to make people aware of us.

Francie Potter, President

Pages from the Past

GIRLS FOR RIVETTING WANTED

Allegany Citizen August 5, 1905

Girls wanted at once at the cutlery factory to do rivetting on knife & fork handles. Call at once at the factory, or at residence of W. L. Burritt, Harmon Avenue.

SOUTH NINE MILE

Allegany Citizen August 26, 1905

Mrs. Jacob Gallets and Mrs. A. Hoffman of Buffalo visited Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Karl Tuesday. Miss Ragina Gallets, who spent a few days with her cousin, Miss Teresa Karl, returned home Tuesday. Mr. Roy Bickmier, who had the misfortune of cutting his foot with an ax last Tuesday is able to be out again. Miss Dorothy Karl entertained a number of her friends at a lawn social at her home Wednesday evening in honor of Mr. John Roll of Depew. Mrs. Jacob Gallets and Mrs. A. Hoffman of Buffalo spent Monday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gallets. Miss Dorothy Karl spent Sunday with Miss Mae Waters. Mr. Roy Bickmier made a flying trip to Allegany Monday. Miss Julia Caldwell of Allegany is spending a few days with Miss Mae Waters of the South Nine Mile. Miss Agnes Karl of Allegany is visiting Mr. and Mrs. William Karl. Miss Martha Brown of Cuba and Miss Amelia Geise and Fred Geise spent Sunday with the Misses Dorothy and Cathryn Karl. Mrs. Joseph Betz of Buffalo and Mrs. Henry Gallets visited Mr. Jacob Karl Tuesday last. The Misses Kathryn and Agnes Schuman spent Saturday evening with Miss Minnie Lippert. Miss Agnes Brandel of Rock View, Misses Agatha and Sophia Gallets, Mr. Frank Norris and brother, Pursey, of Rochester, NY were the guests of the Misses Dorothy and Kathryn Karl Sunday last.

FIREFIGHTER EQUIPMENT

Allegany Citizen August 19, 1905

Is there another community in the state that like Allegany expects its fire fighters to climb rotten ladders to fight a fire? Rotten ladders like those precipitated V. J. Nenno, Dave Forness and others to the ground with a crash at last Wednesday's fire. These ladders were not public property. The public has not even as much as rotten ladders of its own!

LOCAL PARAGRAPHS

Allegheny Citizen (spring 1905)

April. Clean up. Spring is here. This is all fools. 'Tis moving time. Dig up your horseradish. Get out your garden tools. Soon time for dandelion greens. Clean up your back yard & cellars.

Eggs took a great slump.

James Lynch is seriously ill.

L. A. Merrill is down with the grip.

Did you see that flock of pigeons?

Mrs. Chas. Karst is on the sick list.

Marie Clare is visiting in Chipmonk

Geo. P. Karst was a caller in town yesterday.

Mrs. Wm. A. Flynn is confined to her home by illness

Mrs. Kate Jones was called to Swissvale, Pa. Thursday.

E. F. Smith is in Potter Co., Pa. on a business trip.

A quantity of hard stove wood for sale by Mrs. E. P. Blair.

Charles & Andrew Forness are starting some wells at Genesee, Pa.

J. W. Felt was home during the week from the W. Va. oil fields.

Mr. Kreamer has rented & taken possession of the Hewitt farm on John Street.

Wm. N. Hall was severely burnt yesterday while starting up the gas engine at Hall Bros. sash factory.

If you happen to see a plug hat in the middle of the sidewalk, don't kick it! There's a brick in it.

Mrs. T. Forness, who has been ill from an attack of locomotor ataxia, is again able to be about her duties.

Looks like an oil boom right on Harmon Ave.!

J. F. N. Mutschlechner & Henry G. Bockmier have returned from a trip over the country; visited Buffalo, Perry, & Bradford.

The best & only bread fresh each day can be had only at Brooks' Bakery. Fresh pies, cakes, & cookies every day in the week.

McAuliffe & Son have their new burglar proof vault safe, weighing 2000 pounds, in position in their store, and the one recently damaged by burglars was shipped out.

The new well that was drilled in on the Waldeck lease last week has sent land values on Harmon Ave. soaring. If this sort of thing only lasts, electric lights, concrete walks & pavements for us in the near future!

On account of the grip fastened on the editor during the week, many matters and occurrences had to be cut short, or left out altogether. We expect to be let loose before another issue.

The editor of a nearby exchange had the misfortune to burst a button off his trousers the other day. He secured the services of a generous hearted, lady who sewed the perforated disc back into place, after which he said, "Thank you, Madam. I'll do as much for you sometime."

Memorials



For: Vernon Field
From: Winifred Prozeller Wirth, PhD.

For: Pete and Dorothy Fortuna
From: The Fortuna Kids

For: Geraldine McLaughlin
From: Winifred Prozeller Wirth, PhD.

For: Rita Salmonson
From: Francis Hirt
Virginia Yehl

TREASURER'S REPORT
October 1, 2004 - October 1, 2005

This report is presented to give you an understanding of our sources of income and our expenses.
AAHA receives no public assistance from village, town or state.

Income

Membership Dues	\$3,185.00
Memorials	3,125.00
Donations	228.00
Christmas Cookie Sale	806.00
Heritage Days Profit	1,511.00
Copier Usage	21.00
Checking Account Interest	27.00
Sales -	
Tales of War	263.00
Allegany History Book	465.00
Allegany Videos	40.00
Misc. Sales	107.00
Chairs	300.00
	<hr/>
TOTAL	\$10,078.00

EXPENSES

NYSEG	\$ 2,186.00
Niagara Mohawk	747.00
Insurance	1,151.00
Bulk Mailing Permit	150.00
PO Box Rental	48.00
Newsletter Printing	321.00
Newsletter Mailing	152.00
Programs	150.00
Service Contract	319.00
Dues	90.00
Collections	89.00
Supplies	145.00
Maintenance	16.00
Street Sheet Expense	171.00
Equipment*	1,138.00
	<hr/>
TOTAL	\$6,873.00

*Equipment (table, chairs and memorial labels purchased from Memorial Fund)

THE LEAVES OF LATE NOVEMBER

It is the need of fresh air
that brings me here,
to a bench in Lincoln Park
on a cold November day.

In front of me is a maple tree,
its branches almost bare.
But going back in time,
about six weeks or so,
full was the foliage that covered this tree.
And bright were the colors of scarlet and gold.



The foliage, though, did reach its peak
and then did scatter everywhere,
driven by the wind.

A few leaves, though, they did remain,
stubbornly clinging to the tree.
They are survivors,
they are the leaves of late November.

Like these left over leaves,
I, too, am wrinkled and gray.
I, too, am a survivor.
And to me "each day is a gift,"
a gift from God who reigns supreme
in His kingdom far away - up there among the stars.

By David McGranaghan, Allegany



CHRISTMAS COOKIE SALE



CHRISTMAS COOKIE SALE



CHRISTMAS COOKIE SALE

Saturday, December 3 at Nature's Remedy, 120 West Main Street, Allegany 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. Again this year, we need a lot of fancy decorated cookies. All the cookies sell well, but the fancy ones sell the best! See you there!!!!



IDEAS FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS



Tales of War and Confinement - \$6.00, plus \$3.00 shipping and handling.

Our Allegany Heritage: 1831-1981 - \$7.50, plus \$2.50 shipping and handling.

Allegany Christmas cards - 30 cents each, or 12 for \$2.50, plus shipping and handling.

Video of History of Allegany - \$10, plus \$5 for shipping and handling

Contact AAHA at: PO Box 162, Allegany, NY. 14706 to order.

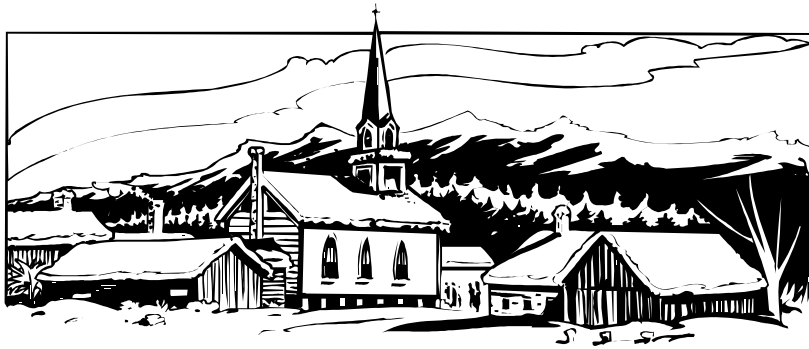
November Meeting

Our meeting will be on **Sunday, November 13** at the **Heritage Center** at **2 p.m.** Our speaker will be Allegany County Historian **Craig Braack**, who will talk about and show slides of the most recent war memorials in Washington D.C., the Viet Nam Veterans Memorial, the Korean War Veterans Memorial and the World War II Memorial. It is very fitting we are having Mr. Braack at this time as Novemer 11th will be the annual Veterans Day commemoration.

Mr. Braack is always an entertaining speaker, and I hope you will be able to join us for his talk.

COMMUNITY CHRISTMAS SERVICE

We will hold our 23rd annual Community Christmas Service on Sunday, December 4 at 2 p.m. at the Heritage Center, 25 North Second Street. A collection of canned goods and paper products will be taken for the benefit of Genesis House in Olean. Refreshments will be served after the service. We hope you will be able to join us.



**Allegheny Area Historical Association
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INSIDE SPECIAL ISSUE:

Presidents Report

Pages from the Past

Holiday Ideas



Allegany Area Historical Association

October 2005

Issue XXIV Vol. 3

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

As you will be able to see from the photos elsewhere in this newsletter, Heritage Days was a huge success. The weather was perfect, and moving all the events to our Heritage Center on Second Street seemed to work out just fine. The main display this year was "100 years of Allegany History", since it is 100 years since the village was incorporated. Marge Geise and Marilyn Frisina searched very diligently through the 1905 edition of the *Allegany Citizen* and put up some extremely interesting articles for all to enjoy. We also had pictures of Allegany through the years, including some aerial shots taken in 1960 that show just how much we have grown since then. Marion Elling and her daughter, Tina Elling Smith, made several displays using the clothing that has been donated to us. We have never been able to have this clothing out very much, and the displays they made were striking, and appreciated by all. Since I was out of the country, Marge Geise, Alice Altenburg and Margaret Parker took charge and made sure everything ran smoothly. My thanks to all who covered for me, and to everyone who worked so hard.

To advertise Heritage Days, we put together a 10-page flyer containing our schedule of events, pictures from the main display, and items of interest from the *Allegany Citizen* of fifty years ago, in this case from 1955. This is mailed to all the households in the town of Allegany. If any of our out-of-town members would like a copy, free of charge, please contact us at AAHA, PO Box 162, Allegany, NY 14706, and we will be glad to mail one to you.

We had a major donation made to the association from Carolyn Wing, so we used the money to purchase a fine conference table to replace our two old ones that were in danger of collapsing. There is a plaque on the table which reads: "In memory of Forrest and Orlena Wing and Catherine Hornung from Carolyn A. Wing". Thank you very much, Carolyn, for your generosity.

To go with the table, we purchased 10 chairs that were paid for from the many donations we received in memory of Vernon Field. We put a plaque on the back of each chair that reads: "In memory of Vernon Field". I think Vernon would be very pleased as he was always looking for a comfortable chair in our library room, and these chairs are quite comfortable. We sold our old chairs to an antique dealer who was going to reglue and refinish them. He had a lot of work ahead of him.

One of our members, Bill Bonhoff, has given us over 100 pictures of Allegany, its Main Street and its businesses. We have put these into a book which is available in our library room. These pictures will serve as a historical record of Allegany in 2005. It has been interesting to compare these pictures with ones from the past in our collection. Thanks, Bill, for your thoughtfulness.

The photo accompanying this President's Report was taken by Bill and shows one of the banners the village has hung to celebrate its centennial. There are also two other designs and they were all designed by Dan Wintermantle of Studio Four East. They decorate the lamp posts on Main Street.

We have other photographers in the group also. Shirley Russell took Heritage Days pictures and Marion Elling took pictures of the interior displays. We'll try to get some of these in the next newsletter. It's nice to have such a good record of our events.

From time to time, as space permits, we will include some of the items of interest we culled from the 1905 edition of the *Allegany Citizen*. I'm sure you will find them quite amusing.

A note to our Snowbird members - Please send us your winter address. We have to pay for each newsletter that is returned to us, and then we have to pay to remail it to the proper address. It's not much, but it all adds up. Thank you.



Photo by Bill Bonhoff

Francie Potter, President

BURGLAR ALARMS AND OTHER RAMBLINGS

by William Bonhoff

Has anyone ever noticed the huge burglar alarm on the wall outside of the Allegany Public Library? It's been there for more than 50 years. Does anyone know how long? It is maybe the largest burglar alarm system at any library in the country. I assume it still works, although I haven't heard of it going "off" in the fifty years I've lived here. Anyway, it's certainly impressive in the way we protect our books in the library. To my knowledge, no one has ever broken into the library to return a book or to borrow one. After all, anyone can walk in the front door and borrow a book most anytime. Oh yes, years ago the First National Bank was located there which explains the huge burglar alarm. Even then, I don't think the alarm ever went "off" in this safe little village of Allegany.

Farther down the street, (Main Street) is the Mason Jar Restaurant where a group of "locals", including the fire chief, Francis Pezzimenti, gather for morning coffee and to solve world problems. Topics of discussion cover everything from last night's card game, who married who, and bashing taxes and the federal government for some of the latest fiascos in politics. Yes, if our government needs any advice, this is the place to come.

Yes, this quiet village of Allegany is a "laid back" community of friendly people not in any hurry to get some place. Well, it's 10:30 a.m., so let's go home and take a nap before lunchtime. There's not too much excitement in this peaceful, quiet village unless you make it yourself, and that's good.



Photos by Bill Bonhoff

Heritage Days Report

by Alice Altenburg and Margaret Parker

Heritage Days was a huge success. Our chicken BBQ on Friday sold out by 6 p.m. That's 300 chicken dinners! We plan to up the number of dinners just a bit next year.

The weather was perfect on Saturday, and Dave Swatt (Mel Duggan's man) had the lawn looking great. We had worried, but having all the activities concentrated on Second Street worked just fine. The crowd certainly enjoyed the Allegany Alumni and Friends Band, the Allegheny Mountain Dulcimer Players and the wagon rides offered by Chuck Straub. The children especially enjoyed the clown who circulated among the crowd. And the craft displays were well attended.

Special interest was shown in our displays in the Heritage Center with mannequins dressed in our period clothing, the 1960 aerial shots of Allegany (my, how we've grown!), the class pictures, the family history books, and the Allegany advertising displays. There was a near sell-out at the country Cupboard. We had our usual good attendance at the Ice Cream Social, with all enjoying the great weather and sitting under the trees eating ice cream and cake and getting caught up with each others lives.

DUES ARE DUE

DUES ARE DUE

October is the month to **pay** your **dues**. A single membership is \$10, family \$15, and patron is \$20 or more. Make your check to AAHA, and mail to PO Box 162, Allegany, New York 14706. Don't forget - do it **TODAY!** If your membership isn't renewed, we will take you off the mailing list, and where else will you be able to find out the always interesting Allegany news.

Memorials



For: Mrs. Dorothy Butchello
From: Ray and Joyce Jonak

For: Geraldine McLaughlin

From: Kathleen Karl

Francis J. Hirt

Bob and Francie Potter

Virginia M. Yehl

Helen McCully

For: Irene Geringer Mullins

From: Francis J. Hirt

For: Vernon Field
From: Duane and Carolyn Clark

For: Douglas Shaffer

From: Betty Smith



DOESN'T ICE CREAM AND CAKE
TASTE GREAT ON A HOT DAY?

Photo by Bill Bonhoff

THE ALLEGANY ALUMNI AND
FRIENDS BAND -
RECOGNIZE ANYONE?

Photo by Bill Bonhoff

OF COURSE IT'S NOT
FATTENING!!!
THE COUNTRY CUPBOARD LADIES
OPEN FOR BUSINESS

Photo by Shirley Russell

ICE CREAM SOCIAL LADIES ARE
READY TO DISH IT UP!!!

Photo by Shirley Russell

COME BUY MY CRAFTS

Photo by Bill Bonhoff

CHUCK STRAUB LOADING UP
FOR ANOTHER TRIP
AROUND THE BLOCK

Photo by Bill Bonhoff

YOU'RE NEVER TOO YOUNG TO
LEARN - THE ALLEGHENY
MOUNTAIN DULCIMER PLAYERS,
CINDY DURKEE AND CLARK PARRY,
AND HELPERS

Photo by Bill Bonhoff

CHECKING OUT THE CLOWN'S BAG
OF TRICKS

Photo by Bill Bonhoff

OCTOBER MEETING

We will meet on **Sunday, October 16 at 2 p.m.** at the Heritage Center, 25 North Second Street. Our featured speaker will be Mr. Bill Robertson of Duke Center, Pennsylvania. Mr. Robertson worked for 17 years as an English teacher for the Otto-Eldred and Bradford Area school districts. Currently he runs a housepainting business and works as a freelance writer. Since 1978, his poetry, short stories, and articles have appeared in magazines around the world. He has also written over 20 books. Some of his most recent titles include his collection of local ghost stories, *LURKING IN PENNSYLVANIA*, and his book of collected early poetry, *GHOSTS OF A BROKEN HEART*.

His main interest, though, centers on the Bucktail Regiment that fought in every major battle in the Eastern Theater of the American Civil War. Together with David Rimer of Bradford, PA, Mr. Robertson has written seven historical fiction novels that cover the entire history of the 13th Pennsylvania Reserves. He will read from the first two books in the series, *HAYFOOT, STRAWFOOT: THE BUCKTAIL RECRUITS*, and *THE BUCKTAILS' SHENANDOAH MARCH*, and discuss writing books for young adults using Bucktail Regiment members as characters. He will also have books for sale.

As usual, refreshments will be served after the meeting, and you will have a chance to talk to Mr. Robertson about his books. Perhaps he will autograph your purchase for you. Hope to see you there.

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INSIDE SPECIAL ISSUE:

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Heritage Days 2005



Allegany Area Historical Association

March 2006

Issue XXV Vol. 1

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Our Annual Christmas Cookie Sale was once again a huge success, thanks to all our very talented bakers! We only had about 2 dozen cookies left at the end of the day, and netted \$766.50. Our usual chairperson, Alice Altenburg, fell and broke her left arm quite badly just before the sale. It took 5 or 6 of us to fill her place, and we had to do a good job for her, or she would forever be after us. I'm pleased to report that Alice's arm is on the mend, the cast is off and she is driving once again. I think that was the hardest part for her, not being able to drive!

Our Community Christmas Service was also well attended, and Genesis House wrote a lovely thank-you note for all the canned goods and paper products we collected for them. Our thanks to Rev. Dan McKee, Beth Deitz, David Deitz and Jackie Steiner from the Allegany First Presbyterian Church for their participation in the service. It is always a beautiful way to start the holiday season.

One of our long-time members, Orma Carls, is now confined to the Ecumenical Nursing Home in Bradford, PA. For many years, Orma took care of all the genealogy requests we received at the association. This is not an easy job, as it takes much digging through the files to come up the requested information. Part of the job is knowing where to look, and Orma always did. Orma has donated to AAHA a 4-year subscription of mailings from the Wolcott Historical Society, Wolcott, NY.

We lost two good members this last winter. Elizabeth "Betty" Nenno Wilson died in Arizona. Betty was an avid genealogist and had done much research on the Nenno family. The Nenno family has been in Allegany since the 1850's. She authored a book, "The Nenno Family - How They Lived", which is a chronicle of the life and times of the Nenno family since the 1600's. She donated a copy to our association.

Our other long time member who died was Fred Grace. Fred will always be associated with football at Allegany. He was the varsity coach for 18 years, and then became athletic director for 19 years when he had to give up coaching because of administrative duties as vice principal and then principal. Fred was from Pennsylvania, and went to St. Bonaventure on an athletic scholarship in the 1940's. His education was interrupted by three years of service in the U.S. Army Air Force in World War II, after which he returned to St. Bonaventure, graduating in 1947 with a business degree. His first love was football, and a few years ago, the football stadium at Allegany-Limestone High School was named The Fred G. Grace Stadium in his honor. He shared some of his sports memories with us in an article in our newsletter in 1999. After he retired, Fred served on the Board of Education for several years. Fred was a fixture in education in Allegany for 50 years and touched many lives.

I am going to speak at our next meeting (see the notice elsewhere in the newsletter) about my marvelous trip to St. Petersburg, Russia last August. St. Petersburg is not too old, they celebrated their 300th year in 2003, but has had a lot of history happen in that span of time. My son David helped me take my pictures off of a CD and arrange them in order on his computer, and he contacted Mike Higgins who has a projector that will take the pictures from David's computer and put them up on the screen for all to see. Technology is great, and it helps to have people who understand it - I don't. My thanks to David and Michael for their help.

Francie Potter, President

Since the March meeting will focus on Russia, we thought the following article would be interesting. It appeared in the Allegany Citizen in 1939.

The following letter comes from a former Allegany resident who with her husband is living in Russia for a time in the employ of the Max B. Miller Oil Company of New York. The company is constructing a refinery for the Russian government. The writer of the letter, Mrs. Marion Brison, is the daughter of Mr. And Mrs. Stanley P. Wilber of this village.

National Hotel, Moscow, Russia
August 13, 1939

Dearest Folks,

It will be a month tomorrow since we left New York. It seems years. We are very comfortable here in two big rooms with twin beds in each, facing on Red Square. We are only a block from the famous Kremlin where Stalin lives and can also see Lenin's tomb. Every day from ten o'clock until five there is a line blocks long and four deep to go into the tomb. We went in yesterday. We had been told by some Americans to go to an officer and say, "Intourist", and he would let us right in. We went to the head of the line but didn't open our mouths because the officer motioned for us to go in and so we walked along down into this dark place and finally into this cold room where Lenin has lain in state since 1924. (I am not too sure of that date.) We were all glad to get out of that place.

Almost every day we walk around the Kremlin about a mile and a half - for want of anything better to do. Time and money mean nothing to the Russians. Our expenses are being paid here and we are just waiting for the Russians to put our baggage through customs. They say the baggage hasn't arrived from Leningrad yet but Bill is sure it has. They just seem to be too lazy to open up the fifty-three pieces that we have together. Do you wonder? Our Macy box is too large to go through a door. We have three or four like that, Bill told me.

We are just next door to the American Embassy and every day we go there and sit around, talk to any Americans we know and read a little. The new American Ambassador just arrived and because of that we did not see him although a Mr. Chapman took our names and said that the ambassador would probably call us and make an appointment to talk to our men about the oil situation. We have visited the British Embassy and were invited to dinner to the Bagshaws. Mr. Bagshaw is the secretary to the Naval Attache and a charming Englishman. Did he make us feel at home! His wife is very nice too - asking the nine of us, perfect strangers, to dinner was something. The night we went over there we rode the Moscow subway (very modern and clean). Mrs. Bagshaw had set a small table in the living room for David and Betsy Midlam (3 years) to eat at. I knew the minute I saw it that probably there would be trouble and sure enough David went right to the big table and sat down. I thought to myself, "What will I do?" but Billy came to the rescue and said, "Oh, I will sit there," even though their son John who is just Billy's age, sat in the dining room with us. I couldn't scold Davy because I remember one time when we were invited to George Smith's (principal) and I had to sit at a little table. John Bagshaw is over here most every day - and he isn't a subdued English boy by any means. He races up and down the halls and teases the little ones until he has us most crazy. Billy hates to see him coming. It's only for a few hours each day and I do feel sorry for him. He has no one to play with except the Russian children.

The Russian children are kept very clean and seem to be healthy. The babies are always wrapped very tightly a certain way - to keep their legs straight. But the grown-ups - nobody has any clothes to fit except the army men. Everybody walks the streets with no place to go. The housing quarters are so small that the people have to spend their time on the streets. Women work with the men here - or rather they DO the work. The street cleaners are all women. Yesterday we watched four or five women loading big heavy stones onto a truck. The other day two women were white-washing a building. Seems queer, doesn't it? The people sit all along the curbs with their little bundles of something, some barefooted, some with very awful shoes. Our shoes are what take their eye. The all stare and stare at our feet. The Russians aren't allowed to associate with foreigners for fear they might get some ideas. We are just as well satisfied.

I haven't told you about the last night on the boat (the SS Sibley) before we arrived in Leningrad. We were farther north than southern Alaska and at twelve midnight it was still light. We went up on the upper deck of the boat and watched the most beautiful sunset and looked over the other side to see a big beautiful moon shining high in the sky. THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN! We arrived in Leningrad early in the morning on Thursday, August 3. There we were met by an Intourist woman who had big beautiful Russian made cars to take us to the Hotel Astoria. (*Ed. note - the Hotel Astoria is still there and is very elegant*).

After dinner a tour of the city was all arranged for us with guides and two cars. It was very interesting. We saw Peter the Great's statue, the Winter Palace, where the Czars lived. Our guide told us so many interesting facts and stories. After that we had dinner. We have found that we can get vegetables, meat and potatoes everywhere we go. The milk is boiled in the hotels and we drink bottled mineral water or boiled water.

We got on the Leningrad train at ten o'clock at night the same day. The hotel packed a lunch for our breakfast on the train. We, our family, had one 4 berth compartment and slept all night. I should say Billy, David and I did. Bill said he woke up every time the train stopped but went to sleep again each time. We were all awake early, of course, and we got out our bundle of lunch and

opened it. There were millions of ham and cheese sandwiches - not dainty ones wrapped in wax paper, but thick slices of bread with great slabs of ham or cheese between - not too appetizing but we were hungry so we ate and then passed the package on to the Midlams and Hackstuffs. We had a package of bottles of mineral water, paper cups and each child had an orange. When the package of cakes, chocolate eclaires, etc. was opened, we found mold all over them so we threw them away. After everyone had feasted, Ed Midlam said, "Let's give the rest of the sandwiches to the conductor - we won't want those things." (We thought of those sandwiches a good many times later.)

We got off the train at 10 A.M. and found that somehow somebody had slipped up somewhere and there was no Intourist to meet us. The line was so long waiting for the phone that we couldn't ever get that. Without Intourist accommodations paper we had had to use in Leningrad we were at a loss to know what to do. Well, we all stood out in front of that station, or sat on our bags, for two hours. Bruce took a picture of us which I hope I can get to send you. We were a most dejected lot. Of course, Bill, Bruce and Ed were trying to get hold of someone and finally found an Intourist man who said he would send cars to get us up to the hotel. When we got to the Hotel Metropole we found no rooms had been reserved. (This was all a slip-up on the Russians' part. New York had made all arrangements before we started.) We sat around there until finally an American came up to us and asked if he could help. He said he had been in just the same fix and had no one to straighten him up. First he took us up to his room and told us to make ourselves comfortable, got out towels and soap, etc., and called a waiter. His room mate came in and said he would help us order lunch while Mr. Enter went back down to help the men. (We couldn't read the menu.) He took them to the American Embassy and from there to Machino-Import. This concern buys all foreign equipment used for the heavy industries so of course ALL their oil dealings was done through them.

We have learned now that two hours is nothing to wait for a meal here but that first day when we ordered our lunch at 12:30 and had it brought to us at 3:30 it seemed bad. The children were as patient as they could be. One thing that helped was the fact that this man talked and talked about his experiences here. He and some other men have lived here two months, haven't been allowed to go near their work. They are being paid all this time besides all their living expenses. They almost go crazy sitting around because there aren't any sights to see here. Well, we all felt better after we had food. Bill and the rest got back and by that time the hotel manager got us rooms at the National Hotel. We were mighty thankful to see a room and some beds.

We work it fine as far as meals are concerned because we eat before the rush hours. We put in our breakfast order at night - cream of wheat, (the best stuff cooked in milk), boiled milk, coffee (which is not too bad with hot milk in it. There is no cream around here), and stewed prunes. One night the waiter didn't understand and brought us our breakfast after we had gone to bed. We order our dinner at one while most people don't eat lunch or dinner until two. Then at night about 6:30 we get a lunch - sometimes cream of wheat again or cheese and bread and butter (good butter we have) and jam and stewed fruit. Most people order dinner at eight. Nothing much opens up here until 11:30 at night (I mean music and eating places) but until 3 A.M. it is as noisy as the day time. We aren't out, of course, but our room faces on the main street.

One thing we are so thankful for is that we are not traveling alone. Ed and Agnes have been in Germany, Italy and now here so they know the ropes. We laugh about it all - last night when we broke up our bridge part(y) Ed said, "We have to get to work at ten o'clock in the morning," meaning that Intourist opens at ten and maybe the luggage would be here so that customs can start proceedings. We have had wires from Grozny that our apartments are ready. We were told not to leave here until they were. One of Max Miller's men wired so we are sure of that. The telegram was signed, "The Forgotten Miller Boys."

We go out every morning to sit in the park. It's a poor excuse but at least our sons get the sun. This being cooped up in a hotel room gets monotonous although Billy and David really get along fine. I can't wait to get some news of you. Allan might even have taken his first steps. How I wish I could hug him - and you all! As Agnes says, "Time passes and someday it will all be in the past." She and Ed are to go back to Germany after this is over. When we get to Grozny and get busy it will be better but now there is nothing to do. There is nothing in the shops here - we can't even go window shopping.

I want to know all the news - it takes three weeks for a letter. How does Aunt Helen like Allegany? How is Uncle Glenn? Aunt Julia will soon be home, won't she? How is the weather? Does Allan give everybody a smile? Are your backs achy from lifting Allan?

Heaps of love,
Marion
(Mrs. William Brison)

Note: Allan is the baby son of Mr. and Mrs. Brinson who is staying with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Wilber, in the absence of his parents.

The historical association would be greatly interested to hear from anyone who knows the rest of this story, given the fact that World War II is about to break out. We would like to know what happened to the Brinson family, and their traveling companions.

OLD BUILDING, NEW USE

The former Allegany Sub Shop, which was in business for 21 years, has been sold, and The Linger Longer Café is now operating in its place. The Café is owned by Beth Mitchell and Christine Scott, and is in one of the oldest business blocks in Allegany. Henry Harms built the east end of this block in 1887, with the Dye Brothers Bank in the west end of the block. The space where the café is was once occupied by the Blair and McCarty Furniture and Undertaking establishment. This was not an unusual combination, as there were at one time three other furniture and undertaking businesses in town. Furniture was made of wood as were the coffins, so it was an ideal mix.

Joseph Blair was the son of Jason Blair, an early resident in the Town of Allegany. Jason was born in Massachusetts in 1810, married Zeriah Graves of Lisle, New York in 1835 and moved to Allegany in 1836. Jason was a farmer, who bought a sawmill on the Five Mile Creek from S. B. Willard, cut hemlock on the hills at the corner of the West Five Mile Road and Wing Hollow, and built a plank house there for his family. The house was demolished in 2004. Jason and his wife are buried in Allegany Cemetery.

Joseph was born in 1836, married Mary Jane Ellis in 1872, and died in 1927. It is not known how long he operated the furniture and undertaking business. In later years, he and his wife spent time in Florida, where their grand-daughter, Reva Metzinger, lived.

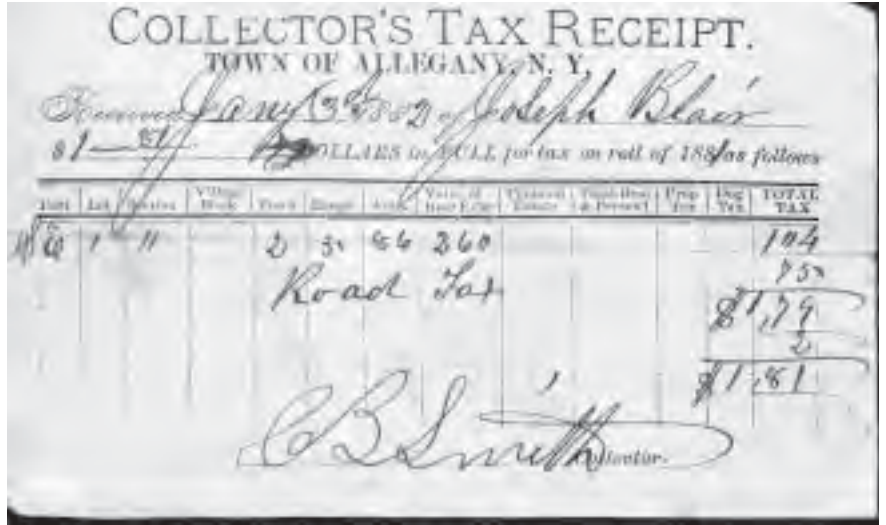
It is nice to see that the old business blocks of Allegany are being refurbished and used today. The new owners have taken some of the inside walls down to the original brick, which gives us a glimpse of construction methods in 1887. The floors are thought to be original also. Good luck to Beth and Christine in their new venture.



**Joseph Blair in doorway of Blair & McCarty Furniture and Undertaking, circa 1895.
Note Weyerstall Meat Market reflected in window at right**



**Joseph Blair and Mary Jane Ellis Blair
in Zepherhills, Florida, circa 1916.**



Joseph Blair Tax Receipt from 1882.

Memorials



*For: Patrick J. Wiles
From: Mr. & Mrs. Raymond Jonak
Virginia M. Yehl*

*For: My Grandparents
From: Shirley Hitchcock Brown*

*For: Rita Salmonson
From: Mrs. Betty Smith*

*For: Florence Smith
From: Mrs. Betty Smith*

*For: Betty Nenno Wilson
From: Bob and Francie Potter
Joe and Helen Stayer*

*For: Fred Grace
From: Francis J. Hirt*

MARCH MEETING



The Allegany Area Historical Association will meet on Sunday, March 12 at 2 p.m. at the Heritage Center, 25 North Second Street. Francie Potter will talk about and show pictures of her recent trip to St. Petersburg, Russia.

St. Petersburg is the home of the world famous Hermitage Museum, as well as other locations such as Peterhof, Peter the Great's summer palace, and the Catherine Palace, which contains the storied Amber Room, newly restored by the Russian government after its complete destruction by the Germans during World War II. We hope to see you there.

**Allegany Area Historical Association
P.O. BOX 162
Allegany, NY 14706**

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INSIDE SPECIAL ISSUE:

Presidents Report

From Russia, with love

Old Building, New Business



Allegany Area *Historical Association*

March 2006

Issue XXV Vol. 2

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

What a wonderful spring season we have had this year! The flowers seem particularly lovely. Perhaps it's because we didn't have a late frost, but I shouldn't say that too loudly since we're not into June yet.

We are busy getting ready for the **24th** annual Allegany Heritage Days, hardly seems possible that we have been doing this that long. Our exhibits this year will focus on Education in Allegany. We have many pictures and items in our collection from the Allegany schools, St. Bonaventure Elementary and St. Elizabeth's Academy that we will be using, but I hope that some of our members might have pictures or items that they would be willing to loan us or to let us copy to make the exhibits even more interesting.

As you know, Heritage Days is one of our big fundraisers. We made a profit of \$1,510.83 last year, with the most money being raised in the Country Cupboard. So when you are called to contribute baked goods or canned goods, I know you will response very generously as you always have, and we will continue to make some money to help pay the bills.

The Heritage Center is now open for the season on Wednesdays from 1 p.m to 4 p.m. I hope you will stop by to see our exhibits or to do genealogical research. Volunteers will be there to help you. We have the obituaries from the *Allegany Citizen* indexed so it will be easy to find your relations. The *Citizen* was published from 1896 to 1976, and continues to be a marvelous resource for us in many ways.

Marge Geise, our Vice-President and Program Director, is busy planning our speakers and programs for the coming year. If there is a particular topic you would like covered, please let her know so we can try to find a speaker about it.

We have lost several long-time members during the past year. I am going to list them, because I think our out-of-town members would like to be updated.

Connie Diggs - July 1, 2005; Betty Nenno Wilson - Dec. 15, 2005; Charles Wing - Jan. 6, 2006; Betty Lucyszyn - Feb. 20, 2006; Barbara Kelly - Jan. 29, 2006; Mildred Zaph - Dec. 19, 2005; Sandi Petrovick - March 6, 2006; Leo Hoppy - Oct. 18, 2005; Clair Edwards - March 18, 2006; Virginia Yehl - March 31, 2006; Margaret Karl - April 28, 2006.

They were all strong supporters of our association, in particular Sandi Petrovick. Sandi was a tireless worker at any event we had, she served as an officer and a Trustee, and her common-sense questions helped keep us focused on doing all we could to help our members. I think her favorite event was the Ice Cream Social during Heritage Days. She helped haul ice cream and cake up and down the stairs, always with a smile and a funny comment or two. She will be greatly missed, as they all will.

Francie Potter, President

Allegany
HERITAGE DAYS
August 4 & 5, 2006

SHELD-O-KRAFT

The Cattaraugus County Historical Museum, located at the Stone House on the Pines Healthcare and Rehabilitation Center Campus on Rt. 16 in Machias, currently has a display called "Made in Cattaraugus County", featuring items that have been or are currently made in Cattaraugus County. Some of the items displayed are Sheld-O-Kraft products from our collection. In 1991, Marge Green wrote an article for our newsletter about Sheld-O-Kraft, which is reprinted below. The museum is open Tuesday through Friday from 9:30 a.m to 1:30 p.m.. Summer hours begin May 30 when the hours will be extended to 4 p.m. Special weekend summer hours will be announced in the Times Herald. It would make a lovely day trip to check out this interesting display and see our contribution, as well as other items "Made in Cattaraugus County".

The Allegany Area Historical Association recently acquired a waste basket made by Sheld-O-Kraft Co., from Margaret Geary Bowen. The gift piqued the interest of several members of the association regarding the company.

By searching through back issues of the *Allegany Citizen*, and questioning some of our older local residents, I have gleaned some information about the founder of Sheld-O-Kraft, Park Sheldon, and the short lived industry in Allegany.

Park Sheldon was born in Allegany in 1866. His father, George L. Sheldon, was a Civil War veteran. His mother was Georgianna Park. Both parents died in 1917.

Park Sheldon was an inventive and artistic person, who was engaged in other pursuits before establishing the Sheld-O-Kraft company. He was a processor for several years at Allegany' Canning Factory. He conducted a Gymnasium, where he was the Physical Training Teacher. He and his two brothers, Charles and Ben Sheldon, had a wallpaper and fancy goods store in Salamanca for several years.

He then established a Woodworking and Picture Framing factory in Olean, under the name of the Sheld-O-Kraft Company.

Early in 1925, some men from the village of Allegany met to form an organization to acquire the old high school property at 69 North Fourth Street (then called Day Street) and convert it to industrial use. The organization was known as the Allegany Improvement Company. Co-partners were Thomas F. McMahon, Ray McAuliffe, E. F. Edwards, E. F. Smith, E. C. Green, Joseph Miller and W. N. Hall.

A credit of \$3,000 was opened at the First National Bank for the benefit of the Sheld-O-Kraft Co. The committee of the above named men were authorized to offer the Board of Education \$5,000 for the old high school property and to secure permission for the Sheld-O-Kraft Co. to occupy the premises as early as July 1, 1925.

This stock company, with Frank B. McLaughlin, Secretary and P. C. Sheldon as Vice-President, invited the public to an open house on August 14, 1925 at their new location in Allegany. It was hoped that the people of the community would learn something of the new enterprise, which would employ "30-40 hands". The public could also see the products being produced and to "observe the clean and wholesome and sanitary conditions under which the employees perform their duties".

The August 22, 1925 issue of the *Citizen* stated that about 200 people attended the open house. A large majority of the visitors were ladies. Those attending were pleased and surprised at the beauty of the models on display - 250 in all. Reproductions, in color, of the great masterpieces of the world were mounted in a variety of forms to make the article useful or ornamental but "pleasing to the eye and agreeable to the senses".

It was indicated that the holiday season would provide a market for the goods and that orders were being received from every state in the Union. Again, the article made mention of the wholesome and sanitary conditions in the plant, and it stated "no great mental or physical strain is required to produce the stock in trade".

Rhea Krampf, presently living on North 5th Street, recalls working at Sheld-O-Kraft after school while she attended Allegany High School. She pasted the pictures, such as The Blue Boy, on a board. Other women applied gesso (a plaster of Paris material) around the picture. Another decorative trim was applied with a cake decorator type instrument. Rhea did not recall the surroundings as "wholesome and sanitary", but attested that no great mental or physical strain was needed to produce the articles.

Sheld-O-Kraft discontinued operations in 1931. The Depression had an effect on the business. However, some who knew Park Sheldon claim that he was not a capable businessman.

Park Sheldon died in March of 1938. He and his wife, Katherine Miller Sheldon, were living at the time in the upstairs apartment at 12 North Fourth Street.

If any of our readers have articles of Sheld-O-Kraft that they wish to give to the AAHA, we would be pleased. Further information would be gratefully received. The donated example of Sheld-O-Kraft can be seen in the Heritage Center Library.

Since this article was written in 1991, we have received several more items of Sheld-O-Kraft, and most of these are now on temporary loan to the Cattaraugus County Historical Museum for their display, Made in Cattaraugus County. The waste basket is still on display at the Heritage Center.

BASKETBALL IN 1926

Margaret Karl, who recently died at the age of 99, wrote an article for our newsletter five years ago, which I think should be reprinted in her honor.

Would you like to know about basketball 75 years ago? Since I graduated 75 years ago and am now 94 years old, I am sure I have forgotten many things, but remember enough to fill you in on basketball. There was no football then. That was something colleges had, but high schools got into in a few years.

On Fifth Street where the post office parking lot is now was a large livery stable. You could leave a horse there all winter or while you shopped in Allegany or while you took the streetcar to Olean. No horse stood out in the cold for any length of time.

Basketball was played upstairs in the loft of the livery stable. Did we have uniforms? You just bet we did! We got a pattern for bloomers, and each one made a pair from black sateen, and wore a white blouse with it. The girls played first, and changed into their uniforms at Mabel Hall's place. Her folks lived in the apartment over what is now the Burton Hotel. The boys changed in a feed room at the livery. There was no heat so they moved fast to keep warm while changing.

You would be surprised at how many people came to see the games. They brought a blanket to keep warm and sat on hay bales to watch the games.

The girls played first, and the only ones I can remember are Mabel Hall, Victoria Forness, Ruth Spring and myself. In August of 2000, Ruth Spring, who by then was blind and living in a nursing home in Buffalo, died a couple of weeks after our "Over 75" dinner. I'm sure I would remember more if I just heard the names. The boys I remember who played were Hank Cram, Howard McCabe and a Rietz from the Buffalo Road.

I think we played teams if we could get to their place by streetcar. I guess the school must have paid for the tickets, as I know none of us had the money.

The game that stands out in my memory is one where we left Olean by train about 6 p.m. We arrived at the depot at Lime Lake, which was across the lake from the school. A man with a sled met us and we went across the lake on the ice. We all held our breath, as we were afraid the ice would break and leave us in the water. The man told us later that they would cut the ice in 50 and 100 pound blocks to sell during the summer. When we got to the school, ladies had hot food ready for us. The girls played first, and the boys had to hurry their game along so we wouldn't miss the train coming from Buffalo. The horse and sled got us back to the depot in time.

When we played our of town, Hank Cram's mother always had a kettle of hot chocolate and a big bowl of cookies or doughnuts waiting for us when we got back. My mother knew Mrs. Cram fed us, but we never told her that it was in the back of the poolroom. That was a "no-no", but the poolroom was closed at that time of night. The poolroom was a men's hangout. When it was cold in the winter, they played pool and cards, talked and ate. Word was that no lady went in the front except "that kind of lady". Well, we never saw one, wouldn't have known one or who she was, and we always had a teacher with us.

Kids think I'm crazy when I tell them I played high school basketball and never made a basket. At that time I was a guard, and a guard did not make baskets. She guarded the vistor and saw to it that she did not make a basket. (Ed. note - This was called half-court basketball. Guards from one team and forwards from another were on one half of the court and were not allowed to cross over the center court line. This was still being played in the 1960's.)

THE THINGS YOU FIND ----

In our last newsletter, we published a letter written in 1939 by Marion Brinson, a former Allegany resident, who was traveling with her husband to Moscow. We wondered what happened to them. Well, I found out. While doing some research, I happened upon Mrs. Brinson's obituary in a July, 1953 issue of the *Citizen*. I'm going to print some of it as it completely answers our question.

"Marion Wilber Brinson, wife of William Brinson, died last Sunday at her home in Ridgewood, N.J. She was 50 years of age. Marion Arlouine Wilber was born in the town of Allegany on October 12, 1902, the daughter of Stanley Palmer Wilber and Catherine Pierce Wilber. Her grandparents, both Pierces and Wilbers, were well known in the early history of Cattaraugus County, having moved by ox team to the Five Mile valley and Humphrey in 1835.

On the paternal side, she was a descendant of Evert Van Wickle, who erected the first frame house in Allegany County in 1802. She was the great granddaughter of Catherine Mullender Palmer who was the first white child born in Allegany County.

Mrs. Brinson was educated in the public schools of Allegany. Upon her graduation from Geneseo state teachers college, she taught in the public schools of Olean.

Since her marriage twenty-five years ago, Mrs. Brinson had lived in Glen Rock and Ridgewood, N. J., *with the exception of one year when she accompanied her husband, an engineer employed by an American firm, to the USSR.* (Ed. italics)

———Surviving besides her husband are three sons, William Stanley, David Wilber and Allan Pierce Brinson; (Allan was the son who was left at home when Mrs. Brinson traveled to Russia); a sister, Mrs. Allan Fuller of Rochester; an aunt, Miss Julia G. Pierce of this village; two uncles, Senator George H. Pierce of Allegany and Elmer S. Pierce of Buffalo. ———

———Interment was in Allegany Cemetery."

By going on the Internet, I found that the Max B. Miller Corporation, that Mr. Brinson worked for, was an oil company based in New York and was under contract with the Soviet Union to construct lubrication oil plants in the Caucasus. Their engineers were expelled from the USSR in the spring of 1940. The letter from Mrs. Brinson was dated August 13, 1939, so they had a short stay in Russia.

So with some luck and some searching, our question of what happened to the Brinson family has been answered.

We received the following from Dr. Winifred Prozeller Wirth, written about an actual event in early 1920. Dr. Wirth says she enjoys the newsletter as a connection about her growing-up years.

Leaving our home up the Four Mile Road
We sang "To Grandmother's house we'd go".
The horse pulled the surrey with its fringed top;
How he knew the way, we'll never know.

It carried our Mom and her 6 little girls
And boxes of goodies and clothing we'd need.
And with white puffy clouds and warm summers'
breeze
The horse trotted on at a steady speed.

The further we went our joy increased.
Old maple trees made a canopy or'head
As we kept on singing our favorite song.
Life was overflowing with nothing to dread.

We rode down our valley twixt Allegany hills
And noticed fenced pastures with cattle in herd.
Then came a river with a single lane bridge
And Mom kept the reins, and said not a word.

We stopped at a store with front hitching posts.
Inside were harnesses, tools, nails and such.
We bought penny candy, pencils and more;
From our own penny banks, we'd not spent too
much.

There were rows of barrels on sawdusted floors,
And Mom gave the grocer some jars to be filled,
But first her newborn weighed in at 5 pounds;
Then added a sack of flour just milled.

We stopped at a font of 1910 date
In front of the post office near a big tree
For horses and dogs and people on foot.
Imagine that! And the water was free.

Our town, like most, had railroad tracks
With houses built along the leeward side.
Mom showed us the place where our ancestors lie,
And St. Bonaventure where students abide.

In Olean we followed street after street
And soon found Grandmother's house that we sought.
T'was on Queen Street near Bleiston's small store
From which came peaches and food she'd bought.

A little black box on her wall did ring.
It talked and we listened with breathless awe;
"Ten minutes after we left that morn
Our home burned up - there was left nothing at all!"

Memorials



*For: Barbara Kelly
From: Thomas, Cheryl and Kyle Stetz*

*For: Fred Grace
From: Francis Hirt*

*For Betty Lucyszyn
From: Francis Hirt*

Bob and Francie Potter

*For: Margaret Karl
From: Bob and Francie Potter
Harold and Marge Geise*

*For: Virginia Yehl
From: Paul and Doris Kelly
Bob and Francie Potter*

*For: Sandi Petrovick
From: Jim and Marion Elling
Tina Elling Smith*

*Marge Geise
Margaret Green
Orin and Margaret Parker
Alice Altenburg*

*For: Elizabeth Nenno Wilson
From: Clyde W. Nenno
Leo and Patty Nenno
Michael and Martha Nenno*

*For: Clair and Emma Edwards
From: Bill and Louella Keim*

A HISTORICAL PERSPECTIVE



UPCOMING MEETING
MAY 21, 2006

Our next meeting will be on Sunday, May 21 at 2 p.m. at the Heritage Center. Our speaker will be Jay P. Tennes, the Director of the Eldred World War II Museum in Eldred, Pennsylvania. Mr. Tennes has been director since January of 2004. Some of the highlights of his tenure include meeting veterans and homefront workers who served their country during World War II, and a September 2005 trip to Moscow. He will speak on "How World War II Changed Everything".

If you have never visited the museum, Mr. Tennes' talk will be the next best thing. I know he will be interesting, and I encourage you to attend. He will have brochures about the museum, listing their hours, so perhaps a nice day trip might be in your future.

See you on **Sunday, May 21 at 2 p.m. at the Heritage Center.**

Allegheny Area Historical Association
P.O. BOX 162
Allegheny, NY 14706

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INSIDE SPECIAL ISSUE:

Presidents Report

Shield-O-Kraft

Basketball in 1926



Allegany Area Historical Association

October 2006

Issue XXV Vol. 3

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

I can't believe that we are into fall already - Memorial Day was just last week, or so it seems. Heritage Days this year was very successful, but we seemed to have a smaller attendance than previous years, though all who came certainly enjoyed themselves. The chicken barbeque on Friday sold out, as did the Country Cupboard on Saturday. Our 50/50 drawing on Friday was won by Rosemary Ryan, to the tune of \$71. It is certainly much easier for us to have everything together on Second Street. The support we get from the village personnel is outstanding, and one of the reasons things go so smoothly each year - a big "thank you" to them. Our main exhibit this year was "Education in Allegany", and was well received. Don't forget, the Heritage Center is open on Wednesdays from 1 to 4 p.m. until the end of October, so if you missed the exhibit, we would be delighted to have you drop in to see it before we close for the season.

In May of 2000, we had videos made of the **history of Allegany** and sell them for \$10, plus \$5 for shipping. We have now had some **DVD's** made from the video, which we are selling for \$18, plus postage (which we haven't determined yet). It's not too early to think of Christmas gifts, and this would be great for your Allegany friends who live out of the area. We also have **Tales of War and Confinement** - \$6.00, plus \$3.00 shipping; **Our Allegany Heritage: 1831-1981** - \$7.50, plus \$2.50 shipping; **Allegany Christmas Cards** - 30 cents each or 12 for \$2.50, plus shipping.

I spoke this summer to residents of the Waters Nursing Home here in Allegany, about our local history, since many of the residents are from this area. As usual, I took some artifacts from our collection for a "Can you guess what this is" session, like I do for the school children. But in this case, they knew what everything was because they were items they had used all their lives! So we had a grand discussion about how they had used these things, and many more that I didn't bring, such as curtain stretchers and rug beaters. I can still feel the pricks in *my* fingers from the curtain stretchers we used each spring and fall! I am speaking to members of the D.A.R. this fall, and I am sure that my presentation will follow in a similar vein.

We lost another valuable member this summer when Paul Martiny died. His parents were Henry and Frances Martiny, and he had nine brothers and sisters. I think most of the people in town are related in one way or another to the Martinys. Paul was a great photographer, and gave us, among other things, many pictures he had taken of the construction of the Southern Tier Expressway and the Veterans Memorial Bridge. This is a valuable historical record to have, and will be used by future generations.

A request - please send us your correct address, if you leave town for the winter months. We had some problems last winter with some of our newsletters not being delivered as we did not have the proper winter address. We have to pay for each newsletter returned to us, and you miss our always interesting publication. Even if you have given us the address before, we would appreciate receiving it again to make sure our records are correct. Thanks for your help.

Another request - we are always looking for stories or articles or memories from our older members about growing up in Allegany. You don't have to go very far back to have thoughts about those times that would be of great interest to everyone. I graduated from high school in 1953, and that's now historical! Times have changed so much since then. Don't be shy - we'll take care of editing and spelling and such, so please take a few minutes to jot down some things and send them along to us. You can even be anonymous if you wish. We'd love to hear from **you**.

Congratulations to St. John's Lutheran Church on their 150th anniversary!! We honored them several years ago with a plaque denoting them as one of the earliest religious groups in Allegany.

Francie Potter, President

As I have mentioned in the past, we have many items of great interest in our files. Following are two letters we have, written by Colleen "Connie" Carey Diggs, who lived in Colorado. She died in July of 2005. There is no date on the first letter. The second one was written in 2005, after she had received a copy of our video on Allegany's history. We hope you enjoy them.

I have been so excited to get the newsletters from Allegany. I read every word. [I enjoyed] the one on improvements on [the] Catholic Church of my time when Father Bonaventure and also Fr. Donald were priests there, and the letter on Mildred Karl, [a] school teacher up [the] 4 Mile, my very favorite teacher. That was a 2 room school. [A] little room [with] small grades taught by Dorothy Stanbaugh and [a] big room, up to 7th grade, [taught] by Mildred Karl. I think [it] was called "Rock View School". My mother, Cameron Babinger, also taught in [a] country school up [the] 9 Mile. My father, "Pete" Carey and his father, William Henry Carey [were] well known in the oil fields at the time. Carey Hollow, off [the] 4 Mile [was] named for our family. It was an old goat farm owned by my great-grandmother, Gram Carey. She had wished it to always stay in the Carey family and be passed down one generation to the next but along came the Depression times when bad times hit most. My grandfather, W. H. Carey, lost land, etc. in [the] Allegany area, Eldred, Pa., and my pride, Cottage 65 at Cuba Lake. One after another went. Too much land, too many taxes. Thank you for your wonderful work and so many hours of searching.

Yes, you may use whatever I say on "Rock View School" or "Carey Hollow". My folks told me about Carey Hollow. The video was wonderful, to me. My family watched it for Thanksgiving to see my old grade school teacher. I couldn't believe she was still with us. Am sending this picture at Rock View taken in my days. Doesn't Maxine Karl resemble our teacher!! I visited Marion Karl, Maxine's sister in [the] late 1970's in Olean, N.Y. She was in my class. If you can use this picture for anything, do so. Our music teacher was Yolanda Questa. At that time, [my] teacher, Miss Karl mentioned [that] the music teacher was coming in. Yolanda was so beautiful with a crown of [the] most beautiful black braids all around her head. Like a princess to me. It was great to see how the Allegany River was used way back when. I remember how wonderful[ly] clear and clean it was. You could see every stone and minnow, to the bottom.

A look at an old map will show that most of the hollows around here - Morgan, McClure, Slocum, Bucher, Wing - to name a few, are all named after early pioneers who settled in that particular hollow. Some of the families may be gone, but their memory is still here in the names of the hollows.

DUES ARE DUE——DUES ARE DUE——DUES ARE DUE

October is the month to **pay** your **dues**. A single membership is \$10, family \$15 and patron is \$20 or more. Make your check to AAHA and mail to PO Box 162, Allegany, New York 14706. Don't forget - **do it today!** If your membership isn't renewed, we will take you off the mailing list, and where else will you be able to find out the always interesting Allegany news, past and present.

Member Marion Elling sent us this poem about school days in a one room schoolhouse, which should be familiar to some of our older members who taught in them or who attended school in them.

ONE ROOM SCHOOL

Raylene Boggs - 2002

There's an old school house still standing
That holds sweet memories
A one room that's weather beaten now
But in my mind I can see

At recess we played ball and base
Shot marbles when it was cold
It would take a hundred books
To write the memories I hold

A pot bellied stove in the center
Produced very little heat
If you sit real close you burned up
All except your freezing feet

There were two to four in each class
Grades from one to eight
You were marked as tardy
If you were one minute late

My lunch was cornbread and milk
In Granny's canning jar
I always tried to hover near
And eat by the fire

I walked two miles to get there
But I learned my three "R" well
Were good teachers in those days
They cared and you could tell

If you disobeyed or talked back
Did one thing out of the way
The old paddle seemed to appear
And the devil was to pay

Kids didn't carry guns back then
We had a great old time
We knew to mind our teachers
And our parents all the time

We had two outside privies
For the ladies and the gents
It was a cold trip in the winter
Sometimes you wished you hadn't went

An old hand pump outside the door
You had to pump the water out
With our paper drinking cups
We'd hold them under the spout

Good old days they were back then
We were as poor as we could be
But I didn't know the difference
The rest was poor as me



A friend asked me a while back about a monument in the Allegany Cemetery that had a noose on it. I didn't know anything about it, but said I would check into it. This spring, while tending the family graves in the cemetery, I saw the monument with a noose on it, a tall slender monument, almost a obelisk, that stands on the right hand side of the far western driveway, before the Civil War monument, as you are leaving the cemetery. Margaret Parker told me to check Sandpumpings, a defunct publication done by Olean High School. Sure enough, there is a story in Vol. 1, No. 1, April 1976. All the information in this article is taken from Sandpumpings.

The monument is on the William Grimes grave site. William Grimes was born in New Hampshire, February 2, 1804. In the fall of 1840 or 1841, he settled on the Nine Mile on the Allegheny River at what is now the Village of Vandalia. In 1845 he purchased 900 acres of timberland and added to them from time to time until he had a tract of 2,000 acres. He cut and rafted square pine lumber and shingles down river until the close of his life, January 26, 1877.

At one time, the monument had a marble cat on top of it. Howard Schultz (deceased) served as caretaker in the cemetery and told the staff of Sandpumpings the story of the marble cat. "Course you youngsters wouldn't remember the days when threshing crews moved from farm to farm threshing the grain and mowing for the farmers. Why," began Mr. Schultz, "I remember when us kids visited my grandfather's grave over there, my father used to take us to the William Grimes' monument to see THE CAT!"

"My father told us the story about his father who was a part of a threshing crew for Mr. Grimes. The threshers gathered in the Grimes' kitchen to get warm around the kitchen stove. A cat, named Gibs, was laying in a chair near the stove and my grandfather tipped the cat off. Just as he did that, Old Man Grimes walked into the room and saw his favorite cat on the floor. He called my grandfather down for it! 'Don't you ever do that in this house again! That chair belongs to Gibs!', said Mr. Grimes.

"My grandfather thought it kinda funny, but he never again bothered the cat. Yes, sir, that cat had a monument that set right on the Grimes' grave for seventy-five years - until someone stole it! What do you suppose anyone would want of a marble cat? People are funny today, aren't they?," commented Mr. Schultz.

But that still didn't solve the question of a noose on the monument. Mr. Schultz noted that Mr. Grimes was one of the most respectable citizens "that ever lived in these parts." So the staff visited Ms. Frances Grimes in Olean. This tall, dignified lady, indeed of pioneer stock, proud of her heritage, great-granddaughter of William Grimes welcomed us graciously into her modest home. One senses immediately the sturdiness and honesty of the people that settled this region of Cattaraugus County after talking to Ms. Grimes. From Vermont, her great-grandparents ventured, cut, timbered, harvested, cleared lands, and rafted rivers in the Carrollton-Vandalia area.

"The noose-like rope?," we asked. "Purely decorative on the beautiful marker of my ancestor's grave," retorted Ms. Grimes. "What about the cat, Gibs?," we questioned. "A family pet. I do hope that whoever stole the small marble marker of this pet from a pioneer's grave will search his conscience and return it."

So there we are - mystery solved. The marble statue of Gibs was never returned.



Memorials



For: Margaret Karl
From: Kathleen Karl
Francis Hirt

For: Ruth Conhiser
From: Bob and Francie Potter
Kathleen Karl
Francis Hirt

Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Strief

For: Tom Gleason
From: Joyce Jonak, Ann Hardiman,
Eileen Shabala, Gail Crisafulli,
Diane Boser

For: William Howard
From: Mrs. Betty Smith

For: Steve Lippert
From: Raymond and Joyce Jonak

For: Elsie Murrin
From: Harold and Marge Geise
Paul and Doris Kelly

For: Karen Nye and Arnold Rickey
From: Mrs. Betty Smith

For: Paul Martiny
From: Bob and Francie Potter

For: Glen E. Hitchcock
From: Dick and Shirley Russell
Gary and Marianne Russell
Michele Russell
Larry and Marilyn Russell
Merle and Mary Ann Kyser

For: Charles Wing
From: Jim and Pat Schreckengost and
family

For: Sandi Petrovick
From: Jim and Pat Schreckengost and
family

OCTOBER MEETING

Our meeting will be on Sunday, October 15th at 2 p.m. at the Heritage Center, 25 North Second Street. **BonaResponds** is a group from St. Bonaventure University started by Jim Mahar, a finance professor there, that made two trips to the Gulf Coast to help in Hurricane Katrina relief efforts. Since then, they have expanded into local service projects. They have done work at Archbishop Walsh, on the Allegany River Trail, at St. Elizabeth Motherhouse, in Allegany State Park and at Olean General Hospital, to name a few places. They are planning on future trips to the Gulf Coast as that recovery effort will go on for many years.

Josh Koszuta, a senior/grad student at the university is the leader of **BonaResponds** and will talk to us about how the group got started, their trips to Biloxi, Mississippi, and their efforts in the local area. Some of the other members of the group will also be there.

I hope we have a good turnout, to show the students how much their efforts are appreciated. **See you on Sunday, October 15th.**

**Allegany Area Historical Association
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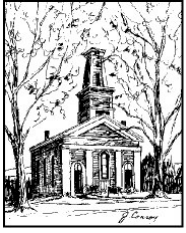
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INSIDE SPECIAL ISSUE:

Presidents Report

One Room School

Gibs, the Cat



Allegheny Area Historical Association

March 2007

Issue XXVI Vol. 1

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Santa Claus and his elves, thinly disguised as Mel Duggan and his work crew, visited the Heritage Center this winter. Mel's guys are in the process of replacing our ceiling and giving the walls a new coat of paint - no, they're not green any more, they're a lovely shade of light blue. This is the story - as you know the ceiling has been falling down in bits and pieces for two years. When Alice Altenburg and I looked at the building in preparation for our annual Community Christmas Service, we found more ceiling tiles down. In the interest of safety, we decided to move the service to the Free Methodist Church on the Five Mile Road since Pastor Glenn Treaster from that church would be leading the service for us. Pastor Treaster led us in a great service to open the holiday season for us, and we give him our sincere thanks.

But we still had a problem with the sanctuary room since it now was unusable. Mel called and said that with winter coming on he was going to have some extra personnel that he would have to lay off so by using those guys he would now be able to get at the ceiling for us. Yippee!!!! We were thrilled, to say the least! The next thing we knew they were in the building, removed all the things in the sanctuary, took out several rows of pews and had the scaffolding up, ready to go. Mel said that when the old ceiling came down they found everything in good structural condition. The old tile was falling because the nails used to hold them up were the wrong kind - they didn't have a round enough head to securely hold the tiles (notice all the technical terms I'm using) - and as the tiles dried out over the years they started to fall. New insulation went in and the new ceiling, drywall, went up. It looks great! Plus we will get more light reflection from the ceiling with the new coat of paint.

Santa Mel then gave us an extra present, telling us that while the scaffolding was up and he had the men available, the walls would be painted! One of Mel's very skilled employees, Chris Moeckel, did most of the renovation work and all of the painting - he even painted some of the woodwork so it would look good against the new paint! Thanks, Chris, for such a great job! When they are done we will have a marvelous new room that will last for many years. Of course, all this construction is leaving a dusty mess. Everything got stuffed into the Library Room and is covered with a thick coat of grime. When it's all completed, Baire's Janitorial Service will come in to do the heavy cleaning for us, including shampooing the carpets. We should be good to go for the March meeting. I hope you all come to see what a great gift Mel and the Duggan and Duggan Construction men gave to us. This has been on our "wish list" for many years and it is truly grand to see the finished product. We cannot fully express our gratitude to Mel for his generosity. Thank you, Mel, for your help.

Let me tell you about our Christmas Cookie Sale. As you know we have lost some of our dedicated bakers over the past year or two so we had several dozen less cookies for sale this year. I had put an item in the Olean Times Herald about the cookie sale. Kate Day Sager, a reporter for the paper, called and said she might be able to help us with some extra publicity. I never turn down anything free so Kate came to the Center and took a picture of cookies that Joyce Jonak had baked and interviewed Joyce, Diane Boser and myself. The next day, Thursday, there was a big story on page 3 headed, "It's Cookie Time!" The sale was to run from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. on Saturday at Nature's Remedy in Allegheny. As we were setting up for the sale at 9 a.m. Saturday, people were following us in the door buying the cookies before we could get them up for display! By 10 a.m. we had sold at least half the cookies, fudge and fruitcakes we had, and we were completely sold out by noon! Kate had mentioned in the story the Applesauce Fruitcakes I make for the sale (they have no candied fruit in them) and we sold every one of them, all 27 I had made, and I took orders for at least that many more! Apparently nobody wants to bake any more! Our profit for the sale was \$1,041.00!! Linda Kruppner, the owner of Nature's Remedy, was kept busy after we had left telling people that the sale was over, everything had sold out. Thanks, Linda, for your help and for allowing us to hold the sale in your store. I can hardly wait for next year's sale - it should be a doozy!

continued on page 7

As promised, here is the second and final part of the memoirs of Ruth Hitchcock Smith, "A LIFE REMEMBERED" who was a resident of the Five Mile area.

VISITING RELATIVES

A family of cousins who often visited us was the Learn family; Uncle Ernest and Aunt Abby had four children, two girls and two boys. Sadie was near my age and Harry was about the same age as Zenas. Clare and Gratia were younger, but they were all little ruffians and when they came to visit, we kids knew we were in for some rough play. We were really glad when they went home as they usually left us all in shambles, tired out! Sadie stayed over for a few days one time and we held the old swing longer than Charles thought necessary, so said, "if you don't get out of that swing, I'll break your doll." It lay on the stone step in front of the kitchen door. Not thinking he really would, we continued to swing and sure enough, "thunk" went the head on the stone step and it rolled in two. Of course I was heart-broken but Mother mended it the best she could and Charles was given a scolding. The doll is cherished by my daughter, Roberta, to this day and has the same original outfit on as it wore when given to me by my cousin Vera. Charles was never given many lickings, but the one I remember most was when he was being naughty when Father was in Buffalo and Zenas was in the hospital. Mother told him to go out and cut a switch as she planned to apply it to his seat. He came back with a switch with an apple on the end. She used it on him, apple and all, but I don't think it hurt him too badly, but he knew she meant business.

Other cousins who frequently came to visit were the Taylor family. There were two boys and five girls. Their names were Wesley, Clyde, Bertha, Edith, Clive, Elsie and Eva. Their mother died when they were all quite young, so the older girls kept house and they all stayed together until old enough to be on their own. Wesley became a Professor and taught in Randolph and other schools. Bertha became a teacher, and was one of my first teachers. Eva also became a teacher and married a teacher. They both taught in Cassadaga when it was a two-room school. All married and had families except Edith and Bertha, who had no children.

In the Johnson family there were Maud and Earl. Maud became a teacher and a fine pianist. Earl was brought up by relatives so worked in various shops. Maud lived with friends of the family as their mother also died at an early age. Her name was Cora. Aunt Mary and Uncle Asa Faye had three children. Their names were Mabel, Adelaide and Winifred. Adelaide was my age so we had many good times together. They all married and had families. Aunt Angeline and husband (I don't remember him) had one daughter, Ethel, who married and had one daughter, Amy, who became a teacher and taught in Silver Creek before her marriage. Uncle Wiltse married their hired girl, Louise, and had one son, Walter.

For a long time we had family reunions but after so many of the older generation passed away, they ceased to be held. We usually went to various homes where there was room enough for a crowd. There was always plenty of food as each family brought their share and one of the men always found a big watermelon which was served to all. Ice cream was often the dessert.

Thanksgiving Day was often a pleasant time at the Grandpa Hitchcock farm on the back road of the Five Mile. Occasionally we would be invited to have turkey dinner with them. Father would hitch up his team of bay horses and we would all climb into the light spring wagon with two seats, and over the road we would go in anticipation of a wonderful dinner. Aunt May always made a beautiful chocolate layer cake for dessert and we loved it. Grandma Hitchcock was a little woman and always wore an apron with a pocket in it so she could carry her snuff-box and slyly take a pinch now and then, but we seldom saw her doing it. She was a very quiet person and never had much to say to us kids, but always seemed to enjoy having us come to visit. Grandpa H. was a very jolly person, quite heavy and short of stature. He wore a beard, which was white as I remember him. He always had his comfortable chair in the kitchen by the window when we came to visit, and he would talk to us kids while the "hired girl" was getting dinner. My paternal grandparents were fine Christian people and brought their six children up to revere God and had their family devotions every morning when they were young, so my father told us. Aunt Mat (short for Martha) liked to raise canaries and turkeys. She also did some art work and painted a picture for each family. Ours was a rural scene in a bronze-looking frame which always hung in our living room on the farm. She played the piano but being a shy sort of person, had to be coaxed a great deal before she would play for us. She was educated in art and music at the Catholic Convent in Olean, was the youngest of the six children, so always lived at home until her marriage to their "hired man", Charles Henley. Her life came to a tragic end as she died after the birth of her still-born baby girl. Her first child, Alson, was reared by his cousins, Bert and Ethel Wilcox. He became a pro[fe]ssional violinist after attending the Eastman School of Music in Rochester and played in many well-known

orchestras.

Mother had a favorite cousin who lived in Rochester and often came to visit us with her two daughters, Maude and Ruth. The loved to roam the hills with us to gather wild flowers and wintergreens. We sort of grew up together and were more like sisters.

SOCIAL ACTIVITIES OF FARM FAMILIES

We often had hay rides in the fall when several families would pile into their wagons with hay in the bottom to sit on. Then we would take off for someones' home for a neighborhood social. Father was fond of oysters so he often suggested that they have an oyster supper. That never appealed to me as I had to be bribed to eat my soup and would swallow my oysters whole to please Father. There were other dishes of food brought by the ladies or those suppers would have been a disaster for me! There was often an extra large room where we kids could get together and play games while the "old folks" sat and visited or got around a piano or organ and sang songs and hymns. Mother often played the piano while Father led the singing as he had a good bass voice. He played a B-flat Cornet horn in his youth and had a violin that he sometimes entertained us with in the evening when we were kids.

We had small entertainments at the little old schoolhouse when some Company would come through with Acts of Magic, etc. The first "moving pictures" were very primitive in those days, and were quite a novelty. Ringling Brothers' Circus came to Allegany occasionally, and I remember of going at least twice. The folks took us all to Niagara Falls when I was very young, and my first ride on the train was a thrilling experience, but I don't remember much about the trip otherwise. Another place we liked to vist was Rock City, some distance from Olean. That was fun to walk down stairs and run around under the big Rocks. It was quite a resort for picnickers and there was usually a crowd around the tables. Kinzu[a] Bridge was another interesting place to visit and my Father first took my Mother there when two churches from Allegany were having their annual picnic.

ANOTHER WORLD!

We left the farm when I was about eleven and sojourned to Allegany, N. Y. to live with my mother's parents, Grandpa and Grandma Learn. Zenas had reached high school age so wanted to get an education and be able to do lighter work than farming. Charles was in the seventh grade and I in fifth so we would soon be leaving the little old District School any way. Another reason was that Grandma needed help to care for my Grandfather. He was bedridden with Rheumatoid Arthritis and Mother felt she could help care for him. Father sold the farm, loaded our belongings on the wagon, and we moved in. I remember how Mother hated to leave her old home behind but it seemed to be the best thing to do. Of course I was delighted and pictured myself getting all dressed up and walking on sidewalks, going to the store to shop and attending the big "brick school". However, things are not always like they seem and Grandma was not used to having three active teen-agers around under foot, so began to complain to Mother loud and clear. The plumbing was not really adequate for such a family and the kitchen sink had no drain except a bucket underneath to catch all the water that had to be used for washing hands, dishes, etc., so Charles was delegated to empty it whenever it became necessary. This aggravated his disposition greatly and one day he went to the garden with the pail and threw pail and all onto the garden and left it there. Mother went out and retrieved the bucket. Grandma happened to witness the episode and promptly suggested that the folks find another place to live. Father looked around and found a small house just around the corner where we could live and Mother could be near and still help care for her father whom she loved dearly, and [who] needed her help.

It took a little time for us kids to adjust to a new village school and find new friends and Charles became very uninterested after a year or so and along with two other boys about the same age, became quite an annoyance to their teacher. One day they had a toy whistle which they passed back and forth. The teacher could never seem to locate the one who had it, so she became irritated and sent all three down to the kindergarten to play with the younger children. She finally reported Charles' behavior to his father and after much persuasion by the teacher, Charles was permitted to leave school and get "working papers" so he could find work. His first job was in a knife factory there in town where he worked for a time. Father kept his horses and a plow when we left the farm and tried to earn a living plowing gardens and any other work he could find to do. Money was scarce in those days and we had many a day looking back to the good old days on the farm where we had all be together as a happy family.

That year some friends of Father's talked him into taking his family and going to the Grape Country with them. They had relatives in Brocton who were well-to-do grape farmers who had a tenement house where both families could live together and work picking grapes. This was before they had machinery to do the work. They had a daughter, Bernice, three years older than I so we could go to the Village School together. Charles could go with us and Zenas could stay with Grandma, help her with Grandpa and go to school. This sounded interesting and I guess Mother was ready for a change, so she packed what we needed for such a venture and we all left on the Train. Charles picked grapes as did Mother and Father and the two women of the party got the meals, taking turns.

GRAPE COUNTRY VENTURE AND GRIMES FARM LIFE

Bernice and I had to stay in the big farm house at night as the tenement house wasn't big enough for us all. We felt highly favored to be living in a house with all the modern conveniences; bathroom, electric lights, etc., which we did not have at home. One morning we tried pressing one of the buttons in the hallway and an elderly man sounded off loud and clear. We had turned on the light in his room! We punched it again and ran. We had fun going to Lake Erie after school picking up shells along the shore, as it was in walking distance from the school.

After a month or so we went home and Father began looking for another farm as [he] decided he couldn't make a living in town. I was in the seventh grade by that time, and didn't like the idea of leaving town. However, Father found a farm to rent in Vandalia. It was owned by a young man by the name of Billy Grimes and his widowed mother. The large farm house was equipped for two families as they had renters who had left recently. Billy and his mother were looking for another family to run the farm. Father investigated and found that we could move in immediately, so while I was in school Mother had packed up our belongings and they were spirited away to the farm in Vandalia. We all followed shortly after and I will always remember the delicious supper that Mrs. Grimes served us that evening we arrived. She was a very gracious English lady of small build and spoke with her English accent. We all got along well from the start. Billy was a very personable young man of 27, tall and handsome with a crop of wavy black hair, and rather spoiled by his mother, his father having passed away several years before. He became like a big brother to us kids and entered into our games and helped some with the farming.

The Grimes house was a very large house with a porch around the front and side. It was built by Mr. Grimes when lumber was plentiful and he was engaged in the lumber business. The part where we lived was formerly built for the men to live in who were hired by Mr. Grimes to help him in the lumber business. There was a very large kitchen with sink and all the modern conveniences for feeding a large family. The large dining room was divided in two, after they no longer kept the men, making a dining room for the farm tenants and a kitchen for Mrs. Grimes and Billy. Our living room was what the men used as their place to congregate after their work was done. Our bedrooms were all upstairs. One big room was large enough for two beds so the boys had that one and the other two rooms were occupied by Mother and Father and me, so we had plenty of room. Billy had a phonograph with a big horn with which he frequently entertained his friends and we were often invited in to their living room to hear his latest record. He would go through quite a ceremony of brushing off every speck of dust with a brush from the cylinder shaped records before he put them on to play. This was our first introduction to "His Master's Voice" and we felt highly privileged. Zenas was often asked to play his zither and sometimes a neighbor cousin of Billy's would bring his violin so they could play together.

I attended the rural school at Vandalia and finished out the year. Coming home one day I complained of a very itchy head. Mother examined it and promptly began treating my hair with a "louse exterminator". I was so embarrassed and declared I wouldn't go there another year, so the folks took pity on me and arranged for me to stay with my cousins, Bert and Ethel Wilcox, and come home weekends on the train. I was happy to be back in Allegany attending the old brick school. The following year the Trolley was put through from Olean to Salamanca so Zenas and I went to school by Trolley which was more interesting and enjoyable.

Charles soon became disenchanted with the farm and its dull routine so he and Billy's cousin, Bill Harris, decided to go west and see the world. Bill took his violin and the first city where the train stopped they got off and toured the place. Bill would play his violin on a street corner and Charles would pass the hat for a few coins so they could get something to eat, and go on to the next city. As Charles related their experiences, I gleaned they didn't get very rich but had fun seeing how the rest of the world lives. After a few months of this kind of life they decided "home" was not such a bad place after all, so boarding a freight train they took turns shoveling coal into the engine for the ride and came home, a little wiser and Charles was more contented to work on the farm and help Father.

The second year of our stay on the Grimes farm, Mrs. Grimes became ill and ended her own life, leaving Billy to bring his aunt back from Canada to keep house for him. Later, he found himself a wife, Genevieve Jenks from Killbuck. She was a very lovely lady and had recently returned from Ithaca where she had studied voice and piano at the Conservatory. We enjoyed her music and when she knew that Zenas played the zither, he was asked to play it, with her on the new piano that Billy had bought for her. Then Bill Harris brought his violin over one evening. A trio was formed and they spent many an evening playing together. After a year or more of Genevieve and Billy's married life, a baby girl arrived who they named Francis Genevieve. She was the pride and joy of the entire household and as she grew old enough to use a walker, she would wheel into our part of the house and I think became rather spoiled by my father, as he loved children.

During my 3rd year of high school, I became ill with a goiter problem and had to leave school for treatment. My parents thought I should improve my mind somehow so rented a piano and Mother taught me what she knew about music. I spent as much time as I felt like practicing the piano that year. Zenas went on to graduate and was Valedictorian of his class of five others, all girls.

In the meantime, Grandfather Learn required more care so Mother had to spend more time with him as Grandmother needed her help. It was finally decided that our family would move in again with them in the brick house. There was no place for a piano there so my musical career ended. I was well enough then to go to Olean and take a Secretarial course at the Business College, working part-time as Telephone operator in Allegany. Zenas went on the Greenville College as I mentioned earlier, and Charles went to Florida with a friend where he did carpenter work and tried his luck at opening a restaurant and doing the cooking. When a customer asked for "shoestring Potatoes" he had to ask one of the waiters how in the world they were made. He had never heard of them! We kids were all away most of the time so didn't bother Grandma. Grandfather was afflicted with rheumatoid arthritis for seven or more years and was bed-ridden for a long time during the last of his illness. After his death, the folks stayed on and kept house for Grandma.

I finished the Sec. course and through a teacher friend got a position with a lawyer, Harry Young, in Mayville, the Chautauqua County seat. My friend taught in the Mayville school and we boarded together at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hines. She had other boarders too, mostly teachers, and only charged six dollars a week for board!. They had one son, Hobert, who was in high school at the time. I enjoyed many good times during the time I worked in Mayville and made many good friends. I attended the Baptist Church with Mrs. Hines.

TIME SURE CHANGES THINGS!

Charles and I were called home at the time of Zenas' death. Father had been to Greenville to be with Zenas a short time before he died with pneumonia. The Professor of the College accompanied him home and conducted the funeral which was held in the Methodist Church [ed. note - this is our Heritage Center] in Allegany where Zenas had been a member. His death was the first that had happened in the history of the College and was quite a shock to the Student Body, as he had become popular with his music ability and often took part in Shakespeare plays, etc.

I never went back to Mayville, and Charles stayed home and built several houses around Allegany until he was drafted into the Army during World War II. The Free Methodist minister's wife, Mrs. Fairbanks, persuaded me to go to Gerry to help out as Cook at the Orphanage, as Frieda Lackman had an infected finger and would be laid up for a few weeks. I guess I was ready for an adventure of some kind about then, so said I would try it. I had taken her some of my baking at various times so she was sure I could do it and also told me what wonderful people the Manager and Matron of the home were, who I became to know as Lee and Mabel Smith.

I packed my suitcase and took off for Jamestown to be met by a former Pastor of the Free Methodist Church in Allegany, John Tuxford. He escorted me to the train that stopped in Gerry and went along with me to the Orphanage. It was a dark gloomy day in September and as I entered the building I was met by Mable who received me warmly and sat my suitcase down in the hallway where the floor was partially covered with water. One of the water mains had broken and the girls were busy mopping it up so my arrival was barely noticed by them. Afterwards, I was told that they sized my up and one of them said, "Oh, she can't cook, Ha, Ha!"

LIFE AT THE ORPHANAGE

My first initiation was a tour of the BIG kitchen with its BIG coal burning range where the cooking was done. Also

there was a BIG brick oven heated by coal where numerous loaves of bread were baked twice a week. When I saw those huge pans where the Oleo was colored to make it look like butter, and the big kettles where a half bushel of potatoes were cooked at one time and all the other pots and pans, my heart fainted within me and I fled to my room and "cried great crocodile tears". I begged Rev. Tuxford to take me back to Jamestown with him, so I could take the next train for home, but he would not hear of it and told Mabel to put me right to work and everything would be all right. This she did and I helped her get the supper that night. I was given a "helper" by the name of Elva, who was not too co-operative as she thought she should have been given the cook's job. However, Mabel came to my rescue when I needed help, so I stayed on doing my best to please the management. After the regular cook came back she said I had spoiled them trying to do too much. I had become acquainted with the girls and liked the place so much that Mabel found lots of places where I could be of use. So I did some work for Lee in the office and helped wherever I was needed. A few of us girls were cleaning the Quarantine House one day, dressed in our old clothes, dust caps, etc., when who should appear but "Daddy's" brother, Clifton! Everyone called Lee "Daddy", even the workers. Some of the girls had met him so introduced him to me. I thought it would be fun to tease so threw his hat out the window! He didn't get mad but went down and retrieved it and came back for more. We all gave him a hard time but that night he went down town and bought two baskets of strawberries and came back and asked me to make a shortcake so Mabel, Lee and I could have lunch together after all the others had all gone to bed. This I did and that is how our courtship began. I had not heard that "Daddy" even had another brother until that day. He was working as Manager of a feed-mill in North Hampton, Mass. at the time and had come home to recuperate from a bout with pleurisy for a couple of weeks. From that time on he became a frequent visitor at the Orphanage, and after he went back to Mass. we kept the Mail-man busy with our correspondence.

When Lee and Mabel and their daughter, Francelia, left the Orphanage to manage a grocery store in Jamestown, I also left. Clifton came to Allegany the following Christmas, and after meeting my folks and spending a few days, we took off for Gerry and spent a few days there. We became engaged at that time and he went back to his work. He kept my friend Clarice busy bringing me "Special Delivery" letters as she was P. O. Clerk. Of course, after I wrote him that she was my friend, he kept her very busy with his letters! She said she missed the walk after he joined the Army and couldn't write so often. Ha, Ha.

I went to Rochester to visit my cousins that year and thought as long as Clifton was stationed at a Camp not far from there, I might see him occasionally. Through my cousins I heard of an opening for a Supervisor of little girls at the Rochester School for the Deaf, so I applied and was accepted. I had no more gotten settled in my new job when I received a Telegram from my Beloved that he was "Somewhere in France"! What a revolting development! But I stayed on and learned to talk on my hands with the children who ranged in years from five to twelve, and really enjoyed them. After three years in Rochester, summer vacation arrived and Clifton arrived with it, coming directly to Allegany to visit me again.

After a short stay we left for Gerry where Clif's folks lived with his Grandma Wilson. He persuaded me to marry him there so after brief preparations we were married in a simple ceremony by Rev. John Tuxford (August 28, 1919), a former pastor in Allegany and a friend of the family. Only the immediate families were present, and we spent the night at Mabel and Lee's. The next day we called on my former friends, the Hines, in Mayville where I boarded when I worked for Atty. Young. Their son Hobert, recently home from the Navy, took us for a ride on one of the boats on Chautauqua Lake which he worked on as Captain at the time. The next day we went to Rochester where my cousin Ruth had arranged to have us stay at her sister-in-law's farm home for a week. Ruth had taken her vacation from Eastman Kodak work and with her niece, a young girl full of life and fun, gave us a riotous time. We climbed hay-stacks and found many things of interest to do on the farm. They sewed up our pajamas and played various tricks on us but we enjoyed their fun and had a week never to be forgotten. We came home by way of Niagara Falls and spent a day there seeing all the sights, spent some time with my folks in Allegany and finally coming back to his folks in Gerry. There we stayed while Clif worked at the Falconer Iron Works and I went out every day looking for an apartment. They were hard to find in those days as so many of the boys were married after WW I but we finally found a furnished Apt. on Allen St. which was our first home.

To make a long story short, two beautiful children were born to us, eleven years apart. A girl named Roberta June was our first, and a boy we named LeRoy Clifton, was our second. A lovely daughter-in-law, Nancy Williams, joined our family July 23, 1953. Clifton died May 16, 1968.

Memorials



For: Robert Chapin

*From: Bob and Francie Potter
Robert and Sandra Foster
Bob and Nickie Bergreen
Mrs. Betty Smith*

For: Rhea Krampf

From: John and Jillian Walsh

For: Pete and Dorothy Fortuna

From: Don, Becky and Donna Black

For: Elizabeth Nenno Wilson

From: William E. Nenno

For: Donald Jones

From: Carol Livingston

For: Marie Bump

From: Mrs. Betty Smith

For: Rose Fratercangelo

From: Carol Livingston

For: James John Klice and LeRoy James Klice

From: James Davis Klice and Darrin LeRoy Klice

For: William Wiedman

From: Bob and Francie Potter

Alice Altenburg

Bob and Nickie Bergreen

For: Edythe Mayberger

From: Bob and Francie Potter

Alice Altenburg

PRESIDENT'S REPORT continued from page 1

In our next newsletter in May we will feature some **articles written by our members** about growing up in the Allegany area. It's not too late to send us your memories. Just mail them to us at the address on the back - I know everyone will enjoy them.

We have had more videos made of the **history of Allegany** and we have had to raise the price to \$15, plus \$3 for shipping. The **DVD's about Allegany's history** are \$18, plus \$2 for shipping. We also have **Tales of War and Confinement** - \$6, plus \$3 shipping and **Our Allegany Heritage** - \$7.50, plus \$2.50 shipping. We would be glad to sell you a copy of any of these so please contact us.

One last reminder about **dues** - single membership - \$10, family - \$15, patron - \$20 or more. Send them in **TODAY!**

We have lost several members since our last newsletter - Ruth Conhiser, Charles Wing, Elsie Murrin, Edythe Mayberger, Donald Jones, Dr. Winifred Prozeller Wirth, William Wiedman, and former member Rhea Krampf. Our condolences to all their families.

Francie Potter, President

***NEXT MEETING
SUNDAY, MARCH 11TH - 2 P.M.***

It's very easy to tell you about the speaker for our next meeting - I have been married to him for 51+ years. Bob has been regaling our family for years with stories about growing up in Allegany, about riding their horse in the first of Allegany's two yearly Memorial Day parades, picking milkweed pods during World War II for military life jackets, swimming in the Five Mile Creek, and many other very entertaining tales. He presents a picture of a vanished time when children played outside instead of playing computer games, and nobody worried about their safety.

Please join us to hear Bob Potter talk of Allegany in the 1930's and 1940's on **Sunday, March 11th at 2 p.m. at the Heritage Center**, 25 North Second Street.

**Allegany Area Historical Association
P.O. BOX 162
Allegany, NY 14706**

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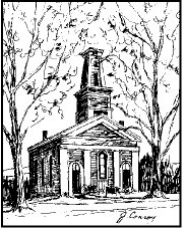
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INSIDE SPECIAL ISSUE:

Presidents Report

Another World

Times Sure Change Things



Allegany Area Historical Association

November 2007

Issue XXVI Vol. 4

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

I am in big trouble with our treasurer, Alice Altenburg. I forgot to remind everyone in the last newsletter that it is time to **pay your yearly dues**. So this is your reminder to pay up for another year. A single membership is \$10, family \$15 and a patron membership is \$20 or more. There is another notice later on in this newsletter in case you forget this one. If you paid your dues at Heritage Days, you are paid for the year.

At our October meeting we had our annual election of officers. The following were elected for a two year term. President - Francie Potter; Vice-President - Marge Geise; Secretary - Shirley Russell; Corresponding Secretary - Marion Elling; Treasurer - Alice Altenburg. We elected two Trustees for a three year term: Marilyn Frisini and Margaret Parker. The officers and Trustees thank all our members for their support in all our events. Remember, if you hear of a good program elsewhere that you would like to see us have here, please let Marge Geise know.

I'm sorry that more people were not at our October meeting to hear Linda Kanoti talk of the remaining one room schools in Cattaraugus County. Her talk and slide presentation were excellent. It is amazing how many schools still exist, though in another form. Most have been converted into private residences and the conversions are astounding. It was very difficult to see the school building in some of the present homes. I gave a talk to the D.A.R. in the middle of October about the one room schools in Allegany township, with special emphasis on District #4 school that once stood on the Five Mile Road next to the Clayton Eaton residence. Several years ago, the historical association placed a Historic Allegany marker at the site of the former Horton Cemetery, which was next to the former Horton School which was torn down and moved to Long Island for a summer residence.

Our annual **Christmas Cookie Sale** will be held on **Saturday, December 1 from 10 a.m. until we are sold out, at Nature's Remedy, 120 West Main Street in Allegany**. You will be getting a call to bake your finest cookies for this fundraiser, and to help sell the cookies, if you are able. Thank you in advance for your help.

Our **25th annual Community Christmas Service** will be held on **Sunday, December 2 at 2 p.m.** at the **Heritage Center, 25 North Second Street, Allegany**. The service will be led by Fr. Richard Husted from St. Bonaventure Parish in Allegany. As usual, we will take up a **collection of canned goods and paper products for Genesis House**, a homeless shelter in Olean. This is always a special way to begin the holiday season, and we hope to see you there.

If you go South for the winter, please let us know your winter address so we can get your newsletter to you. Also, please let us know when you return to town.

When one of our members, Dave Volz, read George Hall's story of crossing the Pennsylvania Railroad bridge but having to get out of the way when a train came, it triggered a memory for him. His aunt, Miss Edith Cook, used to cross that bridge but she was hit by a train and had her left leg amputated just above the knee. This happened in January of 1939. She worked in the laundry at St. Bonaventure College and took the bridge as a shortcut to her home on the Four Mile. Four Allegany boys, Donald O'Brien, James Carls, Edward Wintermantel and Vincent Quinlan were ice fishing under the bridge, saw her and the coming train, and tried to attract her attention. Young O'Brien ran up the bank but was unable to warn her

in time. She was carried by the crew a quarter mile to the roadway where Lennon's ambulance was waiting, and that took her to St. Francis Hospital. She sustained many other injuries as well, but recovered from them all. Lennon Funeral Services presented a bill to the Pennsylvania Railroad for \$25 for burial of her leg and foot. Miss Cook was 47 at the time of the accident, and lived until 1970, when she died at the age of 78. When she died, the grave at St. Bonaventure Cemetery was reopened and she was reunited with her leg and foot. Quite a story - thanks, Dave, for bringing it to our attention. Dave donated the articles about the accident and Lennon's bill to us for our files. What a great addition!

Francie Potter, President

October is the month to **pay** your **dues** - I forgot to remind you last month. A single membership is \$10, family is \$15 and a patron membership is \$20 or more. Make your check to AAHA and mail it to PO Box 162, Allegany, New York 14706. Don't forget (like me) - **do it today**. If your membership isn't renewed, we will take you off the mailing list, and you will miss the always interesting articles we have, like the interview with George Hall. If you know of people who would like to join, please give them the necessary information. We'd be delighted to have them with us.

Mr. Earl Rowe of Bellingham, Washington has sent us another nice story of growing up in Chipmonk, and some of his adventures and misadventures there. We published an earlier story of his in the May, 2007 issue. We hope you enjoy it.

The Sutter Family

It seems like it must be time for the old mind to start wandering again. I believe the brain is something like an old closet where happy memories and items of time gone by are stored. You open your mind or the old closet door and you never know what will pop out after being hidden sometimes for years gone by. I guess this is what happened again and I am lured back to my old Chipmonk Valley and the old Sutter home and family.

I was a quite young lad when I first recall memories of the Sutter family. It was probably in the late 20's and I was staying with my grand parents Grandpa and Grandma Lauser on the Chipmonk Road. The next house up the road from Grandpa and Grandma's home roughly 200 feet away was the Sutter home. Separating the homes was a field near our house, then a small creek, and then another field all owned by the Sutters.

Joe Sutter was the father of the family. We were taught in days long gone by to refer to our seniors as Mr. or Mrs. so I will refer to him as Mr. Sutter. I can picture Mr. Sutter as an average size man. His face was a rosy red color from the many years of hard work on his farm. It wasn't his size that stands out most in my mind though, but the sound of his voice. Mr. Sutter had a coarse rasping voice. I look back and I would compare it not as a piece of fine sandpaper that is used for polishing fine woods, but as a piece of large grit sandpaper that would take the burrs off of a piece of rough lumber. When he spoke, one paid attention. His voice was almost like a command perhaps like Moses on the Mount. When he gave a command to his sons they obeyed without question. One reason I remember Mr. Sutter's voice very clearly was one time Mr. and Mrs. Sutter's granddaughter came down from Olean to Chipmonk to visit with them. She was about my

age and her name was Marion Doxey. Her mother was one of the Sutter girls. It seems perhaps we both were young enough and maybe still were lacking some teeth from losing our baby teeth, but Marion would come out of the Sutter house and stand by the barbed wire fence in their yard and holler in her squeaky voice "Can Earl come up a little File" I would stand down on the Lauser side of the fence facing her and holler back "File, go file you finners" Now to set the story straight before I go any farther and the name Marion rings a bell of a story I told before of getting into trouble with Marion McMillian, they were not related. Perhaps their first names were spelled different. To get on with this story this one day I got permission to go up and play with Marion.

The Sutters had a large farm and had many milk cows in their dairy. Somehow on that day of playing, Marion and I found our way out to the large Sutter barn which was up and across the road a hundred feet or so. In one section of the barn was what they called a Granary in which the cattle feed was stored in large bins. Some of it was ground up grain and some whole grain. There was also some salt in bags. Marion and I had a great time dumping salt into the grain and mixing each grain from one bin into the next. The play ended that day and I went home to Grandpa's and Grandma's.

The next day I was ask to come up to the Sutters. I went up and Mr Sutter was there with Marion and I can still hear that raspy voice. He was mad but not to the point of hurting us, but from the day we mixed the grain up they had to allot each cow a different mixture of the grain and it was very serious thing we had done. I was shaking with fear as he mentioned that if we ever did anything like that again he was going to dig a hole in the very large manure pile up by the barn and bury us in it. At the time I felt sure he might do it. I will say we never did anything like that again.

As I said the Sutters had a good size dairy and part of the milk was sold to the homes along the Chipmonk Road. After the milking was done the milk to be delivered was put in glass bottles. Mr. Sutter was the man who delivered the milk to his customers. Now Mr. Sutter was like many men of that day who'd lived when horse teams were the method of transportation and that they really never adapted to a contraption that burned gas instead of hay. Mr. Sutter had a Studebaker car that was probably made in the late 20's, I would imagine. It had a body that looked like a square box sitting on top of the chassis. It was a straight stick and had a low, second, high and reverse speed to move it along. The bottled milk was loaded into his car and he would put his car in reverse and back out of his garage. That was as far as he ever progressed as far as going through the gears in shifting a car. He would shove the shift gear into second gear, race the engine as fast as it would go, as the engine would stall starting out in second gear if not speeded up, and let the clutch out. With a great strain and roar the car would get moving. From our house we could hear him starting out in the morning. At each home he delivered milk to he would stop, put the milk into a box by the side of the road and then put the car in second gear, race the engine to keep the car from stalling and go off to the next home. He would deliver milk along the road as far the McCaffery home at the end of the Chipmonk Rd., picking up empty bottles along the way. He would turn the corner of the Chipmonk Rd. a little too fast at the road that goes out toward Giardini's store. The car was very top heavy and I remember at least two times that he turned the car over on its side, breaking the empty bottles he had picked up. They would right his car up and he would head for home in second gear. Needless to say the car was in the shop many times to repair the clutch from the abuse that it took from driving it in that fashion.

The Sutter home was a large place that was built level on the main floor from the front to the back. The ground, though, had a steep grade so under the rear of the home was a large storage room. To get up to the kitchen there was a long row of steps. In the front was a large dining room and to the left of that a small living room where I can remember Mrs. Sutter, (I believe her name was Ella), sitting there working on her many quilts in her later years. The kitchen was to the back of the dining room with a long table with place settings for the large family. Some of the family had already left home but I believe that there were twelve or thirteen children. I can remember the crowded table with Mr. Sutter sitting on the end of the table

for breakfast with Mrs. Sutter and Florence doing the cooking. Breakfast was the main meal of the day and the table was loaded with pancakes and cereals with nourishing foods to supply them for a full days work. I can't recall ever being to the upstairs in their home but there must have been several bedrooms.

I loved being up at the Sutter home and as the years rolled by and as I became older soon I was helping them working along with the many chores a farm has. Other than the farm work, I remember in the rear of the Sutter home a road extended through a field which held a garden that supplied the large family . Beyond that was Chipmonk creek winding it's way down the valley. There was a bridge over the creek and the road continued up the hill through another area of land where crops were planted. Beyond that was a fence with a gate. Just above the fence stood a wood shack that was the Sugar House, and on the hill in back of it stood the many hard maple trees that produced the sweet nectar that was made into Maple Syrup. The Maple Syrup season ran from the first of March until the first of April depending on the weather. A favorable day for the sap to run from the trees was a good frosty night and a nice sunny day. The trees were tapped by drilling a short hole in the tree and inserting a spigot that had a hollow center through which the sap ran. A hook was built into the frame of the spigot on which the pail hung below to catch the sap as it dripped from the trees. I remember one day when I was helping take the sap from the trees to the tank that was on a horse drawn skid in the roadway. It was a beautiful day that had emerged from a frosty night. I became very thirsty and started drinking sap from the trees. It was so clear and cold and so sweet that nothing could have tasted better. I was with my friend Bob Sutter. Bob didn't tell me to stop drinking the sap, but suggested that it could make me sick and not to drink too much of it. Being like most young fellow's, I didn't listen. I don't know how much I drank, but I remember to this day the stomach ache I had that night. I never had to be reminded of that again and I wondered if Bob might have learned about it the same way. The tank on the skid had a cone shaped interior and also a door on top of the tank to help keep the tank of sap contained as it was drawn over the rough roads to the sugar house. There was a large tank near the Sugar House ready to receive the sap from the horse drawn skid. It was dumped into the larger tank by a spout.

The Sugar House was more like a shed than a house, with vents in the roof to let out the steam when the sap was cooking. Inside was a long flat pan that sat on fire bricks that held it roughly four feet from the floor. Under the pan was the fire pit. I believe that gas was piped into the fire pit for fuel from the oil wells on the property. I forget the measurements of the pan but roughly ten feet long and roughly five foot wide with an edge around the sides a foot high. There were channels running back and forth in the pan that started at the end next to the sap tank outside and ended on the far end where the syrup was drawn off as it met a specific gravity. It was a continuous operation as when the syrup was drawn off at the far end of the tank a float would let more sap in at the other end to start cooking. The Maple Syrup of yesterday was a heavier gravity than the syrup of today and much more tastier.

The pan in the Sugar House was either owned by the Sutter's or leased from the Vermont Maple Syrup Company. They use to ship a barrel or more to the Maple Syrup Company every year.

Some of the Sutter family had left the valley by the time I came around, but I believe Bob was the oldest son. He was single and lived on the farm. He was my pal and we spent many days hunting squirrel. Searching the woods for ginseng and hunting raccoon at night. Pat lived at home when I was young and as far as I know was single. John lived there and Lawrence part time. Florence was at home and in latter years married Frank Wilber. Marion Doxey's mother lived in Olean and I have forgotten her name. One daughter married Ed Zink and they had a farm on the Nine Mile Road (I think her name was Millie). The youngest daughter was Mary, who married and lived on the Five Mile.

I have fond memories of the Sutter family and having known them brings back many memories.

TREASURER'S REPORT

OCTOBER 1, 2006 - OCTOBER 1, 2007

This report is presented to give you an understanding of our sources of income and our expenses.
AAHA receives no public assistance from village, town or state.

INCOME

Membership dues	\$2,350.00
Memorials	1,595.00
Donations	309.00
Christmas Cookie Sale	1,041.00
Heritage Days Profit	1,563.00
Copier Use	30.00
Checking Account Interest	30.00
Sales -	
Allegany History Books	192.00
Tales of War	47.00
Videos and DVD	74.00
Post Cards	30.00
Misc. Sales	62.00
	TOTAL \$7,323.00

EXPENSES

NYSEG	\$2,810.00
National Grid	865.00
Insurance	1,102.00
Bulk Mailing Permit	160.00
P.O. Box Rental	50.00
Service Contract	319.00
Programs	225.00
Annual Dues	90.00
Newsletter Printing	365.00
Newsletter Mailing	156.00
Collections	67.00
Supplies	114.00
Street Sheet Expense	371.00
Donations	20.00
Printing Costs -	
DVD Tapes	96.00
Post Cards	81.00
	TOTAL \$6,891.00

Memorials



For: Mary Monkhouse

From: Eunice Schiferle

For: Joeann Spring

From: Mrs. Betty Smith

TEDDY ROOSEVELT IS COMING TO THE HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION!!!

Actually, Mr. Paul Stillman is coming to our next meeting on Sunday, November 11 at 2 p.m. at the Heritage Center. Mr. Stillman will be Teddy Roosevelt, in a presentation that is a first-person historical characterization, with visual aids and an ongoing question-and-answer period to help the audience understand the program. His performance will entertain and educate audiences of all ages into the world of history, and help us to better understand it. Mr. Stillman is a full-time employee of the Corning Museum of Glass in the Education Department. He has garnered rave reviews wherever he gives his presentations. He has been performing for 20 years as a first-person historical interpreter. He entertained us in 2001 as Benjamin Franklin. He presents his programs to over 100 schools and organizations per year with his many characters. This will be an excellent program for you to see and to bring your children and grandchildren to. It's not every day you get to meet Teddy Roosevelt.

Remember - **Sunday, November 11, 2 p.m.,**
Heritage Center, 25 North Second Street, Allegany
- come meet Teddy Roosevelt!

Allegany Area Historical Association
P.O. BOX 162
Allegany, NY 14706

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INSIDE SPECIAL ISSUE:

Presidents Report

Treasurer's Report

The Sutter Family



Allegany Area Historical Association

March 2008

Issue XXVII Vol. 1

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

The marvelous bakers of Allegany did it again. We made \$1,270.75 on our annual Christmas Cookie Sale. Last year we sold everything we had in just over 2 hours, so this year everyone baked a little more and we had at least 80 dozen more cookies to sell than last year. We had cookies left so Alice went to the Park and Shop the next Saturday and quickly sold the rest. A huge "THANK YOU" to all our bakers, packagers and sellers. As usual, we could not do it without you. The money earned will help us pay our heating bills this winter. Our annual Community Christmas Service held the next day was well attended, as usual. It is always a lovely way to start the holiday season. We received a nice note from Genesis House, thanking us for our donation of paper products and our cash donation of \$47.00. Thanks to all who helped with the service and all who donated to Genesis House. Donations such as ours enable them to continue ministering to temporarily homeless people.

As of January 30, we have raised the price of our Allegany history book to \$10. It has been a popular item, so much so that we recently placed an order for 150 more copies. On our last reorder, we received an anonymous donation that allowed us to keep the price at \$7.50, but we didn't get a donation this time, so have raised the price to cover the cost. It's still a bargain at \$10.

Speaking of our history book, Dr. Tom Schaeper of St. Bonaventure University was the typist for the original book printed in 1981. Tom has offered to re-type the book, correcting the typos and the factual information as he goes. This will afford us the opportunity to make some changes to the book such as putting street numbers to all the businesses mentioned, and adding a chapter bringing the history up to the present time. We can also add more genealogies to the final section of the book, and perhaps use new pictures. When we are finished, we could then print a second edition of the book. There is no rush since we have just purchased 150 more copies so this will give you time to put together a family genealogy for use in the second edition, if you wish. Or perhaps just correct the current genealogy. We also need proofreaders to go over each chapter to correct factual information. If you want to proofread, give me a call.

Carl Monkhouse, IV, is doing some work for us at the Heritage Center as a way to earn his Eagle Scout badge. He has painted the outside wall downstairs - I didn't realize how bad it was until it got re-painted. Looks great now. He is also raising money to put in shelves for us in the back room downstairs so we can be a lot more organized, and definitely know just what we have and where it is. It's a slow process but by summer he will be done.

Our Vice-president, Marge Geise, did an oral history interview with her mother-in-law, Catherine Martiny Geise. We are running half of it in this issue and will complete the interview in our May edition. I encourage those of you with older relatives to do an oral history interview with them. We need to gather this history for future generations. We have a small and easy to use tape recorder you are welcome to use. Contact me for further details.

Last call for dues - single membership - \$10; family - \$15; patron - \$20 or more.

FRANCIE POTTER, PRESIDENT

This is the first of two parts of an oral history with Catherine Martiny Geise. We hope you enjoy it. Part Two will be in our May issue.

CATHERINE MARTINY GEISE INTERVIEW

November 5, 2007

I was born February 20, 1913 at home on the West Branch in Allegany. My mother said this was my birth date, but when I was sixteen and went to get my driver's license, we noticed my birth certificate said that my date of birth was February 13th, not the 20th. We tried to get it corrected, but neither the doctor nor the recorder was available at the time. In those days it was simpler to keep it as it was, so that's what we did. My family always teased me about having two birthdays though!

Frank and Christena Gerringer Martiny were my parents. My father made his living by farming, the main crops being milk and apples. Both sets of my grandparents, whom I never knew, also lived on the West Branch and were farmers. My paternal grandparents were Peter and Mary Obera Martiny. George and Mary Hirt Gerringer were my maternal grandparents

Our house on the West Branch was a large white farmhouse with four bedrooms. It had a big cellar that was divided in half. The warm cellar, under the part where we lived, stored the potatoes. The other half was the cold part, being underneath the parlor where there wasn't much heat. In this part, we stored our apples and other fruit. I recall there being a large bin full of sand where we kept turnips, carrots, and beets, covered with sand. They sometimes kept until springtime. There was no indoor plumbing until I was about ten or twelve. We had natural gas for lighting and heating until the lease well went dry. At that point, we switched to oil for our lights, which we used until the electric lines came up our road. However, I do remember an "Aladdin lamp" sitting on the living room table that used kerosene and gave off a bright white light. We could all sit around the table and read. We used wood for our heat. Our barn was pretty big and there was a double garage on the property.

My parents had seven children: Leona, (1900) Clara (1901), Mary Catherine (1905), who died of a seizure before she was one, Margaret (1907), Charles (1909), myself, and Edward (1916). Margaret (Karl), Charles (Chuck), Edward (Red) and I all lived in the area after our marriages; Leona and her husband moved to Buffalo; Clara and her husband lived in the Detroit area.

Our big meal during the school year was usually in the evening, unless it was Saturday or Sunday. We were all expected to eat at the table at the same time. Before dinner it was my job to go down in the cellar to bring up any vegetables that Ma needed to cook for the meal. I helped peel potatoes and used to bake the cakes. We all ate whatever Mother put on the table, whether we liked it or not. There were no other choices, nor did we dare make any complaints. We raised the meat that we consumed (beef, pork, and chicken), as well as the vegetables and fruit. Desserts, of course, were everybody's favorite. If there were any shenanigans at mealtime, my father took care of it. I remember one time during the winter when my two brothers were throwing a ball at the table. One of them missed and it hit and broke the window. It just so happened that my father was sitting right in front of that broken pane. He made Red stand up and hold up a blanket over the window until the rest of us got through eating. Chuck wasn't punished because if there was any nonsense happening, Red was the one who was always behind it. I'm not sure if Red ever got to eat dinner or not.

In the early days of my life I think my mother did the laundry using a washboard. Later on we had a hand pumped washer. The machine had a corrugated tub with a finger-like projections that came down from above and functioned like an agitator. There was a big wheel in the back of the machine, and two levers to make the tub rotate. My mother could use one of the levers standing up, or we kids could use the lower lever. They were not both used at the same time, however. We boiled the white laundry in the clothes boiler on the stove. Then we heated the water to pour into the machine for the other loads, as well as the rinse water. There was a wringer attached to the side of the washer that we kids used to have to turn. The bottom of the machine had a spigot for draining the tub. On wash days, when the laundry was finished, it was our job to use the soapy water from that spigot to scrub the porches, then rinse them. Mother made some of the soap we used, but most of it was Fels Naptha

that we purchased from the store. When we got the gasoline powered Maytag washer later on, it was a joy to wash. As soon as the electric line was installed, probably when I was around nine or ten, we purchased an electric washer, iron, sweeper, and other appliances that made our lives (and our chores) a lot easier. With the new electric lights we thought we were in city living!

Mother hung the clothes out because the lines were too high for us to reach. We were responsible for folding the clothes that she brought in from outside, however. It was our job to sprinkle the clothes and to do the ironing. We'd heat three irons on the stove, use a hot one, then when that got too cool, we'd put it back on the stove and take another to continue our task. We ironed the sheets, pillowcases, and all the clothes except for socks and underwear. Basically, the girls helped with the household chores and the boys worked outside with the farm chores unless it was time for haying or harvesting the fruit and vegetables. On those occasions, we all pitched in.

My brother, Red, and I had the daily chores of going out to get the cows and gathering eggs. Every Saturday it was my job to wash the windows and polish the family shoes for Sunday church. It was a treat when we could go into town shopping in the horse and buggy, although we seldom got to do this - only if we needed shoes or something. Those of us who didn't need to go to town got sent over to the neighbor's house for the afternoon. Every Sunday though, the whole family would go to church together. Allegany had the meat shop, grocery store, and hardware stores where we did most of our shopping. If we needed to go to Olean to get something, we usually took the streetcar. We'd put the horses in the livery stable behind where the present post office is on Fifth Street. It was Grandusky's Mill and I think they'd put horses in there. Sometimes, in earlier times, members of my family would take the train to Olean, but I don't think I ever did because I was too young. The Erie Depot was located at the end of South Fifth and Union Streets where passengers could catch the train.

Most of my fun as a child was spent playing with my younger brother, Red. We'd ride our wagons or sleds down the hill. We would also slide on the ice in our shoes when the creek would freeze over because we didn't have any ice skates. We played ball for hours. We'd also play board games and cards, or do puzzles for entertainment. I had a doll that I liked to play with, whose name was Susie. My mother taught me to sew and do embroidery as a young girl and I remember making one of those samplers. I learned to knit (which I still do today at 94) and crochet. We had a radio, but we couldn't play it very often because it was run by battery. When we were allowed to use the radio the whole family would sit around in the evening and listen to the story programs. There were no family vacations in those days.

I attended a one-room grammar school at district # 7 on the West Branch through 6th grade. There were separate doors for the girls and boys to enter the schoolroom and a cloakroom in the entryway for our coats and lunch pails. The schoolroom itself was small, with three rows of single desks and a big blackboard across the front. There was a wood stove in the front, with the stovepipe reaching to the back of the room, for warmth on the colder days. There were separate two-holed privies for our use, one for the boys and one for the girls, each located on opposite back sides of the schoolhouse. These made good targets for the older boys, especially on Halloween. Because our house was the closest to the school, we could see if the outhouses had been overturned the morning after Halloween. If they had been, (and it seems they always were) we'd call the men from the neighborhood together to help get them placed back where they belonged. This task was accomplished early in the morning before school started. Over the years I remember there was once a manure spreader on the roof of the school, and even a time when a horse buggy was hanging from the flag pole, having been hauled up by the rope and pulley. That was creative thinking on the part of some adventurous souls. These were pranks that gave many a good laugh, I'm sure. We kids always planned on washing the soaped windows during recess.

Every day the teacher appointed a couple of boys to go up behind the school to the spring and carry down our drinking water in a bucket. They'd pour it into a tall crock to keep it cool for the day. There was a spigot on the bottom so we could easily get our drinks. Each of us had our own cup from home, with our name on it. They hung on hooks on the wall near the crock. The school was practically across the road from our house so it was an easy walk for my siblings and me. We used to go home for lunch every day. Once in a while, if Mother would have to go down town or to a Larkin meeting at lunchtime, we'd get to take our lunches to school in a syrup pail. It was a real treat for us to eat with the other kids who always stayed in school for lunch.

At recess time we would go out back and slide down hill in the wintertime. In nice weather we'd have ball games or play other favorites like "Ante, Ante Over". My favorite class was geography. We'd make salt maps, which I liked to do. There was not a lot of time for many activities, though. My worst subject was spelling! I was not a good speller (and neither was my mother. If we needed help spelling a word we always asked my dad, who was good at it.) With students of all ages together in the schoolroom, the older ones helped the younger ones, and the younger ones would learn from listening to the older ones.

After 6th grade I went to the Allegany high school on 4th Street. I remember I was really nervous about going to "the big school" from the little country school. In the beginning we'd get back and forth to school in a Ford car that my brother, Chuck, drove. My dad and Chuck taught me to drive so that when he graduated, I got my junior license and I drove. I think I was limited to driving to school with that license and I couldn't drive after dark. The Ford had a pedal shift in the middle and had open sides. When it rained we had to put down the side curtains that had isinglass (clear plastic-like substance resembling the mica that was used on stove fronts) windows in them. There were no school buses at that time. If you couldn't drive you had to walk and it was a long ways. Once in a while the boys would catch a ride on the milk truck as it went down by the house. We girls never did this though.

I remember flunking spelling in 8th grade. I was mortified that I had to stay in 8th grade spelling while all my friends went into high school. I thought I could go on to the high school spelling in January, but they said no, I had to stay there for 8th grade spelling for the whole year. That was a really humiliating time for me.

Along with the basic subjects I took the required homemaking, which I enjoyed, and was in the chorus. There were plays and other things for after school activities, but we couldn't be in them because there was no way home. If kids didn't have their work done on time, or didn't have their homework assignment, they had to stay after school. In that case they might have to walk home. If it were necessary for one of the kids in my family to stay after, my father probably would have come after us. (But if it were our fault that we were staying after, we would have had to walk.) I always had my work done on time and I didn't skip school. My brother, Red, did though. He got punished at school and then got in trouble at home, too. We didn't get grounded, like kids do today; we didn't know what that was. Instead, we'd get a good lecture, one that we paid attention to. If it was necessary to spank one of us kids, Ma got the strap that was made from a piece of harness. It "became necessary" for Red many times. The rest of us would hide when somebody was getting the strap. Red got the strap so often that he'd hide it so Ma couldn't find it. It was supposed to hang behind the stove in the kitchen, but he'd take it out and bury it someplace in the yard if he knew he "had it coming". I think if leather grew, we'd probably have had a "strap forest" in the back lawn. Mother caught on soon enough and would just go and get another strap from a different harness.

Coletta Felt was my favorite teacher in high school. She taught language. I took three years of French with her. (I started out with a year of Latin, but I didn't like that.) Language was required for all the students. In 1931, after I finished high school, I went for one year to Teachers Training Class at School # 5 in Boardmanville in Olean. I drove two other girls that I graduated with, in our Chevy Coupe. If people went through the training for a year and passed, they received a certificate that allowed them to teach in a country school for three years. If they wanted to teach longer, however, they had to go on to college. I taught for three years at School #7 on the West Branch, my former school. I really liked the teaching and sometimes wish I had gone on to Normal School. My marriage changed that.

The Larkin Club, to which my mother belonged, would meet once a month in the home of one of the members. Its name came from the Larkin Company out of Buffalo, with which it was affiliated. The ladies would cut out quilt patches for their own quilts at a few meetings, then maybe use the following meetings to sew them together and quilt them. If someone had a basket of mending to do and somebody else liked to mend, then that woman would mend the other's socks or clothing while the other quilted. At these get-togethers women placed orders from a Larkin catalog for such household items as vanilla, pudding, spices, thread, yarn etc. Coupons were given out with the purchase of these products and when members had saved enough, they would redeem them for goods that they needed, much like the yellow and green stamps that came later. I remember Ma got a set of good dishes with her coupons. Not only was this Larkin Club a way for the women to get things for their house

that they might not have had the money to purchase, but it also got them out of the house to socialize. It was a very popular pastime for ladies. As a kid I wasn't allowed to go, but when it was Mother's turn to have the Larkin club, we girls had to help serve the meal, which was customary for such meetings. We could eat with the ladies if we were home, but then we had to make ourselves scarce. Most of the time though, we were in school.

It was a tradition for the whole family to go visiting the relatives on a Sunday afternoon. All the Gerringer and Martiny relatives lived nearby, but we always loved to go to Aunt Rose (Gerringer) Stephan's house at the end of Lippert Hollow, close to Rock City. She had babies who were smaller than we were and we liked to play with them and help take care of them. We also liked to visit Aunt Mary Miller's ice cream parlor in Bolivar. This trip would be in the summer, in between haying and harvesting, when my father was free. We'd squeeze six kids (some sitting back and some sitting forward, maybe some standing, and one probably on Ma's lap, with another little one in the front between my parents) and two adults in the car and away we'd go, probably once each summer. Ma never learned to drive so that's why we had to work around Dad's schedule. Aunt Mary, who was my mother's sister, would make sundaes for all of us when we arrived at the parlor. Uncle Hank Martiny used to have a Chandler that we'd always be excited to see showing up at our house. This was a seven-seater with little seats that would flop down from the back of the front seats. We loved riding backward in this vehicle and probably wished we could have had one for our crowded family outings.

The Mohrs (Frank and Maggie) and the Spindlers (Charles and Cornelia) lived near us on the West Branch. A lot of Friday nights we would go to the Spindlers to play Casino and other card games. Cornelia used to make fudge for us and boy was it good! I remember my family selling eggs and milk to the neighbors.

I recall that it was a real thrill to see an airplane fly over the area in my childhood days. We'd immediately get on the phone to call the neighbors to alert them so that they could see it too, in case they had missed it. Everybody had to run outside to see it fly over. Our phone was a big old wooden thing with the "talk in part" permanently attached on the front, and the earpiece attached by a cord on the left side of the phone. The crank to "ring somebody up" was on the right. We had eight people on our party line. I remember that our ring was one long and five shorts, and that the phone number was 504F14.

Memorials



For: Edward Klice, Sr.
From: Mr. and Mrs. Richard Podraza

For: Pete and Dorothy Fortuna
From: Donald and Rebecca Black

For: Carl and Mary Monkhouse
From: Donald and Rebecca Black

ITEMS FOR SALE

In addition to our history book, we have many more items for sale. These make good birthday presents, or just anytime presents. Here's what we have:

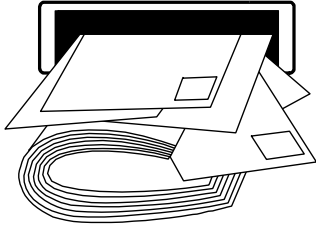
POST CARDS - 4 different Allegany scenes -
75 cents each, plus shipping.

ALLEGANY HISTORY VIDEOS - \$10, plus \$5
shipping

ALLEGANY HISTORY DVD'S - \$18, plus
shipping

TALES OF WAR AND CONFINEMENT - \$6,
plus \$3 shipping

WE GET MAIL



We received a nice note from **Doris Kelly** of Chipmonk to “express our enjoyment of the article in the latest historical newsletter about the Sutter family in Chipmonk written by Earl Rowe. (Ed. Note: This appeared in the November 2007 issue.) We (Doris and Paul Kelly) purchased the Sutter home and farm in 1960 and have lived here happily ever since then. The Chipmonk Valley is a special place and a great neighborhood.”

Kathleen Podraza of West Seneca, New York wrote to request a memorial for her dad, Edward Klice, Sr., who was a member and passed away on October 5, 2007 at the age of 92. He loved reading your newsletter in spite of failing eyesight. It brought back many happy memories of his early days on the farm in Allegany. Many thanks for the joy your newsletter brought to Dad.”

We're sorry for her loss but pleased that we were able to brighten Mr. Klice's days with some fond memories.

Mary McClure of Albuquerque, New Mexico sent her dues and said that “I find the recollection of past and present residents especially interesting because I follow their stories and discover names and places which refer to my Dad's family members and other associations. Several issues ago (*November 2006*) the lady who recalled her childhood (*Ruth Hitchcock Smith*) spoke of harvest time on the farm when her mother needed extra help in preparing meals for the workers. I sent the publication to my cousin and can't remember if the helper who was so efficient was my Dad's great-aunt, Malinda Moyer or Melvina Moyer ((I'm not sure which). (Ed. Note - *it was Melvina Moyer.*) The Moyers lived on the Five Mile Road which is often referred to.

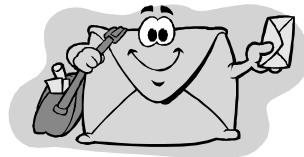
In your May, 2007 issue you presented the story by Bob Mitchell of his friendship with Doc McClure and how Doc's prediction of winning the Irish Sweepstakes actually came true — after his death. I first met Bob McClure, as my Dad called his cousin Hubert, in 1934, the summer before Dad's death. Then again in 1938 when he visited us in Cleveland. He was a very pleasant person and our family enjoyed his visit. My brother stopped to see him in his restaurant whenever he was in town calling on Mr. Mutschlechner of the Allegany Citizen, or St. Bonaventure College Printing Department. Both my Dad and brother were salesmen of printing equipment in their time and both owned their own print shops too.

Last month's edition carries recollections of a gentleman (*George Hall*)who described a place where the tannery employees lived. My great-grandfather, Edwin R. McClure lived in Allegany for 50 years, 1848-1898. He had a tannery and shoe and boot store. He purchased 3 parcels of property on Main Street where his store was located. The tannery was located to the rear. In the front of the property, about ½ mile from the tannery, he built his house. I wondered if this was the same tannery mentioned in the account in your newsletter. (Ed. Note - *On an 1869 map of the village, the E. R. McClure tannery is shown on a lot at the southeast corner of Main and First Streets, with a house for E. R. McClure shown on the south side of Main Street, opposite the end of Second Street. This is a different tannery than the one in George Hall's account. There is also a house for A. H. McClure shown to the side and rear of the E. R. McClure house.*) I visited Allegany in 1928 when my Dad took us to see a few remaining relatives. He showed us the house he lived in (there were cows roaming around as it was empty), and I have a tintype of it around the time of his birth in 1869. About 15 or 20 years ago my brother and I visited my cousin in Wellsville and we all drove out there. In my mind's eye I conjured up the scene in the tintype of long ago. Guess that was the 5 Mile Road. Just wanted to share my enjoyment of reminiscing in my father's beginnings. I've enjoyed it immensely. Thanks " (*We've enjoyed it too.*)

Ellen Tapp of Olean sent a note about her great-grandmother, Phillipena Brunell who, along with her husband George Brunell, were some of the very early permanent settlers of Allegany. She enclosed a copy

of Phillipena's obituary (she died September 20, 1908) from the Allegany Citizen. "Phillipena Brunell, widow of the late Geo. Brunell, died at her home on the Four Mile Road last Sunday of complications incident to old age in her 80th year. She was one of our pioneer settlers, coming to Allegany nearly 60 years ago and since making her residence in this town. She was born in Baden, Germany, and came to the United States about 1850." The obituary goes on to list her survivors and mentions that her funeral was held in the M. E. Church, which is now our Heritage Center. She and her husband were apparently part of the wave of German farmers who settled in Allegany after the timber interests had cleared the land and made it available for farming.

WANTED: Cattaraugus County Postal Historian



Bill Howden has been researching past and present post offices in Allegany County and has hopes that someone will step forward to do the same for Cattaraugus County, especially since Cattaraugus County is celebrating its Bi-centennial in 2008. The following are some of the post offices which were in the Township of Allegany.

BURTON CENTRE - Was only open for six months, from May 25 to November 20, 1843. Many "Centre" settlements were in the center of townships. In this case, Burton Centre was open during the tenure of the BURTON post office, which was in service from June 18, 1831 until closure on April 19, 1851, when the name was changed to ALLEGANY.

Russel Chapel was the first postmaster of the CHAPELSBURG post office, established May 8, 1826 and closed July 6, 1852, when the name was changed to HUMPHREY CENTRE.

CHIPMUNK post office was open from October 24, 1891 until January 31, 1893.

CHIPMONK post office existed from January 29, 1897 until April 15, 1920. Both were serviced by the Allegany post office after closure.

FIVE MILE RUN post office was open twice; first from June 11, 1831 to September 28, 1838, and again from February 14, 1853 to February 3, 1863, with a different postmaster each time.

NINE MILE RUN post office was in service twice for very short time spans. First opened on December 28, 1837 and closed on May 29, 1839, it re-opened on February 1, 1841 with a different postmaster and finally closed on March 1, 1842.

PENVILLE post office opened on September 6, 1890 and quickly closed on March 31, 1891, with service then provided by the ALLEGANY post office.

Bill has compiled this information from New York Postal History: The Post Offices and First Postmasters from 1775 to 1980, by Kay and Smith. Sounds like a good job for someone with a historical bent.



MEETING

Sunday, March 16



Our next meeting will be held on Sunday, March 16 at 2 p.m. at the Heritage Center, 25 North Second Street. Barb Kubiak from Franklinville will speak on "Upstate Ties to Three Women Who Changed History: Harriet Tubman, Susan B. Anthony and Clara Barton". All three women have been enshrined in the National Women's Hall of Fame in Seneca Falls, New York. Ms. Kubiak is a native of Auburn, New York, and is a retired social worker, having worked at the Pines for over 25 years. She is a photographer and has an interest in genealogy.

March is National Women's History Month - what a good time to hear Ms. Kubiak talk about three women who were definitely history changers, and whose works still resonate today. **SEE YOU ON SUNDAY, MARCH 16 AT 2 P.M.**



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INSIDE SPECIAL ISSUE:

Presidents Report

Catherine Martiny Geise Interview

We Get Mail / WANTED



Allegany Area Historical Association

May 2008

Issue XXVII Vol. 2

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

I'm disappointed in us. We had a meeting on Sunday, March 16 - the weather was decent, good driving - and Barb Kubiak of Franklinville gave a very interesting talk about Susan B. Anthony, Clara Barton and Harriet Tubman. There were **eight** people in the audience, **five** of whom were AAHA officers. It is an insult, I think, to our speakers when we only have eight people in the audience, and an embarrassment for our association. We pay our speakers a minimum of \$75, with many programs costing more, so we spend at least \$300 a year on speakers.

We changed several years ago from a Wednesday night meeting to Sundays at 2 to accommodate our older members being able to get there safely. We need to hear from you - do you want us to continue having these meetings with speakers? As you can see, it's not cheap for us to do this. Is it the subject matter? Let us know what you would like to hear. Marge Geise works very hard to get us good speakers and educational programs. I have learned something from each speaker. Hopefully, our next meeting will be better attended.

We received a wonderful donation from Dottie Riley. It's a primitive painting of a young boy. His name was Ullman (Brooky) Merrill. He was the son of Lot and Belle (Altenburg) Merrill. He was born January 3, 1877 and he died October 8, 1882. He was related to our treasurer, Alice Altenburg. We are looking for just the right place to hang it for all to see.

Two of our past presidents, Steve and Betty Eaton, will shortly be moving to a retirement community near Philadelphia. They were very active in our association as well as the Olean Historical Society. But Betty assures me that they will stay in close contact with our group. We wish them all the best in the next adventure in their lives.

We mentioned in our last issue that our history book would now cost \$10. At that time we didn't know what the shipping costs would be, but now we do - shipping will be \$2.50.

This is our last newsletter before Heritage Days - it seems like we just had them a few weeks ago. However, the dates this year are Friday, August 1 and Saturday, August 2. Our format will be much the same, with our main display this year focusing on Early Life in Allegany. We have a collection of wonderful, strange artifacts that we will be displaying. Whoever said that life was easier in the "good old days" hasn't seen some of the household items we have. It's more like "women's work is never done". I know you will be getting calls to donate items for our Country Cupboard booth and/or cakes for our well attended Ice Cream Social. And I know you will be as generous as you have always been in the past. And be sure to come to the Chicken BBQ on Friday night to see Allegany's beautiful new fire hall.

A while back, Tom Martin of Martin Studio of Photography offered to take photos for us whenever we needed some. Well, that time came. Tom has done some great photos for us of some of the more obscure items we have in our collection, and we will use these photos in our Heritage Days street sheet in a "can you guess what this is?" contest. I can hardly wait for the answers!

AAHA lost a long-time member recently with the death of Richard Stephan (Steve) Gollaher. He had been a strong supporter of Heritage Days, and very much enjoyed our newsletter. I always had interesting talks with Steve whenever I met him. A short trip downtown turned into a long one, but a thoroughly enjoyable one, when I met Steve in my rounds. He was very well versed in the area's history, and pleased to share it with me.

FRANCIE POTTER, PRESIDENT

This is the second and last part of the oral history interview conducted by Marge Geise with her mother-in-law, Catherine Martiny Geise. We have received many, many comments about the first part which was in our March newsletter. Everyone really liked it. We hope you enjoy this as much as you did the first part. Our thanks to Marge for her delightful interview.

CATHERINE MARTINY GEISE INTERVIEW

November 5, 2007

My family was Catholic. Every night during Lent after the dinner was over, we all had to go into the living room and kneel down by a chair, while Dad led us in the rosary. One such time, Red, who had gotten a wind-up tractor for Christmas, (that had rubber tracks on it and made noise, of course) wound it up and let it go over toward Chuck. It veered off and went over to Mother. Boy, did she ever holler at him! That was the end of the prayer gathering for that night! As a family we would attend May Devotions every Wednesday evening during May. At the end of the month, the May Crowning was held and that was quite an impressive ceremony. On Memorial Day we all attended Mass at the St. Bonaventure Cemetery. It was a big event and we'd meet all the relatives there. We'd go through the tombstones of relatives and friends, kneeling down and saying a prayer at each one. We'd bring flowers from home, that were in bloom at the time, to lay on special gravesites.

There wasn't a lot of celebration for the holidays, just a special meal maybe. There'd be a turkey for Thanksgiving, of course. One holiday stands out in my mind. My brother, Chuck, raised turkeys and they always seemed to escape from their pens. We were forever having to go up to Spindlers after them. On Thanksgiving that particular year, we invited them for dinner since the turkeys were up there so much. We kids were quite excited to have company for dinner. For Christmas we would usually get only one or two presents. One would be homemade clothing and maybe we'd get one toy. There wasn't much. The whole family would enjoy fruits and nuts for a special holiday treat. We always cut down our tree and decorated it with paper chains that we would make. We'd also string popcorn to put on the tree. There were candles on the tree, but they'd only be lit on Christmas Eve for a short while because of the chance of fire. Other than that, they'd be just decorations. We had some ornaments that we saved in a box and used from year to year. Going to church on Christmas Day was something special that we looked forward to because we always got to go up front to see the Nativity scene.

In the early years the Catholics in town celebrated mass at the chapel at St. Bonaventure University. When the chapel was destroyed by fire in 1930, we worshiped in the parochial school gym until the new (present day) church was built the following year. We'd get there in the winter in a one-seated cutter, or maybe the sleigh, and we'd use a two-seated buggy in the summer. The conveyances, along with the horses, were left in an unattended shed on the other side of the tracks (near where the St. Bonaventure cemetery grotto is today) and then we'd have to walk to the university for Sunday Mass. We never attended Mass in the St. Nicholas Church, which was located across the street from the present day St. Bonaventure Church (where the Main Street parking lot is located). Even though it was built in 1854, parishioners only used it for worship for four years because the Catholic population had outgrown it. We did, however, attend catechism classes there. I remember it was kind of spooky because all the windows were yellow stained glass, which seemed to cast an eerie glow over the interior of the building.

For our birthdays we usually got a gift of some kind and a special birthday cake. It was a family tradition to have a "checkerboard" cake, (chocolate and white), with candles on top. There was no special meal for birthdays.

I knew my husband, Clarence (Snowball) Geise, as a neighbor and a grammar school classmate. We started dating when I was teaching. We went to a lot of square dances that were held in some of the schools in town. We also played card games and went to movies at the Palace Theater in Olean. We were married in a small ceremony in the St. Bonaventure Church (where it is now) on June 17, 1936. My wedding dress was made of white lace and was midlength. I bought it, I didn't make it. I wore a matching picture hat. My sister, Margaret, was my matron of honor, and her husband (Arthur Karl) was Snowball's best man. The wedding was at 9:00 AM on a Wednesday, as was customary in those days, and then we went to the Village Inn (where the Bird Cage Restaurant is today) for a wedding breakfast with the immediate family. After coming back from our honeymoon at Letchworth Park, we were treated to a shivaree. That was a loud time! Friends and relatives would wait until they thought the couple would be sleeping, then they'd wake them by pounding on pots and pans (or anything else they could get their hands on), serenading the "newlyweds" from outside their home. It was traditional for the couple to go to the door and invite their noisy guests in for beer, cigars, candy or something. They didn't bring any presents, but if they got a chance,

somebody would sneak into the bedroom to put salt or cereal in the couple's bed, loosen the bed slats, or sew legs or bottoms of their night clothes together, if they could find them. Every married couple expected this "celebration". If people didn't come, I suppose you would feel that you weren't very popular.

After our wedding, we moved to a lease house on the corner of Geiger Hollow and the Four Mile. Needing more room after our first two children were born, we moved to another lease house on Geiger Hollow where we remained for fifty years. In 1987, my husband and I moved from Geiger Hollow to Linwood Apartments in Olean, where we lived for ten years. When the nearby Olean General Hospital expanded, these apartments were torn down to make way for the new addition. We then purchased a mobile home in the Valley View Estates in Allegany.

For twenty-five years Snowball worked as a roustabout on the oil lease. When he had his heart attack in 1961, he bought a chain saw and worked in the logging business with his nephew, Floyd Putt, Jr. Snowball bought and cut the logs and "Putty" dragged them out of the woods, and hauled them on the log truck to the buyer.

Snowball and I had six children. Kenneth was born in 1938; Kathleen came along in 1940. Harold was born in 1943, Bernice in 1945, William in 1950, and Roberta was born in 1956. Ken (Beverly Balacki) lives in Portville, while Harold (Marjorie Karl) and Roberta (Herb Edwards) live in Allegany. Kathleen (Lyle Allen) lives in Batavia, and Bill (Linda Bloom) lives in Knoxville, Pennsylvania. Bernice (Bill Schlosser) resided in Franklinville for many years, but now lives in Navarre, Florida. For seventeen years I did housecleaning for area clients in order to help put my kids through college.

During the Great Depression my family survived pretty well because we had the farm. We had all the meat, eggs, fruit and vegetables we needed. We did our home baking and my mother sewed all the clothes; we occasionally ordered stuff from Sears & Roebuck. It was a big deal when the catalogs came. Everybody would spend a lot of time looking through them, dreaming of the things they'd like to have. Many of our Christmas gifts came from the catalog. If we killed a pig or cow, we'd sometimes sell meat to the neighbors. Dad sold his apples to the grocery stores, and then we could get lard, sugar, flour, soap and other staples. The stores gave him 25 cents more a bushel for the apples than what he could have gotten from selling to individuals. We'd raise about 500 bushels each year. We kids weren't allowed to do the picking, Dad did it all. When he was finished, he shook the trees and then it was our turn to help by picking them all up. I remember we always did this on Armistice Day every year. We picked up cider apples and took them to the cider mill in Portville or Allegany to be made into cider. When we brought it home, we stored it in wooden barrels and milk cans. We enjoyed drinking that fresh cider, but we boiled some of it down for cooking (to sweeten mincemeat) and we canned some. In the summer during haying times, we'd open some cans and dilute the cider with water. This was just tart enough for the hayers to drink to quench their thirst. (Lemons for making lemonade were expensive, so this worked well). To some of the cider we added raisins and sugar to make "hard cider". (My Aunt Kate Martiny always called this "champagne"!). We made our own cider vinegar from the dropped apples, to use at home for cooking. We'd take "mother" from the old barrel of cider vinegar to put in the new one as a starter for the next year's batch. ("Mother" was just thick, slimy, rubbery stuff that collected on the bottom of the barrel of vinegar.) We used a good deal of the vinegar for canning.

A really big event in my life was attending the World Fair in Chicago before I got married (1930's). I went with my friend, Florence Carls, and my cousin, Mary Miller. I paid for the trip myself, probably, with my teaching money. Florence didn't think she could go because she didn't have the money. Finally her brothers, Ken and Louie, came through and chipped in their money so that she could go. Mary worked in her mother's ice cream parlor so she had her own money. Somebody drove us to Buffalo and we took a boat from there to Detroit where we stayed overnight with my sister, Clara, then took the train to Chicago the next day. My brother, Chuck, had gone a year before so I didn't have too much trouble convincing my parents to let me go. It was really the first time I had been so far out of town other than to Olean and the surrounding area. I had been to Buffalo, of course, to stay with my sister, Leona, for a little vacation, but this trip to Chicago was a really big adventure for me. It was a package tour that we probably heard about in an advertisement somewhere, and it included several things. I think we had a book where we tore off tickets or coupons for admittance to the different events. We stayed at a nearby hotel and walked to the fair each day. The best thing about it was for us to see the new modern improvements. I remember going through the Ford museum and seeing all the new cars. Owning an automobile was just new enough that people were anxious to get a ride in them. The line for that opportunity was too long, so we didn't bother with it. We enjoyed the ride on the elevated train that toured the fair grounds. There were a lot of electric lights flashing that were a sight to see. We ate at stands from the exhibits of the different countries. A special treat for us at the fair were the ice cream cones; we really enjoyed them.

When Pearl Harbor was bombed I heard about it on the radio. I was sitting in a chair feeding a bottle to Kathleen. I remember just sitting there crying afterwards. I had cousins who were already in the service, George Gerringer and Clem Martiny, to name a few, and we knew a lot of the Allegany boys who were already serving. My husband got called up on the draft after the bombing. Because he was working in the oil fields and had small children, he was excused. School children collected milkweed pods to put in the life vests of the soldiers for the war effort on the homefront. We purchased war stamps for ten cents each and when we got so many, they were collected in a book. I knit rifle mittens (that had one finger for the trigger), socks, sweaters, and scarves for the Red Cross. I could never put the heels in socks and have them turn out correctly, so I'd knit to that point, then Margaret would finish the heels and feet. We had ration books with red tokens. There were just so many stamps for commodities like sugar, gasoline, meat, and shoes. By having a large family, we received an abundance of stamps for everything. Whatever we didn't need, we traded them with other people for things we did need (although I don't think we were supposed to do this). For example, we never seemed to use many of the shoe rationing stamps, nor did we need a lot of meat, fruit or vegetable stamps because of the products we grew on the farm, so these we would trade.

Another world event that had a huge effect on our family in later years was the Vietnam War. Our youngest son, Bill, was called to serve in March of 1971 at the age of twenty-one. The whole family watched in agony as the war was covered on the television screen. It was so stressful to live in fear for his safety. He was injured in a tank accident in October 1971, for which he was later awarded the Purple Heart. Family Christmases were just not the same with his being in harm's way. He was finally discharged in March of 1973.

There were a lot of organizations over the years that I belonged to. I was a fifty-year member of the Grange, held all the offices, and attained the rank of sixth degree. I was a charter member of the Catholic Daughters for fifty-nine years and held all offices. I also belonged to the L.C.B.A (Ladies Catholic Benevolent Association) and the Altar Society. While my kids were in school I belonged to the PTA. Currently I attend the 60 Plus meetings and activities regularly and I'm a member of the Allegany Area Historical Association. If I could do anything over again I'd have furthered my education and become a teacher. Other than that regret, I have none. I had a happy marriage and a good life.

As for all the tales throughout this narrative about my brother, Red Martiny, he always entertained others while enlightening them about his pranks. I remember his telling about a talk he did at the K. of C. one evening where he had people howling. Father Bonaventure, who was in the audience, told about going home with his sides aching from laughing so hard. Until the day he died he was an imp and delighted people with his shenanigans. He was a good one to have owned the Model T Inn in Derrick City, because he sure kept people coming back for more fun.

ITEMS FOR SALE

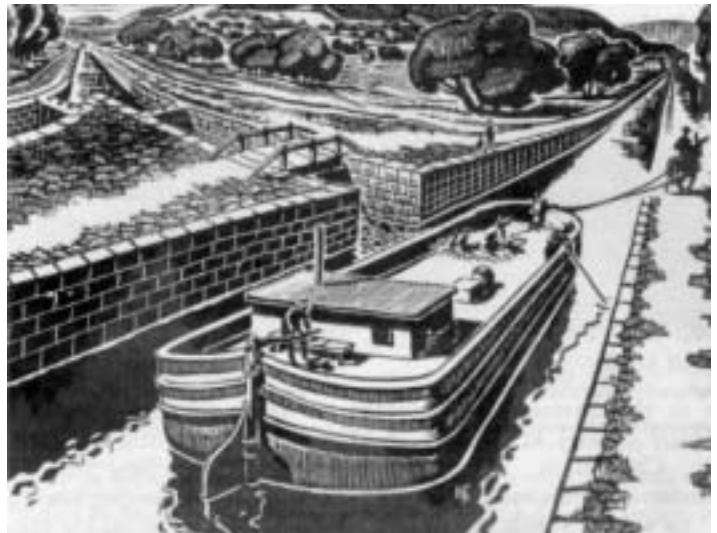
In addition to our history book, we have many more items for sale. These make good birthday presents, or just anytime presents. Here's what we have:

POST CARDS - 4 different Allegany scenes -
75 cents each, plus shipping.

ALLEGANY HISTORY VIDEOS - \$10, plus \$5
shipping

ALLEGANY HISTORY DVD'S - \$18, plus
shipping

TALES OF WAR AND CONFINEMENT - \$6,
plus \$3 shipping



Genesee Valley Canal

Memorials



For: Steve Gollaher
From: Bob and Francie Potter
Jim Kinley
Ruby and Denise Skroback
Nickey Nichoson
Mary G. Stephan
John and Frances Stayer
Bucky and Ellen Peck
Catherine Geise
Paul and Chris Carlson
Larry and Nancy Kardos

For: Caroline Lauser Jacobs
From: Kay and Bill Palmer

For: Kenneth Rehler
From: Sandy Rehler
Mike and Barb Rehler
Bob and Sue Bubbs
Pete and Ginny Rehler

George Hall, whose memoirs we published last year, turned 100 in March. A wonderful birthday party was held at the First Presbyterian Church in Allegany. A sheet listing some of the things that happened in 1908 was at each place setting. We thought you would be interested in it.

1908

- The first ball drop in Times Square took place. It was a 700 pound "electric ball", and it fell from a flagpole on top of the New York Times building.
- 1908 was a leap year, and ended with a nearly two and a half hour flight by Wilbur Wright, the longest ever made in an airplane.
- The U. S. Navy's Great White Fleet sailed around the world; Adm. Robert Peary began his conquest of the North Pole; six automobiles set out on a 20,000 mile race from New York City to Paris; and the Model T went into production.
- 1908 was an election year (and like today) America was coming off two terms of a Republican president who had set the country on a new course. Just like George W. Bush, entered the White House without winning the popular vote.
- Predictions made in 1908 included that human organ transplants would soon be common. Hampton's Magazine predicted that citizens would walk around with a receiving apparatus compactly arranged in their hats and could be tuned to vibrations of their choice.
- In 1908 the Chicago Cubs took the National League pennant from the New York Giants, and then defeated the Detroit Tigers in the World Series.
- Automobiles cost between \$2,000 and \$4,000, and only the well-to-do could afford them. They were used largely for sport.
- In 1908 a boxer, 30-year-old Jack Johnson, fought Tommy Burns for the heavyweight championship of the world, and became the first African-American to win the title.
- And oil was discovered in Iran in 1908.

But the most important thing to happen in 1908 was that George Hall was born.
Congratulations, George, on your 100th birthday!!

NEXT MEETING

Our next meeting will be on Sunday, May 18 at 2 p.m. at the Heritage Center, 25 North Second Street, Allegany. Rob Stanton, a Regional Land Surveyor for Region 9 of the Department of Environmental Conservation, will speak on the Genesee Valley Canal and the Genesee Greenway Trail.

Rob is a native of Delancey, New York, graduated from Paul Smith's College, and has been in Allegany for 25 years, working for the D.E.C. He has many stories about the Genesee Valley Canal which ended in Olean. Cuba Lake was built to be a feeder for the canal. The Hinsdale historical group has exposed a lock of the canal, and there are extensive locks in the Nunda area.

New York State acquired the canal right of way from Rochester Gas and Electric, and Rob has done a great deal of surveying to help lay out the Genesee Greenway Trail, more in the northern part of the canal area than in the south.

COME JOIN US ON SUNDAY, MAY 18 AT 2 P.M. TO HEAR ABOUT THE GENESEE VALLEY CANAL AND GENESEE GREENWAY TRAIL.

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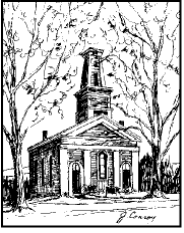
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INSIDE SPECIAL ISSUE:

Presidents Report

Catherine Martiny Geise Interview-
part 2

Things that happend in 1908



Allegheny Area Historical Association

October 2008

Issue XXVII Vol. 3

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Another Heritage Days is in the books. They seem to come faster each year. We were fortunate to have one of the very few rain-free weekends of the summer for our celebration. But our attendance was down, both for the chicken BBQ on Friday and all the activities on Saturday. Everyone had a good time, there were just fewer people. We are not sure why, but in talking with other festival organizers in the area, we were not alone. Perhaps it was the price of gas at that time, perhaps people are cutting back - it could be any number of factors. Our profit on the chicken BBQ has been getting smaller each year, and this year we made \$47 on the BBQ. That, in addition to the smaller attendance, led us to consider its future. After much discussion we have decided not to have the chicken BBQ next year. Maybe someday in the future we might do it again, but as of now, it is off our schedule. We are looking at other possibilities for making some money to help pay the bills. Stay tuned.

One of the ways we publicize Heritage Days is with a 10-page flyer sent to everyone living in the Town of Allegheny. The front page is a reproduction of the *Allegheny Citizen* from 50 years ago. The inside has a list of the schedule of events, the 50-year class picture, and pictures from our feature exhibit, which this year was old appliances from approximately 100 years ago. Inside are also many, many items of interest from the 50-year issue of the *Citizen*. If any of our away members would like a copy of this flyer, please contact us and we would be delighted to send you one.

I just finished reading *Citizen Soldiers* by Stephen Ambrose, the story of the U. S. Army from Normandy to the Surrender of Germany, by the soldiers themselves. Mr. Ambrose interviewed hundreds of veterans and his son interviewed German soldiers, and the story is told in their own words. Mr. Ambrose founded the Eisenhower Center as a repository for veterans memoirs and all sorts of documents. I encourage any of our members who are veterans to send their stories to the Eisenhower Center, 923 Magazine Street, New Orleans. LA 70130, to be archived for use by future generations. I have sent them a copy of our publication, *Tales of War and Confinement in World War II*, for their archives.

We have received a marvelous addition to our collection from Nancy Kolivoski of Winston-Salem, N.C. It is a scrapbook with V-mails from World War II sent to her parents, Steven and Marie Geringer, by Edward Hanback, Stephen Lippert and Ralph Cavanaugh. The Cavanaugh name is not familiar to any of us - if you could shed some light on this we would appreciate hearing from you. As some of our older members may remember, to save valuable cargo space and weight during the war, V-mail was microfilmed before being sent on to the recipient. These V-mails are thus very small and will take some time to read, but we hope to put them in a future newsletter. There is an interesting article about this microfilm process on the internet from the National Postal Museum in Washington, D. C.

My mother was from Cynthiana, Kentucky. This spring I flew to Ann Arbor to meet my sister and we drove to Kentucky to hunt up relatives. We spent days tramping through cemeteries, leaving phone messages for suspected cousins, and discovering that we were related to half of the town. Every time we turned around we would bump into a relation. Of course, everyone was more than willing to help two "Yankees". The old homestead, built before the Civil War, was falling apart, which was sad to see. We did find a lot of cousins, first, second and kissin'. No wonder people search for their ancestors - it's a lot of fun!

FRANCIE POTTER, PRESIDENT

This is a reprint of an article from the March, 1988 issue of our newsletter. The original article was from the Allegany Citizen of July 23, 1942. It makes for interesting reading. We hope you think so also. If any of our members have stories about the flood, we would be glad to hear from you, and share them in future newsletters.

July 18, 1942

HIGHEST WATER IN HISTORY FLOODS ALLEGANY ON SUNDAY. RIVER RISES AT RATE OF FOOT AN HOUR SATURDAY AFTER ONE OF WORST ELECTRIC STORMS IN YEARS; MANY PERSONS HOMELESS FOR FEW DAYS; PROPERTY AND CROP DAMAGE IS HIGH.

The town of Allegany in common and Allegany county town and cities, experienced the worst flood on record last Saturday and Sunday. A gauge in the William N. Hall and Son lumber mill which was installed more than sixty years ago, showed that water early Monday morning was fourteen inches high(er) that the memorable Johnston flood in 1889.

Rain started to fall in Allegany late Friday night and continued almost incessantly until Saturday afternoon. One continuous round of lightening and thunder held forth from early Friday evening until Saturday noon. The river started to rise Saturday morning, and by noon had overflowed its banks, rising at the rate of more than a foot an hour. West Union Street was inundated before three o'clock in the afternoon and the rise continued steadily until Sunday afternoon. The crest was apparently reached Monday morning at two o'clock when the water remained at a standstill. By six-thirty o'clock, a four inch fall was noted.

Hundreds of persons were forced to leave their homes. Most families on Union Street left Sunday morning for high ground although a few houses on East Union Street between Fifth and Seventh were completely surrounded by water in depths up to six feet. About twenty houses on North First Street between Main and Pine were under water Saturday noon and by Sunday night some of them had water up to the top of the windows on the first story. All residents of South Seventh Street between the Erie railroad and Hall's lumber mill had to leave Saturday. Hall Lumber Company buildings were practically submerged by the raging torrent.

Traffic to the Olean city line was open until three o'clock Sunday afternoon when the Two Mile creek at Levin's junk yard flooded the highway to a depth of about a foot. Cars continued to ford the stream, however, until five-thirty o'clock when the water rose to eighteen inches. Two hours later, at seven-thirty o'clock, depths up to six feet covered the old highway at Colligan's to the Olean city line, a distance of about half a mile.

The Allegany fire department did heroic work with boats, rescuing dozens of stranded persons near the city line and on North First Street who had waited too long before leaving for higher ground. Most of the volunteers worked incessantly for forty-eight hours. The new squad car proved its great value in carrying the firemen, a large row boat and outboard motor to isolated areas.

On the Four Mile, the creek bridge at the New York Transit pump station was washed out Saturday night, cutting off the entire Four Mile and West Branch roads. A chicken coop containing one thousand hens on the Henry F. Carls farm was swept away Saturday afternoon with a loss of about \$2,000.

A miniature Niagara rapids swept across South First Street between the railroad and the Allegany River bridge, reaching a depth of about three feet and cutting off the disposal plant. However, the plant is on higher ground and the pumps which are automatic continued to operate perfectly during the whole flood stage.

Water stood to a depth of about a foot in front of the old A. C. Edwards home on North Second Street while Maple Avenue at First was inundated to depths of about five feet. There were no trains on either the Erie or Pennsylvania until Sunday morning when Pennsylvania trains were routed over Erie tracks. By Monday morning, however, temporary repairs had been made along the line so that several Erie trains went through, although at a speed of only twenty miles per hour.

The Two Mile was completely flooded by Saturday afternoon so that families on low ground were moved by boat. The main pump station of the Reclamation Supply Corporation stood in four feet of swirling water by Sunday night. Most telephone lines were down and very little communication was possible except in the village itself. Electric power went out completely when the transmitter at Fourteenth Street in Olean was inundated. The Vacuum Oil Company in Olean came to the rescue with a limited supply of power beginning at three o'clock Sunday afternoon. The voltage was so low, however, that lamps burned at about half capacity and refrigerator motors barely turned over.

In the CITIZEN office, presses stood still because of insufficient power to run the 220 volt motors. Difficulty was also experienced with the 2,000 watt electric pot on the linotype composing machine. By working day and night with a large crew, the Niagara, Lockport and Ontario Power Company was able to restore full electric power to the Town of Allegany Tuesday night at seven o'clock after a limited supply from the Socony Vacuum for 57 hours.

By Tuesday morning the river had dropped about four feet and continued to descend another five feet during the day so that by evening all of Union Street was dry. Practically all inundated homes in the township were clear of water yesterday morning, although the cleaning up process will take days and even weeks in some cases. South First Street from the railroad to the river bridge was dry Tuesday morning but will need some repairing to the black top. Traffic is being maintained across the river. Clayton's Dairy was able to resume operations late Tuesday after being closed down since Sunday by four feet of water. The equipment suffered heavy damage, however.

In spite of the thousands of dollars of property damage and hardship experienced by many persons, Allegany can consider itself fortunate indeed that there was no loss of life. Everywhere around us several deaths by drowning were recorded.



Five Mile Creek Bridge - Rt. 17

July 1942



Union Street, Allegany

ITEMS FOR SALE

In addition to our history book, we have many more items for sale. These make good birthday presents, or just anytime presents. Here's what we have:

POST CARDS - 4 different Allegany scenes -
75 cents each, plus shipping.

ALLEGANY HISTORY VIDEOS - \$10, plus \$5
shipping

ALLEGANY HISTORY DVD'S - \$18, plus
shipping

TALES OF WAR AND CONFINEMENT - \$6,
plus \$3 shipping

October is the month to **pay your dues**. A single membership is \$10, family is \$15, and a patron membership is \$20 or more. Make your check to AAHA and mail it to PO Box 162, Allegany, New York 14706. **Don't forget - do it today**. We do not send out reminders to members since each one gets the newsletter - we take this method of telling you to renew your membership. If you don't renew your membership, we will take you off the mailing list and I know you don't want to miss our always interesting articles. **RENEW TODAY.**

NEXT MEETING

Our next meeting will be on Sunday, October 12 at the Heritage Center at 2 p.m. Our presenters will be four Confederate Civil War re-enactors, David Peglau and his wife, Dottie Hickok, along with Dale Turner and his son, Dylan. David Peglau has been a re-enactor for 24 years. Dottie Hickok re-enacts as a female soldier. Dottie's family have fought in every war from the French and Indian War up to Iraqi Freedom. Her father was a Colonel in the Army for 33 years. Her daughter graduated from West Point in 1991, and their son-in-law currently commands an Artillery Battalion at Fort Bragg. So there is a long history of military involvement. Dottie joins David in the field on the mortar cannon, and they will bring some to show us.

Dale Turner re-enacts as a Mortar Battery Commander. He and Dylan, re-enactors for 12 years, will bring mortars and show us how they are fired. They will also discuss Confederate and Union paper money, flags, uniforms, weapons, why the same battles have different names, and much, much more.

**COME JOIN US ON SUNDAY, OCTOBER 12 AT 2:00 P.M.
TO LEARN ABOUT BOTH SIDES OF THE CIVIL WAR!**

Memorials



For: Charles E. Williams

From: John and Jillian Walsh

For: Pat McGrath

From: Bob and Francie Potter

For: Steve Gollaher

From: Ronald and Eileen Welch

Jim and Marcia McAndrew

Donna, Bob and Melissa Eberle

Robert and Cynthia Mountain

Donald and Margaret Bergreen

William and Catherine Fraser

Town of Allegany Employees

Mel and Paulette Duggan

Joseph and Teresa Quinlan

Mary K. Kohnen

Linda McNeilly

Wayne and Mary Rhodes, Michelle Rhodes

For: Charles Hinton

From: Bob and Francie Potter

For: Harold and Irene Brunner

From: Carol and Betsy Livingston

For: Steve and Bea Lippert

From: Carol and Betsy Livingston

For: Tommy Rado

From: Mrs. Betty Smith

**COME JOIN US ON SUNDAY, OCTOBER 12
AT 2:00 P.M.
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OF THE CIVIL WAR!**



**Allegany Area Historical Association
P.O. BOX 162
Allegany, NY 14706**

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INSIDE SPECIAL ISSUE:

Presidents Report

Flood of '42

Civil War History



Allegany Area Historical Association

March 2009

Issue XXVIII Vol. 1

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Well, as usual we had a very successful Christmas Cookie Sale. Our thanks to Linda Kruppner, the owner of Nature's Remedy, for letting us use some of her store space, and thanks to the folks at Park and Shop for allowing us to sell the remainder of the cookies there. We netted \$1,263.50. Our annual Community Christmas service ran into a few snags. Rev. Gerry leFeber, pastor of St. John's Lutheran Church in Allegany, was going to do the service for us. But on Saturday, his church secretary tracked me down to say that he was in the hospital with kidney stones and would be unable to do the service! What to do? I inveigled my husband to lead the service for us. Sunday turned out to have some of the worst weather of the winter. Very cold, a lot of blowing snow and bad roads. We discussed cancelling but decided to go ahead on the theory that perhaps a few might try to come. And some did come. We had Bob and I, our pianist Beth Deitz and her husband, and eight hardy members. Rather than do the service Gerry had prepared, we sang Christmas carols and enjoyed the refreshments. A very good time was had by all! And Gerry's service is all done for next year!!

I'm sure a lot of you remember the outside clock at the old First National Bank building, which is now the Allegany Public Library. It was taken down and is in the process of being brought back to life. We made a small donation to the library's clock fund, and it will be good to see a part of Allegany's history restored.

As we mentioned last year, Cark Monkhouse IV was doing work for us downstairs in order to earn his Eagle Scout ranking. A lot of painting, raising money for new shelving, moving out all our assorted accumulations, putting up the shelves and getting everything back in order. On October 28th of last year, Carl received his Eagle Scout Rank. Congratulations!!

I inherited my grandmother's button box. What a treasure trove! I remember some of the buttons as being on Grandma's fancy dresses. Over Thanksgiving when some of my grandchildren were here, I showed them how to make a spinning toy by taking a large button with two holes, threading heavy string through the holes, spinning the button around by the string and then pulling to make the button continue to spin. This simple toy always kept me amused for hours, and the old magic worked again, as the boys had a great time with their new "old" toys. Sometimes the old-fashioned toys are the best.

FURNACE FUND - As mentioned in the November newsletter, we had problems with our furnace, got it fixed for \$400 but have decided to get a new, more efficient furnace. We have received a quote of approximately \$4,000, and have started a "Furnace Fund". To date, with no advertising, we have received \$720, so we have a good start. If you wish to contribute to our fund, please send your checks, made out to AAHA, to AAHA, PO Box 162, Allegany, NY 14706. We want to have the money in hand before we start work, and hope to accomplish that by this summer.

Some sad news to pass on - long time member Jim Elling died January 29th. Jim was a very active member of the community, having been involved with politics, and also the school board. More recently he had been a volunteer for several organizations. Jim's wife, Marion, is AAHA's Corresponding Secretary. Jim will be sorely missed.

Another longtime member recently died - Mrs. Elsie Bosko. She was always very supportive of our fundraisers for Heritage Days and our annual Christmas Cookie Sale. Her brother is Earl Rowe of Bellingham, Washington who has written several amusing and informative articles for our newsletter about growing up in the Chipmonk area. Remember the story of the haunted house in Chipmonk-----?

Our main display for Heritage Days this year will be "Floods in Allegany". If you have pictures of floods in Allegany, particularly the 1942 and 1972 floods, that you would be willing to share with us, we would appreciate it. We will have copies made of your pictures at our expense. Also, if you have any memories of floods that you could share with us, please write them down and send them along.

FRANCIE POTTER, PRESIDENT

This is Part Two of Alfred Rehler's memoirs, from our newsletter of March, 1989, when Mr. Rehler celebrated his 100th birthday.

FIVE MILE NEIGHBORS: Wings, Hortons, Whitlocks, Lindermans, Yehls, Conhisers, Masons were old, old timers. And up the Five Mile were the Hitchcocks. There are not very many left now, though. We had barn raisings and they'd be there to help you put it up, too. Thrashing, the same way. The women would bring good food and they'd all put out a fine meal when thrashing and cutting ensilage. We had to cut the corn by hand; we didn't have any machinery. We all shared; that's the way we got the work done. One of the neighbors would help fill the silo. One would help thrash. We'd exchange work. There was one lady who lived on the Five Mile, Mrs. Masoner, who had six children. She never missed a time for milking four cows because she was having a baby.

ROOSEVELT: There was not much electricity through the country until the '30's, the time of Roosevelt. At that time, Roosevelt was considered one of the greatest persons who ever existed. He came in when there was nothing to help anybody. If you were sick, you were sick. And he did straighten it out, and put people to work. He's been a favorite president of mine. And I was here to see it. He started Social Security. If you didn't have anything to eat, you had somewhere to go and get it. There were soup kitchens and bread lines, and work. , CCC - everything - planting trees, fixing roads, building bridges. I had a good opinion of both Roosevelts. One was a Republican; one was a Democrat, so I'm not partial.

CHURCH: I went to church. Most of the kids up there that were friends of mine would go hunting and fishing on Sunday, but I went to church. And I thought to myself, if I could get out of there and get back there to fish, I'd be having a lot more fun that I was having in church. One of the priests down there would tell me about what I had to do in order to go to heaven. Thought to myself, Ha, there's no use of me trying to do anything like that because I haven't got a chance. I might as well go out and go fishing. Might as well put a little joke in here. One little church they had at the Seminary (St. Bonaventure College). There were just 25 of them sitting up front in church there; that's about all there was to the school. That's up where the church burned down, you know.

LIFE TODAY: Say there are things I like. After living as we did, we like everything we have today. It's marvelous! Life is better now, absolutely. But I don't think that people enjoy it any more than we did at that time. We didn't have anything; and we didn't expect anything. And we expected to put in a lot of labor for what we got, and did that. Now days, every generation expects more for less effort. The kids today are so much farther advanced that we were that there's no comparison at all. Why, a kid twelve years old sees more that we did when we were grown up and twenty-one years old. They know everything; there's nothing new for them. I'm not one of those people who thinks that everything's wrong with the young people today. I think about 99% of them are very fine, intelligent people. Wonderful! I think they do too much advertising about the ones that are living their own lives. I think they're wonderful, the young people. Sometimes somebody will ask me to explain what I did to live to be 100 years old. And I say, "I'd rather keep out of that," because if I explain what I did, they'd say, "I wonder how you ever lived to be 100."

THE FUTURE: I think they just found the tip of the iceberg. I think things that will be produced from now on, that we haven't even thought of, we can't believe it. Why, if anyone had told us, at the turn of the century , that we'd have what we've got today, they'd say, "That fellow should be shut up; he's dangerous." Walking on the moon, everything. We're going to have these planes that don't have to take a long run, that can pick right up straight and take off like a helicopter. And they're going to have it so people can fly

through the air, and won't have to have anything, just their chair to go in. My eyes are very good, so I watch television. I listen to quite a lot of people. I'm a little hard to convince if I don't believe it.

BASEBALL: I played baseball when I was a kid - even when I grew up - twenty- one years old, when we lived on the Five Mile. We played again at the Granduskys. They were a little too much for us; they were a little bit better players. We didn't have too good a team. One time we got Dunc McRae to come up and pitch for us, and Father O'Meara to catch, and they were really big stuff. And we beat the other team because of them, the pitcher and the catcher. My brother and I got them to come up and play with us. They were way out in front of these others - farmer ball players. We used to have a lot of fun.

PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION: That was our first trip of any distance. Father took me and my older sister down on the Erie Railroad. We were there a week before McKinley was assassinated. I never went to any of the other expositions except that one in Buffalo.

GARDENING: I'm gardening very light now. I'm doing some fixing around here, around the yard, and I've been doing a little light fixing along the trees out there. And trying to keep the grass growing. I did the flowers up at Der Hut when Chuck Rehler had it.

GRANDCHILDREN: I've got two grandchildren, four great-grandchildren and two great-great-grandchildren. We've got a picture of the five generations, taken at my 100th birthday party in Florida. This little Maggie (great-great-granddaughter) is quite a character; she is, in fact. She was down there (Florida), doing some of her stunts, you know, and Margaret (Mr. Rehler's daughter) said to me, "Did you ever see anyone like her?" I said, "Yes, I've seen somebody like her." "Well, who was it?" "You, only a lot worse." Maggie just turned five. Well, she is a little rascal. And I don't want to skip anything here; She (pointing to Margaret) was too, when she was little. She had red curly hair. So Maggie comes by it honestly.

RAFTING: I don't remember shipping lumber down the river on rafts to Pittsburgh. My older brother saw one raft go down the river, but I was just a little too late for that. But my father went down the river on a raft before he was married. I had an uncle, Fred Forness. He was a great, big, six foot seven man - weighed about 250-260 pounds. On the raft, they had two men on an oar, but he'd take an oar all by himself. And he got two men's pay for going down the river. That was Fred Forness, Jr.s father; he stood up for me when I was baptised.

REHLER FAMILY: I had 84 cousins in Allegany at one time - the Carls, the Fornesses, the Felts. Brothers (from one family) married sisters (from another family), you know. We have a Rehler reunion - started ten years ago up at Chuck Rehler's . If we had everyone there, there'd be about 150-175. But not anymore. The most that we had would be in California eight years ago - 68. If we had all the Rehlers and all their relatives, there'd be a mess of them.

WINTERS: I spend the winters in Ozona, Florida, on the west coast, ten miles north of Clearwater. I don't want to spend winter up here now. I've been over the United States several different times, and if you can find a place that's any prettier than this in the U.S., I want you to show me.

This ends the memoirs of Alfred Rehler. We hope you have enjoyed them.



WE GET MAIL

This is a Christmas letter we received from our former presidents, Steve and Betty Eaton, and we think you'll enjoy it.

Dear Friends:

As you may remember, last year at this time we had been told that it would be three years before we'd be put on the "ready" list for the lifetime-care residential community of our choice, just southwest of Philadelphia. So we decided to move into a large apartment in Olean during the waiting years.

But in January we received word that a number of vacancies were unexpectedly available at Crosslands. So we drove down to look them over (and to be looked over), and in March received word that #163, our first choice, would be ready for us by mid-May. All new appliances, carpeting, cabinet hardware, etc. Previous residents had built-in bookcases around the fireplace wall of the den and special rods and shelves in all the closets. Would we like to have them removed? No way!

The glass-enclosed 9' x 19' patio (thanks to our Ten Mile timber sale to Potter Lumber) looks out on a large meadow that slopes down to an artificial pond and then up again to the Center which houses the dining room, cafe, activities rooms, offices and individual rooms for assisted living residents. At night, the two long floors of lighted picture windows and dining room chandeliers look like a festive cruise ship passing by, sailing beneath the crescent moon, Venus and Jupiter.

Steve has already listed 34 species of birds seen from the patio windows, many of them eating the flowering dogwood berries in four neighboring trees. We watch them as we eat breakfast and lunch at our "old camp" table on the patio. He's still working on the book about his Dad - does that in the den - and has a hive of bees ready to move onto the campus here next spring near the residents' garden area where he has a plot where he raised tomatoes, zucchini, lettuce and basil from May to October.

Betty has done a bit of volunteer work but doesn't plan to sign up for any specific activities until she gets the cottage better organized. Our cottage is one of four units in a one story building. They're arranged in a widely spaced horseshoe fashion around the Center, spread over 248 acres. (Kendal, which adjoins, has 144 acres.)

We've met about half the 433 residents so far. As you go into the dining room for dinner you have a choice of table for 2, start a 4, or complete an already started four. So it's easy to meet people. You can reserve a table for 6, inviting other residents to meet you in the lobby or to join you earlier in your home for a '5-o'clock". (No alcohol in the public rooms as Crosslands is Quaker affiliated.)

Fr. Michael Tyson, OFM, comes from Wilmington once a month to say Mass. He's a Franciscan and reminds me of our late pastor, Tim Quinn, OFM. A nice guy!

We went on a bird trip to Chincoteague Island in mid-November with Crosslands Nature Conservancy birders. Wonderful place! Got back to New York State twice, for a family wedding in Owego, and for the NYSOA (birders) meeting in Rochester. But otherwise have stayed close to home. Traffic here is a change

from Olean, so Betty hasn't even tried to drive yet. She's the navigator.

Bob and Ann Werrlein have been up from Forest Hill, MD twice and, weather permitting, we'll go there for Christmas to meet their eight grandchildren.

We apologize for being so incommunicado since May 23 when we left Olean but it has taken a good deal more time, energy, paperwork, etc. to make the move to a completely new area and community. And we still have stacks and cartons of stuff to put in proper, accessible places. If you come this way, let us know. Our address is 163 Crosslands Drive, Kennett Square, PA 19348, and our phone is 610-388-1988.

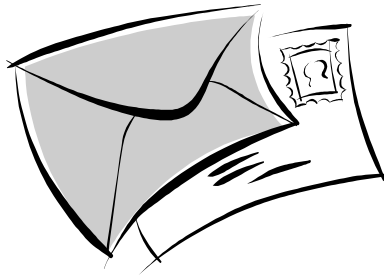
Longwood Gardens is right across Route 52 from us though the entrance to it is on Route #1. There is a guest house here - the former manor/farmhouse - \$50/night and share a bath, several motels in the area, and we have our old sofa bed in the den with adjacent 1/2 bath.

Forgot to say we sold the Perch to a lovely young couple, Scott and Christi Hughes. He is a landscape architect working out of Groton, N.Y. and she grew up in Limestone and has family in the area.

The farm has not yet sold but for now it's probably as good an asset as anything else. The timber should keep growing until the market comes back.

Love and best wishes for 2009 - Steve and Betty

It certainly sounds as if they have found the perfect place to retire to - we wish them all the best in the coming years.



We received a letter from William R. Wing of Dewitt, Michigan, who is the son of Mrs. Charles Wing, also of Dewitt. He is not a member but reads his mother's newsletter. He sent us a lovely calendar for 2009, featuring pictures from the Erie Lackawanna Railroad.

I am a big railroad fan. I belong to the Salamanca Rail Museum and the Ann Arbor Railroad Club in Michigan. The Ann Arbor Railroad ran between Toledo, Ohio and Frankfort, Michigan where the Ann Arbor Railroad had four car ferries which took railroad cars in the late 1890's from Frankfort (across Lake Michigan) to Kewaunee, Wisconsin, and then added automobiles to the car ferry service in the early 1920's. Car ferry service stopped in April 1982 because of a decline in railroad use, like so many railroads at that time. My favorite railroad is the Erie. If you would like an Erie Railroad calendar for your building, I would be happy to send you one in December of future years like the one enclosed. Our family enjoys returning to Allegany for vacations.

I assured Mr. Wing we would be most appreciative of a railroad calendar each year. The Erie Railroad was a big part of the history of the Southern Tier and Allegany in particular. Since Ann Arbor is my home town, I very much enjoyed reading of a bit of its railroad history.

Bill Howden wrote an article for us in the March, 2008 newsletter about defunct post offices in the Township of Allegany. He has sent in another fascinating article for us to enjoy.

A LOVE OF HISTORY PROVIDES A GLIMPSE INTO 19th CENTURY LIFE ON A FARM IN THE TOWN OF CUBA, N.Y. by BILL HOWDEN

I love history. Give me a book about George Washington, Daniel Boone, mountain men, any tribe of Native Americans, archaeology, American history, or even ancient Egypt, and I am lost in the past. I am also involved in local history, as my hobby is collecting the 19th century Postal History of Allegany County. I have also attempted writing several articles about my travels throughout the county looking for places once having a post office that no longer exists - except to the people still living there! Places such as Utopia, Seymour, East Caneadea, Hiltonville and Aristotle; as well as finding and traveling a section of the original old Turnpike, and pioneer settler Philip Church's personal toll road, were exhilarating experiences that I treasure. And anyone can find them - if they know where to look. I found Aristotle and East Caneadea on a 2004 Allegany County map!

Nearly a year ago, a friend, who knew my interest in the area, gave me a box of mostly 19th century papers of Allegany County. After sorting into three piles - Allegany County - Too good to throw away - and, Of no interest - I again sorted through the Allegany County pile and ended up with a number of papers from Cuba, New York. From this pile I noticed a number of related papers, all dealing with a single family, and covering a period of basically the last twenty years of the 19th century. After reading over the material and getting excited about the possibilities, I decided to write up the material by translating the manuscript hand-writing and trying to collate the material by adding information to form a cohesive story.

What I ended up with was a glimpse into 19th century life on a farm in the Town of Cuba, as seen through the life of Catharine Morgan. It covers the period from her husband's death in 1886 until her death in 1904, as seen through hand-written lists, vouchers, bills, legal documents, prices, checks, letter-heads and bill-heads of many Cuba businesses no longer in existence. They include hardware, livery, dairy products and work, as well as some taxes that were paid, or worked off (i.e. a road tax!). All of which is fascinating material and forgotten information.

I ended the material with an envelope addressed to a son who gained Power of Attorney over his mother and signed all her checks with "By S. H. Morgan." That is all that was mentioned of him, except that the envelope had a return address of a gold mining company in the State of Washington! Now is that interesting, or what!

Another culling of the remaining Cuba papers produced several papers showing S. H. Morgan's involvement in the gold mining company dating from ca. 1909-1911 (including two maps of the mine shafts) which I included to not only give life to him, but also because they were so interesting in themselves, showing the problems involved in such a risky endeavor.

I thought that would be the end of my project, but there are so many unanswered questions: plus, I have found a map that appears to show the location of the farm, but no listing of their burial in the Cuba Cemetery, even though I have the documents showing that they were, so I have decided to continue my quest into the farm-life of this family. Where to go for further information is my next project, plus I have read the article (*I have written*) so many times and have found so many mistakes that a re-write is necessary, so I have much to do. History is so much fun, but it is also a lot of work to try to bring our past to life; and my hope is that my writings spark an interest in the fascination history of our area in someone who will continue the quest.

What we do today is dependent on memories of the past which helps determine our future.

Bill has written a synopsis of a number of the papers he has translated, and has offered to give us a copy. We will put that, and any further information he has gathered, into a future newsletter. It will be interesting to see what he has found about the Morgan family. Thanks, Bill, for sharing this with us.

Memorials



*For: Elizabeth Hesse
From: Mary Lennon*

*For: Jean Schultz
From: Donald and Margaret Bergreen*

*For: Peggy Elling
From: Jim and Marion Elling*

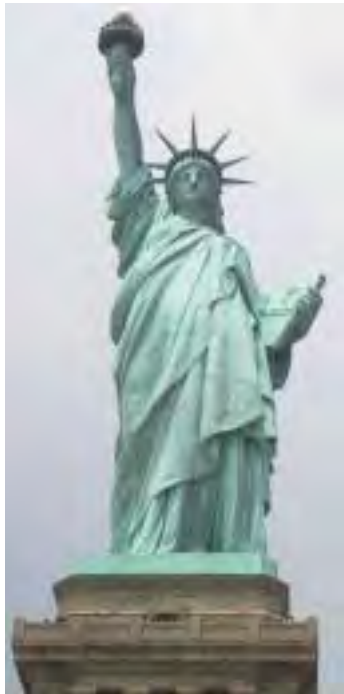
*For: Paul Livingston
From: Bob and Francie Potter*

*For: Kathleen Eaton
From: Harold and Marjorie Geise
Francis J. Hirt and Family
Bob and Francie Potter
Loretta Eaton
Families of:
Dan Eaton, Jr.
Kathryn Childs
Michael Eaton
Patrick Eaton
Margaret Eaton
Elaine Freeborn*

*For: Jim Elling
From: Orin and Margaret Parker
Kathleen Karl
Bob and Francie Potter
Pat and Chuck Dominessy
Alice Altenburg
Glenn and Ruth Lowe
Harold and Marjorie Geise
Carol Livingston and Family*

*To Honor Don Benson
From: Bob and Francie Potter*

*To Honor Francie Potter
From: Stephen and Kim Potter
David and Eva Potter
Linda Potter and Rev. Michael Catanzaro
Don and Lucy Benson
Mary and Peter Pendl*



NEXT MEETING

Our next meeting will be on Sunday, March 15 at 2 p.m. at the Heritage Center, 25 North Second Street, Allegany. Our speaker will be Greg Kinal, a Social Studies teacher for 39 years at Pembroke Central School in Genesee County.

Mr. Kinal's topic is "Arriving at Ellis Island: European Immigration at the Turn of the 20th Century". The ancestors of many Allegany families came to this country from the 1850's through the 1920's. Ellis Island opened as an immigration center in 1892, so perhaps some of your ancestors entered the United States through there. Ellis Island itself has a long, interesting history. It was known as Oyster Island in Colonial times, and was privately owned by Samuel Ellis in the 1770's.

Come hear the **story** of **Immigration** and **Ellis Island** on **Sunday, March 15** at **2 p.m.** at the **Heritage Center**.

Allegany Area Historical Association
P.O. BOX 162
Allegany, NY 14706

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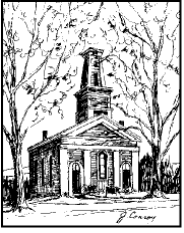
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INSIDE SPECIAL ISSUE:

Presidents Report

Alfred Rehler's Memories

19th Century Life on a Farm



Allegheny Area Historical Association

May 2009

Issue XXVIII Vol. 2

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Spring has finally come to Western New York - it was a long, hard winter. Any year where the ski season lasts for 6 months is good for the economy but hard on everyone else.

Our **FURNACE FUND** is now up to \$2,905.00, as of April 1st. We want to have all the money raised **before** we start. Our original quote was for approximately \$4,000 so it looks like we might be able to get our new furnace put in this summer. If we have any funds left over, we are going to replace our hot water heater at the same time. Each time this winter when we had to turn the furnace up, we held our breath that it would continue to work.

Over the past few years we have been having problems with the Olean Times Herald about getting the news items regarding our upcoming meetings printed. Our members know about the meeting through our newsletter but we also want the general public to attend as we think we have interesting meetings. After some correspondence with the City Editor, we have learned that the paper is trying to put more of the local news briefs in the Community Calendar rather than as a news item with a separate headline. Which may be good for the paper but is bad for us. So we are asking our local members to talk to their friends and neighbors about our upcoming meetings, let them know what's happening, spread the word so we will continue to have a good attendance to hear our speakers.

Speaking of which, if you missed the meeting with Greg Kinal talking about Ellis Island and immigration, you really missed a good one. I wish I had had a history teacher like Mr. Kinal when I was in high school. He really makes history live. We definitely plan to have him back again.

We received a nice check from the Allegheny 60 Plus club - thank you very much. The money will be put to good use.

We want to remind everyone again that our big display for Heritage Days will be on **Floods in Allegheny**. We need pictures of floods, as well as personal memories. Janet Martiny Hankinson has sent some great pictures of the 1942 flood and the 1972 flood, as well as some personal memories of the 1972 flood. I'm sure a lot of our other members have some good stories to tell, so please send them along. We need to preserve these memories. Saturday, August 1 will be here before we know it so start going through your old photos now. We will be glad to make copies for the display at our expense.

Heritage Days this year will look a bit different. We are **NOT** having the chicken BBQ on Friday this year. Over the past few years, it has been a lot of work for not very much profit. I'm sure the firemen are pleased as they donated their time to cook the chickens for us, and they probably have better things to do on a Friday summer evening. The rest of the weekend will look pretty much the same with an Ice Cream Social, Country Cupboard sales, entertainment, and a great display on Floods in Allegheny. This is the last newsletter before Heritage Days, so we will remind you now that you will be called to donate baked goods and canned goods to our Country Cupboard booth, as well as cakes for the Ice Cream Social. And start praying now for good weather.

FRANCIE POTTER, PRESIDENT

Once again, we go back into our archives of past newsletters for an article of current interest. The Franciscan Sisters of Allegany are celebrating their 150th anniversary. In our March 1987 newsletter, we had an article "From the Story of the Sisters of the Third Order Regular of St. Francis of Allegany, New York", taken from Chapter One of Cry Jubilee! By Katherine Burton. And St. Bonaventure University is coming to the end of its 150th anniversary celebration. It's worth a repeat look. We hope you enjoy it.

...The entire countryside (Allegany) was chiefly wilderness - great forests of giant pines - but gradually parts were being made into settlements. For the Catholics who had come there, Mr. [Nicholas] Devereux had converted a small farmhouse into a chapel, where occasionally a traveling priest stopped to say Mass; before that, the only place had been the company's (Holland Land) office. He also facilitated the building of little mission stations throughout the area.

In 1854 prelates from all over the world assembled at Rome for the definition of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. Among them was Bishop Timon (of the Diocese of Buffalo), and with him as a companion came Nicholas Devereux. They hoped that by acting together they could perhaps win some recruits to bring back with them to the States.

...The superior shook his head. "Not seven nor three nor one," he said definitely, and there was sorrow in his voice. "Perhaps in two or three years if our own numbers increase. But it would be impossible to give you any now, much as I would wish I could." So with the Irish Franciscan friars unavailable, they turned to Italian Franciscan friars.

...The two Americans sailed for home. A little later, on May 10, the others followed - Father Pamfilo (co-founder of the congregation of the Sisters of the Third Order Regular of St. Francis of Allegany), Father Sixtus a Galleano, Father Samuel da Prezza, and Brother Salvator a Manarolo. The long, hard ocean voyage did not daunt their enthusiasm, though it had taken six weeks; when Mr. Devereux met them in New York, he was happy to find them in high spirits and eager to get to work.

In Buffalo, Bishop Timon gave the missionaries a hearty welcome and sent them to nearby Ellicottville, a parish with a few members and those scattered. A little, two-story house served as church, but in 1851 a better one was built, largely with Devereux help, though the people gave what they could. Here the friars were to remain until it was possible for them to go to the town where Mr. Devereux planned to settle them - Allegany - the town in Cattaraugus County where he intended to build his Utopia.

He had chosen well. The town's name in the Seneca tongue means "beautiful", and this was indeed lovely terrain on the banks of the Allegheny River. The valley was a fertile spot and gave promise of rich farms. With the river and the Erie Railroad so close by, travel was assured. Here was to be the center of a Catholic community, with a college and a seminary and good homes.

...During the next years Bishop Timon increased the area of their work and gave (the friars) various outlying missions to care for. Four more friars came from Italy to aid their colleagues. In 1856 Father Pamfilo gave the charge of the church at Ellicottville and the missions into the hands of two of his friars. He himself went to stay in Allegany to supervise the erection of a seminary, college and a monastery. He was to live with the McMahons of that town until the new building was ready.

To build in those years and in that area was no simple matter. Father Pamfilo helped his workmen clear the ground, most of which was unbroken forest. He helped make the bricks which had been baked in an improvised kiln. He helped mix mortar. In the summer of that year the cornerstone was laid; it was a great occasion with two thousand people as spectators and Company K of the Sixty-fourth Regiment in attendance with their cannon.

One man who had been the very heart of this new enterprise was not there to see the ceremony. Nicholas Devereux had died the winter before....The little frame building which Father Pamfilo had at first used for a church was rebuilt by Mrs. Devereux and named in memory of her husband. (Ed. note: This

was St. Nicholas Church, which stood on Main Street in Allegany, across from the present St. Bonaventure Church.)

With the combined efforts of clergy and laity the new monastery in Allegany was being completed. It was three stories in height, with basement and attic, and it cost eight thousand dollars. It had been built with incredible difficulty and against many odds. The people of the area had little cash. In Father Pamfilo's notebook of 1856, the Christmas collection was listed as eleven dollars. But people gave their good will and their labor. Much of the material used was at hand, for it was mainly taken from the parishioners own lands - stone quarried from the hills, bricks made from the earth, lumber taken from the forests...

It was planned that the college would open in 1859. While the building was still going on, Father Pamfilo had asked Bishop Timon to come to Allegany to consecrate a cemetery on the hillside below the monastery. It was to replace the space around St. Nicholas Church where, in accordance with the Old World customs of burying the dead in the churchyard, the first graves had been placed.

Father Pamfilo took Bishop Timon back to show him the fine new building and told him of the chapel he planned to build next. The college was to be named St. Bonaventure, in honor of the great Scholastic theologian and saint of the Middle Ages, writer of books, teacher at the universities, Doctor of the Church - a friar honored with the truly Franciscan title of Seraphic Doctor.....

At last, in the autumn of 1859, the college was opened. It had been built by the united efforts of three men - the generosity of a layman, the zeal of a bishop, and the unselfish love of a Franciscan friar.

Still more friars had come to join the first small band, all men of culture and learning, but at first with little knowledge of English. However, there were postulants now, ten of them, all American-born or Irish. In the new building were eight priests, and six lay brothers, as well as three students who had arrived ahead of the college opening.

Father Pamfilo had already placed an advertisement in the Freeman's Journal, with a brief description of the new school's location, the length of the school year, and the terms: "Tuition, board, washing and mending, per annum, \$130.00."

Memorials



For: Jim Elling

From: Marion McCabe

Furnace Fund Donations

Francis Hirt

David and Beth Deitz

Kathleen Karl

Bob and Francie Potter

Stephen and Kim Potter

David and Eva Potter

Linda Potter and Rev. Michael Catanzaro

Don and Lucy Benson

Orin and Margaret Parker

Mary and Peter Pendl

Harold and Marjorie Geise

Margaret Green

Arlene Krittell

60 Plus Club

Helen and Joe Stayer, Joseph, Elvira

Stayer, Tom and Bernie Vanyo, Dick and

Neal Brundage, Dave and Alicia Highby

James H. Kinley

Duane and Caroline Clark

Alice Altenburg

Marion McCabe

In our last newsletter, Bill Howden wrote an article about the Morgan family in Cuba, N.Y. in the late 19th century. He has sent a synopsis of what his research has turned up of 20 years on the Samuel Morgan farm from 1883 to 1904, followed by a son's involvement in a gold mine venture, ca. 1909 - 1911. It makes for interesting reading.

The first page [he came upon] is a list of purchases and repairs of harnesses, lines, bridles, martingales, etc., and their costs, dating from 1879 - 1881, on a bill-head dated 1883. Below the purchases is a listing, also of 1879 - 1881, for ten gallons of cider in each year, at 10 cents a gallon, totaling \$3.00 to be deducted from the balance due (\$5.75). Apparently the farm bartered ten gallons of cider each year for three years, against what they owed on their bill, which was not paid until June of 1886. Samuel Morgan passed away before that date because at the bottom is written; ..."being in full...against the estate of Samuel Morgan deceased". A bill from 1879, not paid until 1886.

Corroborating documents of Samuel Morgan's death follow. The first being from the Surrogate's Court, Estate of Samuel Morgan, Deceased; everything being granted to his wife, Catharine, duly signed, sealed, recorded and examined on January 22, 1886. I have nothing stating the true death date, but it would have to be before January 18, 1886, because the next two items record payments to two individuals for work done and paid "of Samuel Morgan's Estate." There is also a document showing the purchase of a cemetery plot in the Cuba Cemetery, dated January 28, 1886, "subject however to an uncoverance of a child's grave on its South East corner...". Another note dated January 27, 1886 records the purchase of a floral wreath for \$1.00 for "Samuel Morgan's Estate".

Following are a number of lists and bills for work done on the farm and purchases made. Life goes on, and Catharine Morgan, in December of 1886, lists jobs done and monies paid to a farm hand: "Harvesting oats, \$1.75; six trips to Cuba for goods, \$4.00; 2 cords stove wood, \$2.50; hauling one load stove coal, \$1.25; gathering apples, \$4.25; putting in cellar, .50;" etc. In September of 1887, fittings for an oil burner were purchased from the Cuba Gas Company, including one 3/8" elbow for 4c and a Globe valve costing 40c.

October, 1887 finds lists for crop harvesting jobs; "cutting and putting in the barn 4 acres of oats @ \$1.25; digging potatoes and putting in cellar, \$1.50; and 4 3/4 days on road-it being for the road tax; \$3.00 paid". Also in October a "Heating stove" was purchased for \$18.00.

A Power of Attorney document follows, in which Catharine's son, S. H. Morgan, gains control over his mother, certified in Belmont on April 26, 1888, and also recorded in Sioux City, Iowa on May 3, 1888. Why Iowa? Only a week to travel from Cuba to Iowa in 1888? A fascinating list follows, which documents the trip - he was home by May 10 - and every expense incurred to, and back from, Orange City, Iowa, to sell "88 acres" of "fathers land." The ticket from Cuba to Chicago cost \$14.40, a sleeper from Salamanca to Marion, Ohio was \$2.00, breakfast, dinner and supper cost from 40c to \$1.00, he spent 25c on newspapers, paid the porter 25c, paid a lawyer \$5.00, with the total expense being \$100.50 for his two week trip.

A bill-head dated 1889 lists Catharine as purchasing a pair of fleece (lined) rubbers for 50c, and an unlined pair for 40c. A pair of shoes cost \$2.50, and a trunk was also purchased for \$4.00. July, 1888 and September, 1889 represented by farm job lists, including work done for \$1.00 a day in 1888, and \$1.25 a day in 1889. In the spring of 1890, 30 cord of wood was cut @ 65c "totaling \$6.50", and "splitting 17 cords wood @ 20c" came to \$3.40. A cow was also sold to a farm hand for \$25.00, and it cost him \$12.00 to pasture it, in 1889, which was charged against his owed wages, paid March 24, 1890.

A number of checks are presented from 1890-1891 showing wages for various farm work, such as fixing fence, splitting wood, fixing pump, plus \$17.37 for state and county taxes. Next is a list on a Bill-head of the First National Bank of Cuba, dated 1891, listing several farm jobs performed by Charles Warner, i.e.; rolling land - \$2.50; 2 bushels buckwheat - \$1.00; working highway tax - \$4.00; hauling 5

loads hay - \$6.25; and three more checks, one of which pays for "Maple syrup - \$5.25". Other farm hands are listed on other lists.

A Pettit Hardware bill-head lists numerous purchases: 1 chisel - 50c; 1 linen chalk line - 40c; 20 lbs. 8d nails - 80c; 2 yds. lamp wick - 10c; 5 pr. hinges - 50c; 1 hand rake - 25c; 1 - 6 ft. Deering mower \$45.00; dating from December 1893 to September 1894 when it was paid in full.

Three bill-heads from the North Cuba Creamery show butter purchases from 1895 - 1900. With price per pound varying from 20c in June 1895 to 25c in September and November, 1895, with the price falling to 23c in April 1900. North Cuba was a separate settlement from Cuba.

Unfortunately, Catharine Morgan passes away early in 1904. There are three livery vouchers for two "rigs for funeral" costing \$5.00 from each livery stable. Also presented is the bill from the Palmer and Roach Funeral Directors and Embalmers in the amount of \$60.00, paid February 29, 1904. Another bill-head from the Cuba Cemetery Association, also dated February 29, states that it cost \$7.00 "to grave (site) of Catharine Morgan".

The funeral costs are verified by a list written by her son, S. H. Morgan, on a letter-head of L. T. Hendryx, Dealer in Cattle & Hogs, on which is listed all expenses incurred for the funeral, which totaled \$109.32. The list also includes the "state, County & Town Tax" for 1904 (\$15.32), and is dated January 7, 1904, suggesting that Catharine passed away at the beginning of January. I have no document giving the exact date of Catharine's or her husband, Samuel's, passing.

An additional culling of the Cuba material produced an envelope addressed to S. H. Morgan bearing the return address of a gold mining company based in the state of Washington, and a few other items that were added not only to give life to a son known only by name, but because the subject itself is so interesting. The California gold rush involved many people, and although it was pretty much over by the end of the 19th century, here is a local man still involved in such a risky venture at the turn of the twentieth century. The material I have dates from about 1909 to 1911, and includes not one, but two, hand-drawn maps of the mine tunnels, apparently dating at least a couple of years apart. One does not show S. H. Morgan's name, but the second notes that he is a "Director" in the company. The reverse of the first map lists fourteen rows of ascending numbers. Exactly what they mean, I do not know, but as a guess they may represent the number of feet (?) dug in a certain amount of time. Maybe not. What would your guess be?

Also presented are "copies" of three form letters written by S. H. Morgan, regarding the annual stockholders meeting of 1911; the president's report; a letter stating the reason for the annual meeting; and a proxy form letter. The original three letters would have been mailed to the proper officer to be filled in, printed, and sent to all stockholders twenty days prior to the meeting date of April 3, 1911, which is so stated in the form letters. Two further letters discuss the problems being faced by the major stockholders; the need for new investors; more money for machinery and to keep digging; there has been a shake-up in leadership and not everyone is pulling together; and a note for the sum of \$2,500 is coming due.

A tantalizing glimpse into the late nineteenth century, and so many questions yet to be answered. On a final note, I have found an 1869 map of Cuba Township that appears to show the location of an S. H. Morgan residence; perhaps the farm, located at the northern tip of Cuba Lake, or as the map says, the Oil Creek Reservoir.

I ask again, does this pique the interest of anyone? It sure did me.

Does anyone save items such as this anymore so future historians could be able to recreate our lives? Or is everything on computers where the information can be reached and then deleted when it is of no further use? I can hardly wait for the next installment of the life of the Morgan family. Thanks, Bill, for all your hard work.

NEXT MEETING

Our next meeting will be on Sunday, May 3 at 2 p.m. at the Heritage Center, 25 North Second Street, Allegany. Dr. Rick Frederick, a teacher of U. S. history at Pitt-Bradford since 1979, will speak on and give a slide presentation about the Kennedy Assassination. About 75% of Americans think there was some sort of conspiracy involved in the assassination, but no one has yet produced (and proved) a plausible explanation involving a conspiracy. Dr. Frederick will talk about this conspiracy theory and show why he believes the Warren Commission explanation was correct.

Dr. Frederick has published a book on President Warren Harding, and is completing a biography of President William Howard Taft. Dr. Frederick once taught at St. Bonaventure, and received his Ph.D. from Penn State. He spoke to our group several years ago about presidential elections. We welcome him back.

See you on **Sunday, May 3 at 2 p.m. at the Heritage Center** to hear about **The Kennedy Assassination.**



**Allegany Area Historical Association
P.O. BOX 162
Allegany, NY 14706**

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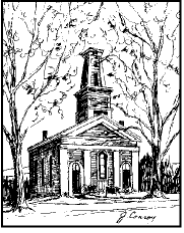
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Presidents Report

150 Years of Franciscans

19th Century Life on a Farm



Allegany Area Historical Association

October 2009

www.aaha.bfn.org

Issue XXVIII Vol. 3

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

So much has happened since the last newsletter, I hardly know where to begin. Our Heritage Days celebration this year lucked out, with one of the few rainless weekends all summer long. We have been accused of causing all our rain since our big display this year was on "Floods in Allegany"! For a while it did seem we would have another flood. As usual, everyone had a grand time, especially at the Ice Cream Social, sitting under the trees and getting caught up with each other. We advertise Heritage Days with a 10-page flyer that contains our schedule of events, pictures from our current exhibit, and lots of news items from all the 1959 issues of the Allegany Citizen. If you would like a copy, please contact us. Be sure to give us your winter address if you contact us after you go away for the winter.

We received an anonymous grant of \$1,000, which we promptly used to have some small, but needed, jobs done. A motion detection light over the front door (which will be great in the dark winter months), some small electrical work done, a lock put into the back door where there was none, things hung and taken down, bathrooms painted (you have no idea what a difference that has made!), and energy-efficient windows installed. Thanks to Mike Finch of Duggan & Duggan for the work.

We had a woodchuck trapped in the building for 4 days this summer - what a mess he left behind. When I opened the door to find everything in shambles, I had no idea of what we had so I purchased a big live trap and baited it with some nice roast beef. When Margaret Parker and Alice Altenburg went to the center that evening, there was Mr. Woodchuck resting quite peacefully in the trap, and probably glad to have some food after 4 days. Orin Parker took him for a ride and he is now living somewhere on the Four Mile Road.

Paul Chapin of a long-time Allegany family gave us a real treasure - a map case that used to hang in the District #4 one-room schoolhouse that was on the Five Mile Road. It has several maps - the United States, Europe, New York State, Cattaraugus County and a world map, all with their own brass medallion telling what each map is. The school closed in 1947 but the map case is much earlier than that. Bill Howden, who researches old post offices, was able to locate three towns that he had been looking for on the Cattaraugus County map. We can't thank Paul enough for this generous gift of a grand piece of Allegany's history.

We have purchased a new copier - a big move for us. Our old copier was used when we bought it 12 years ago. It quit this summer and was taken away to be fixed, with a new loaner machine in its place. Well, the copies from the new machine were so much better that we decided to get a new one for ourselves. Acme Business in Olean suggested that since we are a historical association, we might want to keep the old one as a historical artifact! Needless to say, we decided against that. The new one is in place and is much smarter than any of us but we are learning how to use it. Now when you come to get genealogical information we can make great copies for you.

I'm sure that anyone who grew up in Allegany remembers the clock that hung on the First National Bank of Allegany building, now the Allegany Public Library. Well, the chimes haven't worked for 40 years, and the clock itself hadn't worked for a number of years. In August of 2008, the clock was removed from its housing after the library board decided it should be restored to working order. Mel Duggan's workers took the clock down and Rick Yehl volunteered to weld and rebuild the interior steel framework. Hans Sendlakowski took the clock itself to his house to do the work. He found that the chimes, which had been held up by ropes, had fallen down into the interior of the clock and the clock's interior framework was in deplorable shape. The outside clock works off of a master clock in the librarian's office, which was in good shape. Hans rewired the chimes, fixed the stained glass on the clock face, and had the electrical coils rebuilt and installed. Richard Straub helped rewire the electric lights for the clock. Mongillo Jewelers in Salamanca was contracted to repair the inner time mechanisms of the clock. The clock was reinstalled on Friday, July 24 by Duggan & Duggan. After some fine tuning, the clock was up and running, and once again chiming the hours for all to hear. Except for Mongillo Jewelers, the entire effort was volunteer labor - a great example of a community pulling together to keep an important part of its history.

We have had our new furnace installed!! It's a quarter of the size of the old one, and we have a nice

programmable thermostat which I had to get a lesson on how to use. I didn't want to touch it until I knew what I was doing. Cold weather, here we come! While the furnace work was being done we decided to get a new hot water tank to replace our old aging one that ran 24/7. We decided to get a tankless water heater which will give us hot water only on demand and should save us money in the long run, though the upfront cost is considerable. So if any of our members would like to contribute to the cost of the new water heater, your donations would be gratefully appreciated.

The Allegany Public Library has been cleaning out an upstairs room to make space for some computers for the area teens to use. In the process they have found lots of goodies for us - pictures, old newspapers from 1895 published by the Allegany Presbyterian Church, two notebooks full of information about the trolley system, and 20 bird prints by Louis Agassiz Fuertes, done for a 2-volume edition of Birds of New York written by E. H. Eaton, Steve Eaton's father. The original price for the set was \$3 or \$4 and now each volume goes for \$100 and up. What we have are prints of the originals which go for thousands of dollars each. Since we had no idea of what we had, I wrote a letter to Steve and Betty Eaton, and received a nice phone call from Betty in reply. First we got caught up on how they are enjoying their retirement home - Steve has a bee hive and is busy extracting the honey to sell, and Betty is still getting settled but volunteering her time at the gift shop, so they have adjusted nicely to life in Pennsylvania. Betty said there were 106 plates done for the Birds of New York publication, and each of the 13,000 school districts in New York State at the time were to receive copies of some of the prints to use for teaching purposes. What the library gave us are prints that Steve and Betty had and were selling at one of our first Heritage Days celebrations for \$1 per print. The prints are in good condition, and we haven't decided yet what to do with them. Thanks to the library for thinking of us - it's been just like Christmas!

When Vernon Field died, we received many memorials for him and decided to purchase 10 chairs for our conference table in the library room. His daughter, Karen, came to Allegany in August to see the chairs, each of which has a small plaque on the back saying it is in memory of Vernon. She thought Vernon would be really pleased with the chairs as a person can get up quite easily from them and Vernon had problems doing that in his later years.

Last, but not least, we had a movie scene shot at the Heritage Center! A group in Olean is shooting a documentary about the origins of Prohibition, featuring among other characters the renowned preacher Billy Sunday. The group was looking for a "country church" to use to shoot a scene involving a funeral. They thought they had one in Olean but the deal fell through, so in driving around the area they spied our building. They called on a Thursday asking permission to use the center, and two days later they shot the scene. What an interesting procedure to watch!!! They showed up promptly at 8 a.m. and began unloading all the necessary equipment. Since this was a "country church", they brought in bags of dirt and covered our sidewalk to resemble a country lane. They even changed the sign on our building. After all sorts of preparation, checking sunlight angles, shadow angles, fixing makeup and period clothing, getting all the props, including antique cars, into place and several rehearsals of the scene, they were finally ready around 10 to begin shooting. The scene involved a funeral procession leaving the church after the funeral. First came the small group of mourners, two parents, two children and 3 other people, then the casket bearers carrying the pine casket, then Billy Sunday and two other mourners. As they exited the church the group was singing "Amazing Grace." Since the shot was directly into the church, everything in the background that might show had to be moved aside. There were several rehearsals of this scene, then three or four actual filmings from a distance, and three or four closeup shots. Around 11 a.m. the shooting was complete, and the breakdown began. All the dirt had to be shoveled up, everything inside put back into place, all the equipment packed up and ready for the next scene, which was in Mount View Cemetery in Olean with the casket being lowered into the ground and Billy Sunday giving a fiery sermon against the evils of drink. I'm not sure if there was supposed to be a body in the casket or whether it contained John Barleycorn - whiskey! By 1 p.m. they were gone. It was as if nothing had happened. The street had been closed for the morning and all the neighbors forewarned that this was going to happen so they all turned out to watch - it was a very festive scene. Some of the people even got to be extras in a anti-Prohibition parade scene shot the next day in Olean. We've included some of the shots the crew sent us of the day's happenings. If we get information about when this documentary will be shown, we'll let you know.

In our next issue, we will have information about all the long-gone post offices in the Town of Allegany, sent to us by Jack Searles of the Olean Stamp Club.

Francie Potter, President



The Historical Center was used in a scene from a documentary on Prohibition.

In our March, 2009 newsletter we ran Part II of the memoirs of Al Rehler. His great-niece, Susan Rehler Bubbs, sent us some of her memories of Al Rehler. I know you will enjoy them.

I really enjoyed rereading the interview with Alfred Rehler, fondly known to our family as "Papa Al", "Alfie", or "The Old Fart!" It gave the readers insight into what it was like to live 100 years but it really didn't give much insight into the character, and he was a character, of Papa Al. I thought you would like to know the "rest of the story!"

Papa Al was an integral part of our family for as long as I can remember. He was quite devilish, loved to play cards and was known to tip a few every now and then, mostly "now" until his later years. He was a fixture at the St. Stephen's Club where he played cards and did a little gambling. He loved to win at cards and had a cackle that was renowned to those who fell into his card-playing web!

One of my most vivid memories of Papa Al was while I was working for my parents, Chuck and Marg Rehler, at Meadowbrook Dairy. I was in my early teens and waitressing at the Dairy Bar during a very busy lunch hour. He was sitting where he usually sat in the corner of the U-shaped bar reading the paper and kibitzing with the patrons sitting next to him. I went to take their order and they slowly and methodically told me what they wanted. Remember, we were very busy and I was hustling and getting impatient. I looked up and the paper Papa Al was reading was moving with his silent laughter. He had told the patrons that they needed to give their orders slowly as I was the owners' daughter and "not too bright!"

My father always had a large garden, of which he was very proud, where he labored daily in his retirement years. He grew enough produce to feed not only his family but part of the neighborhood. He told Papa Al to help himself to whatever he wanted in the garden, never thinking that Papa Al would supply his buddies at the St. Stephen's Club with "Chuckie's" produce. He would drive around in his little Volkswagon which had a hole in the floor (you could see the pavement!) delivering his goodies to family and friends.

He loved planting flowers which he did for both Meadowbrook Dairy and Der Hut, when my brother Mike Rehler, owned it. He also made all the sauerkraut for Der Hut.

He would play cards, usually knock rummy, with my parents nearly every day and I want to assure you that although they were only playing for dimes, you would have thought they were silver dollars. Talk about competition! They had fun but it often got heated, especially between Papa Al and Mom. Euchre was usually played in the evenings and again when there was money involved, which was often, it was serious business. Papa Al's favorite saying when you were euchred or lost and had to pay was, "FEED ME, FEED ME, FEED ME!!!!" When he no longer drove, his daughter, Margaret Warren, would bring him to my parents' house. She didn't even play cards but cared for him like she did for all of her family. I always said she was a saint for just putting up with Papa Al!

Papa Al was the idol of many who knew him well because he had such a colorful life doing nearly everything that we were told is bad for you, and he lived for over 100 years! There are many, many more stories that help give insight into Papa Al's personality and character, and some of Allegany's older residents surely have some of their own stories about him.

He was a very special man who maintained his sharp wit and sense of humor throughout his life. He was mentally sharp until he died and even when he couldn't bend to plant his beautiful flowers he'd hire Andy, our son, to plant them "exactly" where he wanted them.

I can't help but smile when I think of Papa Al. He was so loved by our family and we speak of him often with great memories and affection. I miss him even today, but I will always remember his "winning" cackle and hear him say, "There's Susie the Doozie." My husband, Bob, always said that he was his idol, but I was sure not to allow that!

That's "the rest of the story!"

Gertrude Schnell of Franklinville sent us an article about Chemical Wood, which was firewood that was not fit to saw into lumber, and was used to make charcoal and alcohol. She compiled information from Irene Schnell McRae's autobiography, the family ledger, and family stories. It's an interesting look at "the early days."

Chemical Wood

On November 14, 1914 my grandfather, Frederick Schnell, was killed on his way home from Allegany to his farm on the Birch Run Road. Shortly before this accident he and F. W. Schnell had contracted for a job drawing chemical wood off McCaffrey's Hill to the chemical factory at South Vandalia. The wood had been cut in 52 inch lengths by cutters using cross cut saws. It was then placed in piles along roads so that teams could be driven through to pick up the loads.

Each family was to supply three men and a team to move the wood. It was decided to honor this contract with Frederick Schnell's sons, Erwin, age 18 and Edwin, age 16 doing their father, Frederick's, part of the work.

My grandmother Delia, Frederick's wife, kept the ledger with the names of the workers, their hours, the days they worked, and the kind of work they did on certain days. Names listed in the book are F. W. Schnell, Clarence Schnell, John Schnell, Edwin Schnell, Alfred Schnell, Erwin Schnell and Earl Schnell. Work began on December 15, 1914 and ended February 9, 1915. Some days are listed as driving teams, hand work, sliding wood, time out for rain, Sundays, Christmas and New Year's. Repairing the sled, Erwin's hurt hand and Alfred being sick are also mentioned.

In many places the hill was so steep the teams of horses could not get to the logs so troughs had to be made of steel to slide the wood down to where it could be loaded. Since about 200 cords of wood had to be moved to the chemical plant, it was imperative that the winter weather held. At the chemical plant the wood was placed in carts and moved into ovens where it was burned to make charcoal and alcohol.

My aunt, Irene Schnell McRae, says in her autobiography that Edwin, my father, told her they would get up at six, feed the horses and get ready for the day. When they heard the jingle of the chains and harnesses they knew that the Schnells were coming and it was time to go. Each team of workers made four trips a day off the hill with a load of wood.

Each night while the job was in progress, my grandmother, Delia, "Handed" the mittens and Aunt Irene helped her. The heavy ticking mittens were expensive by standards of those days. The work was heavy and in a day or two the hands of the mittens would be worn out. To make the mittens last longer, Grandma put a false palm and thumb on each one. She used seed bags which were heavy and close-woven. She laid a mitten on the cloth and cut a pattern for the palm and another for the thumb. She sewed the hand by overcasting, and then the thumb. She made a seam where they joined. It was Aunt Irene's chore, at age 10, to clip the threads on the used mittens to prepare them for "handing." This was a nightly chore and they became quite proficient.

This is a small look at an activity that occurred in the early part of the 20th century.

WE GET MAIL



We send our newsletter to the Salamanca Area Historical Society and Musuem, and they reciprocate.

Their musuem hours are Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday from 10 to 4 p.m. They will also do group tours by prior arrangement. Definitely worth a visit.

We got a nice note from Ginny Oakleaf Conner saying that there is a lot of information in the Allegany Library on her great-grandfather, Erastus Willard, who came to Allegany from Fanklinville in 1865, and who built the house at 112 West Main Street, now the office of Dr. Hwang. Her grandfather, Clare Willard was the president of the First National Bank of Allegany in the early 1900's. She remembers that Rene Yehl's plumbing shop, just to the west of Dr. Hwang's, used to be a bowling alley in the early 1940's.

WE NEED

We could use a working computer in good condition, so if you are upgrading your equipment, please think of us. We have one that is many years old; like our old copier it could probably be considered an historical artifact!



FOR SALE



It's not too early to think about Christmas cards - we have some lovely cards showing scenes of Allegany. The cards are 30 cents each or \$2.50 for 12. Some of the scenes show the Norton/Benca house on Second Street and the Town Hall fountain. There would be postage on top of the price. Contact us if you are interested.

HELP WANTED

Margaret Parker and Alice Altenburg go to the center each week and do a lot of the necessary filing, and other things, that make the center work. They could use some help!!!! As Margaret says, "Someone beside the two of us should know where things are and where they go." So don't be shy, it's not a lot of time but it's definitely needed to keep our historical association working smoothly. They also definitely need someone to work with our clothing collection. Please contact Markgaret Parker or me if you are interested and willing to lend a hand.



Memorials



For: Gerald F. Williams
From: John and Jillian Walsh

For: Jim Elling
From: David H. Carls

For: Elmer Severtson
From: Carol and Betsy Livingston
Bob and Francie Potter

For: Floyd Putt, Jr.
From: Catherine Geise

For: Anne Hardiman
From: Bob and Francie Potter
Jim and Diane Boser

For: Richard A. Straub
From: Duane and Caroline Clark

For: Patricia Amore Shaffner
From: Hadley Shaffner

For: Clair Gallets
From: Kay Severtson

Furnace Fund Donations

Phil Hardiman
Michael and Martha Nenno
Marybeth Smith
Robert and Nickie Bergreen
Robert and Sue Bubbs
Karen and Vincent Streif
Anthony and Emeline Belli
Mike and Barbara Rehler
Edward Wintermantel
Marion Elling
Margaret Warren
Red Hat Alley-Hats of Allegany
Paula Bzdak
Allegany First Presbyterian Church
Anonymous

D U E S — D U E S — D U E S

October is the month to pay your dues. A single membership is \$10, family is \$15 and a patron membership is \$20 or more. Make your check to AAHA and mail it to PO Box 162, Allegany New York 14706. **Don't forget - do it today.** We do not send out reminders to members since each member gets the newsletter - we take this method of telling you to renew your membership. If you paid your dues at Heritage Days, you are paid for the year. If you don't renew your membership, we will take you off the mailing list and I know you don't want to miss our always interesting articles, and updates on what is happening in your old home town.

Our next meeting will be on Sunday, October 4 at 2 p.m. at the Heritage Center, 25 North Second Street, Allegany. Chris Mackowski will speak on: WHAT WE THINK WE KNOW ABOUT THE CIVIL WAR, Mass Media's Modern Portrayal of History.

Chris is an associate professor of Journalism and Mass Communications at St. Bonaventure University. He has written hundreds of feature stories, columns and commentaries for magazines, newspapers, and radio, and his work has been honored by the Associated Press and the Assn. of Public Radio News Directors. He is the author of three books; his most recent, the *Last Days of Stonewall Jackson*, was commissioned by the National Park Service and published in July. Aside from his work at the university and his writing, Chris works as a historical interpreter for the Fredericksburg & Spotsylvania National Military Park, a national park in central Virginia that encompasses four major Civil War battlefields.

So you can see that Chris really knows his Civil War history - we are in for a very informative talk. I know I'll see you on **Sunday, October 4 at 2 p.m. at the Heritage Center**.

www.aaha.bfn.org

**Allegany Area Historical Association
P.O. BOX 162
Allegany, NY 14706**

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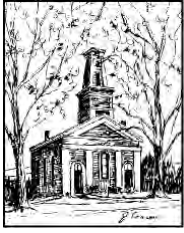
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INSIDE SPECIAL ISSUE:

Presidents Report

Lights, Camera, Action!!!

The Rest of the Story



Allegheny Area Historical Association

April 2010

www.aaha.bfn.org

Issue XXIX Vol. 2

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

In our last newsletter, I told you about the art-history project the fourth grades of Allegheny Elementary School were doing. The reception for the students and the silent auction of their drawings was held on February 22nd, with the auction proceeds benefitting AAHA. We received \$1,370.00!!!! The kids had a great time showing off their drawings. James Buttram, the SBU history student involved with the project, showed his Power Point presentation to the parents in attendance, and I got a lot of feedback that they learned things about Allegheny that they never knew before. A very worthwhile project for all concerned. Speaking of James Buttram, he will be the speaker at our next meeting, and will show the Power Point presentation for us. See the information about our next meeting.

Our new on-demand hot water tank has been installed. I'm sure that our gas bill will go down now that the old tank which ran all the time is gone. But the toilet in the ladies room sprang a big leak. If it's not one thing, it's another. Joe Catalano came to our rescue, and fixed not only the ladies room toilet but did a preemptive fix on the toilet in the mens room also. We should be good for years to come!

We have two deaths to report. Tom Geary died March 12th. If you were like me, you bought a lot of your appliances from Tom at his Geary Furniture and Appliances Store. He later ran Geary's Early American Store in the former Smith and Schultz building. He loved to talk about Allegheny and its past. Genevieve (Jenny) Scarlato died March 2nd. An Allegheny native, Jenny worked at the Allegheny Post Office from 1933, right out of high school, until she retired in 1971. She was really the "face of the Post Office" for everyone in town, and always had a good comment or two on the events of the day. Judging by some pictures we have at the historical association, she was quite a lady in her day. Both of these Allegheny people will be missed.

We received a small 3 ounce glass bottle, with an embossed inscription on it reading "The Allegheny Pharmacy C R Cox Prop Allegheny, NY." None of us had ever heard of the Allegheny Pharmacy, so we did some digging in our files. In a 1918 City Directory we found "Allegheny Pharmacy, Clarence W. Cox, M.D., Prop., 65 Main St." Also listed was "Wife, Mary S., lived on Dey [Day] St., N[ea]R school." By the 1920 City Directory all mention of Allegheny Pharmacy was gone, so it was a short-lived business.

FRANCIE POTTER, PRESIDENT

We have many treasures in our collection, one of which is a booklet from Carol Ruth, who donated it to us in June of 2002. She belongs to the Bockmier clan, and went through all the issues of the Allegany Citizen and excerpted out every mention of the Bockmier family and relations, starting July 4, 1892. A quick read through is to read the history of Allegany in miniature. We have included some examples of the entries.

March 28, 1896 - The river bridge is received of a new coat of paint. John Bockmier, one of our efficient knights of the brush, is doing the work, at whose hands a good job is assured.

June 5, 1897 - Mr. John Walley, who has been in the employ of James McAuliffe the past five years, has resigned his position & embarked in business for himself at Simpson. Pa. where he will make his future home. George Bockmier now assumes the responsibility as head clerk in McAuliffe's store.

October 28, 1899 - Strawberry blossoms in October are a rare thing, but John. B. Bockmier showed us a bunch yesterday he picked from the side of the Erie tracks.

November 4, 1899 - A nice plump partridge burst through an upstairs window of the residence of Mrs. H. J. Bockmier on First St. last Monday morning, taking with it sash and all, dropped dead on the floor.

May 23, 1903 - Messrs. Dave Forness, Jule Nenno, Leo Nenno, Charles Dietman, Ben Smith and Misses Dora Bockmier, Dolly Kerwin, Kitty

Bockmier, Anna Karl & Mildred Young represented Allegany at a party given in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick O'Meara at Chipmonk Tuesday evening.

February 4, 1911 - Edward Bockmier is erecting a standard fresh air chicken coop. He is placing it crosswise on the lot so John Ryan can't rubberneck into the coop every time he goes by.

November 4, 1911 - The coming marriage of the following young people was announced from the pulpit of St. Bona's Church last Sunday: George A. Bockmier & Hattie Nenno; Edward J. Bockmier & Agnes Gallets. (*Ed. Note - this item bears out my theory that everyone in Allegany is related, one way or another, to everyone else.*)

August 30, 1924 - John B. Bockmier of Olean called on his old-time friends & relatives in town Friday. Mrs. Joseph Bockmier of Union St. entertained Mrs. Ruth and family of Olean Sunday.

This is just a sampling of the very interesting items in this booklet. The Allegany Citizen certainly carried "all the news that was fit to print".

Memorials



For: Ed Dornow

From: Bob and Nickie Bergreen

Charles and Pat Dodd Dominessy

Bill and Louella Keim

For: Tom Geary

From: Bob and Francie Potter

John and Jillian Walsh

For: Martin T. Gleason

From: John and Jillian Walsh

For: Genevieve Scarlato

From: Bob and Francie Potter

Duane and Caroline Clark

Kathleen Karl

Celestine Welsh

For: Paul Nenno

From: Clark and Sandy Tucker

CHEESE FACTORIES

The following was received from Gertrude Schnell.

"I am sending a little article about cheese factories. In the many years we traveled the Birch Run Road to my Grandmother's house my Dad would point out a narrow lane just before Richard Zink's house that he said went down to a cheese factory in earlier days. Just beyond the gravel pit, where the pit filled in a field with sand, he said celery used to be grown there. Has anyone else ever been told about that?"

My Mother's Father, Charlie Mallory, was a cheese maker in the early 1900's, working in several factories - always moving for more money! My Mother and her two sisters were born in different cheese factories. I have some of his records and utensils he used."

CHEESE FACTORIES

Older maps of this area always show many cheese factories. Some were owned by businessmen with a few privately owned. Factories were about six miles apart. This gave the farmer about three miles to draw his milk to the factory with horse and wagon and then to return home to attend to other chores on the farm. Towns and settlements often started around the factory since after delivering the milk, the farmer many times went into the store to purchase a few items and talk with his neighbors before returning home.

Farmers were paid by the weight of their milk and were allowed to take home an equal amount of whey (a by-product) which was fed to calves and pigs. Then the milk cans had to be washed and ready for the next day. Cheese was usually made from March to October or November. In the winter the cows were dry and milk was not available for the factory. The cheese maker and his family lived upstairs over the factory. Cheese makers found odd jobs to do in the community in the winter and often ran up a bill at the local store until the next spring. Records of my cheese making grandfather, Charlie Mallory, show that pay was \$35 to \$44 a month for those months that cheese was made. These figures are from the early part of the 20th century.

Since there was a need for wooden boxes to contain the cheese, factories for their manufacture often were established nearby. Most of the cheese to be sold was taken to Cuba (N.Y.) which required an overnight trip with the horse and wagon. Some was shipped on the

railroad. Today the cheese factories are no longer standing and the numerous farms that supplied the milk are almost a thing of the past.



New Bookcases adorn our walls.
Built by Joe Crisafulli.



Another item in our collection is the diary of Henry C. Altenburg. Here are some entries from 1899.

July 1. The canning factory is running full blast with about 150 girls shelling peas. Russell's well began to pump oil last night and she put a 65 barrel tank full before morning. They have erected a 250 barrel tank today.

July 4. There has been no celebration in this vicinity this year. Last night in a saloon fracas up Chipmunk one of the Ottera boys killed a man with whom he was fighting.

July 6. I went to town quite early this morning. John Bockmier rode up with me and took the trolley to Olean to get his teeth pulled. I gave him \$17.00 which with the \$1.00 I gave him last Sunday makes his months pay of \$18.00.

July 12. It rained quite hard last night with thunder. We cut the weeds around the house and along the road in the forenoon and worked in the garden this afternoon. Tonight a dance is held in Schuman's new barn which is hardly finished yet.

July 14. Mike Rehler came down and got a check for \$25.00 which is part payment for wood furnished to our Cheese Factory. He has a lot of girls picking peas for him.

July 18. I took a pail and went up Mount Mari after raspberries. I found blackberries were getting ripe. I ascended to the very pinnacle of the old mountain where I had an excellent view of the surrounding country. We got in two loads of hay.

July 21. We went over to Hank Grimes after lumber this forenoon. Nobody over on that side of the river has got through haying and of course it is all suffering. We have had a very wet time ever since the 4th of July. We went down to the mill and got all the lumber which we were sure of as being ours and that was 60 battens.

July 27. I finished the checks this afternoon. I then did a little trading in town and paid \$2.00 to square up my account at Jim McAuliffes.

July 28. I got up quite early and milked the cows. Then I went up on Mount Mari and picked six quarts of blackberries, and canned four cans of them. Pawnee Bill's Wild West Show is in Olean. Sid Brooks had a weather flag signal out and it told of rain. Sure enough we have had a short shower tonight.

Aug. 1. Lippert finished reaping my oats and I had them all set up by noon. Jake Karl was made Trustee at the school meeting.

Aug 4. I had help picking beans all day and took them up to the canning factory tonight. We had 248 lbs. at 1 1/2 cents each. The inspectors were here to test the milk.

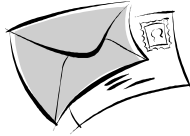
Aug. 10 The weather is very dry. Our fence line caught fire and burned so we had to keep the cows below the road. Night before last we had a light frost.

Aug. 13. No rain yet. I never saw the roads so dry and dusty. Sid Brooks had a weather signal out last night that spoke for rain but there is an old proverb running like this "All signs fail in dry weather." There was an excursion to Portage Bridge.

Aug. 19. Tonight P. J. Nenno was down and bought my steers for \$18 apiece and my two hogs. A very warm dry day. Everything is on fire, it seems, and every morning the fog and smoke is very thick.

I think historians of the future will have a hard time showing life as it used to be, due to the use of e-mail and other communication devices - nobody keeps diaries or writes letters anymore.

WE GET MAIL

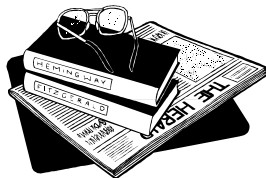


We received a nice note from Celestine Welch, who sent a memorial for Jenny Scarlato saying, "Jenny was a shining light in the Post Office for many years. She brought smiles to so many in the days of World War II, and all her life."

A note came from Charles and Pat Dodd Dominessy who live in Florida. Pat worked for Ed Dornow, and this is what she wrote. "I have just received my March newsletter and while reading Francie's report, I realized that I had a way of honoring one of the nicest bosses I can remember. I began my working career at age 15 working for Karl and Ed Dornow. I worked at Dornow's starting as a soda jerk, which entailed lonely hours in the basement, working on a hot plate, preparing simple syrup, hot fudge, etc. After the soda fountain I think I graduated to Hallmark card inventory and magazines. I loved working for Karl and Ed and learned much from them which eventually guided me to a career in pharmacy. They saw to it that I obtained an apprentice license and I worked beside them counting pills, etc. I worked for Ed on weekends when I came home from college and always had a job when school was out for the summer. Ed was very pleased to hear that I married a pharmacist and the three of us attended meetings in the Olean area and also in Buffalo."

Nickie Bergreen wrote to say that as a teenager, her husband Bob worked in the drugstore for Karl Dornow in the early 1940's. At that time the store was located on the site of the Hickey Tavern. He was known in the jargon of the day as a "soda jerk."

HELP NEEDED



Member Mary McClure of Albuquerque, New Mexico is researching her father's genealogy and needs some help. "I know my facts so far, are true, but I need proof in writing acknowledging father and son - Chester McClure and son, Edwin R. McClure, who moved from Otsego, N.Y. to Cadiz in Franklinville when a small child. I thought Edwin's death certificate would do the trick, but for some strange reason the information given was Chester McClure, father and Betsey, mother. Edwin was the only one of his siblings who remained in the area; the rest of the family moved and settled in Wisconsin and I traced all of them there.

The sticking point is the fact that I have Chester McClure married to Chloe Mehurn in 1812 in Rutland, Vermont - not Betsey. I can even fit him in on the census records of 1820 and 1830 where only appx. ages of children are listed, but I need something definitive to clear this up."

I know we have members in the Franklinville area - perhaps one of them might be able to furnish some information for Ms. McClure. If you can, contact Francie Potter at POB 162, Allegany, NY 14706, and I will forward the information.



NEXT MEETING



We will meet on Sunday, May 2 at 2 p.m. at the Heritage Center, 25 North Second Street, Allegany. Our speaker will be James Buttram, a history major at St. Bonaventure University. He will show his presentation about the buildings of Allegany that was shown at the Quick Arts Center. It was part of an internship James conducted between the Quick Arts Center and the Allegany 4th grade classes. He gave the students the history of 20 Allegany buildings which then became the subject of an art project. The students artwork was auctioned off with all proceeds benefiting AAHA.

James was born and raised in Sewell, N.J. and homeschooled with his seven siblings by his mother. He attended Gloucester County College for two years, took a year off, and transferred to SBU in 2008, and he will graduate this May. He loves to travel and studied abroad in Spain last year. After graduation he hopes to return to Spain for a teaching assistantship or volunteer abroad. But this summer he is working in a summer institute at SBU, with twenty Latin American students coming to learn about United States culture and history. Their trip climaxes in August with a road trip to Boston, New York City and Washington, D.C.

James is a very interesting young man and worked very hard on his project for the 4th graders. They learned a lot about Allegany, as did their parents. I am sure you will too.

Be sure to join us on Sunday, May 2 at 2 p.m. at the Heritage Center.

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P.O. BOX 162
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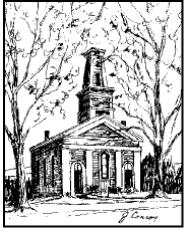
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INSIDE SPECIAL ISSUE:

Presidents Report

Say C H E E S E!

Drug Store Tales



Allegany Area Historical Association

March 2010

www.aaha.bfn.org

Issue XXIX Vol. 1

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

AAHA lost a longtime valued member with the death of Judge Paul B. Kelly in November. Paul was one of our earliest members and was a trustee of the association in our early days. He was very instrumental in guiding us through the process of acquiring our Heritage Center building. Changing a church to a secular use is a very complicated legal operation, and Paul was our guide through the maze of New York State laws. We will miss him, and his legal wisdom.

After Paul's death we received several memorials honoring him, and rather than have them put into the general fund and go up in smoke when we paid the gas bill, we decided to do a project we have had in mind for some time. We had Joe Crisafulli build a bookcase unit in the library which will allow us to get rid of several pieces of donated furniture and combine things into one unit. Potter Lumber Company donated the oak lumber that Joe used. We will now look very organized. We are blessed to have people in the community like Joe and Mel Duggan we can call on when things need to be done. Whether the problem is large as when our ceiling fell down and Mel came to our rescue or small like needing a bookcase built, our friends are always there for us. Without them we'd be out of business. Thanks, gentlemen!

An art - history project is being worked on by the fourth graders of Allegany Limestone Elementary School, which will benefit the historical association. It includes two St. Bonaventure University students, Grant Lytle, an art student, and James Buttram, a history major, working with Mrs. Evelyn Sabina, the Education Director at the Quick Arts Center at SBU. Fourth grade is when students learn about their local history, so Mr. Buttram worked up a walking tour of the Village of Allegany, combining recent pictures he took with pictures he selected from our files. After the tour, the students will draw a building of their choice for display at a reception at the Quick Center on February 22nd. That's where Mr. Lytle comes in. He showed the students how to draw buildings using perspective, vanishing points and a horizon. These pictures will be auctioned off at the reception and our association will receive the proceeds. The first part of December Mr. Buttram and I went to the school and showed his PowerPoint presentation to all the fourth grades, giving them the history of all the buildings shown. It was a real learning experience for them to find out all the past uses of the buildings, which really haven't changed all that much on the upper stories. On a bright cold day right before Christmas vacation, the students came down Fifth Street and walked the length of Main Street to Second Street, to the 1855 Heritage Center. They had looked at all the buildings Mr. Buttram had shown them, and now it was time for a "Can You Guess What This Is" quiz. I had gathered artifacts from our collection, and some of my things, and we had a ball for 45 minutes! One guess about a rug beater was "a tennis racquet", and my grandmother's wooden darning egg completely mystified them. Of course, I had to explain what "darning" was. They thoroughly enjoyed themselves, and loved learning about Allegany's history. I think the walking tour will be done every year.

Last October I asked in the newsletter for the donation of a gently used computer. Lo and behold, the answer was as close as my own family. My daughter, Lucy Benson, said that everyone in their family had gone to laptops and they had a computer system they would be glad to donate to AAHA. She took the computer to Hagen Computer Services and they wiped it clean, and then she installed everything for us, which was great because I'm not sure I could have done it. So we now have an almost new computer, printer, a wireless mouse and wireless keyboard, and a flat screen monitor. Thanks, Benson family!

continued

For many, many years Kate Geise has been keeping a scrapbook for AAHA containing all our publicity and our newsletters. Since Kate just turned 97 and is currently living at the Pines Nursing Home, she has decided to retire from her scrapbook duties. Thanks, Kate, for a job well done - it's volunteers like you who make the organization run. Eileen Shabala has offered to take over Kate's job. We have two other scrapbook keepers - Alice Altenburg collects all the obituaries of Allegany people, and Margaret Parker collects information about Allegany businesses.

We have some items to give away for FREE! We received some Christmas cookies for our sale in lovely decorated tins, and have 5 or 6 tins left. They are free for the asking - perhaps you could take them and return them next year at the sale with cookies in them!

There will be some major construction being started in Allegany this spring. Iroquois Group in Olean, an insurance agency network started by Paul Branch, and currently owned by Laurie Branch, bought three houses across from the Town Hall, had them demolished, and will build their new headquarters on the site. The architectural drawings show a building that will not be out of place with its surroundings. It will be a nice addition to Main Street. Speaking of Paul Branch, he died on January 20th in Olean. I'm sure a lot of our out of town members knew him. His late wife was Claire (Toni) Armstrong who taught at one time in Allegany.

Our treasurer, Alice Altenburg, reports that there are some members who haven't paid their **DUES** yet this year. If you are like me, you make a mental note to do this, but the note gets lost somewhere in the recesses of your mind. You write it down and then forget when you put the piece of paper. So while you are reading this, if you are one of our delinquent members, drop everything, get your checkbook and write that check immediately! Single membership is \$10, family is \$15 and patron is \$20 or more. Now that you have done that, you can continue reading the rest of the newsletter with a clear conscience.

We have another passing to report. Ed Dornow died in Alabama where he was living to be close to a daughter. His father, Karl Dornow, started Dornow's Pharmacy in 1947. When Ed got out of the Navy, he joined his father in the store, and took over the store when his father retired. He sold the business in the late 1970's and worked for several more years in the pharmacy department at Olean General Hospital before retiring for good. He loved to talk about Allegany's history and I learned a lot from him each time I went to the pharmacy. He was a long time member of our group.

FRANCIE POTTER, PRESIDENT

CHRISTMAS COOKIE SALE

A bit of history. We got to wondering how long and where we have had the cookie sale, which is one of our primary fund raisers. So I did a bit of research in old newsletters. We started in 1982 at Bradners, when the store was located in what is now the Wal-Mart Plaza, and were there for three years. The first year we charged \$2 a dozen for the cookies, had 117 dozen to sell, and made \$248.

In 1985, we moved next door to J. C. Penney's and were there for three years. In 1988 we moved to the Olean Center Mall and were there for sixteen years. It was a chore to move our tables, chairs and coolers of cookies in and out of there, and the most we ever made was \$937. In 2004 we moved to Nature's Remedy in Allegany, the old Smith and Schultz store for our out-of-town members, and have done very well there, with our best year making \$1,271. Our local members appreciate being able to shop right in Allegany.

This year we had fewer bakers and fewer cookies than last year but made a profit of \$1,044. Many people who cannot bake any more send in donations which really helps. A big "Thank You" to everyone who bakes, donates and works on this important fund raiser. Thanks also to Linda Kruppner, owner of Nature's Remedy, for allowing us to have our sale in her store. We really appreciate it.

A BUSINESS NOTE FROM 1955

We found the following article in the Allegany Citizen. Did any of our members work at this plant?

New Industry to Occupy Former Instrument Building -

A new industry will be in operation here soon occupying the former plant of the Allegany Instrument Corporation on East Union Street.

A new corporation to be known as the Hol-Chrome Company, is now in process of organization by Wendell D. Holcomb of Portville, who is long experienced in the field of chrome plating. Associated with Mr. Holcomb in the formation of the new company will be Harry M. Krampf and Dr. Joseph Wintermantel, both of this village, who own the building, as well as a number of other area men.

The plant will be engaged in hard chrome processing of certain types of machinery, bearings, cylinders and other parts and it is expected that because of the nature of the business there will be 24 hour shifts of workers.

Equipment for the plant is now being installed in the former instrument company building, and it is expected that the factory will be fully equipped and in actual operation within two months.

THE GOOD OLDE DAYS

Among the many interesting items in our files is the day book for the year 1868 from the Willard and Smith General Store. Many of the names in the book are very familiar to readers today. We hope you enjoy this glimpse of the past.

From John G. Wiedman for 1 coat	\$2.50
From Z. C. Fuller for 40 lbs. nails	\$2.50
for 1 hat	.20
From Andrew Krieger for 50 dz. eggs	\$7.50
From Thomas J. Hall for 6 lbs. sugar	.75
for 39 1/4 sheeting	\$7.37
From Jacob Grader for 1 umbrella	\$2.00
From Kenyon Wilber for 9 3/4 lbs fish	.98
From Stephen Schuster for 1/4 lb. tobacco	.25
From Joseph Barnes for 1 pr. brogans (work shoes)	\$2.25
From Nicholas Felt for 1 dz. buttons	.05
From James Wiltse for 1 pt. turpentine	.16

There are a couple of mysteries in the list - why on earth would anyone want 50 dozen eggs? Did the fish come from the Allegheny River?

Memorials



For: Peg Carver
From: Leo and Patty Nenno
Margaret Parker
Alice Altenburg

For: Bill O'Brien
From: Lynn and Mary Ann Lounsbury

For: Clair Gallets
From: Francis J. Hirt

For Jane and William Morris
From: Francis J. Hirt

For: Ed Dornow
From: Bob and Francie Potter

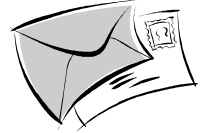
For: Paul Nenno
From: Carolyn Wing
John and Jillian Walsh

For: Pete and Dorothy Fortuna
From: Don and Becky Black

For: Richard Straub
From: Don and Becky Black

For: Judge Paul B. Kelly
From: Bob and Francie Potter
Margaret Green
Kathleen Karl
Alice Altenburg
Loretta Eaton
Wendy Brand
Hardiman Family
Richard and Bonnie Yaw
Bob and Susan Bubbs, Sandy Rehler
Francis J. Hirt
Ray and Joyce Jonak
Carol Livingston and Family
Marcia Karl
Dick and Shirley Russell
Pat and Kathy Premo
Duane and Caroline Clark
Ben and Lena Hwang
John and Jillian Walsh
Michael and Martha Nenno
Rosemary Ryan
Julie Wolf
David and Martha Sabato
Batavia High School Faculty and Staff
Batavia Teachers Association
Carolyn Wing
Cattaraugus County Family Court

WE GET MAIL



Karen Field Streif, Vernon Field's daughter, wrote to say that she enjoyed the story in the November newsletter about Vernon taking "The Long Way Home From School". Apparently she had forgotten that story from Vernon's past.

A note from Judy Booth Wilson says that "the article on Burt Ensworth (in the November newsletter) brought back memories as he was my bus driver when I started school in Sept. of 1943. I lived on the State Road (Rt. 17). On days my mother knew she'd be late getting home from shopping, she would stop at Burt's gas station and ask him to keep me on the bus and drop me off as he returned from the route to Vandalia and the North Nine Mile. He and I would chat after the other kids had been dropped off, and I remember him as a friendly person who took special care of his passengers. I feel fortunate to have known him and Mom was lucky to have a reliable free baby sitter. I always enjoy the newsletter".

We received a nice thank-you note from Linore Lounsbury, the Executive Director of Genesis House, a homeless shelter in Olean, for the money and paper goods we donated after our Community Christmas service. She also added that "perhaps the Historical Association members would like to tour Genesis House. Just give me a call and we'll set it up". So if you are interested, call Linore at Genesis House and she will be happy to set up a time for you.

We received some nice presents from William Wing of DeWitt, Michigan. He sent an Erie-Lackawanna railroad calendar for 2010, and the picture for January shows the rail yard in Salamanca on a -10 degree day and an engine that had to be dug out of heavy snow - sound familiar? He also sent a video tape and a DVD, both of which have lots of footage in and around Western New York relating to railroads, especially in the 1950's. They are very interesting, and I know that we have railroad buffs in our membership, so if you would be interested in borrowing these, please contact me. These items fill in a gap in our collection as we did not have too much relating to the Erie Railroad which was a very important part of our local history. Thanks for thinking of us.

Mary Smith McCole of Olean is joining the association because she was given a couple of newsletters by members Patty and Leo Nenno and "I was hooked!" She belongs to the Smith-Boser-Schultz, etc. clans of Allegany.

Betty Smith of Stuart, Florida is the person who donated the 1886 cookbook mentioned in our last newsletter. She said her mother, Edith White of Olean who was born in 1895, had that cookbook for years. She found out about us from Linda Rado Backhaus, who arranged for us to send her a newsletter, "for which I'm sincerely grateful".

So the moral of the story is to share your newsletters with others from the Allegany area - they are likely to become members!

CAN YOU SOLVE A MYSTERY FOR US?

L'Image Beauty Salon at 9 East Main Street was recently painted, and something showed up. Above each of the three windows on the second floor are the initials M - S - C. I'm sure the initials were there before as they obviously are part of the window casing, but didn't stand out because everything was painted one color. Apparently this building was, at one time, Gagliardi's (sp?) Grocery Store. Can anyone help us as to what the initials mean?

NEXT MEETING

We will meet on **Sunday, March 14** at **2 p.m.** at the **Heritage Center**. Greg Kinal will speak to us about the assassination of President Abraham Lincoln. His talk is entitled "The Background to the Plot to Kill Lincoln, as well as all the Characters who Played a Part in that Terrible Night."

Mr. Kinal, a Social Studies teacher for 40 years at Pembroke Central School in Genesee County, spoke to us last year about immigration and Ellis Island. As those who attended that meeting know, he is a dynamic speaker who really knows history. He makes his topic come alive, so don't miss his return.



See you on Sunday, March 14 at 2 p.m. at the Heritage Center.

www.aaha.bfn.org

**Allegany Area Historical Association
P.O. BOX 162
Allegany, NY 14706**

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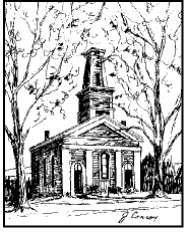
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INSIDE SPECIAL ISSUE:

Presidents Report

Old Chrome Plating Plant

M-S-C Mystery!



Allegany Area Historical Association

April 2010

www.aaha.bfn.org

Issue XXIX Vol. 2

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

In our last newsletter, I told you about the art-history project the fourth grades of Allegany Elementary School were doing. The reception for the students and the silent auction of their drawings was held on February 22nd, with the auction proceeds benefitting AAHA. We received \$1,370.00!!!! The kids had a great time showing off their drawings. James Buttram, the SBU history student involved with the project, showed his Power Point presentation to the parents in attendance, and I got a lot of feedback that they learned things about Allegany that they never knew before. A very worthwhile project for all concerned. Speaking of James Buttram, he will be the speaker at our next meeting, and will show the Power Point presentation for us. See the information about our next meeting.

Our new on-demand hot water tank has been installed. I'm sure that our gas bill will go down now that the old tank which ran all the time is gone. But the toilet in the ladies room sprang a big leak. If it's not one thing, it's another. Joe Catalano came to our rescue, and fixed not only the ladies room toilet but did a preemptive fix on the toilet in the mens room also. We should be good for years to come!

We have two deaths to report. Tom Geary died March 12th. If you were like me, you bought a lot of your appliances from Tom at his Geary Furniture and Appliances Store. He later ran Geary's Early American Store in the former Smith and Schultz building. He loved to talk about Allegany and its past. Genevieve (Jenny) Scarlato died March 2nd. An Allegany native, Jenny worked at the Allegany Post Office from 1933, right out of high school, until she retired in 1971. She was really the "face of the Post Office" for everyone in town, and always had a good comment or two on the events of the day. Judging by some pictures we have at the historical association, she was quite a lady in her day. Both of these Allegany people will be missed.

We received a small 3 ounce glass bottle, with an embossed inscription on it reading "The Allegany Pharmacy C R Cox Prop Allegany, NY." None of us had ever heard of the Allegany Pharmacy, so we did some digging in our files. In a 1918 City Directory we found "Allegany Pharmacy, Clarence W. Cox, M.D., Prop., 65 Main St." Also listed was "Wife, Mary S., lived on Dey [Day] St., N[ea]R school." By the 1920 City Directory all mention of Allegany Pharmacy was gone, so it was a short-lived business.

FRANCIE POTTER, PRESIDENT

We have many treasures in our collection, one of which is a booklet from Carol Ruth, who donated it to us in June of 2002. She belongs to the Bockmier clan, and went through all the issues of the Allegany Citizen and excerpted out every mention of the Bockmier family and relations, starting July 4, 1892. A quick read through is to read the history of Allegany in miniature. We have included some examples of the entries.

March 28, 1896 - The river bridge is received of a new coat of paint. John Bockmier, one of our efficient knights of the brush, is doing the work, at whose hands a good job is assured.

June 5, 1897 - Mr. John Walley, who has been in the employ of James McAuliffe the past five years, has resigned his position & embarked in business for himself at Simpson. Pa. where he will make his future home. George Bockmier now assumes the responsibility as head clerk in McAuliffe's store.

October 28, 1899 - Strawberry blossoms in October are a rare thing, but John. B. Bockmier showed us a bunch yesterday he picked from the side of the Erie tracks.

November 4, 1899 - A nice plump partridge burst through an upstairs window of the residence of Mrs. H. J. Bockmier on First St. last Monday morning, taking with it sash and all, dropped dead on the floor.

May 23, 1903 - Messrs. Dave Forness, Jule Nenno, Leo Nenno, Charles Dietman, Ben Smith and Misses Dora Bockmier, Dolly Kerwin, Kitty

Bockmier, Anna Karl & Mildred Young represented Allegany at a party given in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick O'Meara at Chipmonk Tuesday evening.

February 4, 1911 - Edward Bockmier is erecting a standard fresh air chicken coop. He is placing it crosswise on the lot so John Ryan can't rubberneck into the coop every time he goes by.

November 4, 1911 - The coming marriage of the following young people was announced from the pulpit of St. Bona's Church last Sunday: George A. Bockmier & Hattie Nenno; Edward J. Bockmier & Agnes Gallets. (*Ed. Note - this item bears out my theory that everyone in Allegany is related, one way or another, to everyone else.*)

August 30, 1924 - John B. Bockmier of Olean called on his old-time friends & relatives in town Friday. Mrs. Joseph Bockmier of Union St. entertained Mrs. Ruth and family of Olean Sunday.

This is just a sampling of the very interesting items in this booklet. The Allegany Citizen certainly carried "all the news that was fit to print".

Memorials



For: Ed Dornow

From: Bob and Nickie Bergreen

Charles and Pat Dodd Dominessy

Bill and Louella Keim

For: Tom Geary

From: Bob and Francie Potter

John and Jillian Walsh

For: Martin T. Gleason

From: John and Jillian Walsh

For: Genevieve Scarlato

From: Bob and Francie Potter

Duane and Caroline Clark

Kathleen Karl

Celestine Welsh

For: Paul Nenno

From: Clark and Sandy Tucker

CHEESE FACTORIES

The following was received from Gertrude Schnell.

"I am sending a little article about cheese factories. In the many years we traveled the Birch Run Road to my Grandmother's house my Dad would point out a narrow lane just before Richard Zink's house that he said went down to a cheese factory in earlier days. Just beyond the gravel pit, where the pit filled in a field with sand, he said celery used to be grown there. Has anyone else ever been told about that?"

My Mother's Father, Charlie Mallory, was a cheese maker in the early 1900's, working in several factories - always moving for more money! My Mother and her two sisters were born in different cheese factories. I have some of his records and utensils he used."

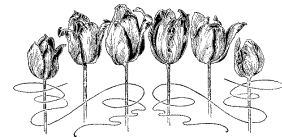
CHEESE FACTORIES

Older maps of this area always show many cheese factories. Some were owned by businessmen with a few privately owned. Factories were about six miles apart. This gave the farmer about three miles to draw his milk to the factory with horse and wagon and then to return home to attend to other chores on the farm. Towns and settlements often started around the factory since after delivering the milk, the farmer many times went into the store to purchase a few items and talk with his neighbors before returning home.

Farmers were paid by the weight of their milk and were allowed to take home an equal amount of whey (a by-product) which was fed to calves and pigs. Then the milk cans had to be washed and ready for the next day. Cheese was usually made from March to October or November. In the winter the cows were dry and milk was not available for the factory. The cheese maker and his family lived upstairs over the factory. Cheese makers found odd jobs to do in the community in the winter and often ran up a bill at the local store until the next spring. Records of my cheese making grandfather, Charlie Mallory, show that pay was \$35 to \$44 a month for those months that cheese was made. These figures are from the early part of the 20th century.

Since there was a need for wooden boxes to contain the cheese, factories for their manufacture often were established nearby. Most of the cheese to be sold was taken to Cuba (N.Y.) which required an overnight trip with the horse and wagon. Some was shipped on the

railroad. Today the cheese factories are no longer standing and the numerous farms that supplied the milk are almost a thing of the past.



**New Bookcases adorn our walls.
Built by Joe Crisafulli.**



Another item in our collection is the diary of Henry C. Altenburg. Here are some entries from 1899.

July 1. The canning factory is running full blast with about 150 girls shelling peas. Russell's well began to pump oil last night and she put a 65 barrel tank full before morning. They have erected a 250 barrel tank today.

July 4. There has been no celebration in this vicinity this year. Last night in a saloon fracas up Chipmunk one of the Ottera boys killed a man with whom he was fighting.

July 6. I went to town quite early this morning. John Bockmier rode up with me and took the trolley to Olean to get his teeth pulled. I gave him \$17.00 which with the \$1.00 I gave him last Sunday makes his months pay of \$18.00.

July 12. It rained quite hard last night with thunder. We cut the weeds around the house and along the road in the forenoon and worked in the garden this afternoon. Tonight a dance is held in Schuman's new barn which is hardly finished yet.

July 14. Mike Rehler came down and got a check for \$25.00 which is part payment for wood furnished to our Cheese Factory. He has a lot of girls picking peas for him.

July 18. I took a pail and went up Mount Mari after raspberries. I found blackberries were getting ripe. I ascended to the very pinnacle of the old mountain where I had an excellent view of the surrounding country. We got in two loads of hay.

July 21. We went over to Hank Grimes after lumber this forenoon. Nobody over on that side of the river has got through haying and of course it is all suffering. We have had a very wet time ever since the 4th of July. We went down to the mill and got all the lumber which we were sure of as being ours and that was 60 battens.

July 27. I finished the checks this afternoon. I then did a little trading in town and paid \$2.00 to square up my account at Jim McAuliffes.

July 28. I got up quite early and milked the cows. Then I went up on Mount Mari and picked six quarts of blackberries, and canned four cans of them. Pawnee Bill's Wild West Show is in Olean. Sid Brooks had a weather flag signal out and it told of rain. Sure enough we have had a short shower tonight.

Aug. 1. Lippert finished reaping my oats and I had them all set up by noon. Jake Karl was made Trustee at the school meeting.

Aug 4. I had help picking beans all day and took them up to the canning factory tonight. We had 248 lbs. at 1 1/2 cents each. The inspectors were here to test the milk.

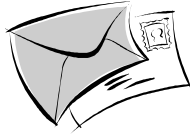
Aug. 10 The weather is very dry. Our fence line caught fire and burned so we had to keep the cows below the road. Night before last we had a light frost.

Aug. 13. No rain yet. I never saw the roads so dry and dusty. Sid Brooks had a weather signal out last night that spoke for rain but there is an old proverb running like this "All signs fail in dry weather." There was an excursion to Portage Bridge.

Aug. 19. Tonight P. J. Nenno was down and bought my steers for \$18 apiece and my two hogs. A very warm dry day. Everything is on fire, it seems, and every morning the fog and smoke is very thick.

I think historians of the future will have a hard time showing life as it used to be, due to the use of e-mail and other communication devices - nobody keeps diaries or writes letters anymore.

WE GET MAIL

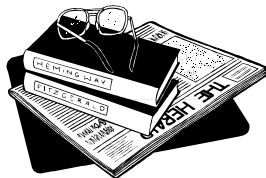


We received a nice note from Celestine Welch, who sent a memorial for Jenny Scarlato saying, "Jenny was a shining light in the Post Office for many years. She brought smiles to so many in the days of World War II, and all her life."

A note came from Charles and Pat Dodd Dominessy who live in Florida. Pat worked for Ed Dornow, and this is what she wrote. "I have just received my March newsletter and while reading Francie's report, I realized that I had a way of honoring one of the nicest bosses I can remember. I began my working career at age 15 working for Karl and Ed Dornow. I worked at Dornow's starting as a soda jerk, which entailed lonely hours in the basement, working on a hot plate, preparing simple syrup, hot fudge, etc. After the soda fountain I think I graduated to Hallmark card inventory and magazines. I loved working for Karl and Ed and learned much from them which eventually guided me to a career in pharmacy. They saw to it that I obtained an apprentice license and I worked beside them counting pills, etc. I worked for Ed on weekends when I came home from college and always had a job when school was out for the summer. Ed was very pleased to hear that I married a pharmacist and the three of us attended meetings in the Olean area and also in Buffalo."

Nickie Bergreen wrote to say that as a teenager, her husband Bob worked in the drugstore for Karl Dornow in the early 1940's. At that time the store was located on the site of the Hickey Tavern. He was known in the jargon of the day as a "soda jerk."

HELP NEEDED



Member Mary McClure of Albuquerque, New Mexico is researching her father's genealogy and needs some help. "I know my facts so far, are true, but I need proof in writing acknowledging father and son - Chester McClure and son, Edwin R. McClure, who moved from Otsego, N.Y. to Cadiz in Franklinville when a small child. I thought Edwin's death certificate would do the trick, but for some strange reason the information given was Chester McClure, father and Betsey, mother. Edwin was the only one of his siblings who remained in the area; the rest of the family moved and settled in Wisconsin and I traced all of them there.

The sticking point is the fact that I have Chester McClure married to Chloe Mehurn in 1812 in Rutland, Vermont - not Betsey. I can even fit him in on the census records of 1820 and 1830 where only appx. ages of children are listed, but I need something definitive to clear this up."

I know we have members in the Franklinville area - perhaps one of them might be able to furnish some information for Ms. McClure. If you can, contact Francie Potter at POB 162, Allegany, NY 14706, and I will forward the information.



NEXT MEETING



We will meet on Sunday, May 2 at 2 p.m. at the Heritage Center, 25 North Second Street, Allegany. Our speaker will be James Buttram, a history major at St. Bonaventure University. He will show his presentation about the buildings of Allegany that was shown at the Quick Arts Center. It was part of an internship James conducted between the Quick Arts Center and the Allegany 4th grade classes. He gave the students the history of 20 Allegany buildings which then became the subject of an art project. The students artwork was auctioned off with all proceeds benefiting AAHA.

James was born and raised in Sewell, N.J. and homeschooled with his seven siblings by his mother. He attended Gloucester County College for two years, took a year off, and transferred to SBU in 2008, and he will graduate this May. He loves to travel and studied abroad in Spain last year. After graduation he hopes to return to Spain for a teaching assistantship or volunteer abroad. But this summer he is working in a summer institute at SBU, with twenty Latin American students coming to learn about United States culture and history. Their trip climaxes in August with a road trip to Boston, New York City and Washington, D.C.

James is a very interesting young man and worked very hard on his project for the 4th graders. They learned a lot about Allegany, as did their parents. I am sure you will too.

Be sure to join us on Sunday, May 2 at 2 p.m. at the Heritage Center.

www.aaha.bfn.org

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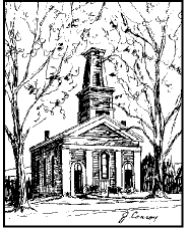
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INSIDE SPECIAL ISSUE:

Presidents Report

Say C H E E S E!

Drug Store Tales



Allegany Area Historical Association

November 2010

www.aaha.bfn.org

Issue XXIX Vol. 4

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

We held our brief annual meeting at our October meeting. The following officers were elected for a two year term: President- Francie Potter; Vice-President - Marge Geise; Secretary - Shirley Russell; Corresponding Secretary - Marion Elling; Treasurer - Alice Altenburg. Two Trustees were elected to three year terms - Marilyn Frisina and Margaret Parker. Thanks to all for serving and helping to make our historical association so successful.

We mentioned in the last newsletter that we had copies made of several of our pictures for the Absolut Nursing Home to use as hall decorations. They had asked for more so we combed our files and came up with seventeen more. We received a very nice thank-you note from them. I know from visits there that these pictures awaken many memories for the residents, several of whom are from Allegany.

We lost another long time member recently, Francis Hirt. As long as he was able, Francis always attended our talks. The Hirt family is one of long standing in the Allegany area, and intermarried with Carls, Gerringers and Bockmiers, among others. A typical Allegany family - related to half of the township.

Did you remember to pay your dues? Of course, **YOU** did - I'm asking those others who forgot to do so. A single membership is \$10, family is \$15 and a patron membership is \$20 or more. Make your check to AAHA and mail it to PO Box 162, Allegany, New York 14706. You still have time to renew before we remove you from our mailing list.

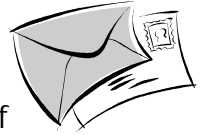
There was a very interesting article in the Wall Street Journal on September 7th entitled "Whatever Happened to Walking to School?" It mentioned that nowadays, not only do parents drive their children to school, they also drive their children from the garage to the sidewalk to catch the bus! My favorite quote is, "Those of us who remember using our own legs for transit now run the risk of sounding Abe Lincolnesque". "How did we get to this point? How did we forget that it's just a walk to school? Simple. We bought the line that good parenting is the same as over-parenting. That the more we could do for our children, the better. We forgot the joy of scuffing down the street when we were young, crunching leaves, picking up seeds, and decided we'd do it all for our kids, independence be damned!". The article goes on to note that educators can see the difference in kids who walk or bike to school - they're bright, chatty and ready to go. I lived one block from my school in Ann Arbor, and walked, of course, to school and also went home for lunch every day. If I timed it just right, I arrived at school seconds before the bell rang for the first class. I think that's how I developed a life-long habit of sleeping in in the morning.

After a brief hiatus, Santa Claus is returning to Allegany. A committee, spearheaded by the Village officials, has solicited donations for a Santa Claus House to be placed by the Village Hall at the back of St. Bonaventure's parking lot. Home Depot is donating the wood, and a faux fireplace, Duggan & Duggan will do the building, Giardini Brothers the gravel, Kinley Corporation the concrete, Greg Stayer will do the electric work, BOCES students will make ornaments and Potter Lumber Company will donate the wood for the ornaments - a real community effort. The committee is also asking for donations for light post decorations. You can have a Zig Zag Tree or a Candy Cane for \$220 or a Candle for \$205. You can also make smaller donations of \$50, \$100 or \$150 or whatever by sending a check made out to Cattaraugus Region Community Foundation, with a notation of "Allegany Community Beautification Fund" on the check, and sending it to 120 N. Union St., Olean, NY 14760. Donors will be publicly thanked for their generosity. It's always nice to see what happens in a small town when everyone works together. For local residents, you can pick up an information sheet at the Village Hall. I can hardly wait to see the results come the holiday season.

Lois and Dick Siggelkow spoke at our last meeting about the 40 year effort to restore an abandoned cemetery they found on some vacation property they purchased on Bryant Hill in Ellicottville. What a story!! Lois had pictures showing the results, including a re-dedication of the cemetery where they had over 250 descendents of the people buried there. The cemetery is now listed on the National Register of Historic Sites. Most of the work was done by volunteers from the Ellicottville area. Again, it shows what can be done with people get together for the same cause.

FRANCIE POTTER, PRESIDENT

WE GET MAIL



We received a nice note from Joe Stayer, renewing his membership and also that of his daughter, as he wants her to know something of the history of Allegany. What a great idea - it's an easy way for family members to learn of Allegany's past. A membership would make a good birthday present for some of your children or siblings. Joe said he met his wife on a blind date and has been happily married ever since. Does anyone go on blind dates any more?

In the last newsletter I mentioned hearing from Eileen Shannon about the girl's Drum and Bugle Corps of 1936-38. Afterwards I happened to remember that we had stories and pictures of the group in an old newsletter, so I dug the information out and sent it to her. Here's her reply. "What a kick I got from the report you sent about the Girl's Drum Corps from the March 2004 newsletter! Of all the musical groups I was in, Glee Club, Choir, High School Orchestra, etc., that was the most fun. A marching band still sets my feet marching and brings back great memories. I was away for the month of September visiting 3 of my daughters up north. Have you ever stopped your mail for a month, then on your return faced a mountain of bills, mail and junk to sort through? I'm still sorting but found the large envelope of newsletters you

sent. I'm saving it for "dessert" - forcing myself to take care of bills, etc. first. The newsletter of Oct. 2010 was—fun. I told my family, "I'm published! I'm published!". I enjoyed the story about the Allegany Nennos. One of my best friends in high school, and also in the marching band, was Genevieve Nenno who married Jake Farrell".

A note from Christine Bailey says she especially enjoys the pictures of Main Street and the old buildings in the late 1800's, and the history behind them.

Mary Nicklas Petro wrote to say she "looks forward to each issue with eager anticipation. In some way I'm related to many in the area - something I never knew (realized) until way into adulthood and looking into my genealogy! My people were Bockmiers and Wartens families".

Shirley Toohey from California says, "Hi! Really enjoyed the October issue which arrived today. Early Attic and More by William Bonhoff really hit home as I moved about a year ago after 48 years in one home. We were collectors as we might need "it" some day, and many times we did. Also my Geise great-grandmother was related to the Nennos and Gallats".

Memorials



*For: Genevieve (Gene) Geise
From: John and Jillian Walsh*

*For: Jean Trowbridge
From: Margaret Mazon
David and Beth Deitz
Rosemary Ryan*

*For: Marion Haggerty
From: Bob and Francie Potter
Catherine Geise*

*For: Francis Hirt
From: Bob and Francie Potter
Carol and Betsy Livingston
Marcia Karl
Alice Altenburg
Dick and Mary Anne Murphy
Rosemary Ryan
Harold and Marge Geise*

Margaret Parker found the following article in the January 4, 1950 issue of the Allegany Citizen. It makes for very interesting reading. Do any of our older members remember this phone system?

Many Allegany friends will be saddened to learn of the passing of another native of this village, Victor B. Malby, aged 71 years, who succumbed at St. Francis Hospital last Friday of injuries received when he was struck by a truck on Friday, November 18.

Vic, as we knew him, was the founder of an unique home telephone system in Allegany which boasted subscribers in most of the village and a large part of the township. We can still see him coming over the hill on his bicycle to repair broken wires on the farm or to replace the dry cells in the phone box.

After operating the system for about 30 years, the village line was sold to the New York Telephone Company on February 26, 1924, Mr. Malby retaining the rural lines although the phone company central served the Malby line through the local office.

Mr. Malby's line did not have the conventional light system now used by the central office. Instead he invented a series of bells, all with a different tone, so that he could answer any line simply by the tone of the bell. In order to have so many different sounds, he employed cow bells, sleigh bells, bottles partly filled with water, and every other conceivable contrivance to set up an exchange without a parallel.

After disposing of the village line, he continued the operation of the rural system until he sold out to Daniel F. Reedy of North Fifth Street in 1939. The Reedys operated the system until January of this year [1950] when they sold to Robert C. Mills of West Main Street who has continued the company.

Mr. Malby was born in Allegany, February 16, 1878 and has always resided here until about eight years ago when he rented the homestead at 41 North Second Street and left to spend the winter in Florida. Following another trip to Mexico and California, he took his residence in Farmers Valley [Pa.] about seven years ago.

Pallbearers, all members of Allegany Lodge No. 794, IOOF, were Archie Phillips, Robert Chapin, Carl Stady, William Putt, Fred Lemon, Warren Hitchcock and John Bingerman.

There was a list of his survivors, and details about the funeral service. He was buried in Allegany Cemetery.

ALLEGANY TEACHERS VENTURE WEST! by Gertrude H. Schnell

After school was out in 1939, four Allegany Central School teachers set out by car to see the U.S.A. and the Pacific Ocean. Geraldine McLaughlin, Lucille Pollina, Josephine Castilone and Irene Schnell set upon this adventure on July 19, 1939.

They traveled with only service station maps, no air conditioning or many of the other conveniences we use in cars today. The four took turns driving and their ultimate destination was the Golden Gate Exposition and visiting friends in Los Angeles. The miles they traveled each day varied between 525 and 585, but some days they only made 300 miles. There was very little traffic except around Cleveland and other major cities.

Letters home from Irene Schnell tell of the many places they visited or observed along the way. They marveled at the harvesting of oats, wheat and corn in fields larger than the eye could see, soy beans, orchards of walnut and filbert trees, and cactus. Yellowstone National Park; Cheyenne, Wyoming; Salt Lake City; Seattle; Lincoln, Nebraska; Estes Park; Rocky Mountain National Park and many other scenic places were observed on the trip.

Delia Schnell received letters almost every day, and some included several adventures. Irene, while riding in the front seat on a very hot day, took off her shoes and put her feet out the window. A car passed them and the occupants enjoyed the "unusual spectacle." Later that day the teachers met the same car of people at a restaurant! [Ed. note - Anyone who had Irene Schnell as a teacher would have been astounded to know their teacher had done something like this!]

On the second day of travel they visited the home of an Army Captain at the Army Post in Des Moines. He was Chief Surgeon in the Army Hospital there and a brother of one of the teachers. After going out to dinner and to a band concert, they stayed in his home with real Chinese rugs on the floor. In the morning they were served breakfast by the Leone's before leaving.

continued on page 4

continued from page 3

Upon arriving in Salt Lake City, they were anxious to get to the Great Salt Lake to get into the water to float. They found a tourist home for less than \$1 each, which was the usual price. They got unpacked, donned bathing suits and drove out to the lake, a distance of 25 miles, but forgot to note the address of the house. After floating and showering, Irene took off her suit and put on just her green striped skirt and jacket. Upon returning to town they couldn't find the tourist home and drove around the entire city in their light apparel until about 10 p.m., when someone directed them to the right place. It took so long and everyone was so tired they went right to bed instead of going out to eat.

Later they did get to see the Pacific Ocean and drove along it for 100 miles. Letters home indicate they had driven over 4,000 miles at this time, but do not tell when they saw the Golden Gate Exposition, or when they arrived in Los Angeles, or about the trip home. It would seem the trip lasted three or four weeks.

SENIOR BIKING by William Bonhoff

"There's a disturbance in aisle six in sporting goods. Would a member of management please respond". So went the announcement over the PA system at K-Mart. I think it was my wife (now almost 78) test driving a two wheel bicycle up and down the aisles. Just then the manager came. *"You can't ride a bike in the aisles here. You might hurt someone". But I was only testing it to see if everything was OK". "I'm sorry but you still can't ride the bike in the aisles. Besides, you are making skid marks on the floor". "But I was testing the brakes".* I didn't want to get involved, so I stayed away. Well, she decided to get the bike after a "backroom" employee spent 15 minutes trying to lower the seat. I kept telling him to go and get a screw driver. He thought he could force the part off faster than taking the time to look for a screw driver. Well, he finally did go to get one.

We went to the checkout counter, but we found that the handle bars were too wide to fit through the narrow aisle. We went to the 'Service Counter'. Of course, we couldn't get the bike up on the counter for the clerk to scan the zip code.....I mean the bar code. She wasn't quite sure how to handle the problem so she laid flat across the counter, feet dangling high up in the air, and reached over as far as she could to scan. Another Kodak moment! On the way to the parking lot I told my wife that if it didn't fit in the trunk, she would have to ride it home, a distance of about four miles. Well, guess what! It didn't fit. She left the parking lot and I followed in the car. Did you ever try to cross six lanes of traffic on foot at a very busy intersection with cars speeding all around you? Don't ever try it! Well, she made it and proceeded down the sidewalk toward the safety of the mobile home park four miles away.

Pretty soon a police car pulled up beside her with the red and white lights flashing. I pulled up close and waited. I didn't want to get involved. *"Hey, Mam! You can't ride your bike on the sidewalk. It's against the law". "Well, you don't expect me to ride it on the road, do you?" "Sorry, you'll just have to walk then".* The cop left and so she got back on the bike again. About a mile down the road the flashing lights pulled up again. It was the same cop. *"Mam, where do you live?" "About two miles down the road". "Let me see if it will fit into the trunk and I'll run you home". "Can I sit up front and blow the siren?" "No, that's only for emergencies. You'll have to sit in the back where the prisoners ride". "But I do have a kind of an emergency".* Guess what - it didn't fit. *"I'll tell you what I can do for you. I'll ride your bike home for you and you drive my squad car".*

Apparently that met with my wife's approval, as she jumped into the cop car and took off down the road...the cop, at first, stunned, following quite far behind. Suddenly I could hear the siren blaring and saw that the lights were still flashing. I think she was having the time of her life flying through Weaver's Corners. Soon, two other police cars joined in.....seeing a civilian driving a police car with lights flashing, they entered into the pursuit. In the meantime, the patrolman on the bike was pedaling as fast as he could to catch up.

Several minutes later my wife swung the police car through the entrance of the mobile park...fifteen mile speed limit. *"No sense in causing any alarm, even though the red and white lights were still flashing",* as I read her mind. She pulled up in front of our house, parked the cop car, with lights still flashing, and ran into the house to take care of that emergency I guess she had...closely followed by the two other cop cars and the out of breath cop on the bike in hot pursuit. I wasn't too far behind. I worked my way past the police cars and drove to the end of the road. I didn't want to get involved.

In tonight's newspaper K-Mart was having a 25% off sale on bikes this weekend. Tomorrow, she's taking the bike back, and buying it all over again.

I refused to get involved!

**TREASURER'S REPORT
OCTOBER 1, 2009 - OCTOBER 1, 2010**

This report is presented to give you an understanding of our sources of income and our expenses.

AAHA RECEIVES NO PUBLIC ASSISTANCE FROM VILLAGE, TOWN OR STATE.

INCOME

Membership dues	\$2,535.00
Memorials	3,155.00
Donations	1,053.00
Silent Auction	1,370.00
Christmas Cookie Sale	1,024.00
Heritage Days Profit	1,164.00
Copier Usage	14.00
Sales -	
Allegany Books	210.00
Misc. Sales	166.00
TOTAL	\$10,691.00

Water Heater Donations \$2,400.00

EXPENSES

NYSEG	\$2,146.00
National Grid	900.00
Insurance	1,003.00
Bulk Mailing Permit	185.00
Post Office Box Rental	60.00
Newsletters - Printing	358.00
Newsletters - Mailing	203.00
Programs	220.00
Service Contract	199.00
Annual Dues	100.00
Donations	25.00
Maintenance	954.00
Collections	107.00
Supplies	175.00
Street Sheet Expense	588.00
TOTAL	\$7,223.00

Water Heater Purchase \$2,148.00

**Allegany Area Historical Association
P.O. BOX 162
Allegany, NY 14706**

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INSIDE SPECIAL ISSUE:

Presidents Report

Teachers Venture West

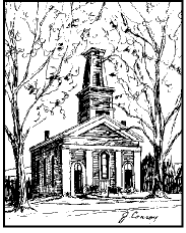
Unique Home Telephone System

NEXT MEETING - SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 7 - 2 P.M. - HERITAGE CENTER

Hugh Dunne, former Director of Allegany State Park, will talk to us about the history of the park. Allegany State Park is the largest in the New York State Parks System, comprising 65,000 acres. It was formally dedicated on July 30, 1921.

Mr. Dunne grew up in Salamanca, and attended the NYS Ranger School in the Adirondacks, which is part of Syracuse University. He was first employed by the NYS Dept. of Conservation, and then by Allegany State Park as a forester. He later became an engineer for the park, and currently holds the title of Regional Parks Director. As a condition of his employment as park director, he was required to live in the park for about 25 years. He serves as a Commissioner on the NYS Parks, Recreation & Historic Preservation Commission.

I know most of us have visited the park at one time or another, and may have wondered how it came to be, the history of the lovely park building at Red House Lake, (which my children always called "Stately Wayne Manor" from the Batman series), and how the Ranger Tower figured into the park. Now is the chance to get all your questions answered. Come join us on **Sunday, November 7 at 2 p.m. to hear Hugh Dunne tell us the History of Allegany State Park.**



Allegany Area Historical Association

October 2010

www.aaha.bfn.org

Issue XXIX Vol. 3

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

What a day we had for Heritage Days! After a summer of hot, humid weather, Heritage Days dawned with moderate temperatures, and low humidity - perfect for getting together and meeting and greeting old friends. For whatever reason, we had fewer in attendance than in past years but those who came certainly enjoyed themselves. When we first started 28 years ago, there were not a lot of summer festivals, but now there are at least two or three every weekend. But we will continue with Heritage Days as it is a great way to celebrate life in Allegany. Our big display this year was about "Allegany Businesses Past & Present", and focused on three Allegany businesses celebrating major milestones. Duggan & Duggan Construction is 25 years old this year, Tasty Twirl is 50 and Potter Lumber Company is 100 years old, with all of these under the original ownership. A big "thank you" to Charlene Sendlakowski for putting the exhibits together - she did a fantastic job. I hope you are able to stop by and see it. Thanks to Marge Geise, our chairperson, and also to all the other hard workers who make Heritage Days a successful fund raiser for us. We showed a net profit of \$1,164.13, which will go farther than it used to, thanks to our new energy efficient furnace and on-demand water heater.

For Heritage Days we publish a 10-page flyer to advertise our events, which also contains items of interest from the Allegany Citizen of 1960 as well as the the 1960 high school class picture. If any of our out-of-town members would like a copy, please let us know but be sure to give us your "winter address" if you are in the process of going South for the winter.

We didn't have as many people stopping by this summer to see our building and collections, and to trace their ancestors. Perhaps the economy had something to do with it as there didn't seem to be as much leisure travel happening. We are open in the summer, from May through September, from 1 to 4 p.m. on Wednesdays, and have volunteers on hand to help with any questions that people may have. Of course, if you happen to be in town in our "off season", you can always get hold of one of us and we will be glad to help you in any way possible. It's a real pleasure for us to be able to answer your queries, and we always learn something about Allegany that we didn't know.

A few years back, the Absolut Nursing Home in Allegany asked for pictures of Allegany to use as hall decorations, since many of their residents are from the Allegany area. We found several for their use, and are now in the process of getting some more for them. We have been told that these pictures are a pleasure for the residents to see, and it jogs the memory of a lot of them. So if you have pictures of Allegany and don't know what to do with them, or would allow us to make copies of them, we would appreciate it as they will be put to very good use.

FRANCIE POTTER, PRESIDENT

RAFFLE

Since we are always looking for ways to make money for our group, Anne Conroy-Baiter volunteered to do a watercolor painting for us to raffle off. She did a beautiful watercolor of our Heritage building. We were delighted since her mother, Joanne Martiny Conroy, had done a drawing of the Heritage Center which is on all our stationery. So now we have two versions of our building. We raised \$354.63 when the painting was raffled off during Heritage Days, and it was won by Beth Deitz of Allegany. Thanks to Anne for her generosity in donating the painting to us - we deeply appreciate it.

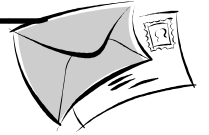


Joanne Martiny Conroy



Anne Conroy-Baiter

WE GET MAIL



Member Eileen Rehler Shannon, who lives in Fullerton, California, sent a nice note requesting more copies of the articles we ran about Uncle Al Rehler. She also sent memories of marching in the girls' Drum and Bugle Corps circa 1936-1938. She says they marched to the cemetery on Memorial Day, and also in the Firemen's Parade in the summer. The majorette was Ruth Eaton. She wonders if anyone remembers marching in the Corps and if anyone has a picture of the girls in their snappy uniforms. They wore white satin blouses with long puffy sleeves and royal blue skirts that were calf length above saddle shoes and bobby socks. She'd like to hear from anyone in her graduating class of 1938 from St. Elizabeth's Academy. They were a class of 10, five of whom were "day hops" from Allegany and Olean, not residents of St. Elizabeth's. Her address is 1412 Kensington Dr., Fullerton, CA 92831.

DUES—DUES—DUES

October is the month to pay your dues! A single membership is \$10, family is \$15 and a patron membership is \$20 or more. Make your check to AAHA and mail it to PO Box 162, Allegany New York 14706. **Don't forget - do it today!** We do not send out reminders to members since each member gets the newsletter - we take this method of telling you to renew your membership, and it saves us postage. If you paid your dues at Heritage Days, you are paid for the year. If you don't renew your membership, we will take you off the mailing list and I know you don't want to miss our always interesting articles, and updates on what is happening in your old home town. **RENEW TODAY!!**

The following article is from Cattaraugus County Judge Michael Nenno. He is already hard at work on a sequel.

The Allegany Nennos

For several years I have enjoyed the newsletter put out by the Allegany Area Historical Association. After complimenting Madame President Francie Potter on the quality of her work, and telling her some of my family stories, she suggested that I write down some of the family history. The family history has a great amount of research that was done by Betty Nenno Wilson and Orma (Mrs. James) Carls. Both can be credited with a tremendous amount of effort to go back to our roots in Alsace-Lorraine, provinces of France, Germany or Prussia, depending on what date you looked at the map. There are several of the settling families of Allegany that came from that area. I had often wondered why they would come here, and when I traveled to that area of the world several years ago, I developed a theory that whoever got here first contacted those that followed and told them, it was just like home in Alsace-Lorraine with rolling hills and big, wide valleys.

In any event, my great-great-grandfather, Michael Nenno and his bride Catherine Berwanger Nenno arrived in New York City from Alsace-Lorraine, then took the Erie Canal to Buffalo. They settled in South Buffalo and eventually purchased land in Cheektowaga in 1847. Their oldest child, Nickolas, was born in Buffalo in 1837. They left Buffalo and arrived in Allegany in the 1850's, where their youngest child, Barbara, was born in 1856. Michael and his wife are both buried in the first row of graves behind the old St. Elizabeth's Motherhouse.

One of Michael and Catherine's sons was Louis, my great-grandfather and father to Frederick Nenno, my grandfather. When Michael and Catherine Nenno arrived in Allegany with their seven, soon to be eight, children, like all good Catholics of the time, the family went forth and multiplied, often with other good Catholic families, many of which resided south of the Allegheny River. Louis's first wife and mother to his first eight children was Frances Riehler. Louis and Frances's son Fred married Lena Gallets, daughter of Joseph Gallets, builder of the "Gallets House" on the Four Mile Road.

The early Nennos were often farmers, and like most farmers became familiar with many other trades as they had to be self-sufficient. My grandparents had a small farm on the Four Mile on which they raised a few farm animals, cows, horses, pigs, etc., and a sizable chicken/egg operation. My grandfather was also an oil drilling contractor with his partners Albert Gallets, my grandmother's first cousin, and George Carls, whose brother married my grandmother's sister Barbara Gallets. It is hard to swing a dead cat in Allegany without hitting one of my relatives. In addition, my father's two sisters, Kathleen and Rita Nenno, married two brothers, Clayton and Alfred Eaton. It gets worse, or not, as my mother's two brothers, Frank and Clair Simms, married two of the Carls girls, Teresa and Ruth, who are sisters to George Carls. By the way, Aunt Teresa just turned 96 in March and Aunt Ruth turned 91 last December and both are doing quite well. It is a bit complicated - if necessary I can provide a diagram.

My grandfather had his own oil well operation with 14 wells on his property on the Four Mile road. At times he owned other properties with oil production, but during my lifetime I only knew about those wells on the Four Mile farm. My grandfather died in 1956 when I was 10. He had been ill for several years and my father, Louis, had pumped the wells for my grandparents as long as I can remember and until his death in 1965, Ernie Carls, my grandparents' next door neighbor, pulled the wells when necessary with his team of Belgians. Both my brother and I helped my father in the pumping operation. As a driller, my grandfather had access to dynamite and other tools of the trade. My theory is that before television, you had to make your own entertainment. Practical jokes were a favorite of my grandfather. Such jokes often

involved considerable effort on the part of the jokesters. I will relate two such stories with which I am familiar.

One time the partners had a drilling rig in the Rock City area adjacent to Route 16. The rig sat a distance from the road, but the drillers could see on-coming traffic. They constructed an out-house near the highway and strung a cable back to the rig. When the drillers spotted a vehicle approaching, they would pull on the cable which would in turn lift the arm of the dummy that was sitting on the throne facing traffic. In the dummy's hand was a roll of partially unrolled toilet paper. Some of the on-coming drivers might have run off the road startled by the sight, but I would guess that most were greatly entertained. I have included a picture that we found in my grandmother's collection.



My Dad, Fred Nenno & iFriendi



George Carls & iFriendi
Father of Jim & Hank Carls

Another time the pranksters decided to have what they thought would be a little fun at the expense of a neighbor on the West Branch. The story goes that said neighbor was not very popular in the area, but I will not include his name to protect the innocent. Granddad and partner George hauled a couple of bales of straw and a stick of dynamite up to the West Branch property. They put the straw and dynamite behind the victim's stack of firewood. They lit the straw and headed for home. The fire was spectacular and the dynamite was an even more spectacular finish. The two pranksters, fearing that they had overdone it, hurried back to Granddad's home on the Four Mile. My grandmother told of the two pranksters trying to wipe out the tire tracks in the driveway with brooms so that nobody would know they had been out that evening. It seems that the Ku Klux Klan was active at the time of the joke. In this neck of the woods the

Klan was not only anti-Black, but also anti-Catholic and anti-Jew. The victim, a Catholic, fearing that the conflagration was the action of the Klan, attempted to call the State Police. Small towns are wonderful, where everyone knows the other's business. The telephone operator, known as "Hello Central", had knowledge of what was happening and continued to tell the victim that the line was busy. Eventually he did get through to the State Police, but by then the pranksters were safe at home shaking in their boots.

There are many more stories that I could tell, maybe in a future edition. In the case of the above story, no one was injured nor was there much property damage as the wood pile survived. These people were hard workers and hard players. Think of the effort that it took to put a wagon on top of a barn, a popular Halloween prank, of even tipping over an out-house.

Had I been older I think that some of my relatives could have supported my law practice keeping them out of jail. What would today be considered felonies were viewed as good fun, for the most part. As it was my Allegany relatives did a nice job supporting my law practice with pleasant matters such as real estate transactions.

Joe Catalano found a broken plaque in his building, which was the old fire house, and gave it to Charlie Fortuna, who gave it to AAHA. It apparently lists fire department members who served in WW II and later conflicts. It reads like a who's who of Allegany.

PROUDLY WE PAY TRIBUTE TO THE MEMBERS OF ALLEGANY VOLUNTEER FIRE DEPARTMENT WHO ANSWERED THE CALL.

Fred Atchison	Wilbur Bingerman	William S. Anger
Donald Boone	Martin McRae	David Higby
James Spindler	Joseph Grandusky	George Peterson
Gerald Williams	John Bovaird	Harold Dunham
Frank Fortuna	Howard Grandusky	Francis Cleaver
Albert Fanelli	Earl Dentler	Peter Fortuna
Leslie Cross	Richard Finch	John Giardini
Karl Hiller	Larry Brandel	Richard Brown, Jr.
John Crisafulli	Joseph Crisafulli	Lawrence Crisafulli
Harold Dentler	Theodore Van Dixon	Eugene Foster, Jr.
Charles Fortuna	Paul Gaylor	David Higby
Eugene Norton	James Bergman	Wayne Hughes
Lawrence Johnson	Thomas Monroe	Emerson Needham
John Stedman	Fran Phielshiefter	Arthur Yehl, Jr.
Lawrence Hughes	Carl Jones	Howard Klice
Clarence Keim	Glen Kane	Lawrence Kane
Albert Libby	John Moshier	Robert McCaffrey
Donald Nudd	Francis Norton	William Nenno
Don Nohlberg	Merle Ostergard	Thomas O'Toole
Melvin Peterson	Louis Rado	John Rado
Dominic Rado	Andrew Rehler	Charles Smith
Duane Stahley	Robert Wenzel	Arthur Wenzel

Memorials



*For: Paul Kelly
From: Marion McCabe*

*For: Ed Dornow
From: Marion McCabe*

*For: Richard Elling
From: Marion Elling*

*For: Robert Wolf
From: Duane and Caroline Clark*

*For: Daniel McCaffrey
From: Joseph and Helen Stayer
John and Jillian Walsh*

*For: Margaret E. Robinson
From: Bill and Kay Palmer*

*For: Jenny Scarlato
From: Margaret Warren*

*For: Jay Bellamy
From: Bill and Kay Palmer*

*For: Mary Gilbert
From: Bob and Francie Potter*

*For: Sally Lippert
From: Ed Wintermantel*

*For: Kathleen Vossler
From: Patrick and Kathy Premo
Michael and Martha Nenno
Loretta Eaton
Ed Wintermantel*

*For: Anne McLaughlin Kane
From: John and Jillian Walsh*

*For: Raymond Karl
From: Kathleen Karl*

*For: Marjorie Wintermantel
From: Carol Livingston
Don and Peg Bergreen
Michael and Martha Nenno*

*For: Jean Stevenson Trowbridge
From: Charles and Bernadette Ried
Bob and Francie Potter
Margaret Green
Alice Altenburg
James and Marcia McAndrew
Orin and Margaret Parker*

*For: Jeffrey Keim
From: William and Louella Keim
Helen McCully*

EARLY ATTIC AND MORE by William Bonhoff

For the past fifteen years or more I've been telling my wife that we should clean out 55 years of early attic so we can move to Florida. She agrees but we never, and I mean never, get to it. The attic is too hot in summer and the winters are too cold to work there. There would be a break for a week or two in April and maybe a few weeks in the fall after it cools off. Of course April is bad because there is a lot of yard work to do and planting new flowers. By then we are too tired. Sometimes, and more so lately, we have hired some neighborhood kids to come for some of the yard work, but then we have to be out there to supervise them.

If I could just get my wife motivated to throw out her stuff then it would make room for my "good stuff". The upstairs closet has clothes in it that she hasn't seen in years and are three sizes too small. There is always the chance that she will grow back into them again, but then, they're out of style. Now you talk about cook books, knitting books, pattern books - if you need any please call soon. There may be some first editions there! During the many years of quilting, you can't imagine the number of boxes of fabric you can accumulate in fifty-five years. She's buying more tomorrow.

Now, as far as my stuff is concerned, it is all good and valuable. After all, I still have my electric train from when I was six years old. It's antique and I can't throw that out. And then there are my painting books (I may take up painting again), photography book (which I don't read...I was a professional photographer), and ten years worth of National Geographic magazines. Nobody can throw those away. Also, there are first editions of "The Bobbsey Twins" and the "Titanic"...and don't forget "The Hardy Boys" series. She just doesn't understand why my stuff is more important than hers. And then there is my old Army uniform with all the stripes and ribbons and my old Army combat boots hanging on the wall. You just never know when I might need them again. Oh, I almost forget, we have thousands of slides and photographs from our past life. What can we ever do with those? We used to show slide programs of our wonderful trips to our friends, but now, even they don't come around anymore. I guess they are just jealous.

Our kids say that when we are gone they'll back up a truck to the attic window and get rid of everything. I can't wait to see that truck coming up the driveway for my wife's stuff. Maybe we should take more pictures before they take it away. You know, as the kids get older I hear them say, "Don't throw anything away, it might be worth something". I think they are referring to my stuff. I don't know whether they are thinking 'antiques' or 'garage sale' junk. If it's a garage sale, my wife has the corner on that market. When we have a sale we're lucky to only lose a buck or two after we pay for the newspaper advertising. If it's not sold it goes back into the cellar for next year. I should tell these buyers that if they don't buy it now the opportunity will be gone forever—until next year. Maybe that's not a good idea, they may not be back next year. One year we put up a sign that said, "If you don't find what you want, ask, we probably have one in the attic". That didn't seem to help any. Not only that, they never asked for anything! Don't you hate it when you are selling something for a dime and all they want to pay you is a nickel. One year my wife put two brand new wire baskets in the garage sale. I'd had them for years and I was going to use them when I picked apples from our trees. They sold to the very first early bird that came in and I never got a chance to bid on them myself. For fifteen years I've threatened to go buy two new ones at twenty dollars each. But now the apple trees are gone so we don't have that problem anymore. I did plant two new trees that I probably won't take care of either so maybe I don't need the baskets after all.

I am seriously thinking of buying a large trailer to store all our valuable stuff (mostly mine). This way we can take it with us. Not only that, it will save a lot of decisions, and may even save our marriage. We'll write you from Paducah, the site of the world's largest quilt museum, and maybe next year I'll ask her again when the truck is coming for her stuff.

NEXT MEETING - SUNDAY, OCTOBER 10 - 2 P.M. - HERITAGE CENTER

Did you ever wonder what you would do if you bought some land and found a forgotten cemetery on it? That's what happened to Lois and Dick Siggelkow when they purchased land for a summer home on Bryant Hill Road in Ellicottville in the 1960's. They will speak to us about their efforts to preserve and restore this forgotten cemetery. After years of research they discovered some important history on the residents who once lived on Bryant Hill.

Lois, born in South Dakota, received degrees from the University of Wisconsin and taught Home Economics at various grade levels for many years in Madison, Wisconsin and Buffalo. She was the Ellicottville Town Historian for 18 years. Dick was born in Madison, Wisconsin, received a PhD from the University of Wisconsin and served as Vice-President for Student Affairs at SUNY Buffalo. He was a Professor in the Dept. of Counseling at UB. A veteran of WW II, he retired from the U.S. Army Reserve as a Colonel. He is the author of two books.

It's hard enough to track down your own ancestors - imagine trying to do that about people you never knew! Come join us for their interesting talk on **Sunday, October 10** at **2 p.m.** at the **Heritage Center**, 25 North Second Street, Allegany.

www.aaha.bfn.org

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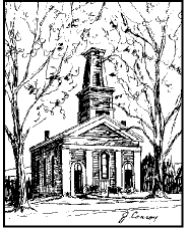
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INSIDE SPECIAL ISSUE:

Presidents Report

A Couple of Pranksters

Valuable Stuff



Allegany Area Historical Association

March 2011

www.aaha.bfn.org

Issue XXX Vol. 1

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Well, we had our annual Christmas Cookie Sale on December 4 at Nature's Remedy in Allegany. For our out-of-town members, that is the old Smith and Schultz store. Our sale hours were 9:30 to 2, but we closed down at 1 because we ran out of cookies! We made a profit of \$1,167.50. Our sincere thanks to Linda Kruppner for giving us the space for our sale. The next day, Sunday, December 5 we held our 28th annual Community Christmas Service; Pastor John Woodring and Church Organist Mrs. Beth Deitz of The First Presbyterian church of Allegany did the service for us. We had a good attendance and also collected money and canned goods for Genesis House, a homeless shelter in Olean.

Allegany lost a lifelong resident with the recent death of Robert Conhiser at age 88. Bob's grandfather arrived in Allegany in 1854 and settled in Wing Hollow where the Conhisers still live today. After Bob retired from farming he would drive his truck up the West Five Mile Road each day to visit his long-time friend and fellow farmer, Vern Field, another member of a pioneer family. The Conhisers were one of the early pioneer families of Allegany, and we lose some of our history when one of these family members dies.

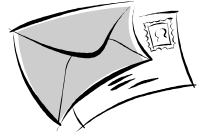
For Heritage Days this year our major display will be "The Oil Industry in Allegany". Oil was one the industries, along with farming and lumbering, that definitely shaped the town and village, with a big influx of people who were working in the industry. We are looking for stories, pictures and artifacts from this period. I know several of our members were or still are oil producers. If you or a family member has a story to tell, or pictures that you will share with us (we will make copies at our expense) or an artifact or two that we can display for the day of our celebration, please contact us as soon as possible. The sooner we can start planning, the better our display will be.

AAHA is a member of the New York State Historical Association in Cooperstown, New York. They run the Fenimore Art Museum and the Farmers' Museum. If you are planning a vacation this summer to the central part of the state, I urge you to try to get to Cooperstown to see their facilities, especially the Farmers' Museum. You could easily spend a whole day there, seeing farm and family life from bygone days. They have hands-on activities at many of the buildings such as the blacksmith shop and the docents welcome questions. It is a great place to visit with children of all ages, and of course, there is also the Baseball Hall of Fame to see there also.

Another good place to visit is the Genesee County Village and Museum in Mumford, New York. Again, this shows living history with many things to participate in, and also at historic buildings just like at the Farmers' Museum. As the Buffalo News says, this is a "one tank trip." Also in Mumford the LeRoy Historical Society has a museum devoted to Jello as Mumford is the birthplace of this popular treat.

Francie Potter, President

WE GET MAIL



We got a nice note from Bill and Shirley Brandel who live in Arizona. He says, "I was born and raised on the Four Mile (at the end of the road). I have very fond memories of the Allegany area – graduated in 1942 from the original Allegany High. Also graduated from St. Bonaventure in 1948. My schooling was interrupted by WW II, served in the 100th Infantry Division in France and Germany in Heilbron – almost got killed in April of 1945. —I still hear and "keep up" with 1942 classmates".

Shirley Hitchcock Brown, who lives in Michigan, says, "My roots go deep in your area as my father, Paul Hitchcock, grew up on the Two Mile with his parents, Warren and Anna (Benson) Hitchcock. Therefore I have subscribed to your newsletter for a number of years. Until this last newsletter I had seen very little concerning my family, but today I hit the jackpot. The 1960 Allegany Citizen (*Ed. Note -This is the mailing we send out each year for Heritage Days which*

shows the actual front page of the Citizen from a selected issue and has news items from that year, in this case, 1960. We send a copy of this to any of our out-of-town members who request it.), which was enclosed mentioned my parents and sisters' trip to visit Grandma and Grandpa, and I also saw several of the Two Mile Kysers mentioned. They are people I remember from my childhood visits to my grandparents.

I loved William Bonhoff's article, "Senior Biking" which brought me many laughs.

I would love to receive more of the Allegany Citizens from past years. My grandparents both died in 1971 and I miss them still today. Keep up the good work. If I come to Allegany in the future (maybe next summer) I would like to stop and see you and AAHA.

We got brief notes from Vern Field's daughter, Karen Streif, and from Raymond W. "Bill" Ryan.

Memorials



*For: Jeffrey Keim
From: Ruth F. Simms*

*For: Mary Gilbert
From: Karen and Vincent Streif*

*For: Lucille Chesebro
From: Duane and Caroline Clark*

*For: Linda Abrams
From: Tom and Cheryl Stetz*

*For: Pete and Dorothy Fortuna
From: Don and Becky Black*

*For: Richard Elling
From: Bob and Nickie Bergreen*

*For: Jenny Scarlato
From: Bob and Nickie Bergreen*

*For: Genevieve Soplop
From: Michael and Martha Nenno
For: Warren and Anna Benson Hitchcock
From: Shirley Hitchcock Brown*

*For: Dotty Riley
From: Alice Altenburg*

*For: Bob Conhiser
From: Bob and Francie Potter*

*In **Honor** of Don Benson
From: Bob and Francie Potter*

JANUARY THAW by Gertrude Schnell

The 1958 Junior Class of Allegany Central School put on a play called "January Thaw", directed by Irene Schnell. While attending a summer college class at Geneseo Irene wrote about the production of the play. Its performance date was April 18, 1958. This three act play was a delightful comedy. It was a story of people who weren't supposed to be there, but suddenly they were. It was also the story of a man who strongly disliked indoor plumbing and said so.

Some of the problems in putting on the play were that the Juniors had had no previous experience in acting or in stage work and the play was long. There were 33 people for the 13 parts, but when the final choice was posted everyone seemed quite happy. Another problem was the times of rehearsals. Since it was during Lent some evenings had to be eliminated because of services at the various churches. Also some of the characters had after-school jobs that complicated the rehearsal schedule.

Mrs. Owens, the art supervisor, helped design the sets. Some changes had to be made because of space, but were worked upon by her and Irene. The actual stage design was carried out by the art and industrial arts department. The setting of the play was a living room of an old Connecticut farmhouse built before the Revolutionary War. This required the collection of properties from many sources including Irene's heirloom furniture, borrowing from antique stores and making a dummy spice box from plywood.

Irene lamented that being an English teacher she was not knowledgeable about the many phases of lighting. She felt that many of the aspects of the lighting could have been better, but she also used kerosene lights.

The story included the use of two hams from the smokehouse. The students assigned to make the hams were slow about getting started so Irene decided to use two potato sacks. She removed the labels, covered them with cheesecloth that had been colored with black coffee, and weighed them down. She said that they looked nearly real, just like hams fresh from the smokehouse. The committee's papier-mache ham looked like an elongated pineapple, but was used in the name of art.

The make-up crew did a fine job changing Uncle Walter into an 87 year old farmer with a rugged weather-beaten skin and making Jonathan a younger edition of Uncle Walter. The final characterizations were excellent as was that of Aunt Mathilda, who stole the show as a typical farmer's wife and a religious New England woman.

So on Friday, April 18, 1958, the cast of characters including Chuck Geringer, Mary Barney, John Warren, Joe Arnold, Lola Russell, Ann Geary, Dave Mohr, Kay Norton, Joyce Keim, Francis Mallery, Gerry Smith and Bill Wiechmann presented the play, "January Thaw". It was not quite as professional as when it was presented by Mike Todd on Broadway, but was enjoyed by the people of Allegany.



During a recent conversation with my brother-in-law, the name "Sport Miller" came up. I told him I would get Mr. Miller's obituary for him from our files, which I did. But the whole story is so interesting I thought our members would be interested in it. I hope you enjoy it.

From the Allegany Citizen of November 1, 1951 ———



Sport Miller? & Friday Allen

"SUDDEN PASSING OF C. EVERETT MILLER STUNS COMMUNITY –
Well Known Tavern Owner Dead of Bullet Wound Saturday; Death is Mystery."

This community was unbelievably shocked and grieved last Saturday morning (October 27, 1951), when the news quickly spread that Charles Everett Miller, aged 54 years, had been found dead of a rifle bullet under highly mysterious circumstances at his tap room at 95 West Main Street. (*Ed. Note – Hair It is Beauty Salon is now in this location.*) While authorities believe he died of his own hand, we have known Mr. Miller for over 30 years and somehow the writer cannot visualize such a rash act on the part of a man who had no worries, financial or otherwise, and whom we had conversed with daily over a period of many years.

The discovery of Mr. Miller was made by Claude Reynolds who called at the tap room at 11:10 o'clock Saturday and although Mr. Miller usually opened at 11, the door was locked. Peering through the glass door, Mr. Reynolds saw what appeared to be the body of a man lying on the floor a short distance from the front door. Hurrying to the CITIZEN office two doors away, he asked us if we would return with him to confirm what he had seen. After taking one look at the gruesome sight, we first summoned Dr. Desmond D. Moleski who was in his office across the street and then notified the state troopers in the local barracks.

Dr. Moleski arrived in a few minutes and with the help of Rene Yehl and John Rado, working on a building next door, the front door of the tavern was forced open and Dr. Moleski found that Mr. Miller had expired some hours before. A few minutes later, state police arrived who in turn notified Coroner Donald F. MacDuffie of Olean. After a preliminary examination, the body was removed to Lennon's mortuary where an autopsy was conducted and a temporary certificate of death by a single 25-20 bullet was issued for the purpose of securing a burial permit. The rifle was sent to Batavia for finger prints and on Tuesday of this week, Coroner MacDuffie announced that due to oil on the weapon, it was impossible to secure prints clear enough to be identified and added that a certificate of death would be issued indicating a self-inflicted bullet. It was assumed the gun belonged to Mr. Miller because bullets which fit the gun were found on the premises.

When found, Mr. Miller was lying on his back in a pool of blood about four feet in diameter. His left hand was on his chest, and his right arm was outstretched. Near and just beyond his feet was a rifle with one bullet discharged. In addition to the blood on the floor, there were also spots of blood on the front of his white shirt. He was not fully dressed, being clothed in trousers, shirt partly buttoned and shoes without socks, indicating that he had retired for the night and got up when he heard the commotion outside. The coroner reported that the bullet entered his right temple, traveled upward and came out above the left ear, lodging in the wall of the tavern. Time of death was placed at about four o'clock that morning.

During the day hundreds of spectators milled about the place and stories by the hundreds flew throughout the village. The only facts, however, preceding the finding of the body were: Mr. Miller and a friend, Victor Burneal, had been at the home of a brother of the latter, Andrew Burneal, in Rock City Friday night to see the Joe Louis fight on television. Returning to the village about midnight, Mr. Miller had talked with several friends about the fight and all departed. About three o'clock Saturday morning, Carl Lauser of the Radiant Diner was burning papers at the rear of his business place when he heard what resembled shots and glass breaking. He notified his wife, Mary, at the Diner who called the state police.

The officers investigated and found an Allegany man throwing rocks through the windows of the rear and side of the tap room. They ordered him to go home and nothing more was heard of the incident until the next morning when it was found by passersby that two windows on the east side and three windows on the rear side were broken out in addition to one window on the second floor where Mr. Miller had his living quarters. The first floor windows at the rear are about twelve feet from the ground while the second story windows are more than twenty-four feet up, so that it would be physically impossible to scale the brick building without a ladder.

Mr. Miller or Sport as he was better known to his friends, was born in Allegany June 10, 1897, the only child of Andrew H. Miller and Mrs. Nellie Willard Miller. His father operated a tap room in the same location in the old days before prohibition and Sport carried on in the same venture after repeal until the time of his death. His father passed away at the home of a sister, the late Mrs. Henry Harms, on March 16, 1926 at the age of 57 years. His mother passed away at the home on North Fourth Street on December 1, 1916 at the age of 44 years. He has no immediate survivors, the closest being a sister of his father, Mrs. William (Rose) Le-Febre of Olean. He also has a number of first cousins here and in Olean.

Sport was a veteran of World War I, having served at Camp Wheeler, Ga. He was a charter member of Charles Harbel Post, No. 892, American Legion. Funeral services were held Tuesday afternoon at two o'clock at the Lennon Funeral Home with Rev. William W. Young, pastor of the Presbyterian church, officiating. Services at the grave in the Allegany Cemetery were in charge of the Legion with Rev. Clyde R. Hahn, pastor of the Lutheran Church in charge as Chaplain of the local organization. Pallbearers were John Laubenthal, Victor Burneal, Walter J. Nenno, Fred Lemon, Gilbert Scholl, Carroll Torrey, Wendell Ellsworth, and Donald Frisina. The firing squad who fired a volley over the grave was composed of Douglas Scholl, Edward Soplop, Francis Soplop, Joseph McCoy, William Weinaug and Vincent Riehle. Bugler was James Elling."

In the November 22 issue of the Allegany Citizen was an article that stated: "Petition To Seek further Action On Miller Death. Step Son and Many Others In Community Not In Accord With Announced Verdict." The text of the petition was as follows: We the undersigned, relatives, friends and citizens of Allegany, New York, do hereby petition the office of the district attorney to direct the sheriff of Cattaraugus County to make a thorough re-investigation into the death of Charles E. (Sport) Miller who died of a bullet wound in his tavern at 95 West main Street, Allegany, New York on the morning of October 27, 1951, under highly mysterious circumstances. We respectfully request the cooperation of the people of Allegany in assisting us to arrive at the facts leading up to the death of one who was very dear to us and who was so well liked and respected by his fellow citizens. (Signed by) Mr. and Mrs. Bert O. Wilcox" *Mr. Wilcox was Mr. Miller's step son.*

As a result of the petition drive, Sheriff Morgan Sigel promised to conduct a re-investigation into Mr. Miller's death. An article in the Buffalo Courier-Express said that robbery was ruled out as a motive of a possible assault by the discovery of almost \$3,000 in cash in drawers, also by the lack of evidence of a struggle, and there was no sign of forced entry.

After the re-investigation, a final verdict was issued by Coroner Dr. William E. MacDuffie that Mr. Miller died of a gunshot wound to the head, which was self-inflicted. District Attorney J. Richmond Page said that oil on the rifle had smeared the fingerprints, hence it was impossible to secure plain prints. He said shells found on the premises, which fit the rifle, indicated that the weapon was owned by Mr. Miller.

So it wasn't murder after all but I'm sure it was the talk of the town for many weeks, and I'm sure there were many different opinions voiced for weeks and years afterwards.

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Presidents Report

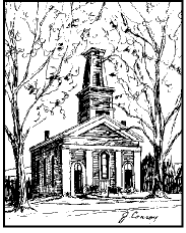
January Thaw

Miller Death - Murder?

NEXT MEETING

We will meet on Sunday, March 13 at 2 p.m. at the Heritage Center to hear the "Memoirs of a Fossil Hunter". Dr. Joseph DiDonato, a dentist at the Olean General Hospital Dental Center will give a presentation about his 35 years of fossil hunting all over the world. He will discuss some of his trips and why he was compelled to get off the couch and traipse across the globe to search for them. Our area is rich in fossils – I pick them up in my yard and give them to my grandchildren –but these are small potatoes compared to what Dr. DiDonato searches for. He has collected dinosaur fossils on four continents. His last expedition was to Beijing to see "The Feathered Dinosaurs of the Great Wall." His next expedition is to Egypt to search for the "Lost Dinosaurs of Egypt." Come join us for this interesting talk.

SUNDAY, MARCH 13 – 2 P.M. – HERITAGE CENTER – SUNDAY, MARCH 13



Allegheny Area Historical Association

May 2011

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Issue XXX Vol. 2

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

It was a very hard winter for AAHA. We lost some of our oldest members, both in age and length of membership.

Orma Carls died March 4th. She was a founding member of AAHA. Back when Allegheny celebrated its Sesquicentennial and people were talking of possibly starting a historical group, Orma was one of the first on board. She was one of our "Founding Mothers." In AAHA's early days Orma did just about every job we had. And she seemed to know everyone and their families so she was able to answer many questions that we received about genealogy. Our files would not be as complete as they are now without Orma's expertise.

Marion Dale died Feb. 5th at the age of 90. Marion's father was Erich Steiger who operated the former Weyerstall's Meat Market on Main Street in the early 20th century. Marion worked at the former Smith & Schultz store, but some of our members might better remember Marion when she worked at the Grosstal ski area, later Wing Hollow ski area. She sold tickets there and was the first person you had contact with when you came to ski. She always had a smile on her face and remembered everyone and made them feel very welcome.

Catherine Geise died Feb. 13th on her 98th birthday. She was a Martiny and that made her related to half of Allegheny. Kate was independent as long as possible, driving herself to church well into her nineties. For many years Kate kept a scrapbook for AAHA, cutting articles from the Olean paper that related to Allegheny and Allegheny people. Kate was a member of the Grange, one of America's oldest organizations for farmers and their families. She wrote an article for us in our history book, "Our Allegheny Heritage, 1831-1981" about the Grange. In 2008, Catherine's daughter-in-law, Marge Geise, (and AAHA's Vice-President) did an oral history interview with Kate and we ran it in two issues in March and May of 2008. It was a remarkable picture of growing up in a much different time, and Kate's great sense of humor was evident all through it. What a marvelous piece of history for us and for all her family to share.

Women like Orma, Marion and Catherine will be missed by the entire community.

This will be our last newsletter until the fall so I will remind you now about Heritage Days and our display "The Oil and Gas Industry in Allegheny". We still need pictures and stories about oil producing in our area. I know many of our members, particularly in the Four Mile area, had family involved in the oil business. Please search your files and give us a call – we need your help.

Our neighbor to the south, Allegheny Laminating Kitchen & Bath Center, has to put in a sewer line to the manhole connection which is in the back yard of the house to our west. To do so, some of our trees on the south property line are going to be taken down this spring or summer. We may be able to keep some of them but that will depend on many factors. But since trees are a renewable resource, we can always plant new ones.

We will open for the season on Wednesday, May 4th and will be open each Wednesday thereafter until the end of September. Our hours are 1 to 4 p.m. If any of our out-of-town members are planning a visit to Allegheny this summer, I hope you will stop by to see us, our exhibits, and do some research in our genealogy files.

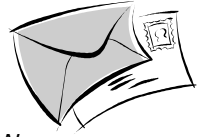
FRANCIE POTTER, PRESIDENT

WE GET MAIL

Jerry Buffington Chadderdon sent a lovely note about Orma Carls. "She was one of the original founders of AAHA, quiet and gentle but strong in her convictions that Allegany history is worth preserving. She always seemed quietly involved and willing to do anything necessary for AAHA and/or Allegany. She will certainly be missed and leave a space unable to be filled. May she rest in peace and prepare a place for us, a place efficient and filled with beautiful history."

We received a nice letter from William Wing of DeWitt, Michigan. He is a railroad buff and has donated several books to the Allegany Public Library about railroads of Western New York, especially Allegany and Cattaraugus Counties. I encourage our local members to check out these books as I am sure there is a lot of local history in them. He also says that "We started visiting Allegany to see our grandparents (Fred and Ruth Smith; Forrest and Orlena Wing) during the summers of the 1950's. My grandfather Fred took me to the Allegany Airport, to look at the airplanes. He knew Mr. Fox, who operated the airport. Mr. Fox flew a yellow Piper Cub airplane. In the late 1950's Mr. Fox gave my grandfather

and me a ride in his Piper Cub. I sat on my Grandpa's lap, in the back seat of the plane. We flew over Allegany, Olean and Humphrey. Two other books we donated to the library in January were: *Bush Planes* and *History of Flight*. The Piper Cub is spoken of in both books." I am sure some of our older members remember the Allegany Airport and Mr. Fox. Does anyone know the first name of Mr. Fox? Even in our history book he is only mentioned as Mr. Fox. Mr. Wing also sent along the 2011 Erie Lackawanna railroad calendar for which we thank him. We have last year's calendar if any of our members are rail buffs – it has great pictures and we would be glad to give it to you.



Vernon Field's daughter, Karen Streif, sent along a memorial for Bob Conhiser. She notes that Bob was so thoughtful to Vernon in Vernon's later years. She also remembers getting rides from Bob to and from the Cattaraugus County Fair.

Tom Capra of Olean wrote to say how much he enjoyed the article about "Sport" Miller, and the entire newsletter. If any of our members have ideas or requests for articles, we'll try to fulfill them.

THE PRICE OF KEEPING HEALTHY BY William Bonhoff

Last week I signed up for one of those health "Lifeline Screening" deals that are advertised from time to time in the local paper. They do this quite a lot for the older people who go south for the winter—especially in Florida. I guess they do this because it gives the Senior Citizens something to do and keeps them off the streets. There is nothing worse than driving behind a "northerner" poking along at seventy miles per hour holding up traffic. But that's another story.

Anyway, I got an e-mail today addressed to **William** (last name omitted to protect said party) confirming the appointment along with some instructions. They must not know I already made a note on my calendar. The e-mail goes on to tell me what I should wear on this eventful day. I should wear a two piece outfit of loose clothing, open collar and short sleeves. Are they kidding? Most of my clothes are too tight as they "shrunk" from being washed so much. I wonder if I should buy a new outfit for this occasion? They didn't specify what color, so I assume any color would be appropriate, except black. This is supposed to be a fun day, right! So I'll make it something bright. Also don't eat anything four hours prior to the tests. I think they'll be serving a big lunch afterwards.

Farther down there were more instructions on what to wear for more tests. As I read the next tidbit, I looked up to the top of the sheet to make sure it was addressed to **William**. It was! "Please wear short sleeves and no pantyhose. You will be asked to take off your shoes and socks." What kind of a place is this? This is getting more interesting by the minute. I told them I was healthy. They gave me the test and took my money anyway. It's nice to get a second opinion and I don't wear pantyhose.

Memorials



For: Marion Dale
From: Bob and Francie Potter
Bob and Susan Bubbs

For: Jack Terry III
From: Bob and Francie Potter

For: Catherine Geise
From: Marion Elling
Orin and Margaret Parker
Bob and Francie Potter
Alice Altenburg
Catherine Putt
Paul and Betty Hanson
Michele Gilbert and family –
Wayne, Sara, Eric
Margaret Green
Ruth Thomas
Linda Monsell
Jerry Chadderdon
Don and Lucy Benson
Horace and Ellen Peck

For: Mary Orsini Lentola
From: Bill and Kay Palmer

For: Naomi Pittman McGee
From: Duane and Caroline Clark

For: Mary Stephan
From: Christine Duink
Jerry Chadderdon

For: Bob Confiser
From: Karen and Vincent Streif

For: Orma Carls
From: Orin and Margaret Parker
Kathleen Karl
Bob and Francie Potter
Margaret Green
Alice Altenburg
Cecilia Kelly Ladd, Doris Kelly
and Kelly Family
Newton and Helen Degolia
Jerry Chadderdon
Leo and Pat Nenno

For: Glenna Booth
From: Carol and Betsy Livingston

For: Jim Spindler
From: Bob and Francie Potter

For: Tom Louser
From: Bob and Francie Potter

For: Paul Kelly
Dotty Riley
Jennie Scarlato
Neen Vossler
Ed Dornow

From: Steve and Betty Eaton

DUMMIES WANTED

Before everyone raises their hand, what we are really looking for are mannequins or dress forms so we can display some of our vintage clothing at Heritage Days. We have some dress dummies but they are very old and in sad repair. Our clothing collection is nice and we want to share it with everyone but to do it to best advantage we need some help. So search your attics or give us a call if you know where we can get some mannequins. Thanks.

CHANGE OF VENUE FOR MAY MEETING - CHANGE OF USUAL DAY

You can read about our May meeting elsewhere but this is just a reminder that the meeting location has changed – we will meet at the **Allegany American Legion Post** on **Monday, May 23**, instead of our usual Sunday time.

In our last issue we had an article about a "murder" that wasn't, but in 1869 there was a murder in Allegany. The following is taken from the web site of the New York Correction History Society.

"Theodore Nicklas – 1 of 12 men convicted of Murder in Cattaraugus and Executed."

\$2 Ending of life for Distinguished Old Man and a Wayward Youth.

In his eight decades of life, Andrew Mead proved himself a remarkable individual – saw-mill builder, doctor, jurist, town supervisor, church leader, fraternal lodge founder, and storekeeper. The Hornelville Tribune of Dec. 24, 1869 (as quoted by the New York Times on Christmas Day, 1869) described him as "a resident of the county for the last fifty years, a very respectable and influential citizen."

About the year 1832, Dr. Andrew Mead built a saw-mill near the mouth of Four Mile Creek. In 1838 it became the property of Seymour Bouton. Previously active in nearby Olean, he came to the community of Allegany in 1847. Allegany is a village in the Olean metro area situated along the Allegany River in the Southern Tier region of New York State. The community name derives from the Indian term for "long river" or "fine river." It is the home of St. Bonaventure University.

In 1848, Dr. Mead donated a store building he had in Olean to that community's First Baptist Church for use as a place of worship. He had been one of the congregation's earliest members. The building continued to be used by Olean Baptists as their church until 1860. In 1852 he helped establish the Olean Lodge, No. 252, F. and A.M., serving as one of its first officers. In 1854, Mead and the Rev. E. F. Crane presided at the founding meeting of "the First Baptist Society of Allegany." Mead served as a Trustee of the society that for many years held its worship services in the village schoolhouse. But the society never did construct its own church edifice and eventually ceased activity.

One of the early county judges, Dr. Mead was elected justice of the peace at various times through the years (1833, 1842, 1859) and elected town supervisor in 1868. Even in his late years, he continued activity in Cattaraugus courts. Additionally, for many years Mead had maintained a considerable practice as a physician.

A bachelor, Dr. Mead lived alone in a building on the west side of Main Street, Allegany, which also served as his place of business. By 1869, he kept the front part of his building more as a grocery than a medical office since he had given up his medical practice a few years earlier. After all, though quite muscular and still active, he was at that point in time pushing 80.

The evening of December 18, the retired doctor/jurist was by himself in his grocery when a young man named Theodore Nicklas entered. The 19-year-old was in desperate need of cash, having been barred from his own home by his parents. Apparently his ways of behaving were too much for them and for their German family tradition of personal self-discipline. Dr. Mead was well aware of the teen's unruliness and the parents' disapproval. Theodore was his nephew.

Nicklas "asked" his uncle for \$2, a "request" that may have sounded to the old man more like a demand. His refusal led to an exchange of words that escalated into an altercation. With an iron stove implement that he had grabbed, Nicklas struck repeated blows to Mead's head, rendering the doctor helpless. His assailant took \$55 from Mead's pants pocket and a watch from the doctor's vest. Locking the store door behind him, Nicklas fled into the night, leaving his victim to die on the floor. The robber ran to Olean where he hopped aboard a freight car headed to Buffalo via Hornelville.

A \$1,000 reward – a vastly huge sum in that era – was offered by the community for capture of the killer. The youth's wild spending of his ill-gotten gains and his sale of his victim's watch reportedly contributed to Nicklas' apprehension in January, 1870. A New York Times report of Jan. 28 quoted from a Buffalo Express account of an interview with Nicklas while the youth was detained in Buffalo. Nicklas claimed he wanted to "borrow" \$2 from Mead for passage to Dunkirk, N.Y., but when the doctor refused to loan him the money, the youth determined to take it by force. However, Nicklas said that in the ensuing

struggle, "The doctor was too strong for me and got me down...The doctor got up and locked the door and locked me in. I thought he was going to get a gun to guard me, for he keeps a gun and is an awful tempered man when he gets mad. I seized a small shovel by the stove and hit him over the head two or three times, the key fell from his hands and I don't know but I struck him once or twice after that. I took the watch and the money, unlocked the door, went out, locked the door after me and started for Olean."

Nicklas acknowledged he had one prior arrest, that being for allegedly stabbing a man. "Now that I have no hope of escaping the gallows, I shall only strive to obtain the forgiveness of God." After being detained in Buffalo for the murder of Dr. Mead, Nicklas was incarcerated in Little Valley where he was tried, convicted and on March 18, 1870, hanged.

Five hundred dollars was allotted to the Sheriff's Office for the execution, just about half of which went to the construction of the gallows. Some of the money may have been spent on closing off the execution area from public view so as to conform it to the 1835 New York law banning the public viewing of executions.

The New York Times account of March 19, 1870, detailed the execution: "The gallows was erected in the jail yard. The condemned left the jail in charge of Sheriff Cooper, leaning upon two deputies. He was preceded by Fathers Sorg and Bloomer, and followed by some of the county officers. He ascended the platform with a firm step. The death warrant was read and the rites of the Catholic Church performed. He was overwhelmed at the moment and wished Father Sorg to say for him that he was sorry for all the sins he had ever committed and that he hoped for salvation and trusted that his fate would be a warning to all young people. He dropped eight feet and died without a struggle. His body was delivered to his friends."

"The Democrat" was a paper published in Olean in the late 1800's. The following news items are from their Allegany correspondent. We hope you like them.

November 15, 1880 - Willard and Smith are placing a large line of prints and other dress goods on the market at cost. Sugars, teas and coffees are very cheap at this house.

December 2, 1880 - Allegany Four Mile oil territory is now producing more oil than at any time previous. Over one thousand wells within an area of two miles, producing over eight thousand barrels of oil per day. Another pipe line is very much needed. Some of our oil men are holding their oil for better prices.

The cheese manufactured by Jerome B. Jewell at the Union Cheese Factory, Five Mile, is pronounced the best and brings an extra price.

December 6 - Mr. Joseph Blair has purchased the interest of Wm. Ensworth in the grocery business of Ensworth and Kline and will in early spring move into the village.

During the past few days of sleighing a very large amount of logs, timber, bark, oil, hay and grain have been moved.

December 20, 1880 - A disease called the Sunday Hacks prevails hereabouts causing a very small attendance at our churches, in fact renders church service absolutely lonesome.

The Allegany Nine Mile tannery owned by Bishop Canfield, Esq., is doing a fine business, and is now finishing a large amount of first class stock. Allegany is a good place for tanneries.

January 2, 1881 - Two of our citizens while hunting in Pennsylvania a few weeks since learned that a certain ex-president caught three trout from the Kane fishery, for which he paid the snug sum of ten dollars each for breaking the Pa. laws. Served him right.

January 10, 1881 - A telephone is to be established between the Allegany and Olean oil exchange and convenient for oil men. Our oilmen are watching matters very closely and are ready for any necessary improvements. Let the line be made without delay.

**Allegany Area Historical Association
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INSIDE SPECIAL ISSUE:

Presidents Report

No Pantyhose!

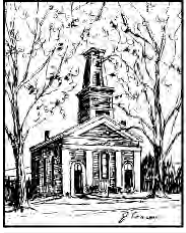
A \$2 Request Ends in Death



NEXT MEETING

To honor America's fallen veterans, we will hold our next meeting at the Allegany American Legion Post #892 on Rt. 417 on Monday, May 23 at 7 p.m. Our speaker will be Allegany County Historian, Craig Braack, with a talk entitled "Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941 – December 7, 2008." He will give a slide presentation about his trip to Hawaii and to the U.S.S. Arizona Memorial. The Memorial, which was dedicated in 1962, is the final resting place of the 1,102 sailors of the U.S.S. Arizona who died in the December 7, 1941 attack on Pearl Harbor. Please join us for Mr. Braack's very interesting presentation.

**MONDAY, MAY 23 – 7 P.M.
ALLEGANY AMERICAN LEGION POST #892, ROUTE 417
MONDAY, MAY 23**



Allegany Area Historical Association

November 2011

www.allegany.org

Issue XXX Vol. 4

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

If you didn't see the reminder in the last issue to pay your dues – it was hard to miss – go back and look at it and send your check in – NOW. We want to keep you as a member and I know you want to keep getting the newsletter.

We held our brief annual meeting at our October meeting. Two Trustees were elected for a three year term – Jim Hitchcock and Mel Duggan. Thanks, gentlemen, for all you do to keep us afloat.

If you leave the area for the winter and want to get the newsletter, make sure we have your winter address, and also let us know when you return to the "frozen North". You can always e-mail us your information at oe31@verizon.net.

It wouldn't be AAHA if we didn't have a story about a skunk. This summer we had a very strong skunk odor in the building. I mean strong! I set my live trap baited with Cheetos, a favorite of skunks, in the building for two weeks – nothing. And the odor was still there. We finally decided that a skunk must have sprayed the front doors and the odor seeped into the building. After airing out the building and using many containers of odor-eating products, the odor gradually went away. Fast forward to October. Hans and Charlene Sendlakowski decided to change the filter in the furnace in preparation for the heating season. When they took the side off the furnace they discovered that the filter had been shredded. In collecting the filter pieces, Char found out what had been causing the odor – a now deceased baby skunk. Apparently Char's screams shattered windows for five blocks around!! After Hans and Char got their hearts out of their throats, they did finish cleaning out the furnace, and Hans gave our very unwelcome visitor a proper burial. But the question remained – how did it get into the furnace in the first place? This is the second skunk we have had in our furnace. Since the shrubs are gone, we think we have eliminated a skunk hiding place. Also, when we got looking at the now bare front of the building, we could see that the bottom of each of our faux pillars was open, so we will take care of that problem. Hopefully this will take care of things. As a last resort we can have Mazza's come and put in a screen between the furnace and the cold air return, which seems to be where our "friends" are getting into the furnace.

Speaking of Charlene Sendlakowski, she spent the summer computerizing our donor records, from 1983 to the present. This was a time consuming project, and one that we had needed done for a very long time. Thanks, Char, for your hard work.

I'm sure our Allegany members have noticed how nice our lawn always looks. This is thanks to the efforts of Dave Swatt, who does our mowing and trimming, free of charge. So if you see Dave around town be sure to let him know how much we appreciate his work. Thanks, Dave.

We have received a memorial for Marjorie Crainer. I'm sure many of our members remember her as she taught English at Allegany Central School for thirty years.

We are back on the internet! We are now hosted by the Village and Town of Allegany. Go to Allegany.org or just put Allegany Area Historical Association in your search engine and you will find us. If you use Allegany.org we are under the tab about the History of Allegany. Thanks to our web master, Tom Healy of Buffalo, and to Dominic Pappasergi from the village for their efforts in getting us going again.

On Saturday, October 22nd, I was driving by the Heritage Center when I noticed a box by the front door. When I looked inside I found 5 Eaton Dairy glass milk bottles. No note and nobody seems to know where they came from. One had a price tag on it so I assume the mysterious donor had bought it at a flea market. Thank you, whoever you are.

On my way to church on Sunday, October 23rd, I ducked into the Heritage Center to turn up the heat for our meeting later that day. When I got to the Center for the meeting, I discovered that the furnace wasn't working – the heat had not come on at all. Fortunately, we had one of the warmer days in a while and with the trees gone we picked up a lot of sunshine into the building, so it wasn't unbearable. Between skunks and no heat, I can hardly wait for what will happen next with the furnace..

FRANCIE POTTER, PRESIDENT

In our last issue we talked about a donation of a scrapbook made to us by Mary Barr Pezzimenti, Eileen Barr Shabala and Ellen Barr Peck. This is a brief story that Ellen wrote about the places shown in the scrapbook – we know you will enjoy it.

A TRIP BACK HOME

By Ellen Barr Peck

A few years ago I was taking a writing course at JCC and our assignment was to write about a place. So I went back to my old neighborhood and walked back into my childhood.

I parked my car in the Pizza Hut parking lot where the old hickory nut tree used to stand in the corner of our back yard on West State Street. Crossing Park Street I went behind Arnold's house (Burger King) trying to find the old road, now overgrown with brush, to where Newton's Greenhouse used to be (K Mart). Nothing was left but the foundation. I sat down on what I imagined was the front porch of the office, and began to reminisce about my childhood.

It was a warm September evening when we all gathered on the porch of the office of the greenhouse, an old brick building with the greenhouse attached to the back. The porch had a cement stairway in the middle and four posts that met the apartment above.

We had made our plans earlier in the day to play "capture" that evening. Capture was a game played by the neighborhood kids using the whole neighborhood as our playground. We divided into two teams, one team hid in the yards and woods between the greenhouse and Allegany Street and State Street and Cherry Street.

The other team gave them about ten minutes before they went searching for them, leaving one member on the porch to guard the jail and watch any prisoners taken so they wouldn't escape. After everyone was captured it was the other team's turn to hide.

About six o'clock everyone began to arrive. There were me and my twin sister, Eileen, and our brother Danny Barr. Mike Fahy, who lived in the apartment above the office. Tom and Jimmy Newman, Joe Arnold, Dick and Susie White, Carol Layton, Bill Ensell, Punky and Judy Monroe, our cousin, Nancy MCKinney, and others whose names escape me also played.

We chose our teams and the game began. I remember Bill was the captain of our team and we got to go first. At about ten years old I was one of the youngest of the players.

I hid myself behind White's garage on Park Street and waited to see if I would be spotted. It wasn't too long before I saw Mike and my brother getting close. Should I run? They would surely capture me; too late, they saw me. I ran as fast as my little legs would carry me beside White's house and through the forbidden front yard of Mr. Gleason. I reached the fence on the edge of his property, climbed to the top and jumped into the brush on the other side. I laid flat on the ground, my face in the weeds not daring to move a muscle. Behind me I heard Danny and Mike talking; "I know she came this way, she must be close." They stood on the edge of the road by the fence not more than seven feet away from me. I could feel their eyes on the back of my head. I didn't dare move. They left, never walking through the brush to look for me. I can't remember which team won the game that evening but I'll never forget outsmarting my big brother.

I continued my walk going through the ruins of the greenhouse past the only building that remained of the old place; a two story brick and tile monster that held as much mystery of its contents that day as it did years ago.

Coming back out onto Park Street, I faced Mr. Gleason's house. The fence was still there but the brush I jumped into was a mowed lawn. I could see the back of Carls' house. There were stumps sticking out of the ground like tombstones. Trees no longer blocked the view of the houses on Allegany Street.

I walked to the end of Park Street to the dikes and looked at what was called the tank lots where Pop Kent used to have a riding stable, and later my friend Kathy Kent lived. Then I moved on to Allegany Street. A man hollered at me from Nolan's old house and wanted to know what I was doing. I told him I used to live in the neighborhood and was just looking around. "Nothing has changed very much" he said. I silently had to disagree with him. The seven houses and two trailers that had been put up since I was a little girl had taken away our woods and favorite climbing trees. Stroehman's truck terminal behind the house on Allegany Street replaced the junk yard of old cars we used to pretend to drive.

As I reached State Street the noise of the traffic going by made me realize I'm glad our old house is no longer there, and I'm glad I'm not either. But it was good to go home again even if it was only in my imagination!

Most of the neighborhood that I have spoken about was once a farm owned by my grandparents, Antone and Attila Hoffmier, my mother's parents. I never knew either one of them although my sister, Mary Barr Pezzimenti, has many fond memories of them and has shared stories about life in the 1930's on the east end of Allegany.

SHOPPING BY AN OLD MAN

BY William Bonhoff

It was Monday morning at breakfast that my wife reminded me that when I went out, to stop at the store and get some items. "Do you want me to make a list or can you remember?" "No, I can remember those things like milk, bread, a five pound bag of sugar and a dozen eggs." I thought that as long as I was going I would take the trash and garbage to the dump on the way. I loaded the car and off I went.

When I got to Worth Smith's hardware store I stopped to think. As I wandered through the aisles, I picked up a five pound bag of nails, a hammer and a few mouse traps. I couldn't remember the last thing she wanted. I returned home with her stuff. She looked at me a little puzzled and didn't say a word as I guess she thought I was working on a project somewhere.

"Where are the groceries?" she finally asked, after she couldn't stand to wait any longer. I had a blank look on my face. "I guess I forgot!" "I'll go get them now." So I got back in the car and drove down to the store.

When I got to Amore's I couldn't remember what was wrong with the car or why I was there, except there was a funny smell in the car. The service man kind of gave me a funny look, shook his head and went back to his job. I turned around and as I passed Park and Shop I remembered....a five pound bag of flour, milk, two dozen eggs and a water melon. That smell in the car was getting worse as the hot sun beat down on the car.

I returned home with our stuff. "You forgot the bread!", she exclaimed. "Well, I can't remember everything" was my reply.

Now it was Wednesday and I had to go to the dump again. How people can accumulate so much garbage in two days I'll never know. I just went on Monday, just two days ago.

I discovered that if you want to have things done right, you just have to do them yourself. Thursday morning I plan to go to the dump, myself.

As we mentioned in our last newsletter, we received a lot of information about Gusher Park on the Old State Road from Teresa Edel-Remmy of Allegany, which was owned by her father, Henry Edel. I'm sure some of our older members will remember it. It was built in 1914 and burned to the ground on February 22, 1939. The following article is from the Allegany Citizen.

OLD GUSHER PARK FAMOUS RESORT IS BURNED TO GROUND.

Firemen stand by helpless as frame building is entirely destroyed.

"The old Gusher Park, located two miles west of this village on the Salamanca highway, burned to the ground yesterday morning at 5 o'clock in the midst of a snow storm with the mercury standing just above zero. The forty mile gale out of the west leveled the structure in less than an hour, witnessed by very few spectators. It is no wonder that most of the townspeople did not venture out – in fact, we debated several minutes ourselves before we decided to brave the elements.

The fire was discovered by a neighbor, Arthur N. Williams, who notified the Allegany fire department. Our gallant firemen, with Chief Dentler at the wheel of the pumper, rushed to the scene but were powerless to stop the blaze. They did, however, break into a garage located a few feet from the building, and pushed out to safety a Buick sedan owned by Frank H. Deagan of Olean. Mr. Deagan yesterday was loud in his praise for the act and wishes to publicly thank the Allegany firemen for their foresight and quick work in rescuing the machine, which was not insured.

Gusher Park was built about 25 years ago and was run as a road house for some years by Fred Heil. The management and ownership was taken over by Henry C. Edel about 13 years ago who put on an addition on the west side and conducted a dance hall and resort. Three years ago, Mr. Edel sold the building and land to Michael Eskra who purchased the property for oil rights, and several paying wells were drilled since that time.

About two years ago, the building was leased by Frank H. Deagan of Olean and Hile's Pottery was opened by the late James Hile, who passed away six weeks ago. Within the past few weeks, Mr. Deagan, a nephew of Mr. Hile, has been renovating the interior of the building, repairing the plumbing and other fixtures, preparatory to opening a tourist home, and continuing the pottery business.

The loss is estimated at about \$1,500 to building and \$500 contents. Mr. Deagan stated yesterday that the contents were not insured, but it could not be learned whether or not the building was insured. "

The Olean Times Herald said that according to Chief Dentler the fire is being blamed on two gas stoves that were left burning in the vacant living quarters. The gas on the property is piped from nearby oil wells and it is thought that the pressure increased during the night and set the place afire. Lacking water, little could be done by the firefighters to save the two buildings.

After Henry Edel sold Gusher Park, he moved to the Five Mile Road with his wife Violet, daughters Teresa, Shirley, Janice and Marilyn, and son Ted. He started his own business as a building contractor. He served 4 years as Justice of the Peace for Allegany until he passed away at the early age of 51.

We thank Teresa Edel-Remmy for the stories and pictures.

GUSHER PARK, Allegany, NY

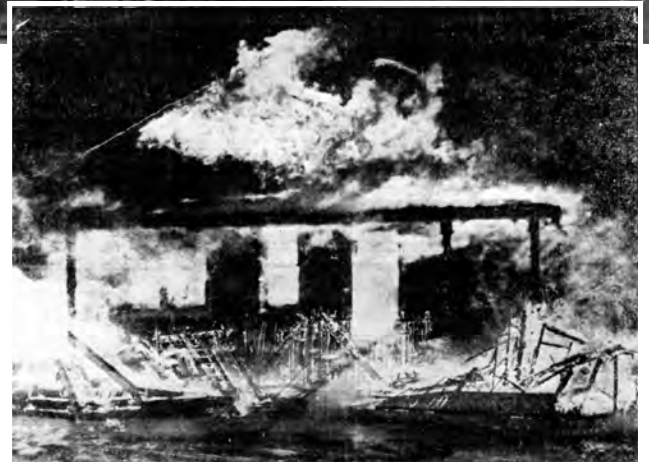


Photo courtesy of Olean Times Herald

CHRISTMAS COOKIE SALE & COMMUNITY CHRISTMAS SERVICE

Our annual Christmas Cookie Sale will be held on Saturday, December 3rd at Nature's Remedy, 120 West Main Street, from 9:30 am to 2 pm. This is our biggest fund raiser of the year. If you don't get a call asking you to bake some cookies, just call us to volunteer your services. The efforts of our members is what makes this sale such a success year after year.



On Sunday, December 4 at 2 pm at the Heritage Center, we will hold our annual Community Christmas Service, which is always a nice way to begin the holiday season. Fr. Jim Vacco from St. Bonaventure Church will lead the service this year. At the service we will once again take up a collection of canned foods and paper products to benefit Genesis House, the homeless shelter in Olean. Anything we can gather for them is needed and much appreciated by them.

Thank you in advance for your support of these two events.

**TREASURER'S REPORT
OCTOBER 1, 2010 - OCTOBER 1, 2011**

This report is presented to give you an understanding of our sources of income and our expenses.

AAHA RECEIVES NO PUBLIC ASSISTANCE FROM VILLAGE, TOWN OR STATE.

INCOME

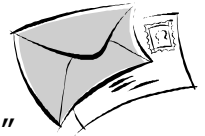
Membership dues	\$2,775.00
Memorials	2,500.00
Donations	433.75
Christmas Cookie Sale	1,167.00
Heritage Days Profit	1,007.00
Copier Usage	32.00
Sales -Allegany Books	72.50
Misc. (Cards, Maps, Etc.)	47.00
Total	\$8,034.25

EXPENSES

NYSEG	\$2,824.24
National Grid	937.16
Insurance	185.00
Post Office Box Rental	60.00
Newsletters - Printing	332.00
Newsletters - Mailing	135.48
Programs	150.00
Service Contract	199.00
Annual Dues	100.00
Donations	25.00
Maintenance	22.00
Collections	128.99
Supplies	90.03
Street Sheet Expense	420.75
Heritage Days	200.00
Total	\$5,809.65

TREE REMOVAL	\$7,600.00
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WE GET MAIL



We received a note from Christine Hamm Bailey asking about the sign that was on the south end of the Vandalia bridge, on the top. On it was "Andrew Hamm – John Hamm" and the date the bridge was built. Andrew Hamm was her grandfather and John Hamm was his brother. In our history book it says that Andrew Hamm was Overseer of Highways for the Town of Allegany and John Hamm was Overseer of Highways for the Town of Carrollton. It was during this time period that the bridge was built. Christine wants to know the present whereabouts of the sign. Perhaps some of our members can help us. She also says that she enjoys the newsletter very much.

We received the following via e-mail from long-time members, David and Janet (Martiny) Hankinson from Richardson, Texas. Definitely food for thought. "Your newsletter article on donations got me to thinking. I would love to browse through the Gerringers scrapbook. It may be quite some time before we are able to get back to Allegany to do this. I can only hope that part of your preservation activities include the scanning of these books and making them available online. We have a hundred+ page Martiny scrapbook that I have scanned and is online: see <http://martinyscrapbook.dnhankinson.com>.

There may be many genealogy websites online among your members. These should, I think, be promoted in your newsletters, and also linked on the AAHA website as additional resources. My website that includes the Martiny's as well as some of the Gerringers's is online at <http://genealogy.dnhankinson.com>. Feel free to link to both of my sites if you like. I will be interested to hear your comments about scanning these materials."

We had never thought of this. On our website we list the genealogies in our collection but I don't know if any of our members have a website for their particular family genealogy. Let us know if you do and we can put a link to it on our website, as we will do with the Hankinson information.

Margaret Nutt Sutherland from Yuma, Arizona says "Seems I just sent in my dues & here it is – due again! I really appreciate the newsletter. I still, after many years of receiving it, sit down and read it ALL the way. So many names are familiar, a lot of relation or old friends of the Mohr's, Nenno's, Geise's, etc. Makes me feel "warm and fuzzy". —truly miss Ann Boser. I have letters and notes from her still, may she rest in peace. "Gone but not forgotten".

Judy Wilson of Oneonta, NY writes to say how much she enjoys the newsletter and to ask for a copy of the Heritage Days advertising flyer. Remember, if you want one, let us know.

Karen Field Streif writes to say how glad she is that Alice is mending well – Ed. Note – not being able to drive yet is really getting to her. I'm sure when the doctor gives the okay that she will immediately start burning up the roads!

Memorials



For: Ann M. Boser

From: Genny Brockel

For: Marjorie G. Crainer

From: John and Jillian Walsh

For: Margaret Rehler Warren

From: Sandy Rehler and family

Mike and Barbara Rehler and family

Bob and Susan Bubbs and family

Pete and Ginny Rehler and family

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INSIDE SPECIAL ISSUE:

Presidents Report

A Trip Back Home

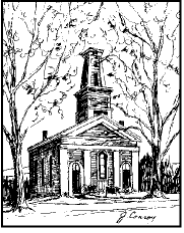
Gusher Park

NEXT MEETING



Our next meeting will be on Sunday, November 13 at 2 p.m. at the Heritage Center, 25 North Second Street. New York National Guard Major Kathy Oliver (Ret.) will speak about her assignment to the 27th Brigade Combat Team out of Syracuse, with whom she spent one year in Afghanistan, returning home in the spring of 2009. The mission of her unit was to train and mentor the Afghan National Army and Police forces. She had the opportunity to interact with Afghan women and children, as well as the army and police. In addition to the training, her unit performed a great deal of humanitarian assistance to the local people.

Her presentation will focus on the people and culture of Afghanistan and includes a few hundred photos along with items for display such as jewelry, clothing and figurines that illustrate the culture and creativity of the Afghan people.



Allegany Area Historical Association

March 2012

www.allegany.org

Issue XXXI Vol. 1

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

I don't want to say I have a messy desk but this picture of the Mason & Hamlin pump organ that was donated to us by Mac and Sandy MacFarland was supposed to be in the October newsletter but it got "lost" on my desk, so we are including it now so you can see how lovely it is. (*picture, page 5*)

The speaker at our November meeting was Major Kathy Oliver (Ret.) of the New York State National Guard, who told us of her year in Afghanistan. She and her son, Connor, showed us the many great artifacts she collected while she was there. A great meeting but we only had 13 people there to hear her marvelous presentation. I know it's a busy time of year but I hope we can have more members at future meetings as we try to have interesting speakers on a wide variety of topics.

We have lost two of our charter members this past winter. Marion Conrad Hall Zink died November 3. Marion was a bundle of energy who did many things for AAHA over the years. She worked very hard on our cookie sale each year. At one time during Heritage Days we had a rummage sale and that was Marion's baby. She gathered everything together, cleaned it, made sure it was saleable, and then worked the whole time at the sale. It was hard work but she always smiled and laughed the entire time, and we always made a lot of money on it.

Emma Lou Wiedman died December 3. Emma Lou always came to our meetings, regardless of the weather, and was usually the first one in the door. Her specialty cookies were always the first to be sold at our cookie sale. She had a booming voice and I will miss her "Frannie, how are you?" whenever she saw me. These ladies always put a lot of effort into whatever they did, and AAHA is much richer because they were part of us.

Speaking of our cookie sale, it was another success. We had some trouble with the Olean paper regarding publicity, but we still netted \$924. Thanks to all our bakers and those who made donations of money – it is all deeply appreciated.

This is another short reminder to be sure your dues are up to date. A single membership is \$10, family is \$15 and a patron membership is \$20 or more. Send your check to AAHA at P.O. Box 162, Allegany, NY 14706.

AAHA has received a lovely studio photograph of Gus Rogers, taken probably early in the 20th century. We are looking for information about Mr. Rogers. I've talked to several people locally but have not learned much. I do know that he lived on the Back (West) Five Mile Road, was very friendly with many of the Franciscans at St. Bonaventure and that he had a Buddhist shrine on the hill in back of his house. If any of our members can fill in some of the blanks we would really appreciate it. We want to display the picture at our Center and it would be great if we could have a lot of information to go with it.

I'm sad to report that Bill Bonhoff died on January 22 in Florida. He served in WW II in the Pacific as a combat and public relations photographer. I know that our members have enjoyed the tongue-in-cheek articles he had written for us in the past several years. Bill was a very accomplished photographer who took many pictures for us during Heritage Days and also photographically documented many of the older buildings in the area. We will miss his wry sense of humor and his photographic ability.

FRANCIE POTTER, PRESIDENT

The following article is from the January 9, 1915 Allegany Citizen. We hope you enjoy it.

FIREMEN'S BANQUET BRILLIANT AFFAIR

The Allegany Fire Department's banquet and ball held last Thursday evening in our beautiful town hall was a most brilliant affair. One hundred fifty covers were laid in the spacious banquet hall to the soul inspiring music of Fitzgerald's orchestra at 8:30 o'clock. J. Ray McAuliffe was toastmaster who set forth the object of the occasion in his usual happy way. Fire Chief Roy Blessing in a pleasing collection of well chosen words, in behalf of the fire department, responded to the welcome of the guests. Dr. Hicks, the village president, made a nice little speech from the standpoint of "The Mayor." Mrs. John Sweeney gave a very interesting talk on "The Firemen's Wives". The Editor of the Citizen [Joseph Mutschlechner] gave a reminiscence as follows:

The events in the history of Allegany, leading up to the establishment and development of our present well regulated and efficient Fire Department being so fresh in my memory, I was prompted during the day to note down for the purpose of reading them to you this evening some of the main incidents with which I was personally connected. In 1896 when the Citizen was launched, the aim uppermost in our mind was the inauguration of public improvements. At that time the Willard Hook and Ladder Co. was in a most flourishing condition. They had a nice little fire house, a hook and ladder truck and their building was well equipped for social pastime. The old "hooks" had gone through and done good work at a period of Allegany's worst conflagrations, but in the absence of water and fire hose they were helpless to combat the progress of the roaring flames of a fire.

On February 20th, 1903 its entire property and apparatus was wiped out by another fire which also destroyed the properties of John Shelling, W. F. McCabe, Fred Martin and M. J. Colligan. It was now a propitious time to strike hard and the Citizen kept up an incessant agitation for the incorporation of the village, and on Nov. 11, 1905, the proposition was brought to a vote and carried two-to-one, only 43 votes being cast against it. In less than a year, nearly 10 miles of cement walks were built and many other village improvements were inaugurated and soon after this handsome building, our beautiful town hall, was built. The next move was for a system of water works, and after a vigorous hammering for many months, the water works proposition was also brought to a vote and on Sept. 9th, 1908, like the first proposition, was also carried two-to-one, bringing with it an appropriation of \$30,000. The water system was immediately constructed, and finished by the first of April, 1909. On Feb. 11, 1909, a meeting was called to organize a volunteer hose company, and on Feb. 26, 1909, a permanent Volunteer Fire Department and a hose company were perfected, and fire hose and apparatus purchased by the Village Fathers. In July, 1910, a Hook and Ladder company was organized which, since, together with Hose Co. No. 1, was merged under one head, and is now called the Allegany Engine Company.

On Sept. 26, 1910, ground was broken for the new fire house, corner Harmon Avenue [Fifth Street] and Main Street, and completed the following spring. The Department now has a fire house, elegant parlors, pool table, two hose carts, hook and ladder truck, 1500 feet of hose, an elegant parade cart, a drying rack, bath rooms and all sanitary conveniences. Its membership is made up mostly of sturdy young Allegany blood and it has already saved thousands of dollars worth of Allegany property and is ready and equipped to save many thousands more.

Since the installation of our water system and the organization of our fire department our fire insurance rates have been reduced to such an extent, that we are saving our property owners approximately \$1,500 each and every year on insurance premiums. This money remains in your pockets instead of passing over to the insurance companies. Or at least if taxes are a little higher you've got the money to pay it. Then fire protection is worth \$1,000 a year to any community. The revenue from water rents is \$2,500 a year, which foots up to \$5,000. It doesn't cost anywhere near \$5,000 to run the water department and pay off the bonds and interest. Thus it is plain that all the improvements leading up to the establishment of our

fire department were simply good business propositions.

Billy Abrams of Olean made a few pleasing humorous remarks. Miss Beatrice O'Meara responded to very difficult role, "The Young Firemen's Sweethearts," but backed up by her well known elocutionary powers was more than equal to the task, and her masterly talk will no doubt bring some of the young men to their senses and come forward. Town Clerk Chas. L. Norton, representing the Town Board, made a short but very appropriate speech, but it was plain that he felt hard hit by the pointed words of Miss O'Meara.

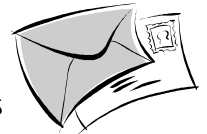
The menu consisted of roast beef, brown gravy, mashed potatoes, cabbage salad, olives, celery, coffee, ice cream and cake. Mrs. Anthony Geringer was the cateress. After the banquet many repaired to the hall to trip the light fantastic.



Fire Hall No. 1. - Now home to Catalano Plumbing.

WE GET MAIL

Ruth Lowe of Olean writes to say that "she enjoys the newsletter. Bill Bonhoff's articles are clever. We appreciate some humor."



Rita Nicklas Derx of Olean says that "she is looking forward to reading what Mary, Eileen and Ellen Barr write about growing up in Allegany's East end. (Ed. Note – Ellen Barr Peck had this article in our November 2011 newsletter.) Their sisters Maureen (Reenie) and Pat Carapelletti were best friends of me and my sister Mary Nicklas Petro (who lives in Syracuse)." We also got a note from Rita's sister Mary who says that she and Rita "grew up with them (the Barr girls) as our playmates! We were only 4 houses apart on Allegany Street. Pat was my best friend and I've missed her for years. As a reference, my Mom's family were the Warters and Bockmiers. My Dad's grandfather was a much younger brother of the Theodore Nicklas who was mentioned in the summer issue story of the local murder!"

Thanks to William Wing of Dewitt, Michigan for once again sending us a 2012 Erie-Lackawana calendar featuring trains past and present. It is always commented on by our visitors.

We got a nice note from the people at Genesis House, the homeless shelter in Olean. We take up a collection of canned goods and paper products at our annual Community Christmas Service for their benefit, as well as cash donations. This year we also gave them the cookies that were left from our Cookie Sale. They said the cookies were a big hit with the children they entertained during the holiday season.

We had a nice e-mail note from Margaret Nutt Sutherland who lives in Yuma, Arizona. If anyone from Olean or Allegany spends the winter in that area, she would like them to get in touch with her.

DECORATION DAY AT ST. BONAVENTURE CEMETERY

By GERTRUDE SCHNELL

In the 1940's and 1950's Decoration Day or Memorial Day began for my family at St. Bonaventure Cemetery. Days before, plants or flowers had been put on the family graves, but this day started with a Latin Mass at the stone altar just below the first road across the top of the hill. It was said by a Franciscan Priest and the grass on the slope was covered with people taking part in the Mass.

If you were a girl or a woman you wore a hat at that time. It was also the first day to wear your new white shoes and you probably had a new white dress. Summer had begun!

After the Mass you visited all the family graves to say prayers for the deceased. In our family there were many to visit – Rehler, Nenno, Forness, etc. At this time my Grandmother Schnell repeatedly warned us to not walk over the parts of the graves where the people were buried, but to walk around the edges. Next was viewing the parade from my Aunt Irene's apartment on Main Street next to the Town Hall. Like most small town parades, it didn't take long to pass. Children were given small flags to march in the parade and when turning in the flags after the parade, they received ice cream. Some flags were lost along the way and children not in the parade would pick them up and receive ice cream also.

By this time, chores on the farm were done and Uncles came for the picnic lunch, and other Aunts, Uncles and Cousins also appeared.

Decoration Day was observed to honor the deceased, and to welcome family members to a joyful occasion.



MORE OF ALLEGANY'S MEMORIAL DAY CELEBRATIONS

In the 1940's, Allegany had two or three Decoration Day or Memorial Day celebrations. The first parade was in the morning to St. Bonaventure Cemetery. In the middle of the day, a ceremony was held at the Five Mile Cemetery. Then in the afternoon, a parade was held to the Allegany Cemetery on Maple Avenue. The Potter family participated in both parades in town. They owned a retired race horse named Boots. Bob Potter rode Boots in the morning and his brother, Ted, got to ride Boots in the afternoon parade. At one Memorial Day celebration, Bob and Boots were at St. Bonaventure Cemetery when the American Legion fired the volley. Boots instantly reverted to his racing days. Bob and Boots came down the hill from the cemetery at a very fast gallop, with Bob yelling "Whoa, Whoa" at the top of his lungs but Boots wasn't listening. The policeman at the bottom of the hill thought the parade had started and he stopped the traffic, which was good because Boots had no intention of stopping until he found home. They tore down Main Street and Boots took the corner onto First Street as if it were the final turn at Saratoga! Fortunately Bob ducked his head as Boots entered the barn so he survived to tell the tale. And Ted had a terrible time getting Boots out of his stall to go to the afternoon parade!

Memorials



*For: Margaret Warren
From: Mardie and Perry Butler*

*For: Louella Keim
From: Mardie and Perry Butler
Ruth Simms*

*For: Marion Zink
From: Bob & Francie Potter
Kathleen Karl
Marjorie Geise
Orin & Margaret Parker
Alice Altenburg
Marion Elling
Rosemary Ryan*

*In Memory of Pete & Dorothy Fortuna
From: Children & Families*

*In Memory of Francis Hirt
From: Joseph & Helen Stayer*

*For: Marion Zink
From: Margaret Green
Michael and Rosanne Capra*

*For: Bettie J. Silvis
From: Bucky and Ellen Peck*

*For: James Smith
From: Marilyn and Robert Frisina*

*For: Marion McCabe
From: Marion Elling
Bob and Francie Potter*

*For: Emma Lou Wiedman
From: Bob and Francie Potter
Margaret Green
Bob and Nickie Bergreen
Alice Altenburg
Patsy and Marlene Collins
Debbie and Bob Phillips
Raymond Jonak Family*

*For: Bernard Scanlon
From: David and Beth Deitz
John and Jillian Walsh
Bob and Francie Potter
Bucky and Ellen Peck
Donald and Annette Smith*

*For: Thomas Faulkner
From: Dick and Shirley Russell
For: Bill Bonhoff
From: Bob and Francie Potter
Marion Elling*

*To Honor Don Benson
From: Bob and Francie Potter*



Circa 1850's Mason & Hamlin Pump Organ
Donated by Dr. & Mrs. Wm. MacFarland

**Allegany Area Historical Association
P.O. BOX 162
Allegany, NY 14706**

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INSIDE SPECIAL ISSUE:

Presidents Report

Brilliant Banquet Affair

Decoration Day

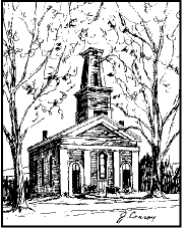


NEXT MEETING

Dr. Richard Frederick has taught all areas of United States history at University of Pittsburgh at Bradford since 1979. He has published books on Warren G. Harding, William Howard Taft and Ellis Island.

He is going to talk to us about William Howard Taft. Dr. Frederick says that "William Howard Taft is the only person to have served as President of the United States and Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. The latter was something he aspired to all his life; The former was something he took on quite reluctantly. (That seems odd to say in this particular year, with so many aspirants for the job.) There have been very few individuals in our history who have rendered such great service to the country, though his rather tumultuous presidency sometimes obscures this and diminishes his reputation. What I hope to do in giving this talk is to remind listeners that there was a whole lot more to Taft than just the fact that he was a fat man who didn't fit into the White House tub."

**DR. FREDERICK WILL SPEAK TO US ON SUNDAY, MARCH 25 AT 2 P.M.
AT THE HERITAGE CENTER, 25 NORTH SECOND STREET.**



Allegany Area Historical Association

May 2012

www.allegany.org

Issue XXXI Vol. 2

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Well, the calendar says it is spring but it is snowing in April as I write this. Hopefully things will get better by May. The speaker at our last meeting, Dr. Richard Frederick, gave us a great talk about William Howard Taft. Unfortunately the St. Bonaventure women's basketball team was playing that same day in the Sweet Sixteen so our attendance was light. And everyone left immediately after the meeting, bypassing the refreshments, to hurry out to see what the score was. But fear not, we will definitely have Dr. Frederick back – he's a great speaker.

I'm sorry to report that Ed Wintermantel died March 10th. His father was Dr. Joseph Wintermantel who probably treated many of our members. Ed often drove his father out into the night on calls in all kinds of weather long before Allegany had an ambulance service. Ed and a group of friends built Twin Springs, a large in-ground pool and lodge on the West Branch Road. My children learned to swim there as did many, many others. When Ed returned from Florida each spring he would ride his bike to the Heritage Center and check with the ladies to see if he had paid his dues. Ed had many varied talents and he was active right up to the end. Allegany will miss this Renaissance man.

Our Heritage Days celebration will be held August 2nd, 3rd and 4th. Our big exhibit this year will be on the Civil War. Charlene Sendlakowski is gathering the material for this exhibit and if any of our members have pictures or stories from relatives about the Civil War I know she would like to hear from you – sooner rather than later. Plans are still being finalized but we will definitely have the Ice cream Social and the Country Cupboard baked goods sale so I am sure our local members will be called to help with these events.

The Cattaraugus County Historical Museum in the historic 1868 Stone House at Machias is going to have an exhibit of farm tools and equipment and they are going to feature many of the items in our collection. We have over thirty items ranging from a cream separator to a buck saw to a neck yoke to a hog scraper. We don't have the space to show these items so they will be going to the museum on a long term loan where they can be properly displayed.

An Allegany era ended on April 14th with the death of Francis "Pezz" Pezzimenti. He was employed by the village of Allegany for over 44 years. He served in the police department for 29 years and was police chief for 17 of those years. He was also the superintendent of public works for many years. But his real love was for the Allegany fire department where he was chief for 46 years. After he "retired" he drove school bus. My favorite Pezz story goes back to when he was police chief. Two decorative urns filled with flowers disappeared from in front of the Allegany Presbyterian Church. The pastor went to Pezz for help. Two days later the urns re-appeared, as good as before. A few well-spoken words in a few ears produced results – no fuss, no newspaper story, no police record. Pezz certainly knew his town. Another Pezz story – when one of my sons was in high school, he was driving through Allegany about 2 a.m. and was stopped at the light by the Burton. Pezz came up in the other lane in the police car and motioned for him to roll down his window. When he did, Pezz said, "Hey – Ray Charles – turn on your headlights!!" If any of our members have any Pezz stories, please send them along as his family would like to hear them.

FRANCIE POTTER, PRESIDENT

Since the nation is in the middle of celebrating the sesquicentennial of the Civil War, we thought it would be a good time to rerun the following article from a 1990 newsletter. This is the transcription of a hand written journal by Myron Turner of Jamestown, the great uncle of one of our members, Marge Green. Mr. Turner served in the Civil War, fighting in the Peninsular campaign, the battles of Fair Oaks, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, and under Gen. U. S. Grant at the battle of the Wilderness where he was wounded.

I will give you a brief sketch of my army life in the Civil War. In 1861 when Abraham Lincoln became President of these United States, the Southern States seceded from the Union and our national flag was fired on at Fort Sumter. I was nearly 21 years of age, and when Lincoln called for volunteers, I enlisted to serve my country for three years or during the war.

On the 23rd day of August, I bid farewell to Father, Mother, Brothers and Sister, and left for the seat of war. There was, at that time, a recruiting station here in Jamestown, and I joined a regiment that was being recruited here. We went to Buffalo and remained for a few days where we were examined and sworn into the service. Here we received our uniforms. When the regiment was fully equipped with men and officers, we were shipped to New York City where we received out full equipment of guns, cartridge boxes, knap sacks, haversacks, canteens, blankets and tents. We were now full-fledged soldiers. We remained in New York City, I think, three days, then sent on to Washington, D.C. Arriving here, we were quartered in the Army barracks overnight. The next day we went into camp about four miles out of the city, staying there three days. We then moved camp again, this time crossing the Potomac River into Virginia. This became our permanent camp for the winter and the regular rounds of soldiers' duties; drilling in marching and in the manual of arms. Usually three hours in the forenoon by company under the Captain. In the afternoon, by regiment by the Colonel. Sometimes by brigade which has 3 regiments, the by Brigadier General.

When not on duty, we had to forage for wood to cook our meals and keep ourselves warm. Our camps were laid out in company streets. Each company was supposed to have 100 men. A street would be about twenty feet wide, with a row of tents on each side facing the street, and at one end of the street, the company officers' quarters. When we expected to remain in camp for the winter, we had orders to fix up our tents more comfortably. We could choose our own tent mates from our own company. We would build a pen of logs or poles notched and laid up in the form of a log cabin about 3 feet high, chinking up the cracks with sticks and then plastering them over with mud. At one end we would build a chimney, also built of sticks and mud, about six feet high with fireplace inside which warmed out tent and where we cooked out food. There was a small door in the same end just large enough to enter by stooping. Putting up a ridge pole, we stretched our piece of tent over the pole, and that completed our cabin.

Inside we built two bunks, one above the other, wide enough for two. This we made of poles that would spring a little, Sometimes we put some pine boughs on to make it a little softer, then spread our blankets on, and this in the opposite end of our cabin completed our quarters. Here we spent our long winter evenings, writing letters to home friends, telling stories, playing games, or in whatever manner we saw fit. We were provided with tallow candles for lights. At 9 o'clock taps sounded and all lights must be out, and all must be quiet for the night.

At sunrise in the morning, reveille sounded and all must turn out in the company streets and answer to roll call. Then get your breakfast and put your house in order. Then came the regular round of duties for the day aside from camp duties. There were picket duties. A detail of men from each company was sent out on the extreme outposts of the army and posted one man in a place whose duty it was to be on alert for the enemy. Pickets were divided into three reliefs; 2 hours on and 4 off. No fires were allowed on the outposts, but on the reserve back from the lines, there was a chance to lie down and rest. But to fall asleep on post was punishable by death. Sometimes on a dark night, you might imagine someone approaching, But often it would prove to be some stray animal, and you must make no alarm unless you knew the enemy was approaching. This was sometimes more trying to one's courage than to face the enemy in line of battle.

About March 16, 1862, the Army of the Potomac to which I belonged broke camp. We marched to Alexandria and were shipped by transport to Fortress Monroe. Then we commenced our Peninsular campaign on to Richmond. At Yorktown we encountered the enemy and lost our first men killed in battle. Our advance was slow, some days making no advance, and others having a sharp little skirmish with the rebels. A great many of our men were on sick list, made so by exposure and not being acclimated to the southern climate. The last days of June, we were within about three miles of Richmond and expected to soon capture the rebel capital. But after a hard-fought battle at Fair Oaks, we were defeated. June 27 and 28 there was heavy artillery fighting with the infantry supporting. The on the 29th, for some reason, we took up the defensive and began to retreat. For seven days we would fall back at night and hold our position through the day having some sharp skirmishes. Arriving at City Point on the James River, we made a stand. We remained at City Point about three weeks, tired, homesick and discouraged. From City Point we marched to Fortress Monroe where we again shipped up the Potomac to Alexandria, Va. On the 17th of September, we were in the Battle of Antietam where we lost in killed and wounded quite a good many.

Our next great battle was at Fredericksburg, Dec. 13, 1862. Here we lost from our army in killed, 1,180, wounded 9,028. That closed our campaign for 1862, and again we went into winter quarters. In the spring of 1863, our army broke camp about May 1st and our first move was on Fredericksburg. We succeeded in routing the enemy, but with heavy loss on both sides. From that time until July, we did but little fighting in our branch of the army, but did quite a good deal of marching from one point to another.

On July 1st, our corps, the 6th, was camping near Manchester and had orders to stay in camp and be ready to march at a moment's notice. About dark we broke camp and started, and were in line all night but did not make much advance. The roads were filled with troops and artillery marching. About day break our turn came and we started out on a good smart gait and arrived at the Gettysburg Battlefield about 5 o'clock p.m. Since starting last night we had covered 35 miles through dust and heat with no stops for lunch or rest. None but those accustomed to such hardships could endure it. Remember, we had to carry all of our equipment which was no small load. Our Regiment was thrown onto the extreme right of our battle lines, but not in the thick of the fight. July 3rd there was heavy fighting and we were on the lines, but not in the thickest. The roar of artillery and musketry was enough to make one's heart quake with fear. That night the enemy retreated, leaving their dead and many wounded on the battlefield.

During the remaining part of 1863 our part of the army had no hard-fought battles, but skirmishing and moving from one point to another.

During the winter of '63 and '64, we were offered a thirty days' furlough to go home if we would re-enlist. A great many took advantage of this offer. Longing to see home and friends once more, as we had now been in the service over two years, many of us enjoyed this home trip. But it was a little hard to go back to our duties.

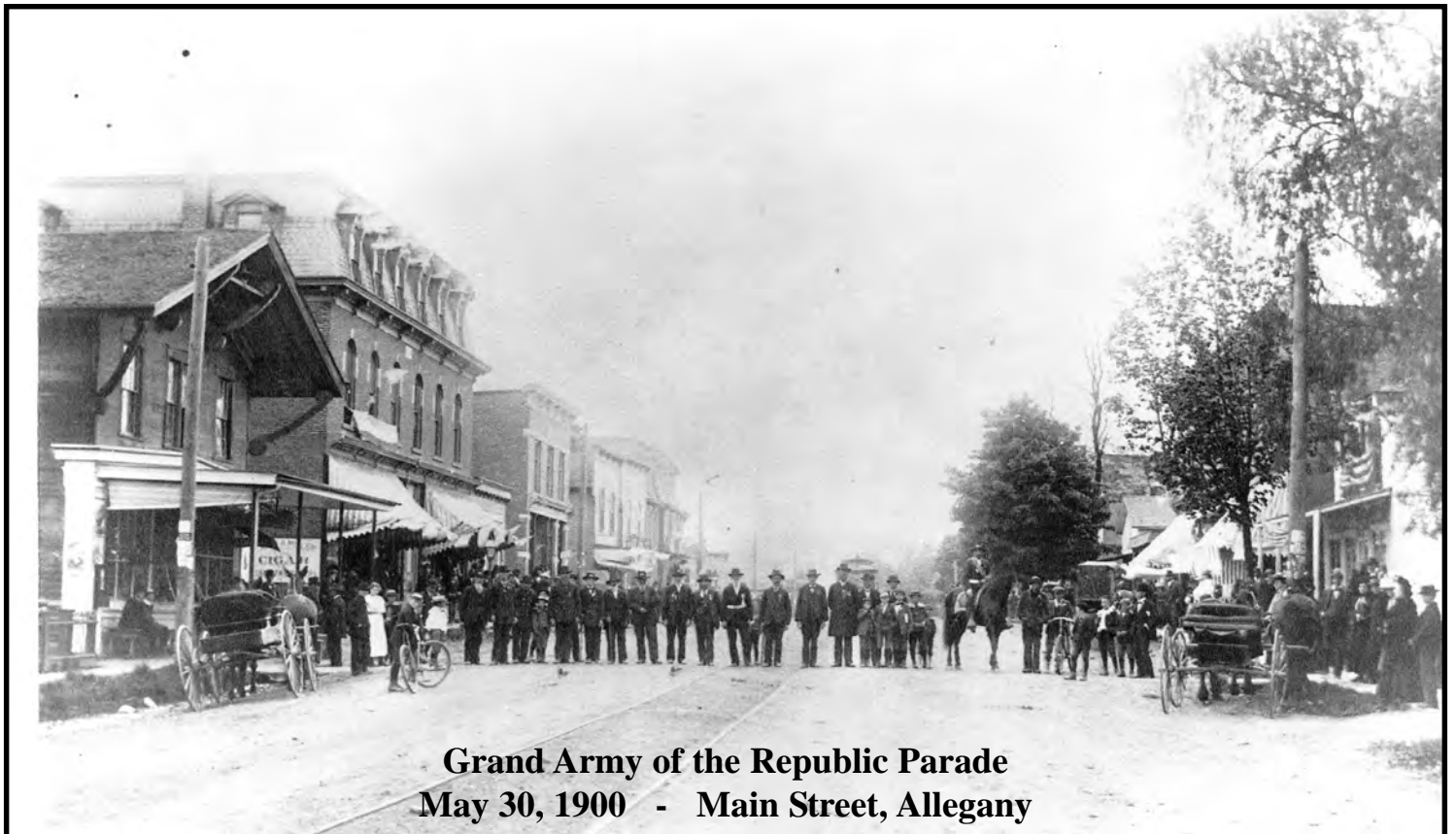
In the spring of '64 our army was recruiting and preparing for active service. During this winter I had two brothers enlist and come to our regiment. On May 4th we broke camp again to take up the terrible slaughter of brother against brother. But with a new leader in the person of General Ulysses Grant, we went forth to conquer or to die. We marched about 15 miles and crossed the Rapidan River at Germania ford. We camped for the night near the banks of the river and early on the 5th of May we met the enemy in what is known as the Wilderness. It was indeed a wilderness, being mostly a thick growth of underbrush with some openings. And this was the enemy's country where they knew every foot of the ground. Here for two days every foot of ground was contested, but with little advantage for either side. Many a poor boy laid down his life for his country and many more were maimed for life. The Union loss in killed, 5,507, wounded, 21,463, missing or taken prisoner, 10, 677 – more people than there are in the city of Jamestown.

On the night of the 6th the enemy broke our lines on the extreme right and came very near capturing many prisoners. But darkness closed the scene and our forces changed their base and got out of the trap with no great loss. Inst. Night I was severely wounded and when our troops were withdrawn, I was left on the battlefield. Comrades pleaded for the privilege of carrying me to a place of safety but were refused.

Left alone in the darkness with others who were wounded, I passed a night never to be forgotten. With the morning dawn came hope and a desire to escape from being taken prisoner. I made the effort and the enemy's pickets crying, "Halt", I dragged myself through tangled forests and over broken ground to where succoring hands took me in. I was taken to a field hospital where I was cared for. In a few hours I was put into a covered army wagon with three other comrades and started for Fredericksburg. For thirty-six hours we were transported over such roads as you find only where an army has passed. Arriving at Fredericksburg, we were taken from our crude ambulance and I was carried into a large brick residence which was already filled with wounded, all lying on the floor with just an army blanket spread down to lie on. Here we stayed for two weeks when we were loaded onto a transport and started for Washington. Arriving at Washington, I was taken to the Douglas Hospital. When able to travel, I was granted a furlough of a few weeks to come home. After returning, I remained at that hospital till the close of the war. Never being able to return to my regiment, when able, I was placed on light duties about the hospital. In November, 1865, I was discharged, having been in the service four years and three months. I never fully recovered from the wound I received.

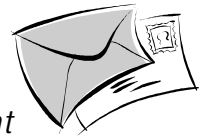
I had three brothers in the army. One was taken prisoner after being in the service but a short time. He was taken to Andersonville, where after nearly four months, he died of starvation and exposure. One was discharged for disability without seeing but little service, and one was wounded twice, but is still living.

Nearly fifty years have passed since the close of the Civil War, and the ranks of the Veterans are fast answering the last roll call. During my stay in Washington, I had the privilege of seeing President Lincoln on several occasions. I was present at his second Inauguration, was in the city when he was assassinated, and looked upon him for the last time as he lay in state at the White House. Thousands passed in to take a last look on the man they had learned to love.



**Grand Army of the Republic Parade
May 30, 1900 - Main Street, Allegany**

WE GET MAIL



Karen Field Streif sent a memorial for Jim Bockmier, along with a note to say that there used to be so many farms in the valley and now they are barely a memory. Karen's late father, Vern Field, worked with Jim Hitchcock one year to do a video for AAHA of all the farms that were in the Five Mile Valley, including the Bockmier farm.

Mardie Warren Butler who lives in Florida had been reading her mother's copy of the newsletter for years but after her mom, Margaret Warren, died, she has gotten her own subscription. "I was delighted to see the message from Rita Derx. It brought back fond memories of my childhood when Rita, her sister Mary and their mother would accompany Santa Claus to our house at 111 North Fourth Street in Allegany. Quite often there would be several of the neighbor kids who would be invited over for the big event...and to check out the large village and train set that my Dad, Howard Warren, had running throughout a good portion of the house! My Grandmother, Kittie Rehler, spent most of her time in the kitchen baking Christmas cookies for the visitors! So thanks for the memories, Rita!!!

I know that this may be the only way I get to keep up with the Allegany comings and goings since Mom died in August. I hadn't heard about Emma Lou Weidman's death and she was just one of my favorite people when I was a kid. And Susie Bubbs, of the infamous Rehler clan, did a great article on my Granddad, Alfred Rehler, some time ago...and then there were articles by Irene Schnell McCrae (spelling???) [Ed. Note – it is McRae] Well, I may have forgotten how to spell her last name, but I DO know that "children are REARED and buildings are RAISED!!" If you ever had her for a teacher, there are some things that you don't forget EVER!!! Oh, for more educators of her ilk!

We got a very exciting letter from Dr. Valgene L. Dunham, Distinguished Professor Emeritus at Coastal Carolina University in Conway, SC which I am including in its entirety.

"As a long distance member of the AAHA, I have been interested in reading the Newsletter and keeping up on the news. Perhaps, in the near future, I will be in a position to create some of the association's news.

For the last five years I have been writing a book

about the Civil War, based on the letters of my great, great grandfather, William Whitlock. My cousin, Howard Mark Whitney, found the letters in the Whitlock/Whitney farmhouse on the corner of the Five Mile Road and Morgan Hollow Road. The forty letters serve as the focus of my book which will be published at the end of this year by Syracuse University Press. The letters were transcribed by Bill Potter and he has written a prologue for the book. As the time draws closer to publication, I would love to visit the AAHA and give a talk on the letters. I will be in Allegany this summer and perhaps we can meet and talk further.

"Allegany to Appomattox: The Life and Letters of Private William Whitlock of the 188th New York Volunteers" tells the story of a farmer/lumberman who was born in Ithaca, moved to Ischua (then called Rice, NY) and lived in and around Allegany, including Hinsdale and Humphrey. William enlisted in Allegany in September, 1864 and left his wife (Mary Eliza Trowbridge) and four children to fight for the Union. The book includes chapters on Allegany and surroundings in the 1850's, the three battles he fought in, life in the trenches, life back home and the legacies that William left for his family.

What is exciting for me is that I used to come to Allegany every summer when I was growing up in Lorain, Ohio. I worked on the farms of both my grandfathers, Wesley Dunham and Claire Whitlock, both on Five Mile Road. My father, Reverend Verne Dunham (my mother was Viola Whitlock) is responsible for the construction of Lake Vee in Morgan Hollow on land my mother inherited from the Whitlock family. He built a house using lumber purchased at the Potter Lumber Company on the Five Mile Road. I visited last summer and I know that many things have changed. The old Whitlock/Whitney farmhouse is slowly being destroyed by the elements.

I hope that we can meet this summer and talk about the history of Allegany and the involvement of its citizens in the Civil War. I also hope to meet Mark Dunkleman this summer as he plans to return to Western New York for the 154th NY get together."

Ed. Note – As I said, this is very exciting and I will surely meet Dr. Dunham this summer and hopefully make arrangements for him to talk to us about his great find.

WE GET MAIL continued

We received a letter from long-time member, Don Bergreen.

"I am enclosing a copy of Bill Brandel's obituary. (Ed. note: Mr. Brandel died April 4th in Sun City, Arizona) Bill graduated with the Class of 1942 – I did also – others still alive in the Allegany area are Merle Schultz, Irene Foster Pierce, Carolyn Pittman (Duane) Clark, Al (Rita) Eaton and Margaret Geary Bowen – only four or five that I can account for living various places away from Allegany – the class totaled 39. Peg and I spent the month of February on Jekyll Island, Georgia – then the first three weeks of March renting a home owned by Art Hornburg in a retirement park in Plant City, Florida. Ed Wintermantel lived easy walking distance from us in the same park. On Thursday, March 1st about 4:30 p.m., I called Ed – We need to meet and catch up. Are you available for pizza tomorrow along with the Hornburgs [living next door]? No, can't eat meat on Friday as it is Lent. What are you doing now? Sitting here talking to Peg. I'll be right over – Ed, every time I talk to Bill Brandel he wants to know what's up with you ?? I called Bill on my cellphone – he answered – Hey, Bill, talk with Ed. They had a great conversation. Peg and Ed and I then went to a nearby restaurant. Ed was 100% - just as normal as usual. Two days later – Saturday – he was in church as usual – saw many friends. Sunday morning his neighbor wondered why the newspaper was still on the driveway. She went in to see Ed – he had a high fever – she called 911 – No, I don't want to go – he was soon transported to a Tampa Bay hospital. On the 10th Ed passed away and then long-time friend Bill passed away about three weeks later!

Bill grew up on the 4 Mile – all the way to the end – just before going up the hill to Knapp Creek. A week before WW II ended Bill was shot through a lung – missed all the vitals and we know he survived. A long-time very good friend."

Memorials



*For: Bill Bonhoff
From: Orin and Margaret Parker*

*For: Peter Burneal
From: Bob and Francie Potter
Milt and Chris Bailey
Eunice Schiferle*

*For: Jim Bockmier
From: Bob and Francie Potter
Harold and Marge Geise
Karen and Vincent Streif*

*For: Ed Wintermantel
From: Donald and Margaret Bergreen
Bob and Francie Potter
Carol and Betsy Livingston
John and Jillian Walsh
Rhea and Paul Carls*

*For: Emma Lou Wiedman
From: John and Jillian Walsh
Dave and Kathy Miller*

*For: William and Emma Lou Wiedman
From: Rhea and Paul Carls*

*For: Thomas Carls
From: Rhea and Paul Carls*

*For: Jennie Wholeben
From: Rhea and Paul Carls*

*For: Bill Brandel
From: Donald and Margaret Bergreen*

*For: Charles Ried
From: Rhea and Paul Carls*

As we go through the past issues of the Allegany Citizen for genealogy searches, we keep coming across interesting articles. Margaret Parker saw this and we think you will enjoy it.

DEATH OF HARLOW PIERCE from issue of December 31, 1910

On Sunday afternoon occurred the death of Harlow Pierce of Allegany, one of the pioneer residents of Cattaraugus County. The deceased was born in the town of Fabins, Onondaga County, May 19th, 1833, and was the fifth son of Lyartus and Catherine Pierce, who moved from Fabins in January, 1836 and settled in the town of Humphrey. Then they purchased a tract of land in the part of the town known as Bozard Hill. It was covered with large majestic pines and there were no roads; only a hazel tree here and there to guide the traveler. The family lived in a log cabin and the father and older sons commenced to clear the land ready for cultivation. A saw mill was built and part of the year they made shingles, and as there were no railroads the shingles were taken to Buffalo with teams. In 1858 a frame house was built and it was there that the deceased lived until November 1908, when failing health compelled him to give up his home and move to Allegany. July 22, 1866, he was married to Lydia Stevens of East Ashford, who survives him. Six children came to their household, five of whom survive. Mrs. P. Wilber of Allegany; Attorney George H. Pierce of this village; Elmer S. Pierce, principal of the Seneca Vocational School, Buffalo; Julia Pierce, a teacher in the Herkimer schools, and Glenn Pierce. He is survived by three grandchildren, Doris and Marion Wilber and Harlow William Pierce; also three sisters, Mrs. Angeline Wright of Great Valley and Mrs. Julia Bozard of Allegany and one brother, Harvey Pierce of Humphrey Centre and a large circle of more distant relatives and many friends. Harlow Pierce was a man of irreproachable character; of quiet and patient disposition, yet he seemed to influence all people who knew him. He has always been very much interested in schools and educational lines and one of his aims was to live to know that all of his children were well educated. He was a person who read a great deal and possessed a strong memory. His mind remained remarkably clear and active until the last. A man of unselfish disposition who was always ready to lend a helping hand to anyone in need. In politics he was a staunch Republican and during his long life never wavered in his allegiance to that party and missed voting at only one election; he held various town offices. He had been a long and patient sufferer of heart trouble and several times expressed a desire to go to sleep, not to awake again in this world. Early Christmas morning he was suddenly taken much worse and just as the day was closing he went to sleep to awaken in another world where there is no suffering. The funeral was held at the residence on Johnson Street, Wednesday at one o'clock; the Rev. J. M. Markwish, a former pastor of the Humphrey Baptist Church, officiating.

THE RUG By **GERTRUDE SCHNELL**

In the early 1950's Mrs. Elizabeth Nenno had retired from the telephone office, but wanted to stay around Allegany. Her husband was deceased and her daughter lived in Florida. My aunt, Irene Schnell (McRae) was renting the lower apartment of the house at 60 West Main Street next to the Town Hall. She had an extra bedroom, and rented it to Mrs. Nenno. At first each bought and cooked their own food, but soon Mrs. Nenno was doing all the cooking. She liked to keep busy.

At this time she acquired some men's ties and decided to braid a rug. It started out on one card table. Next the word was out about the ties and rug and Allegany teachers, high school students, St. Bonaventure students and business men began to contribute ties. Mrs. Nenno kept braiding and the rug went to two card tables tied together. This project kept growing to four card tables tied together. The rug eventually reached room size.

When it was finished Aunt Irene gave a party for all who had contributed. They were encouraged to come and see the rug. She said it was a comical sight to see all these men down on the floor trying to find their ties in the rug!

The rug was placed in Mrs. Nenno's bedroom and moved to an upstairs bedroom when Aunt Irene moved to 27 Second Street in Allegany. When I disposed of her estate I sold it. Does it still exist somewhere around Allegany?

Many thanks to Gertrude Schnell for her always interesting articles about life in Allegany. Keep them coming, Gertrude, as our readers do enjoy them. If any of our members would like to contribute articles, we would appreciate it.

**Allegany Area Historical Association
P.O. BOX 162
Allegany, NY 14706**

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INSIDE SPECIAL ISSUE:

Presidents Report

Life in the Union Army

Ties to a Rug

NEXT MEETING

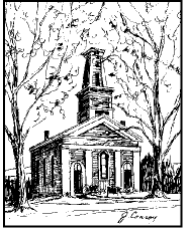
Our next meeting will be held **Wednesday, May 23rd at 7 p.m. at the Heritage Center.** Two of our presenters are Civil War re-enactors and are busy on the weekends. Our program is about the Civil War and will be very exciting – please make an effort to attend.

Katherine Howe is a member of the 42nd Pa. Bucktails and re-enacts as a Civil War nurse. She has been giving presentations for 5 years, and is a teacher's aide at Allegany-Limestone Middle School. She has been studying the Civil War for over 25 years, and will talk on Medicine, Nursing and Doctors in the Civil War.

Stephanie Mackowski, a senior at Allegany-Limestone High School, is a licensed battlefield guide at Fredericksburg. She will attend Nazareth College, majoring in History/International Studies. She will present on a special interest of hers, General Thomas "Stonewall" Jackson.

Jefferson Dedrick, a junior at Allegany-Limestone High School, started re-enacting as a drummer boy. He is a Private in the 42nd Pa. Bucktails. He will talk about A Soldier's Life during the Civil War.

**WEDNESDAY, MAY 23RD, 7 P.M.
AT THE HERITAGE CENTER, 25 NORTH SECOND STREET**



Allegheny Area Historical Association

March 2013

www.allegheny.org

Issue XXXII Vol. 1

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Our farm implements that we had loaned to the Cattaraugus County Museum have been returned. But we are a lot smarter now as to what some of them are. Brian McClellan, the museum director, and his father-in-law, who is a farmer, told us exactly what all the items were used for. But even they were stumped by two of them! Anyway, we have been able to put them neatly away. Hopefully we will be able to do a display with them at a future date.

Our annual Cookie Sale and Community Christmas Service were roaring successes! We made \$1,179.50 on the cookie sale and had over 30 people attend the church service. Thanks go to Linda Kruppner of Nature's Remedy for allowing us to have our cookie sale there again this year. Our thanks to Pastor Dan Buringrud and the St. John's Ensemble, led by Jim Schultz, from St. John's Lutheran Church for their participation in the Christmas service. The ensemble was 18 strong and filled the church with joyful Christmas music. We also collected \$48 and many things for Genesis House, a homeless shelter in Olean, and they were delighted to receive them. We also sent the remaining goodies from our cookie sale to Genesis House, and received a nice note from them saying, "Our families loved the baked goods – especially the children!"

Alicia Bockmier gave AAHA a framed picture of the Bockmier farm on the West Five Mile Road from days gone by – the farm used to be the A. L. Bozard farm. This is in memory of her late father-in-law, Jim Bockmier. Thanks, Alicia.

It wouldn't be AAHA if we didn't have a story about our furnace. On a Monday, New York State Electric and Gas moved our gas meter from inside the building to the outside. They, of course, had to shut off the gas to do this. On the following Thursday I happened to stop at the building and found that the furnace wasn't working – it was 42 degrees inside! Fortunately this was during our January thaw so the daytime temps were higher than usual and the overnight temps weren't too cold. I contacted NYSEG and a man showed right up, and he said the furnace had been working just fine when they left the building. After looking at it, he said it was a furnace problem, not a gas problem so I called Mazza Heating. A very nice young man came and determined that a screw had come off a motor mount, the motor was tilted and couldn't run. It was just pure coincidence that NYSEG had been there at the same time. Anyway, he fixed it in a jiffy and we now have heat. Dead skunks, dead woodchucks, broken motors - I can hardly wait for the next furnace adventure!

One of our newer members, Wes Martin, has been doing interviews with some of our older citizens. So far he has talked with 90 year old Merle Schultz and George Schreiber II. I'll be featuring these interviews in upcoming issues. Thanks, Wes, for doing this. Hans Sendlakowski is taking the tapes and converting them to CD's so we have backup copies.

In November I mentioned that we have started a "paint fund" to help us get our Heritage Center building painted. As of press time we have collected \$2,160.00, a good start to our fund. Donations can be sent to AAHA, PO Box 162, Allegheny, NY 14706. Thanks for your help.

We have received an 1887 wedding dress from Liz Williams of Olean. The dress was her grandmother's. She wanted to give the dress to a historical group, rather than throw it away. It will be a nice addition to our clothing collection and will be displayed when we show some of our antique clothes.

FRANCIE POTTER, President

I spent the evening of December 10, 2012 doing a delightful interview with Celestine Welch. I hope you enjoy the results.

Celestine was born April 6, 1921 in Corydon, Pennsylvania. Corydon doesn't exist anymore as it was flooded in the construction of the Kinzua Dam. She is one of four sisters – Geraldine, Mary Elizabeth and Ann. Many people in Allegany will remember Geraldine McLaughlin from her storied career in the Allegany school system. Celestine's parents were James A. and Romaine Griffin McLaughlin. Her father was a science and math teacher at St. Bonaventure College, and commuted from Corydon, but when Celestine was young the family moved to Allegany, where she grew up. To her, Allegany was "the big city" after tiny Corydon!

Her father became ill when she was young and died when Celestine was 12 years old, and things then changed drastically in the family. For one thing, her mother had to learn to drive the family Hudson. Her mother had been doing some substitute teaching in Allegany, but then became a full time teacher. Her mother had gone to Edinboro School, and St. Bonaventure gave her a break on classes so she could get her bachelor's degree to be able to teach in the public school system. The college was also very helpful to the family and arranged for them to live in a house on Main Street in exchange for Celestine's mother keeping the records for St. Bonaventure Cemetery. She remembers that when people came from out of town looking for a particular gravesite, her mother would drive to the cemetery with them to help them out. Her mother was later elected as tax collector so that also helped the family.

Celestine and her sisters went to grade school at St. Bonaventure – "Little Bona's" – and then high school at St. Elizabeth's. The local students were "day hop" students; their freshman year was free and after that they paid \$50 a semester. If the weather was nice, she would roller skate to St. Elizabeth's, hide her skates and skate key in the bushes and roller skate home after school. Everyone knew where the skates were "hidden" but nobody ever took them. Of course, these were the clamp-on skates, nothing fancy. She took piano lessons and singing lessons from the nuns.

Celestine remembers that Allegany had many grocery stores when she was growing up – Sam Gagliaro's (where Collins Memorials now stands), Leo's, Market Basket, Willard & Smith which became Smith & Schultz, and others. Clarene Norton was the head clerk at Smith and Schultz who took the grocery orders, and Clarence Smith then delivered the groceries. She remembers the pleasant clank of the linotype machine at the Allegany Citizen when she walked by. The family went swimming in the Five Mile Creek at Archibald Cross Road. Her mother drove them there and packed a picnic lunch so they could eat after swimming. They also went to the movies in the theater at the town hall. When you went in the front door, the post office was on the left hand side, and Joe Norton was the Postmaster. On the right was Charlie Norton's newsroom. Upstairs was the theater and Charlie Norton acted as the unofficial usher.

The telephone company was across the street from the town hall, upstairs at 45 West Main Street. Agnes Dieteman and Rita Sheridan were the operators who ran the switchboard. Celestine would try to call her friend, Irene Grader, and Agnes would say, "Oh, honey, she's not home. I just saw her going into the Town Hall." Irene's phone number was 341R and Celestine's was 83J. Of course, everyone had party lines, and keeping things private was very hard. When the fire whistle blew, Celestine, and lots of others, would call the operator to find out where the fire was!

There were two doctors in town, Dr. Wintermantel and Dr. Andres. Dr. Wintermantel's office was at 4 East Main Street in the basement. If you had to go to the hospital, there was Olean General Hospital, the West Side Clinic at 7th and West State Street in Olean, and the Mountain Clinic on East State Street in Olean.

Allegany was a very friendly place to grow up. Nobody had cars like they do now so the kids were de-

pendent on their parents to go places. The parents all took turns doing the driving. There were dances at St. Elizabeth's and the Knights of Columbus. Square dances were greatly enjoyed. Her mother would take the girls to the Cuba Lake Pavilion for dancing or roller skating but this didn't happen too often. There were no "R" or "X" movies, everything was fine for kids to see. It was a very big occasion to go to Buffalo for shopping. The family took trips to visit aunts in Bemus Point and Elmira, which was considered "the end of the world". They drove through Woodhull and Jasper on old Route 17. The long Jasper hill was very hard on brakes.

Celestine started college with extension courses at St. Bonaventure, and she had to go at night as girls were not allowed to take classes during the day. She worked days at Montgomery Ward. When she went to Elmira to help take care of an elderly aunt, she finished her college education at Elmira College. She started teaching at Mount Morris, and would get rides home for visits on the mail truck. After four years there, she took a job teaching at Cattaraugus, again for four years. Then Principal Bob O'Donnell offered her a position in Allegany where she taught 10th grade for four years and then quit to get married. She went back to teaching after she raised her family.

She got married in 1947 to Chester Welch who had grown up on Maple Avenue. He had served in the Army, in the Infantry, and also worked as a fireman on the railroad. He then took a job as a lab technician in the research department at Hysol. They lived in an upstairs apartment on First Street, and went on to have five children, Jeannie, Jim, Sally, Fred and Tom. She has ten grandchildren and 4 great-grandchildren. There were a number of newly married couples in Allegany right after the war, and they all helped each other out. Celestine and Skip Soplop often watched each other's children. When they bought their first TV, they invited all the neighbors to come watch the shows! Celestine has lived a long, happy life and is still enjoying herself, and her family and friends.

Thanks, Celestine, for sharing your memories with us.

ANOTHER ITEM FROM THE SAND PAPER OF NOVEMBER 24, 1910-

John A. Ryan, our genial supervisor, gives the following timely and valuable suggestions on the proper manner of carving a fowl: Place the bird on the platter then insert the fork and start to cut diagonally and longitudinally. In case the bird slips and lands in the lap of a lady guest, tho covered by confusion and gravy, you should rise, make a polite bow and say, "I'll trouble you for that hen, please", and then resume the autopsy.

Memorials



For: Robert Potter

From: Steve and Betty Eaton

For: William Brandel

From: Shirley Brandel

For: David Bergreen

From: John and Jillian Walsh

Donald and Margaret Bergreen

For: Margaret McCaffery Capozzi

From: John and Jillian Walsh

Kathy Premo

For: Bruce and Betty Bradley

From: Donald and Margaret Bergreen

For: James L. Alborg

From: Donald and Margaret Bergreen

To Honor: Francie Potter

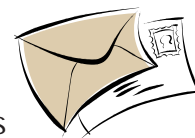
From: Don and Lucy Benson

Honorary Donation For:

Bob and Francie Potter's Wedding Anniversary

From: Linda Potter

WE GET MAIL



Jerry Perry of Nashville sent AAHA some material about the Sheldon family. Clara Sheldon was his great-aunt. Among the material was a copy of a talk given by Jennie Arms Sheldon in 1911 concerning his ancestor, John Sheldon, who survived the Deerfield, Massachusetts Massacre of 1704, but his wife and youngest child were killed. His house, which had been strongly built in 1698, still stood after the battle and over the years became known as "The Old Indian House Homestead." After the dust settled, Ensign John Sheldon was appointed by the Massachusetts government as Envoy to Canada for the redemption of the captives taken at Deerfield. He went along the Mohawk Trail to Albany, then north through the forests to Lake George and Lake Champlain, and eventually reached Quebec. He managed to get five captives released. He was ordered to make a second trip and got some more prisoners freed. He made four trips total and secured the release of 113 captives, including four of his children. He died in 1733, revered as a leader in civic affairs and honored for his part in gaining freedom for so many of Deerfield's citizens. It's quite a story, and the complete text is available at the Heritage Center for everyone to see.

Margaret Sutherland of Yuma, Arizona asked for a copy of our Heritage Days "street sheet" and really enjoyed all the news items about all her relatives, Geise, Nenno, Carls, Bockmier, Geringer, Martiny, Forness, Mohr (her mother was a Mohr), Rehler and many more. She, like a lot of people, is related to half of Allegany!

Many thanks to all who included notes with their dues about how much they enjoy the newsletter. Among them were Steve and Betty Eaton, past presidents of AAHA. They are in a retirement community in Pennsylvania, and wish to be remembered to all their Allegany friends. Bill Ryan of Rush, New York also enjoys the newsletter. Karen Field Streif remembered all the baking her father, Vernon Field, used to do for the Cookie Sale, and the pies that their neighbor, Mary Rickard, made, especially her blackberry pies. Mary died in November – she and the Fields were the best of friends. Clyde Johnson of Port Allegany, Pa. sent a post card of the new home of the Port Allegany History Heritage Club – it is in an old church (sound familiar?) that used to be the Glass Museum. He says it needs work on the outside but the inside is all good.

GAS LIGHTS

By Gertrude Schnell

The Delia Rehler Schnell house on the Lower Birch Run Road had no electricity until after World War II. When I was a young girl visiting the farm, light was provided by kerosene lamps or gas lights.

In the side yard was a tank buried with a shingled roof over it. Inside this tank was water into which were dropped pellets of calcium carbide. Acetylene gas was formed and captured in a "bell" that would rise and fall with the volume of the gas. Then the volume of the gas became slightly pressurized and was piped into the house.

On the walls in the downstairs of the house were pipes protruding with gas light fixtures on them. In the dining room was a large fixture with multiple lamps. The only time I saw them lighted was when a card table was placed under it and the men of the house, Norbert and Arthur, my Father, Edwin, and Uncle Frank Rehler from Buffalo sat down and played Euchre.

If replacements were needed the Linde Air Products Company, which was a unit of Carbide and Carbon Corporation, was contacted. The Home Lighting Department would ship the "Colt" Generators fixtures and supplies.

When electricity arrived the gas lights were taken down and packed away, but the piping still protruded from the walls. At the time of emptying the house the gas lights were found and I donated them to the Allegany Area Historical Association.

Thanks, Gertrude, for another interesting article. I always wondered what that little roof in the yard of older houses was for – now I know. Ed.

DR. LEE-O-NETTO

We received an inquiry from Nancy Lecompte, who wanted information about Dr. Lee-O-Netto who lived at 54 West Main Street, and who died in December of 1939. The house was torn down and the 5 Star Bank building and parking lot is now there. We were able to provide her with Dr. Lee-O-Netto's obituary and a picture of the Town Hall that also showed the front part of the home. Dr. Lee-O-Netto was a member of the Kanistanaux family who lived in Stockton, NY. The male family members were Brothertown Indians and the women were most likely Abenaki Indian from New England and Quebec. You can see all her research at her blog: www.nedoba.blogspot.com. She would be grateful for any local information anyone might have about Dr. Lee-O-Netto. Perhaps some of our older members might have memories that they could share with her – her e-mail is: nancy@nedoba.org.



DR. LEE-O-NETTO.
THE INDIAN DOCTRESS.

Nonagenarian Passes Tuesday

**Dr. Lee-O-Nett-O, Well Known
Indian Doctor of Allegany,
Succumbs At The Age of Nine-
ty-five Years.**

Mrs. Lee-O-Nett-O, our well known Indian medicine doctor passed away at her home on West Main street at twelve-thirty o'clock Tuesday afternoon from ailments incident principally to old age. Doctor Lee-O-Nett-O was 95 years of age.

Born in Canada, April 9, 1844, she came to the United States in 1859. She was a descendant of the St. Francis Indian Tribe of the Macgalloway River in Canada. The doctor located in this village about twenty-five years ago and until two years ago she was active in her profession in the treatment of the sick with herb medicines of her own composition, attaining a great degree of success in her patients' illnesses.

She was remarkably well preserved for one of her age, of extraordinary intelligence, kind to animals of all kinds, and fond of birds. She took great pleasure in breeding canaries and parrots, of which she had many about her spacious home.

Deceased is survived by two nephews, Leon Horton of East Randolph; William Kunstanoux of Fredonia, and a niece, Miss Grace Kelley of Wells Bridge, N. Y.

Funeral services will be held at the late home, 54 West Main street, this afternoon (Thursday) at 2:30 o'clock and the remains will be laid at rest in the Allegany cemetery.

Rev. Joseph Groves, pastor of St. Stephen's church of Olean, will officiate at the last rites.

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INSIDE SPECIAL ISSUE:

Presidents Report

A Little Gas

“I’ll trouble you for that hen, please”

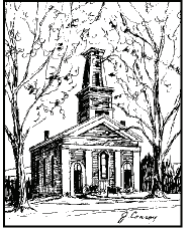
NEXT MEETING

Our March meeting will be on Sunday, March 24 at 2 p.m. at the Heritage Center. Our speaker will be Michael Doyle, Ed.D retired. Mr. Doyle is the President of the Cuba Friends of Architecture. He will give a presentation about the Palmer Opera House – >From Collapse to Renewal. Highlighted will be the history of the Opera House, early activities that took place there, and some of the transitions that have taken place during the last 140 years. The Palmer Opera House dates from 1874 and was a centerpiece of cultural activity in Cuba form many years but fell into great disrepair. Mr. Doyle will fill us in on the tremendous effort that has been required to bring the building back to life. Please join us for this interesting talk.



SUNDAY, MARCH 24 • 2 P.M. • HERITAGE CENTER

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Allegany Area Historical Association

March 2014

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Issue XXXIII Vol. 1

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

This past winter was hard for us as we lost some more members. Cheryl Stetz died in November. Cheryl was a strong supporter of AAHA and in recent years had taken over the Country Cupboard booth at Heritage Days from Margaret Parker. Her son, Kyle, is a Civil War buff and whenever we had a Civil War display, both she and Kyle were a big help for us. Caroline Clark also passed away in November. She and her husband, Duane (Beans) were both a font of information on Allegany history. Many years ago, they donated a tree to AAHA in memory of Kathryn Grandusky. These ladies will be missed by all our members.

Another member that we lost was Bob Bergreen. The Bergreens are an old Allegany family. An interview with Bob's brother, Don, appears later in this newsletter. Bob and his wife, Nickie (Ila Jean) were some of the founding members of AAHA. They worked tirelessly to help us get off the ground, and Nickie served as President of AAHA for many years. They had lived in North Carolina for a number of years but their hearts were still in Allegany. Our sympathies to the Bergreen family.

Several members included notes with their dues payments, saying how much they enjoy the newsletter and the work we do to preserve Allegany's history. Thanks to James Simmons, Bill Ryan, Clyde Johnson, Gary Forness, Shirley Toohey, Margaret Nutt Sutherland, Karen Streif, Mary Nicklas Petro, Mardie Warren Butler, Jerry Perry, Susie Bubbs and Mary McClure. For many of our far-flung members, our newsletter gives them the only news they will receive about what is happening in their old hometown.

Our Christmas Cookie Sale was once again a huge success, with a profit of \$1,089.00. Thanks to all who baked, donated money or worked on the sale. Our Community Christmas Service, however, only had 12 people in attendance. The weather was good so that wasn't the problem. Rev. John Woodring conducted a nice service and we collected a lot of needed things for Genesis House, for which they warmly thanked us. I hope that next year more can come to help us start the Christmas season.

We have received a sizeable bequest from the estate of Mary Beth Smith of Hornell, a member of our association. She taught grade school in the Olean school system for 39 years, retiring in 1990. She then moved to her late parents' home in Hornell. The officers and trustees are gathering suggestions as to what we need to have done, and will meet in the spring to prioritize things. One thing that is being done immediately is to have a fire and burglary alarm system installed by Austin Security.

Our thanks to Pete Forness who shoveled our walk all winter. All the exercise he got saved him the cost of a membership at the YMCA! Thanks, Pete.

FRANCIE POTTER, PRESIDENT

MAKING SAUERKRAUT by Gertrude Schnell

Every year on my Grandmother Schnell's farm on the Birch Run Road there was a large garden. Some of the vegetables were taken to Bradford to be sold on the streets, and much of the produce was to be canned for use on the farm. Cabbage was a big part of the garden. In the fall the heads were cut and many were put in the cellar for winter use. However, at least one bushel was saved to make sauerkraut.

When the time came to make this tasty staple, a five gallon crock was brought from the cellar and thoroughly washed. Then the sauerkraut cutter and stomper came from the attic, again to be thoroughly washed. The stomper might have been made from a broom handle and a block of wood about 6 inches in diameter.

Next the heads of cabbage had to be trimmed and made ready for the cutter. The sauerkraut cutter was a low wooden box with a blade at the center. A wooden box with no bottom in it was located in the cutter box. Cabbage was put in this box, which slid back and forth over the blade. Thus fingers were not supposed to be cut. The cutter was next placed on top of the crock.

Now the hard work began. Each head of cabbage was pushed across the blade time after time. We usually took turns because it required power. About 1 and ¼ cups of salt and ½ cup of sugar had been made ready. As about a 3" of 4" layer of cabbage accumulated in the crock it was stomped and sprinkled with salt and a little sugar.

When the bushel of cabbage was all cut, a clean cloth was put on it in the crock to cover it and a large flat stone was put on, sometimes being held down with a jug of water since a brine would form and cause the contents of the crock to rise.

The crock was then placed near the wood stove in the dining room. Total fermentation usually took place in about 10 days. However, every few days fingers dipped into the crock to eat some of the cabbage to see if it was sour enough. If mold formed on the top, the cloth was removed and washed and the top layer of cabbage was also removed.

When it became sour enough to suit my grandmother, we started canning it. Into sterile fruit jars it went and was then cold packed in about an hour. Sometimes this process took several days and what was left in the crock became more sour each day. With the jars in the cellar, winter could come anytime because my grandmother was ready.

Thanks for another great, interesting story, Gertrude.



An interview with Don Bergreen by Wes and Judy Martin, June, 2013

Don was born at home in Allegany in a house at 143 North Second Street that his parents rented from Clarence Smith. When Don was about a year old, his parents purchased the house at 170 North Second Street, where he grew up.

Don's grandfather, Carl Bergreen, came from Sweden and died before Don was born so he only knew about him from family stories, but he did know his grandmother, Elvira. Carl Bergreen came from Sweden to Galeton, Pennsylvania and had a job there but at some point he and his wife moved to Olean. On his mother's side, his grandfather MacMurray owned a brickyard on East State Street in Olean. Many of the bricks on the Olean streets came from this brickyard. Again, this grandfather died before Don was born, and he barely knew his grandmother.

Don's father, Roy Bergreen, had to leave school in his sophomore year and go to work to help support the family when his father, Carl, died. Don's parents, Roy and Doris MacMurray Bergreen, were married in 1922. Don's mother had one year of working as a bookkeeper, but then became a stay-at-home mom, raising a family of three sons and a daughter. Don is the oldest. His brother, Bob, two years younger, who lived in Charlotte, N.C. passed away in December of 2013. His brother, David, who was twelve years younger, died in November of 2012, and his sister, Ann, died at age 55 from problems related to dementia.

Don remembers that during the Depression many people in Allegany had their own vegetable gardens or shared gardens with others. The Bergreens shared a garden with the Washburn family – the mothers canned the produce. His step-grandfather raised chickens so they always had food on the table but it was mostly home-grown.

Don's father was employed by Scovil & Brown from Wellsville as a grocery wholesale representative in the Olean and Bradford area. Merle Schultz lived across the street from Don and Merle's father, Howard, was involved with a grocery store in Allegany. Merle and Don are the same age and graduated from Allegany Central School together. There were twenty-six students in the class.

Don and Merle and other kids in town went swimming and fishing in the Five Mile Creek. Movies on the second floor of the Town Hall building were only on Saturday. Movies in Olean were at the Haven theater and the State theater, across from each other on West State Street. A popular movie was "Steamboat Round the Bend".

Don had to earn his own "pocket change" so he went door to door selling magazines such as Saturday Evening Post, Liberty and Life. He bought the Saturday Evening Post for 5 cents and sold it for 10 cents. He also delivered papers – the Times Herald – and made less than \$1 a day. He had 60 customers, and some lived up the Five Mile Road. When the snow got too bad in the winter he had to drop the five customers farthest out. The next summer the Times Herald ran a special contest for the paper boys – get five new customers and the Times Herald would take them on a trip to Celeron Park for a picnic, so Don signed up the five customers he had dropped in the winter.

After Don graduated from high school in June of 1942, he was offered a job with the Town of Allegany driving a dump truck, helping to repair roads for Duncan McRae. It was a 1936 Ford which had almost no brakes "which made things very interesting." He earned fifty cents an hour.

He went to Alfred Tech from September 1942 to June 1943, where the normal two-year program was condensed to one year because of the war. He studied radio and electronics, expanding on his hobby of building radios. He had a deferment from the draft while he was in school. He built his first radio when he was fifteen. It was a one tube, battery operated radio and could pick up WHDL AM. When they went off the air at 11 p.m. he then picked up KDKA in Pittsburgh or WHAM in Rochester. He had to wear headphones to hear the broadcasts.

Alfred at that time was a 7th Day Adventist town, and that was a revelation to Don. There were no dorms – the students stayed with town residents. Don and two others stayed in a professor's home near campus. Don joined a fraternity where he had dining privileges where he got his meals.

He heard about Pearl Harbor while up Smith Hollow picking ground pine for Christmas wreaths. He got back in his car and turned the radio on, and he knew then that he would be in the service. His radio experience and training saved his life when he entered the Army. His first job was in the Infantry, but Engineers needed someone in communications at Headquarters and Service Company. He still had close calls being in the Engineers but nothing like he would have had in the Infantry.

He reported for active duty in October of 1943. His father drove him to the Salamanca draft board where he and several others got on a train which came back through Allegany where his mother was at the First Street crossing waving a handkerchief. He went to Camp Upton, Long Island processing center where he was issued everything he needed. From there he was sent to Florida for sixteen weeks of infantry training. He had one week of leave and then went to Boston where he boarded the U.S.S. Packer for a 14 day convoy to England. He landed at Bristol in March of 1944 and then waited for D-Day in a camp in southern England. England that March had very cold nights. There were eight cots in each tent with a pot belly stove in the middle for heat. The training was constant.

There were hundreds of barrage balloons in the area to prevent German aircraft from coming in at low altitude.

He could hear the wail of sirens at night, warning of approaching bombers. Search lights came on, anti-air craft fire and tracer bullets were going up as the Germans were trying to bomb Bristol's industrial areas.

June 5th, just before sundown, the barrage balloons were suddenly pulled down to the ground and aircraft by the hundreds started flying overhead at low altitude with their running lights on to avoid colliding with each other. They were heading for the coast of France "and we knew D-Day was on."

It was another six days before Don's unit left Southampton for France. His unit landed on Omaha Beach, Easy Red sector from a Higgins landing craft and waded ashore.

By June 12th, Allied troops were 3 to 4 miles inland and things were quiet for "a nineteen year old landing on Omaha Beach." Among the equipment that the GI's carried were bulky gas masks. As Don walked up the road to the heights over Omaha Beach, the road was littered with thousands of discarded gas masks. Don's unit, 1st Engineers Combat Battalion walking between the hedgerows on a quiet moon-lit night could hear GI's hollering "New mown hay, new mown hay", which was the code for phosgene gas, and everyone immediately thought of their discarded gas masks, but it turned out to be a false alarm. Don's unit lived among the hedgerows from June 12th until mid-July when the break-out began. They experienced heavy, heavy artillery action from German 88's trying to knock out American artillery behind them as the unit was between the two lines. If you heard the shells whistle overhead you knew you were safe. It was the ones that you did not hear that landed close to you that caused problems.



Don in uniform.

After Cherbourg was captured, that opened up a seaport for landing men and supplies and Omaha Beach became quiet.

The 1st Engineers Combat Battalion had three companies, A, B and C, and each had their own specialty. One company was trained to lay minefields or uncover German minefields and remove them. One company used bulldozers for building roads, among other things. C Company specialized in building bridges. Don worked in communications, operating field telephones, stringing wire and anything else necessary to maintain 2-way radio contact.

Because of all the bombing prior to D-Day, Don saw a lot of dead cattle, and at times the stench was almost unbearable. The bulldozer operators were kept busy digging deep trenches and burying the cattle.

Don saw a lot of France but not Paris. His unit did an end run around the city, and continued up to Belgium, headed for Aachen, Germany.

The first breakthrough into Germany was through the Siegfried Line into Aachen. His unit didn't stay too long, and pulled back into Belgium. About a month later, they broke through again, this time about 15-20 miles from the first battle, using engineering equipment, explosives, etc. to get through. They then pulled back to take part in the Huertgen Forest Battle and the Battle of the Bulge.

From the 16th of November, 1944 to the 6th of December the Germans staged a counter-offensive in the Huertgen Forest, where there was just one road through the forest. Richie Boser and Carl Jones [of Allegany] survived this battle, a prelude to the Battle of the Bulge. It was considered to be as difficult and as bloody as D-Day, with wretched weather. German shells exploded on impact with the tree tops and the whole forest was decimated. Shrapnel was spraying all over.

The Battle of the Bulge happened almost immediately afterward. The 99th and 104th Divisions were side by side in the battle and were totally inexperienced, forming the weak link in the chain. The Germans knew this and those divisions took the brunt of the attacks. Don's unit held the north flank of the Bulge. The weather was severe, with freezing rain almost constant and frozen mud everywhere. The GI's wore white bed sheets over their uniforms as camouflage. Christmas Day the skies cleared so the Air Force could finally lend some much needed support. The battle finally ended in mid-January.

To keep as clean as possible, Don used a steel helmet he found along the way,



Nazi banner taken down and saved by Don.



Notebook from WWII

filled it with water and used a gas-powered blowtorch to heat the water and take a "horse bath." He shaved the same way. "At 20, you didn't have to shave too much."

Supplies became very short. He found a pack of wet cigarettes and dried them out, but after one puff he found they were too powerful to smoke and threw them away. The C-rations had a hard chocolate bar, crackers, spaghetti and meatballs. The 10-in-one rations had more crackers, sausages, cheese and beans and franks.

All the local citizens along the way were so very happy to see American troops.

After the Battle of the Bulge, the next objective was Cologne, Germany. They arrived at the bivouac site late in the evening, and that night American bombers hit the industrial parts of the city. Don learned after the war that the American pilots and navigators knew where the Cologne Cathedral was, and it survived the war untouched.

From Cologne, his unit proceeded to the Rhine River and Remagen. The bridge at Remagen was in serious disrepair and unfit for heavy travel, so another engineer company had built a pontoon bridge downstream, and that is where his unit crossed. They were now in the heart of Germany and found that the people had evacuated whole towns before the American troops came.

World War II ended on May 8, 1945. Don's unit was in Czechoslovakia. They commandeered a private house – no more sleeping on the ground. Don was able to take a hot bath for the "first time in a long, long, long time."

After Czechoslovakia, Don's battalion was assigned to Nuremberg to start preparations for the Nuremberg trials. Don had enough points built up so he could start heading home. As a result, he didn't get involved with the Nuremberg proceedings.

He rode World War II trucks, 40 & 8's, to Camp Lucky Strike and Camp Chesterfield in Normandy, and waited weeks and weeks for a ride home. He finally boarded an Italian ship, a "rust bucket", but got home in five days from Le Havre to New York City. He was seasick all the way.

The morning they arrived in New York, the fog was just lifting and they all saw the Statue of Liberty – "what an experience that was!" He was taken to Fort Dix, New Jersey where he was discharged, and then



Hand made calendar. Soldiers were not allowed dairies in event they were captured. Don developed this as an alternative.

stayed with relatives in Brooklyn before taking the Erie Railroad home in time for Christmas, 1945.

Don re-connected with his friends who were returning from the war, but he didn't discuss his experiences too much.

He spent two years at St. Bonaventure College, and then did his junior and senior years at Grove City College in Pennsylvania, graduating in May of 1949 with a B.S. in Chemistry and Biology. He wanted to go into the medical field but with thousands and thousands of returning veterans, competition was fierce for entry in medical schools. Don was an average student, so he missed out. He came back to Olean and met up again with his wife-to-be, Peg Hunter. Her dad wanted to retire and offered Don a chance to learn the independent insurance agency business. Don went to work for his father-in-law, and eventually purchased the Hunter Agency from him. He worked there for 39 years, and then sold the business to his son-in-law, Doug Price, who had married Don's daughter, Betsy.

He met Peg Hunter during his senior year of high school. She was Don's date for the senior prom. Don could "dance in a straight line but didn't know



Close Up of notebook.



Michelin road map, same type as used by Patton to plan movements of his forces. Patton stated anything more than major route junctions and cities was too detailed for someone instructing corps commanders where to maneuver their forces.

how to turn a corner”, and she put up with him anyway. After the war, they started to date in 1949, and were married on October, 1950 at the First Presbyterian Church in Olean. They have two children, Betsy who is married to Doug Price, and they have two children, Randy and Christie. Their daughter, Polly, is married to Duncan Pyle, and they have two children, Thomas and Margaret. Don and Peg also have five great-grandchildren.



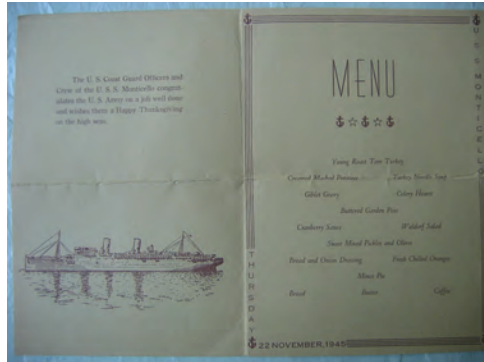
With Corn Planter (not the Indian!!!)

Don misses some of the things gone from the Allegany-Olean area over the years, including the Castle Restaurant, the Olean Tile Plant, the change of St. Bonaventure College from an all-boys school to the co-ed St. Bonaventure University, and Clark Bros., now Dresser-Rand and still the backbone of the community.

“I’m so grateful to Wes Martin for the opportunity to reflect on my war experiences, a project I’ve thought about for many years, and now I finally have the chance to get it all down.” One memory that has stayed with him over the years happened in Belgium, in a barn made of 12 inch thick fieldstone. The unit planned to spend a few quiet days there, but didn’t know there was a German tank in the nearby woods. The unit had just had mail call and Don had received a box of chocolates. He went into the barn to be by himself. He was standing behind two cows when an 88 blew a hole at least 10-15 feet in diameter in the wall. Don was so startled he dropped the box and the chocolates, and they landed on the floor in a fresh pile of cow plop!



Painting of French countryside a friend of Don’s did while they were in Europe together.



Menu for Thanksgiving on ship returning Don to States.



Hole made by the German 88. Don was inside the barn with his package at the time. Can see a man standing in the hole.

.....

DONATIONS

We have received a marvelous donation from Cynthia Smith Havers. It is a homemade tobacco jar, and has a description of it on the bottom of the jar. The inscription reads:

“This tobacco jar is made from material from the old high school building at Allegany, N.Y. In the lower part, the black walnut pieces were taken from the organ. The maple pieces were taken from the floor. The yellow pine from a casing. The ash from a piece of wainscoting. In the top, the cherry knob and white maple were taken from a desk. The pink colored wood (birch) was taken from a chair. The lower part of the top is made from a piece of flooring. [Embedded under the lid], the red disc is a piece of brick. The gray disc is a piece of stone foundation. The dark disc is a piece of slate from the roof. The metal disc is a piece of hinge from a door. The glass in the bottom of the top is from a window.

Presented to a former principal, E. W. Curtis [whose picture is under the top] by one of his former students. Allegany, N.Y. 6-3-39.”

The high school all these materials came from was the Allegany Union and Free School, built at the corner of Fourth and Chestnut Streets in 1884, and demolished in 1925.

Memorials



For: Clarice Sue

From: Ray and Joyce Jonak

Francie Potter

Jim and Diane Boser

Carolyn Wing

Marie G. Finch

Barb Sue

David Sue

Julie Sue Wolf

Mr. and Mrs. James

Mostacato

William and Nina Valler

St. Bonaventure Friary

Sam and Sherry

Quattrone

Leo and Eileen Turner

Monica Moody

Mark Dunkelmann

Bill and Della Wood

Wendy L. Johnston

Kathleen Lahti

Dick and Shirley Russell

Cattaraugus County

Family Court

For: Robert Frisina

From: John and Jilliam Walsh

Lola and Gary Forness

David and Melissa

O'Dell

Albert Frisina

For: Dennis Amore

From: Duane Karl

For: Caroline Clark

From: Francie Potter

Michael and Martha

Nenno

Rhea and Paul Carls

Rosemary Ryan

Donald and Margaret

Bergreen

For: Bob Bergreen

From: Francie Potter

Donald and Margaret

Bergreen

For: Beverly Farr Charles

From: Rhea Carls

For: Alfred Eaton

From: Donald and Margaret

Bergreen

For: Max Keller

From: Rhea and Paul Carls

For: Patti Herron

From: Francie Potter

For: Louis "Sonny" Williams

From: Marie Finch

Bucky and Ellen Peck

Joyce and Ray Jonak

Gregg and Cinda Warner

Robert and Patricia Pike

Rhea and Paul Carls

Richard and Mary Stayer

Jandrew

Bill and Trina Giardini

Norma, Stephen and

Jennifer Coleman

Michael and Janet

Mortimer

For: Eugene and Shelia Dixon

Quinlan

From: John and Jillian Walsh

For: Cheryl Stetz

From: Margaret and Orin

Parker

Hans and Charlene

Sendlakowski

Alice Alterburg

Village of Allegany

Planning Board

Francie Potter

Sam and Sherry

Quattrone

Cal and Joanna Adams

Russ and Martha

LaRocca

Leon and Elizabeth

Woods

John and Joan Stetz

Mark and Lori Lombardo

Cecelia A. Pleakis

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INSIDE SPECIAL ISSUE:

Presidents Report

Making Saurekraut

Dropped box of chocolates

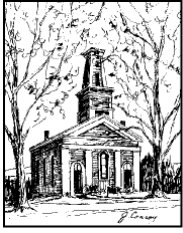
NEXT MEETING

Our next meeting will be on Sunday, April 13 at 2 p.m. at the Heritage Center, 25 N. 2nd St. Allegany. Our speaker will be Timothy Bigham, Area Field Supervisor of the New York State Farm Bureau. Farm Bureau is a non-governmental, volunteer organization started for the purpose of solving economic and public policy issues challenging the agricultural industry. Mr. Bigham, a graduate of SUNY Environmental Science and Forestry College at Syracuse in 1989, lives in Farmersville with his wife and 3 sons. He is advisor to five county Farm Bureaus in Western New York. As we all know, there are not a lot of family farms left in our area. I hope you will join us as Mr. Bigham explains some of the difficult problems facing the farmer today, and what Farm Bureau does to help solve some of them.

**SUNDAY, APRIL 13, 2 P.M.
HERITAGE CENTER
25 N. 2nd Street, Allegany**

This meeting is later than usual for us to accommodate our speaker's schedule

www.allegany.org



Allegany Area Historical Association

May 2014

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Issue XXXIII Vol. 2

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

We had an old-fashioned winter, the kind that we had forgotten about, but it sure made spring feel **sooo** good. We had been so spoiled by the mild winters the past few years that when this winter hit, we were not quite ready for it. At times it was warmer in Alaska than it was in Allegany! I know I burned through a lot of firewood for my fireplace! And spring was very slow in coming but I think it's finally here. Friends in warmer climates seemed to take perverse pleasure in letting me know that their flowers were up and the weather was warm. But we really appreciate spring after surviving a Western New York winter!

We are now busy with preparations for Heritage Days to be held this year on July 31st, August 1st and 2nd. Our big exhibit this year is about the Allegany Volunteer Fire Department – any pictures or artifacts about the fire department that you can share with us would be appreciated.

I am excited about our May meeting – we are going to visit the Dresser-Rand Challenger Learning Center here in Allegany. There are separate articles later in this newsletter about the history of the local center, and complete information about our meeting on May 18th. Not only is this about past history but it is also about history in the making. When I was growing up, I could never imagine that man would walk on the moon, and now the mission is to go to Mars! I hope you can join us for what should be an exciting and informational meeting. **Please note the change in location for this meeting.** The Challenger Center is at 182 East Union Street, Allegany. There is a sign on East Union St. where you turn in to the Center.

We recently learned of the death of 92-year-old Earl Rowe of Bellingham, Washington. Back in 2007 Mr. Rowe wrote two very interesting articles for our newsletter. One was about living part time with his grandparents, John and Emma Lauser, in Chipmonk because of his asthma. Another article was about the Joseph Sutter family of Chipmonk. I have his son's e-mail in case any old Chipmonk friends want to send condolences.

Don't forget, we have another way to donate to AAHA. Use the Cattaraugus Region Community Foundation website at www.cattfoundation.org, click on the Donate button and fill in the online form. Our fund is listed as Allegany Area Historical Association Fund. All donations help build our fund for our use in the future.

Gertrude Schnell, who wrote the article about the Allegany Elephant elsewhere in this issue, noted that Ted Bigham, the speaker at our last meeting, is a former 6th grade pupil of hers in Franklinville, and currently serves on the Franklinville school board. The joys of living in a small town where your former teachers still fondly remember you.

FRANCIE POTTER, PRESIDENT

DRESSER-RAND CHALLENGER LEARNING CENTER HISTORY

On January 28, 1986, the Space Shuttle Challenger/STS-51L “Teacher in Space” mission exploded 73 seconds after liftoff, killing the seven member crew. In the aftermath, the crew’s families wanted to carry on the spirit of their loved ones by continuing the Challenger educational mission. And so the Challenger Learning Centers were born. The first one opened in Houston in August 1988. Today, there are more than 40 Learning Centers in the U.S., Canada, South Korea, and the United Kingdom.

In 2002, a small committee of local organizers formed, with the notion of bringing a Challenger Learning Center to the Southern Tier. After six years of planning and preparation, then-Congressman Randy Kuhl, Jr. helped the group obtain a \$500,000 NASA grant to get the project started. Dresser-Rand, one of the largest suppliers of rotating equipment solutions to the worldwide oil, gas, petrochemical and process industries, with offices in Olean, joined in, donating \$250,000 and acquiring naming rights. Dresser-Rand believed the math, science and technology components of the center would not only educate students locally but would also keep them in the area for future employment. CUTCO, the largest manufacturer and marketer of high-quality cutlery and accessories in the United States and Canada, also joined in, becoming an initial sponsor.

St. Bonaventure University donated the use of a building near its campus to house the Learning Center. In January, 2009, retired teacher Tom Moser was hired as the director of the DRCLC. After \$1.3 million of construction, the Challenger Learning Center flight simulator was installed. The first mission was launched in June, 2009. Since then close to 10,000 students from 17 counties in New York and Pennsylvania have participated in the center’s programs. After Mr. Moser’s recent retirement as director, retired teacher Fred Welch came on board in August of 2013 as the current director. Fred retired in June, 2013 after a 32 year teaching career, 30 of which were in the Olean school system. He taught Math, Technology and Engineering.

He oversees a staff of seven commanders who run the missions and the Extra Venue Activities (EVAs) such as Great Rocket Design Challenge and Simple machines. All of the staff must be comfortable working with kids, and must have worked with children at some time in their careers.





The Dresser-Rand Challenger Learning Center partners with teachers, schools, school districts, universities, museums, science centers and local communities to make their vision of STEM (Science, Technology, Engineering, Mathematics) education a reality.

There are three main components of the Challenger Learning Center experience – Pre-Visit activities, the Mission, and Post-Visit activities – each of which contributes to the strength of the learning process. A visit to the Challenger Learning Center is not just a field trip – it is a chance for students to see themselves in successful roles as scientists, engineers and researchers.

The Learning Center also does “Rocket Camps” for two weeks each summer. One week is exclusively for girls, and one week is open to all students.

ACME ELECTRIC

Since we are going to visit the Challenger Center for our May meeting, we thought it would be appropriate to give our readers the history of the building. This is from our newsletter of May, 1993, from an article written by Margaret Green.

Recently St. Bonaventure University purchased the one-story steel frame masonry building of 66,322 square feet formerly owned by Acme Electric Corporation. The purchase included 6.54 acres of property also. With the sale of this property Acme Electric Corporation’s impact on the village of Allegany has come to an end. Since 1986 the facility has not operated as a manufacturing plant, but did serve as a warehouse and shipping facility. In 1986 there were only 75 people employed at the Allegany facility. They were transferred to Acme Electric’s Cuba plant.

At one time, 300 people had been employed at the Allegany plant. They were involved in producing transformers for automotive battery chargers. They were distributed through Sears Roebuck Co. as well as under the name Atec.

Back in 1944, a plant called the Electrical Reactance Plant started operations in the McCabe building, now the building owned by the Allegany Credit Union. (Ed. Note – this building is located at 49 West Main Street). They employed thirty-five. Growth forced them to move to larger quarters in less than a year to the former Wing Garage, now owned by Duggan & Duggan. Employees had grown to seventy-five. The plant was closed after V.J. Day in 1945, and the machinery was moved out in October of that year. They

had been making war equipment entirely and in the short term of their existence had, at their peak, employed 200 women.

Allegany Business Men's Association was influential in inducing the Acme officials to locate in Allegany. They opened with a skeleton crew on October 25, 1945 in the Wing Garage. This was a peace time industry. Guy Dilly, superintendent from Olean, stated his intent to employ Allegany people as much as possible. The plant manufactured electric motors, generators, transformers and related parts. By November 1945 they employed 50 people – all but five were women. Hours of employment were nine hours a day Monday through Thursday and eight hours on Friday, giving the workers 40 hours of straight time and four hours of overtime.

The business thrived and in 1951 a new building was erected on East Union Street. The Allegany Improvement Corporation set about selling stock to raise the necessary amount to complete the building, constructed by Stohr and Rowe of Portville. The building was entirely built of steel and concrete. The total cost of the building was estimated at \$115,000. The stockholders received 3% interest per year. When the building was taken over by the company, the stockholders received their money. Harry M. Krampf was president of the Improvement Corporation. Many Olean businessmen invested in stock for the local project.

A February 1951 issue of the Allegany Citizen stated: "The structure of steel and concrete has now been roofed and the work of completion is being rushed – the dimensions of the build are 124' by 200'. The corporation owns sufficient adjacent land to provide for expansion when necessary." And indeed expansion occurred, for in 1957 expansion brought the facility to 46,800 square feet, and in 1973 another expansion brought the space to 65,757 square feet.

As stated in the Diamond Jubilee News, 1977, Acme Electrical Corporation, "In Allegany transformers and stabilizers are produced both for sale to original equipment manufacturers and for assembly in power supplies at Cuba.... This plant employs 350 people." Unfortunately for the village of Allegany the plant closed. However, we are fortunate Acme Electric chose to remain in our neighboring county in the village of Cuba.

Several of our AAHA members were formerly employed by Acme. Marie Shipman worked there from 1966 to 1982 and recalls the close relations of the workers. They still gather on a social basis to enjoy time together. Ruby Skroback, Margaret Karl, Mary Ann Taylor, Charlotte Tyler and Margaret Gregory all worked there. Margaret Gregory came from Cattaraugus and worked from 1948 to 1953. She met Orin Parker at Acme and they were married in 1952. Orin Parker retired in February of 1993 after working there 41 years.

1917-1967 Milestones in the Acme Electric Growth Pattern

1917 Origination and chartering as Acme Electric & Machine Company by Mr. C. H. Bunch, Mr. G. R. Hillstrom, Mr. R. A. Lais, Mr. G. R. Sawitzke and Mr. J. B. Armitage in Cleveland, Ohio with a capitalization of \$5,000. Initial products were motor-driven battery chargers, electrical appliances and electrical generators.

1918 First public stock issue to friends and business acquaintances to supply capital needed for expansion. The company name was changed to Acme Electric and Manufacturing Company.

1919 Acme Electric introduced its first transformer-type battery chargers. Transformer-type chargers simplified the maintenance of battery-powered radios, then in their heyday.

1920 The fledgling company continued to grow and turned to specialization in transformers, primarily the types used in the then modern radios (as differentiated from battery sets) and the first industrial, business and home electrical appliances. Despite the depression, the young firm continued to grow.

1921 Main Street USA became the great bright way with the advent of the "neon" sign—the luminous tube. Acme Electric introduced the luminous-tube transformer that changed expensive novelties into big business and became a major supplier to the burgeoning sign industry.

1922 Introduction of the dry type distribution transformer to provide in-plant distribution of high-voltage electrical power to utilization voltage. First models were of 10 kva rating. And Acme Electric outgrew its two-story Hamilton Avenue plant in Cleveland—cast about for a new location where expanded facilities could be developed. At the same time a committee of businessmen seeking industry for their rural, dairyland community of Cuba, N.Y., heard of

the company's needs. A meeting was held in December 1936 between the two parties. Cuba, through its committee and its Chamber of Commerce, encouraged Acme Electric to make Cuba its home. It was an ambitious undertaking—but in just 45 days, nearly \$54,000 was pledged by Cuba residents and businessmen—all in donations.

1937 In January, about two months after the initial meeting, ground was broken for a 39,000 sq ft building. By June 10 the building was completed by Cuba's contractor—outfitted by Acme Electric. On June 14, fifty complete transformers rolled off the new assembly line. In that first year the new industrial payroll for Cuba—beginning with 40 employees—amounted to \$60,000.

1938 Employment more than doubled—payroll jumped to \$146,000.

1939 The original building and land was deeded to the company by Cuba—and another building to house manufacture of dry-type transformers was acquired in Cuba. By this time transformer ratings had risen to 150 kva. In the same year Acme Electric built its first fluorescent lamp ballasts.

1940 War! All the transformers Acme Electric could produce were vitally needed—employment grew. Numerous commendations were made by the Army and Navy procurement offices for engineering and production excellence.

1941 Peace again. A new 41,000 sq ft. building was added to the Cuba facility.

1942 Acme Electric & Manufacturing became Acme Electric Corporation under a New York State Charter.

1943 More expansion required more capitalization. A new stock issue was offered—much of it subscribed to by company employees and residents who were convinced of the solidarity of the company.

1944 Still more expansion. The Cuba plant added 14,800 sq ft.

1945 A new assembly plant was erected in Allegany, N.Y., totalling 25,000 sq ft.

1946 Mr. C. H. Bunch, the remaining founder, passed away during a sales trip in California. His guidance and leadership had been an inspiration to the company and the industry.

1947 More growth. Another building was erected at Cuba, adding a total of 18,000 sq ft.

1948 Further expansion at Allegany brought its facility to 46,800 sq ft.

1949 All engineering for the company was consolidated in Cuba, N.Y. in a modern laboratory with the finest test equipment and a staff representing some of the most experienced engineering talent in the electrical-electronics industry.

1950 Sales hit \$12,000,000—and payroll surged to \$4,000,000.

1951 Acme Electric acquired 32,600 sq ft of manufacturing space by purchase of a modern plant in Hinsdale, N.Y., thus bringing the company's total owned and leased space to 274,000 sq ft.

1952 Sales hit \$16 1/4 million—a substantial increase over 1965—total assets exceeding \$7 million and a payroll of \$6,700,000 to approximately 1200 employees. Acme Electric was a good customer, too, paying out \$7,289,000 for materials—a sizeable contribution to the area economy.

Engineering Research
new product development and
advanced manufacturing techniques
are paving the way for continued
growth and expansion.

ALLEGANY ELEPHANT

By Gertrude Schnell

My family tells the story of the Allegany Elephant. Fred Forness, Sr. was married to my Grandmother Delia's sister, Mary Rehler. Their farm was on the Birch Run Road where the Boser farm is today. Fred ran the farm, but was also a Singer Sewing Machine salesman, often carrying the machines on his shoulder. However, he liked elephants. One time when the circus was in Olean or Allegany he attended and bought an elephant. After walking it home, it up and died. Therefore he had to bury it on the farm. No one seems to know where it is buried. Will bones be found someday and people think it was a pre-historic Mastadon?



From the 1908 book "Household Discoveries and Mrs. Curtis's Cook Book" –

Hair Dyes -

Dyeing as a means of changing the normal color of the hair is now very little resorted to, except by a small number of thoughtless girls and women who are misled by ignorant or interested persons. This practice is regarded by all intelligent persons as an unmistakable mark of vulgarity. Even the young men themselves who are supposed, if any are, to be deceived and attracted by this process have coined the expression "chemical blonde" and "peroxide blonde" to define a woman who has been deluded into following this silly fad, and boast themselves able to recognize such an individual at sight. There is more justification for the use of hair dyes in case of premature grayness and especially for those cases where irregular patches of gray hair make their appearance.

How times have changed!



Soap - Odds and Ends

There are several ways of disposing of soap scraps. Dry them out thoroughly on tins in a warm oven, run them through a meat chopper (which can, of course, be easily cleaned afterwards), pound to a powder, mix with bran or oatmeal, and place in small cheese-cloth bags for the bath.

Or, when the scraps have accumulated, boil them with water until they melt and thicken. Use just enough water to keep them from burning. Pour into small molds like can covers, and allow them to harden. These give you new cakes of soap. Or make a jelly of bits of fine white soap by melting a cupful of broken bits in a pint of hot water. Or run the soap through a meat cutter, or shave fine and melt with gentle heat. The soap will jell when cold. This soap jelly is useful in washing delicate fabrics, as silks, laces, and ribbons, and also for the toilet.

Or take a small spice can, fit a round stick of wood inside to keep the can in shape and perforate the bottom and top by driving nails through the can into the wood. Put soap scraps in this and use as a shaker when washing dishes.

I do remember saving soap scraps during the war and putting them together to make a "new" bar of soap.

Though it's a bit late in the season for making maple syrup, we thought you might enjoy this description of syrup-making from our April, 1985 issue. This was originally written by Agnes McClure Chapman and appeared in the McClure Family History.

THE SUGAR BUSH

Looking backward over the growing up period of the family, some phases of life on the old home farm stand out vividly – among them sugar-making. When the spring-time came and the sap buckets were taken out of storage and put in order, and the maples were tapped and sugar-making began, the monotony of winter was broken and fresh prospects opened up. The sugar bush was three-quarters of a mile from the house at the back of the farm and many days during the sugar season Father and the hired man disappeared with the team soon after breakfast and did not return until dark, and on the sugaring off days Franc and I disappeared with them and spent the entire day in the woods. Happy sticky days! We dug under the snow for crinkle root which we greatly enjoyed, and when the syrup approached the sugar stage there close at hand were we with our saucers and wooden paddles which Father has whittled out for our stirring and eating.



We were not limited as to quantity, there was abundance for the inner as well as the outer woman and I vividly recall that uncomfortable stickiness of short hair, hood and cheek which nothing but water and a thorough scrubbing could cure.

Sometimes when there was a big run of sap, we worked with the men emptying the buckets into the big gathering tub which stood on a platform on the bobsleds and was drawn by the horses over the very rough rooty roads which were opened up for the purpose. And at times when Nature was in her most generous mood, the boiling down would go on throughout the night and a man would be left to watch the fire and add sap as evaporation progressed.

Occasionally when the syrup had become thick enough, it was taken to the house for completion where Mother superintended it and the entire family participated in the eating. Large pans of snow were brought in, covered with the hot syrup to be converted into wax that some preferred, while others stirred theirs off to a light brownish yellow and ate it as grained sugar, or else before it hardened poured it into little scalloped patty-pans.

We can almost taste that maple-sweet sugar!



Memorials



For: Louis "Sonny" Williams

From: Kay Severtson

For: Betty Weil

From: Rhea and Paul Carls

For: Virginia Strotman

From: Harold and Marjorie Geise

FOR SALE

In addition to our history book, we have many more items for sale. These make good birthday presents, or just anytime presents.

POST CARDS

ALLEGANY HISTORY VIDEOS

ALLEGANY HISTORY DVD'S

TALES OF WAR AND CONFINEMENT

While I was getting a start on my spring cleaning, I came across a book called "Games (and how to play them)." It certainly brought back a lot of memories. Some of the games I had never heard of – such as Fizz-Buzz and Have You seen My Sheep? and weren't ones we played in Michigan.



But we did play Statue Tag. Here are the rules. "This is a game for about ten players. One player is chosen by counting out or drawing straws to be It. Mark a starting line with a stick or chalk. It stands fifty feet away from this line with his back to the other players. He counts to ten and everyone starts to walk or run toward him. As soon as he reaches ten he turns around quickly and all the players must "turn to statues." This means that they must stay in exactly the positions they were in when he said ten. Anyone caught moving, even a tiny bit, is sent back to the starting line by It. Then It counts to ten again. As soon as any player is close enough to tag It, he does so, and all the other players run back toward the starting line with It chasing them. If a player is tagged by It, he becomes It for the next turn."



As I recall, this could go on for hours, until our mothers called us home or we got tired of it. Some of the other games we played were Gossip where one person started a sentence and passed it down the line until it reached the last person who then said it out loud to everyone. Of course, it rarely resembled the original sentence. Hopscotch was a favorite with the girls. Everyone always had a piece of chalk in their pocket so we could play whenever the mood struck. I Spy was good for rainy days when we were stuck in the house.

Of course, games today all seem to be played on a computer. But what a lot of fun today's children are missing by not playing some of the "old-fashioned" games.

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INSIDE SPECIAL ISSUE:

Presidents Report

Challenger Challenge

How Sweet It Is!

NEXT MEETING

We will meet on Sunday, May 18 at 2 p.m. at the Dresser-Rand Challenger Learning Center, 182 East Union Street, Allegany. **(Please note the change of meeting location).**

Fred Welch, Commander of the Center, will talk to us about the history of the Challenger Centers, and what the future holds for them. He will also discuss what is happening with NASA and the hurdles that need to be overcome for a manned mission to Mars.

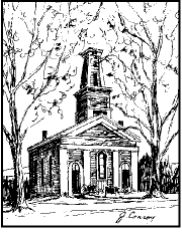
Tours of the Center will be conducted by Commander Welch and his staff. If you have always wanted to see the Challenger Center, now's your chance! It truly is an amazing place, and will give you a small idea of what happens on space missions.



**Join us on Sunday, May 18 at 2 p.m
at the Dresser-Rand Challenger Learning Center,
182 East Union Street, Allegany**

for a glimpse into the future.

www.allegany.org



Allegany Area Historical Association

November 2014

www.allegany.org

Issue XXXIII Vol. 4

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

We have a beautiful new front door which is a memorial to Charlie and Joan Phearsdorf. It is solid White Oak, and was custom made by Mel Duggan's door maker. It is the perfect finishing touch to our front side makeover, and we have received many, many comments about how good it looks. Drive by and see for yourself.

Just a gentle reminder that if you haven't paid your yearly dues, it's not too late to do so. A single membership is \$10, family is \$15 and a patron membership is \$20 or more. Make your check to AAHA and mail it to PO Box 162, Allegany, NY 14706.

If you are looking for a good place to make a charitable donation for the year end, think of making a donation to AAHA by way of our fund at the Cattaraugus Region Community Foundation. It's easy to do: go to the Foundation web site at www.cattfoundation.org., click on the Donate button and fill in the online form. On the "review donation screen" type in Allegany Area Historical Association Fund in the Fund Name Box.

Noted Civil War historian, Mark Dunkleman, will host the 30th annual reunion of descendants of the 154th New York on Saturday, August 1, 2015 at St. Bonaventure University. This reunion will mark the establishment at the University of the Dunkleman and Winey Collection on the 154th. We are in contact with Mark to have him give a presentation to our group at that time about his new book on General Patrick Henry Jones of the 154th. We will have much more information as the date gets closer.

October is the month of our annual meeting where we elect officers and trustees. Elected to two year terms are: President, Francie Potter; Vice-President, Kathy Premo; Secretary, Marilyn Frisina; Corres. Secretary, Marion Elling; Treasurer, Alice Altenburg. Elected as Trustees for a two year term are: Mel Duggan and Jim Hitchcock. Elected as Trustees for a three year term are: Marjorie Geise and Shirley Russell. Thanks to everyone for serving and for helping AAHA to grow.

We, along with other area organizations, have a problem getting our meeting notices published in the Times Herald. So I'm asking you to let your friends and neighbors know about our meetings by word of mouth. Show them the information in our newsletter and invite them to join you in attending. Spread the word about our meetings any way you can. Thanks for the help.

FRANCIE POTTER, PRESIDENT

This appeared in the January 2, 1903 issue of the Allegany Citizen; a brief report on the state of the village and town.

The past year in the town and village of Allegany has been a fairly prosperous one. While unfavorable weather conditions have caused a shortage in some of the crops on our farms, our dairying interests, owing to the high price of cheese and butter, in a measure help to lighten the loss.

The advance in the price of oil has increased operations to a large extent during the year, causing hundreds of new wells to be drilled within the township and adding thousands of barrels to the already large production of the golden fluid.

The ready market and good price of lumber also contributed to a considerable degree to our prosperity. Our canning factory, which was somewhat retarded by crop conditions, nevertheless did a large and profitable business, and expects to double the output in 1904. Our cutlery factory has been on the jump day and night to fill orders and 20 hands are now employed.

Our churches and educational institutions have had a prosperous year. Our tannery under the able supervision of our popular young superintendent, Wm. Flynn, has run on full time, and the benefits of its large payroll have been felt through the year. Our merchants have all enjoyed a good trade, and aside from going into liquidation of Dye Bros. Bank, not a business failure is on the docket for the township. The establishment of the First National Bank of Allegany upon a substantial financial basis is one of the most notable events of the year.

The proposed extension into Allegany of the Pennsylvania R.R. yards, causing a large sale to that excellent company at a good price for cash, of farm lands during the year is also the beginning of a new era in Allegany's history, the benefits of which cannot help being felt in the near future. The inauguration by Uncle Sam of rural postal delivery through a portion of our suburban territory and the building of a new bridge over the river are among the important improvements of the year.

Generally speaking, no great casualties or calamities have befallen us except perhaps a few rather destructive fires, more notable among which was that occurring February 5, when in the absence of any fire protection, five business buildings on Main Street were left to the mercy of the flames.

The angel of death reaped an unusual harvest during 1902; thirty five of our residents fell before the keen blade of the inevitable destroyer, and while for the most these were people of old age, many valuable citizens were numbered among the lamented.



SPOOLS

By Gertrude Schnell

Our elders saved everything. My grandmother, Delia Rehler Schnell, was a dressmaker both before and after she was married. She sewed on a treadle Singer sewing machine she probably bought from her brother-in-law, Fred Forness, Sr.

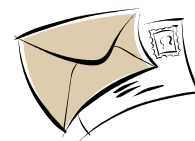
At that time sewing thread came on wooden spools. She saved them and may have received some from her sisters who also sewed.

When she had a sufficient number, 129 to be exact, her husband threaded them on metal rods to make the corners of a bookcase. He then used four pieces of one inch solid oak for shelves. The shelves were varnished and the spools were painted gold.

Some of the spools are fat, some narrow, some short and some long. However, they are sturdy and the book shelf holds many books at my house.

What a treasure to have! Thanks for another interesting story, Gertrude.

WE GET MAIL



Bill Van Sickle from RPJ Ready Print sent a brief note to say, "Even though I am not a long time resident of Allegany, I still enjoy your newsletter very much, It's an important part of Allegany's culture and everyone should read it." Thanks, Bill, for the kind words. We certainly agree with you – everyone should read our newsletter!

Joe Stayer of Olean sent in a picture of him and his four sisters. The girls are all deceased. Joe, now 84, noted that he lived next to St. John's Lutheran Church when he was growing up.



Our 31st annual

Christmas Cookie Sale

will be held on Saturday, December 6th

at Nature's Remedy, 120 West Main Street, from 9:30 to 2 p.m.

This is our biggest fund-raiser of the year. If you don't get a call asking you to bake some cookies, just call us to volunteer your services. The effort of all our members and friends is what makes this sale so very successful year after year.



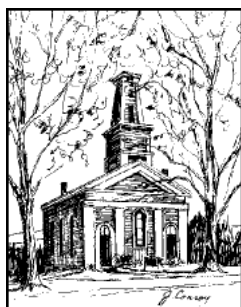
On Sunday, December 7th at 2 p.m.

at the Heritage Center, 25 North Second Street,

we will hold our 32nd annual

Community Christmas Service

which is always a nice way to start the holiday season. Fr. James Vacco, O.F.M., pastor of St. Bonaventure Parish, will conduct the service. At the service, we will once again take up a collection of money, canned goods and paper products to benefit Genesis House, the homeless shelter in Olean. Anything we can gather for them is needed, and very much appreciated by them.



**Thank you in advance for your support
of these two events.**

The following is an article by Patty Vedder that was in our August 1984 newsletter. We still do this kind of research today for our members and friends.

AAHA'S ANCHORAGE CONNECTION

This story started unfolding with a message to call William Soule who was at the Allegany Public Library looking for information about his Allegany ancestors. "Soule", I thought, "Gee, that's almost family!" After talking with Bill Soule, I immediately called cousin Alice Altenburg asking her to meet us at the Heritage Center. Alice is certainly Allegany's authority on Soules...after all, four Soules married four Altenburgs four generations back.

At the Heritage Center, Bill introduced his wife and two small children. We learned that they'd arrived in Allegany via Utah and Albany from Anchorage, Alaska. A recent law school graduate, Bill had decided to visit his parents in Albany before settling down to work in Anchorage. His wife had completed a "nice thick family history" and he'd been "been working at" his about eight years. Bill had been old he descended from George Soule, who came to this country on the Mayflower, but he couldn't trace his Soule line past his great grandfather. After talking with his father he'd decided to stop in Allegany.

Bill's great grandfather was H. A. Soule...Henry Altenburg Soule. Why, we even had a picture of his grandfather's drugstore! It was at the east end of the Harms Block where Ray's Carpet-ette is now. (See page 125-6 of Our Allegany Heritage 1831-1981). Alice could supply Bill with all the names and dates he needed and a tour of the South Nine Mile "Soule land". She could show him his great-great grandfather David Soule's house, which was moved across the road when Lawrence Forness purchased it. He saw he old schoolhouse that Burton Altenburg had told me David Soule built. The District #10 minutes book states that indeed David Soule contracted to build the schoolhouse for \$660 and to have it completed by September 1885.

The last time I saw Bill Soule he was photographing all of the Soule gravestones in the Allegany Cemetery. When he finds time to sift through and organize the information he'd gathered, he intends to contact AAHA for anything he may have missed. We'll certainly be glad to hear from him as there won't be too many people who we can help trace their roots way back to the Mayflower. Hopefully, Bill will return to Allegany when his children are old enough to be interested in their heritage.

The Leaves of Late November

By David McGranaghan, Allegany

It is the need of fresh air
That brings me here,
To a bench in Lincoln Park
on a cold November day.

In front of me is a maple tree,
its branches almost bare.
But going back in time,
About six weeks or so,
full was the foliage that covered this tree.
and bright were the colors of scarlet and gold.

The foliage, though, did reach its peak
and then did scatter everywhere,
driven by the wind.

A few leaves, though, they did remain,
stubbornly clinging to the tree.
They are survivors,
they are the leaves of late November.

Like these left over leaves,
I, too, am wrinkled and gray.
I, too, am a survivor.
And to me "each day it is a gift,"
a gift from God who reigns supreme
in his kingdom far away – up there among the
stars.



TREASURER'S REPORT

October 1, 2013 – October 1, 2014

This report is presented to give you an understanding of our sources of income and our expenses.

AAHA RECEIVES ON PUBLIC ASSISTANCE FROM VILLAGE, TOWN OR STATE.

INCOME

Membership dues	\$ 2,575.00
Memorials	4,985.00
Donations	1,527.00
Christmas Cookie Sale	1,089.00
Heritage Days	808.00
Sales – Misc. items	199.00
Cousins Bros. Payment	420.00
Copier Usage	16.00
M. E. Smith Estate	9,500.00
	\$21,119.00

EXPENSES

National Grid	\$ 901.00
NYSEG	2,363.00
Insurance	791.00
Mailing Permit #32	220.00
P. O. Box Rental	64.00
Acme Service Policy	199.00
Newsletters	
Printing	400.00
Mailing	125.00
Programs	235.00
Donations, Dues	150.00
Supplies	305.00
Collections	255.00
Street Sheet Expense	627.00
Maintenance	1,509.00
Austin Security System	4,691.00
	\$12,835.00

Money from the Smith Estate allowed us to install this.

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INSIDE SPECIAL ISSUE:

Presidents Report

Keen Blade of the Inevitable Destroyer

“Soule”land

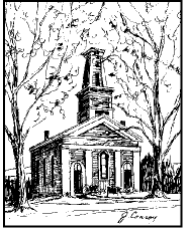
NEXT MEETING

We will meet on Sunday, November 16 at 2 p.m. at the Heritage Center. We will be doing some armchair traveling with Dave and Marge Vitale, who recently returned from a river cruise trip on the Douro River in northern Portugal.

The Vitales are long-time residents of Allegany and Dave is a former mayor of the village. He is also an excellent photographer, and will take us along to see the sights of Portugal, as they also made many shore excursions on their trip.

Please join us as we experience the wonders and sights of Portugal.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 16-----2 PM-----HERITAGE CENTER



Allegany Area Historical Association

June 2015

www.allegany.org

Issue XXXIV Vol. 2

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

In March, I received a nice phone call from Betty Eaton. She and Steve live in a retirement village in Pennsylvania and both are in good health. She said to say hello to all their friends up here. Steve and Betty were the ones who bought our two 1856 maps of Cattaraugus County, that we had conserved into one map. They purchased the maps in 1969 at the Olean Antique Show in the Olean Armory from L. D. Potter of Fredonia. (Ed. Note – no relation to me). They paid \$25 for the two maps, which are a real treasure for our group. Be sure to stop in and see our map if you can. I'm sure you'll agree with me that it's a wonderful item for us to have.

After George Hall passed away, his niece, Susan Putt, has been cleaning out his house. She donated several books of George's to us. One is a little pamphlet on the rules and regulations of the village of Allegany. Once we get everything sorted out, we will have a display of these items. Thanks, Susan, for thinking of us.

We have also received a lovely little fur muff from Lana Zink, that belonged to her mother, Betty Jane Zink, who died in 1978. This is a great addition to our clothing collection. Thanks, Lana.

In the late winter I got a phone call from Melanie Giamanco, an English teacher at the high school. She was assigning a 3-page research paper to her students and wondered if I would talk to her students about the history of Allegany, and make the files at the Heritage Center available to any of them who wanted to write about Allegany. I spoke to four of her classes, and had two students come to the center to do research. This spring I was invited to come to her classes to hear the results. I was very impressed – they all had Power Point presentations and had obviously done their research. Many of the students had gone on line and had papers on such things as oil production in the area and the old trolley lines, as well as Allegany history.

A reminder to our members that we only have 4 newsletters a year, which come out prior to our meetings in October, November, March and May. Occasionally a meeting is delayed due to the speaker's schedule, such as the March meeting this year which was in April so the newsletter was sent out two weeks before the meeting. We have been getting notes from our members in January and February asking where their newsletters are. I'm pleased to know that so many are pleased with the newsletters and look forward to reading it – thanks for your interest!

We received a nice thank-you note from Genesis House, the homeless shelter in Olean, for our gift of cash, cookies and paper products that we collected at our annual Community Christmas Service. It's always a pleasure to be able to help them out.

FRANCIE POTTER, PRESIDENT

RAWLINGS GREENHOUSE HISTORY

The greenhouse, on the west side of Fifth Street, was started by John Hamm at the turn of the century. John Hamm was the great-uncle of Marie Bump of Second Street. John's son, Fred, had TB and John thought having the greenhouse at the higher elevation on top of Fifth Street hill would provide some fresher air for Fred.

Elmer and Blanche Rawlings bought the greenhouse about 1909. There were 2 ½ acres under glass, and at one time Rawlings Greenhouse was considered to be the largest grower and shipper of geraniums in the Western New York area. During the season, shipments were made every day by Railway Express to both retail and wholesale customers.

Kenneth Putt of Olean worked for Mr. Rawlings until 1946. He said the geraniums would grow to a height of 3 feet at which time cuttings would be taken. After the cuttings were rooted, they were planted in 2 inch pots and shipped in lettuce crates to customers throughout Western New York.

All the vegetable plants were started from seed and then transplanted, a very labor-intensive job, where Mrs. Rawlings worked right along with the rest of the crew. Rawlings was the biggest greenhouse in the area. Mr. Rawlings also owned all the land on the west side of the street from the greenhouse to the corner of Maple Avenue, where he stored topsoil for use in the greenhouse.

There were always 2 or 3 German Shepherd dogs tied up around the greenhouse, as well as several cats running loose underfoot, and you might see a big toad or two under the benches.



Rawlings Greenhouse, circa 1960.

But the sight to see were the alligators Mr. Rawlings kept in a 3 foot by 6 foot water box. People would bring the alligators home from Florida and would give them to Mr. Rawlings when they became too big to keep in a house. They were 12 inches to 18 inches long, and Mr. Rawlings fed them raw meat. There is no word what he did with them when they got too big for him to keep!

Ken Putt remembers working 84 hours a week for \$35. He said that around Memorial Day orders would come in for over 300 cemetery urns to be filled by the greenhouse crew, including Ken and his uncle, Ervin Putt, and then taken to the cemeteries by wagon or truck and placed on the proper grave sites.

Sonny Williams of Allegany said that Mr. Rawlings was a very generous person, and always gave \$5.00, a large sum of money for the time, to his neighbors when a family member died.

He would sell coal for 25 cents a bucket, but if the person did not have the money, he would give the coal free of charge. It was the same way for tomato plants or other vegetable plants in the greenhouse. Mr. Rawlings would also make up geranium wreaths for funerals. Bob Potter of Allegany said Mr. Rawlings always donated geraniums to the First Presbyterian Church Sunday School for the children to give to their mothers on Mothers Day.

The greenhouse was heated by steam heat, generated by coal fired boilers. The coal yard was by the Scarlato house at 113 North Fifth Street. Neighbors began to complain about the coal smoke, so Mr. Rawlings converted the greenhouse to gas. But after a period of time, he could not pay his gas bills and the gas was shut off in 1966, which caused everything to freeze, putting the Rawlings Greenhouse out of business. The Fitzmaurice Company tore down the greenhouse buildings in 1967-68.

Mrs. Rawlings died in 1964 and Mr. Rawlings died in 1966, closing a chapter in Allegany history.

Information furnished by Marie Bump, Bob Potter, Ken Putt, Sonny Williams

This article first appeared in our newsletter of November, 1999.

AN INDOOR BATHROOM

By Gertrude Schnell

It would seem that each generation likes to have a better life than the generation before them. On my Grandmother Delia Rehler Schnell's farm on the Lower Birch Run Road the outhouse was the way of life. However, as the six children grew and experienced indoor bathrooms in Allegany and Olean, the desire for one in their home became evident. In the 1920's there was no running water in the house and the rooms in the house were not built for an indoor bathroom. Off the dining room was a pantry with a door leading down cellar.

With all the children pooling their money, it was decided to use this pantry for the bathroom. The shelves had to come out and new places found to store dishes, pots and pans, daily food and some canned goods. The door to the cellar was left intact. Since water was a necessity, Arthur and Sam Quattrone dug a trench from the spring on the hill, laid pipe and let gravity push water into the house.

This was 1924 and bathroom fixtures of tub, sink and toilet were purchased from Sears Roebuck in Olean. A hot water tank was needed and since there was no electric or propane at that time, I assume it was fueled with kerosene or fuel oil.

The spring continued to provide water for the indoor plumbing, cooking, cleaning and cooling milk. In later years an electric hot water tank was added and the outhouse was a remembrance of the past.

SPECIAL MEETING IN AUGUST

On Sunday, August 2 at 2 p.m. noted Civil War historian Mark Dunkelman will speak to our group about Civil War General Patrick Henry Jones of the 154th New York. Mark will also have copies of his latest book, Patrick Henry Jones, Irish American, Civil War General, and Gilded Age Politician, available for sale at a discount.

The 30th annual reunion of descendants of the 154th New York is set for Saturday, August 1 at St. Bonaventure. The reunion will mark the establishment at the university of the Dunkelman and Winey Collection on the 154th. There will also be a special exhibit of regimental artifacts from the collection at the Quick Center.

When I contacted Mark to see if he would be able to work out a talk to our group while he was in town, he said, "I'd love to do something for the Allegany Area Historical Association – a group that has special meaning to me. It was an appearance at the AAHA back in 1984 that inspired me to begin the series of descendants' reunions that have totaled 29 so far."

So check the Times Herald for further information as the date gets closer for Mark's talk, which will be at our Heritage Center on Second Street.

AAHA member Clyde Johnson of Port Allegany, Pennsylvania sent in a memorial for Flossie Martiny, along with an interesting story we thought you would enjoy.

Flossie was a wonderful person and a great friend of our family. A story that comes to mind when Red tried to buy the farm on Maple Avenue Ext. – The old gentleman (who owned it) told Red it wasn't for sale at any price. Red bugged the farm owner until he finally put a price on it that was so high nobody could afford to buy it. Wrong! Red and Flossie had sold the Model T Inn and the Schreiber farm for development, so they had some money. When Red came to the owner of the farm with the money, he had no choice but to sell it to them. He didn't want to, but it got good owners who fixed up the barn and house. Work was needed on the brick and on the barn. It was neat the way they made the house room dividers out of used bricks – it looked great! They enjoyed this home!

Red had taken the Model T from the roof of the Model T Inn and had it put onto the roof of the Model T Inn in Derrick City.

My memory is getting bad, so I hope the story is close to accurate.

UNFINISHED HISTORY

In March of 2014, we published an oral history interview with Don Bergreen, done by Wes and Judy Martin. In speaking with Don recently, I learned "the rest of the story." Don attended Alfred Tech but never got his diploma because of his entering the service in 1943. So on Sunday, May 17 of this year, Alfred Tech corrected a wrong and invited Don to the graduation ceremony where he got to walk across the stage with the rest of the graduates. Don said he was very touched by the thoughtfulness of everyone at Alfred Tech, and appreciated the honor. Congratulations, Don!

Memorials



For: Richard J. Riehler
From: John and Jill Walsh

For: Teresa Simms
From: Maggie and Tom Nuss

For: Flossie Martiny
From: Clyde Johnson, Virginia Johnson, Mary Chew

For: Shirley Russell
From: Al Frisina

For: Kath Buffington
From: Francie Potter

For: Erica Lamberson
From: Maggie and Tom Nuss
Carol and Betsy Livingston

For: Cheryl Bizzaro
From: Francie Potter

THANK YOU, THANK YOU.



We want to thank Dave Swatt and his wife Gail for keeping our Heritage Center looking so great. Dave and Gail have donated plants and flowers for our flower bed in front of the building, and they also put flags in for Memorial Day. Dave also does the edging and mowing for us. So if you drive by and think the building looks good, be sure and thank them for their hard work and thoughtfulness.

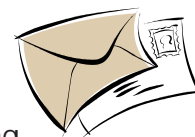
the snow shoveling in the winter time. He says it's good exercise for him. If he didn't do it, I would have to so I really appreciate his hard work.

Another person we have to thank is Pete Forness, who voluntarily does all



It's thanks to friends like this that we are able to keep going.
Thank you, Dave, Gail and Pete!!

WE GET MAIL



As our members have been renewing their memberships, they have been sending along nice notes. Many echo the sentiment of Julie McCully of California who said the newsletter is a little piece of "back home". Thanks also to James Simmons, Judy Wilson, Al Frisina, Bill Ryan, Karen Streit, Margaret Nutt Sutherland, Shirley Toohey, Gary Forness, Elaine Spencer George, Sr. and Mary Farrell Price for their warm wishes.

**Allegany Area Historical Association
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Allegany, NY 14706**

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INSIDE SPECIAL ISSUE:

Presidents Report

Indoor Facilities

Toads Under the Benches

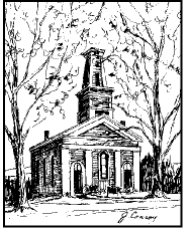
OPEN HOUSE

Visit our Open House on Saturday, June 20 from 1 to 3 p.m. at our
Heritage Center, 25 North Second Street, Allegany.

View our newly restored 1856 map of Cattaraugus County – learn how to access
the Allegany Citizen on line – see all the genealogy materials we have to help you
in your search for ancestors – see the many, many items we have in our collection.

**We want to show off what we have and what we can do for you.
We are YOUR historical association – come visit us!**

www.allegany.org



Allegany Area Historical Association

March 2015

www.allegany.org

Issue XXXIV Vol. 1

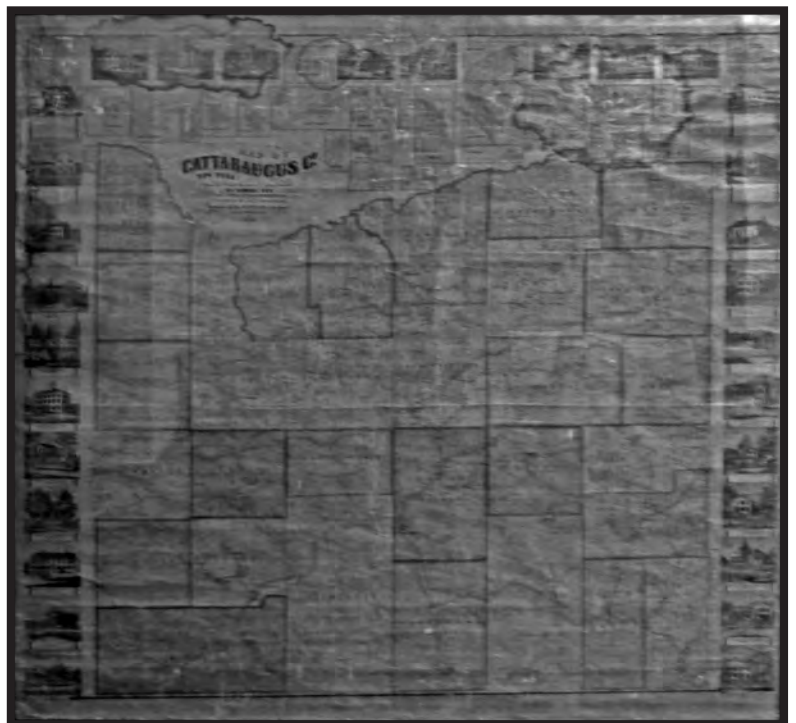
PRESIDENT'S REPORT

The Board members and Trustees have made a necessary decision to cease having Heritage Days. Our group is getting older, and without newer, younger members to carry it forward, now is a good time to stop. We held it for 32 years – a good stretch – and watched it change over the years from being in the Town Hall Park and along Main Street to the Heritage Center to just being at the Heritage Center. Our attendance dwindled each year, and while we still made money on it, our profit dwindled also. I want to thank everyone who has worked so hard over the years to make Heritage Days the success it always was. We had fun, made friends, but always slept very well when it was over. This year we will do the street sheet, listing events for Alumni Weekend, and we will have the Heritage Center open on Saturday, August 1 for alumni and others to stop in and see our exhibits on the Civil War and the Allegany Central School class pictures.

Our annual Christmas Cookie Sale was once again a huge success. We made \$1,163.00, thanks to all our bakers! We had 22 more dozen of assorted cookies this year and managed to sell most of them. What we had left went to Genesis House, a homeless shelter in Olean, along with \$132.00 that we collected at our annual Community Christmas Service on the next day, as well as several boxes of paper products, which they always need. Our thanks to Fr. James Vacco, O.F.M. from St Bonaventure Church for leading the service. A special thank-you to Linda Kruppner of Nature's Remedy for allowing us to have the cookie sale at her store – it's a good location for us.

Allegany lost its oldest citizen in November with the death of George Hall at the age of 106. I had done an oral history interview with George in 2007 when he was 99, which appeared in our October 2007 newsletter. George was very sharp mentally and lived by himself to the end. He also kept house by himself – my house should be so neat and clean! He was a font of information about Allegany's early days and remembered quite clearly all the stores and businesses along Main Street. A life-long Presbyterian, George was a mainstay of the Allegany church, acting many times as the handyman, even as he got up in years. In fact, he had to be scolded about getting up on the ladder to fix things! He was always very interested in people and what they had been doing. His ready smile and dry humor are among the many things we miss about George.

We had two hand-made maps of Cattaraugus County done in 1856, and both were in deteriorating condition. Margaret Parker searched around and found a paper conservator, Laura Schell, in Lockport who was willing to take on the task of restoring the maps. One was in worse condition than the other so Laura used that one to repair the other one. They were both paper on linen and the description of what Laura did in the repair completely fills one page! It wasn't cheap but the finished product is stunning. The map is now at The Ink Well in Allegany for framing. The map will be dedicated in memory of Shirley Russell who had a "thing" for maps and genealogy, and this map will be a definite aid to genealogists. We will let everyone know when our treasure is available for viewing.



I had the pleasure of attending a birthday party in November for one of our founding members, Marge Green, who turned 95! Marge is as sharp as ever and says "Hi" to all her longtime friends in the historical association.

Thanks to Liz and Greg Williams for the generous donation of baby dresses from days past. They are a nice addition to our collection.

Our long-time Secretary, Shirley Russell, passed away in January. She had been the Chief Clerk of Family Court in Cattaraugus County from 1968, when Family Court started, to 1994. Our minutes were never as good as Shirley knew shorthand – a lost art – and captured everything we talked about. She was a tireless volunteer at AAHA. Her maiden name was Kyser and she seemed to be related to everyone on the south side of the Allegheny River. She also knew genealogies and family histories so she could really help our visitors looking for family history. Her sparkling personality and great smile are missed.

FRANCIE POTTER, PRESIDENT

THE ROAD TO AN EDUCATION

By Gertrude Schnell

If you lived on the Lower Birch Run Road in the late 1890's, getting an education was a challenge. The nearest school was on the South Nine Mile Road. This meant a long walk through a dense pine forest, across a swamp, and in snow and ice.

The oldest sons and daughters of the Joseph Rehler family never attended school. They were needed at home to clear the land, farm the soil, and run a saw mill. Will and Frank went a few weeks between seasonal work on the farm. My grandmother, Delia, youngest of 13, went when her two brothers went, but never alone. She told me of how nervous she was because of "Big Tom", a Seneca Indian who lived in a hut alone the way. Nothing ever happened and he often visited the farm, bringing baskets to sell that the Indian women had woven. However, the sight of him was a concern to a small girl.

When the next generation of the Frederick and Delia Schnell family was living on the farm on the Lower Birch Run Road, the rural elementary school was located on the Upper Birch Run Road. This was the early 1900's, and the walk to school was still very long. The journey started at the path from the back door to the side road, through the gate in the fence, along Russel's pasture up to the Witz house. Then turning east through the Witz farm on a dug road in the pasture and up the grade brought you to the Upper Birch Run Road. After Lewis Witz left home this route was barred to the Schnell children. Mr. and Mrs. Witz had become a bit odd and thought the children were causing harm.

Now the father of the children, Frederick Schnell, had to blaze a trail for them to the school. The new trail was through Russel's pasture across from the house and then over a stile which went over a wire fence. Next the trail went up a logging path overhung with branches and berry briars. Then the children entered a cleared woodland following their father's marked trees, veering to the right and over a fence without a stile, and then traveling a well-worn cow path, and came out of the woods. They could see the school, but still had to go downhill, pass a small spring, climb again until the Upper Birch Run Road was reached. Winter was an especially trying time and many school days were missed.

My grandmother, Delia Schnell, told me she didn't let my father, Edwin, start school until he was eight years old because he was a small, puny child. Little did she know that he would live to be almost 93!

Thanks, Gertrude, for another fascinating story. You really wanted to have an education back then, since getting to school was such a chore!

As those of us who live in Allegany know, there has been a lot of activity and renovation going on in the Hamm house on the corner of Main and Second Streets. It is very old and is of double plank construction. We received an interesting article from Carl Hamm concerning the house and family – we know you will enjoy it.

HISTORY OF THE HAMM FAMILY by CARL HAMM

The Hamm's came from Germany in the early part of 1800, where they settled in the Allegany area. My Grandfather, Andrew Hamm, and his brother John were young men at the time. My grandfather Andrew bought the house at 140 West Main and 2nd Street. Prior to the purchase, the house was a meat market. Andrew turned that large home into the Central Hotel and the Andrew Hamm Bar.

My father, Herman Hamm, was born in 1881 and died in 1969. He was the oldest of 7 children. The youngest sibling was Carl Hamm, who lived on the back Five Mile Road.

There was a large barn across the street which Andrew turned into a livery stable. People who travelled through town stabled their horses there. In back of the barn Andrew built an ice house, cutting ice in the winter time from the Allegheny River, which he sold to people in the village and the bars all year long. Andrew also had the land on Fourth Street where the high school (Allegany Central School) is. He fenced that land in for feeding cattle.

Andrew's cousin John owned the land/hill behind the school. He built a greenhouse and started a greenhouse business.

The house on West Main and 2nd Street is well over 200 years old. My father Herman and mother Minnie (Karnuth) moved into the house in 1942. I had one sister, Marie (Hamm) Bump, born in 1920. I was born in 1926 and entered the navy in 1944, serving for 4 years. I returned to Allegany and began working for Mobil Oil. I met my wife, Gene (Williams) Hamm in Olean. We were married in 1949 and moved to Bellingham, WA in 1954 to work in a new refinery for Mobil.

P.S. – I very much enjoy reading the Allegany historical paper!



Hamm House - 2015



HORTON FAMILY FIRST SETTLED IN ALLEGANY OVER 129 YEARS AGO -

According to old records, the Horton family first settled in Allegany about 1825. The first settler by that name was Sylvester J. Horton who was born in Owego, August 10, 1800. He died here on June 5, 1885. Mr. Horton married Emily Strong of Great Valley on September 20, 1828. She was born in Royalton, Vt., September 17, 1807, the daughter of James and Clifford Strong. She died at Allegany on December 6, 1870.

A son, William Wallace Horton, was born in Allegany April 19, 1830 and married Sarah Jane Terry of Elliptonville, daughter of Asa Terry and Mary Ann Covell, on July 13, 1851. She was born in Coldspring, Putnam County on March 31, 1829 and died here January 11, 1907.

William Horton owned the farm settled by his father and after his death the property was purchased by N.V.V.F. Munson. A few years ago, Mr. Munson moved the house, built by Sylvester Horton, about a quarter of a mile back from the road into a maple grove.

Ed note – Van Munson sold the house, located on the Five Mile Road, to Steve Boser and it is now owned by his descendants. The Strongs were also early settlers of Allegany.

TO ALL OF THE AAHA MEMBERSHIP

from Pat Dominessy

On January 13th we all lost a very dear friend. To some of us, Shirley was like a sister. She was influential some years ago in getting me to join the historical association and I looked forward to the summer months when my husband and I could return to our summer home in the foothills of the Allegheny Mountains in rural Cuba, N.Y. I had the pleasure of getting to know some of you when summer came and rain or shine we had the Strawberry Ice Cream Social or the Country Cupboard to go to. I loved working at those events alongside of Alice Altenburg, Shirley and many others. Chances were that we might see some high school class mates from ACS Class of 1952 or just some neighbors and acquaintances from my years of living in Allegany. I am sending this donation to AAHA in memory of my dear friend, Shirley Kyser Russell. I will miss her forever, as I know will many of you!

DUES-----DUES-----DUES-----DUES

October was the month to pay your dues!! A single membership is \$10, family is \$15 and a patron membership is \$20 or more. Make your check to AAHA and mail it to PO Box 162, Allegany, New York 14706. Don't forget – do it today! We do not send out reminders to members since each member gets the newsletter – we take this method of telling you to renew your membership and it saves us postage. If you paid your dues at Heritage Days or soon thereafter, you are paid for the year. If you don't renew your membership, we will take you off the mailing list and I know you don't want to miss our always interesting articles and updates on what is happening in your old home town.

RENEW TODAY!! RENEW TODAY!!

Memorials



For: Nicolas Pendl

From: Milton and Christine Bailey

James and Pat Schreckengost

For: Raymond Martin

From: Sam and Sherry Quattrone

Caroline and George Schreiber

For: Teresa Meyers

From: Francie Potter

For: James F. Hastings

From: John and Jillian Walsh

For: Bill Keim

From: Perry and Margaret Butler

For: Rochelle Joan Boser Kelly

From: Merle and Mary Ann Kyser

For: George Hall

From: David and Beth Deitz

For: Charles and Joan

Phearsdorf

From: The Charles Rehler

Family

For: Erica Lamberson

From: Bill and Kay Palmer

In honor of Francie Potter

from David and Eva B. Potter

For: Shirley Russell

From: William and Janet Bailey

Alice Altenburg

Bobby and Nancy Adams

Thomas J. Capra

Bob and Susan Bubbs

Robert and Mary Labanowski

Mary and Merle Kyser

Shelia and Scott Kyser

Melanie and Tim North

Margaret Parker

Francie Potter

Michael and Martha Nenno

Janet Hitchcock

Virginia Hemmerly

Janice Rickey

Larry Russell

Michele Russell

Gary Russell

Vern and Linda Bottoroff

Jean Geiger

Marion Elling

Patricia Dominessy

Roger and Barbara Best

Charles and Karen Brown

Ed and Mary Farrell Price

James and Joanne Carls

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Melanson

Robert Chatham

Regina Chio

Eunice A. Schiferle

Paula McNulty, Wanda Mucke

Arleen McWilliams

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INSIDE SPECIAL ISSUE:

Presidents Report

Getting to School

Hamm House Renovation

NEXT MEETING

We will meet on Sunday, April 12 at 2 p.m. at the Heritage Center, 25 North Second Street, Allegany. Dr. Darwin King, an accounting Professor at St. Bonaventure will speak about the practical side of the Civil War. He will discuss the types of reports created by Union troops in an effort to maintain a complete and accurate accounting system.

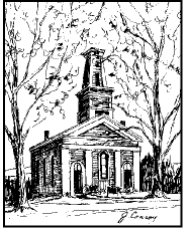
He will also discuss Confederate Bonds, and will bring multiple examples of both Confederate Bonds and Union accounting records. Dr. King has been collecting these authentic documents for over 32 years.

It will be interesting to hear the "back story" of the Civil War – how the war was run behind the scenes.

**PLEASE JOIN US
SUNDAY, APRIL 12 --- 2 P.M.
HERITAGE CENTER
25 N. 2nd Street, Allegany**

This meeting is later than usual due to Dr. King's schedule

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Allegany Area Historical Association

November 2015

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Issue XXXIV Vol. 4

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

One of our long-time members, Kathleen Karl, celebrated her 100th birthday on September 15th! She was born and raised in Allegany, and in 2001 and 2002 we published her memoirs in the newsletter. In her honor, we are re-publishing some excerpts of those memoirs elsewhere in this newsletter.

For the last two years Kathleen has resided at Absolut Care of Allegany. I know she would love to hear from old friends. Her address is: Absolut Care of Allegany, 2128 N. Fifth Street, Allegany, NY 14706.

A reminder to our "snow bird" members – please make sure we have your correct "southern" address and the approximate dates for your departure and return. Each newsletter that we mail that is returned to us costs us twice the postage.

For our members in general and our out of town members in particular, an easy way to donate to our group is to make a gift to the Cattaraugus Region Community Foundation. Designate that the money is to go to the Allegany Area Historical Association Fund, and mail your check to the Foundation at 120 North Union Street, Olean, N.Y. 14760. If you want to increase your giving by the end of the year, for tax purposes, please think of us. We can always use the help and are always most grateful for your support.

Our annual meeting is held at our October meeting. We needed to fill a one year term for Trustee to complete the term of Shirley Russell. Tom Stetz was elected to fill this vacancy. Thanks, Tom, for agreeing to serve.

In our October newsletter I told you about the Guide by Cell program that the county now has which will give you a "guided tour" of area historical groups. There is an addition – the Leon Historical Society can be heard at 716-244-1999. They have filled all their numbers; 121 – 140. We are still working on the rest of our numbers and probably won't put anything new on until spring.

If you didn't pay your annual dues yet – due in October – you still have time to get them in. Send your check made out to AAHA to: PO Box 162, Allegany, N.Y. 14706

Another of our members is nearing 100 years old – Rita Keim will be 100 next year in April. She was born in Olean and married an Allegany native. Keim Hollow, off of the Buffalo Road, is named for the Keim family. Must be something in the Allegany water with so many of our members living such long lives!

FRANCIE POTTER, PRESIDENT

Here are some excerpts from "Down Memory Lane" by Kathleen Hirt Karl.

On my mother's side of the family, my Great-grandfather, Joseph Warters, and his wife came to America from France in 1849 and settled in the Buffalo area. They later moved to Lippert Hollow in Allegany where Joseph and his brothers drilled for oil. They had nine children, which explains why I am related to the Warters, Reitz, Yehl, Carls, Wholeban, Geringer and Hyde families. My grandfather, John Warters, Sr. married Rose Beitler, and had eight children, which explains why I am related to the Fornesses, Hatzells, Stayers, etc. My mother married my father, Henry Hirt, in 1914 and lived on the South Nine Mile Road.

On my father's side of the family, my great-grandfather Andrew Hirt was born in Baden, Germany and came to America at the age of 20 in 1830. He settled in Lancaster, New York where he married my great-grandmother, Mary Schniter, and they moved to Allegany on the South Nine Mile Road. They had six children which explains why I am related to the Carls, Gabler, Geringer, Martiny, Krott and Riehle families. My grandfather Henry Hirt married Agatha Zister, and had six children with the married names of Klice, Carls, Geringer, etc. They rented a farm on Birch Run Road where he worked for his father. He bought the homestead in 1881 and divided the house for two families. My father Frank Hirt married my mother, Kathryn Warters and they lived in the east half of the farmhouse. My parents bought the farm in 1919. They had four children.

I went to District #10 school on the South Nine Mile Road. Violetta Schnell was my teacher for second grade, then Irene Schnell taught me in 3rd and 4th grades. When I went to high school from 7th grade through graduation, Irene taught me English and Latin. I remember one incident very well. I had a few lines to say in the Senior Play that Irene directed. She stood in the back of the gym, with the stage up front, and when I said "often", she loudly corrected me with these words, "**never pronounce the "t" in often**". Now-a-days, it is pronounced either way.

My father passed away in 1927, leaving a great void in our lives. My mother kept the farm and did the best she could with "hired help", my two brothers and myself. Neighbors and relatives pitched in too. She sold the farm in 1946 because my older brother had married and left home and Francis, my younger brother, got polio and she could no longer keep the farm going. She and my brother moved to Main Street in Allegany where she lived the remaining years of her life.

In Part Two of her memoirs, Kathleen talked about life on the farm up to 1933 and described in some detail what was required to make hay, raise oats, corn, potatoes, fruit and garden produce. She also talked about the various animals on the farm. In Part Three, she talks of her childhood home and her college and teaching years, which is where we rejoin her memoirs.

The cellar, with its dirt floor and cool temperature, was a great storage place. Big potato bins were on one side, along with barrels of apples. Shelves were filled with canned goods. Large crocks held sauerkraut, pickles in brine, and cabbages. A big bin for "chestnut coal" was on the west side of the cellar. Hall's would bring a load and, using a chute, would fill the bin for winter use.

The attic was not only a good storage place but also a great playhouse in winter or rainy days. It had clotheslines for hanging wet clothes to dry, especially useful in the winter.

We were wired for electricity in the early thirties. Before that I have memories of the "carbide" lights in the house and the kerosene lanterns in the barn. When I was small there was no bathroom except for the "outhouse" in the back yard. It was a small building that had a bench with two large holes, and a lower bench with a small hole. Underneath was a drawer with its contents covered with lime to keep down the odor. This drawer was emptied several times a year, probably into the manure spreader.

We had a "pitcher pump" by the kitchen sink with a pail of water that was always kept full. A "reservoir" on the inside of our wood stove heated the water stored in it. In later years we had an element inside the "firebox" of the stove that heated the water as it flowed through to a hot water tank beside the stove. The hot water was then piped to the kitchen sink and the bathroom. One of my chores was to keep the large wood box, built by Grandpa Hirt, filled every day.

One of the "spring housecleaning" chores involved cleaning the 9 x 12 rugs. They were removed from the floor, carried to the back yard, and thrown over the clothesline. We then used a "carpet beater" to beat out the dust. Curtains were washed and stretched to dry on a frame of wood that had little nails sticking up. Mattresses were carried out and placed on chairs to "air" in the sun. Oh, for the good ole days!

Clementine Carls was our teacher in 1922, my first year of school. There were ten of us: Iva Hotchkiss, Esther Hotchkiss; my cousins Beatrice and Anita Forness, Donald and Dail Forness; Clarke Russell; Bernard Karl; Clarice Reitz (Sue), and myself. During the noon recess we played games. The boys outhouse was separated from the girls outhouse by a tall board fence but we knocked some boards off so we could run around the schoolhouse. When I went to high school, I often rode on the milk truck. I remember it had rotted floorboards. The milkman picked up cans of milk from farms along The Nine Mile and delivered them to a business in Olean. After school, I walked 3 ½ miles home. Usually there were several others who walked too. We had fun raiding the dumps along the riverbank and exploring an old abandoned house that was full of birds, mice, etc. Of course there were no school buses to transport us.

When I think of my years at Fredonia Normal School (1933-1936), I recall the struggle, the studying, and working for the New York Assistance Program. It paid \$12.50 per month. I worked for several elementary teachers, correcting papers, mounting pictures, and other odd jobs. I also worked on a state survey in Dunkirk with four other Fredonia Normal School students. We did our own cooking in the house where we roomed, each of us having brought food from home. I recall that the four of us girls would each put \$2.00 in the "Kitty" for food and supplies. I graduated in 1936 with a Life Certificate to teach in the elementary grades.

My first year of teaching in 1936 was in the District #10 school on the South Nine Mile and I was there until 1939. Because Ray Karl and I were married in February, the Trustee wouldn't hire me for the following year as she said I had a husband to support me and didn't need the job. But Al Gallets was Trustee of the Burdick School on Klice Crossroads and he hired me to teach all eight grades. I remained there for two years. We held square dances several times a year to raise money for supplies, books, etc. My eighth grade students sometimes took the first graders and helped them with reading and other lessons.

I quit teaching in 1942 to raise our four children, born in 1942, 1943, 1944, and 1946. Allegany was in the process of centralization in 1948 so I was hired to teach the upper grades at District #11, (Rockview School) on the upper Four Mile Road. I taught grades 3,4,5, and 6. In 1950 the rural schools on the Allegany district were closed. I taught 5th grade in the basement of St. John's Lutheran Church part of the year. Then we were moved into the garage of the school's main building. Eventually we moved into a room on the second floor of the new school addition. In 1954, I quit teaching at Allegany for the birth of our 5th child. In 1957, when the kind lady next door agreed to baby-sit, I began teaching 5th grade at Hinsdale Central School, where I remained for 18 years. I retired after 28 years in the teaching profession and became a full-time mother and housewife.

This ends Kathleen's trip down Memory Lane. I hope you have enjoyed reading these excerpts. She enjoyed writing them.

TREASURER'S REPORT

October 1, 2014 – October 1, 2015

This report is presented to give you an understanding of our sources of income and our expenses.

AAHA RECEIVES NO PUBLIC ASSISTANCE FROM VILLAGE, TOWN OR STATE.**INCOME**

Membership Dues	\$ 3,660.00
Memorials	3,900.00
Donations	316.00
Sales – Misc. Items	173.00
Christmas Cookie Sale	1,163.00
Copier Usage	27.00
	<hr/>
	\$ 9,239.00

EXPENSES

NYSEG	\$ 2,455.00
National Grid	916.00
Insurance	805.00
Austin Security	419.00
Acme Service Policy	199.00
Mailing Permit	220.00
P.O. Box Rental	68.00
Newsletters	
Printing	300.00
Mailing	175.00
Programs	50.00
Donations, Dues	275.00
Equipment, Supplies	260.00
Collections	116.00
Street Sheet Expense	443.00
Lawn Maintenance	300.00
Map Preservation and Framing	1,185.00
Front Door Replacement	2,621.00
Film Scanning	1,275.00
	<hr/>
	\$12,082.00

Note: The Map Preservation and the Door Replacement were paid for from Memorials.

The Film Scanning was our share, with the Allegany Public Library, of scanning microfilm of the Allegany Citizen to make it available online.

Our 32nd annual



Christmas Cookie Sale



will be held on Saturday, December 5th

at Nature's Remedy, 120 West Main Street, from 9:30 to 2 p.m.

This is our only fundraiser of the year. If you don't get a call asking you to bake some cookies, just call us to volunteer your services. The effort of all our members and friends is what makes this sale so very successful year after year.



On Sunday, December 6th at 2 p.m.

at the Heritage Center, 25 North Second Street,
we will hold our 33rd annual

Community Christmas Service

which is always a nice way to start the holiday season. Pastor Dan Buringrud from St. John's Lutheran Church will conduct the service. At the service, we will once again take up a collection of money, canned goods and paper products to benefit Genesis House, the homeless shelter in Olean. Anything we can gather for them is needed, and very much appreciated by them.

**Thank you in advance for your support
of these two events.**

Memorials



*For: John and Liz Hesse
From: Hesse Family*

*For: Ted Potter
From: Milton and Christine Bailey*

*For: Marion Weis Horey
From: John and Jillian Walsh*

**Allegany Area Historical Association
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INSIDE SPECIAL ISSUE:

Presidents Report

Wired for Electricity

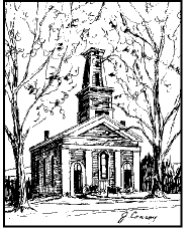
Get Your Cookies While They're Hot!

NEXT MEETING

Our next meeting will be on Sunday, November 15 at 2 p.m. at the Heritage Center, 25 North Second Street, Allegany. Paul Spaeth, Library Director at St. Bonaventure University, will do a presentation on Film History – How Historical Events Are Depicted in Film.

He will be using film clips of historical events, including Abraham Lincoln, Wyatt Earp and the Grapes of Wrath, among other clips. We have all seen movies of historical events – now we can find out if they have been accurately portrayed.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 15 – 2 P.M. – HERITAGE CENTER



Allegany Area Historical Association

October 2015

www.allegany.org

Issue XXXIV Vol. 3

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

One of our "Founding Mothers", Marge Green, died in July at the age of 95. She was right there when our organization got started in 1981 as an outgrowth of Allegany's Sesquicentennial celebration. She helped on everything we did, from cookie sales to genealogy research. Almost every issue of our early newsletters contained one of her well-researched articles. She went to many meetings at the Olean Post Office to make sure we were meeting all the postal requirements in regard to our newsletter mailing. Her late husband, Charles, built our kitchen cabinets and I'm pretty sure she helped with that also. She had a long, full and interesting life, and her spirit will live on in our group. Thanks, Marge, for all you did to help us grow.

AAHA also lost a good friend with the passing of Jim Kinley in July at age 88. Jim started in the oil business with his father at an early age, and after service in the Navy in WW II returned home to eventually serve as President of Kinley Oil and Gas. When we did a big display on the local oil business, he was a font of information and loaned us many artifacts for our exhibit. While he also went on to start Kinley Corp., a construction company, he remained at heart an oil man. He was very generous to AAHA and quietly helped us with reprints of our history book. We will never have a better friend – thanks, Jim, for everything you did for us.

The Cattaraugus County Tourism department has a program called Guide by Cell Tours, where people can call a number and get a "guided tour" of any particular historical society or museum. It works from any phone. When you call 716-246-1999, you will be asked to put in the number you want, followed by the # sign. Our numbers are 81 – 100. Right now we only have something at 81, 82, 83, 84 and 85 but are working on putting information about Allegany on our other numbers, so by the time you get this newsletter we will have more numbers available to listen to. Each segment is 1 ½ to 2 minutes long. I will list the numbers for other groups elsewhere in the newsletter.

It's not too early to mention our annual Christmas Cookie Sale on Saturday, December 5th and our Community Christmas Service on Sunday, December 6th. The cookie sale is now our only fundraiser, since we aren't having Heritage Days anymore, so get ready for a phone call to help us with the baking. And please join us at our Christmas Service. It is such a nice way to open the Christmas season and be with friends.

I have put in a reminder about your yearly dues elsewhere in the newsletter but just another reminder – don't forget to pay!

FRANCIE POTTER, PRESIDENT

1856 MAP

Everyone who visits really enjoys seeing our restored 1856 map. Getting it to the Center was quite an adventure! My son, David Potter, and Mikel Wintermantel volunteered to help me move it from The Inkwell on Main Street, where Melissa Meyers had framed it, to our place on Second Street. The day we picked turned out to be quite breezy. Our original plan was to walk it down the street to the Center – it's not heavy, just awkward. But we quickly realized that the wind would make that impossible. On to Plan B. This involved Mikel lying flat in the bed of David's pickup holding on to the map for dear life as David slowly drove to Second Street. It was a sight to behold but all went well. Thanks to David and Mikel for all their help!



Mikel hanging on tightly to the map in very close quarters!



Walking the map into the Center



Ready for the map to be hung – David on the left, Mikel on the right.

INQUIRIES WE HAVE RECEIVED-----

In June we received an inquiry from a gentleman in Edmonton, Alberta seeking information about the discovery of a pagoda on the West Five Mile in Allegany, New York. He said, "I'm writing to seek your help to determine whether the alleged discovery is true. A friend of mine has been looking for the pagoda for many years so I'm helping him to find out more about it." He sent a link to the Burmese classic news organization, dated March 28, 2015, which said among other things that an old ancient pagoda built in a jungle in the U.S. had been found again and that it had been built on land donated by Mr. Gus Ruggieri.

We started searching for information. Gus Ruggieri was also known as Gus Rogers. We had nothing in our files but knew that Gus Rogers had owned land on the West Five Mile Road. We contacted Donna Costanza, who coordinates local history at the Olean Public Library, and she had a great article from the June 5, 1958 Times Herald that told of the building of the pagoda, along with a picture. Gus Rogers was a world traveler who met the monks in Burma. When they came to his farm to build the pagoda, they were said to be the first Burmese monks to visit the United States.



One of the monks, U Thila Wunta, was a contemplative monk who spent his time entirely in prayer and religious meditation. He also had a reputation as a great healer. He died March 18, 2011 and is highly venerated in the Buddhist religion. The gentleman looking to purchase the pagoda is a disciple of Ven. U Thila Wunta.

We also found Gus Rogers' obituary in the February 19, 1976 issue of the Allegany Citizen. Mr. Rogers died at the age of 77. He served as President of Dotterwyck Sales in Olean. The obituary also said the U Thant, acting secretary of the United Nations, visited the family to see the shrine. U Thant went on to be the Secretary-General of the United Nations. Mr. Rogers was also a WW II veteran.

So a simple request turned out to be quite interesting, and broadened our knowledge of local history!

IT'S TIME TO PAY YOUR YEARLY DUES

October is the time to pay your dues! We do not send out reminders to members since each member gets the newsletter, so we take this method of telling you to renew your membership. It also saves us postage.

A single membership is \$10, a family membership is \$15 and a patron membership is \$20 or more. Make your check to AAHA and mail it to: PO Box 162, Allegany, N.Y. 14706.

If you have paid your dues recently, you are paid for the year. If you don't renew after a reasonable amount of time we will take you off the mailing list, and where else are you going to find out the happenings of the past and present in your old home town.

Don't forget – renew your membership today!

A TREASURE IN OUR AREA

Letchworth State Park is very close by and a lot of fun to explore. When my kids were younger we would have a cookout breakfast in the park and spend the rest of the day wandering the park and enjoying its scenery. In March of 1988 we had a program about Letchworth – here are some of the things we learned.

Letchworth State Park, which was only inhabited by Native Americans at the time of the Revolutionary War, was originally known as “Genesee Country.” The area so designated took in all or parts of 15 Western New York counties. The word Genesee is Native American and means “Pleasant Valley.”

William Letchworth first viewed the Upper and Middle Falls area in 1859, deciding then and there to purchase the land for his retirement. The present Glen Iris Inn by the Middle Falls had been built by a former owner of the land and was remodeled by Mr. Letchworth into a comfortable home. It was later enlarged into the present inn.

Several years before his death in 1910, he deeded 1,000 acres in Wyoming and Livingston counties to the state for a park. Today Letchworth State Park extends on both sides of the Genesee River from Portageville to Mt. Morris, a distance of 17 miles. It covers 13,000 acres and is deservedly known as “The Grand Canyon of the East.”

GUIDE BY CELL NUMBERS FOR AREA HISTORICAL SOCIETIES

Remember – call 716-246-1999 to listen to any of these “Tours”.

African-American Center for Cultural Development 1 -14

Bartlett House 21 – 13, 40

Olean Point Museum 41 – 50

Miners Cabin in Franklinville 141 – 155

Howe Prescott House in Franklinville 161 – 166

Ellicottville Historical Society 181 - 188



Memorials



For: Margaret Green

From: Francie Potter

Margaret Parker

Alice Altenburg

Edmund and Theresa Memmott

Arlene Knittel

*The Walshes – Father Tom, Barbara, John
and Sally*

Marie Reinhoundt

Hal and Hilda Jacobi

Sam and Daniela Chiovitti

Mildred Simpson

Friends at “Unidesk” Corp.

Helen L. Green and Family

Norma, Stephen and Jennifer Coleman

For: Kay Hirsch Screen

From: Leo and Patty Nenno

For: Charles and Ruth Wing

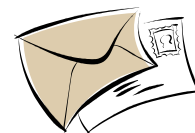
From: William Wing and family

Children and grandchildren

To Honor the Altenburg family

From: Tamera Zaffuto

WE GET MAIL



William Wing of Dewitt, Michigan sent us a memorial in memory of his parents, Charles and Ruth Wing. The family has a summer home in McClure Hollow when they vacation and renew old friendships with Allegany friends. Of course, the Wing name is very familiar in this area. Asa Wing was a Civil War veteran who settled with his family in what is now Wing Hollow. The family has grown and spread from there. Bill listed all the members of the Wing family who gave the memorial, so here goes: Bill Wing, sons Will and Fred, granddaughter Adriana; James and Carolyn Wing Wesley, sons Christopher and Jonathan; Tom and Pam Wing, daughter Melissa, sons Brian and Jeremy; David and Sue Wing, daughter Kristen, son David; Steve Wing, son Josh; Ken Wing, sons Shaun, Trent, Nick and Nathan; Tim and Kathy Wing Starr, son Zachary, daughters Jennifer and Stephanie; Steve Riley, sons James and Brandon, daughter Whitney.

The family held a memorial service July 11, 2015 for their parents. Thanks, Wings, for thinking of us, and helping us preserve the history of the Allegany area where your family came from.

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INSIDE SPECIAL ISSUE:

Presidents Report

Map Moving 101

Monks visit Allegany

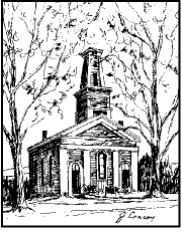
NEXT MEETING

Our next meeting will be on Sunday, October 18 at 2 p.m. at the Heritage Center, 25 North Second Street, Allegany. Earl McElfresh will speak on Cattaraugus County – some interesting facts and figures, intriguing historical data, and much more.

A graduate of St. Lawrence University, Mr. McElfresh is a county legislator and President of McElfresh Map Company, which has specialized in Civil War maps for 23 years. The company has also produced maps about the Underground Railroad, the Louisiana Purchase and D-Day.

Our 1856 map of Cattaraugus County is also on display. Come join us for an interesting afternoon, and learn more about where you live.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 18 – 2 P.M. – HERITAGE CENTER



Allegany Area Historical Association

March 2016

www.allegany.org

Issue XXXV Vol. 1

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Our annual Christmas Cookie sale was once again a huge success! We had to close early because we ran out of cookies by 1 pm. We started off with 116 mixed dozens plus many special cookies, plus fudge and fruitcakes. At the end we only had fudge left. We made a profit of \$1,181.00, which is a big help when we go to pay the bills. Our thanks to Linda Kruppner of Nature's Remedy for giving us space to hold our sale.

Our annual Community Christmas Service was held the next day and was, as usual, a very nice way to begin the holiday season. Thanks to Pastor Dan Buringrud from St. John's Lutheran Church for conducting the service and the St. John's Musical Ensemble for providing the music. Unfortunately, the service was sparsely attended. There were eight in the musical ensemble and only seventeen in the audience. Hopefully next year we can have a better attendance. We collected 4 big boxes of food and paper products for Genesis House, as well as \$143, which was very much appreciated by them.

As you can see, our usual March meeting is in April this year. This is to accommodate our speaker's schedule. Dr. Val Dunham, who spoke to our group in May of 2013 about his great-great-grandfather, William Whitlock of Allegany who fought in the Civil War, has a new book out – Gregory's New York Brigade: Blue-collar Reserves in Dusty Blue Jackets. William Whitlock served in this Brigade. Dr. Dunham, who lives in North Carolina, will be in our area in April so we asked him to speak to our group when he was available. Thus our meeting on Sunday, April 17th. Dr. Dunham will have copies of his book for sale after the meeting. A hard copy will be \$35 and a soft copy will be \$17.

John Mansour passed away in December. John taught in Allegany for 24 years, and for all my kids, he was the voice of God. When they arrived home from school and I asked them how their day went, they almost always replied, "Mr. Mansour said-----." And if Mr. Mansour said it, it was true!

Virginia Baxter passed away in January. She taught second grade for 16 years at Allegany Central, and then was a substitute teacher for many years after that. She always had a smile for everyone, remembered all her pupils, and kept track of them as they continued on in life.

We are beginning to collect our members e-mail addresses. This will be good to have, particularly for our local members, when something comes up at the last minute, such as a change of date for our meetings or a cancellation of our meetings. So please take a minute and send your e-mail address to kpremo@sbu.edu, as Kathy Premo is going to manage these for us. Thanks for your help.

The Cattaraugus County Tourism Department has developed an excellent web site concerning the history of the county. Go to Historic Path of Cattaraugus County and you will find a wealth of information about the county's history. There are 59 municipalities in the county and you can learn about all of them with just a click of your mouse. It's an easy site to navigate – I can even do it and I am basically computer-illiterate. It's being added to all the time.

AAHA member Clyde Johnson has a small private museum in Wrights, PA. about 6 miles from Port Allegany on Rt. 155. He has a collection of Kewpie dolls which were made in Port Allegany from the early 1920's to the 1970's, as well as Cameo dolls. He also displays a lot of glassware that was made in Port Allegany. He can open by appointment – reach him at 151 Combs Cr. Road, Port Allegany, PA 16743.

FRANCIE POTTER, PRESIDENT

We received another treasure from Gertrude Schnell. "After my Aunt Irene Schnell McRae retired, I was always encouraging her to write about her life and family. She did this in a bio, but didn't include her high school, college and 41 years of teaching. Then after several years, she again began writing about these experiences. Several of these episodes are rather amusing and some are frightening." I know our members will enjoy these writings – thanks, Gertrude, for sending them to add to our files.

High School and College Days

Irene Schnell McRae

After two years of procrastination I again pick up the thread of the story of my early life. My high school days are not so clear in my mind as they once were. Who can objectively remember happenings of some fifty-eight years ago?

My freshman year at Allegany High was a new experience because I was accustomed to our small country Birch Run School. I remember well that I studied French I, English, Algebra and Civics. The principal taught the Algebra class. Even as young as I was, I realized he was not a very good teacher – not thorough enough and not enough explanation!

During September and October I walked from home. In November I went to Erwin and Fern's house on the Five Mile, which home became in later years the home of Chuck and Mary Rehler where I spent many happy hours. Erwin and Fern were newly married and I felt Fern would rather I had not been there. I tried to do what was right but when I asked if I could go across the road to see Leona Lippert, she would say, "I don't care where you go." In the spring I went to the home of Aunt Carrie Forness to be company for her during the evenings. Uncle Pete would button up his vest and coat after supper and go across to the store of Daryl Bently, a blind man, to talk with his cronies. He would come home at nine and then everyone to bed.

It turned out that I did more than keep Aunt Carrie company. I helped with all the housework. She was a difficult person to satisfy. One night after doing the dishes, I carefully wiped the tea kettle as usual. She came along late grumbling that no one (meaning me) even wiped the tea kettle. I was hurt and discouraged but said nothing.

I cannot recall exactly what happened in my sophomore year except that I transferred to St. Elizabeth's Academy. There were days we had few study halls so we carried all our books, including a dictionary. I walked for some time in the fall and then stayed the rest of the year at Aunt Carrie's. That year I helped with all the housecleaning. One day Mother, in spite of all her work at home, came up and cleaned all day. I think she felt sorry for me. I remember that we cleaned two bedrooms upstairs. It rained toward five o'clock and Mother took the train home. She had to walk to the station near St. Bonaventure, and then from the station at Morritz's Crossing after a hard day's work, with Uncle Pete's big shiny car sitting in the garage! It was difficult for me to forgive him for letting her walk home. It just seems that he did drive her to the station, but he should have driven her home but he was not getting his car dirty. How can people be so uncaring? Mother had a new hat and ruined it in the rain. I have always remembered that incident with sorrow and regret. I would rather have done the work than to have her subjected to such an indignity.

Oh well – the year finally passed. We did not have spending money and my aunt and uncle did not pay me for my work. One night as I was finishing the dishes, Uncle Pete put a dollar bill down my neck! He said, "Don't tell Carrie." She probably thought they did enough to feed and shelter me. I got out one night that winter – 'til 9 o'clock. Grace Welch (Forness) came and invited me to go for a ride with her and Arnold Stayer (her date) and a Randall youth, a friend of Arnold's. When I got back at 9, Aunt Carrie was walking the floor practically crazy at her indiscretion at having allowed me to go out with those people.

The year finally ended and I worked for Bessie Boser during the summer whenever she needed help. She would

leave for Bradford about two o'clock in the morning, leaving a nursing baby for me to care for as well as two of the other six children. I was only to take care of the children, but that included thinking up something to feed the baby, and getting meals for them, Mr. Boser, and usually an extra farm hand or two. I also kept the house dusted and swept. There was nothing cheap about Bessie. She raised my pay from 50 cents to seventy-five cents a day. She was a kind person – a real lady. She never complained and would say, "Iron a blouse for me today. If you will, please." I'd have done anything for her – and did. The next summer I quit my high-paying easy job when Marguerite (Zink) who was a year younger than I threw papers



St. Elizabeth's Convent and Academy – circa 1909

all around after I had cleaned.

My junior year was more pleasant. Helen Martiny (Rehler) and I shared a room which we rented from Miss Clare on Fifth Street just about across from Helen's present house. Each went home on Friday night and brought back baked, cooked or canned food for the week. We cooked together and had much enjoyment. The upstairs was unheated. There was a kerosene stove which we used to light when it was unbearable. It smoked up the whole room. When we discovered the condition of the wallpaper we tried to wipe off the black smoke. It was lamp black and the walls smeared. What a job! We never heard anything about it. The bathroom was unheated and there was no hot water except once a week for baths. Our bed was broken at one corner and was propped up on a box.

We used to go out for church devotions. One night we came into the living room, which was always cold, and Helen picked up a large chunk of wood, put it in the stove and said, "There. For once we will be warm." Just then we discovered Miss Clare reclining on the couch in the corner. We bolted for our room upstairs and did benefit from the fire. Miss Clare probably shut off the drafts. There were many devotions every night in May. We never missed. It gave us a place to go and did our spiritual life good.

My Senior year began like all the others with 2 months at home and that walk to St. Elizabeth's. It was a very rainy season and there was no gravel on the road, just deep mud. What a time. In November, probably after Thanksgiving vacation, I went to St. Elizabeth's to board. Just the last week, November, 1977, I found a holy card from one of my class mates who had written, "To Irene on her first day as a boarder." That year was easier but not too great because there were too many girls with money. I had no spending money but when we had a class party I could contribute because Mother would make potato salad – for which the girls clamored. She must have had to make a special trip by horse and buggy to bring it to St. Elizabeth's.

That routine at boarding school made for our very organized life style. The bell rang at 5:30 a.m. We filed to the lavatory to make our toilette and be down on first floor study hall to say morning prayer and to put on our short blue veils to file to chapel for 6 a.m. Mass. Then back to study hall to remove our veils and file to the basement floor to the refectory for breakfast at 7. Although many girls complained about the food, I thought it the greatest. It was food, wasn't it?

We had a few minutes to brush teeth, etc., before classes at 8 a.m. At 12 noon we had lunch and then a class in penmanship or singing during the rest of the lunch hour. Classes were over at three o'clock. We lived for a walk down town. From 4 - 5 we had sewing in the recreation room and from 5 – 6 study hall in the study hall room. Then dinner at six in the refectory. Our second study hall was from seven to eight. From 8 – 9 we had a recreation period in the rec room. Then to bed after night prayers in front of the St. Joseph statue on the landing. There was no difficulty with girls giving the present day complaint, "There's nothing to do."

Of course there were many amusing and pleasant as well as disagreeable experiences. There were also heart-breaking experiences. But one soon learned to live with whatever the situation is and with as little or as much as one had. I had one black dress for Sundays and one black jumper and two blouses for every day. No throwing of clothes in the hamper. We had to wash one to wear one – or go bare. Seniors had bath day on Thursday when we changed to our second suit of long underwear and threw the soiled clothes in the laundry bag.

There was a play each year at Christmas time. I was a teacher. Mother made me a dress by guess because I couldn't get home to try it on. Fortunately it fit and the play went off well. Santa Claus always came and gave gifts to the little girls. These were children from broken homes where the mother was dead or whose home had been struck by some tragedy. Just after I graduated Jackie Gleason's two daughters were there because their mother had left their father.

June came and graduation. It was a lovely time of year with all the roses and other flowers in bloom. It was a very nostalgic time. We Seniors, for the most part, all 14 of us, had become close and really hated the parting about to take place. The last night at St. Elizabeth's six or eight of us slept in one bed, cross-wise. Mother's hands were becoming arthritic and she did not feel up to making my dress. She asked Coletta Forness Tenny to make it. Coletta's husband had died so she and her baby came to stay for a week and make the dress. Mother had bought white crepe de chine. It was made with narrow panels around the skirt, a ribbon rosette trimming the end of each panel. It was really a beautiful dress, as nice as, or nicer, than most of the others. Mother, all her younger life, had sewed for Coletta and her sisters for free. Coletta charged her \$13 or \$23 to make mine. I guess it makes a difference who does the work.

Each Senior carried a bouquet of red roses. It was too expensive but that is how it was. Uncle John Schnell made a remark about the expense. Why did someone always spoil any special occasion in my early life? My skin grew tougher as I grew older.

Violetta had taught one year at the South Nine Mile School. Since she was going on to Geneseo to finish her work for a permanent teaching certificate, I applied for the position and was hired at \$16.00 per week. The school year was 38 weeks. I was eighteen in August, 1922 and had to attend summer school to receive a provisional certificate. My friend Mary Scheier, who had gone through St. Elizabeth's with me and I took the Erie train to Mt. Morris where we had to change trains for Geneseo.

That summer I lived at the Dempsey Club, a private home where students lived. Mrs. Dempsey and her beautiful daughter Mary ran the club, including boarders and a dining hall for the boarders and other students. It was a very pleasant summer because we met many fine people. My courses were Methods in Geography and Arithmetic, and School Law. I especially liked my math teacher, Miss Allen. The six weeks went all too quickly. Mary Scheier and I both worked in the kitchen at the club during the dinner hour. Several other man and girls worked there too, all pleasant people. We had a lot of fun together.

One dish I have remembered all these years was a vegetable salad. It was a specialty for Sunday supper. It had canned peas, beans, potatoes, cucumbers, onions and other vegetables mixed with a creamy dressing. I have always thought I would try to duplicate it, but have never done so.

Summer passed and it was time for school to start. All systems were "go." Many times recently I have tried to remember the names of all the pupils, grades 1 – 8. There were Donald Forness and William Karl in grade 6. Then in the lower grades were Iva Hitchcock, her sister, Esther, Dale Forness, Kathleen Hirt, Raymond Karl (grade 1), Bernard Karl (grade 3). Vincent Sutter, Clarice, Lewis and Glenn Reitz, Clementine Zink and Bertha Leman were 8th graders.

I recall that my first class was Sixth Grade History with two pupils, Bill Carl and Donald Forness. I remember saying about the taxes levied without representation on the colonists by England. "It was not the tax but the principle of the thing against which the colonists rebelled." I taught these two boys then and later at Allegany High School in English. In fact, I taught all these students later in Allegany High. I helped Don with his commencement speech. The class had planted evergreens on the hillside, and he delivered the presentation speech.

The Nine Mile School experience was a fairly pleasant one. At eighteen I was so smart and I was expected to know everything. I was four to six years older than the oldest pupil and was not allowed even one mistake. Fortunately I was strong and had assimilated a fairly great amount of knowledge. I know that I did a good teaching job because I was interested, committed and poor. We had a recess morning and afternoon. I used to go down to the bayou where the kids skated. It was better to be with them because they didn't have a chance to hide and not return to school when the bell rang. Oh, yes, they might have done that.

One day Bernie Karl insisted I use his skates and skate. His skates were too small, naturally. Since I had never skated, I landed on my posterior cracking the whole top of the bayou – a regular sunburst. We all laughed and we have never forgotten. Bernie loves to tell about it, and recalls an event which could have been tragic. He had made a fort out by the outside woodshed and had formed a supply of snowballs for use the next day. It rained that night and the balls became ice balls. I was on the opposite team, and as a former baseball player with my brothers in Russell's pasture, I threw a ball at the enemy. My small friend stood there laughing, showing no fear that I could hit him. I did, right above the eye. His eyebrow was cut and blood gushed and we were all scared. I must have walked him home, but can't remember how we got him to a doctor. He still carries the scar.

The children were all good and as I remember caused me little trouble except for the two sixth grade boys. I recall hitting Don Forness over the head with the geography book. His mother told Mrs. Karl over the phone what "she" did to her darling. It didn't worry me too much because Bill had told about his mother's hitting him with a frying pan.

In the early spring at Easter vacation time, Norbert had the scarlet fever and everyone was quarantined. When our aunts were afraid to take us in, Vi and I went to the hotel in Allegany one night, but the next morning they asked us to leave because they had learned the problem. We took the trolley to Olean and we walked about until we found a sign "Room for rent" on Barry Street. We stayed there the rest of the week until our quarantine was lifted, that is, Vi's and mine. Norbert was still quarantined.

Frances Colt let me stay at her home for a week or two at \$5.00 per week. While I was there I slept off the unheated living room in an unheated bedroom. There were books in a bookcase so I, who would read anything I could lay hands on, read until late at night. I developed a bad cold and had to get a friend to teach for me. Frances took me home and I was very ill with pneumonia. Dr. Wintermantel, who had just come to Allegany, came twice a day in his new Ford coupe. The roads were terrible. The mud and ruts were axle deep. He stressed that I should not move, even to turn over. I believe that the illness was the start of my heart problem. I improved and went back to teaching.



South Nine Mile School, 1922 (?)



South Nine Mile School, 1922 (?)

Back Row, L to R

Teacher, Clementine Carls, Iva Hotchkiss, Beatrice Forness Gratz, Anita Forness Ackerman, Clark Russell, Donald Forness

Front Row, L to R

Esther Hotchkiss, Clarice Reitz Sue, Kathleen Hirt Karl, Dale Forness

"I can't get up." She would reply, "Oh, yes, you can." I used to think I couldn't get up when the babies cried but I did. So I would crawl out and get going. During the summer of 1924 I continued my work at St. Bona's and also did my chores at home.

TO BE CONTINUED

WE GET MAIL



A nice note from Bob Norton saying that he was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church for over 30 years before it was closed and became our Heritage Center. He has a lot of fond memories of the church.

The family of James "Sal" Simmons recently sent in a memorial for him and included a brief note that he "enjoyed the newsletter very much." We are glad that he and our other members enjoy the newsletter and take the time to let us know.

We also heard from Bill Ryan (ACS '51), Louie Ensworth; Clyde Johnson; Robert Cochener; Julie McCully; Margaret Nutt Sutherland; Jean McGonnell; Karen Streif; and Mary Nicklas Petro – all saying how much they like the newsletter and all the news from "home" that we give them. My apologies if I have spelled anyone's name wrong – some of you write like I do, and that's not good!

The summer of 1923 I began classes at St. Bonaventure College. I helped on the farm and at home, drew the milk to the plant, besides doing three subjects at summer school. The summer opened a whole new world for me. I was associated with some of the the nicest and wealthiest people of the Olean-Allegany area besides being treated as an intelligent human being by the Franciscan Friars. My work was a joy.

The 1923 to 1924 school year began with my again teaching at the South Nine Mile. Besides teaching, I took a full college course. I would walk to Vandalia and "bum" a ride to the college. My classes were usually over by ten o'clock. The first year either Norbert or Arthur came to town to meet me. Then we would drive home where I had supper which Mother would have on the back lids of the six-griddle wood stove, having a hearth, warming oven and a reservoir.

To this day when I am extremely hungry, I can actually smell the boiled dinner simmering. Then after eating I would sit at the dining room table and do my studying. About two or three Mother would say, "You have to go to bed now." At seven she would call me to get up and get ready for work. I'd sometimes say,

"I can't get up." She would reply, "Oh, yes, you can." I used to think I couldn't get up when the babies cried but I did. So I would crawl out and get going. During the summer of 1924 I continued my work at St. Bona's and also did my chores at home.

Memorials



For: Jerry Eaton

*From: John and Jillian Walsh
Horace and Ellen Peck*

For: Peter Cole

From: Horace and Ellen Peck

For: Helen McCully

*From: The McCully Families
– Don, John,
Dean, Jean and Joan*

*For: Bob Potter and Nic
Pendf*

From: Beth and David Deitz

For: Shirley Russell

From: Merle Kyser

For: Eileen Rehler Shannon

*From: Charles and Margaret
Rehler Family*

For: James "Sal" Simmons

*From: Beverly Jo and Laure
Simmons*

*Jake and Madeleine
Antinozzi*

For: Joan Boser Kelly

From: Merle Kyser

For: Rosalie Boser Witherell

From: Merle Kyser

*For: Pete and Dorothy
Fortune*

*From: Fortuna Children and
their families*

To Honor Francie Potter

From: Beth and David Deitz

Allegany Area Historical Association
P.O. BOX 162
Allegany, NY 14706

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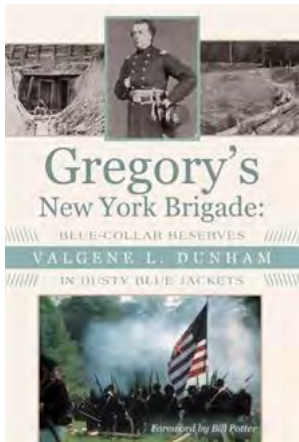
INSIDE SPECIAL ISSUE:

Presidents Report

New Hat Ruined in the Rain

Cracking the Whole Top of the Bayou

NEXT MEETING



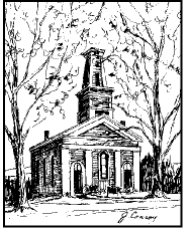
Our next meeting is Sunday, April 17 at 2 p.m. at the Heritage Center, 25 N. 2nd St. Our speaker will be Dr. Val Dunham, who will talk about his newest book, "Gregory's New York Brigade: Blue Collar Reserves in Dusty Blue Jackets." His great-great-grandfather, William Whitlock, served in this brigade which was selected to assist in General Lee's surrender at Appomattox. Copies of the book will be available for purchase.

Dr. Dunham spoke to our group in 2013 about his earlier book, "Allegany to Appomattox" and has strong family ties to Allegany. Please join us as we welcome him back for another interesting talk.

SUNDAY, APRIL 17 – 2 P.M.
HERITAGE CENTER
25 N. 2nd Street, Allegany

This meeting is later than usual due to Dr. Dunham's schedule

www.allegany.org



Allegany Area Historical Association

May 2016

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Issue XXXV Vol. 2

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

AAHA members will be saddened to learn that Kathleen Hirt Karl passed away on February 26 at the age of 100. She taught in Allegany's rural schools for 10 years and then continued teaching at Allegany Central. She also taught at Hinsdale for 18 years, and finally retired in 1975. Her daughter Marge Geise helped her in a stroll "Down Memory Lane" which we published in three sections in 2001 and 2002. She had an infectious smile and a willingness to help. I will always remember her helping her husband, Ray, and later Chuck Straub and Charlie Phearsdorf with the wagon rides for Heritage Days.

I recently had the pleasure of touring the County Clerk's offices at Little Valley. Newly elected County Clerk Alan Bernstein told us in some detail what is available for genealogists and others searching for information about their Cattaraugus County ancestors. The records go back to the early 1800's, generally from 1815 to the present. He said for genealogists land records are the place to start. He said they get a lot of requests from people in the western states, whose ancestors once lived here for a while and then went down the Allegheny River to points west. Lawsuits are also a source of information. Immigration and naturalization records, though these are sketchy, help and sometimes photos and names of ships are also in these records.

They have lots of maps, including copies of the Holland Land Company maps that are a big help. Many of these maps show exactly who lived where in the county. Also in their files are old survey maps. People must remember that they have records for Cattaraugus County only. And also remember that recorded material rules the day. Sometimes deeds were not recorded for whatever reason. For their purposes, only recorded items count. The material is not on the internet due to privacy reasons. Some of the older records include Social Security numbers which they do not make available. If you live in Cattaraugus County and call asking for certain information, it can usually be emailed to you while you are still on the phone. They have 2 sets of land records, one for the sellers and one for the buyers. These date from 1815 on.

They are scanning in old (1815) deeds into the system, but the key to this is having these deeds indexed as to what material is in them. Indexing is everything. They do a nightly backup of their records so they are protecting themselves in case of a breakdown. They do not have cemetery or death records. All in all, it was a very informative tour. They are glad to help in whatever way they can.

The Olean Chapter of the D.A.R. has been revitalized. It was formed in Olean on January 6, 1898, and at one time was a thriving organization, but it had gone out of existence a few years ago. Thanks to dedicated volunteers, it has started up again. If any of our members have ancestors who fought in the Revolutionary War and would like to become members of the D.A.R., contact me and I'll point you in the right direction.

Citizen Printing has 2 old fashioned post cards for sale –one shows the Miller Block and one shows Smith & Schultz Store, both on Main Street with the trolley coming up the street – 50 cents each.

The Village of Allegany is going to have "Heritage Days" on Alumni Weekend on Saturday, August 6th. AAHA is not affiliated with this in any way, though our center will be open that day from 10 to 3 for returning alumni, and others, to see the class pictures, our 1856 restored map, and our display on Allegany's Schools. Also, there won't be a "street sheet" this year so don't look for one. Be sure to support the village in their endeavors this year.

FRANCIE POTTER, PRESIDENT

Oral history interview by Wes Martin with Rhea Carls and her brother Paul Carls, Feb. 3 and Feb.4, 2016

Our great-great grandparents Henry and Caroline Carls came from Germany in 1844, with their son, John Henry Carls, who was 9 years old at the time, and settled in Lancaster, New York near Buffalo. John Henry, our great-grandfather went to northern Wisconsin and worked as a lumberman at age 18, then worked at a cannery in Buffalo and then came to Allegany in 1855. Apparently his parents moved to Allegany with him as they are buried in St. Bonaventure Cemetery, as he also is. John Henry settled on a farm on the Four Mile road and had a steam shingle mill and a cider mill, which was probably hard cider. In 1860 he married Magdalena Hirt and they were the parents of our grandfather John Joseph Frederick Carls, who was known as J.J.F., and he was born in 1863. He was the oldest surviving child – there was an older child but he died quite young.

John Henry and his wife moved into an existing house back by the creek and that house is gone. He built another house by the road. Our grandfather built another house farther up the road when he became an adult and married. He tore down a saloon on Rock City and with a team of horses brought the lumber down the hill onto the Four Mile Road and built his house. He had a farm near his parents. They had a dairy operation and two and three story chicken coops and sold milk and eggs to help support the family. We were told by Allegany friends that our grandmother took a horse and buggy into the village and sold milk and eggs door to door.

Our father, Lewis, was born in 1906 and was the third youngest of 13 children. All the children except for 2 lived in the Olean and Allegany area. Our father worked as a pumper for Franchot Oil Company on the Four Mile Road. He married when he was in his 30's. Our mother, Lucile Smith, was from Salamanca and was teaching in Chipmonk at the time of their marriage. Dad was on 2 baseball teams – the Four Mile team and the Chipmonk team. He had a game one weekend in Chipmonk and met his future wife then. They dated for 7 years before they married. They built their home on Fifth Street where Rhea and Paul live today. This area was still farm land when they got married. There were farms all the way over to 7th Street.

Our grandfather helped erect the Civil War Monument in 1906 in the Allegany Cemetery with his team of horses. Horses were



preferred because they could stand still for long periods of time and steadiness was required for the job. J.J.F. Carls married Mary Dinter and her father, Ernst Dinter, was in the Civil War. He was in "B" Company, 85th New York, serving as a Private. He enlisted in 1861 and was discharged in 1865. He died of lung diseases in 1871 and is buried in the Veterans Cemetery in Olean, adjacent to Mount View Cemetery. As far as Rhea and Paul know, that is their only ancestor who served in the war.

Growing Up In Allegany

When we were growing up, our house and Scarlato's next door were the end of the houses on Fifth Street, from there to Maple Avenue was Rawlings greenhouse property.

Mr. Rawlings primary crop was Geraniums, which he sent all over the country. Mr. Rawlings kept small alligators in a pool at the greenhouse and it was said that he released them at night to wander the greenhouses and eat the bugs so he didn't have to use chemical sprays on the plants.

Across from our house was the village standpipe of water which stood on the property of our Aunt Lena and Uncle George, who got free water for allowing the standpipe to be built there. We used to throw stones at the standpipe to hear the



From left to right:

Left side of monument: Marion Forness with unknown person in buggy, Fred Forness Jr., unknown persons

Right of monument: J.J.F. Carls, Ernest Carls, Cletus Carls, Evelyn Forness, "Nate" the pony

clang and try to guess the water level. When the standpipe was emptied once a year, we were allowed to stick our heads in the hole in the side and yell as loud as we could to hear the echo!

Uncle George, who had the farm across the street, had cows and Rhea would gather them at night to go into the barn by tapping them on the rear with a stick. Rhea said, "I wouldn't go near a cow now if you paid me!"

During WW I, Joe Norton was Postmaster in Allegany. If news came about a soldier or from a soldier on Sundays or holidays, Mr. Norton delivered it personally to the family. Rhea and Paul remember that the Harbel family lived across the street when Mrs. Harbel got the news that her son, George, had been killed in the war. The news came by telegram to the post office then and Mr. Norton took the telegram to the family. Allegany's American Legion post is named for George Harbel, who was the first soldier from Allegany killed in WW I.

Rhea couldn't babysit until she was about 10 or 11, and then only to families that her mother knew. She helped Aunt Lena who lived across the street. Her uncle always had a scoop of peanut butter after his dessert and Rhea picked up the habit. Rhea watched her churn the butter in a bowl, and she let Rhea iron the flat items. Paul had lots of pets when he was young, you name it he had them, everything but dogs. Back then you could have chickens in the village and he had a chicken coop. They remember baby chicks at Easter time that had been dyed all different colors. Once they feathered out they were normal colors. That's been outlawed now. They got some of the roosters from their Uncle Norman's farm and raised them in their coop. When they got big enough, their father would chop the roosters' heads off and they became dinner. The phrase "flopping around like a chicken with its head cut off" is very true. That was too much for Rhea.

There was a movie theater on the second floor of the Town Hall and on the weekends they would see all the serials, starring Roy Rogers and other cowboy stars. You had the bonus of watching the mice run around under your feet! There was also an Olean City bus that ran through town, and a group of kids would go to Olean to the movies at the Haven Theater and the Palace Theater. They would also take the bus to Olean and walk to War Veteran's Park to go swimming.

Paul was ten when the family got their first TV, and he said you almost had to watch it with a magnifying glass, and they could only get three channels. He remembers that the very first thing they watched was the coronation of Queen Elizabeth II in 1953. When they were kids, they listened to the radio.

They went to school from kindergarten through high school at the old Allegany School on Fourth Street. Paul was in fourth grade when the country schools were closed and those students came to the Fourth Street School. The only country school that stayed open was at Knapp Creek, which finally closed in 1963. After Rhea and Paul went to school, their mother went back to substitute teaching.

Their neighbors were like family, in fact they were related to several of the families on the street. The Scarlato family next door were just like another mother and father to them. They had a large vegetable garden, as did the Carls, and Rhea and Paul worked in both gardens. Everyone canned their produce then and there is still a fruit cupboard in their house. They had a 2-burner gas stove in the cellar and that's where they did all the canning. Rhea and Paul still can taste the spaghetti sauce Mrs. Scarlato canned.

Main Street had everything that was needed for daily life back then, several grocery stores, a drug store, three or four gas stations, a 5 and 10 cent store and a soda fountain among other stores.

The 1950's were a good time, especially since Rhea and Paul could walk to all the events such as ball games and roller skating in the school gym. But they could also take the bus to Olean. At that time it was still quite rural between the two towns, not like today when everything merges together.

Like any large Allegany family, Rhea and Paul had relatives all around town. Their great-grandparents gave their farm to one of their sons and moved into the village to a house on the corner of South Seventh and Union Streets, and the house still stands today. Eventually one of Henry Carls daughters married Frank Simms and they lived in the house for a good part of their married life.

Both Rhea and Paul went to St. Bonaventure College. Rhea majored in Spanish and French. The campus had quite a few barracks then left from WW II. Some were used by returning veterans as housing and some were used as classrooms. Almost all of the teachers then were priests or nuns, unlike today. When Paul went, Plassman Hall was brand new and use of the barracks was discontinued. Paul also majored in Spanish and French and he taught French in Cuba. He was glad when the Expressway opened as it cut his commuting time almost in half. He taught for 20 years.

Their father had an 8th grade education while their mother graduated from D'Youville College with a math and science degree. Neither Rhea nor Paul had any gift for that but loved languages so that is why they took the majors they did. When Rhea graduated she taught Spanish for two years in Springville, then she went to Hinsdale. She taught for 15 years.

They have both kept busy in retirement. Paul volunteered at the St. Bonaventure University library and also with Literacy Volunteers. Rhea has worked at the Village of Allegany office for



**L. Elmer Rawlings & R. Jack Mead (grandson)
Rawlings Greenhouse -
5th St. Allegany**



**Rawlings Greenhouse
June 1942**

5 years, doing a variety of jobs there. She is also on the Village Planning Board.

In looking back, they both agreed that there was more going on in the village when they were growing up than now, mostly due to the much larger amount of stores then. But some places are still here, like the Burton. Rhea's mother didn't like her going to the soda fountain and now she takes posters for village events to all the bars – she's not quite sure how her mother would have reacted to this! They do know that when they were growing up, family came first and so many people were related or knew each other that they felt very safe.

They had a cousin named Charlie McCarthy who took a lot of teasing when he was growing up since a popular radio show of the time was "Edgar Bergan and Charlie McCarthy". Charlie McCarthy was a dummy operated by Edgar Bergan. Their grandfather, J.J.F. Carls was born in 1863 and died in 1955 at the age of 92. He was one of 13 children. In his later years, he still had some property on the Four Mile and still liked to bring in his hay the old-fashioned way with a team of horses. When the hay was ready to be gathered into the barn, the family helped, using pitchforks to throw the loose hay onto the wagon. The hay was unloaded into the hay loft for use during the winter. Rhea and Paul liked to jump into the loose hay, but only if their grandfather was not around!

Paul has always liked animals. He started with chicks which turned into hens and roosters, and he let the chickens run free on the greenhouse property next door. Over the years Paul raised cats, rabbits, guinea pigs, white mice, domesticated rats, Flemish Giant rabbits, hamsters, fish, parakeets, canaries, pigeons and turtles. Even though the roosters crowed a lot none of the neighbors complained.

Rhea spent her time with her friends close by on Harriet Street, going to the movies, to the dances, roller skating, to the ball games and generally "hanging out."

They both appreciate the values they learned growing up in a village like Allegany, post WW II, and the country farm values that were handed down through the Carls family. They both hope these values can be handed down to future generations, and that everyone realizes how important family is, and how important it is to stay close to your family.

PART 2 – IRENE SCHNELL McRAE MEMOIRS

The trustee of the first school in Chipmonk came to ask me to teach there at twenty-five dollars a week. I have not mentioned that at the South Nine Mile School I was paid sixteen dollars (I believe that is right). I took the Chipmonk job. It was a challenge and a heavy load. There were 35 pupils and eight grades. There was only a period of 5 – 8 minutes for some classes. We had a good year. There were inside toilets which made for a more comfortable time. We had a huge furnace in an alcove, in which furnace we burned coal. That was messy.

The teacher built the fire and swept the room. She had a friend, though, who was a big help. Charles Giardini was about 14 years old. He would get up at five o'clock, go with his father on a sleigh to the head of Chipmonk, load a load of chemical wood and return. He would then get off at the school, crawl through a window, build a fire and run cross lots to help his father unload the wood, and get ready for school. God bless Charlie!

Perhaps the reason for my joy at the fires having been built was because I had to walk 4 ½ miles to school no matter the weather and have the room warm when the children arrived by 8:30. To shorten the distance, I would walk down to the Pennsylvania Railroad track from Howard Zink's to Doxtator's Crossing. There on lie some tales.

During a flood I had a bad experience. I got to South Vandalia and had to take a boat across the fields to the school, but since the children had no transportation, we closed the school. The Allegany River, the Chipmonk Creek and the Birch Run Creek had all overflowed, spread out and covered the terrain over both sides of the Pennsylvania track for at least a half mile. It flowed along in the ditch below the tracks to the road from the four corners to the South Vandalia Depot. There was no open road to the school on the Chipmonk Road south of the four corners.

It may have been during the same flood that I had another harrowing experience. We need a little background. The tracks were raised so that there was about a 20-foot drop from the ends of the ties to the base of the cinder ditch. One morning I was walking right down the middle of the track. I heard the continued shriek of the pickup's whistle, and wondered why so much fuss. When I finally came to the knowledge that I was walking in the middle space between the rails instead of out along the end of the ties, by then the train was upon me. I stepped out on the cindered strip where I found a stick which I poked in cinders under water. This supported me. I watched the train slowly moving past me. Train on one side and 20 feet of water on the other. Always wondered why the engineer didn't stop the train, pick me up, and drop me at the next crossing.

That was a winter of nightmares. We had freezing weather for weeks on end as evidenced by the fact that chemical wood was being hauled by sleigh all winter from the head of Chipmomk to the factory which was situated on the south side of the East-West Road almost to the four corners. A Pennsylvania Railroad spur ran from the main track to the north to the chemi-

cal plant for transporting material to the plant and for hauling out the raw chemicals. There was always smoke from the coal burned to run the plant, and the smell of the coal smoke mixed with the acrid smell of the chemicals permeated the whole valley. This odor clung to the clothing of the children and to mine.

I recall that Fred Zink, who lived on the State Road opposite the Vandalia Crossing and work, and who died in 1976, hauled wood for the winter. He would leave part of the sleigh at the plant and ride home on the front bob sled. Many nights I came out of Chipmonk on that sleigh. I would get off at Doxtator's Crossing and bum a ride to the college.

On the nights that Madeline McCaffery, who lived near my school, went to class I rode with her in the Model T Ford. The roads in Fall and Spring were a mass of mud and ruts. She jumped the car from rut to rut and we usually got through. On one occasion, because of the terrible condition of the roads, we both stayed at the home of her Uncle Charles McCaffery at the corner of 7th and Main Streets in Allegany. I wish I could document this recital, but as one might say, these, too, are only swatches of memory. There is no continuity of facts because I have no notes to authenticate anything I write. I am, however, very sure that what I am writing and have written are facts.

We are still at Chipmonk School. One day the children were playing ball. Peter Quattrone, who was about eleven years old, much have been the catcher, was hit full force by the batter. His nose was broken. Blood gushed everywhere. Somehow, I stopped the bleeding and sent for his mother. Mary Quattrone was the sweetest little woman, always clean and well dressed, even while working at home. She came across the shortcut and took Peter home. It must be that her husband, Sam, took the boy to a doctor. I think of that incident now in 1977 when I work Bingo at St. Bonaventure Church and Mary, now in her eighties, comes to play. She doesn't look much older than back in 1924. Sam has gone to his rest years ago. He helped Arthur dig the trench for the first water line from the spring on the side hill to the house. It was then that we had our first indoor plumbing.

Christmas that year of 1924 is a special time in my memory. The boys and their fathers went out and cut a tree of immense size that reached to the ceiling and completely filled one corner of the school room. Those children were poor but everyone did something to make that tree special. It was so large that we needed many decorations. I took all of ours from home, carrying them in a bag in addition to my school work and the St. Bona's textbooks. Probably those mornings Arthur took me as far as the Zink Crossing it wasn't easy for him to leave his milking, harness a horse, or take the Ford later to shorten my walk. I regret not telling him how much I appreciated his help. I felt I repaid him by cleaning and washing and ironing for him and Norbert.

As I said, the children were poor and had few toys. That Christmas I bought lovely big dolls for all the girls and appropriate toys for the boys. I carried toys, a few each day, for days, to get them all to the school. I must have shopped on Saturdays and wrapped on Sunday to get those 35 gifts. We had a nice program, I remember, but I can't remember any of the gifts I received except for one. Mary Giardini did odd jobs for Mrs. Larkin who lived up the road from the school. She had given Mary a hand-painted salt shaker, the other must have been broken. Mary wrapped that shaker, the only pretty thing she had, and gave it to me for Christmas. It was one of the most precious gifts I ever received – because she had given her best gift.

There was no water so we had to carry a pail each day from a neighbor. Our Benefactor was Mrs. Larkin. Each day two of the older children were selected to do this chore. There was never any complaint because they were glad to get out of school, even to go on an errand. The water pail was set on a bench at the back of the school room. A common dipper hung near it. Because health of the students had been a country issue, each student began to bring his own cup. I believe we did so at the Chipmonk School.

That year passed quickly as all years do that are filled with a multitude of works, joys, sorrows, successes and failures. Because of the difficulty of getting to Chipmonk, I was happy to be hired as teacher of the Vandalia School. It was sad to leave my children, but I knew it would be so much easier to walk down the walk to the main road and get a ride to Bona's rather than walking three miles with the same result.

At the moment I am having trouble recalling the children that I taught at Vandalia. One was Marie Zink, daughter of Fred and Jennie. She later married Mayo Giardini whom I had taught at Chipmonk. Also attending were Frank, Mary and Larson Palmer, Walter ? who was a relative of the William Hallader family, and who lived with them, some of the Amanes, and Alvah and Viola Eaton. There was a small registration so the work was less grueling so I could enjoy it more. I was still going to St. Bona's and doing good work. It was while I was at Vandalia that I finished my college courses, getting my degree in three years and three summers. There were the usual school problems during my two years at the Vandalia School, small problems because the children were all very good people.

One day there was a knock at the door. The caller was Father Gerald McMinn, O.F.M., Dean of Studies at St. Bona's. His secretary had told him I had been in the office the night before, inquiring for him. Because he was going to be out of town for the weekend, he stopped in to see if there was a problem needing his immediate attention. There was no serious problem, but I was flattered that he had stopped on his way to Erie.

He has always been a good friend. Last Monday, November 21, 1977, he left for his winter stay in Jamaica. He is in his

eighties and very frail. The weather here is very bad for his arthritis, so he goes to the land of sunshine and warmth. He lives at the school for girls, Immaculate Heart of Mary Convent in Kingston, Jamaica. I pray that the revolutionary trend which is rising there may be quelled before harm comes to Father Gerald or to any of our Allegany Franciscan sisters who run the private school. A sister of our principal of St. Bonaventure Elementary School is stationed there. God help them all! Here I should add that Father Gerald has never missed a Christmas of sending me Mass remembrances. He even recalls the year of my graduation and the caliber of my work.

Another horrendous experience occurred during those two years. I believe it must have been during the first winter (1925-1926). A trig exam was scheduled for 5:30 one afternoon. A blizzard developed during the day and power was intermittent. The streetcar would have normally delivered me at my destination on time in ordinary weather. That afternoon I stood in that blizzard for over an hour. Then I saw the trolley coming like a leap frog, but not as fast. The cars had an antenna like a rod on the roof, the end of which ran along the electrified cable stretched on poles the length of the car tracks, in this case from Salamanca to Olean. The storm had interfered with the electric power. The car therefore ran a few feet and stopped until the contact was again made.

I boarded the trolley more like an icicle than a human being. There was no heat and the storm penetrated the whole car. I cannot remember if there was any other passenger on board. Probably not, with the cars stopping every few roads and then hopping and skipping a few roads, it took two hours to reach the stops near the present overhead bridge. In my near frozen condition I had to walk to Lynch Hall for the exam. All was still – no students rushing to and fro, no lighted rooms, no professors, no students huddled at the classroom door.

You guessed it. The exam had been canceled because of the storm. All students except me had been called. There was no way to reach me at the school in Vandalia. What to do? I went to the dean's office. Father Gerald took one look at me, put me in his office chair which he pushed to the radiator (the whole building was very cold), took off my shoes, rubbed my feet, and gave me a cup of coffee. I had not had dinner, as usual, so that tasted fine.

After I thawed out I walked from Lynch Hall into the face of the storm to Aunt Mary Forness's house at the corner of Main Street and Third Street in Allegany. It must have been that I was not expected home, or no one could brave that storm. It must have been a worry to Mother not knowing where I was. They had no telephone at that time so I could not call her. I must have taken the trolley to school in the morning.

To be continued -

Memorials



For: Robert D. Jones
From: Marilynn Frisina

For: Kathleen Karl
From: Jerry Chadderdon

Kay Palmer
Eunice Schiferle
Janice Howard
Kevin L. Curran
Francie Potter
Marion Elling
Alice Altenburg

Jim and Diane Boser
Carol and Betsy Livingston
Robert and Susan Bubbs
William and Bernice Schlosser
Orin and Margaret Parker
Virginia Figura
Helen S. Larson
Don and Connie Sue
G. Gary Gluck
Ms. Bernadine Anderson
Bob and Rose Pisconski
Beverly J. Geise

Rhea and Paul Carls
JoAnn Bishop
James and Diane Karl Batesky
Michael and Martha Nenno
Karen Streif

For: Virginia Baxter
From: Karen Streif

My daughter-in-law Eva Potter writes for the Ellicottville Times weekly paper. She wrote the following article which was in the February 5, 2016 issue, and we received permission to reprint the article for our newsletter. Thanks.

Ski Wings' Storied History Races, Parties and Unsolved Murder

Not many ski areas in the region can claim a rioting good time and mysterious unsolved murders as part of their intricate history, but the former Grosstal can. The now defunct ski area located in Allegany, N.Y., began as Grosstal Ski Area, but through the decades it was reincarnated two more times as Ski Wing and then Wing Hollow.

Grosstal operated from 1958 to 1968 and was "designed to rival the famed ski centers of the Alps." It was a family-oriented place where parents could drop their kids off for the day knowing they were safe and having a ball. Grosstal, German for "big valley", boasted a 813 foot vertical drop with a particularly challenging headwall, 11 interesting runs, one chairlift, two T-bars, a rope tow, night skiing and snowmaking. Chalet facilities included a lounge, restrooms, ski rental and a ski patrol room. Mathias Hefti, a Swiss and later American professional ski racer, played a big role in developing the Grosstal Ski School. Experienced ski pros, like Hans Auer of Austria, taught at the resort's highly regarded ski school.

After a tragic accident at Grosstal in 1968, when a young boy died as a result of a chairlift going backward, the ski area closed briefly only to be revived as Ski Wing, under the new ownership of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Stein.

Ski Wing's annual Winter Carnival included many fun activities, including a canoe race down the slopes, oftentimes resulting in a two-piece canoe. One of these split canoes was used as a vehicle to maneuver down the metal stairs inside the lodge one night after a particularly jovial party, resulting in the canoe's abrupt stop as it hit and punctured the wall of the manager's office. Those were the days!

The Wing Ski Club, a separate entity and private ski club with its own building, was located adjacent to Grosstal. The popular social venue was known for its family oriented atmosphere, youth ski racing team, wonderful apres ski parties, affordable dues and other shenanigans. The club held an annual ski swap to fund their highly respected racing program, which would take young racers to ski areas all around New York State, with Leo Nenno and Johnny Kohler as some of their coaches.

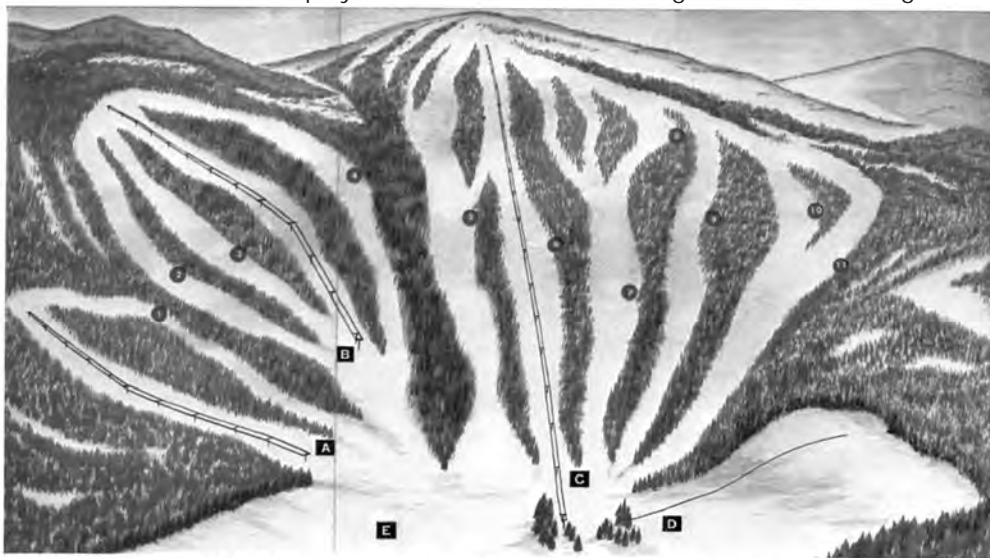
Ski Wing (and late Wing Hollow) hosted the annual Wing Cup, a dual slalom downhill race, which drew more than 150 racers from around the region, as well as Ohio and Pennsylvania. The Wing Ski Club organized the race, started with the impetus of Grey Fitzpatrick and other club members, as well as the Times Herald, which made it possible by sponsoring the race.

Francie Potter of Allegany served on and off as the secretary of the Wing Ski Club and helped score races with Anne Wormer of Portville. "Everyone in the ski club helped in one way or another when we had race weekends," said Potter. She also fondly remembers dropping off big pots of soup and sandwiches to the ski club for her kids, who spent virtually every day after school and weekends in the winter at the ski area located just down the street from their home.

In 1975, the Steins divorced and the ski resort's name changed to Wing Hollow, with Henry Stein as its owner. Winters were celebrated exuberantly and the fun continued until February 6, 1978, when one of Cattaraugus County's most infamous murders at Wing Hollow dominated the headlines. The unsolved killing of two nighttime ski slope groomers, Stephen Bender and Michael Forness, still hangs in the air. Both were shot in the back of the head, execution style, inside Wing Hollow's lodge. Police theorized that the two employees, who came into the lodge after one of the grooming vehicles broke down, surprised burglars attempting to break into a safe. The killers make off with approximately \$18,000 and the safe was found in the Allegheny River about a month later.

Fantastic skiing for many more years until, what some say was a lack of effort, Wing Hollow closed in the early 1980's. A few other regional ski areas and individuals made bids to purchase it but were unable to come to an agreement with Mr. Stein, who eventually sold the 600-plus acres to John and Audra Walsh in 2007. If you look closely, you can still see a muddled outline of the overgrown slopes on the west side of the valley as you head down the Five Mile Road valley.

"It is important to preserve these areas now. Most are rapidly disappearing into the landscape, becoming part of the forest again," said Jeremy Davis, founder and author of www.nelsap.org, dedicated to preserving the history of defunct ski areas throughout the Northeast. If you have any information or memories to add to this article, please e-mail eva@ellicottville-times.com.



Grosstal SLOPES — swiss designed to rival the famed Ski centers of the Alps

- | | | |
|----------------------------------|-----------------------------------|---|
| 1 Tannen Weg
(Hemlock Way) | 7 Zugspitze
(Post Express) | A Baby T-Bar . . . 630' long—142' drop |
| 2 Edelweiss
(Mountain Flower) | 8 Schuss
(Shoot) | B T-Bar . . . 2,600' long—452' drop |
| 3 Mach Schnell
(Go Fast) | 9 Schnellzug
(Post Expressway) | C Giant Chairlift . . . 3,200' long—813' drop |
| 4 Schnelle Elle
(Fast Elbow) | 10 Kurzer Weg
(Short Way) | D Rope Tow . . . 600' long |
| 5 Rennbahn
(Race Way) | 11 Langer Weg
(Long Way) | E Parking . . . for over 1,200 cars |
| 6 Blitz
(Lightning) | | |

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INSIDE SPECIAL ISSUE:

Presidents Report

Country Farm Values

Races, Parties and Unsolved Murder

NEXT MEETING

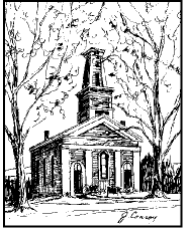
Who cut the American flag into pieces and was honored for doing so?

Find out the answer at our next meeting, Sunday, May 22 at 2 p.m. at the Heritage Center, 25 North Second Street. Our Trustee Char Sendlakowski will be sharing the history of the U.S. flag, many interesting tidbits about the flag, and will also talk about a 46 star flag in the historical association collection. Char was a librarian at Allegany Elementary School for 37 years, and helped with several Flag Day celebrations.

If you attend, you are asked to bring any worn or tattered flag that you might have. We will collect them and take them to the American Legion for proper disposal on Flag Day, June 14.

**SUNDAY, MAY 22 – 2 P.M.
HERITAGE CENTER
25 N. 2ND STREET, ALLEGANY**

www.allegany.org



Allegheny Area Historical Association

November 2016

www.allegheny.org

Issue XXXV Vol. 4

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

We lost a good friend with the death of Orin Parker on August 31st. Orin and his wife, Margaret who is a trustee and general source of knowledge about all things Allegheny, were and are strong supporters of our historical association. He had many interests but his primary love was his family. He always had a twinkle in his eyes and a ready smile. My enduring memory of Orin – every time I called Margaret, and I call her quite often, Orin would usually answer the phone. When I asked him how he was, his answer was, "Why I'm finer than frog's hair." I could see the twinkle in his eyes. He is sorely missed by family and friends but his memory lives on.

We have finished doing the high school and college memoirs of Irene Schnell McRae in this issue. My husband, Bob, had her as a teacher and dearly loved her. One of his favorite stories was when he went to a dance and, as usual, the boys sat on one side and the girls on the other, and nobody was dancing. Irene was the chaperone and she got up and went over to Bob and said, "Mr. Potter, you and I will lead the dancing." Bob was petrified because this meant that he would have to put his arm around his teacher! But you didn't tell Miss Schnell no, so he got up and led off the dancing, with his arm around her, and lived to tell the tale.

Our de-humidifier in the basement recently died. It didn't owe us anything as it was quite old. Hans and Char Sendlakowski bought a new one and donated it to the organization. They even did the set-up. Thanks so much for your generosity, it's much appreciated.

We received two donations to help with tree removal and tree replacement – thanks to Judy Wilson and Milton & Christine Bailey!

Francie Potter, President



Our 33rd annual

Christmas Cookie Sale

Will be held on Saturday, December 3rd

at Nature's Remedy, 120 West Main Street, from 9:30 to 2 p.m.

This is our only fundraiser of the year. If you don't get a call asking you to bake some cookies, just call us to volunteer your services. The effort of all our members and friends is what makes this sale so successful year after year.



On Sunday, December 4th at 2 p.m.

at the Heritage Center, 25 North Second Street,

We will hold our 34th annual

Community Christmas Service

which is always a nice way to start the holiday season.

Fr. James Vacco, O.F.M., from St. Bonaventure Church will conduct the service.

At the service we will once again take up a collection of money, canned goods, and paper products to benefit Genesis House, the homeless shelter in Olean.

Anything we can gather for them is needed, and very much appreciated by them.



Thank you in advance for your support of these two events.

IRENE SCHNELL McRAE MEMOIRS – PART 3

Irene is now graduating from St. Bonaventure College.

My graduation was June 6, 1926. It had been a hectic two months. I was teaching, having pictures taken, taking exams, being measured for cap and gown. Hectic but exhilarating. It would soon all be over. How misled I was. It was just beginning!

I must have taken time off to graduate because it was a school day. It was the day that Mrs. Frank Collins was killed by a train at the Bonaventure crossing while she was crossing the tracks on her way to seven o'clock Mass.

It was a lovely graduation. There were only ten ladies who were not considered part of the student body as women are now. But for graduation we were allowed to march with the men – at the rear, of course. This was all before the days of Women's Lib and visitation privileges. I can think of another name for those visitations.

After having worked so diligently to finish four years work in three summers and three years, the prospects of not going to class were grim. That was practically all the social connection I had. There had been so many wonderful people among students and faculty that I thought it would be great to take a class or two and enjoy myself. Formerly we had been permitted to take three courses, but I seemed to squeeze in an extra one. Not for the summer of 1926! As I looked over the catalog, there were so many of my favorite professors teaching interesting courses that I just had to take – this one and that and that – four in all and I never worked so hard.

One subject was Latin Poetry, Horace! What a change from my other eight or ten Latin courses. I love poetry, but scanning Horace was killing. To make matters worse, the course was taught by Father Mark Kennedy, OFM, a dear friend but a tough taskmaster. I can recall being simply paralyzed and one day I blurted out, "I can't do it" (read the lesson in Latin). My dear friend calmly said, "Yes you can," and of course, I did. It was a good thing he had taught many of my courses and knew the kind of work I had done for him. That was a tough course for me. As I review the situation, I think I was just exhausted because I was getting up early to help with the work and take the milk to the plant on Union Street. That was a lesson in humility (always others had expected me to answer "accidentally" when they couldn't).

In that class was a seminarian who procrastinated a lot. He groaned one day when Father Mark gave out an assignment (sound natural?) and Father Mark said, "If you don't like it, get out." No further groans. To regress a bit. When I was taking De Amicitia from Father Mark, I developed a bad cold. I coughed for weeks but didn't dare skip a class. With my working schedule that would have been tragic. In that class at 5:30 pm, I took the train from South Vandalia to the depot on Union Street to reach class at that time. One night Father Mark said, "Miss Schnell will not have to recite until her cough is better." What a mistake! Every night I was told before classes how favored I was, etc., etc., in finitum. It was all friendly repartee by good friends.

On Sunday, December 11, 1977, I called at the Friary infirmary at St. Bonaventure to visit a friend and asked to see Father Mark, who had been there for years. I had meant to go, but the first visit always seems the hardest to do. The nurse said, "He has no company and he would like to see me." He surely was! We talked for some time and I promised to go back soon. He is thinner and 52 years older, but still the same Father Mark.

We are now back in that summer of 1924. One course was Restoration Drama. One of the plays we studied was "Venice Preserved," a delightful play made even more delightful by my favorite teacher of all time, Father Virgil McGovern, OFM. Thereon hangs a story. Fr. Virgil had been on the Shakespearean



Irene Schnell
1954

stage for 12 years, but, upon pressure from his mother, had joined the Franciscan Order. He taught several Shakespeare courses which I pursued. When brilliant people like Grace Andre say that I made her love Shakespeare, I take no credit. All the credit belongs to Fr. Virgil. He would come into the classroom for a two hour lecture and say, "Tonight we shall read the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet." There was no sign of a book. He would begin and charm us with his delivery. Don't be fooled. He worked us like mad and I never worked too hard and loved every minute of it. I believe that was my best work, the work I did with him.

We might have 20 memorized passages, long ones and short ones, to learn from Tuesday night until Thursday night. The time between Thursday to Tuesday classes was better because I had more days to learn them. One day I would have the whole quotation in my mitten walking to Chipmonk and Vandalia. That was the first step. If I was not quite sure about them, I would write only the first line of each to which I could refer if I was having trouble remembering. The true test was the next step, only the first word of each line. By then I really didn't have much trouble. One night as I passed his desk he stopped me and said, "Miss Schnell. You learn your selections out of doors, don't you?" I answered, "Why yes I do Father, but how did you know?" His answer was, "I can tell." Cryptic, succinct, and unrevealing, and what a teacher!

Father Virgil was never quite sure he belonged in the priesthood. He used to talk to us about his calling, or lack of calling. He knew he had to make a decision before final vows. His bishop allowed him to take a leave of absence to pray and meditate. He went to Denver, Colorado, where the Franciscans have a monastery or college; he wrote me from there. His mind was still in turmoil. After a year had passed, his bishop extended his leave of absence. He still wrote telling of his progress. At the close of the second year, his leave could not be extended. He did not say what his plans were. I missed his letters and wondered where he was and what he was doing. And after a few years later, I knew.

One day our music teacher, Lucille Pollina, said, "You know, the teacher you have told me about, the one who was such a great teacher? He is at Dunkirk this weekend acting in and directing the Easter play, 'Veronica's Veil'. I saw the announcement in the Dunkirk paper." On Sunday, a beautiful sunny day, I got into my little black Plymouth and drove to Dunkirk to the church hall to see the play. My old friend played Judas. What a performance. He slithered across the stage looking every inch the villain he was portraying. At the close of the show, I asked an attendant to say that an old friend wanted to see him. He came out, knew me immediately, and sat down for a visit. He said that when he could not make the decision to remain in the order, he left with the blessing of his bishop and his mother who I believe had died when I spoke to him. Both knew that it was better to be a good actor than an unworthy priest.

I was quite touched by one thing he said. He remarked that he remembered the great progress I had made in my writing from my first work with him until my last. Classes those two or three years had been a joy for me. Father Virgil was a writer and has several books to his credit, mostly semi-religious romances. He gave me two or three of them. When we were doing reviews in a class he gave me one of his books to review. I am afraid that the review was my poorest work for him because I was too "uptight" because it was the teacher's book! While studying various Shakespearean plays we were each assigned a different character from each play whose character sketches we had to write. Father Virgil chose the best each week for publication in the college literary magazine. I recall that one of mine was Iago from Hamlet. Sometimes we had more than one chosen.

Enough of my favorite teacher.

This is an isolated note of college days. One Franciscan philosophy professor was Father Francis, a short little man who always wore the Franciscan brown "beanie", and who inhaled snuff, after which inhalation he would sneeze. He had a procedure which was supposed to make us work harder. He would have us

write a paper every week and then give "honorable mention" to the best. At least, that is what we were to believe. There were so many nuns in the class who naturally had to be mentioned first that it took a long time for a layman to be mentioned. I finally "made it" near the end of the course. Fr. Francis had a favorite topic on which he loved to expound. He included a question on this topic in an exam. I wrote in length, not what I thought on the matter, but what I knew he thought. I received honorable mention – maybe not so honorably.

Shall we go back to 1926? Restoration Drama, Horace, Spanish, and another subject, the name of which eludes me. That was a great schedule. How I worked and enjoyed every minute of it.

Somehow I have lost a year in my narrative. I know I graduated in 1926 and went to school that summer. Perhaps I went the next summer also to complete work for my Master's Degree. This schedule is correct:

1922-1923 South Nine Mile School; Summer School 1923

1923-1924 South Nine Mile School; Summer School 1924

1924-1925 Chipmonk School

1925-1926 Vandalia School Graduated June 1926; Graduate Study Summer 1926

1926-1927 Vandalia School

Earned the Master of Arts degree 1928

In September, 1927, I went to Allegany to teach. I had applied for a position there because I knew that Mildred Forness was leaving to teach in Edinboro where she remained until her death four years ago. The President of the Board of Education, Pinky Edwards, was an old man, a friend of Uncle Peter Forness. It seems Uncle Pete was putting in a good word for me to his friend. Mr. Edwards, "She thinks she can run up there a few nights and then be prepared to teach." He had a surprise in store for Uncle Pete had watched me struggle to get an education in less time that it takes some others to do the same thing, and in addition to teach a full day. He proceeded to fill in the facts for his friend. Mr. Edwards recommended me to the Board of Education and I was hired. Maybe it would have been better had I gone elsewhere. Mother really needed me here, though, to have someone to depend on when she needed help.

It was near June of 1928 that I received a telephone call from Fr. Gerald McMinn, Dean of Studies, asking me to go for a measurement for my gown. For what? For the Master's degree. I was astonished. I had not written any of my thesis and had no idea that I had acquired enough credits for a Masters. (I must have taken courses in the year 1926-1927 or during the summer of 1927, or both.) Father Gerald said I should get my degree with the class in June 1928 and write my thesis that summer. That is what I did. I believe if I had time, I can look up the report cards which are filed – somewhere. For now, the above is the best I can do.

That first year (1927-1928) in Allegany was a nightmare. I walked from home on Birch Run until November. I taught departmental work in seventh and eighth grade – geography, math, history. My smallest class was 44 and my largest 54. I taught six periods and supervised a large high school study hall. Most of the Juniors and Seniors were in it – and they were a lively bunch. That year, wherever I went, I marked papers. I guess the administration was trying to kill me, but I fooled them and lived – just about!

In November, I went to live in the Thompson home where Chuck and Helen Williams now live, two doors south of the school. That was a switch. Mrs. Mary Keating, a high school English and history teacher, a very sweet, lovable person lived there too. Mrs. Thompson was a great cook. She used all sorts of rich sauces and desserts. I should have taken Mrs. Keating's advice and eaten slowly and more sparingly. But you know me when delicious food is set before me. By June, I had gained 40 pounds. I have never weighed less since that time – sometimes more but never less! My present dieting in 1977 isn't going too well. I lost ten pounds in October but have regained it all. Losing weight, for me, is an almost impossible

task. I lived at Thompsons two years. It was there that Father Gerald called about my taking my Master's Degree. The Thompsons were good Baptists and were not above making snide remarks about Catholics. The house was small so Mrs. Keating and I could hear the conversation downstairs. They had the Baptist minister, Dr. _____ and his wife to dinner one night and we heard a remark by Mrs. Thompson who was "shushed" by her husband. Al Smith, a Catholic, was running for president. With a curl of her lip, Mrs. Thompson remarked how "coarse looking" Mrs. Smith appeared in a newspaper picture. What she quite obviously meant was that she was a Catholic! They were good people but a bit biased regarding religion. They did much good for their church and its societies. They have both been dead over 25 years.

It was while I was living at Thompsons that Edwin bought his Studebaker. He was living at the Park Hotel and one evening took Alice Wilhelm and me for a ride. It was that night that a car came out of a tavern driveway and hit us. It is a miracle that we were not all killed. The man had no insurance. That seems to run in the family – to get hit by a driver without insurance. The next day I stayed home from school. That afternoon I was sitting on the front porch when my principal, Mr. Fuller, came by. He stopped to ask how I felt. I assured him that I felt that I would be alright. He said, "I know a man who was in an accident and thought he was alright. The next day he died." Such sensitivity!

After my first two years at Allegany doing grade work, the Latin-English teacher left and I was given the position for which I had trained. I had about 24 hours of college Latin and many hours of English. In fact, my undergraduate major was English and minor in Latin. My graduate major was English and my minor was Latin and French. I took the state written examination for permanent certification in French under supervision of Sr. Paulette at St. Elizabeth's. I went to Buffalo to take the oral exam from Dr. Price of the State Education Department from Albany. I was so frightened that I sat in the room while person after person went up to be interviewed. Finally Dr. Price called me up saying that I had been there a long time. As if I didn't know it!

He was very kind and had me read a long poem which I did very well, partly because I was a fine French student (here, here!) and partly because Sr. Paulette had gone through the same procedure. She had been asked to read the passage going to be translated on the written exam so she had drilled me on that selection. I can almost recite it now. Dr. Price complimented me on my pronunciation and asked who my instructor was. When I said I had studied under Sr. Paulette of the Allegany Franciscans, both in high school and college, he said, "She is a fine teacher." I was surprised that he remembered her and her record. She is still living in 1977 (also in 1979). I have promised faithfully that I would visit her soon. I must do that before Christmas. I hope to get there while she still lives. So many times we wait too long. (Haven't been to see her yet in December, 1979).

Dr. Price was also pleased with my grammar. He scolded some other people before me. "Open your mouth, open your mouth," he said to one woman. (Guess we were only girls back there in the summer of 1928) and my knees sort of melted. It seems a shame that I never taught French. Colletta Felt had taught it at Allegany High for years before my time and for approximately twenty more years until her retirement because of failing health. She was an excellent French and math teacher but I always thought she taught French for the Regents and did not have the students speak it fluently as a living language.

This ends Irene's memoir of her high school and college years. She went on to a long and distinguished 34 year teaching career at Allegany High School. She retired in 1964 and passed away in 1988 at the age of 84.

Memorials



For: Orin Parker

From: Rhea and Paul Carls

Charlene and Hanford Sendlakowski

Jim and Diane Boser

Alice Altenburg

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Jonak

Francie Potter

Harold and Marjorie Geise

Pat and Kathy Premo

Horace and Ellen Peck

For: Rita Keim

From: Horace and Ellen Peck

Daniel and Cindy Pikulski

For: Margaret Capozzi

From: Horace and Ellen Peck

For: Mike Clark

From: Milton and Christine Bailey

For: Lena Henton

From: Kay and Bill Palmer

For: William Nenno

From: Leo and Clyde Nenno

-REQUEST-

Please let us know if your address changes. We pay once to mail the newsletters out, we pay again if your newsletter is returned to us because of a wrong address, and then we pay a third time to re-mail your newsletter to your (new) correct address.

Also, don't forget your dues, which are due in October. Don't miss an issue of our always interesting newsletter.



Class of 1926

Front Row: Irene Gerringer, Ruth French, Howard Smith, Mary Hollister, Howard Strobel, Mildred Shaffer, Margaret Blessing
 Back Row: Charles Strobel, Rudolph Heubsch, Anita Forness, Alfred Karl, Laura Smith, Lorraine Hirsch, Charles Krampf, Mabel Smith, Bert Wilcox, Edward Collins.

Margaret Blessing, the 1st Graduate, was the mother of Hans Sendlakowski.

TREASURER'S REPORT

October 1, 2015 – October 1, 2016

This report is presented to give you an understanding of our sources of revenue and our expenses.

AAHA RECEIVES NO PUBLIC ASSISTANCE FROM VILLAGE, TOWN OR STATE.

INCOME

Membership Dues	\$2,210.00
Memorials	2,902.00
Donations	492.00
Christmas Cookie Sale	1,181.00
Sales, Misc. Items	477.00
Copier Usage	5.00
Shrubbery Donation	140.00
	\$7,407.00

EXPENSES

NYSEG	\$2,075.00
National Grid	792.00
Insurance	768.00
Bulk Mailing Permit	225.00
P.O. Box Rental	72.00
Acme Service Policy	199.00
Newsletters	
Printing	300.00
Mailing	133.00
Programs	25.00
Donations, Dues	230.00
Equipment, Supplies	203.00
Collections	132.00
DVD Copies	538.00
Austin Security	852.00
Electric Service Repair	1,436.00
Lawn Maintenance	300.00
Shrubbery	420.00
	\$8,700.00

NOTE: The cost of tree removal on our property was \$7,000.00. This amount was taken from our savings account at the Cattaraugus Region Community Foundation.

**Allegany Area Historical Association
P.O. BOX 162
Allegany, NY 14706**

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INSIDE SPECIAL ISSUE:

Presidents Report

New Teacher at Allegany

Please Notify Us!

NEXT MEETING

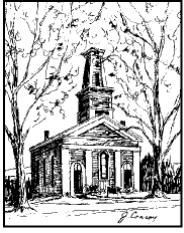
We will meet on Sunday, November 20 at 2 p.m. at the Heritage Center to hear a talk by Ellen Sirianni Frank about the eight U.S. Presidents who were natives of Ohio. She will discuss the Presidents and the importance of the homes they lived in while growing up.

Mrs. Frank, a teacher in the Salamanca school system for 32 years, is the Vice-President of the Ellicottville Historical Society, and has a very deep interest in local history.

Please join us for this interesting talk, especially in this election year.

**SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 20 – 2 P.M.
HERITAGE CENTER
25 N. 2ND STREET, ALLEGANY**

www.allegany.org



Allegany Area Historical Association

October 2016

www.allegany.org

Issue XXXV Vol. 3

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

What a busy summer! Lots of things happened, including our almost-participation in Fireball Run (much more on this elsewhere in the newsletter). We participated in the NYS Path through History Weekend on June 18th. Fifteen historical groups in the county were open that day, and all presented a wide variety of displays about their individual areas. This was well received by the public and will be held again next year.

Archie Wood of Allegany, besides being a barber, has many other talents including sign making. He made and donated to us a great sign marking our building. If you see Archie, give him a thank you.

Allegany's Code Enforcement Officer, Katie Ambuski, did an inspection of our building and, among other things, noticed that our service cable into the building was frayed. She did us a huge favor, since our electrician said we were one hit by the lawn mower away from a disaster, possibly knocking our service out and causing a fire! Needless to say, we got this fixed as soon as possible and are now in great shape. Thanks, Katie!

We had the pine trees on the north side of our building taken down by Todd Fries, and replaced them with 6 Arbor Vitae. The Arbor Vitae cost \$70 each and two members have stepped up to make donations. If you would like to help, please contact us at PO Box 162, Allegany, NY 14706. Todd also cleaned out our gutters on the north, which had small trees growing in them. The building has never looked better. The cost to remove the huge pine trees was \$7,000, which we took from our savings account at the Cattaraugus Region Community Foundation, which we established for just such a cost as this. You may donate to our fund there by going online to the CRCF and following the instructions under the Giving section. We have the Allegany Area Historical Association Fund. As always, thanks for your strong support of our group.

Em Belli gave us a large photo of a very distinguished looking lady, and on the frame was a plaque that read "Mrs. Keating – Class of 1933." Em didn't know anything about the photo or how she came to have it. Some detective work on our part by Char Sendlakowski found that Mrs. Keating had been a teacher and an assistant principal at the high school which stood on the corner of Fourth and Chestnut. She and her daughter were killed in an auto accident in Florida in 1932 and apparently the Class of 1933 gave this to the school as a memorial. Another part of Allegany's history uncovered.

Tom Stetz has taken on the job of taking care of our building and grounds. He did a lot of the work Katie Ambuski suggested, and re-varnished our front doors, which had gotten weather-beaten. He also did some exterior painting and painted our front step. He has a sharp eye for the little things we ladies miss. The building has never looked better – thanks, Tom.

Melissa Meyers at the Ink Well in Allegany runs an Art Camp each summer for various age groups. We participated in two of the camps this summer as their focus was on maps. We have several good maps in our collection, the prize being our recently restored 1856 map of Cattaraugus County. While the campers were at our building, Char Sendlakowski and I also did a "can-you-guess-what-this-is" quiz. This is always a lot of fun - the kids have no idea what the common-place utensils that we grew up using are, and the guesses had us laughing.

We received a grand donation from David Hornburg of the Olean Historical Society – 16 advertising calendars from former Allegany businesses, from 1932 to 1953, in excellent condition. David loves to go

antiquing, and keeps a sharp eye out for items relating to this area. He has given us several great finds from old Allegany businesses, and we certainly appreciate it – thanks, David.

Due to various health problems, Marion Elling has had to resign as our Corresponding Secretary. She has done this for us for many years. Among other things she has faithfully sent thank-you notes to all of you who have been generous in your donations to our group. Thanks, Marion, for all you have done for us over the years.

For those following the memoir of Irene Schnell McRae, the last part will be in our November newsletter. We just didn't have space this time around. We have gotten lots of great comments about the memoir as many of our members had Irene as a teacher or class advisor.

Our speaker for October is Cattaraugus County Judge Michael Nenno (you'll find much more information on the back page), who will talk about the former Grosstal/Wing Hollow Ski Area. Mike, in 1963, got a pair of skis for Christmas and promptly took them to the former Bova Ski Area in Allegany State Park to learn how to ski. From there he graduated to Holiday Valley and then came to Grosstal. He's been an avid skier ever since.

Francie Potter, President

FIREBALL RUN

Fireball Run is an adventure-travel TV series, available in the U.S. on Roku, iTunes, AmazonfireTV, SmartTV, Chromecast, GooglePlay, FireballRun.com, and coming to Netflix. It is televised internationally. There are 40 teams who cover 2,000 miles and hit 8 destinations in a week. This year on Series #10, they will go from Western New York to Amesbury, Massachusetts from September 23rd to October 1st. Each location they visit has a unique artifact the teams can look at and handle, and learn the story behind the artifact. Last year they were able to handle, with gloves on, the Declaration of Independence.

The teams pay money to enter and the funds go to support the Child Rescue Network. Each team is assigned a child missing from their home of origin, and the teams are provided with 1,000 missing child flyers to distribute along the 2,000 mile route. So far, the teams have aided in the recovery of 44 missing children.

The teams go from one location to another by finding clues along the way, like a road rally, there is a certain speed between each clue and points are deducted for speeding, among other things. Each team can earn a certain number of points each day and the team earning the highest number of overall points wins. There are several classes of cars entered – Sedan, Luxury, Sports Car, Exotic, Hollywood Car, Retro, Mega, Touring and SUV/Truck.

Advance video shooting for our location took place on Saturday, July 9th – it was a fascinating process to watch – with the actual Run taking place on Saturday, September 24th. The Village of Allegany was home



base this year for the start of the Run. Due to various factors, the historical artifact that was supposed to be at our place for the Run participants to see wasn't available, and no suitable substitute could be found in time so we didn't participate this year. But we still had fun and learned a lot.



MISSION HALL CLOCK

On your next visit to the Heritage Center, please notice our Mission Hall Clock and listen to it strike the hour or half-hour (if we have wound it). Belonging to Alexander and Nora Hirsch, it was donated to us by the Hirsch family. Jane Hirsch believes the clock, a reproduction of an ancient Dutch clock, was purchased or given as a premium from the Larkin Company. Recently Edward Bothwell restored it to working order.

In 1875 John D. Larkin established his company in Buffalo, N.Y. The only product was a yellow laundry soap sold by peddlers on the streets of Buffalo. He prospered.

Larkin's brother-in-law, Elbert Hubbard, became a partner in 1878. The plant was expanded, new soap products introduced, and Hubbard, who was in charge of sales, developed the idea of giving premiums with the customer's purchase. Although Hubbard retired in 1892 and then founded the Roycrofters of East Aurora, his genius had sparked a new concept in marketing.

The Larkin Company added more and more products and more and more premiums that could be selected from yearly catalogs. Larkin Clubs and Larkin Parties became popular with Larkin furniture becoming the most sought after premium. The office building and factories were impressive structures in Buffalo.

However, competition eventually became too great and the company was sold in 1942, although catalog sales continued until 1962.

Today Larkin furniture is collectible and scarce so we are very fortunate to have received this lovely clock from the Hirsch family.

LARKIN PREMIUM MERCHANDISE

THESE CLOCKS ARE THE BEST OF THEIR KIND
GUARANTEED TO GIVE SATISFACTION

Mission Hall-Clock

M180 Given with a \$16 purchase of Products or for \$16 in coupons. With other quantities of Products, see Page 4. Shipping weight – 69 lbs.

For hall, den, library or dining room.

This reproduction of an ancient Dutch Clock is of solid Oak. Weathered-Oak, waxed finish. Brass figures and hands. Seth Thomas guaranteed eight-day movement. Strikes the hours and half-hours on cathedral gong.

Frame is doweled together. Has shelf for bric-a-brac. Height, 71 in.; width, 17 in.; depth, 12 in.



*This article appeared in our
January 1997 newsletter.*

IT'S TIME TO ONCE AGAIN PAY YOUR YEARLY DUES!!

October is the time to pay your yearly dues. We don't send out reminders to our members since all the members get our newsletter, so we take this method of telling you that it is time to renew your membership. We also save postage. A single membership is \$10 per year, a family membership is \$15 and a patron membership is \$20 or more. Make your check to AAHA and mail it to PO Box 162, Allegany, NY 14706.

If you have paid your dues recently, you are paid for the year. If you don't renew after a reasonable amount of time, we will take you off the mailing list, and where else will you be able to keep up with the happenings of the past and present in your old home town. We value your support – it enables us to present interesting speakers, and to mount displays of items from our files.

Thanks to your support we were able to have our 1856 map of the county restored and available for viewing. So don't forget – renew your membership TODAY!

Memorials



For: Kathleen Karl
From: Clarence F. and Marlynn Ray
Gary Forness
Dick and Paula Bzduk

For: Ellsworth (Mike) Clark
From: Duane Clark
Fred and Jacquie Clark

For: William Nenno
From: John and Jillian Walsh
Francie Potter

For: William Peck
From: Bill and Kay Palmer
Carol and Betsy Livingston

For: Marion Horey
From: John and Jillian Walsh

For: Sherri Pittman
From: Duane Clark

For: Rita Keim
From: Jim and Diane Boser
Dick and Paula Bzduk
Carol and Betsy Livingston

For: Bob Granger, Sr.
From: Tuesday Morning Coffee Guys

For: Cheryl Stetz
From: Kyle Stetz

For: Margaret Capozzi
From: Ray and Joyce Jonak

WE GET MAIL


Shirley Morgan Toohey of California wrote to say she has been enjoying the memoir of Irene Schell McRae (which will continue in the November newsletter). Her great-grandmother was Berdina Geise Linsey who died in 1925. She has a tintype of a "Grandma Geise" who might be Berdina's mother. She might be able to e-mail a copy to anyone interested. Please contact AAHA for further information.

We received a note from Rosemary Ryan about her sister-in-law, Doris Hiller Ryan, who turned 100 on January 22nd, 2016. Doris has written a brief biography - I think you will enjoy it.

"My Dad's side of the family came from Germany. They settled in Weedfield, Pa. My Dad, Elmer Hiller, moved to McDurn Hollow, Pa., married Sarah (Sadie) Heaps and began raising their family. They had six boys and four girls. After a few years they moved to Allegany on a farm. We had potatoes, corn and other produce. All of us 10 children spent time helping with the chores. When most of us were school age we moved to a large house on Harriet Street across from the school. We lived next door to the Soplop family. They had eight boys and one girl. Can you believe 19 kids between us? There was a lot of hell raising the next few years. We were all great friends! My six brothers all joined the service out of high school, also the seven brothers next door all became U.S. Soldiers.

I married Thomas Ryan from Chipmonk on September 29, 1934. We raised three daughters. Tom worked for Pennzoil and I was employed at Acme Electric for 10 years. In the early 1960's we gave up on all the snow and ice and moved to sunny Florida to retire. Tom went to work at Honeywell and I worked at Kmart. Can't believe I've lived to my 100th birthday!"

Rosemary adds that the 3 girls are Shirley Peasley, Kay Polazzo and Patsy. Patsy was the youngest and died of cancer.



**Allegany Area Historical Association
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INSIDE SPECIAL ISSUE:

Presidents Report

Fireball Run Comes to Town

Tick Tock

NEXT MEETING

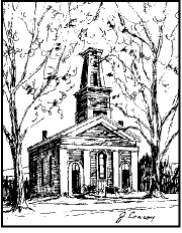
We will meet on Sunday, October 16 at 2 p.m. at the Heritage Center to hear a talk by Cattaraugus County Judge Michael Nenno about the former Grosstal/Ski Wing/Wing Hollow Ski area. He will bring some things about Grosstal from his collection and many local skiers are lending some of their items to help illustrate a bygone era of Allegany's history. Judge Nenno skied at Grosstal for many years and has many stories about the area.

A graduate of the University of Pittsburgh and the University of Buffalo Law School, Judge Nenno sits in County, Surrogate and Family Courts, and has served for 25 years as an Acting full-time Supreme Court Justice. Many will remember that Judge Nenno had a private law practice with Judge Paul Kelly, with their office being on Main Street in Allegany.

Please join us for what will be a very entertaining afternoon.

**SUNDAY, OCTOBER 16 – 2 P.M.
HERITAGE CENTER
25 N. 2ND STREET, ALLEGANY**

www.allegany.org



Allegany Area Historical Association

March 2017

www.allegany.org

Issue XXXVI Vol. 1

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

We have a lot to report on. First off, we had a very successful Christmas Cookie Sale. We sold all 133 boxes of mixed Christmas cookies, and most of the special holiday cookies we had. Joyce Jonak's daughter gets us very nice holiday boxes that hold one dozen cookies each, and this is a big help in selling the cookies – it's all in the packaging! We made over \$1,100 which will help pay the bills. Our thanks again to Linda Kruppner and her staff at Nature's Remedy for allowing us to have the sale there and for their help making space for us.

Our Community Christmas Service the next day was very well attended and we had \$80 plus a lot of canned good and paper products to take to Genesis House, the homeless shelter in Olean. We received a gracious thank-you from them.

We lost Msgr. Tom Walsh this winter. Tom passed away on December 2nd. He had a long life of service to churches in North Carolina before he retired in 1996 back to Allegany. In his retirement he served many local churches, especially St. Patrick's in Limestone until illness prevented him from doing more. Tom was born and raised in Allegany – his father was the local barber - and he had a great love for local history, and as an AAHA member he was a valued Trustee of our group from 2006 until his death. Tom's was always the voice of reason if the rest of us got to squabbling. Tom had a wee dog that he fondly called "The Beast" and they were a daily sight taking their walk up Main Street. Tom was a gentle man in the truest sense of the words, and he is greatly missed.

Duane "Beanzie" Clark also died this winter on December 21st. Beans was another Allegany native who delighted in telling stories about how Allegany used to be "back in the day". When it came time to pay his dues, he would stop by the center on a Wednesday afternoon and regale the ladies with a lot of local history. It was amazing how much he remembered. Another great loss for our community.

Thanks to the expertise of Sue Schreiber Kalman, we now have a Facebook page! Check it out and give us a "like", we'd appreciate it. Sue is an excellent photographer and takes all the pictures for us, as well as running the page. If you would like to see something on the page, please contact us and let us know. We are also on the Web at Allegany.org, which is the official site for the Village of Allegany. You will find a Link to our Facebook page there.

Francie Potter, President

YEARBOOKS

AAHA has a lot of duplicate yearbooks from Allegany Central School and Allegany-Limestone Central School that we are selling. Perhaps you have mislaid your yearbook or lost it in a move – now's your chance to replace it. The books are \$5 each plus \$3 handling and individual postage. Each book has a different weight and sometimes different size so postage will be different for each book. If we have more than one copy, that number is in parenthesis after the year.

1953 (2); 1955; 1956; 1957 (5); 1958; 1959; 1960; 1961; 1962 (3); 1963 (2); 1964 (2); 1965; 1966; 1967; 1968 (2); 1969; 1971 (3); 1972; 1973 (3); 1974 (2); 1975 (2) 1976 (3); 1977 (4); 1978 (4); 1979 (3); 1980 (2); 1981 (2); 1982; 1983; 1984; 1985 (2); 1986; 1987; 1988; 1989 (2); 1990 (3); 1992; 1993 (2); 1994; 1995; 1996; 1997; 1998 (2); 1999; 2000; 2001; 2002; 2003.

Our old newsletters make for interesting reading. This is an article from the November 1999 issue we think you will like. It shows a sample teacher's contract from 1923 for teaching in a one room school. How times have changed!!

TEACHER'S CONTRACT 1923

This is an agreement between Miss _____, teacher, and the Board of Education of the _____ School, whereby Miss _____ agrees to teach for a period of 8 months, beginning September 1, 1923. The Board of Education agrees to pay Miss _____ the sum of (\$75) per month. Miss _____ agrees:

1. Not to get married. This contract becomes null and void immediately if the teacher marries.
2. Not to keep company with men.
3. To be home between the hours of 8:00 p.m. and 6:00 a.m. unless at attendance at a school function.
4. Not to loiter downtown in ice cream stores.
5. Not to leave town at any time without the permission of the chairman of the Board of Trustees.
6. Not to smoke cigarettes. This contract becomes null and void immediately if the teacher is found smoking.
7. Not to drink beer, wine or whiskey. This contract becomes null and void immediately if the teacher is found drinking beer, wine or whiskey.
8. Not to ride in a carriage or automobile with any man except her brother or father.
9. Not to dress in bright colors.
10. Not to dye her hair.
11. To wear at least two petticoats.
12. Not to wear dresses more than two inches above the ankles.
13. To keep the schoolroom clean:
 - a. To sweep the classroom floor at least once daily
 - b. To scrub the classroom floor at least weekly with hot water and soap
 - c. To clean the blackboard at least once daily
 - d. To start the fire at 7:00 so the room will be warm at 8:00 when the children arrive.
14. Not to use face powder, mascara or paint the lips.

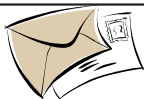
Apparently ice cream stores were real dens of iniquity!!!



District #4 School House
on Five Mile Road
Built in 1889



Pupils of District #4 School on Five Mile road, Arbor Day 1916.
Back (L to R): Henry Shaffer, Cecil Toennis, Marguerite Wing (teacher),
George Shaffer, Herman Shaffre, Clyde Dort, Armand Putt.
Front (L to R): Clarence Barnes, Helen Barnes, Andrew Shaffer, Ruby
Dort, Robert Potter, Alton Bennett.

WE GET MAIL

As our members renew their membership, they often enclose little notes with it to say how much they are enjoying the newsletter and stories about their friends or family. Good to hear from Margaret Nutt Sutherland; Karen Field Streif; Pat Dye Schreckengost; Mary Petro, Marilyn Olson-Ray and Julie McCully who regretted she would not be able to hear Judge Nenno's talk about Grosstal/Ski Wing. If you go to our Facebook page, you can find a synopsis of Judge Nenno's talk.

ITEM FROM THE PAST

From the Allegany Citizen of March 28, 1896 – This is an ad for the Olean Music Company:

"Marrying a Wife Resembles Buying a Piano, inasmuch as you take both for better or for worse for a lifetime, and expect one to wear as well as the other. You don't marry your wife from the lowest crust of society; why would you select your piano from among the cheap makes? A "dependable" piano AND A FAIR PRICE ARE SYNONYMOUS."

Now that's advertising!!

Memorials



For: Gloria Waxel

From: Robert and Susan Bubbs

For: Robert Walsh

From: John and Margaret Walsh

For: Orin Parker

From: Mary Marks

Carol and Betsy Livingston

John and Carol Bovaird

For: Rev. Msgr. Thomas Walsh

From: Carolyn Wing

Nancy and William Walsh

Francie Potter

Margaret Parker

Alice Altenburg

Marcia Karl

Robin Putnam

For: Helen McCully

*From: The McCully Families – Don, John,
Dean, Jean, Joan*

For: Herbert Earle

From: Francie Potter

In Honor of: Francie Potter

From: David and Beth Deitz

David and Eva Potter

For: Duane Clark

From: Fred and Jacque Clark

Charlene and Hans Sendlakowski

Francie Potter

Rhea Carls

Rosemary Ryan

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INSIDE SPECIAL ISSUE:

Presidents Report

Dens of Iniquity

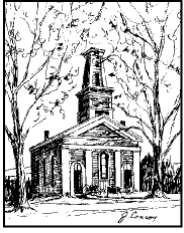
A Piano is like a Wife

NEXT MEETING

We will meet on Sunday, April 23 at 2 p.m. at the Heritage Center, 25 North Second Street, Allegany. AAHA Trustee Char Sendlakowski has been working on a history of businesses on Main Street for the last three years, using city directories and other resources. She will do a short presentation on some of the businesses and buildings, but we really want **your** participation. We want you to tell us about your memories of the people and places on Main Street. And we would like you to bring any pictures you have of Main Street businesses or homes. We will scan them that afternoon so you can take them home with you. My memory is of the bowling alley above Dornow's Drug Store. I think the pin boys must have had a good laugh or two about the ineptness of the lady bowlers!

**SUNDAY, APRIL 23 – 2 P.M.
HERITAGE CENTER
25 N. 2ND STREET, ALLEGANY**

www.allegany.org



Allegany Area Historical Association

May 2017

www.allegany.org

Issue XXXVI Vol. 2

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

AAHA lost another member with the death of Dr. Stephen W. Eaton in February at the age of 98. Steve was a biology professor at St. Bonaventure and a noted ornithologist. He was involved with the creation of Pfeiffer Nature Center in Portville, among his very many other activities and interests. From 1995 to 1997, he and his wife Betty served as co-presidents of AAHA. He loved nature in all its myriad forms, did beekeeping, made maple syrup and wines – he was always interested in everything, and was a joy to talk with. Our condolences to Betty on his loss.

Long-time member Don Bergreen died in April. The Bergreen family was very well known in Allegany. Don graduated from Allegany Central School in 1942 and went to Alfred Tech for one year, studying accelerated electronics, before he was drafted into the Army. Because of his radio expertise, he was with the First Engineer Combat Battalion. After service, he married Peg Hunter and he worked at and then owned Hunter Insurance Agency. He was a community leader and served in many capacities for various volunteer organizations in the Olean Area. In 2013 AAHA member Wes Martin did an oral history interview with Don which we published in our March 2014 issue. People like Don don't come along very often – he will be missed.

We recently received our annual report on our fund at the Cattaraugus Region Community Foundation. I'm pleased to say that it has grown quite nicely. This fund serves as an endowment, if you will, for our association. We tapped into it last year when we took several trees down on the property. If you are thinking of making a donation to us, go online to the Foundation and follow the prompts for donating. We are the Allegany Area Historical Association Fund. We also recently received our final payment from the estate of Mary Elizabeth Smith which we have put into our Foundation account. Miss Smith was a member and a long time 2nd grade teacher in Olean. We received our first payment in 2014 and used that to install our alarm system.

We are always interested in old pictures of the Allegany area so if you have some you'd be willing to share with us, stop in some Wednesday from 1 to 4 during the summer months and we'd be delighted to have copies made, at our expense, to add to our files. We especially would like pictures of the outlying area, the farms and farmhouses of the area.

We received a treasure from Gerry Perry of Franklin, Tennessee – his baby book. We made a copy of all the pertinent parts and returned the book to Gerry. He was born in December of 1926 to Mr. and Mrs. Burdette Perry, and was delivered by Dr. Wintermantel, one of the many that he delivered. All the information will go into our genealogy files.

FRANCIE POTTER, PRESIDENT

A BRIEF HISTORY OF ALLEGANY

Many years ago in the 1960's, the Olean Times Herald published on a periodic basis special editions featuring the history of the Alle-Gee-Wees area. Marian Taylor, an elementary teacher in the Allegany school system wrote an article on Allegany's history for one of the editions. What follows is an abridged version. We hope you like it.

The Mound Builders were the original settlers in the Allegany area. The first white settlers in our area had a settlement at the foot of the present Chapel Hill Road called Burton. In 1851 Burton was renamed Allegany, an Indian word which means lovely or beautiful. The settlement on the Five Mile was the leading settlement and where the village is now was still wilderness.

Nicholas Devereux of Utica owned much of the land in and around Allegany, having bought it from the Holland Land Company. He planned a city, Allegany City, to be patterned after the great university towns of Europe. He was convinced Allegany would be an important point on the Erie Railroad. But in 1848 a new survey located the Erie a half mile north of the paper city and the project was abandoned.

However, a large number of workmen employed in railroad construction were Irish and many built homes here. After years of effort, four Franciscan missionaries were sent from Italy to minister to them. Mr.

Devereux offered the Franciscans \$5,000 and 200 acres of land, and work was begun on a school in 1856. In 1860 St. Bonaventure College opened with 15 students.

The first school in the town of Allegany was begun in the winter of 1825 in the home of James Strong and taught by Leonard Cronkhite in the Chapel Hill settlement. Eventually there were 14 school districts in Allegany. The first school in the present village was opened about 1861 and taught by a Franciscan nun. The Union Free School District was organized in 1884 and two buildings were erected on the present Fourth Street at the corner of Fourth and Chestnut Street. In 1947 the school districts were consolidated under the name of Allegany Central School.

Missionaries came to the area about 1810. The Holland Land Company gave "gospel land", which was 100 acres in each town given to the first regularly organized religious society that applied for it. The first religious society in Allegany was organized at the home of Anson Chapin in the Five Mile in 1827. It was a Presbyterian society with the Rev. Silas Hubbard as its pastor.

The people of the area were well organized Abolitionists, and this was a key area on the Underground Railroad. During the Civil War, the men of Allegany responded to each appeal for men for the union Army with "an alacrity and patriotism not excelled in any county of the State of the Union."

After World War I, when ex-servicemen organized group such as the American Legion, their special interest was playing base-



St Bonaventure College about 1910. The buildings in the center and on the left burned to the ground in 1930



Ed Smith's store on North Second Street, now the Allegany Laundromat. Ladies (L to R) are Julia Wing Sherman and Georgia Wing Smith

ball. All towns, including Allegany, had a team which played in the county league. Horse racing was another popular pastime. The trotting horses bred by Erastus Willard were famous. Square dancing was also popular. A movie theater was located on the second floor of the Town Hall. Very old pictures show an opera house. A stadium was located on Fifth Street and the circus used to come there.



Last lumber rafting down the Allegheny River from the George Nessel mill on the 4 Mile Creek, April 15, 1890

The Allegheny River was declared a public highway in 1870, largely because of all the lumber going downstream. It is fed by the Five Mile, Nine Mile, Ten Mile and Two Mile Creeks. These are so named because each is that many river miles from Olean Point where the Olean Creek runs into the river.

The hills and valleys were covered with timber, mostly Pine and Hemlock. After the land had been cleared by the lumbermen, it was thought to be worthless and was sold for one dollar an acre, an opportunity that brought many Germans from Erie County. The land was ideal for grazing, and dairying became the leading industry, with many cheese factories being established.

About the time successful farming was established, the oil excitement reached Allegany. Oil was discovered in 1877 when the oldest producing well in New York State was started by the Franchot Brothers on the John Harbel farm on the Four Mile Road. Many other wells were located in Chipmonk, Rock City and Knapp Creek.

The village owes its growth to its position as an early lumber center, an agricultural trading center, to the open-

ing of the oil and gas fields, and easy transportation on the river and railroad. Automobiles brought better roads. The village survived the Depression of the 1930's better than nearby cities because of its agricultural nature.

Allegany today looks to the future. In January 1964 Grosstal Ski Center went into operation. Our area, with its cold winters and warm summer days and cool nights, is developing as a recreation spot – the “playground of the East in the Enchanted Mountains.”

STREET NAMES

Before 1927, the streets in Allegany were named much differently than they are now. This is something a person has to take into account when looking at old maps of Allegany. You can orientate yourself visually but get lost because the street names are not familiar. In July of 1927, the Allegany Citizen reported that the village Board made the following changes:

Five Mile Road will be First Street; former First Street will be Second Street; Johnson Street will be Third Street; Day Street will be Fourth Street; Harmon Avenue & Bentley Street will be Fifth Street; Thomas Street will be Sixth Street; John Street will be Seventh Street; Mary Street will be Eighth Street. (Mary Street ran north and south off the south side of Union Street. There is no Eighth Street today.)

Main Street will be East and West Main Street, divided by Fifth Street. Fourth Street will be Oak Street; Union Street will be East and West Union Street; Dudley Street will be Elm Street; Phelps Street will be Pine Street; Maple Avenue remains unchanged; School Alley will be Chestnut Street; Scofield Alley will be Spruce Street, and Harriet Street remains unchanged.

Apparently the change was uneventful, as later editions of the Allegany Citizen made no mention of any problems. The historical association has copies of an 1869 map of the village showing the old names. They sell for \$2 each, plus shipping if necessary, for those who are interested.

We received a letter from Tony Rado that we know you will enjoy.

I enjoy reading memories from Allegany residents, so I thought I'd share one of my own. From about 1955 through 1958, when I was five to eight years old, we lived in the front apartment above what was then The Pantry, Francie Soplop's diner and bakery. I think that address was 91 West Main. I was in about second or third grade when the following took place.

As hard as this may be to fathom in today's world, I walked to and from school by myself at that time, under strict instruction from my mother as to route. I was to cross Main Street at the traffic light, which at that time was at Third and Main, proceed down Third Street to Chestnut, over to Fourth and to the school. I was to reverse the route coming home. Mom knew when school let out and about what time I should be getting home.

One day, on my way home, I encountered a dog on Third Street who barked at me in an aggressive manner, and I was afraid to pass him for fear he'd bite me. So I went back and over to Fourth Street and home that way. This earned me a rebuke for being late home. Unfortunately the dog was there each day for a few days, and I was late more than once. I got the standard warning from Mom that the next time I was late, I'd get a strapping. That meant being invited to lie over a kitchen chair and be hit with an old belt of my father's (buckle removed) that Mom kept in the hutch cupboard specifically for the purpose.

Strappings were pants on, and they didn't leave marks, so I guess the actual physical pain was far inferior to the anticipation, which was horrible. But afterwards, when I was done crying, Mom would reassure me that, while she always loved me, she just sometimes didn't like the things I did. And she would add that the strapping hurt her more than it did me. I never really bought that part.

Anyway, I pretty much got the message about being home on time and things were pretty well for a while. The one day my friend Eddie Gabriel said there was a big carnival merry-go-round in front of the Model Market (a few yards west on the same side of Main we lived on). Eddie and his mother lived over his late father's then closed store, between the Model Market and my home. Eddie said this might be the only chance we'd ever get to ride this merry-go-round, and we just had to do it or we would regret it for the rest of our lives.

So we left the school, went over Chestnut to Second, and crossed Main without benefit of a traffic light. There it was! The Stroehmans bread truck was parked in front of the Model Market and behind it was a tiny trailer with four very small horses on it that went around in a circle. Rides were free, and kids were lined up to get on. I knew then I was late, but Eddie said we had to go into the store and thank Charlie Ried for the ride. Eddie, at his young age, knew everybody in town, and he was kind of a politician. We went into the store, all the way back to the meat counter, but Charlie was nowhere to be seen, so on Eddie's authority we marched right into the back room looking for him.

A brief digression here is necessary to explain that I had "school clothes" and "play clothes". I was to change from the former to the latter immediately upon arriving home from school. This day, not having arrived home yet, I was still wearing my school clothes, which happened to include a brand-new, white, short-sleeved seersucker shirt.

Sticking out of the jamb of the doorway to the back room of the Model Market was a nail that had probably been there for many years. While it ignored Eddie completely, it jumped out and took what my mother would call "a great big three-cornered tear" out of the right sleeve of my brand-new, white, short-sleeved seersucker shirt. Somewhere down in my gut I knew I was in big trouble.

Well, we found Charlie, shook hands and thanked him for the ride and headed home, Eddie all happy

and me just sick to my stomach. The only salvation I could think of was to ask Eddie to bypass his house and come home with me, in the hope of softening my mother's anger. But he looked so happy I just couldn't ask him, so when we got to his house I just said, "See you tomorrow, Eddie," and I trudged on home alone.

Mom was mad all right, and that was before she noticed the big three-cornered tear in my brand-new, white, short-sleeved seersucker shirt. I got my strapping, and the problem of being late from school was solved. In addition, I acquired a lifetime aversion to being late for anything, important or otherwise. I guess it has served me well in my life and career.

Not long after the great merry-go-round caper, Eddie and his Mom moved to Olean, and I only saw him a couple times after that. After eighth grade, my family and I moved to Mayville in Chautauqua County, where I completed high school. I often thought of my friend Eddie and wondered how he was doing. Just a couple of years ago, I was looking on the internet and came across an Allegany Citizen article about Ed Gabriel coming home to Allegany and seeing some old friends. I learned that the reason the visit was newsworthy was that, somewhere along the way, my old buddy Eddie had become President Clinton's Ambassador to Morocco. And you know what? I wasn't a bit surprised.

Ed. Note – the Allegany Citizen stopped publishing in 1976 so the online article was probably in the Olean Times Herald.

WE GET MAIL



It's always good to hear from our members. Had a nice note from Joe Stayer in Olean. Bill Ryan of Rush, New York also wrote to let us know how much he enjoyed the memoirs of Irene Schnell McRae's early years of teaching. He said she taught him Latin and English and helped him compose and deliver his Valedictorian address at the Class of 1951 graduation.

FOLLOW-UP

An AAHA member, Merle Kyser saw the article we had in the last newsletter about the teacher's contract for one room schools. In the article we used a picture of the District #4 school on the Five Mile Road. He contacted us to see if it was the same school his mother, Grace Kibby, taught at in 1921. His sister, Shirley Russell, had told him the school had been taken down and moved somewhere in New York State, and wondered if it was the same school. Yes, it was as Grace had boarded with the Albert Chapin family while she taught, and the Chapin farm was just down the road from where the school was. The school was torn down in 1983 after a Long Island interior decorator had purchased it for use as a summer home. It was dismantled board by board, with everything numbered for reconstruction, and even the nails were saved. We sent a copy of the Olean Times Herald article about the school being torn down to Merle. Which all proves that it really is a small world.

We received another delightful article from Gertrude Schnell, which I know you'll enjoy.

MAN OR BEAST

When I was a young girl and visited my Grandmother Delia Rehler Schnell's farm on the Birch Run Road, I soon learned that visits to the doctor or vet were few and far between. In times of stress, like when a cow was sick, or supper was ready and the milking wasn't done, or an early frost was killing the buds on the apple trees, my Grandmother would run to the lower kitchen cupboard, pull out Uncle John's Tonic and have several swigs.

Each month the McNess salesman appeared at the door. He came bringing brooms, spices and various other household items. My Grandmother always bought Vanilla, Spices, White Liniment for Man or Beast, Vitamin B Tonic among other staples. The one always bought was McNess Krestol Salve—a soothing first-aid ointment for superficial burns, scalds, or cuts. It was usually used generously on both man and beast. There were no band-aids at that time so a clean white cloth was wrapped around the cut, the ends split and tied. This ointment smelled terrible, but did the job.

One or two tablespoons of pure mineral oil were taken as an intestinal lubricant—and then only at bedtime. For respiratory problems, mustard plasters were made and put on the chest to loosen coughs and cure colds.

Another staple was the Raleigh's Ru-Mex-Ol Compound. Alcohol 10%, but the medicine was made from Poke Root, Yellow Dock Root, Sarsaparilla, Rhubarb Root, Potassium Iodine, Gentian Root, Dandelion Root, Salicylic Acid, Mandrake Root, Cascarin, and Sodium Benzoate. It was to be taken 1 or 2 tablespoons 3 times a day after meals. It wasn't to be taken by persons with latent tuberculosis or goiter.

Man and beast survived and lived long lives.

Memorials



For: Stephen Eaton

From: Francie Potter

For: Duane Clark

From: Rosemary Ryan

For: Barb Panus

From: Francie Potter



The Allegany Drive-In Theatre provided memories for many area residents from the opening date on July 8, 1949 through the final season in 1995. The grounds could hold 850 cars!

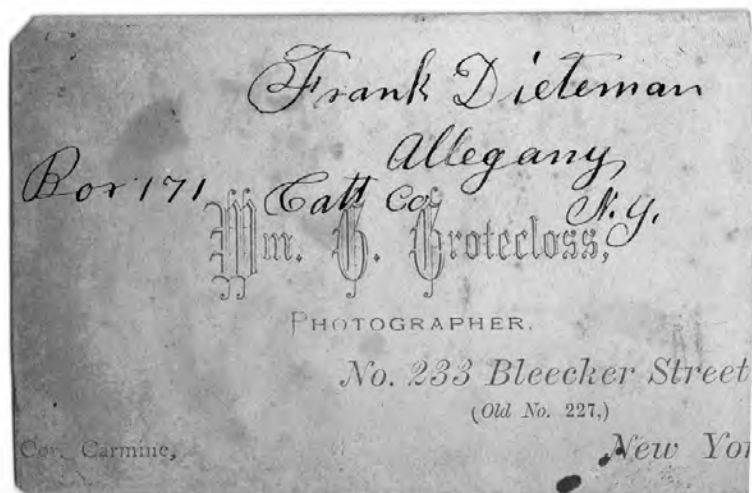
MYSTERY PHOTO

A while back, we received a small picture of a friar from David Hornburg. It had been taken in New York City and had been owned by Frank Dieteman of Allegany. I started looking at pictures of early friars at St. Bonaventure, and came to a tentative conclusion that it might be a picture of Fr. Pamfilo, O.F.M. who founded the college. I gave the picture to Dennis Frank, Archivist at St. Bonaventure, for their collection and asked him who he thought was in the picture. Some days he thought it was Fr. Pamfilo and other days he thought it wasn't. He kept it on his desk and asked other people their opinion and it was finally universally decided that it was not Fr. Pamfilo – but then who was it?

He looked in many places and finally got to the Provincial Annals for the Franciscans and found an ALMOST exact copy of the picture – mystery solved. It is of Fr. Andrew Pfeiffer who was the pastor of St. Francis of Assisi Church in New York City from 1864 to 1868, which explains why a New York photographer took the picture. He was then at Bona's from 1870 to 1872 which also explains why Frank Dieteman, Sr. had the picture – the time frame is right and Mr. Dieteman was German as was Fr. Pfeiffer. Thanks to Dennis Frank for solving our mystery – he now has a nice addition to the St. Bonaventure archives.



FR. ANDREW PFEIFFER
1864-1868



**Allegany Area Historical Association
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INSIDE SPECIAL ISSUE:

Presidents Report

Strappings...

Uncle John's Tonic

NEXT MEETING

We will meet on Sunday, May 21 at 2 p.m. at the Heritage Center, 25 North Second Street, Allegany to hear Maggie Frederickson talk about her new book, a biography of the inventor Birdsill Holly.

Mr. Holly was one of the most prolific inventors of the 19th century. His inventions of district steam heat, the rotary pump and the Holly System of Direct Pressure Water Supply for Cities, Towns and Villages were among his almost 100 patents. He is considered the inventor of the modern fire hydrant as we know it today. He was the first inventor to receive a patent for an idea. A fascinating and controversial character, he was a genius born ahead of his time. Holly was a visionary and his inventions saved countless lives and greatly benefitted mankind.

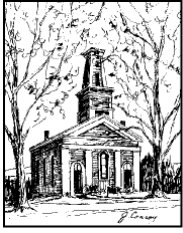
Maggie and her husband, Bruce, have been the Town Historians for Franklinville since 2000. There will be copies of her book for sale at the meeting.

**SUNDAY, MAY 21 – 2 P.M.
HERITAGE CENTER
25 N. 2ND STREET, ALLEGANY**

www.allegany.org



us on Facebook: /AlleganyAreaHistoricalAssociation



Allegheny Area Historical Association

November 2017

www.allegheny.org

Issue XXXVI Vol. 4

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

One of our members, Ellen Peck, passed away in October after a long battle with cancer. Ellen was the twin sister of our Corresponding Secretary, Eileen Shabala. She always had a ready smile and a twinkle in her eyes. Ellen believed in making someone happy each day but could be tough as nails when she had to be, and she needed that toughness and that happiness as she was a secretary at school for 30 years and dealt with kids on a daily basis. She was very active in her church and community. Our condolences to all her family and friends.

We are still looking for pictures of businesses on Main Street. Contact us if you have any you would be willing to share.

Please let us know if your mailing address changes, particularly if you go south for the winter. We pay once to mail the newsletters out, we pay again if your newsletter is returned to us because of a wrong address, and then we pay a third time to re-mail your newsletter to your (new) correct address. Also, please let us know when you come back north to your regular address.

A gentle reminder to pay your dues, if you haven't already. We value your membership.

FRANCIE POTTER, PRESIDENT



Our 34th annual

CHRISTMAS COOKIE SALE

Will be held on Saturday, December 2nd

at Nature's Remedy, 120 West Main Street from 9:30 to 2 p.m.



This is our only fundraiser of the year. If you don't get a call asking you to bake some cookies, just call our chairperson, Diane Boser, to volunteer your services. The complete effort of all our members and friends is what makes this sale so successful every year.



On Sunday, December 3rd at 2 p.m.

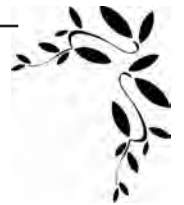
at the Heritage Center, 25 North Second Street,
we will hold our 35th annual

COMMUNITY CHRISTMAS SERVICE

which is always a nice way to start the holiday season.

Rev. Daniel Buringrud, Pastor at St. John's Lutheran Church will conduct the service. An ensemble from St. John's will also participate.

At the service, we will once again take up a collection of money and paper products to benefit Genesis House, the homeless shelter in Olean. Anything we can gather for them is needed, and very much appreciated.



Thank you in advance for your support of these two events.

Part two of Bob and Carolyn McCoy's oral history with Wes and Judy Martin, May 2017

In 1966, the hardware store got into the kitchen cabinet and kitchen design business. The design business had to be done at night as that was when the customers were home and when Bob could get away from the business. Carolyn said that when Bob designed a kitchen, he really took pains about it – asking the customer if they were right or left handed, if both husband and wife cooked, how they stored things – and that added to the success of the design business.

In 1971, Bob went to a kitchen show in Syracuse where he ran into his old boss when Bob was in college who was now in the kitchen cabinet business. One thing led to another and Bob was offered a job designing kitchens and selling cabinets. Bob and Carolyn discussed it and went to Schenectady to meet him at his home, and after a lot of talk and back and forth, Bob and Carolyn decided to accept his offer. So they went back to Schenectady. They had one weekend to find a place to live there and bought a house in the country. For whatever reason the lady living there would not show them the inside of the house but it had a solid front door with a brass knocker and a nice area outside, so they took a chance and bought it. It turned out to be a great place for them. After they were in they found out a bit of the house's history. It was originally built by a nurseryman. Of course, the first thing Bob did after they moved in was to remodel the kitchen!

In 1978, Bob's brother, Ray, who was with his dad at Allegany Hardware told Bob that their father was going to retire and Ray didn't want to run the business by himself. So they moved back to Allegany. They sold their Schenectady house and started looking for a house back in Allegany. The Allegany banker told them of a house on the corner of Pine and Second Street that had been re-possessed by the bank and the price was reasonable, so they were going to buy that. Meanwhile, Carolyn was taking their daughter, Pam, to an interview in Columbus, Ohio and stopped to stay overnight in Allegany. Bob's dad told Carolyn of a ranch house in the country that had just had the price dropped by \$10,000. Carolyn and Pam went to look at it and fell in love with it. After calling Bob, Carolyn put \$50 down and bought the house.

In 1985 Bob and Ray found out that West State Hardware in Olean was going to be sold. They looked at it but decided not to buy it. Tom Moody, the owner, then sold all the merchandise and offered them the empty building for rent. After much discussion, they decided to go ahead and open up a hardware store there. After remodeling it, Ray ran the Olean store and Bob was in Allegany. In 1990, the big box stores were moving into the area and sales were dropping. So they put all their eggs in one basket and moved everything to West State. They rented out the Allegany building to Education First.

In 1994 they decided they needed more space than the store on West State Street offered and looked at the old Olean Fruit Market on East State Street. It had a lot of frontage but was in very bad shape but they decided they could bring it back. It took 6 months of working at night and weekends but they did it. The building was so big that they were able to remodel parts of it for rental space.



**Allegany Hardware
Fred Phillips in doorway
circa 1910**

In 1996 Bob got a call from the Allegany Fire Department that the Allegany building was on fire. The smoke damage ruined all the Education First merchandise and that went out of business. They decided to sell the building as it was with all the fire damage and Louie Magnano bought it.

Bob decided in 1999 to retire from the business but remains active in the community, serving on the Board of Directors of the Allegany Area Federal Credit Union. Caro-

lyn, meanwhile, was busy taking care of three grandsons. Pam's youngest was born prematurely and required a lot of care so she asked her mother if she could take the three older boys, which she did. Another grandson was there also so they had Cousins Camp. They did a lot of enjoyable things on the property, walking in the woods and along the creek and paddle boating in the pond across the road. Wednesday nights were Just Ice Cream nights – along with healthy fruits to go on top. They even had their own Pinewood Derby with wooden cars they made and decorated. Everyone had so much fun that this became an annual summer affair for many years.

Ray continued to run the business by himself for another five years and then he decided to retire and close things down. So they had a liquidation sale and closed a chapter in their lives and in the business face of Allegany.

Some of the things Bob has seen over the years mirror the course of technological progress. When he was a teen, some of his friends got ball point pens from Christmas, which were new things on the market then. Of course, television made an impression when that came along. In the comics, Dick Tracy had a two-way wrist radio and all the kids were sure this would never happen in real life – now that's a reality.

Historical events made a big impression in their lives. Carolyn remembered when World War II ended that the Jewish family who lived in the apartment below her cried to think that the concentration camps would finally be over. Bob said when JFK was shot that he heard it on the radio at the store and went home and watched the whole proceedings on TV, and never went back to work that day. When the World Trade Center was hit by planes, Bob had been out and when he got home Carolyn told him the news. She had been having her coffee and watching TV when she learned about it. They both knew that this was something the country would never get over.

Carolyn talked about their children – a son and two daughters – and how they were raised to be independent, and how proud she and Bob are of the children. Bob remarked that during his entire life he had never been unemployed. It may have been due to a number of circumstances – the times he lived in or his taking advantage of opportunities as they presented themselves. He also noted that small family-owned businesses have a notoriously short life span, usually dying out after two generations. Very few make it to three generations. Worth Smith Company, a competitor of Allegany Hardware for many years, is one, and Potter Lumber Company made it to four generations. The McCoys lasted two generations which is the norm.

Bob and Carolyn feel very blessed to be able to know their great-grandchildren. Bob never knew his great-grandfather so this time in their life is special, and they deeply love all their children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren, and are very proud of them.

Our thanks to Bob and Caroline McCoy for doing this oral history with Wes and Judy Martin – another piece of Allegany history saved.

Correction to the previous installment from Jerry Collins...

"Since I am the only Krampf left around, I have to mention a correction to Bob [McCoy]'s story. It was not Bob Krampf and Martha Wayland Krampf, but rather "Bud" Krampf and Martha Whelan Krampf.

Bud's real name was Harry Krampf II. Martha's Dad owned a very successful wholesale distributing business in Olean."

Ed. Note - Blame it on my hearing!



**Inside of Allegany Hardware
L. – Albert Wilcox; R Front; Fred Phillips
Circa 1920's**

MEMORIES

The article in our October newsletter brought back memories for me of life in Ann Arbor during the war.

Clothing was rationed, along with everything else, during the war. We had an unusual way of getting our skirts. We raised chickens and the feed came in flowered cotton sacks. When my parents bought feed, my two sisters and I tagged along to pick out the sacks we wanted because they would be our new skirts.

Mother had an old treadle sewing machine and she used those chicken feed sacks and anything else available to make our clothing. Socks were darned until there was more darn than sock. Nothing got thrown out. Holey jeans are fashionable now but then we patched the jeans that had holes, using jeans that had finally seen their day.

When bacon was cooked, the grease was saved to use as shortening since real shortening was rationed. This may account for my high cholesterol today! We sold eggs from our dozen chickens around the neighborhood. When a hen stopped laying, it became Sunday dinner. My mother grew up on a farm in Kentucky and knew how to kill a chicken, which process was a huge source of wonder to the neighbor kids. The way to pluck the feathers from a dead chicken was to put it into a bucket of hot water. Unfortunately, the job of plucking the wet feathers fell to me and my sisters who, being younger, weren't much help. I am here to tell you that there are few things in this world that smell worse than wet chicken feathers!

We had a garden, known in those days as a Victory Garden, on a rented plot of land across the Huron River. Mother canned everything from the garden that she could, and it was kept in our "cold cellar", a room in the cellar with a dirt floor that was cooler than the rest of the cellar. In my opinion, the worst job in the garden was not the weeding or the watering, it was killing potato bugs. You used two flat rocks and went down the rows of potatoes knocking the bugs onto one flat rock and crushing it with the other rock. After a while, you found two more rocks and continued on. There was a cemetery next to the garden and we would sometimes go there for a bit of shade. Water came from a well down the hill a bit. You had to take the lid off the well and dip a bucket in to get water. Unfortunately for us kids, snakes liked to live just under the lid. We got scared quite often by the snakes, who seemed just as scared of us. Most people didn't have freezers then. There was a building where you rented a frozen food locker if you wanted to freeze anything, like meat.

We had an icebox all during the war as steel was reserved for the war effort. We, along with a lot of other people, didn't have a refrigerator until the late 40's. The food was cooled by blocks of ice cut from the nearby Huron River during the winter, as well as from the many lakes around Ann Arbor. As the ice melted, the water fell into a tray under the icebox. It had to be emptied quite often, as I remember. I also remember the kitchen floor getting mopped a lot from spilled water as we went from the icebox to the sink.

None of this was unusual to us – everyone in town was doing the same thing, saving, scrimping, anything they could to make their ration stamps go farther.

I remember quite well the tremendous celebration of VE Day. Our dentist was on the second floor of a building overlooking the University of Michigan campus, and we went there to see the celebration. I had never before seen so many people in one place – people waving flags, horns honking, church bells ringing, what seemed like all of Ann Arbor celebrating. Though we knew that the war was only half over, we could see the end.

We would be glad to share your memories of the war – please send them in.

Treasurer's Report
October 1, 2016 - October 1, 2017

This report is presented to give you an understanding off our sources of income and our expenses.

AAHA receives no public assistance from Village, Town or State

INCOME:

Book & Map Sales	107.75
Christmas Cookie Sale	1043.00
Donations	1426.50
Donations/CRCF	12139.19
Donations/Memorials	2050.00
Membership Dues	2915.00
Raffle (Don Black Table)	290.00
Yearbook sales	<u>352.00</u>

TOTAL **20323.44**

EXPENSES

Citizen Printing	459.98
Copy Machine	213.93
Dues Paid to Other Associations	65.00
Fire Extinguishers	24.00
Greater Olean Chamber of Commerce	100.00
Grounds Maintenance (D. Swatt)	433.55
Insurance (Erie & Niagara)	1575.49
MISC	65.96
National Grid	1317.07
NYSEG	1976.69
Post Office (Box Rental/Permit Renewal)	295.00
Post Office (Bulk Mailings)	142.25
Programs	75.00
Yearbooks (New 2017)	<u>81.56</u>

TOTAL **6825.48**

Some information about the Nature's Remedy store where our Christmas Cookie sale will be held: Erastus Willard (born in 1823, died in 1888) began a mercantile business in the late 1840's in Allegany. Frederick Smith joined him as a clerk in 1857 and in 1868 became a partner in the general store known as Willard and Smith. In 1884, Frederick Smith became the sole owner. He operated the store until his death in 1918. Edward Smith then purchased the stock and the building and maintained the store until 1931 when Smith (Clarence) and Schultz (Howard) took over until 1950. Clarence Smith continued running the store until 1959. Geary's Early American Store occupied the building from 1960 until 1993. From 1994 to 2001, Fabulous Shirtheads took over the space. Nature's Remedy has been there since 2004.



Memorials



*For: Tom Walsh
From: Milt and Chris Bailey
Carol and Betsy Livingston*

*For: Lynn Shaffer
From: Vince and Karen Streif*

*For: Gary Forness
From: David and Melissa O'Dell*

*For: Gary and Lola Forness
From: Alice Altenburg*

*For: Bob Frisina
From: Al and Peggy Frisina*

For: Ellen Peck

From: Francie Potter

Margaret Parker

Lucy and Robert Benson, Jr.

Eileen and Bob Shabala

Mr. and Mrs. David Deitz

Hans and Charlene Sendlakowski

Bill and Trina Giardini

Bill Frasier

Kathy Premo

Donald and Reta Derx

Marcia Karl

Sam and Sherry Quattrone

Daniel and Cindy Pikulski

Mike and Roseanne Capra

Carol and Betsy Livingston

Since there has been a lot of talk about businesses on Main street, we thought you would like the following article from our March, 1993 issue.

Memories of 91 West Main Street and Dieteman's Ice Cream Parlor –

The building occupied by the Dieteman Brothers had quite a history before it became an ice cream parlor. The 36 x 80 foot building was erected in 1854 at the corner of Maple and North Second Street by George Bascom who owned most of the land in the village at that time. Mr. Bascom operated a grocery store there. He then had the building moved to 91 West Main Street in 1875. There was a grocery store that until Bascom's death in 1893.

Several owners conducted businesses there until Sid Brooks purchased it and ran a bakery. He succeeded in bringing down the price of bread and pastry in Allegany. Brooks retired in 1908 and sold the building to Henry Gallets of South Nine Mile Road. They had an ice cream parlor, operating it for two years before retiring to the farm. They rented the building to Sam and Frank Pfirsch who operated a bakery. Later the building was purchased by the Pfirsches in 1910 and an ice cream store was added. Sam Pfirsch continued in the business until Lawrence and Ernest Dieteman purchased it in 1923. They operated under the name of Dieteman Brothers.



**Dieteman's Ice Cream Parlor,
circa 1920's**

Fr. Paul Feichter, now located at St. Anthony's Friary, has vivid memories of Dieteman's Ice Cream Parlor for he and his family lived over the store during the years 1927-1930.

Fr. Feichter recalls that the ice cream parlor was the favorite gathering spot for St. Bonaventure collegians, seminarians, high school students, and locals from the Allegany-Olean area. It was an especially popular spot after football and basketball games. Fr. Feichter describes the ice cream parlor thus: "When one entered the front door, on the left was the cigar and cigarette stand usually presided over by Pete Dieteman, who also baked luscious pies. Next on the same side was the soda fountain where all the ice cream goodies were prepared: cokes, sodas, shakes, Mexican sundaes, etc. On the same side was a long counter with stools where pies, sandwiches, etc. were served. On the right when entering was where the candy and baked goods were sold. Along the west wall were booths with an Atwater Kent radio at the end near the south wall. Behind the south wall was the kitchen and bakery. In the middle were tables and chairs. The whole area was occupied and used. The ice cream was made downstairs. One hundred pound cakes of ice were stored in the ice house behind the main building".



**Sid Brooks Bakery, Sid Brooks on left,
circa 1900's**

Changes occurred in 1931. Jesse Fegley, a pharmacist, opened a drug store in the west portion of the store under the name of Allegany Pharmacy. In 1935, Ernest Dieteman purchased the interest of his brother and Mr. Fegley. The name was changed to Dieteman Cut Rate Drugs. Prescriptions were discontinued about 1937. Dieteman continued to operate until May, 1945, when Joe Hirsch purchased the stock and the name became Joseph Hirsch's Ice Cream Parlor & Confectionery Store. Unfortunately, the store was destroyed by fire on December of 1948. Memories of pleasant times spent there are all that are left. (Ed. Note – the site is now occupied by the Other Place.)

**Allegany Area Historical Association
P.O. BOX 162
Allegany, NY 14706**

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INSIDE SPECIAL ISSUE:

Presidents Report

Victory Garden

Mmmmm, Ice Cream...

NEXT MEETING

We will meet on Sunday, November 19 at 2 p.m. at the Heritage Center, 25 North Second Street. Bob McCoy, who formerly owned Allegany Hardware, will be our speaker.

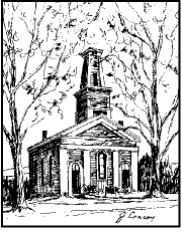
He will talk about some of the businesses that used to be on Main Street. He touched on some of them in his oral history interview, which concludes with this issue. Bob moved back to Allegany in 1962 and has seen many changes to the street. But he lived in Olean from an early age and remembers well some of the Allegany businesses from that time. The buildings themselves haven't changed a lot but the businesses have, reflecting the changes in the economy, the rise of big box stores, and internet shopping. Bob will add to our knowledge of our local history.

**SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 19 – 2 P.M.
HERITAGE CENTER
25 N. 2ND STREET, ALLEGANY**

www.allegany.org



us on Facebook: /AlleganyAreaHistoricalAssociation



Allegany Area Historical Association

October 2017

www.allegany.org

Issue XXXVI Vol. 3

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

We lost another long-time member in May, Marion Elling, who was our Corresponding Secretary for many years. She was also very involved in her church and other area community activities. She always made the most of a bad situation with a cheerful smile and funny quip. Our condolences to her family, who were her pride and joy.

Tom Stetz is our Building and Grounds Chairman, and he has been extremely busy this summer. First, we had an inspection by the Village Code Enforcement Officer and Tom handled that for us. We had a number of things that had to be done, some of them electrical, and Tom got Don Sue on board to help with all the necessary updates. The major item was the electrical wiring running to our outdoor sign. We could either replace it or eliminate it all together, and we elected to eliminate it. This then allowed us to move our sign hiding in back of our tree to a new location for better visibility. The old sign was encased in enough concrete to build a small dam! Tom dug out the old sign and got help to move the sign to its new location – it looks marvelous!!! Check it out on our Facebook page. A huge thank-you to Tom and his helpers – the ladies could never have done any of the necessary work.

We want to thank Dave Swatt who does our lawn maintenance for us. Dave goes above and beyond to make sure our lawn and flowers always look the best. He even puts in flags for us for the 4th of July holiday, so that we will have the best looking lawn on the block! Thanks, Dave, for all you do for us.

As our local members know, we raffled off a lovely coffee table made by Don Black of Fine Barnwood Tables of Allegany, which has a lot of local history in it. The top is Wormy Maple from Mt. Airy, N.C., the legs are Hemlock from Doug Shaffer's old barn on the Five Mile Road and the trestle bar and trim are White Oak from Perkin's old barn on the Four Mile Road. Kathy Premo of Allegany was the lucky winner, and we thank all who supported our fundraising effort. This was limited to our local area because we were not going to ship this.

We hope you've been following our Facebook page. Sue Schreiber Kalman does a fantastic job of keeping it up, using pictures from our files of Paul's Steakhouse, Meadowbrook Dairy, the Allegany Drive-in and the Castle Restaurant, among others. We get a lot of comments about these pictures and the memories they generate. If there's anything you'd like to see on the page, let us know. We're at [Facebook.com/Allegany Heritage Center](https://www.facebook.com/AlleganyHeritageCenter), which leads you to Allegany Area Historical Association.

Our March meeting, which was held in April for various reasons, was a huge success. Char Sendlakowski talked about the old businesses of Allegany and then it was opened up to those in attendance. Bob McCoy talked about Allegany Hardware (see Bob's oral history elsewhere in this issue), and John Geringer also talked about some of the businesses that used to line Main Street. Other audience members also had memories of the past to contribute. We'll try to do more of this kind of meeting in the future.

We are always on the lookout for pictures from any era of the businesses on Main Street. Char Sendlakowski is trying to compile a business history of Main Street from business directories, stories and ads in the Allegany Citizen, and other sources. If you have Main Street business pictures, we would be delighted to have copies made, at our expense, to add to our collection.

FRANCIE POTTER, PRESIDENT

Oral history interview with Bob and Caroline McCoy, done in May, 2017 by Wes and Judy Martin

Bob was born in Cleveland, Ohio on Jan. 4, 1936 and moved to Olean in 1940 because his father worked for a wholesale hardware company, and his "territory" was the immediate Olean area. He lived in Boardmanville and walked to School #5 every day. Kids walked everywhere in those days, to the swimming pool in War Veteran's Park and to the movies at the Palace, Haven and State theaters. Since World War II was going on, the kids all saw lots of war movies and played war games. The toy guns were made of a paper mache material since all the metal was going into the war effort but if you left your gun out in the rain, it was completely melted the next day. Each movie started with a news reel – a lot of people got their news that way since there was no television. Carolyn said the movies cost 10 cents

Once a year, in a lot that Mr. Jaekle owned off of Main Street, the Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus came to town with their 3-ring circus. It was grand to see the circus set up. All the kids offered to help and if you did get picked to help, you got a free ticket. Since Bob lived near Bartlett Country Club he could pick up some money by caddying for the golfers since there weren't golf carts at that time.

The hill rising to the east of Boardmanville served as a great sledding hill or ski hill but the really scary thing was to ride a toboggan down the hill. They played games like Hide and Seek and Kick the Can. Bob and his sister Mary each had a paper route for the morning Buffalo paper, which had to be delivered before they went to school.

Since Bob's mother didn't drive and his father was working, Bob walked to the high school when he started there in 1950. He went by way of Wayne Street to the bridge over the Thatcher Glass plant to the back of the high school. A wood working class he took became the basis of a lifelong hobby. He played baseball and football but sat most of the games on the bench as he wasn't a good player.

The family moved to Allegany in 1954 but he and his sister were allowed to continue their classes at Olean High, and rode the city bus back and forth. They moved to Allegany because his father, along with Larry Dodd of Salamanca, bought the Allegany Hardware from Mr. Ed Green and Mr. Schultz. Bob's dad continued to work as a salesman and Larry ran the store. Bob's dad also bought Ed Green's house on Fourth Street.

In 1953 he took a 2 year course in construction at Alfred Tech. As it happened, Carolyn was part of the enrollment team. Carolyn took classes in modern dance and drama. She said her drama coach had given her orders to sign up any tall, dark and handsome guy up for modern dance as they were short of that kind of student. So she got Bob to sign up and they both performed in a production of "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue" for many other schools.

Between his freshman and senior year he looked for summer construction jobs in Schenectady because that was close to Carolyn's home in Mechanicville. He got hired by a company but now needed a place to live. As it turned out, Carolyn lived with her grandmother and there happened to be an extra room. Carolyn's grandmother offered the room to Bob and he took it for \$10 a week, room and board. At the end of the summer, Carolyn's grandmother gave to Bob all the money he had paid during the summer, and told him she didn't need it and he was to use it for the upcoming school year.

Carolyn's family moved around a lot when she was young. Her father was an alcoholic and drank his paycheck every week so things at home were very tight. In 1942 he went into the Navy and the family moved to Mechanicville where her grandparents had bought a 13 room house for \$3,000. Carolyn's family lived across the street from her grandmother and grandfather, and Carolyn and her siblings spent a lot of time at her grandmother's house. After the war Carolyn's father went back to his old ways, so her mother and sisters moved into the big house when Carolyn was 12. "My grandmother was a very special person who would help anyone who needed help. At Sunday dinner there would be 12 or 13 people, friends and family who needed

help. She never told us what to do but we never wanted to disappoint her in any way so we did the right thing and tried to live the right way."

Bob graduated in 1954 and called the contractor in Schenectady that he had worked for in the summer but his former boss wasn't able to hire him at that time. But he had a friend with the Arrow Glass Company in Schenectady who hired Bob. He was put into a department that sold glass store fronts to businesses.

So Bob was set – he had a job and a lovely girlfriend. After a while, he and Carolyn got married and lived in an apartment in Schenectady, and then bought a house there. But Bob went into the Army Reserve and Carolyn couldn't afford to pay the mortgage on the house, but found a couple who wanted a house for 6 months. So Carolyn moved back to her grandmother's while Bob was gone for Basic Training. After Bob got home he joined a reserve unit near Schenectady and spent one weekend a month training for 6 years. He also had to spend 2 weeks each summer at a military installation picked by the Army, which included Camp Drum and Fort Dix.

In high school Carolyn was undecided between being a nurse and being a lab tech. After spending time on an internship in Troy Hospital, she quickly decided that nursing was not for her. She was the first in her family to go to college and went to Alfred Tech for their Industrial Lab Tech program, which had just started. After Carolyn graduated she worked for GE in Schenectady in their Atomic Power Lab and got to work on the Sea Wolf, the first atomic-powered submarine.



Allegany Hardware (owned at this time by Fred Phillips), Griffin & Walley Grocery and The Central Pharmacy (owned and operated by Dr. Hicks). People in the picture are: L to R: Anthony Sparanzo; Frank Turner; Ed. Green; Red Chamberlain; Rhinehart Bockmier; Fred Phillips on wagon. Circa 1905.

The horse is standing on the scales in front of the hardware and the charge was ten cents to get your rig weighed. Much of the trade at this time was in barter, customers paying with cords of wood, beef or carpentry work. Wood stoves sold for \$12.00 in 1893.

Bob got a call from his dad in 1962 asking him to come back to Allegany and be his partner in the hardware store as Mr. McCoy's partner had health problems and couldn't work anymore. So Bob and Carolyn moved back to an apartment on Elm Street. Bob's dad had his eye on the vacant store next to the hardware store so he could expand. The owner didn't want to sell but it was fine with her if the McCoys rented it and they could cut a door between the two buildings. To help fill the new space, the McCoys decided to sell appliances. The hardware store remained a real old-fashioned hardware – nails by the bagful, steel pipe by the foot, pots and pans, mops and paint. The owner decided to sell in 1964 so the McCoys now owned the two storefronts.

With all that going on, Bob and Carolyn bought a house on the corner of Third and Chestnut that had been owned by Bob and Martha Wayland Krampf. Carolyn said the house had a butler's pantry and there was a foot

paddle in the dining room which Mrs. Wayland could press to summon the butler. It was by far the biggest house they had lived in. The full attic offered a grand place for the kids to run around in, and the finished basement was ideal for bike riding when it rained.

Next door to the hardware to the west was Silvain's diner. To the east was the Hickey Tavern, supposedly named for the Hickey Dining Hall on the university campus. Across the street where Studio 4 East is today was Jim Gould's men's clothing store.

Across the alley to the east was the Allegany Citizen, owned by Allie Mutschlechner and his assistant was Harold Carls who was there for 52 years. When Mr. Carls retired, Mark Moyer, a grandson of the founder bought the business and continued to publish the weekly Allegany Citizen until 1976. It then became a job printing business. Ed Dornow had a drug store at the corner of Third and Main. Next door was Ed Bruno's hardware store. Other stores in town were Geary's Furniture store and McCaffery and Baker Dress store. When Bob would go to McCaffery and Baker to buy a gift for Carolyn he didn't know her size but the ladies always told him not to worry, that they knew the size – the joys of living in a small town. The Village Barber Shop, owned by Pete DeCapua and Archie Wood was housed in a building that used to be owned by Mike Boser, who dealt in fur pelts. These were just some of the businesses on Main Street.

When the hardware was selling appliances, the power company sponsored a contest for the best looking store window featuring electric appliances. Bob designed a window of a new (at that time) side by side refrigerator next to a refinished wooden ice box. It won the first prize of a paid weekend trip to New York City so Bob's parents went to New York for the first time in their lives, and Bob still has the wooden ice box.

In 1964 a branch of the Jaycees was formed in Allegany with Bob as the first President. One of the things they did to promote the area was to hold a Winter Carnival at the new Grosstal Ski Area on the West Five Mile Road. Activities were held at the ski area, and for those who didn't ski, sledding and tobogganing was at the St. Bonaventure golf course. Helicopter rides between the two areas was provided by Prior Aviation of Buffalo. Other activities included a ski clothing fashion show and a banquet at the Castle Restaurant, where the main speaker was Paul Harvey, the noted radio commentator. The carnival was a huge success.

TO BE CONTINUED

IT'S TIME TO ONCE AGAIN PAY YOUR YEARLY DUES!!

October is the time to pay your yearly dues. We don't send out reminders to our members since all the members get our newsletter, so we take this method of telling you that it is time to renew your membership. We also save postage. A single membership is \$10 per year, a family membership is \$15 and a patron membership is \$20 or more. Make your check to AAHA and mail it to PO Box 162, Allegany, NY 14706.

If you have paid your dues recently, you are paid for the year. If you don't renew after a reasonable amount of time, we will take you off the mailing list, and where else will you be able to keep up with the happenings of the past and present in your old home town. We value your support – it enables us to present interesting speakers, and to mount displays of items from our files.

TIMES CHANGE

Another great article from Gertrude Schnell for your enjoyment-----

My Grandmother, Delia Rehler Schnell, never had a cook book, recipe card, newspaper or magazine with a recipe in it. All foods and meals were prepared from her memory. Food preparation was probably handed down from her Other and Sisters and from trial and error.

Many of the meals were prepared from things found on the farm. Animals provide milk, meat, sausage, salt pork, head cheese, roasts, bacon, etc. The garden gave vegetables and rhubarb, and even the green wild growing things were eaten. The apple and plum trees were utilized as well as berries growing nearby. Hickory nuts were on the trees along the road. Even the creek supplied fish.

Today, times have changed. Most homes have various cook books, recipe cards, magazines, newspapers, and the internet. Preparation of meals has also changed. Many times the cook starts out with a commercial product like soup or a box of something, and adds certain ingredients to make a meal. There are even cook books advising using s favorite name brand and adding three ingredients to make tasty, exciting dished.

Cooking today is probably faster and simpler, but are the results any tastier?

Ed. Note -This article reminded me of my Grandmother's Sugar Cookies. Grandma was a pinch of this and a handful of that cook and I am a by the recipe cook. I wanted her Sugar Cookie recipe so I spent a few delightful afternoons following her around her kitchen, measuring ingredients before she put them in the batter. I think of those pleasant times every time I make the cookies.

Memorials



*For: Duane Clark
From: John and Jillian Walsh*

*For: Stephen Eaton
From: Gary Forness*

*For: Don Bergreen
From: John and Jilian Walsh*

*For: Marion Elling
From: Francie Potter*

*For: Barbara Panus
From: Robert and Susan Bubbs*

*Margaret Parker
Alice Altenburg
Charlene and Hans Sendlakowski
Harold and Marjorie Geise*

*For Lynn Schaffer
From: Robert and Susan Bubbs*

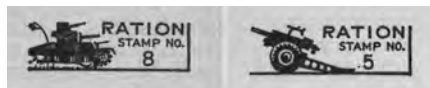
*Marcia Karl
Sam and Sherry Quattrone
Deborah and John Freeman
Kay and Bill Palmer
Canisteo-Greenwood Faculty and Staff*

*For: Doris Kelley
From: Rosemary Ryan*

*For: Anna Wenzel
From: Harold and Marjorie Geise*

*For: Tom Walsh
From: Francie Potter
John and Jillian Walsh*

BACK IN THE DAY-----



One of the items in our collection is a letter from May 27, 1942 from the county Office of Civilian Protection, which gives an idea of the preparations in our country during that time of war.

Mr. Forest Wing, Supervisor, Allegany, New York

Dear Forest:



I have divided rural Cattaraugus County into eleven zones for our "set up" on Civilian Protection Program. You are located in Zone 2, which consists of Allegany, Carrollton and Humphrey.

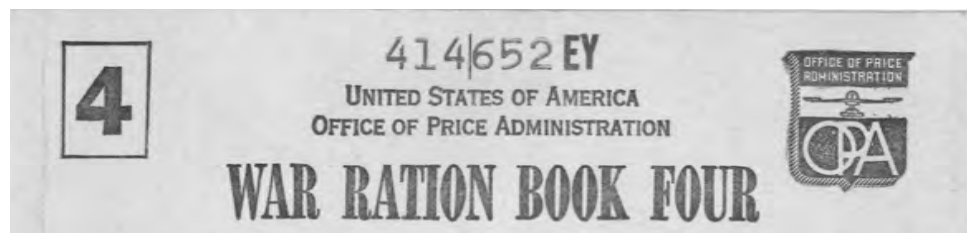
Will you, acting as Temporary Chairman, either call a meeting or contact the supervisors in Zone 2 – namely Clark and Devine - and from your group appoint one to act as Deputy Director of Civilian Protection in that zone. The remaining supervisors will act as advisors to the Deputy Director. The duties of the Deputy Director will be – complete charge of all activities in that zone, information to be sent to him soon.

Orders from the State and Federal Departments come often and constant change is taking place. We will have to meet with these changes as they present themselves.

Will you inform me at once of your appointment so that I may continue on with our organization and get it into action.

Very truly yours,

Morgan L. Siegel
Director of Civilian Protection
Cattaraugus County



P.S. Please send phone number or numbers of Deputy Director

Along those same lines, this is an article from our May 1992 newsletter, written by Marge Green.

Fifty years ago, in 1942 our country was deeply involved in World War II. Looking back to issues of the Allegany Citizen during that time, it is evident how people on the home front were involved in war related activities. Some excerpts from the paper may bring back memories to some of our older AAHA members and to the younger members, it may pique your interest in WW II days.



RATIONING – 1942

The April 30 issue of the "Citizen" stated that heads of families were to appear at District Schools to secure permits for the purchase of sugar. Prof. Johnson had a corps of 24 teachers ready to conduct the registration for War Ration Books.

Those who had 2 pounds of sugar per person were urged to register although they would not be issued ration cards and stamps until their supply of sugar was reduced to 2 pounds per person. Applicants were required to state the amount of sugar they had on hand.

The May 7 issue of the "Citizen" covered news of gas rationing. Again, the schools took over the registration for gas rationing. There were 5 different types of gas cards: A, B-1, B-2, B-3 and X. "A" card holders were for non-essential motorists, or those who drove less than 6 miles daily – 21 gallons. B-1 card holders who drove 6 to 10 miles daily – 33 gallons. B-2 card holders who drive 10 to 14 miles daily – 45 gallons. B-3 card holders were for those who could not accurately predict their daily mileage, like doctors

and nurses, who might have to travel over a wide area. They were given unlimited gasoline for their essential uses. (No explanation for X card holders.)

A motorist could use his allowance as he pleased, adhering to the average weekly figure or spending the entire amount for the 47-day period for a few days of vacation. However, dealers might not be able to supply a motorist with his full allotment at one time.

The May 14 issue of the "Citizen" reminds us that recycling was taking place 50 years ago.

Scrap for Victory Campaign was to take place with a goal of collecting one hundred tons of scrap in the Town of Allegany. Scrap steel, iron, brass and any other metal no longer usable was to be collected. Walter J. Nenno was the chairman of the Cattaraugus County Salvage.

The scrap was to be brought to W. N. Hall & Son lumber yard, weighed by a licensed weigh master with a receipt given to each contributor who had paid the local market price. As stated in the "Citizen" a hundred tons of scrap sounds like a lot of metal, but it takes 500 lbs. for one aerial bomb.

April 30, 1942

The older men had to register under the Selective Service Act as amended. Men between the ages of 45 and 65 registered. This was in the nature of a survey to determine what hidden talent could be brought to light as far as the war was concerned.



Police – Be prepared – July 1942

A mass meeting of the Air Raid Wardens, firemen and all others interested in the Allegany Defense Council was held in the Town Hall, with more than 100 persons attending. Clare Welsh was elected Director of Civilian Defense of the town and village, and Albert Collins was named as the Chief Air Raid Warden. The village and township of Allegany was divided into zones with a leader and assistant in charge of each zone.

At the County level, highway employees, town and village superintendents of highways learned what was expected of them in repairing and clearing roads of debris and keeping main arteries of travel open in the event this County was subject to any bombing attacks.

The highway employees had to be fingerprinted and carry identification cards in order to move equipment or personnel if an emergency arose, or in case of a practice blackout. The Niagara Frontier anticipated having a practice blackout once a month.

There were many rules and regulations to conserve on gasoline, tires and machinery. There was to be no useless idling of motors, even though the vehicle started hard. As stated by County Superintendent of Highways, C. H. Edmonds, "We've all got our job to do to win this war and we're going to do it."

The basic program of the state called for pooling of rides by workers, increased car occupancy to eliminate duplication of vehicle use, cutting down on non-essential driving, elimination of high speed driving and proper vehicle maintenance.

Again, Superintendent Edmonds said, "We will need the support, cooperation and active assistance and participation of city and county officials business and industry organizations and civic groups, workers, shoppers and motorists."



Collection for Navy Relief Fund

Dr. R. N. Forbes was chairman of the drive for funds for the Navy Relief Society. The "Citizen" listed all the contributions and the amount people gave. The amount of contributions seemed indicative of what the average wage was at that time. One dollar was given by some contributors but many gave 25 cents or 50 cents.

Although the drive was not completed, at one point, Dr. Forbes had collected \$257.45. One dollar went a lot farther in 1942 than it does today!

**Allegany Area Historical Association
P.O. BOX 162
Allegany, NY 14706**

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RETURN SERVICE REQUESTED

INSIDE SPECIAL ISSUE:

Presidents Report

New Partner In The Hardware Store

No Useless Idling Of Motors

NEXT MEETING

The Olean Street Car Company operated in our area from the 1860's to 1927. It ran from Olean to Allegany, all the way to Little Valley, Bradford, Bolivar, Shinglehouse, and a lot of stops along the way.

On Sunday, October 15 at 2 pm at the Heritage Center, 25 North Second Street, Larry Kilmer will tell us about the history of the street cars in our area. Larry, a native of Olean, has for a long time, had an interest in street cars and railroads in the area. He collaborated with his father on three books about area railroads, and is working on a book of his own about the railroads that came through Olean from 1851 to the present.

Larry, on the board of the Olean Historical Society and the Eldred, Pa. Historical Society, will bring some of his collection of railroad artifacts that he has gathered for over 50 years.

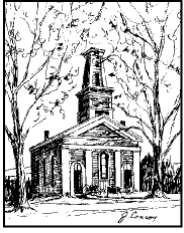
Come hear Larry Kilmer fill in a forgotten part of our history and tell how street cars changed the face of Allegany.

**SUNDAY, OCTOBER 15 – 2 P.M.
HERITAGE CENTER
25 N. 2ND STREET, ALLEGANY**

www.allegany.org



us on Facebook: /AlleganyAreaHistoricalAssociation



Allegany Area Historical Association

March 2018

www.allegany.org

Issue XXXVII Vol. 1

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Once again, we had a good Christmas Cookie Sale, netting over \$1,100 in sales and donations. Thanks to Diane Boser and her elves for their hard work in organizing it, Linda Kruppner and her staff at Nature's Remedy for hosting us and our great bakers. We boxed 121 dozen cookies and had many delicious Christmas specials. We had cookies left this year, which we donated to the Olean Food Pantry and Genesis House. At our Community Christmas Service the next day, we collected \$72 for Genesis House and many paper products for them. Thanks to Rev. Dan Buringrud for conducting the service and Kim Voegelin for the musical accompaniment.

We had our annual meeting in November instead of October. We had to elect three Trustees to a 2 year term. Mel Duggan retired as a Trustee after being on the board for many, many years. He is a Florida resident now, but does spend some time in Allegany. Re-elected were Tom Stetz and Jim Hitchcock, and Alice Altenburg was elected to take Mel's seat. THANK YOU, Mel, for everything you've done for us over the years. He did say, though, that he is still going to help us as we need it.

I hope you follow our Facebook page, which Sue Schreiber Kalman does for us. It has information about our meetings, and lots of pictures of bygone Allegany. Check it out.

The Allegany Public Library has a new nighttime look. Thanks to the efforts of Bob Parker from the library, a \$1,000 grant from the Cattaraugus Region Community Foundation, a \$500 donation from the Enchanted Mountain Garden Club, an anonymous donor, and electrician Todd Depuy, the building is now lit up on the outside at night. Check it out. Perhaps more buildings in Allegany could be done like this.

Pete Forness, the unofficial "mayor" of Allegany shovels our walk for us. I did it for years but one day a few years ago I went down to shovel and found it already done. I couldn't find out who was doing this until I happened to get there when Pete was hard at work. He says it's good exercise for him and he's glad to do it. I am too because if he didn't I would have to! If you see Pete, thank him.

Our Trustee, Tom Stetz, takes care of our grounds and building for us. This winter I asked him to check the building as we had a big thaw and there was lots of water around. He did and found everything was fine, except for a small amount of water outside of the women's bathroom that had been there for a while. He mopped it up and checked the building for the next several days. Each time he found the same amount of water in the same spot. But then he happened to be there and heard dripping. What had been happening was there is a water discharge from the furnace into the sink and the drain trap under the sink was leaking. He replaced it, along with the pipe going into the floor as that was corroded. Problem fixed – thanks, Tom. I know that when you own a building, it's patch, patch patch, whether the building is new or old like ours.

Tom Stetz pointed out two things Allegany is missing – a full service grocery store (meat and fresh produce), and a laundromat now that our existing one is to be torn down. Up until January 9th there wasn't a place in Allegany to get breakfast, except on the weekends, but now the Brickhouse is open for breakfast except for Mondays. Hopefully that will last.

We had an inquiry about Puggity Chute, as North Second Street used to be called in the early and mid 1900's. Our history book just has a bit of information about this but doesn't say why it was called that or where the name came from. Anyone out there who can help?????

Francie Potter, President

ORAL HISTORY INTERVIEW WITH JIM AND DIANE BOSER,

done by Wes and Judy Martin on July 20, 2017

Jim's ancestors came to Allegany in the mid-1800's on the Birch Run Road. His grandfather, John, started as a farmer then went to work for the railroad in the shop repairing cars and locomotives. His father was born in 1913 on the family farm near where the American Legion is today. Shortly after that, the family moved into the village. In the 1930's his dad started a restaurant business where the Village Inn was, but decided that wasn't for him, so he built a service station next door at 119 West Main. The family lived in an apartment upstairs. Jim had 5 sisters and things got a bit crowded in the apartment so in 1944, his dad bought what was called the Harms mansion at the corner of Fourth and Main.

He had a cousin who was a pilot during WW II, and who once flew his plane over Allegany and Jim still remembers his cousin's mother waving a towel at him as he flew over. The cousin was killed during the war. Jim, being born in 1936, remembers a lot about the war. His mother was an air raid warden who had to go around to make sure lights weren't showing at night. Since Olean had a refinery, the area was considered a target. Across from the gas station was an empty lot where scrap metal and tires were collected for the war effort. Of course, at the gas station ration stamps were required to make a purchase. Everything was rationed then, meat, clothing, anything that could be used in the war effort.

Diane was born in Columbus, Ohio and had a sister and 4 brothers. She entered nurses training in Columbus after high school. Her mother told her not to go to the USO dances because they were nothing but trouble. Being 18, she went anyway, met Jim there, and the rest is history. They have been married 60 years in 2017. She has a brother married 61 years, and a sister married 58 years. One of Jim's sisters has been married 58 years, so "until death does us part" means something in their families.

Jim has seen many changes to Allegany over the years, particularly in the business district. There used to be many restaurants, a bowling alley, a pool hall, clothing stores, and movies in a theater over the town Hall. Jimmy Cornelius of Olean was the owner and Doc Kinney of Allegany ran the projector, and it cost 25 cents to get in. Of course, Olean had three theaters so if you wanted more, you rode the bus to Olean.

Jim started school at Little Bona's, the parochial school on Main Street, until 3rd grade when he transferred to Allegany Central, and graduated in 1955. He now serves as President of the Allegany Alumni Association, and in doing his Meals on Wheels rounds, sees a lot of his old classmates.



Jayne Mansfield on movie set in Spain



Jim Boser and friend exploring Spain

At the end of the Korean War, the draft was still in effect. Jim and some of his friends didn't want to get drafted so they signed up for the U.S. Air Force. He went through basic training at Samson Air Base on Seneca Lake. His group was the last to go through basic at Samson as it was closed then, and is now a NY State Park. Basic training was an introduction to "real life" for someone from a small town. There was only one black person in Allegany and about half of Jim's basic training were black.

After Samson, Jim flew to Columbus from Bradford Airport on a C47 – his first flight ever. He was a Specialist in finance and accounting. Jim and Diane married in April of 1957. Jim was then sent to Spain and Diane joined him in October of that year. They were there until Jim left service. Their two older children – Tim and Cindy – were born in the base hospital in Madrid, at a cost of \$5 per child.

When Jim got to Spain, his friend from Allegany, Duane Carlson, was already there in the service and helped Jim and Diane get settled in. They were the only non-Spanish speaking people in their apartment complex. The language barrier was something to get over, but there were enough Spanish people who had a bit of English so they managed.

They toured a bit while there, as much as a limited budget would allow. A Spanish colleague of Jim's took them to the bull fights, and to Real Madrid soccer matches. One time, on a picnic in the country, they saw Jayne Mansfield riding a donkey during the making of a movie. The customs were different – dinner was at 11 p.m., and everyone, except the Air Force personnel, took a siesta during the day. Spain was a Catholic country so there were lots of Catholic holidays to be observed.

When his tour was up, Jim bought a new Volkswagen and had it shipped back. He was discharged at McGuire Air Force Base in New Jersey and then picked up the car in Brooklyn. They came to Allegany and Jim went back to the gas station with his father from 1959 to 1968. The station was also a tire distributor and did a good business. They lived with Jim's parents for about 2 months and then moved to the apartment over the old fire hall on the corner of Fifth and Main, now Catalano Plumbing & Heating. Jim's dad owned the building then and the fire department had what few pieces of equipment they owned on the first floor. It was always a tight squeeze to get the equipment in, and that caused the department to build a new fire hall on First Street.

Jim has been a member of the fire department since 1954, and is now a Life Active Member. Jim vividly remembers one call. He and Pete Fortuna took the department's Cadillac ambulance to a call on Seventh Street for a car into a house. When they arrived, no one was in the car, and all the lights were on in the house. They knocked on the door and when they did, the house exploded! They had been on the front porch but wound up 60 to 70 feet away on the lawn, nearly in the road. Pete was more seriously injured than Jim, who called back to the department and told them to bring everything they had. One of the neighbors took them to St. Francis Hospital, with Pete staying there for about 2 weeks and Jim only a couple of days. Jim said they were both very lucky to survive! The car had severed the gas meter off the house. The homeowners never said anything about gas in the house when they called for help, before they left the house. Had the firemen known about gas in the house, they would have responded differently. The driver, who was drunk, was a neighbor of Pete Fortuna's.

Diane said the explosion shook the whole village. When she heard the news over the scanner, she called Jim's parents. Jim's mother stayed with their four children and Jim's dad took Diane to the hospital. On their way home they stopped on Seventh Street to see the house. Diane said there wasn't any house left to see, just a foundation. She said it was a miracle they both weren't killed.

TO BE CONTINUED

THIS AND THAT-----

97 (!) year old George Schreiber has made a big move – to The Pines Nursing Home in Olean. George always says that he's going to live to be 100, and who can doubt him at the rate he's going. The family reports the move went better than they anticipated. George settled in nicely. It's taking the staff a few days to get to know him and his needs, but that's normal. It's a bright and cheerful facility, and everyone is very friendly. We featured George's oral history in our May 2013 issue. If you want to send George a card welcoming him to his new digs, his address is: George Schreiber, The Pines #B-19C, 2245 West State Street, Olean, New York 14760.

It's not too late to take in the World War I exhibit at the Cattaraugus County Historical Museum in Machias. It will be up through March. We loaned the museum some articles we have that belonged to Clare Welch, a soldier in that war. They included his Army trunk, his uniform, including his puttees and his gas mask. Check it out.

I spoke recently to the Allegany 60 Plus Club about the history of Allegany. I enjoyed it and hope they did too. Several membership applications were handed out, as well as some old newsletters and other materials that I had taken with me. If you know of other groups that would be interested in our history, let me know.

If anyone has an idea for speakers or programs they'd like to hear, please contact us. We're always on the lookout for programs that will appeal to our members. Some of our best programs in the past have come from suggestions from our members.
We aim to please!

Memorials



For: Helen McCully

From: The McCully Family

For: Ellen Peck

From: Helen Larson

John P. Walsh

For: Marion Elling

From: Kathy Premo

For: Doris Kelly

From: Kathy Premo

ITEMS FOR SALE

In addition to our history book, we have many more items for sale. These make good birthday presents, or just anytime presents. Here's what we have:

POST CARDS - 4 different Allegany scenes
- 75 cents each, plus shipping.

ALLEGANY HISTORY VIDEOS - \$10, plus \$5
shipping

ALLEGANY HISTORY DVD'S - \$18, plus
shipping

TALES OF WAR AND CONFINEMENT - \$6,
plus \$3 shipping

WE GET MAIL



We received a note from Tony Rado, who said he loves receiving the newsletter (thanks, Tony). He enclosed an article his mother, Zine Rado, wrote for the Citizen when his dad got home from serving in the Army Amphibious Engineers during WW II. Here it is.

T-3 John A. Rado, aged 38, arrived in town last Thursday, having been honorably discharged at Fort Knox, Ky., Dec. 18 under the over age eligibility.

A former employee with the New York Transit Company in the Four Mile district, Johnny expects to resume his position in the near future. He is residing with his wife, Zine and daughter, Sharon, at 85 ½ North Fourth Street in this village.

Johnny was called up by the Salamanca draft board November 8, 1943 and a year later shipped overseas, being stationed in England, France and Belgium as chief boiler operator and maintenance man on a floating power unit of the army, thereby being on a ship most of the time.

He left the European theatre of operations last summer and shipped direct to the Pacific, landing in Luzon the first part of August. He arrived back in San Francisco on his birthday, December 8.

For his service, John was awarded the ETO ribbon with one battle star for the Rhineland campaign, and Asiatic-Pacific ribbon, the Good Conduct ribbon, American Theatre ribbon and Victory Medal, and two overseas stripes for his 13 months service in foreign lands.

It is interesting to note that he held an unusual job on his way from California to Kentucky, that of fireman. It seems that at Salt Lake City, Utah, his commanding officer refused to go any further on the train of day coaches which the unit had been forced to use on its way east. So the train was held up while the railroad company made up a Pullman string, and during the seven hour wait Johnny kept the boys warm by tending an improvised wood stove. Eventually the Pullman arrived and the company continued on its way to the separation center at Fort Knox.

MORE MAIL

Pat Dominessy wrote to say how much she enjoyed the article Bob McCoy and the Allegany Hardware. She is the daughter of Larry Dodd who was mentioned in the article as the business partner of Mr. McCoy (Bob's dad). She was in the 8th grade when her family moved back to Allegany in 1948. After living in temporary housing, her family lived upstairs over the hardware for a time, until moving to a house on 4th Street and finally to Union Street in Allegany.

She says, "I can't tell you how many days per year were spent taking inventory in that hardware store. My sister Shirley and I were great friends of Jane, Mary, Bob and Ray McCoy. It was a great pleasure to read of Bob's memories of those days gone by the wayside."

Marlynn Olson-Ray of Randolph also thoroughly enjoyed Bob's article. Reliving old memories is the best.

**Allegany Area Historical Association
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INSIDE SPECIAL ISSUE:

Presidents Report

House Explodes

An Unusual Job

NEXT MEETING

We will meet on Sunday, March 11 at 2 p.m. at the Heritage Center, 25 North Second Street. AAHA Trustee Charlene Sendlakowski will talk about the businesses that used to be on Main Street between Second and Third Streets.

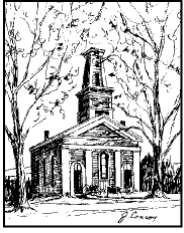
She will tell us what businesses used to be where on the street over the years, and who the owners were. She gathered her information from The Allegany Citizen, city directories and other materials. She said it was very easy to get sidetracked in her research, as information about one business would lead her down another avenue, not the business she was looking for.

Please join us as Char fills in the gaps in our local history.

**SUNDAY, MARCH 11 – 2 P.M.
HERITAGE CENTER
25 N. 2ND STREET, ALLEGANY**



Miller Block
circa 1888



Allegany Area Historical Association

May 2018

www.allegany.org

Issue XXXVII Vol. 2

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

A well known Allegany figure passed away in February. Pastor Gerard "Jerry" Drum died after a long battle with Alzheimer's. Jerry came to Allegany as pastor of St. John's Lutheran church in November of 1963 and served the church until his retirement in 1996. He was an advanced EMT and Chaplain with the Allegany Fire Department, and was a Red Cross CPR instructor, among other things. I know many of our out of town members who used to live here knew Jerry, or were members of his church. He left his stamp on the community through his church ministry and also his work with the fire department. Our condolences to his family.

Does anyone have a 1952 yearbook that they would be willing to donate to the association? It would complete our yearbook collection, which is a source of interest to our visitors, and they also go through them for research and to remind them of "the good old days".

Please notify us if you move, whether to warmer climates for the winter or on a more permanent basis. If your newsletter is returned to us with "No Forwarding Address" on it, we are at a loss.

Our exhibit for the summer, when we are open, will be about World War I. Do any of our members have items they would be willing to loan us for the summer? We have several items, especially from the Clare Welch family, that are loaned presently to the Cattaraugus County Museum in Machias, that we will use for our exhibit. Anything you might have would be gratefully accepted for the summer – the more the better.

Do you have a vacuum cleaner that you are getting rid of in an upgrade? AAHA is looking for a newer vacuum that cleans better and is less clunky than our present one which is a bear to move around. So please think of us – upright or canister, we don't care.

We are looking for some of our younger members to help us out this summer. We are open on Wednesdays from May through September from 1 to 4 in the afternoon. We need some more members to be on hand to help our visitors who stop in. We will provide any necessary training, but not a lot is needed. A schedule is set up and members usually only work one Wednesday a month. If you are interested in learning more about your historical association, and meeting new people, please contact us. We'd be glad to have you.

When you're doing spring cleaning and come on old pictures of Allegany, think of us. We would be glad to make copies at our expense to add to our files and expand our knowledge of the history of Allegany.

Francie Potter, President

ORAL HISTORY INTERVIEW WITH JIM AND DIANE BOSER,

done by Wes and Judy Martin on July 20, 2017

Jim said that before dial phones were in general use, and before the 911 system, people called the operator at the phone office which was above the former credit union, across from the Town Hall on Main Street. The operator served as the fire department dispatcher, set off the siren and contacted the firemen. When dial phones came in, the fire department number was 373-1311. Each fireman was connected in and could set off the siren from home. This system was in effect for 20 years until the current 911 system started. Jim said that during the days before 911, the firemen responded to an average of 200 calls a year. He said it was especially difficult when the victim was a young person or someone the firemen knew. They saw every type of accident, but Rt. 417 from Vandalia to the American Legion had the most automobile accidents, sometimes one a month. Once the expressway went in, the accident rate dropped way down.

The training for an EMT back then was 40 hours. The fire department had 50 active members, and 30 of them were EMT's. Now the training is very extensive, so much so that in 2011 the department split into 2 branches, the Allegany Volunteer Fire Department and the Allegany Rescue and EMS Squad.

When Jim got out of the service and was working for his dad at the service station, at the age of 25 he was approached by the school superintendent about driving a school bus, which he did for a few years. He also worked part-time at the post office filling in during the summer and the Christmas holidays for the regular carriers. The postmaster suggested he take the civil service test, which he did. When an opening developed at St. Bonaventure, he started to work there. Jim said that was the best thing he ever did because he finally had a regular steady job, and it was only 5 minutes away.

His first four bosses there were Franciscans, as the Postmaster at that time had to live on campus. Eventually that changed and Jim became Postmaster there in 1980 and stayed there until he retired in 1995. He made many friends with the friars there over the years, especially Fr. Dan Riley and Fr. John O'Conner. Bob Lanier caused a lot of extra work for the post office there because he got lots of fan mail! The post office was a free-standing building then and during the flood of 1972, most of the campus got flooded. The post office shut down for 4 days. The post office site was determined to be the best place on campus to build the new Regina Quick Center for the Arts, so it was torn down over 20 years ago and moved to a lounge in the Reilly Center, on a temporary basis. Of course, the post office is still there today.

Diane said that raising a family in Allegany was good. The kids all went through the Allegany school system, and walked to school every day. The kids enjoyed living in Allegany and still keep in touch with friends from those days. Jim and the kids all loved to fish, but Diane does not. Her birthday present one year did not go over very well – she got a fishing license, a fishing pole and a fishing sweatshirt. The only thing she liked was the sweatshirt. Jim heard about the rest of the gifts! Jim and Diane purchased a cemetery plot, so for Christmas one year, Jim was going to give Diane a tombstone as a Christmas present! Diane said, "So what if I don't use it, are you going to take it back next year?". Jim is much more thoughtful now about presents – he's learned after 60 years!!

After Jim retired, he got involved in politics. He was on the Town of Allegany Board for 8 years, starting in 1996. Many things got done in those years, primarily finishing the Allegheny River Trail and getting a large water line for the eastern end of the town, which was a huge help to development in that area. He then served on the Cattaraugus County Legislature for 12 years. He "timed out" on being a legislator, but is still quite active. He's done Meals on Wheels for 20 years, and volunteered for a time as a Tourist Information Volunteer at the Rt. 86 rest area. He and Diane now do a lot of traveling to see family, and once a year the entire family, 2 boys and 2 girls and their families, get together at different locations for a

one week reunion. This tradition has been going on for 10 years.

They really enjoy living in Allegany and wouldn't consider moving to Florida. They belong to 60 Plus, and Diane volunteers at the Bridge Thrift Store, the historical association and helps make quilts for cancer patients. She said that there are a lot of things to do in the area, you just have to look.

Jim talked about "the good old days" in Allegany. There was a 3 lane road of red bricks between Olean and Allegany, with the lanes being marked by white bricks, no painted markings. There was a rail line going into the St. Bonaventure campus, carrying coal for their boilers. A lot of businesses that used to be in town are long gone, Hall's Lumber on South Seventh, a vault company and so many more. At one time, Allegany had 4 grocery stores, now there are none. The grocery stores delivered your groceries and you could charge them. Many businesses allowed charge accounts. When Jim and Diane built their house, they charged all their materials from Allegany Hardware. It was the way business was done then. There were 3 gas stations at the corner of First and Main, one at Seventh and Main and Boser's in the middle. Now there is one. The retail picture in Allegany has completely changed over the years.

St. Bonaventure had a football team right after the war when a lot of men were going to college on the G.I. Bill. Fred Forness built a stadium on campus and the program ran for about 5 years, but it proved to be too costly to maintain in the long run, though a few of the players did go on to the NFL.

Across the road from the stadium was "Diaper Row", the nickname for the barracks that were built there after the war for the returning G.I.'s going to school on the G.I. Bill. Most of them had young families, hence the name.

The agriculture scene in the town was very big, and the high school even had an "ag" teacher. Now there are about 2 dairy farms left in the township. Now big corporate farms come in and plant corn and soybeans. So many of the barns are gone, or are falling down.

Jim and Diane are very proud of their children, and the rest of the family. They feel blessed in their kids, who have done wonderful things with their lives and have always shared with others. Jim and Diane's rule was, and is, family first.



Back of St. Bonaventure University Chapel,
Flood of 1972



Forness Stadium, with "Diaper Row" across the road. Stadium was there from 1946 to 1959. Photo courtesy of St. Bonaventure University Archives

THIS AND THAT-----

I recently attended a marvelous concert at St. Bonaventure – the Glenn Miller Orchestra. What a trip down memory lane! All the old favorites I grew up listening to, Moonlight Serenade, Chattanooga Choo Choo, American Patrol, Pennsylvania 6-5000, Tuxedo Junction, and of course, In the Mood. If they come anywhere near you, don't miss them. Took me back to my teenage years.

I have noticed at Allegany does not exist as far as Facebook is concerned. I have seen postings from Allegany people that says they are in Knapp Creek, Humphrey, St. Bonaventure, and the latest one was Ashford. I don't know what the problem is, but I can hardly wait to see what they say next about where Allegany people live.

We received a recent donation of The History of the Catholic Church in Western New York, published in 1904. It has details about each church in the diocese at that time. One of the churches was the one in East Eden, New York. It says, "The Rev. J. A. Mertz was the first priest to visit this region. He came from Buffalo and said mass in the homes of the Catholic settlers, or in the school house." A footnote adds, "It is related that on one occasion when Father Mertz was to say mass on a table in the school house, a Protestant sent his son to carry off the table. The young man obeyed his father's orders; but he was stricken shortly after by a malady. This was considered a judgement by God, by the people of Eden."

Don't forget to visit the center this summer and see our World War I exhibit. Featured will be material from the Welch family, including Clare Welch's uniform and Army trunk.

Memorials



For: Thomas J. Collins

From: John P. and Jillian Walsh

For: Marvin Waxel

From: Robert and Susan Bubbs

WE GET MAIL



We received a note from Rosemary Ryan informing us that Doris Hillard Ryan passed away in Florida at the age of 102. She grew up in Allegany and after her marriage lived in Knapp Creek. She was one of 10 children and lived on a farm, and then moved next to the Soplop family on Harriet Street. She had 6 brothers who all joined the service out of high school. She married Thomas Ryan in 1934, and had 3 daughters. They moved to Florida in the early 1960's. Our prayers to her family.



A RECENT DONATION.

Taken in January 1950 at the Twin Rocks Hunt Club in Pumpkin Hollow. L. to R. - Harry Krampf, George Krampf, George "Bud" Charles, Francis "Spide" Collins, Fred "Briney" Smith, Marvin Wing, Dr. Leslie Atkins, "Bud" Krampf, Charles Wing, Dick Swanson, Erastus "Rasty" Willard, Forrest Wing.

THINGS YOU ALWAYS WONDERED ABOUT-----

During Spring cleaning, I came across an interesting book – "Heavens to Betsy, and Other Curious Sayings". It tells the origin of common sayings.

I loved In One Ear and Out The Other. I said that to my kids many times. The earliest English record concerned a sermon by John Calvin in 1583. According to the book," There is little doubt but that many another sermon has shared the same reaction in the five centuries since".

Another one is A Fish Out of Water. In English, this goes back to a play from 1380, but some think it might go back to St. Athanasius of the fourth century.

Still another one is Elbow Grease. This was in a seventeenth century dictionary of slang as: A derisory Term for Sweat.

**Allegany Area Historical Association
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INSIDE SPECIAL ISSUE:

Presidents Report

A River Runs Through It

Twin Rock Hunt Club

NEXT MEETING

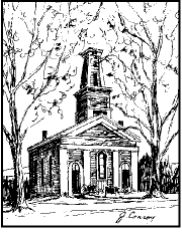
We will meet on Sunday, May 20 at 2 p.m. at the Heritage Center, 25 North Second Street. Della Moore, Executive Director of the African American Center for Cultural Development will give a talk about the Underground Railroad in Olean and Cattaraugus County.

Della has done extensive research on the Underground Railroad in this area, and has worked up a brochure for a self-guided walking tour of the Underground Railroad and African American history in Olean. She will have copies available at the meeting.

She will also bring us up to date on the efforts to establish a new home for the African American Center in the former Christian Science building at East State and Barry Street.

**SUNDAY, MAY 20 – 2 P.M.
HERITAGE CENTER
25 N. 2ND STREET, ALLEGANY**

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Allegany Area Historical Association

November 2018

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Issue XXXVII Vol. 4

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Due to circumstances beyond our control, we **WILL NOT** have a meeting in November. Also, because we will not have a meeting in November, we will not elect officers and trustees until the March meeting. We're sorry, but things happen that we can't control.

I want to give a huge "thank you" to Lynda Dunn at Citizen Printing. She does our newsletters, and I mean that in a very real way. I send the articles to her in no particular order, and then she puts them in order to make a real great looking newsletter. We get together to decide what should go where to make a complete issue. The finished product you see is $\frac{3}{4}$ Lynda and $\frac{1}{4}$ me. Thanks, Lynda, for all your help!

I want to thank Dave Swatt who mows our lawn and takes care of the flowers. The place always looks so nice, thanks to his efforts. He even donated the cute pot of geraniums that sits by our front door. If you see him, give him a big thank-you.

Some recent deaths in the Allegany community to tell you about – John Hesse, son of John Hesse the teacher, Gus Napoleon and Carol Livingston. These people were all part of the fabric of Allegany and were well known in our community. Our condolences to their families.

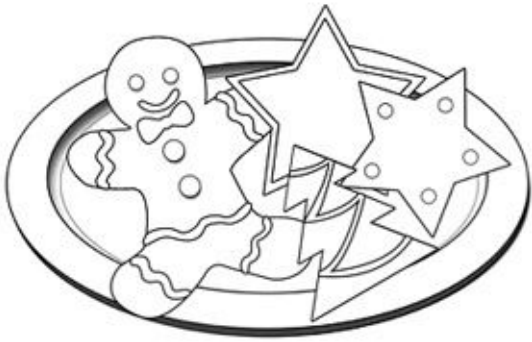
Many thanks to Sue Kalman for keeping our Facebook up to date. She does a great job and I know that it is followed by a lot of people. Char Sendlakowski is our Program chairman, and always gets interesting speakers on a variety of local history topics. This is not all these two ladies do for our group. They are two of the linchpins that hold our group together. Please give them a big "thank you" when you see them.

The American Legion hosted a Civil War re-enactment on September 8th. At the invitation of Larry Kilmer, AAHA held a bake sale there from 10 to noon. We appreciated the invite, and raised \$100 in our two hours there. Thanks to all who baked in our extremely hot September weather, though the day of the day was quite windy and chilly. And special thanks to Diane Boser, who, on very short notice, organized the sale.

Ron Kyser gave us a picture of the Town Hall with a Geary's Electric pickup truck out in front. I'm sure that many, many people bought their appliances at Geary's, which was there before all the big box stores of today.

Long time member, George Schreiber, just celebrated his 98th birthday!! Wes Martin did an oral history interview with George for our May 2013 issue. It's great to see he's still with us. He's now at the county nursing home and I'm sure he would appreciate cards. His address is: The Pines Olean, Room B19W, 2245 West State Street, Olean, NY 14760

Francie Potter, President



Our 35th annual
CHRISTMAS COOKIE SALE
Will be held on **Saturday December 1st**

At Nature's remedy, 120 West Main Street from 9:30 to 2 p.m.

This is our only fundraiser of the year. If you don't get a call asking you to bake some cookies, just call our chairperson, Diane Boser, to volunteer services. The complete effort of all our members and friends is what makes this sale so successful every year.



On Sunday, December 2nd at 2 p.m.



At the Heritage Center, 25 North Second Street,
We will hold our 36th annual

COMMUNITY CHRISTMAS SERVICE

which is always a nice way to start the holiday season. Fr. James Vacco, OFM, pastor of St. Bonaventure Church, will conduct the service. At the service we will once again take up a collection of money and paper products to benefit Genesis House, the homeless shelter in Olean. Anything we can gather for them is needed, and very much appreciated.



*Thank you in advance for your support of
these two events.*

Oral history interview done by Wes Martin with John Gerringer, August 30, 2017

John's father, Stephen Gerringer, met his wife, Marie Cavanaugh, at a square dance on the Haskell Road, near where John and his wife live today. John's roots go deep in this area.

John's great grandfather, George Gerringer, purchased the Levi McNall farm on the Four Mile Road in 1882. He was killed instantly in 1897 when his wagon was hit by a train while crossing the tracks at the Erie Depot on Fifth Street. He was unable to see the train coming because of several freight cars on the siding. The engineer never knew he hit him until he found his cap. The horses came home with only the two front wheels of the wagon, so the family knew something bad had happened.

John's grandfather, John Lewis, took over the farm. He had 18 to 20 milking cows and made a good living. John commented that you certainly couldn't do that today. John lived on the farm when he was about ten, and one of his jobs was helping to harness the horses. The Four Mile Creek ran through the property and there were two bridges from the house to the barn. The flood of 1942 completely washed the bridges out and did a lot of damage to the farm. John's family bought a farm at the corner of The West Branch Road and the Four Mile Road. Between the two farms and the livestock raised there, they were able to support the two families.

John went to school at the Rock View school on the upper Four Mile. There were times he had to walk 3 to 4 miles to or back from school before the bus system got into operation. The Rock View school had two rooms, two teachers, seven grades and about 30 to 40 kids. Miss Nenno taught first through fourth grade and Miss Karl taught fifth through seventh. There was an outhouse out back. After the family bought the West Branch farm, he went to a one room school, with one teacher, 14 children and just he and Jim McCarthy in the seventh grade. John said that in a small school like that, you really learned your lessons better than you did when he went to eighth grade at Allegany High School with 35 students in a class. The personalized attention was great.

John played football with Fred Grace as his coach. Fred went on to become the principal of the high school. The games were played at Forness Field at St. Bonaventure College, until the football field up on the hill by the cemetery was ready. He said that before they practiced, they picked up stones from the field for about 1/2 an hour each time, to make it safe to practice and play. His class graduated 55 students in 1951 and 41 of them are still around. They were mostly from farm families as Allegany was still a farming community at the time. Even though there were only about 200 students total in the high school, the school fielded a full team, with about 23 players total. Of course, at that time, a player played offense and defense. There was no specialization like there is today. After graduation, John played semi-pro ball for the Olean Rockets from 1951 to 1954. The games were played in Bradner Stadium, and some of the teams they played included Hornell, Jamestown and Niagara Falls.

In 1953, when John was 19 years old, he met his wife, Phyllis, at a wedding party, and they got married after 11 months. He knew she was the one for him. But he only saw her on Saturday night and Sunday because he was working in Buffalo at the Chevrolet plant in Tonawanda 10 hours a day, six days a week. They were married in 1954, and eventually had five children. John wound up working for her father at Matson Furniture, which had moved to East State Street.



John & Phyllis on their
50th Wedding Anniversary - 2004

John worked on the crankshaft line at the Chevy plant. There were six men on the line and a new one came down the line about every ninety seconds. There was a hook on the crankshaft and the men had to pick up the crankshaft and throw it about four feet to another line. On his first day there, one of the veterans told John to take it slow – it wasn't to be lazy, it was to get into shape slowly. John said that after the first day, he could hardly move the next day! After about two weeks, his muscles built up and he didn't have any problem after that. He worked ten hours a day, six days a week and every other Sunday. 1,400 motors were produced a shift and there were two shifts a day. The automobile business was good back then. He was taking home \$250 which was very good pay in 1953. But he was broke by the time he got his next paycheck. He had a good time then.

In January of 1956 he gave his two weeks notice at the Chevy plant and came back to Olean and worked for his father-in-law. His pay was \$59 a week, no matter how many hours he worked. He learned a trade, refrigeration and appliance repair. He is proud that he still knows how to fix a Maytag wringer washer head! He taught his three sons refrigeration when he graduated from high school. One son still runs the repair business. Besecker and Coss was started by John's father-in-law, Mr. Besecker in 1953. Mr. Besecker died from a heart attack in 1965, and John took over the business. Business was good as at the time there were at least 85 bars in Olean and most of them called Besecker and Coss for refrigeration repair service.

John had a job at the Olean Tile Plant right out of high school. He had a regular forty hour week for 3 three years. At the time, you had to have family working there to get a job, and John did. Back then, there were approximately 200 workers there. His daughter worked there for 20 years until the business closed. He left to apply for a job in the auto industry in Buffalo because that industry was booming. He applied at Ford and Chevy, and was hired at the Chevy plant immediately. It was great pay there, considering he was making \$39 a week take home at the tile plant.

To get Besecker and Coss in the home appliance business, in 1969 John ordered his first Maytag appliances, three wringer-washers, one washer, one dryer and one refrigerator. He had to go to Buffalo to pick them up. At one time, John had forty-five different brands of refrigerators on display. Of course, all of the appliances necessitated several additions to the original store, plus a warehouse. Back then, the average price for a wringer-washer was \$169, an automatic washer was \$199 and an eighteen cubic foot refrigerator cost \$299. Even though Besecker and Coss was selling a lot of appliances a week, the profit margin had vanished, so they got out of the appliance business, and today just do repair work.

John and his wife have five children, Rosalyn, Matthew, Michael, Charmaine and John. Rosalyn just retired, which makes John feel old! Matthew is in refrigeration of a train manufacturing company in South Carolina, Michael has his own business, and Charmaine and John are active in Besecker and Coss.

John was a fire commission for the Weston Mills Fire Department for over twenty years, but was never a fireman. Two of his sons are current members and EMTs. He served on the Executive Board of the Olean Chamber of Commerce in the 1970's and 1980's.

TO BE CONTINUED



**Gerringer Homestead
2007**

IMPORTANT INFORMATION ABOUT YOUR NEWSLETTER

Our newsletters are currently mailed out under a bulk mailing permit. In an effort to save money, we are going to go to a system of sending our newsletters by email. This will save on printing costs and postage. We realize that many of our members do not have email, so they will continue to get copies of the newsletters as they do now. What we need for this to make this work is your email address. so, to receive your newsletter by email, please send your email to us at:

alleganyheritagecenter@gmail.com

We are going to begin this service with the **March, 2019** issue.

DUES-----DUES-----DUES

As mentioned in the last newsletter, our annual dues come due in October. We have a new dues structure this year. Single membership - \$15 per year; family membership - \$20 per year; patron membership - \$25 or more. Make your check to AAHA and mail it to PO Box 162, Allegany, NY 14706. Don't forget, so you will continue to get our always interesting newsletter.

WILLIAM G. POMEROY FOUNDATION

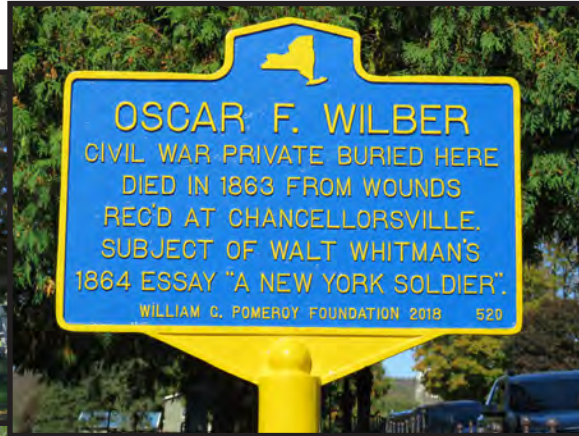
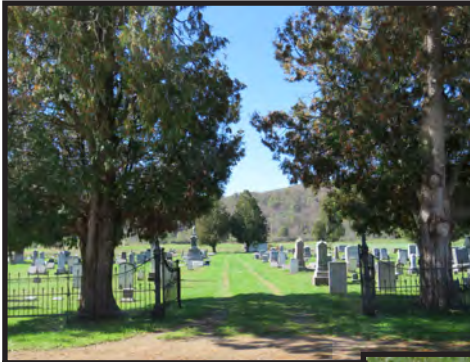
The historical marker that was erected at the Five Mile Cemetery was paid for by the William G. Pomeroy Foundation. This got me to wondering what the Foundation was all about, and who is or was Mr. Pomeroy. I went to Google, of course, and found the answers to my questions.

The Pomeroy Foundation has two aims – to help increase diversity of the Bone Marrow drives in diverse communities, and preserve our history through the Historic Marker Grant programs. It was started by Mr. William G. Pomeroy, who is the founder and former owner of two tech companies in Syracuse, New York. There are very specific requirements that have to be fulfilled to get a historic marker. In the case of the Five Mile Cemetery sign, Spencer Morgan took care of making sure that everything was done properly.

Now, when I was younger, this information would have to be looked up in your home encyclopedia, or by going to your local library and hoping that what you wanted would be there. Times have definitely changed for the better.

October 14, 2018 - Historic Marker Event

Entrance to Five Mile Cemetery



Color Guard of the American Legion Post 892 Ritual Team



Spencer Morgan, Descendent of Oscar Wilber



Larry & Kimberly Kilmer and Civil War Re-enactment actors.



Spencer Morgan next to Marker



Unveiling of Marker



L-R: Lee James, John Ebert, Wendy Brand, Francie Potter, Jim Hickey, acting Town Supervisor

Memorials

For: Florence McMahon
From: John and Jillian Walsh

For: Carol Livingston
From: Joseph Ball
Cindy and Dan Pikulski

For: Gus Napolean
From: John and Jillian Walsh
Michael and Roseanne Capra
Karen and Vincent Streif

For: John Hare
From: Philip and Sharon Blair

For: John Hesse
From: Karen and Vincent Streif

Treasurer's Report
October 1, 2017 - September 30, 2018

This report is presented to give you an understanding of our sources of income and expenses.

AAHA receives no public assistance from Village, Town or State

INCOME:

Books, Maps, Postcard Sales	95.75
Christmas Cookie Sale (2017)	1137.00
Donations	698.00
Donation (remainder of estate of Mary E. Smith)	296.63
Donations/Memorials	1960.00
Membership Dues	2695.00
MISC.	135.75
*Pomeroy Foundation (Historic Marker Grant)	1100.00
Yearbooks Sold	35.00

TOTAL **\$8,153.13**

EXPENSES

Citizen Printing	452.60
Copy Machine	235.00
Donation (in lieu of prgm fee)	50.00
Dues Paid to Other Associations	115.00
Greater Olean Chamber of Commerce	70.00
Grounds Maintenance (D. Swatt)	391.00
MISC	108.46
National Grid	778.24
NYSEG	2313.91
Post Office (Box Rental renewal)	74.00
Post Office (Bulk Mailing Permit renewal)	225.00
Post Office (Bulk Mailing account)	200.00
Repairs (Mazza)	307.50
Security (Austin Alarm Annual Service Contract)	419.40
Austin Alarm (Maintenance)	326.05
Yearbook (New 2018)	81.56
*Sewah (Historic Marker Purchase)	1100.00

TOTAL **\$7,247.72**

Allegany Area Historical Association
P.O. BOX 162
Allegany, NY 14706

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INSIDE SPECIAL ISSUE:

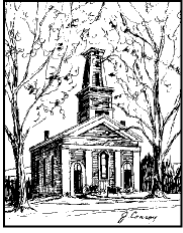
Presidents Report
Three Wringer-Washers
Googled It



CHRISTMAS COOKIE SALE
Will be held on Saturday December 1st



COMMUNITY CHRISTMAS SERVICE
On Sunday, December 2nd at 2 p.m.



Allegany Area Historical Association

October 2018

www.allegany.org

Issue XXXVII Vol. 3

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

October already! And October is the month to pay your dues. Since all our members receive the newsletter, we don't send out reminders – this is it. This year we are raising our dues. As you know, the price of everything is going up, especially postage and printing. Our new dues structure is: \$15 – single membership; \$20 – family membership; \$25 or more – patron membership. If you don't pay after a reasonable time you will be removed from our lists and won't receive the newsletter, so please pay now.

We are having a special meeting in October, on the 14th, and full details are elsewhere in this newsletter. We are having an outdoor meeting at the Five Mile Cemetery for a dedication of a historic marker there in honor of Pvt. Oscar Wilber, who served in the Civil War. We are planning a short program (hopefully about 30 minutes) for the dedication. If you plan on attending, you are **urged** to bring a lawn chair. In case of inclement weather, the ceremony will be held at our Heritage Center, with a picture of the marker being shown.

In response to our plea for a new(er) vacuum cleaner, we were given a brand new one from an anonymous donor. It works great! Thank you.

A while back, we asked our readers if anyone knew about Puggity Chute or Puggedy Shoot, which was apparently a local name for South Second Street, which is long gone now. We're no smarter now than we were before. Char Sendlakowski has been keeping a look out in the Citizen, and this is what she found. In 1940, there was a bowling team called the Puggedy Shoots, comprised of D. Rado, D. Leilous, M. Peterson and O. Smith. In 1947 the Allegany Citizen editor stated that nobody knows why the lower part of Second Street was once called Puggity Shoot. In 1954 mention was made in the Village Board minutes of South Second Street. In 1957 we find the last mention of "what was once South Second Street" in a page 1 story.

We have a new mystery for you. We had a visitor stop in this summer who is renovating a house in Vandalia. After taking off the inside walls he came across a menu card, glued to the wall, from the Big Oak Inn. A chicken dinner was \$1.50, and a steak dinner was \$1.25! At the top it says to phone Allegany 516F3, but no address. Any ideas of where this was? No sooner than I had written this than we heard from Pam Olkowsky, who lives on the North Nine Mile, and who solved our mystery! Betty Amore had told her that the Big Oak Inn was on an extension of the North Nine Mile, between the highway and the river, and probably got washed out in one of the periodic floods that hit the river.

Francie Potter, President

At 2:00 P.M. on Sunday, October 14, 2018, an historic roadside marker will be dedicated at the Five Mile Cemetery by the Allegany Area Historical Association and the descendants of the Wilber Family. Funded by the William G. Pomeroy Foundation, this marker commemorates Pvt. Oscar F. Wilber and his encounter with the American poet Walt Whitman during the climax of the Civil War. The event is open to the community and all are invited to attend.

Wilber and Whitman: How a Local Soldier Inspired a Poet

by Spencer Morgan

In the first half of the 19th century, Freeman Wilber, Sr., a veteran of the Revolutionary War and the War of 1812 settled in Western New York. Freeman and his wife, Mercy (Kenyon, also spelled "Kinyon"), traveled to the Five Mile tract of Allegany and Humphrey (then the Town of Burton) from Rhode Island by way of Onondaga County. With them came seven sons, as well as other families who migrated to the area from Rhode Island after the Revolution including the families Hitchcock, Barber, Kenyon, among others. By the 1850s, the Wilber's and their relatives had settled various farms stretching from the foot of Chapel Hill northward up the Five Mile Valley towards the Hinsdale town line. By the time of the Civil War, Freeman and Mercy had entered into eternal peace and were resting in the newly created family cemetery on Church Road along with three of their sons. Sadly, the earth around them would soon be moved again, but this time in honor of their grandsons who would fight and die for the Union cause.

A dozen or so Wilber relatives fought with the Union Army. They included several brothers and cousins: Charles, Darius, Lyman, Milo, Oscar, Philo, Wallace, Sanford Kinyon, and Edmund Tracy; as well as brothers and cousins-in-law George Benjamin, Myron Canada, and Danford Hall. Of these men's stories, Oscar Wilber's is one fraught with anguish and a chance encounter with a historical figure- the famed American poet Walt Whitman.

On August 11, 1862, the then 24 year-old Oscar enlisted for service in Hinsdale. He was then mustered in on

September 24, 1862 as a Private in Company G of the 154th New York Volunteer Infantry. Oscar was the son of Alanson (also spelled Alansing) and Sally (Richmond) Wilber. Together, Alanson and Sally had several children including their eldest son, Oscar Franklin. Alanson died in 1852 and left Oscar his farm. With Oscar lived his widowed mother, grandmother, an invalid sister, and younger sisters and brothers. With his enlistment, Sally managed the farm with the help her remaining children, a farmhand, and the assistance of a neighboring uncle, Nathan Wilber who was a younger brother of her late husband.



Beautiful Farms and Hills in Upper Five Mile Valley, postcard ca. 1940. The fields in the center-left of the image are where the Alanson and Sally Wilber farm once stood.

Many accounts survive detailing the infantry's march into Virginia, including those written in Oscar Wilber's own hand back home to his mother. The 154th New York Infantry's "baptism of fire" came at the Battle of Chancellorsville, which began on April 30, 1863 in Spotsylvania County, Virginia. On the evening of May 2, 1862, General Thomas "Stonewall" Jackson's army drove General Hooker's exposed flank back. This included driving the 154th New York from a rifle pit near Dowdall's Tavern back towards the woods. Company G of the 154th spent most of the night under fire in an improvised trench. That evening, Stonewall Jackson was shot and wounded by friendly fire. Jackson's left arm was amputated just below the shoulder. During the late morning of May 3, 1862, the Battle of Chancellorsville ensued with a barrage of gunfire and artillery explosions. Company G was torn apart by an artillery shell, with a fragment hitting Oscar Wilber and breaking his right femur in half. Captain Matthew Cheney of Company G examined Oscar's wound. Oscar's leg was mangled and the bone was exposed. There was very little Cheney and his men could do for their comrade, and they were forced to leave the young private behind in the trench as they were pushed back. During the battle, the 154th suffered 240 men killed, wounded, or captured. The entire Union Army suffered over

17,000 casualties and the Confederate Army suffered almost 13,000 casualties during the Battle of Chancellorsville.

Pvt. Oscar Wilber was now behind enemy lines. One day after the battle, musicians from a Mississippi regiment's brass band located Oscar, loaded the wounded soldier onto a stretcher, and removed him to a Confederate field hospital. One of the musicians, Philip Friedrich, wrote to Sally Wilber at her son's request: "Although an enemy, I could not refuse attending his wounds, as far as I was able... The wound I should judge is a mortal one." Oscar laid on the battlefield for ten days, his wound never dressed. By then, Stonewall Jackson had already died of his wounds and amputation- a fate many of those wounded at Chancellorsville would suffer.



Washington, D.C. Patients in Ward K of Armory Square Hospital, August 1865, courtesy of the Library of Congress Prints and Photographs Division.

Oscar was finally retrieved with other Union wounded during a prisoner exchange under a flag of truce. He was taken across the Rappahannock River to a hospital near Brooks Station. While there, Milo Wilber visited his wounded cousin and reported back to Oscar's mother: "Oscar wanted me to tell you that he is willing to die. He thought he was prepared to die, and I think he was. He says you must not trouble yourself about him." Oscar then asked Milo to dictate his last wishes and financial affairs including leaving the farm now in his name to his mother, Sally, and his sister as well as distributing his livestock and paying his debts.

On June 14, 1863, Oscar was moved onto a ship at Aquia Landing and travelled the Potomac River to the capital city. The ship docked the following day and the wounded were unloaded onto a pier at the Sixth Street Wharf in Washington, D.C. There, Oscar laid overnight until the next day when he was assigned and relocated to Ward K of Armory Square Hospital. While at Ward K, the young private was cared for by a handful of attendants and strangers. Of these strangers who came across the dying Oscar Wilber was none other than Walt Whitman. Since his own brother's enlistment, the poet was serving as a volunteer with the Christian Commission, raising money for extra food and supplies for the soldiers. Walt Whitman spent most of his time at the bedsides of wounded soldiers, offering comfort by conversing with the men, reading to them, and writing letters home on their behalf.

Whitman comforted Oscar Wilber, reading passages of the Bible to the private as he laid suffering from his wounds.

Walt Whitman published a number of his "specimens of hospital visits" including an account of his relationship with Pvt. Oscar Wilber. This author's sketch would first appear in the *New York Times'* Sunday edition on December 11, 1864 as part of Whitman's article: *Our Wounded and Sick Soldier; Visits Among Army Hospitals, At Washington, on the Field, and here in New-York*. Later, Whitman would edit and rename this brief account as *A New York Soldier as part of his Specimen Days*.

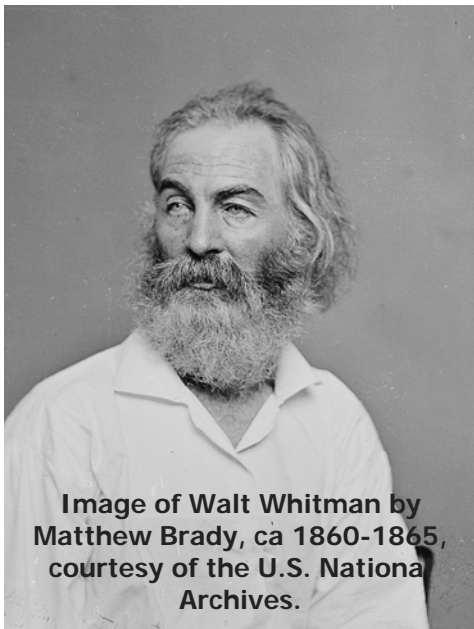


Image of Walt Whitman by Matthew Brady, ca 1860-1865, courtesy of the U.S. National Archives.

Between May 3 and July 31, 1863, several letters were sent to Sally. Many of these included money from Oscar to his mother and were written by friends and relatives, while others were scribed by strangers and good Samaritans. The final known letter to Sally during Oscar's painful last days was from a stranger who had been looking in on the young private, A. J. Pratt. On July 30, 1862 he wrote to Sally the following: "Mrs. Wilber- Saw Oscar last evening. He had not eaten any thing during the day and is rapidly fading-AJP." Oscar Franklin Wilber died on July 31, 1862. For ninety days, Oscar laid wounded with little consolation and little relief from pain regardless of

what care and medical attention was given. For ninety days, Oscar laid preparing for death and worrying about his family and how they would survive without him.

After his death, a surgeon performed an autopsy and removed Oscar Wilber's right femur from its fleshy casing. The shattered bone was cleaned and sent to the surgeon general's office as a medical specimen. The rest of Oscar's remains were returned to his family in Humphrey. Oscar was buried near his father in the family plot at the Five Mile Cemetery just over the town border in Alleghany. Oscar's upper thighbone is now part of the collection at the National Museum of Health and Medicine in Washington, D.C. No known photographs of Pvt. Oscar Wilber or his family have survived.

Of the Wilber relatives that went off to war: George Benjamin, Danford Hall, and Darius Wilber were discharged due to wounds and illness; Sanford Kinyon, Lyman Wilber, Oscar Wilber, and Philo Wilber were killed in action or died as a result of their wounds; and Edmund Tracy died as a prisoner of war.



Back home in the Five Mile Valley, several Wilber children would die of disease and infection before the end of the war. By 1870, over a dozen of Freeman and Mercy's grandchildren and great-grandchildren aged 3 days to 25 years were killed by war or disease. Their descendants would now include several widows and wounded veterans shrouded in mourning. A dark shadow of death and despair had fallen over the green, rolling hills of the Upper Five Mile Valley. The idyllic harvests and grazing cattle would now be tended by wives, mothers, the young, and the aged. The creek-fed fields of plenty would forever await the return of the able-bodied men who left their valley for the first and last time.

A New York Soldier
by Walt Whitman

"This afternoon, July 22, I have spent a long time with Oscar F. Wilber, company G, 154th New York, low with chronic diarrhea, and a bad wound also. He asked me to read him a chapter in the New Testament. I complied, and ask'd him what I should read. He said, "Make your own choice." I open'd at the close of one of the first books of the evangelists, and read the chapters describing the latter hours of Christ, and the scenes at the crucifixion. The poor, wasted young man ask'd me to read the following chapter also, how Christ rose again. I read very slowly, for Oscar was feeble. It pleased him very much, yet the tears were in his eyes. He ask'd me if I enjoy'd religion. I said, "Perhaps not, my dear, in the way you mean, and yet, may-be, it is the same thing." He said, "It is my chief reliance." He talk'd of death, and said he did not fear it. I said, "Why, Oscar, don't you think you will get well?" He said, "I may, but it is not probable." He spoke calmly of his condition. The wound was very bad, it discharg'd much. Then the diarrhea had prostrated him, and I felt that he was even then the same as dying. He behaved very manly and affectionate. The kiss I gave him as I was about leaving he return'd fourfold. He gave me his mother's address, Mrs. Sally D. Wilber, Alleghany post-office, Cattaraugus county, N.Y. I had several such interviews with him. He died a few days after the one just described."

Special thank you to the Mark Dunkelman for his contribution of information and for his dedication to the memory of the 154th New York Infantry. Thank you also to the Alleghany Area Historical Association, the Library of Congress, the U.S. National Archives, and the National Museum of Health and Medicine.

Spencer Morgan is the son of Dennis and Eileen (Cooney) Morgan, and is a direct descendants of Freeman and Mercy (Kenyon) Wilber and collateral relative of Pvt. Oscar F. Wilber. Spencer has a background in history and museum studies and has been involved with a number of organizations including Citizens Advocating Memorial Preservation, a non-profit group dedicated to the restoration and reuse of the Cattaraugus County Civil War Memorial Building in Little Valley. Spencer is currently an Associate Director of Development at the Fredonia College Foundation, State University of New York at Fredonia. Spencer and his siblings, Scott Morgan, Heather Billings, and Rachel Morgan, grew up in the same house as the Civil War Veteran, Pvt. Milo Wilber. The property abuts the fields that were once the Alanson and Sally Wilber farm, now demolished.

IT'S TIME TO ONCE AGAIN PAY YOUR YEARLY DUES!!!

October is the time to pay your yearly dues. We don't send out reminders to our members since all the members get our newsletter, so we take this method of telling you it is time to renew your membership. We also save postage. Our NEW dues structure is: single membership - \$15 per year; family membership - \$20 per year; patron membership - \$25 or more. Make your check to AAHA and mail it to PO Box 162, Allegany, NY 14706.

If you have paid your dues within the last four months, you are paid for the year. If you don't renew after a reasonable amount of time, we will take you off the mailing list, and nowhere else can you keep up with the happenings of the past and present in your old home town. We value your support – it enables us to present interesting speakers, and to mount displays of items from our files, such as the World War I exhibit we currently have up.

IMPORTANT INFORMATION ABOUT YOUR NEWSLETTER

Our newsletters are currently mailed out under a bulk mailing permit, which will expire early next year. In an effort to save money, we are going to let it expire and go to a system of sending our newsletters by email. Many other organizations already do this. This will save on printing costs and postage. We realize that many of our members do not have email, so they will continue to get copies of the newsletters as they do now. What we need from our members to make this work is your email address.

So, to receive your newsletter by email, please send your email address to us at:

alleganyheritagecenter@gmail.com.

We are going to begin this service with the **March, 2019** issue.

Memorials

For: Carol Livingston

From: Francie Potter

Rosemary Ryan

Margaret Parker

Cecilia Kelly Ladd

Colleen and Merlin Martin

Carolyn Wing

Alice Altenburg

Hardiman Family

Sam and Sherry Quattrone

John. P. and Jillian Walsh

Mike and Rosanne Capra

Dale and Linda Hastings Conway

Hans and Char Sendlakowski

The Hesse Family

Maggie and Tom Nuss

Bill and Peg Hayes

For: Emeline Belli

From: Harold and Marge Geise

For: John Hesse

From: Francie Potter

*The Chautauqua-Kinzua Chapter of
Harley Owners Group (Falconer, NY)*

Cutco Corp.

Connie Barth

John P. and Jillian Walsh

Peggy Walsh

Kim and Dave Winicki

Cattaraugus SCU-CB

Kathleen Weibel

Betsy Livingston

The following is an oral history of World War II by my late husband, Bob Potter, done while he was a student at the University of Michigan. Oral histories were taken over a period of several years by students of the Media History seminar.

Born in 1931, Robert Potter was a child when World War II began. Still residing in the town in which he grew up, He is able to recall how Allegany, N.Y., a small town 70 miles south of Buffalo, reacted.

We had gone to my grandparents', who lived about 150 miles away. It was a winter's day and we were coming back. I remember the first time I heard it was on the car radio. I wasn't sure what had happened. I asked my parents and they said there was a war that wouldn't last very long. Since Christmas was coming, my thoughts went to that, although I knew the adults were very concerned about the war.



First National Bank, ca. 1940's

I didn't think about the war until the winter of '42. We went down to Florida and stopped at the military bases to visit some family that had been drafted. We had seen some naval training planes landing and taking off. I had seen the military and as a child was quite impressed by it. I thought "this is really kind of neat to have an army" and you knew they were invincible. I thought the war was going to be short and was sure we would win.

My father was either too old, or because of his business, wasn't drafted. He served on the ration board and that was his contribution to the war effort. I had several uncles and one cousin drafted into the army. They would write back. I think it was called V-mail.

We had never heard of the United States losing and every book we picked up documented how great we were. We had a movie house in town, upstairs over the post office. There were some newsreels which were quite ancient. The movies produced during World War II showed our people fighting the Japanese. We got our impressions of how strong and how good an army we had.

Because there were many people of German extraction in town, we didn't regard the Germans as being quite so bad as the Japanese.

The teachers tried to keep us informed of what was happening in the war, particularly if we were winning. Many programs had to be discontinued, such as shop and some athletics because there was no one there to coach or direct those facets of school life. We were taught what to do in case of air raids. There was a warning system, and we would go home or go under our desks at school. Generally, we would go home. We would bring money to school and buy stamps. When you got enough stamps, you could get a \$25 maturity bond. This was a big thing for us to buy these stamps.

They formed groups of us to do things, like collecting tin cans. We, junior commandos, in the fall collected milkweed pods. They told us the milkweed pods were used for fill in the life jackets in the navy. I guess that was true. (Ed. Note – that was true.) We went out with bags and collected milkweed pods and tin cans.

We had blackouts. They would sound a siren and everyone would turn out their lights. There were neighborhood blackout wardens. My father and the people next door were



Allegany Town Hall, ca. 1940's



Sam Gagliardo's grocery store, 9 E, Main St., 1941



Rawlings Greenhouse
1942

that. They would walk up and down the street and make sure there were no lights showing anywhere. I found that to be exciting and scary; I didn't know how to tell the real from the make-believe.

We played war games. This is a vivid memory. We had armies and would have battles through the back lots. We played at war quite seriously. My best friend had a wooden 30-caliber machine gun that his father made. That alone made us victorious in many of our war games.

We knew the war was going our way from the movies. The local paper had banner headlines about Midway. I can remember reading that. There was so much propaganda, as I look

back now, that we probably didn't know half of what we thought we knew.

Prior to World War II, the mothers of my friends didn't work. By '42 or '43, there was a factory in Allegany called Acme Electric. Many of the women had gone to work there. This I thought was a little strange. My mother didn't work but other mothers were working. I wasn't able to understand why some mothers worked and some didn't.

We had no idea what an atomic bomb was, what it might have done to people. I can remember the headlines. I can't remember having much feeling about it, except I knew it would end the war. We knew it was the right thing to do, or at least we thought so.

There's no doubt that World War II changed my life and made the world smaller. The town of Allegany can never go back to what it was prior to 1941, which was a small country town typical of many.

The radio was the way most people kept up. People didn't travel, but World War II brought soldiers back and made the world a lot smaller. It made people more aware of the problems in the world and aware that we aren't always on the side of right. People I talk to, they look back and see how times have changed, and they use it as a base to say "before World War II" or "after World War II." It's a base of change in their lives and a change in the community.



Rawlings Greenhouse - 5th St. Allegany
L. Elmer Rawlings R. Jack Mead (grandson)

Another memory of early Allegany from Gertrude Schnell.

STONE MASONS

In the early 1900's, probably after 1914, stone masons were working in the Allegany area. They may have been working on bridges, at St. Bonaventure or the cemetery – I never heard.

At that time, they boarded on the farm of my grandmother, Delia Rehler Schnell. This was on the Lower Birch Run Road. In the evening in their free time they fashioned a stone step for the side porch. It was about three feet long and about a foot high. There was also a large stone used to enter the back door and the front steps were originally stone. Where did the stone come from? I don't know but it might have come from the Stone Lot further down on the Lower Birch Run Road.

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INSIDE SPECIAL ISSUE:

Presidents Report

A New York Soldier

World War II Reminiscence

NEXT MEETING

We will meet on October 14 at 2 p.m. at the Five Mile Cemetery on Church Road, off of the Five Mile Road, for the dedication of a historic marker in honor of Pvt. Oscar Wilber, a civil war soldier.

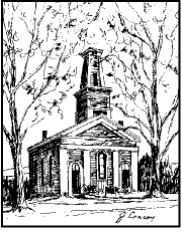
The historical marker commemorates Pvt. Oscar Wilber and his relationship with Whitman during the climax of the Civil War. Members of the public are invited to participate in a brief commemoration and dedication of the historic roadside marker, which has been funded by the William G. Pomeroy Foundation. The event is hosted by the Allegany Area Historical Association and descendants of Pvt. Wilber.

(See full write-up on page 2)

Special thanks to Spencer Morgan for all the research and planning involved in making the event a reality!

**OCTOBER 14 AT 2 P.M.
AT THE FIVE MILE CEMETERY ON CHURCH ROAD
ALLEGANY, NY**

www.allegany.org



Allegheny Area Historical Association

March 2019

www.allegheny.org

Issue XXXVIII Vol. 1

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Once again, we had a successful cookie sale. We had 127 boxes, with 1 ½ dozen cookies in each box, for sale. We sold 125 boxes for a profit of \$1,124.00. We had some specialty cookies left and we divided those and the 2 boxes, took half to the Olean Food Pantry and half to Genesis House. They were both delighted to get them. We also collected \$70 and lots of paper products for Genesis House. Thanks to our bakers, Linda Kruppner at Nature's Remedy, everyone who attended our Community Christmas Service, Fr. James Vacco, OFM for conducting the service and Kim Voeglin for the musical accompaniment. It's always a great way to start the holiday season.

We lost another Allegheny resident in November – Ron Forness passed away.

We received a great donation from 96 year old member, Merle Schultz. He gave us a three foot long photo of the Co. D, 303rd engineers, taken November 7th 1917 at Camp Dix, New Jersey. Merle's uncle, Earl Schultz is in the group. Thanks, Merle, for thinking of us.

Members Mary and Tom Petro are doing what a lot of us are or should be doing – cleaning out. They sent us two items from St. Bonaventure College – Tom is a graduate. After checking them out, we decided that they would be better used in the archives at the university, so we took them there where they were very appreciative to add them to their collections. Thanks, Mary and Tom. Please think of us when you're cleaning, and if the items should go elsewhere, we'll take care of that.

Doris Bonhoff sent us the Chapin Family History, which will appear in a later edition. She also sent a recipe booklet from the First Presbyterian Church from 1958. It was fun looking at the recipes, and remembering the names, but we decided to pass on the Liver Casserole with Rice – Rice maybe but not the liver! Thanks, Dorrie.

The First Presbyterian Church on Third Street closed last year. Several items were donated to AAHA. We received pictures of the church at various stages of its history, and several books. Jason Crisafulli then bought the church building and he donated more items to us. All of these items added greatly to our knowledge of the church history, and it was one of the earliest congregations in the village. Thanks to all for thinking of us.

Our long-time members have been helping us a lot during the summer months when we are open, but we can certainly use new members. If you know of someone who would like to join us, contact them and send them our way. We need more help on Wednesdays in the summer, as well as at other times.

We are still looking for members who would like to receive their newsletter by email. Each one sent by email saves us on printing costs. To get yours by email, send us your email address at: alleghenyheritagecenter@gmail.com.

Francie Potter, President

PART TWO of an Oral History done by Wes Martin with John Gerringer, August 30, 2017

Many of Allegany's families originally came from Germany and settled in the Buffalo area, then moved to Allegany. The Gerringers, Martinys, Lipperts and Stephans were among those families. They all had several children who intermarried, so it seemed as if everyone on the Four Mile Road were somehow related. John's mother always said never to say anything about people on the Four Mile as they were probably family relations.

John said that his father-in-law died in 1965, during what became know as the Big East Coast Black-out, when thousands were left without power for several days. He remembers going to the wake at the funeral home where all the rooms were lit by candles. It felt like going back to olden times, but John said it was very weird.

He said that during the Flood of 1942, Bucher Hollow had a little creek, that suddenly had 8 or 9 feet of water raging in it. Two bridges were washed out on his grandfather's farm at the corner of the West Branch and the Four Mile. But life went on and the cows still had to be milked. A ladder was used to cross the creek, and the milk cans were walked across the creek on the ladder, and the groceries they ordered by phone were brought back after the milk had been left off. The flood also took out the swimming hole in the creek.

During the Flood of 1972, the Allegheny River was about nine feet short of flooding John's business, Besecker and Coss in Weston Mills. The land was sloped just right in that area. John offered to take the TV's from Nicholas TV and put them in his warehouse, but Mr. Nicholas declined the offer and wound up with about six feet of water on his sales floor.

John has many memories of growing up and working in the Allegheny-Olean area. He remembered that wringer washers were very popular with older people, especially those living in North Olean. They stopped making them in the 1970's.

Westons Shoppers City was a big deal when it came to town. It was started by people from New York City, and was the first of the "big box" stores around. It was by far the biggest store in the area, and carried everything except food. It was a big deal at the time.

He remembers going with his parents to Wing's Grocery Store in Allegany. You gave your list to the clerk who would gather all your items and put them in the front of the store, and then you paid for them. Allegany Hardware on Main Street was always a stop. There were two bowling alleys in town for entertainment. Allegany was a good place to grow up in the 1930's and 1940's.

He said that Olean was a very busy city then, the streets were full of people, because all the stores were there, including Kresge's. Nothing was out of town, it was all along Union and West State Streets.

His grandfather took him to his first movie; he doesn't remember the name of it but it was a scary one.

He said that there are still a lot of members of the Class of 1951 around, and a lot of them were farmers – must be that the exercise helps them stay fit.

His message to his family is – whenever any of them get hungry, stop by and Phyllis will feed you!



HISTORY OF RAWLINGS GREENHOUSE

From November 1999 newsletter

The greenhouse, on the west side of Fifth Street (Ed note – just south of the present nursing home), was started by John Hamm at the turn of the century. John Hamm was the great-uncle of Marie Bump of Second Street. John's son, Fred, had TB and John thought having the greenhouse at the higher elevation on top of Fifth Street hill would provide some fresher air for Fred.

Elmer and Blanche Rawlings bought the greenhouse about 1909. There were 2 ½ acres under glass, and at one time Rawlings Greenhouse was considered to the largest grower and shipped of geraniums in the western New York area. During the season, shipments were made every day by Railway Express to both retail and wholesale customers. Kenneth Putt of Olean worked for Mr. Rawlings until 1946. He said the geraniums would grow to a height of 3 feet, at which time cuttings would be taken. After the cuttings were rooted, they were planted in 2 inch pots and



shipped in lettuce crates to customers throughout western New York. All the vegetable plants were started from seed and then transplanted, a very labor-intensive job, where Mrs. Rawlings worked right along with the rest of the crew. Rawlings was the biggest greenhouse in the area. Mr. Rawlings also owned all the land on the west side of the street from the greenhouse to the corner of Maple Avenue, where he stored topsoil for use in the greenhouse.

There were always 2 or 3 German Shepherd dogs tied up around the greenhouse, as well as several cats running loose underfoot, and you might see a big toad or two under the benches. But the sight to see were the alligators Mr. Rawlings kept in a 3 x 5 foot water box. People would bring the alligators home from Florida and would give them to Mr. Rawlings when they became too big to keep in a house. They were 12 to 18 inches long and Mr. Rawlings fed them raw meat. There is no word of what he did with them when they got too big for him to keep.

Ken Putt remembers working 84 hours a week for \$35. He said that around Memorial Day orders would come in for over 300 cemetery urns to be filled by the crew, including Putt and his uncle, Ervin Putt, and then taken to the cemeteries by wagon or truck and placed on the proper grave sites. Sonny Williams said that Mr. Rawlings was a very generous person, and always gave \$5, a large sum of money for the time, to his neighbors when a family member died. He would sell coal for 25 cents a bucket, but if the person didn't have the money, he would give the coal free of charge. It was the same way for tomato plants or other vegetable plants. Mr. Rawlings would also make up geranium wreaths for funerals. Bob Potter said that Mr. Rawlings always donated geraniums to the First Presbyterian Church Sunday School for the children to give to their mothers on Mothers Day.

The greenhouse was heated by steam heat generated by coal fired boilers. The coal yard was by the Scarlato house at 113 North Fifth Street. Neighbors began to complain about the coal smoke so the heat was converted to gas. But after a period of time, Mr. Rawlings could not pay his gas bills and the gas was shut off in 1966, which caused everything to freeze, putting the greenhouse out of business. The buildings were torn down in 1967-68. Mrs. Rawlings died in 1964 and Mr. Rawlings in 1966, closing a chapter in Allegany history.

Another trip down memory lane from Gertrude Schnell-----.

LAUNDRY

Electricity didn't come to the Lower Birch Run Road until after World War II. Therefore, when I visited my Grandmother, Delis Rehler Schnell's farm as a young girl, laundry and ironing were done differently than today.

Monday was wash day. Early in the morning, pans and kettles of water were put on the wood stove to heat. The wringer washing machine had a gasoline engine and was located in the back room. Clothes were washed in the washing machine, and sometimes scrubbed on the wash board. After rinsing, on good days they were hung outside to dry. If the weather was not suitable, they were hung on lines in the dining room, or put on clothes bars. Monday night the dry clothes were sprinkled with water and rolled up, and were ready for ironing.

Almost everything was ironed on Tuesday. This included dish towels, hankies, shirts, pants, dresses, blouses, skirts, sheets and pillow cases. Near the wood stove a board covered with a piece of sheeting was put across the backs of two wooden chairs. Heavy solid irons were kept on the wood stove. After ironing with one, it would cool off and another from the wood stove would be used while the first one went on the stove to heat again.

Week after week this ritual took place, usually taking about two days each week.



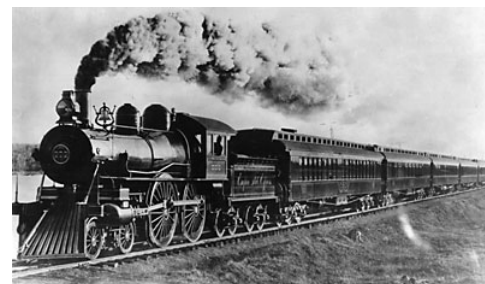
Thanks, Gertrude. Those irons that are used for bookends today really had a use!

WHEN TRAINS WERE THE WAY TO TRAVEL

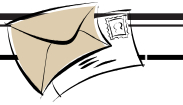
Member Bill Wing, who lives in Michigan, sent us a DVD – The Official Guide of the Railways. This was before Amtrak. He also sent a travelogue of how the Wing children would spend their summers.

"My grandparents, Fred and Ruth Smith lived in Allegany. When school was out for the summer in the late 1950's and early 1960's, they would invite some of their grandchildren to spend the summer at their summer home in McClure Hollow. My Grandpa Fred would take Grandma Ruth to the Pennsylvania Railroad station in Olean. Grandma Smith would ride the day train from Olean to Buffalo. Grandma Smith would then take the New York Central Wolverine train from Buffalo through Canada to Jackson, Michigan. My parents, Charles and Ruth Wing, would meet Grandma at the Jackson Depot and take her to their home in East Lansing, Michigan. The New York Central Wolverine was a long train. Grandma Smith would stay and visit for a few days. Then Grandma Smith and several grandchildren would ride by car, driven by Charles or Ruth Wing to the Jackson Depot, get on the New York Central Wolverine train for Buffalo. The train stopped along the way, including Ann Arbor. (Ed. Note – my home town.) Then they traveled to Buffalo, crossing over the Niagara River. My Grandma Smith with the grandchildren, including me, would take the Pennsylvania's Day train to Olean, stopping many times along the way."

Those were the days when most travel was done by train, and it was a nice way to go. You got a chance to relax and see the scenery, and eating on the train was always an adventure that children enjoyed. *Thanks for the DVD and the lovely description of "how I spent my summer", Bill.*



WE GET MAIL



We received a short note from member Judy Booth Wilson.

I always look forward to the AAHA newsletter. In a previous issue, I enjoyed the article about Jim and Diane Boser. I graduated with Jim. It was a very interesting article by Spencer Morgan on Oscar F. Wilber. I knew many Wilbers from the Five Mile and was a close friend of Evelyn Wilber, who was a sister to Vesta Cooney, Spencer's grandmother. I appreciate all the time and work that goes into the newsletter – thank you. Judy Booth Wilson.

Ed. Note – my job is made very easy thanks to all the articles and notes I receive from our members. Thanks go to them.

Memorials



For: Peter and Dorothy Fortuna

From: Don and Rebecca Black

For: Helen McCully

*From: McCully families – Don, John, Dean,
Jean and Joan*

For: Ronald Forness

*From: Cynthia Forness
John P. and Jillian Walsh*

For: Dick Birmingham

From: John P. and Jillian Walsh

In Honor of Bob and Francie Potter's Anniversary

*From: Lucy and Don Benson
Stephen and Kim Potter
Peter and Mary Pendl
Linda Potter*

In Honor of Francie Potter

From: Mary Pendl

ITEMS FOR SALE

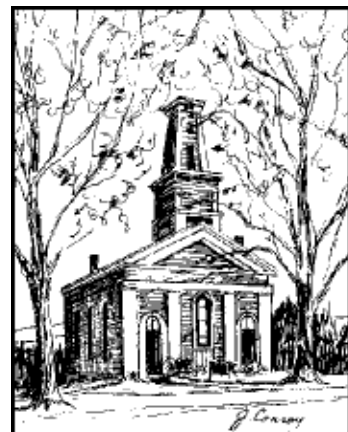
In addition to our history book, we have many more items for sale. These make good birthday presents, or just anytime presents. Here's what we have:

POST CARDS - 4 different Allegany scenes
- 75 cents each, plus shipping.

OUR ALLEGANY HERITAGE, 1931-1981
HISTORY BOOKS - \$10, plus shipping

ALLEGANY HISTORY DVD'S - \$18, plus
shipping

TALES OF WAR AND CONFINEMENT - \$6,
plus \$3 shipping



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INSIDE SPECIAL ISSUE:

Presidents Report

Alligators in Allegany

Irons on the Fire

NEXT MEETING

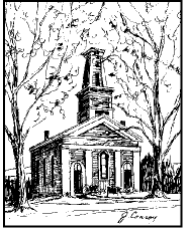
We will meet on Sunday, March 24 at 2 p.m. at the Heritage Center, 25 North Second Street. AAHA Trustee Charlene Sendlakowski will give us Part Three of her series about the businesses of Allegany.

This time, she will tell us what businesses used to be where on Main Street between Third Street and Fifth Street, and who the owners were, with the exception of the Town Hall and Geary's building, which she has covered before. Her information comes from the Allegany Citizen, city directories and other materials. She has enjoyed putting this next chapter of our history together.

Please join us as Char fills in some more gaps in our local history.

**SUNDAY, MARCH 24 – 2 P.M.
HERITAGE CENTER
25 N. 2ND STREET, ALLEGANY**

www.allegany.org



Allegany Area Historical Association

May 2019

www.allegany.org

Issue XXXVIII Vol. 2

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

I don't know how winter was where you live, but it was terrible in Western New York! One day it was -13 and four days later it was 52. In a 24 hour span we had snow, sleet, freezing rain, rain, rain/sleet mix, snow. This happened more than once. There were the occasional sunny days thrown in by Mother Nature, just to appease us, I guess. It is so nice to have spring here and to hear the birds and see the flowers.

We need some new active members. We are open during the summer on Wednesday, and have visitors stopping in. We also have collections of various kinds that need taking care of. If you can become more active, or know of someone who would like to join us, let us know. We will hold training sessions for the new members, and any of our old members who can now become more active. We don't want to become known as "the former historical association" in town. Our history is important – don't let it die.

AAHA owes a big thank you to Wes and Judy Martin for the work they have done to preserve the history of Allegany. For several years, they have been collecting the oral histories of Allegany citizens. In past issues we have featured the stories of Don Bergreen, Rosemary Ryan and Merle Schultz among others. In upcoming issues, we will feature the oral histories they have done with Carolyn Wing and Dave Barton. The nice thing about their work is that they do not know these people before they start but afterwards these people have become their friends. Without their work, so many of these stories of Allegany would be lost. Thank you, Wes and Judy, for what you are doing.

In May I'm talking to the members of the Allegany Senior Center about our book, *The Tales of War and Confinement*, which details what happened to Richie Boser, Clem Martiny and Van Munson during World War II. They are fascinating stories. Richie was an infantryman for five years with the First Army Division – the Big Red One. He was in the invasions of North Africa, Sicily and Normandy. Clem enlisted in the Navy at the age of 42 and was assigned to the Seabees in the South Pacific. Van was in the regular Army and was captured by the Germans near Naples, Italy in 1944. The information about Richie and Clem came from letters they wrote to the Allegany Citizen during the war. Van's information came from a letter he had written to a friend. Richie and Clem's stories are the result of an Eagle Scout project by Amit Patel, who went through six years of the Citizen to pull their letters out. I hope they will enjoy my talk as much as I have enjoyed re-reading the stories of Richie, Clem and Van. We have this book for sale at a cost of \$6.00, plus \$3.00 for shipping. If you are interested in a copy, please contact us at AlleganyHeritageCenter.com.

FRANCIE POTTER, PRESIDENT

THE CHAPIN FAMILY HISTORY

By Doris Chapin Bonhoff,

With information provide by Howard Chapin, 1998

Albert Chapin (our Dad), Frank Chapin, Hattie, Lois and Welcome Chapin were all born on the old homestead on the Buffalo Road, Allegany, NY, which was where Terry Moore's residence is now located. The old homestead was sold to Glen Hitchcock and he moved the house down onto the main Five Mile Road, which is now the Edel residence. Anson William Chapin (Albert's dad), died before Welcome was born. Albert Chapin's mother, Nancy, later married Frank Ford. Ford Hollow off of the Five Mile Road was named after him. After my dad's father, Anson, died, Pa was about 9 years old and he was sent to Belfast where he lived with the English family (parents of Mary Summer), and went to school in Belfast. He worked there for his room and board. Pa Chapin said that they offered him a team of horses if he would stay there until he was 18 years old. But he didn't stay that long. We aren't sure how long he did live in Belfast but he did tell us that he had his own team of horses long before he was 18 years old.

Ma and Pa (Signe Larson and Albert Chapin) were married on September 22, 1913, and the lived at the old homestead on the Buffalo Road. He drove to Bradford, Pennsylvania in a horse and buggy to get married. He paid the taxes on the house and barn across the road from the present dairy farm, on the Five Mile Road, for many years until he was able to purchase it in 1950. He never lived there, just farmed it.

Getting back to the old house (purchased from A. J. Jolles) across the road from the farm, Alex and Annie Holdcroft who came here from England rented it from Albert Chapin until they could get a place built next door to the dairy farm, where they had a chicken farm. Several of Pa's hired hands lived in this house after that. The house was kind of a wreck but Ma papered and painted it so that it looked half way decent before anyone else moved in. House and barn, now gone, stood near where Thropp's greenhouses are now located.

Ma and Pa purchased the J. B. Jewell farm on the Five Mile Road in 1918 and moved up there from the old homestead on the Buffalo Road. Before purchasing the dairy, Pa Chapin hauled logs for Ernie Potter and Ma did a lot of the chores on the farm. They ran the farm and then in 1927 they purchased a dairy from Frank and Abby Cook, which was located on West State Street in Olean, next to Tasta Pizza. They started delivering milk on October 1, 1927. The dairy was moved to the Allegany farm on the Five Mile in 1928 or 1929.

Howard remembers how Ma cut holes in the ice on the Five Mile Creek in back of the farm house so the cows could go down and get water to drink. I remember Ma working in the milk house washing milk bottles every morning until noon or so. They did all the processing of the milk – milking, running the separator, which is separating the milk and cream. Pasteurizing started in 1934. Howard tells me that before they had the milk route, he rocked me in the old wicker baby buggy behind the cows. Howard was about 7 years old at that time. So you might say that I was brought up in a barn.

Pa was one of the first ones to have an Osborn grain binder, so he used to custom cut oats and grain and corn (for filling silos) for a lot of the farmers on the Five Mile Road. In those days, the farmers used to help each other, and I remember Ma cooking meals for up to 15 or more men as they took turns at different farms helping during harvest time. Some of the farms he worked at were Charlie Rehler, Ernie Potter, Ralph Filer, Conhisers and Barnes. Ed and Charlie Wing used to help fill silo. I remember when the wagon loads of corn were brought to the silo and loaded



A. B. Chapin Dairy Farm Circa 1934



Paul Chapin

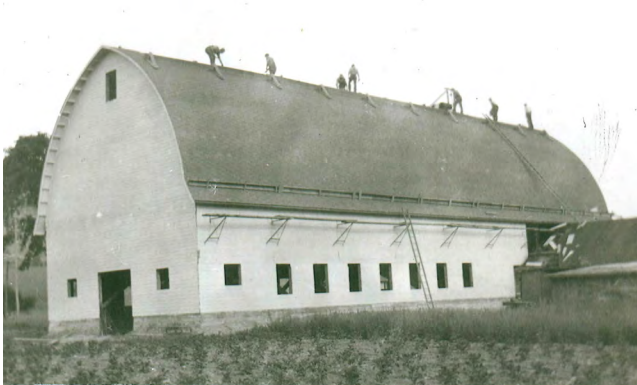


The Barn

Aftermath of Chapin Barn Fire Circa January 1935

into the ensilage cutter and then it was blown into the silo. Someone had to be in the silo to distribute it and pack it down. After it was in the silo for a few days, it began to heat up and ferment. The smell was not the greatest.

The old barn on the dairy farm (2715 Five Mile Road) was built in 1895. In January of 1935 I remember Ethel Farrington, a girlfriend of mine, and I were walking home from school about 3 in the afternoon and we saw the flames coming from this barn. It was completely destroyed. It was so close to the house that it blistered the paint on the house. It scorched our old woodshed and damaged it so that it was eventually torn down. Ten cows burned to death. They were able to save both of the horses, and some of the cows. The cows that were saved were taken up to Yehl's until a new barn could be built. Pa and Ma had gone to Allie Horton's funeral, Bob was peddling milk and Howard was delivering eggs, cottage cheese, buttermilk, skim milk and apples to customers in Bradford. The two hired men, Roy Norton and Truman Miller were both away hauling wood for Pa. No one even found out how the fire started.



**Rebuilding the Chapin Barn
circa 1935**

In the spring of 1935 a new barn was built which still stands on the farm. Ed Mahl from Springville built the new barn. After the rafters were put up, a strong wind storm blew every one of them down. A couple of the builders were hurt. The barn was finished so that the hay could be put into it that year, and the cattle were moved into it that fall.

We attended the country school on the Five Mile about 1/2 mile north of our home. I attended there through the 6th grade, and then finished school at the Allegany High School. I remember being in a Christmas play at the country school and since there weren't enough boys, I played the part of a boy in the play. Pa Chapin was Trustee for the country school for many years.

About 1930 Pa purchased the house next door to us on the Five Mile from Ed Rehler. For about 11 years he had hired help living there. This was known as the Henry Hayes place. Howard Chapin and Irene Eberle were married November 24, 1938 and the lived in an apartment on West River Road until November 1941. In 1941 the old house next to us which was once owned by Welcome Chapin was remodeled and Howard and Irene moved into it.

On our dairy farm we had about 60 head of cattle, 5 horses at one time, pigs, chickens, goats, dogs, cats and sheep. I remember the sheep often getting out of their pasture and we had to go and chase them all

back in. One was always the leader, and the rest all seemed to follow through any small hole in the fence that they could find. One time they were on the hill across the creek and they wandered over to the other side of the hill to the main road to Salamanca. Some farmer found them and locked them up in his barn. He was really upset about the sheep wandering onto his property, and wasn't going to let us have them back. So Pa, Howard, and a hired man went down one time when this guy wasn't home, got them out of the barn somehow and then chased them up over the hill before the guy got back!

After we had the milk route and Pa bought a truck, he was able to purchase wood by the cord from several people on the Five Mile, which he resold and delivered all over Olean and Allegany. One time when he was getting wood from Ernie Everetts, an old lady came out with a shotgun and threatened them. Apparently, someone else had been stealing the wood.

At one time Albert Chapin owned several farms, the dairy where he lived (55 acres), the farm across the road (145 acres) now owned by Thropp's, the farm above that where Howard and Irene lived (99 acres), the old homestead on Buffalo Road (67 acres), the Chamberlain place on the Five Mile (68 acres), and the Wilcox place on Buffalo Road next to Wiltse's (60 acres). He also worked several more farms – Munson's on the Five Mile and the Welch farm on Maple Avenue.

Signe Larson Chapin, My Mom, was a dressmaker before she was married. She made all my clothes. We never knew what a store-bought dress was! She was never idle. Evenings after chores were done, she spent time piecing and making quilts...not from new fabrics but from scraps of fabric left over from clothing she had made. At that time, she also made pajamas and other items of clothing from floral printed feed bags.

Her dad, John Larson, who came here from Sweden, owned a grocery store in Allegany and also one on Mechanic Street in Bradford. After her marriage to my dad, she worked very hard, as mentioned above, doing chores on the farm. She also had a big garden, did lots of canning of fruits and vegetables – no freezers in those days. I also remember the times she took us to pick huckleberries from the low growing bushes. She sold them to a bakery for 15 cents a quart. We could never leave the berry patch until every bucket she brought was full and we even filled her straw hat up. She took us to pick blackberries too. She used to wear long sleeves so as not to get scratched, and high boots because she was afraid of snakes.

In 1951, Pa and Ma built a new home across the road from the dairy farm where they planned to retire. They moved in October, we had a housewarming for them that month and before they even had a chance to unpack all the boxes, Ma had a stroke in January, 1952. My husband Bill was in the hospital at that time recovering from appendix surgery, and Ma and Pa were staying at our place with me and our two babies, Joanne and Jimmy. They walked up to our place and were in the bedroom when we realized something bad had happened. She was hospitalized in St. Francis Hospital, but even after her discharge and with therapy, she never completely recovered. She was at her home in a hospital bed for 12 years. It was very difficult for Pa, as well as the rest of the family as they had to wait on her and do everything for her. We had help at the house from time to time, but it was hard to find someone to live in and help her at a price we could afford to pay. Toward the end, Ma got gangrene in her right leg and she had to have it removed. She later got gangrene in her other leg and was going to have that removed also, but before that was necessary, she passed away on July 2, 1964.

Howard worked in Buffalo doing construction work with Uncle Frank Chapin in 1950 for a couple of years. In between Buffalo and Rochester, Howard worked for Ray Burlingame Building in Olean. In the fall of 1953 he had back surgery in Rochester. He got an infection in his back and they had to re-operate. He was laid up for 9 months. I remember going to visit him in the hospital with Pa Chapin and Mary Summer. I had our baby, Dave, with me and he was only 10 days old. On June 9, 1954 Howard started doing construction work in Rochester for Streb Bros. He and Irene built a home in Rochester in 1955. Irene died in April of 1965, and Howard started working at Kodak in 1966. Howard then married Clara Keefe in Rochester, on

September 17, 1984.

After Paul and Arlene Turner were married on February 28, 1948, they moved in upstairs at the farm, having made it into a little apartment. They stayed there until Pa and Ma had their new home built across the road. At that time, they bought the farm from Pa and stayed there until July 21, 1955, at which time they had an auction and sold off everything.

Paul and Arlene had four children: two boys and two girls. Douglas, born February 24, 1952; Albert, July 24, 1957; Beverly, July 18, 1958 and Carolyn, October 19, 1960. In 1955 Paul bought a chicken farm on Slocum Hollow from Welcome Chapin. He raised chickens, sheep and rabbits. Paul went to work at Dresser Clark October 19, 1964 and retired May 1, 1993. On November 11, 1966, their house caught fire, so the winter months were spent rebuilding and remodeling. They moved back in March 11, 1967. They sold the Ernie Potter house where they had been living during the rebuilding. In 1978 they built a new home on property purchased from Everett Turner (Arlene's father) on the Five Mile Road. On January 24, 1988 their son Albert, his wife Ellie and their granddaughter Alanna were all killed in a tragic auto accident caused by icy roads.



Albert & Arlene Turner Chapin
circa 1948

In about 1955 Bob took over the farm and dairy, and he and Lillian moved into the old farmhouse. Before Pa Chapin died, Bob Chapin purchased both farms across the road. In later years, Mr. Thropp bought it from the bank. Bob and Lillian were married November 25, 1937. They lived in Olean on Irving Street. They later moved to North First Street in Allegany. After they were flooded out in 1942, they rented a place at 93 North Second Street in Allegany from Pa and Ma Chapin. Pa and Ma had purchased the house previously from Louise Hitchcock with plans to retire there. That never happened. Bob and Lillian had three daughters, Sandra, Linda and Mary. In June 1964, tragedy struck. Both the Chapin and Foster families were devastated by the death of their youngest daughter, Mary. She was raped and murdered while babysitting for her sister, Sandra. This happened two weeks before Ma Chapin died in 1964. A very sad time in our lives. In 1969, Bob and Sandra Foster left Allegany to enter the ministry. Robert Chapin, now age 54, was unable to manage everything, farm, milk plant and delivery business on his own. He sold his entire dairy herd at auction at that time. By 1973, only Chapin and Giblin Dairy remained of the five original Valley Farms.

WANTED

We need a 1952 ACS yearbook to complete our collection. If you have one you would be willing to donate, please contact us at AlleganyHeritageCenter.com

Memorials



For: Nancy Wilcox Kardos

From: Anne Bennett

Camille J. and F. Michael Autieri

Oscar A. Rosenbloom

Thomas and Linda Young

The Theresa Keenan Family

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INSIDE SPECIAL ISSUE:

Presidents Report

Chapin Farm

Valley Farms

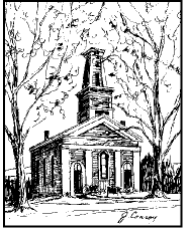
NEXT MEETING

We will meet on Sunday, May 19 at 2 p.m. at the Heritage Center, 25 North Second Street. Char Sendlakowski will wrap up her series about the early businesses in Allegany along Main Street. She will cover East Main Street, from Fifth Street to the village line, and West Main Street, from Second Street to the Five Mile Creek.

Special focus will be on the Burton, the fire of 1887, and the blacksmith shops that were there.

**SUNDAY, MAY 19 – 2 P.M.
HERITAGE CENTER
25 N. 2ND STREET, ALLEGANY**





Allegany Area Historical Association

November 2019

www.allegany.org

Issue XXXVIII Vol. 4

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

We had our annual election of Officers and Trustees at the October meeting. Tom Stetz, Jim Hitchcock and Alice Altenburg, whose terms as Trustees expired this year, were all re-elected to two year terms. Many thanks to them for their help over the years.

We have our two big annual events coming up – our 36th Christmas Cookie Sale, which is our only fund raiser of the year, and our 37th Community Christmas Service. The Community Service will be on Sunday, December 1st at 2 p.m. at the Heritage Center. Rev. Dr. Derek Cheek of St. John's Lutheran Church will conduct the service. As usual, we will take up a collection of money and paper products to benefit Genesis House, the homeless shelter in Olean.

Our Christmas Cookie Sale will be held on Saturday, December 7th from 9:30 to 2 at Nature's Remedy, 120 West Main Street. Diane Boser will be the chairperson for the event. She and her merry band of elves will be contacting our members to contribute cookies. If you don't get a call, just call Diane to volunteer your baking services. The help we receive from everyone is necessary to make this a success.

We've had some work done on our Heritage Center. Three sides of the building have wood siding, but the back only had shingles on it. That side faces west and gets the brunt of the weather, so it was starting to be in disrepair. We contacted Maple Leaf Contracting who came and put vinyl siding on over the shingles. They did the job in one day. It now not only looks much better, but it should give us greater protection from the weather that comes roaring up the valley from the west.

Stephanie Beneng, our speaker for October, gave an interesting talk about using the U. S. Census when you're doing genealogy research. Her interest in history was sparked when she was a student at Allegheny College. As part of a work/study program, she worked at the Crawford County Historical Society, and has now been doing genealogy research for over 20 years. I found that interesting. How did your interest in genealogy start? Some of you, I'm sure, have always been interested, but I think most of us probably came to it later in life. Our association is always ready to help you find out about your Allegany ancestors, just contact us at alleganyheritagecenter@gmail.com.

Thanks to those who are now getting their newsletters by email. If you want to join this program and continue to help save us money, please send your email address to: alleganyheritagecenter@gmail.com.

Don't forget to send in your dues. Make your check to Allegany Area Historical Assn., and mail it to P.O. Box 162, Allegany, NY 14706. Thank you.

FRANCIE POTTER, PRESIDENT

PART TWO – CAROLYN WING ORAL HISTORY

Done with Wes and Judy Martin

Carolyn went to Elmira College and majored in math and economics. After graduation, she went to work for Kodak in the research and engineering division. She was involved in a top-secret project, creating programs to look at Russia using spy satellites. The computing was all done by hand. There were six women involved, who programmed Kodak cameras to take pictures, which were then sent back to earth in a capsule that was dropped into a zone in the Pacific Ocean. The project was declassified in 2011. She worked 34 years at Kodak, and came home to Allegany on most weekends. **(see newspaper article on pages 4&5)**

Over the years she has seen a lot of changes to Allegany, mostly along Main Street. At one time there were two hardware stores, Allegany Hardware and Edwards, Brown and Edwards. There were two bowling alleys, a dry cleaners and a 5 and dime store. The Radiant Diner was on Main Street.



Her father and her uncle, Marvin Wing were members of the Twin Rocks Gun Club in Pumpkin Hollow. Carolyn went hunting but she always rooted for the animals. Her brother Charlie worked for GM and moved to Michigan with his wife, Ruth Smith.

She enjoyed her school years and fondly remembers the principal and many of her teachers. James Johnson was the Principal. Each year the young boys in school delighted in picking up grass snakes from the field across from the school and scaring the girls with them. One year, Mr. Johnson went to the field and got some snakes, brought them to school and showed them to all the girls so they could see they were harmless, thus taking the fun out of the boys' prank.

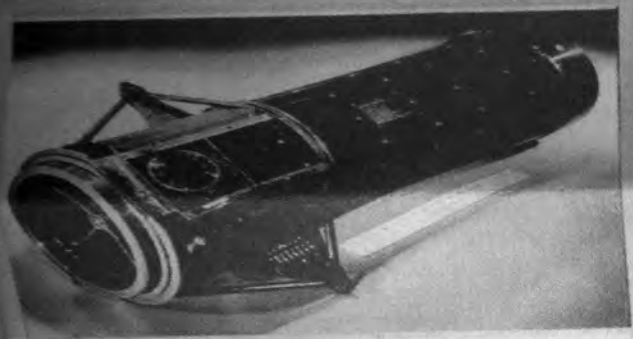
Madeleine McAuliffe was one of her favorite teachers. She had Ann Jenkins for 5th grade, Ida Mohr for 6th grade, and Leona Hickey for 7th or 8th grade. Rhea Krampf was an excellent teacher. Irene Schnell taught Latin, Coletta Felt taught Math and Languages. Bob O'Donnell was one of her teachers, who later became Principal. Howard Otto was the shop teacher, and he kindly let Carolyn take his class, where she learned drafting, which was a big help to her later in her work at Kodak. She played piano in a small band that played for local groups like the Men's Club. There was one main entrance to the school, but the students went in either the Boy's entrance or the Girl's entrance.

She did many things at home with her mother and brother. Her mother would get fungi from trees, paint designs on them and when they dried, they were used for decorations. She did paintings of the many trees that grew in her garden, and Carolyn has many of her paintings. Charlie painted Ukrainian designs on eggs for Easter, and



9/30/11

CLASSIFIED



A model of the lens built by Kodak workers for the Gambit spy satellites that were active from 1963 to 1984. IIT CORP.

50 years of silence

Ex-Kodakers can finally talk about spy satellites

JEFFREY BLACKWELL
Staff writer

During the hard frost of the Cold War, a time when people were building fallout shelters in their basements, an extensive team of people from what was then a division of Eastman Kodak Co. worked on spy satellite programs that may have helped prevent a third world war.

For 50 years, members of this clandestine team kept secret their innovative work on the Gambit, Gambit 3 and Hexagon spy satellites that circled Earth and took high-resolution photographs of Soviet Union missile facilities and other strategic sites from the early 1960s to the mid-1980s.

The images gave the United States vital information about the Soviets' nuclear capabilities, which set the tone for negotiations on nuclear stand-down and arms reduction agreements between the two nations.

Les Mitchell of Pittsford, a retired project manager with a department at Kodak known as "research and engineering," and his more than 1,000 colleagues were sworn to secrecy about the projects. Their families were among those in the dark — even about their loved ones' locations when they traveled.

"One of the things that we helped the U.S. learn and know was that there was no missile gap with the Soviet Union," said Mitchell, 87. "It was the Cold War and we were all scared to death — people were building basement bomb shelters and worrying about having those Soviet ballistic missiles come over here and blow



A model of the film rolling machine used in the Hexagon satellites that were active from 1971 to 1986. PROVIDED BY IIT CORP.

See **SATELLITES**, Page 5A

TOP SECRET

Satellites

FROM PAGE 1A

up things.

"We were able to count exactly how many missiles they had, how many launch pads they had, and instead of there being a missile gap we were way ahead. Our ability to negotiate with the Russians changed — instead of them having the upper hand, we had the upper hand."

Kodak designed and built the camera, lens and film-handling systems for the Gambit, Gambit 3 and Hexagon satellites. Up until a couple weeks ago, the company's involvement was a tightly held secret. But with the official declassification of the projects, local systems designers, builders and support staff can now talk about their contribution to history.

"I've lived all these years with this secret and many other secrets in my head," said Dave Schaeffer, 82, a Kodak security officer assigned to the projects. "But now that some have been disclosed, it gives you a better sense of yourself."

DECLASSIFIED

The spy satellite programs were declassified at a gala celebration of the National Reconnaissance Office's 50th anniversary on Sept. 17. The NRO is a federal defense and intelligence department that is responsible for "developing, launching, and operating America's signals, imagery and communications intelligence satellites."

Three of the department's satellites were displayed at the event at the Smithsonian National Air and Space Museum's Steven F. Udvar-Hazy Center at Dulles International Airport in Virginia. The one-day show was by invitation only and not open to the public. But it gave Mitchell, Schaeffer and their families who attended the gala an opportunity to take a quick glimpse at the camera and film systems they helped to develop decades ago in Rochester.

"Nobody knew that Kodak was involved in these programs because it was



Les Mitchell of Pittsford recently talked about his work on a top-secret spy satellite program with his daughter Patrice Mitchell. JEFFREY BLACKWELL/STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

all classified," Mitchell said. "The guys who worked on the project could finally tell their spouses and families what they were doing all those years and we are real proud of it. But for me personally, it's too bad because my wife (Lillian) died four years ago. So I did not have the pleasure of being able to tell her."

An invitation-only event is scheduled for tonight at the George Eastman House hosted by ITT Corp., which in 2004 purchased what had become Kodak's space systems division, a business that was originated by George Eastman in the World War I era to help the United States with military surveillance.

Several hundred people are expected to attend the event.

"It's important to ITT that we honor the Rochester men and women who worked on these top-secret reconnaissance satellite programs," said Christopher Young, president of ITT Corp.'s geospatial systems division in Rochester. "The groundbreaking work they accomplished and the contributions they made to U.S. national security are extraordinary."

Joseph Westbay, vice president and director of engineering at ITT's geospatial unit, said development of the imaging systems for the satellites was an extraordinary effort. The systems had to be designed and developed from

scratch.

"I think some of the systems we build today would look very familiar to these guys," he said.

The geospatial systems division employs almost 1,500 people locally, many of them in the manufacture of optics for defense, surveillance and weather satellites.

Mitchell said the satellites were feats of engineering and design based on the incredible demands of space flight and the mission. The camera systems had to be built so that they would not only be able to survive a violent rocket launch but also the weightlessness of space and the extremes of cold and heat.

They also had to develop a way to retrieve exposed film from space. The Hexagon satellite, for example, carried about 60 miles of high-resolution film made by Kodak.

"Basically you have a great big camera with a huge lens which is taking pictures of the Earth and when they get all the film exposed they wind it up in a recovery capsule," Mitchell said. "It separates from the satellite and it re-enters the atmosphere coming down on a parachute, and the Air Force has some neat aircraft that are fitted up with something called a trapeze to catch a descending capsule with the film in it."

The Gambit program was active from 1963 to 1984. There were nearly

100 launches of the two satellite designs. The Hexagon program was active from 1971 to 1986, with 20 launches.

MEMORIES

The declassification is bringing back memories for the people involved. The job meant a lot of hard and exciting work with a great deal of travel and secrecy. Mitchell said he was constantly darting back and forth from Rochester to Vandenberg Air Force Base in California, where the launches took place.

If family needed to reach him or other members of the team in an emergency, they knew to call Dave Schaeffer. Project members would also have to travel as individuals, hiding any affiliation with Kodak or the projects because of security concerns.

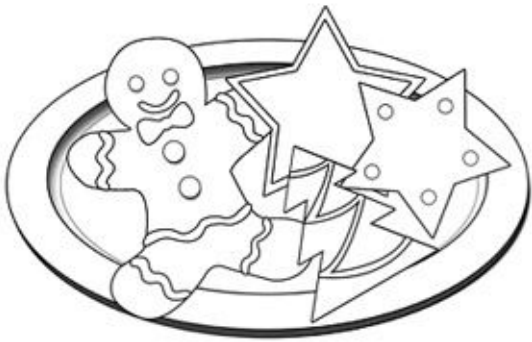
"Because all of the work was classified, that included some of the relationships," Schaeffer said. "Eastman Kodak is known as a photographic company, of course, and the government agencies that we were doing business with did not necessarily want a particular operation associated with photography."

For Patrice Mitchell, this has been a revelation about her father's work.

"We knew he did something interesting," she said. "But we never knew what he did. No one did." □

JBLACKWELL@

DemocratandChronicle.com



Our 36th annual
CHRISTMAS COOKIE SALE
Will be held on **Saturday December 7th**

At Nature's remedy, 120 West Main Street from 9:30 to 2 p.m.

This is our only fundraiser of the year. If you don't get a call asking you to bake some cookies, just call our chairperson, Diane Boser, to volunteer services. The complete effort of all our members and friends is what makes this sale so successful every year.



On Sunday, December 1st at 2 p.m.



At the Heritage Center, 25 North Second Street,
We will hold our 37th annual

COMMUNITY CHRISTMAS SERVICE

which is always a nice way to start the holiday season. Rev. Derek Cheek, Pastor of St. John's Lutheran Church, will conduct the service. At the service we will once again take up a collection of money and paper products to benefit Genesis House, the homeless shelter in Olean. Anything we can gather for them is needed, and very much appreciated.



*Thank you in advance for your support of
these two events.*

Treasurer's Report
October 1, 2018 - September 30, 2019

This report is presented to give you an understanding of our sources of income and expenses.

AAHA receives no public assistance from Village, Town or State

INCOME:

Books, Maps, Postcard Sales	186.00
Christmas Cookie Sale (2018)	1149.00
Donations	1140.00
Donations/Memorials	415.00
Grant for Siding, Back Wall (CRCF)	3500.00
Membership Dues	3565.00
MISC	316.00
Yearbooks Sold	20.00

TOTAL **\$10,291.00**

***will be spent this fall**

EXPENSES

Citizen Printing	346.80
Dues Paid to Other Associations	160.00
Fire Extinguishers (Ganoung)	28.00
GOCC (Gifts: Forness & Swatt)	70.00
Insurance (Erie & Niagara)	810.49
Landscaping (D.Swatt)	400.00
MISC	91.19
National Grid	754.62
NYSEG	2509.12
Post Office (Box Rental renewal)	74.00
Post Office (Bulk Mailing Permit renewal)	225.00
Post Office (Bulk Mailing account)	100.00
Security (Austin Alarm Annual Service Contract)	419.40
Security (Austin Alarm Service Call/Batteries))	270.45
Yearbooks (New)	81.56

TOTAL **\$ 6340.63**

Allegany Area Historical Association
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INSIDE SPECIAL ISSUE:

Presidents Report

Fungi

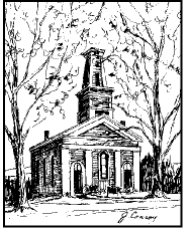
Cookies & Christmas

NEXT MEETING

Due to scheduling difficulties, we WILL NOT have a meeting in November.

Be sure to come to our
Community Christmas Service
on Sunday, December 1st, at 2 p.m. at the Heritage Center,

and our
Christmas Cookie Sale
on Saturday, December 7th
at Nature's Remedy, 120 West Main Street, Allegany.



Allegany Area Historical Association

October 2019

www.allegany.org

Issue XXXVIII Vol. 3

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

October again, and the start of another year for us. Which means that it's the time to pay your yearly dues. This is the only reminder you will get. The dues are: \$15 - single membership; \$20 - family membership; \$25 or more - patron membership. If you don't pay after a reasonable time, you will be removed from our lists and won't receive the newsletter, so please pay now while you think about it. Make your check to Allegany Area Historical Association, and mail it to PO Box 162, Allegany, NY 14706. Thanks for your support.

Last October we asked for your help in sending as many as possible of our newsletters to you by email. This is to save on mailing costs, and printing costs of doing hard copies. We heard from many of you, but would like to hear from more so we can keep expanding this program. We realize that many of you don't have email, and you will continue to receive printed editions. So, to expand this program and continue to save us money, please send your email address to alleganyheritagecenter@gmail.com. Thanks for your help.

As you know, the Heritage Center is open on Wednesdays from 1 to 4 from May through September. This year and last year, we have had very few people come in. With so much online now, such as census records, cemetery records, and old newspapers, most people seem to be doing their family research from home. So, the board has made a decision that next year, we will be open one Wednesday a month, and the rest of the time by appointment. What Wednesday we haven't decided yet. People coming in from out of town usually stop at the Town Hall or Village Hall to see how they can contact us, and one of us gets the message and makes arrangements to meet them at the Center. This happens throughout the year. We think this will be a better use of our manpower. So keep this in mind if you are planning on being in Allegany next year.

Among the many items we have recently received was a menu from the Olean House Coffee Shop from 1962. A King size martini was \$.80; Ravioli with spaghetti and grated cheese was \$.75, and a single pork chop with apple butter and potatoes was \$1.25. Those were the days! We gave the several menus we got to the Olean Historical Society for their use.

For more county and local history, go to Historicpath.com, run by Cattaraugus County. There are many interesting articles there, and more are added all the time. I think you'll enjoy it.

Thanks to a generous donation, we have received a copy of the 1952 ACS yearbook, which completes our collection. The yearbooks are always a hit when we do our honor year display each August. They bring back so many memories for the returning alumni. We do have extra yearbooks for sale. Contact us at Alleganyheritagecenter@gmail.com on how to purchase one. We had been charging \$5.00 for shipping our yearbooks, but since we can no longer send the yearbooks by media mail (because they have advertising in them), we are going to have to raise our price. Shipping will now be \$7.50. The yearbooks themselves are still \$5.00 each.

CAROLYN WING'S ORAL HISTORY, DONE WITH WES AND JUDY MARTIN, JULY 2018.

Carolyn's great-grandfather, Asa Wing, came to Allegany from East Otto. The family was originally from England. Asa settled in Wing Hollow, which was named for the family. Asa was in the Civil War, and served in the 154th N.Y. Vols. He married Catherine Conhiser and settled in Wing Hollow. They had a farm, with a barn built over a creek, with cattle upstairs in the barn and sheep downstairs. The barn is long gone and the original house burned.

Her other great-grandparents, the Schmidts, lived up Smith Hollow and came here from Germany by way of Canada. Henry was a bricklayer, and his wife was Margarethe Reitz. Her grandparents, Nelson Wing and Minnie Smith, lived on the West Five Mile Road and had six children. Note that Schmidt has now been changed to Smith.

Her father, Forrest Wing was in the grocery business with his cousin, John Reitz. Their store was where Studio 4 East now manufactures their t-shirts. Her parents met at a church meeting and married in 1925. After John Reitz left the business, the name changed from Wing's Grocery to the Model Market. Carolyn's aunt, Marguerite Overton, bought the business in 1942. Carolyn's brother Charlie bought the business from his aunt. Eventually Charles Reid purchased the grocery.

After Forrest Wing left the grocery, he worked for Socony Vacuum Oil, where he gauged oil tanks. Socony Vacuum had a large number of employees in the area. They moved the business to Washington State, and left a lot of people out of work.

Carolyn's older brother is Charles Wing. In 1930 the Wings moved to 26 North Fourth Street where they have been ever since. Carolyn always wanted to do what Charlie did, which he didn't always like. They played a lot of outdoor games, fished in the creek and rode their bikes. Her uncle, Marvin Wing, fixed up one of Charlie's bikes for Carolyn. She liked walking around the village, and playing indoor games such as Monopoly, Tinker Toys and Lincoln Logs. Roller skating was always a lot of fun, and she roller skated down to Allegany Central School to skate on the building's ramps. She and Charlie would sometimes take their lunch up to the cemetery to eat under the trees.



Wes Martin at Wing house for interview

When their father owned the grocery store, Carolyn and Charlie would take the phone orders, and helped put the orders together for delivery. Carolyn helped restock the shelves, and sometimes rode along with her father when he delivered groceries. They bought their eggs locally, and the eggs had to be candled to make sure they were good for sale. Candling involved holding each egg up in front of a light to make sure it hadn't been fertilized. She also bagged potatoes. The store only had one or two brands of each item. The orders were put up in bushel baskets, carried into each house and unloaded onto a table for each customer. Mr. Wing "carried" a lot of customers during the Depression when times were hard.

Carolyn talked about some of the businesses on Main Street. Going west from the grocery store, Rafael Nenko had a meat market, there was the Village Inn, then a gas station, owned at one time by Jim Boser, Sr. The brick house on the corner of First and Main was Anger's Blacksmith and Livery. Going east from the grocery store was Mike Scarlato's barbershop, and the B.P.O.E. (Elks) meeting hall was upstairs. Today this is where Studio 4 East is. Then came the Citizen, where the newspaper was printed.

Carolyn's father, Forrest Wing, was Town Supervisor for 24 years total. She remembers a lot of phone calls, good and



PARADE OF GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC
CIVIL WAR VETERANS - MAY 30, 1898
MAIN STREET, ALLEGANY

JOHN FRIES CARRYING LARGE FLAG

JOHN D. SMITH CARRYING SMALL FLAG

ASA S. WING TO LEFT OF SMALL FLAG

bad. One of the good calls was thanking Mr. Wing for his efforts in getting street lights put on the railroad overhead going to Olean. People were pleased about that.

Pearl Harbor and World War II brought about many changes. Carolyn remembers that the schools in the area competed with each other in having scrap metal drives. There was a large lot by school that was full of scrap metal. Rationing of food, clothing and gas, among other things, caused great changes in life. She remembers collecting milk weed pods but not sure what they were used for. (Ed. Note – this was used for filling in life vests.) Many of the women in the village knit socks, scarves, and afghans for the troops. Her mother was a kindergarten teacher. Her father served as an air raid warden. Carolyn and a teacher, Leona Hickey, went to a building in the middle of a field on the Nine Mile and used to spot airplanes and identify them. Charlie was called up in 1944 but didn't see combat. She had two uncles in the war – one was in the Signal Corps attached to Patton's Army and one served in Washington, D.C. There was great relief when the war was over. There were church bells ringing all over town.

TO BE CONTINUED



WWII Ration Stamps

SECTION 69a, TAX LAW, as amended by L. 1936, c.443, reads in part as follows: "Statement of taxes—The collector shall immediately after the receipt of a tax-roll and warrant mail to each owner of real property included in such tax-roll, whose name and address he is able to ascertain, a statement of the amount of taxes assessed against his property with a notice of the dates and places fixed by him for receiving taxes. The expenses for postage and stationery required in sending such statements shall be a charge against the tax district. *****"

MR Forrest M. Wing, Allegany, N. Y.

Please take notice that taxes on the following property assessed to you on the assessment roll of the town of Allegany for the year 1943 are now due and payable:

KIND OF PROPERTY (FARM, RESIDENCE, VACANT LAND, MERCANTILE, Etc.)	ACREAGE or DIMENSION	KIND OF TAX (COUNTY & TOWN, SPECIAL DISTRICT, PENSION, Etc.)	VALUATION	TAX RATE	Amount of Taxes	
					Dollars	Cts.
<u>4th St. Res</u>	<u>1/4</u>		<u>1800</u>	<u>01667</u>	<u>21</u>	<u>67</u>
		<u>returned school tax</u>			<u>27</u>	<u>80</u>
<u>main st. store</u>	<u>1/8</u>		<u>1000</u>	<u>..</u>	<u>25</u>	<u>01</u>
		<u>returned school tax</u>			<u>31</u>	<u>49</u>
<u>n nine mile</u>	<u>39</u>		<u>200</u>	<u>01823</u>	<u>3</u>	<u>79</u>

Assessment Roll Delivered to Collector: Dec 16, 1942

I have Designated the following Dates and Places for Receiving Taxes:

TOTAL TAXES	
Collectors Fees	<u>5 46</u>
TOTAL DUE	<u>114 73</u>

FEEES WILL BE ADDED AS FOLLOWS:

- % on and after 19
- % on and after 19
- % on and after 19

Do not sign this until tax has been paid

Received Payment Mar 31, 1943
Belle Schobey Collector

No. 1004

P.O. Address N.Y.

PLEASE RETURN THIS NOTICE WHEN MAKING PAYMENT

Forrest Wing tax bill 1943



Forrest M. Wing, 26 N. 4th Street, Allegany died April 5, 1981 after a short illness. Born October 22, 1897 in Allegany, he was a son of Nelson L. and Minnie Smith Wing. On June 23, 1925 he married the former Orlena Horning, who survives.

A lifelong resident of Allegany, Mr. Wing represented the Town of Allegany on the Cattaraugus County Board of Supervisors for a total of 24 years, serving from January 1, 1936 through 1961 with the exception of the years of 1950 and 1951.

He had owned and operated the Model Food Market in Allegany until 1942 and later was employed as a gauger for the former Socony Vacuum Co.

Mr. Wing was a member of St. John's Lutheran Church of Allegany and the Twin Rock Gun Club.

Surviving besides his widow are a son, Charles E. Wing of Okemos, Michigan, a daughter, Miss Carolyn Wing of Rochester, seven grandchildren and a great-grandchild; two brothers, Marvin D. Wing of Allegany and Kenneth A. Wing of Santa Ana, California; two sisters, Mrs. Edward Overton of Allegany, and Mrs. B. O. Snyder of Rochester, and several nieces and nephews.

Funeral services were held in St. John's Lutheran Church on April 8, 1981 with the Rev. Gerard W. Drum, pastor, officiating. Burial was in Allegany Cemetery.

The Village of Allegany has a program going called Allegany Hometown Heroes. Banners are hung on the light poles along Main Street of people who are or have served in the military. The banners have a picture of the service person, their branch of service and their rank. They go from the Civil War to the present. They are sponsored by the Exchange Club of Olean. The banner from the Civil War honors 1st Lieutenant Stephen Welch who served in the 154th NY Volunteers, and who won the Medal of Honor. Many towns and cities have these, and it's nice to see them in Allegany. To get a banner done for a service member from Allegany, you first get an application form from Stephanie Kolkowski at the Community Bank branch on West State Street in Allegany, or from the Village Hall. You then send in the completed application form along with a photo and a check for \$80 (that was the latest price), the banner is made and sent to the Allegany Village office, and the village workers hang the banner. The banners will be taken down in the fall when the Christmas decorations go up, and rehung in the spring.

FRANCIE POTTER, PRESIDENT

SPECIAL POEM FOR SENIOR CITIZENS

A row of bottles on my shelf
Caused me to analyze myself.
One yellow pill I have to pop
Goes to my heart so it won't stop.
A little white one that I take
Goes to my hands so they won't shake.
The blue ones that I use a lot
Tell me I'm happy when I'm not.
The purple pill goes to my brain
And tells me that I have no pain.
The capsules tell me not to wheeze
Or cough or even sneeze.
The red ones, smallest of them all
Go to my blood so I won't fall.
The orange ones, very big and bright
Prevent my leg cramps in the night.
Such an array of brilliant pills
Helping to cure all kinds of ills.
But what I'd really like to know.....
Is what tells each one where to go!

*There's always a lot to be thankful for,
If you take time to look for it.*



Allegany Area Historical Association
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INSIDE SPECIAL ISSUE:

Presidents Report

Egg Candling

So Many Pills

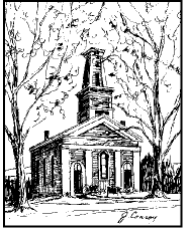
NEXT MEETING

We will meet on Sunday, October 20 at 2 p.m. at the Heritage Center, 25 North Second Street. Stephanie Beneng, a library assistant at the Olean Public Library, will give a presentation on **The U.S. Census, 1790 to 1940**. "Let's celebrate the 2020 census by taking a look back in time. Today, it is easier than ever to access census records online, but to interpret them, it helps to know some census history. In this presentation we'll review how the federal census evolved and what questions are asked in each census through 1940. We'll also discuss some strategies to make census records more useful in your family history research."

Stephanie, a native of Duke Center, Pa. and a graduate of Allegheny College, does genealogy workshops at the Olean library.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 20 – 2 P.M.
HERITAGE CENTER
25 N. 2ND STREET, ALLEGANY

www.allegany.org



Allegany Area Historical Association

March 2020

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Issue XXXIV Vol. 1

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Another cookie sale, another success. We didn't have as many cookies, only 75 boxes of 1 1/2 doz. each, but we raised the price a bit and finished up ahead of last year, with a profit of \$1,303.00. This included the specialty cookies we always have. The few boxes we had left went to the Olean Food Pantry and Genesis House, the homeless shelter in Olean. Thanks, as always, to our great bakers, Linda Kruppner at Nature's Remedy, and all our supportive customers.

We had our Community Christmas Service on a really bad weather day, but fifteen brave people came out, as well as seven members of the St. John's Lutheran Ensemble. Rev. Dr. Derek Cheek, Pastor of St. John's Lutheran Church conducted the service. Thanks to them for a very nice service. We collected paper products and \$63.00 for Genesis House. Hopefully the weather will be nicer next year.

Last October we mentioned that due to lack of visitors, we planned on being open only one Wednesday a month this year. We have decided on the third Wednesday of the month, from 1 to 4 p.m. Of course, if you are in town at some other time, you can always contact us at Alleganyheritagecenter@gmail.com and we can make arrangements to meet you.

It is becoming very difficult to arrange for speakers in the month of November so we are changing our fall meeting dates to September and October, instead of October and November.

We have had our history book, "Our Allegany Heritage, 1831-1981", reprinted by the Allegany Citizen, available for sale at \$10. Thanks to modern technology, the maps are much easier to read. Local residents can buy a copy at the Allegany Citizen, 99 West Main Street, Allegany. Out of town members can contact us at Alleganyheritagecenter@gmail.com for a book, \$10 plus \$5 for shipping. And we still have extra yearbooks for sale, not every year. They are \$5.00, plus \$7.50 for shipping. Contact us at the above address to get yours.

We want to thank our member, Wes Martin, who has been doing the oral history interviews for us. Wes enjoys doing them and the interviewee enjoys it also. We have received many, many comments about them. Wes is saving an important part of Allegany's history for us and future generations.

Local photographer Carl Margeson has moved out of town, and he donated many pictures from his files that had belonged to Jack Walsh. They show buildings from the '60's - many of which we didn't have, such as Mary's Diner. Thanks, Carl, for thinking of us.

Francie Potter, President

Oral history done by Wes Martin with Dave Barton of Allegany on Jan. 29, 2018

PART ONE

Dave's grandparents on both sides were born in Allegany. On his father's side, his grandfather, Perry Barton, married Mary Woodard. On his mother's side, his grandfather, John Doner, married Minnie Sweet. His parents were Al Barton and Eleanor Barton. They had three sons, Don, Dave and Gerry. Don lives in Goose Creek, South Carolina, and Gerry is deceased. The family was originally from Wales, and came to the Pittsburgh area, before some of them moved to Allegany.

Dave's wife was Barbara Murphy. Her father, Robert Murphy, died in WW II in the Battle of the Bulge. Her mother remarried to Shirley Bryant from Hinsdale, who also served in WW II. Dave met his wife in Olean. A lot of the kids hung out at the Texas Hot in Olean, and Barbara's step-father had a Westinghouse store across the street where she worked. She would come out and sit on the steps, and one day Dave went across the street and introduced himself, and the rest is history.

Dave graduated in 1959, and some of the teachers he remembers were James Andre, Bucky Eckhart, Anthony Alterie, Dorothy Karl, Rhea Krampf, and Irene McRae. Fred Grace was the Principal, and also the football coach. He had about 65-70 in his graduating class. The only sports available were football, basketball, baseball, swimming and track. There were no girls sports available. Dave served as the manager for the football and baseball teams.

When he grew up in Allegany, Main Street was where all the businesses were, much like today. There was a grocery store, a hardware store, barber shops, several bars, a poolhall, a bowling alley and two soda shops which were the after-school hangout places for the high school kids. Dave lives on Second Street in the same house where he grew up.

Dave and three buddies enlisted in the Marines after high school. The Marines had a program called the Buddy System where you and your buddies were guaranteed to be together through boot camp, after that who knew. Dave enlisted on April 9th, 1959, and because he was 17 at the time, his parents had to sign for him. The four of them left on July 14th for boot camp at Parris Island, and went into a whole different way of life. He still remembers the names of all his drill sergeants. Though he enlisted for motor transport, a Marine is a basic rifleman, first and foremost. His motor transport service was also very interesting and involved much more than just driving. You had to be prepared for any event, such as crossing deep ravines.



Training - Cabling M151 Across Ravine

After basic training, he was stationed at Camp Geiger, North Carolina. After he was home on leave around Christmas time, he was transferred to Camp Pendleton, California, for about six weeks. He loved California. He then shipped out to Okinawa. While there, he did field maneuvers or "war games" in Japan, Korea, Taiwan and Formosa. He found it very interesting to learn of the different cultures.

When he was in Japan, he was stationed at the foot of Mt. Fuji for his maneuvers, so on his free time he and his friends thought they would climb the mountain. Half way up was a golf course and a stand with

pop and snacks. They never made it to the top. He took R & R in Tokyo and really enjoyed it. One thing that impressed Dave was the fact that in Asia, you always took your shoes off when you entered a private home. There were slippers inside the door for you to put on after you took your shoes off.

After his service in the Pacific area, he came back to New River, North Carolina, where one of his jobs was driving a school bus for the Marine Corps Air Base. He missed the Marines after he left, and thought it was a great experience. The one thing he really missed was the teamwork. He got out in 1963, but was not officially discharged until 1965, as he had signed up for six years, so he was part of the inactive reserve for two years.

TO BE CONTINUED



USMC Dave Barton



Training - 2½ Ton Truck Recovery



M151 Cresting Hill



LST 1

In doing some research, we came across the following article by Margaret Green from 1998. We hope you enjoy it.

GROCERY STORES – THEN AND NOW

On December 30th I was in our local TOPS market making some purchases. All 16 check-out counters were open and lines were waiting to be checked out. This of course being right before the New Year's Eve celebration, people were stocking up on treats for the holiday. Their baskets were filled with foods that came from all parts of the world – frozen, dried, canned and fresh. Scanners made the process of checking out rapid and efficient. Some customers paid with cash, many used credit cards.



My thoughts went back to the small-town grocery stores I had known as a child in the late 20's and 30's. Those days you took your grocery list to the store, and the grocer filled the order, weighing out the sugar from a barrel, putting it in a brown bag and tying the bag with string. Cookies were often bought by the pound and taken from a large display container. There were canned goods but no frozen foods. Meat was fresh, kept in a display case with ice to keep it cold. Many people had milk and dairy products delivered to their door, although they could be purchased in a store. All of the milk and cream came in glass bottles.

Often the lady of the house called in her order to the grocery store. It was filled and delivered to her home. That worked fine for those living in the villages. Some grocers loaded an enclosed vehicle, one I recalled was an old converted school bus, with a good supply of non-perishable foods and drove out into the country, stopping at the farm houses to sell their wares. This was a help for people in isolated areas.

Many people did not pay cash for their groceries but charged for a period of time, usually paying their bill once a month. Sometimes this led to difficulty for the grocer, especially if they didn't pay promptly, or in some cases not at all. The grocer soon learned whose credit was good.

Farmers often used the barter system. They traded eggs and butter for groceries. The butter was packed in two pound and five pound crocks. Now these crocks are collector's items often found on display in kitchens of those who enjoy early Americana.

I have used the microfilms of the Allegany Citizen to research information on grocery stores that existed in the village of Allegany – dating back to 1896. Advertising in the Citizen named these stores – James McAuliffe General Merchandise, Geise and Wilbers, Emhisers Grocery Store, G. E. Lahr, 28 Main Street and Willards – 37 Main Street.

The advertising for Geise and Wilber stated "Fresh Groceries at all Times." While G. E. Lahr ran an ad, "Try a sack of our Gold Medal Flour. Stop in to see the bargain counter of tin ware." Emhisers Grocery Store seemed to carry fresh produce for their "ads" often mentioned different berries, peaches, and plums for canning. James McAuliffe's advertisement states "Chase and Sanborn celebrated coffee just received." Willard carried clothing as well as groceries. This advertisement appeared in April, 1896 in the Citizen – "Just returned from city, watch out for Eastern Trip Grand Opening of New Spring Goods." In 1901, this ad appeared, "Latest 20th Century Bran (their spelling) New Goods – Our stock is New and Large." Some of the advertising listed prices but more often they only carried a slogan such as the ones mentioned above, and this one below.

Willards – "One dollar will buy more DRY GOODS and GROCERIES at that store than anywhere else. Most of the people know it, if you don't it is your fault. Try it and see."

In 1921, the Allegany Citizen had advertising from the Allegany Grocery Store opposite Park Hotel, Sam

Gagliardo, Prop. "Will deliver anywhere. Come and see our square dealing whether you buy or not." R. M. Nenno Meat Market and Grocery carried advertising as did F. M. Wing, Main Street High Class Grocery Store, and E.F. Smith whose ad in the August 1927 Citizen read, "Buy fruit and vegetables from us and be assured the best of the market in both fresh and canned goods. Our line of staples and fancy groceries are superior to most retail stocks. Remember us for Courtesy, Cleanliness, Honesty and Service."

Grocery stores have come and gone through the years in Allegany. In 1944 Leo Mostacato opened Allegany's newest self-service grocery next to the Burton Hotel. This store too has been closed for several years. Presently the only grocery store in the village in Park and Shop, owned and operated by the Mahar family, located on the corner of First Street and Maple Avenue. Convenience stores connected with gas stations serve as quick stops for milk, bread, and other items.

Changes continue to be made and as we advance into the "high tech" era, there will be little resemblance to the corner grocery store that existed in the 19th century.

Ed. Note – At the present time, Allegany does not have any grocery stores.



120 W Main before 1879



98 W Main Griffin and Walley



1905 Covells. N. 2nd



107 W Main



1916 Ed Smith's Grocery, N 2nd

NEXT MEETING

Our next meeting is a bit different in that it's not Allegany history, but something more important. It's about the pollinators that our life depends on. Martha Tillinger lives in Allegany and has been a certified pollinator gardener for 9 years and enjoys sharing her experiences and tips with others. A pollinator is an animal that moves pollen from the male anther of a flower to the female stigma of a flower. This helps bring about fertilization of the ovules in the flower by the male gametes from the pollen grains. It is essential that we strive to protect pollinators, who are facing rapidly dwindling numbers, as they pollinate vital crops and other plants that we humans rely on. Pollinators include not only bees, but butterflies, hummingbirds, some moths and bats. We can NOT survive without pollinators! They struggle with climate change, loss of habitat and deadly pesticides and herbicides.

**Allegany Area Historical Association
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INSIDE SPECIAL ISSUE:

Presidents Report

Golf Course Halfway up the Mountain

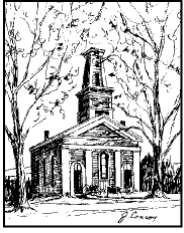
Square Dealing

NEXT MEETING

We will meet on Sunday, March 29 at 2 p.m. at the center. Our speaker will be Marti Tillinger, a member of the Enchanted Mountain Garden Club, speaking about pollinators. Pollinators are necessary for our survival, and Marti will explain what they do and how we can help keep them. Everyone with a small or large garden, or even a container garden, can do their part to help promote pollinators. Plus, it's fun and very rewarding for all ages.

**SUNDAY, MARCH 29 – 2 P.M.
HERITAGE CENTER
25 N. 2ND STREET, ALLEGANY**

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Allegheny Area Historical Association

May 2020

www.allegany.org

Issue XXXIV Vol. 2

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

What a winter we had. Blizzard conditions one day and 50 degree weather 3 days later. And we were on this type of roller coaster all winter long. The local ski areas worked hard for the skiing days they got – made snow as much as possible to cover the rainy days. It sure will be good to see the spring flowers.

Little did I know when I wrote the above paragraph that the spring flowers would also bring the Coronavirus pandemic! It sure has turned our world upside down! As you all know, everything has closed except for the essential businesses such as groceries and pharmacies. Self-quarantine is the order of the day. We are a social people so this is hard to do, but many imaginative solutions have been found, like standing in front of your house at a certain hour and talking with your neighbors, at a very safe distance of course. I know many houses will be a lot cleaner when this is finally over. And jig-saw puzzles are in short supply. But many museums and cultural attractions have now gone online and offering free tours of their facilities. Teachers are teaching from home. A sad note is that all the seniors will miss the fun of graduation. It is heart-warming to read all the stories of people helping out in any way possible, such as sewing face masks, which are in short supply. The old saying applies – when the going gets tough, the tough get going. We will get through this together – stay home, stay safe.

Because of the Coronavirus, we have cancelled our May meeting, which was to be on May 17th. Our next meeting will not be until September.

I live about three miles north of the Allegheny River. One day this winter I looked out my window and saw a bald eagle perched in a tree over the Five Mile Creek, looking for dinner. I see eagles all the time along the river but had never seen one this far from the river. Quite a sight. Apparently other people have occasionally seen them in this area – I'll have to keep my eyes open.

As mentioned in a previous newsletter, The Heritage Center is only going to be open on the third Wednesday of each month, as so many people now do their research online. We are always looking for new volunteers to help us then. If you are interested, please let us know which month you would be interested in working and contact us at Alleghanyheritagecenter@gmail.com. We open for the season in May and run through September. **But due to the Coronavirus, we are postponing our opening until the third Wednesday of June.**

Be sure to check our Facebook page at Allegheny Area Historical Association for updates.

Francie Potter, President

Oral history done by Wes Martin with Dave Barton of Allegany on Jan. 29, 2018

PART TWO

Allegany had changed some while he was gone, but what he missed most were the friends from high school. They too had moved on, to college, work, marriage, or to different parts of the country. He hasn't seen some of them since, and they don't come back to the high school reunions.



Dave Barton with Parents

Six months before he got out, he got married. He had asked her father for permission to marry Barb, and he gave his okay. Dave bought a ring set in North Carolina, and sent it to Barb's father for safe keeping as he didn't want to keep it in his barracks. When he was home on leave, he asked Barb to marry him and she said yes. His future father-in-law had kept the secret about the rings, so everything was a surprise for Barb. His future mother-in-law really liked Dave as he had a pair of white penny loafers which he always kept in immaculate condition, and she liked that.

He got out of the Marines in July of 1963 and returned to Allegany. Of course, he needed a job but there wasn't anything available in the immediate Allegany area. His father-in-law, Shirley Bryant, told him Westinghouse in Buffalo was hiring so Dave applied there. He was told that they did have jobs available but that he would probably be laid off in six months. Dave applied anyway, and worked there for 23 years before he was laid off! There were four men who commuted from this area – two from Allegany and two from Franklinville. They took turns driving so it wasn't too bad. They would leave at 5:30 and get home at 5:30, after working an 8 hour day. Sometimes the winter driving was bad but the worst, of course, was the Blizzard of '77. They had to stay overnight in Buffalo. After work the next day,

they left for home and when they got to Rt. 400, there was no snow. It was a typical lake effect storm in that most of the snow then was concentrated in Cheektowaga. Westinghouse made a variety of products that were sold all over the world.

Westinghouse was eventually sold to a German company and Dave didn't have a job anymore. Dave and Barb talked things over and Dave decided to go into real estate. So he went to school to study for his license, took the New York State test in Buffalo, passed, and went to work for Dennis Jones. He did this for about ten years, just home sales, no commercial real estate.

David and Barb had three sons. David was born in 1963, Robert in 1965 and Rickie in 1966. David and Bobby live in Allegany, and Rickie lives in Virginia. David works for the Town of Allegany, Bobby works for Spectrum Cable and Rickie works for Lockheed-Martin. David's wife is Karen Marie, and they have a son, Cody, and a daughter, Nicole. Bobby's wife is



**Dave Barton's Parents
Alvin & Eleanor**

Karen Marie, and they have a daughter, Julie, and a son Bradley. Rickie's wife is Tanya, and they have a son, Drake. Having two Daughters-in-law with the same name has caused confusion at times!

His son, Rickie, had gotten Dave interested in computers, so Dave next got a job with Micro Training Technologies, owned by Mike Kintner, as a sales manager. People would come in and buy a computer but not know how to use it, or whether it fit their needs, so Dave would help them. Windows 95 had just come out, and the Microsoft people would come and hold classes in the Elks Lodge dining room to explain things to the users.

Speaking of the Elks, Dave joined the Elks, and went through all the officer chairs. One of the most enjoyable things about the Elks for Dave was all the charitable programs they support. Another thing Dave was involved with was the Boy Scouts. Dave was an Eagle Scout in his youth, and a friend was a Scout Master and asked Dave to be an Assistant Scout Master. He did this for many years.

Dave joined the American Legion to be with other military people. After a few years he was asked to be part of the Legion Honor Guard, who attend funerals of military personnel. He's on the Rifle Squad for the Legion, and is President of the Legion Trustees.

Dave and three friends founded what became the Street Masters Car Club, which had shows in Gargoyle Park and in the Allegany Firemen's Park for many years. Dave had a 1931 Model A Ford with a 327 Chevrolet engine.



Dave Barton's Model A



Carpenter Dave's Bookshelf

Dave makes furniture in his spare time, for his own enjoyment, not for others. He has fond memories of the trips he and Barb used to take, to Gettysburg and to Las Vegas among other places. He found the whole oral history process a very interesting thing to do and he really enjoyed it and appreciated being asked to participate.



We received an article from Michael Nenno which we know you'll enjoy.

TWO FREDS

Shortly after my 10th birthday my grandfather, Fred J. Nenno, passed away in May of 1956. I only remember my grandfather as being ill. He had worked hard all his life and was ill for many years. He died at home in a hospital bed set up in the dining room of my grandparents' home on the Four Mile Road in Allegany. After my grandfather's death, my father stated on many occasions that he wanted to go quickly, not like his father who suffered for many years. What Dad forgot to add was that he did not want to go soon; he was only 54 when he died.

When my grandfather died in May of 1956 at the age of 71, he was waked at home. My grandmother's cousins, the Gallets girls, Jean and Grace Stevens and their sister May Gallets, were present 24/7 until the funeral. I believe the Gallets girls were known as professional mourners. The day of the funeral I was standing in the doorway to the side porch of my grandparents' home when a big blue and white Cadillac pulled up the driveway. My grandmother spotted the car and said, "Oh no, that is Fred's cousin Fred Forness and he will want to drive in the funeral procession." As a 10 year old, I was very impressed by Fred's brand new Cadillac. My brother and I rode in the front seat next to Fred. General Motors vehicles had touchy power brakes and Fred had not mastered how to apply them. Five times on the trip to the church and cemetery I slid off the seat and was under the dash when Fred applied the brakes. As impressed as I was with the Cadillac, I was glad when the trip was over.

The funeral Mass was conducted in the cemetery in the chapel high on the hill. That chapel no longer exists. The foundation is still there, and it is a place for burial of nuns. I have no idea when or why the chapel was removed, or why my grandfather's funeral was conducted there instead of at Little Bona's.

About five years later I was fortunate enough to need braces on my teeth. D. T. J. McGovern was the only orthodontist in the Olean/Bradford area. For 18 months I saw Dr. McGovern once or twice a week. At the first appointment, Dr. Frank McCarthy, Dr. McGovern's father-in-law, came into the waiting room and introduced himself. He asked who was my grandfather, and when I told him it was Fred Nenno, he said, "You know, he was Fred Forness's cousin." Dr. McCarthy then proceeded to tell me the story of Fred Forness's elephant.

Dr. McCarthy's version was that Fred Forness, in his late teens, took a job with the circus that had come to town. He was a roustabout, meaning he would do whatever was needed and was to be paid when the circus was over and ready to move on to the next town. It seemed that the circus was not as successful as hoped, and did not have enough money to pay Fred what was due. Instead of cash Fred settled for an elephant. Apparently Fred was not unhappy with the arrangement, until shortly after the circus cleared the city limits, the elephant died. Fred had to dig a hole and roll the elephant into the hole. When the elephant was rolled into the hole, its feet were still above ground. Fred heaped up the dirt to cover the feet, but the Cattaraugus County Health Department was not happy. The Health Department made him re-bury the elephant deep enough so that the legs would be below grade.

Some people suggested that Fred's experience with the elephant shaped the manner in which he conducted business in the future. The exact location of the elephant's burial remains a mystery. Dr. McCarthy's version was that it was buried on the circus grounds that were in the city of Olean. Fred's great-grandson, Stephen Riley, says that his family's version was that the elephant was buried in the Allegany area near the river, maybe in the Union Street area. If an elephant's remains are found, the bones will have to be carbon dated to determine if it is Fred's elephant or an ancient mastodon like the one found in Randolph.

As a child, I was in Allegany and Olean every Saturday or Sunday. My father would have to pump the oil wells on his parent's property on the Four Mile. We would normally have dinner there, and later in the day we would go to my Grandmother Simms home north of Olean on Rt. 16 where we would have supper. There were aunts and uncles at both locations, along with many of my cousins. I remember being at Grandmother Simms' home when the discussion of Fred's sharp business practices was being discussed. There was also a story that Fred had made good money bootlegging during prohibition. Locations were discussed which meant nothing to me, but my ears perked up when my Grandmother Simms added to the conversation, "You know, he watered down his booze." Now what caught my interest was that my grandmother was a member of the WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION. I did wonder how she would have known whether or not Fred's booze had been watered down. The WCTU donated the water fountain that sat for many years in front of the Allegany Town Hall. It provided water for humans, horses and dogs. I wonder what

has become of the fountain. It should be on display, if not in use. (Ed. Note – When Main street was worked on several years ago, the fountain was moved back from the curb, and put by the Veteran's Memorial in the Town Hall Park. It still works, but the water is turned off in cold months.)

Another family story was that my Grandfather Nenno had purchased a new car from Fred. Shortly after the purchase he and my grandmother were out for a ride and had a flat tire. As was the custom at that time, my grandfather jacked up the car, removed the tire, and proceeded to remove the tube so that he could apply a patch. You would, of course, have a patch kit in the glove box. When he removed the tube, he found it already had one patch, probably not put on in the factory.

Fred donated the bleachers for the football field at St. Bonaventure. When the football program was discontinued, Fred reclaimed the bleachers and hauled them away.

Fred was larger than life and loved the limelight. One story goes that Fred was at a banquet and introduced himself to an individual that he did not know. He stated that he was Fred Forness and he owned the Cadillac dealership, and he had sold more than 500 cars the previous year. The stranger introduced himself to Fred as the new IRS agent for the area. Without losing a beat, Fred added, "I am also the biggest liar around, you can ask anyone in the room."

As mayor of Olean, Fred loved to appear in the parades astride his stately horse. He was a handsome figure, and there are many pictures of Fred and his horse. One such picture was of Fred and Babe Ruth, both on horseback.

In spite of the Bona bleacher story, Fred was generous to many worthy causes in the area. Forness Field was donated by Fred, being part of his home property on East State Street.



Fred W. Forness, Jr. with Babe Ruth



Memorials

*For: Helen McCully
From: Joan McGonnell*

*For: Mary Pezzimenti
From: Francie Potter*

*For: Mary Shabala
From: Francie Potter*

*For: Elaine Spencer George
From: Her sisters: Jeane, Lynn and Karen*

*For: Charlie Fortuna
From: Don and Becky Black*

EARLY MUSIC

We received this very interesting article from Gertrude Schnell. We know you'll enjoy it.

From the Memories of Irene Schnell McRae:

Edison had invented the phonograph. I am sure thousands of people had them, but the only one I remember was in the home of Aunt Mary and Uncle Fred Forness. I can yet see the square box above which a big horn protruded. On the horn was the picture of a shaggy dog, a trade mark I suppose. The records were celluloid cylinders about four inches long and three inches in diameter. To produce music, one of the cylinders was inserted in a slot like case. A needle was placed on the cylinder and travelled down it making music – which was rather raucous but entertaining. We kids were fascinated.

The first radio I remember seeing or hearing was owned by the Charles Forness family. It was a portable with ear phones. There was no loud speaker for general listening. I recall that some of my family and I had gone one evening to visit Ellen Forness who was a patient at Rocky Crest Sanitarium on Rock City Hill. We stopped at her home on Main Street in Allegany when we returned and Charlie let us each listen to a part of a program. I must have been in high school at the time.

It would have been in the mid-thirties before we had a radio at home. When Harry and Violetta and their small children come on New Year's Day, Harry used to listen to football games.

It was a second hand radio. When it wore out, we took out the works, and I am still using the case for my record player in my kitchen. I bought Mother a new portable radio, working on both battery and electricity. She enjoyed listening. She would tell me of a recipe she heard on the noon homemaking hour.

An article from October, 1993 –

Rug Making – A Home Industry

Recently AAHA acquired a rag rug made by Teresa Meiers, donated by Mary and Steve Rich. Steve is a grandson of Teresa Meiers. For 45 years, Teresa and her husband carried on an extensive business in carpet and rug weaving in their home, located on East Main Street and now owner by the Sisters of St. Elizabeth Motherhouse. It is just east of the St. Bonaventure School. (Ed. Note – the house is now gone.)

Teresa and Joseph were born in Bavaria and came here in 1882. Joseph worked in a tannery on Union Street. He was the one who did the bulk of the weaving on the huge loom, at first located in the kitchen and later in a room of the house set aside as the weaving room. Warping the loom, getting it prepared for the actual weaving, was a tedious job.

In the late nineteenth century and the early part of the twentieth century, every housewife had a rag bag where they deposited old clothing worn to the point where it was not longer fit to be worn. These pieces of cloth would eventually become part of a carpet to cover the floor, so recycling was in place before the word came into common usage. Housewives and the children in the family tore the cloth into strips and sewed the strips together, then rolled the strips into a ball before taking them to the Meiers, the rug makers. On occasion someone might bring the contents of the rag bag to the Meiers and they would have to prepare the strips. Mrs. Meiers sometimes dyed the cloth if a person wanted a particular color in their rug. Steve Rich recalled it took approximately an hour to weave a yard. The average received for labor was 15 cents a yard. The local convent was a source of brown and black rags coming from the habits of the nuns. These strips made excellent borders. Rug making is an art form that has been revived to an extent, but he doubts that many households have a rag bag.

Since St. Bonaventure Church was recently renovated, we thought a review of its history would be interesting. This was published in 2000, with material taken from Our Allegany Heritage, 1831, 1981.

The history of St. Bonaventure Parish is almost as old as Allegany itself. The Erie Canal and Erie Railroad spurred westward migration, and the workers were, for the most part, Irish and German Catholic immigrants. After construction was over, many of them settled in the pleasant towns and villages of Western New York. But in 1822, there were only eight priests working in New York State outside of Albany and New York City. When the Diocese of Buffalo was created in 1847, Bishop Timon had only 16 priests to help him care for all the Catholics in the 20 counties of Western New York. "The Sabbath does not exist west of the Genesee" was the saying of Catholics to describe the lack of spiritual guidance.

Allegany, like so many other villages, had to rely on the services of itinerant priests who were basically "circuit riders". They made their infrequent rounds by horseback on stage roads and woods trails. The first Mass in Allegany was celebrated in the Speranzo home on the northwest corner of 7th and Main Streets. There is a food shop there now. It was soon apparent that a real church building would be necessary. Mrs. Emily Devereux, of the Nicholas Devereux family gave \$80 toward the \$150 necessary to build a small church on the site of the present church parking lot on Main Street. The church was dedicated to St. Nicholas of Bari, Italy, the patron saint of Mr. Nicholas Devereux.

Nicholas Devereux, an entrepreneur from Utica, New York, owned cast tracts of land in Western New York, and realized that if Catholic priests were available for settlers, his land would attract more purchasers. He therefore made a pledge of \$5,000 and 200 acres of land to any religious order that would send priests to Cattaraugus County. Being Irish, he asked for Irish Franciscan friars, as he was familiar with the Franciscan order from his youth. For various reasons, Irish friars were not available, but due to political turmoil in Italy, many homeless Italian friars were looking for a place to serve God's people in peace. Accordingly, four Italian Franciscan friars arrived in New York City on June 20, 1855. Nicholas Devereux met them and accompanied them to Ellicottville, where John Devereux managed his father's land office. They stayed there until moving to their permanent home at St. Bonaventure College in 1859.

St. Bonaventure College and Seminary had opened on Nicholas Devereux's 200 acres of land in 1858. An area on the first floor of the monastery building was set aside for use as a church, and the fledgling St. Nicholas parish moved there and became St. Bonaventure Parish. St. Nicholas Church was only used as a church for four years. From 1883 to 1884 and again in 1886, it served as a school. After the chapel was renovated in 1897, religion classes were held there. It was demolished in the fall of 1934. By 1900 a new chapel had been erected at the college, and was the parish church until a disastrous fire destroyed it in 1930. Following the fire, Mass was held in the gymnasium of the new parochial school that had been built in 1928.



St. Nicholas Church

A new St. Bonaventure Parish Church was constructed in the English Gothic style in 1931. In order to commemorate Allegany's first Catholic Church, the design in one of the stained glass windows depicted a scene in the life of St. Nicholas of Bari. The first Mass in the new building was said on October 18, 1931, while Fr. Bonaventure McIntyre, OFM was the pastor. Dedication ceremonies were held on Monday, October 26, 1931. The property behind the parochial school where the Geiger house was located was purchased on April 12, 1954 and renovated to make a rectory for Fr. Owen McCormack, OFM, and his assistant, Fr. Ronald Friel, OFM. Previously the parish priests had resided at the college.

In accordance with Vatican II, the church building underwent extensive renovations in 1978, with the altar turned to face the people, the altar railing removed, new carpeting was laid and interior painting was done. The church's pipe organ was completely rebuilt and dedicated in a special ecumenical service on May 3, 1981. A new rectory was built in the 1980's. Today St. Bonaventure Parish is a growing, vibrant faith community, ministered to by the Franciscans of Holy Name Province.

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INSIDE SPECIAL ISSUE:

Presidents Report

Circuit Riders

The Elephant in the Town

NEXT MEETING

Our Meeting scheduled for Sunday, May 17 has been **CANCELLED**.

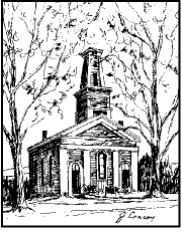
Our next meeting will be in September.

In addition, our Heritage Center will not open until the 3rd Wednesday of June.

You can contact us at Alleganyheritagecenter@gmail.com, or check our Facebook page.

**SUNDAY, MARCH 29 – 2 P.M.
HERITAGE CENTER
25 N. 2ND STREET, ALLEGANY**

www.allegany.org



Allegany Area Historical Association

September 2020

www.allegany.org

Issue XXXIV Vol. 3

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

I hope this newsletter finds you all safe. Hopefully things will be back to some sort of normal by the time you get this. I know that "normal" will take a long time.

Due to ongoing concerns regarding Covid-19, it has been decided that AAHA will NOT be reopening for the rest of the year. There will be no open Wednesdays this summer, no fall programs or meetings and no Christmas cookie sale or community Christmas service. However, we will continue to send out our newsletter as usual, and we will accept one-on-one requests for anyone needing to visit the Center for information. Please message us on our Facebook page or email us at AlleganyHeritageCenter@gmail.com for an appointment. Since we are not having our Community Christmas service, and will not be collecting for area food pantries, we urge you to contribute to the food pantry of your choice.

Long-time area resident, George Schreiber, Jr., will celebrate his 100th birthday on October 9th. He is currently a resident of The Pines of Olean, and I know he would appreciate cards on this grand occasion. His address is: George Schreiber, The Pines of Olean B-19W, 2245 West State Street, Olean, New York 14760. Elsewhere in this issue, we are re-printing his oral history done in 2013. George was like so many others in that he led an ordinary life until WW II intervened. He went into Europe on D-Day plus one, served until 1945, came home and picked up his life again.

Celestine Welch, a long-time resident, passed away on May 13th. In 2012, I interviewed Celestine and we published her oral history in our newsletter. Elsewhere in this issue, we are re-printing this history in her memory. Celestine always had a smile on her face. Her daughter, Jeannie Davis, would bring Celestine each year to the cookie sale and Celestine would stay out in the car while Jeannie shopped. So I would go out to the car to talk to her. What a delight to see her each year. She always wanted to know what was going on with the historical association. You can read her full obituary at the Casey, Halwig and Hartle Funeral Home web site.

To get exercise, I have been walking on the campus at St. Bonaventure. It's a lovely place to walk and I keep finding new things. On the north side of Devereux Hall – the dorm closest to Route 417 – the one with the arch in the middle – my son told me about some round plaques between the second and third floors. From east to west the plaques say "Bolivar, Portville, Olean, Allegany, Salamanca, Ellicottville, Bradford." There is a different design on each plaque. There are many plaques on the campus buildings but they are usually of religious people. I thought these were very unusual. Check them out if you have time.

Francie Potter, President

One of our newer members, Wes Martin, has volunteered to do interviews with some of the older people in the area to capture their stories before it is too late. In January Wes did a series of interviews with 92 year old George Schreiber, Jr. We hope you like it.

George's father, George Schreiber, came to America from central Germany in 1906 and lived on the farm of his Uncle Simon Schussele and Aunt Christine Louise Schreiber Schussele in McCann Hollow, Olean. He worked on the farm. His uncle had a son named Johan and George's first name was Johan so he began to go by his middle name, George.

George's mother was born in Sweden to Charles and Hilda Tuveson. Her parents came to the United States by way of Boston on their way to Australia, but needed more money so Charles took a job in the mines in Pennsylvania and gradually worked his way up to Olean. George's parents met on a blind date on a winter sleigh ride. His father worked at Socony Vacuum. They bought a house on Garden Avenue in Olean from his grandfather. George went to School #4 in Olean, Olean High School for 2 years and finished in Allegany when the family moved there.

By this time his father was working in the construction industry and was quite often out of town. George's mother would make beer for his father to drink when he came back home. The grocery store at the corner of King and East State sold all the necessary ingredients for beer making, even though Prohibition was the law of the land. They had 20 gallon crocks, lots of bottles and a hand capper. His mother made the beer, his sister Flossie cleaned the bottles and did the capping and George filled the bottles using a siphon hose, which meant he got a sip or two of beer along the way. If they didn't have time to make beer, his father would go to the speakeasy next door run by Hugh Green. There was a dance hall in the attic and a bar on the first floor. After his grandfather was done with mowing the lawn, he would go to the speakeasy for a drink, taking George along. George would get his fill of dried smoked herring while his grandfather slaked his thirst.

The neighborhood was mostly Polish, and when a new family moved in that was Italian, they were referred to as "Blackhands" or "The Mafia." The workers on the railroads were mostly Italian. East Olean in the 1920's was considered the tough part of town, with nobody getting along with anyone else. There usually was a fight a night at the next door speakeasy. But Chief of Police Jack Dempsey kept good order in the town.

His family attended Immanuel Lutheran Church and he has fond memories of riding the streetcar to Riverhurst Park for the annual church picnic.

When the Depression came, George's father decided to move to a farm in Allegany where the family could raise their own food and have a few cows and pigs and chickens. Things were quieter in Allegany though there were also speakeasys in town, one being on South Fifth Street by the railroad tracks, but the building is gone today.

George said that the Learn Family Cemetery was near the farm and had slate gravestones that had been used – upside down – for sidewalks in the neighborhood. George turned them right side up so he could read the names. This was when he was eleven years old.

The family sold butter and eggs – George made butter every Saturday – and they also had four cows and 2 or three pigs. George's father eventually got an egg-vending machine that stood by the side of the road in front of the farm. George said he learned a good work ethic by working on the farm. George went to Allegany Central for the last two years of high school, then went to work at Daystrom Corporation where his father also worked, making tables. He bought a new Oldsmobile from Hartman Chevrolet in Salamanca. He was driving back from a date in Buffalo when he heard about the bombings at Pearl Harbor, and knew immediately that the "fun" was over for a while.

George had registered for the draft but had heard a story about radio operators and decided to go to school at Olean High School part-time to learn this trade, planning on entering the Army as a Second Lieutenant.

He had even quit his job and had gone to Alfred University full time for classes, but his plan failed as he was drafted first. He had many adventures during basic training, and then went to Fort Monmouth, New Jersey where he shipped out for England. He went on the Queen Elizabeth and was stunned by the size of the ship. He arrived in Scotland in 1942, and eventually wound up at a camp on Salisbury Plains near the Stonehenge prehistoric monument. The GI's were lodged with local families and George lived with a family in Basingstoke.

George went into Europe on D-Day plus one on Utah Beach. They crossed the Channel on Liberty ships then went down landing nets to smaller boats. George was surprised the beach was so clean. They immediately dug foxholes and had a rough first night on the beach but started to move inland in the morning. Some of the company hitched a ride inland on a truck loaded with howitzer shells. George decided that wasn't a smart thing to do about the time a German 88 started to strafe the area! The company "hopped, skipped and jumped" across France and Belgium. One of the men spoke fluent French which was a big help as they went. They slept anywhere they could, from barns to luxury hotels.

He helped clean out ammunition and gasoline dumps before the Battle of the Bulge. After that battle, no matter what a person's specialty was, everyone became "infantry." He never gave it a thought about going in the land of his father – Germany – in 1945. He was just glad to be helping to end the war. He considered his German relatives as the enemy. He was "an American soldier fighting a war". George was discharged on December 31, 1945, and was very glad to be a civilian again!

After the war he asked one of his friends to be his best man – but he didn't even have a girlfriend yet! His "best man" married a girl from Michigan and they moved to Olean. His wife had two cousins who came to visit and they asked George to date one of the girls, Jeanne Freiberg, – who became George's wife. They had two children, Susan and George III. Susan graduated from Elmira College and George III from St. Bonaventure University.

After the war, George came home to the farm and had an egg and chicken business. He sold broilers along with the eggs. Jeanne and George also had a big garden and sold strawberries, corn and other garden produce.

In the 1960's George went to work for Eastern Microwave as a technician, setting up relays in this area, and used his pre-war education in radios. He worked there for twenty years. He retired in 1987 at the age of 67. This allowed him to become very active in the Allegany American Legion.

George has nine grandchildren – Matthew is a fireman in New York City; Aaron is an architect in Washington State; Daniel is a musician in New Paltz, New York; George IV is an underwater welder for nuclear power companies; Luke is in the automotive business with his father-in-law; Claire works with YMCA's in the Portland, Maine area; Emily is an EMT on a boat that services drilling rigs in the Gulf of Mexico; the other two aren't out in the business world yet. George is immensely proud of all of them.

We are so glad that Wes Martin and his wife Judy, did this interview with George, and thank him for his time. It is a great treasure for AAHA and for his family. Thanks, George!



I spent the evening of December 10, 2012 doing a delightful interview with Celestine Welch. I hope you enjoy the results.

Celestine was born April 6, 1921 in Corydon, Pennsylvania. Corydon doesn't exist anymore as it was flooded in the construction of the Kinzua Dam. She is one of four sisters – Geraldine, Mary Elizabeth and Ann. Many people in Allegany will remember Geraldine McLaughlin from her storied career in the Allegany school system. Celestine's parents were James A. and Romaine Griffin McLaughlin. Her father was a science and math teacher at St. Bonaventure College, and commuted from Corydon, but when Celestine was young the family moved to Allegany, where she grew up. To her, Allegany was "the big city" after tiny Corydon!

Her father became ill when she was young and died when Celestine was 12 years old, and things then changed drastically in the family. For one thing, her mother had to learn to drive the family Hudson. Her mother had been doing some substitute teaching in Allegany, but then became a full time teacher. Her mother had gone to Edinboro School, and St. Bonaventure gave her a break on classes so she could get her bachelor's degree to be able to teach in the public school system. The college was also very helpful to the family and arranged for them to live in a house on Main Street in exchange for Celestine's mother keeping the records for St. Bonaventure Cemetery. She remembers that when people came from out of town looking for a particular gravesite, her mother would drive to the cemetery with them to help them out. Her mother was later elected as tax collector so that also helped the family.

Celestine and her sisters went to grade school at St. Bonaventure – "Little Bona's" – and then high school at St. Elizabeth's. The local students were "day hop" students; their freshman year was free and after that they paid \$50 a semester. If the weather was nice, she would roller skate to St. Elizabeth's, hide her skates and skate key in the bushes and roller skate home after school. Everyone knew where the skates were "hidden" but nobody ever took them. Of course, these were the clamp-on skates, nothing fancy. She took piano lessons and singing lessons from the nuns.

Celestine remembers that Allegany had many grocery stores when she was growing up – Sam Gagliaro's (where Collins Memorials now stands), Leo's, Market Basket, Willard & Smith which became Smith & Schultz, and others. Clarene Norton was the head clerk at Smith and Schultz who took the grocery orders, and Clarence Smith then delivered the groceries. She remembers the pleasant clank of the linotype machine at the Allegany Citizen when she walked by. The family went swimming in the Five Mile Creek at Archibald Cross Road. Her mother drove them there and packed a picnic lunch so they could eat after swimming. They also went to the movies in the theater at the town hall. When you went in the front door, the post office was on the left hand side, and Joe Norton was the Postmaster. On the right was Charlie Norton's newsroom. Upstairs was the theater and Charlie Norton acted as the unofficial usher.

The telephone company was across the street from the town hall, upstairs at 45 West Main Street. Agnes Dieteman and Rita Sheridan were the operators who ran the switchboard. Celestine would try to call her friend, Irene Grader, and Agnes would say, "Oh, honey, she's not home. I just saw her going into the Town Hall." Irene's phone number was 341R and Celestine's was 83J. Of course, everyone had party lines, and keeping things private was very hard. When the fire whistle blew, Celestine, and lots of others, would call the operator to find out where the fire was!

There were two doctors in town, Dr. Wintermantel and Dr. Andres. Dr. Wintermantel's office was at 4 East Main Street in the basement. If you had to go to the hospital, there was Olean General Hospital, the West Side Clinic at 7th and West State Street in Olean, and the Mountain Clinic on East State Street in Olean.

Allegany was a very friendly place to grow up. Nobody had cars like they do now so the kids were dependent on their parents to go places. The parents all took turns doing the driving. There were dances

at St. Elizabeth's and the Knights of Columbus. Square dances were greatly enjoyed. Her mother would take the girls to the Cuba Lake Pavilion for dancing or roller skating but this didn't happen too often. There were no "R" or "X" movies, everything was fine for kids to see. It was a very big occasion to go to Buffalo for shopping. The family took trips to visit aunts in Bemus Point and Elmira, which was considered "the end of the world". They drove through Woodhull and Jasper on old Route 17. The long Jasper hill was very hard on brakes.

Celestine started college with extension courses at St. Bonaventure, and she had to go at night as girls were not allowed to take classes during the day. She worked days at Montgomery Ward. When she went to Elmira to help take care of an elderly aunt, she finished her college education at Elmira College. She started teaching at Mount Morris, and would get rides home for visits on the mail truck. After four years there, she took a job teaching at Cattaraugus, again for four years. Then Principal Bob O'Donnell offered her a position in Allegany where she taught 10th grade for four years and then quit to get married. She went back to teaching after she raised her family.

She got married in 1947 to Chester Welch who had grown up on Maple Avenue. He had served in the Army, in the Infantry, and also worked as a fireman on the railroad. He then took a job as a lab technician in the research department at Hysol. They lived in an upstairs apartment on First Street, and went on to have five children, Jeannie, Jim, Sally, Fred and Tom. She has ten grandchildren and 4 great-grandchildren. There were a number of newly married couples in Allegany right after the war, and they all helped each other out. Celestine and Skip Soplop often watched each other's children. When they bought their first TV, they invited all the neighbors to come watch the shows! Celestine has lived a long, happy life and is still enjoying herself, and her family and friends.

Thanks, Celestine, for sharing your memories with us.

Memorials



For: Sara Slevinski

From: Francie Potter

For: Celestine Welch

From: Francie Potter; David and Roberta Mack-Hardiman; Barb Klich; Philip Hardiman; John and Jennifer Egan; Kevin and Michele Welc; Dale and Cass Becker; John. P Walsh; Tom and Audrey Ramage; Betsy Livingston; Viola Christensen; Emily Woodhead; Kathy and Pat Premo; April and John Lawrence; Margaret Johnson; Paula

Ursoy; Sonja and Andy Robinson; Deanne Hatter and Jose Ramos; Blake and Kim Johnson; Kelly Johnson and Ron Green; Marc Lawrence and Morgan Van Scoter; Travis and Kristen Lawrence; Colin Robinson; David Robinson; Paige and Matt Austin; John and Robyn Smith; Angie Smith and Andrea Mantle; Carolyn and John Criss; Kathy Ferguson; Christopher and Marissa Ferguson.

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INSIDE SPECIAL ISSUE:

Presidents Report

100th Birthday

Remembering....Celeste

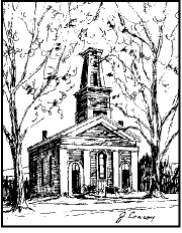
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Take care, stay safe, and wear your mask when in public.

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Allegany Area Historical Association

October 2020

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Issue XXXIV Vol. 4

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

October again, and time to pay your yearly dues. Even though we are closed until next spring, we still need to pay our dues. We do not send out reminders in the mail – this will be the only notice you will get. The dues are: \$15 – single membership; \$20 – for a family membership; \$25 or more for a patron membership. If you don't pay after a reasonable time, you will be removed from our mailing lists, and won't receive our newsletter, so please pay now while you think about it. If you're like me, you will have to make a note to yourself to pay! Make your checks to: Allegany Area Historical Association, and mail it to PO Box 162, Allegany, NY 14706. Thanks for your support during this unusual time. We deeply appreciate it.

If you ask questions, you can get answers. I contacted Dennis Frank, the Archivist at St. Bonaventure for information about the plaques on Devereux Hall. He sent me all the information. First is a plaque for Cattaraugus County, showing a tepee by a woodsy river bank; Bolivar shows a shamrock and an oil tank; Portville has a mill (for their lumber industry), a canal boat and the river; Olean has a covered wagon, a log cabin and the river, (the river and the wagon are there because it used to be the end of the covered wagon route); Allegany has a winged seraph's head, (because we're angelic?); Salamanca has a buck's head and a factory in the background (a buck's head because it used to be called Bucktooth); Ellicottville has a man plowing, and in the foreground, a seat (because it was at the time the county seat); Bradford has a keystone (for Pennsylvania), and oil derricks. Some of the symbols refer to the original Native American names, such as Cattaraugus and Allegany.

Over the archway of the building are plaques showing the Grand Seal of the U.S., the Seal of the Empire State, and between those is the Seal of St. Bonaventure College (the building was erected in 1927 and it was still a college then). Information came from *The Laurel*, the student literary magazine at the time. In another article, it was noted that the Devereux plaques were all voted on by the students in 1927, when the building was erected.

On the south side of Devereux Hall in the courtyard are plaques depicting Columbus, Jefferson, Washington, Lincoln, Franklin, Longfellow, Cardinal Gibbons and Junipero Sera. Over the main doorway of Dela Roche Hall is an oil derrick. Now you can have a treasure hunt to see all these plaques! But the best time to see them is in the fall, winter or spring because the ivy on the buildings covers them completely up in the summer. Right now, the campus is closed to outsiders because of Covid-19 so your treasure hunt will have to wait a while. Thanks, Dennis, for all the information!

In 1960, Allegany natives Mike Rehler and Bob Steiger, at the end of their sophomore year at St. Bonaventure, decided to have an adventure, and they sure did! They went from Allegany to New Orleans by canoe! It took them 54 days. They kept a travel log of their trip and, after all this time, have decided to put it together in a readable fashion, which they are now doing. The finished product will be given to the historical association so we can print it and offer it for sale, for our benefit. We hope to offer the booklet for sale in the spring. I'm sure people of a certain age will remember their trip as there were several articles in the *Times Herald* at the time about their adventure. We have no idea yet about cost but will fill you in completely in the March newsletter.

Francie Potter, President

We received 2 interesting articles from Gertrude Schnell. Both are memories of Irene Schnell McRae. Enjoy.

Early Movies in Allegany-

During our childhood, one of the entertainments existing in the town were movies shown in the upstairs theatre of the Town Hall. Joseph Norton, who was the Postmaster, and one of his sons ran the movies. The first were silent movies. It was strange seeing the characters moving about the screen with jumpy movements. The conversation was shown below the pictures. It seems strange now, but then we knew nothing different so enjoyed what we saw. Later the sound movies were shown. Music was furnished by a piano on the main floor of the theatre. The pianist had to be good to follow the story with appropriate theme, tempo and mood. Ruth Forness, an accomplished pianist from St. Elizabeth's Academy, and the daughter of our cousin, Charles Forness, played at the movies for several years. It was seldom that any of us attended the movies. Sometimes when Violetta or I stayed in town at the home of a relative, we were able to attend.

Senior year at St. Elizabeth's –

My senior year began like all the others, with 2 months at home and that walk to St. Elizabeth's. It was a very rainy season and there was no gravel on the road, just deep mud. What a time! In November, probably after Thanksgiving vacation, I went to St. Elizabeth's to board. Just the past week, November 1977, I found a holy card from one of my classmates who had written, "To Irene on her first day as a boarder."

That year was easier but not too great because there were too many girls with money. I had no spending money, but when we had a class party I could contribute because Mother would make potato salad – for which the girls clamored. She must have had to make a special trip by horse and buggy to bring it to St. Elizabeth's.

The routine at boarding school made for an organized life style. The bell rang at 5:30 a.m. We filed to the lavatory to make our toilette, and down to first floor study hall to say morning prayers, and to put on our short blue veils and file to Chapel for 6 a.m. Mass. Then back to study hall to remove our veils and file to the basement to the refectory for breakfast at 7. Although many girls complained about the food, I thought it was the greatest. It was food, was it not? We had a few minutes to brush teeth, etc., before classes at 8. At noon we had lunch and then a class in penmanship or singing during the rest of the lunch hour. Classes were over at 3. We lined up for a walk downtown. From 4 to 5 we had sewing in the recreation room, and from 5 to 6 study hour in the study hall. Then dinner at 6 in the refectory. Our second study hall was from 7 to 8. From 8 to 9 we had a recreation period in the rec. hall. Then to bed after night prayers in front of St. Joseph's statue on the landing. There was no difficulty with girls giving the present day complaint, "There's nothing to do."

Of course, there were many amusing and pleasant as well as disagreeable experiences. But one soon learns to live with whatever the situation is, and with as little or as much one has. I had one black dress for Sundays, and one black jumper and two blouses for every day. No throwing of clothes in the hamper. We had to wash one to wear one – or go bare. Seniors had bath day on Thursday when we changed to our second suit of long underwear and put the soiled clothes in the laundry bag. There was a play each year at Christmas time. I was a teacher. Mother made me a dress by guess because I couldn't get home to try it on. Fortunately, it fit and the play went off well. Santa Claus always came and gave gifts to the little girls. These were children from broken homes where the mother was dead, or whose homes had been struck by some tragedy. Just after I graduated, Jackie Gleason's two daughters were there because their mother had left their father.

June came, and graduation. It was a lovely time of year with all the roses and other flowers in bloom. It was a very nostalgic time. We seniors, all 14 of us, for the most part had become close, and really hated this parting about to take place. The last night at St. Elizabeth's, six or eight of us slept in one bed, cross wise.

Mother's hands were becoming arthritic, and she did not feel up to making my dress. She asked Coletta Forness Tenny to make it. Coletta's husband had died so she and her baby came to stay for a week to make the dress. Mother had bought white crepe de chine. It was made with narrow panels around the skirt, a ribbon rosette trimming the end of each panel. It was really a beautiful dress, as nice as, or nicer than, most of the others. Each senior carried a bouquet of red roses. It was too expensive, but that is how it was. Uncle John Schnell made a remark about the expense. Why did someone always ruin any special occasion in my early life? My skin grew tougher as I grew older. I never complained too much because if it hadn't been for my family, I could not have gone to school at all. They gave me my first watch as a graduation present.

Michael Nenno oral history done in January of 2020 by Wes Martin –



Painting of Michael's great-grandfather Simms, who died in 1900. He had 8 children

The Nenno's came from Alsace-Lorraine to the area known as the Pines, now Lackawanna, N.Y. in the 1820's and then moved to Cheektowaga. They were farmers, and the Cheektowaga farm is now part of the Buffalo-Niagara International Airport. In 1847, Michael's great-great-grandfather moved his family of seven children to Allegany and located on the Birch Run Road. After arriving in Allegany, they had their eight child.

Michael's great-great-grandfather, Michael Nenno, was the first of the Nennos to settle in this country. Several of the next generations were farmers, and also worked in the oil fields. His grandfather, Frederick Nenno was an oil driller and he and his partners had three drilling rigs, but was also a part-time farmer and ran a retail egg business. His great-grandmother was Lena Gallets Nenno. His great-grandfather, Joseph Gallets, was an entrepreneur in both timber and oil, and also had a 250 acre farm on the Four Mile Road. Joseph Gallets built his home in 1896, which is now the Gallets House B & B.

His grandfather, Frederick Nenno, died in 1956 when Michael was 10 years old. He was retired and was quite sickly before he died. His last year of his life was in a hospital bed that was set up in his dining room. During his working life he ate steak and eggs for breakfast, a steak sandwich for lunch

and steak and potatoes for dinner, which no doubt contributed to hardening of his arteries. His grandmother ran the household, and she never learned to drive an automobile. Fred owned a Model A Ford that he used as a pick-up in his business, and a Cadillac which he bought from his cousin, Fred Forness.

Michael's father was Louis Joseph Nenno and his mother was Elna Mae Simms Nenno. His father worked in the oil fields from age 14 until he died. He worked for his father and Franchot Oil. In the late 1930's Louis then ran Davis Oil in Bradford. Michael has his father's first new car, a 1929 Model A Ford, and had it completely restored. Michael's brother and sister were born in Allegany when the family lived on Seventh Street. Michael was born in Bradford.



Family 1929 Model A Ford, which Michael had restored.

Louis died quite suddenly at the age of 54. He had always said he didn't want to have a lingering death like his father, but he forgot to add that he didn't want to die at an early age. Michael's mother graduated from RIT as a dietitian and worked at various hospitals. She worked at Bradford Hospital for four years. His parents then purchased the Custer City Tastee Freeze, which the family ran for 18 years. In 1973, his mother moved to her parents' home on Route 16 North, and Michael purchased the home in 1976 and lived here until he and his wife moved to Cuba Lake when they built their retirement home in 2013.

Michael knows quite a bit about the oil business since that had been the family business for a long time. The late 1800's were the best for the oil business in this area. After that, oil went into a slump as Texas, Oklahoma and the Middle East could produce a better grade of oil, and much cheaper than here. This area started to do secondary oil recovery, and Kinley Oil Company hired his uncle, Harry Simms, to do this. Now fracking has come in, with better production. It is said that more than half the oil in the area is still in the ground.

Bradford Refinery, now Kendall Refinery and part of the American Refining Group, is the oldest continuous operating

refinery in the world. The oil produced here now has a high paraffin content and makes excellent lubricating oil.

Limestone was and is a part of the oil business, but things had slowed down there quite a bit by the time Michael was in high school. The big attraction was that Limestone had five or six bars. The drinking age then was 21 in Pennsylvania but only 18 in New York, so Limestone had a lot of traffic, particularly on the weekends. There were lots of cars heading back to Pennsylvania when the bars closed at 1 a.m., but the police weren't watching as close as they would today. Michael went to Limestone after he turned 18, and he doesn't remember anyone getting a DWI ticket. If they did, it was easily pled down to something simple. Casey's Restaurant was also there and was popular with the older crowd and families. Pat Burke was the perfect host, good with names. The main attraction there, besides the food, was Phil English, the piano player. He got totally inebriated every night on Scotch and milk. He could play anything on the piano, classics included, without sheet music.

The Cow Palace was in the Pennsylvania part of Limestone. His father's two sisters married two of the Eaton brothers. Their father started Eaton's Dairy, then sold it to his four sons. Three of the four brothers bought out the oldest brother, and started the Cow Palace. Milk and beer were considerably cheaper in Pennsylvania than in price-controlled New York, so they had a gold mine. When the Rt.219 expressway came in, they had to move from their former gas station location. The expressway was built in stages and when the western lanes were built, they moved again. It was strictly a milk, ice cream and beer store. Three of Michael's neighbors had large families and they went in shifts to the Cow Palace for their milk, which came in glass bottles that had to be returned. Michael's family had the Tasty Freeze at the time and they bought all their milk there. Things change, prices went down and they sold it, but by then the "gold mine" days were over.



Front - Fred and Lena Nenno; Back (L to R), Rita Eaton, Evelyn Harris; Louis Nenno; Kathleen Eaton, Blanche Granger.

Almost every week in his life, Michael went to Allegany for one reason or another. When Michael's grandfather was ill, he and his father went to Allegany to pump the wells on the Four Mile property. In later years, Michael helped his father on the lease. It was kind of a shoestring operation, and kept his grandmother supplied with gas to run her house. At one point, an aunt went to the house and found his grandmother keeping warm with a heating pad to save on gas, so there would be enough to run the power plant that was used to pump the wells. That was when a fuel oil furnace was put in the house for his grandmother.

Every Sunday, Michael's family had dinner with the Nenno family, and evening supper with his Grandmother Simms.

Grandmother Simms had a small dairy operation so supper was at 7 p.m. after the cows had been milked. Judge Brooks, one of the founders of Olean, had built the Simms house, which was located approximately one mile north of Olean on Route 16. Michael's family bought the house the year after Grandmother Simms died, when she was well into her 80's.

Michael attended the University of Pittsburgh in Bradford for three tri-semester, then transferred to the Pittsburgh campus. He majored in political science, and graduated in 1968. He enlisted in the Navy in February of 1969. During the year in between, he worked at the Grosstal Ski Area, which later became Ski Wing. He was hired as an assistant manager, to help get the area back in operation after the terrible ski lift accident. The chair lift mal-functioned and ran backwards while in operation with a full load of skiers on it. His uncle was in the lift house when this happened, and was able to get on top of the bull wheel and use the emergency brake from there to stop the chair lift. The lift attendants for the chair were yanking people off the chairs as they ran backwards. There were several serious injuries and one fatality of a young man who was hit in the head by a runaway chair. This all happened in February of 1968.



Mike and Martha & the finished Model A

As it happened, there was a training day for ski patrol people going on that day, so there was lots of help for the injured. One of the ski patrol women broke her back when she jumped off the lift. After that, New York enacted a regulation that a chair lift could be no more than 25 feet of the ground at any point. Where she jumped, it was 75 feet off the ground. Michael and a cousin drove to Buffalo that night to pick up engineers from Snow-Engineering in New Hampshire, who had come in to determine exactly what had happened. The lift was taken apart the same night. There was a big lawsuit, and the manufacturer was held liable. After that, Joe Herger bought the area in 1969 and changed the name in 1970 to Ski Wing.

After Michael left, there was a murder that took place at Ski Wing. The safe was cemented into the office floor, and someone had chiseled it out of the floor when two night workers came upon the scene and were murdered. The safe was found, empty, in the Allegheny River near the Vandalia Bridge. Though there have been lots of rumors, the case remains unsolved to this day.

TO BE CONTINUED

Memorials

For: Mary Ann Taylor

From: Francie Potter

Mike and Rosanne Capra

Beth and David Dietz

For: Rhea Carls

From: Francie Potter

Lynda and Chuck Dunn

For: Frank Petruzzi

From: John P. (Jack) Walsh

**DUES
DUES---DUES**

As mentioned in this newsletter, our annual dues come due in October. Single membership - \$15 per year; family membership - \$20 per year; patron membership - \$25 or more. Make your check to AAHA and mail it to PO Box 162, Allegany, NY 14706. Don't forget, so you will continue to get our always interesting newsletter.

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INSIDE SPECIAL ISSUE:

Presidents Report

Wash One to Wear One

Cow Palace

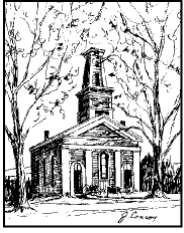
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Alleganyheritagecenter@gmail.com with your questions.

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Allegany Area Historical Association

March 2021

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Issue XXXV Vol. 1

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Well, here we are, still not able to open because of the pandemic. But now there is some hope as two vaccines are becoming more available. Hopefully by summer or fall we may be able to have people at the center again.

We have had some deaths in the Allegany community. Merle Schultz passed away in October. I'm sure a lot of you knew Merle through his employment with Murray-Page auto dealers, which became Herb Hallman, which became John Hardy Chevrolet. He was the service manager there. I know he made many friends while working there. He also served as the caretaker for Allegany Cemetery, taking over after his father, Howard, retired. He will be missed.

Peter Wintermantel died in January. Peter was in business with his brothers, Dan and Mikel, for 41 years at Studio 4 East. When you went in the shop, you could count on Peter coming from the back room with a big grin on his face to greet you. He had a marvelous sense of humor, some would even call it goofy. He was a village trustee for 10 years. One of the things he loved most was playing the harmonica. He will be missed by his wonderful family, the citizens of Allegany who he worked so hard for, and by all who were fortunate enough to know him. Read his complete obituary at Casey, Halwig & Hartle Funeral Home.

Rosemary Ryan passed away in January. I always thought of her as the matriarch of Chipmonk. I think she was related to almost everyone there. She served as Comptroller of the Town of Allegany, as well as many posts in the county's Democratic Party. She and her late husband, Paul, had eight children, and in a rarity, seven of them are living in the Allegany area. Her obituary is at Casey, Halwig & Hartle Funeral Home.

Member Mary Petro passed away in December. Mary and her husband Tom lived in Syracuse. She was a devoted reader of the newsletter, and emailed many times to talk about articles we had.

My daughter, Mary Pendl, is retiring from teaching after 32 years and is cleaning out her files. She donated 17 elementary school yearbooks to us. I never knew that there was such a thing. Each one is small, about 20 pages, and has pictures of each grade and the teacher. Should make a nice display.

The October 2020 issue of Buffalo Spree magazine had an interesting article about the Temperance fountains of Western New York. These were erected by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the WCTU, all across the country. Allegany has a fountain which is located in front of the Town Hall. It has three troughs, for horses, people, and dogs. It used to sit right by the street, but was moved back in 2015. It is connected to water but is turned off for now because of Covid.

Francie Potter, President

Continuation of oral history interview done by Wes Martin with Michael Nenno -2020.

Michael enlisted in the Navy, intending to be a pilot. His draft number was low enough that he would have been in the Army, so he chose the Navy. When he was going through physicals in Pensacola, Florida, it was noted on his records that he had a history of migraines. So, the Navy said sorry, but you can't be a pilot, and discharged him. His local draft board said he had fulfilled his military obligation. So he went to law school at the University of Buffalo. During the whole four year program he also worked full time. When he graduated, after 8 years of college and law school, he only owed \$3, 200 in student loans, at 2% interest. But he wouldn't recommend working full time while you are in law school – law school was enough.

The last two years of law school, Michael worked for Paul Kelly. Michael's two cousins and he had purchased some apartments in Olean and Paul Kelly did the incorporation papers for them. Since Paul was in need of a law clerk, he asked Michael if he would be interested in the job. So Michael spent one day a week, either Monday or Friday, clerking for Paul, while he finished up law school. It was a great education doing this. Michael graduated from University of Buffalo in 1973 and took the bar exam in July of 1973. He was admitted to practice in February of 1974, and became an attorney in Paul's practice. In 1976, he became a partner and the firm was called Kelly & Nenno. The practice was mostly real estate, estate work and some criminal work, which Michael handled as Paul didn't like to do it. They also had several corporate clients in the area.

Paul Kelly was appointed a Cattaraugus Judge in May of 1985 to fill Judge James Crowley's seat, and was elected in November of 1985. In May of 1991, Michael hired Wendy Tuttle to help at the firm, and it was her first job as an attorney. Michael was elected County Judge in November of that year. Paul and Michael served together as judges for 1992, when Paul had to retire in December of that year. New York State law says that a judge must retire in December of the year he turns 70. Michael retired December 31 of 2016.

Life in a small town is different than life in a big city. Two of Michael's favorite stories involved Austin Finan, father of former Olean General Hospital CEO, Tim Finan. Austin was a professor at St. Bonaventure who came here from New York City right after the war when appliances were in very short supply. Without a stove, the Finans ate every night at a restaurant in Allegany. One night the waitress said that she probably wouldn't be seeing much of them anymore.

When they asked why, she said that the stove and refrigerator that they had ordered had come in at Geary's Appliances and would be delivered the next day! The Finans were shocked that everyone in town knew their business! The Finans lived on Union Street in Allegany and one time there was a gas main leak there so they had to move out and stayed a while with another Bonaventure professor. One night, Austin received a phone call from his father in New York city. After a while, Austin asked his father how he knew how to get hold of him at another person's house. His father said that when he gave the operator at the local phone company the number, she told him about the gas leak and that the Finans were staying with another person. But if you have trouble, your neighbors are the first ones to offer help. Again, life in a small town.

In 1980, Michael was appointed to fill a vacancy on the Town of Olean Justice Court. He then ran that fall, was elected and continued in that position until 1991. He was elected a Cattaraugus County Court Judge in 1991, and then had to give up his local law practice as the judgeship is a full time position. He was re-elected in 2002 and again in 2011, and had to retire at the mandatory age of 70 in 2016.

Being a county judge was an interesting position. One job was to run training sessions for local town justices with no legal training. This included Chautauqua, Cattaraugus and Allegany counties. Since Cattaraugus County is small, the judge also serves as Family Court judge, Supreme Court judge and heard Surrogate cases also. Family Court was 2 days a week, Supreme Court was 3 days a week, and Surrogate Court was every other Monday morning. So you can see why it was a full time job.

During his time as County judge, things changed in Family Court. More fathers ended up with child custody than when he started, a sign of the times. Each case was judged on its merits. Michael interviewed each child, with his or her attorney, in his chambers before he made a decision. At seminars for judges, it was said the ideal is for both



Judge Michael Nenno in his robes - 2016



L to R Gloria Bilotta, Dan Walsh, Barbara Edwards, standing in back, Michael Nenno. Michael was Dan Walsh's campaign manager. Date is 1974

parents to be equally involved, but it very rarely works out that way. The child wants one place to call home, not to bounce back and forth every week or two between parents.

Some courts have "adoption week". Michael had adoptions every day of the week. When the parties were ready to proceed, he did the adoptions. One thing he did was to hand out Beanie Babies to each of the children. Over time, people who knew he did this gave him their collections, so much so that he wound up with two bins full of them! Pictures were taken of the whole ceremony, and sometimes parties were held. It was a very enjoyable part of being a judge.

Michael talked about the difference in politics back a few years and now. He used Amo Houghton a Republican, and John Ash, a Democrat, as examples. He found it a real pleasure to work with both of them. They represented their districts rather than their particular political party. Amo made enemies in the Republican party because he "crossed the aisle" to make things happen for the district. Not all Republicans liked this, and Michael knew of

at least one Republican who hated Amo. But Amo was well respected and liked in the district. John Ash, "a super guy", is proof that all politics is local. John Ash replaced William Smith, who was a Republican, and served 18 years. During that time the City Council was heavily Democratic.

Sometime in the 1980's, Michael was asked to be on the board of St. Francis Hospital, which was run the Franciscan Sisters of Allegany. He was serving as Chairman of the Board when the hospital was sold to Olean General Hospital. Hospital service today is much different and much better than it was 40 or 50 years ago. Hospital stays are much shorter, which has been shown to be much better for the patient. Instead of being in the hospital a week after having a baby, a mother now leaves after one or two days. When the negotiations for the sale started, both hospitals were running at 95% occupancy. When the sale was completed two years later, both hospitals were running at 50-55% occupancy. A study done at the time showed that the area couldn't support two hospitals at that rate.

Over the years, Michael was asked to serve on many boards of various organizations. For example, he served on the board of the YMCA for 9 years when it was still on Union Street. He said it was – and is – an outstanding facility but like almost all of the non-profit agencies in the area, it is always looking for money, which is hard when you have a small area to draw from.

The real "power behind the throne" is Michael's wife, Martha. She is a great cook, who grows flowers and vegetables, many of which she cans. She loves all kinds of puzzles, reading and playing bridge. Michael and Martha love having their kids and granddaughter come for visits. They joke about their house being a bed and breakfast with a revolving door, but they love being with friends and relatives, which is very enjoyable now that Michael is retired.

Martha has 3 children from her first marriage – two girls and one boy, who are all adults now. Martha loves to travel and has made several trips with her mother and other female relatives – Michael calls them "girl trips". She has gone to Alaska, Thailand and Venezuela among other places. Michael and Martha have made several trips together with friends, ski trips to Colorado and Utah, Canada, but not in the present time, and some overseas trips. One they particularly enjoyed was a river cruise from Budapest to Amsterdam, arriving in Amsterdam in time for tulip season.

Martha has a small family. Her grandmother lost her husband in World War I, and her mother was an only child. Her father lost his mother when he was very young, and was raised by his grandparents. She had two first cousins. They both said they are so very fortunate to have such good friends in the area, that it is a real blessing to see family and friends.



L to R Louis Nenno (Michael's father), Mother Elna Nenno, on her lap Evelyn Nenno, on R is Blanche Nenno No date

We received another interesting article by Gertrude Schnell. We certainly enjoy all she sends us – don't stop, Gertrude!

Stone Pickers

When my Father, Aunts and Uncles grew up on the Schnell Farm on the Lower Birch Run Road, they were "stone pickers". After the fields were plowed, many stones came to the surface. These would interfere with the growing crops, cultivating and harvesting. Therefore, all of the kids became "stone pickers". A horse would pull a "stone boat" – a flat wooden sled – and the children would walk along on both sides picking up the stones and putting them on the stone boat. After it became filled, it would be taken to the far right side of the property and the stones would be dumped in the stone lot. A rainy day was much appreciated because no stone picking would be done.

Ed. Note – The kids today don't know how lucky they are!

SPECIAL POEM FOR SENIOR CITIZENS!!!

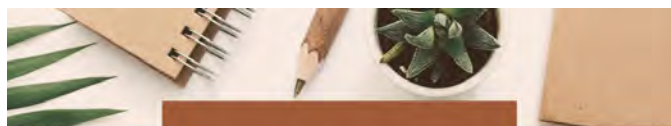
A row of bottles on my shelf
Caused me to analyze myself.
One yellow pill I have to pop
Goes to my heart so it won't stop.
A little white one that I take
Goes to my hands so they won't shake.
The blue ones that I use a lot
Tell me I'm happy when I'm not.
The purple pill goes to my brain
And tells me that I have no pain.
The capsules tell me not to wheeze
Or cough or choke or even sneeze.
The red ones, smallest of them all
Go to my blood so I won't fall.
The orange ones, very big and bright
Prevent my leg cramps in the night.
Such an array of brilliant pills
Helping to cure all kinds of ills.
But what I'd really like to know.....
Is what tells each one where to go!

GENEOLOGY

If you are looking for some help with genealogical problems, you can contact Steph at the Olean Public Library. Her email is:

diggingwithsteph@gmail.com

This is her specialty, and she's good at it.



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Memorials



For: Jeanne (Wilber) Wilson
From: Spencer Morgan

For: Helen McCully
From: McCully Family
(Don, John, Dean & Joan)

For: Celestine Welch
From: Margaret Parker

For: Peter Wintermantel
From: Deborah Israel
David Mack-Hardiman & Family
Reid's Markets
Anthony Salmonson
Gloria Burton
Terry & Tiffany Brairton
Francie Potter



The Wall of Honor was conceived of and given to the town as a gift in 1942 by Dr. Robert Forbes, a local dentist and car dealer. Before the end of the war, new sets of wings had to be added to the original wall. It was located next to the Town Hall. Near the end of the war, the names of the fallen heroes were changed to a black panel with white lettering with a star of genuine gold after their name. Many people would even come to pay tribute to the service men and women at night when it was lit.

**Does anyone know when the Wall of Honor was taken down? And what might have happened to it?
Let us know.**

Allegany Area Historical Association
P.O. BOX 162
Allegany, NY 14706

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INSIDE SPECIAL ISSUE:

Presidents Report

Pickin' Stones

Where is the Wall?

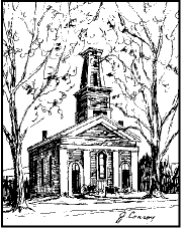
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Allegany Area Historical Association

May 2021

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Issue XXXV Vol. 2

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

There seems to be a faint light at the end of the tunnel with more people being able to get vaccinated. Perhaps by the fall, we might even be able to have a regular meeting. Until then, we are closed. If you have questions for us, message us on Facebook or email us at Alleganyheritagecenter@gmail.com.

In February, we started a Facebook page called Allegany Memories. It took off like wildfire! Everyone has been posting pictures of graduation classes, favorite buildings around town, friends, and lots of candid shots. To join, please go to Allegany Area Historical Association and click on the link you will find there. I know the page has been bringing back many, many great memories for everyone.

Member Ruby Skroback passed away at the age of 94. It was always enjoyable to see Ruby when her daughter could bring her to our meetings. She was a 1944 graduate of Allegany High School. We will miss her.

The Ink Well store on Main Street in Allegany recently closed. The Citizen Printing House of Allegany bought the framing supplies that the Ink Well used to carry, and is now able to do custom framing of all your art work, posters, certificates, or whatever you want framed. It's great to have a framing shop right in town – check them out.

Mrs. Carol Hakes died. She was the music teacher at Allegany Central and Allegany-Limestone schools for many years. She was a concert pianist and had performed at Carnegie Hall. I know many of our members had her as a teacher since she taught for a long time. She always wore her hair the same way, and was always recognized because of that.

The Cattaraugus County Museum, in conjunction with the Cattaraugus County Veterans' Service Agency, have started a new project, "Our Veterans, Their Stories", which aims to preserve the oral histories of county veterans. The interviews are very moving, and excellently done. Check it out at www.cattco.org.

Gail Boser Crisafulli died March 27th. She grew up in Allegany, and through her marriage to Michael Crisafulli, united two Allegany families. She was a long-time member of the choir at St. Bonaventure Church, and loved singing there.

The Allegany Central School Reunion will be on Saturday, August 7. Because of that, our Heritage Center will be open that day from 10 to 2. We will have our usual display of class pictures and yearbooks from the honor year classes. Hope to see you there.

Francie Potter, President

This is a reprint of an article by Charlotte Tyer that was in our newsletter in January of 1996. I hope you enjoy it.

SIGNS, HILLS, AND PIONEERS

Many times a year I travel over roads in Humphrey and Allegany townships. Strange as it may seem, Allegany named the hollows between the hills, but Humphrey named the hills. For the most part, each hollow and hill bears the name of the earliest pioneer in his locality.

For example: traveling north from Allegany on the Five Mile Road, the signs read: Wing Hollow, Smith Hollow, McClure Hollow, Morgan Hollow, Slocum Hollow and Pumpkin Hollow. In Humphrey Township, we see signs directing us to Chapel Hill, Cooper Hill, Bozard Hill, Drake Hill, Golden Hill and Howe Hill.

The pioneers who settled the hollows and hills brought their families here with strong visions of a prosperous future. They were honest stout hearted, educated men. Some spent their last dollar to arrive at their wilderness locations, while others only brought an axe for hire. Most families lived in lean-to shelters and survived on scanty provisions until clearings could be made for a log cabin. Bears, wolves, and other wild animals prowled the forest, stalking their shelters and cabins at night, killing the sheep and carrying away their pigs.

When the earliest pioneers came to this territory, the entire townships of Allegany and Humphrey formed a part of Great Valley. In the 1820 census, the names of the first settlers in both Allegany and Humphrey appear under Great Valley. The town of Burton was formed from Great Valley on April 18, 1831. Five years later, on May 12, 1836, Humphrey was taken from Burton. Burton changed its name to Allegany on March 28, 1851.

I have been thinking about some of the earliest pioneer families whose names appear on the road signs in the hilly parts of Humphrey and have decided to write about some of those families. Russel Chapel was the first permanent settler in Humphrey. He came from Schenectady County in 1815 and built a log cabin in the wilderness on the bank of Sugartown Creek. Mr. Chapel was an ambitious, intelligent man, always looking for ways to better himself and the locality in which he lived.

One day, when resting his horses at a place in the road where it turns east to go over a high hill, he met two men who were carrying all their worldly goods in bundles on their backs. The two men were brothers, Steven and Benjamin Cole. These men were settling on a piece of land about two miles to the north of the resting place. Peter Sampson and Reuben Hurlbert also stopped at this turn to rest their horses and passengers before starting the long haul with the stage wagons over the hill to the Five Mile Run. The road was narrow, steep and rough. On rainy days, in places, it was axle deep with mud. Passengers usually walked behind the stage over this section of the highway, sometimes pushing to help ease the strain on the horses.

Seeing the need for a place where men and horses could rest and be refreshed with food and provisions, Mr. Chapel sold his log cabin on Sugartown Creek and built a tavern at the designated turn in the road, which, afterward became known as Chapelsburg. In 1823, their first Christmas at the Hotel, the Chapels hosted the first general Christmas gathering in the town. The hardy pioneers got together, scraped turnips, baked potatoes and jonneycakes and enjoyed a full day of eating and games. Their favorite sports were wrestling and jumping. One of the difficult feats was to jump over a yoke of oxen. William Baxter, a small man, was skilled at this feat. Seth Cole was the champion arm wrestler. Benjamin Cole weighed over 200 pounds and was the champion chopper. In the evening they sat around the fireplace and swapped stories of their pioneer experiences. When returning from their celebration, the Salisbury family had a narrow escape from a pack of wolves.

History describes Russel Chapel as a man of "robust constitution". He sometimes went down the Allegheny River to Pittsburgh with a flat bottom boat for provisions for himself and his neighbors. He made the return trip up the river by means of setting poles and pushing on the poles, walking the boat's length to the stern, repeating this tedious work until the voyage of 300 miles was completed. Mr. Chapel served his community as Postmaster and Town Clerk for many years. The first town meeting was held at his Hotel in the spring of 1837, about a year after Humphrey became a town.

In those days, a good wife was essential to the success of a man. Mr. Chapel's wife, Phoebe, was a woman of strength, a hard worker and possessed the managing skills of a genius. She was an expert at making travelers comfortable, always serving them with a generous attitude. Phoebe was also talented in passing on the news without being gossipy or prejudiced.

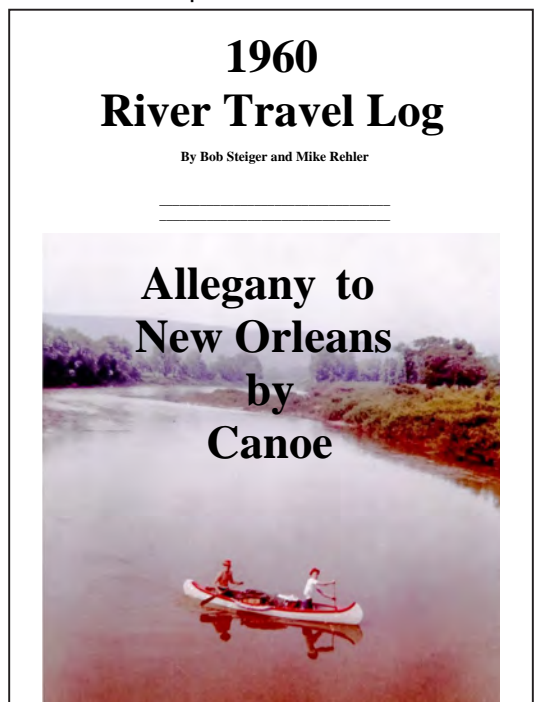
History records Chapel's Hotel as the most important place in town and the scene of many a high carnival in the days of long ago. It was a place of constant activity, often filled to capacity with teamsters and travelers. The mail stage, then running between Buffalo and Olean, arrived and departed daily. The road over the hill was first known as the "Mail Road." By the year 1841, it was known as "Chapel's Hill Road." Down through the years it has been called the "Old Stage Coach Road" and the "Olean Road." The hill itself became know as Chapel Hill and the road is now widely known as Chapel Hill Road.

Russel was 82 when he died in 1857. Phoebe died in 1863 at the age of 83. The Hotel has long ago faded into history, with only a few pictures remaining. The name of Chapel is inscribed on road signs and maps and lives on as a memorial to the first pioneer settler of Humphrey, New York.

ADVENTURE STORY - - - FOR SALE

We have a new adventure booklet for sale. And what a story it is! In 1960, Allegany natives Bob Steiger and Mike Rehler decided they needed some adventure in their lives at the end of their sophomore year at St. Bonaventure. It had to be then because Mike had ROTC summer camp at the end of his Junior year, and there would be no chance after graduation in 1962. So they deliberated over several plans, hitchhiking cross-country, or something, just to have an adventure. Because Mike had some experience traveling by canoe on the Allegheny River when he was an Explorer Scout, that idea kept popping up. Finally they decided to go from Allegany to New Orleans – by canoe! They acquired an old, used canoe, fixed it up and on June 13, 1960, they were on their way! They both kept logs of their 54 day trip, and about 12 years ago, set to work combining the logs into one cohesive story. They have very generously donated the finished product to AAHA for us to sell for our benefit. It's a great story and I know you'll enjoy it.

The booklet will cost \$13.00 locally, plus \$3.50 postage for our out-of-town members and friends. It can be purchased at the Citizen Printing House on Main Street in Allegany (cash or check - **NO CREDIT CARDS**) or send a check for cost and postage to AAHA, PO Box 162, Allegany, NY 14706 and we will mail a copy to you.



This is a copy of a sample teacher's contract from 1923, which appeared in our November 1999 issue.

This is an agreement between Miss_____, teacher, and the Board of Education of the _____ School, whereby Miss _____, agrees to teach for a period of eight months, beginning Sept. 1, 1923. The Board of Education agrees to pay Miss_____ the sum of (\$75) per month. Miss_____agrees:

1. Not to get married. This contract becomes null and void immediately if the teacher marries.
2. Not to keep company with men.
3. To be home between the hours of 8:00 pm and 6:00 am unless in attendance at a school function.
4. Not to loiter downtown in ice cream stores.
5. Not to leave town at any time without the permission of the chairman of the Board or Trustees.
6. Not to smoke cigarettes. This contract becomes null and void immediately if the teacher is found smoking.
7. Not to drink beer, wine or whiskey. This contract becomes null and void immediately if the teacher is found drinking beer, wine or whiskey.
8. Not to ride in a carriage or automobile with any man other than her brother or father.
9. Not to dress in bright colors.
10. Not to dye her hair.
11. To wear at least two petticoats.
12. Not to wear dresses more than two inches above the ankles.
13. To keep the classroom clean: To sweep the classroom floor at least once daily; to scrub the classroom floor at least once weekly with hot water and soap; to clean the blackboard at least once daily; to start the fire at 7:00 so the room will be warm at 8:00 when the children arrive.
14. Not to use face powder, mascara, or paint the lips.



Memorials



For: Peter Wintermantel

From: Joseph & Jillian Pleakis

The Hastings Family: Linda Hastings

Conway, Karen Hastings Butler,

James Hastings, David Hastings,

Tracy Hastings Scott

Leslie Ward & Randall Zotter

John & Maria Tierney

Cecelia Ladd

Mike & Rosanne Capra

Mary Marks

Laura & Peter Vetter

Mike & Martha Nenno

For: Rosemary Ryan

From: Kathy & Pat Premo

Mike & Martha Nenno

For: Fran Wurtz

From: Francie Potter

For: Carolyn McCoy

From: Francie Potter

For: Ruby Skrobach

From: Francie Potter

Alice Altenburg

For: Jerry Chadderdon

From: Alice Altenburg

For: Robert Norton

From: Kay Norton Edwards and Sue Edwards

For: All victims of the Covid-19 pandemic

From: Anonymous

From the 1899 Allegany Citizen –

At this time, Allegany has a solid banking house, two railroads, two express offices, an electric street railway, nine mails daily, telephone long distance connections, St. Elizabeth's Female Academy, St. Bonaventure College and Seminary, Allegany Union and High Schools, eleven civic societies, five churches, a canning factory, one sole leather tannery, one creamery butter factory, one sash and band factory, one feed and grist mill, five cheese factories, five saw mills, one shingle mill, two brick yards, three blacksmith and wagon shops, one coopers shop, one harness shop, one wholesale grocery house, four exclusive grocery stores, four large dry goods and general stores, two drug stores, two hardware stores, one gents furnishing store, five hotels, two furniture stores, three cigar factories, one bakery, two barber shops, three meat markets, five saloons, one tailor shop, five shoe shops, two livery stables, one jewelry store, two marble works, one opera house, one greenhouse, four doctors, one attorney-at-law, and an excellent half-mile track.

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Hills & Valleys

Loitering in Downtown Ice Cream Stores

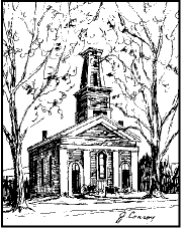
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Allegany Area Historical Association

September 2021

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Issue XXXV Vol. 3

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Help Wanted!

Immediate opening for newsletter editor. I have been doing the newsletter for over 20 years, and at age 85 I think it's time to pass it on to someone else. I will continue to do it until we get a new person. I will offer all the help needed. We do four issues a year – March, May, September and October. We have lots of resources at the Heritage Center to use for story ideas. If you are interested, contact me at Alleganyheritagecenter@gmail.com.

More help needed. We would like to put together a phone list of people interested in helping, when needed, to clean the center, file materials, and other necessary things that need to be done to keep us going. Contact us at Alleganyheritagecenter@gmail.com to let us know if you would be able to join in this effort.

Lois Smith passed away in April. She was a long time Home Economics teacher at Allegany Central. I was struck by the phrase "Home Economics". I don't think this is even taught any more. Cooking, sewing and other things are certainly necessary at any time in life. I know her former students remember doing many of these things, which certainly helped them in their lives.

Horace "Bucky" Peck died in May. He was one of 13 children. He worked for Work & Silvis for over 30 years until his retirement. I'm sure a lot of people knew him, or one of his siblings. He was a hard worker, and will be missed.

We have a few copies left of the 1960 River Travel Log story by Mike Rehler and Bob Steiger of the trip they took from Allegany to New Orleans by canoe, so order yours soon. The cost is \$13.00 locally at the Allegany Citizen Printing House on Main Street (cash or check only), or \$13 plus \$3.50 postage if you are out of town. Send your order to AAHA, PO Box 162, Allegany, NY 14706.

Check out our Allegany Memories page on Facebook to see a 2 story high Bona Wolf painted on the 5th Street side of the Burton. It's great! Also, some other very interesting stories about Allegany are there.

As of now, we are still not open, and haven't planned any general meetings with speakers. As more people get vaccinated, we will reconsider our plans. Things are definitely opening up more and more. A lot of stores allow you in without a mask if you have been vaccinated. So we shall see how we handle things in coming months.

Francie Potter, President

We received the following email from Cecilla Kelly Ladd. I think you will find her article very interesting.

"Attached please find letter from Mrs. Theresa (Ryan) Sutter, wife of Clarence Sutter, written for my sister in answer to a query about Chipmonk history for a high school newspaper article. I know it was written in the early to mid-sixties as my sister graduated in '66. Our family bought our Chipmonk property from the Sutter family in 1961, and Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Sutter lived for several years on land bordering our property. My sister and I remember Mrs. Sutter fondly."

CHIPMONK

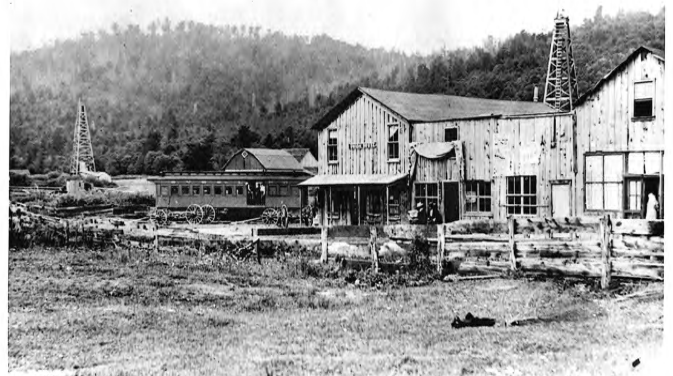
Chipmonk is a small sprawling community nestled in a narrow valley between two ranges of hills in Cattaraugus County, about ten miles from the city of Olean. Incidentally, it is now spelled with an o instead of a u. The story is told that an Indian saw a chipmunk floating on a limb down the small creek which traverses the entire length of the valley and gave that name to the place.

It started in 1856 like all rural communities with a few hardy souls who hewed out small places in the virgin timber. Eventually, more land was cleared, resulting in some pretty fair sized farms, very few of which had much level land – only a narrow strip along the creek.

Then oil was discovered in 1895 shortly after the first well was drilled in Titusville, Pa., and over night a town sprang up. Like the gold rush of '49, men flocked to the oil fields. Hotels, stores, post office, meat market, barber shop, doctor's office, boarding houses followed rapidly. Roads, which at times were almost impassable with mud, wound around the hills. At one time both sides of the main road was built solidly with hastily put together domiciles, while here and there a lasting one was erected, and today many of those are still in good repair and housing families. But gone are the hotels, stores, post office, doctor's office, and the large two-story Macabee's Hall which was the center of all social life for many, many years. Here and there you will find a grouping of three to five houses in a place, but for the most part the farm houses are widely separated and guard the hilly fields surrounding them.

The Franciscan priests of St. Bonaventure started a small mission church here and for many years cared for its parishioners. Then it was transferred to Limestone, N.Y., and the priest came from there to minister to the people. But once again it is now back under the administration of St. Bonaventure. No Protestant church was ever built here.

The Pennsylvania Railroad built a track from Olean to Pittsburgh and other points in Pennsylvania. At South Vandalia, which is at the lower tip of Chipmonk, it erected a passenger depot and freight office, which did a thriving business catering to the oil fields and lumber companies which had followed the rush. A narrow gauge railroad connecting with the main line was a source of transportation for the large amount of lumber and logs



Early view of Chipmonk, showing the corner of Flatstone Road and Chipmonk Road. Matta & Bill O'Connel's Store is on the right, a shoe shop next door, and the Union House (a Hotel?) at the end. Rail car is from the South Vandalia and State Line Railroad. Circa 1898.



Oil well in Chipmonk,
just after it has been "shot."

which were produced daily from the great stands of timber on the hillsides. The lumber business gave employment to a very large number of men. There were several large sawmills. Then a large chemical plant was erected near the railroad and utilized the timber for many products. This also gave employment to many men as cutters and drivers, as trucks and other vehicles had to be used to get the timber to the chemical plant. Homes sprang up again. The chemical plant is long gone but many of the homes are still being used by people who found employment elsewhere.

A large schoolhouse with two rooms was built in the middle of the valley, and many of the "old-timers" recall with varying emotions the days spent there. Then two more schools were built, one at each end of the valley, and for some time the "middle school" as it was called used only one room. Today that school is known as the Community Hall. The "upper school" was moved down and added to the middle school to make more room for community affairs. The school district has centralized with the Allegany district. Buses now pick up all the children and take them to Allegany. The "lower schoolhouse" is still standing but

has been converted to a dwelling house.

Once more Chipmonk is experiencing an oil boom. In its beginning, it was the first oil field after the finding of oil in Titusville, Pa., and it produced what is called Bradford or Pennsylvania crude, the best grade of oil in the U.S. After more than a half century of producing oil many of the original wells were playing out but the South Penn, or as it is now known, Pennzoil Company, has come up with a method of pumping water into the ground and forcing the oil up into new wells they have drilled. The amount of production they are now receiving is almost unbelievable. But the large production is not causing any influx of inhabitants. The oil company which has the holdings all around here and in Pennsylvania is using machines and electricity to replace men wherever possible. Many men have lost their jobs, and others who are near pensions are being bought out. Many are driving sixty miles one way daily to keep their jobs until they can be retired. Now these old hills, with roads crisscrossing each other in all directions, due to all the oil drilling, and with their sides nearly denuded in many places, look down on an improved hard top main road and at farm lands which in many cases can no longer be used for that purpose because where hay, oats and potatoes once gave the farmer his living now batteries of oil tanks stand row on row and fields have been torn to shreds with wells and ditches for oil lines and water lines. Such is progress.

Written by 71 year old Mrs. Clarence J. Sutter, RD 1, Allegany, New York

I hope this will be some help to you. I didn't know just what you wanted. If you have any special questions, maybe I could answer. I hope you can read my writing. I grew up in Chipmonk, went to High School in Olean, taught school 3 years here in Chipmonk, was married here.

Another great article by Gertrude Schnell – thanks to her as always.

BARNS

The barn on the Lower Birch Run Road belonging to my Grandmother Delice Rehler Schnell was very simple. It was a wooden structure probably built in the mid 1800's. There were 10 to 12 stanchions for cows, two stalls for horses, a pen for calves, a granary, a straw mow and a hay mow. A silo contained ensilage. For most of the year milk was sent to the cheese factory. Manure was shoveled by hand, and cows were milked by hand until about the 1960's.

For most of my life milk was brought in pails to the house, strained, put in milk cans and lowered into a continuous running spring water stream in a room at the back of the house. Later milking was done by machine and then put in a cooler. Manure was removed from the gutter by machine. In good weather cows were turned out in pastures with a Collie dog, and were returned to the barn for milking twice a day.

Times change. I recently visited a farm of 600 cows. What a difference in the barn and farming procedures. The barn is one story, and huge bales of hay covered with plastic are stored outside. The cows never leave the barn. They are milked three times a day. Moving walls allow the cows to get to milking stations. Milk fed to calves has to be pasteurized. Computers keep track of each cow and its production. Trucks arrive several times a day to accept the milk. Manure is removed by large tractor-like vehicles and sent to the "poop" pond. However, this business does employ a number of people besides the family members.

A FEELING OF SURPRISE by Eda LeShan

I was walking down the street when I passed an antique store. Prominently displayed in the window was a box camera. An antique! Impossible! Why, that was the best camera I ever had and the only one I have ever been able to handle. What was it doing in that window?

My husband went back to speak to the psychology students at this alma mater, William and Mary College. He saw a glass cabinet in the hall containing various instruments. There was a sign on the window which said, "These instruments were used in the early days of psychology. Their use is unknown." My husband recognized everything on display very easily – they were the instruments used in his undergraduate psychology class.

Getting old is a great shock. The years have flown by, but inside our heads we still see ourselves the way we once were in the pictures in our albums. I see a picture of my husband with a wild shock of hair – how could it ever get gray and, even worse, begin to disappear? I see my high-school graduation picture and hardly recognize the wrinkled face in the mirror. It's all such a surprise. No matter how many old people we have known, when it happens to us it all seems quite impossible.

Listening to two teenage girls on a bus one day, I heard one say to the other: "If I live until forty, I'll never get over this!" On a television talk show, I heard the host say, "Well, that's really something that pertains to old people, fifty on up." Who are these people talking about? ME – that's who. And the people in my life. I am surprised when my husband is still when he gets out of bed in the morning, and it hurts when he has to bend down. I am surprised when I pack for a trip that it takes me longer to pack the pills I might need than my clothes.

I try to remember how I once felt about people who were sixty-seven. When my parents were sixty-seven, they didn't seem old to me because they were both still active and working. But when I was twenty-five or thirty, I assumed they were over the hill already, so it seemed pretty good they were still ambulatory at sixty-seven! I thought my grandmother was a very old lady at sixty-three, but people looked much older at that age, then. My picture of myself varies in relation to my daughter, between elation on the rare occasions when she says, "I'm calling for your advice," and the more common times when she sounds as if she'd feel better if I were safely put away in a nursing home.

What's the answer? Really very simple. I am not going to let a box camera, now an antique, or any thing or any person tell me whether or not I am an antique. I will decide, and I'm not ready yet. My idea of an antique is that it has to be at least 150 years old, which gives me a little breather.

Memorials

For: Robert Norton
From: Jeff Edwards and family
Mike Edwards and family

For: Horace (Bucky) Peck and Ellen Peck
From: Gerry & Maggie Collins

For: Janet E. Schuman
From: Bert Dohl
Alice Altenburg
Steve and Rita Belhar
Paul and Chris Carlson
David and Ann Reid, and Reid's Food
Barn

For: Carol Hakes
From: Karen Streif

For: Horace (Bucky) Peck
From: Lucy and Don Benson
James and Mary Ann Metz
Marcia Karl
Francie Potter
Eileen and Robert Shabala
Paul and Diane Ksionzyk,
The Annable, Black, Dabill and Mocariski
families
Mario and Cathy Zakel
Michele and Greg Benham

ITEMS FOR SALE

In addition to our history book, we have many more items for sale. These make good birthday presents, or just anytime presents. Here's what we have:

POST CARDS - different Allegany scenes - 75 cents each, plus shipping.

OUR ALLEGANY HERITAGE, 1931-1981 HISTORY BOOKS - \$10, plus shipping

TALES OF WAR AND CONFINEMENT - \$6, plus shipping

1960 RIVER TRAVEL LOG - \$13, plus shipping

To purchase items, contact us at alleganyheritagecenter@gmail.com



"I am not going to let a box camera, now an antique, or any thing or any person tell me whether or not I am an antique. I will decide, and I'm not ready yet. My idea of an antique is that it has to be at least 150 years old, which gives me a little breather."

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How Chipmonk got its name

Milking cows - things have changed

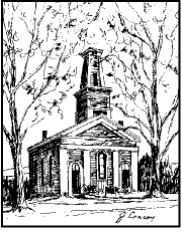
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Allegany Area Historical Association

October 2021

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Issue XXXV Vol. 4

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

It's October so it is time to pay your yearly dues. I know, we are closed, but the bills still come in. As you know, we don't send reminders in the mail. This will be the **only** notice you will get. The dues are: \$15 – single membership; \$20 – for a family membership; \$25 or more for a patron membership. If you haven't paid after a reasonable time, you will be removed from our mailing list. Pay now while you think about it. Make your check to: Allegany Area Historical Association, and mail it to PO Box 162, Allegany, NY 14706. We are very grateful for your support during this difficult time, and we deeply appreciate it.

We have decided that we will plan to hold regular meetings again, with speakers, in March of 2022. By then we think most people will have been vaccinated and feel comfortable in gathering in groups. Char Sendlakowski even has a speaker lined up already! See you in March!

Recently a bag, with my name on it, was left by the door of the center. Inside was an alumni directory of Allegany School System from 1893 to 1962. Also, a University of Michigan Athletic Review from 1924-25, and a 25 year Michigan football guide, 1977-2002. Best of all was a framed photo of a jam-packed Michigan stadium. This brought back a lot of memories for me. My father worked at the stadium on game days so I went for free from an early age, and saw many great games. My mother went to the very first game on Oct. 1st, 1927. So going to Michigan games was the norm in our house. The photo now hangs on my wall. There was no note in the bag. Many thanks to the anonymous donor who obviously knew where my loyalties are, and for bringing back so many wonderful memories.

The St. Bonaventure campus is back open to the public, so you can go walking there again. In the October 2020 Newsletter I put in all the information about the plaques on Devereux Hall. They are for Cattaraugus County, Bolivar, Portville, Olean, Allegany, Salamanca, Ellicottville and Bradford. The best time to see them is in the fall since ivy covers them in the summer. Access may be temporarily limited due to construction going on in front of Devereux Hall right now.

Many thanks to Gertrude Schnell for the very interesting history articles she has sent to us. They always show how life was in Allegany "back in the day".

Francie Potter, President

LETTERS

In 2004 the association published *Tales of War and Confinement from World War II*. Most of it was the result of an Eagle Scout project by Amit Patel, with letters to the *Allegany Citizen* from Richard "Richie" Boser and Clem Martiny. Richie was in the service for 5 years and participated in the invasions of North Africa, Sicily and was part of the second wave onto Omaha Beach. After he returned home, he became *Allegany's* first letter carrier.

He also corresponded with a former teacher, Miss Irene Schnell. Irene wrote to many of her former students and several wrote back to her. We are fortunate to have some of these letters in our files, and thought you would like to read them. Enjoy.

Post card dated October 7, 1940 –

Dear Miss Schnell: The Army isn't so bad, the fort is on the coast of N.Y. Bay. Having loads of fun riding the subways. Was up on 42nd St. and Broadway to see Mickey Rooney in Person. Never seen so many taxis in my life.

Richard Boser



Richard "Richie" Boser
photo courtesy of Carol Boser Watson

V-Mail dated October 5, 1942 –

"Somewhere in Scotland"

Dear Miss Schnell: Believe it or not, it's me. I've finally found time to write you a few words and to say Hello. I'm on Guard Duty today and on my time off I have had time to catch up on a few of my letters. I have been thinking of you, Miss St. John, Miss --- and Miss Pollina every since Bette wrote me that several of you were leaving the school. Since then I have learned that Miss St. John and Miss Pollina are no longer with you. When you write them, be sure and tell them that I was asking about them and sent my best regards. As soon as Bette sends me their addresses, I intend writing them a few lines. Bette probably told you that Carl Jones and Bob Nolder are over here also and that we were stationed in Southern England. Since then we have moved to Scotland and I believe this country is the most beautiful I have ever seen. The Mts. Reach so high into the sky that they have snow on the tops of them. The homes and the country is a sight I shall never forget. The Scottish people are very nice to us and the Scottish lassies really go for the American soldiers. Their greatest desire is to marry an American and to go to America. The Scotch whiskey is great stuff, one shot of it makes a guy's hair stand straight up. I'm a tea drinker myself, that's about all we get at our meals. We've had several real air raid alerts since we came overseas and at night the usual Black Out. The weather is very changeable, and gum, beer and most sweets are very hard to get. The paper is running out so guess I had better close. Write. Good luck as ever. "Richie".

Letter dated Sunday, Nov. 29, 1942

Dear Miss Schnell: Your most welcome letter arrived several days ago and I sure was glad to hear from you. By now you probably know that I'm in North Africa and have been in action. Our being so far from England is the reason for your letter taking so long in reaching me. When we were in England the usual time a V letter or air mail letter took in reaching me was seven to ten days. At the present there is no Vmail from the states reaches us all O.K. Today being Sunday, a gang of us fellows made the trip into

town to attend Mass at a little French church in the center of town. The Mass is said by our Regimental chaplain and is attended by around 75 French people and several hundred Yankees. Due to the war, they were all women and they sang the Mass in French. Of course, it was all Greek to me but we appreciated it very much and there is a Corp. from the Regt. who serves at the Mass and speaks to the people in French. I can't begin to tell you what a beautiful church these French people have. They are fighting with us as you know, and like us Americans very much. They are taking good care of the American soldiers' graves who lost their life in the battle by putting fresh flowers on their graves daily.

I saw Carl Jones on the way back from church today. He sure is getting fat and has taken advantage of this warm climate by getting a good sun tan. He also has grown a mustache which has changed his looks a lot. Bob Nolder is still with him, and my Buddy who was home with me several times is still here with me.

The days here are fairly warm but the nights are cold and just above freezing. Nov., Dec., and January is the rainy season here and four days ago I washed several articles of clothing and they just dried out today after the rain had given them a good rinsing.

Last week our first mail arrived here in Africa and I got 28 V letters so far. I have several packages on the way and some of them are probably at A.P.O. now. I know of 3 of them that is down in Davy Jones locker due to the sinking of a mail boat with all mail dated from Sept. 15th to Oct. 3 on it.

Gosh but I'd sure give \$10 to be able to sleep in a bed and between two white sheets again. We are still sleeping in Pup tents and on the ground. But it makes us fellows pretty rugged and some day when the war is over, the truth will come out about our Division and just what part we are playing in this war.

This French money is much easier to catch on to than the English money was. We have been paid in overprinted (Special) U.S. currency. The paper money is the only difference from the money back in the states and it's the seal. In the states it's blue and over here it's gold. The monetary system is based on the "franc" – one franc is equivalent to 100 "Centimes" and in the American dollar there are 75 "franc". I am enclosing a new 20 franc note for you to keep as a souvenir. In our money it is worth 26 2/3 cents.

These Arabs are a bunch of chiselers, when we first arrived here in North Africa eggs were 1½ franc each but they've gotten pretty wise to us Americans, and now they want 6 franc each (or 8 cents in our money). Tangerines are plentiful and I eat on the average of two dozen each day. They charge 1 franc each for them but usually they'll give you a bargain on a bushel of them. I personally don't like them. They never shave, wash nor wear any shoes, and seeing that I can't talk their language, I'm compelled to act crazy because of all the motions that I have to go through in order to buy something from them.

Thanksgiving was just another day for us, we were minus the Turkey, chicken, cigarettes, etc., and it went by almost unnoticed. But the Army will make up for it just as soon as they get their rations in.

It's getting dark fast so guess I had better close. Carl told me to say Hello when I wrote you. Please excuse the writing paper but this is all I could buy over here in Africa. Tell Miss Hardy and any one who asks about me that I said Hello and that I wish them all (especially you) a very merry Xmas and a Happy New Year. It'll probably be a long time before I'll be able to write again but I'll write when I can even though it may only be a card. Thanks again for writing and the Best of luck to you. As ever, "Richie".

Letter dated March 15, 1943

Dear Miss Schnell: (P.S. my best regards to all the family and your neighbors).

It sure seems like I owe everybody a letter. I received your V letter that was photographed dated Nov. 29th, also your V letters not photographed dated Dec. 20th and Jan. 2nd and I sure was proud to hear from you so often. Your 3 letters have arrived at different times but it has been impossible to write you

because of my presence here at the front. It has been two weeks since I have been able to write home but I try my darndest to keep in touch with my sister, Bette, and my gal friend Junie Bockmier. I guess Bette has kept you pretty well informed of my whereabouts here in Africa. We have been up here since before the New Year and have seen plenty of action. By now Bette has probably told you all about the tank battle that us Allegany boys were in so I won't bother to tell you all about it. Carl Jones is here in the 1st Bn. With m and is now a Staff Sgt., 1st Bn Hdq. 18 Inf A.P.O. #1, % Postmaster N.Y.C. He told me that he was expecting a letter from you. He was transferred over to this Bn. Shortly after they were badly beaten on Xmas day. My buddy who was in Allegany with me several times is on the injured list but is coming along O.K. We are at present behind the front lines for a Rest and we got our Replacements in a couple of days ago. Mail hasn't been going out in the past couple of days but this letter will be ready to go as soon as they call for the outgoing mail. We were paid a couple of days ago and I drew \$9 for 2 months. Of course my \$25 allotment, insurance, etc., had been deducted but we were paid under the old value of the franc, 75 franc to the dollar. The value of the French money at the present is 50 franc to the dollar. The 20 franc that I sent you is valued at 40 cents instead of the former 26 2/3 cents. I made a \$60 money order out to Bette. \$30 goes to Ruth towards her graduation and \$10 to Bette, Ruth and Laura as my Xmas present to them. When I get paid for Feb. and March, I intend sending Ruthie \$25 more because I want her to graduate in style the same as the other more fortunate girls in her class. I had intended sending each of my sisters, sisters-in-law and girlfriend, also Ma Doran and my step-mother in Olean each a dz. Roses or a corsage for Easter but I can't get a money order and I can't send francs so I had to call it all off. So I put it for safe keeping in the Quartermasters. Maybe later on I can do something for them to show my appreciation. I hope you understand why I have been unable to write before and more often. Yours for Victory "Richie".

To read all the letters Richie sent home to the Allegany Citizen about his time in service, contact AAHA at Alleganyheritagecenter@gmail.com to obtain a copy of Tales of War and Confinement from World War II.



Another history article from Gertrude Schnell – enjoy!

St. Bonaventure University

St. Bonaventure College (University) played a big part in my families life as it did in many other families in the Allegany area. When my great-grandfather, Joseph Reihle, came to America from the Alsace-Lorraine region of Germany in the mid-1840's, the only Catholic church in the Allegany area was at the college. The family attended the church when the weather permitted them to travel from the Lower Birch Run Road. In 1894 my grandmother, Delia Rehler and Frederick Schnell were married in the church and their family attended until it burned in 1930. Then in 1931 they attended the new St. Bonaventure Church in Allegany.

In the mid-1920s my aunt Irene Schnell was in some of the first classes at the college that allowed women to attend. The women had to sit in the classrooms behind the men. There were no restrooms on campus for women on campus. One of the women lived nearby so the restrooms were at her house. At graduation the women had to walk behind the men.

In 1955 I started classes at the University. They were held in wooden barracks that had been built for G.I.'s after World War II. Some professors still had women sitting behind the men. Times changed quickly and women were welcomed everywhere on campus and were treated as equals with the men.

Memorials



For: Janet E. Schuman

From: Edmund and Theresa Memmott

Edwin Hardiman

Clair Schuman

Gerald Mullerer

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Stebbins

William and Kathleen Giardini

For: Janet Kopec

From: Francie Potter

For: Pat Premo

From: Sue and Bob Kalman



Breakfast With Her Children by Erma Bombeck

There are three things that are overrated in the country: sex, the FBI and mothers who get up to get their children's breakfasts in the morning. I made public the fact that once a year at Christmas, I had breakfast with my children, passed out a few candy canes and told them if they were good, they would see me again next year.

The mail was positively threatening. It seems there is something un-American about sacking in while your children run barefoot through the breakfast cereal and the plastic toys. Pressured by public opinion, I decided this week to get up and have breakfast with my kids. I put on a robe, shuffled out to the kitchen, steadied myself on the door frame and announced, "I am here."

"Who is it?" asked one son. "Snow White lives!" observed another. "Are you all right?" asked my daughter. "or is your mattress on fire?" "What do you want for breakfast?" I asked numbly. "I already got it. Leftover pecan pie and catsup sandwich." I opened a window and breathed deeply.

"Will you get the phone?" shouted my daughter. "It's Gloria," I related, "she wants to know what you're wearing." "Tell her the brown skirt and tangerine sweater set." "She said she's wearing bright green and you'll clash when you walk down the hall." "Then tell her the gray skirt and the yellow sweater set." "She said those are Beaverbrook's colors and there's a game after school." "Then tell her....." "Tell her yourself" I said, slumping in a chair.

"Can you iron this?" asked a son. "It's my gym clothes." The stench made my eyes smart. "Where did you get these?" "In the clothes hamper, but they were on top."

Someone was hammering on the bathroom door. "Will you get out of there so I can get my bike lock out of the pants I wore yesterday?"

"Not until you pay me the 20 cents you borrowed for lunch." "Hey, Mom, we're running late, could you give us a ride?" Numbly I forced a cup of coffee to my lips. My hands shook. "I knew she couldn't hack it" said one. "See you next Christmas," said the other two.

**Allegheny Area Historical Association
P.O. BOX 162
Allegheny, NY 14706**

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INSIDE SPECIAL ISSUE:

Presidents Report

Letters from Afar

Off Campus Restrooms

**WE WILL NOT BE OPEN FOR ANY PROGRAMS OR VISITORS
UNTIL MARCH.**

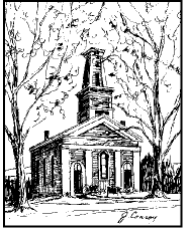
Message us on Facebook or email us at
Alleghenyheritagecenter@gmail.com with your questions.

OPEN BY APPOINTMENT ONLY

Take care, stay safe, and get your vaccine.

**CLOSED UNTIL MARCH
HERITAGE CENTER
25 N. 2ND STREET, ALLEGANY**

www.allegheny.org



Allegany Area Historical Association

March 2022

www.allegany.org

Issue XXXVI Vol. 1

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Due to the ongoing Covid crisis, we will not have a March meeting. And May looks in doubt. We will keep you posted.

Patsy Collins died in November. He was the long time owner of the Burton Hotel, where everyone went to get their first (legal) drink. He also bought the Club 17 and renamed it the Other Place. His son-in-law, Dan Gleason managed it, and then bought it in 2001. The Burton was sold to four former St. Bonaventure students, but it's still the Burton. Dan Gleason manages it and Patsy's son, Chuck, is behind the bar. It has had a big Bona Wolf painted on the Fifth Street side of the building, and continues to be a village landmark. Check out our Allegany Memories page on Facebook to see a picture of the Bona Wolf.

Patrick Premo died last July. He was the husband of one of our Trustees, Kathy Premo. Pat taught at St. Bonaventure for 36 years. He will be missed.

The Michigan mystery has been solved! The items came from Ann Pierce. Her late husband and my late husband Bob went to school together in Allegany. George knew Bob went to Michigan and married a girl from Michigan. George never went to Michigan but that was his team. He knew more about the sports teams than I ever did. He apparently collected items from Michigan, and Ann has, in a round about way, been passing them on to me. Thanks, Ann, I really appreciate it.

I had no response to my Help Wanted ad for a newsletter editor. We still need a new editor!! Please consider doing this, as I am not getting any younger. All kinds of help will be available to the new editor. All you really need to be able to do is type.

Your annual dues were payable last October. If, for some reason, you forgot them, it's not too late to pay them now - \$15 – single membership - \$20 – family membership; \$25 or more – patron membership. You get no benefits for being a patron, just our thanks for your generosity.

One of our members discovered, while cleaning out, that she has a complete set of our newsletters. She offered them to us but we also have a complete set. She doesn't want to toss them. If any of our members would like them, contact us at Alleganyheritagecenter@gmail.com with your name, address and phone number, and we will put you in contact with her to make arrangements to getting them.

Ray Jonak died in December. He was very active in the Allegany community and in village politics. He and his wife, Joyce, were also always available to help at the Heritage Center. Our sympathy to his family.

George Schreiber, Jr died in December at the age of 101. He had a long full life. He went into Europe on D-Day plus one at Utah Beach. He came back to raise over 6,000 chickens, and had an egg vending machine in front of his house. We will re-publish the oral history Wes Martin did with him in our May newsletter.

Francie Potter, President

THE DOCTORS OF ALLEGANY

This is the first part of an article by Margaret Green that appeared in our November 1997 issue. Enjoy.

We are well aware of the dramatic advances in medical care that have taken place in the 20th century, particularly since World War II. However, advances in medicine have generated new problems and challenges - impersonality of modern practice being one of them. In earlier times, the family physician was a real friend with strength and wisdom who appeared at your home to deliver a baby, reduce a fever or set a broken leg. He prescribed a remedy, which he often took from his little black bag, and offered a comforting word. The new way of conducting medicine on the whole has been beneficial, but the average American misses the personal touch that meant so much in the old days. The cost of the services these days has become astronomical. Government financed programs of Medicare and Medicaid have since 1964 relieved the elderly and poor, but new problems arise to confront doctors as well as patients. This article will take us back to a time in the 20th century when the doctors of Allegany were family physicians, who were general practitioners and well known to their patients, for the most part.

One such doctor was **Dr. Edward Torrey**, who was born in Tuiner, Maine in 1847. He was a graduate of Bowdoin College, later graduated from the College of Physicians and Surgeons at Columbia in New York City. He interned in Portland, Maine, practicing in Maine for a short time before coming to Allegany in 1870, where he practiced until 1906. He then moved to Olean where he continued his practice. He was active in the affairs of the village, serving on the school board as president, and was a health officer for the town. He was a member of the Odd Fellows Lodge. He died in 1921 at the age of 74, and is buried in the Allegany Cemetery.

Dr. Jacob S. Hicks came to Allegany in 1897. He was born in Colborne, Ontario in 1869, graduated from Trinity Medical College in Toronto and practiced medicine in Alberta, Canada for five years. He served the people of the Allegany area for 35 years. Many news items appeared in the Allegany Citizen giving us further information about Dr. Hicks. "Nov. 25, 1899 – Dr. Hicks moved his office from his residence to the second floor of the Charles Spraker block next to the bank where all calls – telephone of otherwise – instructed to him will be properly attended to." "Dec. 1899 – The drug store and business heretofore conducted by E. Emmons, Main Street, has been purchased by Dr. J. S. Hicks of this city, who has taken possession December 1st and will continue the business. The Doctor will replenish and brighten up the stock. He hereby extends a cordial invitation to the general public soliciting a share of the patronage and trade in the drugs, medicine, perfumery, candy, and toilet articles, school supplies, etc. Prescriptions compounded with the utmost care. The doctor will continue his profession as physician and surgeon in connection with the drug business, with his office at the store next to the post office." "June 2, 1900 – Dr. Hicks has changed his residence to the Karl house on Day Street. (This street is now called Third Street and houses the Piranha Pond store in the basement). "August 1900 – Mr. Stanley Dickinson of New York City, a graduate of the Albany College of Pharmacy, has accepted a position in Dr. Hick's Central Pharmacy and will be pleased to meet people generally." "September 1900 – Dr. and Mrs. J. S. Hicks rejoice in the arrival of a pair of twins." Dr. Hicks served as one time president of the village and on the Board of Education and also as School Director. He was a member of the Allegany Lodge, IOOF, the Masonic Lodge, and Buffalo Consistory. He was affiliated with the Allegany Presbyterian Church. Dr. Hicks died in January 1932 at the age of 63 and was buried in the Allegany Cemetery.

Dr. Lee-O-Nett-O was not a general practitioner. As stated in her obituary, she died December 13, 1939 and was a well-known Indian medicine doctor. She was born in Canada, April 9, 1844. She came to the U.S. in 1869 and was a descendant of the St. Francis Indian Tribe of the Macgalloway River in Canada. The doctor located in the village about 1914 and was active in her profession until 1937. She treated the sick with herb medicines of her own composition, attaining a great degree of success in her patients' illnesses. Dr. Lee-O-Nett-O lived in the house that was torn down to build the present (Five Star) bank in Allegany on Main Street. She died at age 95. The obituary made mention of her love for animals. She took pleasure in breeding canaries and parrots of which she had many in her spacious home.

She was buried in Allegany Cemetery.

Dr. Joseph A. Wintermantel was born in Buffalo in 1897. He graduated from the University of Buffalo Medical School in 1921. In 1922 he arrived in Allegany in a Model T Ford with his new bride, the former Jeannette Walldorf, also from Buffalo. They moved into the Park Hotel, which was owned by Maude and Henry Forness, and Dr. Joe opened his office at 79 West Main Street. At that time Dr. Hicks was the local physician and his two sons, Harry and Harold, lost no time in calling on Jean and informing her that their father was the Doctor in Allegany and her husband should leave right away. Their next move was to buy the American Legion building (4 East Main Street). They were both Legionnaires, Jean having served as an Army nurse during the 1st World War. Dr. Joe's office was on the first floor with the entrance on the west side next to a vacant lot. The upper floors were used as family quarters. Many a night with the office full, there would be 15 to 20 people waiting on the lot next door for their turn. At that time, an office call cost \$1.00 and usually included whatever medication was needed. For \$50.00 you could get a baby delivered, and this included pre-natal and post-natal care. If it was a boy, an extra 15.00 took care of his circumcision. In his early days there were very few telephones in homes outside the village. People had to rely on someone taking a message to the Doctor, asking him to make a house call. Most of these he had to make after his evening office hours. Thus, he was in his Model T Ford going up the Four Mile, or Five Mile, or Nine Mile or Ten Mile starting at 10 or 11 at night. Some nights he would be very unfortunate and skid off a muddy road. This meant he would have to wait until an early bird farmer came along and helped him get his car out of the mud. Sunday morning after church was another time set aside for house calls. He was very happy when St. Francis Hospital was built. It did save a lot in traveling time. Dr. Wintermantel served as a director of the First National Bank of Allegany, former Chief of Staff and Chief of Surgery at St. Francis Hospital and a member of the staff at Olean General Hospital. In 1942, Dr. and Mrs. Joseph Wintermantel gave a flag and the flag pole that was erected in the town hall park beside the honor roll, the honor roll being a gift from Dr. Forbes, the local dentist. Dr. Wintermantel discontinued his office in Allegany in July, 1955. Dr. Joe and Jean celebrated 50 years of marriage in 1972. He died in 1973 at the age of 76, and she passed away in 1979. They fell in love with Allegany and passed this love on to their children, both of whom live in Allegany. Three of their six grandchildren also live and work in the village.



Dr. Joseph A. Wintermantel

Photo courtesy of Mikel Wintermantel

HISTORICAL PLAQUES PROJECT

The Association decided that any money donated during Cattaraugus Gives would be used to begin to mark additional historical places in the village and the town. Currently, we are in the beginning stage of investigating what type of plaque and where to purchase them. We are also discussing how to decide what places to designate. One suggestion already, is to mark the three abandoned cemeteries in the Town of Allegany as we did for the Horton Cemetery many years ago. There are also buildings, houses, and businesses that are well over 100 years old. We have just over \$900.00 so far to start! So, this will be an ongoing project for us. If you would like to make a donation, just send a check to us at PO Box 162, Allegany, NY 14706



TREASURER'S REPORT
October 1, 2019 – September 30, 2020

This report is presented to give you an understanding of our sources of income and expenses. AAHA receives no public assistance from Village, Town or State.

INCOME:

Books, Maps, Postcards, Yearbook Sales	801.90
Christmas Cookie Sale (2019)	1248.00
Donations	595.00
Donations/Memorials	1630.00
Membership Dues	3400.00
TOTAL	\$7674.90

EXPENSES:

Citizen Printing	340.80
Dues Paid to Other Associations	75.00
Fire Extinguishers (Ganoung)	37.00
COACC (Gifts: Forness & Swatt)	75.00
Insurance (Erie & Niagara)	879.65
Landscaping/Mowing	400.00
Maple Leaf Construction (Siding)	3500.00
National Grid	750.48
NYSEG	2142.29
Post Office (Box Rental, Mailings, Permit Renewal)	451.00
Security (Austin Alarm Annual Service Contract)	419.40
Yearbooks (New)	81.56
TOTAL	\$9152.18

***PAID FOR FROM GRANT FUNDS RECEIVED/DEPOSITED IN AUGUST 2019 SPECIFICALLY FOR SIDING** (shown as income in Oct. 2018 – Sept. 2019 Treasurer's Report)

TREASURER'S REPORT
OCTOBER 1, 2020 – SEPTEMBER 30, 2021

INCOME:

Books, Maps, Postcards, Yearbook Sales	1315.50
Donations	1805.00
Memorials	3255.00
Membership Dues	3000.00
TOTAL	\$9375.50

EXPENSES:

Banking (Safe Deposit Box)	34.56
Citizen Printing	1798.50
Dues Paid to Other Associations	120.00
Insurance (Erie & Niagara)	894.81
National Grid	787.44
NYSEG	2325.11
Post Office (Box Rental, Mailings, Permit Renewal)	571.00
Security (Alarm Contract, Repairs, Batteries)	1409.69
Window (Plexiglass Repair)	459.71
Yearbooks (New)	61.56
TOTAL	\$8462.38

Memorials

In memory of Pat Premo:

By Sue and Bob Kalman

By Hans and Char Sendlakowski

By John P. Walsh

By Kathy Premo and the Premo Family

In memory of Peter Wintermantel:

By Margaret Nuss and the Hesse Family

By John P. Walsh

In Memory of Gene Quinlan:

By Margaret Nuss and the Hesse Family

In Memory of Rosemary Ryan:

By John P. Walsh

In Memory of Carol Hakes:

By John P. Walsh

In Memory of Patsy Collins:

By Bill Wing and the Wing Family

In Memory of Eunice Schiferle:

By Clair Schuman

In Memory of Julie Hall Kellogg:

By Sharon Blair

In Mamory of Helen McCully:

By the McCully Family (Don, John, Dean, Jean and Joan)

In Memory of Ray Jonak:

By Hans and Char Sendlakowski

By Sue and Bob Kalman

By Clair Schuman

By Edwin Hardiman

In Memory of George Schreiber:

By Kathy Premo

By Sue and Bob Kalman

By Mike and Martha Nenno

By Bill Wing and the Wing Family

In Honor of Francie Potter:

By Linda Potter and Family

By Mary Pendl and Family

By Bruce and Heidi Potter and Family

By David and Eva Potter

By Linda Potter and Michael Catanzaro

DONATIONS

By James and Juanita Reid

By David and Marge Vitale

By Beth and David Deitz

By Joan Gollaher

By Kathy Premo

RESIGNATION



I have decided to resign as President of AAHA. I have been the President for 25 years, mostly because nobody wanted the job. It has been a real pleasure but I am rapidly getting to the point where I cannot physically be of much use to work at the center. Nobody told me about bad knees but I know a whole lot about them now! Char Sendlakowski, our Vice-President, is stepping into the job, and I know she will do a marvelous job. Thank you all for your support over the years.

Francie Potter

November 1997

Election of Officers

At the Annual meeting held on October 8, these officers were elected for two-year terms:

President
Francie Potter

Vice President
Marjorie Geise

Secretary
Vernon Field

Treasurer
Alice Altenburg

Corresponding Secretary
Marion Zink

Directors
(for three year terms)

Daniel Wintermantel
Margaret Green

We welcome Francie Potter as president. She served as president during the years 1983-85 and has been active in the association since its organization in 1982. We are happy to have the other officers serve another term as well. Margaret Green is a new director this year.

Berwald's (0)				
C. Livingston	89	154	131	
F. Potter	111	100	115	
L. Hastings,	105	118	122	
A. Ball	88	97	129	
	426	482	497	1404

Bowling score from Allegany Citizen, January 1960

FRANCIE,

The Board of Trustees on behalf of the membership of AAHA and the community of Allegany wish you well on your "retirement" as President.

You won't have to think about any of these things anymore (although we know you probably will):

- Is the heat on?
- Does the snow need shoveling?
- Is there water in the basement?
- Will the alarm go off tonight?
- Did the gutters overflow?
- Are there enough cookies and fruitcake?
- Will people come to buy cookies and fruitcake?
- Are the displays done?
- Is anyone coming to the next program?
- I need to finish transcribing that interview!
- Is there another skunk in the furnace?

But you won't get to

- Sample all the cookies
- See our newest donations
- See our wonderful volunteers who will also miss you

Your 25+ years of involvement have brought us to where we are today. Please, feel free to visit us at the Center anytime – even if it is to give us a good kick!

THANK YOU



Francie & Alice Altenburg at Heritage Days 2006

◆ Allegany Area Historical Association ◆

Volume XVI Issue 1

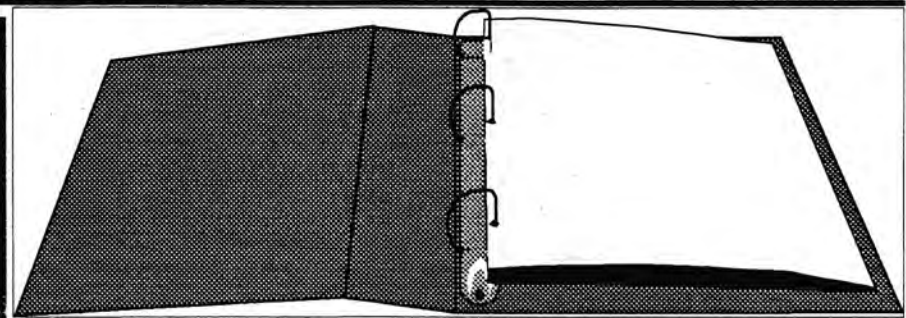
January 1998



Francie at the Heritage Center
- date unknown



Dedication of Historical Marker
at Five Mile Cemetery, 2018



President's Letter

By the time you read this, we will have had our Christmas Cookie Sale and our annual Community Christmas Service. Special thanks goes to all the members and friends of A.A.H.A. who worked on the sale and who furnished us with such delicious Christmas goodies to sell. This is a big fundraiser for us and we couldn't do it without a lot of support. The thanks of the entire membership go to Ann Boser for her dedication and energy in putting together our Community Christmas Service each year. It is very heartwarming to see the community come together at this special time of year, and Ann is the one who pulls it all together for us.

On Sunday, April 19, 1998, we will have a dedication ceremony and reception when we unveil the plaques honoring our generous contributors to our Roof Fund. Thanks to their strong support, we were able to have a complete new roof put on our Heritage Center. We should be in good shape for years to come. We picked a later

date than planned to allow all the "snowbirds" who gave so generously to be back in the North and to be able to attend. More details will be forthcoming in the spring, but for now mark your calendars for April 19.

As you may have noticed at our meetings, we are an "aging" group. We need new members if we are going to be able to continue into the future. Why don't you ask a friend or neighbor to come to our next meeting to hear our speaker and to see what we are all about. It would be a real tragedy if we had to close up shop for lack of working members. Everyone appreciates our efforts in preserving the history of the Allegany area, and maybe your neighbor or friend is only waiting for a personal invitation to be part of our action. Spread the news about the "hysterical members."

Francie Potter, President

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A Little Jab in the Arm

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UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.**

Message us on Facebook or email us at
Alleganyheritagecenter@gmail.com with your questions.

OPEN BY APPOINTMENT ONLY

Take care, stay safe, and get your vaccine.

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