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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.

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## **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.

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