



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

RETURN SERVICE REQUESTED

NON-PROFIT
ORGANIZATION
U.S. POSTAGE PAID
PERMIT NO. 32
ALLEGANY, NY 14706

INSIDE SPECIAL ISSUE:

Presidents Report

Treasurer's Report

The Sutter Family
