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. The 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
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 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
ing 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, stations, a 5 and 10 cent store and a soda fountain among other stores.

Mrs. Scarlato canned. Paul worked in both gardens. Everyone canned their produce then and there is still a fruit cupboard in their house. They had a large vegetable garden, as did the Carls, and Rhea and Paul went to school, their mother went back to substitute teaching.

The only country school in 1953. When they were kids, they listened to the radio. 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.

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
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. 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. 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. 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. 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.

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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 Chipmonk School.

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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 later Wing Hollow) hosted the annual Wing Cup, a dual slalom downhill race, which drew more than 150 racers fro 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. I you have any information or memories to add to this article, please e-mail eva@elicottville times.com.
IN 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