



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!

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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
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Presidents Report

Another World

Times Sure Change Things
