

# CANISTEO VALLEY HISTORICAL SOCIETY, INC. NEWSLETTER ARKPORT, NY

Oct/Nov/Dec 2012 - Vol. 19  
Linda Burdett, Publisher

Nancy A. Glover, Editor  
Dorothy J. Dunham, Assist. Editor

## OUR READERS WRITE US

**Fred Calnan** commented that he loves all the newsletter stories but he especially liked the stories of the old businesses in Arkport and the people he remembers. “You do a terrific job with it. It’s the one piece of mail that I look forward to.”

**Donna & Lee Ryan** emailed, “You gals are doing a great job w/ CVHS. Enjoyed the last newsletter. I know it is a lot of work – and it is so great that folks write and tell you how much they appreciate it! Sorry we can’t be active. Maybe one of these days.” [Donna writes the Almond Historical newsletter and does a wonderful job. I “borrowed” the idea for a newsletter after reading issues of hers!]

**Tim Timmerman** said, “You’re still doing a great job with the newsletters. All are very interesting and bring back memories”. Tim promised he was going to write another story for us and I’m holding him to it!

The recent announcement of the 94<sup>th</sup> birthday of **Onalee Faulkner** brought this response from **Joann Kilbury Spencer**: “Onalee is quite a person. A few weeks ago I visited her at her son’s home. She has done so much for Fremont history. In our collection we have several scrapbooks. Onalee donated two of her own scrapbooks to the Town Archives, 1930-1940. I recently had them laminated due to deterioration. Onalee was very pleased with the renewed books. Together we read each article in the 1935 book. Onalee is amazing. Her eye sight was fine and her memory is better than anyone I know. She remembered each event and named all the individuals. Of course she had “colorful” information about many events and people. Years ago she viewed Fremont’s 1,200 historic slides, providing names and places that I did not know. Onalee Faulkner is a beautiful lady. Thank you for passing on her 94<sup>th</sup> birthday date: Nov. 23, 2012; born in 1918 – amazing”.

**Joan Hurlbut Rendsland** writes: “It is so great to be able to read about folks I once knew, many so very well, and to know they are still in their own little corner of the world somewhere. Thanks to all of you for making it possible”.

**Kathleen Linzy Miottko**, a new member, emailed: “These newsletters are fantastic. You all do such a wonderful job finding out about the past. Some people and events I remember. I do remember Fay Davis’ store. My father would stop with me and Fay had the most wonderful lemon cookies in a barrel. Always got one. Congratulations for the hard work on the newsletters. Best to you all.”

**Jean Gates writes**: “Nancy, I enjoyed your article on memories of a telephone operator. My first job was a telephone operator with Rochester Telephone (now Frontier) in the Dansville office. I worked from October 1963 until December 1965 when the office converted to direct dial.

Our hours were the same as you listed and we all disliked the 9am-6pm shift – the day went on “forever”. If we worked a split shift, sometimes several of us would drive to the Rochester “Southtown Mall” to shop.

Foster Wheeler was a big employer and their main number was 1 (one). They also had a second line as they had many calls. We handled calls for Dansville local and long distance. We also handled all long distance calls for Springwater, Cohocton, Atlanta, Wayland and Naples.

I was working on November 22, 1963 when JFK [President John F. Kennedy] was shot. That switchboard came alive with people crying, calling to tell everyone they knew what had happened. We all worked overtime to handle all the calls. The day of the funeral the switchboard was very quiet during the televised coverage.

I think it was sometime in 1965 when the Northeast had a blackout (widespread power failure). It was very busy

and many of us worked overtime that night.

During our 15 minute breaks we would often go over to the Maxwell Cup (now Sunrise Restaurant) for coffee and a doughnut. Also, lots of shopping was done at the W.T. Grant store, which was next to the Maxwell Cup. It was a fun and interesting first job.”

## **1972 FLOOD – continued from our readers**

### **Hurricane Agnes – By Lois Dungan**

Bruce and I were living and working with the deaf in Jamaica in 1972. One day I had taken another missionary into town to buy groceries, and while waiting for her, read the island newspaper. There was a small item about Hurricane Agnes hitting the “tiny hamlet of Almond with flooding”. We had experienced Hurricane Agnes as it traveled through the Caribbean Islands and we were glad to see the rain it poured on us! I couldn’t wait to get back to the school to make a phone call to Dad (Howard Benning) to see what damage Arkport had. I tried and tried but always got the answer that “It is a disaster area with no phone service”. Of course, I was really frustrated and frantic not being able to get hold of them, but finally was able to get my brother (**Alan Benning**) in Wayland who gave me the whole story.

I learned that we had 30 inches of water in our cellar in Arkport, lost our furnace, hot water heater, washer and dryer and freezer. It was impossible to keep the water out by a pump because it would come back in as soon as it was pumped out. So my dad had to deal with all that as well as other problems with the flood.

Dad was a milkman with Elmhurst Dairy in Hornell at the time, and had to take a load of milk to Prattsburg. Going to Prattsburg he had to drive through water running over the road. He made it safely, delivered the milk and started back to Hornell. But going back through the water with the now-empty truck, the rushing water flipped the truck on its side. Dad had to climb out the top passenger window to get to safety. Somehow he made it to Hornell, got some help and went back to rescue the truck. (No cell phones in those days!).

So even though I wasn’t there then, I well remember Hurricane Agnes and the problems for our family. I later heard it called “Hurricane Agony”.

## **1972 – The Corning Area Flood – by Elaine (Glover) Acomb**

During the flood of ’72, five members of the Acomb family plus 2 dogs were stranded on the overpass going over 417 across from Forest Drive in Gang Mills. We had to get out of the car as the water was coming up too fast. The car disappeared in just seconds. We had to cross a large ditch with flood water up to our waist, climb up an embankment and climb over a 6 ft. chain link fence to get onto the overpass. We spent the night on the overpass. We could hear a woman screaming and crying; the night was very long. We could hear a woman crying for her baby. Later we found out that the baby was dropped in the water as they were being rescued. The baby was gone in a second as the water was so swift. The Fire Chief, Hobart Abby, who was holding onto a light post, was swept away. (We really couldn’t sleep well for days afterwards as we could still hear the screams and crying). We were very cold as all of us were wet.

In the morning several boats and an amphibious duck tried to rescue us but had to turn back as the water was almost up to the bridge and was too swift for them to get to us. We were finally rescued by a helicopter later that afternoon. We were taken to Winfield Street School by the helicopter. There were hundreds of other people there and the sewer was backed up and running onto the floors. Later that day we were sent by bus to Beaver Dams. For several days no one knew where we were.

The National Guard was called in. They were on the roadways with rifles to stop anyone from coming in. After about a week, Frank [Elaine’s husband] got someone to bring him to town but was stopped as they were still not letting anyone in. They told him that he couldn’t go in but Frank said, “I want to see if my house is still there and I’m going to go” and he did. He had to crawl over houses that had washed into our lawn, driveway, etc. We thought we might be able to stay on the third floor but when he came back he said we couldn’t as we had lost everything. The beds on the third floor were ruined along with everything else. We could not save anything, clothes, shoes, etc. We lost three cars, two hunting dogs and the things that we couldn’t ever replace, such as the pictures of our kids from babies up and so many other mementos that are just memories now. The things we lost were material things, but we thanked God for saving our lives.

We couldn't come back to the house for weeks. There was no electric, gas, phone, water, etc. In the weeks following, the Red Cross had a place we could go to get some clothes to wear and food. We lost everything including my beauty shop which was on the first floor. But the frame of the house was still standing and we rebuilt.

Frank worked as a health inspector part time for the town. For a month he never stopped working, day and night. Frank's full time job was the Executive Director of the American Heart Association. He took two months off from that and worked for the town one month and started on our house the next month. He tore everything out down to the studding and we rebuilt the house, which cost three times as much as it did when we built originally. In the meantime we found a trailer to rent in Campbell, until the HUD trailers were set up in a field across from our house. Everyone was buying furniture so we had to go to Rochester to buy our furniture. We re-did my beauty shop after we moved back into the house.

Bud and **Lil Howe** came as soon as they let people through. They brought us water and pumped out our house. He and Lil worked tirelessly to help us. Also, Batte's from Fremont came every day. The Sutfin's from Canisteo came and helped. These people were so wonderful to us and of course, there were the Amish and others that helped some too. Of course, many people came to sightsee, to look at the damage that had been done. But we never forgot the three couples that came every day they could and gave of themselves to help us. **Shirley Burdett** (my cousin) sent a camera and film. She said this is probably the last thing you need but actually, it was something that we really needed. We had to take pictures to turn into the SBA. We rebuilt and have lived here ever since.

## **OUR CONDOLENCES to the families of members who recently passed away.**



**Vivian (Glover) Gallese** passed away after a brief illness on Sept. 12, 2012. Vivian grew up in Arkport and attended Arkport Central School. She retired in 1971 from the Hornell School District. One of her greatest pleasures was getting together with her family. She loved to bake and cook and lavished everyone in her family with their favorite foods.

**Roy Hynes** (husband of member **Marilyn Howe Hynes**), died on Sept. 27, 2012 after a three year battle with cancer. Roy was a 1959 alumnus of Dansville High School. Roy and Marilyn were owners of Hynes Feed Service Inc. on State Rte. 371 in Cohocton until they sold the business in 2000. Roy was an active member and supporter of many community organizations and projects.



**Richard Harrington** passed away on Nov. 1, 2012. He was a longtime resident of Bishopville. Dick was a master craftsman who worked as a carpenter, foreman and superintendent at the former Hollands Construction Co. in Hornell for 38 years, building many residential and commercial buildings throughout the Southern Tier. He was a WWII veteran.

## **REMINISCE - MEMORIES OF OLD HOMES**

### **Lightning Storms -By Chuck Wellington**

I remember the lightning storms as I was growing up. It was common to see flashes and balls of fire around our house during a thunder storm.

Mother's electric stove was always being repaired. If it wasn't an oven element it was a thermostat switch. The electric company knew it was coming in on their line because they would occasionally lose a meter. One time in trying to eliminate the problem, they removed our transformer and ran three open wires back from Mrs. Roosa's transformer only to find that in the next storm it blew Mrs. Roosa's lights out.

Somewhere along the line someone, I don't remember who, discovered a small hole electrically burned inside of the stove away from any mechanism. In wondering why, when replacing the stove they found it lined up next to the chrome strip around the counter, which passed within an inch or two of the cast iron sink. As was common practice in those days,

when they wired a house, rather than drive a ground stake, they would attach the ground to a water pipe. As our water system is tied in with the system down the road on the farm with thousands of feet of black iron pipe, it created a better ground than the electric company's. To solve the problem, the electric company dug a large hole, put a grid in the bottom (and I think also some salt) and improved their ground. We also remodeled the kitchen and eliminated the chrome strip.

Even though my father was a strong Republican, he agreed with Harry Truman – “If you can't stand the heat, get out of the kitchen”. Needless to say, we didn't stay in the kitchen during a thunder storm.

### **The “New” House - By Nancy A. Glover**

When I was about five years old, we moved from the Amidon farm, across the “crick”, to the house near the Bishopville church. My brother, **Fran [Amidon]** and I, being the oldest, ran all over exploring the new house and barn, finding all kinds of good stuff. In the basement there was a room that had several shelves attached to the wall plus a couple of cabinets that were used to store home canned jars of fruits and vegetables. In one of the cabinets, there were several small bottles of a yellow/brownish liquid. My dad's cousin Walt (whom we always called Uncle Walt) was visiting one day when Fran brought up a bottle from the cellar. Dad and Uncle Walt were quite intrigued by this liquid and decided they would drink it. My mother was having a screaming fit over them tasting something without knowing what it was. They ignored her and opened the bottle and each took a swig. Of course, Fran and I wanted to taste it too and Dad told us to go get another bottle. We were so excited to taste this magic liquid in a bottle. It was delicious and we begged for more. My mother was sure we all would die on the spot. Dad tried to get Mom to taste it but she wouldn't. Finally he told it was just cider, which he had suspected before he tasted it. Now in hindsight, I'm wondering if it was hard cider as Dad and Uncle Walt really enjoyed it but Fran & I only got a taste.

### **NEW YORK STATE'S OLDEST VILLAGE JAIL: CANASERAGA - By Dorothy J. Dunham**



A tiny brick building approximately 6 feet by 9 feet sits on an upgrade at the south eastern edge of the Canaseraga cemetery. It was built in 1873 on land donated by the Cemetery Association and from bricks leftover from the construction of the Union School. In the yard is a cast iron light that was originally an oil lamp, converted in 1914. There was also a New York State Historical Marker in the yard, but it is now missing. Recently, there was a sign on the door which read: “KEEP DOOR CLOSED”. Citizens of Canaseraga rebuilt the steps in 1979.

The interior is unchanged from its days as the “lock-up”. The walls and ceiling are constructed of metal sheathing. The doors, appearing to exceed 2 inches in thickness, are very substantial heavy metal-clad and the hardware on the doors and hinges were wrought by a blacksmith, as were the bars on outside windows and the two cells. A potbellied iron stove served as a heat source, and a faucet was installed outside the cells. Inside the cells, there was space for a cot and a self-flushing iron toilet. However, the toilets couldn't always be used in the winter because the water froze. In 1924, electricity was installed.

The first criminals to reside in the lock-up were a man and woman arrested for the beating of a 6 or 7 year old child, upon the complaint of two local ladies. Eventually, the pair was sent to the Angelica jail, and the child was sent to the County Poorhouse. Besides housing local criminals, there are records that reveal that “lodgers” were housed. Local records also refer to its generous use as a “sobering up” site.

Records reveal that local officials budgeted \$40 for a year's expenses in 1925. The jail was closed in the early 1940s, and was cleaned and repaired in 1976 by local citizens. The Village Historians at the time were Mr. and Mrs. Richard Harvey and the Town Historian was Marjorie Mastin.

Inside the jail are displays of printed memories of local people. Don Scott recalled that he would gather with other kids behind the jail at night to listen to the foul language of the inebriated lock-up residents. The kids would “egg them on” to escalate the volume and foulness of the lively language. Carolyn Oliver remembered that when there were more drunks than the jail could hold, they were housed in the back room at Stew and Marge Lytle's. Roger Kiley recalled that once, the constable forgot about the prisoners, and they tunneled out.

The jail is open to visitors every Saturday, spring through fall.



*[snapshots courtesy of Dorothy Dunham]*

## THE KILBURY FAMILY SHARES - By Dorothy J. Dunham

**Mary Jane Kilbury Jones** appeared earlier this year before the Town of Fremont Board, but she came with a gift. Dee Kilbury, grandfather of **Mary Jane, Norma Kilbury Jones, and Betsey Kilbury Farley**, was the Town of Fremont Supervisor from 1926-1931, and while serving in that capacity, used a typewriter for his duties. The 1908 Royal typewriter had been in Mary Jane's possession for over 50 years, and she wanted it to be returned to its proper place in the Town. Cynthia Smith, Town of Fremont historian, accepted the typewriter for the Town Archives.

Mary Jane also mentioned that Dee Kilbury's father, Andrew Kilbury, her Great Grandfather, is one of the veterans of the Civil War buried in the Fremont Center Cemetery. Corporal Kilbury enlisted in the 189<sup>th</sup> Regiment, New York Infantry. He was part of the Army of the Potomac, and is buried near Michael Helmer, who also served in the 189<sup>th</sup> Regiment.



*[Left to Right: Dee Kilbury; Andrew Kilbury; The 1908 Royal; Betsey Farley, Mary Jane Jones, and Norma Jones show their Grandfather Kilbury's typewriter. Pictures courtesy of Betsey Kilbury Farley.]*

## FAMILY TRADITIONS

*[A member, Nancy Cunningham, has many fond memories of growing up in the Arkport area. She thought it would be entertaining to add family traditions to our newsletter in hopes we'd hear from our members about their family traditions.]*

### Sunday Breakfast – By Nancy Gamo Cunningham

I really enjoy reading the historical newsletter, identifying with the familiar names and places mentioned because it keeps me in touch with my roots. Hearing your stories reminds me of my childhood stories.

I grew up in Arkport in what I like to think of as extended family, consisting of one son and five daughters, the Amidon's. I'm Nancy Rae, the namesake of my Aunt Nancy Glover and my grandfather Ray Amidon. My grandparents, Ray and Ida, raised their family on a small homestead in Bishopville, NY. Their six children remained in the Arkport area where they too raised their families.

Growing up in a small community with such a large, close family brought about many family traditions and memories. Sunday morning breakfast was one of my favorites. As I remember, it seemed like every Sunday morning or at least many Sundays mornings, we would hop in the car and drive to Grandma & Grandpa's for breakfast. Upon arriving we would find Grandma & Grandpa in the kitchen busy preparing a big breakfast for all of us. Grandpa made the pancakes and would often try to pour them into shapes of animals for us kids. The breakfast usually would consist of pancakes, eggs, bacon, sausage, toast and my favorite, left over corn sticks from the Big Elms. Grandma worked at Big Elms as a waitress

for 30 plus years. As we would file in, Grandma would receive a hug and a kiss. However, we would only speak to Grandpa because he avoided hugs and kisses. As the years went on it became a game to sneak Grandpa a kiss. I think he got to liking it.

After finding our seats in the dining room, breakfast was served family style, along with orange juice and Grandpa's favorite, apricot juice. I loved the sweet taste of the canned apricot juice. Because it was his favorite, and he shared it with me, it made it that much sweeter. After our delicious breakfast, the kids would run off in all directions depending on the season. Their home was nestled in the heart of the Bishopville community across from the church. As children we had the homestead, the Bishopville creek, the meadows and the country roads as our playground. We would almost always end up in the creek playing under the bridge with clay, catching tadpoles and minnows and jumping from rock to rock. I wonder if the church members ever came out of the church on those peaceful Sunday mornings to hear the Amidon grandchildren laughing and playing in the creek. Those Sundays were filled with fun memories, too many for me to go into.

We would eventually head back to the house, to help Grandma and Grandpa. Sometimes in the fall Grandpa would take us on a wagon ride to the Cook Farm, which he owned. There was a big orchard there with different kinds of apple trees, pear trees and plums. I remember picking up apples but it never seemed like work. There were always chores to be done but as a child with all my cousins pitching in and my grandparents teaching us how to work in the garden, take care of horses, feed the birds and water the flowers, it was more fun than work because we were doing it together and enjoying our Sunday tradition.

### **CHURCH WINDOWS OF THE CANISTEO VALLEY, Steuben County, New York, 2012**

Presented by the Canisteo Valley Historical Society, Arkport, NY. A 19-page booklet of 45 color images of church windows from 17 churches in the Canisteo Valley. Includes brief histories of the churches, plus an overview of the art and history of stained glass church windows. Price is \$9.00, if mailed the price is \$11.00. Price covers printing/production cost and is not a fundraiser. **PREPAID ORDERS ONLY by January 31, 2013.** Order from CVHS, P.O. Box 123, Arkport, NY 14807

### **FOURTH ANNUAL LEAF-PEEPING AND CEMETERY TOUR - By Dorothy Dunham**

On a sunny crisp Columbus Day, a bus of 55 people set out from Bath to visit ten cemeteries: Bath, two in Canisteo, Greenwood, Hartsville, the complex in Hornell, Howard and Arkport. Some were private family plots, some village cemeteries, a slave cemetery, a pet cemetery, and all had a story. It was a very interesting day, and the foliage colors as the bus sailed through the back roads of Steuben County were breathtaking. The tour was sponsored by the Steuben County Historical Society, and narrated by Helen Brink, President.

The stop at Hartsville Center Cemetery revealed a grave for a local character known as "Buckle-Up" who was given his nickname because he went from home to home to cut up, or "buck-up" the day's wood for each home. It gives a different perspective to Arkport's local legend, "Buck" Newsom, who was known for his woodcutting prowess. Perhaps those skills contributed to his nickname, as well.

When the bus reached Arkport Heritage Hill Cemetery and pulled in beside the Old Cemetery, the bus was greeted by Elizabeth Hurlbut, wife of Christopher Hurlbut, first settler of Arkport. She was enacted by Great-Great-Great Granddaughter **Doris Jones**, a member of the CVHS. Elizabeth told of their journey to the area, how Arkport got its name, the "arking" business, ark trains, other families who joined the Hurlbut's in the settlement, commerce, and a brief overview of Christopher Hurlbut's life. Following this, the participants exited the bus and viewed the Old Cemetery, the Hurlbut graves and graves of other early families.



*"Elizabeth Hurlbut" stands between her grave and the grave of her husband, Christopher Hurlbut. In the background are the graves of Nathan Cary, second settler of Arkport, and his wife Jane, sister to Elizabeth. [Snapshot courtesy of Helen Brink.]*

## ARKPORT BRIEFS

In our archives, we have delightful records of area "Briefs" which were printed on a regular basis in the *Evening Tribune* in years past. When families tended to stay home more often, it was a very noteworthy event when they either traveled or had company visit from out of town. The social events could be a "calling" for an afternoon, or a visit of up to a week.

The social events were recorded diligently, but no names were ever listed as the sources of these notes. Every little village and littler hamlet had an unnamed social secretary and sent in their social notes. There were even notes from Klipnocky! In the following selection, America's involvement in WWII factored into the social fabric. Finding names of old-time families brings back memories.

Selected from an "Arkport Briefs", *Evening Tribune* from March 1, 1945:

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Pierce and little daughter from Clifton Springs were the guests the past week of Mrs. Pierce's parents, Rev. and Mrs. Gordon Proper.

The young people of the Methodist Church with their pastor and young people's leader Clifford Wilcox attended the Union Service at the Park Methodist Church at which time they heard the Rev. Dutton Peterson.

The ladies of the Bishopville Church served dinner Monday noon February 26 to a large number of Dairymen League members to their annual county meetings; The Rev. Murray and Rev. Proper were guests.

Mrs. Jennie Pryor of Buffalo has been visiting her son Dorrance Pryor and other relatives for a few days.

Mrs. Matt Dungan is spending a week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Coney of Syracuse and her brother, Lt. Dexter Coney of Ft. Barrancas, Florida, who is having his first furlough in two years.

Sgt. Raymond Wyant who has been in Africa two years has been transferred to the Italian theatre of war.

Fay Davis is redecorating the interior of his grocery store; the work is being done by Clifford Wilcox and Frank Clapp.

Loren Ellis is a patient at St. James Mercy Hospital in Hornell.

Mrs. Florence Ess of Warsaw has returned to her home after several days visit with her sister Mrs. Don Piatt.

S. Sgt. Donald Griffin is home on a month's furlough; he has taken part in both the African and Italian campaigns.

David Robords of Windom Hill who is attending school at Troy is home for a week's vacation.

Petty Officer **Arthur Olds** after graduating from Bainbridge, Maryland has been transferred to Shoemaker, California.

Cpl. Donald Clark has returned to a camp in New Jersey after a short furlough with his wife and daughter.

Mrs. Howard Derby of Hornell and niece Miss Sally Vanness of Canisteo were Sunday visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Dungan.

Mrs. Gordon Roe and daughter Virginia of Canaseraga were Saturday callers at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Wheeler.



*The accompanying photo from the Evening Tribune, 1947, shows ladies from the Bishopville Church referred to in the Briefs. They are possibly the nucleus of the group serving up that big Dairymen League dinner in 1945. Left to right: Mrs. Fred Marvin, Mrs. James Newell, Mrs. Nellie Wyant, Mrs. Robert Donnelly, Mrs. Lynn Perry, Mrs. Martha Neale and Mrs. Homer Easterbrook.*

## DO YOU REMEMBER? - By Nancy A. Glover

I remember when Mom, or my maternal Grandma Munson who lived with us, decided it was time to wash the curtains. Just like everyone else in those days, we had a wringer washer and 2 tubs sitting behind it for rinsing clothes. A clothes dryer was unheard of. Clothes were hung on the outside clothes line to dry. Wash day took most of the day to get it done from start to finish. Our clothes lines were huge as we had a big family of six kids, plus my Grandma Munson, paternal Grandpa Amidon and usually a hired man lived with us.

But there was this great invention for drying curtains. You didn't just throw them over the clothes line to dry. Do you remember the wooden frame that had to be opened and stood on its legs? It had sharp pins or nails all around the edges. You had to stretch the curtains to the pins risking getting pricked by the pins. That was not my favorite thing to do but being the oldest girl, it was usually my job. The curtains dried quickly outdoors so those had to be taken off and the next batch added to the frame. What a pain – literally.

## DUES & MEMBERSHIP

**The annual dues are payable by January 1<sup>st</sup>. For those who became members from Oct 2012 to the first of the year, your dues are automatically paid for the year 2013. If you are paid for 2013 you will already have received a postcard to that effect.** If you are unsure if you owe for dues, please contact Dorothy Dunham [djdunham45@verizon.net](mailto:djdunham45@verizon.net). If you are looking for a gift for that person who is hard to buy for, please consider a membership to the historical society. The cost is \$15 for a husband and wife and \$10 for one person. **Mail your check, made payable to Canisteo Valley Historical Society, P.O. Box 123, Arkport, NY 14807.** We appreciate hearing your comments on our stories and welcome any memories you have.

## Canisteo Valley Historical Society, Inc.

P. O. Box 123

Arkport, NY 14807



*A vintage card*