

CANISTEO VALLEY HISTORICAL SOCIETY, INC. NEWSLETTER ARKPORT, NY

Jan/Feb/March 2013 - Vol. 20
Linda Burdett, Publisher

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

MISSION STATEMENT

Under the original Constitution it states that “The purpose of this Society shall be the collection and preservation of Historical Knowledge to the territory known as the Canisteo Valley in the County of Steuben, in the State of New York, and in doing so promote the better understanding and appreciation of our American heritage.”

[Editor’s note: You can help us to preserve our local history by donating old items to the historical society instead of throwing them out when you’re cleaning yours or your parents’ houses whether it’s to downsize or sell. You never know what might be of interest. We are also looking for old yearbooks.]

ELECTION OF OFFICERS FOR 2013

The election of officers was held at our Dec. meeting. **Nancy Glover**, President; **Richard Smith**, Vice President; **Dorothy Dunham**, Secretary; and **LuAnn Hartwell**, Treasurer were elected for another term. Trustee **Ernest Dungan** was elected last year for a two-year term.

MEETINGS AND MEMBERSHIP

Regular meetings resume at the Arkport Village Community Room at 1 p.m. The spring calendar is: April 2, May 7, and June 4. The June meeting is usually a field trip. In addition, there usually is a special evening program in the spring. Stay tuned.

Membership is 327 with 28 states represented.

OUR READERS WRITE US

Elaine (Karns) Hallett emailed: “Just a note to tell you how much I enjoyed the story of you moving to the new home, finding the bottles in your cellar. Sounds like your Dad and Uncle Walt had fun! You are to be congratulated for the great job you do. Some of the stories this time I would need my Dad [Edgar Karns] to explain. Recognize names (offspring?) but no memory of the ladies in Bishopville or the jail in Canaseraga. Thank you for all the work you do making the read of the historical newsletter enjoyable.”

Howard Karr writes from Florida: “I really enjoyed the last CVHS newsletter, especially hearing about Onalee Faulkner; she was my Sunday School teacher at the Arkport Presbyterian Church while I attended. The Flood of 1972 (Hurricane Agnes), NYS oldest jail, the Kilbury family shares and the Fourth Annual Leaf-Peeping Cemetery Tour...great job by all!”

Onalee Faulkner called me so I could put a thank you in the next newsletter to **Joann Kilbury Spencer** “for saying all the nice things about me.” Onalee said, “Joann grew up with my kids and she was always a nice child, helpful and polite. She is to be commended for the wonderful job she did on the history for the Town of Fremont. She worked very hard and spent a lot of time on the history.”

Onalee wanted to thank everyone who sent cards for her 94th birthday. “I was so happy to receive so many. I counted up into the 50’s and stopped counting. The mailman was very busy!”

Onalee also was thinking about the story of the area church windows and remembers the windows at the Stephens Mills Methodist Church. Her father repaired one of the windows that had a little hole in it, probably from kids

throwing stones. Onalee played the organ at the church. The windows in front of her were donated by the Hendee and Osborn families. Stanley Osborn was superintendent of the Sunday School. They were beautiful windows but when the church was torn down she doesn't think any of the windows were saved.

Mona Crissey emailed, "I received my membership to the Canisteo Valley Historical Society, Inc. newsletter as a gift from my sister, **Helen Beveridge**. It was such a pleasure to read the back issues that you sent. Thank you so much. I love the church windows feature. What a treasure we have there. I am looking forward to each new issue."

Marilyn Ellis Gilbert sent her dues with this note, "Enjoyed the pictures of the ladies from Bishopville Church." [*Marilyn lived in Bishopville as a child.*]

Debbie Sherner from Montana wrote, "Love reading about home and the history surrounding. Thank you for all the hard work you do. Have a great new year!"

Cindy & John Ames from Florida wrote, "We so enjoy reading about past times and share the newsletters with our kids and grandkids! Best wishes for a great 2013 and more memories to be told."

Margaret Dunn wrote, "You girls do a great job on the newsletters. Our guys like to read them when they come home. I thought I should sign them up for it. Have a good 2013." [*Thanks for 3 more members!*]

Lorraine Smith emailed: "Loved the Historical Society letter this time, very newsy. Amazed to read what people went through during the 1972 flood."

Joy Hollister emailed: "I really want to say how much I enjoyed reading **Nancy Cunningham's** story in the newsletter. I found out a lot that I never knew about her family. It sure portrayed a gentle side of Ray Amidon and made a loving impression on Nancy and I'm sure, all of you. It is good to go back and relive all the wonderful memories of family together. I hope we hear from others about their family memories."

Received an email from Bob & Shelly Glover showing a picture ad from Craig's List of a "nice, older and rare" (no lid) milk can from Grandview Diaries, Arkport, NY for \$50. Anyone interested?

DONATIONS

Kathleen Linzy Miotke from NC donated 21 framed arrowheads and implements to the historical society. The arrowheads are in excellent condition. To the best of her knowledge the arrowheads were collected from the farm of her grandparents, Ethel and Lynn Woolever. They lived at 12 West Avenue in Arkport. Her mother, Nina Linzy, was a teacher at Arkport Central School and lived at 10 West Ave. Thank you Kathleen for this amazing donation. [*If you'd like to see the arrowheads, come to our April 2nd meeting.*]



Lucy Wyant Harper from OK wrote "You all keep up the good work. Look forward to reading the newsletter." Lucy donated two pictures, one of a falls where they often swam and the other of the rock wall along the road. She said they usually swam evenings at the "Pines". [*The Pines was a popular swimming hole for kids from Arkport and Hornell area during the 1940's, 50's and 60's. It was located on the Bishopville Road on a sharp curve. I remember there was a picnic area as you drove in. I also remember the rock walls and the very cold water. There was another swimming hole further up the valley called the "Falls". Kids from the other end of Bishopville used that one a lot. Thanks, Lucy. I'm sure many of our readers remember the Pines. Maybe a story later about the two swimming holes in Bishopville, the Pines and the Falls.*]

Other recent donations include old newspaper clippings and Arkport yearbooks from **Jim and Edith Piatt**; newspapers from **Vivian Gallese**; a projection screen from William and Kathryn Locke; a 1897 land deed plus the

history and old letters from the Arkport Methodist Church from **Lois Dungan**; the “Living: Faith in Action, Steuben County” newsletter with a story on Barbara Fairbanks from **Ernest Dungan**; a 1928 souvenir from Cobb School District #6 in South Dansville from **Sarah Gates**; a 1955 class senior class picture from **Jack McGraw**; a 1943-44 picture of the Arkport Varsity basketball team from **Carolyn Kerr**; snapshots of the Girl Scout Camp from **Arlene Clark**; and **Linda Burdett** donated many old pictures and clippings from Arkport Central School that were being discarded. **Norm Kennell** donated some Arkport memorabilia he received from Ken Burdick that belonged to Ken’s mother, Marion Crandall who was Norm’s cousin. Among the items were Marion’s 1937 Arkport High School diploma, a 1937 eighth grade graduation program and a 1940 Junior class program of the school play, ”Pigtails”. Both programs contained many familiar names.

STEBEN COUNTY HALL OF FAME

The Steuben County Legislature sponsors the Hall of Fame each year. The criteria: “nominations should be those who have distinguished themselves”. The 2013 names were due by December 31, 2012. **Dr. Paul Wolfgruber** was nominated by acclamation at our December meeting and our submission was mailed.

ERNEST DUNGAN, JR., IN HONOR OF HIS NINETIETH BIRTHDAY

*[An open house for Ernie’s 90th birthday was held on Saturday, January 12 at the Arkport Methodist Church Social Hall sponsored by his family, **Lucinda Loomis, Ruthie Newell, Mary Calnan** and **Kevin Dungan**. There were over 100 guests that came to celebrate. Some time ago, “Ernie” wrote his history as a Christmas gift to his children, who have, in turn, shared it with us. We have previously printed his memories of Union School, and now, we print his early family life memories.]*

I was born Friday, January 12, 1923, the same day as Henry Kissinger, James Arness, Carol Channing and Zsa Zsa Gabor. Warren Harding was president and Calvin Collidge, Vice President. Coolidge lit the first White House Christmas tree that year. A new Ford sold for \$296, gas was 22 cents a gallon, bread was 9 cents a loaf and a half gallon of milk was 56 cents. (That was a good year!)

I was born in the house now occupied by the Thompsons and have been told the snow was so deep, my parents were afraid for a while that the doctor wouldn’t make it for the delivery. For the next year and a half, we lived several places, finally moving to 35 West Avenue where I spent the rest of my youth. A year and eleven months after I appeared, my brother Bruce was born. I had an older brother and sister, Matthew and Minnie. Mother was sickly after Bruce’s birth, so we were tended mostly by Minnie--that is until she left school early, two weeks before her graduation, to take a business course at Dale Carnegie’s Business School in Hornell. She then moved to Buffalo.

Minnie often came home from Buffalo to visit on weekends and one of these weekends, brought her boyfriend, Wally. They were later married and I can remember I had to sleep on the sofa whenever they came to visit---I couldn’t figure out why Wally didn’t have to take the sofa. One Christmas, when Minnie and Wally came home, they brought with them a Boston Bull Terrier puppy for Mother. (Bruce and I thought it was for us!) We called him Buddy and had him for many years. Another time, they brought home a large chocolate rabbit, taller than Bruce and this time it was for us. They managed to get it home with only a broken ear, but it was easily put back



in place. We were dressed up and taken to a photographer in Hornell to have our picture taken with that rabbit.

Arkport had one baseball team and I would often go to watch the games. At one such game, on the Fourth of July, I was inside the fence when one of the batters let loose of the bat, which hit me in the stomach. It knocked me out and I was carried home. My parents put me into the car to rush me to the doctor in Hornell. On the way, they tell me I sat up in the car to watch the parade in Hornell, so figured I couldn't be hurt too badly. One childhood memory I vividly recall was that the feed mill caught fire just across the tracks from us; we could see it burning from our parlor window. Sparks were landing everywhere and people were afraid the Shawmut Railroad station might catch fire, so it was hosed down as well. Bruce and I wrapped up in a blanket and watched, hoping the firemen would come hose our house down too if the sparks came that far.

Bruce and I often squabbled over who would get the box tops from the cereal boxes to send to Battle Creek, Michigan or Checkerboard Square in St. Louis for a Kellogg's Pep Jet Plane Ring, a Tom Mix Straight Shooters Signal Arrowhead, and a ring with a secret compartment, a decoding ring or a Sky King microscope. We would hear about these items on radio programs like "Tom Mix", "Captain Midnight", "Jack Armstrong-the All American Boy", "The Lone Ranger", and "Sky King". We bought a lot of Shredded Wheat because we needed those premiums, but Mom and Dad no doubt ate most of the cereal.

Once Bruce and I caught a little wild bird. How we caught it, I don't know, but we put it in one of mother's birdcages. We thought it would be great to have a bird in our bedroom, so Bruce went upstairs, opened the window and lowered a rope. I tied the birdcage to it, and up the bird went. Needless to say, Mother found out and made us set the bird free. Bruce and I had a hide-out, a hole dug beneath the rhubarb at the corner of our back yard. It really is a wonder the hole didn't cave in on us. We also tried to build a little playhouse in the middle of the field next to our house, but never were able to complete it because we couldn't find enough scrap lumber to take from Dad's garage without him missing the wood.

Bruce and I got along most of the time, but we had our spats. One time, I had chased him around the ironing board and had him cornered in the kitchen by the door. In his anger, he pounded on the glass in the door, breaking it, then ran to the bathroom and locked himself in. When our folks came home, I don't recall what punishment was given, but back then any punishment we boys received was mostly likely Dad using his leather razor strap on us--a couple of swipes did the trick. When we went anywhere, Bruce and I would fool around, fight or laugh in the back seat, which must have annoyed Dad's driving. All Mother had to do was swing her arm over the back seat, snap her fingers and we would quiet down for a few more miles, until again, we would have to hear her fingers snap. Sunday afternoon was the always the time for us to drive to Hornell, park on Main Street in front of Tuttle's and watch the people go by.

Bruce and I had several friends--Leo Clark, Bryce Sanford, George Jennings and George Lawrence--all who spent a great deal of time at our house, much to Dad's dismay. George Jennings could always be found on our back porch, waiting for us to come out, especially at mealtime. All have since passed away--George Jennings was killed in the war, George Lawrence died several years ago, Bryce Sanford was a State Trooper living in Wayland and Leo Clark lived in Hornell.

Minnie and Wally came home for their summer vacation one year and once again, I had to give up my bed. However, it didn't matter this time because Bruce and I got the chance to sleep in a tent in the back yard. Summer meant time to go swimming at Poag's Hole, a favorite spot, and have ears of corn roasted in their shucks over a fire. Summer was also the time of year when Dad, Matthew and Wally would fool around, playing tricks and do just about anything to pose for pictures.

One Thanksgiving, we were getting ready for Minnie and Wally to come home. Dad brought home the largest turkey we had ever seen. So big, in fact, that Mother had nothing to cook it in. Dad came up with the idea of making a hammock and strung it from handle to handle of a big copper kettle, steaming the turkey above the boiling water until it was done. It took a while for the turkey to be cooked, but it was good.

The neighbor next to us was Mabel Wheeler, a school teacher, who seldom smiled. We remember we would go over and sit on her porch swing and she would read us stories. On the other side of our house lived my Grandpa Matthews; next to him lived Aunt Lottie and Uncle Chet and next to them lived Mr. and Mrs. McLaury. Mrs. McLaury

would invite me over whenever she was making a pie and let me roll out the leftover dough to make tarts. There must have been flour everywhere. Mr. McLaury wasn't usually home because he was the Erie Railroad Stationmaster, so that is probably why Mrs. McLaury let me make a mess of her kitchen.

Next to the store across from us lived Sheriff W.B. Page, his wife Isabel and her sister Maude Cook. I was going to marry Maude when I grew up if she would wait for me (she was probably in her 50's at that time.) Mrs. Page hired me every Saturday morning to empty their coal stove of ashes and carry them out. In the summer, I mowed their lawn and at noontime, I would receive 10 cents or so. Bruce and I, and often George Lawrence would hitchhike to Hornell to the matinee, which we seldom missed. The Strand or the Majestic Theater would carry a serial, which we followed, such as "Flash Gordon's Trip to Mars", "Flash Gordon Conquers the Universe" or "Buck Rogers". We also seemed to be able to get rides easily each way, perhaps because many knew us.

During the Depression, I can recall only one time that my Dad was out of work and we had to go on welfare. Mrs. Bruce Labourr was the town's Welfare Officer and she kept the government goods to be rationed out at her house. I had to pull our cart up to her place to pick up 25 lbs. of flour and some other items. I remember feeling humiliated to have to pull that cart home past the other houses on the street, thinking that those folks knew where I had been and what I was taking home. *[Ernie's history concludes with an account of his experience during World War II; perhaps it will be printed in the future.]*

MEMORIES ABOUT ARKPORT FROM LONG AGO

By Shirley (Glover) Burdett

I would like to tell you some memories of my Arkport life. Most of these are probably up to 80 years or more ago. I was born in 1926 so I was 87 in February 2013.

My father worked at the creamery in Arkport. We lived on Oak Hill Street at this time. During lunch time at school out of town kids played basketball and I was glad I could go home for lunch. Then I would go on my adventure, a walk to the creamery to deliver my father's lunch to him. You will never believe but every day my mother made what he wanted. It was potato soup and a sandwich, which was always made with homemade bread. I could not linger along the way as I wanted to deliver the soup HOT.

My father worked in the large boiler room so summer and winter it was always warm and the fire behind the grates were always bright red. We would chat for just a minute as I had to get back home for my lunch and then back to school. But first, my adventure – in leaving I would walk through the creamery looking at the vats of milk and other products with steam pouring about all over. To me all this was exciting. I often would see some of the workers and they were all friendly and would answer any questions I had. Of course at home we always had milk, whipping cream and often ice cream mix which was very sweet.

My mother was a wonderful cook and because of the milk products every weekend she made cream pies and whipped cream cakes and we had lots of company. We had so much of it that after awhile I did not like whipped cream for many years. My mother made all of our bread. My Uncle Charlie [Howe] seemed to know when she made bread and often came to eat the end crusts from a couple of the loaves. Of course that was what I liked best. There we were with that good homemade bread and my sisters and I wished for store bought bread!

A Miss Jones lived across the street from us. She was very small and elderly. I don't know how old but she was very nice. She had a cat which Kenny Howe helped her with. Soon everybody was calling him "Nip". I went to the store for her. I don't remember her ever going anywhere but if anyone reading this knows anything about her, I'd like to know. I wish I had been older and known to ask about her history. I only remember one thing that she told me. She lived next to Abraham Lincoln in Springfield. Imagine if I had been smart enough to find out more!

In the winter we rode downhill off the wonderful hill on our street. In fact everybody in town did and some of the boys built fires on different levels. The fun went on even into the night and the cold did not seem to bother us because of the fires.

Before we moved to Oak Hill Street we lived on Grove Street and went to the old school. **Carolyn (Teeft) Kerr** lived across the street and we were good friends. When we moved to Oak Hill Street, which was two streets over, we thought we would never see each other again. I was probably six or seven years old then.

When we were still living on Grove Street my sisters and I took a little trip down Park Street, across Main Street to Bert Robbins store to buy penny candy. I can still picture him standing there patiently waiting for us to make our decision. We never made that trip again after our parents found out. The kids in town that had pennies were lucky to have three stores where they could buy penny candy, McCarthy's, Greenlee's and Bert Robbins.

About that same time, I was barefoot one day and stepped on a piece of glass that cut my left foot all across the bottom. Every night for a week afterwards, my father had me put my foot in a pan of Iodine. It was painful but I didn't get an infection.

We lived on Oak Hill Street during the big flood of 1935. My sister **Ellen [Cappadonia]** was just a baby and I had two other sisters plus my mother and myself. The water was coming down fast on the street. Someone came along with a boat and took us across the street. We scrambled up the hill behind Kame's to a small building in the cemetery. Later, somehow we were able to get to my uncle and aunt's home on the Danville Road. My father stayed at our house in case we got water in the cellar but it was the only house on the street that didn't get water.

I could not eat onions for many years because I worked on the muck along with many other Arkport kids. Although my father always had a plot where he raised veggies I mostly worked for Herb Barnes in the onions. He was a great boss. But once again, as with the whipping cream, it took me many years before I could eat onions.

I think Arkport was a great place to grow up. There were fewer people back 80 and 90 years ago (can you believe some of us are that old!) and you knew most everybody or at least by sight. It seems from some of the stories in the newsletters that kids on West Avenue played together, kids on East Avenue did the same, and those of us on Oak Hill Street played together too but we were all friends at school. When the new school opened, we had kids come from Fremont, Bishopville, and other towns. I thought they were from these fabulous places as I had never traveled. I thought they might be from far, far away.

Fay Davis had a grocery store on West Avenue during our time but many years before that he and his wife (my husband's grandparents) had a bakery where the old Post Office was. Their son and daughter worked there also. The daughter, Bessie, who became my mother-in-law, helped with the baking. Her brother delivered the baked goods all over the countryside by horse and wagon. There was probably a different route each day. His job ended when he went to war in World War I.

I'm sitting here thinking of so many stories of Arkport. I would like to hear some stories from all of you, especially more about the creamery and World War II. The Canisteo Valley Historical Society's newsletter is the best newsletter ever. The girls do a wonderful job. We all like to read stories from others about our favorite little town.

ARKPORT LETTERS IN A PRE-1900 AREA NEWSPAPER; trouble at the water pump and beyond; so, tell us what you really think..... [exact date unknown, but probably in the 1870s; unedited]

“We have received from Arkport a letter which, at the request of prominent citizens of that locality, we publish. The writer intimates that the hotel keeper has been guilty of selling on occasions when he had no right, and also abused a lady in very vile terms, who came to the pump for water. The writer gives the following reason for this abuse:

‘Simply because this lady had repeatedly forbid him of selling liquor to her husband. This lady is a woman of moral worth in this community, who has suffered long by being robbed of what belonged to her family to feed him and family from whose mouth came the insulting language, which has already been written. This man to whom this hotel keeper had been forbidden to sell liquor, signed the pledge a year ago last May, and from that day until about two months ago or a little over, had never been known to taste a drop of any kind of liquor, and this hotel keeper pledged himself to the man who rents him this rum-hole, and a number of the best men we have in the place, that he should

never break his pledge there, and at the same time has been trying his best (men say who have seen it) to tempt him, and to contrive plans in every way to catch him, and to get away from him what he had laid up during the past year. This man is a man of good principle, honor, and truth. One of the most industrious, useful men we have in our community, when he is himself, and many where his friends far and near, for the hard struggle and effort he made during the past year, to lead a sober life.

Now, if we must have a licensed house here must it be such a one? We appeal to the public and to men of honor for protection. If justice be bought out, and men shrink from their duty, we ask how long --- O! how long must innocent women suffer in this way; being robbed of their homes, of the comforts of life, and then be so basely abused in the streets by a blear-eyed, bloated-up drunken rumseller?"

[An even more lengthy letter to the editor was printed following this impassioned piece. It was signed by R.R. Rork, who was at times referred to as Reverend. Rork had been sued by the hotel keeper (the "rumseller") for having taken a pail of water from the same public water pump from which the "abused lady" had come for water. Rork pointed out that he paid six cents for the pail, though the public had been using the water pump for 40 years. When he (Rork) approached to get a pail, he wrote that the proprietor "used upon the occasion of my getting the water some of his wildest slang, but I have heard that so much for the past 18 months that I made him no reply, as witness knows....." Rork implied that he was attacked and sued in retaliation. The proprietor accused Rork of writing the first letter, which Rork denied. He freely admitted, however, that "My sympathies have always been and shall be in the side of those suffering from intemperance."]

COUNTRY SCHOOL MEMORIES

By Janet Timmerman Benning

As I read the fall issue of the newsletter, I was happy to learn that my second grade teacher, **Onalee Faulkner**, recently celebrated her 94th birthday. We all knew her as "Miss Helmer" when she taught at the Mack District Country School in 1940-41. One of the memories I have is her beautiful black and white bicycle that she often rode from her home on Miller Hill all the way to the schoolhouse located between Fremont and Haskinville on Route 21. She needed to be there early to start the fire and prepare for the day's activities and this was often her mode of transportation. As a young child, I was mesmerized by her new shiny bike and wished I could have one just like it.

Miss Helmer enjoyed music and I was thrilled that she could play the pump organ. We would gather around her as she played and we sang each morning. We learned so many songs that year. In the spring of 1941 my aunt and uncle from Haskinville arranged for me to be in a Talent Show at Avoca Central School. It was Miss Helmer who accompanied me that evening on the piano as I rocked my ill doll and belted out "I'm Sorry Playmate" for which we received 1st prize. For those who listened to WHAM Radio in those days, Pie Plant Pete and Bashful Harmonica Joe came from Rochester and awarded the prizes as well as entertained throughout the show.

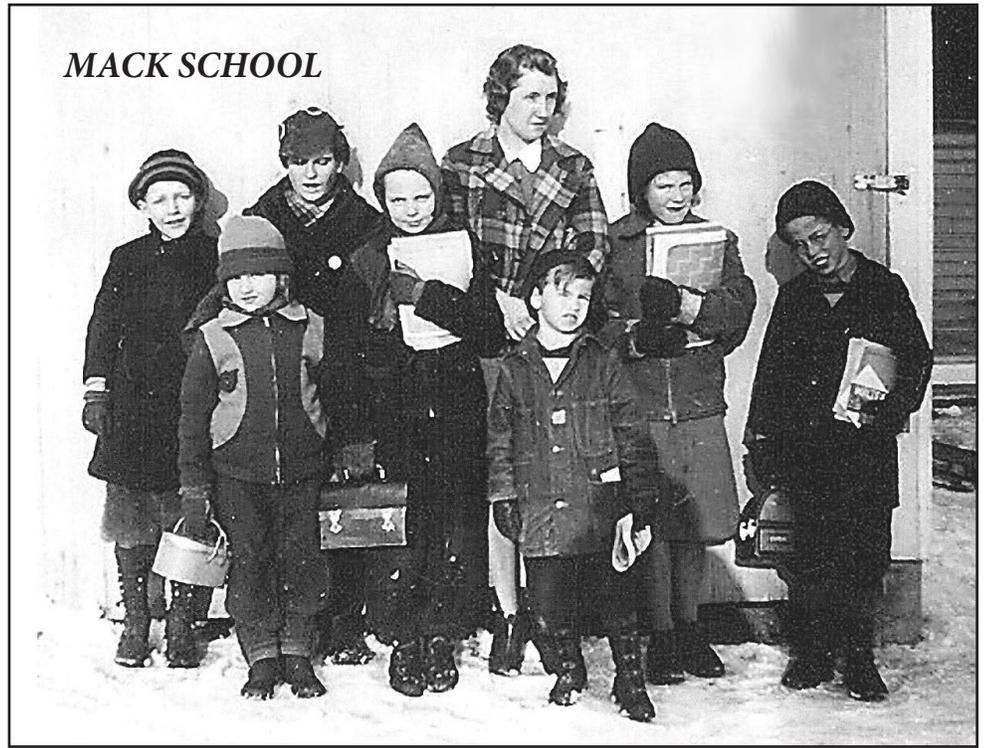
It was also the year that I had my first experience dancing. I remember that Miss Helmer taught us the Virginia Reel and we performed at the front of the room. She never knew it, but every time I came to Shirley Hammond, he would squeeze my hand so hard that I wanted to cry or scream. I managed to remain quiet, keeping it to myself, but I always dreaded meeting Shirley when it came time for another dance!

I asked my sister for any memories that she had from her fifth grade with Miss Helmer as teacher. She remembered her clothes; a pretty sweater, in particular, and how she wore beautiful pastel beads with it. Darl remembered that as she read to the students, she would go around her necklace feeling of each bead. Isn't that amazing the little insignificant happenings we store in our memory banks that captured our attention when we were children?

We have so many wonderful memories of our times at the Mack School including varied outdoor sports and activities. We attended there just one more year and then our parents held their annual school meeting. There had been talk of centralizing with a larger district. The choices were Avoca or Arkport. We played outside on the playground while they determined our futures inside. After the voting was completed, we learned that Arkport Central School would be where we would further our education. We didn't have a clue as to what it would be like to climb onto a big school bus and spend hours each day going to and returning home from school, but we soon found out! For two of us,

that meant 9 years of travel for the rest, 5-6 years. It is noteworthy that our 3 teachers, Miss Helmer being one of them, each lived to be well over 90! Each, in his/her own way, successfully instructed us and gave us a good educational foundation on which to build. "Miss Helmer" still lives to enlarge the story. Wouldn't it be interesting to listen to the memories she still retains from teaching one year in Mack School over 70 years ago?

This picture to the right surfaced in 2007 when the Haskinville Church celebrated its 150th anniversary. I had never seen it until I saw it displayed there and was delighted to receive a copy after the celebration.



L to R: Shirley Hammond, Janet Timmerman, Bernice Woodhams, Darl Timmerman, Miss Onalee Helmer, Roger Rider, Virginia Woodhams, Bernard Rider. (Deceased: Shirley Hammond, Bernard Rider & Virginia Woodhams)

Canisteo Valley Historical Society, Inc.
P. O. Box 123
Arkport, NY 14807