



Sheldon Schoolhouse  
Museum

# Sheldon Historical Society Schoolhouse Museum Newsletter



**An update on our progress as a Society and a Chartered Museum "A New Look at Old News From our Town"**

We have enjoyed having many visitors this year and although our summer hours are over, we still plan to be at the museum as much as possible. If there are volunteers, then we will open up at times, so if anyone is interested in helping, please let us know. We will do this as long as the weather allows!

It has been a delight to work with a student intern this fall. Margot Tanner is studying at Geneseo and plans to become a high school history teacher. We are very grateful to Dr. Joel Helfrich at the Geneseo Center for Local and Municipal History for choosing Sheldon to work with one of their interns. This is something we could only dream of, to have a young, very talented person to help our historian and the Sheldon Historical Society. Margot is creating a new website for us! She has already got most of our inventory organized and documented. She has also been digitizing records and working on some new exhibits and other projects.

## THE MYSTERIOUS BROKEN STONE

By Linda Heinrich

Shortly after moving into our home, we met the neighbors next door. In conversation we learned that there was a grave on their property, but they didn't know whose it was. A couple of years



The broken stone after it was pieced together.

went by, and the property was sold to a new family. They were aware of the grave, but it never came up in discussion. Many years passed, the family moved, and the house sat empty. When the opportunity arose, we purchased the property. One of the first things that our family did was to search for any sign of the grave.



Close-up View

(Continued on next page)

One of the boys who grew up there told us that he remembered he could look out the back window, and at a certain distance past the woodshed, he could see the grave site. The grave was marked with a flat rectangular stone. Over time, the grass grew, and the stone became covered over and lost.

So with newfound excitement, each of our family members went exploring, and lightly dug for any sign of the gravestone or of the grave. But each of us came up empty-handed. So, we put in a garden, several feet away from where we thought the grave might be. Then a couple of years later, my son put in a new section of driveway around an old apple tree. A load of stone was brought in and dumped, and leveled off. In June of 2021, I parked my car on the new section of driveway, got my hoe out of the car, and went to work in the garden.

After I finished weeding, I was walking back to my car. I happened to glance down, and at the edge of the new driveway I saw a rather small flat stone with a mark on it. I thought to myself, " Could it be? " I quickly reached down and, yes, it was a broken fragment of the gravestone! It had part of the word "memory" engraved on it. I dropped my hoe, got down on my hands and knees, and began searching for more stone pieces. I found another, and another! I pieced together what I had. There was a design engraved on the top rounded section, and then the words, **"In memory of Garret son of Joseph .... rsey"**. I still did not have the bottom portion of the Stone, so I could not make sense of the other letters on the fragments. But I knew now that it was a son. I didn't know his age. Perhaps it was a child. Did he have a mother? When did he die? What word could possibly end in "rsey"?

I was determined. So I began moving the driveway stone. Many of the stones in the driveway were approximately the same size as the gravestone fragments I had found. As I moved the driveway stone I wondered if maybe someone had placed that gravestone under the apple tree to keep it safe. Safe from a lawn mower, perhaps. I moved stone across the width of the driveway, and about 6 ft. in length. I found nothing. So I walked back under the old apple tree and begin digging around in the grass. Still nothing.

Unsure of who might be able to help me with this puzzle, I thought perhaps the Sheldon town clerk might have burial records, so I called her and she said that without a last name or even a date there was not much she could do. She then suggested that I speak with the Sheldon Town historian.

(Continued by town historian Jeanne Mest)

After Linda explained to me where she lived, I realized she was talking about the site where School 11 was located, near the corner where Factory and Lefort Roads meet today. A closer look at the Stryker

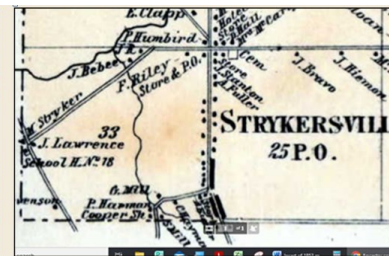


Schoolhouse No. 11, East Creek & Factory Rd.  
Gertrude Kephart, teacher, dated 1911

family tree and history revealed that the full name of our town founder was Garrett Joseph Stryker and his oldest son was Joseph Garrett. Joseph Garrett Stryker was born in Harlington, New Jersey in 1797, so he was 13 when they made their 200 mile trek from Richfield, New York to Sheldon. When he



Map of Sheldon, 1853



Lot 33

1866 Map of Sheldon

was a young man he went to work as a contractor on the Erie Canal, but at age 20 he was living in Sheldon and married to Thirzah Tilton Eastman, daughter of Tilton and Esther Moon Eastman. I remembered seeing the name of one of their children listed in the Pioneer Cemetery and when I checked, it was their young daughter, Salome. Her headstone reads “In memory of Salome, daughter of Joseph and Thurzy Stryker, who died June 14, 1826”. Bells went off then; of course, the words on the stone had to be “**Garrett son of Joseph and Thursej**”.

Garrett Stryker had purchased all of Lot 33 but sold off parts of it. The Sheldon Map of 1853 shows that Martin Stryker owned the property then. We have no map back far enough to see the names of Garrett or his son Joseph, but it is believed that was the location of the first Stryker home. Others who owned that property or land nearby were Welcome Moore, Jacob and John Franciscus, Joseph Stryker, Jeremiah Carpenter, Jonathan Smith and Tilton Eastman. Some of them may sound familiar, as their stories were shared previously in articles about the Pioneer Cemetery. The 1820 Census shows some of their names as living in Wales, Niagara Co. and the rest in Sheldon, Genesee Co. but they actually lived close to each other. These two towns border each other and at times the boundaries went back and forth. At that time, the counties had not all been established, so there was no Erie or Wyoming county. I also recognized some of these names from the records of School No. 13 that I found when I was looking for information on School 10. The records for School 13, which became School 11, began in 1829, when they were starting to build a new schoolhouse on land purchased from Martin Stryker.

It was said that the first Baptist settler in the settlement was Deacon Tilton Eastman, who located in 1818 on what would later become the Charles Mason farm. The same names were also found in the old Baptist Church records. “Public worship was held in private homes and barns. Garrett Stryker’s barn, on the west side of Buffalo Creek was used as a place of worship.” Some charter members of the church were Tilton Eastman, William Richardson, Jacob S. Sisco (Francisco), Salome Stryker, and Margaret, Mahala and Lois Eastman.

The Eastmans were a very large family, beginning with Roger Eastman, who came on the Ship Confidence to the Massachusetts Bay Area in 1638. What an appropriate name. They certainly would need it. That was just 18 years after the Pilgrims first arrived. Those were very frightening and violent times. During the next 100 years, some of his descendants were captured by Indians and several were massacred. Their stories are well documented in the History and Genealogy of the Eastman Family of America, a 1,000 page book on ancestry.com. To quote, “*It really was an Age of Terror for those hardy and courageous men. But history can show none more heroic and none that exhibit a more fearless and undaunted spirit.*” Thirzah Eastman came from a long line of strong, brave people. She was going to need the strength from that heritage.

Tilton and Esther Eastman and their family had come to Sheldon from Vermont, sometime between 1810 and 1817, the year Joseph and Thirzah were married. By 1825 Joseph and Thirzah had five children; Alfred, Esther, Salome, Betsey and a new baby, Garrett, born on Christmas Day. What a joy that must have been. But on January 14, 1826, their joy turned to sorrow when they lost four year old Salome. She was buried in the Strykersville Pioneer Cemetery, alongside Joseph's little sisters, Betsy and Nancy.

We don't know when they lost baby Garrett. All we know of him is that he died in 1826. I thought maybe they were both ill at the same time but why was Salome buried in the Pioneer Cemetery when Garrett was apparently buried at home? Why is his name missing from many of the family records; and why wasn't he buried in the cemetery, along with the rest of the family? Perhaps his little life was so short, his mother couldn't bear to let him go, and wanted him laid to rest where she could look at his stone every day. We will never know the answer to most of these questions.

The following year, another little girl was born to them and they named her Salome. At that time it was common for another child to be given the name of their deceased sibling. Then tragedy struck again. Joseph Stryker died in 1828, leaving Thirzah with four young children and another one on the way, Nancy Merbelia, born in 1829. Thirzah is shown as a landowner in the 1830 census. In January 1832, neighbor Jonathan Smith lost his wife Phoebe; he was left with seven children. A month later, he and Thirzah were married and their combined family now numbered an even dozen children. Jonathan Smith was older than Thirzah. He had been a Captain in the War of 1812 and was taken prisoner during the battle at Black Rock in Buffalo. He had also been a contractor on the Erie and Welland Canals, possibly working together with her first husband Joseph. About 1836 the whole family packed up and moved to Canada, including her widowed father Tilton and her brother Nial. They settled in Bosanquet Township and Arkona, Lambton, Ontario, Canada.

Jonathan and Thirzah went on to have 7 more children. Family history says that Tilton Eastman became quite a wealthy man. Jonathan Smith died in 1860 and in 1861, their youngest son, Charles Finney Smith, age 16, left Canada for Michigan to volunteer in Co. E, 2nd Infantry. After the Civil War ended, he returned to Canada to live. Thirzah married for the third time in Lambton, Ontario, in 1861, to Joseph Fenton. But at some point she ended up going to live with her daughter Betsey Stryker Babcock in Elk, Sanilac Co., Michigan, where she died August 28, 1878, at age 78.

As I researched this family, the words that kept coming to my mind were intrepid, fearless; I was impressed by what strong, resilient people they were. Joseph Garrett Stryker had a short life but most of his children were spread out over this country and Canada and had long, productive lives. Thanks to Linda's determination to solve the mystery of the broken gravestone, the name and life of little Garrett Stryker (1825-26), forgotten for so long, will now be remembered.

#### DIED.

In the township of Elk, on the 1st inst., Betsy (Striker) Babcock, wife of Henry A. Babcock.

Deceased was born in the state of New York, March 17th, 1824, and was consequently at the time of her death a little over 63 years of age. Her father died when she was but four years old. Her mother married a second time to one Jonathan Smith, who soon after removed to Canada, taking deceased with him. At the age of eighteen deceased married the husband she left behind. They resided in Canada until 1852, when they removed to Macomb county, Mich., and resided there until 1863, when they removed to the township of Elk, in this county, where they have resided ever since. Deceased was the mother of fifteen children, eight boys and seven girls, the youngest of whom is now twenty years of age. Her children were all living until in April last, when a daughter of 29 years died. Deceased was respected by all who knew her as a lady of worth. She leaves a sorrowing husband and fourteen living children, twelve of whom with a large concourse of friends and sorrowing neighbors followed her remains to the Elk cemetery on the 3d inst. The bereaved husband and family have the heartfelt sympathy of all.

## Wyoming County Federation of Historical Societies

On October 19, members of the Warsaw Historical Society were our hosts for the fall dinner meeting of the Federation. It was held at their Gates House Museum, with dinner and a speaker. Everything was presented thoughtfully and the food was delicious. The buffet table was set up in their Victorian style music room, which transported you back in time. They served roast beef on weck along with several delicious sides. Their large exhibit room was turned into a festive dining room and again we were surrounded by historical artifacts. Dessert was a huge brownie with ice cream and hot chocolate and caramel sauce, followed by a brief meeting and then the speaker, Janet Oakes. Thank you, Tara and the Warsaw society, for all you have done to support this organization.

The County Federation has been the responsibility of the Warsaw Historical Society for the last two years. They have asked the Sheldon Historical Society to be in charge of the Federation for 2023. In the past, each historical society in Wyoming Co. has taken a two year term, but we have decided to change it to one year, to see how that works out. That means it will be our job to collect the dues (\$25 per society) and plan a dinner meeting in the fall. In addition, we will decorate the front room at the historic house at the Wyoming Co. Fair in August and make sure there is coverage at the Federation booth, when each historical society takes a day to visit with the public and watch over the artifacts. A different society is scheduled each year to hold the Spring Workshop; this year it was Sheldon and in 2023 it will be hosted by the Attica Historical Society.

Thanks to Elizabeth Love, who recently donated some artifacts and a book she created on how our ancestors grew and used flax, we have a new theme for the Fair exhibit. If you have any items that would relate to this idea, please let us know.

"Gratitude unlocks the fullness of life. It turns what we have into enough, and more. It turns denial into acceptance, chaos to order, confusion to clarity. It can turn a meal into a feast, a house into a home, a stranger into a friend. Gratitude makes sense of our past, brings peace for today and creates a vision for tomorrow."



### Generous Donations Received:

*We received donations from Constance Luker, Kris Almeter,  
Carol Felski and Steve & Nancy Hausherr  
Thank you all for your generosity!*

Memorials and other Donations to the Sheldon Historical Society can be sent to:  
Donna Kirsch, 4458 Richardson Rd., Arcade, NY 14009





The papers had been signed for our home – The Thomas House – on November 11, 1924 - and we were planning to move in on Thanksgiving Day, November 27, 1924. In our new home-to-be there was a dining room. There wasn't one in the old house. All our meals were eaten in the kitchen, but they were good just the same. Now mother wanted a dining room set – the first new furniture – to be had for our new home.

At that time Raymond was working at E. W. Edwards Department Store. He was a fine looking young man of twenty-seven, very well liked by everyone. He had a very good job and was responsible for the maintenance of all the delivery trucks. I think mother thought he was as important as the President of the Company. He received the employee's discount of 10% on anything he purchased or authorized, and mother made sure she got it if she bought anything there.

Raymond and Bernice Neyerlin were to be married Monday, November 24, 1924 in St. Patrick's Church, Buffalo. Mother must have come into Buffalo on the train the proceeding weekend to attend the wedding. The wedding breakfast was to be at Aunt Kit Donnelly's at 228 Howard Street. I was teaching in Buffalo and Genevieve was in her first year at the old Buffalo Normal. We were staying at St. Mary's, a Catholic Boarding House so no doubt mother stayed there with us. I do not remember how we got to the wedding – probably on the streetcar. Louis brought Pa, Annabel and, I believe, Elizabeth in the morning. Charles was attending school in Albany and could not come - so that is why mother was in Buffalo, November 22, 1924, which brings us to the point of this story – An Important Purchase – Dining Room Furniture. You can look at the bill, which she treasured all her life. I notice the amount was charged. Now she was not only a landowner but had credit in her own name. I imagine the fact that Raymond worked there helped. Trust the Irish to move [unreadable...] once they get started.

Looking at the bill I see \$80.25 total cost minus \$8.02, the 10% discount – amount to be paid \$72.23. That was it – no taxes. As I look back on it now I do not believe that any \$72.23 we ever spent gave us as much for our money as that dining room furniture did. The table listed at 18.50. Just think of all the people who have sat down at that table and eaten so many meals from it. It seems we always set the table for seven – at least for dinner and supper on the weekdays. Breakfast was always eaten in a hurry in the kitchen. Then our Sunday dinners – when more of us were home or we had company, as we very often did – and summer vacation when we were home saw a great many more there.

I can remember so many dinners – Easter, Thanksgiving, and Christmas, when we usually had chicken with biscuits and for many years, the big meal after midnight mass – scalloped potatoes and ham; mother's birthday dinner; the wedding breakfasts of Annabel, Elizabeth and Genevieve; the sad ones after the funeral of mother and Pa and during their wakes, which were here at home.

Then I can see the grandchildren eating there. Now they are grown and their own children eat from the table. There was never too much fancy food but it was always nourishing and delicious and there was always plenty of it. I can see so many people sitting around this table. So many are gone, but no matter what we had to put on the table everyone was always welcome and knew it. There was always a lot of talk around our table. Someone once said he would have liked to have heard the conversations that took place there.

(Continued from Page 3)

When we first sat down at this table Pa took his place at the foot, Ma at the head, Louis where he still sits after all these years. Charles chose his and to this day – if he ever eats at this table – he insists on sitting there. The rest of us just sat wherever we could find room. The table served many other purposes, too. Many babies were laid on it to be changed or dressed. So many words and letters have been written here on it, as I am doing now. I used to cut out dresses on it when I was making our summer dresses. I really had confidence then. I felt I could do anything.

I figure that speaking conservatively almost 200,000 meals have been eaten here. Just think if each person had given just one penny for every meal he ate, what a sum there would be. In later years it has not been used so much, but it is always good to serve a bountiful meal from it and have guests with hearty appetites present.

The buffet – in 1924 that was a stylish word for sideboard – was used well over the years. It cost the most, \$29.75. I suppose mother thought she was being extravagant at the time getting it, but then she had a dining room to furnish. Anything we couldn't find anyplace else, we always said one could find it in the top drawer of the buffet. Think of the use those chairs have had - armchair \$8.75 and other chairs \$4.93 apiece. They're still sturdy and strong and in good condition.

The furniture was delivered soon after we moved in, so we were able to have our first Christmas dinner in this house from it. There has been a Christmas dinner on it every year since then, except 1970 when I was in Rome, Italy.

This furniture, the first she had bought in many long years, brought much happiness to mother. I think her pride in Raymond and the part he played in it helped her to enjoy it. It certainly has stood the test of time. What will become of it? I hope wherever it is, it brings happiness. This picture of *The Last Supper* looked down on our table and the people eating, as though blessing it and us.

My wish is that wherever it goes and whoever sits around it will enjoy it. May the people always have as good food as we did, and may whoever sits down with them feel welcome.



(From the editor) This painting of the Last Supper, by Leonardo da Vinci, c. 1495, was probably found in most homes in Sheldon. It still hangs on the wall over our dinner table, although we don't know which generation first put it there.



## NONA

By Kate Meyer

When asked to write about the life of Leona Meyer, I was faced with a few challenges.

Leona “Nona” Meyer was born January 2, 1920 and passed on June 13, 2022. She lived a whole century! Think of all the historic moments she lived through and in our town of Sheldon. Nona had the privilege of watching history first hand, from the transition of horse and buggy to Model T automobiles. She saw dirt roads turn into paved roads. Think of the advancements in technology: power lines, TV’s and the internet, just to name a few!

Being a person living to an old age, she also saw loved ones come and go; her parents, siblings, friends and her husband. She was born Leona Mest and spent her whole life living here in Sheldon until her final few years. Throughout her youth she became friendly with the neighbors and one day ended up marrying Uncle Sylvester. They spent their whole life living on my family farm. They were both active with St. John Neumann’s parish and the Harris Corners Fire Department. You could always count on seeing their friendly faces at a picnic or chicken BBQ.

When tasked with writing about Nona, I found it extremely difficult to not be biased; she was my Nona. Not many had the privilege of calling her “Nona” but in my house, that is all we knew her by. The name “Leona” was too tricky for a young child just learning to speak. Nona and Bester were my third pair of grandparents and gosh, my sisters and I were lucky to have them. Nona would always let us steal a bite of coffee soaked white toast or have a mini can of pop. It takes a village to raise children and Nona was a large part of ours.

While my family worked on the farm doing chores or hay, I would get to play at Nona’s. It was always a special time with both her and Bester, from learning how to play cards and hold them in my small hands to sitting on the porch, watching the cars go past, that was our special memory. She would tell stories of working for the Stone family and going to NYC for buying trips. I always enjoyed listening to the stories about hunting and fishing. If there was one thing she was not afraid of, it was to get out there and be one of the “guys”.

As I was brainstorming, another challenge I faced was encompassing such a magnetic personality. She was larger than life, always had a story, and would constantly remind you that you knew who she was talking about: “You know, your great cousin so and so”. She also had a look that would accompany the aforementioned sentence. I will never forget how she would answer the phone, her voice always cheerful and a boisterous “Hello”. One would know it would be a long conversation based on if she would grab that pencil and sit down to doodle while chatting.

Lastly, how do I say goodbye to someone I truly thought would be here for much longer. Some of us would joke that she would outlive us all. After all the events and health moments she had lived through, I just thought she would make it through this last hospital stint. She may be gone but her memories are never far away. I will cherish the simple fact that you were my Nona and smile fondly at our shared memories.

Enjoy that gin and tonic up there and say hello to Bester for me!

\*\*\*



Leona Meyer (1920-2022)

**Thank you, Peter Hemenway, for sharing the writings of Norma Donnelly.  
We also thank Linda Heinrich and Kate Meyer for contributing their stories!**

Following is an excerpt from a letter sent by some special visitors this summer:

*Dear Sheldon Historical Society members,*

*We are a family of four Belgians: Danielle Welter (1971); Henri Remacle (1968) and our 2 kids Lucien (2000) and Colette (2001). We visited Sheldon on the 30th of June, on the footsteps left by our family members that emigrated in Sheldon during the 19th century. Danielle Welter has three sisters of her great grandfather living in Nobressart (now in Belgium) that married with three men from the same region and emigrated to Sheldon.*

*Barbara Georges Welter born in 1810, arrived in Sheldon in 1837 and died in 1892. Mary Souvignier Welter born in 1830, arrived in Sheldon in 1854 and died in 1873. Catharina Perl Welter born in 1808, arrived in Sheldon in 1856 and died in 1869. Their three brothers stayed in Belgium. Their parents were Pierre Welter and Suzanne Diels from Nobressart - Belgium. Two of the sisters married with men from a village five miles away from Nobressart: Fouches (German name Offen).*

*At first, it was difficult to find information about them, because the family name Welter was not used after their weddings. Thanks to your website, we were able to find a lot of information about them, including their grave location. With those findings, we decided to make a stop in Sheldon on our holiday trip starting in Chicago and ending in New-York city.*

*We were really lucky to come across Michael Almeter immediately when we arrived and parked in front of St Cecilia church. We started an interesting conversation and he opened the church for us. A first surprise was the board showing the First Catholic People of Sheldon, including the 2nd of the 3 sisters Barbara Georges Welter. Michael told us that his mother was born a George. We could have a family link! Then we were able to find all 3 graves. Incredible that they went so far from their birthplace and were all 3 buried in the same cemetery, not far from each other.*

*After that visit we drove around Sheldon, first visiting Windy brew (as Belgian we are interested in beer tasting...) and we met Russ and Michelle for an unforgettable tasting of a variety of excellent beers and a visit of the brewery. Then they gave us the address of a restaurant nearby: Flipside at Strykersville. Then another lucky meeting: we met the owner there, who talked about the Sheldon Historical Society and knew Barbara, who could open the museum for us.*

*Then we met Barbara [Logel]. She showed us the museum and old documents on early settlers. We were able to discover the classroom and other interesting displays. The wall with photos of George family reunions in Sheldon and of Fouches church in Belgium were really interesting. An old map of Sheldon including names of inhabitants helped us later in the afternoon to drive around Sheldon, looking for different places where farmers were settling. Those small hills and valleys around Sheldon really looked like the region around Fouches / Nobressart where they came from. Though for farmers, winters were much colder in Sheldon. We read the December 2019 edition of Sheldon Historical Society newsletter, and details of early immigrants were a captivating source of information with details of what life was like at the time. In a leaflet on « Sheldon: destination for a day trip », it says « attitude: friendly folks ». This is the most accurate description of our feelings after that day in Sheldon. Thank you all for making that day really special.*

*Best regards, Danielle Welter / Henri Remacle*



FROM THE SCHOOLHOUSE MUSEUM  
AND HISTORIAN, JEANNE MEST

Welcome to our newest members, Donna Reisdorf and Margot Tanner and our new Lifetime Members Ann Linder and Nicholas Fisher. We are glad to have you. We have had 31 new members this year!

As Thanksgiving Day approaches, I want to express how thankful I am to so many people for their help this year. Thank you to everyone who helped out at the Spring Workshop, the Town Wide Sale, and for Museum Sitting on Tuesdays this summer. I also appreciate the Town of Sheldon for their support during the year. Special thanks go to Barbara Logel, whose endless energy keeps us going. She has been helpful and does a great job as curator. The same goes for all our officers. President Laury keeps everything running smoothly & and takes care of the Schoolroom. We have a couple of changes for 2023. Kate Meyer will be our Secretary and Michelle Fontaine will serve as Treasurer. Thank you to Donna Kirsch and Betty Reisdorf for all the years and work you put into those roles. I also want to thank Donna and Marian Lefort for the gorgeous flower bed they plant in the spring and keep looking lovely all year. A lot of other people work in the background, too, doing jobs that no one realizes. Doris Kirsch keeps track of all our memberships and changes, and prints the labels for our newsletters. Scott Barvian helps me edit.

Clarence Conrad has done a phenomenal job this year, helping with scanning (digitizing) records so we can look them up on the computer. Thanks to him, we now have copies of most of the church records from St. Cecilia's, St. Mary's, St. Patrick's and St. Nicholas' Catholic churches, as well as St. John's UCC.

Our visitors have brought us many great stories, some donated and some that we can copy or scan right on the spot so they take them right back home with them.

Our newest and very outstanding helper, is our student intern, Margot Tanner, from SUNY Geneseo. Margot worked with Judie Coffee and they got our entire storeroom of artifacts sorted, organized and recorded. What a huge job. We have needed to do that for a long time.

We had a wonderful time at our September Picnic Meeting at Logel's Pond. Thank you, Ed and Barb, for hosting us. We had a great turnout and also a record number of attendees at our October meeting. It was fun and encouraging.

I have a question for our readers: What do you think the most important historic sites or buildings in the Town of Sheldon are that should be considered for historic markers? I have some ideas of course, but I'd like to see if anyone has any suggestions I haven't thought of. The criteria is that something historic has to have happened there and then we have to be able to document and prove the facts, without a doubt.

I'm looking forward to seeing the new signs that are on the way for the Strykersville Pioneer Cemetery and the Schoolhouse Museum. When they get here, we will have to wait until spring again for the ground to be right, but we will definitely plan a nice event and let everyone know.

Also, I would like to ask for suggestions of topics or questions for our newsletter and if anyone would like to submit a story, they would be welcome. I want your newsletter to be what you enjoy reading about, so please let me know. Another thing that I am planning to do is to start recording some of your stories, in person, so don't be surprised if I come looking for you with my new little recording device. Earl B. has offered to be my first victim!

One more question, for our new members, or anyone who has not received a copy of A Gallant Lady, please let me know and I will send you one, unless you can stop by.

Please send questions, comments & articles to: [townofsheldonhistorian@gmail.com](mailto:townofsheldonhistorian@gmail.com) Thank you!

*Sheldon Historical Society  
 Schoolhouse Museum  
 3859 Main Street, PO Box 122  
 Strykersville, NY 14145*

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**Research assistance is available throughout the year.**

*For inquiries please contact  
 Jeanne Mest, Town Historian, email:  
 townofsheldonhistorian@gmail.com,  
 716-474-3156 or mail: 470 Rt. 20A,  
 Strykersville, NY 14145.*

*Newsletter compiled and edited by  
 Jeanne Mest, with the assistance  
 of creator/consultant Mary Ann  
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 see <http://www.townofsheldon.com> or  
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 Sheldon, NY.*

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- [laurylakas@gmail.com](mailto:laurylakas@gmail.com)
- Town of Sheldon Historian and Newsletter Editor - Jeanne Mest
- [townofsheldonhistorian@gmail.com](mailto:townofsheldonhistorian@gmail.com)

**Sheldon Historical Society Membership**

Being a member of the Sheldon Historical Society means being part of preserving history. Dues and donations support the maintenance of our museum and historical artifacts. As a member you have voting privileges, and newsletters are sent to you at no cost.

The membership year is from July 1 through the following June 30. Current membership status is shown on your mailing label. **Please remember to renew yearly, and let us know of any address changes.** If you are currently a member, thank you for your support!

**2022-2023 Membership Application or Renewal**

Please send a check payable to the Sheldon Historical Society  
 To Donna Kirsch, Treasurer, 4458 Richardson Rd., Arcade, NY 14009

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Email \_\_\_\_\_ Phone \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ New Member      \_\_\_\_\_ Membership Renewal

\_\_\_\_\_ \$12 Annual Membership July 1, 2022 to June 30, 2023

\_\_\_\_\_ \$75 Lifetime Membership

\_\_\_\_\_ Would like to make a Donation In Memory/Honor of \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ Complimentary - Current Members Only 80+