

TOWN OF SHELDON

**Historical Comments, Narratives and
Summaries of Factual Events**

Postrevolutionary, Development, Current

Compiled by
F. W. KEHL
1804—1946

Gratefully acknowledged

THE UNIVERSITY OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK
THE STATE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT
ALBANY 1

DIVISION OF ARCHIVES AND HISTORY
ALBERT B. COREY, STATE HISTORIAN
DIRECTOR

Dec. 17, 1946.

Mr. F. W. Kehl,
Sheldon, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Kehl:

I want to thank you for sending me a copy of the little book which you have published about the Town of Sheldon. I like the way in which it is done, particularly the information about the people and the happenings of the past.

I am also very much interested to know about the Sheldon Historical Society. For some reason there has been no information in this office about the Sheldon Historical Society. The fact that you give information about it on page 3 of the booklet is very helpful to us. I am glad that you are its president.

Won't you please fill in the inclosed form so that we may have here more accurate information about your Society?

I am inclosing also some materials relating to the Council of Historical Societies which was formed during this past year. We should be very happy to have the Sheldon Historical Society join in with other societies of the State in making the Council a going concern.

With best wishes for a Merry Christmas, I am

Sincerely yours,
Albert B. Corey
ALBERT B. COREY, *D J*
State Historian

C-D

Name _____

Address _____

No. 4210

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THE UNION AND ECHO

Civics Clubs Urged in All Catholic Schools

Every school in the Diocese of Buffalo has been urged to establish a Catholic Civics Club by Very Rev. Msgr. Sylvester J. Holbel, diocesan superintendent of schools.

In a letter to principals of schools in the diocese, Msgr. Holbel noted that the "basic objective of the Civics Clubs is to build right attitudes in children through training in Christian social principals."

The 1952-53 program of the Catholic Civics Clubs, Msgr. Holbel declared, "will be an invaluable aid in achieving that sound objective."

Sponsored by the Commission on American Citizenship of the Catholic University of America, the clubs foster training for good citizenship among students of the upper elementary grades.

Since 1946 the Commission has granted official charters to nearly 5,000 Civics Clubs. These organizations cover all the 48 states as well as Alaska, Canada, Puerto Rico, and the Virgin Islands.

This year the Commission on American Citizenship has set up for the clubs a program of study and action under the general theme, "Know Your Neighborhood, Help Your Neighbor."

Individual projects will deal with helping newcomers in the community, safety, conservation, the problem of surplus population in some areas, and U. S. immigration policies.

During October Civics Club members will conduct an intensive "get-out-the-vote" campaign.

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All references to: The Sheldon Historical Society, throughout this work are conditional, by virtue of the nominal change in the authors.

STRYKERSVILLE, NEW YORK

1946

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EDWARDS BROTHERS, INC.
ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN
1946

The builder is a simple wand
With sheathing wane--scarce shutting,
The material which he has at hand
Is better though, than nothing.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

| | Page |
|---|------|
| Introduction | 1 |
| Sheldon Historical Society | 3 |
| Supreme Δ Authority | 3 |
| The Society's Tribute to the Unnamed Pioneer ... | 4 |
| Miscellaneous | 5 |
| Prologue | 6 |
| Conquest | 7 |
| Narrative and Summary of the Period after the Revolutionary War to the Survey of the Holland Purchase | 8 |
| Van Wagenen, Jr. | 13 |
| East and West | 13 |
| Live Stock, 1840 | 14 |
| Minkel | 15 |
| Bloody Flux | 16 |
| Old Road System | 16 |
| Hamilton | 17 |
| Teapot Dome | 19 |
| Dutch Misnomer | 19 |
| Good Neighbor | 20 |
| Threshing Machine | 21 |
| Set of Relatives | 22 |
| Nicholas Bartz, Sr. | 22 |
| Brix Peter | 23 |
| Gold Ore | 24 |
| The Duo-Form | 24 |
| Basswood Spoke | 24 |
| Paid Double, No Farm | 25 |
| Tozier Won | 26 |
| Bank Stability | 26 |
| Community Railroad | 27 |
| Novel Boots--Miner Linnich | 27 |
| Shadbolt | 28 |
| Falls--Embankment | 28 |
| Topography--Topography and Soil Formation | 29 |
| Turner | 29 |

| | Page |
|---|------|
| Boy Departed | 30 |
| Prank Succeeded | 30 |
| No Map | 31 |
| Contracting Currency | 31 |
| Stop Delinquency | 32 |
| Elaborate Election Rallies | 32 |
| Dairying | 34 |
| Hay Hook | 35 |
| Poem | 36 |
| Grange | 36 |
| Theoretical Equality | 37 |
| Impulsive | 38 |
| The Truthful King | 39 |
| A Great Future | 40 |
| A Noble People | 41 |
| Structural Antiques | 41 |
| Fundamental | 42 |
| Cousins | 43 |
| Thomas | 43 |
| Washington's Secret | 44 |
| Home | 44 |
| Live Stock | 45 |
| Moot Question | 46 |
| Typical Settler Village | 46 |
| Small Twin | 47 |
| Attractive Town | 48 |
| Center | 48 |
| Humphrey's | 49 |
| Anecdote | 50 |
| A Goal for Northeastern Agriculture | 53 |
| Small Cause Fatal Effect | 57 |
| Decency | 57 |
| Settlers. Depot Area | 58 |
| Victors | 58 |
| Person's Corners. (Turner's Store) | 58 |
| Simple Logic | 58 |
| Prologue | 60 |
| Sheldon | 60 |
| What We Cherish | 61 |

INTRODUCTION

It was a long-cherished hope that an associated citizenry would unite in a combined co-operative effort to revive and memorize in a compendious, quaint and homely edition, fitting the times and environments of the era, to which their descendants harken back with intense interest.

The rapidly decimating numbers of the pioneer settlers became increasingly apparent, and the void in our economy threatened to send graced memories to oblivion. It was then that the call for action became virile and an Historical Society was organized.

The author of this Treatise was elected President, and from there stems the source of this project. Our Society is inert, we have accumulated copy for a manual, but have no funds.

It is by the irony of fate, that at the sunset of life, this opportunity is seized upon, to save a worthy cause in private endeavor.

At this epochal turn of generations, we owe a debt to posterity, wherein we shall not fail them.

Pusillaninity is the thief of all time.

Time and tide wait for no man.

The reactionaries, like in the case of Fulton's steamboat, are everpresent.

The tabling artifice is usually fraught with partisan bias, and is received with suspicion.

On the heritage of a valiant ancestry we are steadfast in our adherence to the home, for which they lived and wrought and fought. Our comforts are rooted in the home, they are inseparable.

The modernistic transcurrent trend, is a roaming, homeless life, in which the intrinsic human values are never known. Let us build, not a house, but a home, founded on the loyalty of an ancestry

with a valient tradition and history, and avoid the luring pitfalls incumbent upon a transcurent people.

There are biographical conditions which for ethical considerations are not compatible with or amenable to the promptings of history, and therefor must be relegated to the realm of tradition.

Although the region of which these pages treat, covering our township, is not known as having been particularly conspicuous, it has priority in the matter of settlement and early industry, and was temporarily noted as a frontier outpost.

Our effort has been to facilitate a practical conception of the realities upon which our environments are a sequence, and to which is thus attributed a pertinent transcending significance.

The History of Sheldon as regards our purpose begins with the advent of the First Settlers in 1804 who constituted a frontier settlement in the primitive wilds remote by scores of miles from dependable bases of supplies.

No phase of contemporary history dealing with frontier life is so inadequate, as is the portrayal of fact regarding privation and want, of which nothing short of living it, can convey a proper estimate.

It is to the founders of the institutions of our native township, and in recognition of their valorous deeds, that we dedicate this work, as a memorial to their memory, and as an expedient to emulate their example.

In presenting this work to a distinguished reading public, whose interests are ours, we recognize the responsibility of our trust. Our aim to maintain a truthful and kindly tone of presentation, was our fondest hope.

We bespeak for ourselves in return, the same frankness in evaluating the work, that permeated the sentiments of the narrators.

The Author

SHELDON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

On Feb. 22, 1927, an historical society was organized in the town of Sheldon, for the collection, preservation and publication of material for a history of the town of Sheldon. On Tuesday P.M. there was a meeting held in the Masonic Hall at Varysburg. F. W. Embt acted as chairman. The following officers were elected: President, F. W. Kehl; vice-president, W. D. Goodrich; secretary and treasurer, Mrs. George McQuilkin; historian, F. W. Embt; directors, Eli George, Mrs. Jennie Warner, Theodore Kirsch. The organization was incorporated. It is under the auspices of this organization that material has accumulated and copy prepared and typed, so that by community co-operation, the published Manual was anticipated.



We offer this insignia of the Eternal Triune God and Creator in solemn protest of the world-engulfing pagan cult of man's selfsufficiency, without dependence upon God, whom they so flagrantly ignore, while if God did not keep them and their mysterious faculties, functioning, they would not know that they are existing. The conflict of man with his Creator has manifested itself with varying intensity in former age. The consequences are known but not heeded. Let us unite to use our cultural progress in the interests of our welfare.

THE SOCIETY'S TRIBUTE TO
THE UNNAMED PIONEER

We are listing a decimated number of pioneer settlers of each locality whom we are able to recall. We regret that we can not pay homage to the great majority by identification in name, but we will dedicate a page to their interests in our common cause and to commemorate their part in the pioneering effort and to compensate for our apparent neglect.

The Authors

MISCELLANEOUS

A movement was in progress in the 20ies of this century to organize a Historical Society in the Town of Sheldon, which originated and was promoted and sponsored by Miss Harriette Calkins, Editor of The Sheldon Democrat. She was interested in local historical research and was an accomplished and resourceful composer. To her must be given the credit and honor of having recognized the void in our industrial economy whose history threatened to lapse into oblivion.

Equally noteworthy and of importance is the aid and support given the movement by Dr. and Mrs. George McQuilkin, particularly Mrs. McQuilkin, who offered her car in furtherance of the cause of historical research. The society is indebted to her for her generosity and kindness.

Through the medium of The Sheldon Democrat, a meeting was called and the society was organized in 1927 and was incorporated. The state historian did his part well to help us, but we lapsed. No history was forthcoming, but an abundance of material for a volume has accumulated. Will we see it published? An extended and varied summary of events is the basis of our history. Reasoning from cause to effect and vice versa, it spontaneously gives a perspective of the whole, even better than written history. These are the attending processes from which we derive a true picture of the realities involved.

PROLOGUE

Historians are not born, nor are they made by appointment, but by experience, study and research.

A natural aptitude to discern and to memorize, is a pre-eminent attribute to achieve even a moderate success.

His opportunity to elaborate, within the realm of truth is his greatest asset.

History is an intangible thing created in the mind and founded in the natural and moral law. It is flexible and subject to error.

The preface is the blueprint of our structure. Through the course of years we have prepared many, none have been satisfactory. Our aim is high, our purpose sincere, none other will do in this turbulent age. A vicious cycle has hit the earth and is threatening to get out of hand. The world harmony is disrupted, its mechanism is in the throes of destruction. The majesty of the law is a dead letter and anarchy is the dreaded threat.

Human artifices to sustain self-sufficiency, endured only so long as to prove their utter futility. Human self-sufficiency never prevailed and never will. The word--"Agnostic" is now omitted from the dictionary because it is considered obsolete. Likewise, the cult of believing is obsolete. But we know to our travail that we can get no further, because we are losing the earth from beneath us. The war that is now in the making will mark the telling tale. The Eternal God doesn't change nor do his Im-mutable Laws. Unless we, like the penitance Ninivites return to Him and obey His Laws, will we be spared.

CONQUEST

After the elapse of 143 years since the first settlers set foot on Sheldon soil, and all pioneer settlers had long since passed on with traditions heading for oblivion, we are awakening to the call of our title page: "From whence do we proceed?" It has presently in the third and fourth generation become virtually impossible to do justice in an attempt to describe the adventure, deprivation, isolation and hardships endured by the first settlers in a primitive, heavily timbered forest. It must be experienced in order to be adequately appraised. The roaring, bawling ox-teams driven through fire, coal and flame to pile the burning timbers is a horrible memory.

To divide a bushel of corn in the center and hang it over the shoulder, carry it 5 miles to the waterdriven mill, was sweet in the thought that they had the corn and the bag.

Burial spots were marked with slabs from the fields. Hay was snaked in on skids. The cultivated crops were hand hoed, the clearing was done by the axe.

The equipment was all on a par. Any attempt to describe the situation is preposterous. It is the purpose of recorded history to preserve human values and interests to posterity. The energy on the hilly and rocky farms of New England for two hundred years, transferred to the fertile lands of Western New York was the prelude to the conquest of the Great West. While Western New York rapidly developed into the granary of the country, her sons were surveying in western states. The marvelous effort and energy put forth in the rapid expansion and development of the settlement is the proof of their metal. No achievement in modern times can exceed their triumph. Theirs is the priority and is fundamental.

NARRATIVE AND SUMMARY OF THE
PERIOD AFTER THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR
TO THE SURVEY OF THE HOLLAND PURCHASE

At the close of the Revolutionary War large tracts of wild land were in possession of the State of New York, and in 1786 the state granted two tracts to Massachusetts to satisfy certain claims of that State; but retained her sovereignty over the ceded territory.

The largest of these tracts, known as the Genesee country, embraced the western part of the State and was designated by a line running south from Sodus Bay on Lake Ontario to Pennsylvania.

This line was called the "pre-emption line", because it was decided to allow the State of Massachusetts the right of pre-emption, or first purchase, of the land west of it. New York, however, retained the ownership of a strip a mile wide along the Niagara River.

In 1788 the State of Massachusetts sold to Oliver Phelps and Nathaniel Gorham and to others for whom they acted, its pre-emption right to western New York for \$1,000,000. This sum was to be paid in certain securities of the state, which were then worth about one fifth of their face value.

In July of the same year Phelps negotiated with the Indians at Buffalo, for their interest and claim, (which descended to them by right of the crown of Great Britain), for the purpose of completing the title, and bought for \$5,000 down and a perpetual annuity of \$500 about 2,600,000 acres bounded on the east by the pre-emption line. The west boundary was a meridian line from Pennsylvania to the junction of Canaseraga Creek with the Genesee river,

thence along the Genesee to a point two miles north of Canawagus village, thence due west twelve miles, thence due north to the shores of lake Ontario.

The tract thus defined constituted the famous "Phelps and Gorham's Purchase."

Before Phelps and Gorham had half paid for the entire pre-emption right they had bought from Massachusetts, which comprised all that portion of New York west of the meridian which now forms the eastern line of Ontario and Steuben Counties, excepting the mile wide strip along the Niagara river containing some 19,000 square miles, the securities which which they were to pay had risen nearly to par, and finding that they should be unable to fulfill their contract they induced the State of Massachusetts to resume its right to the portion of its original claim which they had not yet bought of the Indians, and release them from their contract as to that part, leaving on their hands the tract since called.

Phelps and Gorham's Purchase, and bounded as above described. This agreement was reached on the 10th of March, 1791.

Two days later Robert Morris contracted with Massachusetts for the pre-emption right to all of New York west of Phelps and Gorham's Purchase. It was only after much difficulty and delay that Mr. Morris completed his title to the tract by buying out the interest of the Indians.

On the Phelps and Gorham's Purchase the Indians relinquished their claim as before stated for the sum of \$5,000 and an annuity of \$500, now they were not so easily dealt with.

In 1797, six years after the conveyance from Massachusetts to Mr. Morris was made an agreement with the Indians was reached by a council held at Genesee in the month of September.

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By this agreement the Indians retained eleven reservations, amounting to about three hundred and thirty-eight square miles. Among them is the Gardean reservation, a part of which was included in the present town of Castile where Dehewamis, or Mary Jemison spent fifty-two years of her life.

The conveyance from Massachusetts to Mr. Morris was made May 11th, 1791, by five deeds. The first covered the land between the Phelps and Gorham's Purchase and a line beginning twelve miles west of theirs on the Pennsylvania border and running due north to meet the northern border of the same Purchase two miles east and twelve miles north of Canawagus village.

The next three deeds embraced as many sixteen-mile strips, crossing the state north and south, and the fifth what remained to the westward of these. The trust covered by the first mentioned deed was what has been called "Morris's Reserve", from the fact that he retained the disposition of this section in his own hands when he subsequently sold all west of it. It included in Wyoming County the towns of Covington, Perry, Castile and part of Genesee Falls.

Its western boundary, separating it from the Holland Purchase, was the "East Transit" line, so called because it was run with a transit instrument in connection with astronomical observations. It is called the "east" transit to distinguish it from a similarly surveyed meridian passing through Lockport, which is called the "west" transit.

The laying down of this line was a slow and laborious operation. All of the summer and autumn of 1798 was consumed in running the first eighty miles of the transit meridian. The surveyor in charge of this work was Joseph Ellicott.

After Robert Morris had contracted with the state of Massachusetts for the pre-emption right to the tract which Phelps and Gorham returned to it in

March, 1791, because of inability to fulfill their contract, and while the negotiations were in progress with the Indians, headed by the crafty Seneca chief Red Jacket to consummate a purchase of their interest, large areas were being conveyed to representatives of parties who subsequently constituted the Holland Purchase.

December 24, 1792, Robert Morris deeded to Herman Leroy and John Linklaen one and a half million acres of his lands west of the east transit line.

On the 27th of the following February, he gave a deed for a million of acres to these gentlemen, and Gerrit Boon.

July 20th, 1793, he conveyed to the same three parties eight hundred thousand acres, and on the same day to Herman Leroy, William Bayard and Matthew Clarkson, three hundred thousand acres.

These gentlemen purchased this vast tract as trustees for a number of rich merchants of Amsterdam, Holland, who have been commonly spoken of as the Holland Company, and the Holland Land Company, though there was no corporation with either of those titles.

The immense estate acquired by them, being all of New York west of the east transit line except the Indian reservations and the State mile strip along the Niagara, constituted the Holland Purchase.

When the Indian title to the Holland Purchase had been extinguished by Mr. Morris in 1797, measures were immediately taken for the survey of the tract, so that it might be put in market, sold and settled.

Operations were directed from Philadelphia by Theophilus Cazenove, who was the first general agent of the Hollanders. He appointed Joseph Ellicott chief surveyor, and in the autumn of 1797 he and Augustus Porter, Mr. Morris's surveyor, as a step toward ascertaining the actual area of the

purchase, made a tour of its lake and river front.

The running of the east transit line in the next year by Mr. Ellicott, as already related, was another step in the survey of the Holland Purchase, and at the same time eleven other surveyors, each with his corps of axmen, chairmen, etc., went to work at different points, running the lines of ranges, townships and reservations.

All through the purchase the deer were startled from their hiding places, and the wolves were driven growling from their lairs, by bands of men with compasses and theodolites, chains and flags, while the red occupants looked sullenly on at the rapid parceling out of their broad and fair domain.

The division of the land began by laying off of six mile strips, reaching from Pennsylvania to Lake Ontario, called ranges, and numbered from east to west, and dividing them by east and west lines into regular townships, numbered from south to north.

Each township was to be subdivided into sixteen mile-and-a-half squares called sections, and each of these into twelve lots three-fourths of a mile by one-fourth, containing one hundred and twenty acres apiece. After twenty-four townships had been surveyed on this plan, the subdivision was judged unnecessarily minute, and was so much so as to be often ill adapted to the surface of the ground, and thereafter the mile-and-a-half squares composing a township were each divided into four three-quarter-mile squares of three hundred and sixty acres apiece.

The price at first charged for the company's lands was \$2.75 per acre, one tenth to be paid down. Subsequently the price was reduced to an average of \$2.00 per acre.

In 1801 there were 40 sales, in 1802, 56; in 1803, 230; in 1804, 300; in 1805, 415; in 1806, 524; in 1807, 607; in 1808, 612; in 1809, 1160.

VAN WAGENEN, Jr.

Now, that everybody is calling for help, we presumed that we were right in line, so we called on our old friend, Jared Van Wageningen, Jr., former Farm Bureau Leader to favor us with his contribution to our "History."

We are still expecting to hear from him, but we can not suppress a bit of apprehension, since the field is wide and varied and also because, perhaps, we told him too much of our financial condition. We told him that we would ask the Town Board for an appropriation. We feel now, that was a mistake. If he is inclined to think that he doesn't owe us anything, we don't feel towards him that way. We have solicited his contribution for the purpose of enhancing the value of our publication, while we commemorate and pay tribute to his distinct peculiarities thus: His knack of presentation and portrayal of that fuller understanding and realistic grasp of home life on the farm, as experienced in actual routine work, in his writings on agriculture, are sought and read with strained interest.

The labor in his field is a distinct and recognized asset.

EAST AND WEST

Shortages of feed and food may be experienced in years of adverse countrywide weather averages, augmented by an emergency export demand in the wake of war, to the point of distressing disruption in trade and industry, but this situation fortunately recurs very rarely. In normal times, the East and the West enjoy a natural trade relation that can not be improved upon, and is bound to endure.

The surplus grain of the never failing Great West, under cheap transportation is converted into

the best food, milk, the world has ever known in the East, and has a ready, unlimited and enduring market. Nowhere in the world is there a setting of stability, prosperity and promise for the future as here.

LIVE STOCK, 1840

Competent writers in recent years, on the authority of official reports give the highest population of live stock, horses, cattle, sheep and swine, in the state of New York, to have prevailed in the 1840ies. The great increase in milch cows in recent years, may conceivably defer the supremacy to a century later, particularly so since the comparison is numerical, rating sheep against cows. On the face of it, with every deference to their achievement and enterprise in the former 40ies, we would cast our lot in the present age. In the last half of the former century and well into the present, there were 7 cheese factories in Sheldon owned by one company and 3 Swiss cheese factories. That would average to 1 factory to every $3\frac{1}{2}$ square miles. The apparent discrepancy arises out of the fact that the locations of 3 factories were near the borders. Before the advent of the cheese factories the dairy industry was a private and individual enterprise, dependent on available markets. Live stock raising, particularly well grown and trained young oxen was a flourishing business. A good individual would readily sell for upwards of 100 dollars. That was a lot of money in those days. The cheese factories had their origin in our present North East. In Sheldon, the Dutch Hol-low factory was built by the patrons for manufacture and storage. The site was leased. The operation and sale of the cheese was in the hands of the patrons. Later the operation was turned over to a company on articles of agreement by which the company will manufacture and sell the cheese and make remittance to the patrons. This worked in a way. To figure after the statements proved the correctness of the figures, the

rest was mystery. The tragedy in this connection is, that during all of the factory cheese era of this area, over a period of more than 50 years, the patrons turned over to the manufacturers, as their agent, the product of their prime industry, to dispose of it as they pleased, without any representation on their part whatever a clarification in this premise, on one point at least, is the fact that cheese was still in storage for the same of which patrons had received their returns. This happened in spite of the fact that the patron's sale committee by their authority had ordered the cheese held. The implication is, they held it, on a rising market, but advanced the money.

Even if a patron's representative had been present at the sale, it would be no guaranty that it was a bona fide sale. The set-up was that of a complete monopoly.

MINKEL

Nic. Minkel often helped me load at the feed mill but this time he was different. When he had the last bag placed on the high load he swung around and seated himself on the load. When farmers are loaded they want to move. Nic. knew that well, but that didn't concern him now. After a deep cough he said: "Frank, I won't live long any more." Then he related how the flood swept away his sawmill together with his desk and books and how some took advantage and denied their bills. He died shortly after.

In passing, I told Will Klein, how differently he was when I last saw him. Will related "That reminds me" story, saying. When he worked for me, one night, in a dream, he awakened all of us by calling: "Alphose George is coming! Gee, he's got a roush!" (Roush, German; Drunk, English). Nic. was a gentleman and the fact that he bore false witness against his neighbor, shows that he was dreaming.

BLOODY FLUX

In the summer of 1876 an epidemic of Bloody Flux prevailed in this area, that was particularly fatal to children and imperiled the lives of adults and left its impress on the survivors. It baffled the medical skill of local talent and too late, to save all, did it become known, through medical aid summoned from without, that skilful applications of Castor Oil would cure the disease.

OLD ROAD SYSTEM

Since the arrival of the first settlers in 1804, for the enterim of one hundred years, the Town Law provided that the Highway Commissioner subdivide the highways of the township into districts, the freeholders of the districts to be assessed pro diem on the basis of their assessed valuation, with one day poll tax added for each, subject to the provision of the law. This system looked plausible and might have worked in the beginning, so long as it was a back-furrowing job, throwing both sides to the center of the road by means of the plow and ox team. But these were the preliminaries of road building. Now came the turnpiking. There was no road building equipment of any kind, excepting the plow and the hand dump-scraper.

The larger realty holder had the most days to work, it was in his interest to provide himself with equipment. For instance: a team and plow counted one day, the same as a man would. It was equally so with regard to team and scraper, team and wagon, etc.

How did it work out? The Pathmaster carried the official list of days allotted to each resident of the district and credited their work. The un-worked days were returnable and collectable in cash. Naturally the larger holders were in for a beating. They owned the only scraper in the district, and it

was that scraper that moved every inch of dirt into the road embankment for generations. Their teams and men criss-crossed the turnpike to and fro holding and dumping scrapers, from morn 'til noon, from noon 'til night, while the Bourgers leaning on their hoes, turning an occasional sod upside down. In 1902 that sort of democracy came to a happy ending. Since the inception of the present system of highway improvement the taxes have trebled, but is not all chargeable to the highways, even if it were, non would wish the old condition of road improvement back again.

HAMILTON

By the roadside more often named North Road was erected in the year 1930 by the State Education Department a tablet in memory of a distinguished notable. The tablet reads: Here stood a log house built in 1807, home of Ziba Hamilton, physician of Holland Land Co., surgeon in war of 1812, Pioneer Settler.

At a regular meeting of the Town Board held Feb. 25, 1931, a resolution was unanimously adopted, designating the entire length of the highway running north and south through Sheldon in which the Tablet is erected to be named and known as Hamilton Road. Dr. Hamilton was well and favorably known far beyond the limits of his home town. At any rate, the Office of the Adjutant General at Albany, of the War of 1812, together with the Department of Education remembered him and honored him by erecting a tablet to his memory, while his fellow townsmen of another generation persisted in referring to the highway as North Road in spite of Tablet and sign. He was a large holder of real estate owning about one half the land from Route 20A to Center street. When the elder Martin Keem was foreman he employed 13 hired men.

Who was Dr. Hamilton? He was a true specimen of the cultured Yankee type. His prerogatives

attracted the attention of the wealthy and shrewd Dutch Merchants who organized the Holland Land Company and who employed him as their physician to minister to the medical needs of the settlers in order to facilitate the parceling and sale of their immense purchase as described in the prelude chapter of this summary. He lived from 1770 to 1854 (subject to slight variations) the period of great men and heroic deeds. He was the contemporary of the fathers of his country, Washington, Adams, Jefferson, and others, the signatories to the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution. He was not politically minded, else he might creditably have filled any office in the state. He was rooted to the soil. Agriculture was second only to his profession and duty to his country. From his experience and knowledge of the terrain which he served as physician, he surely was qualified to choose a favorable location for his home and farming operations. His choice was an embankment to a semblance of a stream, about 10 ft. high. The frontage to the road was level. At the foot of the bank was a convenient spring. At this point on the eastern slope of a wide and fertile valley, on a plane extending 8 miles north-south without a hill, the Dr. erected a log house in 1807.

When he entered the army as surgeon in the war of 1812 a large frame house was in course of construction. This was a square building 28 x 38 ft. with milk room, wood and wagon shed attached. The beams and posts constituted seven bents and the hewing and workmanship is a revelation at this time. In the barn the beams were heavy black ash timbers, hewed, but smooth as planed. The raising bee for the barn brought people from as far as Lancaster.

Sheldon has a pardonable pride in having an authority as competent and widely experienced in the matter of choosing a location to live, progress and prosper, as Dr. Ziba Hamilton, in having preferred Sheldon from all of the select terrain of Western

New York, aptly referred to as: "The garden of America." He died in 1854 and lies buried in Cemetery Hill, Sheldon, N. Y., Route 20A.

TEAPOT DOME

A freeholder owned a parcel of land, the deed of which read, so and so, many acres of land, be the same more or less. He owned the adjoining farm which he sold to immigrants. Shortly after the sale he dwelt upon the immigrant neighbors that the line fence must be moved as he didn't have land enough. The neighbors viewed his plaint with indifference, he got a surveyor and staked out a new line, throwing his share of the fence over. The neighbors knowing little of English and nothing of law, defended themselves as best they could. After a while he faked or purported another survey and placed the stakes still further onto the neighbor's land. In desperation, they acquiesced. Then the unscrupulous offender, who had no title by virtue of his deed, proceeded to fence off a triangle at the highway at random, containing one and one half ($1\frac{1}{2}$) acres of land. He used this land to extend his sheep yard. The rightful owners paid for the land and the taxes for 61 years, for the sake of not disrupting friendly relations with the neighbors. A new owner voluntarily straightened the line.

DUTCH MISNOMER

After the completion of the Erie Canal in 1825 immigrants from a radius surrounding Luxemburg arrived in Buffalo. The countryside about the village at that time had no appeal to them in contrast to their rugged native homeland and they investigated further afield. It was in 1833 when the first immigrant, Peter Zittel settled in Sheldon, in the beautiful valley which subsequently was named Dutch Hollow, because of its exclusive German settlement. This is a misnomer because

the settlers were Germans not Dutch. We conclude that the appellation Dutch which was so aptly applied for German could not be merely accidental. There were Dutch Flats, Dutch Grocery, Dutch Town, and verbally: "Your name is Dutch", "You are in Dutch", etc., was *commonplace*. This manifestation stems back to pre-*Sheldon days*. The Pilgrims from England founded *Boston in 1620*. Contemporarily the Dutch founded *New Amsterdam* at the mouth of the Hudson. This period comprised 150 years in the colonial days, prior to the revolutionary war. The Pilgrims were in the majority and gave the Dutch a pretty economic race to hold their own at New Amsterdam. They won control and named the town New York. We further conclude that the Dutch must have offered mighty disagreeable resistance in the attempt to hold the fort, because, even to this day whomever they (descendants of the pilgrims) don't like, is just plain Dutch.

GOOD NEIGHBOR

Two farmers, living in different parallel roads, joined farms in the rear. The line fence crossed a ravine. There was no fence wire then and the winter waters regularly washed out the fence bars in the creek. The fencing material was at the opposite end of the farm, one and one half miles distant. It was a small fencing job, but under the conditions, it was annoying. One April morning some three score years ago the two cross-lots neighbors met here for fence repairing and in discussing the problem of replacing the swept out fence, the neighbor suggested to fell a rock elm standing on the bank of his side which would span the gulf and leave clearance for the water flow. His neighbor could not acquiesce in such a proposition, since the tree was about 24 in. on the stump, straight and limbless to the top, in the prime of life and would yet endure for a century. It was valuable even then. They parted. The neighbor's proposition was not accepted. When the owner

of the fence returned with poles to repair the same, his neighbor had felled the tree and lodged it masterfully. No more poles were needed in 40 years and there is still a base for fencing.

If such sentiments universally prevailed, there would be no three-hundred-billion deficit to balance.

He was the son of Sheldon's first immigrant settler.

THRESHING MACHINE

Since the inception of the animal tread power which stems from the dog wheel of the old countries, the evolution of the threshing machine has gone through many changes. The history down through the decades for more than a century constantly records major improvements and the ultimate has not been reached. From the tread power the sweep power was developed, the power house designed to operate the separator. It was powered by five teams of horses drawing on sweeps, walking in a circle. This accomplished the purpose for which it was designed, but at a great cost. It was the worst horsekiller America had ever seen. The horses were succeeded by the horsedrawn portable steam engines, which soon changed to steam tractors. Both were highly successful, even superefficient as compared to the threshing machine, the separator. A situation developed that can hardly be described. The separators were plenty large and had volume of performance, but they were open throughout, and the internal air current blew every bit of ragweed and smut dust into the air of the small barns. In this unendurable, unlivable poison smudge the people struggled to supply the needs of a monster mechanism. Today the modern thresher constitutes a tunnel that emits no air, all openings are air intakes, and the dust is incorporated in the straw and passes out. The relief from drudgery

by modern improvements on the farms, is nowhere more signally manifest, than that offered by the farm tractor manipulated separator, on rubber wheels, at the rate of 10-15 miles per hour.

SET OF RELATIVES

The Blue Light, Mount St. Mary Academy,
Kenmore, N.Y. November-December, 1915

From the above publication we reproduce a paragraph which is of interest and significance to a large group of Sheldon people. The paragraph read thus: "Margaret George has a very interesting set of relatives. This conclusion was reached after hearing about them for the unptieth time." If the High School Publications recognize the George family as interesting relatives, their popularity is increasing. Besides, according to the assertion in the article, they are letting themselves be heard from.

NICHOLAS BARTZ, Sr.

When we say Nicholas Bartz, Sr. we mean the senior of four generations ago. He had worked as laborer in New York City and came to Sheldon in 1835. On his way out of Buffalo he was in a party of eight men walking to Sheldon. The roads were bad and night overtook them at Willink. On the eastern outskirts (about the present village limits) a large house was burning full blast. They proceeded on their way eastward 'til nearly midnight when they calculated that they must be in Sheldon where they stopped at a log house on the top of a short hill. There was no light and a deadly quiet prevailed. They wrapped at the door, there was no response. Mr. Bartz had acquired a bit of English while working in New York, so he wrapped again and called: "Where is Mr. George living?" Soon a candle was lit and the door opened. *There were two ladies living there and they inquired*

about their way to Perie George's house. The lady faced to the west and waved her hand westward, then turned to the south and waved southward. They expressed their sincere thanks as best they could and departed. The place presently is the home of Roy Metz. Mr. Bartz's expedition arrived at its destination. We know that he married in the George family and prospered.

BRIX PETER

On the most reliable sources now available, Perie George would have precedence in the order of priority as first arrival of the now widely disseminated George family. Circumstances indicate that he arrived in 1834. The exact date is of minor importance at this time. Other members of the family soon arrived, one of which is the principal in this sketch. Peter George (Brix Peter) lived in Humprey's Hollow, had a large farm, was prominent and prosperous. His family was numerous. When he retired he lived at Sheldon and for pastime he shaved shingles. To advertise his enterprise he fenced his lot with shingle bunches. He liked to play cards, the rectory was opposite the street and he had an occasional game with the pastor to spend the evenings. To add charm to the entertainment the pastor placed refreshments by his side. Semiannually prior to the first of January and July Mr. George made a pilgrimage to Buffalo. It was the guess that he had his banking written to date. On these trips he carried a gallon jug. He improved the opportunity to ride with the pastor to E. Aurora where they took the train. On the way back, the pastor, without creating any suspicion, managed to pour one half of the contents of Mr. George's jug into another jug which he had provided, and refilled Mr. George's jug with water. It ran along for some time, the pastor serving Mr. George with the material poured from his jug. At length Mr. George casually remarked: "But my whiskey is better than yours!" The pastor

looked sober and queried: "How do you make that out?" Mr. George's evidence was not shaken, he replied: "Mine isn't so caustic and it doesn't scratch so in the throat." The pastor in telling his friends about what happened, chuckled, saying: "He should pay for his whisky himself." He was uncle to the noted boxing champion, Ed. Don George.

GOLD ORE

The regions of the country that have gold ore in store are well defined. Western New York has no precious ore. Yet large mining interests were investigating mining prospects in Sheldon in spite of all experience to the contrary notwithstanding. How the promotion scheme was launched, is a paragraph that has no space here.

The mining interests were ready to send their engineers and start excavating for a test. The plot was exposed and a sane calm prevailed.

THE DUO-FORM

We understood that they were doing well. Now for two years we have had no notice of the Annual Stockholders' Meeting and we fear that something might have happened to them.

BASSWOOD SPOKE

Playing unfair is always resented, neither was it popular with the earlier settlers. A wagon maker ran out of dryoak timber out of which he could whittle spokes for wheel repairing. His oncoming stock was not sufficiently dry for immediate use and to wait for the oakwood to dry was out of the question, besides the farmer needed his wagon. He had a lot of dry bass so the alternative to the predicament was basswood spokes. They were easily worked

and could be readily drove into the mortice of the hub and pin hole of the felly and above all they took the paint well to hide their identity. Besides they were really strong so long as the paint kept them dry. Their propensity to take water like a sponge manifests itself eventually and they begin to loosen at both ends, the felly sinks, the tire loosens and the wheel breaks. The fraud was exposed. Water seeks its level, in trade we balance accounts. To counter the wheelwright's folly they called him: "Basswoodspoke!"

PAID DOUBLE, NO FARM

Parties from the city bought a farm for a consideration of 13,500 dollars. City property was taken in exchange for a stipulated amount. After eighteen years at 6 per cent the mortgage was reduced to 6700 hundred dollars. The mortgagor tried for a Federal Land Bank Loan and failed. In default of meeting installment with interest payments, the mortgage was foreclosed and the incumbent moved away. The transaction was legal and was executed in accordance with agreement. We are narrating on the facts. In the early years of the life of the mortgage the interest alone approximated 600 dollars per year. The total, traded in property, outlay for improvements, payments on principal and for interest is estimated at approximately 16,000 dollars. The nationally famous economist and speaker Jared Van Wagnen, Jr. speaking as member of a Federal Conciliation Commission functioning as a go-between to bring mortgagee and mortgagor together in an amicable adjustment to avert foreclosure during the depression period of 1929 said: "This situation is so grossly immoral, that there is nothing in law or equity that warrants it, excepting, that it is so stated in the bond."

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TOZIER WON

Among the notable figures of the early settlement is Orange Tozier, who's father was a pioneer settler with an ancestry harkening back to Plymouth Rock. He was a farmer with large holdings. His hobby was the legal profession which he practiced as a side line. Had he acquired his technical preliminaries to be admitted to the bar, his inherent abilities and natural qualifications would have placed him on a par with the piers of his country. As trial lawyer in justice court, he was the ultimate. No other lawyer could successfully compete with him.

A lady, who felt very much at home in the courtroom, spoke the minds of many when she said! "When I have trouble I get Tozier, I will win, no matter whether I am right or wrong."

We quote from a summation: "The warrant did not specify that the revolver pointed at the plaintiff was loaded. The record shows no evidence to the contrary. An unloaded revolver is no more a deadly weapon than a goosquil." The revolver was really loaded, when pointed at the plaintiff. The case rested on, "who loaded it?" Tozier won.

BANK STABILITY

The money issued by the state banks in the formative period had no stability because they could convert their deposits into tangible assets and close their doors. The system deteriorated into a racket.

Your bulging purse today if shinplasters, as they were commonly called, would not be worth a cent tomorrow, if the bank closed. Contemporarily, at home the wily shavers plied their trade. They would take your endorsed note for \$100 at 7 per cent and give 90 or 80 or worse. It worked automatically, the more it pinched the more it bound.

COMMUNITY RAILROAD

The Arcade and Attica R. R. Corp. crossing the western tier of townships in Wyoming Co. and plying between the villages of Attica and Arcade has a long and laudable career dating well back to the century mark. It has witnessed the coming of practically every trunk line in Western New York save the Erie and the New York Central. It ranks favorably with the largest industrial enterprises in the agricultural county of Wyoming. It is owned by the community stockholders and locally it has political and civil support to the extent that their responsibility is not imperiled. This situation is favorable and bids well for its continued endurance. The county wide railroad has excelled all others in the point of settling claims for damages in their favor and the public is convinced that it is cheapest to beware.

NOVEL BOOTS--MINER LINNICH

In the old days when roads were fenced they were subject to being snowbound. A group of men were moving along carrying shovels to clear the roads. An elderly man and a vain youngster wearing rubber boots were walking partners and the minor was unduly dwelling on his partner to keep away from his boots with that shovel. None had seen rubber boots before, and like the little boy, who wears his first pants, the lad craved the focus of the crowd on his novel boots.

After the advent of immigrants a German miner, Linnich, by name cented minerals in the Dixon Hills on the slope to the west of Dutch Hollow. He labored alone and had tunneled himself in to some extent when a tardy fuse considered extinguished, on his approach let go and killed him. The ruins are bearing evidence to his memory.

SHADBOLT

The Roland Shadbolt death mystery is no mystery at all and must be laid at the door of the Volstead Prohibition Racket. The youth died of alcohol poisoning and in the attempt to fix the blame for the alcohol poisoning the prosecution broke down and the case was dismissed from court. There was no harm or malice intended. The illadvised disposition of the body was designed by blurred minds under the influence of alcohol and carries no responsibility.

FALLS--EMBANKMENT

Johnson's Fall in Dutch Hollow Creek could produce the energy of an enormous power plant if the waters could be preserved and spread over the entire year. There are three vertical falls in immediate succession, the lower having a height of 91 ft. The total height exceeds that of the Niagara Falls. The enormity of the energy lost impresses itself upon us in periods of the rising creek when the roar of the waters over the falls is heard in a radius of three to four miles. A small but beautiful, naturally developed park and its primitive grass-covered lawn bids well for a tranquil rest in an outing trip of the urban tourist, in remote isolation and oblivion so easily accessible and almost at his doorstep.

On the slopes of a tributary of Buffalo Creek in the vicinity of Strykersville lies a column or embankment that simulates a two track railroad embankment in regard to its straight lines overall. It is 350 ft. long running due north-east-south-west. Its incline is about 30°. Its north terminus gradually loses itself in the rising slope, its south end terminates more abruptly on the level near the creek. It is covered with trees somewhat below average normal size. The embankment is at least 10 ft. high. It is believed the ridge is of artificial origin.

TOPOGRAPHY

Topography and Soil Formation

The saying "on the hills of Sheldon" is not well taken. It stems from hills traversed en route to Sheldon, particularly to the west. It has a better than average mileage of straight roads crossing at right angles, than any township in the surrounding area. On the contrary the domain is particularly fortunate in having little if any tillable land that can not be readily worked with moder machinery.

In the area of the township lie three major creek valleys, fertile and beautiful and Buffalo Creek constitutes part of the west border. The soil formation is generally of a gravel and loam mixture in the valleys and of a gray loam on the uplands. By the aid of moder methods of farming, its agriculture is in a high state of cultivation. The chief agricultural pursuit is dairying, with horses, hogs and poultry interspersed as sidelines. The crops are in the main the various varieties of hay, silage corn, the common small grains, beans, peas and potatoes.

Maple sirup and sugar production is a major enterprise.

TURNER

In the year 1801 the Holland Land Co. had established an office in Batavia and recorded 40 sales. The settlement up the Tonawanda Valley progressed rapidly and in 1804 230 sales were recorded, among them was that of Turner in the Cayuga Valley Town of Sheldon on the Indian Trail from Portage to the Ohio Valley. Turner carried on an active trading business with Portage and made 7 ox-team round trips, fording all streams the first winter carrying produce. Turner's Store became a frontier outpost and for 30 years this pioneering development progressed with leaps and bounds. The people were exclusively descendants of the Pilgrims moving westward in the Post-revolutionary exodus to the famous Genesee Country.

BOY DEPARTED

In the years prior to the Civil War there lived a family who had one son and two daughters. One day after chastising the boy for having complications with other boys in which affair he was innocent, the boy walked away over the fields eastward and they never saw or heard of him again. They presumed that he had enlisted in the army of the Civil War, yet it is not probable because in case of casualty he would have been reported at his home.

To elucidate in this connection, a pertinent incident is of interest.

FRANK SUCCEEDED

They were threshing at a farm where this impetuous father was helping. He had exceeded three score and ten, was corpulent and vigorous, prompt to a fault. He was also a "what the boys called) cider-hound, who at table would never take applesauce. This the boys had observed and they laid a plot and played it well. At any rate it worked. When the call for supper was sounded, the impulsive old gent, who was always ahead of time, headed the line to the table. This as the boys had calculated played in their hands. The seat next to him was carefully reserved. One of the boys according to specifications in the Blue Print dutifully ushered everybody to other chairs. The head thresher and owner of the outfit came in last and seated himself in the vacant chair beside the old man. In the meantime the boys in turn had politely offered the applesauce to the old man. This was out of turn to pass the applesauce first and none resented it like he. He sat quietly, the boy waiters served him nothing else and because the plot was secret no one apprehended danger. By this time the boys had a big bowlful of applesauce moving along the side where the unsuspecting thresherboss sat next to the seemingly quiet and harmless gentleman. The good natured thresher took a helping and with a partial

sideglance and twist in the arm he swung the bowl to his apparently congenial co-supper. He in turn seized the bowl in the palm of his hand and with it hit the innocent thresher in the face, the sauce flying in a great circle over the room. The exasperated old man departed from the scene. The boys succeeded as dramatists beyond their fondest expectations, but the moral effect was deplorably woeful. The jovial George, who never passed up an opportunity to crack a joke on anyone, even the minister and who would rather break his oath than speak a harsh word, looked leery, attempted a grin and said: "Guess they got caught up with me, this time the joke is on me."

NO MAP

A town map is not essential in a book of this nor does it merit the place of importance so aptly ascribed to it in its premise, because topographically the scenery is in evidence and needs no support, so are the highways and as to names and locations the continuous changes in ownership render the map impractical and therefor it isn't worth the consideration. All ownerships are traceable by name in the County Clerk's Office down to and including the first settlers.

The extended and varied summary of miscellaneous events is the basis of our history.

Reasoning from cause to effect and vice versa, it spontaneously gives a perspective of the whole situation, even better than written history could describe.

CONTRACTING CURRENCY

In the latter 20ies the most ruinous depression in history was deliberately provoked by the banking trust by means of contracting the currency and causing a money stringency. All short term notes

held by country banks were called and renewals refused. Deposits were exhausted and reserves waned. Bankruptcy was in the wake. On reliable reports, in the West, windows on 4000 banks were boarded up. What became of the deposits in those banks and the seizure of realties by foreclosure of tens of thousands of homes, is the responsibility of the bank trust that caused the calamity. No legitimate reason was ever advanced for calling well secured short term notes and refusing renewal, though the endorser had many times the sum of the face value of note on deposit in the bank. Such a situation looks bad and is bad. It's a corner.

STOP DELINQUENCY

In our conditional (not absolute) democracy, we are free on condition that we behave ourselves. A former hotel proprietor at Harris improved on this democratic principle, with the wholesome injunction to his boys: "If I ever catch you being mean to any one, I will kill you." This is of the more moment since he had lost three children in the diphtheria epidemic.

ELABORATE ELECTION RALLIES

The emancipation movement to abolish slavery was not the only cause for the elaborate demonstrations in the election campaigns, American agriculture was in the throes of desperation, clamouring for government relief from a sinister oppression foisted upon them by the trade through monopolies.

Early American History, roughly, is divided into three periods. Beginning at the time of discovery in 1492, we have first the exploring and settlement period, then the Colonial period and the Post Revolutionary period. In the development of the latter period, all was well so long as prices were based

on supply and demand. Agriculture and industry were flourishing. Cities sprung up like overnight. The urban population soon was in the majority. The manufacturing element united by secret pacts and controlled the markets. The majority rule was in their favor.

Agriculture, the prime industry of the country, was unorganized. The organized vendor fixed the price on his own goods and also the price on the farmers produce, because he waved his power to bargain by not organizing. As unbearable as this condition was it endured. The farmer appealed for legislative intervention to relieve their plight, but to no avail. That was one of the causes of the excessive demonstrations during the election campaigns in order to secure a change of administration that would be favorable to their cause.

A text from the preamble of the ritual of The Farmers Alliance and Industrial Union read: If we do not unite for our protection, we will fall into that appalling abyss from the depths of which there is no ray of hope for the agricultural masses of our land.

Before a Federal Investigating Commission in 1921, Bordons testified that their holdings east of the Mississippi River were seventy-five million dollars.

Taking that bit of intelligence as a basis for computation, we can readily see what a mulcted agriculture has accomplished by co-operation.

After the Civil War the presidential election campaigns were continued with the same violent partisan bias as before the war. The parties were at variance in their platforms, but all were united and inspired by the same patriotism and love of country, because the poles in every highway were numerous as our present-day utility poles and all parties alike called them Liberty Poles. For what liberty were

they fighting. Evidently no other than to keep free from the rule of their political adversaries. We can conclude too that they took their party affiliations too serious which is evidenced in present-day campaigns.

The band wagons, carrying banners and a full-fledged band, drawn by horses, carrying strings of bells were inevitable compliments at the rallies. The speakers in part were recruited from the locality, with possibly a professional provided by the respective campaign fund, provided the entertainment. Refreshments were plentiful. The brewer of the town was a Civil War Veteran who knew President Lincoln. He was an accomplished speaker by nature, but never saw the inside of a school room.

By the aid of his wife he acquired a workable elementary knowledge, but was shy of arithmetic. He contributed to "Everybody-s Column" and his logic and rhetoric were good. He always had his speech ready and for the benefit of his party and country he would deliver it at any cost. In his speech he often paused to quote figures from his memoranda, to substantiate his charges. His method of presenting the figures together with his painstaking sincerity to speak them well, caused trouble in the audience. Lawyer O. P. Stockwell, of Attica, who was subject to breathing difficulty, got an attack and was taken from the hull. To illustrate: 1648560 he read: Five hundred sixty dollars, six hundred forty-eight thousand dollars and one million.

DAIRYING

In the two or three closing decades of the last century dairymen living along the railroads leading into Buffalo felt a consoling relief in the knowledge that they were getting fifty cents per cwt. more for milk than their fellow-dairymen further inland. At the turn of the century, city milk netted the farmer

\$1.50 straight. There was no test for butterfat, no milk or dairy inspection and no barn score. The evening milk was water cooled in trough or tub. When the Dairymen's League entered the field to sell milk cooperatively, the territory was already covered by Buffalo dealers who bought their milk direct from the dairymen. That was in order. But when the Co-op gives the dairymen more for their milk, that is in order too. The dealer's reaction was a price war. They raised their price by leaps, the co-op calmly followed suit. Within six months they effected a compromise. The struggle was fierce, a life and death one. Even the Buffalo banks refused to honor League checks. The might of an empire could not persuade the banks to stop honoring the checks of a responsible company but the milk trust did. This was in 1921, the year of the reorganization of The Dairymen's League Co-operative Assoc., Inc.

Today, practically all the milk sold in Buffalo is Co-op milk. A co-op is a non-profit association. All returns from the sale of produce go to the producer, minus the cost of the operation.

A stock company is organized for profits to earn dividends for the stockholders.

HAY HOOK

The obsolete and forgotten hay hook was once a daily appliance, and in its day it was indispensable. The barns were of small dimensions and the hay was covered with unthreshed grain, and corn fodder. Winter came and hay was accessible only from the side to the floor of the barn. The need for hay to feed the live stock suggested the hay hook. Until the grain was hand threshed with the flail and removed from the top to bare the surface, all used hay had to be pulled from the side with hooks. This was a formidable and useless waste of energy which we of our day, like most contemporary practices of its time,

are apt to view with disdain, but which, under like circumstances, we too would grudgingly accept. It is our opportunities, wisely used, that constitutes the difference between time and circumstances of various periods.

POEM

With motives pure and purpose high
Serene in our advance,
Conscious where our interests lie
Dare neither risk nor chance.

We follow our allotted course
With motives pure and purpose high,
Adhering steadfast to this source
With mind in peace, will cares defy.

Sustained in righteous interim
Though various it may be,
Swaying out upon a limb
Or reposing in more staple tree.

We have a goal that we aspire
For the beacon of our call, we sigh,
Have stilled the quest of life's desire
With motives pure and purpose high.

GRANGE

Sheldon Grange was organized Jan. 18, 1916 by the County Organizer, George T. Luce of Silver Springs. He was an able and efficient organizer and spared no pains nor effort to impart the knowledge necessary to the beginnings of a grange unit. He spoke continuously 'til morning dawned.

Of such men were the founders of our American heritage. One point, which we recognized later, too late, was that he did not stress and restress with

emphasis, the intensive and absolute necessity of harmony in the grange. Of course, he presumed that like in all good society, this was selfevident, especially so, when the chief aim is along the line of social and cultural pursuits.

In the early years the grange prospered, there was good harmony, the membership increased, other granges visited us. The Venerable Bro. W. W. Smallwood, at the occasion of the Warsaw Grange meeting with us, in his remarks to our grange said: "Your Grange, though young in years, compares favorably with any grange in the county."

The grange owning its own hall, was a contributing factor to its permanency. To think of disrupting and abandoning the whole effort, was appalling. None wanted that, neither was the harmony preserved to prevent it. Nothing is deadlier than unreasonable disharmony. No one will associate with disagreeable people. The attendance naturally declined. The majority that ruled can rest upon their laurels. After the short life of 4 years, a ruined grange, who's furniture and equipment having vanished from sight, the delapidated hall was sold for delinquent taxes.

There is nothing that distinguishes the Christian gentleman with such absolute certainty and unflinching precision, as the manifestation of kindness to his neighbor.

THEORETICAL EQUALITY

What used to be the "Bees" are the "Co-ops" of today. The husking bee, the quilting bee and a score of other bees are the massing together of people like swarming bees, for the purpose of united, effective action. The principle of mass-grouping for prompt and efficient results was spontaneously suggested and the practice has been in vogue throughout

the ages. The law of selfpreservation is the best teacher on the subject. Agriculture was far in arrears to catch the idea. They were not concentrated in close communication centers to club together for the protection of their interests like industry, who made their implements. What happened? Agriculture was exploited and impoverished for one hundred years, its population decimated to less than one third, while more than two thirds of the entire population is urban. The odds are against us. The modern "bee," the "co-op" is our refuge.

We are guaranteed equality under the constitution. This may apply in the case of free nature, but not in the matter of living support. By custom and tradition and in practice, the farmer to the last whitehaired man is hitched in a fourteen-hour day on the farm, against an eight-hour day in industry. Shall we supply the ropes for new hitches before the old ones break?

IMPULSIVE

Among the early arrivals from abroad was Nicholas Straub, he was a progressive leader and the founder of Straub's Corners now renamed Sheldon. He got at variance with a certain school teacher and after a hand to hand fight the teacher died, but not immediately. It is not now known what charges were preferred against him. (This data is available in the Supreme Court records.) He had a trial and was released. No sentence was imposed. The Straub family remained in business for considerably over 100 years. The granddaughter, Mrs. Pauline Victor sold the hotel property in 1945.

The early text books of our elementary or public schools were free from bias or guile and models of thought and practical application of democratic principles.

From an old model, we chose one of scores of narratives, in testimony of the exquisite choice of material and resplendent and exhaustive portrayal of controverted matter, about which the debate triumphed in the cause of justice.

THE TRUTHFUL KING

A certain Persian king, while traveling in disguise, with but few attendants, was way laid by robbers, who threatened to take not only his goods, but his life. Feeling himself beyond the reach of human aid, he inwardly made a vow, that if God would incline the hearts of these ruffians to mercy, and restore him in safety to his family and people, he would distribute all the money then in his treasury, in alms to the needy of his realm.

The robbers, from some unknown cause, liberated him, and he soon reached home in safety, having sustained no injury, save the loss of the small purse of gold that he had carried in his girdle.

Desirous of keeping the vow he had made, he summoned his officers, and commanded them to make immediate distribution to the poor, of all that the treasury contained, at the time of his return.

But his officers, more miserly than himself, and fearful that they might fall short in their salaries and pensions, began to urge upon the monarch the folly of keeping this rash vow, and the danger of thus involving himself and his kingdom in difficulties.

Finding he still remained firm, they took other grounds, and plausibly argued that the troops and other officials needed aid as well as the poor; and as by the words of his vow, he had bound himself to distribute the contents of the treasury to those who had claim to relief, the public servants certainly came within the required limits. Bewildered by

their false logic, and sincerely desirous of doing right, he appealed to a certain sage who dwelt near the royal palace, and determined to abide by his decision. The sage, after hearing the case, only asked the following simple question: "Of whom were you thinking when you made the vow,--the poor, or the public servants?" The monarch replied: "Of the poor." "Then," answered the sage, "it is to the poor you are bound to distribute these funds; for you are not really fulfilling your vow, unless you do that which you intended to do when it was made." The king was satisfied that this was the right decision, and did as the sage advised.

Let the young bear in mind that God is a being of truth, requiring truth in the inward heart; and, if they would have His approval, and that of their own consciences, they must avoid not only the outward appearance of falsehood, but the slightest evasion or deceit; and when promises have been made, fulfill not only the letter, but the spirit of that which they agreed to perform. Beware of the first and slightest departure from truth, of the least endeavor to deceive, and even of the desire to have others believe what is not so. Let your motto be: The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

A GREAT FUTURE

The Farm Bureau was organized in Sheldon, Aug. 29, 1914 by L. H. Bowen, first Wyoming Co. Manager.

The saying: "A friend in need is a friend indeed," is true, and is nowhere better exemplified as in the Farm Bureau and its agent. He is the farmer's truest and best friend. He is available at any and all times. He knows the technique of agriculture in all its subdivisions and the sciences and arts that pertain thereto. He is the extending cogwheel that transmits the energizing knowledge acquired by

research, back to the farms for practical application. He is the go-between twixt college and farm. The problems are innumerable and increasing. Some of the projects are in their infancy and are promising of a great future. Contour tilling, terracing and ditching will change the topography of the farms. In the state of Missouri, big banks of the large cities are financing farm projects of this type, by making loans to individual farmers to the amount of the outlay required, which in turn is secured, both by the enhanced productivity of the farm and its value. With government support, this enterprise has promise of a ranking utility.

A NOBLE PEOPLE

In preparing our summary we have valiantly tried to hold the fort, however, in the matter of tracing the original settlers, we are in the position of a stalemate. We have no clue, excepting the files of their purchase and transfer.

The good people have departed for richer pastures, leaving no address. We will remember that they fought the battles which freed us from foreign oppression, and upon that victory, they set out to the unexplored wilds to make the country inhabitable. We wish them Godspeed in their memory.

STRUCTURAL ANTIQUES

Among the antiques of civil architecture in the rural areas of the country was the quaintly artful covered bridge, crossing streams and creeks in one span to marvelous lengths. Its open pegged plank trellis on either side carried the bridge and the load of the crossing vehicles. The well braced roof construction kept the supporting trellis rigidly in place. If protected against leaking roofs and spared from destructive washouts, they endured the ages. Of

the hundreds of them in use, never one failed under its load, when in good repair. Sheldon had none, while in our neighboring town to the north they were very popular.

FUNDAMENTAL

History is made every day.

We make no history, we set it to print.

Where silence speaks louder than words, we let silence speak.

We are true to our purpose, offering no suggestions or reforms.

We are in this world to know God, to love Him, to serve Him and to be happy with Him in the world to come.

The Greek philosophers did not know their why and wherefor.

To play ostrich wont pan out. We are here for a purpose, and it's going over, the end is heaven or hell.

We must view the situation with a double aspect, not so much from the present nearness, but rather from its ultimate significance and sequence.

Man was created to be happy. He craves happiness, it is his godgiven heritage, the prime and supremely vital grant that is the cause of our creation and existence. What happens? His creatures ignore Him, apparently the highest manifestation of ignoring within their power to bestow. What becomes of reason, of logic, of plain common sense and decency in such a presentation. If the Creator did not sustain our mysterious faculties, we could not recognize our existence. This is the basis upon which to compute our selfsufficiency. If we love mammon, (the goods of this world) that is no fault, but give the

Creator and His promise first place in your heart.

The greatest crime of all the ages
The curse that most destruction wrought,
Is the outraged Love of the Redeeming Savior
And the insults heaped on the Ignored God.

Nature doeth a God proclaim
Who's laws, immutable, divine
Of our relations to Him speak,
And duties, man to man define.

COUSINS

From the chapel you view the St. Cecilia's School class rooms. You are arrested by the sight, you pause to study and compare. Yes it is true. Of the twenty-five or thirty pupils present, all of the same size, appearance, and stature, suggests a school of twins. We readily admit that this is a debatable question, but there can be no argument on the contention that they are all cousins.

THOMAS

More than three score years ago, some woods were still unfenced, a cross fence at the front served to keep the cattle out. Spotted trees in the line designated the boundaries. Such a primitive area of woodland lay to the west of Cattarangus Road. Bee-tree and fur hunters vied with the elements in their depredations to create a jungle.

Two brothers of school age did their bit to clean up and make fuel wood. An old, kindly, dignified gentleman approached them in the thicket, walking with a cane. He engaged the boys in a friendly conversation and praised them for having the greater part of the woods so well cleaned up. On departing he said: "My name is Jeffry Thomas, I did some

dentistry work for your father." He was then nearly five miles, bee line, from his home. He was the son of one of the earliest settlers.

WASHINGTON'S SECRET

During President Cleveland's first term in 1885 our relations with England became strained on account of certain concessions demanded by England in relation to the Panama Canal. The U. S. acquired the Canal Zone from Panama and built the canal and they believed it was their property. England dissented. They pressed their demands to the point where President Cleveland said: "Pusillanimity is the thief of all time." It was his call for action.

The memories of 1787 and 1812, tempered their ardor and prevented the coming to grips. Their traditions are inalienable. What is to their advantage they can see, what is to their disadvantage they can not see.

About the time of the canal episode a distinguished American was in England, the guest of a prominent member of the House of Lords. He showed the American his collection of rarities in his luxurious roomy castle, and many portraits of ranking Americans who loomed high in statecraft, art and science. "But where is Washington?" the American interrogated. "Washington! We keep him in the privy"; came the retort. "A very appropriate place, very appropriate indeed"; said the American thoughtfully, if every an American could make an Englishman lax, it was George Washington.

HOME

Just beyond our northern border, on a small farm, lived an old man who could recall much of pioneer life. His wife died early and he lived alone

and was inclined to continue in the customs of his progenitors stemming from New England. He was a retired, kindly man and good neighbor. Hunting and trapping was his hobby and his expressed policy: "I rather live a little cheaper and work a little less," was misconstrued and misunderstood. He was sincere in his motive and method of expression. He never bothered anyone. He enjoyed his life as a cherished privilege. Why did they misunderstand him? He was independent and unbeguiled. Why should aspersions be cast to reflect on his alertness, diligence and industry.

We are all living within our means, the difference is, we are putting on "airs", he didn't. The home, when graced and sweetened with kindness and smiles, the heart will turn lovingly toward it from all the tumult of the world, and it will be the dearest spot beneath the circuit of the sun.

LIVE STOCK

Among the first arrivals to succeed the settlers, was Christopher Kolver. He bought a farm on Big Tree Road and entered into the live stock dealer business. Four sons inherited their father's propensities and were dealers in various localities, one being an influential vendor in the East Buffalo Yards. Town Supervisor Henry Kolver, a grandson, living on the homestead is carrying on the local industry which his grandfather founded. In our day, the motor truck and cattle rack abound, the long droves of cattle, sheep and hogs that obstructed the highways are no more. In reviewing the era of the drover period, during the greater part of a century, the bulk of the live stock trade was in the hands of Kolver's.

MOOT QUESTION

For three score years the intersection at Center and Hamilton roads was named Straub's Corners. Mr. Straub arrived with the first immigrant settlers and owned all the land at the corners north of Center road. He also erected two hotels with dance halls and stabling facilities, and three dwellings. He donated six acres of land which is the site of St. Cecilia Church Property.

To some, the settlement was known to be Straub's Corners, to others it was Sheldon. To strangers it was a nuisance. If he called "Sheldon?" The answer was! "Yes!" His comeback! Where is Straub's Corners? You say: "This is Straub's Corners!" The time spent to clear up the disgusting complex was lost to you and to the stranger, while Sheldon was a moot question, because it didn't dare to say that its soul (name) was its own. Among the immigrant settlers are the following: Straub, Geroge, Popp, Lereaux, Schmidt, Sonith, Logel, Faber, Slater, Nimiger, Bauer, Buecher, Backe, Armbrust, Conrad, Bartz, Fontaine, Leforte, Sloand, Stemper, Hyman, Beaver, Minkel, Jack, George Hirsch, Schiltz, Reiter, George, Metzger, Niederbrum, Rengel, Metz, Calteau, Kehl, Simon, Conrad, Almeter, Schiltz, Scheitler, Reding, Musty, Deheck, Kirsch, Stadtfeld, Bettendorf, Erion, Banco, Quast and Miller.

From the original settlers of this section we can list but eight: Hamilton, Barron, Brown, Castle, Person, Sparks, Noyes, Patterson.

TYPICAL SETTLER VILLAGE

More than the other rural villages in Sheldon, Varysburg was the real type of the rank and file of them as to youthful life and vigor. It had the advantage of priority, since the settlement proceeded up the valley from Attica, and the fertile valley of its location was immensely in its favor. Industry

and the handicrafts thrived and prospered.

Down the decent of the decades, the neighborliness, contentment and spirit of community life, of the early constructive period, has never again been approached. With our bow in recognition of the achievement of the early settlers, we offer apologies from our best effort in venturing to name a few: Turner, Vary, Scoville, Thomas, Parker, Hoard, Ward, Cawkins, Persons, Trull and Beck.

PART 3

Immigrant settlers of Varysburg and vicinity, whom we can recall: Wolf, Bauer, Nevinger, Glor, Embt, Barnes, Welker, Bye, Caughran, Knab, Hoffour, Noel, Baetzold, Ripstein, Rapp, Zehler, and Corp.

SMALL TWIN

Johnsonburg may be designated the small twin sister of Varysburg and lies in the same valley two miles upstream. The settlement developed contemporarily with Varysburg and has the same creditable social and economic early history. The early settlers can be traced to name and location in the records of the Holland Land Company: From our limited list, we quote: Johnson, Humphrey, Tozier, Barber, Briggs, Royce, Hoy and Kohler.

PART 3

Immigrant settlers of Johnsonburg and vicinity whom we can recall are: Zehlor, Youngpeter, Bauer, George, Serve and Weber.

ATTRACTIVE TOWN

The history of Strykersville has much in common with that of Varysburg so far as concerns entity and community settlement, but Varysburg was settled first. It lies in the Tonawanda Valley and its business tendencies lean somewhat eastward, especially in the matter of the County Seat, while Strykersville is situated in the Buffalo Creek Valley and its business in the main is westward. While in the old days Varysburg was at least on a par, the industrial era may credit Strykersville with easier and shorter roads to the great factory centers. Among the settlers in this sector we list: Stryker, Warner, Stanton, Hall, Case, Richardson, Demonjot, Hyman, Castle, Kuster, Clapp, Reisdorf, Herrmann, Metzger, Davis, Bennion, Miller and Kreuter.

CENTER

In the early period of development, Sheldon Centre held its own well compared with other local settlements. In the near radius were four shoemakers, two tailors, two blacksmiths, two wagon makers, one tinsmith, one butcher, three stores and two hotels. Later was added, one cheese factory and a large garage structure built of cement blocks. Concentration of industry and mass production have displaced the rural shops to the last vestige and all crafts and trades are spontaneously scrapped. Whatever your skill, in any craft, is of use only in the repair shop. The Community Repair Shop is the only future country factory.

We give the names of immigrants from the locality of Sheldon Centre: Perry, Metzger, Clement, Shier, Becker, Leveque, Martin, Heintz, DeBuse, Marshal, Dorshide, Fugle, Musty, Deheck, Kirsch, Shuler, Reno, Lewis, Logel, Jungers, Loures, Kibler, Hatwas, Reiter, Kalmes, Trauscht, Jacoby, Calteaux, Hantz, Reinhardt and Gutenberg.

HUMPHREY'S

The name Humphrey is well and favorably known in our county and far beyond its limits, on account of the extended banking system operated by them, with headquarters at the County Seat.

In the Cayuga Valley to the south of the Indian Trail, a settler named Humphrey staked his tent, contemporary to the arrival of Turner, Hoard, Thomas and others, and this section of the valley, in distinction of that downstream was named Humphrey's Hollow, while further down, the valley came temporarily into national prominence, as: The Beautiful Valley of Folsomdale, childhood home of Mrs. Grover Cleveland, First Lady of the Country.

Mrs. Orange Tozier was an Humphrey, daughter of the pioneer, and their enterprise at the intersection of Center Road is now known as "Toziers." For this subdivision we can name but three pioneers: Humphrey, Tozier and Barber. Of early arrivals we quote: George, Kirsch, Klinch, Perry, Kemp, Naswa, Francis George, Emlinger, Petrie, Becker, Lambert, Clair, Zehler and Zook.

In the vicinity of Harris on Route 20A we recall the names of pioneer settlers in narrated instances as follows: Diamond, Borden, Harrington, Person, Dalrymple. Early immigrants from abroad: Keem, Moyer, Erisman, Dumas, Boise, Folk, Gonnker, Kelder, Smithley, Stillinger, Schwabel, Glaser and Kinsinger.

The first immigrant to come to an exclusively yankee settlement in Sheldon was Peter Zittel, grandfather of Fred Zittel living on the homestead. He arrived in 1833. Names of immigrant settlers in Dutch Hollow follow, to wit: Zittel, Worst, Gerhardt, Veit, Goebel, Rehorn, Halbbauer, Winter, Dumas, Ess, Ziegler, Merlau, Heinz, Weber, Weidig, Swyer, Kunz, Dellinger, Popp, Baker and Botalo.

ANECDOTE

On the bank at the roadside of the farm presently owned by Henry Logel stood a log house which was the boyhood home of Frank Glaser, the formerly widely known brewer of Strykersville. He, together with three brothers served in the Civil War and was seriously wounded. During the course of the war, in various engagements, all of his brothers fell in action.

After the close of the war he made several trips to Baltimore to purchase surplus war stock in the line of field equipment, blankets and mantels. He married into a prominent family and acquired by purchase the hotel and ballroom opposite the church property at Sheldon. Several years after, the long horses tall barn near by took fire and with it, the hotel was destroyed. Mr. Glaser now took over the Demonjot Brewery at Strykersville, owned by his Father-in-law.

Not many years intervened when a new brewery and hotel were erected, which in its location on a gracefully rising summit, with its unique architectural design and copula, was a landmark that would grace any town. There was but one small brewery in competition and apart from that, the whole countryside was served by the Glaser Brewery. Horsedriven city delivery was not in evidence.

The fire hazard is a definite risk, and if the policy lapsed it is indefinitely compounded. This happened in the instance of the new brewery. From the Insurance Agent who had written the expired policy, we have this first hand version: It was a Sunday afternoon, when I was sitting at my desk typing policies. I was facing a window which gave me a plain view of the brewery some 40 rds. away. Suddenly I saw a cloud of smoke emerging from the roof of the brewery. I knew the proprietor had notice of expiration of the policy, but I had no bid to renew, which he agreed to do if he didn't go elsewhere. At my

arrival at the scene of the fire, I soon learned that the renewal was yet pending.

The first G.L.F. Corporation Stock was sold in this area Dec. 17, 1918. There is a discrepancy on this point, (however, we are definitely certain that our records are correct.) There had been a pressing and rapidly growing need for a check on the quality of manufactured packaged goods, especially feeds, fertilizers and farm seeds. The practice of adulterating these commodities brought about the organization of The Grange, League, Federation Exchange. Our present Agricultural Leader, H. E. Babcock, chairman of the Cornell Board of Trustees was its first General Manager under his successful guidance the G.L.F. developed rapidly. It filled a long felt want. It stands singular in its line of co-operative effort, as to growth and volume of business transacted, it is the largest producer of animal feeds in the world, the result of the feasibility of applied science set to work. The appended extract from G.L.F. Annual Report 1945, illucidates the point.

It is probable that farmers everywhere have had experience with adulterated feeds. In Sheldon, we have had plenty. A young man who was working in one of the big flour mills of Minneapolis, was visiting cousins here. He said: "In the mill where I work, they are unloading carloads of wood powder in the mill. It goes up the elevator--I can't swear to what they do with it, but they manufacture only flour and feed.

About the same time, another young man from Buffalo called on relatives here. He was employed in a linseed oil mill. He said: "You farmers are getting cheated, you don't know how" They are running carloads of sifted coal ashes into the mill where I work!

A cheese maker knew where to get hold of some cheap feed. It had every semblance of wheat middlings

in weight and color and cost \$13.00 per ton in bulk. The pigs would rather starve than eat it, nor would any other animal touch it unless it was mixed with real feed.

A big carload of fertilizer was unloaded in Varysburg by a reliable dealer. The sacks were of white cotton drill, of good weight, all new, printed in large type--Stone Meal. No analysis. The sight on the floor of a new building, piled 4 ft. high attracted me. I stopped to satisfy my curiosity. I got the dope and the price--\$22.00 per ton. I was suspicious but loaded 500 lbs. Sheldon, Orangeville and Attica got the rest. The Farm Bureau said: "You have got something--the sacks."

In Sheldon there are three distinct George families, that are no more related to each other than they are related to the Lloyd George family of England. They are native from three different souvernities of Europe, France, Belgium and Germany, and their relation has nothing in common, excepting the name.

What is a real George in one family, is not of the same species in the others. As far as the few rest of us are concerned, we are satisfied to let them thrash it out among themselves.

A Goal for Northeastern Agriculture

by H. E. Babcock

IN his annual report to stockholders for the year 1944-45, General Manager J. A. McConnell made a significant statement. "For the first time in nearly ten years," he said, "we can



H. E. BARCOCK

begin to look ahead and plan soundly."

When I who am now a farmer read this sentence, two questions popped into my mind: (1) Look ahead to what? (2) Plan soundly for what?

I suppose these two questions occurred to me because of another incident in which Mr. McConnell figured early in 1942. I had then just accepted the appointment as Director of Research for G.L.F. I dropped into Mr. McConnell's office to talk over my new assignment with him. He told me that he hoped I would so direct G.L.F.'s research that I might develop a goal for northeastern agriculture, some program in which G.L.F. might be of maximum usefulness to its members.

Start of a Program

This was just the sort of job I could look forward to with keen interest, even excitement, during the last three years I was to be with G.L.F. I had already decided to retire from the organization on June 30, 1945. The twenty-five years which ended on that date, it seemed to me, would be long

*Mr. Babcock, a founder of G.L.F. and its General Manager 1922-1937, subsequently served as Director of Education, Marketing Counselor, and Director of Research, from which post he retired June 30, 1945.

enough to make my maximum contribution to G.L.F.

Pondering the assignment from Mr. McConnell, which he told me was concurred in by the Board of Directors, I undertook to base my forward thinking on some fundamentals which I felt pretty sure were sound.

Fundamentals of a Program

Here are some of them. (1) Any program for self-advancement in which farmers might effectively use G.L.F. ought to be in the public interest as well as to the advantage of farmers. (2) Such a program should depend on the voluntary cooperation of farmers, using G.L.F. as an instrument, rather than on government. (3) No program could be better in a state or nation than it could be in the community where farmers and other citizens live their daily lives. If it wouldn't work at home, it wouldn't work anywhere else. (4) Any program, to be most successful, would have to embrace enough new thinking and new ideals to attract young people to its support and generally raise the sights of everyone who might be concerned with it. (5) The best program would be one which would utilize to the full existing research and educational facilities and would, through sheer merit, attract support from smart, hard-driving industry and the newly awakened giant, organized labor.

Two Fields of Research

Within these limits, I could see two areas in which G.L.F. might experiment with the idea of giving its patrons something to look forward to, something which might be accomplished by American citizens themselves. Both these fields would serve the same objective--the improvement of the American diet.

I decided that one set of experiments should deal with the community services which would be required to provide a better diet. The other should deal with the steps which might be taken to make better nutrition a national goal.

Competent Leadership Necessary

Just as twenty-five years ago the pioneers who established G.L.F. went to the New York State College of Agriculture at Cornell University for specifications and advice as to how to mix better rations for poultry and livestock, I took my problems in human nutrition to the same institution. I found Cornell willing and able to help. Its recently established School of Nutrition provided a staff for research and education which already was engaged in studies of many of the problems in which the patrons of G.L.F. were bound to be interested.

It was logical and sensible for the Board of Directors of G.L.F. to speed up the work of this staff through a grant to Cornell University to provide it with office and laboratory facilities. It was logical for the State of New York, through its Legislature, to strengthen the School's staff through provision for a strong department of bio-chemistry at Cornell. The whole development moved New York State's concern with what people eat to a level with the concern it had had for twenty-five years over how the State's livestock was fed. G.L.F. was now in a position to go ahead with research along the lines I was thinking.

Food Center at Ithaca

At that time, early in 1942, there was already in operation in the Ithaca community a super-market owned by the Cooperative Consumers' Society, in a building built especially for it and leased to it by G.L.F. Through this market, it seemed to me it would be possible for any human food research or pilot operations which G.L.F. might undertake to make firsthand contact with consumers. Thus it would be possible to test consumer reactions and to study the handling at retail of

foodstuffs, especially those foodstuffs which owner-patrons of G.L.F. produce and may look to it sometime to market. The cooperation of the Consumer Society was sought and secured.

It was next decided to build a freezer-locker plant and a small slaughterhouse which might be used to study the processing, freezing and zero storage of local foodstuffs and the handling of frozen foods shipped in from outside the community. The G.L.F. Board of Directors approved the building of such a pilot plant and an arrangement with the Cornell School of Nutrition for its use for research.

The Cornell School of Nutrition was then asked to constitute a committee of experts — engineers, economists, home economists, etc. — to study all available plans and types of freezer-locker plants in the United States and to develop blueprints for a pilot community service in the processing, freezing, and zero storage of foods in Ithaca.

In due time this committee made its study, drafted its plans, the plant was built, and on May 14, 1945, formally opened and christened "Mother Zero" with appropriate ceremony by the Governor of the State of New York.

Just outside the city limits, a small slaughterhouse was built to service the freezer-locker plant. Truck routes were established for bringing in from the farms livestock and poultry to be killed for freezing and storage in the locker plant.

Mother Zero, with its outlying slaughterhouse, supplied Ithaca with a community service. But we needed to learn more about what housewives would do with frozen foods if they had in their own homes facilities for freezing foods and storing them at zero. An arrangement was accordingly made with several manufacturers of two-temperature refrigerators, zero chests, and farm freezers to offer some of the first of their postwar production to householders in the community.

To enable the Cornell School of Nutrition to observe and study what consumers would do when they had such community and home facilities for frozen food, the public utilities of the

State joined in providing a substantial annual fund for three years to support a special staff to observe and interpret what happened.

As this report is written, the promised home facilities are about ready to be shipped into the community. It is expected that within two years some important observations will have been made. These will be published and made available to the general public.

To complete the Ithaca food center, two additional facilities are needed, a bakery and a restaurant. When these two pilot plants are built and in operation, the Ithaca food research center will then be comprised of the following facilities: a community slaughterhouse; a processing, freezing, and zero storage plant, with both individual lockers and bulk zero storage space for wholesale quantities of frozen foods; a bakery for the preparation of breadstuffs, pastries, preserves and the like, to be either frozen or sold fresh; a super-market for testing consumer reactions to all kinds of foodstuffs and the techniques of handling them; and a restaurant for a final check on consumer reactions.

This food center is unique in three particulars. It provides complete facilities for the best possible handling of locally grown foodstuffs. It provides Cornell University's School of Nutrition with a fine laboratory for studying food handling techniques and consumer reactions. It provides G.L.F. with a series of pilot operations through which it can learn what to do and what not to do in its marketing of human foods.

A National Food Program

With work underway, in a community where people live, designed to answer the questions of how food should be handled and what the reactions of consumers might be, the next step in G.L.F.'s goal for the future, it seemed to me, was logically to study how its members might use their organization to establish a national food program.

Fortunately, enough research had already been done by private and public interests to establish the fact that

the food which is best for people happens to be the food which they also like best, namely, meats based on dairy products, eggs and meat supplemented with fruits and vegetables.

Fortunately also, so far as northeastern farmers are concerned, the foods which people ought to eat more of are the very foods which Northeastern farmers must produce in abundance if they are to stay in business.

Building on this happy combination of circumstances, the research job which would point toward a national food program became one of so stating such a program that it would appeal to the maximum number of interests, and then of learning how to secure the greatest amount of aggressive support for the program.

Ever-Normal Refrigerator

Just as in Bible times and the more vividly remembered 1930's, the ever-normal granary was used as a symbol of a food program—the storage at point of origin at higher than market prices of so-called surplus cereals—the symbol of an ever-normal refrigerator was chosen to dramatize the hoped for new national program.

A refrigerator was chosen because it is essential to the eating of the kind of food which the American people ought to eat for best health and satisfaction—animal products with a maximum of fresh fruits and vegetables. Essentially what animals do is to convert and condense forage and cereals into relatively fragile but highly digestible and easily spoiled foods—dairy products, eggs, meat, etc. To make such foods widely available, fast transportation and all kinds of refrigeration are necessary.

There were additional reasons for choosing a refrigerator as a symbol of a better American diet. The kind of diet the American people ought to eat is based on an animal husbandry agriculture. This kind of agriculture has great implications in the way of supporting family farms, rural political and economic satisfactions and soil conservation. It also has tremendous industrial, labor, and political significance.

Ice Cream and Jobs

To illustrate, consider what happens when a man eats corn meal as mush. Surely not many hours of labor (jobs) are required to feed him all he can hold, nor does he set in motion much industrial or commercial activity. But when corn meal is fed to a cow and the cow is milked, the milk skimmed and the cream used to make ice cream, an entirely different situation results. The consumer who finally eats the ice cream by his act sets in motion a whole chain of jobs. He most effectively lays at rest the idea that before Americans can eat better they must have more jobs. Actually with some forty per cent of all gainful employment in the country concerned with food, Americans by the very act of eating better meals create more jobs.

Summary

During the war years, G.L.F. through its research division was looking ahead. Part of its vision of the future is better food for the half of the population which is not now adequately fed.

G.L.F.'s realistic plan for attaining its goal has two parts:

In Ithaca, N. Y., through a pilot community food handling center and

with the advice and cooperation of the Cornell School of Nutrition, G.L.F. hopes continuously to learn how to market better the foods which patrons grow.

In the Northeast and nationally, G.L.F. is pioneering in cooperation with all interests in the development of a national food program—a program which will guide the nation as it runs into its various food problems, a program which will go far toward stabilizing the American way of life and the health and happiness of American citizens.

This program is simple. Maintain and protect at all costs an animal husbandry agriculture. Constantly improve production and marketing techniques to cut the cost of food to the consumer. Keep up continuous research in human nutrition. Teach children and adults through aggressive educational campaigns based on schools, colleges, and commercial advertising and selling, that the kind of food they ought to eat is important to them. Keep clearly before the public at all times that this food is dairy products, eggs, meat, and fresh fruits and vegetables or their equivalent in preserved form.

SMALL CAUSE FATAL EFFECT

Subsequent to the close of the Civil War there lived in Humphrey's Hollow, young people, who had three sons in the family. In the autumn, after the most pressing work was arranged the husband went to work in a hopyard at Byron.

In the course of time, while cutting hops, he had the misfortune to inflict a slight abrasion or injury in the skin of his leg with the knife. The wound gradually healed, while at the same time, it also developed a small bunch; this in turn became irritable. He came home and consulted a local physician. The doctor examined the enlargement silently, and without warning, suddenly lanced the tumor. He thereby severed an artery. He then bound the leg at the thigh and departed. They could not locate him 'til the third day, and during all this interim the patient suffered the most excruciating tortures. When he returned the leg was dead to the bandage. He amputated it. The most unfortunate victim died in twenty-seven days.

DECENCY

That American Democracy is real, has one looming earmark which the world can not deny, and that is its surmounting respect for others rights, which is inherently observed, and practiced to a nicety. In hardly another country is the sereneness and assurance, born of good will, so pronounced as in our country. The spirit of overlordism in many foreign lands has corrupted respect for authority; the moral law, and even common decency is outraged; sometimes to a nauseating degree.

We know that this is not a perfect world, but of it we enjoy the best.

SETTLERS. DEPOT AREA

George, Streicher, Kibler, Romesser, Davis, Halpin, George, Cluney, Humbert, Hanley, Lorang, Perry, Schwab, Klein, Becker, Bardo, Brill, Bergdol, Serve, George, Jungpeter, Minkel, Bravo, Perry, Gebel, Wilkie, Schwab, Leonard, Dominese, Murphy, Becker, Riter, Reisdorf, Perl, Fugle, Dominese and Harman.

VICTORS

Bauer, Victor, Jungers, Pasch, Hoard, Bardon, Corp, Troll, Kidler and Wittman.

PERSON'S CORNERS. (Turner's Store)

Tanner, Persons, George, Almeter, Goungers, Victors, Felten, Dickes, Logel, Roup, Smith, Gebel and Simon.

SIMPLE LOGIC

Truth and falsehood, like fire and water are conflicting entities that can never be apeaced. They are two opposing realities in which we move and labor, either on one side or the other, and there is no alternative. In every action, we are either true or false. If we are true, we are on the side of Eternal Truth, the immutable Moral Law, and our progress is in natural harmony and peace. If we depart from truth, by the same token, the natural order is disrupted, and we are in conflict with the Moral Law, and the Eternal Truth.

Upon life's constant, fleeting wings
On magic bid, we glide along,
Like the exuberant blue bird sings
We sally with the passing throng.

Placid and in youthful glee
Though--it were forever,
Onward going, careless, free
With but faint endeavor.

Presently we have older grown
Heaving from our nook,
Finding we are quite alone--
In changed position, and in look.

It's then, that lonely feelings rise
That haunt us to the end,
If life, 'til up to our demise
Is not for Heaven spent.

Thirty years after the advent of the first settlers, immigrants from Europe appeared on the scene. The appellation is a vague generality, and leaves a wide range of nationalities as possibilities for their native country. It is a peculiar incidence, however, that all came from an area, comprising various sovereignties, which was the region of the Roman Empire in Central Europe two thousand years ago. Their seats of government were variously at Treves, Aix-la-chapelle and Brussels. At Treves (Trier) there remain some Roman structures of masonry well preserved and in use. This would indicate a civilization of two thousand years duration for the genealogy of Sheldon's immigrant settlers. Some boast, but, O, horror, Rome fell. No peoples outside of christendom were more relevant to the principles of true philosophy than were the ancient forbears of our own.

EPILOGUE

(For the last page)

Your country youth had all the means
To choose and pick and tell,
His life career, his favored leans
His sweetheart, freedom or his cell.

In Webster's he was on the ice
Saw not too much of school,
He picked and peeked to clear his eyes
To aid him ford the rippled pool.

For forty years he braved the fight
Sometimes, 'til one or two,
The more he got of this delight
The better he seemed to do.

Farm Bureau, League, G.L.F. and Grange
Four organizations that we knew,
All came to town, at his arrange
In his lead they started, prospered, grew.

With highest aims and purpose grand
Too many hearts laid low,
Not because we fail to stand
But failed to rise and go.

SHELDON

For God and Country, a cherished home
Our deepest interests lie,
E'en strangers linger to depart
To cling and stay, or live nearby.

Our ancient custom is our pride
It permeates the air,
All are our friends, to keep them such
We strive to be but fair.

WHAT WE CHERISH

To the memory of the cultural and ethical standing of our forbears, we offer a reprint of an obituary written by a casual friend, one of the many, not known for literary attainments: Correspondence. Sheldon, N. Y.

Apr. 13, 1888.

Dear Editor,

Today we have interred Mr. Anthony Deheck on St. Cecilia's Cemetery. It was the largest funeral procession that has yet been here.

Mr. Deheck was born Jan. 28, 1835, a native of Bewingen, Luxemburg, from whence he immigrated with his parents in 1853, shortly after he was awarded a teacher's diploma at the normal school at Luxemburg. He followed his profession and taught school here for many years. In 1862 he married Miss Mary Kirsch, native of the belgian province of Luxemburg.

Consecutively, he held the office of town clerk for 15 years, which speaks for his reliability and competence. He leaves the mourning widow and eleven children, the oldest 25, the youngest 3 years of age.

Deheck was Luxemburger throughout, a man of honor in the full sense of the word.

He was provident to his family and a distinguished citizen.

The community extends cordial sympathies to the bereaved family.

Frank Felten

For Sheldon Historical Manual.

F. W. Kehl

SUPPLEMENT

The congenial printers anticipated a substantial supplement in the nature of a glossary to the work, in order to stress and to emphasize the originality of the text, which has a place and a purpose. It relates realities, essentials and facts, however rudely and crudely presented, which give a true perspective of our economic development.

We may be ever so deficient in format and brilliant presentation of material, but in the matter of veracity and fact we yield no quarters.

At the conclusion of the work we are faced with an unsolved problem in the question of priority in foreign immigration. Roswell Turner the first settler arrived in 1804. History records that Peter Zittel was the first immigrant settler in 1833. This is not corroborated by the evidence. It is a historical fact that the influx of immigrants to Western New York began with the completion of the Erie Canal in 1826. On account of its importance, I will here narrate as follows: On June 12, 1927, I as President of Sheldon Historical Society, accompanied by Mrs. Dr. George McQuilken, Secretary called on Nicholas Keem in the interests of historical research. He said, his father Martin Keem Sr. while blasting in the Erie Canal had the misfortune of fracturing a leg, whereupon he came to Sheldon for asylum and care. This would indicate kinfolk. Furthermore, the incident happened before 1826, when the canal was in operation.

The George genealogy records Perie and Joseph to have arrived in Sheldon in 1833. No one individual has ever claimed priority as first immigrant arrival.

The presumption is, there is none, and that the first arrival was not singular. The official records of the Holland Land Company offer nothing in the premise of residents, but recorded actual transfers by title deed.

Town of Sheldon

INCIDENT OF FRONTIER LIFE

One of the many selections pertaining to rural life, which are regular front-page reading in American Agriculturist, is notable. In the issue of September 21, 1946, there appeared under the heading, "A Trip For Salt," by A.B. Genung, a story of frontier life in Tompkins County, New York, in the year 1804. This story is contemporary with the arrival of Roswell Turner as first settler of Sheldon, in Western New York, and is of singular interest to us. All communities in their settlement period lived a frontier life.

A TRIP FOR SALT By A.B. Genung*

THE SALT barrel was getting low. With snow already in the air this meant a trip to get some, for no frontier family would willingly go into winter without enough of that precious stuff on hand. Benjamin, my great-great-grandfather, had had his plans laid for a month but one thing and another had held him up.

"Ben's cattle are th' only ones fit t' tackle that trip this time o' year," observed Peleg Ellis, whose clearing lay over the hill in Ellis Hollow. "If he doesn't go we'll all be eatin' our meat Injun-style 'fore spring."

Editor's Note: This story is an incident from the career of the author's great-great-grandfather, Benjamin Genung, who was one of the first settlers in Dryden Township and in Tompkins County. He was a Revolutionary soldier, came up from New Jersey with ox team and family in 1799, and settled on one of the Revolutionary land grants which he had bought a little west of Slaterville. The old farm was in the family over a span of five generations, and there is a State marker on the highway in front of it citing these facts.

Salt was eight shillings, a dollar a bushel, through the Finger Lakes country of York State, in that year of 1804. It could be had for sixty cents at "salt lake," up at Onondaga, near present day Syracuse, which was the source of supply. That meant a hundred and forty mile round trip through the woods for himself and the oxen, but Benjamin would sell enough to neighboring settlers so that his labor would be well spent.

The trip could no longer be delayed. Nights were getting snappy and wolf tracks frequently followed those of the deer that crossed the clearing. Winter was nigh.

So Benjamin loaded the long oak-runnered sled with fodder, big tarpaulin, thirty handmade flax bags; put his bearskins on front, carefully nested the long rifle and axe on these, and yoked up the oxen. Bright and Brindle were fast walkers, they would make twenty miles a day easy enough.

On thin but sufficient sledding he followed the rough "track" north through the woods, along that forty-mile Third Finger. After two days' travel he emerged upon the Genesee Pike, the teeming white man's road which not long before had been the Great Trail of the Iroquois, running east and west through their entire Long House. Travelers today speeding over it from Albany to Buffalo know it as U.S. Route 20.

There on the Pike a disconcerting thing had happened; the talk of it was on every teamster's lips. The great Cayuga bridge was down!

East and west across the lower end of Cayuga Lake stretched the most famous bridge in the country, commonly dubbed thereabouts "the longest bridge in the world." This was the gateway to the rich Genesee country. It had been finished only a little while before. The planking on that bridge was a mile and eight rods long, three wagons wide, had cost over \$20,000. A section of it had collapsed with a mighty

splash into the water, carrying down a Conestoga wagon-load of hemp and drowning two span of heavy horses.

So now the hurrying teamsters, settlers, and fur traders either had to detour a dozen miles around the end of the lake and marshes or be ferried across a mile of open water on what was little more than a raft. The ferrymen were reaping a harvest--charging double the bridge toll, which had been two shillings, 25 cents for man and team, and considered the next thing to robbery.

All this afforded Benjamin a traveler's thrill without disturbing him, for he was, fortunately, already east of the bridge and did not have to cross.

A day and a half northeastward from the scene of that excitement he came within sight of Onondaga Lake and presently up to the salt springs near its southern shore. Wildly beautiful was that little lake nestled there amid its snow-sprinkled hills. Here on its eastern shore the great Iroquois leader Hiawatha had called together the five tribes in council to organize their aboriginal league of nations, a confederation that had made them for nearly three centuries the foremost power in North America--and the tragic remnant of which exists to this day.

In the marshy flat around the head of Onondaga Lake were the celebrated salt springs. The main springs bubbled out of the marsh at the foot of Salt Point, on which a little hamlet, fittingly named Salina, was built. Syracuse, which stands there today, still calls itself the Salt City.

Benjamin got his oxen installed and fed in the tavern paddock and went out to look over the salt works. At the main plant the brine from the springs was troughed into big wooden cisterns, whence it was piped into potash kettles holding about eighty gallons each, which were set over wood-burning furnaces. Husky fellows in leather aprons and caps fed wood into

these furnaces, which were so insatiable that all the country near the Point had been stripped of wood and it was being hauled in from some little distance. Wood smoke hung in clouds over the place.

The kettle full of brine would be boiled briskly until the lime was deposited and removed. Then the salt would begin to crystallize, the water was boiled off slowly, and finally the salt was taken out of the kettle and drained dry. They considered it of surpassing quality, white and of handsome grain. Around fifty gallons of brine made a bushel, 56 pounds of salt. They claimed this to be the strongest natural brine in the world.

The principal works here at the Point were run by the firm of Wood & Byington. They would make 100,000 bushels of salt that year (1804), so the men boasted. They were shipping salt to all the regions around the Great Lakes, via Oswego.

Benjamin walked around the eastern corner of the lake to where several Indians and whites were boiling out salt for themselves from other springs. Their equipment in each case was simply a big iron kettle slung over a fire. A man could boil out around 11 bushels of salt a day, if he stepped lively a job of boiling that consumed a cord of wood. The nearby panorama of stumps testified to this enormous use of wood.

At the settlement store Benjamin traded wheat for a list of small things that Hannah wanted: A bailed copper kettle, allspice, English needles, a little packet of cinchona bark for the fever, some hoarhound rocks for the children.

The trader was a friendly fellow. He inquired where Benjamin was from.

"Don't know as I'd like t' take a load seventy mile down into them hills," he remarked. "Weather don't look right."

In the afternoon Benjamin bought his load of salt, thirty bushels, counting down in payment eighteen precious dollars of the summer's wheat money. At the long storage shed he looked up, placing the bags solidly on raised bedlogs in the sled so they would ride the hummocks and slough-holes and stay dry fording the brooks. Over all he spread and carefully lashed down the big tarpaulin.

Then supper at the tavern and a luxurious hour listening to the talk in its smoky tap room, which, unfortunately, was alive with fleas. Over the bar hung this sturdy motto: "All Men Are Created Free & Equal."

It was all vastly entertaining to the visiting backwoodsman, but he was too sleepy to enjoy this metropolitan interlude beyond early evening. Long before daylight the next morning he was headed homeward.

Slowly the stout oxen plodded southward over the hills, their driver walking beside or ahead of them. The Salt Road--so called even today--offered a good track, even if a rough one; but it was a lonely road now, for those numerous loads of salt, lime, and potash that had traveled it all fall were no longer setting out. Too much danger of blizzards.

In fact, the sky this very afternoon had become something more than merely cloudy. It had turned leaden. The look of it was disquieting. Benjamin glanced often at the sky and he pushed ahead until his cattle were plainly fagged, stopping only while there was still daylight enough to make camp. As usual, he felled a circle of maple and basswood sapling so the oxen could browse on those tender buds. Then he built a roaring fire, setting up near it a little sleeping shelter of hemlock boughs. After that, supper. Bacon, sump, dried apples and journey cake--some called it johnny-cake. A final look at the oxen then he burrowed into his bearskins and slept under the snowy hemlocks, feet toward the fire.

But that second night he was awakened by unusual sounds. The oxen were on their feet and restive. Then he heard that sinister clamor--a long-drawn, distant howl, borne thinly through the black woods like the wail of those errie "okis" that the Indains talked about. He built up the fire to bright flames and kept it so the rest of the night. Should the oxen be stampeded the wolves would get them for certain.

Sometime after noon the next day it began to snow. Not a heavy fall at first, but Benjamin was under no illusions. He knew what that leaden sky meant and he could see the tops of the giant pines beginning to bow before a rising north wind. It would be a race now.

Moreover, looking back down a long stretch of road one time, he plainly saw those dog-like shapes in the distance. So they were following him! Even the wolves knew perfectly well what he was up against.

He debated briefly. Should he make for Elder White's mill, which lay only a few miles to the west, on Fall Creek? Or should he keep on for home? With a gesture of decision, he pulled down the forepiece of his fur cap and spoke quietly to the oxen. He'd take this load of salt home, come snow or Satan!

That last day was a fight. It still wasn't snowing hard, yet there was nearly a foot of treacherous, sleety stuff on the ground and the blizzard was building up the hour. The north wind lashed through the forest now with a continuous hollow roar. He spoke of it grimly, aloud to his cattle: "Ol' Ringwood pot's a-boilin', sure enough."

These were prime young oxen, but they were very tired. Benjamin was forced to use the goad freely. Each little hill was a battle now by itself. Slowly they dragged through that swirling white chaos, both man and animals half blinded, sometimes panting for breath. They could not take many miles of this.

The afternoon light was waning when Brindle, the "off" ox, stubbed against a big root under the snow, pitched to its knees, then sank down in an impotent heap. The nigh ox stood spraddle-legged and trembling, head dragged down by the heavy yoke. Benjamin shouted at the supine beast, goaded it, twisted its tail. but could not make it rise.

Then snorts of terror from both animals aroused him to a greater peril. He looked around through the swirling feathers and presently he saw them. Half a dozen or more white wraiths, far apart, moving silently out there in the forest. Big fellows -- timber wolves. They had begun to circle him!

Benjamin yanked the long rifle from under the tarpaulin, primed it, and lay it handy. He was just picking the axe also out of the depths of the sled. The very hair on his neck felt prickly. That vaguely felt sense of impending disaster ~~sharpened~~ down to grim reality. He was face to face with it.

The blow struck with incredible swiftness. He did not even see them coming. Like a lightning stroke, the leader and another of the beasts made their charge, snarling wickedly, closing in, trying for the throat of the down ox. The other ox bellowed and kicked viciously at the enemy. Out there a few rods away, other dim shapes stood poised, waiting to see how this experimental attack would come out.

With a yell, Benjamin leaped across the front of the sled and swung his axe. Its keen blade caught the big leader, slashing obliquely down its shoulder. Instinctively he braced for the shock of its spring upon himself. His axe flashed aloft to meet it.

But, instead, both of the marauders leaped clear and ran back slowly along the sled track. The wounded one was limping badly, yelping and snarling with pain. Its smaller mate bounded on ahead. Benjamin grabbed his rifle and ran around behind the load. Dull thunder roared through the tempest and

that crippled leader rolled over and over, lying still then in the snow. As he swiftly reloaded, Benjamin could dimly see those sinister white shapes converging back there upon the luckless one.

Turning back to his oxen, Benjamin was surprised to find the brindle one on its feet, scratched and bloody but thrashing about strongly. Both steers were trying frantically to get away from that spot. He seized the goad and lay it upon them, speaking to them sharply, steadying them to pull together. The load started forward. The driver dropped quickly back behind the sled again and fired a parting shot at those ferocious raiders. The pack was quarreling over the body of their hapless leader.

"Teach ye t' jump my cattle!" He brandished the long rifle at them defiantly.

The snow was above knee-deep on the level now and drifting fast in exposed places. It piled up against the front of the sled. The animals were nearing exhaustion. And, as the man well knew, those four-legged destroyers would be on his trail again.

Abruptly they pulled into an opening where the drifts were will-nigh impassable. But just as suddenly the two struggling creatures displayed a surge of new spirit. For even to the cattle this was familiar ground. It was their own home clearing.

"We made it," Benjamin told them in a matter-of-fact tone.

As he pulled wearily across the clearing until his buildings loomed up, Benjamin's hoarse but joyful hallo-o-o brought the cabin door open, framing yellow firelight within. Truly a sight to warm a man's heart, coming to it out of that wild white inferno.

Home. Hannah and the children piling out to welcome him. Brief warning of the wolves. Gaunt, steaming oxen being unyoked and turned to grain in the log stable. The salt carried in and piled temporarily right in a corner of the cabin where it was dry.

Home and warmth and the smoky rich odors of food. Blessed rest. Then after a time the family about the supper table, graced for this occasion by a pair of precious tallow candles--ordinarily pine knots in the fireplace gave light enough for thrifty folks to eat by, even for Hannah to spin by in the evening. Eager questions. The exciting tale of that trip to distant Onondaga must be told as they ate, every detail listened to with rapt interest. Little gifts to be distributed and exclaimed over.

Outside the wind hissed through the pines and drove sleety snow against the windows. When this storm was over Father and Barney must get some salt down to the Peats, who were all sick. And the Ellises and Snyders would be coming for theirs. The whole neighborhood would have salt enough now to see it through.

With the reproduction of this sketch, our ideal of perpetuating a true knowledge of pioneer life has been immensely facilitated by the factual portrayal in great detail of minor incidents, which are incumbent only, and can be evaluated but from research and tradition.

We are particularly fortunate to enjoy the privilege to reprint from Dr. Genung, and thus avail ourselves of his rich store of knowledge relative to pioneer life. Such treasures are gems unpurchasable.

My purpose is to get
this book into Father Hehl's
hands.

F. W. Hehl.
It is a strange coincidence
that a few years after the pub-
lication of my book, its sub-
ject matter, "Know your neigh-
hood, help your neighbor," has
become an international
issue.

F. W. K.

The merchant in his niche he stands
In great depair, he wrings his hands.

In Washington they have given up
Their fussy muss, to save the hub.

The people now with silent nod
Avow the charge--we've strayed from God.

Like leap or hope, all things are not the same
With offenses to the full, the final showdown came.

It's for our weal to sheathe the sword
No more revolt, with God, the Lord.

If you board a car on friendly bid
You may emerge from it, a pilfered kid.

We can not replace most things we need
By progress hogtied at the feet.

The mystery 'is that everyone
To bring relief is on the run.

Under such conditions, to free from fears
We must set back the clock a hundred years.

The people were too keenly bent, on pretties--them
to flap

A bonny harvest reaping now, keep out of your own
trap.

The situation is so plain, resolves itself in this:
The maneuvering has to change its course, or all is
just amiss.

The mishaped adventure, to conceal
The enemy's chuckle doeth reveal.

P. O. Strykersville, N.Y. Oct. 2, 1946.
Edwards Bros. Inc.

Ann Arbor,
Mich.

Dear sir, I am returning by
registered mail, master copy of
manual.

I have completed proofreading,
and on a separate sheet inlaid,
are checked all errors by page
and line.

From a promiscuous and diffi-
cult manuscript, you have prepared
an attractive and fascinating
manual.

The typing is beautiful and the
paragraphing is excellent.
I am pleased with the work.

Sincerely,
F. W. Kehl.

ENDURANCE PLEDGED

If this community will endure
Til hate and rancor shall demur,
It will indeed its age extend
Til the world itself comes to an end.