



Sheldon Historical Society Schoolhouse Museum Newsletter

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

Summer got off to a great start with our Town-Wide Yard Sale, and we've had a very special season so far with many visitors. Now here we are with the Wyoming County Fair already over and time for school. We had a small turnout at our July meeting and no meeting in August since it was Fair Week, so we hope many will attend our next meeting on September 16, at the Schoolhouse, 7:00 PM, as we catch up and start making plans for the future.

The Historic Willow Tree

By Mary Ann Metzger

Although there is always a question about the authenticity of folklore handed down from one generation to the next, the legend you are about to read seems to be very genuine. This story is about the fabled "Stryker Willow" planted in the early 1800's by Mrs. Stryker. Her husband Garrett Stryker was the first settler of Strykersville in 1808. He purchased some farmland near Sheldon N.Y. from the Holland Land Company; it consisted of 360 acres at \$2.25 per acre.



Strykersville Willow Tree

(Continued on page 2)

(Continued from page 1)

In 1810 he proceeded to move his wife, Saloma, and their eight children to settle in their new home, moving from Richfield, Otsego County, N.Y. According to passed on tradition, they traveled by wagon with all their earthly belongings to their new home across the state. Martin, their youngest, was carried by his mother.

Mrs. Stryker walked through town; it was then just an Indian trail through the woods, and when they finally reached the farmland and camped for the night, she stuck a willow whip in what would later become the center of town. A lash of this sort was used to guide a team of oxen and sure enough as the story goes it was her riding whip. It is hard to know if she looked around and thought "This is my town, this is where I shall live." and perhaps staked her territory, or if she was weary from the long walk and in desperation planted the twig to lean on as a source of strength. It is said that the twig took root and grew into a giant willow tree which was finally cut down in the 1940's. The townsfolk still recall the Stryker Willow.

Strykersville was rich with fertile, moist land and the whip rooted and took off to become a magnificent tree; its branches reaching out, spreading and hanging low in beauty. It was the first tree to bud in the spring, and the last to let go of its leaves in the fall. In the summer the delicate branches snapped with the wind, and the winter saw the delicate branches hanging low from the weight of the snow. Then a time came when the splendor started to go downhill, as in nature seems to be the case of every living thing. Once a stately tree, a landmark, it became ancient and unsightly.

It was 1944 and on the lot where the willow grew, a home was to be built. The unattractive tree had to come down and to do this it was burned. People were alarmed as the dark smoke filled the town, was there a fire that would sweep the community? A bit of history went up in flames that day, although most did not know of it. How many horses were set to rest under the shade of the willow, how many children spent hours at play, did they perhaps stop to get out of the rain; Were bits of gossip throughout the years exchanged here, whispering under the drooping branches. Was there a bit of solace from the tree when the sorrow of death hit the town and the funeral processions drove by? And one has to wonder if Mrs. Stryker herself noticed how the tree took off. Perhaps she too gathered strength to endure the many hardships of pioneer life.

"The lofty oak from a tiny acorn grows", but in our town of Strykersville, out of a twig a mighty willow tree grew. The beauty of folklore is that there is always a bit of truth, maybe even all of it, in a story retold throughout the ages. Mrs. Stryker died in 1841, Mr. Stryker in 1845; they buried three children in the Pioneer Cemetery on Perry Rd. in Strykersville, prior to their deaths. As the story is retold about the willow tree, a feeling of the quiet, wooded area, Indian trails, and the sounds of nature return to our minds. Today it is hard to find a quiet, tranquil moment amongst the busy world we live in; a step back in time can be very rewarding.

This article was first published in Home, Heart, Hearth, by the Sheldon Historical Society, August 2006. It was found in a book by William N. Stryker, courtesy of Anita Ripstein Hayes. A special thanks to Anita for sharing her research and to Dorothea E. Kirsch for passing on this legend her Grandma told her, for future generations to treasure.

The Historic Willow

Barrenness now resides
where the historic willow stood
Once rooted deep in the rich soil
I weep and long for it.

To witness the new buds
And the green leaves of summer
The splendor in fall,
And snow on the branches.

To lie underneath
And count the stars
Through the arching limbs
As freedom endured.

If we could only follow you
And bend with the wind
Endure the storms
And bask in the sun.

Because it was there
And grew with our town
I yearn to know,
All that went on.

Drooping and weeping,
Roots reaching deep
In my hometown.
So long past, I can not go.

Mary Ann Metzger

Correction to Volume 10, Issue 2, Page 6: The millstone in front of the schoolhouse was brought from the Grist Mill owned by John W. Jones on Centerline Road, between Route 98 and the Depot in Johnsonburg.

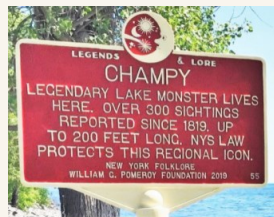
LEGENDS AND LORE

The William C. Pomeroy Foundation provides funding for historic signs to commemorate various historical sites. Applications are only accepted at specific times. In 2022, we plan to apply for a marker for the Sheldon Schoolhouse, which is over 130 years old.

In the meantime, this fall we are applying for a sign through their Legends and Lore program, which is designed to promote cultural tourism and commemorate legends and folklore as part of our heritage. Folklore is the stories, customs, traditions and crafts that are passed on from one person to another, generation to generation.

The exact GPS location and permission from the land owner are essential requirements for this sign. Can any of our readers help us to pinpoint the location of the Strykersville Willow Tree?

If so, please email: townofsheldonhistorian@gmail.com or call (716)474-3156. Thank you.



This is an example of a sign that was erected by the Pomeroy Foundation in 2019.

“One of the most amazing things to think about is that we are all a part of history, right now. History never stops. Our news and mass media today will serve as the textbooks and learning tools of future generations to come. History is not just about the past, it is the present, and it helps us move forward in the future.

Preserving our roots and remembering where we came from helps to act as a window to the past. History shapes the lives of every single person on this planet. It serves as a teacher, guiding us to make the right decisions and aiding us to avoid the wrong ones. Preserving our history shows respect for those who lived before us, solidifies a community’s past and molds its future.”

~Anna Brouse, 2017 Scholarship Winner, Pioneer

Note: Miss Brouse graduated with her RN degree in 2021. We were glad to be of some small help to her.

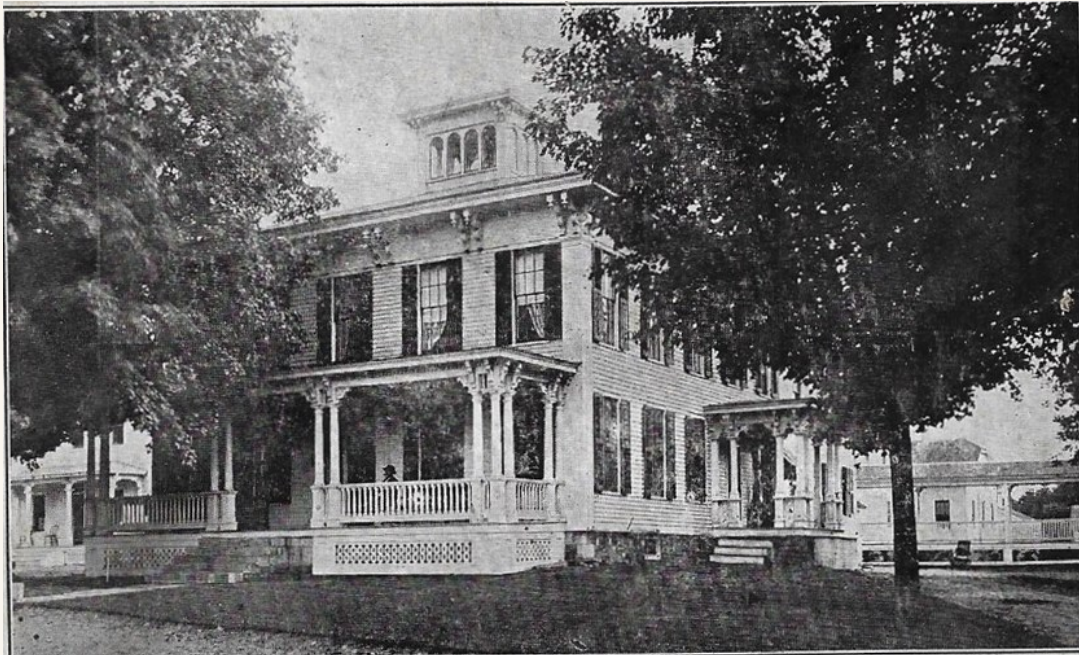
History of the County Home

(Part two - Continued from Vol. 10, Issue 1, February 2021)

The Closing of the County Home and Remembering "God's Acre"

By Laury Lakas

For many years, the Wyoming County Almshouse served a need in our small community, whether it was for an elderly or disabled person who had no family to care for them or just that their family had no means to care for them. Maybe it was a safe haven for someone down on their luck who needed a helping hand to get back on their feet; a place to find a dry bed and a warm meal. Perhaps it was a stop for a poor wandering soul who was still searching for their perfect destination. As an asylum, it also gave a home for the mentally challenged and disabled, allowing them the care they needed.



Wyoming County Almshouse, Then and Now, View from Route 20A

At its peak, the home was also a productive farm, with many of the residents helping with the work growing crops and caring for livestock. The money generated from selling the produce helped support the facility. But as time went on, building maintenance was needed and costs for residents care was increasing. The proceeds from the farm was not covering even half the expense for the inmates. State and Federal money was received to defer the costs, but in time the facility's expenses just became too much for the County. First the women's building closed, then the men's population gradually decreased. In early 1955, the Wyoming County Board of Supervisors voted to accept a bid of \$25,555 for the barns and tillable land portion. The stock and equipment had been sold at a previous auction a few months earlier. The facility still carried male residents until late 1959 when the board voted to permanently close it. The remaining 15 men staying there were transferred to other facilities. At auction, the remaining buildings and land became the property of Joseph Boxler, who had also purchased the outbuildings and farmland.

In the mid 1950's, a group collaborated to find a location for a youth recreation camp. A portion of the land on the North side of Route 20A once used by the County home was combined with additional acreage to form a 280-acre retreat. It was first used for camping in 1962 and is still currently used today and is known as Camp Wyomoco, the name being a combination of Wyoming and Monroe Counties. The 4-H Camp is not far from where I grew up. Every summer, you would hear the children yelling and cheering as they played and enjoyed the outdoors. The property borders up to part of Stony Brook Creek. There are beautiful waterfalls and rock wall formations. It is also the site were Mary Jemison hid out with the Seneca Indians during General Sullivan's raids in 1779, but that's a story for another time.

When the home was in operation, there was an obvious need for a burial ground for the residents that died while in the County's care. Just south of the buildings on Royce Road is where this sacred ground is located. The site was also used for burials of people that weren't residents of the home; people that didn't have family or anyone to handle their burial needs. It was recorded in the death records of the Town Clerk as Potter's Field and after 1897 as Peck Lot. A short write up I obtained from the Wyoming County Historian's Office states that at one time, the cemetery was referred to as "God's Acre." There are approximately 300 burials; 260 that have been matched to a name. The last known burial was in 1960.

Sadly, as with many inactive cemeteries, they eventually become neglected, overgrown, and some even forgotten. If there was no written documentation of the burials, a cemetery may have disappeared, never to be found again. This is even more true for burial grounds that were used for poor houses or insane asylums. Some have been discovered, usually when land is developed for a community need. While doing some online research on a website called "The Inmates of Willard 1870 to 1900", I learned that in Highland Park in Rochester, New York, there is an area called the "Remember Garden". There is a large rock with a plaque on it honoring the many men, women and children that are buried there. They had been residents of Monroe County's Almshouse, insane asylum and penitentiary during the 19th century. The mass grave was discovered in 1984 when the area was being landscaped. So sad that these people were just disregarded, buried, and forgotten. How could this happen? Fortunately, in Wyoming County, the grounds were preserved. Some of the original buildings are still in use and the burial ground, although once in terrible condition, is now maintained. Sometime in 2004, a group from SASI (Suburban Adult Services Inc.) decided to take on the project to care for the burial grounds. They worked on it weekly as weather permitted, removing brush, debris and whatever else had been thrown on the property. Stones were uncovered and straightened. They even constructed a sign and flower beds. After the initial cleaning was completed, they just needed to mow, weed, and water the beautiful flowers planted. What a wonderful service they have provided.

(Continued from page 5)

Funding from the Orangeville wind turbine project was put to good use repairing gravestones and putting up much needed signage for the cemeteries within the Town. Deciding what to do for the County Home cemetery was a challenge. The markers, being so small, didn't need any repair, as they had already been straightened by the volunteers, and the sign was there, that was so thoughtfully designed, also by the SASI volunteers. Their sign was showing wear though, and it was decided to incorporate their design into a new sign. Much discussion was had over whether the names of the buried should be memorialized somehow on the sign, but due to the discrepancies in the older records, it was decided not to list the names, as some would have to be left off. With the possibility of over four hundred interred there, it would be a near impossible task to identify them. Early records are unavailable; some burials may not have even been recorded. Town death records are only available from 1882 on. The County Historian's Office was able to create a listing matching names to stone numbers, but not all the information was available from the records provided. A great effort was made to make sure the individuals buried there wouldn't be forgotten. There are 265 graves identified on Findagrave.com, with 89% having already been photographed. This site is a great resource for any genealogist. Many thanks are due to those who contributed the information and took the time to add the names and photos to the website.

At the Town Clerk's office, you can find most records for people who have passed within the Town's borders. I decided to do a little research on a few names selected from the list provided by the County Historian's Office. I found that one who died in January of 1882 had no record, because the record didn't start until October of that year. Another I picked, was titled as a Dr. who had died in 1921. His record was at the clerk's office and it stated he was a Dentist; interesting that he would end up at the County Home, perhaps he didn't have any family to care for him? I also found that many who died while at the Home are buried in other cemeteries. The third name I looked up had died in 1929 and may possibly be a Civil War veteran. Unfortunately, there was no record at the Town Clerk's office. Is it possible he became very ill and was transferred to the Wyoming County Community Hospital? If he passed there, then his death record would be at the Warsaw Village Clerk's Office. I didn't research that any further. As many of you genealogy researchers know, you can lose days doing research and get nowhere. If you have internet access, Ancestry.com is a huge resource for death and census records. It also includes newspapers.com. I found a few newspaper articles on there that pertained to the County Home that I found useful for this. Many sites like this offer free trials, and you can do a lot of research in a short period of time, you just need to remember to cancel the trial before they bill your credit card. So, to any of you that have looked for a family member or loved one and have hit a dead-end, don't give up hope, keep looking, they are out there somewhere.

I visited the cemetery not too long ago just to see what kind of condition it was in. The grounds are being maintained, and the sign stands proudly, very visible from the road. If you are ever in the Varysburg area, perhaps just passing through on Route 20A, take a few minutes and check out the remaining buildings of the old County Home, and make the short trip down Royce Road to see the Cemetery. Take a couple minutes to honor the ones buried there, as every human life, no matter what the history, should not be forgotten.



This shows the sign as it stood in 2014 and the new sign that was installed in 2017.



From the Sheldon Schoolhouse Museum and Town Historian Jeanne Mest:

We've had a record number of visitors and new members in 2021, and it started in May with a delightful visit from Diane Kaplan Broomell from Boston, Massachusetts. Diane was excited to learn about four local families she descended from; Suttells, Keems, Reisdorfs and Glasers. Becky and Norm Suttell, and his sister Elaine Suttell Murray, came to meet her at the Schoolhouse Museum and brought pictures of their ancestors and got acquainted. Diane stayed in the area for a few days and we were able to arrange a guided tour of St. Cecilia's. Diane was determined to find the Keem homestead, and we learned there were actually many Keem homesteads but the original one was the home of Martin Keem, just over the border into Wales Ctr. She was then able to connect with more Suttell relations, including Jim and Ron Suttell, who live in Washington State. Ron and his family then visited us in Sheldon, this August, also meeting Becky and Norm and our very own Ron Suttell of Sheldon. They brought us a thick folder of historical photos and information for our Suttell Family File.

Next, Elizabeth Gerhardt Love from NC and Esther Moore Kopp of East Aurora came to the Schoolhouse. Cousins, they met for the first time at our museum and exchanged all kinds of information and pictures. Esther told us the story of her mother, who was one of four little girls left orphans when their mother died at a very young age. Relatives were going to farm them out, but their grandmother, Sidonie Stein Heintz, insisted on taking in all four children and raising them. Both Esther and Elizabeth were descendants of George and Sidonie Stein Heintz. Elizabeth and her husband Jim have photographed and listed thousands of headstones on Findagrave.com. Also, their own website contains a vast amount of Sheldon history: http://www.possumjimandelizabeth.com/xhtml/gene_NY_splash.html

A few weeks later, JoAnn Lynch (daughter of Niles and Margaret Heintz Ingersoll), came to see us from Tennessee. JoAnn's mother Margaret was a descendant of William Heintz (George's brother) and related to various Smithleys, Ehresmans and Firestines. JoAnn and her husband Tom spent hours looking through the photographs in our collection. Best part? We were able to pass on some of the history Esther and Elizabeth had shared with us; it was very helpful to JoAnn as well. This is what we love to do, help our visitors with what we can, and then enable them to help each other.

The Dunce Cap

The earliest known written mention of a dunce cap was in Charles Dickens' 1840 novel, *The Old Curiosity Shop*. The cone shaped symbol of idiocy gained popularity during the Victorian era in the US and Europe and continued to humiliate schoolchildren well into the 1950's. As if standing alone in the corner wearing it didn't draw enough attention to you, sometimes the dunce cap even featured bells.

information from the Library of Congress



Norm Suttell & his sister Elaine Suttell Murray, with new cousin, Diane Kaplan Broomell.



There's something about that dunce hat, it brings out the kid in everyone! I'm surprised he didn't try the stilts.



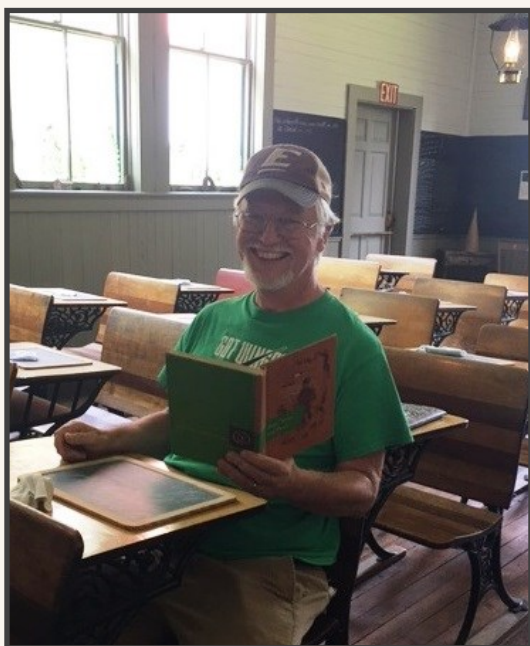
Zachary, Vera & Elizabeth Kirsch



Strykersville Town-Wide Sale, 2021

Our 30th Annual Town-Wide Sale was a great success, with beautiful weather and a large turn-out. It brought many new guests to our Schoolhouse, where our classroom curator, Laury Lakas, and her student helpers, were dressed for the times and gave the visitors the experience of attending school in the 1800's.

Many of our members worked very hard to make this day happen. The Town-Wide Sale and Basket Raffle is the only fund raiser that is put on by the Sheldon Historical Society. We use the funds from this and our membership dues and donations to care for our museum, purchase supplies, print and mail our newsletters and provide scholarships. Our thanks go out to everyone who donated baskets or helped in any way. There are several ways to help, but one of our greatest needs is for volunteers to relieve our museum sitters and basket raffle workers. It is actually fun to come into the air conditioned museum and just talk to people and help them enjoy their visit. You also get to meet and chat with a lot of people when helping at the basket table. Even if you don't usually attend meetings, this is a great way to pitch in and get to know other members and help out our historical society.



Dan Smith in the Classroom

Former student finds his name in the book

Dan Smith, who attended School #10 from Kindergarten to Grade 5, visited the Schoolhouse in August, along with his wife, Linda, and brother, Terry. He walked through both rooms, telling us where everything was. Dan reminisced about how Miss Dorothea Kirsch was his teacher and used to pay them 10 cents a week for clapping erasers. Then they would buy Luden's wild cherry cough drops for candy on the way home. He remembered snowball fights with the kids at St. Mary's School, across the road.

But the highlight of his visit was when he started looking at the old schoolbooks. He said to his wife, "I wonder if I can find my old book", and sure enough, he did! There was his name written inside the cover in the list of students who had used it.

**Sheldon Historical Society Schoolhouse Museum
Marilyn Smithley Memorial Scholarship**

Each year we award a Scholarship to a high school senior at Attica, Pioneer and Holland High Schools. Applications are available in the Guidance Office at each school. Applicants should be planning to further their education at a college or trade school. It is not necessary to be a history major, but they should have an interest in history. This is one way we try to give back to the community and continue the mission of our school, by promoting education.

Thank you to all our members and friends, for your dues and donations that make this possible.

Our scholarship winners for 2021 were Alexis Dimick, Attica, and Ty Zepp, Pioneer.
(No applications were received from Holland)

We gave an additional History Award of \$125 to McGuire Insley, Pioneer and Elizabeth Hirsekorn, Attica.
In 2022, the Scholarship Amount will be increased to \$500 per school.



Robert and Donna Kirsch will celebrate their 60th Wedding Anniversary Sept. 12, with family and their wedding party, at the Roycroft Inn. Bob and Donna were married Sept. 9, 1961, at St. Cecilia's in Sheldon. They were blessed with three children; Dan, David and Christina and three grandchildren. Donna is our historical society treasurer and she is a "treasure". She always keeps us laughing. Donna and Marian Lefort are responsible for all the work of providing the beautiful flower bed in front of the Schoolhouse Museum.

WELCOME TO OUR NEW MEMBERS:

Annual:

Ann Corwin
Steve Perl
Judy Hamilton
Barbara Eley
Paul Rampino
David Mellody
Larry & Jean George
Mr. & Mrs. Mark Laufer

Judy Ross
Judi Gussman
John Yetter
Marilyn Crow
Gerard Henry

Lifetime:

Diane Kaplan Broomell
Mark Kehl
Donald Suttell
Christine Reisdorf
Mr. & Mrs. Ed Fontaine
JoAnn Ingersoll Lynch
Daniel Smith

We lost a longtime member when Millie Ash passed away July 5, 2021. Mildred Helen Richardson was the daughter of Ivan and Helen Musty Richardson. Millie was born November 30, 1929 and married Clarence Ash Jr. on May 13, 1950. They were the parents of seven children and numerous grandchildren and great-grandchildren. Somehow she found time to be very active with the Sheldon Historical Society and St. Mary's Church, and was a charter member of the Ladies Auxiliary of the Strykersville American Legion 6 Star Post. Her father, Ivan Woods Richardson, served in World War I and died from the results of mustard gas poisoning when Millie was very young. His story is told on page 11.



Jane Wilcox and Jeanne Mest at the Schoolhouse Museum.

Jane E. Wilcox, a genealogist from Saratoga County, visited the Sheldon Schoolhouse Museum in July to learn what genealogy resources are available in a small town historical society. She is researching the unique collections and often unknown resources that are held by public libraries, county archives, town historians, and genealogical societies. We were able to show her some very old historical records from Sheldon that would not be available elsewhere.

In September, Jane will apply this research when she is the speaker for the Ontario Genealogical Society, on "Resources for Researching Your New York State Ancestors" and she is also writing a book on this topic.

Memorial Donations

Jackie Fauls sent a donation in Memory of her great, great grandmother Lucy Morgan, who is buried at Humphrey Hollow

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

Ivan Woods Richardson, "World War I, Day by Day, An Inductees Journal"

Ivan Richardson was born August 10, 1886, to Eugene and Sophia Richardson. He worked as a barber until 1918, when he joined the 307th Infantry A.E.F. and was sent overseas to France. He kept a diary from 1918 to 1919, which was published years later by Raymond G. Barber, then Wyoming County Historian. Ivan's descriptions are so vivid, I could not put the book down. He wrote in it almost daily. It feels like you are right there with him, experiencing everything from the shots, the weather, the food or lack of it and the long marches, sleeping on the ground, in caves and deserted barns, as their division moved through devastated towns in France on their way to the front. Ivan retains his sense of humor, despite the horrors. After the war ended, he came home, married Helen Musty and had a daughter, Mildred, but his health had been badly affected by the mustard gas. He passed away Dec. 11, 1930.



Ivan Woods Richardson

Some excerpts from his journal, which is available to read at the Schoolhouse Museum:

April 6-We left Camp Upton at 2 am. Reached the Ferry at NYC, landed at the White Star pier and boarded the British Transport Justicia Sun., Apr. 7 - We spent our first night on board sleeping in hammocks. The man who thought up that hammock idea ought to think once more and then die. The hammocks are so thick that I can reach out and touch five men, from my hammock. The food is rotten and I have the worst cold ... we have an awful big load of men, some mess if a sub gets us. I can't describe this place where we eat and sleep, no one could, hammocks are hung in every square inch, it looks like cobwebs and seed corn, of all the crazy houses I ever got into this has got them all beat. Still it's funny, sometimes I laugh and swear the next breath. [The Justicia was the 3rd largest ship in the world. It was sunk by torpedoes on July 26]

June 10-Left at 12:30 am, marched about 3 miles to Herndon and were packed into cattle cars four deep, not enough room for all of us to flop at once so we have to watch our chance to get room on the floor for a little sleep. I am writing this standing up and this train rides like a stone boat. Six mules are shipped in the same sized car and we number 38. A tin of canned willie and hard tack twice today.

June 26-We go up to the front tonight. We have no rifles and have not received our pistols yet so guess we will have to fight with stones or club. It sure is a well regulated army that sends men to the front without anything to defend themselves with except their fists. There are rats here as big as bears and lice as big as mud turtles and no scarcity of either. Same evening, 12 M., Brad and myself are on gas sentry from 12m to 3 am. We can see and hear the firing at the front and wake up the bunch if a gas shell drops near.

June 28-Scratchville - Brad and I had our first ride in an ambulance today, we are in an open air hospital being treated for scabies. Upon our arrival here we got a good bath, then greased ourselves with Sulphur and Vaseline. If there is anything in this army we are missing, I would like to know what it is.

Sept 5- Valley of the Vesle-We lost our cannon in the River Vesle while trying to get it across a damaged bridge. We arrived at the front yesterday pm after going through all kinds of shell fire. The bombardment from Jerry lasted all night and shells were breaking all around us ... We fished our cannon out of the river yesterday. Rice, our mechanic went in and hauled it out under all this shell fire and believe me that was excitement enough to last me a lifetime.

Sept. 29- Received orders last night at 2:30am to move forward with the 3rd Battalion; we marched through the bushes and shell holes carrying our gun and ammunition, marching in water up to our knees to keep out of machine gun bullets that were whipping over our heads, crawling on our stomachs like snakes and now are waiting orders in a trench. I just took off my socks and wrung the water out of them and put them on again. It is cold and we are hungry as well as soaked to the skin and covered with mud from head to foot. We've been under a German barrage, gassed and snipped at with machine guns.

Anyone who can be cheerful under these conditions ought to be a married man.

April 24-I am a free man at last, I drew \$118 with my discharge. Have been in the Army one year and two months to a day. I guess this is the last chapter in this little book and I am some thankful to be here to write that chapter. There have been many times during the last year when I thought it was all over but the flowers and slow music, but church is never out until they stop singing and they haven't stopped yet."

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

Coming Soon: Aunt Nancy, Ceal's Memories, Kehl and Schuessler family histories and the story of a generous millionaire.

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Meetings of the Sheldon Historical Society are held on the third Thursday of each month through October, at 7:00 PM at the Sheldon Schoolhouse Museum, 3859 Main St., Strykersville, NY. All are welcome.

For research assistance or appointments, please call 585-457-3061, 716-474-3156 or email: townofsheldonhistorian@gmail.com.

Copies of A Gallant Lady are still available for \$10; \$12 if mailed, or free with a new membership.

Newsletter compiled by Jeanne Mest, with the assistance of creator/consultant Mary Ann Metzger, Scott Barvian and many volunteers. Submissions welcome. Email or send articles & inquiries to: Jeanne Mest, 470 Route 20A, Strykersville, NY 14145

Newsletters can be emailed if you prefer. Also, we have some large print versions available if needed. Previous newsletters can be seen at <http://www.townofsheldon.com> or Facebook: History of the Town of Sheldon, NY

Sheldon Historical Society Officers:
 President - Michael Szucs
 Vice President - Carol Felski
 Secretary - Laury Lakas
 Financial Secretary - Donna Kirsch
 Board Members:
 P.J. Almeter, Chairman;
 Janet Kirsch, Barbara Logel,
 Elaine Almeter, Judie Coffey, Steve Lakas
 Museum Curator - Barbara Logel
 Classroom Curator/Orangeville Historian -
 Laury Lakas (laurylakas@gmail.com)
 Archival Curator/Sheldon Historian/
 Newsletter Editor - Jeanne Mest
 (townofsheldonhistorian@gmail.com)

Newsletter printed by: Hilltop Printshop, Mount Morris, NY 14510 (585)658-3311

Sheldon Historical Society Membership

Being a member of the Sheldon Historical Society means being part of preserving history. Dues and donations support the maintenance of our museum and historical artifacts. As a member you have voting privileges, and newsletters are sent to you at no cost. The membership year is from July 1 through the following June 30. Current membership status is shown on your mailing label. Please remember to renew yearly, and let us know of any address changes. If you are currently a member, thank you for your support!

Membership Application or Renewal

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

Name _____ Phone _____

Address _____

Email _____

Annual Memberships:

___ \$12 Single ___ \$20 Family ___ \$10 Student or Senior (60+)

___ **\$75 Lifetime Membership**

___ **Would like to make a Donation**