

NNHS NEWS LETTER

Northville Northampton Historical Society

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Editor
Gail M Cramer

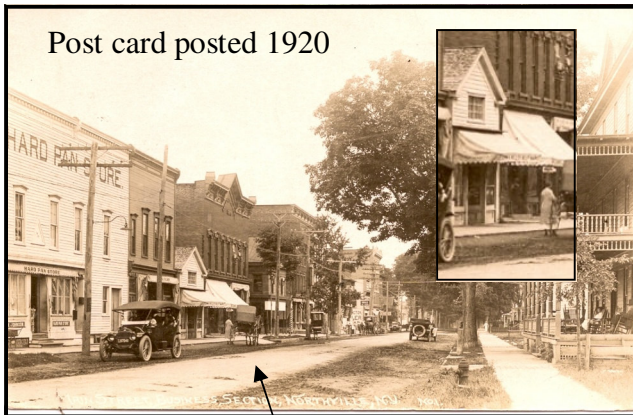


THE KITCHENETTE

Grand Opening “again” of a Local Historic Restaurant

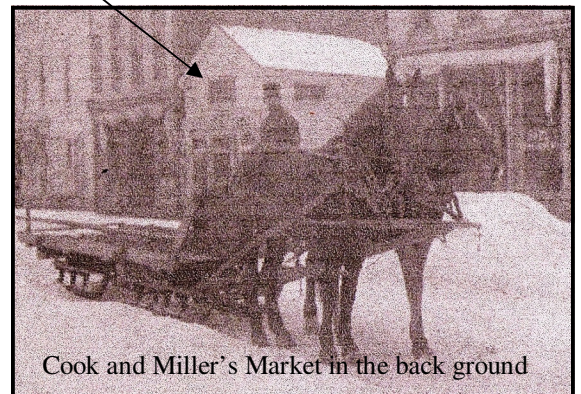
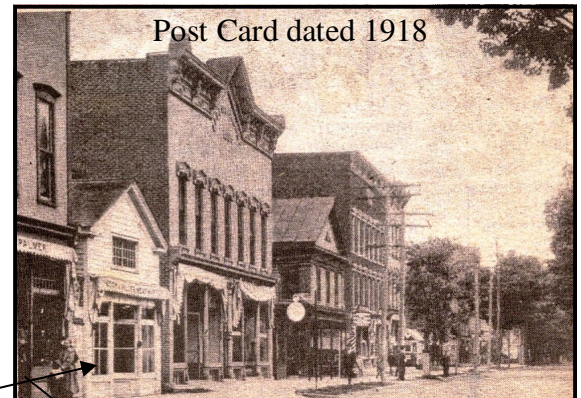
Local Coffee Shops/Diners are often the foundation of local communities. There seems to be one in every little town. It's where people not only go for a good cup of coffee, or a meal, it is a place one feels camaraderie, meets friends, and catch up on the latest local news. I heard someone say, “the kitchenette is Northville's version of the “internette”. Some folks never miss a day going to the diner for their morning coffee. As of February 2014, Shelby's Kitchenette is under the ownership and management of Jackie Nichols

Post card posted 1920



Cook and Miller's Meat Market

Post Card dated 1918



Cook and Miller's Market in the back ground



Some time between 1947 and 1955

Berge's Kitchenette

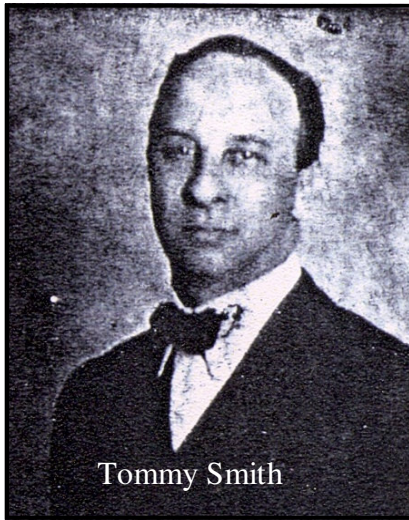
Note the post office was to the right of the diner and the Star Theater is still in operation.

Someone told me that when the skating rink on Water Street was still being used, some of the skaters often walked up to the diner with their skates on, to get something warm to drink.



HISTORY OF THE KITCHENETTE

Researched by Gail Cramer and Terry Warner



Tommy Smith

First of all, the original building was used as a meat market, run by Cook and Miller. According to a 1971 newspaper article, Tommy Smith was the owner of the diner prior to 1929 through 1943. While Tommy owned it, according to "NORTHAMPTON Times Past, Times Present" by C. Russell, there was a fire in the early 1930's, that burned the upper floor. While the building was being refurbished, Tommy operated the diner out of the basement of the R. Willard Block. After the restaurant was rebuilt, Tommy's diner continued on until Tommy sold it in 1943. Between 1943 and 1955 the business was conducted by two different families. Mildred and Dick Berge operated the diner from 1947 to 1955. We have yet to find out who ran the restaurant between Smith and Berge's.

1955 - 1971

Dorothy and Chauncey Ferguson took ownership in 1955. Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hannah bought the business from Ferguson's.



Dorothy and Chauncey Ferguson

Changes Name

1956 Morning Herald

Chauncey Ferguson, who has been operating the restaurant in Northville for the past year known as Chan's Restaurant has changed the name to the Kitchenette Restaurant

Ferguson's son, John, told me the story about his father naming the restaurant "Chan's Restaurant", and then changing it. One day a stranger from out of town stopped in and asked if they sold American food.

1971 - 1984

Edward and Ruth Hannah purchased the Kitchenette from Ferguson's. Dorothy Ferguson waitressed for Hannah as well as did Josephine Catanzaro.

Inside Hannah's Kitchenette with Terri Errico, Ed Hannah and Dorothy Ferguson

1984 - 1988

Ed Hannah sold the business to Millie Vickery and her boyfriend George Klementowski. They redecorated the interior by moving the grille and sink to the back of the building.

1988- 1989

(about 1 1/2 years)

The Kitchenette business was owned and operated by Bill and Sue Wright with waitress Karen Campbell and cook, Dick Morey.

For a Snack or a Full Course Dinner

EAT AT
B E R G E ' S
Restaurant

Good Food — Clean Surroundings

MAIN STREET Call 9205
NORTHVILLE, N. Y.

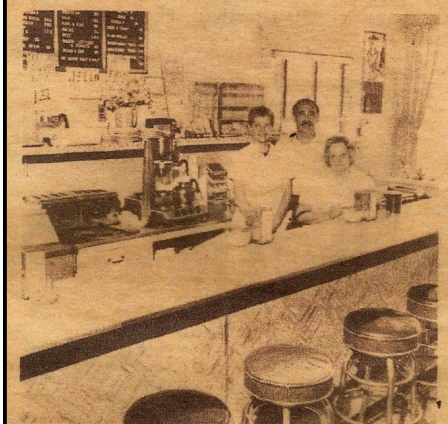
Christmas Wishes

Our very best wishes for a truly wonderful Christmas.
Chauncey & Dorothy Ferguson

KITCHENETTE RESTAURANT

Main Street
Northville. N.Y.
1970 yearbook ad

the KITCHENETTE RESTAURANT



"Headquarters for Good Food"

MAIN STREET • NORTHVILLE

Over the years there have been numerous changes within the restaurant from new counters, style of tables and chairs, art work on the walls and location of the kitchen area. The building was always rented from the owners who over the years were Pete Miller, Bill Conover, and currently owned by Shawn Darling and Lee Robinson.

HISTORY OF THE KITCHENETTE CONTINUED

1989 - 1991
(about 1 1/2 years)

The restaurant was owned and operated by Sonja Hinds with her son Tom cooking and daughters Lynn (Abrams) and Kim (Warner) waitressing.

1991 - 1996

Sonja sold the business to her son Tom Hinds. He operated it with his sisters and Louise Smith.

1996 - 2001

Smith's Kitchenette was owned and operated by Steve and Louise Smith.

The restaurant was closed for about 3 or 4 months until the next owner

2002 - 2013
(just shy of 12 years)

Brenda and Jim Decker along with Brenda's sister Janet Graham bought the business. Janet withdrew from the business and Brenda continued by herself. After Janet withdrew she often helped her sister out as well as many of Brenda and Janet's family members.

(Shelby's Kitchenette)
2014

Brings us once again to a new owner, Jackie Nichols, who also owns and operates Shelby's 4 Corners Diner in Edinburg. Jackie has redecorated, including a new lowered counter with new stools. We are happy that she continues to use the "KITCHENETTE" name. We wish you the best in this new adventure in Northville. This particular diner has always been "special" to our local folks, so thanks for continuing our popular and memorable Northville historic establishment.



JACKIE'S "OPENING DAY"

PURCHASE RESTAURANT

April 5, 1947 newspaper article
in the Gloversville Morning Herald

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Berge have purchased the restaurant on Main street formerly owned by "Tommy" Smith. This restaurant known as Tommy's". Restaurant" was in business about thirty-five years and known the country over.

Mrs. Berge, the new owner, was chef for five years at Old Orchard Inn at Sacandaga Park. Mr. Berge who has been connected with the General Electric in Schenectady for the past thirty-one years, will assist Mrs. Berge in operating the restaurant. They will also employ several waitresses.

The place is now undergoing cleaning and renovating and will be open to the public in the very near future. The Berge's plan to have the restaurant open from early morning to midnight.

(Mr. Berge died in 1955.)



Customers toasting at the Grand Opening
Warner's, Crannell's and Cramer's

Shelby is Jackie's daughter.



NORTHVILLE FOLKS WE WILL NOT FORGET

I received this picture last month. On the back of the picture was written, Amsterdam Glove Co Annex, Northville, NY. It is actually Darby's Glove Shop that was on 2nd Street, just north of Division Street. The upper floor was destroyed by fire. Doug and Marion Parker bought it and restored the first floor. They lived there until their deaths. There weren't any names on the back of the picture. I could identify 3 of the ladies and asked a number of our senior citizens to help me identify the rest of them. Donna Bergens Breda said that there is a group of ladies she went to school with that meet together once a week. She showed them the picture and they were able to identify some of them. I need your help to identify the rest of them. Please send me any names that aren't mentioned here.

Ruby Smith, Ida Harrington, Gaynell Spencer, Martha Groff



Myrtle Edwards, Mrs. Ward Bennett, Mary Meyers, Eva Van Every, Mildred Filkins and they thought the man was Mr. Brooks. (could that be Floyd Brooks?)

In the January issue of NNHS newsletter there was an article on NCS Bus Drivers. I knew that probably more drivers would be identified when the article was printed. Thanks to those of you who have informed the editor of bus drivers that were not mentioned.

Those not mentioned: Orville Lawrence, Sr., Don Town, Fred Decker and Skip Anderson, Daniel Riedell Can you think of any more?

CHARACTERS IN TOWN

As historian of our town and village, I have been collecting stories, genealogies, and pictures of local folks. There have been many people (some like to call characters) that have inhabited our town and village over the years. It would be neat to write a book or at least a pamphlet about these so called characters. I've often heard stories when some of us older folks have assembled together here and there. We have some great memories, stories, some funny, and some just interesting .

There are nicknames that we remember, incidents, and specific idiosyncrasies. I'm wondering how many of "us" will someday be remembered as one of those "characters". I wouldn't want to embarrass any families by using real names: Remember Bare Bill, Hippity Hop, wonder what I'll be called ???

I ran across this little article written about one of these folks from back in the 40's and 50's who was known by everyone in town. Her full name won't be mentioned but some of you'll know who she was. One little story I remember was sometimes when she'd go into the grocery store, she'd just "take" an item and when accosted by the manager her reply would be , "The Lord provides".

The young boys in town would run the other way when they saw her coming because she'd pinch their cheeks and talk on and on to them and the boys didn't want their friends to see them.

She always dressed very fancy and old fashion. She lived in an apartment in the Wright Block. The apartment over what was the video store or as some will remember Dodge's Department Store.

I think it isn't true that she just dropped by in town one day. I believe her family was from this area at one time before the flooding of the valley.

THE LEGACY

It was not quite a week before the holiday when I asked the question.

"Are we having company for Thanksgiving, Mom?"

The answer was neither what I expected nor wanted. It was more like a thunderbolt!

"Yes, we are having company," she said. "Allie is coming."

Now Allie was the town eccentric. She was probably forty-five or fifty, ancient to a child of twelve. Her unruly brown curly hair was massed on top of her head in the period of the '90's; her skirts swirled about her ankles in a fashion I could only remember from the movies. Over her arm she carried a large beaded bag which could easily have contained a week's laundry. She was just not with it at all.

Oh, how it hurts to remember now, but I was ashamed to share our Thanksgiving day with her. What would my friends think? Here was I, stuck with Allie for the holiday. How COULD my mother have done this to me?

No one knew exactly where Allie had come from. She just sort of drifted in to the Village one day and after a few weeks, decided to stay. She lived in a tiny three room flat over the stores on Main Street. The flat boasted an old fashioned bay window facing the main intersection of town. These windows were, weather permitting, always thrown wide open, lace curtains blowing in the wind, while Allie praised God without ceasing in the mightiest soprano you ever heard! You can speculate, can you not, how we kids coming home from school reacted to this? She was, of course, the butt of corny jokes and girlish giggles.

Allie didn't mind, though. She gave a few music lessons, sold religious objects, sometimes door to door; and it was reported, behind closed doors, that she had rich relatives who sort of paid her to make a life for herself. Anyway, she managed to keep body and soul together. She was pleasant and smiling, always scrupulously clean, and never missed a funeral or a Church Service.

Continued on next page

Allie arrived at our house at about 11:30 on Thanksgiving morning, prepared to spend the entire day. Her rusty taffeta dress rustled restlessly about the top of her slippers and she plucked at the beaded band about her throat. Resplendent in black jet ear drops, a huge opal brooch nestling above her bosom, she was a slightly worn page from Godey's Ladies Book. Her hair, as usual, had a life of its own, escaping in merry tendrils all over the place. Over her arm her beaded bag swung, like a metronome, ticking a rhythm as she walked.

My mother was an excellent cook; my father, rest his soul, a patient man; and I, in spite of myself, was fascinated by the conversation of the two ladies and the depths of Allie's knowledge on diverse subjects.

We finished dinner and Allie graciously consented to entertain at the piano. (Ah, please don't let my friends walk past! Mother, Mother, how could you?) The long afternoon finally faded into evening and the cold turkey and salad was digested. Just before leaving, Allie dived into the depths of her beaded bag.

"This is for your hope chest, Ruth dear," she said, proffering a small white tissue parcel. "I trust that when you use it, you will remember me and the most enjoyable Thanksgiving day I've ever spent. Friends are, after all, the real treasures in life. May you always be so blessed."

Feeling only slightly guilty I opened the package. Inside was a most exquisitely designed, intricately wrought old sterling silver jelly spoon.

The gift has lasted, and so has the blessing. The spoon is valuable in today's market, but the blessing is much more valuable. I never polish my silver without recalling Allie, and today, thank God, I've learned to appreciate people, and life, a whole lot more than that stupid brat of yesterday.

Thank you Allie, and Happy Thanksgiving.

Anonymous

SNOW IN NORTHVILLE (Nothing new)



Reed Street 1920



5th Street before we had the village transportation crew we have today

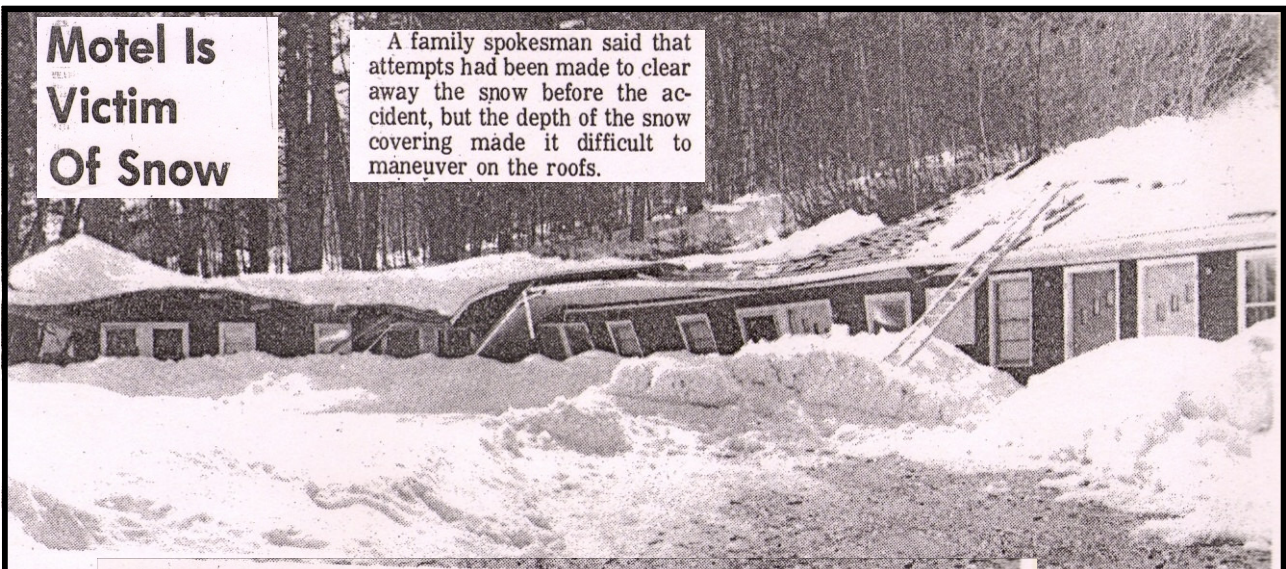
NORTHVILLE—A spokesman for the Gilbert Topliff family of Sacandaga Park, owners of a motel on Route 30 which collapsed under the sheer weight of snow, said today that tentative plans are being made to rebuild when the weather conditions permit.

The roofs of eight of the 12-unit Sacandaga Motel collapsed about 5:30 last Sunday afternoon, bulging out the wooden walls on the front and back of the structure.

Customers at a nearby pizzeria said "the ground shook" when the roofs crashed.

A family spokesman said that attempts had been made to clear away the snow before the accident, but the depth of the snow covering made it difficult to maneuver on the roofs.

Motel Is Victim Of Snow



A LARGE PORTION of the Sacandaga Motel at Sacandaga Park lies crushed and buckled under the weight of the winter's heavy snowfall.

Seen, March 14, 1971