

NNHS NEWS LETTER

Northville Northampton Historical Society

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Editor
Gail M Cramer



NORTHVILLE BAND AT THE 1939 WORLD'S FAIR



Mr. William Brittan received an invitation for the Northville School band to play at the 1939/40 World's Fair from Captain LaBarre, conductor of the New York City Police Band.

The invitation was presented to the Board of Education and a number of musically minded people in town. Mr. Rockwell Pitbladdo set the ball rolling by donating \$25. toward the financing of the trip to NYC.

A committee, headed up by Mr. William Kested undertook to make this great experience happen. In almost no time all the money, chaperones, a doctor, nurses and buses were arranged for the trip.

66 band members were an excited group of musicians. Some never believing they'd ever go to NYC say nothing less playing in band at a World's Fair.

Chaperones

Mr. George Horton
Mrs. Clarence Catanzaro
Mrs. Spencer Wilder
Mrs. Bordon Warner
Mrs. Henry Torrey
Mrs. Raymond Berry (nurse)
Mrs. Raymond Buyce (nurse)
Dr. Esther Ward (doctor)
Mr. and Mrs. Harold Boulton
Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Hayden
Mr. and Mrs. William Kested
Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Buyce

Money was raised through local citizens, donations, organizations, PTA Roast Pork Supper and parents.

The cost of the trip including meals, lodging at a hotel, transportation, ice cream treat, plus misc. \$454. 36 total for all 66 students and chaperones.

UPDATE ON OUR Old Sanford Fire truck

A new tire has been purchased and put on one of the rims. The original tires were/ are still on the truck.

Someone has just donated \$300. toward the restoration of the truck so we have purchased another much needed tire.

The plan is to have the truck in the July 4th parade. Doubtful a new engine will be in it by then, so it will have to be towed. Hopefully seeing the fire truck will spark some local interest in helping with the restoration. (one person can't do it all)

Update on the motor. We haven't found a motor like the original (yet) so most likely a Hudson motor (which we have) will be installed temporarily so at least it will run.

A lot of work to be done but we feel it's worth it to save it. Help support this effort call 863 2628



Northville Band playing at the World's Fair.
Note in the back ground the large round ball of the Fair's Symbol.

MR WILLIAM J BRITTAN Band Director

Mr. Brittan may have been the most talented band director Northville ever had. He was able to recruit students and encourage them to be serious about their musical talents. He was loved and respected by all his students. He always produced superior concerts, to the enjoyment of the citizens of Northville. Unfortunately he didn't have a music degree that was required by the state so in the late 1940's he was dismissed from his job.

PROGRAM FOR THE WORLD'S FAIR

June 8, 1940 3:30 - 4:30 P.M.



| | |
|--------------------------------------|---|
| March | "Charge of the Lancers" |
| Medley | "Echoes from the Opera" |
| Air Vari | "The Old Home down on the Farm Baritone solo by Gerald Buyce Student conductor Mabel Foster |
| March | "Stars and Stripes Forever" Featuring piccolos by Nina Benton And Joy Olmstead |
| Poet and Peasant Song | "The Bells of St. Mary" Featuring marimba and cornet by Nansie Hollearn and Durwood Whitman |
| Polka | "Friendship" Trombones: Gerald Buyce, Arthur Ginter Trumpets: Elwyn and Elwood Ginter |
| Prelude and Fuguo in G Minor Song | "On the Road to Mandalay" sung by Frederick Faraone |
| Overture | "The Traveller" |
| Overture | "Land of Liberty" |

MEMBERS OF THE BAND

Lewis Abrams
 Nina Benton
 George Bills
 Donald Boulton
 Guy Burton
 Betty Buyce
 Gerald Buyce
 Nancy Catanzaro
 Donald Dallman
 Emma Dallman
 June Davison
 James Dearing
 Fred Faraone
 Barbara Foote
 Delbert Fraiser
 Ernest Gifford
 Elwood Ginter
 Arthur Ginter
 Elwin Ginter
 Gordon Hammond
 Robert Harris
 Grace Hayden
 Ruth Hayden
 Carol Heath
 Nansie Hollearn
 Daniel Hollearn
 George Horton
 Suzanne Houghtaling
 Phyllis Hugo
 Durwood Whitman
 Melvin Wilcox
 Mabel Foster
 Anna Lawrence
 Frances Lawrence
 Winifred Lawrence
 Eleanor Lawton
 George Loucks
 Gladys Marlett
 Mary Meter
 Doris Miller
 Gerald Mills
 Leonard Murphy
 Franklin Olmstead
 Joy Olmstead
 Vivian Pearsall
 Kenneth Pearsall



WALKERS

(versus kids that rode a bus)

In the January issue of NNHS newsletter bus drivers and bus kids were featured. Someone emailed me that they had always been a “walker” so had different experiences than the kids who rode a bus to school. It was suggested that maybe the “walkers” might want to relate their memories.

by Cookie Langr Blanchett

I really don't have much to say about walking to school any more than every other walker. For me it was over Reed to third and down to school, catching up with the Van Every girls and Joan Benson, stopping at the Scherer's Grocery Store for candy if my path didn't take me past my Dad's store. When we got to Bridge and Third, Clarence Davison our village “Cop” would be at the crossing and would warn us about the alligator in the sewer drain. We didn't carry book bags back then, but we had to carry our instrument on band practice day or when we were to take a music lesson.

After school my usual path would be to Tuccio's for a cherry coke and some juke box music, or to the drug store for an ice cream. I think maybe they sold Hershey's ice cream even back then. Walkers and Bus Riders as well would sometimes go to the Sugar Bowl at lunch time for a hot dog or toasted cheese sandwich. I remember that Virginia Nolan whose father ran the Adirondack Inn would stop at the Drug Store and that the huge St Bernard would follow us back along Bridge Street Virginia didn't like to hang onto pennies so she would throw them away along the way.

When I would stop to pick up Joan Benson she would go find quarters which she had hidden under rocks in her yard and we would go to the Sugar Bowl for a soda.

My brother Frank and Harry Savage would sometimes drive to school and do 360 turns on Third Street if the roads were slippery.

I would also stop at the post office after school for our mail as there was no home delivery.

The Magic Disappearing of a Classmate By Shea Dunham Lauria

Every morning I would run out of the house and join my friends, Pat and Babe Crowter to walk to school together. It was a short walk of around a block and half, and always filled with our laughter as we rolled along. We had endured a heavy snow storm, followed by some rain the night before. It made a very slippery walk for us. At the corner of the Kested's house we turned left and ran to the empty lot on the corner of Washington and Third Street. We always used this short cut and we reached the middle of the snow covered field. The three of us were babbling away and all of a sudden there were only two of us.. We had hit a soft spot and Babe, who was in the center, had sunken down to her neck, while the rest of her was embedded in the snow. The edge of snow around her body was very sharp from the frozen ice, and Babe's arms were down so far that she couldn't use them to crawl out. We made many attempts to pull her out, but we just couldn't do it.

Many kids passed by and offered their help but to no avail. Finally one of them thought of running over to school to get us some help. It was a short few minutes and we saw Francis Rhodes and another man come running. Mr. Rhodes had brought an axe and chipped away the snow around Babe. This allowed us to get to her and pull her out. We were three happy young girls. We thanked everyone and took off for the school. We knew by now that we were late, but we knew that we definitely had a legitimate excuse. After hearing our story, we were giving late passes and we scurried off to class. I am pretty sure that none of us ever told our parents about
(Continued on next page)

Walker's Comments

(From the late 30's and 40's)

“I always went home for lunch.” R.B.M.

“ I walked by myself or with a friend, my parents never walked me to school. D.B.B.

“I rode my bike to school, and cut cross the lot where Hyde's live today.” G.M.C.

“ I walked to school and if I was late Mrs. Cunningham would use her 18” by 2” ruler and hit my hands hard.” J. S.

“I had to wear wool snow pants and jacket over my dress” M.R.G.

“I had to wear buckled boots long after most kids were just wearing low over-shoes. One day I hid them under one of Griffen's big pine tree before I got to school. They weren't there when I went to get them after school. Never found them.”

F. S. B.

I got detention once for taking a short cut and walking on the grass on the school grounds.

W.F.C.

Walkers (and probably bus kids) NEVER went in the front door of the school. That door was reserved for teachers only. D.B. B.

Continuation of "The Magic Disappearing of a Classmate

this experience, as we didn't want them to forbid us to use our short cut. (I think that was the only time someone totally disappeared as I was talking to them, even though I am sure many have wished they could)...ha ha

It's very interesting that the kids on the north end of town rarely crossed Bridge Street to play with the kids south of Bridge Street. There were exceptions if you knew someone real well from church or a special friend at school. The two pictures from the 1940's shows some kids from both ends of town.



Johnny Williams, Harry Savage Janice Van Every, Toni Langr (Close), Frank Langr, Jimmy Bown. Georgia Thompson(Jacquard) and Valerie Bown in the back row.



Little boy in front is Harry Mosher..., Sally Angel and Ann Angel
Back row: Rusty Mosher, Gail Crannell(Cramer). ? , Robin Mahar

Another interesting fact is if you lived on the south end of town you 'went Upstreet (meaning main street) if you lived on the north end you would say you were going "Downstreet". When I moved out of town which is now route 152 we "went Overstreet". I checked a local diary written 1897 to 1915 and an entry said "Fay went downstreet to buy groceries and to pay the water rent". (they lived on Prospect St on the hill behind Presbyterian Church) I also checked my mother's 1929 diary and she mentions going Upstreet.

Does this still hold true with today's generation, or the new people in our village? I called Klippel's and talked to James who told me he says "Upstreet" and he thought he's heard kids call it that.

Thanks for sending along the newsletter. Another bus driver that I remember, (maybe I missed him in the listing), was Harold Bell. He used his own station wagon the same as Vera Brownell, and brought in the children from the River Road in Benson. Those children included his own, Cora Blowers, and the Wadsworth children.

Other names of bus drivers keep coming in.

Rev. Earl Hunt .. Rev. Paul Wilson ..Hicks Fowler
Mr. Abrams .. John Willard Jr.



Old and New
fire truck tires



NORTHVILLE FOLKS THAT WE WILL NOT FORGET

MARIE SMITH

Many of us old timers remember Marie working at Tennant's Gas Station on Bridge Street. She was the first woman I had ever heard of that pumped gas. Women just didn't do that back in "those days". Folks I've talked to remember her well. I asked her sister Fran Smith Brown if she'd write up her memories of Marie.

My Sister Marie

My sister, Marie Smith, was never into buttons and bows. She was always a "Tom Boy". She sure made us proud as she won race after race at the ice skating competition down at the Little Lake in Northville. The older generation will remember the nice ice skating house with its wood stove and wall benches. It was down the bank behind Allen & Palmer's store. Most of Northville enjoyed that rink, kids and grownups alike. Marie also did barrel jumping with her racer skates.

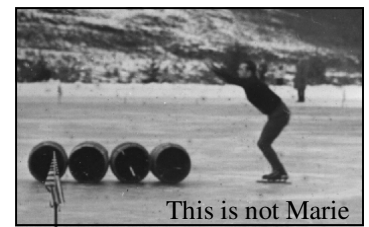
Always a dare devil, she really enjoyed life and people. One summer she jumped from the top of our blue bridge on a dare. Always with a smile, she'd help anyone in need, young or old. Quite a prankster, but also there to help family and friends alike.

She spent quite a few years working at Tennant's Garage. I doubt she worked on cars, but she did pump gas, run to auto Supply Stores, and schedule appointments, etc.. Marie always work slacks when not n school. She was ashamed of her legs. She thought they were too thin and we could not convince her otherwise.

Marie was my protector. Five years and 5 days older meant she was "BOSS". She was never mean to me, but she always had the last word.

Finally she moved to Indian Lake where our grandparents had lived for years. She continued her happy go lucky life there for many years until 1992. I still miss her and her generous ways. Always will, but what nice memories. Enough to last me a lifetime.

Fran Smith Brown



Tennant's garage was located on Bridge Street where the gas pumps for the school, town, village and ambulance are now located.

Ice skating house on Water St

Barrel jumping on Water St
ice skating rink