

MEDINA BUGLE

A Publication of the Medina Historical Society

Jan 2012

President's Message

As the new President of the Medina Historical Society I would like to thank all of you for your encouragement as I look forward to serving this great organization.

I admire the core of dedicated members who have built this society through the years and I am humbled by your knowledge and commitment to preservation.

One of my first goals of 2012 is to listen to our current members and reach out to our past members so that we can develop a plan to grow our base of new members.

So I'm ready to get started and ask for your help and in turn I will commit to provide the type of leadership necessary for us to continue to move forward in 2012

Happy New Year

Reinhard

Next Monthly Meeting

"Show and Tell"
Monday 1/30/2012
7:00PM
Lee-Whedon Memorial
Library

Officers 2012

President Reinhard Rogowski
Vice President: Craig Lacy
Treasurer: Sandy Tompkins
Secretary: Shane Sia
Board: Cindy Robinson, Georgia Thomas, Catherine Cooper, Frank Berger

Snow, Snow, Beautiful Snow.

By Jack Wasnock

In the late 80's Robert Kester and I worked together in the Roll Coating Division of Eastman Kodak, on Ridge Road, Rochester, N.Y.

Bob lived on Orchard Street, Middleport, N.Y. and I lived on Culvert Road, Medina, NY. We rode together changing drivers every day.

We were working the afternoon shift, (3:30 - 11:30), on a Saturday.

Some one had a radio on. It was stated that the roads in Orleans County were closed by a bad snow storm.

The weather in Rochester was clear and the roads were O.K. We decided to come home. The roads were very good until we got west of the Hamlet of Murray.

I was driving and Bob was riding shot gun. The snow was falling very fast and building up fast, and the visibility was next to nothing. It took two pair of eyes to see much of anything.

The things in our favor were we knew the Ridge Road and there were no other vehicles on the road.

We got to Childs, and we knew where we were because of the stop light. We slowly continued driving west and somewhere west of the hamlet of Gaines. Bob, let out a war hoop. There is a car coming at us. I stopped the car and slowly moved on. The car was in the ditch, on my side of the road.

There were two men, in the car. They had been at a basketball game at Niagara University. . and were heading back home at Rochester.

A couple of minutes later a snow plow coming from the west and stopped to see what was going on. The men

wanted the plowmen to take them to the Village Inn, at Childs.

The plow operators would not take them as there was not enough room in the truck. Now I had four people in my car. I knew of a few homes where I would be welcome. But I had four people and two I did no know.

We continued west on Ridge Road, driving on the wrong sides of the road. At least the road was better and we had a snow banks, that the plow had made to go by.

I got to Culvert Road, and as luck would have it. A snow plow had made a single pass down the road, a short time before. When we got to our house, we had to get Bob's car out and my in. Bob headed for Route 31.

I don't recall the parking arrangements now. But we had four cars at our house. Two cars for the boys, a car for Carole and one for me.

We got in the house Carole fixed the three of us something warm to drink. Carole made up the bed in our daughter Kate's room. She was at college at the time.

I finally got to bed; the dog started to bark and some one was knocking on the front door. I went down to the door and there was Bob, he had gone into the ditch about a mile south of us. We got him warmed up and put down in the living room.

The next morning, the men from Rochester made some phone calls. Shortly after breakfast the tow truck picked them up and left for home.

Bob made some phone calls also. The weather being clear, Carole and I left for 10:30 mass at Sacred Heart Church. Father Gene had a very short service. We started home and turned on Culvert Road, there was Bob, going home.

We had the shades pulled to keep out the cold and the heat in. About 1:30 the phone rang, it was Bob, wanting to know if I was going to work or not. I asked why. Bob asked me if I had looked out side lately. I told him no and then I looked out side, I could not see the road it was snowing so hard. I told Bob that I wasn't going to work.

Bob, told me his wife Gail, who was working at the Medina Hospital. Had left work at 12:00 and it took her an hour to get home in Middleport?

I don't recall if I went to work on Monday or nor. It may have been my day off.

Orleans Memories Presented by Frank Berger

Author: Arden McAllister

Early settlers came into Orleans County in a variety of ways. Some came in ox carts or Conestoga wagons, by stage or packet ship, by horseback or by foot. But one is said to ice skated all the way from Albany to Holley on the new Erie Canal. His name was Lars Larson.

Mr. Larson was one of the 53 hardy Norwegian sloopers who sailed from Stavenger, Norway on August 7, 1825. The little sloop "Restoration" encountered heavy storms at seas. The huge waves and troughs toss the little ship violently. It beams groaned and creaked and the winds howled. The children were frightened and Martha Larson bore her first child

We worked three shifts one week each, 7:30 A.M.to 3:30 P.M, 3:30 to 11:30 P.M. and 11:30 to 7:30 A.m. Every 28 days we would move up a day, for our weekends. Monday and Tuesday off, then Tuesday and Wednesday est. We had eight Saturday and Sundays off a year.

A few days later Carole and I received a gift certificate for the Village Inn, in Childs, from the two men in Rochester. Carole and I enjoyed a very good dinner.

at sea. After 98 days, the ship with its little band of thankful folks sailed into New York harbor. On October 13th the U.S. customs seized the sloop and jailed its Captain for having exceeded the number of passengers allowed. The fine was \$3,150. In court the discouraged Norweigans pleaded innocent of the U.S. law. The plea moved President John Quincy Adams to pardon them. The Sloopers, temporarily housed by Quaker friends in New York, were most anxious to start for Kendall in Orleans County where Cleng Peerson had purchased land for the colonists. They wanted to start before the canal froze. The majority sailed up the Hudson River on a steamboat and then on to the Erie Canal to Holley. They probably encountered Governor Clinton's official flotilla opening the canal somewhere between

Rochester and Holley. They then walked the ten miles from Holley to their lands on Norway road in Kendall. When Lars Larson, who had to remain behind to sell the sloop, sold it for \$400 and finished all the business in New York City he took the boat to Albany. But the canal was closed for the winter. Undaunted, it is said he purchased a pair of ice skates and took off to the west on the icy canal.

The Larson family stayed one year in the Norwegian colony in Kendall. He returned to Rochester where he built and sold canal boats. He and Mrs. Larson made their home a reception center for fellow countrymen who came to

America for a new beginning. In 1834 the Larsson moved on to Illinois as most of the Sloppers did.

INDIVIDUAL (
\$15.00/YR)
FAMILY (\$20.00/YR)

SEND COMPLETED APPLICATION
AND CHECK OR MONEY ORDER
TO:

NAME(S):

MEDINA HISTORICAL SOCIETY
ATTN: MEMBERSHIP CHAIR
406 WEST AVENUE
MEDINA, NY 14103

ADDRESS:

MEMBERSHIP DUES: _____

ADDITIONAL DONATION: _____

TOTAL AMOUNT: _____

PHONE:

E-MAIL:

Medina Historical Society
406 West Avenue
Medina, NY 14103
Phone: (585) 798-3006
<http://www.historicmedina.org/>

