

FHS Newsletter Editors
PO Box 36
Apulia Station, NY 13020

Newsletter
of the
Fabius Historical Society

No. 25

Summer 2013



GERTRUDE JONES BUTTS REMEMBERS
HER EARLY LIFE IN FABIUS

A Newsletter from the Fabius Historical Society

PO Box 27 FABIUS, NY 13063



President's Message

Hello Everyone,

As each day goes by I feel so blessed for being a long-time resident of Fabius. I love it here. The natural landscape shaped by the glaciers is very appealing to one's eyes. The abundant wildlife, whether visible every day or possibly seen only once in a lifetime, depends on a person being in the right place at the right time. But there is more. It is the people of Fabius they are wonderful. My new neighbor made me smile when he remarked that he has made more friends in Fabius in three months than he did in twenty years in Syracuse.

There was a large attendance at our March program, Dr. Milton C. Sernette's talk entitled "From Muscles to Motors on the Farm: Henry Ford and the Great American Tractor Wars: 1910-1930."

The photo of the Fabius Fordson was taken in 1927. Are you wondering who the ladies are? At left is Helen Heffernan Steves and Mary Shea Martin is holding the hat. I have a special link to these ladies; their daughters, Patricia Steves and Mary Kay Martin, were my classmates.



PIONEER MUSEUM will be open weekends during June, July, and August from 1pm-4pm.

If the main gate is open, drive straight through to the stop sign, park in lot on right and walk across the road to the museum.

If the gate is closed, turn left at the gate and drive to the parking area of Skyline Lodge. At the office, you must ask about getting through the gate (which is probably unpadlocked), as the office wants to know who is in the park when there are no parties.

MEMORIAL DAY CELEBRATION will again feature our Fabius Veterans display, Robert Good's Collection of Militaria, the Fabius Scrapbook Collection of Judy Conway and a slide show, by Chuck Kutscher, entitled "The Girls of Atomic City," the untold story about the women who helped win WWII. Hope you will join us on Monday, May 27, from 9AM to 3PM in the Fabius Area Community Center on Main Street, Fabius.

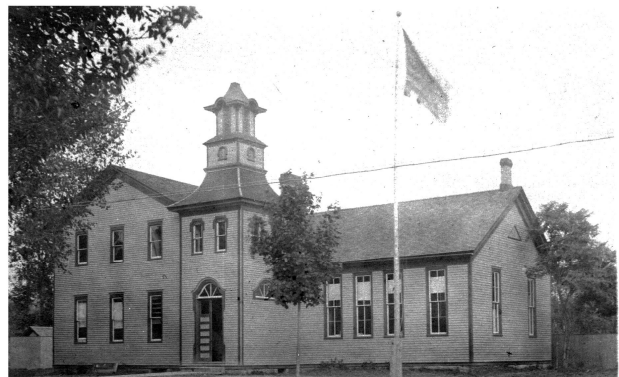
Sandy Beglinger

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Reminder: FHS Membership dues are due by Jan. 1st of each year. Membership contributions are the major source of income for the FHS. Unless you become a member, you will not receive future newsletters. Please complete the enclosed membership form. If you are current with your membership please pass on the enclosed membership application and encourage others to join. If you would like an email version of the newsletter, contact Bill5308@aol.com.

FABIUS ALUMNI DIRECTORY



The Fabius Alumni Directory 1895-2012 is available for sale at the monthly Fabius Historical Society meetings, at the Community Center on Memorial Day, or through Sandy Glasgow Beglinger at 683-5878.

YOUR TOSS IS OUR LOSS

If you are still "Spring Cleaning", please keep in mind that the Fabius Historical Society is a great depository of valuable information and artifacts relating to our Fabius area. We are interested in old obituaries and photos of Fabius residents, photos of homes and homesteads, family genealogies from family collections or scrapbooks for FHS Collection. If you have such items and are willing to allow us to make photographic copies of them, please contact Bill Casey at Bill5308@aol.com or 683-5674 & leave message.

FHS PROGRAM LINE-UP

**All Meetings are at the Fabius Community Center
Main Street, Fabius, NY**

We try hard to bring you a variety of programs every year and this year is no exception. Please come and join us. The refreshments are great and people really enjoy talking with friends and neighbors.

If you have any suggestions for future topics, please feel free to contact:

Chuck Kutscher kutscher@gatling.us 683-9480

UPCOMING PROGRAMS

Mon. May 27, 9am - 3 p.m. Memorial Day Celebration at the Fabius Community Center. The Fabius Historical Society will have on display the Veterans Photos, Judy Conway's Collection of Scrapbooks, and a slide presentation by Chuck Kutscher featuring %The Girls of Atomic City+, the untold story about the women who helped win WWII. Robert Good will again join us with his extraordinary militaria collection and answer any question pertaining to his collection. Fabius Alumni Directories, Fabius Cards and Maps will also be for sale. Please join us before and after the famous Fabius Memorial Day Parade which starts at 10:30.



Row 1: Barbara Vaas, Scarlett Hitchcock, Donald Duba, Mary & Ann McDermott. Row 2: Mary Jo Keeney, Candice Craw Svendsen.
1954 Memorial Day Parade; maroon & grey professional uniforms.

Mon. June 3, 7 p.m. The role of women in the military is an old and changing story. Come and hear Elaine Smith Tucker and Rene Kather tell us something about this history from their personal experience. We especially welcome other women who have served to come and share.



More recent Memorial Day Parade in Fabius, date unknown, with Band members dressed in red & white uniforms.

Mon. July 1, 7 p.m. NOTE: ***This is the only meeting which will be held in the Fabius Christian Church*** Steve Jones and Marina Gorelaya will return to present a concert on American composers including George Gershwin, Jerome Kern, Johnny Mercer, Cole Porter, Paul Bowles and Irving Fine. In this lecture/concert program, Steve will tell us something about the history of the pieces and then sing them to us.

Mon. Aug. 5, 7 p.m. Dave Kellogg of Fayetteville, NY, will give a presentation on his family's business as lithographers (think Currier & Ives) from 1830-1880. Dave has a fine collection of lithographic prints, and he is also an avid numismatist, or coin collector.

Mon. Sep. 9, 7 p.m. Robin Kimmerer, a local resident and professor in the College of Environmental Science and Forestry will tell us about edible plants and wildflowers found in the Fabius area.

Mon. Oct. 7, 7 p.m. On this night we will discuss a very sensitive, yet very important topic regarding end of life issues that are faced by every family. We will discuss how funeral practices have changed over time and how these issues are dealt with now. Jason Badman of the Hartwell Funeral Home will lead the presentation.

Mon. Nov. 4, 7 p.m. Part II of the History of TV in Syracuse will be presented. Chuck Kutscher has been working diligently in putting this program together.
(Part I was presented in May)

LOOKING BACK

By Gertrude Jones Butts (1913-2004)



NOTE: Gertrude (the author) was one of the three daughters of R. Barton and Gladys Hayden West Jones, her sisters being Marguerite and Adele. Her father, R. Barton Jones was a Pharmacist who arrived in Fabius in the spring of 1918. He had grown up in Syracuse, lost his mother during his last year in college and, with his father moving away to live with a half-brother, decided to live with his maternal aunt, Hannah Adele Bedell Barton ("Aunt Dell") who was an affluent socialite in Syracuse. Her best friend had a daughter, and the two older women had planned the youngsters' future.

Her mother, Gladys West was the daughter of a builder, and when the family moved to Jacksonville, Florida for work, she was sent to live with a paternal uncle in Buffalo. Uncle Andrew and Aunt Ida West were very wealthy, and because they were childless, lavished a great deal of affection upon Gladys. When her father died in a Florida hurricane, Gladys' mother and sister returned to Syracuse to live with "Aunt Lyde," who was a nurse. Two years later, Gladys' mother developed cancer and Aunt Lyde and the girls cared for her until her death.

At the corner drug store Gladys met the young, dark-eyed druggist and they fell in love. Most of their meetings were clandestine because of Aunt Dell's vision of her nephew's future. Following the death of Gladys' mother in April 1908, the pair eloped to Niagara Falls and married. A Syracuse newspaper ran the article: "When R.B. Jones, a prominent young druggist of this city, married Miss Gladys West, also well known here, at Oswego on Aug. 29, it is said that he forfeited his right to \$27,000 and lost a drug store, which he had been conducting at Midland Avenue and Colvin Street."

The marriage enraged Aunt Dell and she disowned her nephew, auctioning off the store she had provided him with. Jobless, he went off to Long Lake to work as a pharmacy clerk. Gladys was born and the family "roughed it" there until the store burned. Again he was out of work. From there to Geneseo, Buffalo and a return to Syracuse; all the time searching for a store he could call his own. Through an uncle, the family was finally reunited and Aunt Dell bought a store for R. Barton Jones in Fabius.

The following is an excerpt from a story Gertrude Jones Butts wrote for her grandchildren about her family and their life in Fabius from 1918 to about 1930:

Fabius is a small village, and at the time we lived there (in 1918) the residents numbered three hundred and fifty, I think. Farmers came into the village to buy supplies, consult the doctor or go to church, more often than not in a horse drawn vehicle. The family's first house was on Mill Street (bought in May of 1918 of Mrs. William Breed). This took its name from the feed mill which used to stand at the intersection. I was nine months old when we moved to a house about midpoint on Main Street. The site of this house and the R.B. Jones Pharmacy is occupied by one of the district's schools (now the Fabius Elementary School).

We had several grocery stores, a hardware store, two barber shops, a creamery and a blacksmith shop. I must not forget to mention Mr. Benedict's two-part store, with a grocery on one side and in an adjoining room, general merchandise. He could be counted on to sell us some object which, I am sure no one else would buy, when we went there to select a gift for Mother. Mr. Benedict was also the undertaker, and his wife, who always addressed him as Mr. Benedict, was also our music teacher.

There were three churches and an old hotel, which until the days of prohibition housed a saloon, and which boasted a ballroom on the second floor where public dances were held.

At the southeast end of Main Street stands a soldiers' monument, a cannon and a pile of cannon balls. The stone wall which surrounds this plot was ever a challenge to children who passed this way, and few could resist the temptation to try to walk all four sides atop the wall without falling off. Few succeeded.



At left, R. Barton Jones Home on Main Street; Nathan Patrick's Home on right. Both homes and drug store were demolished for construction of the school in 1931.



Our school had five rooms and a make-shift lab. The first three grades were housed in one room on the main floor, and we regarded it as a big step toward growing up when we became fourth graders and went upstairs to the fourth, fifth and sixth grade room. It was downstairs again for the seventh and eighth grades where the seats were made in pairs. I was quite embarrassed to have to share one with a boy when I was in the eighth grade since there wasn't an even number of boys and girls.

The high school room accommodated freshmen through seniors and had a small adjoining classroom where English and languages were taught by the preceptress. The principal resided over the larger area and taught science, math and history on all levels, in

the front of the room. There was no auditorium or gymnasium. All public performances were staged in either the Methodist or Baptist Church; physical education consisted of recess in the school yard.

Thinking about that old school brings back all sorts of memories. I am reminded of the blue shirt waist that Mrs. Hall wore when I was in the fourth grade for I thought it was the loveliest color in the world. I remember the little ink wells in each of our desks and tall bottles of ink from which the teacher filled those little glass cups. Fridays were special because for the last half hour of the day Mrs. Hall would read to us from a book called *The Two Little Savages*.

One day the whole faculty was shocked. We children knew that we too should be shocked, but secretly we thought it was very funny. We had been instructed to write the words of the national anthem. I think it was Henry Hendrickson who wrote, "Oh, say can you see any bedbugs on me."

Besides making our clothes, Mother churned butter, made cottage cheese, baked her own bread along with all the canning which was a routine part of the summer and fall months. Besides learning to milk the cows, Dad harvested the hay for their winter feeding. He cured and smoked hams and bacon. Mother helped in the drug store, sang in the Baptist church choir, and worked at church suppers, bazaars and all the usual community affairs. She was often asked to sing at funerals, sometimes accompanied by Charlie Meigs, the local tenor.

It was a good time for growing up, and Fabius was a good place to do it. We could be free to roam. We would walk to Johnson's Pond, actually no more than a wide place in a creek on a farm (behind Knapp's Greenwood Farm) on the road to Pompey, where the local children were allowed to swim. Our favorite excursion was to the Gorge. This was a ravine which cut through the hill on the Rowley (presently, Nancy Lorraine Hoffmann's) farm, which was across the fields from our land. We would take a lunch, often consisting of our favorite cucumber sandwiches. We would set out for a day of exploring. Our first stop was on a little bridge that spanned a creek, where we would leave a glass jar to be collected on the way home, filled with creek water and tadpoles.



Gertrude, Adele and Marguerite Jones

Just before we reached the farm there was a little stone school house which had been long abandoned. We must always stop there and climb up to peer through the windows. The scene was always the same, with desks standing in rows and papers littering the floor. It was as if one day classes were dismissed, the door locked and no one ever returned. The school was so close to the village, no doubt the children of the area were not numerous enough to support a separate school.

To reach the gorge we had to go through a large barn. No one ever seemed to mind us using this route. There was a large watering trough in the barn with a continuous flow of spring water through a pipe that fed the trough. It was a ritualistic part of the day to stop for a drink of the ice cold water. We would climb through the ravine, wading in the creek no matter how cold the water might be. There were all kinds of wildflowers in the woods, and we vied with each other in searching for the most exotic.



I don't remember what the gorge looked like, but I do recall some falls at the foot of which there were large flat rocks where we could sit to eat our lunch. Having no time pieces, we ate when our stomachs told us it was time and returned home when we had exhausted all the possibilities for exploration and dragged our weary, muddy selves back across the fields.

Our childhood was not boring in spite of the fact that radio did not come into our homes until we were partly grown. A barn full of hay was a wonderful place to play. We made mud pies and baked them in the sun. Summer evenings were spent outside, usually playing *"Gingerbread Town"* or other games with the three Gallinger boys who lived up the street, or challenging each other to races. Roller skates were a necessary part of childhood. The lower end of Main Street sloped downward at just the right angle to provide an exhilarating run, and by turning abruptly at the bottom, it was possible to skate over an iron section in the sidewalk which covered a culvert and made the most satisfying noise.

Sundays were set apart from the rest of the week. There was Sunday School and Church in the morning, followed by a large Sunday dinner after which we must find a quiet way to amuse ourselves. Still dressed in our Sunday best, our usual summer activity was a walk. Often it led to the cemetery on the edge of the village where our first project would be to search out the tombstone with the lamb on top. The vault intrigued us most for it had a sloping roof, the edge of which reached nearly the ground. What a place to slide, with its easy climb to the peak and a swift descent to the ground. One such

occasion Marguerite landed face first and loosened her front teeth. Not daring to let our parents know how we had been amusing ourselves, she had to chew cautiously for several days.

I wish I had a picture of my father's drug store. I remember so clearly that rectangular building with the tall bottles of colored water in the front windows. For years large kerosene lamps hung from the ceiling, for it was not until the late 1920's that electricity came to Fabius. The small round tables and *"ice cream"* chairs along one side. Three kinds of ice cream were usually available at the soda fountain, and ice cream cones sold for five and ten cents. A phosphate was a nickel, and a soda was a dime. Mother made the syrups for the sodas and sundaes; chocolate and strawberry. Dad made the charged water for the sodas in our back yard. He had a barrel which was filled with water, and a cartridge containing the necessary gas was inserted through a hole in the side of the barrel. The barrel was placed in a sort of cradle on two rockers and rocked rhythmically by use of a long handle which extended upward. We were ordered to stay at a distance from this operation in case of an explosion which might occur if something went wrong. It never did, and I am not sure if we were relieved or disappointed.

We lived next door to an old gentleman (*Nathan Patrick*) who had a nickname for everyone. I doubt that he knew what he was called by many, but his title was inspired by

the fact that his trousers seemed always to have more material in the seat than was necessary. One day he was heard to say in reference to our family, *"They'd be all right if it wasn't for the guinea hen and the G--D---parrot."* The guinea hen was our latest livestock acquisition, and the parrot was my sister, Adele.

There were others, but also there were kind and thoughtful people in abundance. We laugh about the ones we called characters, but it was not malicious laughter. Just part of living in a small town.

While living in Fabius, the Jones family had become part of *"the movers and shakers"* in the community. Along with their close friends, the families of Edward Rowley and *"Doc Gossner"*, they were instrumental in updating fire protection by raising funds for the first fire truck, organizing community gatherings and supporting local organizations. Even after their move to Baldwinsville in 1925, where R. Barton Jones was in partnership in the Baldwinsville Drug Company (the Rexall store), their ties to the Fabius community remained very strong. The family would frequently return to the village to spend the weekend with their old friends in Fabius.

The Fabius Historical Society would like to thank Greg & Sharon Butts for allowing us the opportunity to visit and interview their Aunt Adele, for sharing their mother, Gertrude's story, family photos, and for donating the drug store mortar & pestle & apothecary jar, the butterfly tray & Emily Estey's book containing the story about *"Butterflies For Ice Cream"*.



R. Barton & Gladys H. West Jones



Mother in "working clothes".



R.B. Jones in his B'ville Store.


Fabius Historical Society Now Offering A Digital Archive

By Bill Casey bill5308@aol.com 315.683.5674

For 10 plus years, I have been photographing and scanning anything and everything about Fabius. This includes family photographs, postcard images and various photos, scrapbooks, records, etc. of Fabius, as a means to preserve information. Joanne and I have always tried to utilize many of the images into our newsletters, but have only scratched the surface of the collection. If we were to print all the photos to be displayed, we would run-up quite a bill and they would not be able to be shared with others digitally.

New technology might be the best way for this information to be shared. With the development of off-site computerized digital storage, known as ~~the~~ The Cloud, FHS members can view, download and/or print the thousand of photos in the collection.

About Cloud storage I understand that not everyone has an interest in computerized information or learning how to access it. But, should the day arrive that you have interest, the material is waiting and preserved for future viewing.

There are many companies in the cloud storage business. The one we have chosen to work with is  **Dropbox**. The Dropbox website is <http://dropbox.com>. The Fabius Historical Society is charged a fee of \$100/year for 100 gigabytes of storage space. The executive committee reviewed the concept of creating and maintaining this digital storage and felt that the cost of this program should be the responsibility of only members with interest.

Access to the Fabius Historical Society dropbox digital storage is available for current paid members who are willing to pay an additional \$10/year. Such members are entitled to full access to the complete files for the rest of 2013 and all of 2014. By increasing your membership to include the dropbox storage, you will receive an email telling you how to find the storage location. Once at the dropbox location, you will see the a file named



Click on the file to open and you will see the various sub-files to view, print and perhaps download. Current subfiles are shown below and we are making additions all the time.



* Save your invitation to the website link as that will be your only way to continue viewing the uploaded items Questions? or photos you would like to share with others, please let me know at the contact information above.

Fabius Historical Society Membership Application

Membership Categories (Circle your choice)	Your Name:
\$5.00 Student	Address:
\$10.00 Individual	Telephone:
\$15.00 Family	Email:
\$25.00 Sponsor	Comments or suggestions:
\$50.00 Benefactor	
\$150.00 Lifetime	
\$10.00 To Include Dropbox FHS Digital Collection You must have an email address	Make your check out to Fabius Historical Society c/o Vaughn Skinner PO Box 106 Fabius, NY 13063

HANNAH PENOYER STURDEVANT (1803 – 1906)

Hannah Penoyer Sturdevant was born in the village of Apulia, Onondaga County, on December 19, 1803, only four years after the death of George Washington. Her father, Truman Penoyer, served in the Revolutionary War and she distinctly recalled many events of the War of 1812 and the wars of Napoleon Bonaparte. Her parents moved from

Lee, Mass. on an ox cart and settled on a farm in Apulia, NY, which afterward became the home of Mrs. Sturdevant for eighty-two years.

Her father was a farmer, and she was reared on the farm. She received a common school education and taught eight terms in district schools. She proudly recollected in a newspaper interview that during that time she never moved nor bought a loaf of bread, a pound of butter, a quart of milk, a pie or a fried cake, but made them all with her own hands.

In October, 1826, Hannah Penoyer was married to Samuel W. Sturdevant (1807-1889). Samuel was listed in the 1869 directory of Onondaga County as a carpenter, builder and farmer with 52 acres. In 1871, Green & Sturdevant established a saw mill in Apulia Station and the manufacture of chairs was added to the saw mill in ca. 1874, employing twelve hands and \$8,000 in capital.

Hannah and Samuel had four children, three daughters and one son: Eleanor, Lura Ann, Andrew and Marie in correct birth order. Marie Sturdevant Armstrong would be the only remaining living child at her mother's death. Hannah's father died at the age of 82 years and her mother at the age of 101 years and three months. Her brother, Truman Penoyer, died in 1903 at Apulia, aged 86 years.

In 1886, Hannah moved to Bergen, Genesee County, NY to live with her son-in-law, James Lipe and her daughter, Mrs.



Hannah Penoyer Sturdevant pictured at the age of 102 able to read with perfect eyesight, she outlived her husband and all but one of her children.

Marie Armstrong. It was there that she contracted a cold, which was the primary cause of her death and she passed away on March 21, 1906. She was aged 103 years and the oldest resident of Genesee County. Her son-in-law, James Lipe, passed away two days before her and a double funeral and burial took place at Mt. Rest Cemetery. However, Hannah is also listed in the Apulia Cemetery with a headstone.