



MEMORIES
OF THE

Village

The Class of Williamsville North and South 1969 welcome you to the Village Walkabout, a chance to meander the village during the Sixtieth Birthday Celebration weekend July 15-17, 2011. This booklet is a compilation of information and photographs with a historical bent, which may help walking participants better remember "The Way We Were," back in the 1960s. The rather large reunion committee, which criss-crosses the U.S. thanks to electronic communication, was asked to search their memories for stories about a few places in the village, some of which may be stops on the Walkabout. This incidental information is provided as entertainment, and does not purport to be anything but memories solidly 40 years old, tinted by emotions juvenile enough to make them stand out, and now bemused by dint of the wisdom conferred on them by those years. As such, we make no promise as to their correctness factually or politically.

Special thanks to Glenda Cisilin Muirhead, Celeste Slawinski Smith, and Kathy Culbertson Squires for their part in putting this booklet together. The Reunion Committee is indebted to you for all the work that went into making it.

*They were good times, a time of
innocence or ignorance...or perhaps
they were one and the same.*

—Dawn Andrews Matot



Glory Days

By Bruce Springsteen

I had a friend was a big baseball player
Back in high school
He could throw that speedball by you
Make you look like a fool, boy
Saw him the other night at this roadside bar
I was walking in, he was walking out
We went back inside, sat down, had a few drinks,
But all he kept talking about was...

*Glory days, well, they'll pass you by,
Glory days, in the wink of a young girl's eye,
Glory days, glory days*

Well, there's a girl, lives up the block;
Back in school she could turn all the boys' heads.
Sometimes on a Friday I'll stop by
And have a few drinks after she put her kids to bed.
Her and her husband Bobby, well, they split up
I guess it's two years gone by now.
We just sit around talking about the old times.
She says when she feels like crying,
She starts laughing thinking about...

*Glory days, well, they'll pass you by.
Glory days, in the wink of a young girl's eye,
Glory days, glory days*

Now, I think I'm going down to the well tonight,
And I'm gonna drink 'til I get my fill.
And I hope when I get old I don't sit around thinking about it.
But I probably will.
Yeah, just sitting back trying to recapture
A little of the glory of...
Well, time slips away and
Leaves you with nothing, mister, but
Boring stories of...

*Glory days, well, they'll pass you by.
Glory days, in the wink of a young girl's eye,
Glory days, glory days*

TRANSITOWN PLAZA

Cris Hicks-Usta: One of my favorite stores, Hens and Kelly, was here, and I recall purchasing my first outfit with babysitting money. It must have been like 9th grade, and I purchased a pumpkin orange turtleneck sweater and plaid skirt to go with it. I felt like a queen when I wore this combination – finally something I chose and not a hand-me-down. ...My second recollection out here was being caught shoplifting at Woolworth's by the security man, and the trouble I got into. They chose not to press charges (it was petty thievery – a few 45s), and I got out of there without 'a record.' Little did I know at the time the favor attached to that little deed; for a moment, I actually craved such notoriety. (What was I thinking???) Actually, this was a turning point for me, for I never shoplifted again after this. Okay, enough of my sordid shoplifting stories. What have YOU got??

From Donna Koch: Transitown Plaza holds special memories for me, too! My first real job was at the catalog store Brand Names across from Hens and Kelly. I was 16, and they needed extra help for the Christmas season. My father got me the job because, at the time, he was the company treasurer. It turned into a part-time job that I held through my college years at Buffalo State. The only trouble was...I always had my checks spent on outfits I had picked out at Hens and Kelly!!!

BARNEY MILLERS STORE

Cris Hicks-Usta: This was in that spot now occupied by Ed Youngs, I believe, wasn't it? I do recall my father making regular trips "to Barney Miller's" to obtain some tool or widget necessary to fix something in the house.

THE MILL (WILLIAMSVILLE WATER MILL)

Dawn Andrews Matot: Went to the Mill many times to watch the apples being pressed to make cider. It was always such a neat place with the wooden floors, the grinding wheel and the big water wheel on the outside. That is the Williamsville I grew up in. Is it obvious that I miss the Village the way it was? The government just let it all slip away in the name of progress. Giving it no thought or consideration. It was a real treasure and they just didn't care. Never went to the farmers market but I hear it is rather nice.

One bad memory of the water mill. Had my wedding pictures taken there. About the only memory of him that I haven't burned. Too many family members in those pictures who are no longer here so I hang onto them.

FRED RONEKER'S (Men's store on Main St between Rock and Cayuga)

Dawn Andrews Matot: The only thing I remember about Fred Ronecker's is buying my cheerleading socks there. They had to be certain ones and Ronecker's was the place that had them.

THE SHACK

Cris Hicks-Usta: This one is legendary for so many. Feel free to blog away on whatever memories you have of the spot. I shall have to sit back, read and imagine, for I'd never been....

Tim Burns said it was mostly hanging out doing juvenile type things, ...and some drinking. He recalls it was built by Dan Distler and Paul Nichol. Someone at our 40th reunion said she was there and I can't remember who. ...but it was a girl and there weren't many girls who were there or may want to admit to that. I do recall it being strictly a male domain. Tim also did say that sometimes the legends were much greater than the actual goings on. I know that our senior class officers ran on the SHACK [SHAC] platform. Ron Goldstein, Gordon Kuzon, someone might be able to contact him, Joe Orlando and I can't remember who the other one was.

John Chynoweth is playing coy about The Shack as well, attributing the hours spent there to "discussion of quantum physics" and mentions a counter culture relative to this 'mythical place.' There are deeper waters running there, I suspect...I'm going to have to buy my friend David Miller more beer...

Dawn Andrews Matot: Some info on the Shack. I heard from Paul and he promises to give me some more intensive history in the near future. It was the inspiration for the S.H.A.C. (Student Higher Achievement Committee) Party that surged into power our senior year and overthrew our long standing class officers.

The address of the Shack was 163 Lehn Springs Drive and the shack was on one of the two islands in the middle of Ellicott Creek that Paul's father bought and still owns. Paul's two co-conspirators in building it were Mike Spence and Dan Distler... although they left this world much too soon, they will be a part of our 60th birthday celebration. Paul said he will look for pictures but is not sure if he has any.

UNDER THE BLEACHERS at South or North High

Dawn Andrews Matot: Sorry, I don't have any under the bleacher stories to tell nor do I know of any specific ones. However I'm sure that there were many interesting things going on down there. Booze and smoking, pot and cigarettes, no doubt. A little, or maybe a lot, of making out, but sorry I don't know of any specifics. You know who would have this kind of information but she will have nothing to do with this. Perhaps I could entice a story or two from her. Hmmm let me see what I can do.

Jackie Worrell: Oh my—under the bleachers! I know there were many "events" under the bleachers and I am trying desperately to recall them. I may have to go into some coma-like trance to recall just what took place. I believe that awful stuff called Tango was involved—which was purchased from the little liquor store that was near the deli where we bought the great ham sandwiches. I am trying to picture who was there—Kevin Dobmeier (sp) comes to mind (was he even in our class—I think that was his name). He lived behind the school on Farber Lane? I have suppressed much of my past and I'm sure it was for good reason! It must have been the trauma of leaving South that caused my memory loss! Once I left the confines of South I lost all reason for living (hahahah)!

I will keep you posted on any of my findings and if by some chance my memory is jogged, I'll be sure to let you know about those "events," too.

Sue Jaros: I can't give you any stories about the bleachers, I was not part of that or the Shack. But I do believe that Gordon Kuzon could give you some information about the Shack. I think he may be able to shed some light on that.

Gary and I used to go to the Main Transit Field Days until the fights started and things got a little out of control. Then they stopped having them (due to insurance costs). As I recall, the laws changed regarding the drinking age and the responsibilities for drunk driving changed also, which is probably why they really stopped the carnival. My memories of the event were in the beer tent and meeting up with people from the village/school, much like Old Home Days. They were always crowded and the food and beer were plentiful. They had the best clam chowder.

THE PIT (Glen Art Movie Theater)

Cris Hicks-Usta: I, for one, recall sitting behind Mary Ann Divita and Dave Price making out at some show. This recall comes with some regret, for I remember the pitiful way I was, wishing I were Mary Ann kissing Dave Price (and he, me), but feeling way too uncool, fat, ugly and every other thing we used to put on ourselves at that age to remind ourselves just what failures we were... Okay, maybe that was only me, but I remember it all the same, and tell you now—some 40+ years later—with a far more healthy perspective...knowing this is all just some water under some bridge that carries no consequence...no, really, it doesn't matter so much any more ...in fact, I hardly recall it at all...strong masculine hands tilting her chin forward, her teased, immobile coiffed bouffant, the insistent return to the mouth, the steam and the ... well, never mind. I've forgotten it. But I'm hoping you will have better recall, and share just a few of those moments with us, so we might put our tour together.

Dawn Andrews Matot: Ahh the PIT. I don't recall spending a lot of time there. Funny but one of my fondest memories of the place is when my dad took us to see Disney's Ole Yeller. I recall being there to "watch" movies with some of the girls in 9th grade. Of course we were just checking out the guys. Now I do know I shared a kiss or two with Dennis McCullough along the path next to the Pit which led to Glen Park, that also being in 9th grade. I recall he dumped me later for Gail Morber. He did not graduate with us so I'm guessing at some point he moved. I believe that little path (which is still there) holds many more stories than the Pit, however that is my only one.

On the corner was Lucille Cordi's a candy store and I remember going in there to buy chocolate-covered taffy suckers to take to the show. I believe they cost 10¢ or maybe 25¢.

East Aurora has a little theater much like the Pit and every time I go there it brings back memories of the way Williamsville used to be. Too bad the powers that be over the years allowed Williamsville to become just a thoroughfare between Buffalo and Clarence.

Oh, Cris, you trigger so many memories. And yes, it was a difficult time trying to fit in, find out who you were and experiencing so many new things. I didn't grow up with all of you so that made it much more difficult for me to find my niche. But I met a lot of great people those 4 years and still keep in touch with a lot of you which says a lot in itself.

Perhaps the reason I remember THIS is the guilt I bore (and evidently STILL DO) about this. So much for "Thou Shalt Not Steal" and the benefits of SS Peter and Paul followed by Bishop Neumann. Mary is still alive, but her brother George is dead. I wonder if she still shoplifts.

Anyway, the color of the hair sticks didn't match my own hair, and, at 13 or 14, I didn't have a lot of gray to cover, so they didn't see much use. The whole exercise became useless, and I abandoned the life of a thief in short order. What IS the statute of limitations?

PAT'S LUNCHEONETTE (across the street from South)

Cris Hicks-Usta: Another establishment I don't believe I ever set foot in, this despite it's being so close not only to school, but home! This place was at the corner of Main and Hirschfield – sort of in the middle of that block between Hirschfield and Richfield – and was a regular restaurant. This is NOT to be confused with Placey's, that awful, tawdry, dismal little bar closer to Richfield. (For the record, I did not set foot in THERE, EITHER...but I did peek in the windows every time I walked by...)

CARROLL'S HAMBURGERS (north side) on Main Street (near Union) THE CUSTARD STAND (south side)

Karen Tribble White: Carroll's Hamburgers My neighbor, Dick Carrel (not sure if the name was changed or a coincidence) owned it. He also opened one on Union Road, probably in Cheektowaga, just past the Williamsville line. I remember the cheap burgers and especially the drive through...that was new to me. Were there any car-hop places in Williamsville?

Dawn Andrews Matot: Carroll's on Main Street—let's see...bought many burgers and fries there although I don't remember really hanging around much. Pretty much it was across the street at the custard stand or Santoro's the hanging around took place. Nothing juicy to pass along but the "hamburgers."

Custard Stand on Main facing Main St on the corner of Lynwood next to Santora's pizza and across Main from Carroll's Hamburgers made this the hot spot for all kids to hang out. Dennis Newkirk's family owned the Deli on the corner of Lynwood and I lived about four houses back down that street.

Bill Dougherty: Ronnie Goldstein's dad owned the custard stand so we all had a (short) opportunity to work there. Just as we did at Glen Park. Any one remember the old guy with the bum leg and soggy cigars that ran the park for the Goldsteins? Jim Mosher. Now there was a real character. I thought I could swear back then but he was the champ.

Cris Hicks-Usta: While I was never on a single team that went there, I do know that Anderson's custard stand was where all the summer league teams took the kids after games for soft ice cream.

Dawn Andrews Matot: I went to SSPP with Nancy Tuyn. Even swam in her pool which you could see from Island Park. She was always shall I say a little more mature than most of us at that age. However I was a friend of hers, thus the invite to swim in her pool. Years later she often would ask my mom how I was doing and I would sometimes run into her when I was out and about the village. We went to parties stuff like that. Although I was always invited I never felt like I really belonged or was particularly comfortable.

Jackie Worrell: Island Park—hmmmmmm...I'm sure there are some memories, but right now they are still locked deep in the confines of that memory bank. I do remember the fishing tournaments and my wandering about during those events to see if any of my "love" interests were there. Occasionally I would come across one of the anglers, but to my disappointment they were more interested in their sport at hand and not my "sport" of flirtation.

Keith Oberg: Never had a picnic at the park that I recall, but did enjoy walking to the end point and imagining what it must have been like in days gone by. I still do that—wonder and ponder about the days long ago. During middle school, while others walked the banks of Ellicott Creek, I—a nascent environmentalist and recycler—spent time wading, harvesting the hundreds of Pepsi and Coke bottles thrown off the bridge to Island Park, to supplement my modest allowance. And this I did pre-water shoes, without cutting up my feet (that I can remember).

LUCILLE CORDI'S CANDIES (Corner of Main & Spring Streets)

Cris Hicks Usta: Lucille Cordi's had these amazing caramel suckers covered in a thick layer of chocolate. Absolutely ruinous for your teeth, but ohhh so good. I used to love slowly cracking that chocolate away from the inside, and sinking my caries-ridden teeth into that sticky, buttery, sweet goodness that was so incredibly bad for me. It was a \$.25 sin. All sins should be so cheap.

Dawn Andrews Matot: On the corner was Lucille Cordi's, a candy store and I remember going in there to buy chocolate-covered taffy suckers to take to the show. I believe they cost 10¢ or maybe 25¢.

AMHERST DRUG STORE (DUNGEY'S REXALL)

Cris Hicks-Usta: I recall Dungey's with special flavor, as they had a great old soda fountain way back when. The Dungey's were great friends of my parents, both the parent Dungeys and the Dungey boys. that goes back to into the 30s and 40s, of course. They were members of our church, and Mrs. Dungey at one point headed up the church choir. Ted was a thin, reedy man with dark, oily hair, glasses and a moustache. Don't ask me why I remember all this. It's occupying real estate in my memory banks for reasons undetermined.

I don't remember a ton about Mrs. Dungey, but their kids were great pals of my mom in high school. Oh. heh heh.. that's right, it's the drug store this is about. I also remember walking to it (Main and Rock) with my parochial-schooled neighbor Mary Donsky, who encouraged me to shoplift things we didn't much need from there. We never got caught, and I do remember lifting hair coloring crayons.

Cyndi Tripi Dissette: As to interesting things that went on at The Pit, I have no definite memories. I'm sure there was "making out," but I couldn't say who participated. (I know for sure it wasn't me!) I do remember that the cost of admission was 35¢ if you were under twelve and when you turned twelve had to pay 50¢. Also, I think the projector guy was dating the candy girl. Sorry I couldn't be of more help. I do have fond memories of a carful of us being dropped off on a Saturday afternoon and enjoying many movies. Every once in a while, I'll see a movie on TV and think, "I saw that at The Pit."

I will confess to still having those same high school feelings today. My goodness, I'm going to Kathy Maier's house and getting email from Tim Burns. Does that up my status? I guess my perspective isn't as healthy as yours. Or maybe I'm still young at heart. I could write a book titled, *I Was a Teen-aged Grandmother*.

Sheila Gibbons Hiebert: Not having grown up in Wmsvl, moving there only in 9th grade, and not having lived there for 40 years, I am trying to figure out if "The Pit" that I've been reading about in our email traffic is the little theater that was on Main Street between Mill Street and the Glen. Yes? It's long gone, but I do remember it fondly. Probably saw only two movies there, but as I recall it was Williamsville's only movie theater, and it was small.

Cris Hicks-Usta: I remember going to the Pit for Saturday afternoon shows. It was a real treat for us kids (there were five of us, after all). My most memorable moment in the Pit in my teens was sitting behind Dave Price and Mary Ann DiVita, and learning osculatory aerobics from them. Had never seen 'making out' first hand before. Not sure I understood the desire of such antics at the time...so this had to be middle school.



BIHR'S DELI on Main Street, between Garrison and South Ellicott

Cris Hicks-Usta: Spill your guts, ladies and gentlemen. Packages of DubbleBubble surreptitiously slipped into the pocket? Were you a secret lover of Superhero comic books? Romance comic books? What manner of mischief might you have undertaken at this purveyor of positively everything? And why DID they pack up and head for the Southtowns after all those years?

Dawn Andrews Matot: I recall Bihrs having the best sandwiches although I never was in there during school hours (my dad worked at school—too risky for me). However, I do know that some members of this committee often left school to go there during lunch. Come on, do tell of your adventures....

We who lived on the other end of the village had a deli, don't remember the name, it was next to Grell's toy store in a little plaza by the custard stand. It had a deli and candy and magazines and all that stuff. I remember going with a note from my aunt to buy her cigarettes. Didn't know anything about the other end of the village until I started at Mill Street. Found out there was a bunch of great places and things to do. I know as an elementary student I didn't go much beyond Island or Glen Park. No real need to. Having gone to SS Peter and Paul for 8 years everything pretty much revolved around that area of the village. I do have a story to share about a drugstore in that area.

Tim Burns:

While at Academy [Elementary School], I used to stop there on the way home and pick up pretzels and fire balls for 5 cents. Occasionally I would get baseball cards. Great little place!

SADIE HAWKINS RESTAURANT

(Main St. north side, between Cayuga and Grove St)

Cris Hicks-Usta: I remember that they had a long soda fountain, a black and white front and interior flooring, and it was one of my favorite places to go when I was a kid. I think later it was taken over by Woolworth's, but memory could be faulty here.

Dawn Andrews Matot: We heard "mass" many times at Sadie Hawkins on those holy days we left Mill to go to church. Funny I don't remember leaving South to go to Mass on Holy Days...interesting. However they made the best vanilla cokes, those are such fond memories. I forget about all of those places now because the Village looks so different and has changed so much not sure it is for the better however. They lost their small town atmosphere and appeal although I believe they are trying to get some of it back via the village walk, taste of Williamsville, farmers' market, etc. But they let too much go by way of the wrecking ball.

THE METHODIST CHURCH

Cris Hicks-Usta: It seems we had a dance almost every weekend somewhere, and a goodly number of them were here, in the basement...where I do recall dancing to the twangy renderings by Happy Underwear. Who was in that group, again? John Chynoweth? David Miller on bass? Who else? And, more importantly, what are your memories?

DETENTION HALL

Cris Hicks-Usta: Where, with whom, when, and - most importantly - why? Now I just KNOW that some of you will report that you were NEVER sent to detention. Well, fine. Perhaps you might look back now on things somewhat colorlessly as a result. On the other hand, some of you were fixtures, colorful to be sure. We need to hear from both sides, so please share your recollections from within or without...

TED DUNGEY'S REXALL DRUGSTORE, corner Main and Rock Street

THE TRANSIT ROAD DRIVE-IN

Cris Hicks-Usta: We won't actually get here on our Village Walkabout, as with a few of our remembrance places, but the memories are still good. This is the one at Transit and Wehrle, which is, of course, no longer there. We all remember going there with the rest of the family, looking through mom's and dad's heads, and driving off with the speaker still attached.

One of the things I love about the movie "Grease" is the scene in the drive-in, with the hot dogs jumping into the waiting buns, all part of the concession propaganda. It's the exact same movie they used to show at the drive-in on Transit when we were kids...making "Grease" all the more authentic. I relate to so many parts of that movie, even if I don't relate to Olivia Newton-John...but want to.

ISLAND PARK

Cris Hicks-Usta: Surely you MUST have some remembrances here...picnics, old Old Home Days. I do remember ambling along the banks of Ellicott Creek, feeding the ducks here. Across the creek at the southeast end was the Tuyn residence, friends of my parents...Nancy Tuyn was our age, but I think she must've been a Parochial School gal...anyway, she wore more makeup in a day than I've managed in a lifetime. (She still does.) But she was a looker, something no one ever accused me of being...scarred me for life, too...but I'm over it now. Mostly, anyway.



Jeanne Charette Guastafarro: We had our wedding pictures taken at Island Park, July 31, 1971. Can't beat that for a memory! Is that tree still there?

Ah Island park. Many memories of old home days, the beer tent, swimming in the pool as a child. Actually swimming in the creek by the dam ugh how gross was that. Who knew what kind of wonderful things emptied into it from the creek side homes? Fishing derbies with my dad. We even went to some kind of summer camp, it was held in the old stone pavilion. Another of Williamsville's treasures that was torn down in the name of progress. We painted plaques, made key chains stuff like that.

Jackie Worrell Hitchcock: Milky Way! I remember that place! And Mike Milkey—he was definitely a pervert. I got the creeps when I saw him. I did enjoy sitting at the counter and ordering french fries with gravy...that was the standard fare if I remember correctly. It seems to me that a lot of "gangs" (frats) frequented that place—which brings me to the pool hall that was where Ed Young's is now. Remember that place?

Mindy Gleason: We used to hang out at the Milky Way late at night (I guess that would be me, Karen, Gretchen, Laura, Mellen, Chris and Barb). Barb's older brother was friends or maybe just acquainted with Mike Milkey and we'd all second Jackie's comment... definitely a perv. I think he had the hots for Barb...

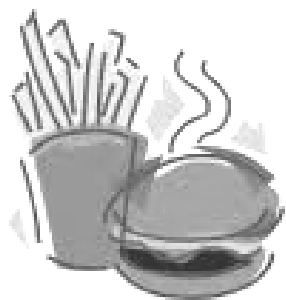
Sheila Gibbons Heibert: Saw this comment on a chat forum, "Speak Up WNY," where the folks were reminiscing about the Ghosts of Western New York restaurants, of which there were an astonishing number of really good ones. This chap had visited the famous Milky Way:

"Mike Milkey, the owner, had a couple of other restaurants in the area. The one thing the Milky Way Restaurant was known for was absolutely the worst cup of coffee ever brewed. It tasted as if it was made with used gym socks."

Karen Tribble White: I usually had a chocolate milk shake with my fries and gravy.

Dawn Andrews Matot: Well where to begin. Breakfast after mass at SS Peter and Paul at the Milky Way. Many a Sunday mornings saw the "church group" there. You are all right on about Mike Milkey. Total pervert and I never worked there or hung out there all that much, but none the less saw the sleazy side of him on an occasion or two. Not a terribly clean place as I recall. I believe a lot of Williamsville students were employed there at one point or another and we all sat numerous times at the counter eating, drinking and socializing.

Cris, I feel your pain, my daughter was a waitress during her college years, worked hard and the money sucked. Tips were the only thing that kept her paying her bills. She worked at Esmonds on Wehrle Drive (it had changed names at some point) that was in the early 90's. Funny because we lived in Marilla at that time.



THE SCHOOL CAFETERIA (NORTH OR SOUTH)

Cris Hicks-Usta: Kindly rummage around your engrams for reminiscences of either school cafeteria, and see what comes back to you. I, for instance, recall discussing a love letter from a boyfriend in Jamestown, though why I am not clear, and also a dance in the South cafeteria (remember when we held dances there??) where I really, really, really wanted one boy to dance with me (whose name, regrettably, entirely escapes me now...Class of '68, though...pretty sure), and at the last dance of the night, he did. I may be entirely wrong about it being the last dance, but it makes for a better story...non? Whatever. Your memories, as they say, are your own.

Dawn Andrews Matot: Ahh the cafeteria at South. First thing that comes to mind dances, dances and more dances after football and basketball games. Listening to Arthur, Happy Underwear and I'm sure many more. Slow dancing with another guy (basketball player) while I was dating someone else (football player). He gave his permission he did not like to slow dance. Flitting from table to table talking to everyone. Eating or socializing whenever I had a free mod. Senior year and sitting with a very special young man, who shall remain nameless, getting to know each other and having the greatest conversations. Scott Shoemann getting very angry at me and backing me up against a wall, don't recall what he was so mad at me for. Gotta love the flashbacks, shows our brains are still functioning.

Jeanne Charette Guastafarro: One recollection I have of South's cafeteria (not necessarily true, but a recollection nonetheless) is the huge study halls that were held there. Being a former HS teacher, I have no idea how they kept us quiet, but they did a pretty darn good job of doing it. I remember one time when a controversial novel was "quietly" passed around with bookmarked pages of all the sex scenes. I can't remember the name of the novel or the sex scenes for that matter...

For some reason my most vivid memory of the South cafeteria was the numerous spit balls launched onto the ceiling. There was the fruit machine that was frequently unplugged by certain people; then when enough unsuspecting individuals put their money in the slot, it was plugged in again and the fruit came rolling out.

Leanne Sanders Smielecki: I do remember that Mrs. Miller was the cafeteria monitor at South. The North cafeteria was cut up into smaller areas and it seemed a lot quieter. Didn't spend much time there because I didn't get a lunch period my senior year. I was riding the bus back from Harkness.

Cyndi Tripi Dissette: Some memories from North's cafeteria:

— We had 3 smaller cafeterias rather than one big one. One was on the first floor (used basically for study halls, I think), and 2 were adjacent upstairs, which is where we ate lunch. I remember thinking, early on, what a shame it was to see all those forks stuck in a brand new ceiling.

— On spaghetti day, when there was accompanying bread and butter, some of our fine young men would smear butter on the floor in front of the "Out" door so that when students would come out of the lunch line with their full trays, they would slip on the butter and hopefully drop their tray. It was usually funny as long as it wasn't you doing the slipping and dropping.

— Usually every day, at a certain table frequented by a certain fraternity, leftovers from everyone's trays were put in a bowl and placed in the middle of the table. Then all pocket money would also be placed on the table. Whoever ate the bowl of leftovers got the money. As I recall, the winner was usually Victor Cohen, an underclassmen, football player, wrestler and big eater.— We had a very nice cafeteria monitor, Mrs. Eiseman, whose husband owned a local grocery store. They were quite wealthy, and I'm sure she didn't need to work; but something kept her coming back every day to supervise the madness. She was always dressed "to the nines," beautifully coiffed and sported a very large green diamond on her perfectly-manicured hand. Not your typical lunch lady, but she was well-liked and somehow did manage to keep control.

GLEN PARK

Dawn Andrews Matot: Glen Park, many family outings down there as a child. Now as I walk through it and try to picture where everything was, it doesn't seem possible that all of that was jammed into that small space. As a teenager I once again spent time at Glen Park. Skee ball in the arcade, talent shows in the casino on Sunday afternoons (which burned down before I was legal), the flying cages, that long walk down/up from/to the pit with a special guy. My last memory of Glen Park was standing on the corner of Cayuga and Glen Avenue watching it all go up in smoke and flames. I now take my grandsons there to see the falls, throw stones into the many ponds and streams, and feed the ducks. Yeah, I know we're not supposed to do that but the kids get a kick out of it.

Cris Hicks-Usta: I remember my dad taking us kids to the amusement park, and on all the rides. It was a real thrill for us when we were tiny, and it seemed so HUGE. I know there was a nightclub there, with big name entertainers, but I never was inside for any of that.

GARRISON PARK -

Cris Hicks-Usta: Just to get the rumination going, I remember my mother and grandmother Wickson taking me to Garrison Park, along with my two older sisters at the time. We lived on Columbia Drive then, and I was perhaps four or five. They had a wading pool there we loved to splash in. It was walking distance to my other grandmother's house, too, on Park Drive. I remember Holly Stephen lived up on Garrison, too, just a few houses south of the park. And Tim, didn't your family live on Garrison, too?

Tim Burns: Thanks for remembering that we lived on Garrison. We used to use the little concrete pool in the park during summers when we were young. My Mom still lives in the same house, believe it or not. She would love to see any of you—the door is always unlocked.

As for people along Garrison: you mentioned Holly. Jamie Endres lived near the park when we were in HS. Pete Sellick lived next door to us, and John Chalmers (I almost typed in "Derm" or "Dr" but I didn't know if everyone knew his nicknames) lived on Willowbrook.

SS PETER & PAUL ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH

Cris Hicks-Usta: I told Tim that I had Religious Education Envy in High school, as I was (still am) Episcopalian and our studies were on Sunday morning. All my Catholic friends, however, were high-tailing it out of school Wednesdays EARLY for R.E., while the rest of us had to sweat out the remainder of the day—another forty-five minutes, or so. My memory of this is clearly full of holes, since I never attended—but I'm hoping to be filled in, all of who were SUPPOSED to be attending religious education on Wednesdays.

Dawn Andrews Matot: While you were envious of the kids who got out of school early to go to religious ed. I was at SSPP being told by the nuns that we had to take everything out of our desks on Wednesdays because those "bad" public school kids were going to steal everything out of them. I also remember how when we made our first communion (many of our classmates made it with me) the kids from the public school all had to be at the end of the line. The nuns really treated public schools kids badly. So much for being good Christians. The communion thing many will remember. Sister Olga was one of the nuns and she was mean, mean, mean....

Another story—we were able to get out of school to go to Mass on holy days. So we would have our moms write us an excuse, then walk to church. Of course it was 12:00 mass and we would miss our lunch so we then would go to Sadie Hawkins to have something to eat before we went back to school. I also remember on an occasion or two we just skipped mass and went directly to Sadie Hawkins, "blessed" our food, and carried on. Sue, Nancy Oliveri, Kathy Blatter, Judy Franchow I think and I don't remember the rest... there were some guys, maybe Dennis McCullough because I remember walking down Mill Street with him. (Hmm, he keeps popping up, my first boyfriend at Williamsville, I guess.)

Robert John (Adrian), do you remember folk mass in the school gym at SS Peter & Paul? Many a Sunday we would run into each other, it seemed more like a social gathering than mass. I know that there was a mass simultaneously in the church and most of the young people went to the folk mass in the gym. Guitars and sing a longs and all of that. There were others but I don't remember who. Possibly Mickey Kraus, Jeff Klein...blank as to any others. Bruce Krebs all from the class of '68. Tim, were you among that group?

Tim Burns: Dawn—No, I hit the early morning mass. I do remember that Les's parents used to drop him off, and he would go to the donut store at the corner. And I do recall that on Wed afternoons, there were a lot more people who left school than made it to SSPP.

THE MILKY WAY RESTAURANT

Cris Hicks-Usta: It used to be next to the Tech Pharmacy (now a clothing store), and is now the Original Pancake House. I worked at the Milky Way one summer. Mike Milkey always struck me as somewhere between creepy and pervert. The pay was probably pitiful, and tips hard to come by. I remember working the breakfast shift. One day a Buffalo Bill came in and I served him. He left me this enormous tip, which just blew me away. Never forgot that generosity. I also did not return to the Milky Way for a summer job the next year.