

Snow On April 1 - No Fooling

by Lynne Belluscio

I was in Norristown, Pennsylvania last weekend for a museum conference. I had checked the weather forecast to see what the weather was going to be like for the trip home on Sunday and nothing was ominous. It rained most of Saturday there, and a friend of mine from Cooperstown was saying that she was seeing flood warnings for her part of New York.

Sunday morning I pulled up *The Batavian* and it was showing the snow on Main Street in Batavia on Saturday night. There wasn't anything alarming on the Weather Channel, but I thought I'd send a message to my daughter to see what was happening Sunday morning. "Foot of snow! The plow just went by and pushed 4 foot of snow into the end of the driveway. Roads are terrible." Oops. Looks like the trip home was going to be a challenge. But everything was pretty good. Ran into some fog in the mountains and freezing rain south of Syracuse, but the roads were pretty good. We got a little west of Syracuse and saw accumulation and just the other side of Henrietta, it was obvious that something pretty nasty had taken place. Luckily by the time I made it to the LeRoy exit, the roads had cleared off and things were fine - except the driveway which was a little dicey, but 4-wheel drive is a wonderful thing.

I had received an e-mail from Cheryl Fernaays early in the day. She was the snow-shovel volunteer for the week. There was no way she was going to be able to shovel the walks in time for Monday, so I e-mailed trusty Tom Frew. "Any chance you can drive your tractor down and clear the walks?" A few hours later, his wife, Anne emailed to say, Tom had cleared the snow and we were in business for Monday.

The Historical Society has relied on volunteers to keep the walkways clear for many years. It's always the luck of the draw and Tom has not been lucky this year. But our thanks go out to our volunteers. And Tom gets the Gold Shovel Award!

I should add that the old snow shovel gave out this year, in January. And the one that was on the front porch of LeRoy House was stolen. By the time we went to

Crockers to get a replacement, they were out of snow shovels. Come to think of it, they were out of salt too.

By coincidence, I was looking through a scrapbook yesterday and discovered a photograph taken in Stafford on April 1, 1940. The old adage, the good old days doesn't apply. I looked up the Easter storm of 1940 in the *LeRoy Gazette*. It seems like the storm started on Good Friday, March 22.

The *Gazette* noted that it was colder on March 24 - Easter Sunday than it was on Christmas. There were 30 mph winds and the north/south roads filled with snow. The drifts were 15 feet high in some places. Some brave souls made it through the snow for Easter Sunday. The snow continued through Monday. Lake Street was still closed. Dozens of people were stranded. All buses were canceled. The Village garbage truck got stuck.

A week later, the snow had started to melt. Houses on East Avenue were flooded, and the fire

trucks helped pump 50 basements. A week later, it was reported that spring had arrived. The Village

had to order the kids on roller skates to stay off the roads.



Snow in Stafford April 1, 1940.



LeRoy's flamingoes on April 1, 2014.



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