

UNKNOWN ALMY LINES

I have information on five branches of the Almy family which I cannot, as yet, tie into the Almy Family Tree. I will include information on these unknown Almy lines in future issues of the Newsletter. I have entered the persons in these unknown lines into my computer so that I can include them in computer searches. I can now ask the computer to show me all persons that match a name - first name, middle name, last name, or complete name.

To include these people in the search I have given them all an Almy Family number. Their first digit is "1" as they are all considered descendants of William¹ Almy, although their line of descent is not now known. Their second digit is a "9", which identifies them as being in an unknown line. For working purposes, additional digits have been arbitrarily assigned to the earliest person in that line. Subsequent digits are assigned the same way as for known lines. When the unknown branch becomes known and ties in with the Almy Family Tree, the computer can transfer all persons in the unknown line from their unknown number to their proper number in the Almy Family.

Following is a list of the unknown branches, starting with the earliest Almy, with his "unknown" number that I have arbitrarily assigned.

1922 Seneca Almy, born 1794 in Ovid, NY, who settled in Vincennes, Indiana.

1933-31 Leon R. Almy, was in New Orleans, LA, in 1840. His son Andrew Allison Almy settled in Hopkinsville, KY.

1955 Joseph Almy, born 23 Jul 1799 in Unadilla, Otsego County, NY, was in Covert, Seneca County, NY in 1831, then settled later in Steuben County, NY.

1977 Andrew Almy, born 1843 in NY. Settled in Michigan.

1988 Job Almy, born about 1805 in Sweeden, Monroe County, NY.

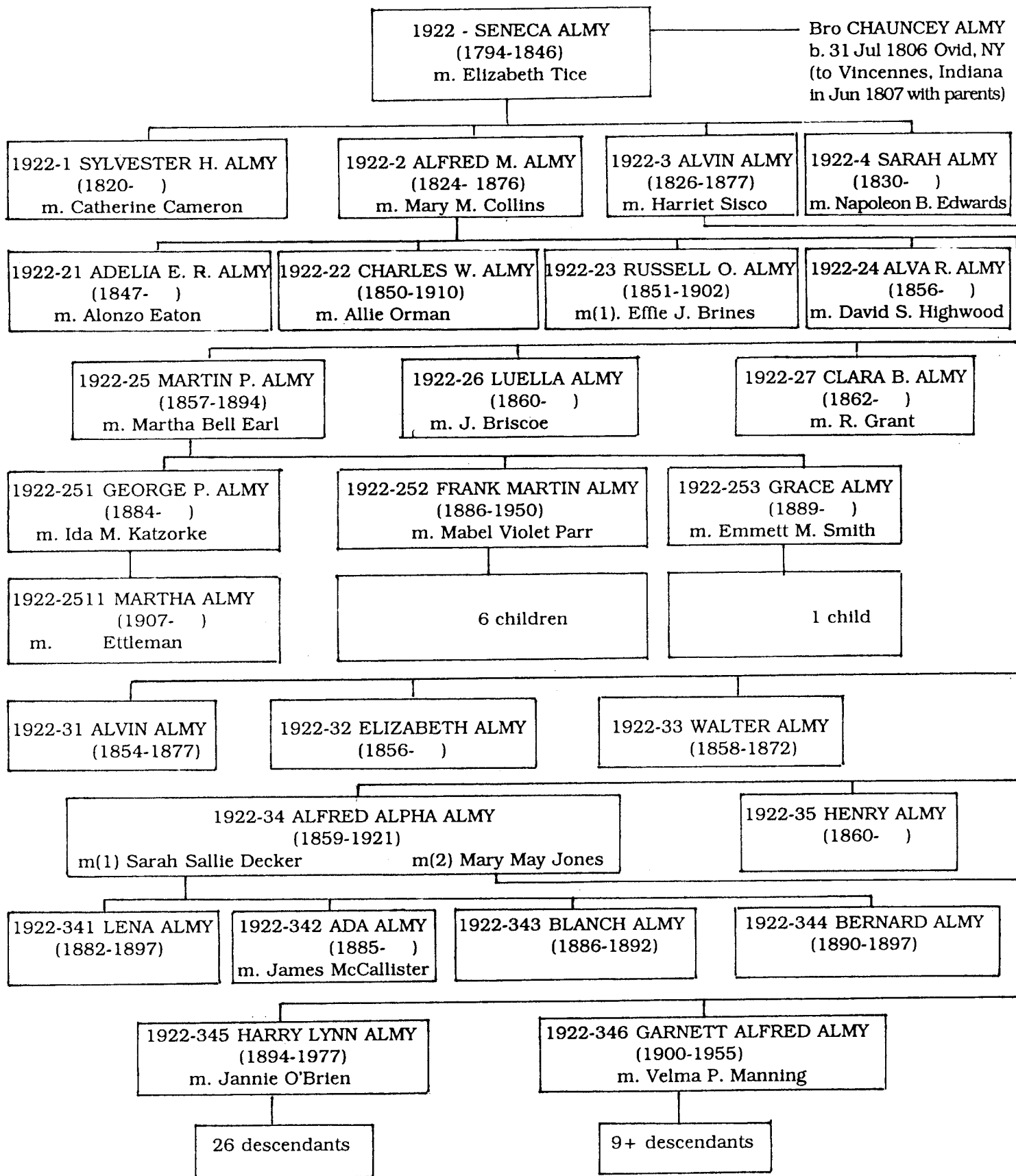
Those of you that descend in the above lines will find their new "unknown" Almy number used in the address label for the Newsletter.

Finding out the name of a parent (father, mother, or both) of the above may be all that is needed to tie that branch into the larger Almy Family Tree.

By the way, the Almy Family Tree now has over 9,000 names of descendants (and their spouses) of William¹ Almy.

On the next page is a chart of the first four generations in the "unknown" Seneca Almy line.

UNKNOWN ALMY LINE - SENECA ALMY



SEARCH FOR SENECA'S PARENTS

In the October 1989 Newsletter (No. 60, page 4) I tell about my search in Vincennes, Indiana, for information on Seneca's parents and descendants. In the summer of 1990 I spent 4 days in Ithaca, New York, and vicinity looking for information on Seneca and his brother Chauncey. I visited all depositories of genealogical information in Seneca County, New York, which includes the towns of Ovid, Covert, Interlaken, Seneca Falls, and Waterloo.

I found information on Samuel Almy (1233-311) and his family. Samuel lived in Ovid at one time because his first two children are recorded as born in Ovid in 1802 and 1804. Note that Chauncey Almy was born in Ovid in 1806. However, all the Almys I found in the records are known to be the above Samuel and his children.

I have come to the conclusion that Seneca, Chauncey, and their parents, must have been living with Samuel Almy's family because there is no record of any other Almy owning property or engaged in any civic activity. Seneca's father must have been a cousin or other relative of Samuel Almy.

Sometime some little fact will become known that will place this branch of the Almy Family in their rightful place in the Family Tree.

NEWS NEEDED

Please send me your family news and any other items that you think would be of interest for other family members (or for posterity). I need items to put in future issues of the Almy Family Newsletters.

FRUIT HILL FLASHBACKS

By Richard R. Almy, Sr.
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of Front Royal, Virginia

(This is a continuation of the article on pages 4 and 5 of the April 1991 issue.) "Fruit Hill Flashbacks" will be printed in the Newsletters as space permits.

In the days before water skis were developed, surf boards were used for towing behind motor boats. Our little boat could travel at 25 miles per hour, approximately, so I bought a surf board and a long rope for towing. Getting up on the board was simple in theory, but a little tricky in practice. The skier had to squat in the water with both feet on the board and both hands on a wooden cross bar at the ropes end. The boat operator had to slowly take up the slack rope as too fast a start would yank the board from under the skier. Once the simple technique was mastered, such surf boarding was a lot of fun when the weather was warm enough. It definitely is not a cool weather sport.

When we first went to this part of the beach there was only one other cottage there and this was at least a quarter mile to the east. About twice a day a member of the coast guard patrolled these nearly deserted stretches. To the north, across Green Hill Pond, was open farm land with an old farm house and barn. After a while we began to see changes in the old farm. The buildings were repaired and painted; a boat dock and motor boat appeared at the ponds shore. Then it was seen (through binoculars) that an airplane runway had been constructed and airplanes were frequently landing and taking off. It was said that a wealthy individual had purchased the old farm.

About this same time we began to hear motor boats off shore occasionally on moonless nights. This seemed strange and we could think of no reason for any one to be boating at such hours. Muffled sounds and talk could also be heard. It finally dawned on us and other beach residents, what was going on. These were "rum runners" bringing imported liquors ashore during prohibition. They would anchor their high speed boats a short distance off shore and unload their liquor onto row boats or dories to bring it to the beach in an isolated place where there were no cottages. Then it was picked up by cars or boats, and brought inland. By putting two and two together it was deduced that the "millionaires farm" north of our cottage was, in reality, a bootlegger's distribution center.

Activity at this location went on apparently undisturbed for several years. Then no airplanes were seen flying and no activity was apparent. Local rumors had it that the farm owner had somehow quarreled with or double crossed the rum-runners, and that he had been "bumped-off", his body encased in cement, and dumped off shore in the ocean. This was all speculation and may or may not have been based on fact. In any event, we heard no more strange goings on off shore at night. A once flourishing business had ceased to exist, at least at Green Hill and Charlestown Beach.

After graduating from Brown in 1927, it became apparent to me that I should find a job to justify my parents expensive funding of my college education. Most of my classmates had already gone to work. I did have an offer of a job with Stone & Webster, a well known engineering firm, in Boston. The thought of leaving old friends and family in Rhode Island, wasn't very appealing at the time. The nearby city of Pawtucket was then a flourishing place with a number of large manufacturing industries. I decided to "test the waters". I cranked up the "Old Model T" and headed east on Mineral Spring Avenue. About 3 or 4 miles later I came

to a 4 story mill with a large sign proclaiming 'Manville-Jenckes Corporation'. I pulled up at the employment office, went inside and asked if they wanted to hire an engineer. The clerk said she would check with the Chief Engineer. Word came back that he would talk to me. His name was Robert Brunet. After listening to me for a while he said they could probably use me as an engineering assistant to a Mr. Gibling, who was a Brown graduate of 1922. I agreed to start work the following Monday. The hours were from 6:45 AM to 5:45 PM (with ½ hour off for lunch) and 5 hours Saturday. The pay was 55 cents per hour. I think this amounted to \$29.50 per week.

Mr. Brunet's office was very impressive, but Mr. Gibling's was dark and small, being in the basement of the building together with a group of engineering and maintenance shops, all very noisy. At this time Manville-Jenckes was a very large and flourishing textile company with 3 plants in Pawtucket, 1 in Woonsocket, 1 in Manville, Rhode Island, 2 in North Carolina, and 1 in Sherbrooke, Canada. I stayed with this company 4 years during which time, both Mr. Gibling and Mr. Brunet died. Another misfortune was that the Great Depression struck in 1929. Manville-Jenckes lost it's main contract which was to supply tire yarn to the Firestone Tire and Rubber Co. Business declined and the company became bankrupt. Although I was now Plant Engineer, the future looked unpromising and I began to look elsewhere.

Professor James Hall of Brown told me that the Universal Winding Company in Cranston wanted a Research engineer. I applied for and got the job in 1931. By 1932 the Depression had gotten so bad that Universal had decided to close their Research and Development Department. After one year I was out of a job!

I belonged to the YMCA and went swimming there once a week in the winter. I got a bad cold somehow, possibly chilled after swimming,

and this turned into pleurisy in my left lung, and I spent 2 weeks in the hospital. After recuperating, the only thing I could find in the depths of the Depression was as a sales Engineer, selling a new General Electric Company oil heating furnace and also air conditioning equipment. This furnace cost \$900, but was very economical to run. My first sale was to my father who was tired of shoveling coal into our old furnace. It was surprising how many people could come up with \$900 for an oil furnace in those bad times. Many were mostly wealthy manufacturing executives, commercial establishments, and Catholic Priests!

I won a General Electric Company sales prize of a free trip to Bermuda along with several other salesmen. This was in 1933 and the Depression was showing signs of getting better. The trip was a 3 day affair. It left New York on a cold and windy January day. The ship was The Monarch of Bermuda, a very fine new passenger ship.

That night at dinner the sea was very rough and many people got sea sick. I began to feel a bit "queasy", and asked the wine steward if he knew of any good remedy. He said a few drinks of Brandy should take care of any symptoms. He was absolutely right, as no sea sickness developed, and I had a high old time. One passenger fell and suffered a broken bone from the tossing around the ship took. We stayed the next day and night at the Bermudiana Hotel. The next few days we took a trip on the railroad, then operated there, went to a cave, took a swim in the ocean at Elbow Beach and played some tennis. The return trip was calm and uneventful, except for passing The Queen of Bermuda, sister ship of the Monarch, which was going to Bermuda. Returning to work was a bit of a let down. I began to be disenchanted with the low pay obtainable in selling during the Depression and drove up to Boston where I registered with the Raymond Employment Service for Engineering work.

(To be continued.)

CONTRIBUTIONS

Following is a listing of those cousins who have sent in contributions since the last issue of the Almy Family Newsletter to help defray the costs of printing and mailing. This help is most appreciated. Many thanks to each and everyone of you.

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HAPPY HOLIDAYS !



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