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Although every attempt is made to maintain accuracy in the newsletter, the editor and the Society assume no responsibility for errors. The editor also reserves the right to edit where necessary.

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK



"For the Ardsley Library, my second home, and its staff, binder of my wounds, and its shelves, beams of vital diversion (no wit, no negativism, obviously signed on an off day.)"

— Lucille Kallen, novelist, pioneer television script writer, playwright, composer, and lyricist (1922–1999)

The profound words above were inscribed in the inside cover of Kallen's latest novel in 1979 called "Introducing C. B. Greenfield." Having worked with the likes of Mel Brooks, Carl Reiner, Neil Simon, and others on Sid Caesar's *Your Show of Shows*, circa 1950–54, the sole woman in the tightly knit writer's room, she would go on to produce at least five more bestselling novels, all of which are still available in the Ardsley Public Library. She and her fellow script writers would be immortally portrayed in the thinly veiled homage to *Your Show of Shows* in the 1982 comedy hit film, *My Favorite Year*, starring Peter O'Toole. When she died, TV GUIDE magazine devoted an entire page for her tribute. Oh, and did I mention she was an Ardsley resident?

By the time I met Lucille Kallen or rather Lucille Engel she had been long retired. And like most retirees performing their daily constitutional she would notice things about the neighborhood that she was too busy to notice when she was working. For instance:



Lucille Kallen and Mel Brooks in the Writer's Room

"George, Mrs. Engel is here to see you." Village Clerk Mary Kamens whispered as she entered the Village Manager's office.

"Mrs. Engel, nice to see you again! How can I help you today?" I greeted her.

"Well, I was walking and I seemed to notice that sand was accumulating in the catch basins on Abington and Mountain View, again, and causing water to overflow onto the nearby lawns."

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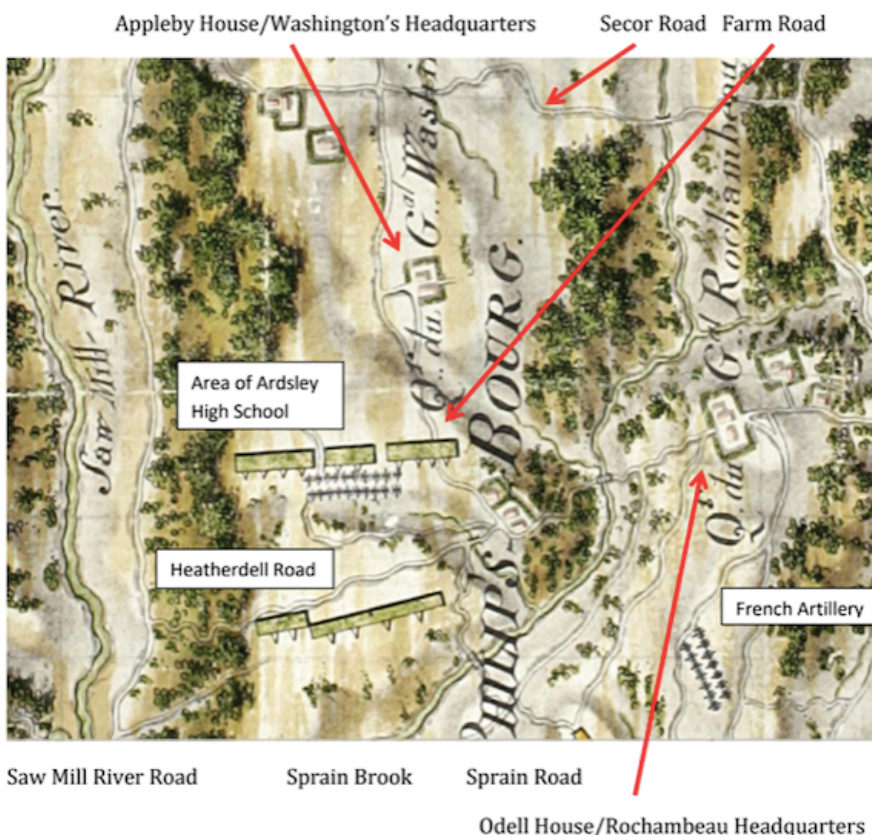
HAMILTON SLEPT HERE

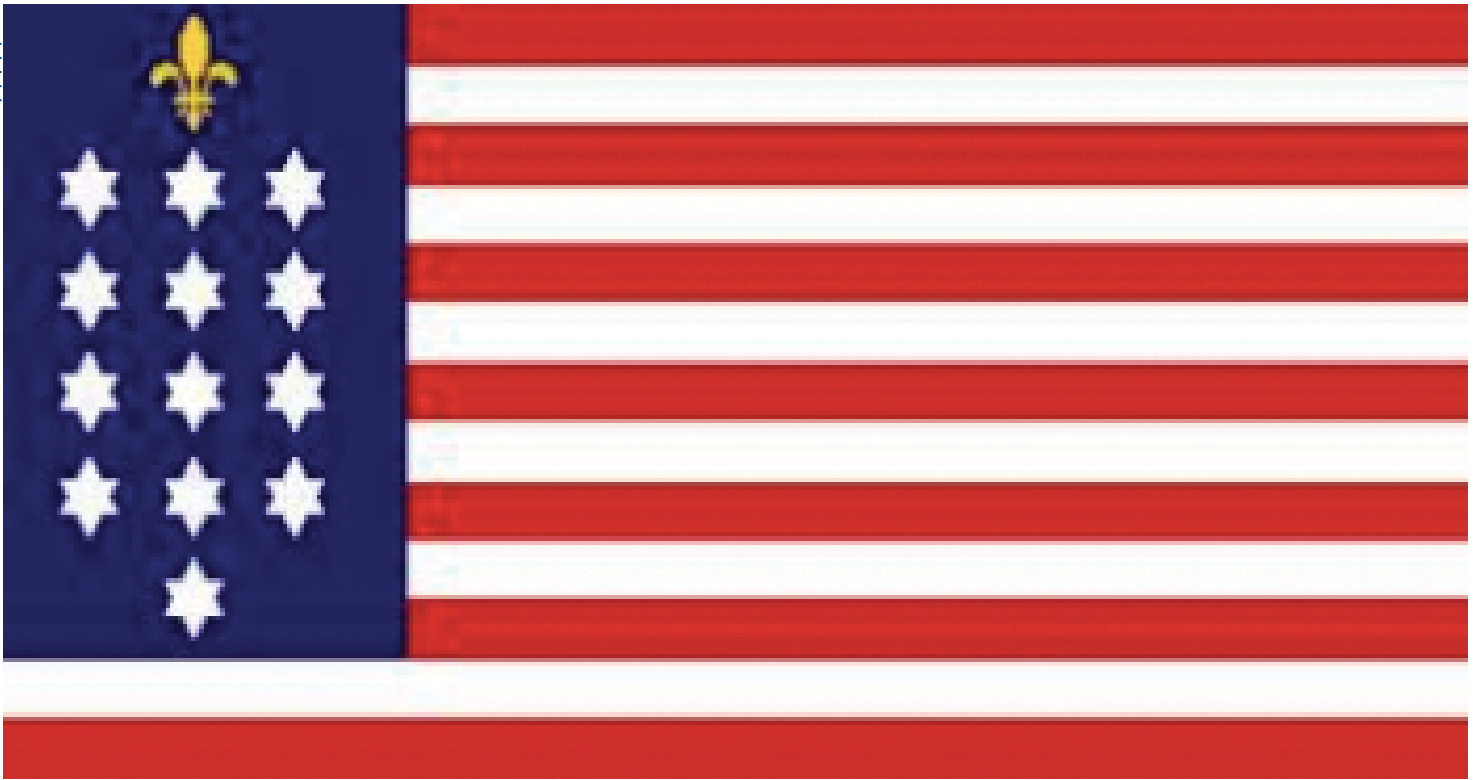
By Gary S. Rappaport

For almost 250 years, assertions of Alexander Hamilton's residency in present-day Ardsley during the American Revolutionary War were tentative. Silliman's short history of Ardsley hints he may have overseen artillery training in the vicinity of Concord Road. In possible commemoration, a short roadway bearing Hamilton's name is adjacent to Concord Road Elementary School (the street sign is missing and perhaps removed by a fan of the hit Broadway show?). The only house on Hamilton's eponymously named street is No. 25, which was recently purchased by the Ardsley School District. As the 1929 map of the Homeland Company's proposed Beacon Hill Section 2 subdivision shows, the full name of the street was Alexander Hamilton's Avenue. Hamilton's Avenue was much longer in its original incarnation. It intersected with Rochambeau's Lane (a paper street that runs through the Stonegate townhouses off Revolutionary Road). In 1958, the Water Wheel Inn (a supper club), unsuccessfully sought to have the Village of Ardsley "de-map" Alexander Hamilton's Avenue to expand its business.

In connection with its Beacon Hill real estate development, the Homeland Company built six stone pillars (the most prominent of which can be seen at the intersection of Route 9A and Revolutionary). Only five remain and Ardsley's Historic Preservation law protects them. A 1932 real estate brochure promoting Beacon Hill to prospective homeowners contains the following: "Beacon Hill is a carefully planned and suitably restricted home community.... consisting of about seventy-five acres of wooded hillside commanding a sweeping view of the country round about. It was on this very spot that the Allied American and French troops were camped during the latter part of the American Revolution - selected because of its eminence." Such "puffery" recalls the oldest real estate property value enhancement gimmick - "George Washington Slept Here," put to great comedic use in the 1942 film of the same name. Hamilton also appears on an engraved tablet on the exterior of Ardsley's Ashford School (built in 1912) located at 520 Ashford (which was Ardsley's first high school then later housed grades K-12).

However, a recently issued study of the Franco-American Encampment in Philipsburg*, "6 July - 18 August 1781," written by Robert A. Selig, Ph.D., a distinguished scholar of the American Revolution and the historical consultant to the Washington - Rochambeau Revolutionary Route has now authenticated Hamilton's presence in Ardsley. Hamilton served as Washington's aide-de-camp for most of the War of Independence but resigned abruptly in early 1781, seemingly over his inability to secure a military position. By General Order issued on July 31, 1781, Washington gave Hamilton the command of the newly-formed New York Light Infantry battalion. Washington recorded in his diary on 8 August:





"In 1782, a flag containing a French fleur de lys in gold and the stars and stripes (reproduced above) was issued in tribute to the 1781 Franco-American alliance"

"The light Company of the Second York Regiment (the first [NY Regt] having been down some days) having joined the Army, were formed with two Companies of Yk.levies [troops] into a Battn. under the Command of Lieutt. Colo. Hamilton & Major Fish & placed under the orders of Colo. Scammell as part of the light Troops of the Army."

The "Army" referenced by Washington was a portion of the Continental Army stationed in Ardsley on both sides of Heatherdell Road east of the Saw Mill River (where several street names including Flintlock, Revere, and Powder Horn recall Ardsley's revolutionary and colonial-era heritage). The troops encamped in Ardsley were commanded by 49-year-old General and Commander in Chief George Washington, whose headquarters were located off Secor Road at Joseph Appleby's farmhouse (in the vicinity of the abandoned WFAS radio station). While Ardsley has several streets named for American presidents (e.g., Taft, Lincoln, McKinley), one named for Washington is curiously missing.

Selig's report confirms that Hamilton's light infantry began leaving the Encampment on August 18, 1781, and marched hundreds of miles south to Yorktown, Virginia (the longest troop movement of the war), where American independence was secured nine weeks later on October 19, 1781. In 1782, a flag containing a French fleur de lys in gold and the stars and stripes

(reproduced above) was issued in tribute to the 1781 Franco-American alliance.

Using military and contemporary maps covering two centuries, Selig conclusively demonstrates Farm Road in Ardsley (site of Ardsley High School) was the direct communication route between the nearby Odell House (425 Ridge Road) (the Comte de Rochambeau's headquarters for the allied French troops) and Washington's Appleby farmhouse headquarters. Their conferences in these two locations led to Washington's pivotal decision to abandon attacking the British in New York City and instead march the American and French armies south to Virginia, where Hamilton's light infantry was highly effective against a British Army led by Lord Cornwallis. Because Hamilton was fluent in French, and given his former position as Washington's chief assistant, he was likely (although not definitively) a possible advocate for one of the greatest gambles in military history.

In light of Selig's definitive report on the Encampment, Ardsleyans can proclaim with historical certitude: "Hamilton Slept Here."

[Editor's Note: The author, Gary Rappaport, points out with an asterisk in the body of the article that Philipsburg was an English manor located north of New York City in Westchester County and covered all of present-day Greenburgh. He is a practicing attorney in Manhattan, who resides in Ardsley with his wife, Jill, and 15 year old son, Blake who is in 10th grade at Ardsley High School. Mr. Rappaport is a newly elected member to the board of directors of the Ardsley Historical Society. - GFC]

THE JAY LEON YEARS

By Peter R. Porcino

Jay Leon served as Mayor of Ardsley from December 2005 through December 2011, and served as a Village Trustee for six years before that. The defining characteristic of Jay's years as Mayor was his unbridled passion for the Village, its residents and its interests. He pursued many initiatives designed to improve Village life and he battled anyone who took any actions detrimental to its interests.

Jay Leon moved to the Village of Ardsley with his wife Erica and their two children, Robby and Rebecca, only a few years before he got involved in Village affairs. With an intense interest in history and politics, his ears perked up when the Ardsley Democrats asked him if he would like to run for Trustee. He eventually agreed. Though he was new to the Village, he had moved from Dobbs Ferry so he already knew many residents. And he had a natural gift for remembering people and making friends. When I went out campaigning with him in later years, he seemed to know half the Village residents by name.

Jay had a personality and background suited to the spotlight. His first career was as a professional musician, and he subsequently tried his hand at comedy. When he left the entertainment field, he took on a job in the sports marketing arm of Turner cable. His skills as a marketer and presenter would come in handy.

Once elected as a Trustee, Jay became active in Village affairs, serving as liaison to various committees and organizations. He served as liaison to the Library and the Youth Council where he would learn valuable lessons about the needs and interests of Village residents. His passion and enthusiasm for those committees were much admired.

When most of us think of the role of Mayor, we think of the public appearances: presiding at Board meetings, attending events, cutting ribbons, giving out awards, and the like. But most of the tasks of Mayor are hidden from the public. As the head of a large enterprise, there are daily questions and challenges to be met and the proverbial fires to be extinguished. Although the Village was run for the entire duration of Jay's mayoralty by the estimable George Calvi, George's powers extended only so far, and George needed a sounding board and fellow decision maker, and there were the constant communications and meetings, all while Jay was holding down a full-time and increasingly time-consuming job in New York City.

So how best to describe Jay's years as Mayor? I have chosen to identify three loosely-defined categories of accomplishments: building and infrastructure, defense of the interests of the Village and improvements in communications.



BUILDINGS AND INFRASTRUCTURE

Due to the length of time it takes to propose, plan, design and build, not to mention to obtain the public's input and approval, few projects ever begin and get built within the same mayor's tenure. One project started and completed during Jay's regime was the library extension. Under Jay's guidance and enthusiastic support, the library was converted—well, transformed—into a much more usable and serviceable space for our residents. There were many contributors, from the library board and its director, Angela Groth, the architects, the Village officials; but Jay kept them on-track and focused on the goal. There was also the fortuitous overture from the Village of Elmsford which, lacking their own library, asked the Ardsley Library to service its residents. The agreement came with a sizable cash contribution, which enabled the Village to finance the expansion.

The beautiful new firehouse was also completed during Jay Leon's mayoralty. The project was begun under Mayor Sam Abate, but ran into problems when its architects faltered financially. A new architect was hired, and the building proceeded under the able guidance of the Fire Department's building committee. The decision was made to build on the existing site of the firehouse (and old municipal building), and the Village negotiated a lease for the Westchester Garage to house the Fire Department during



the building process. The result was a magnificent new home for our volunteer firefighters.

The Waterwheel project was founded and advanced during Jay's term. Jay's role cannot be overstated. Jay had long served as a valued member of the Village's affordable housing committee. He sought to provide housing for volunteers from the Fire Department and ambulance corps (ASVAC), for Village employees, school teachers and others who contributed to the community, but who found it increasingly too expensive to afford housing here. The Waterwheel property long sat vacant, and when the idea was proposed to convert the land to affordable housing, Jay became its most enthusiastic

supporter. While the buildings were completed long after Jay stepped down, when it came time for a dedication, the developer rightfully gave most of the credit to Jay Leon.

It is worth mentioning here that while the Waterwheel project was advancing from a germ of an idea to plans and beyond, the County of Westchester was vigorously objecting to the Federal government's attempts to get the County to recognize its shortcomings in providing fair and affordable housing to all. The County eventually lost in Federal court, and reached a settlement with the Federal government that required more affordable housing and changes to exclusionary

zoning codes that resulted in discriminatory housing practices. Ardsley was ready. The Village quickly adopted revisions to its zoning code allowing for denser housing, and with the shovel already in the ground, completed the Waterwheel project.

Two more projects, one that never came to a fruition and another that became something of a Village institution, demonstrate more than anything Jay's enthusiasm and love of the Village. The first was the proposed parking garage and community center to be built on Center Street. Jay asked one of our traffic consultants to present one grand idea to improve the chronic traffic and parking issues, and we were presented with a beautiful ambitious design to remake Center Street by replacing the community center and neighboring buildings with a parking structure topped by a new community center. Jay brought his marketing skills and showmanship to the task of presenting these ideas to the residents, calling for a special Village-wide meeting held at Ardsley High School. With hundreds in attendance, Jay wowed the audience with his vision. Unfortunately, the price tag ran in excess of \$9 million, and there were no realistic sources of funds of that magnitude to finance the project, so the plans were added to the file containing the many other ideas for addressing the intractable traffic and parking issues the Village faces. The other project, loosely falling in this category, was a raging success: the revival of a street festival which would be renamed Ardsley Day. The origins, in Jay's telling, are now forgotten. Jay had a vision where the streets of Ardsley would become

more hospitable to walkers and cyclists. He thought a return to walking would improve the residents' health, get them out of their cars, and reduce traffic congestion. He also thought it would be beneficial if children could ride their bikes or walk to school, again getting people out of their cars. Essentially, he wanted to encourage people to get off their duffs, get out of their homes, and simply walk. Thus, the original Ardsley Day had events planned for the downtown streets and Addyman Square and then for Pascone Park (still called Ashford Park in those days). The hope was that people would walk between the two locations, and a walking boom would be born. While there was not a noticeable rise in pedestrian traffic nor a decline in vehicular traffic, Ardsley Day itself was a huge success. Jay enlisted a cadre of citizen volunteers to run the project, and it became a popular addition to the fall calendar.

To complete the backstory, the efforts to benefit schoolchildren arose from a project called Safe Routes to School which was a national campaign to improve roads and sidewalks and make them safe so children could walk or bike to school. Jay saw its potential and became a big advocate. In addition to Ardsley Day, the sidewalk projects on Heatherdell Road were conceived as part of the campaign. Jay launched the improvements to the eastern section of sidewalks from Farm Road to McDowell Park which were finally completed after he left office. He also sought funding for the remainder of Heatherdell, but that did not come to fruition until the project now nearing completion.

DEFENSE OF THE VILLAGE'S INTERESTS

The next category of achievements during the Leon years is what can be called a defense of the Village's interests. Jay fought hard against anyone whose interests or ideas detracted from Village life. Here are a few examples.

First, and probably foremost in intensity, was the battle against Rivertowns Square, the vast retail and housing project across the Saw Mill River Parkway in Dobbs Ferry. Owing to Ardsley's close ties to the Village of Dobbs Ferry, it was especially painful to deal with the over-sized and ill-conceived project where Ardsley's pleas for a reduction in scope went unanswered. Jay believed that there would be severe impacts on



Ardsley's roads, schools, traffic and general quality of life, and he expressed those sentiments on many occasions. Most memorable was a meeting with Dobbs Ferry officials to discuss Ardsley's concerns that ended with a shouting match between the two mayors.

Somewhat in the same vein, but with a somewhat better ending, was the Village's fight against the vast Yonkers project known as Ridge Hill, the mixed use "village"

built along the New York State Thruway. Jay led the Ardsley charge, along with Hastings and Greenburgh officials, to reduce the scope of the project. Eventually, Ardsley and the other municipalities came away with money to improve roads and address traffic concerns. With those funds in hand, Jay represented the Village's interests in numerous inter-municipal meetings, and eventually won a sizable chunk of money to improve Route 9A north of Ashford Avenue. That project encompassed the widening of the road into a three-lane passageway, improving traffic flows and at the same time increasing pedestrian safety.

Another major project where Jay's presence was strongly felt was the rebuilding of the Ashford Avenue Bridge. Jay attended numerous meetings with the County and the State DOT, expressed his views, presented his desires and kept the project focused on what was important. While in the end the bridge did not incorporate many of the Village's requests, it would have been less beneficial to Ardsley had Jay not been there to protect its interests.

While we longtime Ardsley residents cringe when we think of the twin headaches of parking and traffic, Jay Leon fought tirelessly to improve both. Jay met numerous times with State DOT officials, commissioned studies, espoused out-of-the-box ideas and vocalized his concerns and frustrations whenever he could. His initiatives included Safe Routes to School, sidewalk improvements, the parking garage and walkable communities. He pushed back against counterproductive ideas. For example, the traffic experts proposed closing off Addyman Square as an answer to the traffic overflow at Ashford Avenue and Route 9A. Since that would have choked off about 15 businesses and reduced available parking by some 25 spaces, Jay was having none of it. He sent the idea, and its proponents, packing.

IMPROVEMENTS IN COMMUNICATIONS

The last category I am using to describe the Jay Leon Years is improvements in communications. From his early professional career in entertainment to his later positions in marketing, Jay fundamentally understood the value of good communications. Though the Village had instituted televised Board of Trustees meetings long before Jay became mayor, providing a real benefit to the Village, they clearly did not reach all citizens. Thus, the main source of Village news was the quarterly newsletter, produced and overseen by the Village Manager, George Calvi. The newsletter was a valuable source of information, presenting reports and reminders from all the Village departments. (It continues in less frequent issues.) Other sources of information remained: the Parks and Recreation program schedules and the other letters and notices from the Clerk with reminders for permit renewals and other Village requirements.

All of these predated the digital age. Jay Leon saw to it that the Village joined the online information age. While the Village website was already up and running when Jay became Mayor, he oversaw a vast overhaul to ensure that the site became user friendly and more informative. Jay also introduced the Village Blast, allowing the Village to inform residents of ongoing events, changes to schedules and emergencies, in real time. He constantly reminded residents to sign up for the Blast to keep up with current events. And he worked with George Calvi and Village Clerk, Barbara Berardi, to put more of the Village business online, including forms and permits.

An initiative that few residents are even aware of was the founding of the Village Officials Committee (VOC) which Jay either proposed or co-founded. The VOC is a periodic gathering of mayors and managers / administrators from the six villages in the Town of Greenburgh, with the Town of Mt. Pleasant's Sleepy Hollow also invited due to its intertwined affairs with the Village of Tarrytown, and representatives of the Town of Greenburgh also invited guests. The VOC generally would meet monthly to discuss topics of mutual interest to the villages, with the participants able to learn from their neighbors' experience and wealth of knowledge. No topic was off limits, so everyone could learn how the villages dealt with common problems, difficult issues and new initiatives. What was most beneficial was the desire to join together in bidding and contracts, as well as sharing of equipment. The villages started to bid jointly for such items as paving contracts and winter road repairs. Thus,

they were able to save on pricing, and because one or another of the villages would take the lead on each of these projects, on personnel costs as well. Plus, the sharing of equipment owned by neighboring villages also enabled significant cost savings. The VOC was a great idea, and continues to this day, with the current mayors benefiting from shared insights and initiatives to address the effects of the pandemic.

Jay's support of community policing deserves to be mentioned here. Ardsley already had a police force that served its residents well, and earned the respect of its citizens. However, improving ties between the police and the community was an idea that was rapidly spreading, and the more progressive communities recognized its goals and benefits. Accordingly, the Ardsley police force designated one of its officers as a Community Police Officer. (It should be noted that the original and still only occupant of the office is Tony Vacca.) The position enabled the Police Department to identify the community's issues and needs, to show that it was there to help its residents, not to do battle with them. The goal was to establish ties with the schools, the children, the parents, the Village officers and residents to build up trust and benefit from mutual aid. And it has worked.

It is fitting to end this overview of the Jay Leon Years by recalling Jay's constant support for Village officials and volunteers. It is not surprising, given Jay's passion for the Village, that he would be so supportive of those who worked for the Village. As mentioned, Jay served as library liaison and liaison to the Youth Council. He valued those institutions and the people who drove them. He would never miss an opportunity to praise the hardworking volunteers who served the Fire Department, the Recreation Commission, and the various land use boards. And if you worked for the Village, whether as manager, clerk, treasurer, secretary or police, Jay had your back. Yes, he would have his run-ins with Village staff and volunteers from time to time, again with those who Jay felt were undermining the best interests of the Village. If you worked hard and placed the interests of the Village in the forefront, Jay was there for you.

[Editor's note: The author, Peter Porcino, served as Mayor of the Village of Ardsley from 2011 to 2017, and Village Trustee from 2005 to 2011. An attorney in Manhattan, he and his wife, Susan, have been residents of the Village for 34 years where they raised their two children, Peter, and Julia. - GFC]



REMEMBERING VICTORIA DENARDO

By George F. Calvi

Interesting, and illuminating, she was always the quintessential small town citizen. She knew everyone, and always had a nice word to say about people, as they went about their business, people who more often than not were one of her own relatives. Consequently, I was the regular recipient of remarks similar to those reproduced below:

“Oh, there goes Aunt Bertha on her way to Mass at OLPH.”

“You know my cousin Nick Macri (former Fire Chief). He wants to make an appointment to discuss the proposed budget and tax rate.”

“Cousin Fred Arone (former Dobbs Ferry Historian) and his wife Patty are here and want to talk about raising funds to resurrect the WWII Honor Roll.”

“My cousin Jamie Macri (another former Fire Chief) is waiting at the front counter to discuss the fire district contracts.”

“Recreation Director Matt Arone is on his way up to see you about park maintenance. He’s my cousin you know. Fred’s son.”

And that was just the tip of the iceberg. There were days it seemed Victoria Denardo, or Vicky as we called her, was related to everyone in this square mile Village which of course I knew was impossible, but I would place a bet she darn came close!

Victoria Denardo passed away January 13, 2016. She was the daughter of Nicola and Teresa (Barbieri) Denardo and lived her entire life at 405 Ashford Avenue in Dobbs Ferry just over the bridge at the corner of Northfield. In addition to her parents, she was predeceased by her sisters Tess, Mary, Esther, Agnes, and her brother Joseph. Victoria attended Ardsley schools, particularly in the building across the street from Village Hall now known as Ashford Court, and was very much a vital member of the Ardsley community.

After high school Victoria went to work in the insurance industry at a firm known as Commercial Union in White Plains, and upon retirement was hired by Village Manager Timothy Idoni shortly after his arrival in 1984 during the administration of Mayor Marie Stimpfl. She would spend the next 30 years in Village Hall until her retirement in November 2014 at the age of 88. Though her official title was Account

Clerk in the Treasurer’s office she also performed many secretarial tasks for the Village Manager, and assisted other staff when necessary. Prior to Village Treasurer Marion DeMaio and I introducing desk top computers in 1990, Victoria spent an incredible amount of energy banging out long single-spaced bill abstracts, bond resolutions, and other important documents on the mechanical workhorse of the day, the reliable IBM Selectric typewriter. In her heyday she processed thousands of purchase orders and invoices, and billed business owners for refuse services while collecting tax payments at the front counter. Long before the word came into vogue, Vicky was the proto-type of a multi-tasker.

A familiar figure to many, she strolled back and forth daily from her home in Dobbs Ferry over the narrow sidewalk on the north side of the Ashford Avenue bridge, across the busy Route 9A intersection, and up to Village Hall often in her long off-white overcoat, matching broad-brimmed hat, and large Jackie Onassis sunglasses. When she wasn’t walking, she cruised around town in her mint 1965 red Mustang quite in sharp contrast with her younger sister, Esther’s bright orange Volkswagen Beetle, another village fixture. For many years when vacation came around the two of them would escape to the shores of Cape Cod to relax and soak up the sun. Nicknamed in her youth by her mother as Brunetta (the dark haired one in her native Italian), Victoria was always dressed to the nines, well-groomed, and most wonderfully well spoken. No manager could have had a better secretary / assistant than Vicky Denardo answering the Village Hall phones in her inimitable soothing manner: “Good afternoon, Village of Ardsley. I’m sorry. He’s not available right now but perhaps I can assist you with your concern.” When the first voice mail system was introduced in Village Hall in 1999, Vicky’s charming voice was chosen to be recorded as the response to callers during after-hours.

She had an incredible sense of humor, loved jokes whether they were shared in English or Italian, ribald or rated G. Though never a cook herself, she loved good Italian food particularly freshly made mozzarella, and the St. Joseph sfingi pastries, always cannoli cream-filled, never the custard ones, that I as Village Manager would bring in for the staff on the feast day celebrated each year on March 19. As the years went

by, unlike some of us, she never seemed to gain an ounce most likely because she ate like a bird. The consumption of a single boiled egg, perhaps with a touch of salt, was not unusual fare as her entire mid-day meal.



Victoria often shared stories about what life was like in Ardsley during the 1940s, 50s, 60s, 70s, and 80s. In many ways, she was the Village Manager's own personal walking talking history book of local lore. She reminisced about the convenience of taking the "Old Put" from Ardsley to Manhattan to see Broadway shows, how there was a time one could complete all of one's shopping by walking no further than Addyman Square, or how she used to walk to the nearby Pickwick Theatre in Dobbs Ferry to take in the latest movie. And she deplored how the arrival of the New York State Thruway ravaged the heart of the central business district changing the character of her beloved community.

We were kindred spirits when it came to talking about movies from the Golden Age of Hollywood. She adored Marilyn Monroe, always her favorite, as well as Clark Gable, Shirley Temple, and The Little Rascals. Unlike me, she did not care at all for the Andrew Sisters and did not hesitate to let me know if I were to absent-mindedly whistle or hum one of their tunes in her presence! She often concluded conversations about classic entertainers with a quick sigh and the words "they just don't make them like they used to." Poignantly, one could characterize Victoria in pretty much the same manner. They just don't make them like Vicky any more. Victoria Denardo left us a month and a half shy of her 90th birthday, leaving an indelible print in my memory, and without doubt, in the memory of many others in the community. Ciao Brunetta!

[Editor's note: I had the pleasure of working with Vicky from mid May 1990 through early November 2014. She was always nice to everyone except if you attempted to take her photograph without her permission as unofficial village photographer Bill Schropp, working on the 1996 centennial journal, found out the hard way one day. Needless to say, poor Bill, a respected artistic collaborator of none other than Salvador Dali himself, barely escaped out of the Village offices with, let's say, his camera intact! - GFC]

MATT ARONE'S BELIEVE IT OR NOT!

Do you know where this hidden vault is located and what historic Ardsley building it is part of? Though it has been painted over the years, you can still see the beautiful brass combination lock. The answer to this question is at the end of this newsletter. However, no peeking until you have read all the articles in between!



THE SAGA OF A FIRE TRUCK, AN ISLAND, AND A VOLCANO

By George F. Calvi

In her usual manner, the Village Clerk, Mary Kamens, tentatively strolled into my office, and whispered, “The Fire Chief is on the phone. He needs to speak with you. He sounds excited.” I grabbed the phone receiver on my desk and uttered, “Hey Vinnie, what’s up?” Vinnie Coulehan breathlessly stated, “George, you need to come down right away. The Prime Minister of Montserrat is in the fire bay, and he’s inspecting his new apparatus.” And so it began, the saga of a fire truck, an island, and a volcano.

Upon hearing from the Fire Chief, the first thing I had to do was to quickly reconcile in my head that I had broken Jan Siek’s golden rule. Many years earlier while working as a management intern for the Village of Scarsdale, Jan who was the Village Manager’s executive secretary sternly advised me, “Even though it’s summer and the air conditioning in this building is not the best, always bring a proper sports jacket and necktie to work. You never know when the Village Manager is going to ask you to accompany him to a luncheon meeting at the country club.” Bear in mind, it was the early 1980s, and it was Scarsdale after all. People still met for lunch regularly at their country club, and there were several in town. Though the old Ardsley Village Hall also had questionable air conditioning, Jan had so conditioned me that I always brought a proper sports jacket and tie to the office, but for reasons long forgotten, I did not that hot summer day. Now what? Momentarily, I was going to have to have an impromptu encounter with a foreign diplomat. I couldn’t meet him without at least a necktie. That’s when I got the bright idea to run down to the police department



Montserrat Fire & Rescue proudly takes possession of Engine 164

in the hope of crossing paths with a plain clothes detective, and fortunately for me one was on duty. “Please, I need your assistance. Gimme that tie!” I exclaimed. “I really need that necktie, now.” Thankfully, without discussion he handed me his tie, and as I rushed out the door, I exclaimed, “Thanks! I’ll explain later.”

I made my way to the fire bay (the firematic term for garage) and met the Fire Chief in his office. “The Prime Minister is checking out his apparatus (firematic term for fire truck) right now,” he shared. As he spoke, a tall, slim, well-dressed gentleman came around from the back of the apparatus with a satisfied look on his face. “How soon can we get it shipped?” I spun around to the Fire Chief, and he responded “There are a few things we need to do, but you can have it soon, very soon.” “Fine,” he replied. “I have some business to attend to in New York City. I will be in touch,” he stated as he departed, but not before handing me his business card. I took note that his actual title was Chief Minister, and his name was Reuben Meade. *[In 2010, Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II approved a change in the title to Premier for the crown colony of Montserrat.]*

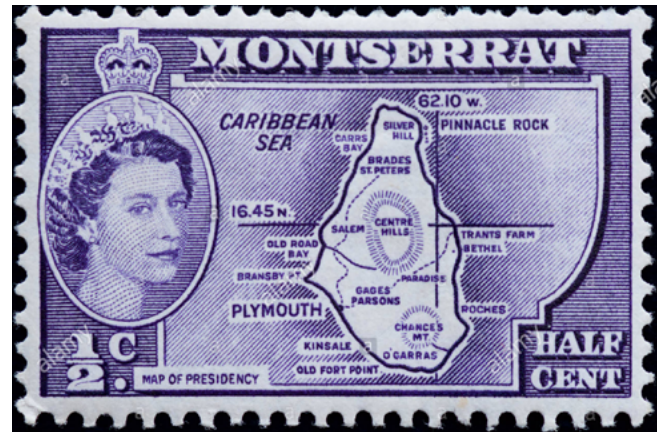
How did this all come about? In speaking with ex-Fire Chief now Deputy Highway Foreman Patrick Lindsay this past August, the fire apparatus, a 1970 Young Crusader, also known as Engine 164, was being retired after 20 years of service to the Village of Ardsley. Accordingly, then Fire Chief Vincent Coulehan had already prepared a set of bid documents with an upset price of \$20,000.00 that was passed on to me for review and subsequently presented for approval to the Village Board of Trustees. Upon release, a woman who had resided in both Ardsley and Montserrat took notice of the bid release in the newspapers, and immediately contacted her connections on the island knowing there was a need for such a vehicle there. Much to our surprise the Government of Montserrat met our price which was most fortunate since it was the sole bid received. The big question of the day voiced by many was – just where is this island of Monserrat? Mind you it was the early 1990s, the Internet was in its infancy, and smart phones which could have answered everyone’s question right away, were still several years from being introduced. It fell on my shoulders to make a visit to the Ardsley Public Library down the street and find out all I could

about Montserrat. Having been an avid stamp collector in my youth I already knew that it was a British possession in the Caribbean Sea, but that was about it. I needed to find out more. Back then my reliable source would be the venerable Encyclopedia Britannica on the shelves of the Ardsley Public Library. Today, my first stop would be the website Wikipedia.

According to Wikipedia, “Montserrat is an Overseas British Territory part of the chain of islands known as the Lesser Antilles in the West Indies.” It’s not one of the bigger islands, a mere 10 miles by 70 miles, with 25 miles of coastline. “Montserrat is nicknamed the “Emerald Island of the Caribbean” both for its resemblance to the coast of Ireland, and for the Irish ancestry of many of its inhabitants.” The first wave of many of these Irish immigrants were actually indentured servants and prisoners of war exiled by the notorious Oliver Cromwell who deposed and executed King Charles I during the English Civil War and established the short-lived so-called republican commonwealth of England. In the early 1990’s the island had a population of nearly 13,000, and a capital city known as Plymouth, in the shadow of a dormant volcano named Soufriere Hills. Between 1995 & 1997, the data in the preceding sentence would all change dramatically.

According to the Huffington Post, dated 10/18/2013, the formerly “dormant volcano spewed up to 20 feet of ash over the capital (Plymouth) in 1995, forcing two-thirds of its residents to flee.” Fortunately, no one was injured, but during a subsequent eruption in 1997, 19 residents were killed. “Today, half of the island remains abandoned, and some of the buildings are still partially buried.” According to a Finnish Laplander travel writer who writes exclusively under the name, Meri, in her website Beyond the Auroras, “a large part of the island remains an exclusion zone . . . and the now buried city of Plymouth, dubbed a modern day Pompeii.”

Previously, because the island is so small all essential government services were centered in Plymouth. According to a report for the Geological Society of London, released in 2014, known as “The Eruption of the Soufriere Hills, Montserrat, “The fire department (Montserrat Fire & Rescue Service) was left without a building and relocated to a tent in Gerald’s (a community in the northern safe zone). They remained there until a new fire station was built in 2002 at the site of the new government headquarters in Brades.” According to a British publication, The Independent, (2005) the remaining islanders live in only a 13 square mile area, and according to a speech given by Premier Joseph Farrell on July 2020, as presented in the Government of Montserrat website, the population remains a fraction of its former self at 4,600, barely larger than the population of the Village of Ardsley!



Postage Stamp with Map of Montserrat



The capital, Plymouth, before and after eruption



Volcano erupting in Montserrat



Engine 164 Readied for Travel with Chief's daughter, Marissa Coulehan, in foreground

And what about the fire truck Ardsley sold to the Government of Montserrat? Arrangements were made to have the apparatus shipped to Montserrat via barge which was a perilous venture in the Atlantic Ocean that year. According to Chief Coulehan, the barge fortuitously missed only by days the power of Hurricane Andrew, one of the most destructive in recent memory and the same one that nearly wiped out Homestead, Florida. Chief Coulehan was invited by the Montserrat Government and Chief Fire Officer Basil Walters to train the local fire fighters, or the Fire Brigade as they are referred to locally, on the proper procedures in handling their new acquisition which he did over a period of three days. He was accompanied by his wife, Dolores, and their children. As for the fire truck and the volcano, for years I just assumed along with others that it was buried by the same lava and ash that destroyed the fire station and the rest of the City of Plymouth. However, ex-Chief Vinnie Coulehan, now an employee of Consolidated Edison, advised me in early September that he learned through a news report that the vehicle, still bearing the words Ardsley on the front at the time, was fortunately relocated to the north of the island before the worst of the destruction occurred. Upon hearing that naturally I wondered was the truck returned to service? Where is it now? Was it scrapped and sold for parts? Curiosity caught the best of me one afternoon in mid-September and I impulsively telephoned the Montserrat Fire & Rescue Service. I managed to connect with Fire Fighter James Adams and we had a pleasant conversation as I explained who I was and what I was writing about. He advised me that he had been on the force since 2000, and there was no Young Crusader in service when he arrived, nor did he know of the disposition of the fire truck. Interestingly, he did share that the entire fleet

now consisted solely of Mercedes-Benz vehicles. I thanked him for his time, and hung up.

“Okay,” I thought to myself, “the fire truck’s crew abandoned the southern portion of the island in 1995, and five years later the vehicle performs a disappearing act. Where did it go?” While scratching my head I recalled that ex-Fire Chief Troy Roberts often traveled to Saint Martin, another island in the Lesser Antilles. I tracked down Roberts who was 2nd Assistant Fire Chief back in 1992 to New York City where he is now FDNY Lt. – Fire Boat Division. I asked Troy “You’ve spent a lot of time in the Caribbean over the years. What do these small Caribbean islands do with fire trucks once they’ve outlived their useful purpose?” He responded “. . . that since space is so limited quite often they are abandoned in a convenient spot along an isolated roadway and tropical vegetation eventually covers them over.” I thought to myself “How sad. I hope that hadn’t been the fate of Ardsley’s fire truck, but in all likelihood that’s probably what did happen.” Like the fellow who gets a black eye after stumbling over an ottoman and attempts to save face by bragging to the world he got the “mouse” in a bar brawl, I would have preferred to have kept on thinking that the truck had been buried in fiery lava and ash. In my view of the world it would have made a far more colorful and noble ending for a once proud possession of the Ardsley Fire Department that served the community for 22 years, survived a dicey ocean voyage on a barge, dodged a killer hurricane, and met its demise while fleeing an erupting volcano rather than ultimately becoming a garish makeshift pergola for exotic vines, weeds, and flowers. Alas, as much as one may prefer, life rarely guarantees Hollywood endings!

[Editor's note: An especially big thank you is extended to Ardsley ex-Fire Chiefs Coulehan, Roberts, and Lindsay who without I never would have been able to piece this story together. – GFC]

THE FIRST AMENDMENT AT THE ARDSLEY SCHOOLHOUSE GATE: PART ONE

By Gary S. Rappaport



On Flag Day 1943, when the outcome of World War II was unknown, the United States Supreme Court held the Free Speech Clause of the First Amendment protects students from being forced to salute the American flag or say the Pledge of Allegiance in public schools. In the decision written by Associate Justice Robert Jackson (who three years later would serve as the Chief United States Prosecutor at the Nuremberg Trials of Nazi War Criminals), the Court firmly reminded local school boards that while they have “important, delicate, and highly discretionary functions... educating the young for citizenship is reason for scrupulous protection of Constitutional freedoms of the individual, if we are not to strangle the free mind at its source and teach youth to discount important principles of our government as mere platitudes.” (West Virginia State Board of Education v. Barnette).

Nearly thirty years later, in 1970, a school board’s Constitutional obligations to teach the fundamental rights of citizens to its pupils would be tested by four Ardsley High School students who sued Ardsley school officials under the First Amendment for a court order allowing them to disseminate a political flyer - the means of protest tracing back to the days of the American Revolution - on school grounds. Notably, and perhaps fittingly, the aftermath of the filing of the case included the brief involvement by Francis J. McCormack, the only person in Ardsley history to hold every elected position - Mayor, Trustee, Village Justice, and School Board Trustee.

Half a century later, in 2020, acclaimed author Bess Kalb, the daughter of an Ardsley student who covered the lawsuit for The Panther, Ardsley High School’s newspaper, wrote about the lawsuit in “Nobody Will Tell You This But Me,” a well-received memoir about

*“The secret of education lies in respecting the pupil”
Ralph Waldo Emerson*

her grandmother who lived on Dellwood Lane near Ardsley High School. Film rights for a script based on the book, which features many scenes in Ardsley, have recently been acquired.

*So, your brother’s bound and gagged
And they’ve chained him to a chair.
Won’t you please come to Chicago
Just to sing*

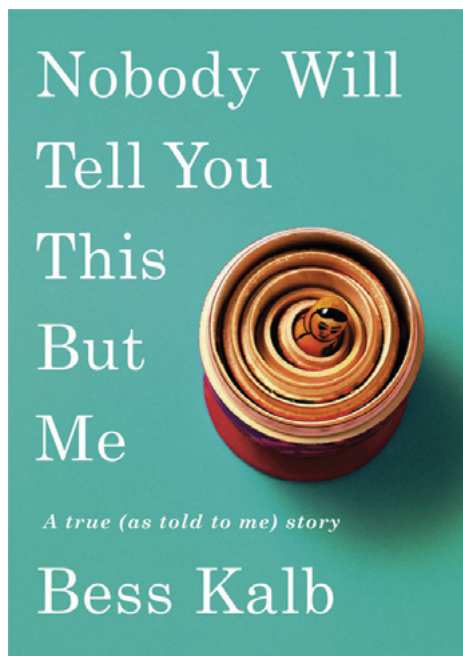
(“Chicago/We Can Change the World”) Graham Nash

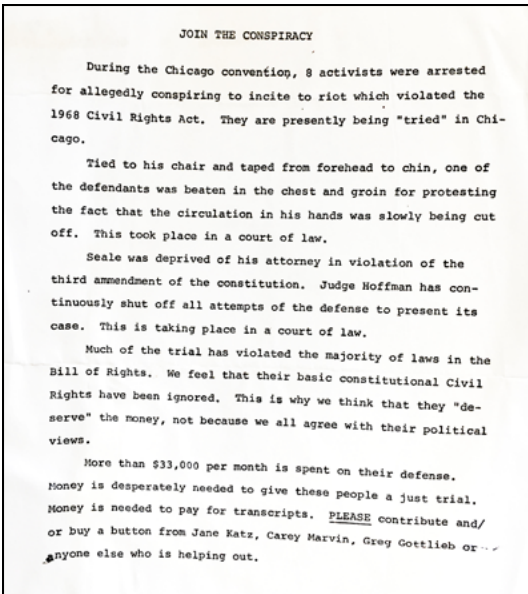
Beginning on September 24, 1969, eight 1960s era anti-war, counterculture, and political activists were tried for conspiring to incite a riot at the 1968 Democratic National Convention held a year earlier in Chicago. The above-cited song lyrics revolved around British songwriter Graham Nash’s plea to bandmates Stephen Stills and Neil Young (of folk-rock supergroup Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young) to sing in a benefit concert for the legal defense of what

was initially known as the Chicago Eight. One of the defendants, who, as the song “Chicago” notes, was gagged and chained to a courtroom chair by Federal District Judge Julius Hoffman, was ultimately removed from the case on November 5, 1969. Subsequently, the matter became known as the trial of the Chicago Seven/Conspiracy Seven. Judge Hoffman’s open contempt for the defendants’ coupled with his extreme conduct at the trial, would soon reverberate eight hundred miles away in Ardsley.

Lead defense counsel for the Chicago Seven was self-described radical New York civil rights attorney William Kunstler. Ron Kuby, Kunstler’s then law partner, explained in a 1995

eulogy: “While defending the Chicago Seven, Kunstler put the war in Vietnam on trial asking Judy Collins to sing ‘Where Have All the Flowers Gone’ from the witness stand, placing a Viet Cong flag on the defense





table, and wearing a black armband to commemorate the war dead." A black armband as a symbol of protest against the Vietnam War figured prominently in a landmark 7-2 decision issued by the United States Supreme Court in December 1969 entitled *Tinker v. Des Moines Independent Community School District*. In 1965, several public school students, including 13-year-old Marybeth Tinker and her three siblings, were suspended for wearing black armbands on their school clothing to protest the Vietnam War. After finding no evidence wearing armbands would substantially interfere with the school's work or impinge upon the rights of other students (and that Des Moines school officials were seeking to avoid the discomfort and unpleasantness that accompanies an unpopular viewpoint), the Court held the suspensions violated the Constitution.

While in *Tinker* Associate Justice Abraham Fortas boldly declared the constitutional rights of public school students were "not shed at the schoolhouse gate," the question remained: how far past the gate did the First Amendment rights of secondary school students extend under *Tinker*? Dissenting from the majority ruling in the case, Justice Hugo Black opined: "It is a myth

to say that any person has a constitutional right to say what he pleases, where he pleases and when he pleases" adding "I wholly disclaim . . . the Federal Constitution compels elected school officials to surrender control of the American Public School system to public school students."

Graham Nash was not the only person seeking financial help for the defense team in Chicago. While the Chicago Seven trial was ongoing, four Ardsley High School students (a senior and three sophomores), troubled by

Judge Hoffman's actions, inspired by their participation in organizations opposing the Vietnam War (into which high school students could be drafted) and seized with the contagious spirit of rebellion with which America's youth were experimenting, started handing out on school grounds a single page leaflet jocosely entitled "Join the Conspiracy" educating their fellow students of the violation of the Chicago Seven's right to a fair trial and incidentally seeking contributions to cover the conspiracy trial's legal costs. Previously they had asked to use the school's intercom system to communicate their views but were denied. A recently enacted School District policy on leafletting required advance approval. The students were unequivocally told a request of this nature would not be granted.

Threatened with suspension for soliciting on school property without administrative permission, 16-year-old students Jane Katz, Carey Marvin, Greg Gottlieb, and 18-year-old student Ira Resnick (dubbed "The Ardsley Four"), filed a federal legal action to prevent Ardsley Board of Education President John McAuley, Jr. (elected in 1965) and District

Superintendent Dr. Burt P. Johnson (appointed in 1958 as the successor to Arthur W. Silliman, who had retired after serving 36 years as head of the Ardsley schools), from abridging their claimed right to distribute the leaflet under the First Amendment. Because they were minors, the actions were brought in the names of their mothers on their behalf. Their attorneys (who were affiliated with the New York Civil Liberties Union) were secured through Katz's family's friendship with Kunstler and his family. When two of the students' mothers were asked by a reporter for the *New York Daily News*, if they had put their kids up to the suit, before her mother could answer, Jane Katz wittily responded, "We put them up to it. They're just standing behind us."

Katz was no recent activist. She belonged to a multitudinous family long involved in both the civil rights and peace movements where she had, in her own words, "grown up on a picket line." In 1965, under a program sponsored by the American Friends Service Committee, her family hosted Ron Cook, a junior from an all-black school in Charleston, South Carolina, who became the first African-American to graduate from Ardsley High School in 1967. Katz, Marvin, and Gottlieb were friends throughout their grade school years in Ardsley. Ira, two years older, was the president of the Student Council.

However, the facts in their case against McAuley and Johnson were not as straightforward as in *Tinker*, which centered on a two-inch piece of black cloth (with a peace symbol) worn on a sleeve. The leaflet ban could be viewed as an improper attempt by the Board of Education to suppress an unpopular opinion, a point seemingly conceded by Board member Dr. Frank X. Reynolds who called the suit "a

most careless exercise of opinion by a few who chose to polarize opinion in a most violent manner.” Reynolds’ backlash against those challenging the leaflet ban was not unexpected. A respected surgeon, he was recruited to serve on Ardsley’s Board of Education by a coterie of conservative school district residents (some who had fought a public housing project on Secor Road) upset about student appearance and dress, demands by students for control over the curriculum, and a purportedly controversial article in the *Criterion*, the school’s literary journal. In a May 1, 1969, editorial, *The Greenburgh Independent* newspaper criticized Reynolds’ hostility to the idea of viewing “the student as a developing citizen” and labeled his responses to the paper’s questions to the candidates for Ardsley’s Board of Education as “reactionary authoritarianism.” Coincidentally, the editorial opposed the election of licensed school psychologist and adjunct professor of Education at City College and Yeshiva University, Dellwood Lane resident Dr. Sybil Gottlieb (Greg’s mother).

Alternatively, it could plausibly be argued the Board was protecting captive students from being asked to contribute funds for a non-school related matter, which, if not prevented, would lead to further solicitation by outsiders of all stripes causing a distraction from the educational mission of the Ardsley School District. Furthermore, what was the leaflet? A constitutionally protected publication, an appeal for money, or a combination of the two posing novel legal issues? The lawsuit would also cast several dark shadows across Ardsley’s suburban skies.

A *New York Times* article on April 19, 1970, entitled “Students’ Suit on Free Speech Splits Westchester Community” described the sinister repercussions of the litigation: “A federal suit brought by four high school students against the Ardsley School Board and District Superintendent has generated bitterness in this Westchester County community of over 4,700 people. More than 200 parents signed a petition objecting to the suit as “distasteful, intolerable and disruptive.” But the families of the four students—Gregg (sic) Gottlieb, Jane Katz, Carey Marvin and Ira Resnick, ... have been alarmed mostly by the personal aspects of the controversy. For several weeks after the suit was announced, the four received frequent late-night and early-morning telephone calls from a person who did not speak when the phone was answered. Last week, the four families, all of them Jewish, received identical anti-Semitic letters that bore an Ardsley postmark. “Hitler lives,” the letter read. “Wise up, the ovens are up to temperature.” The tension has also carried over into the 1,250-student Ardsley High School, where



students with long hair say they have been threatened by other students. “This was just the final thing that set it off,” Dr. Burt Johnson, the District Superintendent, said of the lawsuit. He said that the controversy had been “very disruptive of the school.” “We were a very quiet district” he said. “Now all of a sudden somebody wants to challenge everything you do.”

After the phone company traced the anonymous phone calls to the Fischer family in the Hartsdale section of the School District, Justice McCormack issued a warrant summoning the Fischers to the Ardsley police station. In perhaps the only humorous occurrence during this contentious period, Dr. Gottlieb impulsively called up the Fischer residence and asked: “I understand you are trying to reach me?” Because which Fischer family member made the calls could not be determined, it was impossible to prosecute the misdemeanor offense of making a call without a legitimate purpose of conversation. Parenthetically, Mrs. Fischer and Mrs. McAuley (the wife of School Board President John McAuley) served together on the petite bazaar committee of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, Ardsley’s Catholic church.

School District Superintendent Johnson’s hyperbolic rhetoric about the lawsuit constituting a full-blown attack on “everything” and Dr. Reynolds’ absurd contention the teens had acted violently, was refuted by *The Ardsley Four* in an article entitled “Students Sue on Right to Dissent” appearing in the April 26, 1970, edition of the *New York Daily News*: “That’s the funny thing,” Resnick says. “We have done nothing that is violent. We are using the legal means of dissent by going to Court.” Writing in the May 6, 1970, edition of *The Greenburgh Independent*, in an article entitled “Ardsley Polarization Intensifies Over Suit,” Joan Intrator (who lived in and had the Ardsley beat for the newspaper), captured the fractious nature of Board of Education meetings after the filing of the lawsuit when she reported that at its April 27 meeting

the Board refused to read letters about or permit public discussion from the audience about the lawsuit and terminated a statement by Robert Levine of Eastern Drive who attempted to read about ‘the main issue, the right to dissent, not the lawsuit.’ According to Intrator: “Mr. Levine’s remarks were cut short by [School Board President] McAuley’s gavel and by parents who shushed him and cried “sit down!” In seeming contrast the crowd strongly applauded Donald Greene of Eastern Drive who pointed out the board’s “one-sided position” in reading its own position statement, in having two months ago permitted Mr. [Gus] Maron to read a lengthy pro-board, anti-lawsuit petition and two accompanying statements, and in closing off discussion by Mr. Levine and others that evening.”

An earlier Intrator piece about a raucous Board of Education meeting (which involved yet another lawsuit against the Board by Hartsdale residents to keep Farm Road open to through traffic between Ardsley and Hartsdale), ended with this statement by Matthew Chaves in reacting to various intemperate comments by Reynolds about the federal lawsuit, the students and their lawyers including his assertion “We have a small group of people who make hay for the Civil Liberties Union by attacking the school board”:

“Mr. Chaves said he felt a sense of intimidation in Dr. Reynolds’ frightening remarks, adding that he considered the school board not only the “servant of the district but also the servant of New York State” and must abide by its rules. If the board errs in some of its interpretations of these laws, and a person is sincere in his feelings that his rights are being jeopardized, and feels he needs redress, then he should take recourse.”

Battle lines were drawn. On one side of the acrimony were those who believed taxpayers send children to school to learn and not teach. On the other were those who thought nothing could be more American than students applying the lessons learned in Ardsley’s schools about their fundamental freedoms under the Bill of Rights and, as Justice Jackson had instructed in *Barnette*, refusing to treat them as platitudes. Starkly illustrating the sharpening divide over the lawsuit, the *Daily News* article concluded: “Speaking for those in the community who are opposed to the suit, [Gus] Maron said the school board is being ‘harried and harassed; maligned and



maltreated; persecuted and prosecuted.’ The students and the families feel that is happening to them.”

[Editor’s note: To be continued in the next newsletter. - GFC]

VILLAGE OF ARDSLEY

celebrating

125

Years

IT'S JUST AROUND THE CORNER!

2021 marks the 125th anniversary of our Village's incorporation. Throughout the year there will be a series of activities planned to celebrate. **Keep your eyes peeled for upcoming announcements from the Village and the Historical Society.**

IN APPRECIATION WALTER M. SCHWARTZ

In July, Walter Schwartz informed me that he was stepping down from the Board of Directors after being an active member almost from the founding of our organization in 1982. During that time Walter has written numerous articles for our newsletters and has developed and presented over a dozen presentations for our Sunday afternoon programs. The attendance for these programs was always “standing room only” because the audience knew that they were going to experience a very well-prepared program. In addition, they were likely to learn things about their village that they did not previously know.

Walter, after almost 40 years of service, the Ardsley Historical Society would like to offer our heart-felt thanks to you for all your many contributions to our organization.

Peter Marcus , President



IN APPRECIATION RICK PALLADINO

For the past eight years Rick Palladino has been a very active member in the Ardsley Historical Society. During this time Rick was the secretary for the organization. As such he took minutes at all of our monthly Board meetings and documented them for our records. For the past four years Rick was also the photo editor for the newsletter, as well as photo and layout editor for the annual calendar. Rick always did an excellent job making these publications production ready. Unfortunately, the demands of Rick’s full-time job at Iona College have increased to the point where he is no longer able to serve in that capacity. Therefore, we want to take this opportunity to thank Rick for his many years of service to the Ardsley Historical Society. Of course, if his job allows it, we would be happy to welcome him back to the Board of Directors!

Peter Marcus, President

MATT ARONE'S BELIEVE IT OR NOT! THE ANSWER



This original vault is located in “the square” at 473 Ashford Ave. downstairs in The McCartney Building. Currently, it is the site of Bella’s Trattoria, but it used to be a bank. Here’s some history for you . . .

The First National Bank of Ardsley opened for business next door to the Butler Store, on September 25, 1926 at the southwest corner of Ardsley Square. Not long after, the bank moved to the McCartney Building on the north side of the Square near the bend. The bank then moved in 1964 to 500 Ashford Ave and became The County Trust Bank that was eventually absorbed into The Bank of New York that ultimately became part of Chase Bank. Chase only recently closed that office after 55 years of operation.

Long time Ardsley school district and Dobbs Ferry resident Aleta Reid once worked at the bank and recently confirmed this was the original vault. Ardsley Square, the area where the original bank was located, was re-named Addyman Square after Village President and Mayor Frank Addyman died in 1934.

[Editor's note: Matt Arone is a resident of Dobbs Ferry where he lives with his wife Kristen, and their two children Samantha, 18, and Luke, 14. While growing up, he was a resident and student in the Ardsley School District. He is currently the Superintendent of Parks & Recreation for the Village of Sleepy Hollow in the Town of Mt. Pleasant, and he is a newly elected member of the board of directors of the Ardsley Historical Society. – GFC]



From the Editor's Desk

continued from page 1



Lucille Kallen aka Mrs. Engel

“Say no more,” I interrupted, “I’ll get the Highway Foreman on the phone right away.”

“Louie, now Louie, Mrs. Engel was nice enough to come down to Village Hall and tell us; the least we can do is get the job done. Yes, of course, I will tell her,” I agreed with my best poker face as I put the phone receiver down.

Looking up towards Mrs. Engel I stated, “I think Louie is having a busy day.”

“What did he want you to tell me?” inquired Mrs. Engel.

With two fingers crossed under the desk I sheepishly smiled and fibbed “No worries. He hopes you enjoy the rest of the day!”

Looking pleased, she departed.

At the time I had no idea I was in the presence of greatness. Had I known I would have peppered her with all kinds of questions about the Golden Age of Television, rather than just viewing her as another well-meaning resident. Upon reflection a number of years later, after viewing her TV GUIDE tribute, I realized meeting Lucille Engel gave new meaning to the old expression “You can’t judge a book by its cover.” And if you read her life story as portrayed in her New York Times obituary of January 21, 1999, available on line, you’ll know what I mean. I don’t want to ruin it for you here, but let’s just say she was quite a remarkably talented woman!

By George F. Calvi

The Beacon

ILLUMINATING ARDSLEY HISTORY

This is the inaugural edition of our newsletter under a new masthead designed by the father & son team of Gary & Blake Rappaport. We decided to change the name of our newsletter to emphasize the purpose of this publication. Just as a beacon is used to shine a light to guide ships, we want our newsletter to illuminate Ardsley's history so others may learn about it. – *Peter Marcus, President*

THE EDITOR RECEIVES FEEDBACK

By George F. Calvi

From time to time we have the pleasure of hearing back from some of readers who often share interesting tidbits about stories we have featured in previous newsletters. Judy Lindey of Lookout Place worked in the original store-front location of the Ardsley Public Library on Center Street. According to Mrs. Lindey “. . . some of the funds were used to purchase records of popular music of the time. My job was to type up the proper information to be placed on the envelopes that were attached to the album for the card to check out the record. My son, Mark, who graduated from Ardsley High School in 1975, had a friend who worked in the supermarket next door after school. I knew some of the names of the bands like The Grateful Dead and Jefferson Airplane, but some of the titles were confusing to me. I couldn't tell which was the name of the band and which was the title of the song! I would run next door to the supermarket and ask my son's friend to tell me which was which.” Thank you Judy! Just the mere allusion to vinyl record albums brings a comforting nostalgic smile to my face.

My old friend, Patty Arone, wrote from Florida regarding a number of stories from the last issue particularly about where all the library books went when they were donated for the war effort. “I know a little more why there were paper drives during World War II. Paper was in short supply because the Army used a lot of it! Lumber jacks that cut down trees to make paper were drafted into the service so the supply of pulp was cut back. Paper was needed to pack and ship munitions and even blood plasma. Sad to say, many books were just torn apart for these purposes. The hard covers were made into boxes for shipping

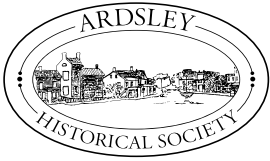
things. I did hear one funny story that paper was used to print flyers to be handed out to the effect that you should “look before you toss” so that people didn't toss away their mortgage and other important papers.”

Patty Arone also shared a sad story and then a happy story regarding articles in the last newsletter. Her husband “Fred's cousin Bobby's story was a major part of the Arone family history. Bobby, as a medical student had diagnosed himself with polio and had notified the ship's doctor and quarantined himself. The family was told that by his own diagnosis and quarantining himself polio did not spread on that ship. A helicopter was to be sent out to meet the ship when it was close enough to remove him and get him to the hospital with an iron lung. But, it was too late. It was a terrible tragedy for the family.”

And lastly, Patty talked about remembering Aleta Reid. “Miss Reid and I share the same birth date and I would always stop by to wish her a happy day on our birthday. She has a beautiful lilac bush in her backyard on North Field Avenue and she would always have some branches cut and ready for me to take home. That was a lovely birthday tradition we shared for many years. Whenever I smell lilacs, I always think of her.”

Thank you ladies for your precious memories! If our newsletter articles inspire anyone else out there to share some of their Ardsley memories please don't hesitate. Email them to pmmarcus@optonline.net or mail them to our post office box #523.





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A generous way to show your support of the Ardsley Historical Society is to become a member. Your support allows us to share Ardsley's history through our newsletter, our special programs, and our newly expanded website. Your support is especially needed this year as we work to complete our digital archives and continue our mission of collecting, preserving and presenting Ardsley history. With membership, you receive the newsletter three times a year filled with Ardsley reminiscences, as well as our calendar. **So join or renew your membership for the coming year. We welcome you and appreciate your sponsorship. If you have any questions or suggestions write to us or contact us at 914.393.3222.**

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