



**MEMORIES AND HEARSAY**  
ABOUT  
**ROUTE 31 AND MENDON**  
BY  
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Charles Cook Sherbondy family came from a farm near Normalville and bought the house and store from a Mr. Vance, who owned it approximately one hundred years ago. C. C. Sherbondy was a brother of P. A., David and Sumner. According to mother, their father was a Methodist Minister. The C. C. Sherbondy store stood where the late Earl Sherbondy's garage now stands and was run by his wife (Aunt Jenny) as he was a cattle buyer. His wife was Sara Jane Smith from Smithton, a sister of Irwin Smith. When she was married, a box car load of furnishings was sent by her grandmother, who reared her, on the B. and O. Railroad to Connellsville to be taken to the farm. Because it was so lonely on the farm, they moved to Mendon.

The store building was a long narrow two story structure. In the downstairs were two rooms; the front room was the store, and the back room was a supply room. The second story was used for various purposes; such as, band practice (Mendon had a brass band and played at every gathering of importance within a ten mile radius. Every musician from Glenwood to Yukon belonged), a grange hall, and at times a Sunday School room. The post office was in Aunt Jenny's store, and the mail came by train to Ruffsdale then by horseback to Mendon, later it came by horse and buggy. When we had a Republican President, P.A. Sherbondy who was a Republican had the post office in his store. When the Democrats came back into power, across the road it would go to Aunt Jenny, a Democrat. About the turn of the century, Ruffsdale began an R. F. D. route. Mr. William Hout, the first mail carrier, took the mail to rural boxes. This was a boon to the country folk especially in snowy weather.

A boardwalk connected the red brick house to the store room. Then about eighty-three years ago. C. C. Sherbondy built the house where the late Earl Sherbondy lived and sold the other to Jacob Grove. Mother in the winter of 1900, was a milliner and made and sold her hats in Aunt Jenny's store. Mother admired her very much and was especially fond of her family of ten sons and three daughters who were Fanny (Mrs. John Martin), Henry, David, Charles, Bert, Lawrence, Joseph, Loretta (Mrs. Jim McCune), Maggie, Oliver, Orton, John, and Earl.

Aunt Jenny was a jolly patient woman who took life as

it came. She told mother of the woman customer, who had taken in an orphan niece to rear, pulling a trick on her. Every so often the woman came to shop and while there, the little girl would begin to cry. Aunt Jenny would ask what was wrong with the little girl. Then the woman would say, "Oh, I guess the Little Heifer wants a new dress." Aunt Jenny would measure off several yards of calico and give it to her. Aunt Jenny knew why the little girl had cried, she saw the woman pinching her; however, she never said anything to the woman.

Aunt Jenny's hired girl was Maggie Zimmerman who was from near Normalville. She helped rear the large family, as Aunt Jenny was widowed before the last child, Earl, was born.

P. A. Sherbondy built his store, which is now the home of Emerson Williams, after C. C. Sherbondy became store keeper. He had six children that I know of: David, Sumner, Frank, George, Lucy Hole, and Laura Meyers. Sumner took charge of the store and ran it when he was just fourteen years old. About seventy-five years ago, Sumner moved to the Charles McIntyre's farm and his brother, George, took charge and ran it until 1922 or 23. At that time the Joseph Layman family bought it and kept store for several years.

Mrs. Elma Sherbondy told me that she remembered walking to Mendon to the store with her mother when Sumner Sherbondy was in business. When she arrived, she had a miserable stomach ache and sat on a bench outside. The storekeeper asked Mrs. Morton what was wrong with the little girl, and when he learned, he brought her a peppermint stick. After eating it, she was able to go into the store and see all the wonders that the old-fashioned store held for a country child.

When I was small, George (G. M. Sherbondy) had the only store in Mendon. I was very happy when Mother sent me for some article. I would always wheedle several pennies from her for lozenges, because they lasted longer, and you got four or five for a cent.

In the center of the store stood a pot-bellied stove around which the men sat in the winter to warm themselves and spit tobacco juice into the box of shavings collected fresh daily from the nearby wagon-maker shop. They talked about politics or other topics of interest to them. That store had everything in it or so it seemed to me: thread, dress goods, shoes, tobacco

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pipes, round cheese, a cracker barrel, cookies, apothecary jars of lozenges and stick candy, nails, carbon oil, and even buggy whips.

These latter, I remember, hung from a ring attached to the ceiling. There is a little story about them which I consider clever. It seems that some of the young lads had been going into the store at noon while Mr. Sherbondy went for lunch and helping themselves to his wares. Having discovered the deception, one noon Mr. Sherbondy hid back of the door. Along came the boys and began to pilfer his wares. Mr. Sherbondy quickly closed the door, grabbed a whip, and used it well. This ended all pilfering trouble.

The only member of the David Sherbondy family that I knew was Mrs. Jacob Pore of Mendon. I remember her mother, Aunt Kate, sitting on Pore's porch, Aunt Kate lived to be ninety-two.

In the 1800's no packaged breakfast foods or breads were on the store shelves. Almost every farmer raised his own buck wheat and had it ground for cakes. The sweetening came from the juice of the sorghum he had grown, squeezed, and boiled down to a molasses. Several farmers were fortunate enough to have sugar maple trees, the Nicholls and Stahls. Corn was ground into meal and mush was used either with milk and sugar or fried with "head pudding", ponhaus was also fried. And of course some people preferred sausage and eggs. Woolen goods and linen were home produced products, too. Many farmers had their own flocks of sheep, sheared the sheep, made the wool into yarn, and knitted it into necessary winter articles of clothing. The newly cleared land was ideal for growing flax from which the linen material was woven and made into summer wear.

According to Mr. Martin, Waltz's Mill was on the Sewickley side of the creek; it was a bur stone and farmers brought their wheat to be ground into flour about one hundred years ago. Mr. Martin's father, John Martin, ground cattle feed in the mill some seventy-five years ago. When grinding was to be done, the spillway of the mill dam (which began about two hundred fifty feet above where Jim McCune's house stands) was closed and the water backed up almost to Hunker.

Mendon always provided a little excitement to be dis-