



Pioneer Oil Museum of New York, Inc.

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Pioneer Oil Museum of New York
Box 332
Bolivar, NY 14715

Museum Receives Grant Through Senator McGee's Office

The Pioneer Oil Museum of New York, Inc. received notice in December that it has been awarded a \$10,000 legislative grant from New York State. This grant was due to the kind efforts of State Senator Pat McGee.

The grant will be used for construction of a new museum addition, which will be approximately 18.5 feet by 44 feet. It will house and protect the dynamite wagon and large engines that are presently exposed to the elements. The museum is also looking into the possible acquisition of a shooter's wagon, which will be housed in the new addition. The walls will be drywalled and painted, so a large area for displaying photographs will be available. A drop ceiling with recessed fluorescent lights will finish the interior.

One wall section will house the New York State Oil Producers' Association "Wall of Fame." The NYSOPA has donated \$250 each in the names of Gordon Hahn, William "Jack" Plants, and Tom Hungerford. The museum will use these donations to commemorate the individuals with framed photographs and, whenever possible, biographical data. Another area of the museum will continue to showcase other photographs currently in our collection.

The new addition to the museum will cost approximately \$19,000. With the state grant totaling \$10,000, it is obvious the museum is still in need of donations to finish this project. The last page of this newsletter contains information about our annual fund drive. Please help us make this addition a reality.

National Museum to Spotlight Oil and Gas Industry

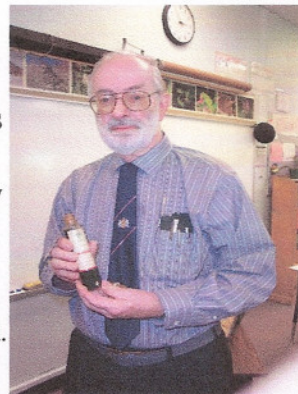
A new museum, the American Oil & Gas Historical Society (AOGHS) has just gotten underway. The goal of this society is to preserve the history of the U.S. oil and natural gas industry. The museum hopes to accomplish this goal through exhibits, educational presentations, and preservation of related materials. Another objective is to begin a network of museums, historical associations, and related corporations. With this in mind, the Pioneer Oil Museum has been in contact with AOGHS to provide data about our museum, which has since been included on the AOGHS website (www.aoghs.org).

Dan Davison, a member of the Board of Directors of the Pioneer Oil Museum, is currently developing a website for the museum. This site, which will highlight the history and people of the local industry as well as the museum itself, is expected to be on-line in the next few months. Plans are to include oil-related photographs of local interest, as well as demonstrations of a working well.

Preserving the
Oil Heritage of
Southwestern
New York and
Northwestern
Pennsylvania

Bolivar Native, Herb MacDonnell, Donates Collection to Museum

In May the Pioneer Oil Museum sponsored a talk by former Bolivar resident Herbert MacDonnell on the history of oil exploration in Allegany County. MacDonnell, well-known for his blood-spatter testimony in the O.J. Simpson trial, gave a presentation that included his memories of days spent in the oil-fields with his father. His talk included slides of some of the earliest oil discoveries in the area. He also included many photos involving the secondary recovery phase of oil, which eventually led this locale to the era of its greatest petroleum production and financial fame.



After the presentation MacDonnell donated a collection of oil samples to the museum. This irreplaceable compilation included samples from the Sinclair Oil Refinery in Wellsville and the "Richburg Discovery Well" shot in 1881, as well as volumes of classroom notes he used during his career as a college professor. There are also oil samples from other pools in the area such as Alma, Andover, and Scio. A tremendous number of newspaper articles is contained in the collection. Over 100 labeled photographs accent the assemblage.

Other artifacts of note are collections of "Jipp," a sludgy material that forms on the inside and outside of wells, and a "thief," invented by John Bassett in Bolivar around 1890, now on display in the museum. This device could be lowered to a pre-selected depth in an oil tank to capture a sample and bring it to the surface.

All of these items, as well as many other items of interest, are on view at the museum. The Pioneer Oil Museum is certainly appreciative of this irreplaceable and priceless collection. The museum thanks Dr. MacDonnell for his interest in and support of the museum.

Bradley Family Reunion Visits Museum



On June 15 the Pioneer Oil Museum hosted a visit by the Bradley family, long-known in this area as synonymous with oil. The family was holding a national reunion at Chautauqua Lake, and many family members from throughout the country visited the museum that day. The trip, organized by former Bolivar resident Marcy Bradley (shown in the picture), included 30-40 visitors from many states such as Colorado and Oklahoma. From there the family

traveled to Cuba Lake for a picnic at the summer home of another former Bolivar resident, John D. Bradley.

The Bradley family first came to this valley in 1881 when Justin Bassett Bradley moved here to take advantage of the oil "boom" that had struck with such ferocity. Several generations of Bradleys lived in this region over the years. Among their contributions to the local industry were the Bradley Producing Corporation and Empire Gas Company.



Co-curator Ray Payne holding Bolivar motor oil sign donated by Dempsey Pipe

Reminiscing with Ray

by Ray Payne

I can remember when I came to Bolivar in 1929. From that time up through the '40's, there were all sorts of oil well supply stores in town. They sold everything from pipe to fittings to fishing tools. Some of them stayed on, but others left when the Shawmut Railroad pulled out in 1948.

There were stores on Main Street and on several of the side streets. Of course there was McEwan Brothers store, which is the building our museum is in today. Guys that worked there were Bill Apgar and Dennis McCarthy. Oil Well Supply was another store located on Main Street. Their office was where Shooters Bar is today, and they had a machine shop across from the railroad depot on Boss Street. Two men I remember working there were a Mr. Ward and Mr. Schaffner, who would be the grandfather of Joe Schaffner, our local funeral director.

Frick & Reid was a supply store that was located where the senior citizen manor is now. After Frick & Reid was there, McDonnell & Brannen (a manufacturer of large engines) was there. Of course there were other stores such as Presher's and Hall's Department Store there at various times over the years.

A bunch of supply stores were located on the lower end of town along First and Second Streets and Railroad Avenue. Of course we have Dempsey Pipe which was originally called D.S. Dempsey & Son. It is still at the original location. It was started by D.S. (Dan) Dempsey. Jones & Laughlin was at the corner of Liberty Street and Railroad Avenue. "Doc" Huffman worked there, and was also a manager for Frick & Reid. Spang & Company was located along Railroad Avenue and Second Street. Also in that same area was the R.B. Moore Company. The store was in the same building where Ray Stimpson lives today. Some of the guys working there were R.B. Moore, Frank Cossaboon, John Myrick, and Wince Davis.

National Supply was located along Boss Street in a small building near the depot. Bernard Jones and Ted Delone worked there. Still standing today we have Hahn & Schaffner, but before that business started, two other groups were in the same place. First was Bascom's, started by Murray Bascom. He started that business with a pair of hand dies and a vice fastened on a tree. He used to thread pipe by hand, which was tough work. After he got some money, he bought a pipe machine, and took off from there. Later (possibly in the '50's) he sold to Bradford Supply, which then sold to Hahn & Schaffner. Amazingly one day Bascom came into the building now housing the museum to "visit" with the boys in the store, and he dropped over dead from a heart attack.

It was an amazing time to live around here. Everything had something to do with oil. Every business was somehow involved with the oil trade. It's too bad most are gone.

Volunteers Needed

The museum is staffed by volunteers, which dictates the hours we are open. We had a wonderful group of volunteers last year, but we need more volunteers, so that we can keep the museum open longer hours. To be a volunteer you only need to give up a three-hour block one day a week.

No experience or knowledge of the oil industry is necessary. All you need is a love of the museum and an interest in the history of this valley! On-the-job training will fill in all the blanks for you.

Please call Ray Payne at 928-1344 if you would be willing to donate your time.

Hours of Operation

Memorial Day - Labor Day
Monday - Friday 10:00 AM - 4:00 PM

Saturdays and Sundays by appointment only. Call Dick Fitch at 585-928-2587 or Barb Webb at 585-928-2377 to schedule a tour.

Pioneer Oil Days - June 23-26



State Senator Pat McGee with Kelly Lounsberry (L) and Ray Payne (R) on her visit to the Pioneer Oil Museum

Memorials 2004

In memory of Gordon Hahn
by New York State Oil Producers Association

In memory of William Plants Sr.
by New York State Oil Producers Association

In memory of Robert Jordan
by Marguerite Jordan

In memory of George Goodwin
by Paul Plants

In memory of Don Lounsberry
by Patricia Lounsberry

In memory of Ivan McKay
by Harley Eaton, Melvin (Skip) & June Eaton

In memory of Millie Dempsey
by Miriam Gray, Dempsey Family of
Coldenham, NY

In memory of Tom Hungerford
by Patricia Lounsberry, Stephen
& Joan Gollaher, Michael & Mary
Fitzsimmons of Tennessee, New
York State Oil Producers' Assoc.

In memory of Thomas E. Hungerford, Thomas
P. Hungerford, Frank Hungerford, and Edward
(Ned) Hungerford
by Fitzsimmons Family (Mary, Doug, Tom
Pat, and Mike)

In memory of Wilson "Bud" McQueen
by John Macauley, Evelyn Benson,
Bruce & Patricia Isaman, Arthur
& Joyce Pinney, James & Carolyn
Feldbauer, Marilyn Lee, Thomas
Dunn, John D. & Beverly Bradley

In memory of Wilson "Bud" McQueen
by Gail Hahn, James Hahn, & Martha Hahn Panzeca

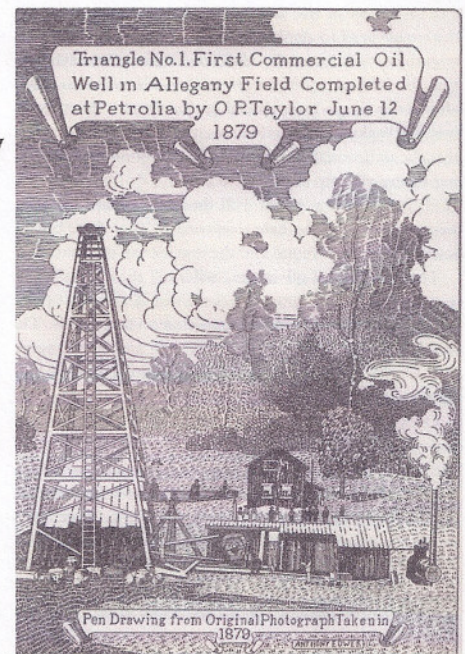
Museum Strikes Black Gold with Famed Oil Well, Triangle No. 1

Recently it came to the attention of the Board of Directors of the Pioneer Oil Museum that the museum is the proud owner of the historic well, Triangle No. 1 in nearby Scio. Unbeknownst to anyone connected with the museum, ownership was transferred to the museum in 1965 by way of a gift from the previous owners, Clifford Burrows, Otto Walchli, and Marion Walchli.

Prominent local citizen Orville P. (O.P.) Taylor completed this well, the first commercial oil well in Allegany County, on June 12, 1879. It had taken him about two months to finish the well, which was beset by continuous delays and unexpected expenses. Unable to pay his bills and nearly penniless, Taylor almost threw in the towel. Fortunately for him, his wife supposedly sold her watch and jewelry to a local jeweler, so that he might finish the well. Legend has it that she refused to tell him from where the money came.

On the day of the shooting, hundreds of local citizens gathered around the well site with excitement in their eyes. The uppermost 17 feet of sand were shot with 16 quarts of nitroglycerin before continuing with 8 additional quarts in the lower sand. The torpedo was lowered, and then Taylor, the sole owner of the well, dropped the go-devil exactly at noon. A column of oil and salt water rose approximately 40 feet into the air above the derrick. A second torpedo was then lowered into the hole. The rope attached to this was 1000 feet long. The rope was pulled, and the torpedo exploded. Tools were lowered into the well to clear the snarled cord. Oil and gas flowed from the well, increasing to a rate of eight barrels per day.

The museum hopes to eventually refurbish the one-half acre parcel of land on which the well is located. This will include landscaping, as well as constructing a footpath and bridge over a small stream leading to the renowned well. The NYSOPA will soon begin renovation of the concrete monument, now showing signs of decay from years of neglect. Hopefully someday this well will be reactivated and become a tourist site, as well as a small source of income for the museum.



HELP US WITH OUR NEW ADDITION!

Once again we ask for your help. Please donate to our annual fund-drive and make us part of your yearly donations. Many people and groups ask for donations, and we realize that in these difficult economic times, every dollar counts. Please make the Pioneer Oil Museum one of your priorities when making donations. Keeping your hard-earned money in the museum guarantees that it will be spent locally on projects that enhance our community and industry treasure.

As the first page of this newsletter explains, we would like to build an addition that will house large machinery that is presently exposed to the weather. This will also allow us to organize and properly display those items that are presently stored outdoors. In addition, we are in drastic need of wall space to exhibit our large catalogue of photographs. This new addition will provide us with that space we need. The grant we have been approved for totals \$10,000, but we still need at least another \$9000 to complete the project. Amazingly, the building that houses our museum was built in 1831, and it is still up-and-running. Using and maintaining such an old structure is difficult, which explains our need for your support. We are trying desperately to keep such an historic building updated and suited to our needs.

Recently several people have donated money in the memory of those who have died (see previous page). What a great idea to remember and honor a loved one! Please think of the museum at that difficult time.

FUND DRIVE

Oil Baron	\$501 or more	—
Shooter	\$101-500	—
Wildcatter	\$51-100	—
Roustabout	\$26-50	—
Well Plugger	\$25 or less	—

Checks can be made payable to:

Pioneer Oil Museum of New York, Inc.
PO Box 332
Bolivar, NY 14715

All contributions are tax deductible. Thank you!

Tool Dresser's Dream

He was sitting on the counter
In the old Oil Well Supply.
He had listened to our stories,
And this was his reply.

The strangest adventure I ever had
Came to me one night in a dream.
For I dressed tools one night in Hell,
And the Devil stood under the beam.

It was out in Indiana
On the old Geneva Lob.
I had just come down from Muncy
And was new upon the job.

It was in the summer of '98
About September the first.
I was just getting over a three-day drunk
And thought my head would burst.

I had just finished up an 8' bit,
The first one I had dressed.
So I lay down on the billows
To take a little rest.

I had only been there a moment
When I heard the driller cry.
You had better get up and kick on the
rope
For I think the boiler's dry.

When I roused up, everything was dark,
And I instantly lost all hope.
But I made a dash for the tug wheel
And wildly kicked on the rope.

Then I started to go to the boiler,
But I stumbled and fell on the track.
And it seemed a terrible demon
Was trying to hold me back.

I freed myself up in a moment
And came upon my feet with a jump.
I hurried out to the engine
And tried to start the pump.

Then I saw the old boiler quiver,
And I heard a terrible roar.
I knew that she had exploded
And fell and knew no more.

When I came to everything was changed.
I stood in a standard rig,
But I never heard of one before,
Nor saw anything half so big.

I saw a sight as I turned
That turned my frame to stone.
For an uncouth form with horns and tail
Sat on the driller's throne.

My heart stood still for by his side
Was a three-tined fork so dull.
On the end of the jockey stick
Was a ghastly grinning skull.

His two small eyes were fixed on me
And shone as bright as the stars.
A horny hand like a vulture's claws
Were clasped on the handle bars.

T'was then he spoke, and his voice was
like
The snarl of an angry dog.
And he said, "Get up and kick on the
rope,
And go and take down the log."

I flew to the pitman like a flash.
It seemed about a mile.
As I came stumbling up the walk,
He met me with a smile.

He said, "I'm going out to lunch.
I'm coming back here soon.
Go and sit down on the lazy bench,
For Hell's let out for noon."

When he was gone, I went inside,
And I looked around the rig.
I found a bottle in the headache box,
And I drained it in one swig.

Then the bull rope opened up its eye
And winked at me in scorn.
The hurr-up stick ran up the screw,
And the anvil blew its horn.

The tools came marching round the hole,
And lined up 'round the track.
The five foot stick gave the gauge a kick
And tripped the forgie jack.

The combination wrench rolled up its
sleeve.
The trimo set its jaw.
The billows took the gas pipe down
And struck up "Turkey in the Straw."

The never slip struck a merry clip.
As it waltzed with the casing pole.
The yellow dogs barked at the toolie bird
As it flew in the woodpecker's hole.

The yellow dogs gave a sickly light
That shone all 'round the well.
I couldn't breathe for my lungs were
filled
With a strong sulphuric smell.

The tools flew quickly back in place.
It almost took my breath
When I saw old Satan coming back
And all was still as death.

He said, "You drank up all my booze.
Now you must lose your soul."
So he tied the sand line 'round my
legs
And let me down the hole.

I saw the bluff and mountain sands
As down the hole I flew.
I made 500 feet of slate
And counted every screw.

I went through coal and iron and lime
As I sailed down towards China.
I made the Kane and Bradford sand
And struck the red Medina.

That hole was straighter than a gun
As far as I could see.
I struck the Glade and Clarendon
Then Speechly number 3.

Through 40 feet of Bridgeport sand
And never dressed a bit.
I made the big Injun and Cow run
And struck the Berea Grit.

Then through a cave of rotten lime
I went to beat the band.
I stuck the Stray and Fifty Foot
And made the Gordon Sand.

You can talk about greased lightning.
I had it skinned a block.
I made the Mississippi lime
And struck the Trenton Rock.

I saw the bottom coming fast
And knew it would soon be o'er.
I rolled off from the billows
And landed on the floor.