

Children of Luther L. and Mae Sharp:

Janet Sharp	(B) 8/20/1921
Donald Rohrig	(M) 2/14/1948
	(D) 5/12/1979 North Syracuse, New York

Janet Sharp was born August 20, 1921 in Syracuse, New York. She was the first child of Luther Lee Sharp, Sr. and Mae Agnes (Mary Mae) (Young) Sharp. Linda J. Rohrig hereafter {LJR} remembers the following about her mother: {"Mom started out her life on Kirkpatrick Street (Syracuse, New York). She lived upstairs of her grandparents (The Jungs-Youngs grandma Sharp's parents). While she lived on Kirkpatrick she loved to read, she would go over to Butternut Street Library (it is still there) where she read every book they had. She lived there until she was about 13".} They then moved to Eastwood, 292 North Edwards Avenue. {LJR} {"She graduated from Eastwood High School. She was on the rifle team and a crack shot. I think she won some awards. Grandma and grandpa Sharp built their summer house in 1927 so mom grew up swimming. She used to swim a mile or more up and down the bay. After high school I am not sure the order of the events. I know she started to study to be a Nurse, but I am not sure where. She also started "Normal School." That was where you went to learn to be a teacher. She ended up quitting that too. She had a hard time being strict enough with students. She worked for Western Union for many years and started at 18, but I think she took time off then returned. Maybe when she was in Normal School. During WWII Western Union was considered very important and she volunteered to work in Washington D.C. (for Western Union) for a few months. I don't remember the particulars or how long she stayed."}

Janet married Donald Rohrig most likely February 14th, 1948, in Syracuse, New York. {LJR} {"When she married my father I think they lived for a short while with his parents. I would assume the house on Teal Avenue.} Janet and Donald purchased a house at 101 Melrose Avenue, North Syracuse, New York in 1948. {LJR} {"They bought the house in N. Syracuse for 7,000 dollars. They were living in the house before I was born because mom used to walk up to the village every day when she was pregnant for me. When they bought it, it did not have a basement so they hired someone to hand dig one. I was born September 11, 1948 at 6:06 AM at Syracuse Memorial Hospital (I think it is now part of Crouse Irving Memorial). Mom always had many good friends. She was caring, loyal and would give you the shirt off her back. She had a hard time saying no to people and sometimes I think it took a toll on her. She worked at Western Union all her working life. She had many different jobs. She used to be a switching clerk - one who routes messages as they came through. I know because I did that one summer during college. She was an operator (they composed messages and did other functions). She ended up working in the office. For a while, she did all the payroll (by hand-pre-computer) for the Syracuse office. It was a lot of people. She eventually got a job as a service representative and went around to offices that had Western Union equipment and taught the operators how to use it. She even had top security clearance (she was investigated by the FBI) so she could go into a NORAD (military radar defense installation) Installation."}

Donald worked at and eventually retired from, Crouse Hinds, in Syracuse, New York. Gerri Barney claims that they always called him "The Wizard". He was ingenious with

electronic things. He loved to build Heath Kits, and over the years constructed some amazing things. He took great pride in his yard. I was always impressed by his beautiful flowers, most especially his blue roses. His face lights up when showing his accomplishments. Don is a tall man, with a booming voice and presence, which as a child was somewhat intimidating. But after many years of observation from a timid child - I have drawn the conclusion that he is a matter of fact, hard working, good hearted man. One of the things that I found curious was the fact that Donald never wanted to drive. It was not until Janet's death in 1979 that he even considered it, and after a short period of time apparently decided that driving just was not for him.

One of Janet's dear friends and cousin (Son of Helen (Young) (Mae's sister) and Jack Sessler) wrote this:

To: Miss Janet Sharpe
292 No. Edwards Ave.
Syracuse 6,
New York, USA

From: PFC Bob Sessler 12139171
COA 6936 PRV MP RD
APO 350 C/O PM NY

Somewhere in France
November 11, 1944

Dear Janet,

This may only be a short note but it will let you know that I haven't forgotten you. I can't help but think of your dad often over here for I think he would like something about the country. Every farm house and nearly every building in town make available alcoholic beverages in some sort or other. Most places have cider or cognac; that is in the country. In town almost anything is obtainable including red wine and champagne and some more obscure wines. Even beer can be had in some places. Still haven't found any ice cream. It breaks my heart. France still shows signs of being a fashion center yet. There are some pretty damned nice clothes paraded around on Sunday. Some of the hats are really unique and colorful. They must be extraordinary when a guy like me notices them.

Loads of Love,
Bob

{SMS}{"Aunt Janet was a very special part of my growing up. She was all of what Linda said and more. She spent a great deal of time with my sister and I. She took us on our first airplane ride to New York City. She showed us a grand time. She spoiled all three of us terribly. But it is not the material gifts I remember as being important, I remember her unconditional love for us children. She very strongly was concerned with our upbringing, and that we experience different things in life. She paid to take me to a podiatrist, had me fitted for braces and special shoes to attempt to straighten out my legs. Granted at the time I fussed about it, and hated it, but I knew she did it out of love and concern for me. She had Janice and I in tow many a time to visit Linda or a new place. I visited Mystic Connecticut, Hartford Connecticut, Gettysburgh, Pennsylvania and many more places with

her. She was a bit strong willed at times, but her jovial laugh was contagious and lighted up a room. You could not help but like her. I have to say that at times she seemed to be consumed by stress and sadness which troubled me as a child. She absolutely adored her daughter Linda, and I think she was a good mom. She appreciated the fine things in life and stressed them to us. She brought holidays alive. She always made them so special, and eventful. I have to say aunt Janet decisively was a great influence on the person I am today." }

Janet died on May 12, 1979, a little over a year after the death of her father. She had been a diabetic, but I believe the actual cause of death was heart failure. She is buried at Pine Plains Cemetery, Clay, Onondaga County, New York next to her mother, father, and grandfather.

After Janet's death Don eventually married a dear lady, Virginia Carr-McCue and they and there many "children" (cats) still reside at the house at 101 Melrose Ave. Don took an active part in trying to keep the family in touch after Janet's death and has visited us many times. He also was very helpful with offering family information when I began my research.

Luther Lee Sharp, Jr.

(B) 10/1/1931 Syracuse, Onondaga Cty., NY

Jean Marie Hudson

(M) 4/20/1957 Red Creek, Cayuga Cty., NY

(D)

Luther Lee., Jr. 5), Luther Lee., Sr. 4), Stephen Judson 3), Arthur 2), Richard 1) - Luther Lee Sharp, Jr. or fondly referred to as "Sonny" and "Lee", was born October 1, 1931 in Syracuse, New York, and was youngest child of Luther and Mae Sharp. Lee grew up in the house at 292 North Edwards Avenue in Eastwood. {SMS}{My dad is full of tales about his mischievous youth. Many a time he has entertained us with his annals. His eyes glisten when he speaks of hopping freight cars as a boy. In those days Syracuse was a very busy hub for the railway. A few of his pranks did misfire over the years. He and some of his buddies decided it would be fun to switch license plates. Back in those days the plates alternated color every year, using the wrong color plate was a dead give away, and worse yet, they used plates that were hanging in grandpa's barn. Obviously the police quickly traced the plates to grandpa who found himself being quizzed by the local forces as to whether or not he knew who might have done this. Of course he did - that was the last time dad ever switched license plates! One of the other tales he loves to tell was about the night that he and his buddies had located rotting tomatoes in a neighbors garden, and not wishing to waste perfectly good rotten tomatoes they decided to put them to use. Making a sporting game of it, they lay belly down on a knoll, camouflaged by the darkness, if listening you could hear the rhythmic count, "One-Two-Three - Fire", at that command an unsuspecting motorist would be pelted with rotten tomatoes. The game continued for a bit, each time the hilarity grew. Finally, the ill-fated group pretty pleased with themselves struck up their count, "One-Two-Three-COP!!!! It was too late, the missiles were already launched at their target, and quickly landed. This time the boys found themselves being pursued by a rather heated officer on foot! The villains managed to get away, but it did make them rethink their game!" } He attended Eastwood Schools and Syracuse University briefly. Lee was drafted into the United States Air Force and he

participated in the Korean War. Stationed at New Foundland, he was glad to have never seen action. From his early working years, through retirement dad worked in financing in some manner or another. Mostly in collections. Over the years he worked for Marine Midland, Beneficial Finance, Onondaga Savings, J.I. Case Company, Monroe Tractor, Central Trust, and in 1993 he retired from "active duty" with Key Bank.

On April 20, 1957, Lee married Jean Marie Hudson, in Red Creek, New York. The first few months they lived at his parent's camp on Big Bay.

Lee has spent much of his life pursuing his first love - water. Sharps are not only born with arms and legs, but fins and gills. He has always had boats. He spent many hours fishing on Oneida Lake - and oh what a catch they would bring home. Shortly thereafter they purchased their first home, a horse shoe shaped home on Kellar Road, with of course, lake property on Big Bay, Oneida Lake. And so to them were born three. Sandra Mae Sharp, (myself), Janice Lee Sharp, and Stephen Judson Sharp. All three of us were born at the former St. Mary's Hospital in Syracuse, New York. Jean taught in area schools and raised her children.

Lee helped his father build his first hunting camp, "Kaltfluss Lodge" near Sperryville, New York, in the fifties. The men spent much time constructing, and then using this little get away. As years went by, Kaltfluss Lodge was sold, a trailer was purchased, and housed in Alexandria Bay in the Thousand Islands. The family spent a summer of swimming, fishing and boating on the Thousand Islands. From this summer came a couple "fish stories". {SMS}I was always suspicious, or at least liked to pick on my father about being jealous of my fishing abilities. It seemed that beginners luck always struck, and I was the one who brought home the most memorable or biggest fish! One particular trip we were fishing for northern pikes and I hooked a beauty. It fought me for a good long time. Finally after getting it to the side of the boat, dad pulled out the landing net, hit the fish in the head and knocked it off my line. "It had to be a five footer," I heard. My heart sunk, my prize swam away, but I had ammunition to lob at my father! There was another time that we were fishing in a channel when all of a sudden my faithful pole (a steel pole given me by my grandpa Sharp) bent down like I had hooked a dead body or something. Not bobbing around, dad thought surely I had hooked a railroad tie or something. Upon reeling in 90 feet or so of line there on my line was a five foot channel cat. Dad decided to keep it, clean it and cook it with the rest of the fish. That night mom brought to the dinner table a heaping platter of fish. Mouths watering we all pounced on the platter of golden morsels. Much to our disappointment, the cat fish filets were like biting into a cooked chunk of mud. Unfortunately the cat fish was intermingled with bass, perch, and sunnies, so one never knew when that foul taste was going to permeate your mouth. It was sort of like playing "fishy roulette".} A year later, Lee purchased Kaltfluss Lodge II, an old tar papered Rod and Gun Club nestled in a valley and on the Otselic River, near Pitcher, New York. It was a little bit of heaven, and though it took great amounts of labor to make our diamond in the rough a jewel, it was worth every minute of it. There was no running water. Just the hand pump that drew directly from the crystal clear Otselic River, and it's spring fed water and an outhouse out back. There was electricity, and heat was supplied by a pot belly stove we fueled with coal. Several bunks were constructed, there was an electric stove, and of course a big old round table for card playing. The closest neighbors were miles away. The music heard was from the bull frog's croak, the neighboring cow's

mooring, and the river running. Lee and Jean quickly made friends in that area and had many Pig Roasts and other assorted parties. {SMS} {"We spent many hours roaming and exploring the river bed. It ran cold fast and deep in the spring, and we knew not to venture to close as it was treacherous. But after the spring thaw we were free to roam the banks. Dad returned from the Otselic Inn with a yarn about a famous trout who lurked in our area, Rosco-padudio. "He was a wily fish and had eluded skilled local fisherman for years." Of course there were sightings, just enough to whip us into a fishing frenzy.....no doubt old Rosco was a ploy to keep us kids out of his hair - and boy did it work! After some exploration we found a place where the river ran deep and slow, within days a swimming platform was built. Rather rickety looking, and painted lime green, hours were spent jumping and diving from that platform. Eventually a rope was hung to be swung out over the river. The water was so clear when you opened your eyes under water you might be startled to find a trout staring back at you! One fall dad rounded up a bunch of his buddies from Syracuse, which by the way was a rather colorful bunch, (Grandpa Sharp, dad, Earl and Greg Kimberly, and Bill Olivera "Ollie") and headed for Kaltfluss II during hunting season. It was particularly cold when they arrived so a good fire was built in the pot belly stove, and the frozen tea kettle of water was placed on the stove to thaw so they could prime the pump. They then settled in at the table for a rousing game of pitch. Within minutes Earl very calmly said, "Gentleman, I think the camp is on fire." Chairs flew, as they all jumped to address the wall that surrounded the stove pipe that was now ablaze. Someone grabbed the tea kettle and threw it's contents at the burning wall - a partially melted block of ice - which hit the stove pipe and knocked it off. Of course that was the only hope of priming the pump. Sooooo, they all ran outside grabbed snow balls, and began throwing them at the back of the burning camp. Picture that, a bunch of adult males (mind you one of them "Ollie" was in a tuxedo, tennis shoes, and a safari hat - Ollie was quite the prankster) throwing snowballs at a burning building. Quickly they were losing ground, as the flames spread. All of a sudden "Ollie" took off, ran into the camp and grabbed his suit case. The rest of them thinking he had snapped his cap watched in amazement. Out of his suitcase he pulls a camera. Of course by now they really think he has gone around the bend, here is a building burning and "Ollie" wants to take pictures. "Ollie" quickly runs to the pump, and points its lens down the pump. It was a squirt gun camera - and by God he primed the pump with it and saved the camp!"} After many happy and often hilarious memories, the camp was sold in the early 70's due to reoccurring vandalism.

In 1970 Lee pulled up stakes and moved the family from the rural home in Central Square, to the "Big City" of Canandaigua. He and Jean purchased a beautiful Victorian home at 144 North Main Street, Canandaigua, Ontario County, New York. The house was beautiful, filled with oak trim and doors, stained glass, marble and carved wood, fire places, and in the living and dining rooms were two, eight tiered brass and crystal chandeliers. Jean substituted at local schools until she was offered a full time position at Phelps Middle School. It was there she taught until she retired. In his first years in Canandaigua, Lee formed the Ontario County Search and Rescue Team. He pulled together a great group of people and trained them with the skills of Search and Rescue. They were involved in searches in the Adirondacks and Bergen Swamp.

After Kaltfluss Lodge II was sold, Lee happened upon a 31 foot, 1958, double planked Owens cabin cruiser. It was love at first site. She had been in dry dock for nearly eight years, the canvas looked like a boulder had been dropped on it, the engine was in pieces, and there were bats in the bilge all of the chrome was corroded and had to be cleaned up and polished. The cabin was beautifully varnished and looked as if time had left it untouched. He was determined to bring the old girl back to life, and that we did. {SMS} {"The whole boat had to be stripped, then painted and varnished. A new canvas was fit by Geordie MacGee in Brewerton, New York. Dad and Norm Pearl (the owner of the marina that promised dad if he bought it they would get her running) spent much time hunting for, and on occasion "pirating" parts to re-build the Hercules twin 250HP engines that piloted the 8 ton (empty) boat. Finally after many cuss words, and a few thrown tools, the twin engines fired. These engines didn't purr, they growled loudly of pure power. The day soon came where "The Bare Ace" (so named for my grandfather who had uncanny pitch playing abilities, he would bet four on a bare ace and make it which was next to impossible to due - seeing that as a big gamble, and the boat as a big gamble, we all thought it fit.) was loaded onto the lift and dropped in the water, and she sunk like the proverbial rock! Ah - the tests of time, all of her planks had dried up from being in dry dock so long, so she had to sit in the lift for several days while the boat was re-acclimated to it's original form. Happily, once it soaked for a few days all of the leaks, at least on the bottom stopped. The first year we should have taken stock in Dixie, as when it rained, the old girl leaked like a sieve so little Dixie cups adorned the cabin on rainy days under the places that leaked. It seemed like dad literally took her apart piece by piece and caulked her. The next project was to resurrect the onboard generator. That too was stubborn, but eventually heeded to the mechanical skills of my dad and Norm. The first year, being a little "green" with such big boats, dad had painted the front deck and cabin roof with out sand mixed into the paint. Where it looked sharp, it sure made for some interesting moments. Yours truly (the first mate and person responsible for the bow lines) cleared both the bow rail and the side of the boat completely while doing a one and a half gainer and landing squarely in the sea weed filled boat slip more than once. I re-painted that deck and cabin myself! Dad bought us an "unsinkable" sportiac dinghy. Of course the name "unsinkable" was taken as a challenge which lead to many occasions at the beach seeing just how many people this two man dinghy would hold before sinking. The answer - 18! We spent many hours "rafted up" at boater's beach at the north end of Seneca Lake, romping about in the icy waters of Seneca. We took many trips down the barge canal. Navigating through the locks (My favorite was the double lock at Seneca Falls) and on to waters beyond. We had one particularly eventful trip to Oneida Lake. We hit an electrical storm and down pour just outside of Three Rivers. I had never, nor ever since experienced a storm like this. Lightning bolts were cracking all around us, and it was raining so hard you could not see the front deck much less the rocky shore lines. Dad ordered us all below to put on life vests (which had never happened before). Stephen, who was very young sat on one of the bunks holding our beagle and asking, "Mom what's it like to be dead?" We came upon a highway bridge and dad decided to try to keep her idling there. Unfortunately, lightning hit the bridge, followed its steal girders down to the water and came up the transducer of the boat to the gear shifts which dad was piloting the boat with. This jolt through dad from the helm. After that scare we successfully docked the boat on

a piling under the bridge, and we all stayed far away from anything metal. After pulling charts out the next day to show someone where the storm hit, we noticed that there were several rock piles under the bridge where we had tied up - we had missed them all. Certainly God was watching over us that evening! The marina was home for a lot of crazy people. Quickly its inhabitants grew to be family. We ate together, drank together (oh how they drank together) and played together. One night my father, Don Butler "Ki Ki Bird", and Al Griffin "the Commander" spent an especially active afternoon with a Black Velvet Bottle and were found with pointy paper towel hats, rocking "The Commanders Boat, dancing and singing, "Rain, Rain Go Away, Crown Royal is here to stay!" The marina was the site of the first "unmanned pork chop launch". A group of people had been gathered at our picnic bench playing cards and gabbing when it was decided dinner time was nearing and we should prepare for it. Bit by bit people had gotten up and headed off to their respective boats. Finally The Commander gave in to prods from his wife to get moving. When he got up this left dad and Ed Oulette "Chicken Little" sitting on the one end of the table. Apparently too far on the end this caused the table to tip, dad and Ed to fall over on their backs, and the platter of pork chops that was sitting on the far end awaiting grilling to launch. Those little devils flew high enough to clear the phone lines that ran through the marina! Those onlookers who were there - myself included - then saw two grown men laying motionless on their backs, on the ground. After a brief moment of silent concern, laughter rang out from dad and Ed, then the rest of the "Gold Coast" inhabitants joined in. It was during this time that dad became very active in The Coast Guard Auxiliary. In fact he organized two flotillas in the area, including Canandaigua's. During the first few years he was used as back up on Seneca Lake when an emergency arose. Often distress calls from boaters who needed tows, etc. It seemed the first year that every time we responded to a call it turned out to be a hoax, or the boater had gotten his motor started and left. It became tradition that we would get heckled as to whether or not we would bring anything back or not. We did respond to a "distress" call one afternoon from "Ki Ki". "I am off of the dolphins and am in need of a tow." Getting our tow ropes and pipe poles, off we head out of the channel to find a "wounded" SUM FUN ONE. Dad shouted and asked what was wrong. Don sheepishly replied, "I backed over my bait bucket and it is wrapped around the prop." Hah, all those hours of torture we withstood about not bringing back any casualties - we now had one of our worse critics right where we wanted him! It was a sweet victory for dad! One of the last Labor Day weekends that we enjoyed on Seneca we received a distress call from the sheriff requesting we respond as it was too rough for their boat. Seneca was rolling from south to north with 6 foot waves and troughs. We battened everything down (we thought), put on life vests, and headed out of the channel. The Bare Ace - 8 tons of sturdy lumber was tossed around like a cork. The bow would go up bringing the transom nearly to sea level, then the bow would drop on the other side of the swell, a wall of water would wash up the deck, the cabin, up the windshield, and sometimes over the canvas top. Out of the water the props would come, and the whole boat would shake. The sheriff radioed from the sanctity of the yacht club and told us he had seen us come three quarters of the way out of the water! It took us nearly two hours to get to Glass Factory Bay, (normally a 15 minute cruise) to find that it was a hoax call. At this point in time dad decided he had another dilemma - how to bring the boat about in this treacherous water without turtling

her. He waited for a small lull, then quickly brought her about. The ride back was much quicker. The worst awaited us upon return to the basin. Upon opening the cabin doors, we found that the refrigerator had opened up and ketchup, mustard and pickles were now all over the cabin. It looked like an explosion had gone off. What a mess. In the early eighties, gas prices rose, and dad decided filling those fifty gallon tanks was just too expensive, and he sold our prized possession." } In the summer of 1978, Lee and Jean decided to sell the house on Main Street, and get back to the country. They purchased a home on Middle Cheshire Road in Canandaigua. It was a raised ranch with a beautiful fenced in yard. He purchased a building in downtown Canandaigua in 1981 which contained a diner, and a space upstairs to locate his gun shop. He eventually sold that building and purchased a building in Shortsville, Ontario County, New York, where he relocated his gun shop. Eventually he decided to get back into banking, and took a job with Central Trust.

{SMS} {One thing I feel noteworthy if for no other reason it's humorous value, is my father's electrical skills. Everyone in the family well knows that if dad is messing around with anything electrical it is time to become scarce. Classic example: One evening dad took Steve and myself out on Canandaigua Lake to swim. Steve and I quickly jumped in and began playing Frisbee. Dad decided to putter on board. The beach was pretty much deserted as it was fairly cool and a week night. Suddenly Steve and I heard the sound of an engine firing. We immediately look up to see dad on the bow of the boat. Of course we dismiss this as our imaginations and precede with throwing Frisbees. once again we hear an engine fire. Quickly panning the horizon we note that - no there are no other boats around. After a quick discussion, and after the sound of a motor again we couldn't take it any more and asked dad if it was our boat motor firing. Very red in the face he replied, "I accidentally wired the boat starter to the fog light and every time I turn the fog light on the boat engine fires." He was trying to correct the situation but was having difficulties. Needless to say, we tortured him over that one for some time - still do.