

Fogerty Hits 105

Joseph Fogerty, 105, claims he was never born. "I grew up like a grasshopper."

Reconsidering, Fogerty rattles off the details: "Oct. 6, 1885, Saturday night at six o'clock on Blake Street in the township of Livonia, N.Y., county of Livingston."

Fogerty, now a resident of the Volunteer Firemen's Home in Hudson, N.Y., was the youngest of seven children born to Ellen and James Fogerty, immigrants from Tipperary, Ireland.

His favorite nephew, Eugene Fogerty of Hemlock, the

son of Thomas Fogerty, lent the photographs accompanying this story to *The Clarion*.

According to Gene, Uncle Joe was a meat and potatoes kind of guy, warm, compassionate and thoughtful. "I never knew him to lose his temper," said Gene. By his own admission, Joe Fogerty, "never did like to drink. But I do like to smoke a corn cob pipe"

In 1910, at age 25, Fogerty pitched semi-professional baseball with the Tri-State team, but "injured my arm and...had to go."

Fogerty became a volunteer firefighter in 1920, though

the career was not his true love.

"When I was little I wanted to be a railroad man," said Fogerty. At 27 he left Livonia for Manchester and the Lehigh Valley Railroad Co., where he was employed as director for 34 years.

Fogerty loved it. "I earned \$1.19 per hour when I first worked on the railroad. I've been everywhere around the world. I traveled to the North Pole and slept with the Eskimos on a keg of ice."

He also sold real estate, building an \$80,000 fortune, which he lost when his wife, Bertha, became ill and was hospitalized for four years. Joe was left "without a nickel" after she died.

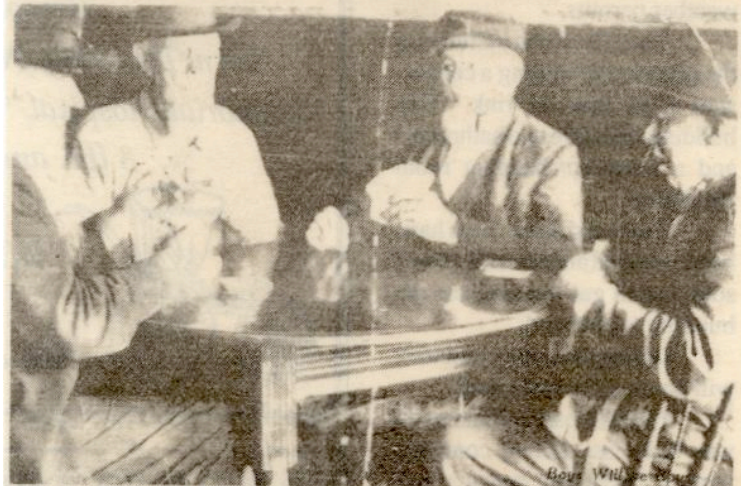
Fogerty firmly believes honesty is the secret of his longevity. "I don't like people that are dishonest....I was Catholic, you see. I was baptized in St. Michael's Church in Livonia...by the Rev. Joseph William Henry. I was named after him, but I was named Joseph William Patrick after my uncle Patrick Ryan.

"I always believed in being honest and true and was never convicted of a crime," he said.

Joe was a Thanksgiving guest of his nephew Gene in 1977 when he was 92. In 1965 at age 80 he, Gene and Gene's children had gone hiking, and, according to Gene, "this guy never quit."



LOVED THE RAILS: Conductor Joe Fogerty stands beside the engine at the East Main extension near Blossom Road in Rochester in 1907.



BOYS WILL BE BOYS: James Fogerty, father of Joe, was photographed playing cards for a popular post card shot in the Metropolitan Hotel in Hemlock circa 1900. Pictured are Willis Adams (left), Fogerty, Frank Schneck and an unidentified man.