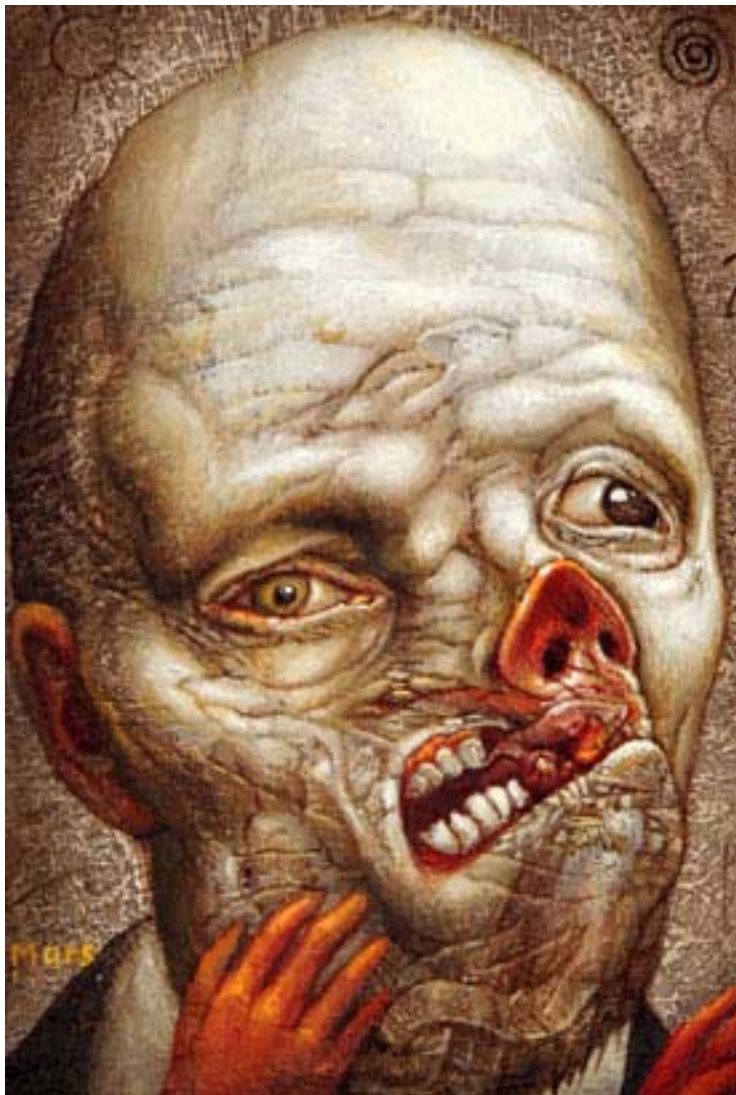


PIGMAN

Angola's Legend

~ Compiled by ~

M. C. Hageman



A WORD TO THE READER

The following is a quazi-history, a story of fact, myth, and legend surrounding the area of Holland Road or “Pigman Road” and the individual or character known as “The Pigman” who has, does, and always will have a presence here.

Many names and dates in this presentation have been altered: purposefully, to protect those families and individuals still living. Photographic evidence utilized to support the legend have been included where found being applicable and is for your entertainment and enjoyment of the actual legend.

This is being compiled in order to protect the integrity of both the fact and the original myth and legend that sprang from it. In recent years the story has been twisted and turned by “Horror Movie Producers” and “Paranormal/Ghost Hunters”, which dilute the truth, the fact, the myth and indeed the actual local legend of both that area and the Pigman himself.

I hope by this writing and by you reading it- the actual legend may live-on, un-altered, so that future generations may experience what many already have.

I DO NOT suggest in any-way, any one visit the site looking for evidence of Pigman. The area is private property, and the roadway a dangerous area. A drive down the road should suffice anyone’s desires for a taste of the legend.



*The Compiler- Not Author
~ M. C. Hageman*

PIGMAN- Angola's Legend

The legend of Pigman has fascinated generations here in the small town of Evans (Village of Angola), New York for years, and hopefully will still be doing so generations and years yet to come.

Holland Road, also known as Pigman Road by the locals, is the area in which this legend has been centered- but is not the only location in the town, which has ties to it. In fact, the events of other areas and the history of the town itself lend important facts to the origin of the legend. So we begin....

The earliest settlers to arrive in the vicinity were located in the Evans Center area. Various saw and gristmills along Big Sister Creek were established; and with the blacksmith shops and stores nearby, it soon became the center of most social activities.

However, in 1852 the Buffalo and State Line Railroad laid tracks and built a station about a mile south of Evans Center. The railroad proved to be a great boon to the area causing a shift of the center of activities towards "Evans Station," known today as Angola. Much of the country was covered with timber and the railroad did a thriving business transporting lumber to the growing young city of Buffalo. A wood yard and watering station was built on the farm of Chauncey Carrier.

Over the years many have searched and probed into the past to determine the origin of the name Angola. There have been several versions but the following seems to be the most authentic. In 1820 a mail route was established between Buffalo and Olean, and a post office was opened at Springville. Two years later a post office designated "Angola" was opened at Taylor Hollow near Gowanda. The name may be related to the fact that a majority of the residents in Taylor Hollow were Quakers who being missionary-minded helped to support Angola, Africa, as one of their projects.

Around 1855 John Andrus, an influential business owner in Evans Station, made application to have the "Angola" Post Office transferred here from Taylor Hollow. Because of the population increase and nearness of the railroad, it was approved; John Andrus was then appointed Postmaster. Prior to this, all the land now considered the Village of Angola was owned by three families: Harvy Barrell, P.M. Carrier, and Philip Clark. In 1854 George Wilcox settled here and opened a shoe store.

The old William Wright house, the first Town Hall, was moved from Evans Station (Center) to Angola, and a small saloon was opened, which soon became the Angola House or Hotel (now a parking lot across from the Village Hall on Commercial St.) This building had been moved from Evans Center and rebuilt in 1860 by John Andrus. Alva Montgomery then purchased it, followed by S. P. Imus in 1867. Mr. Iinus was formerly a stage driver on the old Buffalo to Erie route for the Ohio Stage Company and boasted of having taken the last passengers through the town on Feb. 22, 1852.

Angola- the Village the railroad built, and originally known as Evans Station, soon was to have more hotels. About 1873 the Union Hotel was built by George Caskey for Elijah P. Smith. No doubt it was named for the Union Cause, which Mr. Smith had so warmly embrace. Then on Commercial Street at Main Street Jacob Friend built the Farmers' Hotel in honor of the farmers who so abounded during that period of Evans' growth. The name was changed to the Central Hotel when it became just about the center of Angola's business district. A neighbor to the Angola Hotel on Commercial Street to the south was the Railroad House. It was built and so named because of its proximity to the first passenger station of the early railroad. Not to be exclusive, but the bulk of its bar business was from railroad workers. A few years later a second railroad system came to Angola, the Nickel Plate. A hotel was quickly built near the new station and appropriately named the Nickel-Plate Hotel.



Some hotels bore their owner's name; such as Cramer's Hotel and Widmer's Hotel. At Erie Road and Lake Street Charles Rogendorf built the Block Hotel, it was built out of cement blocks. It was the first of its kind, perhaps the only one of its kind, to open its doors to the public in the Town of Evans.

In 1854 Bundy and Hurd opened a general store adjacent to the Angola House. It was soon sold to Lyman Oatman changing hands many times until Jacob Friend remodeled it as the Farmers Hotel or Central Hotel; the first physician was Dr. Powers, settling in the Village in 1858.

In 1855 another gentleman, more important to our legend was Elisa Derrecks, who set up a homestead just south of the new village of Angola in an area between the newly laid railroad tracks. In later years a brick factory for the manufacture of sewer pipe, hollow brick, tile etc., to which business the firm of John Lyth & Sons succeeded, just to the north (between the village and Elisa's homestead- in the area of what is now Railroad Ave.), afforded Elisha with additional work and supplemental income for his growing family.

Winter months were sometime brutal- as apparent when "The Dacotah" a wooden steam freighter sank on 11/24/1860 in the worst autumn blizzard on Lake Erie recorded up until that time. Sources claim the vessel went down with all 24 crewmen in mid lake. The Dacotah carried a valuable cargo of copper ingots. Reports place the wreck aground and salvaged 3 miles South of Sturgeon Point, New York. A local diver reports the wreck now lays approximately one-mile South of Sturgeon Point, New York. The Dacotah was steering for shelter in a bay off Angola, New York when it struck a submerged rock tearing open its hull. The vessel immediately began breaking apart in the surf. The entire crew reached shore alive and climbed a steep bank to take shelter from the blowing snow in a nearby ravine. Several days later their frozen bodies were discovered by the Erie

County coroner named William Bennett while he was inspecting his property for storm damage. Ironically Bennett owned a fully stocked lodge and cabins just beyond the ravine! Remains of the wreck including the capstans and rudder are in place while the rest is scattered and covered with zebra mussels. A great deal of cargo such as pottery, stove parts, and other household and farm goods can still be found.

To help further supplement the family- Elisha and his two teenage sons (Loring and Henry) would walk the railroad picking up coal that would have fallen wayside during transit. This could then be burned at the homestead for heat and cooking purposes and lasted longer than and burned hotter than did wood.

One December afternoon in 1867, while collecting the coal, the boys decided to remove a few of the ties from the railroad (the heavy wooden braces that the rails are attached to) in order to use them for braces on a fence-needing repair. The out come of that decision would haunt the family for many years to come.

Local authorities covered up the true cause of what was the worst tragedy to befall this small township- The Angola Horror. One should not blame directly the family or the locals who new the real truth of the cause at the time. If it would have been made public the outcry would have turned into a which hunt, and would have brought far more negative press and attention to Angola than it needed.

John D. Rockefeller was running late on the morning of December 18, 1867. When he climbed out of bed in his modest house on Cheshire Street in Cleveland that frigid Wednesday to catch the early morning express to Buffalo, he had business on his mind. Even though it was the holiday season—just a week before Christmas—Rockefeller had decided to make a quick business trip to New York City. He wanted to check on his East Coast operations, where his brother, William, managed the New York offices of Rockefeller & Company. But he got a late start that morning, which was not like him at all.

Perhaps it had been all the packing. Rockefeller planned to squeeze in some holiday visits with friends and family in New York before returning home for Christmas, so into his suitcases he packed the gifts he intended to give to his relatives and associates there. That done, he sent his bags ahead of him to Cleveland's Union Station, and bid goodbye to Laura, his wife of three years, and Elizabeth, their 1-year-old daughter. He then headed off to catch his train.

Rockefeller was 28, a successful young businessman already widely known in Cleveland and the oil refining industry. A disciplined man, Rockefeller prided himself on hard work and a demanding schedule. He kept a sharp eye toward his own advancement, demanded a lot of others and drove himself harder than anyone. He knew that if he caught the 6:40 a.m. Lake Shore Express, due in Buffalo around 1:30 in the afternoon, he could then take the 6 p.m. New York Central Express, which would deliver him into Manhattan by 7 the next morning, in plenty of time to make full use of the business day.

Although his plans were meticulously arranged, Rockefeller pulled into Cleveland's Union Station just a few minutes too late; his bags made the train but he didn't, and it saved his life.

By missing the Lake Shore Express that morning, Rockefeller escaped one of the worst railroad accidents in 19th-century America—the “Angola Horror,” as newspapers subsequently dubbed it. At a little past 3 in the afternoon, while crossing over a high railroad bridge in the western New York village of Angola, the last two cars of the Buffalo-bound express jumped the tracks and tumbled 30 to 50 feet into the icy, treacherous gorge below. Both cars burst into flames, trapping passengers inside and immolating them into blackened heaps of indistinguishable remains. Rockefeller, as a latecomer to the Cleveland station, would have sat in the end car.

Nearly 50 people died and many more were burned and badly injured in the disaster, which—coming as it did just before Christmas—gripped the imagination of a nation still reeling from the Civil War that had ended two years earlier. Accounts of the tragedy, replete with grisly illustrations, filled the pages of newspapers and periodicals across the country for weeks—and prompted calls by the public for safer trains, tracks and rail car heating methods. “The name Angola is, and will forever be, associated with the most fearful Railway slaughter on record,” stated the *Buffalo Patriot and Journal* on January 1, 1868. The news-paper offered the hope that “human foresight and ingenuity can prevent such terrible occurrences, in the future, whatever may be the verdict as to the cause of the present calamity.”



Rockefeller came across the scene himself when the later train he had taken to Buffalo that day was forced to stop in Angola because of the wreck. He immediately telegraphed Laura from the Angola railroad station. His missive to her was received in Cleveland at 6:25 p.m. “Thank God I am unharmed,” it read, “the six forty train I missed had bad accident.”

Two days later, in a longer letter to his wife from New York, Rockefeller was more explicit in detailing his “*gratitude* that I did not *remain* in the car with the baggage.” Of that baggage, he wrote: “The Christmas presents were burned with the valice and umbrella.” But, he added, “Our friends appreciate them as though received.”

Rockefeller, of course, lived a long and productive life after the Angola Horror—and went on to change the course of American history. Many others, however, died that cold winter day, and the Derrecks' family carried the unspoken burden.

December 18 dawned bright, clear and cold: perfect weather for traveling. In Cleveland, Erie, Dunkirk and other stops along the Lake Shore Express line—a route that skimmed the Great Lakes—people climbed out of bed and prepared for their journeys.

William W. Towner, 25, a surveyor from Erie, Pa., had decided to treat himself to a pleasure trip in advance of the holiday. He was leaving on the 10:20 express to New York with two friends, J. Alexander Martin and Edward T. Metcalf, both young professionals from Erie.

Jasper and Eunice Fuller, a young married couple, had recently opened a small general store in Spartansburg, a growing village of 400 in rural Pennsylvania, and they were taking the express to Buffalo to buy new stock for their store. With the long war over, the reunited country was busily scrambling back to its feet. People were relocating from one place to another, opening new businesses, setting up homes and generally getting established in life. The holiday season only accelerated this spirit of movement and activity.

For his part, J.M. Newton, 46, the daytime railroad agent and telegraph operator in Angola, rose early on December 18 and got ready for work. His office in the railroad station was the busiest spot in the bustling rural village, thanks to the trains passing by and the shoppers buying their dry goods, groceries, hardware, medicine and such at Lyman Oatman's general store next door. At a little before 7, Newton settled down at his desk, ready to begin his workday.

By midafternoon, the Lake Shore Express, now a couple of hours behind schedule, reached western New York, where two men waited on the platform in the small village of Brocton. Benjamin Franklin Betts, a 39-year-old wood dealer in Brocton on business, struck up a conversation with the other man—his identity since lost—and the two of them hit it off so well that they took dinner together.

At 2:20, when the express finally whistled into the village and pulled up to the station, Betts and his friend said goodbye to each other and climbed aboard the train. Betts chose to sit in a forward car. His friend boarded the train's last coach car, packed full of people.

The train once again began to move. It consisted of four passenger cars—three first-class and one second-class, each holding about 50 people—plus three or four baggage cars. It also contained several potbellied stoves to heat the coach cars, and kerosene lamps mounted on the walls to give light.

Stephen W. Stewart was easily the most prominent figure on the express that day; president of the Oil Creek Railroad, he had founded a bank in Corry, Pa. Also on board were Charles Lobdell of La Crosse, Wis., an editor at the *Daily Republican*; Eliakim B. Forbush of Buffalo, an attorney returning from a case he had won in Cincinnati; and Isadore Mayer, a New York theatrical agent.

At least one honeymooning couple rode the express: 21-year-old Granger D. Kent of Grand Island, N.Y., and his new wife were on their way home. Also onboard were two engaged men headed toward their betrothed and their weddings.

The hours of the early afternoon slipped past uneventfully on the train. Betts, sitting in his seat in the forward car, sank into a reflective state as the train chugged through the winter landscape. He would later describe his mood as daydream-like, lulled by the muted scenery passing outside the window.

At Dunkirk, N.Y., the express stopped for 10 minutes, and a few passengers boarded, the last to do so. At the small village of Silver Creek, the train stopped again, briefly, only to take on wood and water.

At 2:49, Silver Creek telegraph operator George P. Gaston noted the departure of the Lake Shore Express from his station. He messaged ahead to Newton, the agent in Angola: The express was on its way.

Ahead of the train lay the Derrecks' homestead, the area of missing railroad ties, Angola, with its small wooden depot, and just beyond that a bridge—a plain wood-and-concrete truss span—over Big Sister Creek. Only 21/2 years earlier, this bridge had borne the funeral train of Abraham Lincoln as it traveled a stunned, war-weary nation on its way toward the slain president's burial place in Illinois.

On his routine rounds, Conductor Frank Sherman worked his way through the end car of the express. Sherman, a Buffalo resident, would later recall seeing Stewart, the railroad president, sitting in his usual spot in the last seat of the train.

At 3:11 p.m., Sherman opened the door of the end car, stepped through it and began making his way forward through the second-to-last car. At the same time, Dr. Frederick F. Hoyer, a country physician, walked from the second-to-last car into the one in front of it, a move that most likely saved his life.

Also at 3:11, Benjamin Betts felt the first sensations of something amiss—a “trembling motion,” then “a relief, as if a connection had been broken.” There was a terrific jarring sensation, prompting Betts to bolt from his seat. As he did, a shrill whistle rang out as Sherman gave the signal for “down brakes.”

But it was too late. The last two cars of the Lake Shore Express had begun to derail. It hung on passing through the village itself. With brakes applied, the train began to screech, then, reaching the bridge, topple, helplessly, from the railroad tracks.

The “official” cause of the Angola Horror was simple, and deadly. As the express chugged toward the bridge, it ran over a “frog” in the track. One of the wheels on the end car, possibly a wheel with a flaw or defect, hit the frog—the crossing point of two rails, a normal part of a switch in the tracks—in such a way that it jarred the wheel loose, causing it to vibrate back and forth. This friction, rail officials later noted, damaged a span of track— Angola and the Derrecks family were spared embarrassment and more importantly legal prosecution.

Once the end car derailed, it began to rock back and forth, slowly and then more quickly—a wobbly, lurching movement that sent the passengers into a panic. They tried to run toward the front of the train, but the rocking motion made it difficult. People were thrown around like rag dolls; some were trampled, others smothered.

The end car also began to pull heavily on the train. As the Lake Shore Express steamed over the Big Sister Bridge, the end car uncoupled from the train. It felt like something popping loose, passengers remembered, after the jarring of the derailment. Once free of the train, the car plummeted down into the creek, flipping over several times before coming to a shuddering stop on the icy gorge floor.



Meanwhile, the second-to-last car, pulled off balance, continued to hold the track for a few more moments. It managed to shakily cross the 160-foot-long railroad bridge; then it began—just barely—to climb the opposite embankment.

But the motion of the end car's uncoupling proved to be too much. The second-to-last car came off the tracks and

tipped over, and then rolled and tumbled back down the embankment, into the gorge. Passengers were thrown about like twigs, and most were injured—many severely. Robert M. Russell, a Civil War veteran from Tennessee, who had served in the Confederate army under General Nathan Bedford Forrest, was battered so badly that it wasn't clear whether he would live or die; he survived.

Not so, the passengers in the end car. Those who lived through its tumble into the gorge had, by this time, begun to burn.

The potbellied stoves had come loose during the plunge, shaking fire and red-hot coals all over the inside of the car. Kerosene from the gas lamps fed the flames, which consumed the car's plush upholstery and dry wood like kindling. "I saw the coals of fire from the stove scattered all over the car," recalled Angolan Josiah Southwick, a farmer and justice of the peace who witnessed the disaster from his home on a rise above the creek. He ran to help, but was stopped by the intense heat. "Inhaling the flames," Southwick later said, "I was obliged to go back."

He wasn't alone. Many villagers who ran to the scene of the wreck would report the smell of flesh in the air, and the screams of the dying as the car burned. "The car was all in flames," said John Martin, proprietor of a tin shop, who himself pulled five people from the inferno. "I could not see them," Martin said, "I could hear them." The *Erie Observer* reported the tragedy: "The hideous, remorseless flames crackled on; the shrieks died into moans, and moans into silence more terrible, as the pall of death drew over the scene."

The screams of the dying lingered for close to five minutes, eyewitnesses said, before silence fell over the snow.

Betts, in a forward car, had hopped off the still-moving train and ran as hard as he could back toward the creek. Bracing himself in the snow, he made his way down to the two cars, which were lying some yards apart from one another on the icy creek bed.

Betts ran to the badly smashed end car. It was lying upside down, spun around so that one end pointed toward the bridge abutment, and the other tilted upward. Betts spotted a man hanging half out of the car, his arms waving wildly; he grabbed him and began to pull with all his strength, trying to pry the man loose.

The force of the fall had splintered the wooden car into bits, and the final impact of the descent had rammed everything in it—seats, belongings, men, women and children—into a dense mass of flesh and fabric and wood. "The bank was steep, and it was with great difficulty we could work around the car," Betts would recall during the official inquest. "The lower end of the car was an indiscriminate mass of broken seats, passengers, timber."

In the brief moment in which he stared into the interior of the car, Betts recognized a face looking back at him. With a sick feeling, Betts realized it was the same man he had dined with in Brocton that afternoon. The man was looking at him piteously and crying out for rescue.

Benjamin Betts looked down at the man he held in his own arms—a stranger, who hung suspended between life and death. He began to pull. The man came free of the wreckage and was passed along, hand to hand, down a line of rescuers to safety.

And then Betts saw that the fire had begun in earnest. He turned to see if he could save his friend from the Brocton station, trapped in the mass of flesh and wood. But it was too late. The man was being consumed by the fire; then he was gone.

Young John D. Rockefeller, in the letter he penned to his wife after the wreck, acknowledged that he had narrowly escaped death. He credited a favorable Providence with his survival, underlining thickly the words in the letter he sent her. "I do (and did when I learned that the first train left) regard the thing," Rockefeller wrote, "as the *Providence of God*."

It wasn't hard to see why. Only three of the 50 or more people in the end car of the train had survived. Indeed, Rockefeller knew that he would have sat in this car, had he arrived at the Cleveland station on time.

He told Laura as much in his letter. "We certainly should have been in the burned car as it was the only one that went that we could have entered at the time we would have arrived at the station," he wrote. "I am thankful, thankful, thankful."

Stewart, the railroad president, was among the victims burned to death in the end car, along with Lobdell, the editor, and the Fullers of Spartansburg.

The honeymooning Kents died together. The wedding band that Granger had presented his bride—inscribed with her initials, still legible on the gold—survived the flames. The luggage claim tickets found on their remains identified their bodies, more than a week later.

As for the trio of friends from Erie—Towner, Martin and Metcalf—they had taken seats together, and all three were burned to the point of disfigurement. Towner was identified and claimed by his brother, brother-in-law and a doctor who came from Erie to recover his remains. Metcalf's body was returned to his family and friends in Erie on Christmas Day. "The body of C.T. [sic] Metcalf, of Erie, Penn., had been recognized among the burned carcasses by a tooth on the left side of the mouth lapping over to the right," reported *The New York Times* on December 21.

Martin, on the other hand, was so badly charred that he was placed into a wooden case at the scene, along with other remains, for sorting and identification. Some time later, at the Soldiers' Rest Home in Buffalo, Martin's friends were at last able to identify what they hoped was his body; they took it away with them.

Darkness fell quickly over the smoking scene of the wreckage, as villagers tended to the victims. Supervising this effort was Dr. Romaine J. Curtiss, Angola's talented physician and, until teams of backup doctors arrived later that night from Buffalo, the chief caretaker of the train's wounded. Curtiss, 27, who had served as a Union hospital ship surgeon during the Civil War, checked over the bodies of the burnt, dispatched the badly wounded to nearby homes and treated those suffering from shock and lesser injuries.

At the residence of Josiah Southwick, "persons were lying in beds and upon the floor, in almost every room in the house, and not only Mr. Southwick's family, but a number of the neighbors, including the shaken Derrecks'...were kindly and most patiently doing all in their power to assuage their pain and make them comfortable," noted *The New York Times* on the 21st. Indeed, the villagers of Angola received much praise in the press for their quick and determined response to the tragedy.



The bodies of the dead were carried to the Angola depot. There they were boxed, sometimes two or three to a casket, and sent by funeral train to Buffalo. The Soldiers' Rest Home, the Tiff House and the National Hotel all served as temporary morgues where relatives and authorities could view them. "A large number of people lined the walks while the bodies were being carried out of the depot, and a most respectful silence was preserved," reported *The New York Times*.

Zachariah Hubbard, a carpenter from Port Dalhousie, Ontario, was among those taken to the Soldiers' Home. A passenger in the end car, Hubbard had died two hours after he was pulled from the wreck, his upper torso intact and uninjured, the entire lower half of his body burned "to ash." Later, his ring of keys was found in the wreckage and reunited with his body.

A memorial service for all the victims took place inside Buffalo's Exchange Street depot three days before Christmas, on December 22. During the service, the choirs of the city's churches came together to sing a hymn—"I would not live always," taken from the Book of Job—that resounded mightily off the cavernous ceilings of the depot, under which 19 plain wooden boxes lay in neat rows.

Afterwards, the boxes were buried in Forest Lawn, a rolling, lushly treed cemetery on the edge of Buffalo. Railroad officials claimed 19 people lay in the boxes; passenger lists, had they been kept, would have indicated that far more unidentified and unclaimed victims presumably lay in the coffins as well. Cemetery records hedged on this point, and listed only two names for the 19 burial spaces, probably feeling less than confident about the accuracy of the identifications.



No one, in the end, knows exactly how many victims of the Angola Horror were laid to rest that day. A drive over Big Sister Creek in Angola today, and you'd never know that it had been the scene of anything important. Until very recently, no marker identifies the spot of the Angola Horror train wreck, perhaps for the need to forget, perhaps due to the cover-up provided to the Derrecks'. The same is true of Forest Lawn; a simple sign once marked the spot where the unknown victims were buried, but it fell down, or was taken down, some decades ago. It has never been replaced.

John D. Rockefeller went on to form the Standard Oil Company within three years of the Angola tragedy. By the early 1880s, Rockefeller—perhaps influenced by his brush with disaster—was selling oil products specifically designed to make rail travel safer. An 1883 advertisement for his Mineral Seal 300 Fire Test Burning Oil claimed superiority "to all other burning oils in this respect, withstanding a heat of 300 degrees before igniting, for

which reason it is especially adapted for use in Railway Coaches and Passenger Steam Boats.”

Another ambitious young American also took lessons from the Angola disaster: George Westinghouse. Shocked by train wrecks of his day, Westinghouse was determined to find a quicker and safer way of stopping rail cars in an emergency. The result was an invention that revolutionized train travel: the air brake. By 1893 the federal government made air brakes and automatic couplers mandatory on trains in the United States, a change that cut the accident rate on the nation’s rails by 60 percent.

Meanwhile, Benjamin Betts—wood dealer, wreck survivor and unlikely hero—became a well-respected engineer and architect. Betts died at 65 and was lauded after his death for his contributions to bridge design—including the first cantilever bridge over the Niagara River, a span that drew international acclaim. Having seen one bridge cause such suffering, Betts dedicated much of the rest of his life to making them safer, stronger and more beautiful. He always regretted that he had been unable to do more.

All of this, and all linked to Elisha Derrecks and his two sons Loring and Henry. It seemed much for the boys to never speak of the tragedy unless privately amongst themselves. The article published in the Buffalo News was framed and hung predominately in the Derrecks parlor, a sad reminder for the shame in the family or perhaps as a morbid prize for a horrid accomplishment- it is unknown- but had been confirmed my many guests to the home. It read as follows:

Buffalo, Dec. 19.

An awful accident occurred yesterday P.M. on the Lake Shore railroad, 21 miles from here, near a place called Angola. The train from the west, due here at 1:30 to connect with the train going east, ran off the track. One car was thrown down a bank 30 feet. The coach burnt up and some 30 persons consumed by fire. Another coach went down a ledge about 20 feet and 12 or 14 passengers killed and a number wounded.

As soon as information of the accident reached Buffalo word was conveyed to a number of our physicians, and by four o'clock a number of them had reached the depot, and in company with WM. WILLIAMS, president, and R. N. BROWN, superintendent, and other officers of the road, took a train, and at 5 o'clock the scene of the accident was reached.

The bridge crossing the Big Sister creek is about a quarter of a mile east of the village of Angola. The train to which the accident happened was two hours late, having been detained by a broken bridge on the Cleveland & Toledo railroad. It was composed of three first class coaches filled with passengers, and a smoking car and two baggage cars, and was under the conductorship of MR. FRANK SHERMAN, of this city. Silver Creek was the last station stopped at prior to the accident, and Angola was passed about 3 o'clock, the train going at the speed of about 20 miles an hour. Everything was apparently all right when the bridge

was reached, and when the train had crossed half way over a fearful jerk was experienced by those on board, and the next moment the rear coach was detached and went plunging off the bridge. The brakes were at once applied, but before the train could be stopped the coupling of the second coach had become broken and it too got off the track and rolled down the embankment, landing on its side at the bottom. So suddenly had all this happened that not one of the inmates of either of the two coaches had time to make their escape, and without a moment's warning some 40 or 50 persons hurried into the presence of their Maker.

The car which first went over the precipice took fire instantly, and before any person could get to it the flames made rapid headway, and in a few moments was all ablaze. Those persons on the spot proceeded to render all the assistance they could, but only some four or five persons were saved from the burning car. The remainder, some 40 or 50 men, women and children, were consumed. How many perished in the burning car it is impossible as yet to say, and very probably will not be known for some time. The place where the first car struck, after being precipitated off the bridge, was difficult of access, and after rescuing the half dozen or so persons before the flames had made much headway, no attempt was made last night to disturb the remains of those who perished in the burning car. They will be attended to this morning.

As the turn of the century arrived, Angola took on a new look when the trolley became a popular mode of travel. The tracks, some of which still remain under today's blacktop pavement, followed Main Street from School Street to Commercial Street following along the west side of the railroad tracks. A trolley station was built on the corner of Main and School Streets, in 1912. Passenger service between Buffalo and Erie was possible every forty minutes.

The present site of Robert Wilson's Town Press was a Power House for the trolley. Round windows on the second floor of the structure, which can be seen from Maple Avenue, once housed insulators to which power cables were attached. Abutments of the bridge that carried the trolley across Big Sister Creek remain to this day and can be seen south of the Mill Street Bridge, looking toward the Penn Central Arch Bridge.

A most important industry located in Angola in 1904 was the newly formed Emblem Bicycle Company located at the corner of South Main and York Streets. Mr. William Schack became the Company's President and Mr. William Heil, Vice-President.

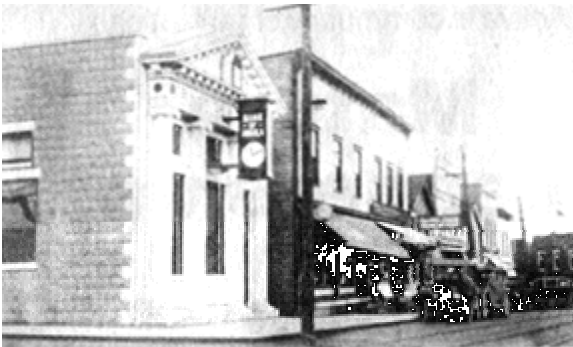


In 1908 under the direction of John Glas, a new three-story cement block building was constructed at its present location adjoining the New York Central Railroad. Two

additional stories were later added to the original structure. Their bicycles and motorcycles were noted for their excellent quality and many distinctive features. They were sold throughout the country and even to foreign countries. At one time production reached 125 to 150 bicycles a day. The company was the single largest employer of the community.

Both Loring and Henry Derrecks became employees of Emblem. Henry now married and living off south Main Street and Loring, also married, still living at the original homestead although with some major renovations. Loring married a Betsey Crabtree of Brocton. Betsy was sort of an outcast in her hometown; you see here parents were first cousins to each other. Betsy was also very young. Just 19 in April of 1913 when she gave birth to their one and only child William (Bill) Derrecks.

A disastrous fire on Commercial Street March 12, 1904, proved to be the most destructive in the history of the Village. Cash Bros. Store, barn, bakery building, Post Office, the A. Wilcox building, and two livery barns were completely burned out. The fire was very mysterious in origin. Many accused Henry of starting the fire. After these accusations and constant harassment, Henry packed all his belongings and left the area- Rumors of the time indicated he went to Texas to start anew, other say he left for Alaska to find his fortune. In any account, after his departure- the harassment soon turned to Loring and his- younger and mentally challenged bride.



Financial conditions of the time warranted the granting of a charter to the Bank of Angola in 1905. A very attractive concrete building was erected on the corner of Commercial and High Streets, opening June 1, 1906. Soon after the bank was established, the St. Paul Episcopal Mission, which had organized in 1904, purchased a lot from them on the corner of Lake and High Streets as their future

building site. Temporary services were held in the hall of Mr. Harry Weston. Loring and Betsy joined immediately, but were soon turned away by prudent townspeople who would rather not associate with the Derrecks- one reason you will not find them listed on any town records- at least any found to date.

An election in 1910 authorized the Village to establish a water system at a cost not to exceed \$55,000. In 1911 the foundation for the 100-foot tall, 18 foot diameter stand pipe was completed. Residents were pleased to learn that after the water mains had been laid a new 16-foot brick paved street would follow. Finished in 1912, it extended along Commercial Street and over Main Street toward Evans Center.

This being the advent of the gasoline age, little did people realize that autos on this improved road, and others like it all over the country, would one day spell the demise of

the trolley and to a large extent, railway travel. The popular "Gas buggy" would in fact account for vast changes in our way of life, work, and play.

About this time the old wide wooden sidewalks were replaced with cement walks. The old gas street lights were gradually replaced with electric; electric service made available to individual homes soon after 1915. The Niagara and Erie Power Company opened its office in Clow's store.

Movies came to Angola in 1910, the first "theater" being on the second floor of the Village Hall with Frank Wiatrowski as Manager. Five years later the Star Theater opened on North Main Street Ad-mission was 10 cents.

A balcony was erected on the Village Hall in the same year, which provided the Angola Fire Department the opportunity to perform weekly Saturday night band concerts.

A civic group of about fifty members known as the "Board of Trade" was organized in 1912. Their purpose was that of an Angola Boosters Association. There were number of business changes about this time. In 1912 Joseph Froehley & Sons (Philip and Charles) moved to North Main Street, purchasing store property from W. C. Russell. They continued in the furniture and undertaking business at this same location until 1957.

Two cemeteries served the community. Holy Cross Cemetery on the Angola-Brant Road was dedicated in 1904. Forest Avenue Cemetery, off Locust Street, incorporated in 1914, with the original interments going back to 1874.

World War I brought its demands on the local citizens with the drafting of young men for service and the soliciting of money in the form of Liberty Bonds. A local Red Cross unit was formed; knitting and sewing were taught. A local product, the Emblem motorcycle, was used by the military.

The area seemed to be booming while Loring and Betsy just tried to get by and become accepted members of the community. In July Loring volunteered his services in lighting the July 4th celebration fireworks in 1911 at no charge! The display to be held at the Lake Shore and Michigan Depot grounds ended in tragedy when falling sparks ignited the fireworks. A rocket pierced the arm of a young boy, for which the Village was sued for \$11,500. Many others received injuries and burned clothing. Loring Derrecks went into great despair and became a recluse rarely leaving his Holland Road home.

On the evening of April 17, 1913 Loring and Betsy became parents. A most beautiful experience turned rather shockingly sad at the deformities of the child, a body of normal looks and proportions but a swine-like split nose and clef lip. Perhaps it was the interbreeding of Betsy's existence or just God's punishment for Loring's past misgivings, we will never know. The Derrecks' family lived a quite and secluded life- Keeping William at home and out of the sight of any local- to avoid confrontation and harassment.

Mrs. McMahon, the elderly mid-wife who assisted in Williams birth and who vowed afterwards to never assist again, wrote letters to every medical professional she could find to write to in order to have William committed or locked away. Mrs. McMahon caused a lot of trouble for the Derrecks, especially young William- whom no one ever saw.

Just five years later, early on the morning of June 29, 1918, two B. & L.E. trolley freight cars from Erie to Buffalo jumped the track as they rounded from Commercial Street into Main Street. The first car struck the corner of the Village Hall and plowed into the balcony, which collapsed. The second car rammed into the Neubeck Building next door tearing out the front and wrecking two rooms on the second floor. Eighty-year-old Mrs. McMahon, who lived there, was rolled out of bed into the wreckage when the corner of the building collapsed. She suffered only shock and the crew, bruises and cuts. Shortly after, the roof of the Village Hall caved in. Failure of air brakes was given as the cause of the accident. Loring was seen on the tracks the evening before and the past was again the talk of the town. Although no direct evidence could be found, Loring and his family again became the outcasts they have become so complacent to being.

In a very ironic turn of events, a “tragedy” was averted in 1919 with the quick action of Theodore Miller, gateman for the New York Central Railroad crossing. Mr. Miller, who had but one arm, dashed in front of a fast-moving train and dragged a six-year-old boy to safety as the train rushed by. He was awarded the "Carnegie Hero Medal" and \$1,000 for his deed. Mr. Miller had attained fame prior to this as a one-arm boxer and for a time toured the country exhibiting his skill. In none of the news reports was the boy identified, nor did anyone want his identification known, for it was William Derrecks. William and Ted Miller, you see had something in common, a physical deformity.



As William grew older he befriended a butcher on nearby Hardpan Road. The reference to “The Pigman” being a butcher may have come from this era of his life, although he was more of an assistant butcher if you will, and from interviews with a few people directly linked William wasn’t all that good at cutting the various meats- but worked more in the clean-up afterwards.

To the left – Yes here is a photograph of William-

The Angola “Pigman” in his early to mid-twenties (taken sometime between 1933 and 1938). As you can see his deformities to be rather severe, and his swine-like or “Pigman look” can easily be observed.

It was also around this time that William and his old and probably only friend, Theodore Miller introduced him to show promoter working for various oddities of the world shows. He offered William a good sum of money to tour for 4 months out of the year. William jumped at the chance to travel and earn some money without the fear of constant ridicule.

William visited and toured the southern United States doing sideshow acts and life oddities shows for PT Barnum and Ripley. The stress of travel and somewhat unsanitary living conditions brought him back to Holland Road for a long overdue rest.

Upon his return, Ed Ball Sanitation has opened a garbage transfer and landfill adjacent to his property on Holland Road. William got a job as night watchman and morning gate-keeper for the business. Living adjacent to the property, William just needed to do bi-hourly walks around the area to be sure no trespasser or illegal dumpers came by. Then, every morning at 6:00 sharp open the gates for the daily trucks to arrive as well as his daytime counter-part.

It is at this time period- the legend really begins, where history and fact begins to blur with myth, fiction and legend. Knowing the history to this point is important- so much so that at this time 1947/1948 as the record is not 100% and two conflicting dates have been found, that at the age of 34 or 35, William Derrecks marries Mildred Crabtree (Yes- his cousin).

As years go by to the 1950’s the town’s population grows and suburbia as well as recreational summer cottages begin popping up. William spends his time alternating between the traveling shows and his job with the Sanitation Company on Holland Road.

William and Mildred begin collecting all sorts of bizarre items on their property and in their home. Along with bizarre items, William also cares for some very bizarre creatures, which he adopts from the Barnum and Ripley shows. They became what today would be considered hoarders, collecting everything and throwing nothing out. Williams’ job at the dumps afforded him the ability to savage through the garbage for valuable items- or what he perceived to be valuable. This collecting disorder became



obsessive. He began to store and hide items throughout his property (many of which can still be stumbled upon today).



The house on Holland Road sometime in the late 1950's early 1960's is shown above. Only ruminants of the foundation, well, and original fireplace can be found today. Up to a few years ago, these were easily found by following the original driveway, now so overgrown, without direct knowledge, is like finding a needle in a haystack.

In order to keep people off his property and to "protect his stuff" William would do some very strange and out right weird things. One being putting pig heads on sticks along the driveway to his house- possibly yet another reason fro the name "pigman", many say not only pig heads, but goat, cow, and sheep heads were also displayed as deterrents to anyone wanting to enter. (All of which have been conveniently available from the butcher he had worked for just down the road).

The Angola Dumps- Many people of the time can remember the "man with the hood" who talked with marbles in his mouth and who would direct you to where you could dump your trash depending on what you had. Then would "rush" you away as soon as you were off loaded, for it was going to be him who had first crack at anything that may be of value in every load.

Perhaps it was his work at the dumps- sifting through the garbage looking for valuables, which gave him the name "pigman". Perhaps only the combination of all the reasons explained here together is what gave him the name and built the legend.

To the right is another rare picture of William. Reportedly, this picture was taken shortly after the birth of his son William Jr. (1962). Besides a son William also has reportedly had two twin daughters, although no birth certificate has ever found to be filed for the daughters.

Mildred Derrecks died November 22, 1966. She was reportedly buried illegally, in an unmarked grave, on the family plot, North East approx. 275' from the original house. Various "stone" fragments- similar to granite type cemetery stone has been found on the site. Three of which have been found with lettering, including one "Eli.." which may have belonged to Elisha. All stones found were left in the place originally found to preserve the site as much as possible and as to not disturb any paranormal activities, which may or may not be really taken place in that location.



Strangely, enough after Mildred's death no record, other than "word of mouth" of the twins could be found and that was that they were sent to live with a Crabtree relative in Pennsylvania, visiting on special holidays and birthdays. William Jr. was sent to Father Bakers while William Sr. continued on; alone, becoming more of a recluse and more reserved than ever.

To the right is another picture found presumably of William from about 1969. This one is from a relative of Theodore Miller. It is unknown for what reason or special occasion may have allowed for a suit and tie for the "pigman" all we know is the event occurred in 1969 as reportedly labeled on the reverse side.

It is during the late 1960's and early 70's that locals knew the area of Holland Road as Pigman Road, and the Legend of the Pigman and his presence really came to light. The

closing of the Town Dumps (Ed Ball Sanitation) and the relative isolation of the road left the area in a state of ill repair. Pot-holes and erosion of the road surface as well as a deterioration of the railroad bridges (still blind on-way bridges) made the road nearly impassable. Few ventured the road- other than those at the very entrances off Route 5 or Hardpan Road. In the early 1970's only two residences existed. One to the west of the signal lane tunnel bridge (route 5 direction) and the Derrecks home between the bridges to the east of the tunnel bridge.

Local teens frequently used the area for various past times, such as beer blasts, it was also used as a sort of "make-out" spot. Easily accessible by car with many "pull-off's" those who ventured to the lake front taverns, bars, and clubs in the area would top the evening off by visiting Holland Road for a few hours of privacy.

The Grandview Drive Inn Theater was a "hot spot" of evening entertainment at the time and a cruise down Holland Road for some after midnight time alone was not unheard-off.

Police patrols of the area were virtually non-existent, but stories of a "monster", a "Pigman" who would walk up to unsuspecting victims, out of nowhere began to circulate. Although no direct contact with this individual has been confirmed many experiences of seeing him walking up to a unsuspected vehicle or banging on the steamed up windows were reported, and a vast many more went un-reported.



No reports of any actual damage or life threatening incidents were documented and the local authorities suspecting William of shagging the teens off the property. Police questioned him on numerous occasions but had no grounds to do anything other than ask him to contact the authorities and not take things into his own hands.

Things escalated in 1972- When two teens Jacob Nesbit and Melissa Mallory reported that they were pulled over in the area of Holland Road "lost reading a map" when suddenly smoke and flames surrounded the vehicle. They immediately started the vehicle and pulled out onto the roadway (that portion now reduced only to gravel due to the ill repair) and headed toward Route 5. Blocking the tunnel was a black Ford truck. The description of which was as follows:

We pulled out of the fire and swung the car around heading back towards the lake. When we reached the bridge, we could not pass. It was blocked by a Black Ford Pick-Up- an older model, 65 maybe- it had chrome exhaust stacks on both sides of the cab, no license plate and a home-made wooded flat-bed. The engine was revving, the headlights glared and vibrated as though loose. Flames shot from the exhaust stacks intermittently. We turned the car around and headed in the opposite direction as fast as we could. The truck followed until we passed the second bridge, which we went through without thought of any other vehicle following. When we reached the other side- the truck did not follow. We reached a crossing, turned left and sped as fast as we could and ended up here, in the village.

The village police sent two patrols to the area neither of which found the truck. Scorching of grass and gravel on the side of the road was seen, but looked like the remnant of a campfire days old. The officers went to William's home, it was found to be dark, and no one responded to knocks at the door. The incident was written off, no further follow-up was found documented.

The first missing persons report associated with the area also occurred that same year. A gentleman by the name of Harris Tompkins was doing a house-by-house survey for a utility company in the area turned up missing. A tall thin middle-aged man, he was last seen visiting the homes along Route 5 near Holland Road. Did he venture to the home of William Derrecks? This we will never know. But his investigation did lead county and state police to the area. When they went to the Derrecks residence they found a number of people and animals living in squalor. The house was packed with newspapers, feces, animals and junk.

The authorities from the county were notified, as at least one child was found living in the residence approximately 11 years of age- His identification was unknown but assumed to be William Jr. the elder William was nowhere to be found. On October 31, 1973, Halloween night, before any action to remove the child or animals from the home a fire broke out.

Smoke could be seen for miles- but by the time the call was made and local firemen could respond, the home was ablaze, nothing could be done. The Delaware creek, which ran next to the property, was the only available source of water and was flowing at a very low level. It was a complete loss, and burned to its foundation. No bodies were ever found or recovered. The cause of the fire was never determined. Strangely enough, sightings of strange happenings, including that of the "pigman" continued.

Five years to the day later, October 31, 1978 the last home- just North of the bridge was also destroyed by fire. The owner away on vacation at the time returned to find his home completely destroyed. The contents of his house have been found scattered in remote areas, in small piles throughout the area. Was it "pigman", was it William Jr.? or was it just a robbery/arson?

The time period between 73 and the last fire in 78 seemed to be a time of very strange visitors to the area. Perhaps from Derrecks family members, or perhaps friends from his days with the oddities shows- it's unknown. Reports of gypsies and vagabonds visiting and camping in the wooded areas around Holland Road persist today- but none as well known as those in the mid 70's.

Shop owners in the area recall groups of people arriving- from nowhere diverting attention and shoplifting what they can, then disappearing as fast as they arrived.

Graffiti in the area began to increase exponentially. Trees, signs, and the bridges themselves became the canvas- all seemingly paying tribute to "The Pigman". Or were some kind of macabre murderous warning of an occult nature to anyone passing by.

Fishermen and hunters came home with strange stories of being watched. Caves and makeshift huts found in the woods. Unexplained piles of "trash" mysteriously appearing along the road and in the woods then, just as amazing disappearing from the spot they were not long afterwards. Animal carcasses- mutilated to the point of being unrecognizable hung from trees. On a few occasions- these carcasses were slung over the top of the bridges and hung – dangling over the entrance.

A few reports were made that human bodies were seen hanging in that exact location. Although no bodies were ever found, nor evidence to indicate that to be true, perhaps they were just so frightened by the experience their minds played tricks- though they swore that's what they saw.

People literally avoided the area during this time. It would be more often than not a drive down Holland Road would offer up at least one unexplained or strange experience.

In the 1980's the town's improvement projects included the repaving of Holland Road, making it again passable. Large fines were imposed for dumping. Lighting was improved. The only thing left alone was, the two one lane blind bridges. Why? We may never know. Anyone traveling the road could see the huge danger of a head-on collision in on of these passes. Not one accident or fatality has been reported here, no record of any at all- lots of close calls! But not one damage report. That's strange enough for a legend in itself!

Through out the 1980's to present day the reports and stories continue, perhaps less frequently, or just less noticeable to those passing through. Those who travel the area on a regular basis know of the strange things that can be experienced.

As the legend continues the experiences and stories also continue. Whether fact, or fiction those who have the experiences believe. Below are but a few of the more common experiences of unsuspecting travelers on the area:

- Being followed by a vehicle, which either comes from nowhere or disappears into thin air, usually occurring when entering or exiting one or both of the bridges.
- A single or dual lights shining from the woods or coming straight at them on the road, which vanishes unexpectedly.
- Cries, Screams, or Squeals coming from the woods
- Fires in the woods or on the road itself that extinguish unexpectedly.

- Shadow figures- on the bridges, along side the bridges, in the woods, on the roadway, both lying on or to the side of the road, some walking then vanishing.



- Sightings of “Pigman” himself doing various things from walking, driving a passing vehicle, picking up trash along the road, chopping trees, and in some instances, flagging down your vehicle to stop! (My Suggestion- Keep Going!)

- People- definitely “out of place” for this area. Twin girls playing, walking or riding bicycles. A tall thin man, with a hat, walking with a clipboard who seems to stop every few steps and watches you pass by. A very young boy alone, walking along the road with a stick or fishing pole. A large black dog that sits on the side of the road and watches you pass by, many who experience this dog will actually see him twice a few hundred feet further down the road. An elderly couple walking very gingerly down the road, often making you slow and swerve slightly to give them room, the women often waves, while the man never looks up.

- Trains- Really weird stuff. Although trains passing the bridges here are very common, the more uncommon things experienced is seeing a train speeding over the overpass as you enter. As soon as your back is turned to it and you exit the other side- it is completely stopped on the bridge or completely gone. People walking as well have reported this, they would see the train speeding one second- then see it standing completely still the next. The opposite of a standing train, in a flash, speeding down the tracks has also been reported. Another less common experience is seeing a person jump from an open railcar or from the top of a railcar as it passes over the bridge. The falling or jumping off the train experience was recently discovered to have actually taken place, as a Mr. M. Gibbons, of Elm St., Oil City, was fatally injured by a fall from a train, near Angola, N.Y. at the Holland Road overpass on July 23, 1889. Lastly, experiencing the passing of an

old time passenger train over the bridge full of people looking out the windows motionless.

- Animals- Often explainable- sometimes not. Various animals that just seem to dart in front of your vehicle out of nowhere for no apparent reason. Many just can't be identified- or just seemed strange, maybe because of the speed and surprise, or possibly because they just aren't quite the normal animals you'd expect to see. Birds that follow your car from one bridge to the next, either in front, behind or next to your car.



- Horn- Yes, before you enter either bridge it is a good idea to honk your horn a few times to warn any on-coming cars of your presence. The strange part is sometimes you hear a response and wait, and you wait for nothing, no other car ever comes. Sometimes the response you get is from the on-coming train overhead-, which never shows up. When in the tunnel, as the stories go, the lucky number is 13! It is said if you honk 13 times while traveling through the tunnel you are 13 times more likely to have a “pigman” experience. This needs to be done with practice and skill to get the desired experience, the vehicle must be kept in motion, the honks must start when the entire vehicle is under the tunnel bridge and you must complete the 13th honk just before exiting. Why anyone would want to try this is beyond me, but many locals say it is true.
- Winter Experiences- Perhaps these occur due to the wreck of the Dacotah or perhaps just because of the season. Footprints in the snow along the road coming and going from the woods and the railroad. Piles of coal, sometimes in bags or buckets can be found setting on the side of the road- there one minute then gone the next when you decide to stop and check. Groups of figures, appearing to be people huddled together just off the road in the ravine. Lastly, the tunnel bridge weeps water almost year around; droplets can fall on your passing car even on the warmest summer day. In the winter months this water freezes solid on the walls of the tunnel. Some of the shapes and colors that the ice forms can be really strange from blood red figures, to rainbow colored flowers.

- Smells- Yes, the legend seems to touch upon all the senses. Various odors have been reported as pertaining to a “pigman” experience. A burning odor being the most prevalent a wood or sulfurous coal type odor. Another being the strong odor of burnt flesh- described like burning hair. A rubber odor- like that from tires seems to permeate strongly then disappears suddenly. Another reported smell is of Mildew this one lasts and can linger with you often times until you are miles away from the road.
- Electronics- More recent occurrences that has been reported. Sudden loss and gain in both cell phone, radio, satellite, and GPS signals- not only under the bridges, but, in the area between the two. Reports that radio’s have actually changed stations passing through the bridges have been reported. And as strange as this may sound, many people actually receive phone calls (wrong numbers), a disproportionate amount when traveling between the bridges, usually from Pennsylvania for some odd reason.



It is my belief, by you reading this writing that we can protect the integrity of both the fact and the original myth and legend of pigman, which sprang from it.

The facts that no mass murders, child murders, or any killings had actually ever taken place here other than mysterious disappearance of Harris Tompkins, and the death of Willim Derrecks presumably in the fatal fire of October 31, 1973 needs to be known. Although dreadful as it may be the other deaths that occurred were not the cause of a deranged killer.

No occult or satanic rituals of the dead or witch covens operating in the area happened. True the gypsies and vagabonds may have come for a short period bringing strange customs – no proof occult/satanic rituals exist.

One additional fact, the slaying of an Angola Butcher- on Old lake Shore Road who was left hanging on a meat hook had no connection to the pigman legend- he never lived on Holland Road, and had no connection with the Derrecks family.

I hope by this writing and by you reading it and passing the legend on to others- the actual legend may live-on, un-altered, so that future generations may experience what many already have.

It has become a rite of passage for many in Angola, and the Town of Evans to hear the legend, along with a bit of factual history and learn from where we all came from. Then to experience a drive down “Pigman Road” on a stormy night and have a real “Pigman” experience themselves- If you haven’t your not from here-YET. If you don’t believe, talk to a long time resident, they will tell you....

LONG LIVE PIGMAN.....