

WILKINSON

XI

RECORD



- Rochesterville Gazette -

THIS
IS



ROCHESTER

- EARLY ROCHESTER QUAKERS -



- THOSE EYES - THOSE WHISKERS - THOSE NOSE -
- MEN WHO MADE ROCHESTER -

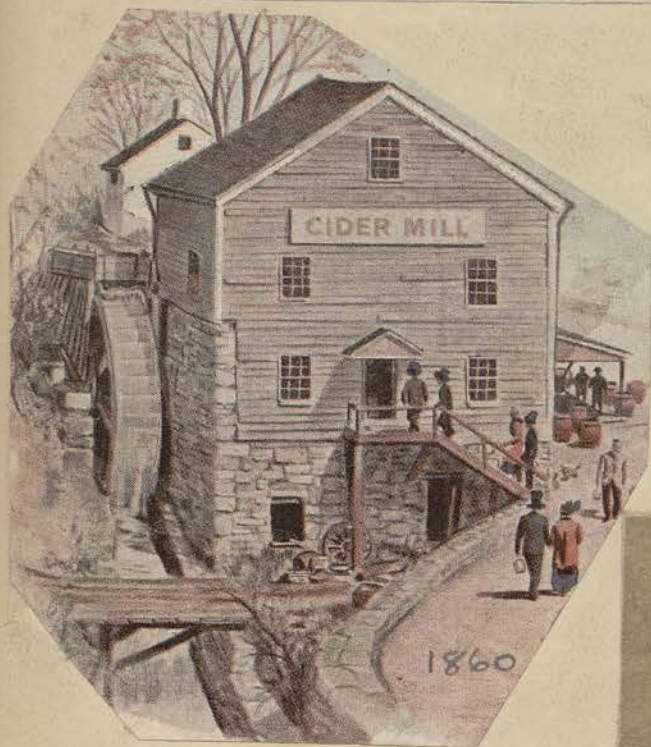


- 1847 -

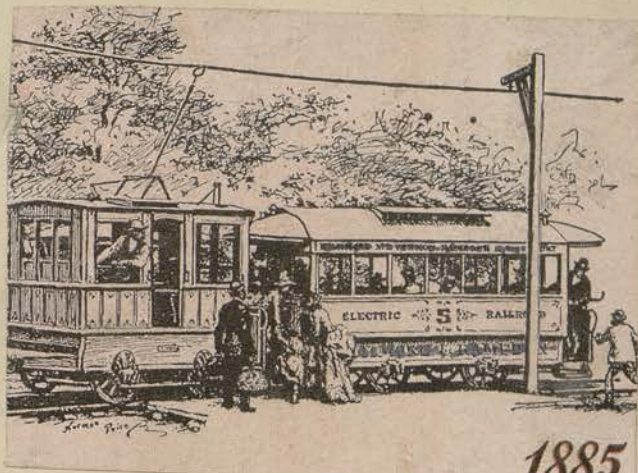
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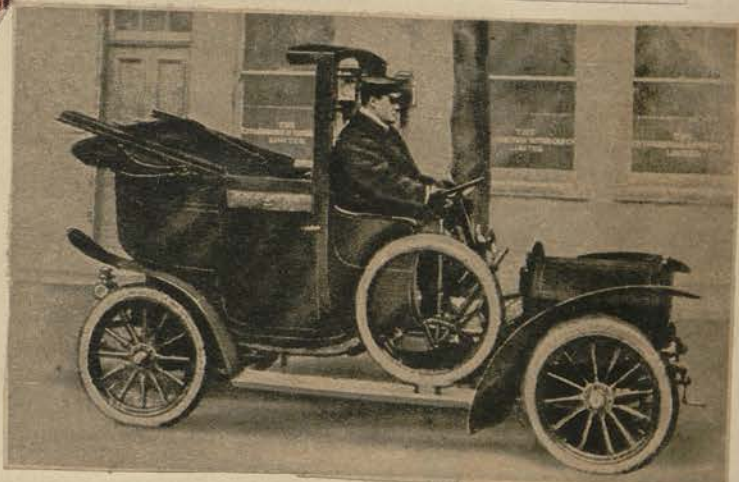
1820



1860



1885



taxi—A 1907 model.



1890



This Is Rochest



- Home on the Range -

NOTE - IN these scrap books are many clippings. In order so that there will be no misunderstandings, will say that in all cases clippings came from newspapers + Magazines owned by yourself. The DTC - "Times Union" - "Life" - "Sisters Post" - "Time" and other magazines. There are those who would clip from magazines in the Public Library but we are happy to say that we are above that. Just that you should know. W.W.





- SUNDAY, NOV. 2, 1947 -

Hero's Body Leaves on 2-Mile Journey to Armory

COGS—The clockwork precision with which the county's memorial tribute to its World War II dead was run off Sunday can be attributed to the almost perfectly coordinated committee setup under Edward L. Cristy's general chairmanship. . . . Many committees with large personnel were involved and there was nary a slip-up, from the excellent cooperation received at the New York Central Station from Frank Courneen, Walt Harris and Railroad Police Capt. Douglas Stuffer and their staffs, through the excellent policing of the processional route by city bluecoats right up to the Armory. . . . The whole thing represented a tremendous amount of work by such busy people as Art Crapsey and Bill Price, Bandsman Pat Pethick, Bill Butler, the heads and personnel of 18 veterans' organizations, National Guardsmen, naval reservists. The names of those involved would fill pages. What they did fills a memorable chapter in Monroe County history.

The procession was scheduled to leave the n.y.c. station at 3³⁰pm. It did - (see the clock.)



-Soldiers of four Wars-



END OF THE LAST MARCH FOR MONROE COUNTY'S HEROIC WAR DEAD



HOBART COLLEGE DANDIES.

BAKER ENDS 16-YEAR TRY TO AID NEEDY

Mission Director Says Front St. Is 'Worse'

For 16 years, Herbert F. Baker, 63, superintendent of The People's Rescue Mission, assisted by his son, David H. Baker, has been trying to brighten up Front Street.

But instead of getting better, Baker says, the street is growing constantly "worse" and today he claims it is the toughest in the city.

In fact, he no longer feels that he can hope to cope with the situation and has filed his resignation with the board of trustees, to become effective Jan. 1, 1948.

"I feel that the job requires a younger man, one who can take it



JOHN B. KENNY

Not Yet 'The Late'

Editor, Democrat and Chronicle:

Today's morning paper refers to me, in the story about Mr. Baker of the Peoples Rescue Mission, as "the late Albert E. Hines." I am afraid that this report of my death, as in the curious case of Mark Twain, has been greatly exaggerated.

I am sure that, seated here in my front room at 135 Scio Street, I am what every possible species of pondering scientist would call a living human organism. And, to judge from the state of my health in this, my eighty-sixth year, it will be a considerable number of days yet before I cross the Great Divide.

Of course, I do find the younger generations only too prone to think of me as a dead one. They do indeed think of me as one who has nothing worthwhile to tell those of younger bones. But I like to flatter myself that this is far from being the case, and that I have both background and legacy for the future. I like to think that my long constructive uphill work here in Rochester is itself monument to my confirmed religious beliefs, and that the many brands I plucked from the burning sufficiently attest that I had, and still have, the qualities of leadership. Everything I ever did was on the plane of person-to-person relationship, whether it was talking matters out with my good friend George Eastman or essaying the redemption of human flotsam and jetsam.

I trust that in all this I do not sound too much like a self-righteous Pharisee or a self-tooting thinking cymbal.

When I survey today's mundane scene, the thing most sadly lacking is leadership. Genuine leadership is at a premium, is even in dearth. This is a grievous condition.

A. E. HINES

135 Scio.

LEAVING FRONT STREET MISSION

Herbert F. Baker, right, superintendent of People's Rescue Mission, and his son, David, assistant superintendent, yesterday both announced their resignations from mission posts. Father came to the mission 16 years ago.

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ligious services there the first nine months this year totaled 18,489; that 19,406 free meals were served; that 82,465 paid for lodgings; that 915 worked for their bed and that 3,997 free lodgings were provided. He says religious services are conducted there every week, twice on Sunday and once every other day except Saturday.

Retiring with Baker is his son, David, assistant superintendent. The latter said he could not stay at the Mission without his father. He plans to enter the ministry. His father said he had no plans for the immediate future except to take a long rest.

Testimonial Planned

Augustus S. Mertz, chairman of the Mission's board of trustees, said the board accepted the resignation of the Mission superintendent with deep regret and that he believed the board will have a task on its hand to find a successor.

Mertz said that the Rev. George E. Ulp of Brighton Presbyterian Church has been named chairman of a committee to set up a testimonial dinner for Baker. The dinner will be at 6:30 p. m. Nov. 13

One hundred fifty clerical and lay representatives of Rochester churches will attend a testimonial dinner for Herbert F. Baker, retiring superintendent of the People's Rescue Mission, 134 Front St., and his son, David H. Baker, retiring assistant, at the mission hall in Andrews Street at 6:30 p. m. Thursday.

in the Mission, with Mayor Samuel B. Dicker and City Manager Louis B. Cartwright as speakers. Women of the Mission will serve the dinner, which is expected to be attended by 150 representatives of Rochester churches.

Parking Lot Seen as Blow To Mission

Editor, The Times-Union:

THE announcement of W. Baker's resignation from Front Street Rescue Mission is bad enough. He has done magnificent work there under great obstacles. But the news that the Mission is to be deprived for automobile rental of its adjacent woodyard, that serves our citizens extremely well, and at the same time facilitates the charitable rescue work there, is an irreparable loss and a decided setback to the churches supporting this work.

I have before me data from municipal institutions in Toledo and Cleveland, Ohio, that carry on this rehabilitation work among their displaced workmen and social outcasts in an efficient and successful manner that should make New York State hang its head in shame. Those up-to-date municipalities do not sponge upon little churches to build up this human service. They get 100 per cent results.

Here, our Flower City is tearing down one of the facilities already well established—to accommodate automobiles—when there is an unused space opposite the Mission. Why?
ALEX MARQU

story was repeated, but on a far more extensive scale.

Angel of Front St.

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But instead of getting better, Baker says, the street is growing constantly "worse" and today he claims it is the toughest in the city.

In fact, he no longer feels that he can hope to cope with the situation and has filed his resignation with the board of trustees, to become effective Jan. 1, 1948.

"I feel that the job requires a younger man, one who can take it on the chin and come back for more. I can't carry on there longer," Baker declared yesterday. The strain began to show on the soft-spoken Mission superintendent some time ago and a breakdown caused him to spend considerable time in a health resort.

'Respect for Law Declines'

Baker was called to the mission from Hartford, Conn., in 1931 to succeed the late Albert E. Hines, who watched over unfortunate ones for 39 years. His first move was to renovate the old quarters, installing new showers, a modern kitchen and new furnishings at a cost of \$48,000.

"Respect for law is decreasing rapidly and there is a marked decline in the incentive to work for the sake. The great and important factor today is, 'How long can I have to work?' and 'What is the money for less work than in the past six years,' he de-

clares the blame for the Front Street at the door of "Rum." He says there are saloonies on the short block of them next door to the mission chapel, license for which was granted by the State over the veto of the

Record of Record

The mission superintendent is proud of his record and attendance at re-

ligious services there the first nine months this year totaled 18,489; that 19,406 free meals were served; that 82,465 paid for lodgings; that 915 worked for their bed and that 3,997 free lodgings were provided. He says religious services are conducted there every week, twice on Sunday and

except Saturday. Retiring David, as the superintendent's son, is at the mission at the moment. He plans to take a long vacation. Augustus, the mission superintendent, said the best nation of the world is the one that is the most just. He believed that the mission will be a success. Mertz said that the mission is a success. E. Ulp of the Church has a commission. The mission will be a success.

One hundred churches were closed for dinner for the mission superintendent. Rescue Mission, his son, David, assistant, at Andrews Street day.



LEAVING FRONT STREET MISSION

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Bausch & Lomb Optical Company—established in the old Reynolds Arcade by John J. Bausch on \$60 loaned him by his friend, Capt. Henry Lomb—is 94 years old today. (Nov. 3-1947)

Intro

A new treat chocolates, a so low you them often.

With imports from abroad cut off during World War I, Bausch & Lomb was the sole source of supply, not only of optical glass, but of gunfire control instruments for America's fighting forces. During World War II the story was repeated, but on a far more extensive scale.

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A. E. HIN

135 Scio.

Quick

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Angel of Front St.

Susan Anthony

Era Revived

Note - Yes, Susan was a great gal! We have given several pages to Susan in our several Scrap Books. So this one, we resolve to be the last. The Women won the right to vote. They also have assumed the right to take our places at the bar. To smoke cigarettes and even wear our pants. God bless the Women!

T



Miss Anthony's Nurse

Editor, Democrat and Chronicle:

I would like to tell your readers that I had the privilege of seeing recently the nurse Miss Susan B. Anthony had in her last illness in March, 1906. Miss Shanks now eighty years old is in the Thompson Memorial Hospital at Canandaigua. She had much to tell me of the very last days of Miss Anthony, her unselfishness, her thoughtfulness for her two nurses, her great courage and bravery as she faced death and her nobility of soul. Miss Shanks appreciates the greatness of Miss Anthony and is so grateful that her home is a national memorial for she feels that Miss Anthony deserves all the recognition we can give her.

When Miss Mary S. Anthony was gravely ill a year later, Miss Shanks was called to take care of her. The time came around when Miss Mary always went in person to City Hall to pay her taxes and as usual to say she paid with protest because "taxation without representation was tyranny." For the first time in her life Miss Mary was not able to go. So she sent Miss Shanks with the bill on which was written "Paid With Protest." And when Miss Shanks told the city clerk in charge that Miss Mary could not come he said it was the first time she had ever failed to come. And Miss Shanks felt she saw in his eyes—as he told her to carry back to Miss Mary their regrets and their wish that she would soon be well.

Miss Shanks was born in Scotland and came to this country when she was fourteen and has made her own way ever since. She spoke in appreciation of her Scotch bringing up and of her religious training there which had enabled her to go through hard times and difficulties with Christian courage. Perhaps relatives of those who worked with Miss Anthony will feel it will be a privilege to send Miss Shanks a Christmas greeting—since she is a "shut-in" at the Canandaigua hospital.

MRS. GEORGE HOWARD.
429 Seneca Parkway.

From left are Mrs. L. H. Jacobs, Mrs. Elon H. Clark and Mrs. Arthur Schwab. Clark as Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and Mrs. James F. Bisgrove as Mrs. Lucretia Mott. On display were "votes for women" pennants and ribbons, the mahogany desk on which the late Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt drafted plans for pushing the 19th Amendment, or Susan B. Anthony Amendment. Yesterday, by proclamation of the Mayor, was Susan B. Anthony Day.



SUFFRAGE CRUSADE IS NOT FORGOTTEN

Mrs. Harold B. Sims, left, and Mrs. Arthur Schwab display banners proclaiming "Votes for Women." Members of the Susan Anthony

Memorial Inc., they entertained at open house at the Susan Anthony House yesterday. Statue of Miss Anthony also is shown.

Susan Anthony Era Revived

Note- Yes, Susan was a great gal! We have given several pages to Susan in our several Scrap Books. So this one, we resolve to be the last. The Women won the right to vote. they also have assumed the right to take our places at the bar. To smoke cigarettes and even wear our pants. God bless the Women!



Reminiscent of Susan B. Anthony's day are the styles worn by these hostesses at Anthony House. From left are Mrs. L. H. Jacobs, Mrs. James F. Bisgrove, Mrs. Elon H. Clark and Mrs. Arthur H. Schwab.

HOSTESSES gowned in dresses of the Susan B. Anthony period lived guests yesterday at open house at Susan Anthony House, 17 Lake Johnson St., a day after the 27th anniversary of women's first vote presidential election. Visitors were welcomed at the house by Mrs. Arthur H. Schwab, in the parlor of the house greeted by Mrs. L. H. Jacobs, Miss Anthony; Mrs. Elon H.

Clark as Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and Mrs. James F. Bisgrove as Mrs. Lucretia Mott. On display were "votes for women" pennants and ribbons, the mahogany desk on which the late Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt drafted plans for pushing the 19th Amendment, or Susan B. Anthony Amendment. Yesterday, by proclamation of the Mayor, was Susan B. Anthony Day.



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Way of Living "



In the beginning there was only the forest where the Flower City stands today. The wolves howled in the gloomy woods; the rattlesnakes sunned themselves on the river rocks; the trees, matted with wild vines, hung low over the waters, and malarial vapors rose from the stagnant swamps. Like the ceaseless beat of a great drum was the thunderous cadence of the falls.

7

Above those tossing waters, that would turn many mill wheels, shone the star of destiny. First to harness the waters was Ebenezer Allen who in 1789 built his crude mill beside the Genesee. Its wheel soon was silent.

Then the Three Wise Men of the South came and harkened to the golden music of the falls. Lean, keen Nathaniel Rochester and his fellow Marylanders, Fitzhugh and Carroll, visioned a city rising on the 100 swampy acres they had bought for a paltry \$1,750.

Their dream came true. Rochester was rocked in the cradle of the Genesee. The ageless river that pierces its heart and its power-packed falls gave the city being. But it was a narrow, shallow ditch that made it great. The Erie Canal carried the Genesee flour to the markets of the world and transformed a raw young settlement amid the mud and stumps into a roaring boom town, "The Young Lion of the West," greatest flour-milling center in America.

The railroads came and new industries hummed beside the Genesee, born of the inventive genius and the patient courage of men like George Eastman, the bank clerk, who, mixing chemicals in a kitchen sink, founded a mighty industry. Today the precision products of the plants of Rochester are world famous.

Where once was dismal wilderness stands the third largest city of the Empire State, 23rd in the nation; the Flower City, whose crowning glory is its lilacs in the spring; a city of many parks and comely residential streets; a community noted for its colleges, its schools, its temple of music; an industrial center, peopled by many bloods and given picturesqueness by the river that flows through a deep and rocky gorge before it joins the blue waters of Lake Ontario.

Rochester is the commercial and cultural center of a 15-county Upstate domain. More than that, it is the hub of a way of life, the Upstate way, that is pleasant and neighborly and so truly American. There are more spectacular cities. But none can say more truly "here is a good place in which to live."

← Sam Patch Leap.

AMERICAN PAST

- BY A ROCHESTERIAN -

A NEW HISTORY PORTRAYS PEOPLE WHO MADE IT



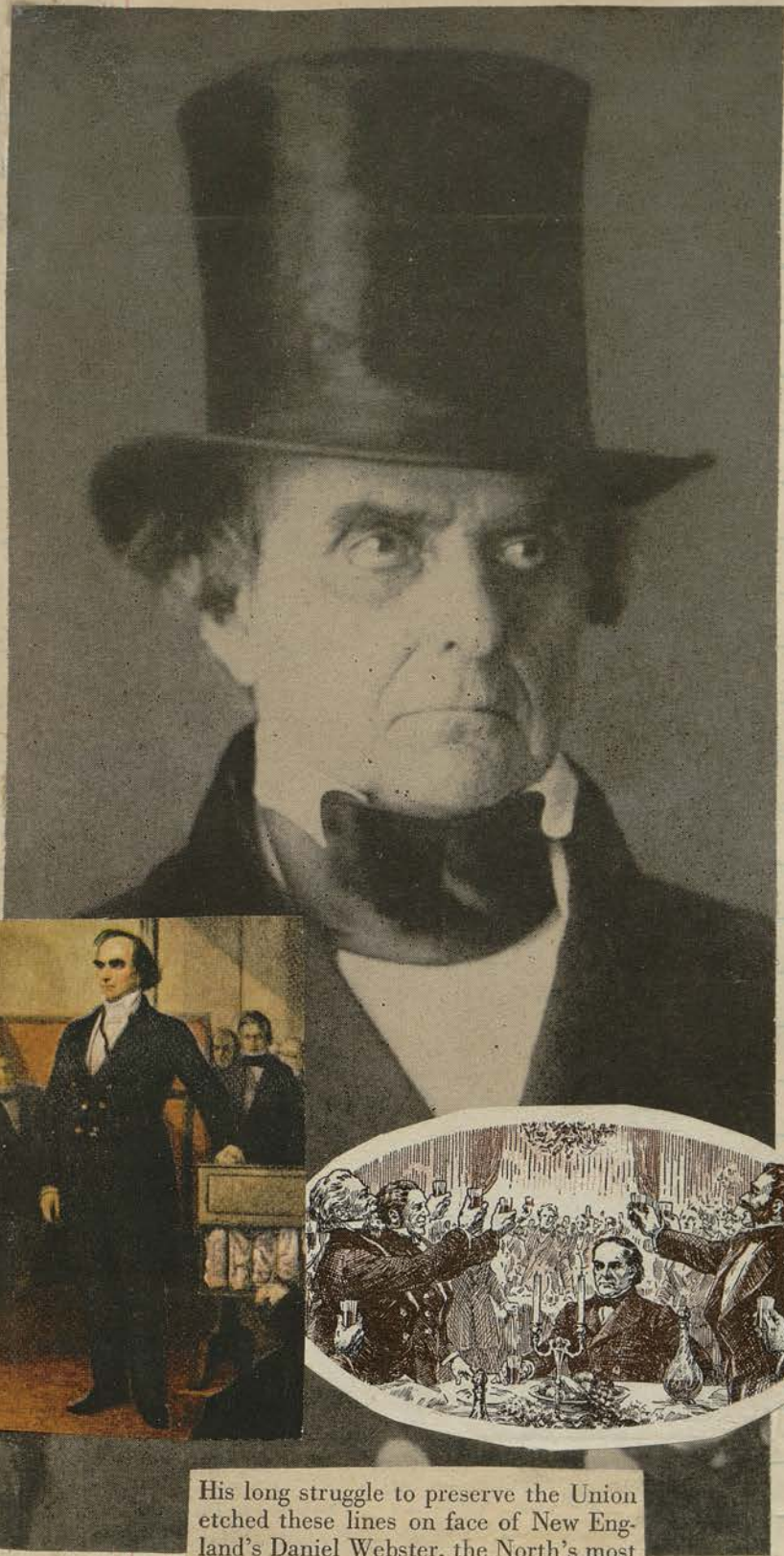
Grant's family poses on porch, the general's son with his arm on his father's chair. At Grant's funeral Con-

federate Generals Joe Johnston and Simon Buckner marched as pallbearers beside Sherman and Sheridan.

LAST DAYS OF GENERAL GRANT

"President Grant," according to Roger Butterfield's estimate in *The American Past*, "was a short, well-intentioned, rather stodgy family man who could deal fairly well with facts but was baffled by ideas. . . . He put a notorious war profiteer (Adolph Borie) in his Cabinet and made friends with the most celebrated thieves in Wall Street." After his presidency Grant went into the brokerage business himself, with a swindler named Ferdinand Ward. They failed for \$16,725,466

and Grant retired to Mount McGregor, near Saratoga, N.Y., to write the memoirs which were later published by Mark Twain. "At Mount McGregor," writes Butterfield, "Grant was slowly dying of cancer of the throat. Yet every day he put on his black silk hat and sat on the veranda of his cottage. Crowds of tourists came and stared silently at him from the road." Grant died on July 23, 1885 at the age of 63, a month after this rare photograph (*below*) was taken.



His long struggle to preserve the Union etched these lines on face of New England's Daniel Webster, the North's most brilliant orator, who in the Senate fought against slavery and secession. Toward end of his great career he deserted abolition, took to drink and accepted \$20,000 from industrialists whose interests he served.

DIED

1852

Roger Butterfield, a former LIFE editor, who was assisted, as designer of the book, by LIFE's Art Director Charles Tudor. The book tells much of its story in terms of the people who made U.S. history. On these pages are some early photographs from the Butterfield book, which show what the violent years of the Civil War period did to the faces of the men who, in turn, left their mark on that critical epoch of U.S. history.

IN a fat biographical paragraph that accompanies the review in The Saturday Review of Literature of Roger Butterfield's highly commended history of the United States, "The American Past," recently issued by Simon & Schuster, is told the incident of an order for Butterfield's dismissal in his junior year, from the University of Rochester because of a series of critical articles he had written about the faculty and its methods and published in The Campus, of which he was editor.

This was some 20 years ago and the members of the faculty, in an advanced state of nettles, decided that either they or their student critic would have to leave college. But there were too many faculty members and the decision was that Butterfield would have to go.

Raymond N. Ball, now president of the Lincoln Rochester Trust Company, at that time was treasurer of the University. He knew Butterfield, whose father was then principal of Charlotte High School, liked him, and realized that he was an unusual young man. Ball did not think that a student of Butterfield's promise should be summarily dismissed from college for printing in the college paper a series of articles that had the merit of honest, and to a degree, justifiable criticism.

Troubled in mind about the matter, one night he invited Butterfield to his home. He asked Mrs. Ball to provide doughnuts and coffee. "Young Butterfield is coming over to see me tonight," he told Mrs. Ball. "We'll probably talk a long time. It will help if we have a little refreshment."

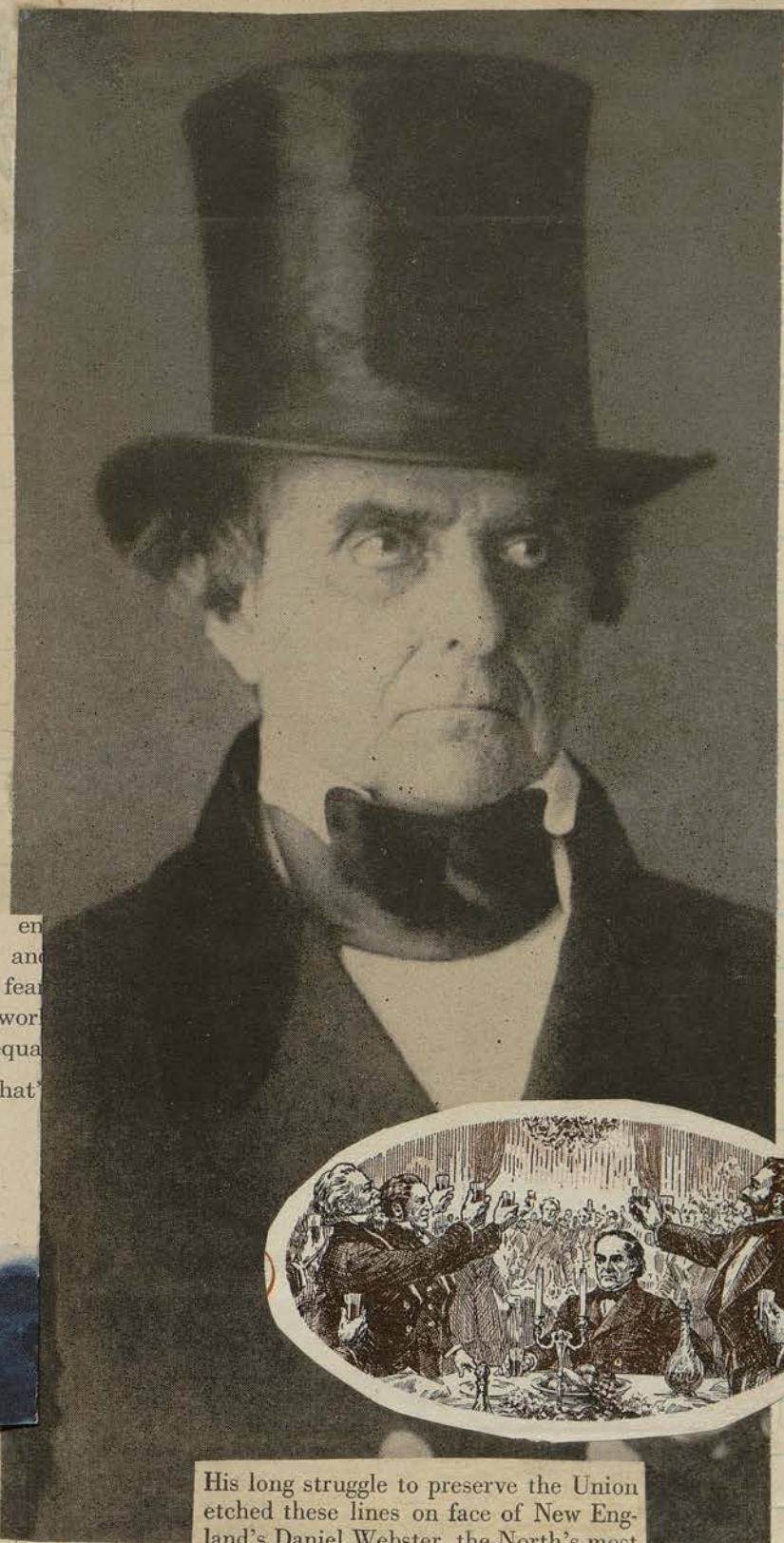
Butterfield and Ball talked not only far into the night, but well into the next morning. The university treasurer agreed with much that the editor of The Campus had written, but thought that he might have been somewhat more temperate in his language. Butterfield partly agreed in this. The two parted in good humor and Ball promised to do what he could to have Butterfield reinstated.

Next morning he reported his talk to Dr. Rush Rhees, then president of the University. He predicted that Butterfield was bound to go a long ways, with or without a University of Rochester diploma, and suggested that it would be a policy of little wisdom to expel a student of his attainments. He further suggested that a faculty meeting be called and that he be permitted to plead before it in Butterfield's behalf.

"I'll call such a meeting," Dr. Rhees said, when Ball had concluded. "And I'll speak myself to the faculty members."

And this he promptly did, with the result that Butterfield's expulsion was voided. Butterfield was graduated with his class the next year, and soon was launched upon a career as a writer and editor that today, in the fulfillment of Ball's prophesy, has brought him high distinction.

(more on Page 32)



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(more on Page 32)



Not afraid of
the camera.

Republican leaders are shown at Convention Hall as they received the good news of their decisive election victory last night. Front row, from left: George T. White, deputy county treasurer who

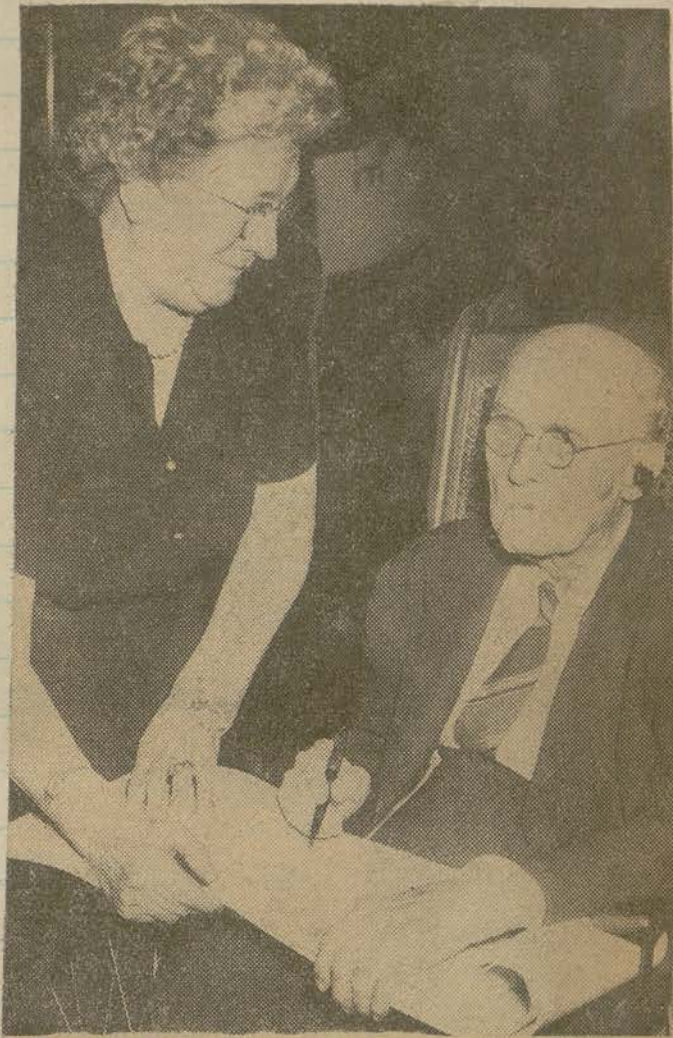
directed tabulations; Bob Bray, William Rosenberg and Harry L. Rosenthal, who assisted. Rear, from the left: Vicemayor Frank Van Lare, Mrs. Charles W. Weis Jr., Mayor Samuel B. Dicker,

GOP

It has never been our intention to fill up this scrap book with pictures of politicians - but inasmuch as the species "GOP" which has been so long in power in our fair city - will someday become extinct, we will give 'em a page - so that future historians will know how these birds really looked. "Birds of a feather flock together" - this is true of our marvelous GOP. Horse Rooms - Bring Games and open Ormond Street. They all receive the OK. Rochester, thanks to this outfit, has the well earned name of being the most 'open-eat' town in N.Y. State. Outside of that, these birds are okay. Politicians are men like you and me but only God can make a tree. Here today - gone tomorrow. Politicians should have no niche in history - but some of 'em manage to get there. (A dead Politician - is a good politician) (there's a lot of 'em in Mt Hope.)



County Chairman Thomas E. Broderick, Councilman Henry L. Schlueter, Councilman Fred Ruppel and School Commissioner Philip C. Wolz. All the major Republican candidates were elected.



85 TIMES A VOTER

James A. Hard, 106-year-old veteran of Civil War, signs registration book near his home in Portsmouth Terrace.

(He thinks he's voting for Abe Lincoln.)

There Must Be a Hitch to It



Susan B.

Retired Politician
(there ain't no such an imule.)



Church to Present Pittsford Oldest School Site in Monroe

The town of Pittsford this week will receive the site of the first schoolhouse erected in Monroe County as a gift from the First Presbyterian Church of Pittsford.

The church for the last 150 years has had record title to the historic land without knowing of its ownership.

Authority to convey the property has been granted to the church trustees by Supreme Court Justice Erlee S. Warner. It includes the 90-year-old one-room red brick country schoolhouse that until last June was occupied by the old Common School District 1 of the town of Pittsford. It is on the site of the log schoolhouse built in 1794 in Mendon Road, Pittsford, at the fork of Mendon Center Road, a mile south of the village.

Old School District 1 decided to give the schoolhouse to the town when it abandoned it last summer, as a result of consolidation of school districts. Delving into the ancient deeds showed the church rather than the school district had record title.

Town To Get Property

Upon being appraised of that fact, with evidence dating back to the time of the earliest settlers of Pittsford, prior to the existence of Rochesterville or even Monroe County, the church trustees and the congregation agreed with the voters of School District 1 that whatever ownership interest the church or the district had in the schoolhouse and adjoining lands should be turned over to the township.

The town, as stated in the Supreme Court authorization, is to maintain the property as a landmark and is to permit use of the old schoolhouse for community purposes, such as a meeting place for Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts and other community groups. The transfer to the town also is subject to the restriction that no alcoholic beverages shall be sold or consumed on the premises.

The schoolhouse is adjacent to the cemetery known as the Pioneer Burying Ground, in which are buried most of Pittsford's pioneers, including several Revolutionary War soldiers as well as those of the War of 1812, the Civil War and at least one early settler who was scalped by the Indians.

The unusual history of the land to be transferred to the town was revealed by Andrew R. Sutherland, attorney for the school district and the church, and Carroll M. Roberts, representing the town.

It appears that Simon Stone, who with his brother, Israel Stone, is credited with being the first permanent settler of Pittsford, having arrived there in 1789, made a conveyance of 3 acres of land to trustees of the First Presbyterian Society in 1797.

Deed Old Burying Ground

The land, where the schoolhouse was built 3 years before and on another portion of which was located the burial ground, was, according to the old deed, reaffirmed by deeds dated 1820 and 1825, to be used always "for the free use and enjoyment of the inhabitants" of the town. On another portion of the 3 acres also was built in the early 1800s the first house of worship of the First Presbyterian Church of Pittsford, organized in 1807. The original church building burned and it moved to its present site in Church Street. Building of the Erie Canal resulted in moving of the village center a mile to the north.



Auto Salesman
1860

Henrietta
High
School.

-1947-

At Henrietta boys and girls still troop to the three-story brick high school that began life in 1826 as the Monroe Academy and was a noted pillar of learning before Rochester had a high school.

1826-1947

(Note- See Roch. High Sch- Vol. VIII- P. 22)

Annual Report-Monroe Academy, At Henrietta-Jan. 11, 1830. The Trustees of the Monroe Academy present the following report for the information of the stockholders of the institution:- It appears by the expose of the Principal now before them, that the amount received for tuition during the past year, from the male and female departments, was \$1,175. This it will be recollected all goes to the Principal, D.B. Crane, who pays out of it the salaries of his own assistants, and that of the lady who has charge of the female department. The sum received by the institution from the Regents of the University the last spring out of the ten thousand dollars annually distributed, was \$428, which was the largest sum drawn by any academy in the state from the literature fund, except one or two institutions of older standing to the eastward. That sum, placed at the discretionary disposal of the trustees, was laid out in the reduction of the debts standing against the institution, among the rest an old debt due to the building committee since 1826, debts for stoves and stove pipes, painting, &c. The total amount of claims yet out standing against the academy do not exceed \$600.65, to meet which the trustees hold about \$540, in notes yet unpaid, most part of which it is expected will be taken up before long. Thus it will be seen, that as soon as the above notes are paid, and the annual moneys received from the literature fund for this year, the institution will be placed entirely out of debt. Notwithstanding the flourishing condition of the high school as to numbers and reputation, yet as the principal, D.B. Crane, has to disburse considerable for assistants besides apparatus and other incidental expense for the use of the building which has up to the end of 1830, it will be seen that amount of tuition, the portion which would form but a small compensation for his industry and exertions in prosecuting the system of education which has been found so advantageous and beneficial in this section-especially in the qualification of more competent teachers for our common schools. The trustees seeing the necessity of some modification of their agreement with him, and as a mark of their entire satisfaction of his management, voted to him the sum of \$200. to be paid out of the moneys first coming from the regents of the University. The total number of students now in the high school is 70. The number which we put down in our report to the regents entitling us to public money is 58. The law requires that these should have pursued classical studies, or the higher branches of English education, for four successive months or upwards. Besides these there appear the names of 177 students on the books during the past year. In addition to the philosophical apparatus, galvanic battery and specimens belonging to the principal, the lecture room is now furnished with a chemical apparatus. The rates of tuition :- \$5.00 per quarter for the senior class, \$3.00 for the junior and \$1.50 for the introductory. The accommodations for board in the immediate vicinity of the academy are now good and at reasonable rates.

Levi Ward, Jr., President.
G. Boulton, Secretary.

100 YEARS AGO TODAY-1848

"A plank road from this city to West Henrietta is projected and subscriptions to capital stock have been solicited. Farmers in the vicinity of Scottsville have raised a private subscription to build a bridge over the Genesee, and a new road is being constructed from West Henrietta to Scottsville."

Henrietta
High
School.

-1947-

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Levi Ward, Jr., President.

G. Boulton, Secretary.

Dear THESE
If You Knew Sus
What Do I Want
You're Living the
Ay, How the Tim

BONES FOR SALE

Standard market price: \$25

Ward's Natural Science Establishment, a firm in Rochester, N. Y. which deals in all manner of biological and mineralogical miscellany, received an offer to supply human skeletons from another Mexican business house which, on investigation, turned out to be one of the leading undertaking establishments in Mexico.

Until 1935 the Amtorg Trading Corporation used to supply very fine unassembled *homo* skeletons from unidentified sources in the U. S. S. R. While trade with Central Europe was still possible, the U. S. skeleton houses used to get much of their raw material from Germany and Austria.

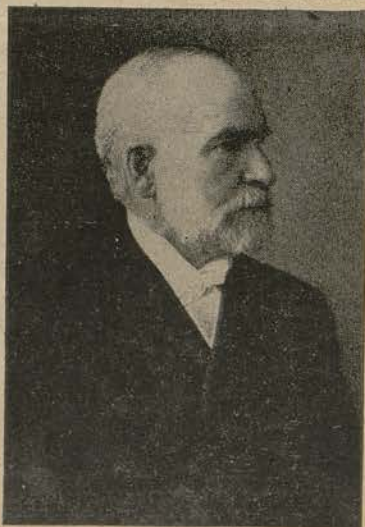
U. S. skeleton firms are forced to import skeletons because of statutory restrictions on the traffic in human bodies. Some smaller preparators are rumored not to be as finicky as the large houses and have their own confidential means of getting domestic raw material. However, there is no law against traffic in prepared skeletons which then become scientific exhibits, and anyone is permitted to sell his own skeleton since that is his own inalienable possession. Ward's in Rochester gets a small but steady stream of inquiries from people who want to sell their skeletons. Sometimes an occasional individual offers to commit suicide to rush delivery, but hitherto all such deals have

fallen through when Ward's answers that the standard market price for an unprepared skeleton is \$25.

Here and there may be found a few small one-man osteological shops like that of Darwin L. Platt, a twinkly-eyed, grandfatherly old gentleman who sits puffing on a corn-cob pipe and gluing tendons on female pelvises in his cluttered establishment on the top floor of an ancient walk-up rookery in downtown Rochester. A decrepit wooden filing case beside his worktable holds a complete assortment of spare parts for skeletons. Mr. Platt is getting along in years now and finds he can no longer take on the heavy work of mounting complete human skeletons and shipping them out in cases (called "coffins" by the trade). He feels sad about the decline of the industry's standards concomitant with mass-production methods. One of his customers recently showed him a skeleton he had bought from a big supplier which, to Mr. Platt's practiced eye, had very obviously been strung together from the bones of a good many dissimilar individuals. All Mr. Platt does now is subcontracting on special preparations for mass-production houses. They don't have the know-how to work from illustrations in anatomy texts, he says.

Platt learned his art directly from Henry A. Ward, founder of Ward's, who was an utterly incredible 19th Century professor at the University of Rochester who got into the bone business by making up to a French countess in order to get at the fossils that were

CONTINUED ON PAGE 22



H. A. WARD WAS PIONEER BONE MAN

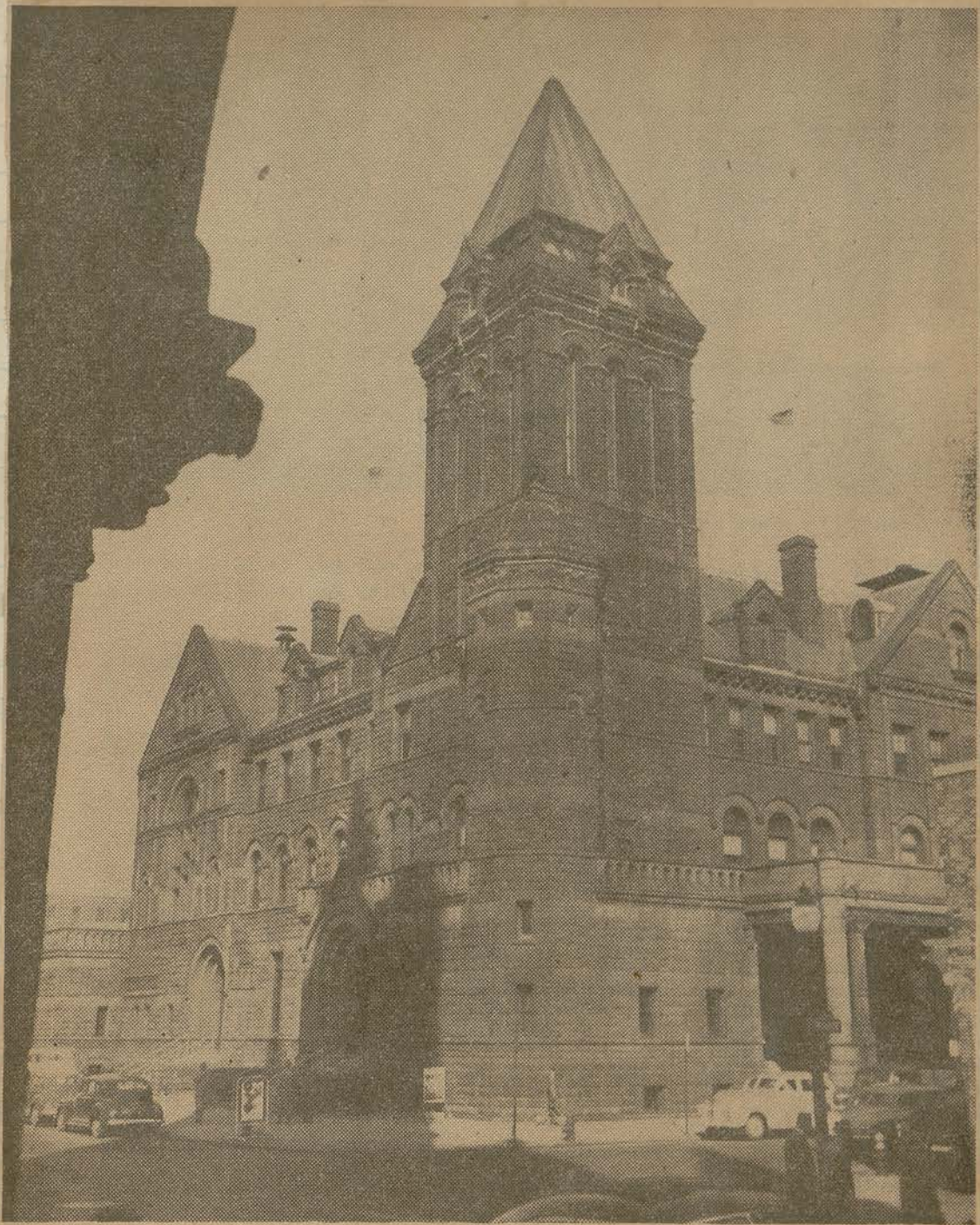
being dug up in excavations for a wine cellar on the ground of her chateau. Perky, chin-whiskered Professor Ward had the most fantastic adventures hunting meteorites, fossils and bones on six continents, taught the pioneer natural-history men of the U. S. their profession, sold nucleus collections to the Field Museum of Natural History in Chicago, the American Museum of Natural History in New York, the National Museum in Washington, many a university museum.

From wine cellar to pickle jar

Once Professor Ward was given up for lost in the African interior, came back with a tale of having fallen ill of a fever and of being nursed back to health by a native woman. Another story tells of Professor Ward being chased through the Brazilian jungles by a Brazilian army detachment which resented his making off with an enormous iron meteorite. He got the meteorite safely on shipboard only to have the ship catch fire off the U. S. coast. When the captain gave the order to abandon ship, Henry Ward covered the captain with a pistol, made him rescind the order and sail the blazing vessel into Charleston harbor. When Ward heard of the discovery of a pit in New Zealand filled with the bones of an extinct bird called the moa, he chartered a ship and brought back the whole pitful of bones, which his establishment is still trying to sell 70 years later.

Twenty-eight years after his death in 1906, old Lady Nemesis played a trick on him as fantastic as any he had ever tried himself. From Rochester's Mount Hope Cemetery somebody stole the urn containing the ashes of the man who had made and lost a fortune trafficking in his fellow creatures' bones. Some days after the theft was discovered a small boy led Al Sigl, a Rochester newspaperman, to the spot where he had seen someone dump something out of an urn not far from the cemetery. There, sure enough, Sigl found a heap of charred bones, which he shoveled into a pickle jar and returned to the Ward family.

(See W-Scrapbook II p. 23)



THE OLD POSTOFFICE. It's officially the Federal Building, since the new post-office was built on Franklin Square, but to many Rochesterians it's the "old post-office." It stands at Church and North

Fitzhugh streets. Cornerstone was laid in 1885 with appropriate Masonic ceremonies, and it was dedicated in the spring of 1891, with a ball and other festivities. It's a landmark, still useful and used, and probably will be for many years to come.

Charlotte Students Donate Plaque for Sam Patch Grave

The grave of Sam Patch, who won fame for himself and the Genesee country when he lost his life in a sensational jump from the top of the lower Genesee Falls Nov. 13, 1829, will be marked by a bronze plaque donated by students of Charlotte High School.

The plaque was made in the school's art craft shop under the direction of Ernest Walker, Charlotte High School teacher. The lettering was done by Morley Turpin Jr. The plaque will be affixed Wednesday to a boulder which was placed over

the grave, opposite Charlotte High School, by its students two years ago.

Placing of the plaque is linked with a special assembly which will be held at the school Thursday, anniversary of the jump. Keith Bower, a Charlotte student, will read an essay, "Traditions of the Genesee," and old songs of the Genesee country will be sung.

A polished cross, placed on the grave of Patch on Oct. 17 by a group of East Rochester men, was found missing five days later. **Nov. 1947**



POLKA

Bristol Valley Novel See Picture P. 100

Fynette Rowe's new novel, *THE BURNING SPRING* (A. A. Wyn, 245 pages, \$3) should be of more than passing interest to Western New Yorkers. For the locale is the picturesque countryside that



FYNETTE ROWE

lies between Canandaigua Lake and the Bristol Valley. The Burning Spring of the title obviously is the famous one in the Bristols where in 1669, the French explorer La Salle told of "applying a torch to the water which immediately took fire and burned like brandy." But Mrs. Rowe in her book of the World War period only makes casual mention of the spring, which serves only as a colorful title.

The author was born and brought up in Canandaigua where her father, Frank E. Fisk, retired superintendent of city schools, resides. Mrs. Rowe, now is a resident of White Plains. Familiar place names sprinkle the pages of the book, names like Gannett Hill and "The Jumping Off Place"; Whaleback, Gage's Landing and Menteith Point. Mention of the steamboats, the Oriana and the Onnalinda, which once plied Canandaigua waters will arouse nostalgic memories for an older generation.

The novel is starkly realistic and full of elemental passions. It does not have a happy ending. In fact there is little happiness in the book, save for the lovemaking in the hop yards that brings only trouble for all concerned. The characters are mostly frustrated people and most of them are down-right mean. The principal characters, the feckless farmer, Jud, and his two sons, are really decent people but eternally dogged by poverty and the intolerant prejudices of their neighbors. The Burning Spring is vivid in style and the characters are sharply delineated. It is a strange tale of life 30 years ago in a wildly beautiful but sparsely settled and really little known hill and valley country right in our very backyard.

—ARCH MERRILL.

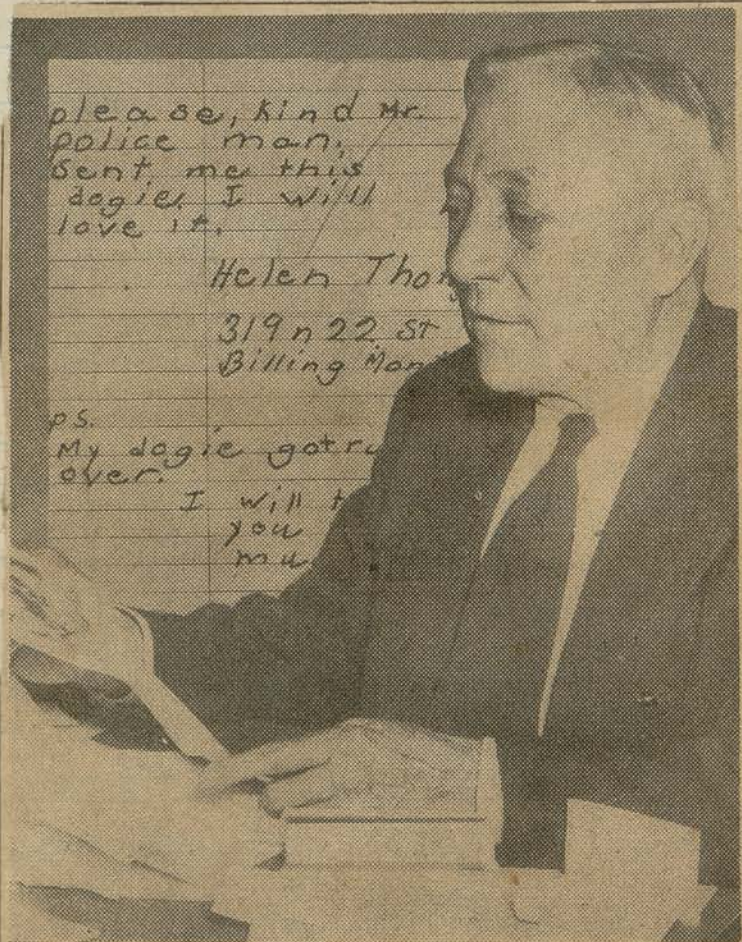


At maple sugar season in the 1850's the young folks loved to invade the sugar camp and enjoy "sugar-on-snow."

Father Flanagan Cites Value of Football



The Rev. Msgr. Edward J. Flanagan (left), Boys Town director, compares football notes with the Rev. William J. Duggan, principal of Aquinas Institute, who met him at the train today.



HUMAN KINDNESS—FROM 10 STATES

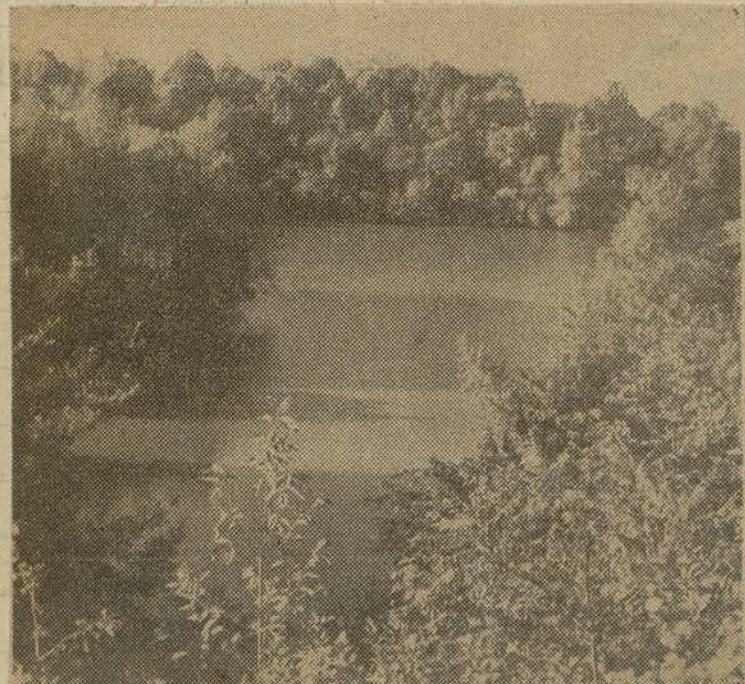
William J. Boyink, director of the Humane Society, answers letters asking adoption of a nameless Chihuahua that died after being abandoned in an ashcan. Insert is letter from a little girl in Billings, Mont., asking dog be sent to her.

100 YEARS AGO TODAY—1847

One of our daily forms containing 90,000 agate type was knocked into "pi" yesterday.



Bull shooter's Convention - Gay 90's.

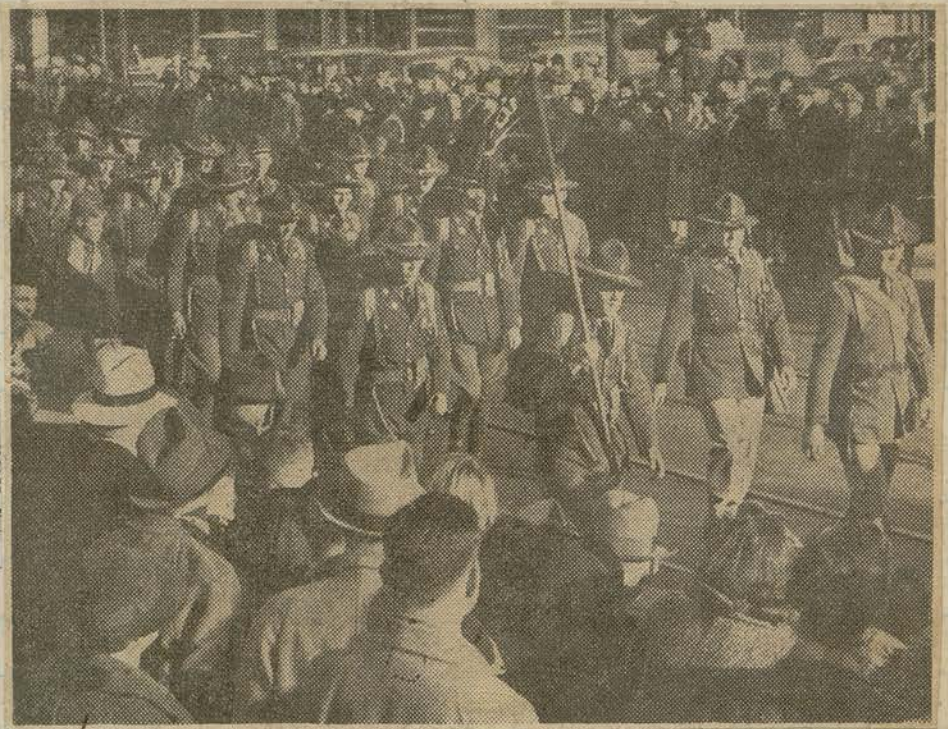


October reds are turning to November yellows and browns, but the foliage colors are still worth a trip to Durand-Eastman Park, where this vista across Eastman Lake is one of the many beautiful sights.



Lyceum-Box Office. Gay 90's.

'Call Out the Guard!'



Soldiers of two wars are represented above, with the 121 Cavalry, which saw service on Mexican

Border in 1916 before going to Europe for World War I, at left, and the 108th Infantry of World

War II is shown at right marching away in 1940 for Ft. McClellan and later service in Pacific.



First phonograph, 1877

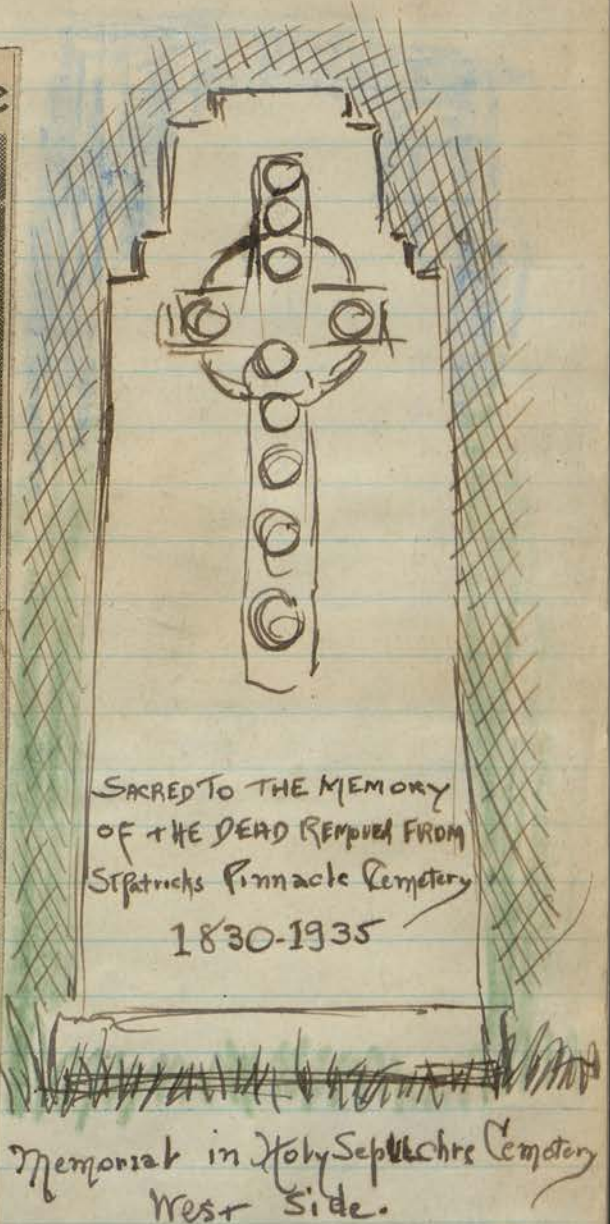


- THIRD WARD.

City Club Speaker Takes Ride

The Rt. Rev. Msgr. Edward T. Flanagan, director of Boys Town, who spoke before the City Club, is shown here as he took off with Pilot Bill Cruickshank in the Gannett Newspapers helicopter for a short spin over the city yesterday.

Last night Father Flanagan paid a visit to the Gannett Youth Club's Barn in Henrietta, which he praised in glowing terms.

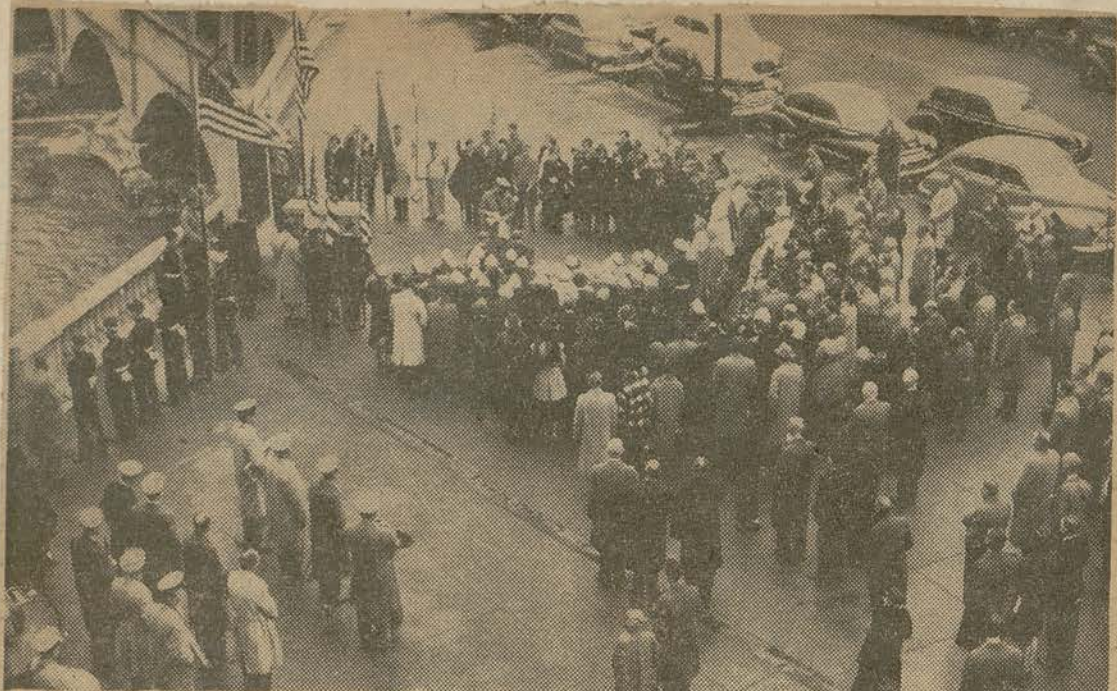


100 YEARS AGO TODAY—1847

First and Third Presbyterian churches will have Thanksgiving services in First Church; first and St. John's Methodist, in St. John's church.

100 YEARS AGO TODAY—1847

We have been without Western papers for two or three days and are fearful that some catastrophe may have occurred on the lakes.

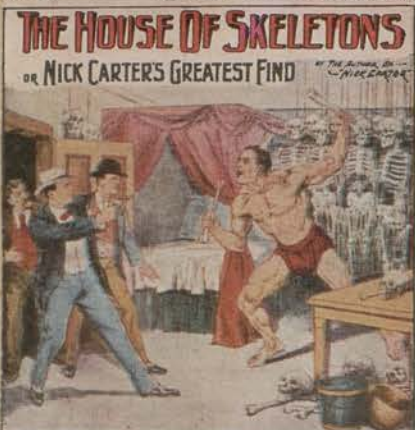


While all the city stood still: Ceremonies of Broad Street bridge marking Armistice Day rite in Rochester at 11 a. m. yesterday.

1947



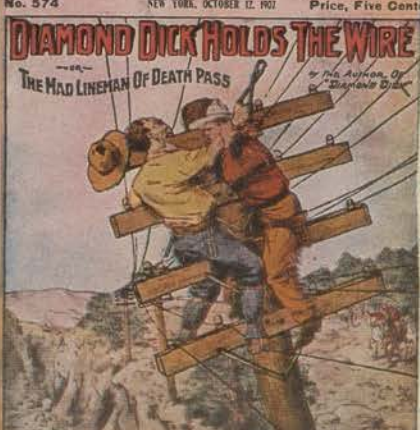
No. 487 NEW YORK, APRIL 23, 1936 Price, Five Cents



Nick Carter turned his revolver, but the man jumped out to use it. Instead, he stepped toward the magazine table and picked up two thigh bones of a man who is almost dead.



No. 574 NEW YORK, OCTOBER 12, 1937 Price, Five Cents



Dick seized the wooden rail and held him back by main strength, just as he was about to cut the wire.



First Graduate U of R

New Merrill Book Appears Today

ARCH MERRILL'S newest book—
'Stage Coach Towns'—appears
in book stores today.

The book—the sixth by Merrill,
night city editor
of The Democrat
and Chronicle—
covers most of
the Western New
York communi-
ties not includ-
ed in the other
Merrill books
which have at-
tracted such
wide readership.



ARCH
MERRILL

In "Stage
Coach Towns"
Merrill has
sought to cap-
ture the person-
ality of each community and present
its profile sympathetically and honest-
ly. Rich in history and lore, the
book covers such communities as
Churchville, Bergen, Caledonia, Le
Roy, Batavia, Wyoming, Warsaw,
Perry, Dansville, Wayland, Bath, Hor-
nell, Phelps, Clifton Springs, Man-
chester, Shortsville, Lima, Victor,
Honeoye Falls and others.

Copies will be available
day at Room 400, Democrat and
Chronicle building and in book stores.

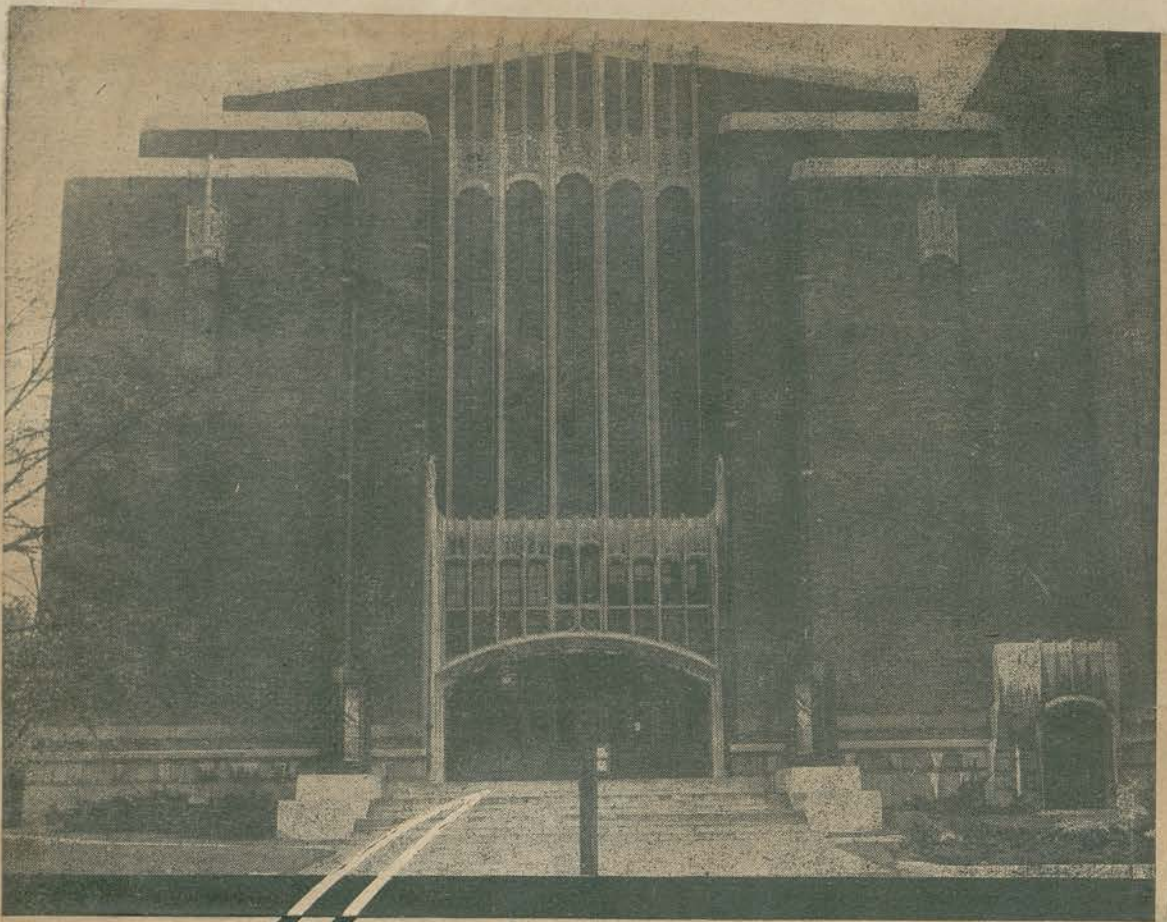


- MR. SIBLEY'S TOWER -
A 20th Century Landmark.

100 YEARS AGO TODAY—1847

About 30,000 bushels of wheat are said to
be afloat in the canal between this city and
Buffalo, with ice forming.

FAST MAIL
1847



Auditorium

THEATRE

WILL R. CORRIS, DIRECTOR



Fashions have changed



What a golfer went around in, back in 1820

100 YEARS AGO TODAY—1847
A route for the contemplated railroad from Rochester east to Baldwinsville has been surveyed.



Wide World
BUFFALO BILL (UNDER STETSON)
"The Boss of the Plains" was a hat.

100 YEARS AGO TODAY—1847
Ball's sawmill on Brown's Race has been greatly enlarged and improved.



The Good Old Days



Mrs. Robert B. Stuart, president of the Rochester Colony of New England Women, whose next meeting will be at "Woodside" on Saturday, holds the charter granted to the colony by the National Society of New England Women. The Rochester Colony will celebrate its 23rd anniversary next Wednesday.



THE POLKA IN THE CHEERFUL FORTIES

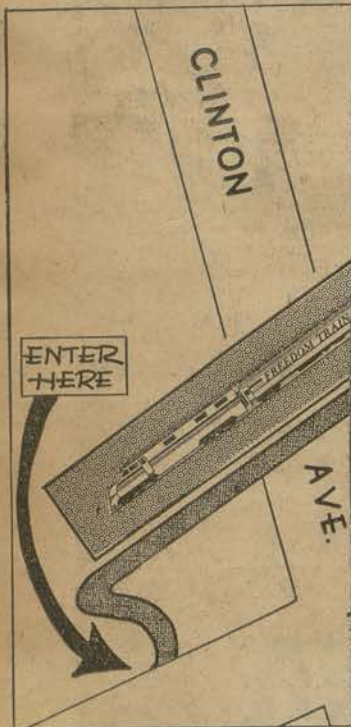


Two Marines guard the streamlined "Spirit of 1776," the Freedom Train which will arrive in Rochester Thursday for public inspection of its 128 historically-notable papers.

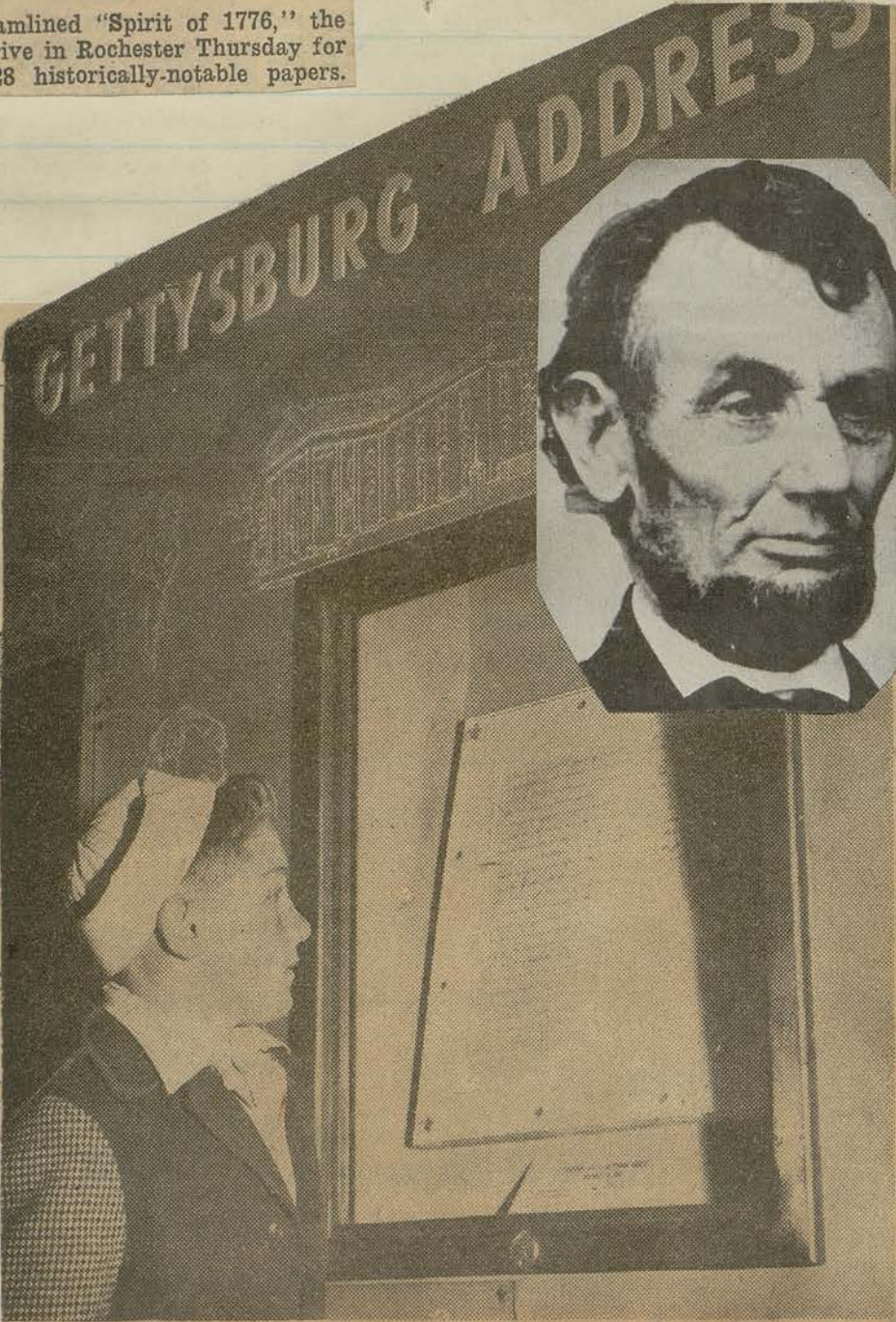
ORIGINAL COPY KEPT
stood in line 2 1/2 hrs
to see this - w.w.



Guide to



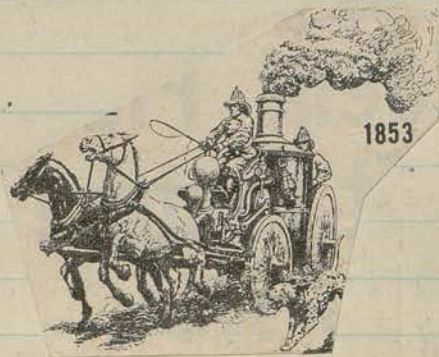
Map shows where Freedom Train at New York Central Station



'Four Score and Seven Years - -'

CHALKER HILLS RAISING

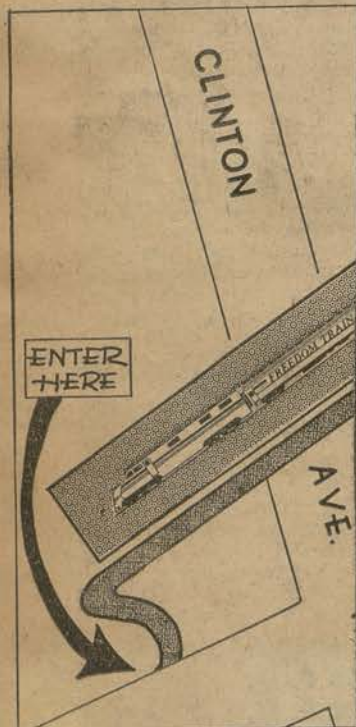
stood in line 2 1/2 hrs to see this - w.w.



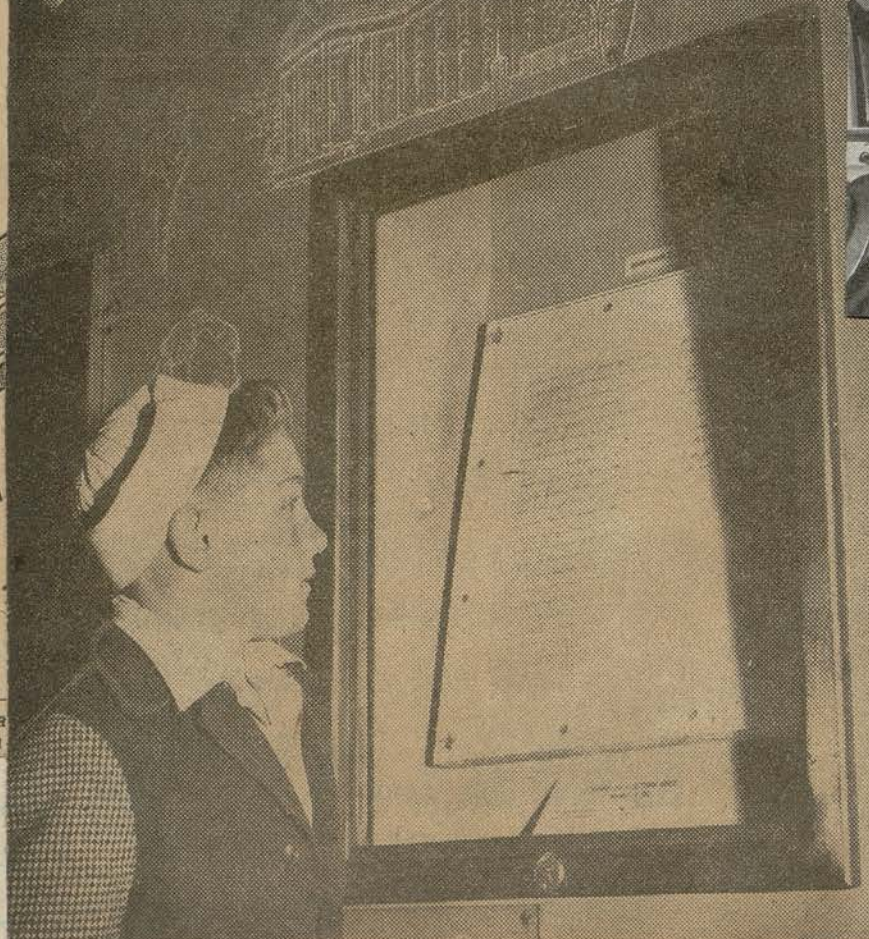
Two Marines guard the streamlined "Spirit of 1776," the Freedom Train which will arrive in Rochester Thursday for public inspection of its 128 historically-notable papers.

Guide to

GETTYSBURG ADDRESS



Map shows where Freedom Train at New York Central Station

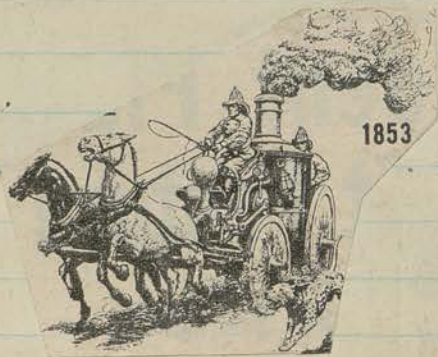


'Four Score and Seven Years - -

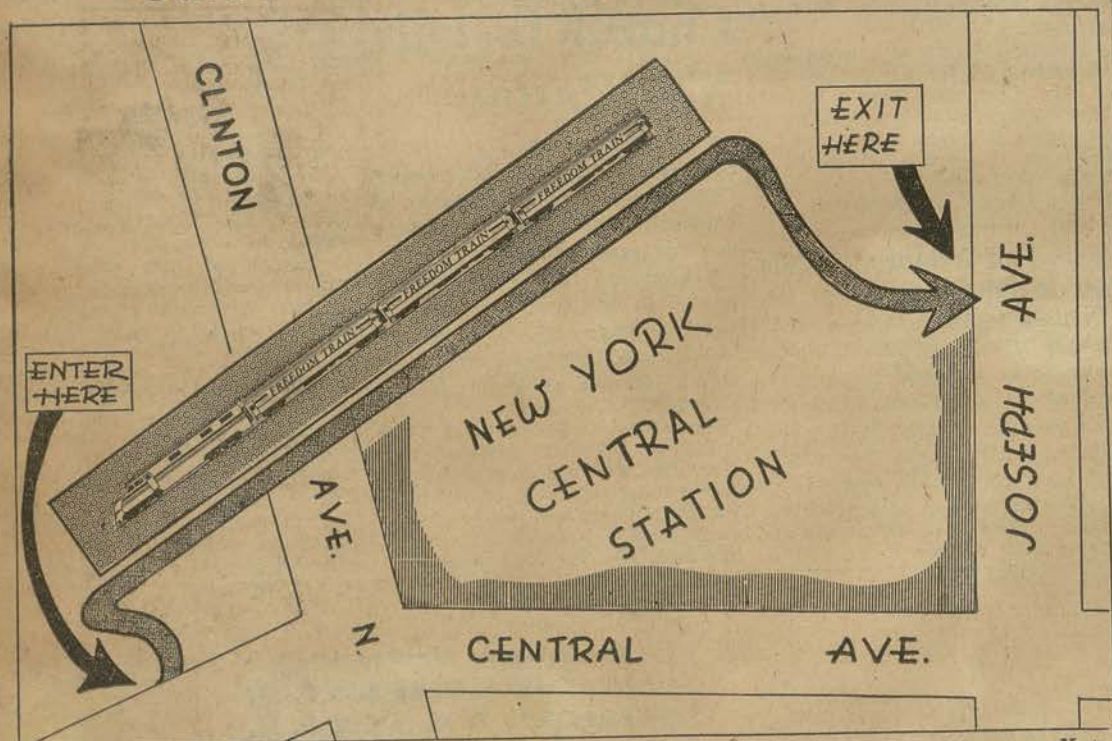


Two Marines guard the streamlined "Spirit of 1776," the Freedom Train which will arrive in Rochester Thursday for public inspection of its 128 historically-notable papers.


CLARK HALL RAISING
stood in line 2 1/2 hrs
to see this - w.w.



Guide for Freedom Train Visitors



Map shows where Freedom Train will be parked at New York Central Station during its stay here Thursday from 1 a. m. to 10 p. m. Note arrow indicating visitors entrance.

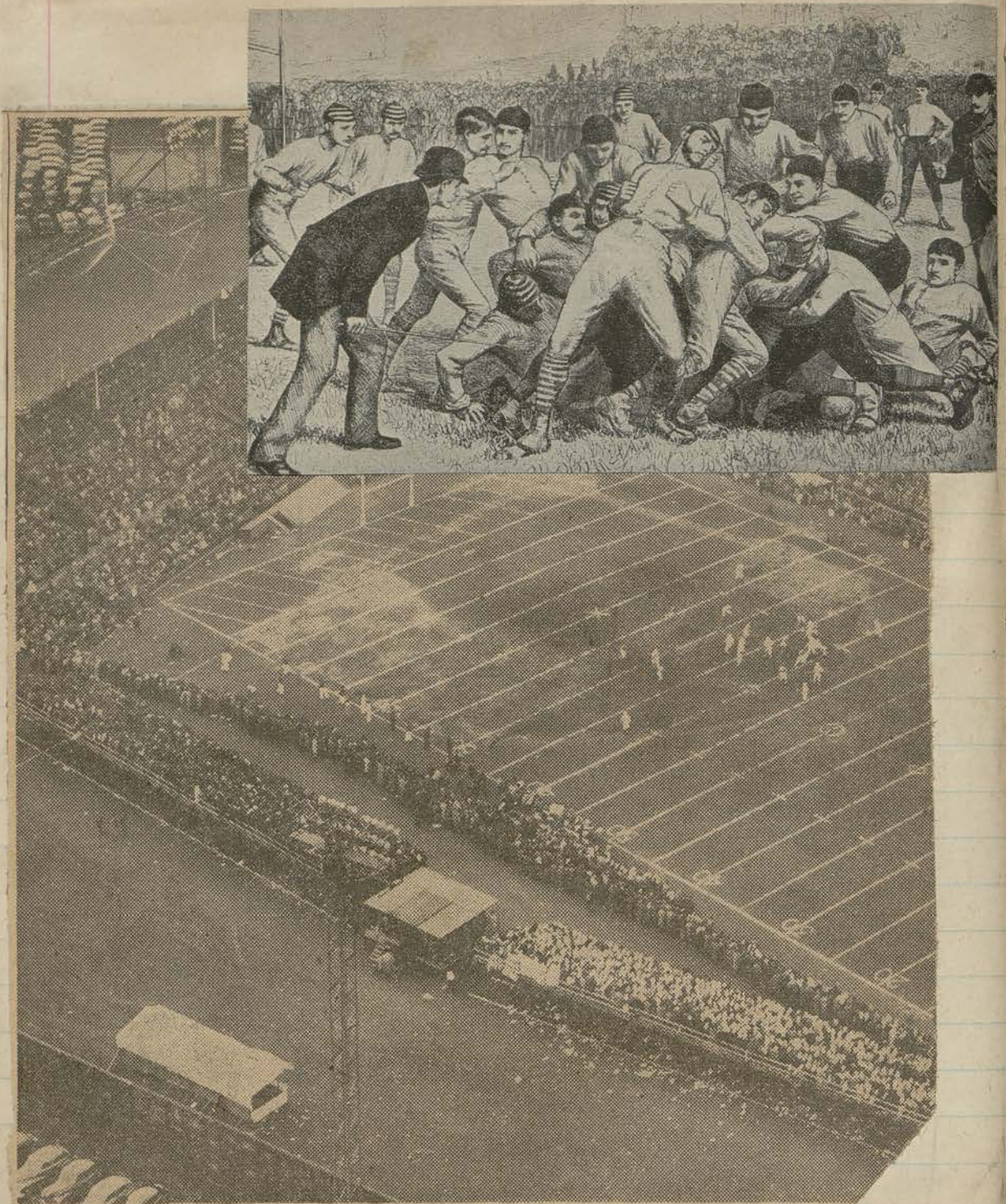

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'Oh, Say can you see - - -'



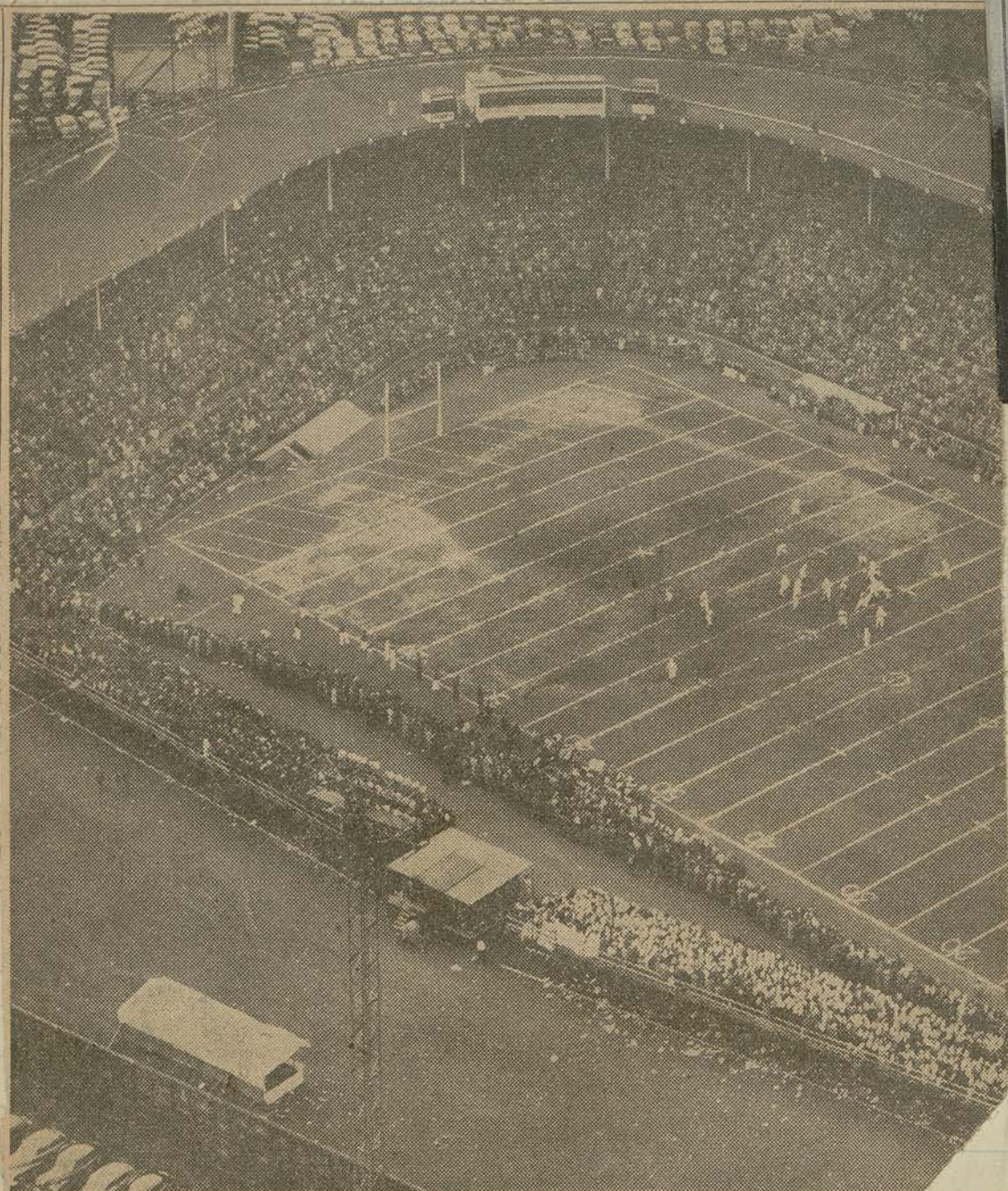
Independence on Paper



HELICOPTER'S VIEW OF RECORD SPORTS CROWD THAT

Aquinas gridders already were ahead and on the way to their eventual 29-18 victory over Boys Town yesterday when this scene was snapped by Fred papers helicopter. The biggest

IT WOULD be easy to fill up the old Scrapbook with pictures of sports events - but most of these would be only of passing interest - here today gone to-morrow. But here's one that's a little different. A Record crowd for a sports event - in Rochester History. Here is one for you 'posterities' to try and match. I dare say it will stand for some time. Somer or later - it always has been that way - another spot will take the place of our Red Wing Stadium - so here is one for the book. The Year 1947 was not so slow. at that!



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CHEERED AQUINAS' WIN OVER BOYS TOWN

Powers in the Gannett News-sports crowd in Rochester | history, 22,328, watched "Little Irish" race away to a 13-point lead, stay ahead. Other stories, pictures Pages 22, 23.

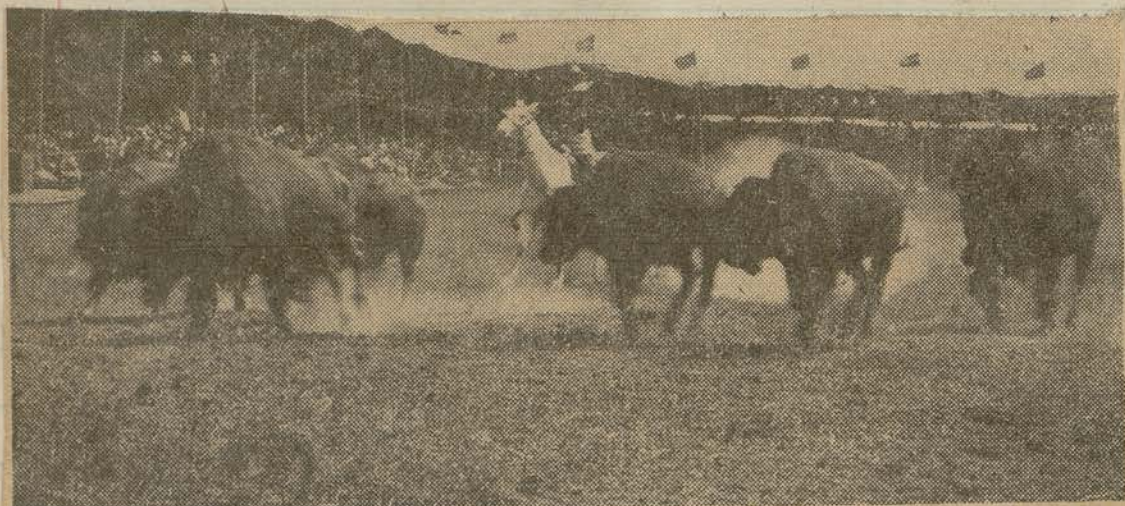
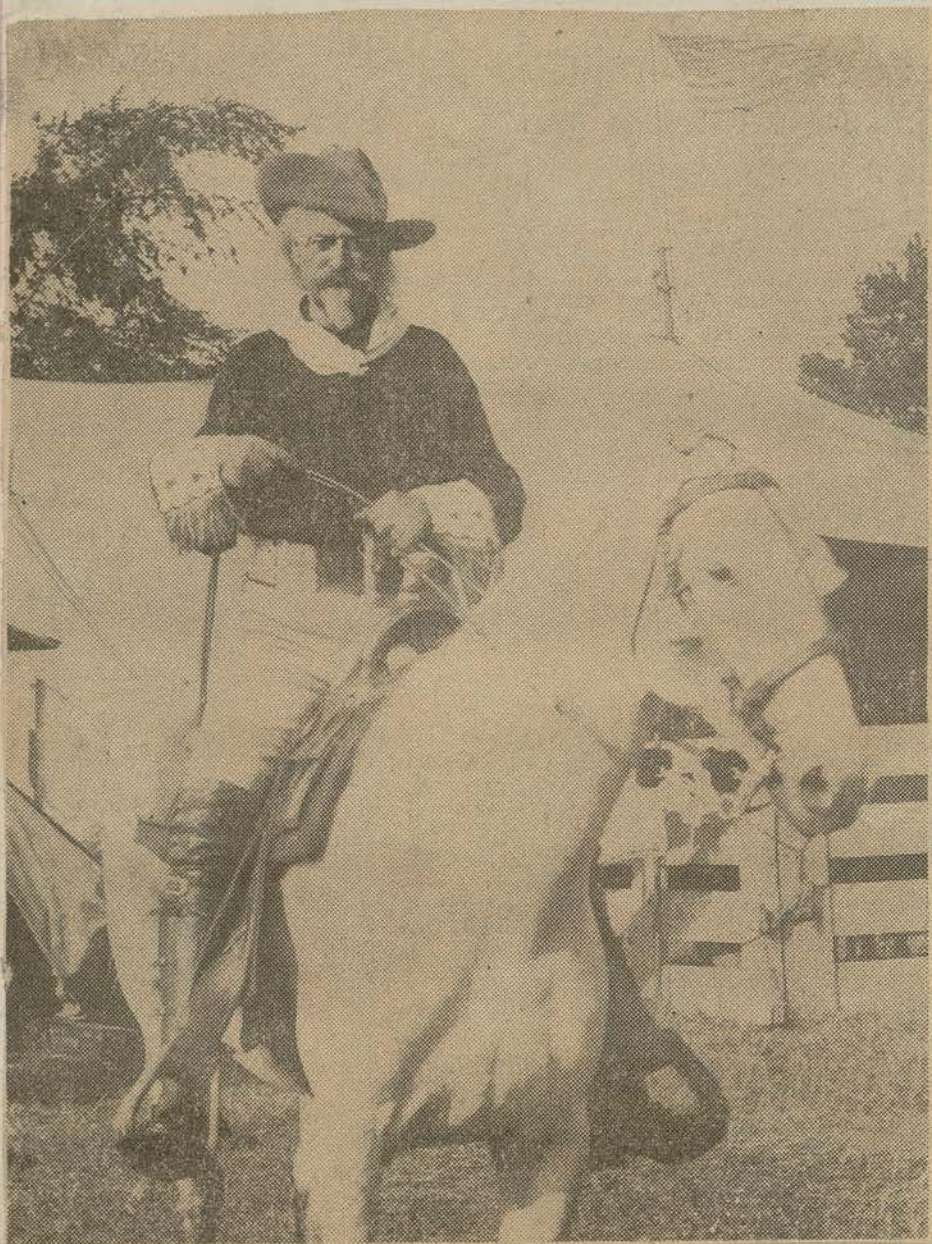


- THE FIGHTING . IRISH -



First phone, 1876

Pioneer in Rochester Field of Photography Has Blazed Picturesque Trail for 50 Years

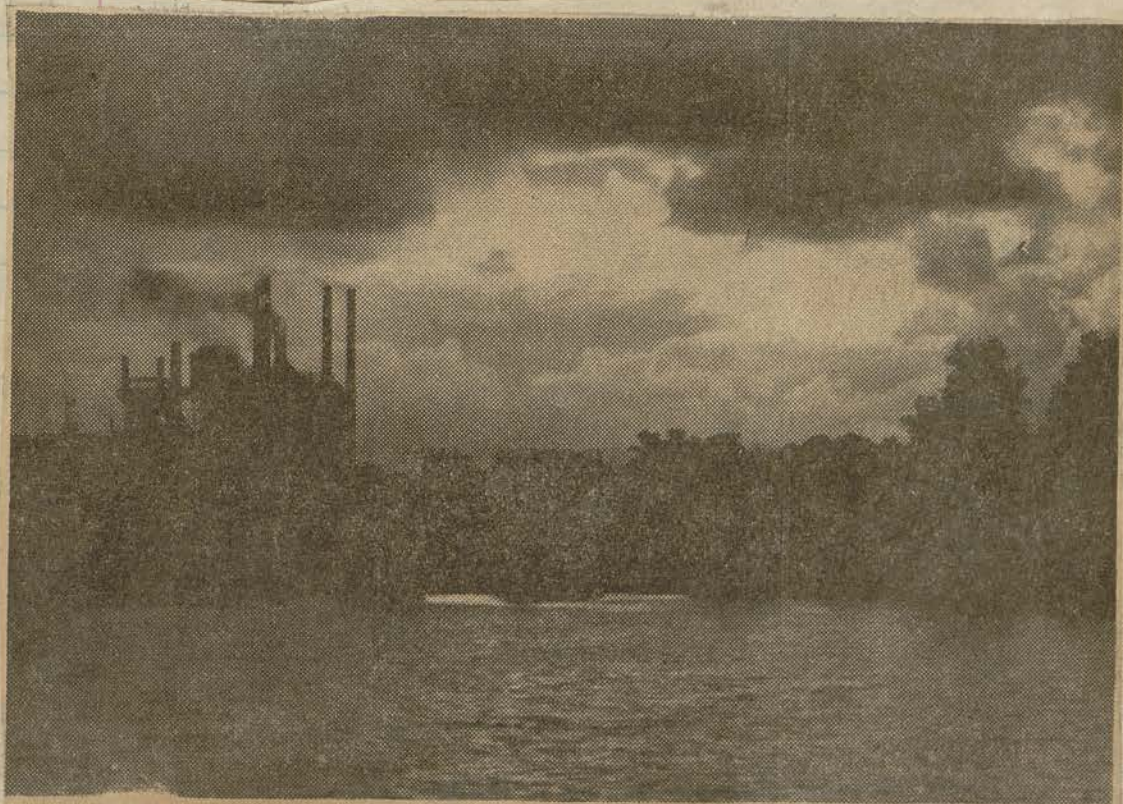


Whether it was action at wild west show at old Driving Park, left, or statuesque pose in the Buffalo Bill manner, center, Frederick W. Brehm, right, recorded the

subject with his trusty camera, shown in his hands.

100 YEARS AGO TODAY—1847

Isaac Hills, Esq., was chosen secretary of the Rochester Savings Bank in place of the late David Scoville.



Here's a study in the art of photography as practiced by Brehm. This picture was made many years ago—a silhouette shot of the once-busy blast furnaces at Charlotte.

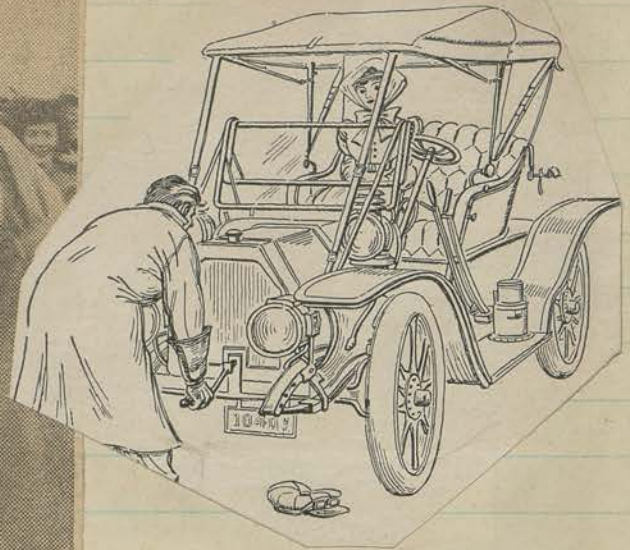
Nov. 11-1945



'HERE WILL STAND A RADIO CITY—'

Vicepresident William Fay of Stromberg-Carlson Company, right, has just finished turning the first shovel of soil for the proposed \$875,000 WHAM studio in Humboldt Street. At left Dean Harris is broadcasting details of the event.

100 YEARS AGO TODAY—1847
Up to this evening, the mails from the east have failed five times to arrive, owing to failure of connections at Auburn.



District Attorney Daniel J. O'Mara and Public Safety Commissioner Tom C. Woods today invited witnesses to the fatal shooting of a former soldier by police officers on Thursday night to give their versions to the district attorney's office.



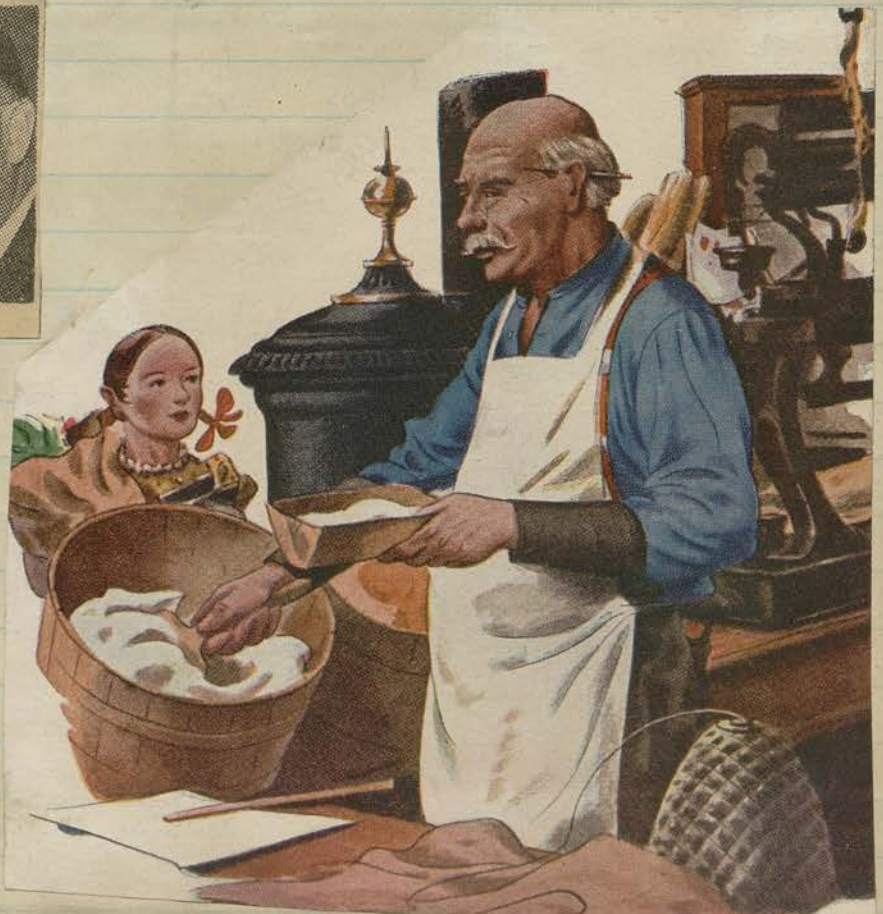
O'MARA



WOODS

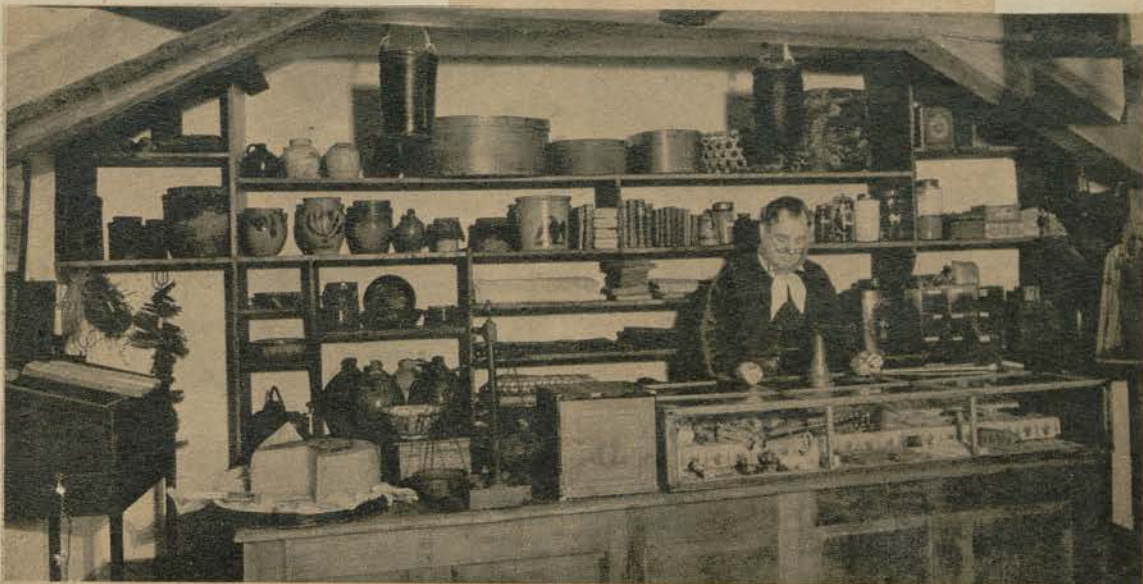


SKINNER
- SHERIFF -





a school session as it might have been in the 1700's.



On display in the village general store are brocades and calicos, medications and nostrums.



100 YEARS AGO TODAY—1847

The cars disconnected at Auburn again yesterday, six times in eight days. Thirty-six hours from Auburn is not unusual.



100 YEARS AGO TODAY—1847

In their present condition, Bunyan's Slough of Despond is nothing beside our muddy streets.

(From Page 9)

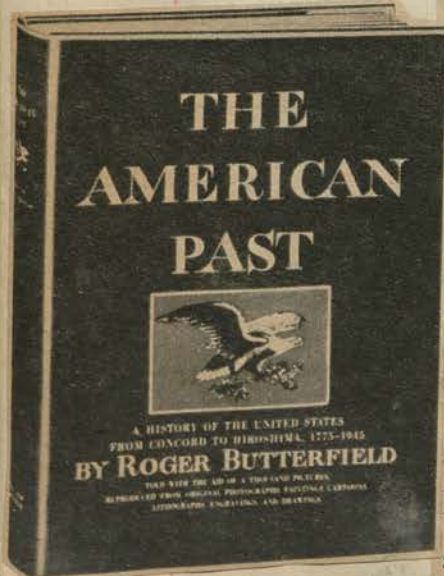
History,

THE AMERICAN PAST. By Roger Butterfield. Illustrated. 476 pp. New York: Simon & Schuster. \$10.

By ADRIENNE KOCH

"AND what is the use of a book," thought Alice, "without pictures or conversations?" Apparently Mr. Butterfield absorbed the wisdom of Alice's opening remark and determined to write the history of the United States "from Concord to Hiroshima" with the aid of a thousand pictures and an easy-to-read text of some 125,000 words. The pictures were hand-picked with considerable skill. They provide a lively and varied commentary upon the commentary of the text. Drawn from numerous private collections, as well as from the better-known public ones, they display Americans through 170 years in all their broad humor, vengeful politicking, and substantial photographic reality.

The structure of the book derives from the author's choice of nine major periods from the American Revolution to the "new atomic age." For each period there is a rich variety of portraits or photographs (the giving way of one art to another itself marking a new historical phase) of the commanding personalities of the time. There are political cartoons, very abundant, very American, and despite the changes in convention and mannerism still alive and bristling. An excellent portfolio of cartoons in color occupies twenty pages, of which three or four reproductions of Keppler's cartoons ("Bosses of the Senate," "The Raven" and "A Harmless Explosion") must share top honors with the dynamic black and whites of Thomas Nast, who used his Daumier-like pencil to break the power of Boss Tweed's Ring.



SIMON AND SCHUSTER

THE AMERICAN BY ROGER B

A HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES FROM
THE AID OF A THOUSAND PICTURES REPR
PAINTINGS, CARTOONS, LITHOGRAI

THE AMERICAN PAST is the first reasonably priced single-volume work to draw upon all of our vast pictorial treasures in telling the whole American story. Approximately 1,000 pictures (more than have ever been used in any one-volume American history) have been closely integrated with 125,000 words of text to create a continuously unfolding narrative of America, how it got started, what has happened to it along the way.

No comparable historical project has ever before been published. And equally unprecedented is the way in which the public responded to the news that the book was going to be published: 70,000 people placed orders with their booksellers in advance of publication.

The author, Roger Butterfield, former National Affairs Editor of *Life Magazine*, has devoted nearly four years to his monumental task. He examined countless letters, speeches, newspaper reports, pamphlets, diaries, broad-

IS PROUD TO PRESENT

THE AMERICAN PAST

BUTTERFIELD

(A FORMER ROCHESTERIAN)

FROM CONCORD TO HIROSHIMA—TOLD WITH
ILLUSTRATED FROM ORIGINAL PHOTOGRAPHS,
ENGRAVINGS AND DRAWINGS

...sides and books. He sifted through hundreds of collections of old photographs, prints, drawings, lithographs, cartoons, and other pictorial records of men and events. By carefully dovetailing his text with the 1,000 pictures he finally chose, Mr. Butterfield has evoked an extraordinarily clear image of the major participants in the American drama—what they looked like, what they said, what other people said about them, and what roles they played in the rowdy, glorious epic of America. If you have seen any of the first reviews, we need not tell you how well the author has succeeded in making the American past live again.

FIRST PRINTING 50,000—Sold out

SECOND PRINTING 25,000—80% sold out

THIRD PRINTING 25,000—Ready December 10

Price Ten Dollars

SIMON AND SCHUSTER, Publishers



KAYWOODIE
REMEMBERS WHEN—

First Oil-Well, 1859
Titusville, Pa.



When the first oil well was drilled, the Kaywoodie organization was 8 years old. (Col. E. L. Drake, a railroad conductor, and "Uncle Billy" Smith, artesian well driller, did "the impossible" and hit oil 69 ft. deep at Titusville, Pa., in 1859.)



AL SIGL



Parcel Post Anniversary

Patrons of the parcel post service who may be getting Christmas packages ready this month to ship by mail probably give no thought to the fact that only 35 years ago at this time there was no such service as the parcel post system.

Congress already had authorized the establishment of parcel post service and the Postoffice Department was getting its zoning regulations in order for the use of postal clerks and customers. But parcel post did not go into effect until January 1, 1913, according to the records of that time. In Rochester, the old postoffice in the Federal Building at Fitzhugh Street North and Church Street was found inadequate to care for the service, and the building adjacent to the Federal Building in Fitzhugh Street was rented and remodeled for a parcel post station.

It is stated in official documents that parcel post was established in the United States primarily to serve residents in the rural areas who thus were unable to do their shopping by mail. However that may be, it is certain that the new service soon found favor in cities as well as in the country.

The popularity of the service increased beyond all expectations. Rates were cut, the permissible weight of packages increased and facilities for the service were enlarged. Today the parcel post service is so much a part of the daily life of the nation that to the American of this generation it seems as if it always had been. In fact, America without its parcel post today would be difficult to imagine.



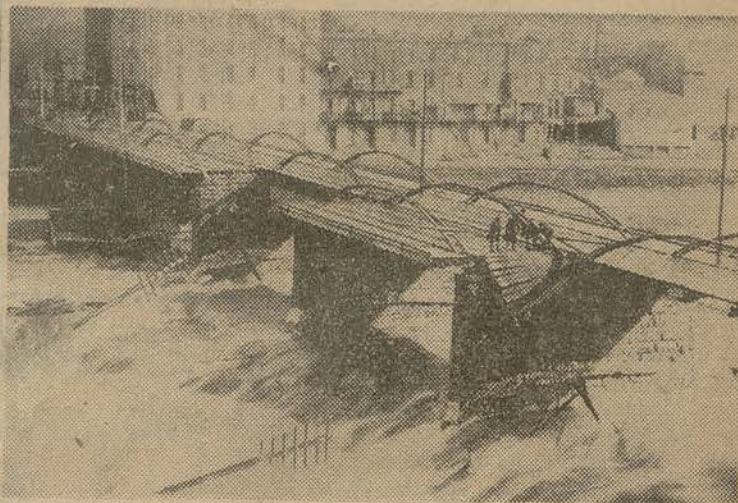
The night before Christmas.

Do You Remember . . . ?

Old Pictures Tell News of Long Ago

By ARCH MERRILL

Do you remember when . . .



. . . part of the old Court Street bridge fell into the Genesee River? If you do, you're no spring chicken for it happened on Feb. 18, 1887, which is more than 60 years ago.

A high wind that swept Rochester at noon that day ripped down one of the tall poles supporting a mass of overhead wires on the bridge. The falling pole carried others with it and along with them went the north side of two of the spans at the west end of the bridge, as shown in this picture, unearthed by Photographer Harold W. Lara of 241 Sanford St. He didn't take it. He is not that old and he does not know who did. A woman employe of the Kimball tobacco factory (now City Hall Annex) who was crossing the bridge at the time, was carried into the swollen river with the wreckage and drowned.

The old bridge of the bow string truss type, built in 1858, was repaired and continued in use until 1892 when the present structure was constructed at the then stupendous cost of \$150,000. That was the year the Lehigh Valley Railroad entered Rochester. You will note that there is no Lehigh Station on the river's brink in the picture of 1887.

And back in those "dear dead days" that are not beyond recall



. . . Manitou Beach was a popular and a lively resort. Maybe this 1913 scene, from the collection of Ralph E. Wilkinson, 282 Wimbledon Rd., will bring back those days in retrospect—the electric cars whining along the lakeshore from Charlotte to Manitou . . . the big dance hall . . . the large hotel barn with "Manitou" painted on its roof . . . the tents and the ladies in trailing skirts and the shirt-sleeved men who wore suspenders, unashamed . . . the summers when the swank Colony Club of Pittsburgh pitched its tents on the beach of Manitou and it was a picnic spot for thousands . . . long ago.

* * *
 You don't have to be a graybeard to remember when



. . . another bridge collapsed. It was the old Meigs Street canal bridge and it fell under the weight of a heavy motor truck and a horsedrawn coal wagon. Both vehicles, along with the two horses and the driver of the truck, were flung into the murky waters of the old Erie Canal. The date was June 20, 1917, in the early days of American participation in the first World War and in the twilight of the Ditch, which carried its last cargo through the city only two years later.

In fact the Meigs Street bridge had been condemned before it gave way that June morning as a contractor's truck, heavily laden with stone dust, and the coal wagon were crossing it at the same time. The coal wagon driver jumped to safety but the pilot of the truck got a ducking. One of the horses was killed in the fall and the other was extricated by firemen who went down in ladders and chopped away part of the wagon to which the animal was attached.

The picture, showing the truck being lifted from the deep, was loaned by Carl C. Witzel of 163 1/2 Mt. Vernon Ave., who relates that he "was born in Henrietta Street, has lived in Swillburg all his life and learned to swim in the old canal." The bridge collapse received little attention in the press at a time when the world was aflame with war and Rochester was raising a huge fund for the Red Cross. But it caused a lot of excitement in Swillburg and maybe some other oldtimers will remember.

* * *

And here's a reminder of the days



. when horses hauled the hospital ambulances over Rochester's streets of cobblestone and Medina block. Remember? Joseph R. Meyer of 76 Hazelwood Ter., retired policeman, certainly does. For he is the young driver pictured with the ambulance of the Homeopathic Hospital (now the Genesee) and the dapple gray horse, Frank, that drew it. Joe Meyer went from the hospital into the fire department as a driver and then into the police ranks. For years he was a "mountie" on the Front Street beat. He retired from the force in 1932.

The Homeopathic was the first Rochester hospital to have an ambulance of any kind. In fact it was presented two of them in 1895 and for a time it shared them with the General and St. Mary's. In 1910 the first motorized ambulance appeared on the scene — at the General—and that was the year this picture, loaned by Mrs. Gertrude E. O'Connor of 25 Nottingham Rd., was taken.

* * *

Reynolds Library Alterations Start; Staff Named

The Blood Center of the Rochester Regional Blood Program will be located in the old Reynolds Library Building at 150 Spring St., it was announced yesterday.

Appointment of four men to the technical and administrative staff of the local program—first unit of the Red Cross blood project in the country—also was announced.

Dr. Herbert R. Brown will be the program's medical consultant; Dr. S. Miles Bouton Jr. will be associate medical consultant; Ralph D. Turner will be deputy technical director, and Jerome Smith will be center director.

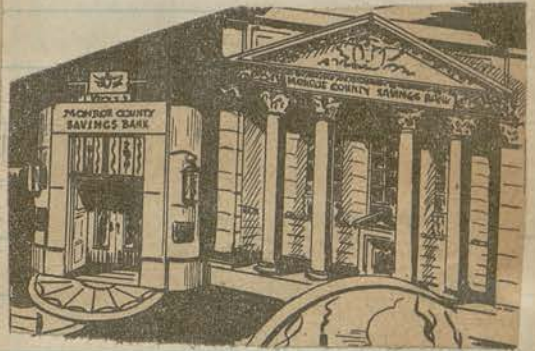
Alterations Begun

Thomas R. White, chairman of the local program, said alterations already are underway in the Spring Street building to make a modern blood donor and processing center on the ground floor. Administrative officers will be constructed.

The building, which has housed the Red Cross Canteen, Home Service Department, and the Production Department for many years, is owned by Rochester Institute of Technology and has been made available "through the institute's continuing generosity," White said.

Vicechairman of the Volunteer Special Service in charge of blood volunteer work will be Mrs. Harold C. Townson. More than 200 volunteers will be needed for minimum operation of the program, it was said.

see P.84



100 YEARS AGO TODAY—1847

We are informed that a fugitive slave has been expressed through this city to Her Majesty's Dominion by the Underground Railroad.

100 YEARS AGO TODAY—1847

The mails are disorganized again. The morning mail from New York arrives regularly about once a week.



WALTZ



Can you make history out of this?
(See p. 40)



We're Proud of Authors

City Boasts Lengthy Roster Of Women of Letters

By ELIZABETH de SYLVA

AMBER Dean left the room for a moment and subconsciously we waited for what she would say when she came back. Would it be "There's a dead man at the bottom of the stairs!" or "Don't look now, but she's under the float, face down!"

Then Mrs. Norman Getzin returned and the mood left. For Mrs. Getzin, in the charming living room of her Valley Road home, is not a bit like the "Abbie" of whom she writes, under the name of Amber Dean.

Outside, with the rain coming down in a steady drizzle, it was just the sort of day described in murder mysteries. Inside the pine-paneled room, decorated in soft colors, a fire burned in the grate. Chloe, the author's aloof, blue-eyed Siamese cat, was curled up on one side of the rug; on the other was Mr. Mitchell, her friendly black and white spaniel.

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Mrs. Getzin's fifth mystery novel, "Foggy, Foggy Dew," came out during the past week and that isn't the only exciting thing that's happened, for two motion picture companies have written to express their interest.

How long does it take her to write a book we asked. She estimated the actual typing time as about 8 weeks. But the research takes half a year. In her latest book, Rocky Mountain spotted fever plays a part and that meant medical research. Where did she get that? Why, from doctors, of course, and they have been wonderful.

And then there's police procedure. . . surely that was ticklish ground, we suggested. Mrs. Getzin paid a tribute to Brighton's police chief, Vincent Conklin. Trained in FBI procedure, he knows all the latest developments in detecting, says the author, and his advice has been invaluable to the mystery writer, who often consults him when a tricky bit of writing confronts her.

And we think we ought to warn you! Any one of you reading this may get into one of the author's novels. For she doesn't get her plots from the newspapers.

They're too apt to be chosen by another writer. But let her see a woman running or a man with an odd mannerism and presto! she has an idea for another book!

It is pretty generally known by Rochester mystery fans that the Foggy Lake of Amber Dean's books is Conesus and that Mommie and Max and their little girls are Rochesterians. But the city itself is the locale of "Foggy, Foggy Dew" and Craig Avenue is in reality our own First Avenue. The Albatross Room? Well, Rochesterians used to call it the Peacock Room!

early next year in a revised and greater edition.

Another Rochester author the fame of whose books is country-wide is Blanche Jennings Thompson, whose anthology, "Silver Pennies," is probably the ranking book of its kind for children. The writer, who holds a degree of doctor of letters from Nazareth College and is head of the English Department at Benjamin Franklin High School, is the author also of "Golden Trumpets" and "A Candle Burns for France."

In compiling the list of authors who have brought fame to Rochester we have kept only to those whose books are in libraries throughout the country and have not listed the many who have written of Rochester history. An exception, however, is Joan Lynd Schild's "Silversmiths of Rochester," for the book is to be found in the museums of every state.

* * *

At least three Rochesterians have entered the class of the "greats" for their works have become collectors' items. Topping this list is Adelaide Crapsey. A little book of verse, published in 1915 by the Manas Press, Rochester, is now among the book rarities, eagerly sought by collectors. Miss Crapsey, daughter of the late Dr. Algeron S. Crapsey, spent her girlhood in Rochester.

The second author whose work is collected is Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, whose "Yearling" won the Pulitzer Prize in 1939 and whose books have been best sellers for a decade and a half.

Only those who have reached the half century mark will remember the Brockport author, Mary Jane Holmes, but she, too, is "collected" and it was while she lived in Brockport that she published 38 books, of which more than 2 million copies were sold. Believe it or not, she had the largest following for the longest period of any American author and wrote such "best sellers" of yesterday as "Tempest and Sunshine," "Lena Rivers" and "Homestead on the Hillside."

* * *

Then there are the Rochesterians who are now citizens of the world, but who once claimed this city as home. There is Elizabeth Hollister Frost, poet and novelist. There is Ruth Webb Lee, formerly of Pittsford, the authority on American historical glass. And there was Mrs. George S. Kaufman, compiler of "The Letters of Alexander Woollcott," and Eleanor Slater, daughter of Dr. John Rothwell Slater, professor emeritus at the University of Rochester, who had the distinction of being published in the Yale Series, in 1926.

There is Ruth Lamb, a former Rochesterian, who wrote the book, a sensational expose of food and drugs in America, "THE AMERICAN CHAMBER OF HORRORS."



WALTZ



Can you make history out of this?
(See p. 40)



39 EAST AVENUE

* * *

When Esther M. Burns and her sister, Mrs. Eloise Burns Wilkin, published "Mrs. Peregrine and the Yek" in 1938, both were Rochesterians. Since then the latter, the wife of Sidney Wilkin, has become a resident of Canandaigua. Since then, too, they have published another book about Mrs. Peregrine and her visit to the fair and during the past week a third in the series, perennial favorites in juvenile fiction, was on its way to New York. It will be called "Mrs. Peregrine and the Poodle."

And thirdly, since then, there is another Mrs. Wilkin, for the writer member of the duo married a brother of her sister's husband, Sidney Wilkin, and now is Mrs. George Wilkin of St. Paul Boulevard. The Rochester woman is the writer member of the compact, and her sister the artist, a collaboration which began when they were school children and Eloise illustrated the stories written by Esther.

* * *

Rochester's Main Library boasts three authors among its librarians, one with two books to her credit. Newest author of the three is Mrs. Robert Bolster, who, as Esther Carlson has just published the fantasy, "Moon Over the Back Fence." Miss Julia L. Sauer is the author not only of "Radio Roads to Reading," but her "Fog Magic," illustrated by Lynd Ward, was named as one of the best 50 children's books of 1943, the year in which it was published. In it Miss Sauer, a Phi Beta Kappa graduate of the University of Rochester, has retold for children the legends of Nova Scotia. Third member of the library triumvirate is Miss A. Marjorie Taylor, whose "Language of World War II" is a "must" book for national research and will be brought out

There is Helen Paul Kirkpatrick, called by a national magazine "the smartest newspaper-woman in Europe" and who, as Paris correspondent for a Chicago paper, was the first newspaper woman to enter France after D-Day. Rochester-born and a Columbia School graduate, she is the author of "Under the British Umbrella."

* * *

Valma Clark, whose "Horn of Plenty" and "Their Own Country" are to her credit, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Clark of East Avenue, formerly lived in this city, from whose University she was graduated. And the former Electa Search, who with her husband, Irving Johnson, wrote the popular "Sailing to See," also is claimed by the Flower City.

A well known writer of girls' books was Miss Helen M. Persons of Warner Street. Under the name of Margaret T. Van Epps, she wrote the Nancy Pembroke Series.

Lovers of antiques know well the "Old Lace Book," "The Old Clock Book," "The Old China Book," the "Old Glass Book" and the "Old Furniture Book," but not many know that the author, N. Hudson Moore, was in reality Mrs. Samuel P. Moore of Berkeley Street.

Rochester may well be proud of the women authors who claim the city as birthplace, for they are many and their talents are widely known.

City Boasts Lengthy Roster Of Women of Letters

By ELIZABETH de SYLVA

AMBER Dean left the room for a moment and subconsciously we waited for what she would say when she came back. Would it be "There's a dead man at the bottom of the stairs!" or "Don't look now, but she's under the float, face down!"

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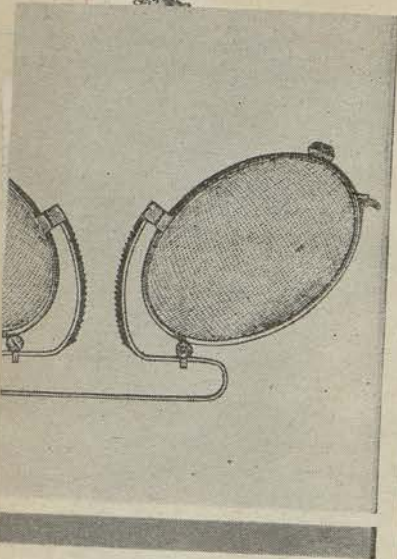
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WALTZ



By Rudolsky's lights, mankind's opinion with the human look grew possible comparison with animals. Measure the human skin is much less bird's plumage, the human figure n



How Do They Get that way?



Authors All - - - And All Rochesterians

Rochester librarians who share the pleasure of being authors are shown in picture at upper left. They are, from the left, Mrs. Robert Bolster, Miss Julia Sauer and Miss Marjorie Taylor. Directly above is Mrs. Norman Getzin, mystery story writer whose pen name is Amber Dean, shown with "Chloe,"

one of her most devoted admirers. Picture at upper right shows authors of the books about "Mrs. Peregrine" and her famous animals; at left the illustrator, Eloise Burns Wilkin; and at right the author, her sister, Esther Burns Wilkin. They are six of many Rochester writers.



THIRD WARD



FLOWERS OF CHINA

Minnie Young, left, and Fay Yung, Chinese students at UR, were homesick for China's famed flowers, chrysanthemums, until they visited the 'Mum' Show at Highland Park.



ENGINEERS SE

Area which will be ba
in building Mt. Morri

Chrysanthemum Time at Park

Chrysanthemum time at Highland Park conservatory

FLOWERS

Minnie Young, students at UR



...new fee schedule based on \$2.50... an hour Jan. 1, it has been an-... nounced by Edward Harris 2d, as-... Harris also disclosed that, at a... meeting of the association direc-... tors yesterday, it was decided to... make available the services of... Visiting nurses to all residents of... Monroe County.

...TELLER-George W. Galliger of... Rosewood Ter., Nov. 20, 1947. He... survived by four daughters, Mrs... bert Bary, Mrs. John Zyglouk, ... na and Helen Galliger; three sons... bert, Walter and Harold Galliger;... o sisters, Mrs. Bessie Miller, ... s, Gertrude Wren; one brother... arles Galliger; two grandchildren... services at the N. J. Miller's Son... neral Home, 706 South Ave., Sat-... day afternoon at 2 o'clock. Inter-... nt, Mr. Hope Cemetery.

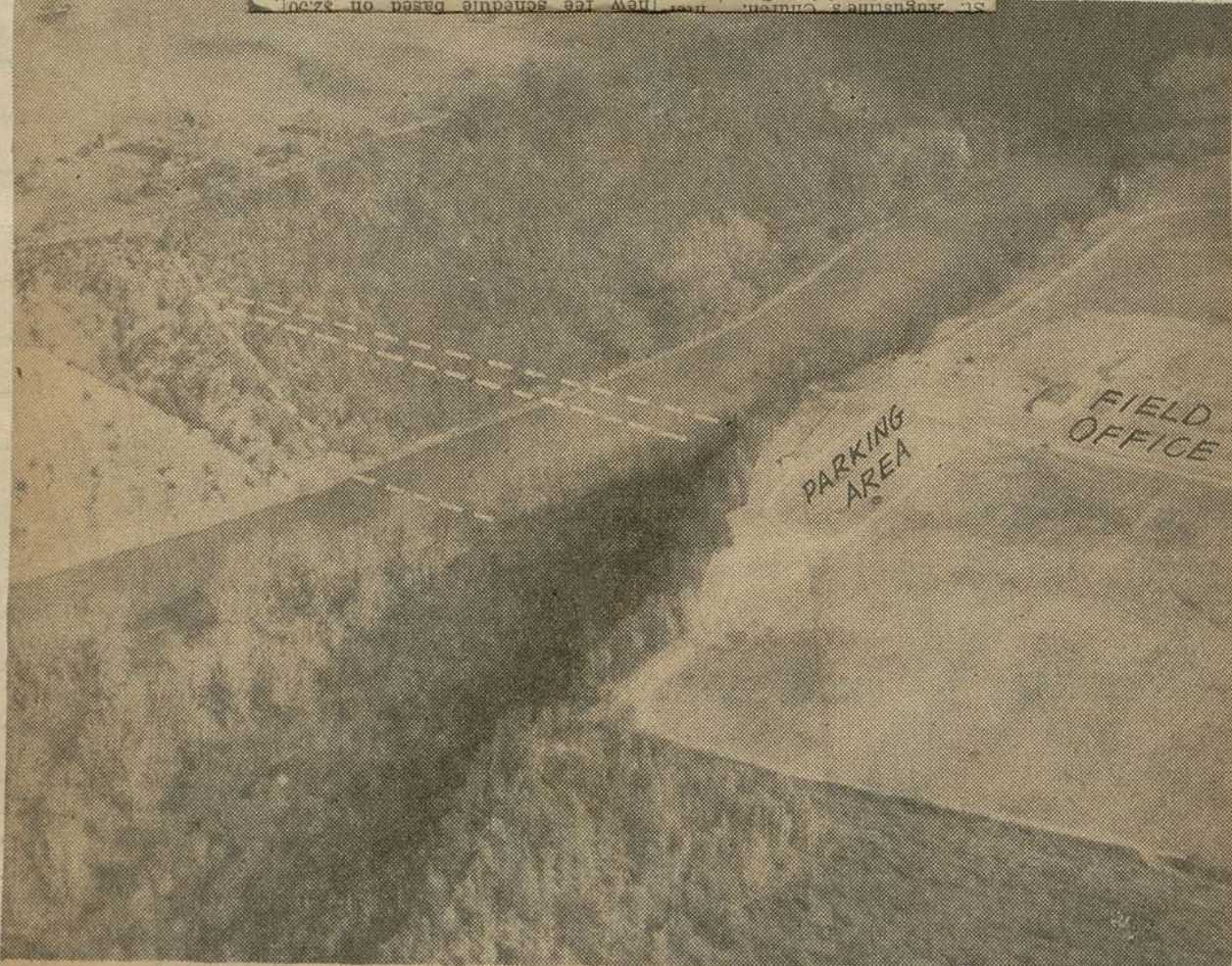
DIED

...widow of Frank M. Gray, of 19 An-... son Pl., Thursday, Nov. 20, 1947... Survived by one daughter, Mrs. Ar-... Anna Lynch.

...LTY - At her home, 16 Clinton... Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock... 1947. Mary Kelly, she is survived... Avon, N. Y., Wednesday, Nov.

...GOODELL - Entered into rest, sud-... deny, at the Park Avenue Hospital... Friday, Nov. 21, 1947. Harold J... Goodell, aged 46 years, of 766 Ridge... Florence Achermann Goodell; his... Mr. and Mrs. Alfred L.

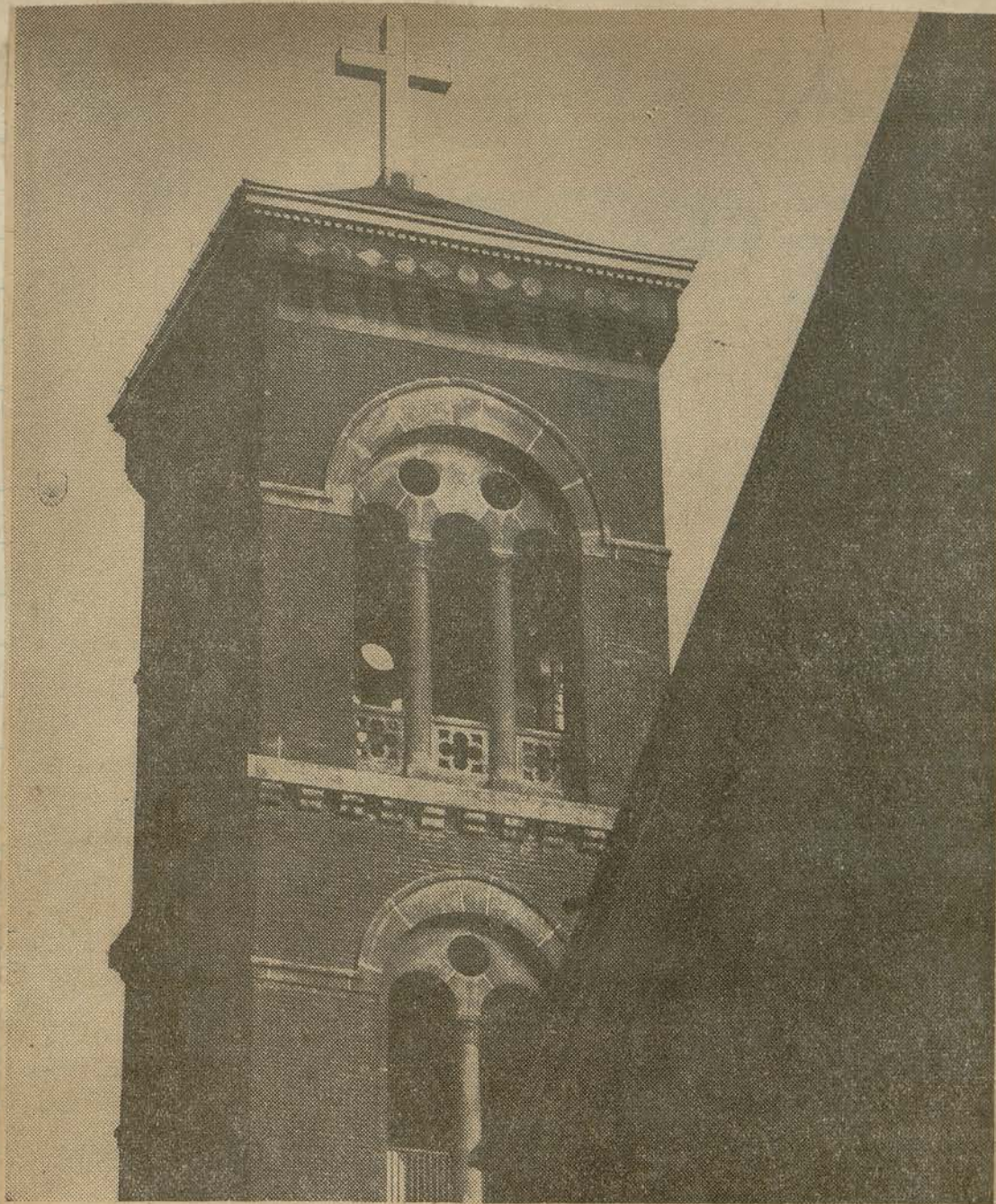
...dren. He was a member of Zayat... ndchildren; three great-grand-... s, George and Henry Kieffer; 10... Mrs. Elsie Knitter; two... ter: two daughters, Mrs. Albert... is survived by his wife, Madeline... George Kieffer of 75 Maria St... JEFFER - Wednesday, Nov. 19,



ENGINEERS SET UP BASE FOR FLOOD CONTROL JOB

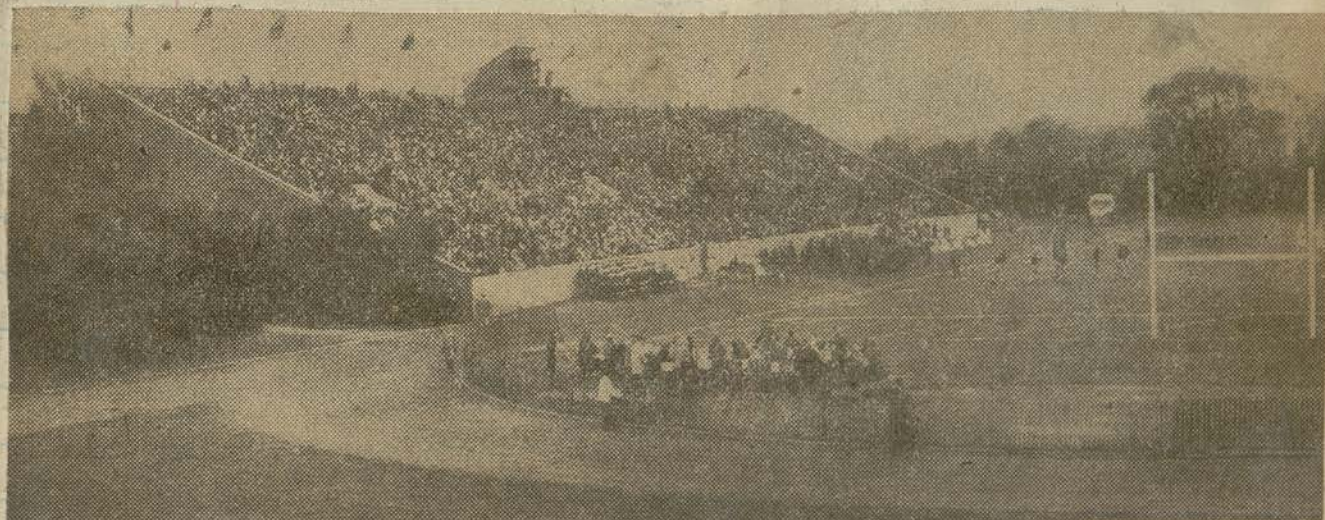
Area which will be base of operations for construction crews in building Mt. Morris flood control dam

until they... land Park.



BRICK CHURCH TOWER, a conspicuous and beautiful accent on the Rochester skyline. The tower was erected in 1903 after the church had burned but was rebuilt with its original walls and the tower added. The illuminated cross, a beacon for travelers on the near-by New York Central and for

the countryside around, was renewed in 1940. A similar cross was put up when the tower was built, erected at the suggestion of the Rev. William R. Taylor, D.D., minister of the church from 1888 to 1924. The church was the second Presbyterian congregation to be organized in Rochester.



RIVER CAMPUS Stadium housed nearly 10,000 fans yesterday as Hobart, Rochester met in the 57th renewal of their

ancient football rivalry.

Never again!

GONE ARE "THE GOOD OLD DAYS"

THANK GOODNESS!

PAINÉ'S
SAME TO-DAY.

The store your
horse doctor
Trusts.
ALL OTHERS
CASH.

PAINÉ.
←



THE OUTHOUSE

THE 'WIMEN'.



OLD 'NEW LOOK'.



If you had a headache—back about 1899—and wanted a remedy, chances are your apothecary would have sold it to you in powder form—and in a paper packet. "Pretty risky," you'd say today, "how would I know exactly how much to take?" And just think of the danger of confusing your headache powder with other powders similarly wrapped, on the medicine shelf!... Thanks to victory, aspirin and hundreds of drugs, medicines, toilet articles, tooth powders, talcums and so on—will again come to you in tidy, protective steel-and-tin containers. Names and instructions lithographed right on the cans. No paper labels to fall off and cause mistakes.

PAINÉ'S

One of the World's
Truly Great Drug Stores

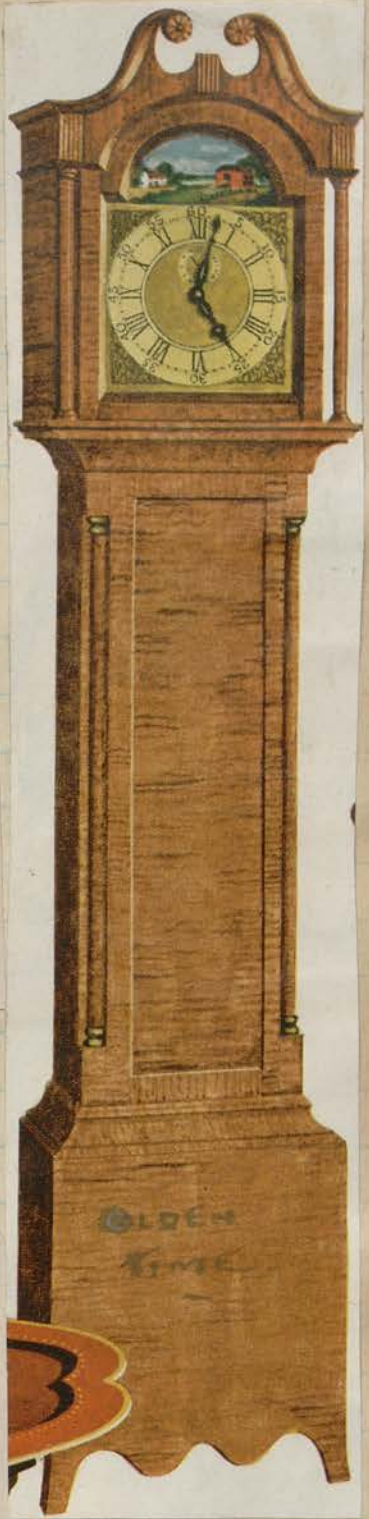




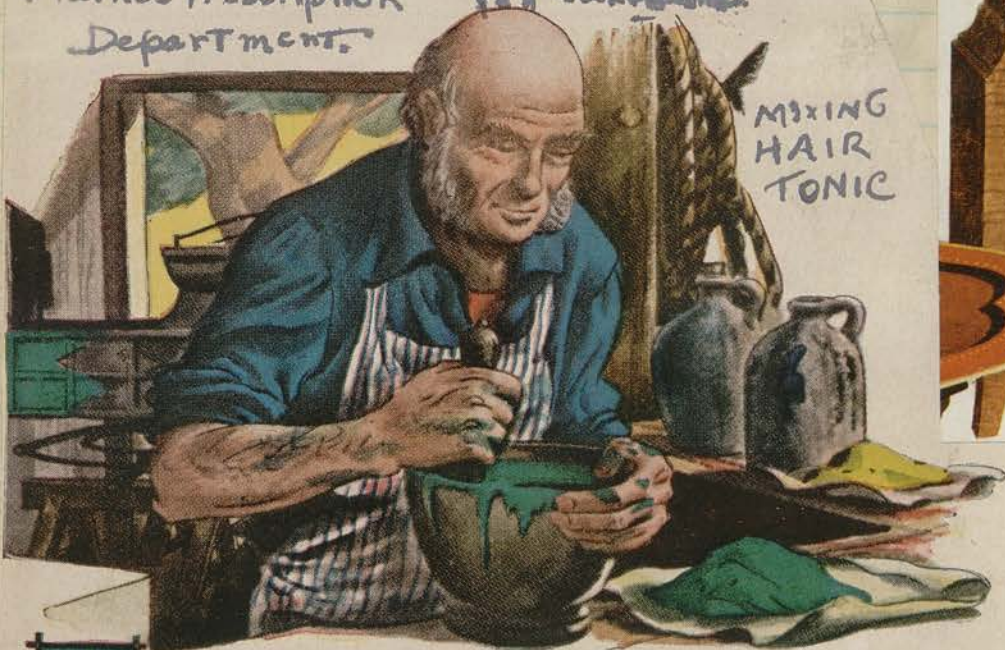
- HORSE ROOM -

A LONG about 1860, you'd have had quite a time buying yourself some smoking tobacco! You'd drop in at your tobacconist's and select one or several "hands" of leaves. Then the shopkeeper would shred the leaves for you in a crude chopper—wrap the tobacco in a paper packet, and off you'd go. Of course there was no way of being sure the tobacco would taste any-

thing like what you got the week before—and the paper packet made no pretense of protection or convenience . . . How different today! Your tobacco is identified by brand—always uniform. And—now that the war's over—tobacco will again come in its handy *tin can* that protects it from drying out—keeps it fresh, fragrant, and "smokable" down to the last cool-burning crumb!



Fain's Prescription Department.



A ND now suppose it's the spring of, say 1826—and you decide to paint the family buggy. You'd get down the mortar and pestle, dump in some pigment, grind it to a fine powder (*ka-choo!*), add some oil and mix the mess to a paste. Then you'd pour in some turpentine. Too thin? More pigment, more oil. Too thick?

More turpentine. Eventually, you'd start to paint—probably from a wooden bucket. Of course, your buggy might turn out to be four different shades—but then, ready-mixed paints didn't come in *cans* in those days—all ready to use . . . Soon, paints will be back in their easy-to-paint-from cans that protect against drying out, dirt and dust!



Rochester Cops
are the most
Polite Cops in
the whole world.

Death Takes Pioneer City Bicycle Cop

William Weidman, 73,
Later Detective,
Long Retired

William Weidman, 73, of 163 Warner St., a retired Rochester Police Department detective, who was one of the city's first bicycle patrolmen, died yesterday forenoon



WILLIAM WEIDMAN
time.

(Nov. 24, 1947) of a heart attack in his home.

Members of his family found his body in the cellar upon their return from church services. They said he apparently had gone to the basement to fuel the furnace. He had been in ill health for some



The Duryea
1903
3 WHEELS
3 CYLINDERS
15 HORSEPOWER

You drove this early American car by manipulating "a very wonderful steering device." This was a single lever which you moved sidewise to steer, twisted to regulate engine speed, and raised or lowered to shift gears.



Rochester
Village printer back in 1820

Pupils Place Marker on Sam Patch's Grave

When Sam Patch made his ill-starred, daredevil leap over the upper falls of the Genesee River just 118 years ago today he probably didn't reckon—before oblivion closed in—that memory of the stunt would survive for more than a century.

Perhaps it wouldn't have if Patch had bobbed alive from the depths below the cataract. The fact that the leap was a fatal one made it all the more a memorable one. The legend, too, that Patch's shade walked the lower river flats until all that was left of him was found the next spring permanently fitted his name and daring into the Genesee story.

It tangibly was proved yesterday that Sam Patch and the Friday the 13th of November, 1829, are well-remembered when a group of Charlotte High School pupils and faculty members held a brief ceremony in the weed-covered plot in River Street. The plot is old Charlotte Cemetery where Patch's body, according to all available authority, was laid to final rest after it was taken from the river.

The group gathered to place a bright, bronze plaque on a boulder Charlotte High pupils previously had placed in the cemetery as a marker for Patch's grave. The plaque was made in the school's artcraft shop under the direction of Ernest Walker, a faculty member, and Miss Katherine Van Alstyne, also of the faculty, was in charge of what pupils call the "Sam Patch Project."

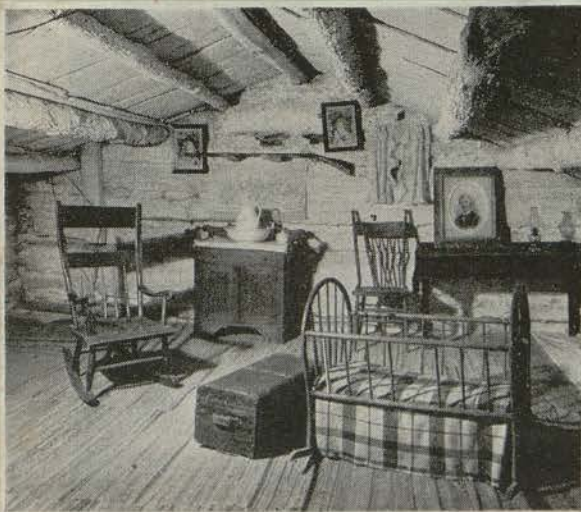
To make the grave-marking ceremony a school-wide affair, there was a special assembly during which Keith Bower, a pupil, read an essay on "Traditions of the Genesee," and songs of the river were sung.

The marker was placed on the boulder by Morley Turpin Jr., whose dad composed the inscription



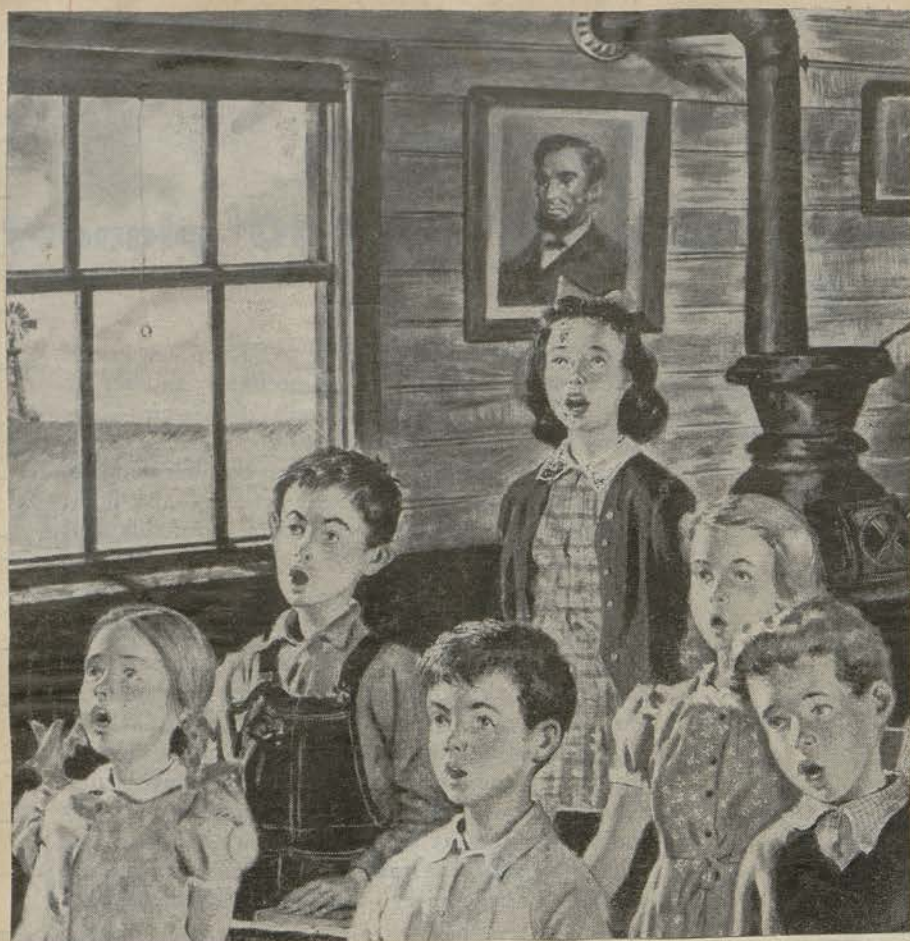
Culmination of project of Charlotte High School pupils to provide a permanent marker for the grave of Sam Patch in Charlotte Cemetery came yesterday when a bronze plaque was placed on boulder at site. Setting the plate, from left, are Morley Turpin Jr., John Schroth and Keith Bower.

on the plate and who himself fashioned the lettering; John Schroth, president of the student council, and Bower.



- East Avenue Attic -





ADAMS BASIN
SCHOOL.

ARCH MERRILLO
Gathering
material for his
'STAGE COACH TOWNS'



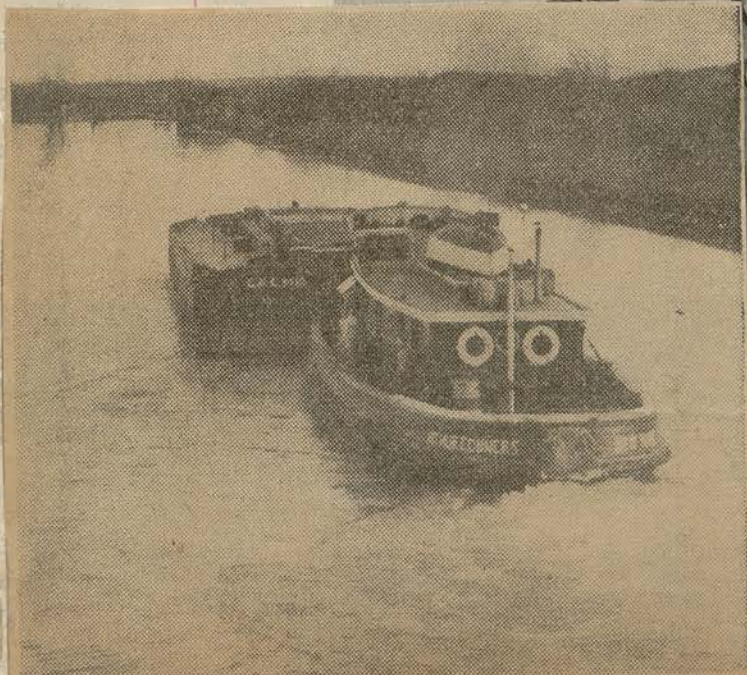
THE HONEYMOON will be spent partly in Hampshire—at "Broadlands," an estate in the Mountbatten family, above—and partly in the highlands of Scotland, near Balmoral.

Could be in
W. New York!





a flowering crab tree on one of Rochester's lakeside estates invites a visitor to pause and absorb its full beauty. The city also offers many such delightful sights in its numerous parks.



The Barge Canal season is all wound up today. The Arthur Conners, pushing a barge, shown yesterday approaching Lock 33, Edgewood Ave., is next-to-last ship of the season.





a flowering crab tree on one of Rochester's lakeside estates invites a visitor to pause and absorb its full beauty. The city also offers many such delightful sights in its numerous parks.



701 8

Hard, 106, 'Sees Lincoln' Once More

Impersonator Pays Visit to 'Boy In Blue'

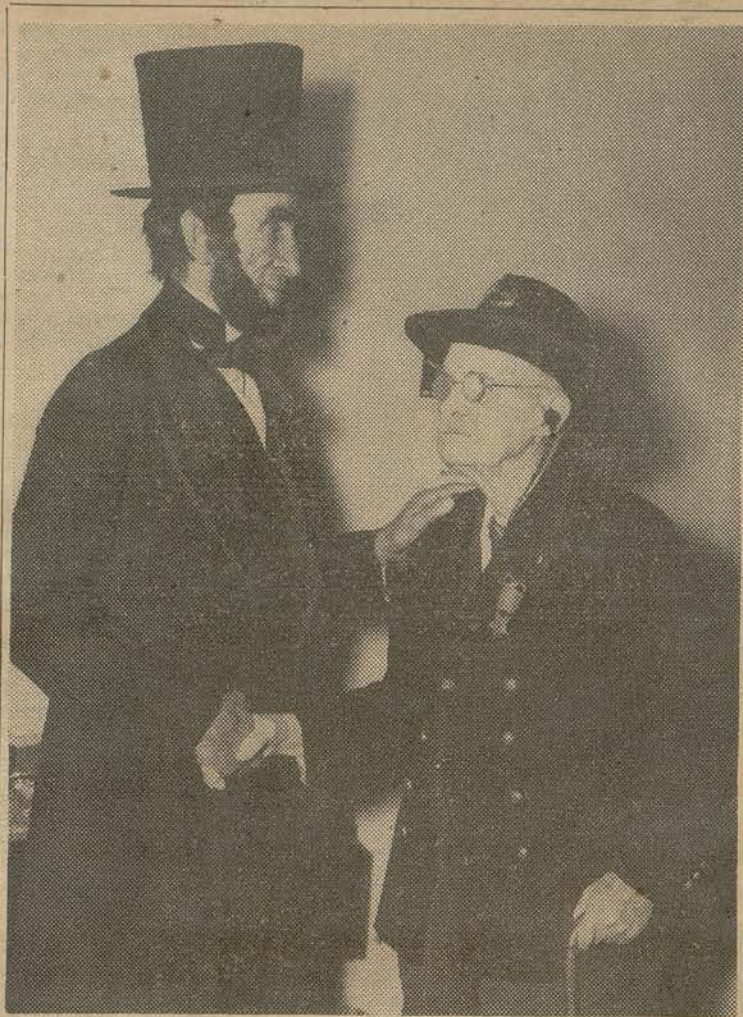
MORE than 80 years fell away today and James A. Hard, Rochester's 106-year-old Civil War veteran, seemed again to see the bearded, deeply furrowed face and the lank figure of Abraham Lincoln before him.

The sad, kindly eyes and the high, penetrating voice were almost as Hard remembered them from the three times he saw Lincoln during the war between the states.

But the old gentleman wasn't doing a bit of vivid day-dreaming—Abraham Lincoln Hite, the Lincoln impersonator had come to pay a visit to Hard at 31 Portsmouth Ter.—on the 84th anniversary of the delivery of Lincoln's Gettysburg address.

Ambition Fulfilled

Hite, a bricklayer, employed at Pennsylvania State College, State College, Pa., has a gaunt face, heavy eyebrows and a thin figure uncannily like those of the Great Emancipator. Strangely enough, he actually was christened Abraham Lincoln—after the family doctor, who had been named for the Civil War president. Often told of his resemblance to Lincoln, Hite began his impersonations during the war when asked to help sell War Savings stamps to school children. He came to Rochester today to satisfy a long-cherished ambition of meeting someone who had actually seen Lincoln.



James A. Hard (right) greets Abraham Lincoln Hite on the 84th anniversary of the delivery of the Gettysburg Address.

SPRINGHOUSE

IN THE
FINEST
TRADITION
OF THE DAY
WILL SERVE A
DELICIOUS



THANKSGIVING DINNER

ON THANKSGIVING DAY, NOV. 27th

SERVICE FROM
NOON to 9

RESERVATIONS
ADVISABLE

Let Us Arrange
Your Parties
Banquets - Weddings
Receptions

VISIT OUR
COCKTAIL LOUNGE
Where The Finest
Beverages Are Served in
Springhouse Style.

Your Host - WALTER RUNDFELDT

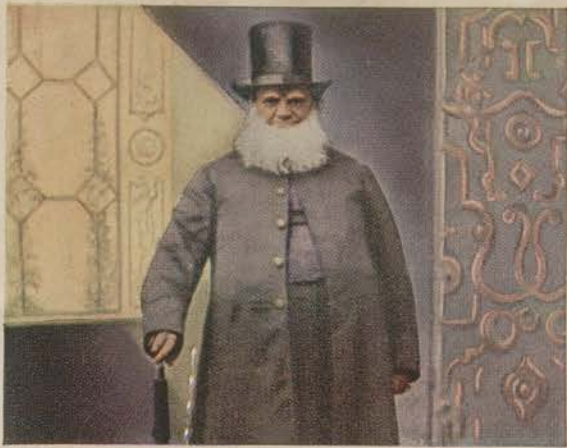
Open Every Day Including Monday

3001 MONROE AVE.

HILLSIDE 2421



A HOT ONE!



1858 If styles repeat themselves, there's a chance you may grow a beard equal to this old-timer's. Beards were in their hey-day in 1858



- ARCH MERRILL -



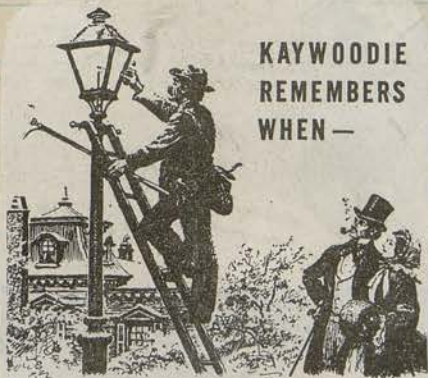
Chief 'Mud-in-the-eye'



1885 You might spend your morning in a mustache-curling parlor, if mustaches were the rage again.

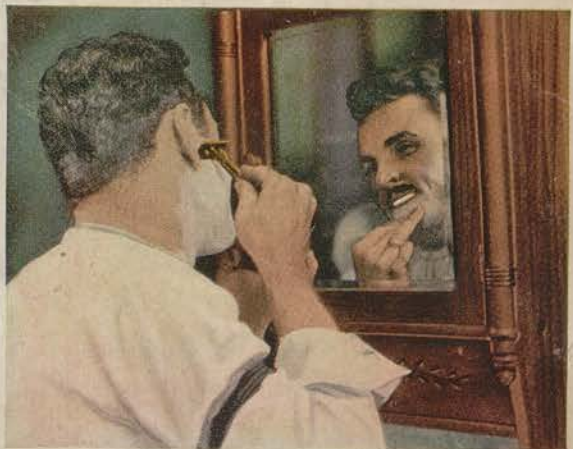


CIDER PRESS.



KAYWOODIE REMEMBERS WHEN —

The Kaywoodie organization had been making pipes for 28 years, when Edison produced the first incandescent electric lamp in 1879. Shown here is the old time lamplighter, before the days of electric street lighting.



1906 The safety razor turned the tide back to clean shaving. And how the whiskers came off! A 50-year period of whisker popularity neared an end (to the joy of wives everywhere)



MONROE COUNTY COURT HOUSE. One of the most perfect examples of Italian Renaissance, so balanced in its proportions and chaste in its details that it requires a second look from passers-by to appreciate its excellencies. Work of the late J. Foster Warner, it is the third court

What! No Horses?

house to stand on its site. The corner stone was laid July 4, 1894, and it was put into use two years later, on July 1896. It houses county administrative offices, county and state courts, the Appellate Division court room and library for the Fourth Appellate Department.

Should We Let Saloons Win?

He Wants Mission Rev

Editor, Democrat and Chronicle:

The paper nearly fell from my hand this morning when I read James F. Rennie's unprecedented depreciation, and even utter disapproval, of the People's Rescue Mission. Surely we can hope to look for a statement in reply from the Mission's 16-man board of trustees.

The work of the Mission is eloquent enough answer to Mr. Rennie's detraction. I have seen letters which prove the influence of the Mission has gone on decades after a sojourner there first saw the light. It is hard to punch holes in the Mission's work when one contrasts the great expense and the dismal failure of the city's kindred effort of "MacSweeney's Hotel" with the splendid job the Mission did with driftwood and derelicts on a restricted budget.



100-YEAR-OLD MILL



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See
Diagram
P. 70

Soon to be acquired by the city: Carroll-Fitzhugh Race flowed gently yesterday in a manner hardly consistent with the legal knots caused by ownership by 500 persons.

CITY PREPARES TO END MUDDLE ON RACE TITLE

Condemnation Set On Part of Site For Memorial

City administrative and legal talent are moving to untangle one of Rochester's most jumbled property ownership messes.

By directions of City Council, the administration set in motion steps to acquire title to the more than a century-old Carroll-Fitzhugh Race, alongside City Hall Annex, as part of the site of the War Memorial Building.

When the job is finished, one of City Hall's most persistent legal headaches will end.

More than 500 persons are listed as "owners" of the tiny strip of land and water that once was a key point in Rochester's industrial picture. They are heirs of the original owners and are scattered all over the country, City Manager Louis B. Cartwright was advised by the legal experts.

Formal Purchase Effort

Cartwright will make a formal attempt to "purchase" the property. He will be advised that such a plan is virtually impossible because of inability to locate all heirs.

Then the city will institute condemnation proceedings, take title to the property and leave the question of costs and distribution of the proceeds to the courts.

For more than 20 years, city attorneys have attempted to take title through tax foreclosure proceedings. Diligently and laboriously they have checked the histories of the original owners and compared their papers, it was recalled.

Some of Heirs Would Die

Just about the time that lawyers had the papers in shape to open the action, some of the heirs would die, automatically passing on their interests to new heirs. So the city would have to revivify its suits along new lines.

The process happened so often that the city lawyers finally came discouraged and recommended that the condemnation method be used.

Involved in the action are Carroll-Fitzhugh Race, Ed Alley and Mill Alley.



That Muddy Old Race

In more than a literal sense, the swift stream of river water which flows along the west side of City Hall Annex is a muddy mess. Begun as the mere deepening of a natural flood channel long before Rochester existed, the channel which later became known as the Carroll-Fitzhugh Race, speedily became the chief source of power for Rochester's earliest industries. When the old Erie Canal was built in the early 1820s, the problem of waterpower for the mills north of the canal was solved by making the race dive beneath the bed of the canal. It still is siphoned under Broad Street and the subway.

Since the old race departed from the river at the dam above Court Street, the resulting island was selected as a secure site for the old gray stonewalled Blue Eagle Jail. Even if prisoners were inclined to depart, the swift water of the race on one side and the river on the other was well calculated to discourage escape. William Lyon Mackenzie, grandfather of W. L. Mackenzie King, premier of Canada, was nearly drowned in the race while a political prisoner in the old jail more than a hundred years ago, when he stumbled and fell into the water while taking a stroll in the prison yard.

Now that the city government has decided to clarify the legal aspect of the old raceway title there seems to be a chance that at least one phase of the murkiness characteristic of its waters may be dispelled.

Famed Figures 'Haunting' Houses Erected Long Ago; Some Homes Now Shrines

By ARCH MERRILL

*"All houses wherein men have
lived and died
Are haunted houses."*

THERE ARE houses in this Western New York of ours that are haunted by famous shades. For this is a mighty historic countryside.

Which statement might cause some eyebrow lifting in New England, the Hudson and Mohawk Valleys and the Southern Seaboard, all settled long before the first pioneer's ax was raised in the Genesee Country.

On the other hand, we can lord it over the Midwest a bit in the matter of relative antiquity. Michigan has a Rochester and a Mount Morris and Illinois has a Genesee because Western New Yorkers settled and named those Midwest towns.

What inspired this piece was a brochure received from the University of Minnesota Press, plugging a new book, "Historic Midwest Houses." It takes in a lot of territory, nine Midwestern states, and has 87 chapters, each devoted to a historic building. On the list are stirring names in the American saga: The Abraham Lincoln residence at Springfield, Ill.; John Brown's cabin at Osawatomie, Kans.; Jesse James' "old home place" in Missouri.

Among the historic Midwest houses, two in particular emphasize the greater age of Western New York. They are the Frances E. Willard House at Evanston, Ill., and the Joseph Smith House in Nauvoo, the Illinois town where the Mormon prophet was slain.

At Rochester's western gate, in the quiet village of Churchville, is another, older **FRANCES E. WILLARD** House, the one in which the temperance leader was born in 1839. And near the Palmyra-Manchester Road is another and an older **JOSEPH SMITH** House, altered but still part of it the same one in which long ago the founder of Mormonism dreamed his wondrous vision of golden plates buried in a hillside.

* * *

IT OCCURS TO ME that a 9-county Rochester area could muster a really imposing list of historic buildings linked with great names and significant events—not 87 of them but at least a score.

For instance in Rochester's Madison Street there is a sturdy, brick Victorian house, by no means the oldest or the most pretentious in the city but one that forever will be associated with a great American woman, **SUSAN B. ANTHONY**, the indomitable crusader for women's rights who lived there.



Famed figures of Western New York "haunt" many houses, including these three. From left, above, are Joseph Smith and

And at the northwest corner of Troup Street and Plymouth Avenue South, in Rochester's "Ruffled Shirt," Third Ward, is the gray brick, columned house, in which lived the **FOX SISTERS** when in the 1850's the "Rochester Rappings" attracted the attention of the nation and the Spiritualist Church was born. The little home at Hydesville near Newark in which the sisters first heard the mysterious knockings, "the voices from beyond the grave," has been moved to the Spiritualist colony at Lily Dale in Chautauqua County.

The Genesee Valley retains some picturesque links with its First Families, the Seneca Indians. Near the tossing falls of Letchworth State Park stands the old Council House of the Senecas, moved from the site of their old village at Caneadea and restored by the late William P. Letchworth, donor of the park. The council fire has long been quenched but about that log structure still hover the shades of the tribal chieftains, **RED J A C K E T**, **CORNPLANTER**, **HANDSOME LAKE** and the rest. Nearby is a log cabin that **MARY JEMISON**, the fabulous "White Woman of the Genesee," the white girl who was taken into captivity by the Indians and lived the rest of her long life with the Redskins, built—long before a plow broke the western plains.

Along the Genesee to the southward in the old village of Belfast is a rambling house with wide porches. It is "haunted" by the ghosts of two mighty figures in the world of sports. It was there in 1889 that native son **BILLY MULDOON**, "The Iron Duke,"

trained **JOHN L. SULLIVAN**, "The Boston Strong Boy," for his bout with Kilrain. And from the ceiling of a barn that once was a training stable hang the iron rings on which once the ham-handed pugilist swung.

On the banks of the winding river north of Belmont is Belvidere Farms with its white pillared mansion that **PHILLIP CHURCH**, nephew of Alexander Hamilton and a land baron of the frontier time, built in 1810.

And in the Genesee area are the manor houses of the **WADSWORTHS**, a family that since the 18th Century has played no small role on the nation's political stage and that founded a hunting/squirelanded gentry way of life in the Genesee Valley.

* * *

RICH IN HISTORY is the Finger Lakes Country. The broad Main Street of Canandaigua, one-time capital of the frontier, is lined with stately mansions and public buildings associated with the early days of the Republic. Four cabinet ministers have lived in two of those old homes. One was built in 1800 by **PETER B. PORTER**, once secretary of war. A later occupant was **JOHN C. SPENCER**, secretary of war and of the treasury in the Tyler Cabinet. And there is the grand old Granger Homestead built in 1814 by **GIDEON GRANGER**, Jefferson's postmaster general. His son, **FRANCIS GRANGER**, also a postmaster general and a candidate for the vicepresidency, dwelt there too. The mansion, with its wealth of antiques, has been preserved by public spirited Canandaiguans.



There's the familiar blue historical marker before a dwelling on Nichols Street near Spencerport that was the boyhood home of a noted man of letters of the Victorian Age, **JOHN T. TROWBRIDGE**.

Divided and altered almost beyond recognition is "The Brown Cottage" in the canal town of Brockport where **MARY JANE HOLMES** wrote most of the 38 novels that were so popular in grandmother's day.

In Phelps there's a square chocolate colored house in which author **BELLAMY PARTRIDGE**, who made his home town the locale of three best sellers, first saw

the light of day.

Shadowed by a majestic hill is the old fashioned house about which will ever cling memories of **CLARA BARTON** for she lived there when she founded in Dansville in 1881 the first chapter of the Red Cross in America.

At a crossroads in Mendon stands a comfortable farmhouse, a wing of which in the 1830s housed a young carpenter and glazier. His name was **BRIGHAM YOUNG** and he became the world-famed leader of the Mormon Church.

Le Roy House, now the home of the Le Roy Historical Society, was built in 1813 as a land office and its roomy back porch is "haunted" by a statesman-orator named **DANIEL WEBSTER** who courted his second wife there.

A sturdy link with our pioneer past is the Holland Land Office Museum in Batavia, built 132 years ago, through which stalks the tall shade of **JOSEPH ELLICOTT**, the father of the Holland Purchase.

And just off Perry's Main Street is an old fashioned white house that once knew the footsteps of a little boy whose name was **CHESTER A. ARTHUR** and who became the 21st president of the United States.

* * *
THESE ARE SOME of our "Historic Western New York Houses," those most closely associated with outstanding names in American history.

So many other buildings that tell of a historic past . . . the cobblestone houses and the old stage coach taverns on the Ridge Road . . . the homes of such good taste and charm built by pioneers in such old towns as Geneva, Palmyra, Lyons, Albion, Bath and the others . . . houses that once were stations of the Underground Railway and sheltered cowering Negro slaves fleeing to Canada and freedom . . . houses beside the lake in Pultneyville that still bear the marks of British gunfire in the War of 1812 . . . houses in this land of many "isms" that tell of all but

vanished religious cults like the Strong estate on a hill above Sodus Bay that once housed "The Plain People," the members of the Society of Christian Believers, better known as the Shakers.

Alas, too many of the old buildings linked with Western New York's history have been torn down.



his Palmyra home; Francis Granger, postmaster-general and son of a postmaster-general and the Granger homestead in



Frances E. Willard



Canandaigua, and Frances E. Willard, famed temperance worker, and followers grouped at Churchville birthplace.

In the Keuka Lake country, near Penn Yan on a hill, standing four square through 138 years is the white frame house that was built by **JEMIMA WILKINSON**, "The Universal Friend," leader of a fantastic religious cult, the woman "who rose from the dead."

Above Keuka's waters in Hammondsport, the wine capital that also is a cradle of aviation, is an old fashioned cupaloe house where lived **GLENN HAMMOND CURTIS**. In that home, with Alexander Graham Bell and other pioneers of aviation, he planned some of America's first flying machines.

Not far from the shining waters of Seneca Lake under old trees in Dresden Village is the house where **ROBERT G. INGERSOLL**, the silver-tongued agnostic of post Civil War times, was born.

And in Sodus Point is a square yellow house with pillars, where for a time lived a young man who became one of America's most powerful railroad tycoons. **EDWARD H. HARRIMAN** began his railroading career as operator of the little Ontario & Southern, now a part of the Pennsylvania system, running from Stanley to Sodus Point.

Under the brow of Palmyra's Prospect Hill is an old house, the birthplace of another famous American, **WILLIAM T. SAMPSON**, the Spanish War admiral.

A Special Exhibition of Landscape Paintings of Africa
by
W. R. LEIGH

Rochester Museum of Arts and Sciences
657 East Avenue
Rochester 7, New York

NOVEMBER 2 to NOVEMBER 28

* * * * *

Purple horizons, sun-baked plains and snow-covered peaks are revealed in the fifty-two oil paintings of East Africa and the Belgian Congo painted by Mr. William R. Leigh of New York. These landscapes are exact and scientific representations of the African scene and served as background studies for the Akeley-African Hall of the American Museum of Natural History in New York.

Rochesterians will be interested to know that the paintings exhibited in the present show were made virtually under the eyes of the late George Eastman who partially financed and accompanied to Africa the Eastman-Pomeroy-Akeley Expedition of 1926-1927. On that occasion and again on the Clarke-Carlisle Expedition Mr. Leigh served as expedition artist.

In addition to the oils, there are exhibited forty-eight original black and white drawings of African animals and scenes used in Mr. Leigh's book "Frontiers of Enchantment", (Simon and Shuster, 1940).

Along with the paintings, the Museum is showing mounted heads of such African game animals as the Grant's and Thompson's Gazelles, Red Buck, Stein Buck, Oryx and Water-hog collected by Mr. Eastman and at his death bequeathed to the Rochester Museum.

Mr. William R. Leigh was born in Berkeley County, West Virginia and received his art education in Europe -- but it was in his native United States that he learned to live in the outdoors, especially Arizona and Wyoming. Selected by the late Carl Akeley as American Museum Expedition artist, Leigh found that Africa had not been adequately depicted by the artistic mind and eye and he set out to make a picture record which now has a permanent place in one of the great museum shrines, the Akeley-African Hall.

Painting in Lobby--First floor of Museum --- A Masai village being invaded by elephants.



Rochester
Family
going to Church
THIRD WARD

City Subway Will Observe 20th Birthday

Without fanfare, the Rochester Subway tomorrow will observe its 20th anniversary.

The first passenger car pulled over the underground on a regular run Dec. 1, 1927.

And in the two-score years that followed, the underground has remained a center of stormy controversy.

"White elephant" and "Rochester's greatest asset" are the essence of the charges and the defense that is heard when the Subway is discussed. Some have arraigned it on charges that "it doesn't go anywhere," and others have stoutly maintained that with a few extensions it would really come into its own as the core of the city's transportation system.

Many Changes Suggested

Many have suggested changes and enlargements but never were able to push plans to the accomplishment stage. When trolleys were operating on the streets, John F. Uffert, then general manager of Rochester Lines, New York State Railways, now president of Rochester Transit Corporation, had a complete plan for high speed transportation, but City Hall cold-shouldered it, according to reports.

The Hall, from the first city manager administration down, took a dim view toward the subway prospects until Harold S. W. MacFarlin went in as commerce and railways commissioner in 1928. He instantly organized a Subway promotion campaign that had some success in drawing attention to the service.

10 Millions in Bonds

The city floated nearly 10 million dollars in 30-year bonds to cover cost of construction. The last of those will be retired in 1960, and today more than 3 million dollars still is due. In 1937, the city invested another \$100,000, via bonds, that matured this year, to build the addition at the Rochester Products Division plant.

In addition to high speed trolley service, the Subway supplies freight service to a number of industrial firms along its route. Financially it never has been on the bright side, although in the war years it earned a slight profit.



HOWARD JOHNSON RESTAURANT
California, here we come.

Fenno Jacobs-FORTUNE

swank Bullock's-Wilshire store, Irene, who is married to Hollywood Writer Eliot Gibbons (brother of M-G-M's art director, Cedric Gibbons) went to M-G-M in 1942, where she heads a staff of more than 200. She will now cut down her M-G-M designing to eight or ten major pictures a year, delegate the rest to her assistants. M-G-M anticipating profitable publicity tie-ins from the department stores, is entirely happy about the set-up.

RESTAURANTS

Formula Profits

Since the first Howard Johnson restaurant was built in Quincy, Mass. 18 years ago, 225 more white-walled, orange-tiled units of the chain have sprung up along main highways from Maine to Florida. Last week, tall, hefty Howard Johnson announced plans to widen out. Already under construction (near Dayton, Columbus and Cincinnati) were the first of 200 new branches that will carry his name, his ice cream (28 flavors) and his own brand of New England décor across the Middle West and into California.

Johnson will own few of the new places himself. Like the old restaurants, of which he owns only 52, most of the new ones will be backed by independent investors. They will be built and operated according to a restaurant-operating formula which Johnson credits for most of the chain's success.

The Newcomers. Aside from their contacts with Johnson, many of the present owners—including an ex-Army officer and an editorial writer—had no particular qualifications to operate a restaurant except some loose cash. The cost of land and construction (ranging from \$50,000 to \$90,000), plus a minimum of \$1,000 which they paid for a Johnson franchise, was their big contribution.

Johnson's corps of 27 architects designed the buildings. Johnson "site engineers" determined their locations, after checking the income level and food habits of surrounding communities, counting the traffic on nearby highways. Johnson supervisors carefully hired and trained cooks, waitresses, counter clerks.

Once the restaurants are operating, they will get the benefit of another Johnson technique, the follow-up program. A Johnson agent, who looks like just another customer, makes periodic visits to each restaurant to make sure that the food is cooked and served in the prescribed manner. He reports to Johnson, who uses his information to give sound advice to the owner.

The Visitors. If the report is unfavorable, another Johnson worker is planted in the staff to make daily reports to Johnson. Such tactics help operators and managers to keep service at a uniform, better-than-average level; in the past they have helped most backers to get their investment back within five years. The wartime ban on pleasure driving cut heavily into their business. But this year, the chain expects to gross nearly \$32 million, about 200% more than prewar.

Johnson's ample share of this take is assured through the franchise terms which require all owners to pay him a set percentage of their take, buy all their supplies from the Howard D. Johnson Co. The company owns six ice-cream factories, four candy and jam plants, a clam bed at Ipswich, Mass. It provides the restaurants with 700 items, ranging from hot dogs to toilet tissue. The company, being privately owned (chiefly by Johnson), has never revealed its profits. With the 200 new branches, however, other restaurateurs guess that Johnson will not be far from his avowed goal of making \$1,000,000 a year.



-PARADE-GAY 90's.



1869



KAYWOODIE REMEMBERS
WHEN—

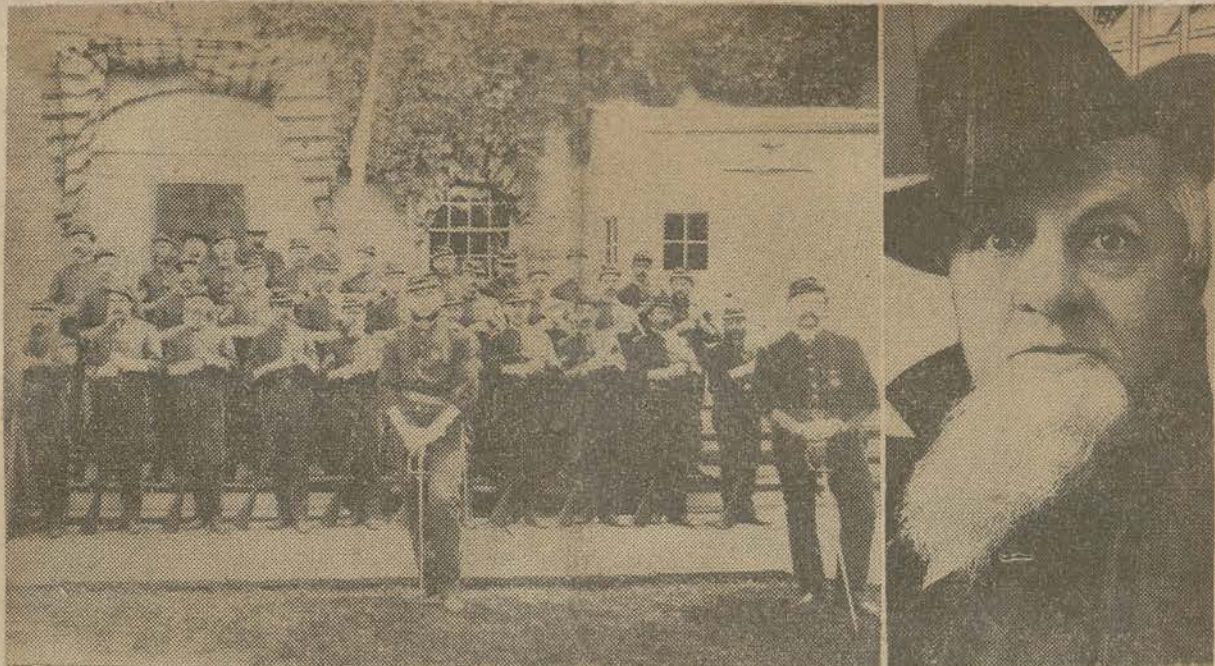


Snapshot
Camera,
1888

The Kaywoodie organization, established in 1851, was making pipes 37 years before the first snapshot cameras, which George Eastman introduced with his roll film. The Kaywoodie organization has grown with the serviceability and popularity of its pipes.

Well remembered by readers of "The Rochester Sketch Book" is "Rattlesnake Pete" Gruber, shown at right in an outfit made completely of rattlesnake skins.





Above is the old Blue Eagle Jail, gone from the city's scene for 60 years, where Clown Dan Rice, at the right, wrote his "Rochester ballad" during his incarceration in 1850. Taken in 1882 from the Exchange Street side, the picture shows some members of the 13th Regiment, famous Civil War unit, with Col. Francis A. Schoeffel, father of George Schoeffel, who loaned us this picture. Colonel Schoeffel also was county sheriff at the time Dan Rice was jailed.



GEO. J. Skivington
Family



Why Dumpling Hill? Powder Mill? Retsof? Penn Yan? Pavilion? Amity? Canandaigua?

By ARCH MERRILL

*Canandaigua, Penn Yan, Powder Mill,
Pavilion, Retsof, Dumpling Hill*

WHAT'S in a name?

Have you, when driving about the countryside, read the unusual place names on the road signs and wondered how they got that way?

Evidently an area school teacher has—for she asked me to write a piece about the origin of place names in these

**PART
ONE**

parts. I found it an interesting assignment. For while some of the names are obvious and others seemingly have no significance and might have been picked out of a hat, there's a story back of many others. They are part of the lore of the region and conjure up pictures from the long ago.

Canandaigua—The musical old Indian name calls up a vision of the Seneca braves driving their war canoes through blue waters; of drum beat and council fire on the Sacred Hill of the Nation's nativity; of moccasined feet rushing homeward from the far wars to the long and lovely lake and the village at its foot that they called Canandaigua, "The Chosen Place."

Penn Yan—Strangers to the Finger Lakes country have marveled at the odd name. It all goes back to 1810 when two factions, Pennsylvanians and New England Yankees, quarreled about the name of their settlement on the northern tip of Keuka (Crooked Lake). A Solomonian settler, Philemon Baldwin, mounted to the ridgepole at a barn raising and shouted to the assemblage below a compromise name that pleased PENNSYLVANIANS and YANKEES alike. And that is why to this day the pleasant village in the vineyard country has the unusual name of Penn Yan.

Powder Mill—Turn back the clock and in sylvan glades that are now part of a county park we see the shed-like blasting powder mills and hear heavily laden wagons rumbling down the roads.

Pavilion—Long ago the erstwhile proprietor of the Pavilion Hotel at Saratoga Springs opened an inn in a new Genesee County settlement in a fertile valley and forever after the place has been Pavilion.

Retsof—The Livingston County earth is tapped for salt, a mining town springs up and is given the name of the president of the International Salt Company, Foster, spelled backward.

Dumpling Hill—It got that way because in an early day a woman who lived on the eminence along the Genesee between Rochester and Scottsville made such appetizing apple dumplings.

THIS countryside is dotted with many another unusual name. There's Birds and Worms, so

named because the Irondequoit Bay resort began as a haven for anglers. Float Bridge really floated once. In pioneer times, travelers had to wait until the span drifted their way before they cross the bay waters.

Motorists well know the steep inclines of Methodist Hill on the West Henrietta Road. More than a century ago it was the first meeting place of the Methodist denomination in the vicinity.

Turk Hill in the rugged Perinton range once housed a band of squatters so lawless that they were called "The Turks."

Union Hill was so named because it is on an elevation that marks the union of Monroe and Wayne Counties.

And if you are looking for Bliss, Friendship, Amity or Freedom, they are all in Western New York, mostly in the Southern Tier.

THE most euphonic names, I think, are the ones the Indians gave the streams, lakes and towns in the days when they were the Keepers of the Western Door of the Long House of the Iroquois Confederacy, and masters of a vast realm. With a sure instinct for the right descriptive word, the poetic and imaginative Senecas bestowed names that have stood the test of centuries.

They have a lilt to them, the old Indian names: Ontario, "the beautiful lake"; Genesee and Geneseeo, "pleasant banks"; Irondequoit, "where the lake turns aside"; Seneca, "place of the stone"; Oatka, "the opening"; Sodus, "knife" or "silver waters."

The Red Men named them well: Nunda, "where the hills come together"; Caneadea, "where the heavens rest upon the earth"; Honeoye, "finger lying"; Tonawanda, "swift water"; Allegany, "long river"; Canaseraga, "among the milk weeds"; Keuka, "canoe landing"; Canisteo, "pole in the water"; Wyoming, "great bottom lands"; Wiscoy, "under the bank"; Canadice, "long lake"; Lamoka, "set off by water"; Cohocton, "log in the water."

Aptly the Indians named Gardeau, the tract given Mary Jemison, The White Woman of the Genesee, for the word means "under the bank" and what mighty banks are there.

Canawaugus means "foul smelling water." That same water the white man years ago exploited to build a miniature Saratoga at Avon Springs, now a desolate marshy pasture.

A charming Lake Ontario resort bears the name of the great god of the Red Men, Manitou.

Montour Falls—what traditions surround that name. We see the savage half breed queen, Catherine Montour, ruling at Catherine's Town until Sullivan's colonial invaders came with torch and sword. For a while, prosaic white men called the place Havana but today the historic village by the tumbling waters perpetuates the name of the forest queen.

Long ago the tribal council fires were quenched. No longer the war canoes knife the blue waters. The glory of the Long House is now only a tale that is told. But the old Indian names linger in the land that was once the Indians'.

THE place names call up other pictures—of men in powdered wigs and tricorne hats, traveling rough roads on horseback and in stage coaches; of men about a council table in the candlelight, dreaming grandiose dreams of empire. For many of the names honor the great land owners of the frontier time.

We see the dashing Charles Williamson, agent for the British Pultney Estate, master of a virtual backwoods kingdom, riding the rough trails again, setting up towns, founding schools, building roads, leaving his impress on the Genesee Country by giving the settlements names that have endured for 150 years.

He founded Bath and named it after Henrietta Laura, Countess of Bath, and daughter of Sir William Pultney. The town of Henrietta also was named in her honor. Williamson called Williamsburg after his English patron and dreamed of a great city there. But now sheep crop the Genesee Valley grass on the site of Williamsburg.

Williamson named another settlement at the junction of two streams, Lyons, after the French city at the union of two greater rivers. Legend credits him with naming Geneva because the setting reminded him of an Old World Geneva by another sparkling lake, although historians dispute this version.

A town he never saw, Williamson, in Wayne County, bears his name and nearby Pultneyville, as well as Pultney in Steuben County, honor the memory of his principal, Sir William.

There's a Pultney tradition about the naming of Charlotte, although there are at least three versions as to its origin. One school of thought has the lake-side resort named after Charlotte Augusta, Princess of Wales; another after Charlotte, daughter of Robert Troup, Williamson's successor as land agent, and a third, after the wife of Sir John Johnstone, a heir to the Pultney holdings. Whatever its origin, the name has always been mispronounced.

For seven generations the waifs and orphans have owned thousands of Genesee Valley acres. Once they were called the greatest land owners in America. They created a virtual political dynasty in the Middle Valley. Yet, strange to say, an obscure crossroads Livingston County hamlet is the only place that today bears the name of the hereditary squires of the Northern Bluegrass.



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PART ONE

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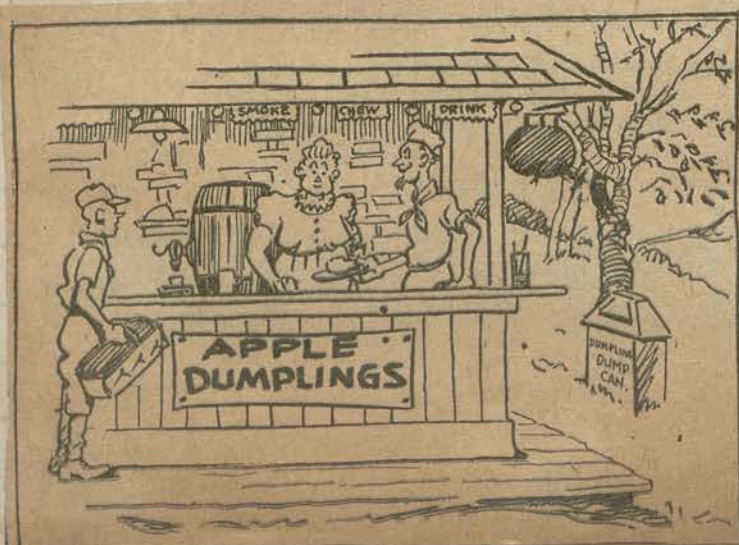
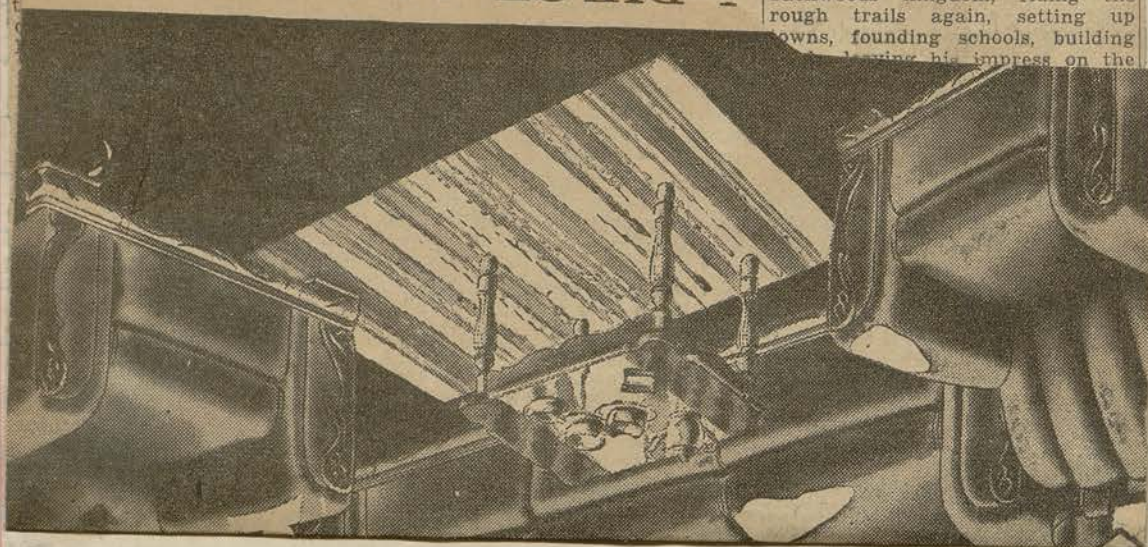
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The names of Oliver Phelps and Nathaniel Gorham, the New Englanders who once owned nearly all of what now is Western New York, are preserved in two Ontario County towns.

Mount Morris was named after another owner of vast acres, Robert Morris. Murray, Ogden and Clarkson also honor early landed proprietors.

When the aristocratic Philip Church founded Allegany County, he named his shire town, Angelica, after his mother, the daughter of Philip Schuyler, and the sister-in-law of Alexander Hamilton.

For seven generations the Wadsworths have owned thousands of Genesee Valley acres. Once they were called the greatest land owners in America. They created a virtual political dynasty in the Middle Valley. Yet, strange to say, an obscure crossroads Livingston County hamlet is the only place that today bears the name of the hereditary squires of the Northern Bluegrass.

Hop on Magic Carpet, Travel Over World Right Here in Western New York

Imagination, Plus Odd Town Names Does Trick

By ARCH MERRILL

"I'll make Warsaw, Naples and Macedon today and probably swing into Greece and Sweden, too," the man with the bulging brief case told his companion in the hotel lobby.

An eavesdropper would put the man down either as one who talks through his fedora or as one of those globe-girdling airmen.

As a matter of fact, the man who outlined a world tour in a day was a traveling salesman and he meant just

PART TWO

what he said—that in the course of 24 hours, he would call on the



trade in Warsaw, Macedon, Naples, Greece and Sweden. For all those famous Old World places have their little brothers with the same name within a 50-mile radius of Rochester.

Just why the pioneers named frontier settlements in Western New York after cities on the Baltic Sea or the Polish plains, after Italian ports or desert cities rich in antiquity is hard to say, although in the case of Greece, the reason was real enough.

In 1822 when the suburban township was formed, Old World Greece was in the throes of a revolution and the name was bestowed as a gesture of sympathy for the rebels.

Also reminiscent of the glory that was Greece, although the motive back of their naming is obscure, are Western New York's Macedon and Sparta.

The grandeur that was Rome is represented in the Seneca County communities of Romulus and Ovid. Of Italian lineage also are Naples, in the grape country; Parma on the Ridge, and Lodi on Seneca's shores.

Batavia, in frontier times the seat of the Holland Land Company, aptly bears the name of a Dutch East Indian colonial city much in the headlines nowadays.

Waterloo recalls the scene of Napoleon's defeat and Elba the island of his exile. Orleans County, with its French flavor, was a compromise choice in a dispute between proponents of the names of two political rivals, Adams and Jackson. The name, Lyons, is borrowed from a French town; Geneva from a Swiss city, and Dresden after a place in Saxony.

Riga and Livonia are names of Baltic cities and Warsaw of the Polish capital. Bergen, for no apparent reason, bears the name of a Norwegian port.

corn in the area, hence the locally inspired name.

And we have in Western New York, a Jerusalem and a Cuba.

the Empire State honors the Great Emancipator.

Livingston County perpetuates the name of an early New York statesman. Revolutionary War heroes received recognition in the naming of Wayne, Schuyler and Steuben Counties and of Gates, Gaines and Marion. The memory of Oliver Hazard Perry, the hero of the Battle of Lake Erie in the War of 1912, lives in the name of the Wyoming County village.

Political figures were honored, too. For instance, Webster was named after the New England orator-statesman; Wolcott, after a Connecticut politico; Kendall after Jackson's postmaster-general; Hamlin after Lincoln's vice-president; Yates County and Morton after governors of New York; York for the assemblyman who fathered the legislation that created the township; Walworth after Chancellor Reuben H. Walworth; Holley on the Erie Canal after Myron Holley, one of the fathers of the waterway.

Bolivar, Southern Tier oil center, bears the name of the South American liberator.

Braddock's Bay was originally Prideaux Bay in honor of the British general whose expedition on its way to storm Fort Niagara in 1759 camped there overnight. But the settlers could not pronounce the Frenchified name and corrupted it to Braddock's.

OUT of the pioneer past rise pictures of settlers in buckskin gathered in a log schoolhouse or church. They are engaged in earnest discussion. The settlement must bear a name. Sentiment is for honoring one of the founding fathers. Which one shall it be?

When it came to naming Wellsville, the present bustling oil town near the Pennsylvania line, the settlers decided to honor Gardner Wells, because he was the only resident not present at the meeting.

Lima was not named after the Peruvian city but after Old Lyme in Connecticut whence came many of her settlers.

honors a Wesleyan divine who founded the college there that also bears his name. In boisterous Genesee Valley Canal days the now so sober minded community was known as Jockey Street because it was a hotbed of horse racing—and gambling.

Shakers' Crossing, near Mt. Morris, calls to mind the demure gray-clad women in bonnets and pious men in sober garb who long ago lived in the Shaker Settlement there.

SOME of the place names are obvious and derive from natural surroundings or the penchant of the name-givers for the picturesque. In that category are Wheatland, Vine Valley, Fairport, Lakeville, Fruitland, Silver Lake, Silver Springs, Hemlock (in the Indian tongue, Onehda); Eagle Harbor, Springwater and Portage, the carrying place for the war canoes of the Senecas.

There are two schools of thought as to the origin of the name, Rush. The most plausible one seems to be that it came from the rushes that grew so luxuriantly in the creek bottoms in the olden days, when, old histories tell us, the place was known as Rush Bottoms. The other version has the name honoring Benjamin Rush, a signer of the Declaration of Independence. That Rushville was named for him is not disputed.

When the railroad that is now the New York Central was built, the railroaders exclaimed over the excellent drinking water at a little station west of Rochester. And that is how Coldwater got its name.

The Devil's Nose and Chimney Bluffs, picturesque headlands on Lake Ontario—they're in the obvious class.

SOME of the highway names are different, too. We have in these parts: Cheese Factory Road, Plank, Salt, Basket and German Church Roads, and to give a touch of swank, Maiden Lane and King's Highway.

longer even a postoffice, alone in

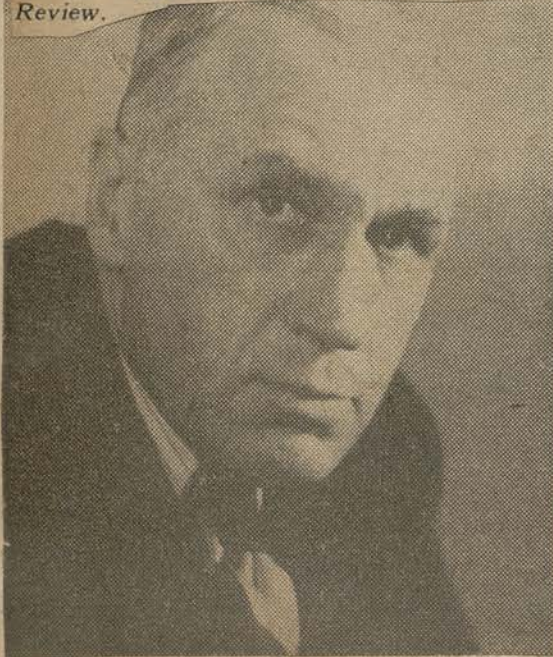


PICTURE OF PITCHERS

Mrs. George LaMont, left, of Albion, and Mrs. Harry Nesbitt of Kent look over part of their collection of 1,300 pitchers which they are exhibiting to friends and neighbors at Mrs. LaMont's home in Densmore Road, near Albion.

Main Street Beat 37 Years in the Life of a Reporter Who Stayed Home

By HENRY W. CLUNE. An extraordinary succession of fascinating stories of the big-shots, crackpots, saints and sinners who have enlivened Henry Clune's beat. "A sure appeal, as sure as a hurdy-gurdy in the spring."—*N. Y. Times Book Review*. \$2.75



Meet Henry Clune
in McCurdy's
Bookshop from
2 until 4 today!



DONALD A. DAILEY

Postmaster

Mr. Clune will autograph
of his fascinating
"Main Street Beat."
copies for yourself and
grown-up on your list
Rochester.



Distinctive in His Day

See Vol. XIII P. 11.

Political leaders, and Rochester too, permitted to pass unnoticed recently the 150th anniversary of the birth of Thurlow Weed, whose picturesque career as editor, legislator and political general stands out in the early history of the nation. Particularly it ought to stand out in Rochester, where as editor of the old Daily Telegraph, later its proprietor, he first revealed the talent for politics and administration that he was to carry to national fields.

Weed was born on Nov. 15, 1797, in the Catskill town of Cairo, Greene County, of humble parents, became interested in Central and Western New York in early youth and settled in Rochester, then a frontier settlement town, in 1822. The Henry Morgan incident gave him a cue for political capital as a critic of Masonry and he helped to establish the Anti-Masonic party which flourished for a number of years. Elected to the Legislature, Weed moved to Albany, where he established the Albany Evening Journal and began to make the contacts with prominent political leaders that paved the way for his own success.

Through the turbulent middle years of the last century, Weed was a political manipulator of singular adroitness. He virtually made both William Henry Harrison and Zachary Taylor president. He was a vital influence in the Whig party and later the Republican party. He was an intimate of Lincoln as well as of Henry Clay, William Seward and Horace Greeley. He was a pioneer in the political type of editorial writing, popular in an older day, with its personalities and and strongly prejudiced cudgeling of opponents.

Weed's place in history is variously ascribed. That he was vigorous, aggressive, gifted and strong influenced the dispute.



(Below) A miniature Victorian farm kitchen which has a homely charm despite the lack of modern improvements



"And now a hit of yesteryear."

Looking Back

50 Years Ago Today, Dec. 27, 1897
Four firemen were injured in a \$40,000 fire in a North Water Street building when the second story floor gave way.
The Board of Education declared a new high school was needed because the Free Academy was not large enough to meet the city's needs.



'This Is Rochester'

art, "Paintings of the Year." film program will follow.

A French film with English subtitles, "Jericho," will be shown at 8 p. m. Wednesday at the Gallery. The story of the film is said to be based on a true episode in the French resistance movement during World War II.



"And now a hit of yesteryear."

(Below) A miniature Victorian farm kitchen which has a homely charm despite the lack of modern improvements



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THEN . . . PARLOR STOVE HEATING LIMITED THE COMFORT ZONE



THERE COMES AN END TO SUMMER—

Two of the last three ships scheduled to leave Rochester Harbor today are shown as

they tied up in the Genesee River to end season. Car ferries will sail all winter.



The World's Most Photographed Girl

NEITHER fame nor fortune has come to the world's most-photographed model. Her pictures are seen only by a handful of scientists, technicians and photographers and then consigned to the obscurity of laboratory files at the Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.

Jean Begy works forty hours a week and averages 50,000 pictures a year—walking, standing and sitting for the home-movie camera, for black-and-white stills, but mainly for the color camera. She is twenty, has raven-black hair and a milk-and-roses complexion, stands five feet, two inches and weighs 110 pounds. Kodak technicians, however, are more impressed by her pigmentation than her proportions.

Jean happens to be color photogenic as well as beautiful. Scientists may know what makes beauty, but they are trying to find out what makes some beauties more color photogenic than others. So they study Jean's films. The rare quality of her pigmentation—the organic coloring in skin tissues—and her light-reflecting eye construction make her coloring, her facial contours and her glowing, dark hazel eyes photograph with marked accuracy. And accuracy is what the scientists are after, because film emulsion and the human eye see differently. More informa-

tion about pigmentation is vital for developing new camera techniques and processes, which will pave the way for better color photos for millions of shutterbugs.

Unusual patience makes Jean an ideal sitter and thus doubly valuable. Color transparencies often require many identical exposures with different filters, and Jean can hold a pose with sphinxlike immobility so long that cameramen sometimes forget that she is human.

Once a thought made Jean smile as the cameraman was focusing. "Quit it, Jean!" he snapped. "Smiling isn't part of your job!"

Jean was discovered by a fluke. She was collecting a pay check for her mother when a personnel officer noticed her, stopped short and invited her to have a test made. Months later, on leaving school, she called diffidently at the studio. She was a natural for color film.

Jean is not allowed to alter her good looks, which are so consistently ignored. Once when she acquired a sun tan, she was severely reprimanded. Now when she swims—her favorite sport—she uses heavy make-up on her face, neck and arms, but allows the sun full play on her back and legs.

"The result," she says, "is effective for my work, but my friends call me 'Spotty!'"

—ELLIS EVA SAYERS.

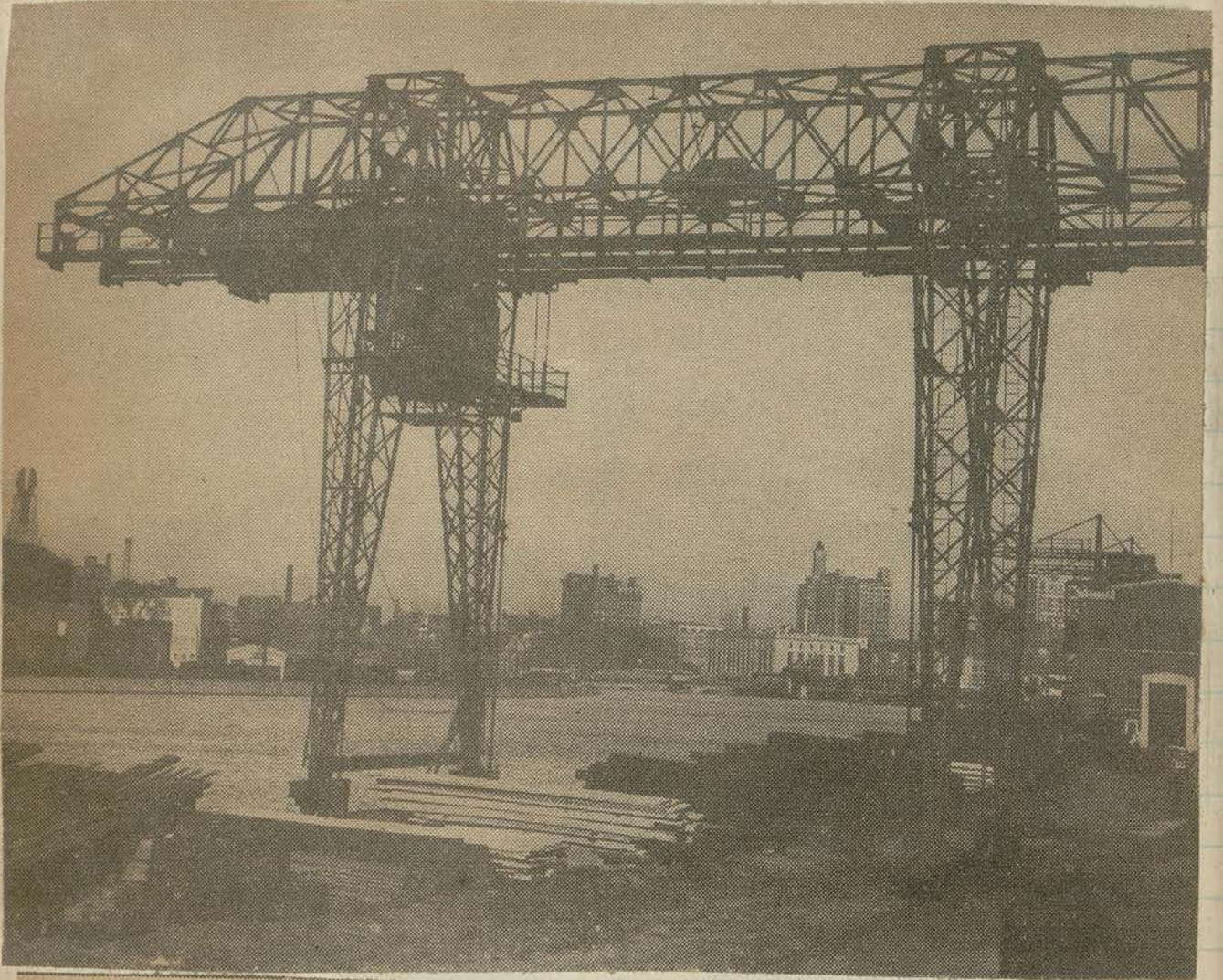
OUR
FOOLISH UNCLE. 61



OUR UNCLE SAM
USED TO PUT HIS
MONEY IN THE BANK.
NOW, HE GIVES IT
TO EUROPE.



In the Rochester Library there are books on all towns and wards in Mon. Co. showing the 1850 census. Names, families, ages & occupations. This is the connecting link of early history and the present time. C.W.



BUSINESS SECTION FROM BARGE CANAL TERMINAL. This panorama of the business section, framed by the crane of the Barge Canal terminal, is the fiftieth and final picture in this

series of pictures which have been published on the Editorial Page Sundays for the past year. This and all the other pictures were taken by Fred Powers, the Democrat and Chronicle's chief

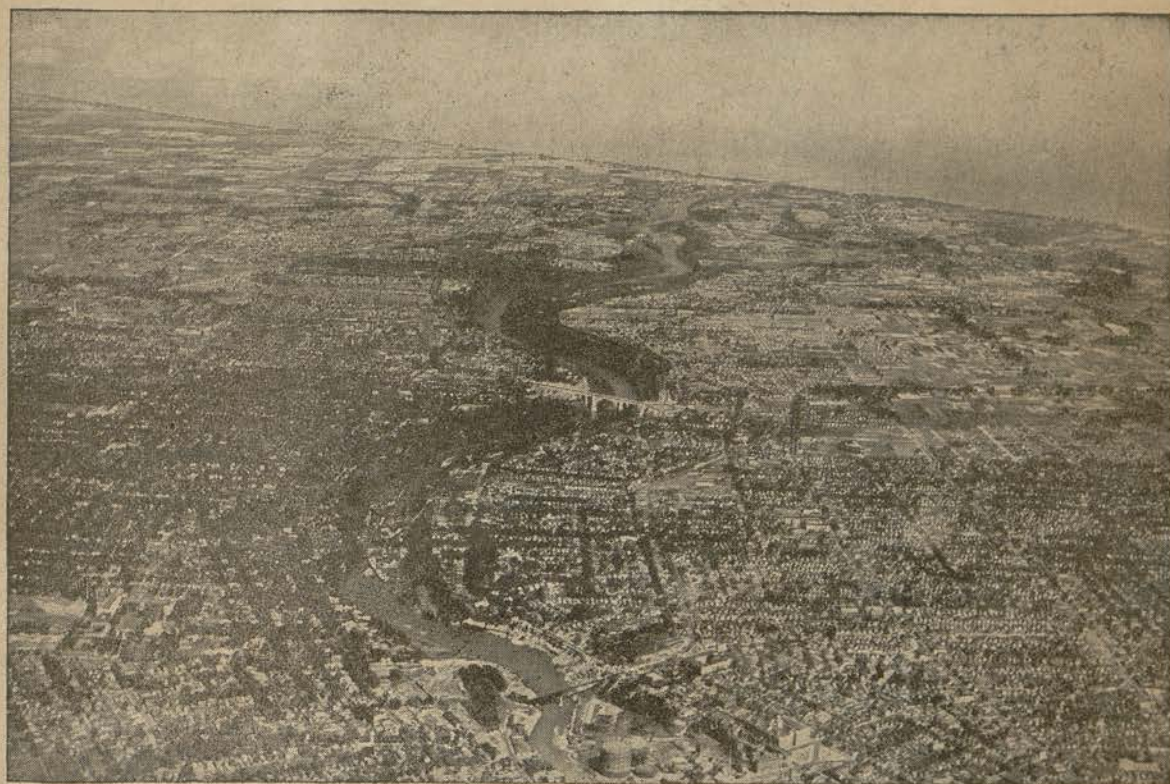
photographer, and have attracted widespread interest and comment. Next Sunday the first of a new series will be published: Rochester scenes, institutions, industries as seen through Powers' camera from the Gannett Company's helicopter.



Supr. Schools

ROCHESTER

is "America's Friendliest City"



"On the banks of the Genesee"

A city uniquely American, anxious to impress and please those visitors who venture within its gates—A city of parks and beautiful homes, air-conditioned by the Finger Lakes on the east and Lake Ontario on the north—A city of vital American industry located in the center of the country's largest consumer market, where the average week-day transient population is 5,460.

You will like Rochester if you will take time to make at least one friend while here. Not to have known Rochester is to have missed something pleasantly and uniquely American. If you need some special service, the Little White House on Washington Square has a staff trained in the ways of Rochester—its stores, its industries, and its citizens.

"It will be a pleasure to serve you."

Rochester Convention and Publicity Bureau

Little White House

MAIN 1765

Washington Square



CHURCHVILLE



HILTON



HAMLIN



SPENCER PORT



MUMFORD



SEA BREEZE



BROCKPORT



COLD WATER



ADAMS BASIN



PCN

SCOTTISVILLE



BARNEY TOBEY

ROCHESTER



GREECE



RUSH



HENRIETTA



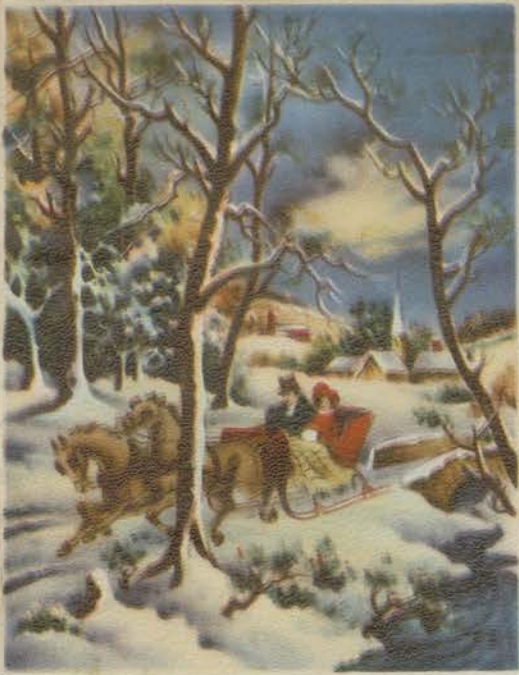
BRIGHTON



WEBSTER



PENFIELD



PITTSFORD



FAIRPORT



CHILI



CLARKSON



HONEYE FALLS



MENDON

COLONIAL HOME OFT REPAINTED

In the old days, when they decided to repaint the kitchen walls, they just slapped the new coat on right over the old one.

And apparently they repainted quite frequently.

All of which makes a job like Mrs. George Selden's difficult.

Mrs. Selden, former president of the Rochester Historical Society, is in Albany these days supervising restoration of the interior of the famous Philip Schuyler Mansion.

An interior decorator, Mrs. Selden, wife of George B. Selden of Bushnell Basin, has to find out what the original interior paint colors were. And to do that she has had to shave through 13 layers of paint to the 17th—the original paint.

The Philip Schuyler place, built in 1755 and listed as one of the 10 outstanding houses in America, is being restored by the state as a showplace of life during the Colonial period.

Mrs. Selden, one of the country's leading authorities on interior house painting during Colonial times, was asked by the state to participate in the job because her work in helping restore the interior of the old Campbell-Whittlesey house, built in 1830 at Troup and Fitzhugh streets, was declared one of the finest restorations in the

state. Restoratory work on the Schuyler mansion has been underway for months, but only recently state appropriations sufficient to cover the restoration.

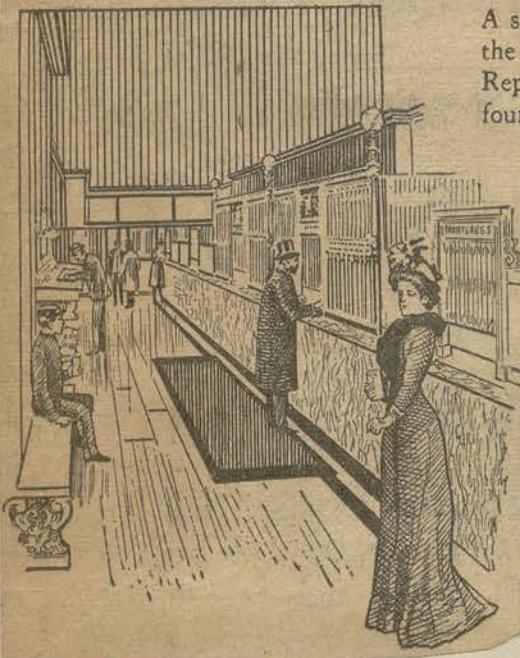


—Acme Photo

AFTER 16 LAYERS OF PAINT

Mrs. George B. Selden of Bushnell's Basin, interior decorator working on restoration of Philip Schuyler Mansion in Albany, drops sliver of paint into envelope held by C. E. Gregg, Albany museum curator. She removed 16 layers of paint to get at the original coat. Magnifying glass is used as an aid in checking the various layers of paint.

See Vol XII P 93



A scene in the "banking room" of the Union Trust Company in 1897. Reproduced from an old print found in the bank's files.



—SILENT NIGHT—



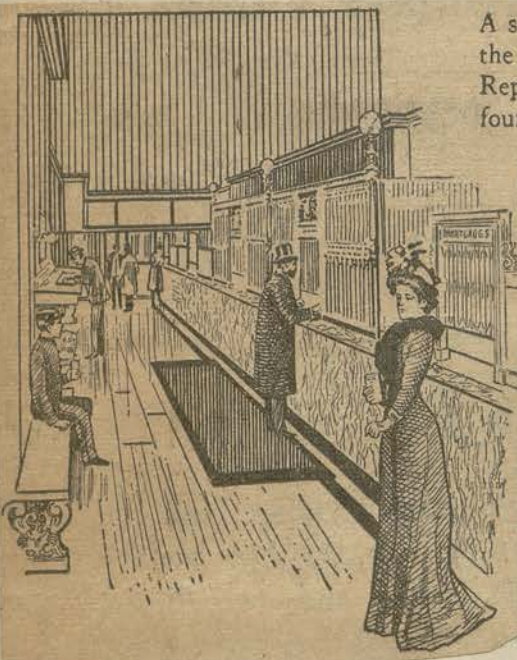


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See Vol XII P 93



A scene in the "bank"
the Union Trust Co.
Reproduced from
found in the bank's

COLONIAL HOME OFT REPAINTED

In the old days, when they decided to repaint the kitchen walls, they just slapped the new coat on right over the old one.

And apparently they repainted quite frequently.

All of which makes a job like Mrs. George Selden's difficult.

Mrs. Selden, former president of the Rochester Historical Society, is in Albany these days supervising restoration of the interior of the famous Philip Schuyler Mansion.

An interior decorator, Mrs. Selden, wife of George B. Selden of Bushnell Basin, has to find out what the original interior paint colors were. And to do that she has had to shave through 16 layers of paint to the 17th—the original paint.

The Philip Schuyler place, built in 1755 and listed as one of the 10 outstanding houses in America, is being restored by the state as a showplace of life during the Colonial period.

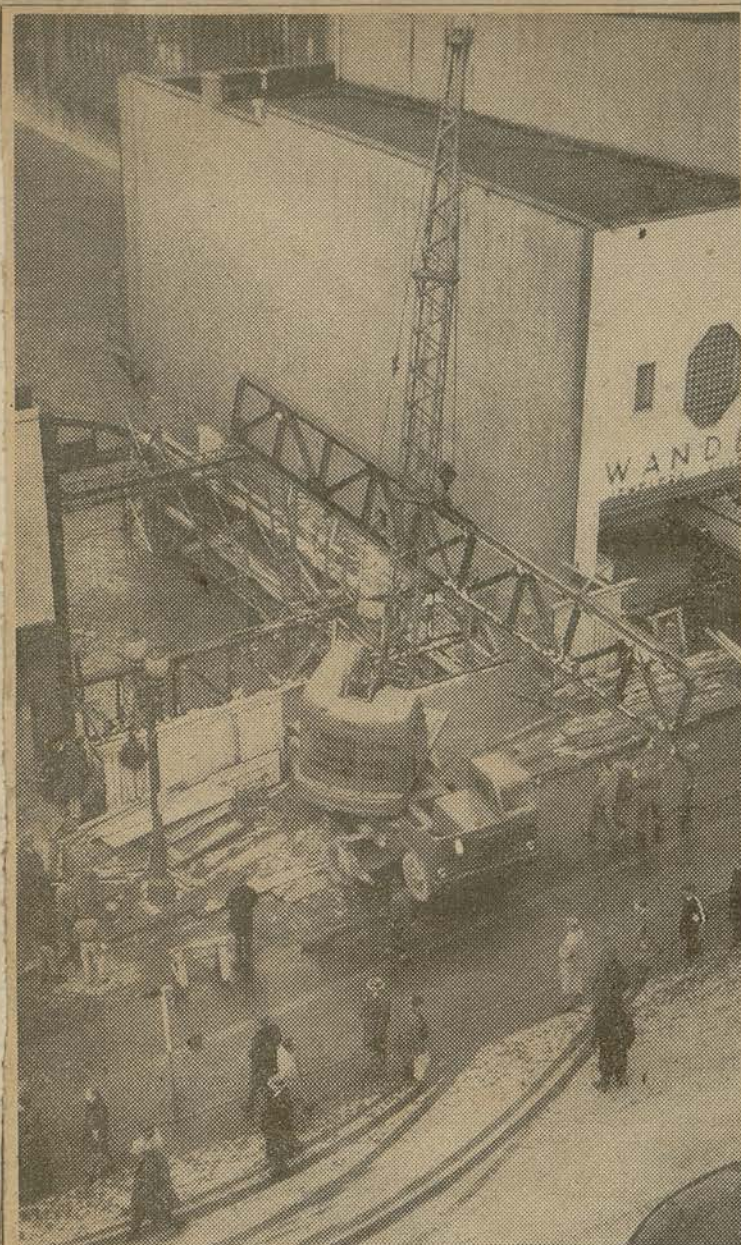
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Preparatory work on the Schuyler mansion has been underway for several months, but only recently did the state appropriate sufficient funds to cover the restoration.



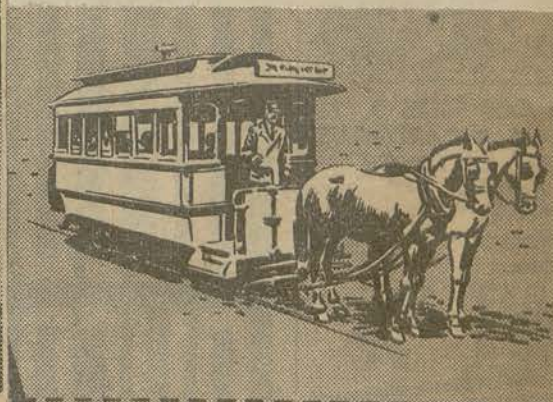
—SILENT NIGHT—





KIBITZERS' HOLIDAY *See Vol 8, P85.*

Placing of first big girder for new Main Street bridge building attracted scores of sidewalk superintendents and blocked traffic for more than an hour yesterday. Gap in buildings over span was caused by \$300,000 fire in November, 1940. Abe Hurwitz, 125 Hudson Ave., plans 2-story, fire-proof structure to house shoe firm store.



THE HORSECARS in which our staff used to ride to work back in the 1850's had disappeared by the time our Trust Department was established.

That was in 1897, and by then electric street cars clanged down Main Street and there were rumors of a strange new vehicle—the horseless carriage.

In the half-century to follow came the automobile, the airplane, radio, television, refrigeration, air conditioning and a host of other developments.

AND MEALS

Rooms, meals for the infirm 125
 Front room, elderly woman or couple; attractively furnished; nursing care. Monroe 5738.

Rooms With Meals
 Front room, 78—Front room, pleasant, meals included, laundry optional. 128
 Dark Avenue—Pleasant home, meals optional; near bus. Monroe 2051.

Room, board, laundry, \$15 weekly per person. Gentleman preferred, be- in 18-30. Glenwood 2655-W.

ROOMS

Rooms, Furnished
 St. 111—Sleeping rooms, gentleman preferred, 2 bus lines. 127
 Drive, 52—Nice front room, couple preferred.
 Union—Room suitable 2 girls, privileges. Charlotte 2771-R.
 Near Park bus. Attractive gentleman preferred, Monroe.

4—Single, employed day student preferred. 21—Small room, on bus. 4210-R.
 6—Studio room, kitchen, suitable 2 people. Dak Section. Large closet, comfortable men or business pleasant room. Ideal privileges if desired. furnished front bed.

2 beds. Gentleman preferred. Decorated front
 2 sleeping Glenwood
 room, gentleman, Genesee 928-J.
 in pre-W.
 table working
 m.
 e.
 6225-L. Urgent.
 Working couple desire unfurnished. Call Ma-
 veteran; RT student. need 3 or 4 room apart-
 ments for Mr. Simmons. gently needed! House, \$50. Six adults, or Stone 4017-X.

2 young professional section. Call Monroe 92
 Refined, middleaged girls, 19 and 18, 1
 Urgent.
 Working couple desire unfurnished. Call Ma-
 veteran; RT student. need 3 or 4 room apart-
 ments for Mr. Simmons. gently needed! House, \$50. Six adults, or Stone 4017-X.

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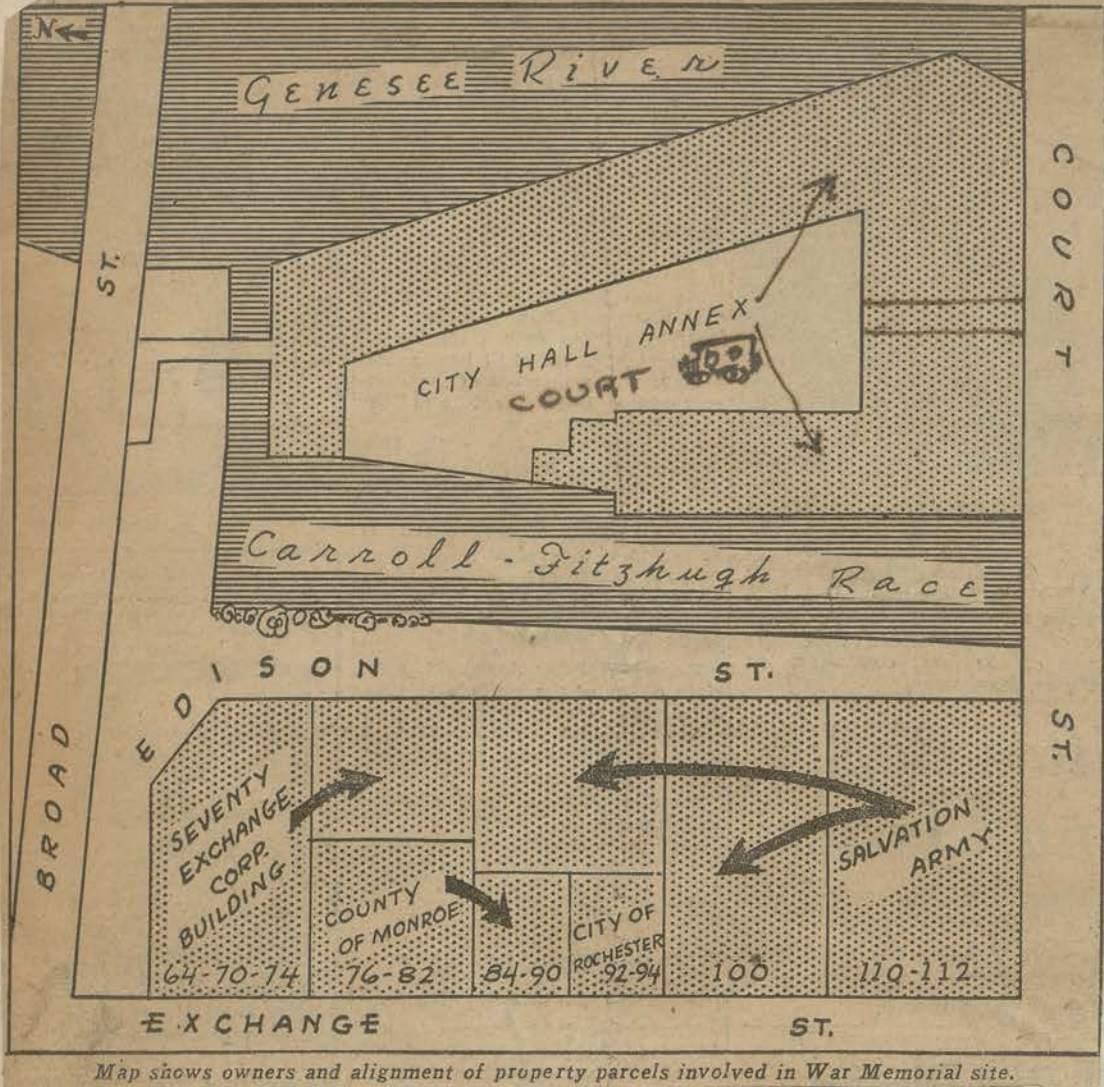
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FROM HORSECARS TO HELICOPTERS

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Property Lines at Memorial Site



See photo of rear of these buildings on Page 49.

6 SHOPPING DAYS TO CHRISTMAS

5 SHOPPING DAYS TO CHRISTMAS

4 SHOPPING DAYS TO CHRISTMAS

3 SHOPPING DAYS TO CHRISTMAS

2 SHOPPING DAYS TO CHRISTMAS

1 SHOPPING DAY TO CHRISTMAS



21 SHOPPING DAYS TO CHRISTMAS



20 SHOPPING DAYS TO CHRISTMAS



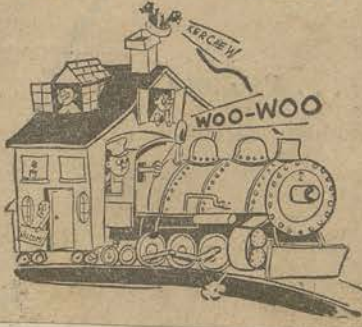
19 SHOPPING DAYS TO CHRISTMAS



18 SHOPPING DAYS TO CHRISTMAS



17 SHOPPING DAYS TO CHRISTMAS



16 SHOPPING DAYS TO CHRISTMAS



15 SHOPPING DAYS TO CHRISTMAS



14 SHOPPING DAYS TO CHRISTMAS



13 SHOPPING DAYS TO CHRISTMAS



11 SHOPPING DAYS TO CHRISTMAS



10 SHOPPING DAYS TO CHRISTMAS



9 SHOPPING DAYS TO CHRISTMAS



8 SHOPPING DAYS TO CHRISTMAS



7 SHOPPING DAYS TO CHRISTMAS



This baby seems to be lost a little out of place.





CIVIC CENTER AREA. Here, where bridges cross the Genesee, area where some of the famous flour mills of the past stood, some day will rise the War Memorial, a city-county administration building and perhaps others. The Rundel Memorial Building, which houses the Central Public Library, is seen at the lower right. The famous old Kimball building, City Hall annex, with

Mercury atop its stack, is at the lower left. The Broad Street bridge, the Genesee Valley Trust Company's winged tower, all can be seen in this close-up air view. This is the first of several pictures taken by Fred Powers, The Democrat and Chronicle's chief photographer, from The Gannet Company's helicopter, to be published here Sundays.

George Selden Jr. Teaches Embryo Mechanics

By ARCH MERRILL

IT IS as if the son of Gutenberg, "father of printing," taught that craft in a local high school or a son of one of the Wrights conducted a course in the principles of aviation.

For the past 24 years the teacher of a class in automotive mechanics at Madison High School has been a son of "the father of the automobile."

His name is George B. Selden Jr., and his father invented the pioneer auto gas compression engine, right here in Rochester. That was before George Jr. was born but in 1905 he and his brother, Henry, helped their father put the original engine of 1877 into a wagon body. That was during the famous patent suit with Henry Ford—which Selden lost—and the machine was run on the streets of Rochester and New York to demonstrate that it was a practical automobile.

In a sense, "The Motor Age" really had its inception one day in the 1860s at Clarkson, the birthplace of George Selden Sr. The brick house in which "the father of the automobile" was born still stands along the Ridge Road and from Clarkson his father, Henry B. Selden, lawyer, jurist and one of two Monroe County men ever to be elected lieutenant governor of New York, used to commute to and from his Rochester office—behind a fleet pair of ponies.

As Judge Selden, his young son, George, and D. S. Morgan, a prominent Brockport harvester manufacturer, were walking down a country road more than 80 years ago, the talk turned to the possibility of a "horseless carriage" one day speeding down that dusty highway.

The younger Selden was deeply impressed by the idea and then and there began his quest of a mechanical substitute for Dohbin. In 1870, when he was a patent lawyer in Rochester's old Reynolds Arcade, the hoof and mouth disease spread across the land, decimating the horse popu-

lation and crippling the hack and street car lines. In Rochester only 4 of every 100 animals of the horse car system were fit for use. Judge Selden loaned his carriage horses to the Rochester Fire Department and his son, George, began working harder than ever on the plans for his engine that would end man's reliance on the horse as a means of highway transportation.

The rest is familiar history. . . . Selden's invention of the first practical internal combustion engine of the compression type . . . his application for a patent in 1879 although he did not take out papers until 1895, mostly because he could find no one with vision enough to invest in his creation . . . the long and losing battle with Henry Ford and other motor makers in defense of his patents and his royalties when the name Selden was in the headlines all over the country.

Then came the formation of the Selden Motor Vehicle Company in old Brighton, one of two manufacturers picked by the government to build "Liberty Trucks" in the first World War. There



George B. Selden Jr. (upper right) comes legitimately by interest which makes him good instructor in auto mechanics at Madison High School. Upper left, his father pic-

tured during demonstration of the Selden automobile in New York in 1905 and, below, the Selden "horseless carriage" itself in the early years of car manufacturing.

employe brought the first headlights to the Rochester plant and kept them in his Pullman berth en route—over the emphatic protests of a porter. During the war George Selden, whose loss of the sight of one eye in a boyhood accident kept him out of active service, was in charge of an Army school that taught enlisted men to drive trucks. He had the wartime rank of major.

The Selden plant went the way of so many others in the early scramble to make motors and 24 years ago George Selden began teaching Madison High pupils the science in which his father was a trail blazer.

Every school day this shy man with an old-fashioned mustache drives in from his home at Bushnell's Basin—not a new and shiny model but a contraption of odd parts he has assembled with his own hands.

* * *

BUT THE MECHANICAL "know how" which is part of his heritage is only one side of George Selden's makeup. He is a most versatile man, with many interests—entomology, Indian archaeology, and regional history among them. In addition he can wield a facile pen.

He was born on May 6, 1886 on

at Yale, discovered parasites on mosquitoes. Tiny red bugs gathered about the mosquito's neck, beyond the reach of the insect's long legs. He reported his findings to the government entomologist at Washington, who wrote back thanking him and telling him that only a short time before someone in the Middle West had made the same discovery.

His interest in Indian archeology probably began when in his youth he was exploring the east shore of Irondequoit Bay with his father and brother and one of them picked up a smooth green stone, unlike any found in these parts. Judge Selden identified it as an Indian ax head, beautifully polished, which must have been obtained in trade with some Western tribe.



ALEXANDER M. STEWART
... Baptist expert on Jesuits

Before long, young George had a large collection of arrow heads, spear points and other Indian objects and could explain the difference between hunting arrowheads fastened firmly in the shaft, so as to be withdrawn, and war arrow points which remained in the wound when the shaft was pulled out. On a bicycle road map of Monroe County he traced the principal trails used by the Indians, the sites of their villages and their fording places. He spent months studying the route taken from

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is Alexander M. strange part of this his outstanding au- e French Catholics tern New York is Baptist minister of a late Baptist

Latin Flavor Haven by P Military F

Miami, Fla.—(INS) 10,000 political and "refugees" from Cuba Miami today into a haven from storm at weather.

Flagler Street has distinct Cuban flavor, signs carrying the word with "today" for the future.

All shops announce down "Se Habla Español" is spoken here.

And little coffee shops way are substitutingateria of Cuba, as gather to drink the "leche," (coffee with milk) discuss the latest political in their native land.

The Cuban consulate reports an average of enter this country a w



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ALEXANDER M. STEWART
... Baptist expert on Jesuits

Irondequoit Bay to the Seneca hinterland by the invading French Army of the Marquis Denonville in 1687.

His crowning achievement in the field of archeology came in 1937 when he was exploring the site of a prehistoric Indian village, 1,000 years old, at Levanna on Cayuga Lake. A foot or so beneath the surface of the earth he found a hitherto unrevealed type of artifact, small chipped stones burned in fire. These stones were found to form the effigy of a bear, probably built to propitiate the Great Spirit and send good hunting to the tribe. Later the effigies of a thunderbird, 15 feet long; a snapping turtle and other animals were unearthed at the site. The figures lie flat on the ground and would not remain intact if moved. For some years they were on exhibit but now the site of the ancient village is again a grazing ground. Which seems a pity, because George Seldon's lifting the curtain on the ways of a people who dwelt in the lakes country ten centuries ago was once hailed by Dr. Donald Cadzow of the Smithsonian Institution as "the most notable contribution to American archeology in the last half century."

SELDEN'S INTEREST in regional Indian history has never waned. He has delved painstakingly into the Denonville Expedition against the Senecas, into the missions the French Catholic priests built at the Indian villages the French army destroyed. He has written a number of papers on these subjects for the Rochester Historical Society Publications. He has caused many markers to be erected at historical sites in this area.

He is as modest and unassuming as he is versatile. He does not know this piece was written about him. Had he known he would have forbidden it. So of those who read this Sunday offering the one most surprised will be George B. Selden.

THERE'S ANOTHER scholarly and modest Monroe County resident who has devoted long years to the study of the French influence on the history of Western New York, particularly the part played by the French Catholic priests, mainly Jesuits, who established 17th Century missions in the four principal Seneca villages hereabouts. The two larger ones were at Boughton Hill, near Victor, and at the site of the present Rochester Junction. Others were near Lima and near East Bloomfield.

This Rochesterian, a kindly, middle aged man, knows the exact site of each. He spent many hours poring over old manuscripts in libraries in the United States and Canada getting his information. He has written many articles, mostly for Catholic journals, on the subject. He has taken eminent Catholic historians on tours of the historic sites. He has been instrumental in having them marked for posterity.

His name is Alexander M. Stewart. The strange part of this tale is that this outstanding authority on the French Catholics in early Western New York is an ordained Baptist minister and the son of a late Baptist theologian.



Yule Tree Here in 1840

Rochester One of Nation's First Cities
To Introduce Age-Old Custom

THE Christmas tree, which has become big American business, has a family tree of its own, at least two of its branches stemming from Rochester's past.

So when blue, white, yellow, green and red lights shine through thousands of Rochester windows



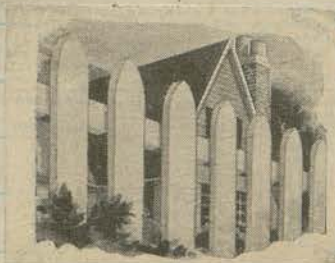
from thousands of neat evergreens Christmas week, you can be sure they are merely the bright, modern reflection of a custom dating back to at least 1840.

Authority Quoted

In fact, according to Prof. William I Schreiber of the College of Wooster, Ohio, acknowledged authority on Christmas trees and their origins, Rochester was one of the first places in the United States to have a Christmas tree.

In approximately the same spot that Rochester's first Christmas tree is believed to have stood in 1840, Zion Lutheran Church's 35-foot tree (below) marks the 1947 Christmas season. The present church edifice stands on the site at Grove and Stillson streets where the original building was erected in 1834.

Her Dad played
at the old Lyceum -
in another day.



Stage Great 'Lady



Cornelia Otis Skinner, one of the greatest ladies of the American stage, is shown in one of the period costumes she wears in "Lady Windemere's Fan," which opens at the Auditorium Christmas night. Miss Skinner is starred in the role of Mrs. Erlynne.



RARE ART DISCOVERY

A self-portrait of George Catlin, famous 19th Century painter, was brought to Rochester Museum of Arts and Sciences yesterday by Bradford Wickes, Catlin's great-grandson.

W. Stephen Thomas, museum director, left, and Wickes look at portrait. The painting never had been shown publicly previously. Exhibition will open at the museum today.

Public to Get First Look At Catlin Self-Portrait

A noted American artist's self-portrait, which was unknown to the public before yesterday, will go on exhibition at the Museum of Arts and Sciences today.

The picture is of George Catlin, painted of himself at the age of 28 in the year 1824. Catlin, who was born in 1786, and who died in 1872, was the first great painter of the American Indians.

The portrait, done in oil in the romantic style of the early 19th Century, was loaned to the Rochester Museum by its owner, Catlin's granddaughter, Miss Mary C. Kinney of Washington, D. C.

Existence of the portrait was known to art historians of the late 19th Century, since a reproduction of it was made in a book published in 1884, but its subsequent whereabouts were unknown until now.

First Exhibition

Miss Kinney heard through the Smithsonian Institution in Washington of the projected exhibit of Catlin's work in the Museum, and offered the painting for its first public exhibition to the Museum director, W. Stephen Thomas.

The self portrait was brought to Rochester by Catlin's great-grandson, a nephew of Miss Kinney, Bradford Wickes of Washington. The picture, and a miniature of Catlin's wife which he painted on ivory, oil paintings by the artist, and lithographs from his "North American Indian Portfolio" comprise the exhibit opening today.

Born in Pennsylvania, Catlin studied law for awhile, but moved to Philadelphia in 1823 where he devoted himself to portrait painting. No portraits done between that time and 1829, when he began his study of the American Indians, have been located, however, with the exception of his self-portrait. There is a tradition that he painted Dolly Madison, but the painting has not been found.

Portrait Vanishes

He is known to have painted the governor of New York, DeWitt Clinton. The Clinton portrait was acquired by an early Rochester museum, but when its contents were auctioned late in the last century, a Rochester mayor bought the picture, and moved to Tennessee with it, and subsequent efforts to locate this portrait have been unsuccessful.

Catlin carried on his studies of the Indians for 8 years, when he painted some 600 portraits of distinguished Indians, and recorded in sketches, outline drawings, and oils the costumes, habits, sports and ceremonies of the Indians.

The artist drew animals well—the American buffalo or bison best of all—and established a convention which was followed by artists painting western scenes long after Catlin died. He is highly regarded for his ethnological detail, although he has been accused by critics of his time and today for some inaccuracies of detail.

His contribution to general knowledge of the Indians was made after 1838, when he devoted the remainder of his life to exhibiting his pictures, writing and lecturing on the Indians and the West in the United States and Europe, bringing an accurate presentation of tribes in North and South America to persons who had heard

of the "red men," but never had seen them.

Acquired by U. S.

After his death, most of his Indian portraits were acquired by the government, and now constitute the famous "Catlin Gallery" of the National Museum, and about 400 of his sketches are now owned by the American Museum of Natural History, New York City.

The nucleus of the Museum's exhibition is a complete set of the rare 1844 London edition of Catlin's "North American Indian Portfolios," with 31 colored lithograph plates owned by the Rochester Museum. Supplementing these are 15 volumes of Catlin's works, including special and rare editions, and Rush Rhee's Library of the University of Tennessee. An oil, "Shooting Flamingoes," the only Catlin owned by the Memorial Art Gallery, also has been loaned to the Museum for the exhibit.



"And I sometimes long for the drifted snow and the white and frosty ways."

Edgar A. Quest





Three years ago today: The Four Corners in Dec. 12, 1944, otherwise known as the Day of the Big Blizzard, when transportation and business were halted 24 hours.



The same spot but a different scene: The Four Corners yesterday, with only a nippy cold and a bleak sun to keep up tradition of winter season. Low temperature was 24.

only one available!

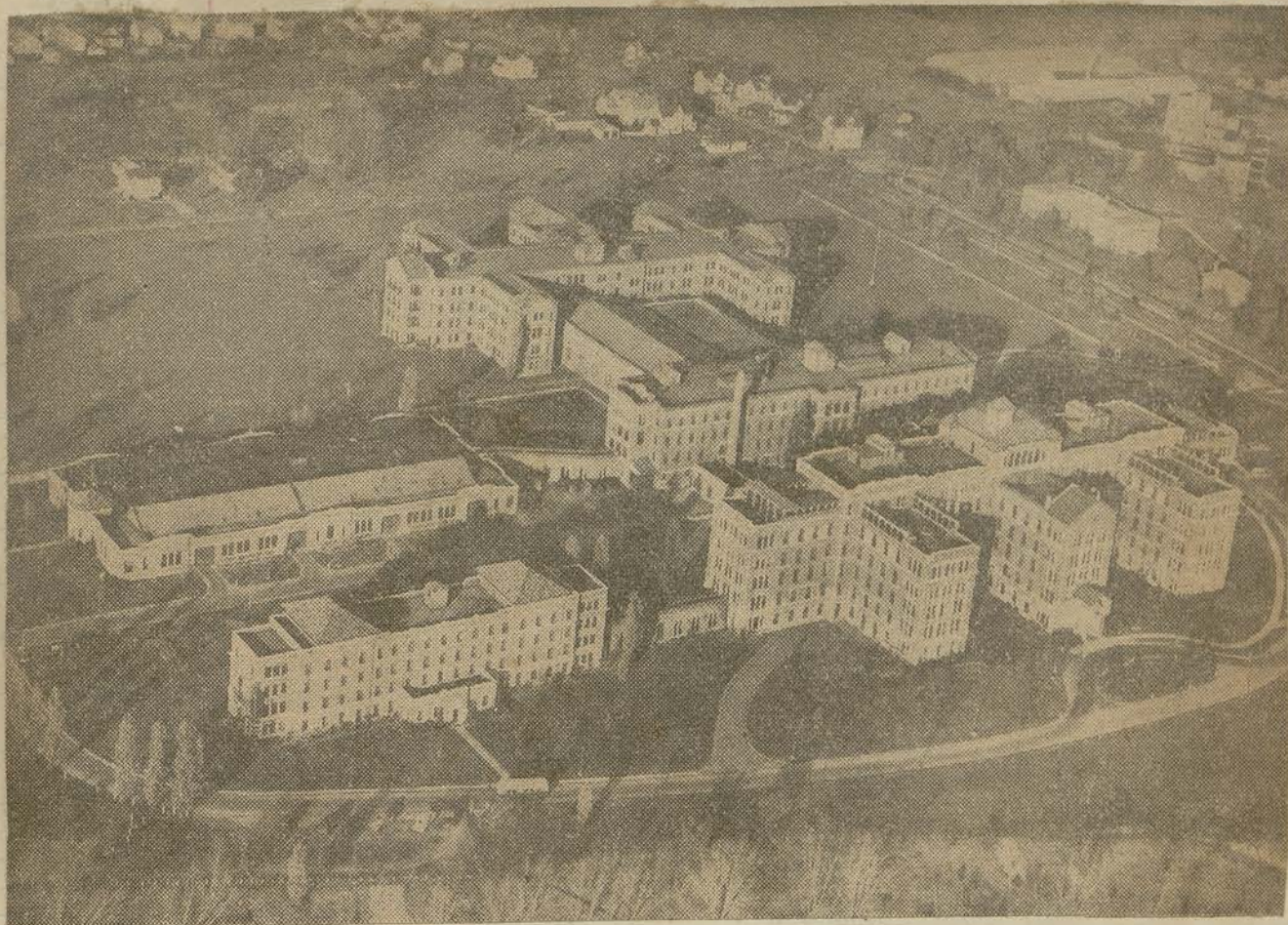


**SPECIAL! PAN-AMERICAN
INVERT WORTH \$2,000!**

Only 155 copies of this United States classic are known to exist. Gimbels has just 1 specimen for sale. It catalogues at \$2500. Gimbels special price: only... **\$1500**

stamps, Gimbels street floor





COUNTY HOME AND INFIRMARY. From the air, as the Gannett helicopter poised, Fred Powers, Democrat and Chronicle chief photographer, caught this view of the Monroe County Home and Infirmary in

East Henrietta Road. The air view shows the full extent of the buildings, which were erected in 1933 at a cost of four million dollars. The infirmary is equipped as a general hospital, said to be best in any upstate county.



THERE ARE STILL 9 MORE SHOPPING DAYS

Big Names of THE Ward
Bright Stars in '58

Stardust in the News
—90 Years Ago

Shave 'em
off.
We
know
you.
?



Reproduced here is an old daguerreotype showing Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery Rochester in, we believe, the costumes of "the good old Knickerbockers" they wore at bal masque.

By ARCH MERRILL

IT WAS colorful, brilliant, spectacular, elegant, dazzling, glittering. It was THE event of the year.

And how the ubiquitous Sisterhood of the Society Room, the gals who chronicle the doings of the present Elite (Mayfair, Smart Set, Bon Ton) could have dipped their pens in stardust in reporting it.

Unfortunately this particular colorful, brilliant, spectacular, elegant, dazzling, glittering event took place nearly 90 years ago.

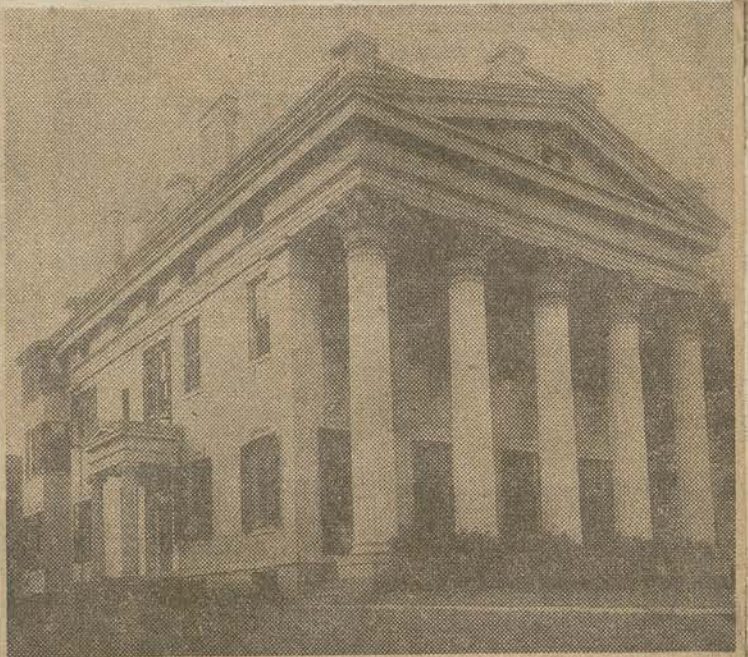
It was on a February night in 1858 that the lights of many candles blazed out from the high windows of the mansion at 37 South Washington Street.

It was the night of the fancy dress ball and the Third Ward, Rochester's "Back Bay," had mobilized in all its beruffled glory. For this event "surpassed the elegance and costuming of the bal masques of former years." So reads the faded clipping that came in the mails from the affable Augustine B. (Gus) Hone, former city treasurer.

The old house where the social hierarchy of the Flour City assembled that gala night in 1858 still stands in pillared majesty at the southwest corner of Washington and Broad Streets. Jonathan Child built it in the year of 1838. He was a son-in-law of Nathaniel Rochester and the city's first mayor, an office he resigned rather than sign licenses for the sale of liquor. Wiseacres of the young mill town, watching the great house rise, with its five Corinthian columns supporting the massive portico roof, dubbed it "Child's Folly."

In its time it has been variously a private residence, a fashionable school for young ladies, the home of an exclusive whist club and since 1933 the Fourth Church of Christ, Scientist.

The clipping mentioned "a secret door that once guarded the way to the treasure box." Jonathan Child was a prosperous businessman before there was a bank



Built by Jonathan Child in 1838 and still standing at Washington and Broad Streets, this home was scene of the brilliant Third Ward bal masque described by Arch Merrill.

in Rochesterville. When he built his "Folly," the waters of the Clinton Ditch loitered past its doors and gaily painted packet boats, drawn by horses on the old Towpath glided under the high bridge.

Now the old mansion stands, stately and a bit aloof, on its terrace above the noisy stream of motor traffic, like a cavalrman of the Old Guard watching a mechanized parade.

* * *

BUT LET'S GET BACK TO 1858, the bal masque and the yellowed clipping that reveals how "the other half," the upper crust, lived 90 years ago. Names mighty in the social and financial world of the city that revolved about its tight little "Ruffled Shirt" peninsula, sprinkled the list of guests. The representative of the Fourth

Estate who covered the event was properly impressed and dipped deeply into the stardust bowl.

The Samuel Stewarts lived in the mansion then and the host "in rich amber velvet and snowy ermine was a regal Charles II," while his wife, as "Josephine, in robes of state and glittering diamonds" received their guests.

Here are some breathless excerpts from the report of the ball: "In and out among the royalty flitted a poor beggar woman who offered her candy, crying, "sweets to the sweet. Buy, lady, buy." It was the merry glancing, fun-provoking Mrs. James M. Whitney . . . Mrs. Mortimer F. Reynolds was "Zenobia" in gorgeous robes, glittering with gems. . . Charles Burke was radiant in satin doublet in silver sheen as 'Charles O'Ca-venough of the Emerald Isle' . . . Suddenly dashed in Gilman H.

Bal Masque of 90 Years Ago



Among guests at the ball were "Pocahontas" and "Powhatan" (otherwise Miss Belle Pond and George Jennings) pictured here by artist Gerry Maloney from report of dance.

Perkins as 'Mother Hubbard'... 'Winter's' snowy gown and misty veil enshrouded none other than Mrs. Perkins (nee Erickson, a belle of the Ward, whose marriage two years before had filled St. Luke's to overflowing) . . . A. S. Mann was dressed as a Jewish peddler . . . A descendant of the good old Knickerbockers was Mrs. Mont-

gomery Rochester . . . Samuel Wilder was a well fed 'Toddles' . . ."

And so on for two columns of type. But here is the florid passage that will make every present-day Society Reporter wish she had been around in 1858:

"There was 'Pocahontas,' Miss Belle Pond, free as the air of her

native woods . . . The proud 'Powhatan,' George Jennings, gazed upon the luxuriant hair streaming over the well rounded shoulders."

Ah, those were the days of real reporting!

PART TWO OF THIS Sunday opus has nothing of gayety in it.

Every night after the Mail Edition comes out, I scan the country pages for news of the towns and the townspeople I have met during five summers of rambling the hinterland.

In the last month it has made me sad to see so many familiar names in the death column, names of

grand old folks who had shared with me the lore of their communities. Four recent names in the list brought back memories of the summer of 1945 when I followed the old Towpath through the canal towns from Medina to Clyde.

One name was Bion (Barney) Wilson. When I saw him two years ago at Clyde, he was as spry as a grasshopper although in his 89th year. He regaled me with many a tale of his home town in the old canal days. But Barney never again will scamper across the long bridge to his rickety home on the bonnie banks of the Clyde and his popcorn patch.

A familiar figure passed from the



W.N.Y. Church.

Palmyra scene when death came to lanky, merry 84-year-old Edward W. Tappenden. Senator Henry Griffith introduced me to "Tapp" on Main Street on a June day in 1945 and the old gentleman, who had lived in the village since he was 10 days old, went back in retrospect to more lurid days when the Towpath was in full flower.

The booming voice of A. Eugene Williams, another grand old man and a born story teller, has been stilled forever. When I visited his Newark home, I found him splitting wood. And he was 93 then. He once kept a store along the canal and had many a good yarn of the Ditch's yesterdays.

And one day that same summer I had a fine visit with George McFarland, at his farm in the orchard country near Albion. He was 89 then but hale and vigorous. For half a century he had worked in the now defunct but once busy quarries of Orleans County. He knew the lore of the Erie Canal and talked interestingly of old times in Albion. I was shocked to read in the paper of Dec. 4 that broad-shouldered George McFarland was no more.

In 1943 when I was rambling along the river Genesee, I stopped at the office of the Dispatch in Belmont, county seat of Allegany, and there met Russell E. Pierson. I was a stranger to this brisk, forthright weekly editor but he proved a helpful, kindly friend. I have found all village editors cut after that pattern. They are the salt of the earth. A few weeks ago big Russ Pierson fell dead of a heart attack. He was in his 60s, too young to die.

I did not know any of these men well. In fact I only saw each of them only a few hours. Yet to me they were part of a countryside that I am presumptuous enough to regard as "my beat"—and it made me sad to know I would never see them again.

Were You There...? Did You Ask Him...?



1—Santa Drops from Sky, Waving 'Hello' Through Window

THE helicopter whirred for a minute above the heads of shouting, screaming, waving children, then settled to a stop.

Santa got out, waved to all his friends, and boomed in his heavy, hearty voice: "I'm very happy to be here and see all you children. It's mighty cold where I came from at the North Pole... What are all you doing with such heavy coats on? It's not cold down here."

The children laughed and waved at him: "Here I am, Santa. Here I am. Hello, Santa, hello."

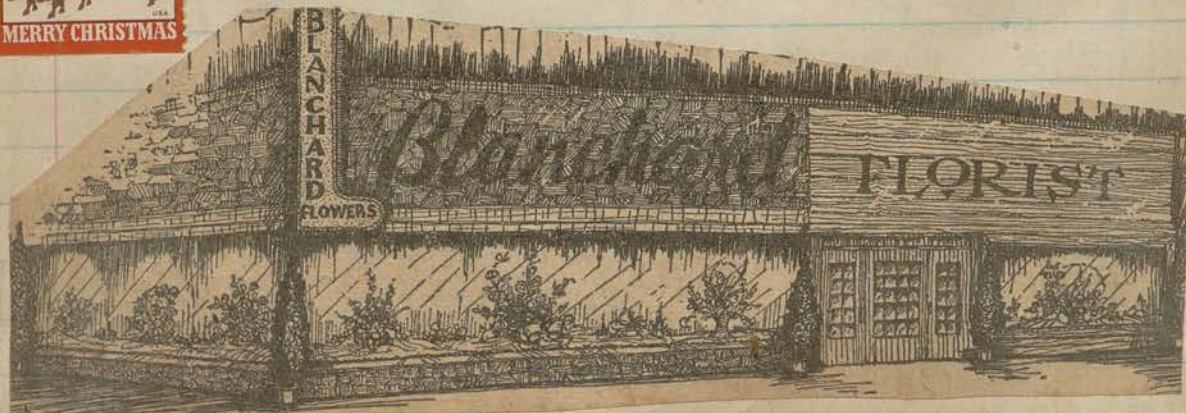
That scene was duplicated at spots in Elmwood Avenue, Culver Road and Dewey Avenue yesterday afternoon when Santa Claus was brought down from the North Pole for a special visit to the children here in The Gannett Newspaper helicopter by Pilot Bill Cruickshank.

Santa explained why he used the helicopter instead of his reindeer... seems they balked at more than one trip out of their warm barns in 1 year.



2—He Steps Out, Awaits the Rush

"They're resting up for Christmas Eve," Santa said.



**THE BEAUTIFUL
ORGAN MUSIC**

You're hearing this Christmas
Season at the

LINCOLN-ROCHESTER TRUST

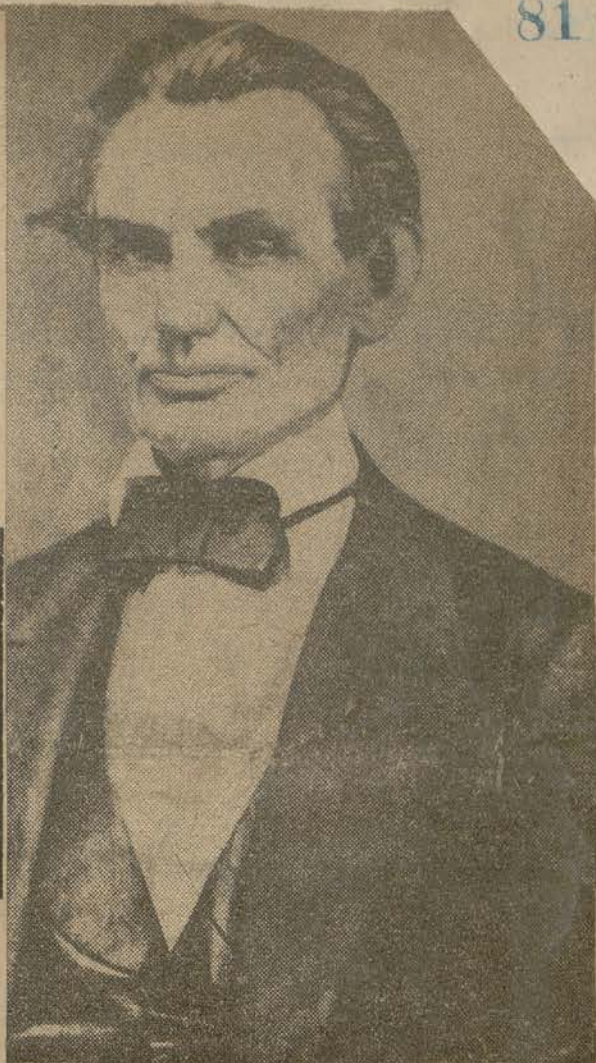
Is being played on the
HAMMOND ORGAN

★

**THE CHRISTMAS CAROLS
ON BELLS**

you hear from the tower of the bank
building are being played on the

LIBERTY CARILLON



**"TOM"
GRIERSON**

Plays
At The
Lincoln-Rochester
11 to 1,
2 to 3
(till 6 on Fri.)

BOTH the Hammond Organ and Liberty
Carillon are being played on the Main
Banking Floor by Tom Grierson.
BOTH operate electronically.

BOTH are represented in the Roches-
ter area solely by Levis Music Stores.

BOTH or either would make a hand-
some gift to your church as Christmas
Gift or as a lovely Memorial. . . .

w Face of the Emancipator

... of a photograph of a newly-found and hitherto
camera study of Abraham Lincoln, presented to
the Decatur, Ill., library by Miss Grace Farnwall. (IN Photo)

A. D. Oliver Elected to School Job *Chiefs in Nomination Confab*

Andrew D. Oliver, principal of Brockport Central School for 18 years, yesterday was selected from 14 candidates as new county district school superintendent.



**ANDREW D.
OLIVER**



in six years, these schools in northwestern Monday in Greece Memorial nominees for the post of in the county's Third At the left side of the ar) Dr. Charles Cooper, tt, Hamlin; James W.

Gallup and Ora L. Swan, both of Clarkson, and Eldon Heath, Hamlin. At right side are (front to rear) John W. Collamer and William Arnold, both of Parma; Donald M. Tower, Sweden, and Mrs. Edna D. Carter and Mrs. Arthur C. Frear, both of Greece. They are to elect on Friday a successor to Fred W. Hill, who retired Sept. 15 after 57 years as an educator.

See
P. 5
VOL IX
Hill
Resigns

We do not have kings in America but we do elect people to serve for life. This is not as it should be. School Superintendents serve till they croak - or quit.

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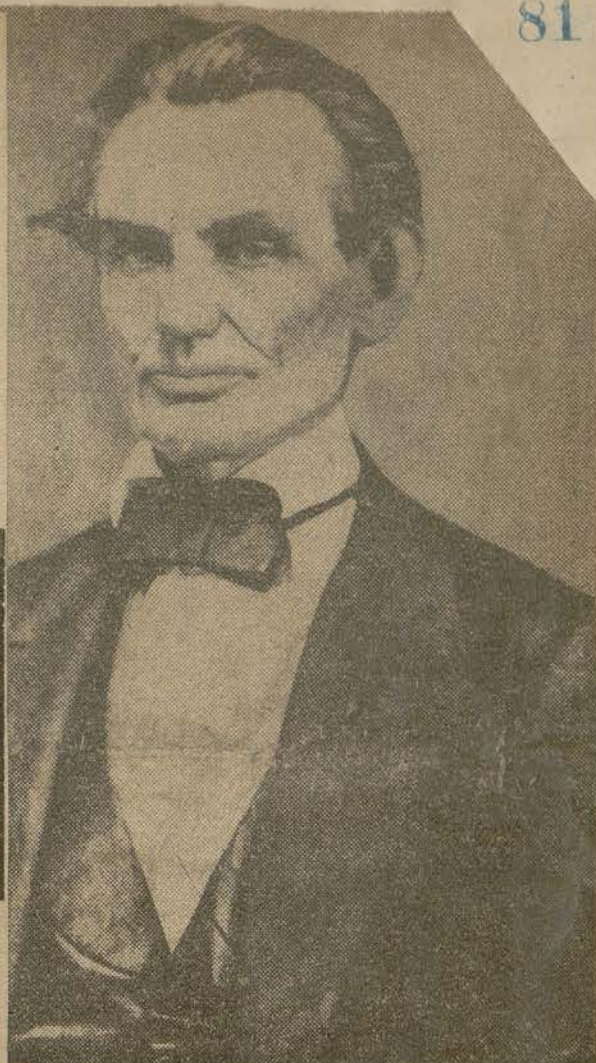
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School Chiefs in Nomination Confab



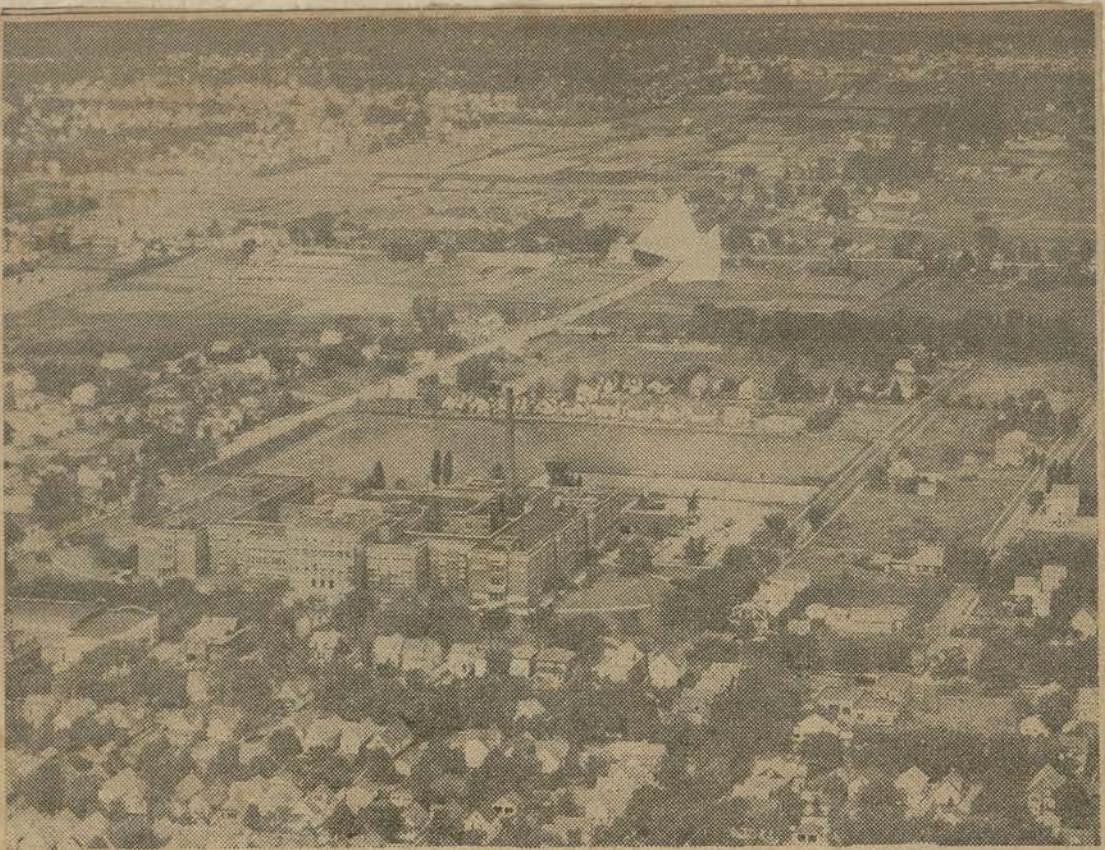
In the first such meeting in six years, these school directors from five towns in northwestern Monroe County gathered today in Greece Memorial Town Hall to consider nominees for the post of school superintendent in the county's Third Supervisory District. At the left side of the table are (front to rear) Dr. Charles Cooper, Sweden; Percy Corbett, Hamlin; James W.

Gallup and Ora L. Swan, both of Clarkson, and Eldon Heath, Hamlin. At right side are (front to rear) John W. Collamer and William Arnold, both of Parma; Donald M. Tower, Sweden, and Mrs. Edna D. Carter and Mrs. Arthur C. Frear, both of Greece. They are to elect on Friday a successor to Fred W. Hill, who retired Sept. 15 after 57 years as an educator.

See P. 5 Vol IX

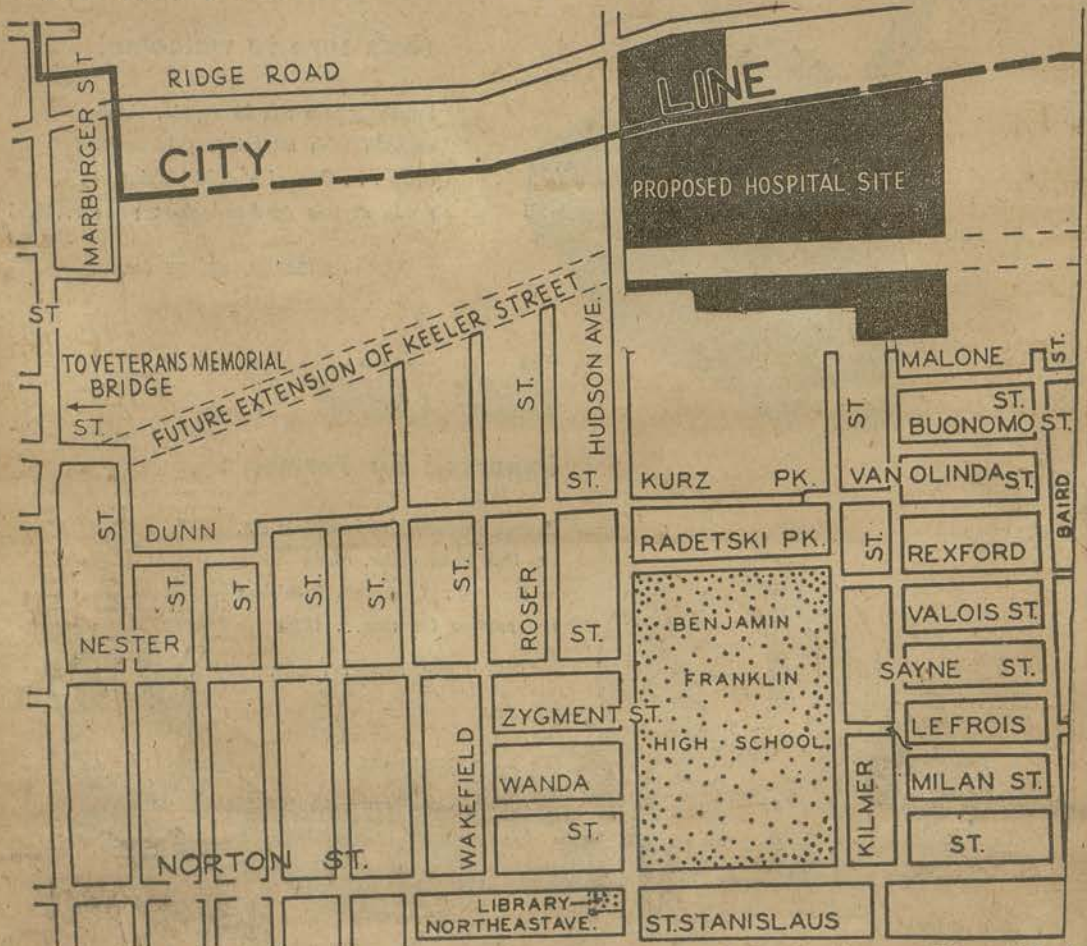
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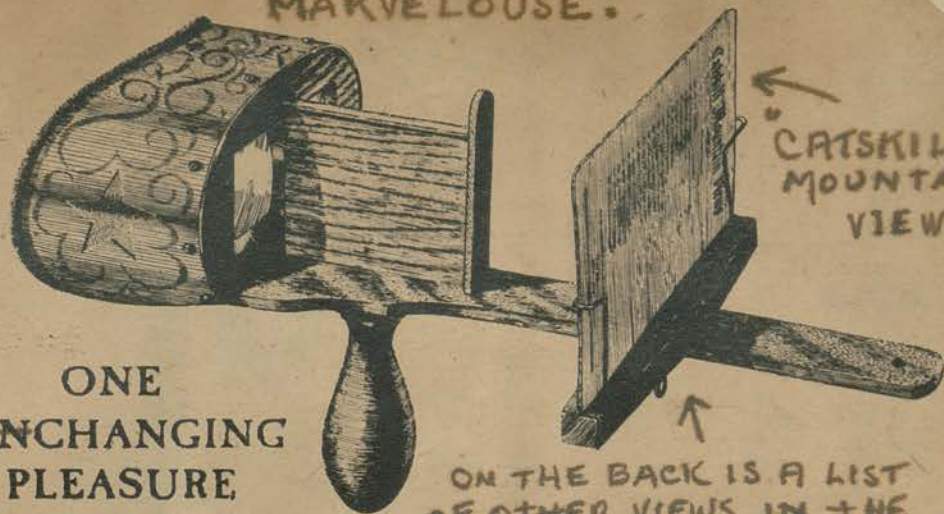
WHERE ROCHESTER'S NEW HOSPITAL MAY RISE

Site of new north side hospital is shown in this aerial photo, taken from Gannett News- papers' helicopter. Arrow points to location at Hudson Avenue and Ridge Road.



Above map shows location of new hospital and principal street intersections in the neighborhood. Institution would provide for section of city which now has no hospital.

Hudson, Ridge Road E. Site
Approved for New Hospital



CATSKILL MOUNTAIN VIEWS!

ONE UNCHANGING PLEASURE

ON THE BACK IS A LIST OF OTHER VIEWS IN THE SERIES.

As the stereoscope gave way to the movies, so do many old things give way to the new.

— ONE FOR THE BOOK. —

The above reminds us of the beautiful stereoscopic views we saw in the old Porras Art Gallery in the Porras Bldg. At that ^{time} I lived in Caledonia where I was born. Another boy and yours truly visited the famous Gallery while on a trip to the big city, that was back in 1895. We remember it well but he seem to remember the stereoscopic views best of all. Exactly 50 years later - 1945, I visited the Rochester Historical Society ^{Hdys} in "Woodside" on East Avenue. My attention was called to some stereoscopic views and I remarked that I remembered looking at similar ones in the old Art Gallery and was told by the attendant that they were the very ones that were in the Porras Gallery.

W. Wilkinson Dec. 18, 1947.



+

1945 Certificate of Membership
W. Wilkinson
 THE AMERICAN NATIONAL RED CROSS

W. G. Deane Red Cross Representative *Burt Adams* Chairman

★ USA ★

WORK PROGRAM

WPA

AL 212 JA
1947

CITY TO RETAIN FIRST PLACE IN BLOOD PROJECT

To Keep Regional Basis, Red Cross Aides Explain

Rochester will have the first regional blood center in the new national Red Cross program.

That fact was reaffirmed yesterday when representatives of the national program pointed out that the Rochester program will be on a regional basis, while the District of Columbia chapter, which announced Thursday that it would open Jan. 5, would serve only the Veterans Administration Hospital at Mt. Alton, Md.; Walter Reed Hospital, and Bethesda Naval Hospital.

The spokesman for the national program declared that the District of Columbia center is not the national project and will operate. Later, the national project may be set up in the city. It is not now considered the national project.

The center will go for an 11-county area and will provide a number of centers to be set up throughout the county in the next few years. The city is the cause of its blood project during war and peace.



AL SIGL

Blood Donor Legion To Be Disbanded

After 10 years and 10 months of unique service, the Legion of Blood Donors probably will sign off next month.

The Legion, which has come to be synonymous with the voice of Al Sigl, Times-Union newscaster, who has broadcast thousands of appeals for blood donors in the last decade, will yield its function to the new Red Cross blood bank set to open Jan. 12.

From All Walks of Life

The Legion's members are men and women of all ranks—a minister, a Catholic priest, a store manager, butchers, bakers, a trash collector, housewives, waitresses, office workers, teachers, firemen, policemen, a college professor—who were on call to give blood to save the lives of the ill and the injured in hospitals. Members of the National Guard and the Naval Militia belonged to the Legion long before the outbreak of the war.

Those who helped included city and county police, who through the co-operation of Sheriff Albert W. Skinner and Commissioner of Public Safety Thomas C. Woods made cars available. State police transported donors when longer distances were involved.

During the war the donors were among the first to respond to the call of the Red Cross for blood for its plasma bank.

Publicized Nationally

The Legion, publicized in a nationwide broadcast in 1939 with eminent physicians speakers, was emulated by many communities. The broadcast created so much interest that The Times-Union had to print a form letter to answer requests for information.

Among its notable feats was finding a dozen of the known 27 persons in the nation who had recovered from streptococcus infection. Their blood was invaluable to others stricken by the disease. Twice donors from that group were brought to Rochester by plane to give transfusions. There was another special group of donors composed of those who had recovered from infantile paralysis. They were the youngest—the junior blood donors.



Here is a gent who deserves a place in the Book. Will posterity forget him? Time alone will tell. A niche in Rochester's Hall of fame awaits him. His deeds are written in blood.

See P. 35

SIBLEY, LINDSAY



Rochester's

ROC

This sales slip is your receipt for your protection. It is exchangeable to be returned within five days, accompanied by making returns, we ask you to make excessive returns and exchange work a hardship both to you and the store.

"E Z TRIP" THE SIBLEY SALESBOOK

*AL SIGL'S →
Bedroom.*



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See P. 35

SIBLEY, LINDSAY & CURR CO.

Rochester's Largest Retail Institution

ROCHESTER 4, N. Y.

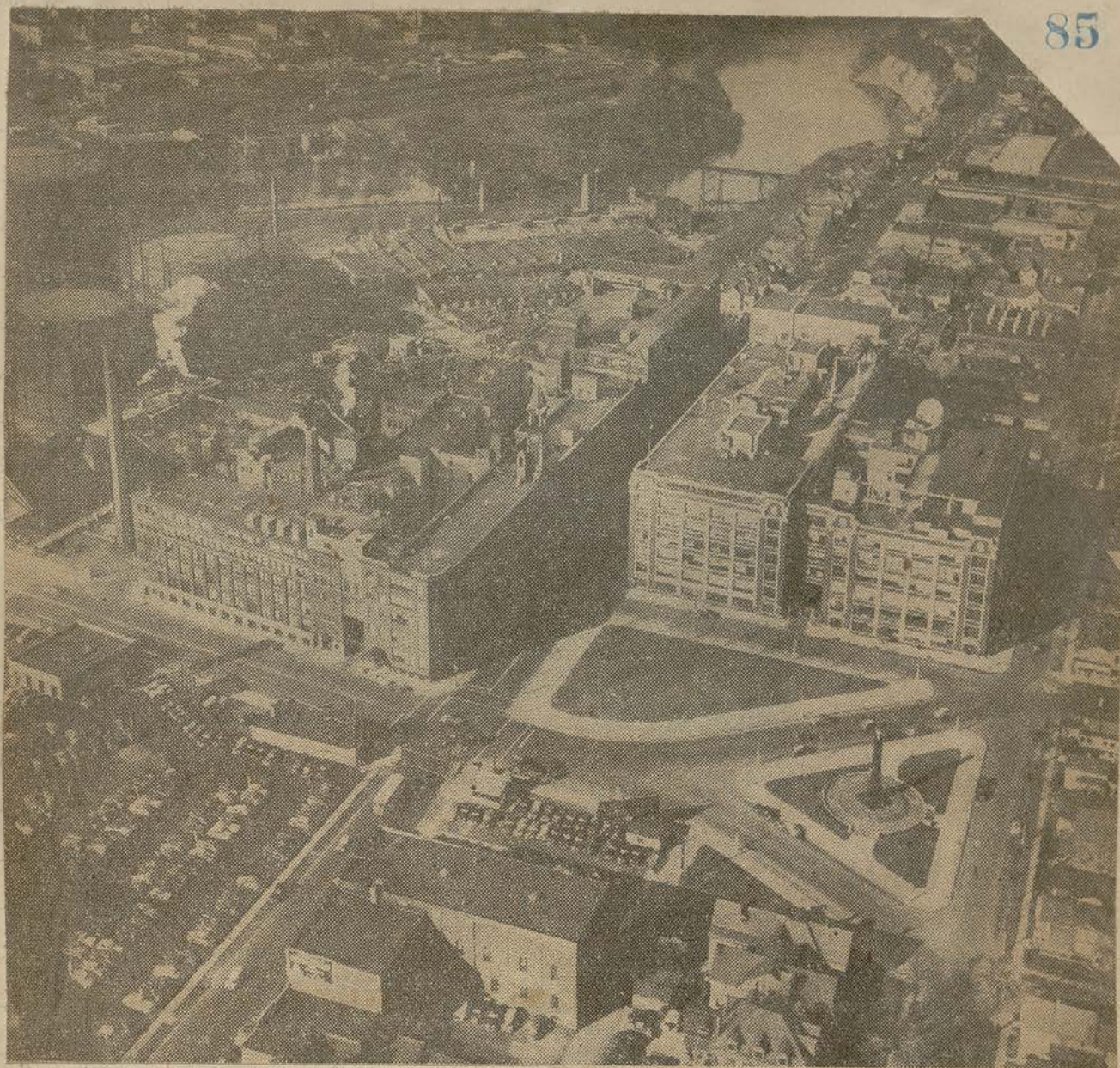


This sales slip is your receipt and is given you for your protection. It is expected that any merchandise to be returned shall be brought back within five days, accompanied by this slip. In making returns, we ask your co-operation, for excessive returns and exchanges of merchandise work a hardship both on the customer and the store.

"E Z TRIP" THE SHELBY SALESBOOK CO., SHELBY, OHIO 49△161

*AL SIGL'S →
Bedroom.*





THE BAUSCH & LOMB PLANT. Helicopter view from the south, showing the extent of one of Rochester's most famous and most important industries. Street at the lower left leads to the Bausch Memorial Bridge over the Genesee, honoring John J. Bausch, one of the firm's founders. At the picture's lower right is the plaza with its lighted modernistic shaft honoring Captain Henry Lomb, the firm's other founder.



Flashing stoplights on this Penfield School 9 bus—one of the first to be so equipped in Monroe County—serve as an extra warning to motorists to halt, no matter which way they're going, while youngsters are boarding or alighting from the

bus. New state legislation requires that all school buses bear at least one flashing sign on the front and rear after Jan. 1. A shortage of the lights is delaying installation on many buses. The bus driver (above) is Jack Blanchard of Webster.

Christmas Weeks of Past Recall Butter at 48 Cents, Songs, People Near Forgot

By ARCH MERRILL

TIS ALWAYS A MAD and a merry time, these last few days before Christmas.

So much to do and so little time to do it in—the shopping for the few eleventh hour gifts and for the provender for the holiday feast—the tree to trim and half the lights, as usual, won't work—the little stockings by the fireplace to fill that the Santa Claus myth may be kept alive in young hearts.

Still, wouldn't you like to take a few minutes out from the hurrying present and go for a little jaunt down the corridors of memory? Let's flick back the pages to some other Christmas times, those of 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 years ago. The portentous events of those days will live again but so will the little things, the ones fraught with nostalgic memories, the songs we sang, the shows we saw, the price we paid for butter, on those bygone Christmas times.

So without further ado, let's drift back to the pre-Christmas week of

1917

when the holiday gavety held some somber overtones. For the United States was at war. Few of our boys were in the trenches but thousands were in the training camps. The mills of the draft boards were grinding furiously. Rochester's own Base Hospital 19 was mobilized that week at the Main Street Armory.

In that wartime the fires of patriotic fervor flamed brightly. The people bought war savings stamps and Liberty bonds. If they did not, they were ostracized. The word, slacker, was in the national vocabulary in 1917. That December 30 years ago a great Red Cross membership drive, led by George Eastman, was under way. The meatless Tuesdays, wheatless Wednesdays and lightless nights were rigidly observed. Almost as familiar to the newspaper reading public as the lean, strong features of Woodrow Wilson, the War President who dared to dream of a world without wars, was the chubby face of the man in the high collar, Herbert Hoover, his Food Administrator.

Overseas the snows of winter had halted the trench warfare on all the fronts save the one in Northern Italy. Russia's Bolshevik government was negotiating a separate peace with the Teutonic warlords. The doughty, eloquent little Welshman, Lloyd George, arose in the British Parliament to set forth the war aims of his nation—return of all territory seized by the enemy and adequate reparations.

And that same week Frank Gotch, the wrestler, was laid to rest in the little Iowa town of his nativity.

Despite the war clouds, there were crowds in the cabarets, hard hit by government taxation and shadowed by the coming prohibition era. The pedro clubs were going full tilt, east side, west side, all around the town. The musical comedy, "Very Good Eddie" was playing at the Lyceum. Harry Lauder in kilts and tartan was prancing on the Temple stage and singing his songs of the heather on his "farewell American tour." (I saw him a decade later at the old Lyceum.) On the silent screen were such stars as William S. Hart in "The Silent Man" at the Picaadilly; Mary Pickford in "The Little Princess" at the Regent and Fatty Arbuckle in "His Wedding Night" at the Strand.

The stores were advertising tafeta petticoats, silk camisoles, plush auto robes and Billie Burke pajamas, as well as Japanese floor lamps. Anything German was taboo, but the Japs were, theoretically at least, our allies in that war.

Folks were humming "They Go Wild, Simply Wild, over Me," as well as the war-inspired refrains of "Over There" and "Roses of Picardy."

And butter was selling for 48 cents a pound; eggs were 38 cents a dozen and you could bring home a pound of bacon for 42 cents.

* * *

FIVE YEARS ROLL by and we find ourselves in the holiday time of

1922

in the gaudy, crass and cynical post-war era of "normalcy," of hooded knights and Kleagles and blind pigs and bathtub gin.

A confused and disillusioned Warren Harding sat in the White House and saw the record of his administration already being daubed by the greedy fingers of his "friends," Fall, Daugherty, Forbes and "the Ohio Gang."

In the realm of international affairs, German reparations was a major issue. Borah, "The Lion of Idaho," demanded in the Senate an arms limitation conference. Al Smith was preparing to move back into the Executive Mansion at Albany with his numerous family and menagerie after his smashing November victory over Governor Miller.

On the home front the needles of the knitting women flew and the mails were clogged with the helmets, wristlets and sweaters they fashioned for the soldier boys. Most everyone was reading a book by the Geneseo-born former Ambassador, James W. Gerard, "My Four Years in Germany" and "Over the Top" whose author, Sgt. Arthur Guy Empey, that Christmas week spoke to a large audience in Convention Hall.

A young Marine lieutenant, Francis T. Mulcahy, was visiting his home in Hawley Street. He was just beginning a career with the Marine Corps that brought him a general's stars in World War II. Young Salvatore Franciosa (Sam Nolan to the boxing fans) also was home on furlough from training camp and was planning a New Years Eve bout under the aegis of the Flower City A. C.

A new voice was being heard in the land—the voice of the radio—and Station WGY made headlines that Christmas Eve of 25 years ago by broadcasting from its Schenectady studios the nasal greetings of Vicepresident Coolidge, speaking in Washington.

It was bitter cold in Rochester and all the skating rinks were open. Coal was scarce and the fuel was being allocated by a federal bureau. George W. Aldridge, the long-time Republican boss of Rochester, was dead and George Eastman was leading a strong movement for a City Manager form of government.

The grand lecturer of the Ku Klux Klan, in a letter to the Rev. Clinton Wunder, pastor of the Baptist Temple (remember him?), admitted that a unit of the hooded order had been organized in Rochester. And local dry agents that week raided a barber shop and ar-

rested the tonsorial artist for selling home brew.

Young Bill Cox was home for the holidays from Mercersburg Academy where he had won national track honors but the glory of the Olympic games was yet to come. "Chubby" Brown, the pride of Dutchtown, lost a decision to Willie Herman in a Convention Hall bout.

And you could purchase pork loin for 20 cents a pound and choice rib roast beef for 25 cents.

The magnificent new Eastman Theater was the talk of the town and the populace flocked there for the ballet and the Philharmonic music and to see Jackie Coogan in "Oliver Twist." The Lyceum announced the coming of William Courtenay in "Her Temporary Husband." Lon Chaney was on the Fay's screen in "Shadows" and there was vaudeville at the Temple, lusty burlesque at the Gayety and the Corinthian.

In the van of the tune hit parade were "Three O'Clock in the Morning" and the plaintive "My Buddy." Mah jong was all the rage and the Christmas lights of Browncroft made "a fairyland of electrical wizardry."

* * *



TIME MARCHES ON, as it always does, and we are in the midst of the holidays of

1927

when Congressmen and charwomen were buying on margin and everybody was about to make a paper million; when buildings were springing up almost overnight and sidewalks and street signs bloomed in weedy suburban fields.

The silent President, Coolidge, and the shy Midas, Mellon of the Treasury, were running the show in the best of all possible worlds. Nobody cared much what was happening across the seas.

Charles A. Lindbergh and Gene Tunney were national heroes. "The Lone Eagle" who had flown the Atlantic, was being lionized in Mexico as the guest of the republic and the conqueror of Jack Dempsey was received in state by Chicago's fantastic mayor, Big Bill Thompson.

Air mail service was inaugurated between Cleveland and Buffalo and Rochester, with its Britton Field pasture as an airport, was looking forward to being a

link in the Buffalo-Albany route. Plans were made to put the cumbersome interurban trolleys in the new Subway. Martin B. O'Neil was mayor and the red-haired raider, Andy Kavanaugh, was chief of police.

The dry squad, commanded by one Jack Johnson, was smashing bars and mirrors without mercy. A truck, laden with 75 bags of Canadian ale, skidded off the Ridge Road near Childs into a ditch and the driver was haled to court.

George Eastman, with his personal physician, Dr. Albert D. Kaiser, and the Martin Johnsons, was in Paris bound for big game hunting in Africa. Rochester's fire horses had made their last run. The classified ad pages included 3 columns of single houses to rent. Men's sweaters were advertised for 89 cents and sugar cured smoked hams and butter were selling for 47 cents a pound.

The Community Players were rehearsing the play "Spread Eagle," written by George S. Brooks, a onetime police reporter for the Rochester Herald. The "talkies" had come to the silver screen. The Piccadilly featured Lionel Barrymore in "Body and Soul" and the girl show, "A Perfect 36" enthralled the bald headed row at the Gayety.

"Trader Horn" was a best seller in the book stalls and people sang "My Blue Heaven" and "Among My Souvenirs" and never dreamed that the golden bubble would ever burst.

* * *

BUT THE BUBBLE had burst, the "whoopee" era was done and we were in the depths of history's worst financial panic when the Christmas season of

1932

rolled around. It was during that grim hiatus known as "The 100 Days" when a defeated President, Herbert Hoover, still was vainly casting about for a rudder and the Democratic victor, Franklin D. Roosevelt, was busy with his Brain Trust fashioning his New Deal—while the economic ship of state drifted.

It was a dark time, best exemplified locally by the news item that 750 turkey dinners would be served at "Hotel Mac-

Sweeney," the Dewey Avenue home for homeless and jobless men, named after the city commissioner of public welfare.

But if you had any cash it would buy quite a lot. Butter was only 24 cents a pound; sausage meat was 10 cents and you could rent a 10-room single house in the Culver section for \$25 a month.

Some idols had fallen. The searching light of federal inquiry exposed the rottenness of the utilities empire of Samuel Insull and the dapper, discredited former mayor of New York, Jimmy Walker, was having trouble with bill collectors. Hitler and his Nazis were rising in Germany but America was too much engrossed in its own woes to notice. Engineer Howard Scott had announced an economic formula called technocracy that few understood.

Rochester was still stunned by the dramatic passing of George Eastman. The city administration of Mayor Owen and City Manager Poole was in heavy financial waters and was soon to be displaced by the Oviatt-Briggs regime. The local Democrats, victory starved, saw visions of the Promised Land.

The dry agents were doing some desultory raiding but not with the oldtime gusto. The handwriting was on the wall for "the noble experiment" and the House that week passed a bill legalizing the sale of 3.2 per cent beer.

Troubled Rochesterians relaxed at the Lyceum where the musical show, "50 Million Frenchmen," starred Florence Moore and at the Eastman where they were charmed by the golden voice of Lily Pons.

Even the popular songs were symptomatic of the drab times. They were "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?" and "Say it Isn't So." And no bright lights blazed from the lawns and residences of Browncroft that Christmas of 15 years ago.

* * *

IN A WAY IT WAS only yesterday: Yet it seems ages ago, for so much has happened in the decade since

1937

when WPA was in full flower; when FDR and his New Deal were firmly entrenched in Washington and ominous clouds darkened the world horizon.

There was civil war in Spain, a

dress rehearsal for the big show that began in 1939 when Hitler's legions blitzed across the plains of Poland. Japan had invaded China and Washington was aroused over the sinking in a Chinese river of the U. S. gunboat Panay by the Nipponese. But the isolationist spirit was strong in America and military toys were frowned upon that Christmas time of 10 years ago.

Labor turmoil was rife, with Detroit and the auto plants of Henry Ford the cockpit. Congress was wrestling with a wage-hour bill. Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt was, as usual, on the move, flying through a sleet storm to visit her daughter, Anna, in Seattle.

In Rochester the Republicans were preparing to march back into their old City Hall citadel. They had triumphed over a divided Democracy in November and the plum tree was ready to be shaken again.

Sirloin steaks were 25 cents a pound and pork sausage sold for 19 cents. "The Big Apple" and jam sessions were in vogue. Prohibition was only a memory.

The Lyceum had gone from the scene but Will Corris was keeping the flame of the spoken drama alight at the Auditorium. A Major Bowes unit was the attraction at the Embassy. People hummed "Little Old Lady," "Good Night, My Love" and "Chapel in the Moonlight" while they reread "The Nine Old Men" in the light of FDR's "court-packing" rebuff.

That holiday week 10 years ago a lanky young reporter named Wes Gallagher was covering a pie-baking contest for The Democrat and Chronicle, little dreaming that in five years he would be covering the greatest war in history for the Associated Press.

And if I may close this ramble through the past with a personal recollection, that also was the week that Louis G. Kelly, prince of good fellows, now a lieutenant-colonel with the American Military Government in Berlin, stopped at our house merely to wish us the greetings of the season—and stayed two days.



Poor Richard Said--

*Plow Deep While Sluggards Sleep
and You Shall Have Corn to Sell
and to Keep.*

- - and it's True Today

Remember Forever!

HELP BUILD



**COMMUNITY
WAR MEMORIAL**



This new air view, taken recently from Gannett Newspapers helicopter, shows Strong Memorial and Municipal Hospitals,

U. of R. Medical School, and new Rivas Neuropsychiatric Clinic, now under construction, at the left foreground.



'O Little Town - of Rochester

Their book of carols opened to the page on which their favorite Christmas song appears, the children of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Gleason of Stoneham Road hold an informal rehearsal of their Christmas Eve tradition, when they gather about the piano to sing the melodies that all Christendom celebrates at this season. From the left they are Philip, Edith and James Gleason.



HERE IS THE RECORD of MAN'S STRUGGLE FOR LIBERTY AGAINST ISMS THAT TRIED TO DESTROY IT

ANN PAGE
QUALITY
FOODS

Register No. 5844

1947
DEC 31 9 9 7 5

10# sugar 0.94 Gr E
S salt 0.05 Gr E
2# Milk 0.25 Gr E
Quick Oats 0.33 Gr E

*3 1.57 TL E

THANK YOU
A & P FOOD STORES

Lady, you've been trapped...

That devilish clever lad who's just about to pop in the door knew very well how Christmas... and mistletoe... and that blue-ribbon box of luscious Huyler's would affect your tender young heart.

Huyler's has been subtly influencing ladies for the past 70 Christmases... and this jolly season, as ever, men of finesse are ordering their Huyler's early.



Need Business Sense

Editor, Democrat and Chronicle:

After reading Frank Gannett's article on the Marshall Plan and the Pro and Con letters that followed—we can come to only one conclusion: What this country needs more than anything else is a good business man in the White House.

James J. Hill who left an estate of over 50 million dollars, said: "If you want to know whether you are destined to be a success or failure in life, you can easily find out. The test is simple and infallible: Are you able to save money? If not drop out. You will lose."

It would seem that this could apply to governments as well as individuals. When our Government goes down, we all go down with it.

W. WILKINSON.

Rochester

THE CAMPBELL - WHITTLESEY HOUSE

In Rochester, New York

By JOAN LYNN SCHILD

See Vol. IX
Page 12



ous merchant and miller, who states in his autobiography had it built in 1835 and 1836. Then famous as the Flour, Rochester was in a boom period of expansion due to the market afforded its mills by the Erie Canal. Late in 1841, however, the grain market collapsed, and the miller was forced into bankruptcy. The house was then acquired by Thomas Rochester, the founder of the city. In 1852 it became the property of the DeWitt family, in whose hands it remained until it passed to its present ownership. Its most distinguished occupant was Frederick Whittlesey, public-spirited citizen, who from 1839 to 1846 was Chancellor of the New York State Court of Chancery and afterwards Justice of the State Supreme Court.

The Campbell-Whittlesey house is now the property of the Society for the Preservation of Landmarks in Western New York, an organization founded in 1937. Through the efforts of the Society, whose president is Helen Rochester Rogers, great-granddaughter of Colonel DeWitt Rochester, founder of the city, the historic mansion has been completely restored and refurnished.

A NOTABLE EXAMPLE of Greek Revival architecture in America is the Campbell-Whittlesey house in Rochester, New York. So fine are the scale, proportion, and detail of the house, that in 1934, it was measured and drawn by the Historic Buildings Survey of the United States Department of the Interior. The unknown builder did not follow exactly the stone originals of the Greek architectural motifs, but adapted them to his material, taking his inspiration, perhaps, from Minard Lafever's *The Beauties of Modern Architecture* or other architectural publications then available in considerable numbers.

Built of red brick with white trim, the house belongs to the porticoed temple type. A side entrance permits retention of the colonial and early Federal device of the central stair hall, flanked by rooms on either side. Spacious double parlors at the right with bold polychromy and elaborate Greek details look upon the four-columned Ionic portico which extends across the front of the house. At the left, in the dining room and service areas, the mass of the house grows narrower but conforms to the temple type in the strongly salient cornice supported by a large modillion.

The two fine entrances on the east side of the house are recessed. That on the north, which leads to the front, has a stone enframement with entablature and antae, the Greek counterpart of pilasters. The antae are about nine diameters in height, the proportion of the Ionic order, but to lighten the appearance of the entrance, the builder omitted the usual architrave and set the frieze immediately upon the antae.

This distinguished house was first owned by Benjamin Campbell,

and glazes produced from sienna mixed with indigo and Paris green. Eleven colors were used in the interior, and vivid—not at all a cold, classic white. Three colors appear in the ceiling alone, with moldings of Paris green. The cornices are mouse-colored. The wall panels are mauve and bronze. A small area of the original color was reserved in each room to show the fidelity of the

restoration. The house was appropriately furnished with original fittings of the type purchased for the purpose from the R. T. Miller Gallery of the University of Rochester. Some of the furniture was made by William Brewster, early Rochester cabinetmaker. The Whittlesey house effectively perpetuates the era of the old Rochester in which it figured prominently.

THE CAMPBELL-WHITTLESEY HOUSE (top of page), on the corner of Troup and Fitzhugh Streets, Rochester, New York, now owned by the Society for the Preservation of Landmarks in Western New York, is one of the most distinguished examples of the Greek Revival style of domestic architecture in the Rochester area. Built in 1835 and 1836 by Benjamin Campbell, a prosperous merchant and miller, it was the scene of brilliant social functions in the city's early days.





FRONT PARLOR shows the paneled walls and the trim around the doors. The profusion of ornaments much of the time. The octagonal center table. The mahogany arms was made by a joiner. After search in five or six other houses were found which are said to have been woven in the same period. The other house of the same period was made to order for the Campaign they could scarcely have been its interior in color, size, and



BACK PARLOR shows the mantel marble flecked with gold. Above the fireplace is a picture of a classical building. The mahogany furniture is of the Greek Revival period, with forms reminiscent of classic models, and boldly using such motifs as hairy animal heads, and horns of plenty. Through the doorway can be seen the dignified columns of



at the left of the hall is papered with a red-blocked paper of the Louis-Philippe period. Found in New York, the paper was called Baroness Huard. It was chosen for this curious representation of Indian heads. The use of mauves and greens employed in the simulation of drapery in the parlors of the early Empire period. The doors had been restored with painstaking care. The sideboard and table were made in New York rooms in the mansion the fireplace is said to have been made in New York longed to early Rochester residents. The Aubusson carpet is of the early Empire.



THE FRONT DOOR OF the house has an original wide mahogany aircase with mahogany panels which steps majestically up to the door. The walls are putty-colored with white trim. All console table hangings, about 18 inches high, and a crystal clock of the

THIS VIEW OF THE FRONT PARLOR shows the paneled window shutters, and the trim around the doors. Bold carving in profusion ornaments much of the furniture, notably the octagonal center table. The armchair with gooseneck arms was made by a pioneer Rochester cabinetmaker. After search in five states and Canada, two matching carpets were found in Rochester which are said to have been woven in France for another house of the same period as this. Had they been made to order for the Campbell-Whittlesey house they could scarcely have been better related to its interior in color, size, and design.

THIS VIEW OF THE FRONT PARLOR shows the Egyptian black marble mantel flecked with gold. Above it hangs a romantic canvas which came from the home of Hiram Sibley, a pioneer of Rochester and founder of Western Union. The mahogany furniture is typical of the Greek Revival period, with forms more or less reminiscent of classic models, and boldly carved ornament using such motifs as hairy animal paws, acanthus leaves, and horns of plenty. Through the windows may be seen the dignified columns of the front portico.



THIS VIEW OF THE BACK PARLOR shows the mantel of Egyptian black marble flecked with gold. Above it hangs a romantic canvas which came from the home of Hiram Sibley, a pioneer of Rochester and founder of Western Union. The mahogany furniture is typical of the Greek Revival period, with forms more or less reminiscent of classic models, and boldly carved ornament using such motifs as hairy animal paws, acanthus leaves, and horns of plenty. Through the windows may be seen the dignified columns of the front portico.

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THE DINING ROOM at the left of the hall is papered with a reproduction of hand-blocked paper of the Louis-Philippe period in buff and green. Found in New York, the paper was copied by Baron and Baroness Huard. It was chosen for this room because of the curious representation of Indian heads in the frieze and the use of mauves and greens employed elsewhere in the house. The simulation of drapery in the wall paper is typical of the early Empire period. The doors of hand-grained wood have been restored with painstaking accuracy; the ceiling is whitewashed, the woodwork painted green. As in other rooms in the mansion the fireplace is black marble. The sideboard and table were made in New York State and belonged to early Rochester residents. The chairs are late Sheraton, about 1825. The Aubusson carpet dates from the first Empire.



Colors have deeply coved ceilings in shades of blue and finished with medallions. Bronzed palmettes in the wide doorway between the two rooms. The door and window frames are decorated with ornamental plaster work. The walls are red, the doorknobs are silver. The back parlor shows a collection of several pieces of about the same period which exhibit this type of chair beside it with carved sheaf and swag in low relief on the wall. It is believed to have been made in the workshop of John Phife.



THE FRONT DOOR opens upon a large central hall with original wide pine floor boards. A curving staircase with mahogany banisters and newel post sweeps majestically to the upper floor. The hall has putty-colored walls and rose moldings. The hall console table has white marble pillars and gilt mountings, about 1825, and is surmounted by a crystal clock of the French Empire period (c. 1810).

AN ENORMOUS STENCILED MIRROR and matching bureau in one of the bedrooms are typical of the American Greek Revival period. The whitewood mirror frame is painted a greyish-green color, similar to that used on Hitchcock chairs of the same period, to form a contrasting background for the stenciled decoration in gold leaf.



The Campbell-Whittlesey House



AN ENORMOUS STENCILLED MIRROR and matching bureau in one of the bedrooms are typical of the American Greek Revival period. The whitewashed mirror frame is painted a greyish-green color, similar to that used on Hitchcock chairs of the same period, to form a contrasting background for the stenciled decoration in gold leaf.



THE DOUBLE PARLORS have deeply coved ceilings painted in three shades of blue and finished with a frieze of bronzed medallions. Bronzed palmettes in panels flank the wide doorway between the two parlors, and all the door and window frames are embellished with ornamental plaster work. The doors are painted red, the doorknobs are silver-plated. This view of the back parlor shows a stenciled piano, one of several pieces of about the date of the house which exhibit this type of decoration. The chair beside it with carved sheaf of wheat, bowknot, and swag in low relief on the cresting rail is believed to have been made in the workshop of Duncan Phyfe.



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THE MOST IMPORTANT FURNITURE item in the front parlor is the card table shown here. It carries the label of George W. Miller who is listed as a cabinetmaker in the New York City directory of 1822. Of mahogany with gold stenciled decoration, it has a lyre-shaped pedestal on carved leaf-and-claw feet. Around the bottom of the apron a narrow border of the honey-suckle motif has been stenciled with powder, solid and unshaded on a blackened background, in imitation of metal appliqué. The acanthus-leaf border on the plinth of the pedestal is stenciled with shading. The elaborate design on the pedestal is in gold leaf shaded with the engraving tool. Thus the ornamentation exemplifies both gilding and stenciling.

The Society for the Preservation of Landmarks in Western New York was organized in 1937. Its purpose is the preservation, protection, and restoration of places and objects in Western New York which are of historic interest and natural or architectural beauty, to the end that they may be kept for the education and enjoyment of the public. The Society's sole support is through its membership dues.



APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP

I desire to join the Society for the Preservation of Landmarks in Western New York for the current year in following membership category:

\$3 \$5 \$10 \$25 \$50

Special Gift \$.....



*Dues and Special Gifts are deductible
from income tax.*

SOCIETY FOR THE PRESERVATION
OF LANDMARKS IN WESTERN NEW YORK

123 South Fitzhugh Street
ROCHESTER 8, NEW YORK



Built in 1835

Headquarters of

**The Society for the Preservation of
Landmarks in Western New York**

Authentically Restored and Furnished

Open Free to the Public



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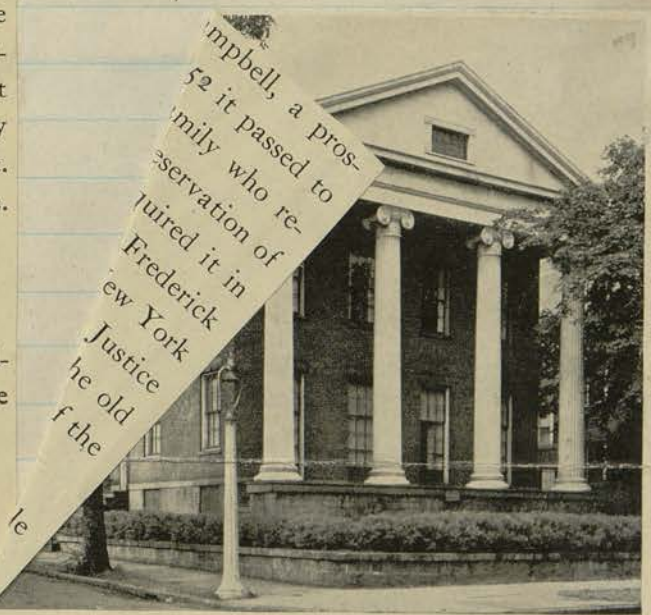
Special Gift \$.....



Dues and Special Gifts are deductible from income tax.

SOCIETY FOR THE PRESERVATION OF LANDMARKS IN WESTERN NEW YORK

123 South Fitzhugh Street
ROCHESTER 8, NEW YORK



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Built in 1835

Headquarters of

The Society for the Preservation of Landmarks in Western New York

Authentically Restored and Furnished

Open Free to the Public

By HOWARD C. HOSMER

SHOPPERS, AHOY! — It used to be easier then. A buck was a buck and bought a buck's worth. If it looked like wood it was wood, not cardboard, and if it looked like steel it was steel, not tin.

Late with your Christmas shopping? Take a tip from us and step back into the pages of history, where there are bargains galore and where you'll still have something left over to buy that turkey and that plum pudding.

Something for the boy? Well, here it is, all for five skins:

For the Boy?



OUR COMBINATION

Suit, with
EXTRA
PANTS and
HAT,

\$5.00

Don't say you weren't warned.

SOMETHING intimate for the lady of the house? May we suggest Dr. Scott's Electric Corset, made of Alexandria cloth in dove or white in sizes 18 to 30. Made strong, durable, possessing electro-magnetic curative qualities. It would be cheap at \$5. You can have it at \$1.25.

What about a "Haut Ton," a snappy little number for skirt-improving, for medium-sized ladies, short ladies, misses, long ladies. A dandy buy at 50 cents, any size.

Shopping for a new car? Look what's here! The brand new Speedy Four, with convertible top, non-kicking crank. No trade-in necessary. Here's the little beauty:



A little
SATISFIE
everythi
item, all fo
The best
year, 78 co
Haggard,
Braddon, 1
traits of
Wheel For
of Dreams,
ers' Telegr
20 selectio
bums, 79
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Morse tele
calendar, 7
please.

How about milady's feet? Step into our high button shoe department and make a selection. Top price \$2.50. Here's a sample. The thing with the handle, if you don't remember, is a button hook.



They don't pinch

FRESH out of

How are you
side lounge, so
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Here's a litt
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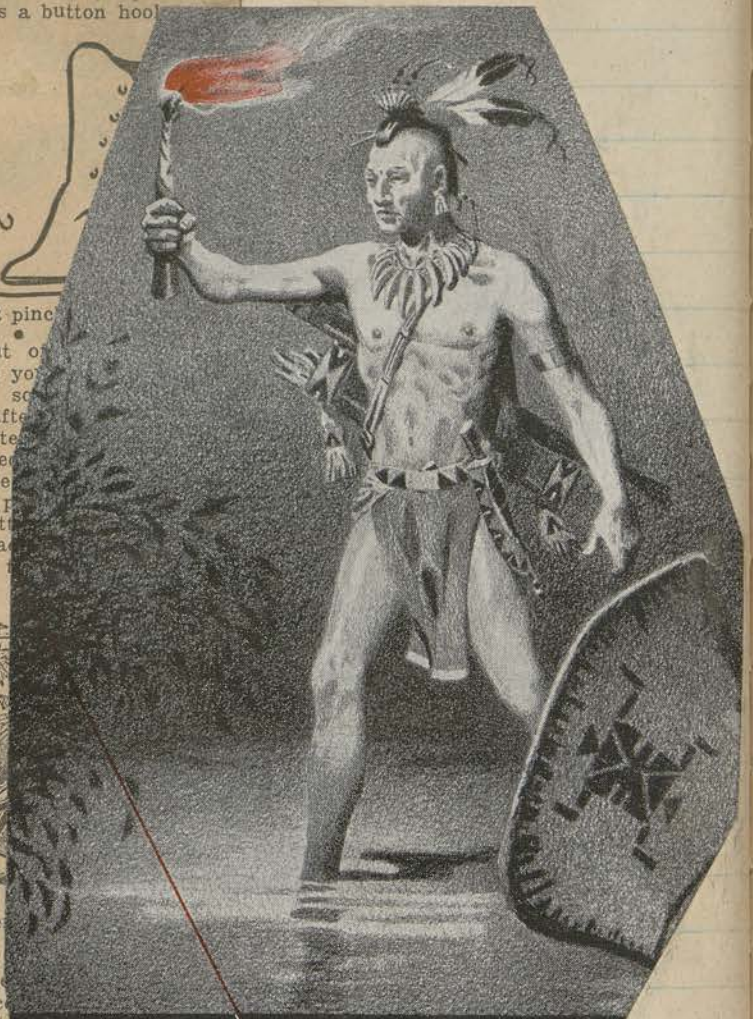


Feel better
you do.

THERE the

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But don't bl
Most of them
issue of The D



UNUSUAL LIGHTS THAT HAVE SERVED MAN... The highly organized law of the Iroquois Indians required peaceful messengers arriving at night to carry a torch. Made of twisted birch bark it gave bright, but temporary light.



Yes, Virginia, There Is a Santa Claus

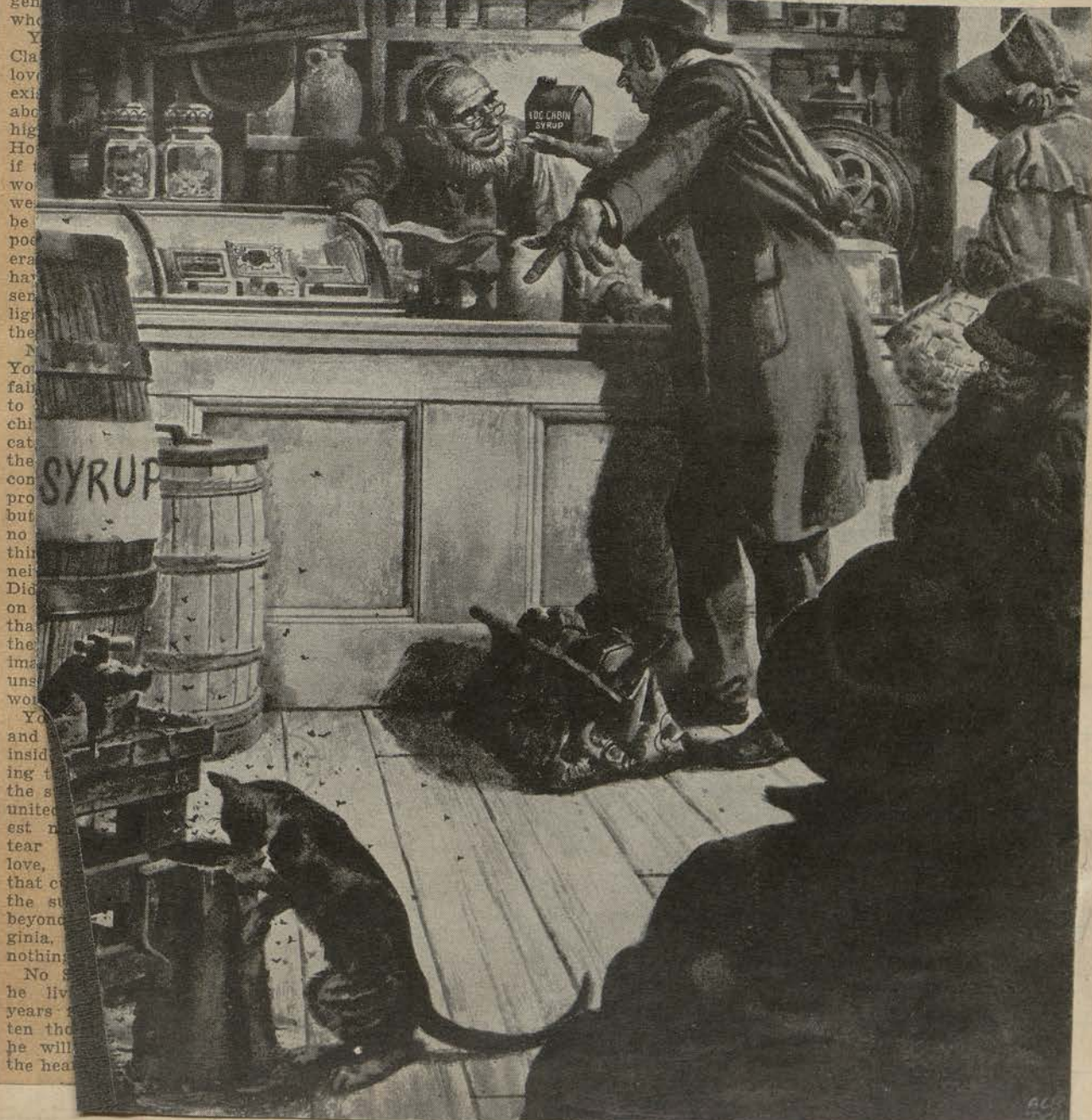
'World Would Dreary Be...'

Back in 1897 a little girl named Virginia O'Hanlon, wrote this letter to the New York Sun: "Dear Editor: I am 8 years old. Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus. Papa says, 'If you see it in The Sun, it's so.' Please tell me the truth. Is there a Santa Claus?" The answer, written by Francis Pharcellus Church, and published in The Sun, has come to be the classic rejoinder to all children and others who doubt the reality of the genial, good-will Christmas spirit. It is republished here in response to many requests.



Dear Virginia:

Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelli-



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Yes, Virginia, There Is a Santa Claus

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Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! How dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus! It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no child-like faith then, no poetry, no romance, to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world.

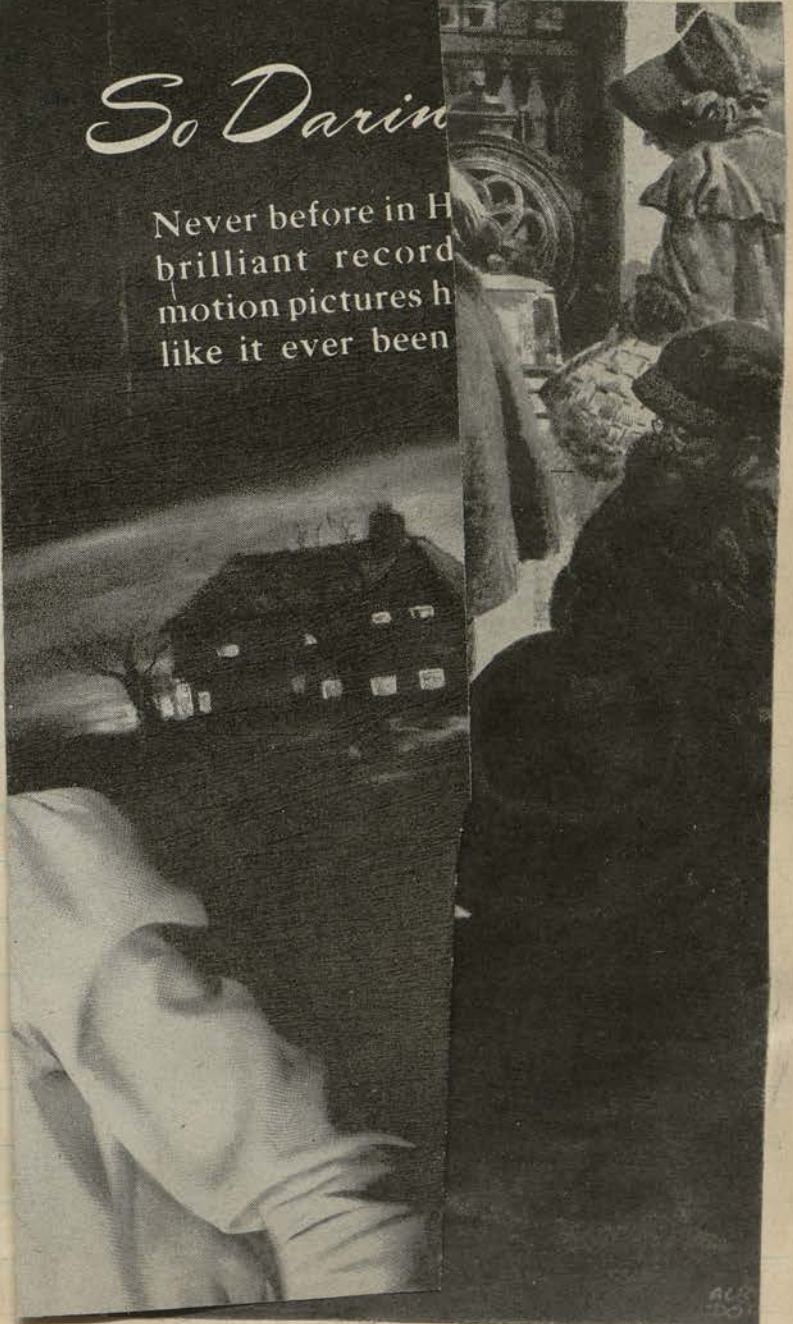
You tear apart a baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view the picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

No Santa Claus! Thank God, he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia—nay, ten thousand years from now—he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.



So Daring

Never before in Hollywood
brilliant record
motion pictures have
like it ever been





GRAPE NUTS!

A spectacular \$100,000 blaze raged through the 4-story building at 92-98 Main St. E. in April. The proximity of the burning structure to the river impeded the firemen's fight. Mighty streams of water flushed out jewelry from shop windows into the street and many Front Street "prospectors" panned "gold" from the gutters that spring night.

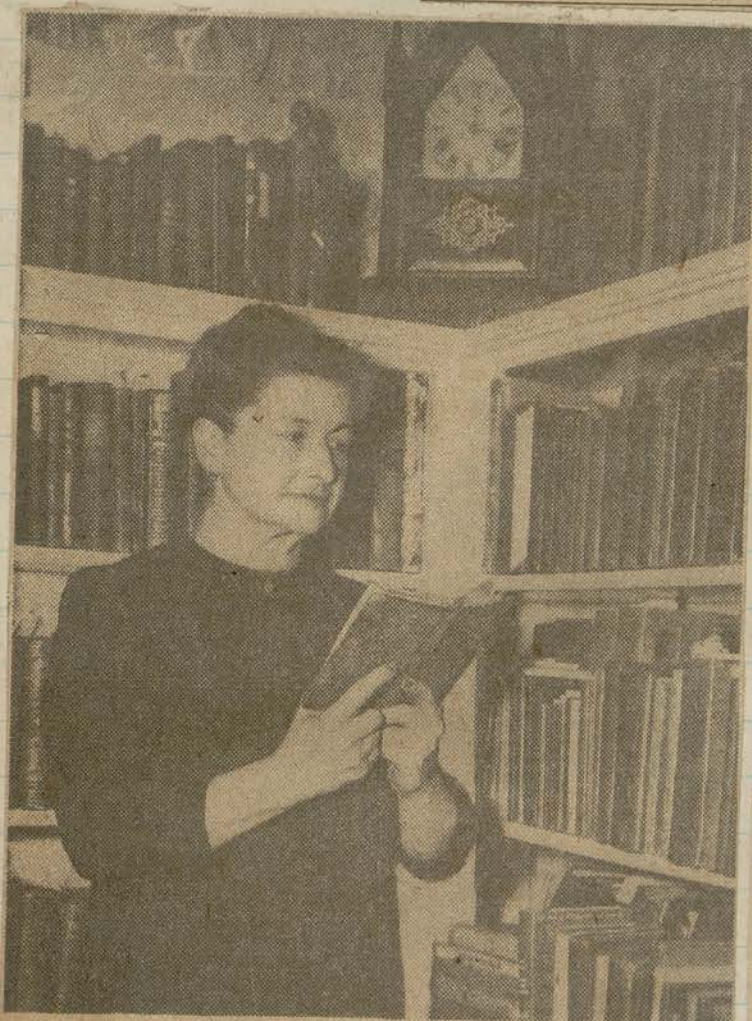


'PROSPECTORS' FOUND GOLD AFTER THIS FIRE



IN SPITE OF WIND AND SNOW

Scaffolding for Municipal Airport's new tower is shown in front of old tower. Project will be complete about Apr. 1.



It's a Collectors' Item

Shown against a background of a few of her more than 900 cook books is Mrs. Michael Grimaldi of Dartmouth Street. Mrs. Grimaldi, an ardent collector of old books about early American cookery, holds the prize volume of her entire collection. It is "American Cookery or the Art of Dressing Viands," published in 1796, for which she searched 15 years.

Work Rushed On Air Tower

Workmen are rushing construction of a new tower at Municipal Airport, Erward Houters, manager, reported last night.

Construction of scaffolding for the structure has been completed, and masonry work will begin Monday, he said.

Early estimates for completion of the tower are Apr. 1, depending on the weather, Houters declared.

The job is being done by the City of Rochester which will relinquish control of the airport to Monroe County Jan. 1. Under terms of the contract of sale, the city agreed to build the new tower, but start of work was halted by lack of material and labor, and insufficiency of original appropriations, it was said.

After construction of the tower is finished, the Civil Aeronautics Administration will install modern radio and transmission equipment after which the CAA will take over tower operation.

JAN.



Throughout the month of January
You fall upon your canary.

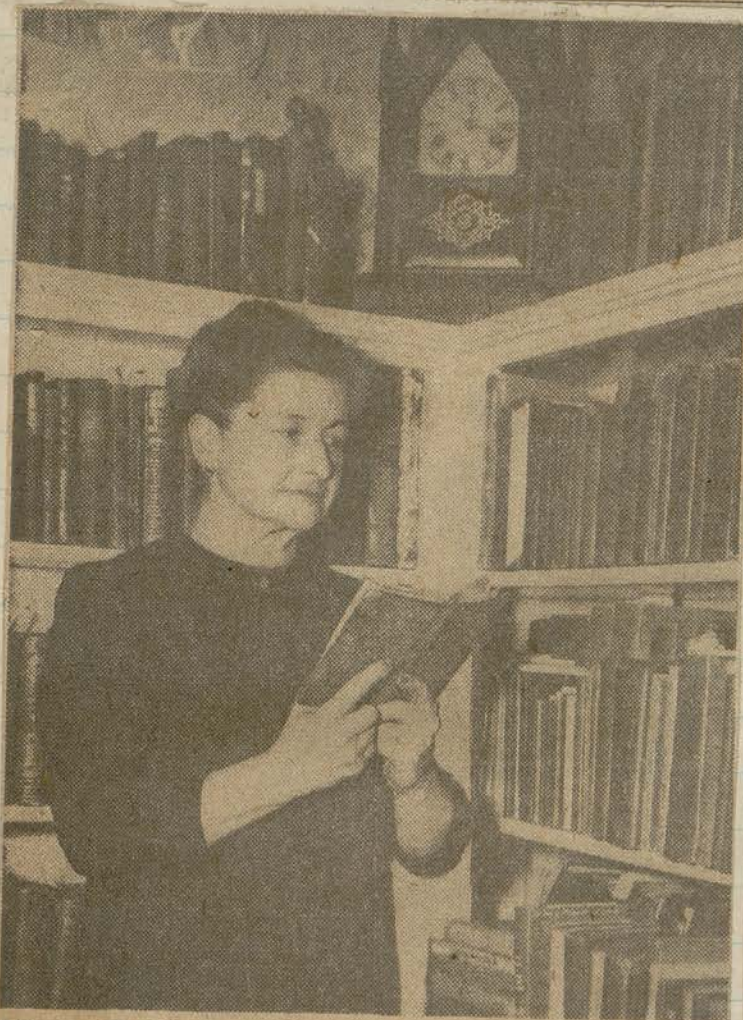


and give the boys what
in lavish abundance.
or hang onto the on



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During its first decade, the theater combined popular films with concerts of classical music. "The Prisoner of Zenda" was shown on opening night.



'THIS IS THE WEATHER FOR ME!'
 There was one Rochesterian who welcomed yesterday's snowfall. Oscar II, the Seneca Park Zoo polar bear, stood up for Democrat and Chronicle Photographer Ivan Conklin to show approval of wintry gusts. (Weather details on Page 13.)

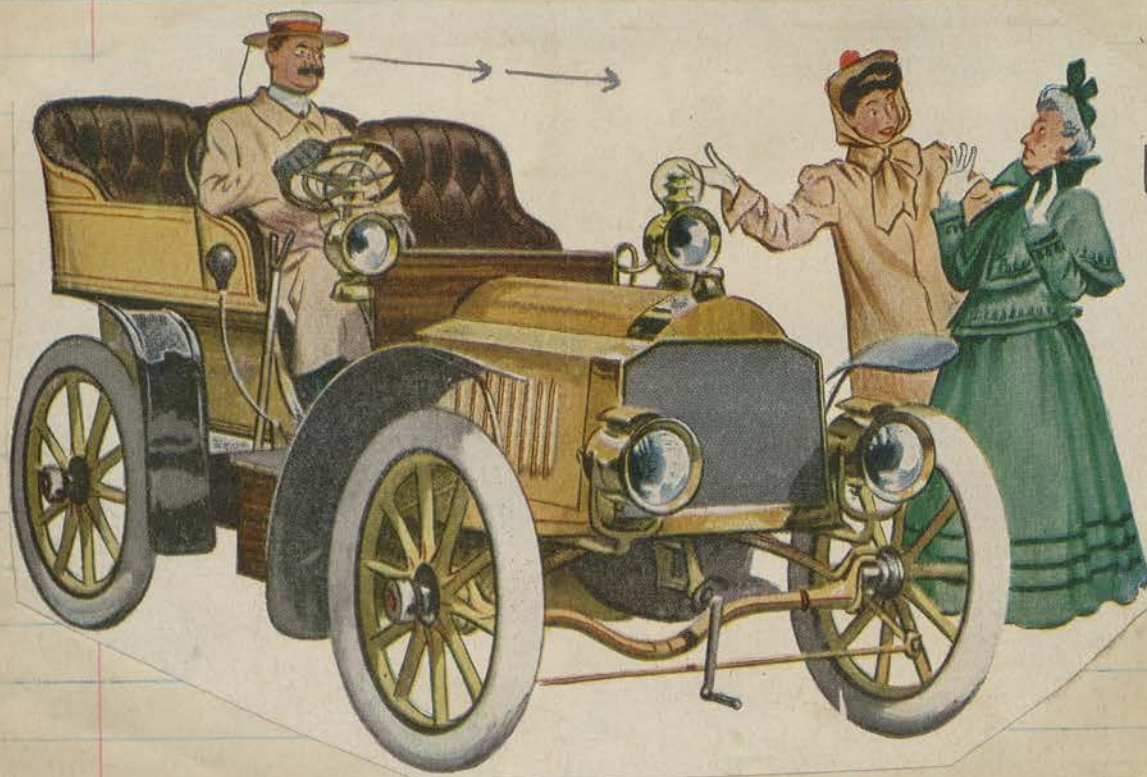


City Men Write History Papers

Articles by two Rochester men are featured in the winter issue of *New York History*, quarterly journal of the State Historical Association, the association announced today.

Dr. William A. Ritchie, archeologist for the Rochester Museum of Arts and Sciences, describes excavations made in September, 1946, in Onondaga County. His article is entitled, "A Prehistoric Ceremony of Sacrifice."

Glyndon G. VanDeusen, associate professor of history at the University of Rochester, reviews Volume 13 of the Rochester Historical Society Publications.



1904



TIMES SQUARE. After the Times-Union building was built the intersection of Exchange and Broad Streets was officially named "Times Square" by the City Council. In this view which The Democrat and Chronicle's chief photographer, Fred Powers, took from the Gannett Newspapers' helicopter, the Times-Union

Building, which also houses Gannett Company central offices, is seen at the upper center. Upper right is the Genesee Valley Trust Building, with its spectacular wings. Middle left is most of the site of the new War Memorial and lower left is the building of the Lawyers' Co-operative Publishing Company.



BEHIND SCENES:

ROYAL DOPE MIXER.
SIBLEY'S.



EARLY
DAYS
SIBLEY'S
?





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EARLY
DAYS
SIBLEY'S
?



ROYAL DOPE MIXER.
SIBLEY'S.

LEET ...

COME SNOW

EEN & GOLD

GOES ON!

s to tell us about rig
e snowstorms hit, we
ut comes a day whe
Aunt S... has a bir

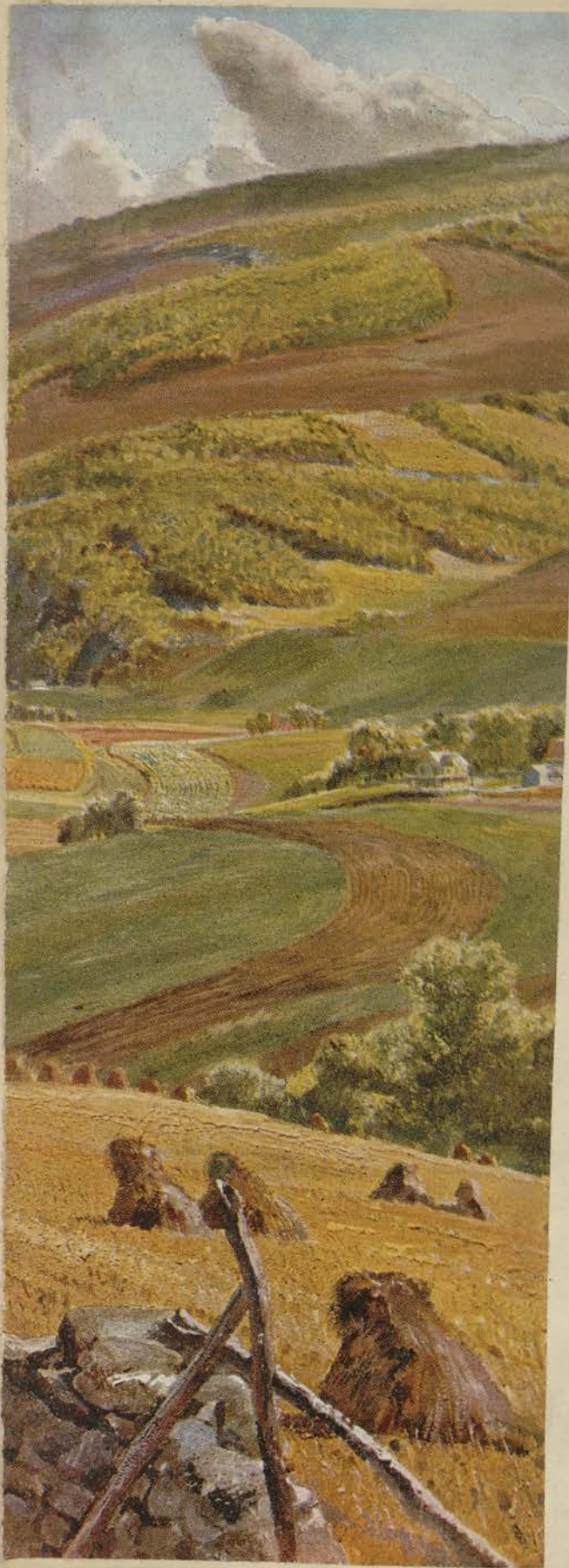
BEHIN



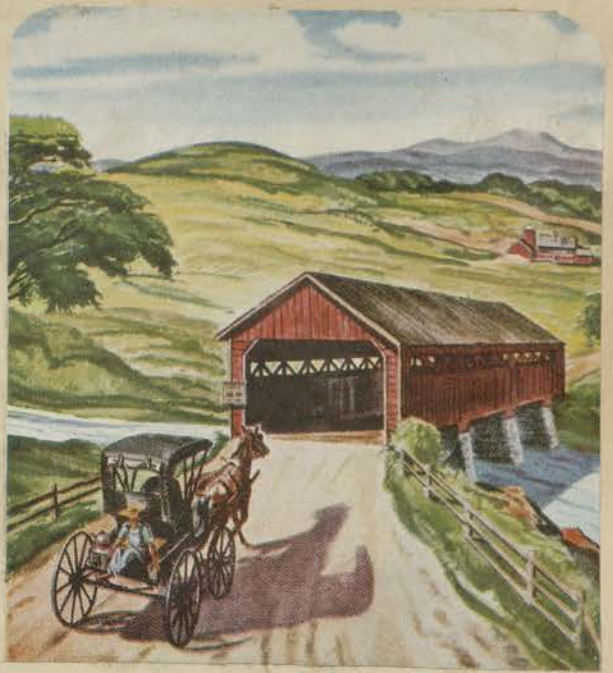
THOSE BRISTOL HILLS - HOW MY HEART THRILLS!

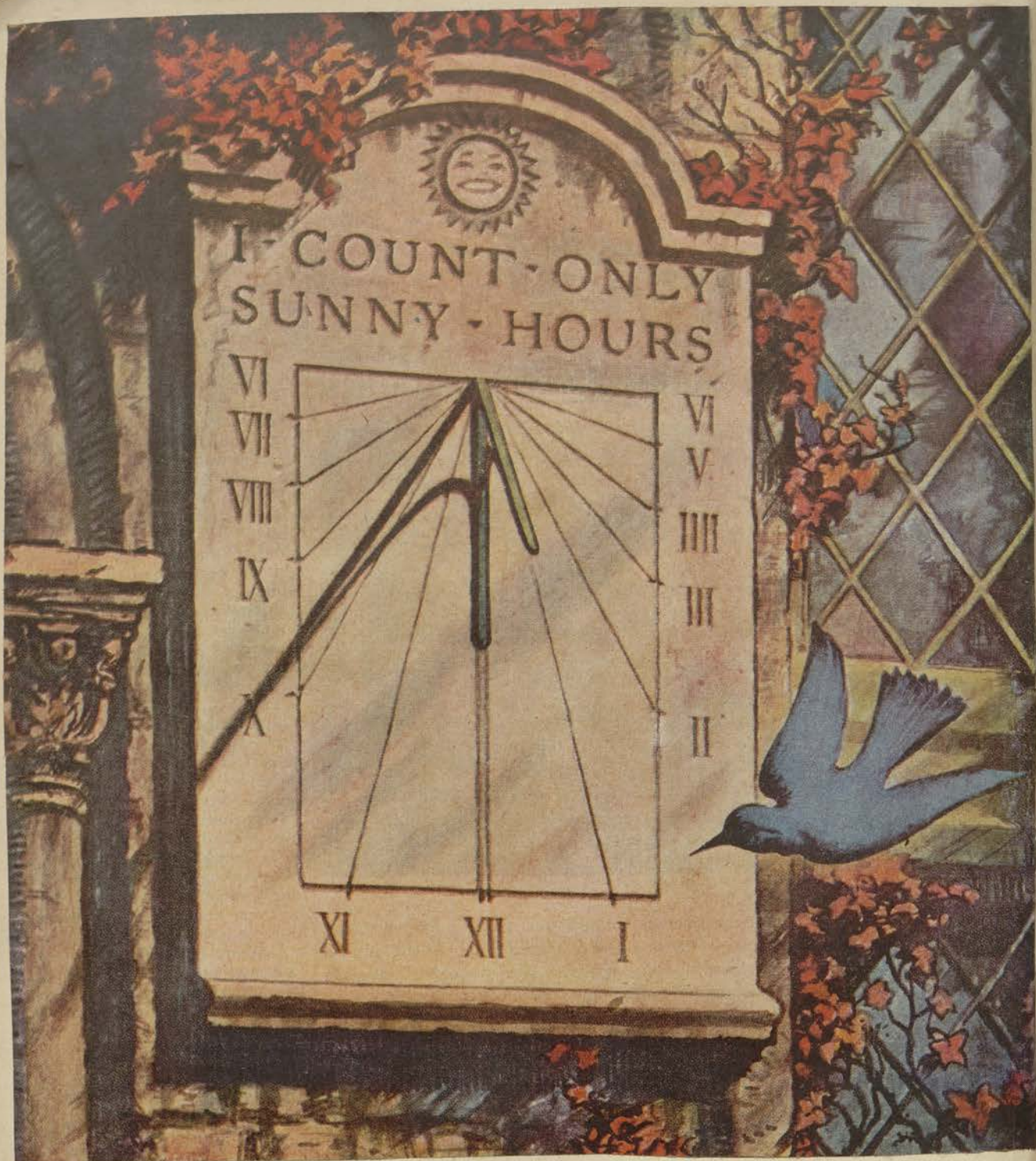
There was a man named Bristol Bill,
 He was born on the top of Gannett Hill.
 On Gannett Hill he lived and died,
 When he passed on - the trees all sighed

W.XX



(See Letter VOL X Page 90)
See P. 16 - This Volume.





*The bird of Time has but a little way
to fly—and lo! the bird is on the wing.*

TIME GOES, YOU SAY? AH NO!
ALAS, TIME STAYS, WE GO!

PROCEEDING EVER—
RETURNING NEVER!

THE CARELESS LOOK AND DO NOT HEED
THE WISE TAKE NOTE AS ME THEY READ

SHADOW AND SUN—
SO TOO
OUR LIVES ARE MADE

THE HOUR THOU READEST NOW ON ME
WILL NEVER MORE BE OFFERED THEE
IF THOU TAKEST HEED, WISE WILT THOU BE



- MAN OF DISTINCTION -
AUTHOR OF THE WILKINSON SCRAP BOOKS.



Rochester
THE CITY OF OPPORTUNITIES



From the wise
founders of our
Country, Liberty
has come down to
us—ready made.
All we have to
do is protect it...

THE FREEDOM PLEDGE

I am an American. A free American
Free to speak—without fear
Free to worship my own God
Free to stand for what I think right
Free to oppose what I believe wrong
Free to choose those who govern my
country.
This heritage of Freedom I pledge
to uphold
For myself and all mankind.



In 1776 some folks
said our new nation
would never last—
yet it has, and will,
because it stands for
freedom progress
and justice * * * * *



I may be one but don't call me one!



The candle burns low—
Only one more volume
to go. w.w.

