XI

Record
THOSE EYES—THOSE WHISKERS—THOSE NOSE—MEN WHO MADE ROCHESTER

1847
WILKINSON
**Home on the Range**

**NOTE**—In these scrap books are many chippings. In order so that there will be no misunderstandings, will say that in all cases chippings came from newspapers and magazines owned by persons who are not.[...]

There is a happy thought that we are above that. Just that you should know.
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 Cournoen, Walt Harris and Railroad Police Capt. Douglas Staffel 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 Petrich, 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.
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 on.

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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.

LEAVING FRONT STREET MISSION
JOHN B. KENNY
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Not Yet 'The Late'
Editor, Democrat and Chronicle:
Today's morning paper refers to me, in the story of Mr. A. E. Hines, 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 355 State Street, I am what every possible species of slander and censure would call a living human organism. And, to judge from the state of my health in the past eighty-six years, 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 dead, one.

They do indeed think of me as one who has nothing worthwhile to tell them of younger boys. 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 uphil work here in Rochester is itself monument to my confirmed religious beliefs, and that the many brands I have left behind are sufficiently attest that I had, and still have, the qualities of leadership which I coveted. I 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-foothing talking sermon, when I survey today's mundane scene, the thing most sadly wanting in leadership. Good leadership is at a premium, is even in dearth. This is a grievous condition.

A. E. HINES

Parking Lot Seen as Blow To Mission

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, 344 Front St., and his son, David H. Baker, retiring assistant, at the mission hall in Andrews Street at 6:30 p.m. Thursday.

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LEAVING FRONT STREET MISSION

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For 16 years, Herbert F. Baker, 63, superintendent of The People's Rescue Mission, assisted by his son, David J. 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 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 preacher 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 Albert E. Hines, who watched over unfortunate lees for 20 years. His first move was to renovate the old quarters, installing new showers, a modern kitchen and new furnishings at a cost of $60,000.

Respect for law is decreasing, he says, and there is a marked decline in the incentive to work on the street. The great and immeasurable factor today is, "How long have I got to work?" Never has our clientele put money for less work than the past six years," he decries.

He says the blame for the Front Street at the door of the Mission's record and say attendance at religious services there the first nine months this year totaled 18,489; that 19,106 free meals were served; that 82,465 paid for lodgings; that 515 worked for their bed and that 3,997 free lodgings were provided.

He says religious services are conducted there every week, Sunday except Sat.

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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 Anthony's day are the styles worn by these Margaret A. Shanks now eighty, Mrs. L. H. Jacobs, seventy years old is in the Thompson Hosp. Elon H. Clark and Mrs. Arthur Schwab. Miss Shanks much impressed me at the very last days of Miss Anthony, her unselfishness, her period with 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 the facts that Miss Anthony deserves all the recognition we can give her.

When Miss Mary S. Anthony was greatly 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 he 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.

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 an 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 some pages to Susan in our special scrap book. So this one, we deserve 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!

SUFFRAGE CRUSADE IS NOT FORGOTTEN

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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.
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."
"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.

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 bio-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 nettle, 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 the 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 Butterfield 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 prophecy, has brought him high distinction.
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: Vicesmayor 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 Monroe Co. GOP.

Horse Rooms - Bingo 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-air' 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 darn man manages to get there (A dead politician is a good politician) (There's a lot of fun in it.)
85 TIMES A VOTER

James A. Hard, 106-year-old veteran of Civil War, signs registration book near his home in Portsmouth Terrace. All the major Republican candidates were elected.

County Chairman Thomas E. Broderick, Councilman Henry L. Schluter, Councilman Fred Ruppel and School Commissioner Philip C. Wolz.

There Must Be a Hitch to It

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

Retired Politician

(Susan B. There ain't no such animal.)
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 3 acres also was built in the historic land without knowing. The town, as stated in the Supreme Court authorization, is to permit use of the old schoolhouse for community purposes, such as a meeting place for Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts and the Erie Canal resulted in moving 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.

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.

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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 exposé 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 assistance besides apparatus and other incidental expenses for the use of the building which has amounted to $1,150, it will be seen that such an 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.
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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 corncob 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 being dug up in excavations for a wine cellar on the ground of her château. 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.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22)

(See W. Scrambank 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.
Bristol Valley Novel

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 lies between Canandaigua Lake and the Bristol Valley. The Burning Spring of the title obviously is the famous one in the Bristol 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 a resident of White Plains. Familiar place names sprinkle the pages of the book, names like Gannett Hill and "The Jumping Off Place"; Whaleneck, Gage's Landing and Menteth Point. Mention of the steamboats, the Oriana and the Ononalinda, 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.
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.
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.
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.
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.
In "Stage
Coach Towns"
Merrill has
sought to cap-
ture the person-
ality of each community and present
its profile sympathetically and hon-
estly. Rich in history and lore, the
book covers such communites 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, Democra+ and
Chronicle building and in book stores.

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.
A route for the contemplated railroad from Rochester east to Baldwinsville has been surveyed.

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

What a golfer went around in, back in 1820
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.
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.

Map shows where Freedom Tra...
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.

Map shows where Freedom Tra 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.

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.
'Oh, Say can you see --'

Independence on Paper
HELI.CO.PTER'S VIEW OF RECORD SPORTS CROWD THAT
Aquinas gridders already were ahead and on the way to their eventual 39-18 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 tomorrow. But here's one that's a little different. A record crowd for a sports event in Rochester history. Here is one for you, posterity. 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 the Red Wing Stadium. So here is one for the book. The year 1947 was not as slow at that!
HELIICOPTER'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 scrapbooks with pictures of sports events, but most of these would be only of passing interest — here today, gone tomorrow. But here's one that's a little different. A record crowd for a sports event in Rochester history. Here is one for you, posterity. To try and match, I dare say it will stand for some time. Somewhat later, it always has been that way — another spot will take the place of our Red Rim Stadium, so here is one for the book. The year 1947 was not as slow at that!
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.
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.
'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.

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.
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.
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

A HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES FROM THE AMERICAN PAST
THE AID OF A THOUSAND PICTURES REPRODUCTIONS OF PAINTINGS, CARTOONS, LITHOGRAPHS

HE 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-
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
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.

Old Pictures Tell News of Long Ago

Do You Remember...?

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 these 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, 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 horse-drawn 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 Beaton Jr. will be associate medical consultant; Ralph D. Turner will be deputy technical director, and Jerome Smith will be center director.

Alterations Begun

Thomas H. 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.

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

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.

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

City Boasts Lengthy Roster Of Women of Letters
By ELIZABETH de SYLVA

ABER 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 floor, face down!”

Then Mrs. Norman Getzin returned and the mood lifted. 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 paneled room, decorated in soft colors, a fire burned in the grate. Chloë, the author’s mob, two-eyed Siamese cat, was curled up on one side of the rug; on the other was Mr. Mitchell, her friendly black and white spaniel.

It was all so far removed from the kind of scene in which “Abbie,” Amber Dean’s alter ego, is always getting involved. It was hard to group the two together. Abbie is middle-aged, stoutish and dowdy. The author admits to a 20-year-old daughter, but doesn’t look it, and she is slim and smart. The only similarity that we could discover was in brains and a sense of humor. Abbie has both and so has Amber Dean.

Mrs. Getzin’s fifth mystery novel, “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 there’s the police procedure. A story that was thickly 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. Abbie gets into one of the author’s novels, the way the detective gets into hers.

We think we ought to warn you! Any one of you reading this may be the plot of one of the author’s novels. She does and gets her plots from the newspapers. They’re too act to be chosen by another writer. But let her see a woman running in on a man with an odd mannerism and presto! she gets the idea for another book!

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 Shildt’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, written in Rochester in 1915 by the Mans Press, Rochester, is now among the book rarieties eagerly sought by collectors. Miss Crapsey’s daughter of the late Dr. Algerpon S. Crapsey, spent her girlhood in Rochester.

The second author whose work is collected is Marjorie Kimman Rawlings, whose “Fenwick” won the Pulitzer Prize in 1910 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 is “unlocked” and it was while she lived in Brockport that she published 3 books, of which 10 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 Bivens” and “Homestead on the Hillside.”

There are the Rochesterians who are now citizens of the world, but who once claimed this city as home. There is Elizabeth Hollister Froud, 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 Routh Slater, professor emeritus at the University of Rochester, who had the distinction of being published in the Yale Series, in 1915.

There is Ruth Lamb, a former Rochesterian, who wrote the book and a sensational expose of food and drugs in America, “The American Chamber of Horrors.”
When Esther M. Burns and her sister, Mrs. Eloise Burns Wilkin, published "Mrs. Peregrine and the Yoll" 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 published "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.

Helen Paull Kirkpatrick, called by a national magazine "the smartest newspaperwoman 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 "Rolling to Sea," 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" 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 flout, face down!"

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

It was all so far removed from the kind of scene in which "Abbie" Amber Dean's alter ego, is always getting involved. It was hard to group the two together. Abbie is middle-aged, stoutish and dowdy. The author admits to a 26-year-old daughter, but doesn't look it, and she is slim and smart. The only similarity they could discover was in brains and a sense of humor. Abbie has both and so has Amber Dean.

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 do the work we asked. She estimated the actual typing time is 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 the police procedure, surely that was fun. And 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, the author, and his advice has been invaluable to the mystery writer, who often consults him when a tricky bit of writing comes along.

"And we think we ought to warn you! Any one of you reading this may get into one of the author's novles. For she doesn't get her plots from the newspapers. They're too ant to be chosen by another writer. But let's say we have a woman running on a man with an odd mannerism and pretty soon Abbie is called in for another book!"

"It is pretty generally known by Rochester mystery fans that the O'Leary Lake of Amber Dean's books is Conesus and that Mommas and Mox and their little girls are Rochesterians. But the city itself is the locale of "Foggy, Foggy Dew" and Monroe Avenue is in reality our own Pratt Avenue. The Albright 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 anthologies "Silver Pencils," is probably the ranking book of its kind for children. The writer, who holds a degree 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 Schul's "Silversmiths of Rochester," for the book is to be found in the museums of every state.

Among those Rochesterians who have entered the ranks of the "greats" for their works have become collectors' items. Topping this list is Adelaide Crapsy, a little book of verse, published in 1915 by the Manns Press, Rochester, is now among the book rarities, eagerly sought by collectors. Miss Crapsy, daughter of the late Dr. Algernon S. Crapsy, spent her girlhood in Rochester.

The second author whose work is collected is Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, whose "Teasing Time" won the Pulitzer Prize in 1938 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, Jane Holmes, but she, too, is "collected" and it was while she lived in Brockport that she published 38 books, of which 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 "The Trumpets 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 Ruth Webb Lee, author of "Hangman on the Hillside."

We're Proud of Authors
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.
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 SET

Area which will be building Mt. Morris in Chrysanthemum Time at Park

Chrysanthemum time at Highland Park conservatory
ENGINEERS SET UP BASE FOR FLOOD CONTROL JOB

Areas which will be base of operations for construction crews in building Mt. Morris flood control dam.
ancient football rivalry.

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

Nevér again!
If you had a headache—back about 1899—and wanted a remedy, chances are your grocer 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.
Along 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 anything 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!

Along 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 anything like what you got the week before—and the paper packet made no pretense of protection or convenience . . .

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And 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!
The Duryea
1903

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.

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 (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 time.

The Duryea
3 WHEELS
3 CYLINDERS
15 HORSEPOWER
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.

He Leaped 118 Years Ago Today

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 Astyne, 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 on the plate and who himself was president of the student council.
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.
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.
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
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.

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

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.

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 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 state courts, the Appellate Division court room and brary 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 detracion. 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 'MacSwearer's Hotel' with the splendid job the Mission did with driftwood and derelicts on a restricted budget.

What! No Horses?

100-YEAR-OLD MILL
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 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 1, 1896. It houses county administrative offices, county and state courts, the Appellate Division court room and library for the Fourth Appellate Department.

He Wants Mission Revival

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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 prop-
erty 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 for-
test to "purchase" the prop-
erty. He will be advised that such
a plan is virtually impossible
caused by inability to locate all
the owners.

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

For more than 20 years, city
townes have attempted to
secure title through tax foreclosure
proceedings. Diligently and labori-
ously they have checked the
records of the original owners and
pared their papers, it was recal-
culated that the condemnation met
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 deep-
ening 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 1820's, 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 the 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
disappear, 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 politi-
cal 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
murderness 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 luminous 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 pioneers' 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 Geneseo because Western New Yorkers settled and named those Midwest towns.

What inspired this piece was a brochure received from the University of Minnesota Press, pinging a new book, "Historic Midwest Houses." It takes in a lot of territory, nine Midwestern states, and has 40 chapters, each devoted to a historic building. On the list are stirring names in the American saga. Haunted by luminous shades, one in which long ago the founder of Mormonism dreamed his own of the tribal chieftains, RED JACKS T, CORNPLANTER, of 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.

The Genesee Valley retains some picturesque links with its First Famille, the Seneca Indians. Near the Geneseo area are the 18th Century has played no small role on the nation's political stage.ystick swung." For instance in Rochester's Main Street of Canandaigua, one of antiques, has been preserved by public spirited Canandaiguans.

And at the northwest corner of Trumpe Street and Plymouth Avenue South, in Rochester's "Buffed Shith," 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 Famille, 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 JACKS T, CORNPLANTER, HANSDOME 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 piew broke the wheat plains.

Along the Genesee to the southwest in the old village of Bath 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 1899 that native son BILLY MULDOON, "The Iron Duke," played one of the greatest games in boxing.

Famed figures of Western New York "haunt" many houses, including these three. From left, above, are Joseph Smith and
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 cupolaed 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, the world-famed leader of the Mormon Church.

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 is known as "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.

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 Shakers, better known as the Shakers.

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. TWYBRIDGE.

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 western New York town the locale of three best sellers, first saw the light of day.

In Palmyra home; Francis Granger, postmaster-general and son of a postmaster-general and the Granger homestead in his Palmyra home; Francis Granger, postmaster-general and son of a postmaster-general and the Granger homestead in Camandaigua, and Frances E. Willard, famed temperance worker, and followers grouped at Churchville birthplace.

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 CHES-TER 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 Shakers, better known as the Shakers.

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

Rochestrians 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.
swank Bullock's-Wilshire store, Irene, who is married to Hollywood Writer Eliz Gibbons (brother of M-G-M's art director, Cedric Gibbons) went to M-G-M in 1945, where she heads a staff of more than 200. She will now cut down her M-G-M duties; formerly, she headed a staff of more than 200. She will now cut down her M-G-M duties.

Howard Johnson Restaurant
California, here we come.

Johnson's corps of 27 architects designed the buildings. Johnson’s “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.

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 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 system which Johnson credits for most of the chain's success.

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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 business. But this year, the chain expects to gross nearly $32 million, about 200% more than prewar.
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.
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.
WHY DUMPLING HILL? POWDER MILL? RETSOF?
PENN YAN? PAVILION? AMITY? CANADAINUA?

BY ARCH MERRILL

Canadignas, Penn Yan, Powder Mill, Pavilion, Retsof, Dumpling Hill

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Have you, when driving about the countryside, read the road signs and wondered how names are chosen? Have you, when driving through the Finger Lakes country, mused as to why to this day the pleasantry of Monroe and Wayne Counties is styled "Finger Lakes." Have you, when driving through the Mohawk Valley, wondered why the word "Seneca" is associated with the streams and towns? Have you, when traveling through the Niagara Frontier, pondered the origin of the name "Buffalo"? Have you, when driving through the Adirondacks, wondered why the town of Lake Placid is named after a mountain? Have you, when driving through the Catskills, wondered why the town of Cooperstown is named after a baseball player?

To the meditator, the naming of places is one of the most fascinating and least understood of all human activities. It is an interest- ing assignment. For, in all probability, 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.

PENN YAN—Strangers to the Finger Lakes country have marveled at the odd name. It all goes back to the mid-sixteenth cen- turies, Pennsylvanians and New England Yankees, quarreled about the name of their settle- ment on the northern tip of Keuka (Crooked Lake). A Solomonic, of the Ithaca-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 countryside has the unusual name of Penn Yan.

Pavilion—Back the clock and in sydian glasses that are now part of a country park we see the adobe blazing powder mills and hear heavily laden wagon rumbling down the roads. Pavilion—Long ago the erstwhile proprietor of the Pavilion Hotel at Saratoga Springs opened an inn in a new Genesee country settlement in a former Blacksmith shop after the place has been Pavilion.

Powder Mill—Looking back through the emer- dence of Rochester and Scottsville made such appea- tizing apple dumplings.

Dumpling Hill—It got that way because in an early day a woman who would, in the emer- dence of the Seneca between Rochester and Scottsville made such appea- tizing apple dumplings.

This countryside is dotted with many another unusual name. There's Birdsville, where the Indians rode the Dunlap, where the Scots settled. There's Birdsville, where the Indians rode the Dunlap, where the Scots settled. There's Birdsville, where the Indians rode the Dunlap, where the Scots settled. There's Birdsville, where the Indians rode the Dunlap, where the Scots settled.

THE PLACE NAMES CALL UP OTHER PICTURES—OF MEN IN POWDERED WIGS AND TRICORN HATS, TRAVELING ROUGH ROADS ON HORSEBACK AND IN STAGE COACHES; OF MEN ABOUT A COUNCIL TABLE IN THE MIDNIGHT, DREAMING GRANDIOSE DREAMS OF EMPIRE.

For many of the names that are the great land owners of the frontier the origin is obscure. We see the dashing Charles William- son, agent for the British Pult- eney Estate, mustering his Indian backwoods kingdom, riding the rugged roads, leaving his impress on the Genesee Country by giving the settle- ments names that have endured for 150 years. He founded Bath and named it after Heri two of the many, and Southen, and YANkees alike. And that is why to this day the pleasant coun- try has the unusual name of Penn Yan.

Retsof—The Livingston County earth is tapped for salt, a mining town springs up and is given the name of the president of the Inter- national Salt Company, Foster- spied backwater.

Montour Falls—What traditions surround that name. We see the savage half breed queen, Catherine Montour, ruling at the Fork of the Genesee, until Sullivan's colonial invaders came with torch and sword. For a while, prosperous white settlement grew at the place Havana but today the his- toric village by the tumbling waters perpetuates the name of the forest queen.

Long ago the tribal council fires were quenched; the war canoes knife the blue waters. The glory of the Long House at Havana now only a tale that is told. But the old Indian name, the finger in the land that was once the Indians'.

The place names call up other pictures—of men in powdered wigs and tricorn hats, traveling rough roads on horseback and in stage coaches; of men about a council table in the midnight, dreaming grandiose dreams of empire. For many of the names that are the great land owners of the frontier the origin is obscure. We see the dashing Charles William- son, agent for the British Pult- eney Estate, mustering his Indian backwoods kingdom, riding the rugged roads, leaving his impress on the Genesee Country by giving the settle- ments names that have endured for 150 years.

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By ARCH MERRILL

WHY DUMPLING HILL?

Canandaigua, Penn Yan, Powder Mill, Pavilion, Retso, 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 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.

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.

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 South-

The place names call up other pictures—of men in powdered wigs and tricorn 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 settlements on the

The names of Oliver Phelps and Nathaniel Gorham, the New Eng-

länders who once owned nearly all of what now is Western New York, are preserved in two Ontario Coun-

ty towns.

Mount Morris was named after another owner of vast acres, Rob-

ert 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 the greatest land owners in America. They created a virtu-

tual political dynasty in the Middle Valley. Yet, strange in say, an ob-
told. But the Livingston County hamlet is the only place that today bore the name of the hereditary squires of the Northern Bluegrass

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told. But the Livingston County hamlet is the only place that today bore 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 enveddropper 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 today was a traveling salesman, and he meant just 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 as the pioneers named frontier settlements in Western New York after cities on the Baltic Sea or the Polish capital, while the Russet cities still in antiquity is hard to say, although in the case of Greece, the reason is obvious.

In 1832 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. Other versions have it borrowed as a gesture of sympathy for the rebels.

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 the city, and Dresden after a place in Saxony.

Riga and Livonia are names of countries and Lodi on Seneca's shores a Polish capital. Bergen, for no apparent reason, bears the name of a Norwegian port. In the area, none the less typically inspired name.

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

The Empire State honors the Great Emancipator. Livingston County perpetuates one of the early New York statesmen. Revolutionary War heroes received recognition in the naming of Wayne, Schuyler, 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 1812, 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; Hamilton after Lincoln's vicepresident; 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.

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

Braddock's Bay was originally Fort Niagara 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 of church. They are engaged in earnest discussion. The settlement must bear a name. Settlement is for honor or in the name of the founding fathers. Which one shall it be?

When it came to naming Wells-ville, the present bustling oil town near the Pennsylvania line, the settlers decided to honor Gardner Wells, because he was the only one present at the meeting.

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

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

Shakers' Crossing, near Mt. Morris, is named for the gray clad women in bonnets and plios 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 water names 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 lake 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 signor 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 railroadmen 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 the parts: Cheese Factory Road, Plain, Silt, Basket and German Church Roads, and to give a touch of awash, Maidan Lane and King's Highway.

* * *
Among the many places that bear the name of founders or early settlers, is, of course, Rochester, honoring the middle-aged Maryland mill owner who saw his dream of a city rising in the swamp by the Falls of the Genesee come true. Others are Hornell (once Hornellsville); Watkins Glen, Cuyler-ville, Prattsburg, Hulberton, Adams Basin, Spencerport, Fowlerville, Brockport, Garbutt, Mumford, Scottsville, Knowlesville, Le Roy, Penfield, Perinton and Penfield.

Victor was the middle name of a settler, Cornelius Victor Boughton. And only recently down along the Genesee near Fillmore I ran across a thoroughfare that for generations has been known merely as "The Goodenough Road."

There are strange names, too, that have been foisted on little huddles of buildings, not big enough to be dignified by the name of hamlet, sometimes merely a school district.

Out of my youthful days in the Southern Tier I call to mind such cognomens as Hardscrabble, Skunk's Misery, and of course, a Podunk. And there was a Hog Hollow and another section so wild and uninhabited that it still is called "The Lost Nation."

And there is where I'm heading when the atom bombs come! Newark probably gets its name from an older city in New Jersey although there is a legend that it was called after a Viscount New- ork, who was one of the original proprietors of the town site. And the memory of James Monroe Is Pittsford. There's a New England ring, as well as an English one, to the names of Middlesex and Manchester.

Lima was not named after the Peruvian city but after Old Lyme in Connecticut whence came many of her settlers. And only recently down along the Genesee near Fillmore I ran across a thoroughfare that for generations has been known merely as "The Goodenough Road."
Distinctive in His Day

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 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 strongly perjudiced cudgeling of opponents.

Weed’s place in history is variously ascribed. That he was vigorous, aggressive and a fighter for what he believed, he was impulsive, reckless and quarrelsome. But he was a shrewd politician, a master of political craft and a man of considerable ability and industry.

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

Mr. Clune will autograph copies of his fascinating "Main Street Beat." Make gifts of lasting enjoyment.
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.
art. "Paintings of the Year." Film program will follow.
A French film with English subtitles, "Jericho," will be shown 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.

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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 information 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.
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.

JAMES M. SPINNING

Supt. 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
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.

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

COLONIAL HOME OFT REPAIRED

In the old days, when they decided to repaint the kitchen walls, they just slapped the new coat 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 10 layers of paint to the 17th—one 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 showcase 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 history work on the Schuyler place.

Restoration has been underway for months, but only recently found in the state appropriate sufficient to cover the restoration.
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.

A scene in the “IN THE UNION TRUST CO” Reproduced from found in the bank’s COLONIAL HOME OFT REPAINTED

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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.

PRACTICAL HORSE SHOEING • GENERAL REPAIRING
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.
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Map shows owners and alignment of property parcels involved in War Memorial site.
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 R. 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 Dobby. In 1879, when he was a patent lawyer in Rochester's old Reynolds Arcade, the hoof and mouth disease spread across the land, decimating the horse population 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 pictured 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.
George B. Selden Jr. (upper right) comes from an old family. The Selden Street around Bushnell’s Basin— not a new and shiny model but a contraption of odd parts he has assembled with his own hands. Every school day this shy man 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 radio pen.

He was born on May 6, 1886 on Irondequoit Bay to the Seneca hinterland by the invading French Army of the Marquis Denenouville in 1657. 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 unknown 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, 35 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 at the site of the ancient village is a large and imposing display.
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.

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.

"Cornelia Otis Skinner, one of the greatest ladies of the American stage, is shown in one of the period costumes she wears in "Lady Windermere'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 1796, 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, D. C.

Portrait Vanishes

He is known to have painted the governor of New York, DeWitt Clinton. The Clinton portrait was plates owned by the Rochester Museum, but when its exhibits were auctioned late in the last century, a Rochester mayor bought them, and moved to Tennessee. An oil, "Spouting Flamingo," 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 himself 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 had never 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 Portfolio," with 31 colored lithographs owned by the Rochester Museum. Supplementing these are volumes of Catlin's works, including special and rare editions, a few of which are not common in this country. The collections are owned by the University of Rochester, the Memorial Art Gallery, also has lent it.

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 devoted himself to portrait painting. No portraits done between that time and 1829, when he devoted himself to portrait painting.

There is a tradition that he painted Dolly Madison, but the painting has not been found.
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.

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.
COUNTY HOME AND INFIRMARY. From the air, as the Gannett helicopter poised, Fred Powers, Demo-
crat 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

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 gal 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 1853 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

BUT LET'S GET BACK TO 1858, the gal 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 snow ermine" 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 doublets in silver sheen as 'Charles O'Cavanagh of the Emerald Isle' suddenly dashed in Gilman E.
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. Montgomery Rochester... Samuel Wilder was a well fed 'Toddlers'...

Ah, those were the days of real reporting!

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.

TART 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 the 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 great 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 banks of the Clyde and his popcorn patch. A familiar figure passed from the

Palmyra scene when death came to lanky, merry 84-year-old Edward W. Tappenden. Senator Henry Tappenden introduced me to "Tapp" on Main Street on a June day in 1943 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 grizzled 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 in his 89th year but hale and vigorous. For half a century he had worked in the now defunct but once bright 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 times. 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 Gazette 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 Organs 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... - - -

A.D. Oliver Elected to School Job

Andrew D. Oliver, principal of Brockport Central School for 18 years, yesterday was selected from 4 candidates as new county district school superintendent. Oliver, who succeeds Fred W. Hill of Brockport, who retired this fall, was a chosen after several bal-
os were cast by the 10 school directors of the northwestern county district, in an adjourned meeting at Brockport State Teach-
ers College. His appointment be-
tones effective Jan. 1, with a salary of $6,500.

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 elect or quit.
THE BEAUTIFUL ORGAN MUSIC
You're hearing this Christmas Season at the
LINCOLN-ROCHESTER TRUST
Is being played on the
HAMMOND ORGAN
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A new Face of the Emancipator
Photo of a photograph of a newly-found and hitherto unknown camera study of Abraham Lincoln, presented to the Decatur, Ill., library by Miss Grace Farnwall. (IN Photo)

School Chiefs in Nomination Contab

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.

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 crack or quit.
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
ONE
UNCHANGING
PLEASURE

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

The above reminds us of the beautiful stereoscopic views
we owned in the old Famos Art Gallery in the Opera Block.
At that time I lived in Baledonia where I was born. Another
boy and girl truly visited the famous gallery while
on a trip to the big city. That was back in 1895.
We remember it well but we seem to remember the
stereoscopic views best of all. Exactly 50 years
later, in 1945, I visited the Rochester Historical Society
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 a attendant that
they were the very ones that were in the Famos Gallery.


1945 Certificate of Membership

THE AMERICAN NATIONAL RED CROSS

Red Cross Representative
Chairman
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 area within five days, accompanying makings returns, we ask you to be careful and not to excessive returns and exchange work a hardship both to the store.

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.

Here is a gent who deserves a place in the Book. Will posterity forget him? Time alone will kill a niche in Rochester's Hall of

SIBLEY, LINDSAY

This sales slip is your receipt for your protection. It is incorrect to be returned all Within five days, accompanying making returns, we ask you to be careful and not to excessive returns and exchange work a hardship both to the store.

AL SIGL'S

Bedroom.
To Keep Regional Basis, Red Cross Aides Explain

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The spokesman for the national program declared that the District of Columbia center is not the national program. Later, a project may be to establish a regional center throughout the country. The city uses of its blood war and peace.

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Here is a gentl 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.

CITY TO RETAIN FIRST PLACE IN BLOOD PROJECT

ROCHESTER 4, N. Y.

SIBLEY, LINDSAY & CURR CO.

Rochester's Largest Retail Institution

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.

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 cooperation of Sheriff Albert W. Skinner and Commissioner of Public Safety Thomas C. Wood 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 speaking, 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.
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 plaque with its lighted modernistic shaft honoring Captain Henry Lomb, the firm’s other founder.

Flashing stoplights on this Penfield School 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 the provender for the Pretzel Days.

And that same week Frank Gotech, 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 gracing 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 Eastman. And young Salvatore Frangipane, the wrestler, was laid to rest in the Marine Corps that brought him home in Hawley Street. He was just beginning a career with the Marine Corps when he fell in the gaudy, crass and cynical arena of electrical wizardry.

a confused and disillusioned war veteran, was the chubby face of the man in the high collar, Herbert Hoover, his Food Administrator.

On the home front the neediness of the knitting women flew and the mules were clogged with the huts, wrists and dopes that they fashioned for the soldier boys. Most everyone was reading a book by the Geese-so-born former Ambassador, James W. Gerard, "My Four Years in Germany" and "Over the Top" whose author, Sgt. Arthur Gay Empey, that voice to a large audience in Convention Hall.

A young Marine lieutenant, Francis C. Micali, was preparing to move back into his home in Hawley Street.

Or the knitting women flew and the mules were clogged with the huts, wrists and dopes that they fashioned for the soldier boys. Most everyone was reading a book by the Geese-so-born former Ambassador, James W. Gerard, "My Four Years in Germany" and "Over the Top" whose author, Sgt. Arthur Gay Empey, that voice to a large audience in Convention Hall.

A young Marine lieutenant, Francis C. Micali, was preparing to move back into his home in Hawley Street. He was just beginning a career with the Marine Corps when he fell in the gaudy, crass and cynical arena of electrical wizardry.
springing up almost overnight and sidewalks and street signs bloomed midst of the holidays of 1937

But the Bubble had burst, the "whoopee" era was done and we were in the depths of his-own 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 daydreaming his New Deal—while the eco- nomic ship of state drifted.

It was a dark time, best ex-emplified locally by the news that 250 turkey dinners would be served at "Hotel Mac-

In a Way it Was Only Yesterday: Yes 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
drees rehearsal for the big show that began in 1929 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 and military was strong in America and military types were frowned upon that Christmas time of 10 years ago.

Labor turmoil was rife, with De- troit and the auto plants of Henry Ford the cockpit. Congress was wrangling with a wage-hour bill. Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt was, as usual, on the move, flying through New York. Dorothy Parker had fallen. The searching light of federal inquiry exposed the rottenness of the utili-ties empire of Samuel Insull and the dapper, discredited former mayor of New York, Jimmy Walker, was having trouble with bills. Hitler and his Nazis were rising in Germany but Amer- ican was too much engrossed in its own woes to notice. Engineer Howard Scott had announced an eco-nomic formula called technocracy that few understood.

Rochester was still stunned by the drama of this and that. Detroit was in full flower; 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
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.

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.

- 1947 -
Here is the record of man's struggle for liberty against isms that tried to destroy it

Lady, you've been trapped...

That devilishly 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 infallable: 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.

Rochester  
W. WILKINSON.
A NOTABLE EXAMPLE of Greek Revival architecture in America is the Campbell-Whittlesey house in Rochester, New York. Of the original color of the rooms, nine or ten different tones were used. 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* and 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 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, a prosperous merchant and miller, who states in his autobiography that it built in 1835 and 1836. Then famous as the Flour City, Rochester was in a boom period of expansion due to the wide market afforded its mills by the Erie Canal. Late in 1841, 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 Campbell 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 afterward 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 Frederick Whittlesey, founder of the city, the historic mansion has been rescued and restored to its former glory.
FRONT PARLOR shows the paneled and the trim around the doors. Soffusion ornaments much of the the octagonal center table. The sneck arms was made by a pin-maker. After search in five two matching carpets were found h are said to have been woven other house of the same period seen made to order for the Camp- se they could scarcely have been its interior in color, size, and

BACK PARLOR shows the mantel marble flocked with gold. Above the canvas which came from the bly, a pioneer of Rochester and Union. The mahogany furniture Greek Revival period, with forms scent of classic models, and boldly wing such motifs as hairy animal ves, and horns of plenty. Through be seen the dignified columns of

at the left of the hall is papered with a id-blocked paper of the Louis-Philippe reen. Found in New York, the paper was Bareness Huard. It was chosen for this curious representation of Indian heads se use of mauves and greens employed use. The simulation of drapery in the of the early Empire period. The doors d have been restored with painstaking g is whitewashed, the woodwork painted rooms in the mansion the fireplace is sideboard and table were made in New onged to early Rochester residents. The eaten, about 1825. The Aubusson carpet Empire.
The Front Door of the original wide staircase is decorated majestically by a putty-colored marble console table holding about 16 crystal clock of the same period. A crystal clock of the same period is also found in the mansion.

The 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.

The 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.

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.
The Campbell-Whittlesey House

Ceilings have deeply coved ceilings, shades of blue and finished with medallions. Bronzed palmettes in wide doorway between the two door and window frames are ornamental plaster work. The red, the door knobs are silver of the back parlor shows a e of several pieces of about the e which exhibit this type of air beside it with carved sheaf and swag in low relief on the n Phyfe.

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 front door opens upon a large central hall with original wide pine floor boards. A curving staircase with mahogany balusters 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 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.

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).

The Campbell-Whittlesey House
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 honeysuckle 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 and special gifts which are deductible from income tax.

SOCIETY FOR THE PRESERVATION OF LANDMARKS IN WESTERN NEW YORK
123 South Fitzhugh Street
ROCHESTER 8, NEW YORK

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP

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

$ 3  $ 5  $10  $25  $50

Special Gift $............

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 $.............

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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
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. PRESH out of the side lounge, and after you're done, after you're tucked in bed and after the last drop of wine is down to his last drop, and after the tired back and after the tired bones, put rest:

SOMETIMING 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 "Haute 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:

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 turkeyst 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, ...

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 "Haute 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: Satisfy everyone. Item, all for The best year, 78 of Haggard, Braddon, traits of: Wheel For of Dreams, ers' Telegr 20 selectio nals, 79 20 popular Morse tele calendar, please.

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

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.

With love,
—Francis Pharcellus Church
World Would Be Dreary Be...

Back in 1897, a little girl named Virginia O’Hara 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 P. Church, and published in The Sun, has come to be the classic rejoinder to all children and others who doubt the reality of the jolly, good-natured Christmas spirit. It is republished here in response to many requests.

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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 Virginia’s. 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 that supernal beauty and glory behind. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

So 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.
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 the old tower. Project will be complete about Apr. 1.

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.

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.

Throughout the month of January
You fall upon your canvary.
In Spite of Wind and Snow

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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.
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. Van Deusen, associate professor of history at the University of Rochester, reviews Volume 13 of the Rochester Historical Society Publications.
I, I 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 Bennett 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.

TIMES SQUARE.

BEHIND SCENES:

ROYAL DOPE MIXER.

SIBLEY'S.
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.

COME SNOW & GREEN & GOLD GOES ON!

As to tell us about right when snowstorms hit, we go to meet a day when.

Royal Dope Mixer
Sibley's.
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.
(See Letter Vol. 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.
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.

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

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