THE CROOKED LAKE REVIEW

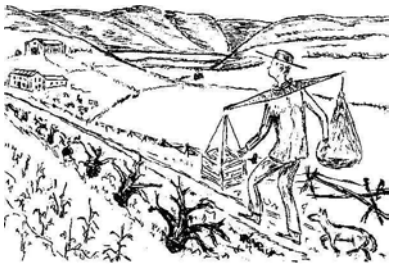
Number 128 **Summer Issue** **2003**

Historical Society and Museum programs and Gallery and Art Group presentations

now appear only at THE CROOKED LAKE REVIEW website, www.crookedlakereview.com

along with the contents of this issue and events of The New Society of the Genesee.

THIS ISSUE



The months of April, May and June recorded in Kirk House's "Hammondsport Odyssey: 1901" begin this issue. Kirk writes and lectures on Glenn Curtiss, his family and on local history topics.

Events in New York State and New York City for the year 1823 from David Minor's *Timeline* feature appear on pages 10 and 11. Visit David's website for more of his WXXI scripts and for links to fascinating URLs.

Happenings in Naples during the spring months of 100 years ago and 50 years ago are reprinted from Beth Flory's "Glancing Backwards" column in the Naples *Record.* They are on pages 12 and 13. Turn to page 28 to begin reading Beth's account of the life of Naples's most famous citizen, William Marks.

This issue has four old newspaper and book items found by Richard Palmer. On pages 14 and 15 is an account of stagecoach travel in New York followed by a memorial to the stagecoach. At the top of page 27, rules are given for making fine butter, below is a description of Alonzo Keeney's farm. On page 23 begins the first part of Richard's saga of "Augustus Hinckley: Great Lakes Mariner."

The center section features Miss Lucile Adams's scrapbook of 90 years ago when she was a student at the State Normal School in Geneseo.

On pages 18 through 22, John Martin describes the history of racial tensions in Corning, and relates the attempts to establish

(Go to lower part of column 3, this page.)

This paper is to be a review of the accomplishments of the men, women, and families who settled here, built homes, cleared farms and started businesses. It is also to be a review of the present work and aspirations of the people who were born here or who came here to live in this beautiful region.

THE CROOKED LAKE REVIEW

Martha and William Treichler

Editors - Publishers - Proprietors

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NEXT ISSUE

Roland Bentley's "Fire Across the Road" will be in the Fall issue with regular features and the conclusion of Gus Hinckley.

(From the bottom of left column)

better relations. Jack Martin was director of the Corning Community College Library and later director of the Rakow Library of the Corning Glass Museum. He contributed his article "Resuscitating a Waterlogged Library" for reprinting in issues #64 and #65.

The columns that have listed the programs of museums and historical societies in former issues will no longer appear in the printed CLR but will be on www.crookedlakereview.com where they will be frequently updated. Museums and societies are invited to send announcements of upcoming meetings, exhibits, lectures and projects to editors@crookedlakereview.com. Listings are free. Fund-raising activities, tours, children's events are not carried. To list your society or museum, send official name, street location, mail address, telephone number, email address, meeting schedule, admittance and dues scales, brief description of collections and exhibits and a photograph or sketch of site, identifying feature, or building.

Librarians are requested to check the listing of their library and send any corrections to editors@crookedlakereview.com.

1901:
A Hammondsport Odyssey

by

Kirk House

April: *War and Peace*

Grattan H. Wheeler died on April 10, 1901, shortly after his 88th birthday. He had been born in the town of Wheeler, which was named for his grandfather, who was a veteran both of the Revolution and of the War of 1812. Grattan moved to Pleasant Valley in 1857, went into grape growing, and was president of the Pleasant Valley Wine Company for the first nine years of its existence.

Wheeler was instrumental in founding Prattsburgh's Franklin Academy and the Hammondsport Academy, besides supporting the later conversion of Hammondsport into a Union Free School. After his PVWC days, he opened the Wheeler Wine Company, but this burned in 1876 and was reorganized as Hammondsport Wine Company, which passed from his hands in 1878. One of his sons was Steuben County Surrogate Judge Monroe Wheeler, who later served as a director of the Curtiss company and handled much of the firm's legal work (some of it quite poorly). Monroe's son Sayre Wheeler would be in the Aerocar steamlined travel trailer business with Glenn, and would even become Lena Curtiss's second husband after Glenn died.

Grattan Wheeler's Pleasant Valley farm had become the home of his daughter Eliza and her husband, Major Hezekiah Ripley Gardner. Gardner, who came to Hammondsport from Illinois as a child, helped organize an Illinois volunteer company for the Civil War, becoming a captain and serving on the staff of General George Buell. But this was no "bombproof" billet, and Gardner lost his right leg at Missionary ridge. After the war he traveled for PVWC, Urbana Wine Company, and even a California firm (rumor has it they grow grapes out there, too).

Major Gardner, aged 61, survived his father-in-law by only 15 days, being apparently in fine health until he caught a cold on a Saturday and died of pneumonia, in the Wadsworth Hotel (current site of the Big M parking lot), on the following Thursday. Medical science, of course, could do virtually nothing in 1901 about what the *Hammondsport Herald* termed "the insidious disease." The paper also reported that month that *Scientific American* was recommending a treatment of tar and turpentine for diphtheria. There were signs of better days coming, though. Dr. Babcock in

LIBRARIES

Addison Public Library
6 South Street, Addison 14801
(607) 359 - 3888
Hours: 5:00 - 8:00 M & W
9:00 - 1:00 & 2:00 - 6:00 T & Th
9:00 - 12:00 Sat

The Box of Books
1 West University Street, Alfred 14802
(607) 587 - 9290
Hours: 2:00 - 5:00 M;
12:00 - 5:00 & 6:00 - 8:00 W; 12:00 - 5:00 F

20th Century Club - Library
Main Street, Almond 14804
(607) 276 - 6311
Hours: 2:00 - 7:00 T & Th; 9:00 - 12:30 Sat

Andover Free Library
40 Main Street,
P. O. Box 75, Andover 14806
(607) 478 - 8442
Hours: 1:00 - 5:00 M, 5:30 - 7:30 pm T;
9:30 - 1:30 W; Noon- 5:00 Th & F;
6:00 - 7:00 pm Tuesday Story Hour

Angelica Free Library
55 West Main Street, Angelica 14709
(585) 466-7860
Hours: Noon - 5:00 & 7:00 - 9:00 T;
10:00 - 5:00 & 7:00 - 9:00 Th; 9:30 - 1:30 Sat

Arcade Free Library
365 Main Street, Arcade 14009
(585) 492 - 1297
Hours: 1:00 - 10:00 M, T& Th;
9:00 - 1:00 W;
11:00 - 5:00 F; 10:00 - 2:00 Sat

Arkport Village Book Center
East Avenue, Arkport 14807
(607) 295-7811
Hours: 12:00 - 6:00 W; 10:00 - 8:00 Th & F;
9.00 - 1:00 Sat

E. J. Cottrell Memorial Library
Main Street, Atlanta 14808
(585) 534 - 5030
Hours: 1:00 - 5:00 & 6:00 - 8:00 M & T;
1:00 - 5:00 W & Th; 10:00 - 12:00 & 1:00 - 5:00 F

Stevens Memorial Library
146 Main Street, Attica 14011
(585) 591 - 2733
Hours: 1:00 - 9:00 M, W, F;
10:00 - 5:00 T & Th; 1:00 - 2:00 Sat

LIBRARIES

Avoca Free Library
5 Griswold Street, Avoca 14809
(607) 566 - 9279
Hours: 6:30 - 9:00 M; 2:00 - 5:30 & 6:30 - 9:00 T;
2:00 - 5:30 & 6:30 - 8:30 Th;
9:00 - 12:00 & 2:00 - 5:00 Sat

Avon Free Library
143 Genesee Street, Avon 14414
(716) 226 - 8461
Hours: 2:00 - 8:30 M - Th;
10:00 - 5:00 F; 10:00 - 1:00 Sat
Closed Saturdays, July - Labor Day

Dormann Library
101 West Morris Street, Bath 14810
(607) 776 - 4613
Hours: 10:00 - 8:00 M, W, Th;
10:00 - 6:00 T & F; 10:00 - 12:00 Sat

Belfast Public Library
75 S. Main St., P. O. Box 455, Belfast 14711
(585) 365-2072
Hours: 7:00 - 9:00 p.m. M;
9:00 - 12:00 & 2:00 5:00 T;
6:00 - 9:00 p.m. W;
2:00 - 5:00 & 7:00 - 9:00 Th; 9:00 - 1:00 Sat

Belmont Literary & Historical Society Free Library
2 Willets Avenue, Belmont 14813
(585) 268-5308
Hours: 1:00 - 5:00 & 7:00 - 9:00 T & F;
9:00 - 1:00 Th; 1:00- 5:00 Sat

Big Flats Library
78 Canal Street, Big Flats 14814
(607) 562-3300
Hours: 10:00 - 5:30 M & W;
10:00 - 8:00 T & Th; 10:00 - 3:00 Sat

Eagle Free Library
Main Street, Bliss 14024
(716) 322-7701
Hours: 7:00 - 9:00 W; 1:00 - 5:00 Th;
4:00 - 7:00 F; 9:30 - 1:30 Sat

Bloomfield Public Library
9 Church Street, Bloomfield 14443
(585) 657-6264
Hours: 2:30 - 8:30 M, W, Th;
10:00 - 12;00 & 2:30 - 8:30 T; 2:30 - 4:30 F

Bolivar Free Library
390 Main St., P. O. Box L, Bolivar 14715
(585) 928-2015
Hours: 6:00 - 9:00 M, W, Th;
12:30 - 4:30 T & F, 12:30 - 3:30 Sat

Branchport bought an X-ray machine; some of his equipment is in the Curtiss Museum. Even though the Civil War had been over for 36 years, armed conflict continued to preoccupy many Americans. Foreign demand for cavalry horses was sending prices for sound young teams up into the $200-$275 range. The Hammondsport paper published a letter from former townsman Adolphe Giffen, who was in Peking with US forces that had helped put down the Boxer Rebellion. General Funston captured Filipino independence leader Emilio Aguinaldo. Aguinaldo agreed to accept US sovereignty and urged his countrymen to make peace, upon which General Arthur MacArthur (father of Douglas, who was then at West Point) released a thousand political prisoners. Major Gardner, had he lived, probably would have been quite proud to see that name in the news. Arthur MacArthur, as a very young Wisconsin volunteer, had made his mark as the first man up Missionary Ridge.

Of course, Hammondsporters also had more peaceful pursuits. Glenn Curtiss ran an ad for his harness business. Horse populations were dropping dramatically with the advent of bicycles, electric streetcars, and even the brand new autos. But in a rural community like Hammondsport, where apparently no auto had even passed through town as yet, horses were still vital. The paper reported three accidents involving horses, and for 75 cents you could get enough Devoe's Gloss Carriage Paint to do your whole buggy in any one of ten colors.

St. Gabriel's Church broke ground for their new $1400 rectory, and the Methodist Church installed those electric lights it had collected for, pointing out that this would make the place cooler in summer. Mrs. James Neel opened the Lake Keuka Cat Kennels, where she intended to breed angoras commercially. With ice finally melted, navigation on the lake resumed, but nights were still cold enough for good runs of maple sap. Urbana named 71 highway supervisors, each responsible for a stretch of road near their homes, and Steuben County appointed a sidepath deputy, charged with making sure that cyclists each had their tags up to date. Despite all those conflicts in the world, life was peaceful enough on April 10 for the *Herald* to devote most of its front page to Easter fashions. You could outfit yourself in style at Cohn's in Bath, Brough's in Hammondsport, or Lown's in Penn Yan. Hopping on steamships, buggies, and railroad cars, many people ushered in spring by doing just that.

May: *A Month of Storms*

Hammondsport had its first thunderstorm of 1901 on Thursday, May 2, and its first concert in the park on Saturday, May 11. (They used the very bandstand that still graces the town square.) James McDowell caught an

eight-pound trout, while individual fishermen using Seth Green rigs in the branches were taking as many as 98 a day. A. D. B. Grimley trotted out a bright new ice wagon with a matched team of grays, and the summer season was under way.

There were other signs that a new season was at hand. Village women who owned property and paid taxes on it gained the right to vote on village taxation issues. And the state of New York established an automotive speed limit at 15 miles per hour. A new Hammondsport ordinance required cyclists to completely dismount when passing any person walking or standing on a public walk, on penalty of a $2.00 fine and conviction as a disorderly person.

Medical experts were announcing their conclusion that malaria and yellow fever were spread by mosquitoes, and bubonic plague by rats. (It was actually the fleas, but even the rat connection was a big advance.) The U. S. was becoming interested in tropical diseases, such as yellow fever, after snatching a number of tropical possessions after the Spanish-American War. The independence movement in the Philippines was grudgingly giving up on its armed insurgency, so the army ended recruitment specifically for Philippine service.

Tensions often ran high internally, also. When 50,000 machinists went on strike, the National Guard shot two of them dead in Albany.

Of course there was plenty of excitement in western New York about the opening of the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo. J. S. Smith won a first prize at the Pan-Am with his Lake Keuka Catawbas. World's fairs were very popular in this time, when there were no radios, no TV, very few movies (with those at once silent and black & white), and technologically limited magazine illustration. The best way to get a feel for faraway places (apart from joining the army) was to gather at a great fair. Of course, if you couldn't make the fair, you could at least drool over technological innovations by dropping in at the post office to pick up a set of Pan-Am commemorative stamps. One of these actually pictured a motorcar.

In the village of Hammondsport, measles and chicken pox were both prevalent that May. Children today wouldn't know about such things, but a hundred years ago there were no preventive vaccines available for these and other "childhood" diseases. Every three years or so they would sweep through a community, playing havoc with school schedules. Likewise prevalent in the area were pheasants, which were being raised, for stocking, on the ground of the Bath fish hatchery. One of the released birds wandered the streets of Hammondsport, and sportsmen were eagerly anticipating the hunting seasons that would open in 1905.

LIBRARIES

Branchport Free Library
29 West Main Street, Branchport 14418
(315) 595-2899
Hours: 1:30 - 7:30 W; 1:30 - 4:30 F;
10:00 - 2:00 Sat

Bristol Library
4480 Rt. 64, Canandaigua 14424
(585) 229-5862
Hours: 12:30 - 4:30 & 6:30 - 8:30 M;
6:30 - 8:30 T, Th;
2:30 - 4:30 & 6:30 - 8:30 W;
10:00 - 12:00 F, Sat

Caledonia Library
3108 Main Street, Caledonia, NY 14423
(585) 538-4512
Hours: 2:00 - 5:30 & 7:00 - 9:00 M, Th;
10:00 - 1:00 & 2:00 - 5:30 T;
2:00 - 5:30 F; 10:00 - 2:00 Sat

Wood Library
134 North Main, Canandaigua
(585) 394-1381; fax (585) 394-2954
Www.woodlibrary.org
Hours: 10:00 - 9:00 M - Th;
10:00 - 5:00 F; 10:00 - 2:00 Sat

Essential Club Free Library
11 Pratt St., P. O. Box 233, Canaseraga 14822
(607) 545-6443
Hours: 1:00 - 5:00 & 7:00 - 9:00 M, W;
10:00 - 1:00 Sat

Wimodaughsian Free Library
19 West Main Street, Canisteo 14823
(607) 698-4445
Hours: 12:00 - 6:00 M, W, F;
2:00 - 9:00 T & Th; 10:00 - 1:00 Sat

Cordelia A. Greene Library
11 South Main Street, Castile
(585) 493-5466
Hours: 3:00 - 9:00 M, T, Th; 10:00 - 4:00 W, Sat.

Chili Public Library
3333 Chili Avenue, Rochester 14624
(716) 889-2200
Hours: 10;00 - 9:00 M - Th;
10:00 - 6:00 F; 10:00 - 5:00 Sat

Clifton Springs Library
4 Railroad Avenue, Clifton Springs 14432
(315) 462-7371
Fax (315) 462-2131
Hours: 10:00 - 5:00 M, W & F;
12:00 - 8:00 T & Th; 10:00 - 1:00 Sat

LIBRARIES

Cohocton Public Library
15 South Main Street, Cohocton 14826
(585) 384-5170
Hours: 1:00 - 5:00 & 6:00 - 8:00 T;
10:00 - 2:00 & 4:00 - 8:00 Th; 1:00 - 12:00 Sat

Southeast Steuben County Library
Nasser Civic Center Plaza, Corning 14830
(607) 384-3713
Hours: 10:00 - 9:00 M & Th;
10:00 - 6:00 T, W & F;
10:00 - 3:00 Sat; 10:00 - 2:00 Sun

Cuba Circulating Library
35 East Main Street, Cuba 14727
(716) 968-1668
Hours: 9:00 - 5:00 & 7:00 - 9:00 M & T;
12:00 - 5:00 & 7:00 - 9:00 W & Th;
12:00 - 5:00 F; 9:00 - 5:00 Sat

Dansville Public Library
200 Main Street Dansville 14437
(585) 335-6720; (585) 335-613
www.dansville.lib.ny.us
Hours: 10:00 - 8:30 M, W;
1:00 - 8:30 T, Th, F; 12:00 - 4:00 Sat
Closed Saturdays July & August

Dundee Library
32 Water Street, Dundee 14837
(607) 243-5938
Hours: 1:00 - 7:00 M - Th;
10:00 - 5:00 F; 10:00 - 2:00 Sat

Southside Library
Outreach Center
378 South Main, Elmira 14904
(607) 733-4147
Hours: 12:00 - 8:00 M; 12:00 - 5:00 T - Th;
9:00 - 5:00 F

Steele Memorial Library
101 East Church Street, Elmira 14901
(607) 733-9173, Circulation
(607) 733-9175, Reference
Hours: 9:00 - 9:00 M - Th;
9:00 - 5:00 F & Sat; 1:00 - 5:00 Sun

West Elmira Library
1231 W. Water Street, Elmira 14905
(607) 733-0541
Hours: 12:00 - 8:00 M; 9:00 - 5:00 T - F;
10:00 - 3:00 Sat (Closed Sat, mid May - mid Sept.)

Elmira Heights Library
266 E. 14th Street, Elmira Heights 14903
(607) 733-3457
Hours: 10:00 - 8:00 M;
10:00 - 5:00 W, F; 1:00 - 4:00 Sat

The Keeler Hose voted to disband in May, leaving Hammondsport with only two volunteer fire companies. St. James Episcopal Church, with a new edifice being completed, lifted itself out of debt through a member subscription. The Baptist Church in North Urbana and the Methodist Episcopal Church in Hammondsport held joint revival services. Reverend Arthur Williams, formerly pastor at Mount Washington Baptist, was a missionary in the Congo Free State. New York state was going through Congressional redistricting (sound familiar?); Hammondsport's district was renumbered but unchanged. Mr. Zimmer installed a new 100 hp Corliss motor at the electric plant down by the waterfront, significantly increasing his capacity. But new opportunities also brought new drawbacks. When the Wheeler barn was moved from Vine Street through Lake to Main, workers had to remove the telephone and electric wires first.

One more change may have provoked a vaguely unsettled feeling among parents and children in Hammondsport. Beginning in May of 1901, the evening curfew was rung not by the town hall bell, but by the whistle on the electric light plant.

Keuka College by this point had raised $14,000 of a $25,000 challenge from the canning-jar Ball brothers, who had promised to donate $50,000 if the challenge were met. And Lulu Mott, recently widowed, opened a boarding house in Hammondsport, never dreaming that within a decade she would be hosting the most famous pilots in the world.

June: *Some Things Never Change*

Ah, June! The 1900-01 academic year was over at last, and the kids were out of school at last. We can be pretty sure that they had much the same feelings that kids had this year when school let out; some things never change. Hammondsport had its biggest graduating class to date.

The community was very excited by the dedication of the new Civil War memorial, which means that this village landmark has just recently enjoyed its centennial. The war had ended only 36 years earlier, making its veterans about the same age that Vietnam veterans are today. The monument was sponsored by Hammondsport's Monroe Brundage Post of the Grand Army of the Republic. The G. A. R. was a nationwide association of Union veterans, promoting the welfare of comrades and the advance of patriotism.

Since most members were staunch supporters of the party of Lincoln, cynics called it "the Grand Army of the Republicans."

Be that as it may, veterans were proud of having destroyed slavery and saved the Union, and their neighbors shared their pride. Lake s ago

Keuka Navigation Company ran a special steamer from Penn Yan for the ceremonies, and photographer de Groat advertised that he would open his part-time Hammondsport studio an extra day that week in order to accommodate sitters. Today the monument stands on the front lawn of the municipal building, but a hundred years ago it was installed a few yards away, right in the center or the intersection between Lake and Main Streets. It was larger back then, too, standing on a circular base and surrounded with mortars and cannonballs. The monument provided the starting point when street paving finally began in 1914, but by then it was already being cussed out by the drivers of automobiles, which had certainly not been anticipated as a problem thirteen years earlier.

Moderns wars, of course, were also in the news. The British captured the "Mad Mullah's" supply base in Somaliland, but suffered a sharp defeat in a night attack by Boers even as Cecil Rhodes called for a South African confederation. Following Aguinaldo's lead, General Cailles in the Philippines surrendered 650 men and 550 rifles to US forces.

Weather was also big news a hundred Junes ago, as tremendous storms tore through the area. Lightning struck the Erie depot in Avoca, splintering nine utility poles, burning out the telegraph equipment and slightly injuring the operator. But James Shannon was killed inside his barn on Mr. Washington, struck with lightning as he harnessed a team. Terrific hail storms severely damaged the grape and fruit crops. Glaziers were sold out, and the four Hammondsport village churches wouldn't get all their windows replaced until fall.

Our country was a very different place back then, missing many protections that we now take for granted and would be horrified to miss. It was only as of June 1 that the state required fire drills for schools with more than a hundred students. On that same day the two Doctors Babcock, apparently working in their village office or in the patient's home, removed four cancers from the armpit of a local woman (Dr. Babcock in Branchport was a nephew to these two brothers.) The government ruled that immigrants with tuberculosis would be denied entry to the United States. Depositors with the defunct First National Bank in Penn Yan received their second and last dividend from assets. They each lost a third of their deposits; compared with the experiences of many in those days of uninsured, unregulated banking, they got off pretty lightly.

Such was not the case in California, where masked men overpowered a guard to lynch five accused horse thieves. Or in Louisiana, where a mob lynched two African-American men for murder. And it was spectacularly not the case in Florida, where a mob burned an African-American man at the stake, charging him with assaulting and murdering

LIBRARIES

Wide Awake Club Library
46 Main St., P. O. Box 199, Fillmore 14735
(585) 567-8301; fax (585) 567-8301
Email:fillmore@stls.org
Hours: 9:00 - 5:00 M - W & F;
9:00 - 7:00 Th; 9:00 - 12:00 Sat

Friendship Free Library
40 West Main Street, Friendship 14739
(585) 973-7724
Hours: 1:00 - 500 M; 9:00- 12:00 T;
9:00 - 12:00 & 6:00 - 9:00 W; 1:00 - 5:00 Th;
10:00 - 1:00 Sat

Geneva Free Library
244 Main Street, Geneva
(315) 789-5303
Www.geneva.pls-net.org
Hours: 9:00 - 8:00 M - Th;
9:00 - 6:00 F; 10:00 - Noon Sat

Warren Hunting Smith Library
Hobart and William Smith Colleges
Pulteney Street, Geneva
(315) 789-5500
Hours: 8:00 a.m. - 10:00 p.m. M - F;
9:00 a.m. - 10:00 p.m. Sat, Sun

Wadsworth Library
24 Center Street, Geneseo 14454
(585) 243-0440
Hours: 1:30 - 8:30 M, F;
10:00 - 8:30 T, Th; 10:00 -3:00 Sat

Gorham Free Library
Box 211 Main Street, Gorham 14461
(585) 526 - 6655
Hours: 2:00 - 8:00 T, W, F;
10:00 - Noon & 2:00 - 8:00 Th; 10:00 - 2:00 Sat.

Greenwood Reading Center
Main Street, Greenwood 14839
(607) 225-4654
Hours: 3:00 - 5:00 M; 6:00 - 8:00 T;
2:00 - 4:00 W & F

Hammondsport Public Library
41 Lake Street, P. O. Box 395,
Hammondsport 14840
(607) 569 -2045
Hours: 10:00 - 9:00 M; 2:00 - 9:00 T, W, Th;
10:00 - 5:00 F; 10:00 - 2:00 Sat

Elizabeth B. Pert Library
Valois - Logan - Hector Fire House
Route 414, Hector 14841
(607) 546-2605
Hours: 4:00 - 8:00 T; 3:00 - 5:00 Th; 10 - 12 Sat

Allens Hill Free Library
Allens Hll Road, Holcomb 14469
(585) 229-5636
Hours: 3:00 - 5:30 M, T, Th; 5:30 - 7:30 W;
9:00 - 11:00 F; 2:00 - 4:30 Sat

Honeoye Public LIbrary
East Main Street, Honeoye,
P. O. Box 70 14471
(585) 229-5020
Hours: 2:30 - 8:30 M, Th; 10:00 - 6:00 T;
10:00 - 1:00 Sat

Hornell Public Library
64 Genesee Street,
P. O. Box 190 Hornell 14843
(607) 324-1210
Hours: 10:00 - 8:00 M - Th; 10:00 - 5:00 F;
10:00 - 2:00 Sat

Horseheads Free Library
405 South Main, Horseheads 14845
(607) 739-4581
Hours: 9:00 - 9:00 M & T; 12:00 - 9:00 W;
9:00 - 5:30 Th, F; 9:00 - 5:00 Sat

Howard Public Library
3607 County Route 70A, Howard
RD #3, Hornell 14843-9223
(607) 566-2412
Hours: 5:00- 9:00 M; 2:00- 9:00 T;
9:00 - 12:00 & 2:00 - 7:00 Th; 9:00 - 12:00 Sat

Jasper Free Library
3807 Library Street, P. O. Box 53, Jasper 14855
(607) 792-3494
Hours: 6:30 - 9:00 M;
9:00 - 12:00 & 1:00 - 4:30 T & Th; 9:00 - 12:00 Sat

Lima Public Library
1872 Genesee Street, Lima 14485
(585) 582-1311
Hours: 1:00 - 5:00 & 7:00 - 9:00 M, T, Th;
10:00 - Noon, 1:00 - 5:00, 7:00 - 9:00 W;
1:00 - 5:00 F

Genesee Library
8351 Main Street, Route 417.
P. O. Box 10, Little Genesee 14754
(585) 928-1915
Hours: 6:00 - 9:00 M, W;
9:00 - 12:00 Th; 2:00 - 5:00 F

Livonia Public Library
2 Washington Street, Livonia 14487
(585) 346-3450
Hours: 1:00 - 8:30 M, T;
10:00 - 8:30 Th. F; 10:00 - 3:00 Sat

proposals for federal anti-lynching laws were brushed aside because they would interfere with states' rights.

Once the storms ended, things were far calmer in Hammondsport, where the newspaper editor fulminated against mail-order bicycles and slyly observed that the village had 70 "bachelor girls." This fact evidently did not distract sportsmen, who kept themselves busy organizing a gun club. The high school graduated its largest-ever class of 13 seniors, Glenn Curtiss went to Buffalo for the Pan-American Exposition, and village electors (now including some women for the first time!) voted 59-24 to raise a thousand dollars in taxes and buy the instruments of the Hammondsport Citizens Band. Ah, June.

A Close-Up Look at Graduation Day — 1901

More than a hundred Junes ago, students in Hammondsport and surrounding communities were doing what students always do at that time —struggling through Regents exams. Yes, the state-mandated tests were already an established part of school life back in those days, and they were already controversial with many citizens and educators arguing to abolish them.

But 13 students won through the ordeal, making up the largest graduating class in Hammondsport's history up to that time. So family and friends of S. Lynn Bauter, Clara J. Genung, N. Carleton Foster, Samuel French, Dora Duck, Bertha Duck, Pearl A. Wixom, Grace A. Wixom, John W. Keeler, Jr., N. Florence Wheeler, Lyman D. Aulls, and William Hamlin gathered in the Methodist Church to celebrate. The audience was large, the night was "very warm," and the program was "necessarily long." Back in March, the church had taken up a subscription in order to install electric lights. If that work had not been completed, then oil lamps would have made the place even warmer.

Salutatorian Carleton Foster led off with "America's Debt to Liberty," describing our nation's development from colonial days to "the foremost country of modern civilization." Grace Wixom read her essay, "Night Brings out the Stars," pointing out how cares and responsibilities contribute to development.

Stella Casterline's address, "The Duty of Happiness," forcefully argued that individual happiness was "our first and most important duty." Stella could have fit in with several ancient Greek philosophers and quite a few mid-century psychologists.

May Maxon gave a piano solo, and Samuel French spoke on "The Days of Slavery," admittedly an old topic. Dora Duck discussed "The Harmonies of Nature," averring that apparent discordance was due to our own

imperfect perception (Plato would have approved). The newspaper observed that a chorus at this point, "Morning Invitation," "gave the listeners a breathing spell."

It didn't last. Florence Wheeler got frequent applause as she gave the class prophecies, and read her essay urging the audience to imitate high and noble ideals. Adelia Ray took a different tack in "Unconscious Influence," suggesting that listeners always watch their own conduct, knowing that it would influence others unconsciously.

Lynn Bauter (whose early dreams of missionary work gave him the lifelong nickname "Mish," but who gave up the dream to become a boat builder) got an enthusiastic response by advocating "Our Imperial Republic." As the paper observed, "President McKinley and his cabinet need not look for a more ardent champion of their treatment of America's new possessions." It must have been quite a switch when Pearl Wixom drew life lessons from her favorite blossom in "Pansies for Thought." Julie Masson sang a solo that was well received by the audience, which was at this point "tired and perspiring."

But Lyman Aulls still had an inspiring account of the new Pan-American Exposition to give, while Bertha Duck delivered herself of a clearly original, if perhaps a little puzzling, work, "The Druids and their Customs." William Hamlin then stepped up to the plate with "Socialistic Tendencies," denouncing this "alarming feature" of the current generation and urging citizens to vote it down without regard to party. (The graduating men of Hammondsport seem to have been pretty conservative, but over in Bath, Clair Hedges had recently delivered a forceful address at school attacking business trusts.)

At last Clara Genung arose for the valedictory, "From School Life to Life's School." This was, the reporter noted, "well-prepared…abounding in fine sentiment and noble incentives… If the class heeds her injunctions, its fair promise will be materially increased." Professor Plough, the principal, "presented the diplomas in a few well-chosen words." (He would have been lynched had he done otherwise.) The chorus sang "Lark Song" and "Good Night," following which Reverend Thomas Duck gave an invocation, and the meeting broke up, already planning next year's facilities in the new Opera House that Gottlieb Frey was building.

And so the first class of the twentieth century went into the world.

To be continued.

Middlesex Reading Center
Williams Street, P. O. Box 58,
Middlesex 14507
(716) 554-6945
Hours: 4:00 - 8:00 T, W

Montour Falls Memorial Library
406 Main Street, Montour Falls
(607) 554-7489
Hours: 2:00 - 6:00 M, T, Th; 2:00 - 8;00 W;
2:00 - 5:00 F; 10:00 - 2:00 Sat

Mount Morris Library
(716) 658-4412
Hours: 2:00 - 5:00 M, F;
2:00 - 9:00 T, Th; 10:00 - 3:00 Sat

The Naples Library
(716) 374-2757
Hours: 2:00 - 7:00 M, T, W, Th;
10:00 - 8:00 F; 10:00 - 2:00 Sat

Bell Memorial Library
16 East Street; P. O. Box 725, Nunda 14517
(716) 268-2266
Hours: 2:00 - 8:00 T, W, Th;
9:00 - Noon & 2:00 - 5:00 F; 10:00 - 3:00 Sat

Dutton S. Peterson Memorial Library
106 First Street,
P. O. Box 46, Odessa 14869
(607) 594-2791
Hours: 2:00 - 8:00 M - Th:
10:00 - 12:00 & 2:00 - 6:00 F; 10:00 - 2:00 Sat

Ontario Public Library
1850 Ridge Road, Ontario 14519
(315) 525-8181
Hours: 1:00 - 9:00 M, W;
10:00 - 9:00 T, Th; 10:00 - 5:30 F;
10:00 - 3:00 Sat; 1:00 - 3:00 Sun (October - April)

Edith B. Ford Memorial Library
7169 N. Main Street, Ovid 14521
(607) 869-3031
Hours: 1:30 - 5:00 & 7:00 - 8:00 T, W;
2:00 - 5:00 F; 9:00 - 12:00 Sat

Penn Yan Public Library
214 Main Street, Penn Yan
(315) 536-6114
Hours: 10:00 - 8:30 M - F; 10:00 - 3:00 Sat

Perry Public Library
70 North Main Street, Perry 14530
(585) 237-2243
Hours: 1:00 - 8:00 M, W. F;
10:00 - 8:00 T, Th; 9:00 - 1:00 Sat

LIBRARIES

Phelps Community Memorial Library
Church Street, Phelps 14532
(315) 548-3120
Hours: 12:00 - 5:00 M, F;
10:00 - 8:00 T, Th; 10:00 - 12:00 Sat

Prattsburgh Library
26 North Main Street,
Prattsburgh 14873
(607) 522-3490
Hours: 9:00 - 12:00 M;1:00 - 5:00 T & F;
6:00 - 8:00 W;
1:00 - 5:00 & 6:30 - 8:00 Th; 9:00 - 11:00 Sat

Pulteney Free Library
9068 Main Street, P. O. Box 215,
Pulteney 14874
(607) 868-3652
Hours: 12:00 - 8:00 T & Th; 12:00 - 6:00 W;
9:00 - 1:00 Sat

Colonial Library
Main Street, Richburg 14744
(585) 928-2694
Hours: 9:00 - 5:00 M &Th; 3:00 - 7:00 T

Rushford Free Library
5032 Main Street, P. O. Box 8, Rushford 14777
(585) 437-2533
Hours: 12:30 - 5:00 & 6:00 - 8:00 T & Th;
9:00 - 12:30 pm. W; 9:00 - Noon & 1:00 - 5:00 F;
9:00 - Noon Sat

Mabel D. Blodgett Memorial Library
35 South Main Street, Rushville 14544
(585) 554-3939
Hours: 1:00 - 4:30 M, W & F

Savona Free Library
McCoy Street, Savona
(607) 583-4426
Hours: 1:00 7:00 M - F; 1:00 -4:00 Sat

Scio Free Library
3493 West Sciota Street, Scio 14880
(585) 593-4816
Hours: 1:00 - 7:00 T & Th:
12:00 - 5:00 F; 9:00 - 12:00 Sat

Gainesville Public Library
10 Church Street, Silver Springs 14550
(585) 493-2970
Hours: 2:00 - 4:30 M, F;
2:00 - 4:30 & 6:00 - 8:30 T, Th; 9:00 - Noon Sat

New York City / State Timeline

from *Eagles Byte* by David Minor

Year-by-year tracing the growth of the early days of the Republic

1823

The population of sleepy little Brooklyn had grown to nearly 10,000 in 1823. The Erie Canal, nearing completion upstate, promised future prosperity to all of the towns clustered at the western end of Long Island. Halfway out on the island in the town of Huntington, West Hills housewright Walter Whitman decided to relocate his family, including four-year-old Walt, closer to New York, where the market for houses promised to be strong. It seemed to be a good town for the working man; the Brooklyn Apprentices' Library Association was founded this year. It would become the Brooklyn Institute in 1843, the Brooklyn Museum in 1897.

The island of Manhattan was poised for rapid growth. The financial markets were beginning to recover from a brief panic four years ago, and decided to charge an initiation fee for the first time—a whopping $25. New businesses were springing up all over. The New York Gas Light Company was incorporated, with a 30-year gas-pipe monopoly below Grand Street; its president Samuel Leggett had the first home in the city lit with the new illuminating gas. F. Marquand opened a jewelry store at 166 Broadway, just below Fulton Street. A few blocks up Broadway, A. T. Stewart opened his dry goods store. Far uptown, almost to Grand Street, Joseph W. Duryee opened a lumber yard. And a group of merchants founded the New York Chemical Manufacturing Company. In the future it would switch its focus and become Chemical Bank. Real estate continued to change hands this year. For one thing, land was becoming too valuable to use for dead people, especially poor dead people. The Potter's Field located where Washington Square sits today was closed down in favor of one further uptown. One day that one would also be shut down, to build a reservoir, which would in turn give way to Bryant Park and the New York Public Library. Downtown, at the Battery, the city purchased Fort Clinton. At the other end of town, Archibald Gracie sold his east side mansion to the Foulkes family.

Dining fans could try new restaurants, like the cozy Delmonico's café on William Street. It your leanings were toward performing music, you could join the New York Choral Society or the New York Sacred Musical Society. Both would give concerts next year. Like the theatre? You could take in the new British import (yes, even then), *Tom and Jerry*; or *Life in London* which played at the Park Theatre. In November you might take in the musical melodrama *Clari*, or the *Maid of Milan* and hear wordsmith John Howard Payne's lyrics to *Home, Sweet Home* sung. A seat in the gallery would cost you two bits. You could curl up with the latest novel. James Cooper's *The Pioneers:* or *The Sources of the Susquehanna*, which introduced readers to a new hero, Natty Bumppo. Female readers could turn to the new *Mirror and Ladies' Literary Gazette*. To digress for a moment, the gentle sex was not always catered to. A woman attempting to book passage on a packet boat to join her husband in Europe was refused passage, since she would be the only female aboard and "her presence would be inconvenient to the male passengers."

Sports? In May you could go out to Long Island's race track at Jamaica, and watch a local favorite, the stallion *Eclipse*, defeat the southern contender, *Henry*. Just the month before, a group of young men gathered up in the village of Greenwich to play a game that a local newspaper, the *National Advertiser*, described as "base ball." Experts can argue that one with the *Advertiser*. Include me out.

New York State got a new governor, its eighth, on the first day of January, 1823—former Schenectady mayor Joseph Christopher Yates. Within five weeks a new Finger Lakes county had been named for him. It's just as well it happened quickly. He'd only get a single two-year term. The other new county, Wayne, carved out of Ontario and Seneca counties, was named for Revolutionary War general Mad Anthony Wayne.

The two new counties would get a rather windy baptism on Easter weekend, at the end of March—a storm with hurricane force winds would blow up from the south and bring heavy snows all the way from Pennsylvania to Maine. But York Staters eat snowstorms for breakfast, spit on their hands, then go out and do what needs doing. And there was a lot that needed doing across the state. Young Millard Fillmore passed his exam and was admitted to the Buffalo bar association. Batavia became a village and got a new tavern, *The Eagle*. The village on the Genesee was jumping. A new horsecar railroad joined the main business area of Rochester to the downstream river landing. The total value of shipments out of the Genesee River would reach $807,000 by year's end. St. Patrick's, the first Catholic Church in town, was built and construction began on Washington Street for the home of Colonel Nathaniel Rochester. Presbyterians up toward the St. Lawrence, in Cape Vincent, also got a new church. Today it's the United Church. Albany got a Lyceum of Natural History, courtesy of local physician-scientist Theodoric Romeyn Beck. And out on the northern shore of Long Island's Suffolk County a keeper was hired for a new lighthouse to be built at Old Field Point.

But one topic above all else interested just about everyone, all across the state. Canals. The Champlain Canal was completed. New York chartered a Delaware and Hudson Canal down near the Pennsylvania border; a route was explored for a Baltimore-Conewago Canal. The first would be built, the second would not, even with De Witt Clinton endorsing the project. His own "ditch" was nearing completion. It wouldn't reach Buffalo for another two years but Brockport would fill in as western terminus until then. Contracts were signed for engineering work at Tonawanda. And, in November, the canal boat *Mary and Hannah* arrived in New York City with a cargo of Finger Lakes wheat brought from Seneca Lake by way of the Erie.

Two months earlier a farm boy from near Palmyra named Joseph Smith, was visited by an angel who introduced himself as Moroni and led Smith to a nearby hill he called Cumorah, where tablets containing the history of the lost tribes of America were buried. The experience inspired the young man to found a religion, and the Mormon Church was born. Two other 1823 upstate men were to find their lives linked to Smith's in the near future, one quite closely. A young lawyer moved from the New York village of Florida to Auburn to become a junior partner to Judge Elijah Miller. He would marry the judge's daughter and his generous father-in-law would give the newlyweds a large brick house he'd had built six years before. If legend is to be believed, a mantle over a fireplace in the front parlor was built by a young apprentice carpenter who was working on the house. That young man was off to Port Byron this year where he would repair furniture and paint canal boats. His name was Brigham Young. The young judge was William H. Seward, future U. S. Secretary of State.

The *Eagles Byte New York City / State Timeline* is from David Minor's radio scripts for Simon Pontin's *Salmagundy* radio program on WXXI-FM (91.5). David can be heard every Saturday morning at 10:15. talking about various aspects of world history. Anyone wishing to receive his material through the Internet or view his home page and newsletter on the World Wide Web can do so at: http://home.eznet.net/~dminor His e-mail address is dminor@eznet.net

LIBRARIES

Van Etten Reading Center
83 Main Street, Van Etten 14889
(607) 589-4755
Hours: 1:00 - 5:00 M & W; 1:00 - 6:00 Sat

Warsaw Public Library
130 North Main Street, Warsaw 14569
(585) 786-5650
Hours: 10.00 - 9:00 M, T; 2:00 - 5:00 &
7:00 - 9:00 W, Th, F; 2:00 - 5:00 Sat

Watkins Glen Central School District Free Public Library
610 South Decatur Street, Watkins Glen 14891
(607) 535-2346
Hours: 12:00 - 5:00 & 7:00 - 9:00 M, W, F;
10:00 - 5:00 & 7:00 - 9:00 T, Th;
10:00 - 2:00 Sat; 2:00 - 4:00 Sun

Wayland Free Library
101 West Naples Street, Wayland 14572
(585) 728-5380
Hours: 1:00 - 8:30 M & W; 1:00 - 5:00 T & Th;
10:00 - 5:00 F; 12:00 - 4:00 Sat

David A. Howe Public Library
155 N. Main Street, Wellsville 14895
(585) 593-3410
Www.davidhowelibrary.org
Email: wellsville@stls.org
Hours: 10:00 - 9:00 M & Th;
10:00 - 5:00 T, F & Sat

Williamson Public Library
4170 East Main Street, Williamson 14589
(315) 589-2048
Hours: 10:00 - 8:30 M - Th; 10:00 - 5:00 F;
10:00 - 2:00 Sat

Whitesville Public Library
500 Main Street, P. O. Box 158, Whitesville 14897
(607) 356-3645
Hours: 2:00 - 4:00 & 6:00 - 8:00 M - Th;
10:00 - 2:00 Sat

Wolcott Civic Free Library
Wolcott
Hours: 2:00 - 8:00 M, W, F;
10:00 - 12:00 T, Th; 1:00 - 3:00 Sat

Wyoming Free Library
15 South Academy Street, Wyoming 14591
(585) 495-6840
Hours: 2:00 - 5:00 & 7:00 - 9:00 T, Th;
2:00 - 5:00 Sat

Excerpts from Beth Flory's

Glancing Backward

column that is published regularly in The Naples *Record.*
These news items appeared in issues of The Naples *Record* 100 years and 50 years ago.

April 1903

Hardworking Dr. Barringer who was constantly on the go treating illnesses and injuries came to grief when his horses took off down Prattsburgh Street (Route 53?) And his buggy overturned, throwing him out and giving him a bad sprain and "a severe shaking up." The horses, loosed and unhurt, were finally caught on Weld St.

The *Record* noted that the street sprinkler was badly needed because the dust "was almost unbearable." Overseers of highways were supposed to remove loose stones from roads each month from April to December. Street Commissioner F. P. Byington had the scrapers out to good effect. The Memorial Town Hall park was raked and cleaned up satisfactorily.

The village welcomed the reopening of the cheese factory and the advent of Henry Paul, a "practical cooper," while the newspaper noted that the town needed a shoemaker. Nellis Westbrook advertised that he had bought 14 cows, a wagon and bottles from Hiram Warren, was now delivering milk twice a day and hoping for customers.

Organizations moved into high gear. The Neopolitan Musicale was reviewed enthusiastically with fulsome praise for the many singers and pianists. "The quartet, composed of Messrs. Howard and Hess and Mesdames Roop and Caulkins, sang very effectively 'The Miller's Wooing.' Loud was the applause without avail, for they betook themselves to obscurity and forgot to reappear."

The Jolly Old Maids met every two weeks. Fifty out of the eighty members of the Naples Tent of the Knights and Lady Maccabees gathered for supper and music. The Baptist Ladies Aid reported that over the previous year they had raised $334. Members of the Camera Club met "for the cultivation and advancement of the art and science of photography" as well as for socializing. Instruction was available and outings were planned to take pictures of nearby "mountains, glens, rocks and cascades."

The *Record* reported the death of Mrs. Mary Maxfield, widow of Hiram Maxfield, and praised her quiet modesty and kindness.

Snow whitened the hills and was followed by fair weather. The lake trout, pike and pickerel seasons opened and the dock at the north end of the lake was lengthened by 100 feet. After running on schedule for two weeks, the *Ogarita* was again tied up, "waiting for business sufficient to pay running expenses."

A topic of conversation was the exploit of Charles Sheffield, a fruit grower from Sheffield Point on the west side of the lake. He bought a cow on the east side and to bring it home, he "took two barn doors, fastened them across two rowboats, built a stall thereon, drove the cow onto the shaky ferry, and, using the third boat as a tug, rowed the outfit across the lake, arriving safely."

April 1953

"The scene is changing on Main St.," declared the *Record* editor. Rennoldson and Barber, new owners of what had been Morley's garage, were refitting the building. The Arthur Smith store next door would be razed as part of a large parking lot. The editor remembered previous businesses on that site, the first being "'Quality' Remington's oyster saloon." This was followed by Clara Benjamin's boarding house and half a dozen other businesses.

The Smith store was of unusual "plank" construction. The frame erected, planks were nailed on, vertically, clapboards covered the planks on the outside; inside, lath and plaster covered the planks with no studding and no air space in the walls.

A new cinder block telephone building would contain automatic switching equipment. Four miles of cable, 125 new poles and 176 miles of wire were needed and all phones would be changed from the old crank type to dial.

NCS announced that Jean Pressler would be valedictorian of her class and Gary Braun salutatorian. Juniors Phyllis Tiberio, Patricia Graves, and Nancy Koby and Seniors Jean Pressler and Georgia Snyder were inducted into the National Honor Society. Awards were presented by Principal Llewyn Thomas.

William Widmer addressed Naples rotary on the subject of grape growing and processing and showed a colorful film that provided a detailed overview of this important local industry.

On a half day during spring vacation the Boy Scouts planted about 3,000 fir trees on land of J. Andrassy in Gulick. Participating were Carl and John Widmer, Gerald Strong, Robert Bashford, Eugene Graff, Albert and Samuel Hanggi, Louis Angelo, Eldon Woodard and James Stafford. Clayton Wheat was the new Scoutmaster, to be assisted by Proctor Smith and John Keith.

May 1903

Snow, wind and an inch of ice came to the Naples area on the opening days of the month and ruined the cherry crop. In spite of bad weather, noted fisherman Capt. Coye was out on the lake catching the first trout of the season. One day the atmosphere over the water was dense with smoke. When it cleared, the air was luminous. Jacob's Landing correspondent Uncle Ed Wetmore who had lived in Kansas wrote that it looked the way it did before a western cyclone. The smoke was believed to have come from forest fires in the Adirondacks.

The steamer was running again but riders were few. The *Ogarita* left Woodville at 7 in the morning and Canandaigua at 4 in the afternoon.

World-wide geography, travel and literature interested many. A stereopticon lecture on the slave trade in Africa in the 1860's gripped a large audience as did "the trials and suffering unto death of David Livingstone who practically laid down his life for the amelioration of the condition of the poor blacks." The Literary Club met to discuss Oliver Wendell Holmes' life and writings while the Baptist missionary society was continuing its study of India.

The "Dog and Pony Show" is a phrase that has entered our current usage but originally it referred to a touring exhibition of trained animals. A street parade preceded the Naples performances of this popular attraction. The Darlings' company traveled by rail "using elegant cars and coaches" and carried its own enormous tent.

Eating habits, like clothes, are subject to fashion and they change over the years . One social of the Presbyterian ladies featured hot bouillon and ice cream. Money raisers were held at J. H. Tozer's store where the following were sold: ice cream and cake, 10 cents; one tongue sandwich, 5 cents;

two bread and butter sandwiches, 5 cents; hot bouillon and wafers, 5 cents.

Dr. Barringer, working hard as usual in spite of his accident in April, was equal to the challenge when the young son of Joseph Konz of Rhine Street fell while playing with a stick which "went down his throat and out under the jaw, nearly severing the jugular vein. Dr. Barringer was called and the boy is now doing well." The Doctor also successfully dealt with the fractured shoulder of Gottlieb Klingenberger who fell from a lumber wagon and the broken arm and dislocated elbow of seven-year-old Charley Randolph of Vine Valley who tumbled off his father's stone boat.

As always, dozens of people helped with Memorial Day planning: the men made the decisions and the speeches and the women provided flowers. James Tozer was President of the Day. The line formed at the GAR Hall (between the Baptist and Presbyterian Churches) led by the band, veterans, town officials and representatives from civic societies. Followed by "school-children and citizens," they marched to the Town Hall for music, a military exercise, a reading of Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, prayer and a memorial address. The line then re-formed and went up to Rose Ridge for "the Grand Army Ritual for the absent dead." Graves were decorated and all returned down West Hollow road to their point of origin and dismissal.

May 1953

On May 11 it was 90 degrees in the shade, beating previous records for the day. The new bridge over West River was completed and opened to the public.

A son was born to Sgt. and Mrs. James Grove in Aberdeen, Maryland. Mr. and Mrs. Delmar Drake also had a son, Lindsley. Pvt. Anthony Stopka was sent to Germany and Capt. Frank Stockton was on leave before departing for duty in Newfoundland. J. Leonard Guerrette, AT3, left Pearl Harbor for duty in the Japan-Philippine area. Robert Lafler was told to report to Syracuse for army induction.

Bill Eichberger was chosen to attend Empire Boys' State, sponsored by the American Legion.

Plans were made for Naples' 85th observance of Memorial Day. Naples had begun to recognize this special day a year before 1869 when the country officially did. The American Legion Post was in charge, under the direction of Post Commander Edward Ulmer. Maurice Swingle was marshal and Scout James Swingle was bugler. For the 29th consecutive year, Naples Boy and Girl Scouts conducted a sunrise service at Rose Ridge. At 10 a.m. The Band marched from the school to the Village Hall where it was joined by the Maxfield Hose Company, the Legion and its Auxiliary. Back to the school they went to pick up the rest of the parade line. This year the route went south down Main St, west on Vine, south and east on James and back northward on Main Street for the traditional program in the school auditorium.

The old magnolia tree on the School lawn was "proclaiming the spring season with a profusion of glorious blooms."

June 1903

The great fires that began in April in the dry Adirondacks continued to affect the Naples area creating smoke so dense on the lake that a steamer had to draw near to shore to see if flags (signals for "please stop") had been raised. Fishermen were finding too many carp—called mud hogs—and Alex Granger found a trout covered with sores. Seth Green had said trout were not getting the right food and proposed that sawbellies from Keuka Lake be brought in.

Hot, dry weather was followed by eight successive days of rain. "Grip" and German Measles were prevalent and so were accidents and deaths. Five cows belonging to John Cook of Putnam's Hill were killed by lightning. Seymour Edson's unhitched team took off from the Griswold mills yard and were tearing down Main St. when the back wheels and the load of lumber fell off. The team took to the sidewalk and ended up on the front porch of the Naples *Record* office. The horses survived and their owner fixed the damaged porch.

The community was shocked by the suicide of farmer Tip Stebbins. When Albert Weisenberger's home was broken into by Delbert Hinckley and John Leggett, they beat him into unconsciousness. The two were jailed almost immediately while their victim lay in critical condition.

But not all was bleak. The baseball season had begun and "the battle of the giants was fought on Powell Hill when the Rhine St. Athletic Club met the Powell Hillites and defeated them." The score was 17 to 6 and the game was notable for "superb work at the bat and brilliant fielding." Unhappily, the high school team was badly beaten by Rushville.

Cyclists had notable stamina. Rev. H. D. Hardway headed for a conference in Peterborough, NY and rode 70 miles the first day and 82 the second. Frank Tozer and Arthur Smith went out for a ride and passed through Canandaigua, Middlesex, Bath, Prattsburgh, Atlanta and Naples, and then home. School was out and popular Miss Goundry ended her term with exercises and ice cream and cake.

A. F. Hotchkiss was pleased to hear that he had been granted a patent for his invention—an arm rest for telephones. "No more aching arms from holding the receiver to the ear, for it can be raised and lowered to suit the operator." There were high hopes for its wide acceptance.

Meanwhile Mrs. Hipsey Graves was already looking ahead to the Naples Fair where she expected to exhibit her three-legged duck.

June 1953

Life in Naples proceeded as usual, undistracted by the coronation of a young British queen. More exciting was the news that Al Kaline, 18, who had been sought by 14 big league teams before he graduated from high school, was said to have made his decision. Moviegoers headed for the Naples Theatre to see *TITANIC* starring Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Wagner.

Thirty three seniors were to graduate from NCS on the 22nd. Edwin Briggs was class President, Shirley Brand, Vice-president, Georgia Snyder, Secretary and James Worden, Treasurer. Cadet Ronald Johnson graduated from Valley Forge Military Academy and also received an Associate's degree from the Academy's junior college. Pvt. George Ratcliffe and Pvt. Donald Francis were on leave while Ac3 William Domm had been made a member of Lowry Air Force Base Fife and Drum Corps. Capt. and Mrs Robert Woodard and children arrived home for good, his active duty concluded. Woodard spoke at a meeting of his fellow Rotarians upon his return. Llewellyn Spangler was promoted to petty officer third class.

On Main Street, the Maxfield block was sold to Peter Savage. Rennoldson & Barber moved their store to the former Morley Garage which they had purchased.

Toward the end of the month a day of 98 degrees in the shade was followed by violent thunder-storms that did extensive damage to the shores of Honeoye Lake while hail hit Hemlock. The storms broke the heat wave and the next day it was 46.

Mrs. Helen Lyon was declared winner of the molasses cookie contest held by the Naples Grange. Runners up were Mrs. Alice Folts and Mrs. George McPhee.

Previously printed in the Naples Record.

Old-Time Public Transportation

"Traveling by Stagecoach in Central New York"

From ***America: Historical and Descriptive***

by James S. Buckingham, London, 1841, Vol. 2 [Pages 476 - 480]

Found and provided by

Richard Palmer

On the morning of Wednesday, August 8 (1838), we left Utica, in an extra, as the regular stage had set out in the middle of the night, and proceeded on by the high turnpike road towards Syracuse, where we intended making our next halt. It is not ususal to travel in postchaises in this country, but in lieu of this, extra-coaches, with nine seats, will be furnished on any part of the road, if the persons engaging them will pay the regular stage-fare for eight passengers. We were fortunate in finding an agreeable party of three persons, which, added to our own, of the same number, enables us to take an extra between us, and divide the expense, and in this way the carriage is entirely under the direction of the party occupying it, as to the stoppages, hours of setting out, &c.

The coaches, whether stage or extra, are very heavily built, though airy and commodious when the passengers are once seated. The baggage is all carried in a large leather case projecting from behind, and the coaches are painted with very gaudy colours. The horses are large, strong, and good; but the harness is coarse, ill-fitted, and dirty. There is no guard, and no outside passengers, and the coachman, or driver, as he is here universally called, is generally very ill-dressed, though civil, and well qualified for his duty, notwithstanding that he receives no fees whatever from any of the passengers by the way, and it is certainly an agreeable thing for an English traveller to find himself on the road, with his fare paid once and for all, without the frequent opening of the coach-door for the shilling and half-crown, due, by usage, to the coachman and guard, with a certainty of insolent language if it be not readily paid.

The rate of stage-travelling varies between six and eight miles the hour, but is more frequently the former than the latter. The roads are in general wretched, full of deep ruts and elevations, that jolt and shake the traveller to a painful degree; while, in appearance, the American stage-coach, with it horses, harness, and fitting is as inferior to the light, smart, and trim coaches of Bath, Brighton and Dover, that start from Charing Cross and Piccadilly, as a heavily-laden merchant-ship is to a beautiful corvette or light frigate—or, to do the Americans justice in another department, in which they excel us—as the deeply-laden collier going up the Thames, is to one of their beautiful pilot schooners or packets.

While on this subject, I may mention that a great many, even of the coach-phrases in America are derived from a seafaring life: as, for instance, instead of the coachman coming to the door, as in England, and asking—"Are ye all in, gentlemen?" The American driver's question is—"Are ye all aboard?" And instead of the signal of the English guard, "All right," which precedes the crack of the whip; the American bookkeeper, when he hands up the way-bill, exclaims, "Go ahead!"

Proceeding by the stage route from Utica, we first passed through a small village called New Hartford, seated on a stream named Sadaquada, here called a creek—another instance of the nautical origin of many of the American names and phrases. A creek is a familiar term to seamen, because every inlet from the sea up a narrow strait of land is so called; but here the term is applied to small inland rivers hundreds of miles from the sea. Ascending from hence over a rising hill, we had a fine view of Hamilton College, one of the public seminaries of education pointed out to us. The landscape, of which it formed a part, was pleasing, and the country around it well wooded, and in good order. A few miles farther on, we came to Manchester, very unlike its great dingy and smoky namesake in England. This was entirely an agricultural prospect, with well-cultivated farms all around it, and as far as I could learn, there was not a single manufactory nor even the germ of one, yet planted at this spot.

Vernon is the name of another pretty village, 7 or 8 miles beyond Manchester, at which we changed horses and drivers, the usual distance performed by each team being from 8 to 12 miles. This contains a glass factory, and some few mills worked by water-power.

Five miles beyond this, we passed through a spot called Oneida Castle, the lands around which formerly belonged to the Oneida Indians, under the title of the Oneida Reservation. In general, when treaties were made

"Traveling by Stagecoach in Central New York"

(Continued from preceding page.)

between the government of the United States and any of the Indian tribes, certain portions of land were set apart for their use, either as hunting-grounds, or for cultivation. These were called "Indian Reservations," and this was one of them. It appears that the Oneida Indians had acquired some knowledge of practical agriculture; but the cultivation was so unskillful and so unprofitable, compared with that of the whites by which they were surrounded, and the feeling between the two races was so far from being friendly, that the government adopted as a settled rule of policy, the determination to remove as many of the Indians as they could persuade to consent to that measure, to the territory west of the Mississippi, or in Western Michigan. The Oneidas chose the latter, and have some time since emigrated to that quarter; and their lands in this reservation, having been purchased of them, by whites, are now in the same state of improved cultivation as the surrounding estates of their neighbors.

From hence we passed, at distances of from 3 to 5 miles apart, the small villages of Lenox, Quality Hill, and Chittenango, where we halted, and walked a short distance to see some remarkable petrifactions of trees, at the foot of a hill, from whence issue various springs of water, that leave incrustations in their track, and probably occasioned the petrifactions seen. So many travellers have taken portions of this for their cabinets, that but little at present remains, without further excavations; we succeeded, however, in getting a fine specimen, with part of the unchanged wood of the interior attached to the petrifaction of the bark.

Nothing of peculiar interest occurred between this and Syracuse, which we reached about 4 in the afternoon, having left at 8 in the morning, and were thus 8 hours performing 50 miles, or at an average rate of 6¼ miles per hour.

We remained at Syracuse to sleep, but there also having made arrangements for my remaining a week on my return-journey, no examination was made of the town.

(Note: The road mentioned here is today's Route 5. The village of "Manchester" is now Verona).

"Requiescat in Pace"

Found by Richard Palmer in the *Sherburne News* of Oct. 14, 1869

The glory of the valley has departed! Our venerable and respected friend, the Stage Coach, is dead and "the mourners go about the streets." Its wheels are silent; the oily tears that fell from its groaning hubs are forever dried; its end is reached; its lamps are extinguished; but we must put the brake on our emotions, for it would be bootless to disturb the repose that has settled over its venerated body.

Like an aged invalid, long lingering on the verge of the grave, it passed away so peacefully that few of our citizens knew when the sad event occurred. It has gone, let us hope, to a better land, where no heavy lading, no fractious horses, and no independent drivers can ever break its rest.

The shrieks of the locomotive, nor the rattle of the rail cars, will ever deface the pleasant recollections that cluster around its venerable form; the many times it has borne us upon its back; the many pleasant acquaintances formed through its introduction; the social companionship we have all enjoyed in our easy journeys of the road; the ecstasy with which, when a boy, we hung by its straps, whence the driver strove vainly to dislodge us by a "whip behind."

The anxiety with which we have, in later years, watched its approach to the village; the enthusiasm inspired by its dash when it entered the village; as if to satisfy its waiting admirers that it could be lively on occasion; the interest with which we scanned its contents for the face of a coming friend.

How well we remember its dignified pace, so evenly regulated that the patient traveler found abundant time for careful observation, and leisure to become familiar with every turn, and every object on their side of the way, from Utica to Binghamton.

Out of respect for its age and public services the department continues to send the mail from Hamilton to Norwich in a humble way; but even that little tribute to its memory will soon be neglected, and all traces of its former existence will pass away. The sober, steady going representatives of the past, endeared to us by early recollections are laid aside, their places are filled by the inventions of this fast and furious age; and the brain of the oldest inhabitant is dazed by the whirl of events going on around him. As the lamented Artemus Ward feelingly remarks, "Sich is life." ▭

Selections from the College Scrapbook of Miss Lucile Adams

Miss Adams from Dundee, New York, attended the State Normal School at Geneseo for the years 1912-13 and 1913-14. She received a professional degree February 4, 1914.

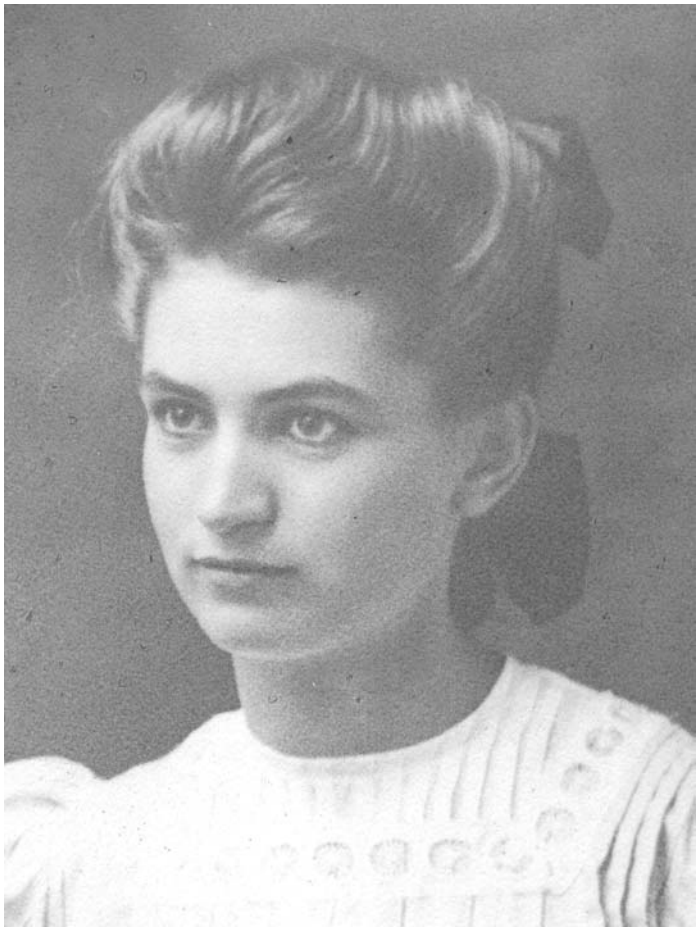
For the time Lucile Adams was a student at Geneseo, she kept a scrapbook containing photographs of the school buildings and classrooms, tickets to games and entertainments, dance cards, programs of performances, and mementos of parties and excursions. One entry read: "On Dec. 14, 1912, the Jrs. chartered a trolley car and went to theater in Rochester. Srs. at Foster House knew nothing about it until after we girls had gone. Hats had previously been taken to a house near. Srs. tried to capture Ed. Mooney who had the money but failed." Lucile's class went to the Lyceum Theatre and saw John Drew in the comedy in four acts, "A Single Man."

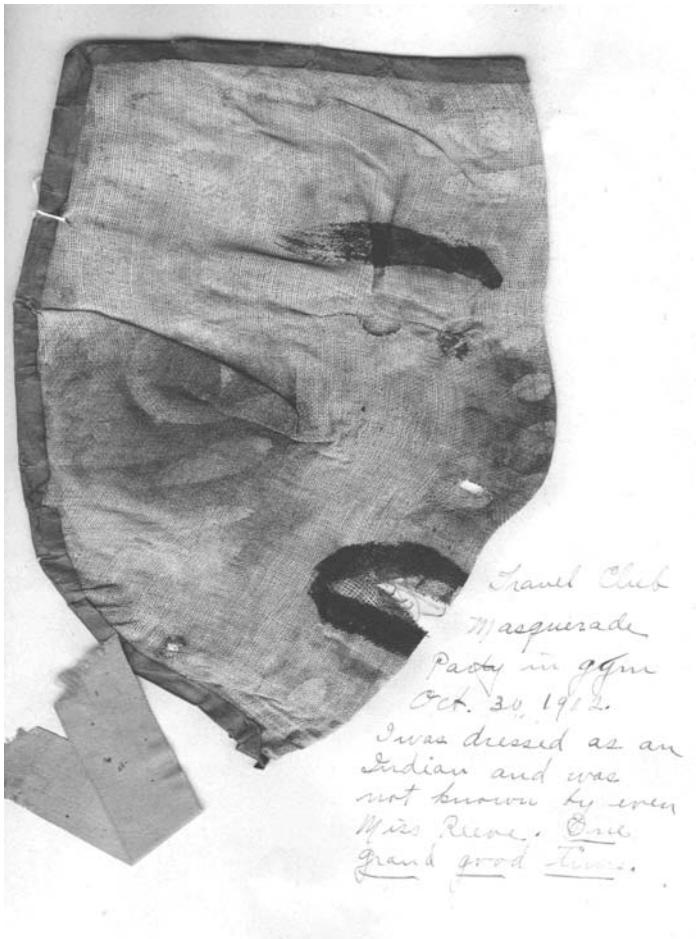
She even preserved a face mask she had fashioned of cloth and painted for the Travel Club Masquerade Party in the gym Oct. 30, 1912. "I was dressed as an Indian and was not known by even Miss Reeve. One grand good time."

When she won first prize for the best-decorated jumping rope in the May Day celebration, she pasted the newspaper column recording the event onto a page of her scrapbook along with the ribbon that bound the 2# box of chocolates she received, a paper that held one of the candies, and the flowers made of cloth and paper from her jumping rope. The book has pages with handmade party favors, a travel folder and dinner menu from a Travel Club excursion on the steamer *Caspian* of the Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Co. Lines from Charlotte to Kingston through the Bay of Quinte and on to the Thousand Islands.

She also saved printed Class Day and Commencement programs. For the June 21, 1913, Class Day, Miss Adams delivered an oration, "Picturesque America." Her hand-written copy is in the scrapbook. She also represented an Indian in a tableau "The Tribute of Nations" in the Class Day exercise.

Lucile wrote in her scrapbook revealing impressions of her teachers—Christabel Abbott, Ph.B. B.L.I.: "Let's see—What class is this"? "If I only had time."; M Louise Russell: "Reading is thought getting." "A 1 in 1 and a 2 in 1 = a 3 in 1."; Georgia M. Reeve: "Sit down! You don't know it." "After Travel Club we will go in the gymnasium and have a rattling good time."





Selections from the College Scrapbook of Miss Lucile Adams

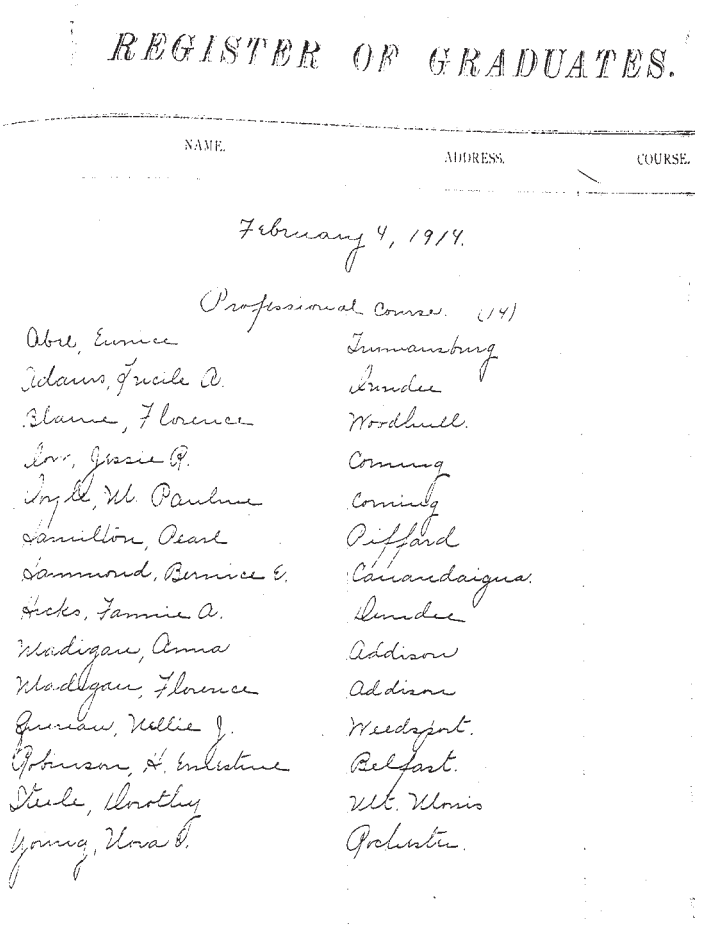
Miss Adams from Dundee, New York, attended the State Normal School at Geneseo for the years 1912-13 and 1913-14. She received a professional degree February 4, 1914.

Little is known of Lucile Adams's life following her time at Geneseo except for an occasional postcard and a letter written in the 1950s to her twice-removed first cousin, Helena Howard, in which Lucile wrote that she had lived for 7 years on a 22-acre fruit and vegetable farm between Glenora and Rock Stream, north of Watkins Glen, with her brother Allen and his wife, Clara, and their two children, Arthur and Gertrude. Later she lived in Maryland; then in 1952 went to live with her niece Gertrude Adams Deline and her family in Michigan. On the trip there, they visited the "happy memory place" in New York and stayed overnight with Cora Jayne Andrews, mother of Helena Howard. Adam's family items, including Lucile's scrapbook and the photograph shown below, had been left for safe keeping with cousin Arthur Andrews, Helena's father.

Mrs. Howard has worked out many of Lucile's family relationships and made her scrapbook and family photographs available. Lucile's mother was a daughter of Levi Perry who lived in Watkins Glen and owned a canal boat. Lucile's father, Orrin Adams (1844), was one of 11 children. His parents were William Adams (1815) and Anna Mariah Bemis (1811). William was a son of Ashor Adams and Hannah Weeks. Orrin's sister Mary (1848) married John Meade and was through her daughter Ella (1866), wife of Hawey Andrews (1864), and through grandson Arthur Andrews, Mrs. Howard's great grandmother.

Helena's mother, Cora Jayne Andrews, corresponded with Lucile Adams and her brothers and sisters-in-law and kept all of the postcard correspondence from the Adams family. Lucile had two brothers, Allen and Levi, and there may have been a brother Walter. There are pictures of Amy, was she a sister? Lucile signed her letter to Helena as Lucile Adams Stone. Her inclusion of a last name is all that is known here about her marriage.

Wayne Mahood who was a professor at SUNY-Geneseo, 1969 - 1994, and Judy Bushnell, Head Research Librarian at the college, found records of Lucile A. Adams's completion of the professional course. One is the Register of Graduates that lists names of classmates and their home towns. It is copied below. □



REGISTER OF GRADUATES.

NAME.	ADDRESS.	COURSE.
February 4, 1914.		
Professional Course. (14)		
Abel, Eunice	Trumansburg	
Adams, Lucile A.	Dundee	
Blanc, Florence	Woodhull.	
Carr, Jessie P.	Corning	
Doyle, M. Pauline	Corning	
Hamilton, Pearl	Pittsford	
Hammond, Bernice E.	Canandaigua.	
Hicks, Fannie A.	Dundee	
Madigan, Anna	Addison	
Madigan, Florence	Addison	
Quinlan, Nellie J.	Weedsport.	
Robinson, H. Christine	Belfast.	
Steele, Dorothy	Mt. Morris	
Young, Nora E.	Rochester.	

A Consideration of Racial Aspects of Corning History

by

John H. Martin

From a speech to the Corning Rotary Club on April 18, 2002

Phyllis and I moved to Corning in 1958 when I was hired as the first faculty member for the new Corning Community College, and we rented a house on First Street in Corning. We were impressed that around the corner was the new, modern house of the Holmes family, a black family. Across the street was Old School Two, then serving as the School district headquarters, and Katie Bernhannan, a local black, was the telephone receptionist. We felt that we had moved into a well integrated community. Perhaps that vision was a little naive.

We began to see another side of the situation, however, when two years later we purchased a house at the top of Wall Street and had as a neighbor Omar Lerman, one of the Directors of the Corning Summer Theater. One summer evening Omar came to us and said he was having trouble finding a room for an actor who had to be in Corning for two weeks preparing for a performance of *Othello* which was being offered by Summer Theater. Actor's salaries weren't adequate for them to stay in a hotel, and thus the actor needed an inexpensive room in a private home.

"You have a spare bedroom" said Omar, "Would you rent it to the actor in order to help me out of a problem?" We said we would, and the actor could be our guest and would not have to pay rent. As he thanked us and prepared to leave, Omar paused and said, "Does it make any difference to you that the actor is black? That is why I could not rent a private room for him in town." We said that that made no difference—but it did open our eyes to some limitations to Corning hospitality and tolerance.

Thus the young actor stayed with us for two weeks, using some of our books on Shakespeare (since I taught English literature). He proved to be a delightful guest. You may have heard of him since—his name is James Earl Jones.

In time, we learned of other incidents of an unhappy racial nature, some of which have been reported in *The History of Corning* by Lois Janes and Tom Dimitroff, as well as in a long article in the Corning *Leader* in 1988. In the 1920s there was a Klu Klux Klan unit in Corning with some 187 local members. On a Saturday evening they would burn a cross on Denmark Hill just outside of the city of Corning since they opposed having blacks, Catholics, Jews, and immigrants in Corning. In 1924 the Klan, in full regalia, marched into one of the Northside churches in Corning to an ovation from the congregation—and a reputed $100 "free will offering." Then on October 15, 1927, the Klan paraded in Corning, again in full regalia, happily the last recorded incident in this unhealthy situation.

In some ways, these events were not surprising. When the MacBurney plot on the north side of East Pulteney Street in Corning was opened for the sale of building lots in 1920, the ads read "Lots of $375 to $795 down, and $2 a week. Lots restricted to good residences and desirable white families." There were also other covenants in town against blacks or Jews where housing was concerned. These facts can be found in the February 21, 1988, Corning *Leader*.

On the other hand, there was a more generous side to Corning that we encountered soon after. There was a time when the western part of Steuben County relied heavily on migrant labor to harvest its crops, mostly itinerant black laborers from the southern states of the United States. In September of 1963 there was a fight in one of the labor camps in Wheeler, and one of the migrants was stabbed and killed. The perpetrator was arrested, but so was 18-year-old Andrew Horton, a young black from Mississippi who was here to earn enough money so he could finish his last year in his trade high school in Mississippi.

The innocent Andrew Horton volunteered as a witness, but he was arrested as a principal witness and placed in jail in Bath out of fear that he might leave the area. He could be freed on deposit of a $1500 bail. The kid had but 40 cents in his pocket when he was jailed. Not only that, but the next grand jury was not scheduled to be called for another five months, and the lad would have to remain in jail for that length of time.

Charlie McGrady, a local Corning black who worked in the Corning Glass factory, was deeply disturbed at the boy's predicament. Thus he approached Bill Belknap of Corning Glass for help. Charlie and Bill formed a

committee of which Don Brown, Dick Wardell and I were members, and we set about trying to raise the bail money in order to free the young man. Here was another side of Corning: within one week, eighty-eight individuals and groups had raised the money for what we called "The Friends of the Court." Leland Bryan, President of the First Bank in Corning, served as Treasurer for the group while Doris Gorman, served as the Committee's lawyer without fee.

With the bail money raised, the young man was released from jail. Then individuals in Bath provided him with new clothes, and local businesses and individuals hired the young man so as to keep him solvent until the grand jury met. In time, Andrew Horton served as a witness and then went back to Mississippi to finish his schooling. He did return briefly to Corning eventually to thank Charlie McGrady and other individuals who had helped him in a time of need. This was our first official involvement with anyone in the local black community.

Our next involvement, unexpectedly, followed soon after. The year, 1963, was the time of the bombing of black churches in Georgia and Alabama, and in the latter incident two young black girls were killed. Members of Corning's very small black community (some 30 families) were concerned about these incidents, and they asked the local Council of Churches to sponsor an evening discussion of the situation. The Council agreed to do this, and some one on the Council called Dr. William Perry, the President of Corning Community College, to ask him if he could send an individual to serve as a moderator for the evening discussion. Bill called me and asked if I would serve as moderator. I agreed to do so.

The day of that evening discussion finally rolled around, and that afternoon I had a telephone call from Ed Underhill, the publisher of the Corning *Leader*, asking me to stop by his office before I went to the dinner meeting at the Big Flats Community Baptist Church. This I did, and, to my amazement, I found that I was being threatened. "There are no problems in Corning, and anyone who tries to stir up trouble will be attacked editorially," I was told. The implication, naturally, was that such an editorial could affect my position at the College. I was astounded at Ed Underhill's attitude, the discussion for the evening was about Alabama, not about Corning. Was he paranoid? Or were there problems he did not want brought up? At any rate, we had a most unpleasant argument, and I went on to the evening discussion which had nothing to do with Corning.

Of course, I had been threatened. The next morning I called Phil Hunt, the only officer in the Corning Glass Works I knew, and I asked him for advice. He heard me out, and then he said, "I will get back to you shortly." A memo in our files from Robert Edwards of Corning Glass, dated some two weeks later, confirms the following: Bill Belknap of Corning Glass appeared at our door one evening, and he said, "We have a plan for you." He had been talking to Charlie McGrady, and he had learned of some of the problems local blacks were having. Evidently there were problems in Corning.

Bill asked Phyllis and me, "Are you willing to have meetings of local blacks and whites in your living room whereby the blacks could enlighten the white community of some of the problems with which local blacks are faced?" We agreed to do so. Charlie McGrady suggested to Bill that the discussions be limited to three black couples and three white couples who would meet at sessions in which blacks could discuss some of their problems in Corning. After three such meetings, the whites would be changed so that a broader sense of the situation could be reached within the white community. Given the size of our living room, which is hardly spacious, this was a maximum number of individuals we could seat.

Thus we began to canvass whites who were willing to attend such meetings. What we ended up with were primarily whites who were members of the Glass Works' middle range of employees. We were unable to reach into the union membership. We were also unable to enlist any of the long-term, local white citizens, many of whom were sympathetic but feared that their participation might hurt their business. This was understandable—but it did say something about the community.

Actually, the black members of the new group also had difficulty at first in recruiting local blacks for the meetings, for some of the local blacks had little trust that anything would come of such discussions. In time, there did develop a core of well-intentioned blacks who were willing to discuss the realities of their life in Corning. At any rate, Charlie and Odessa McGrady, John and Marsha Driggins, and Bob and Cleo Watkins formed the first black members of the living room meetings. Sufficient white families were recruited, and on March 1, 1964, these meetings began in our living room.

The one situation which the black members related, which still angered them greatly, was the unhappy time for local blacks which had occurred in the 1930s in Corning. At that time, a number of black families lived at

the top of Wall Street in Corning, as well as on East Street (the lane between the houses on the west side of Wall Street and the Knoll). There were also six houses on Harvey Street, a street which once existed just above the present houses on High Road today, between Chemung and Wall Streets, a street now obliterated. One Friday evening in the mid-1930s, the black families in the area were called to a meeting, and they were informed that they would have to move since the area was to be cleared for houses for white families. (The three white families in the area at the time were not to be moved.)

Bob Wilkins related that his aunt, who owned her house, asked a local realtor for help in finding a place to move to. She was told, "I do not rent to niggers."

John Driggins' family had a house, paid for, facing onto East Street across from the Knoll. A local realtor showed John's father a house at the corner of Walnut and Sixth Streets which he could buy. However, he had to make the purchase without first being permitted to see the inside of the building. With no choice, the Driggins family bought the house, only to be confronted with a petition being circulated against their acceptance in the area.

Then on July 28, 1937, the Corning *Evening Leader* reported on a real estate plan to plow under Harvey Street for the creation of larger houses for white families. Harvey Street did disappear, and today it is but a bit of flat land behind the houses on the upper side of High Road. A new street was put through the area between Chemung and Wall Street (the present High road), and a new apartment complex was planned for Corning Glass employees. Most of the former black residents of the area were forced into an enclave in South Corning on Tuxhill and Roberts Avenues. The bitter remembrance of how their families had been treated had not been forgotten by the black community, and the pent up unhappiness poured out in the meetings.

There is an irony to their story being recounted in our living room, for when we bought our house at the top of Wall Street in 1960, we did not own all the land back to East Street. (Our house was one of the three houses owned by white families in the 1930s which were not demolished for the new houses being proposed.) That property to the rear of our house still had the foundation of a house on it, and the area had been used as a dumping ground by the neighbors for years. We were able to buy the land from the Glass Works which owned it, and thus we came to own the property of the one-time home of the Driggins family.

Other problems were brought forth by the black members at these meetings. They could not rent property in Corning except at the east end of old Market Street. They could not get their hair cut in Corning since barbers would not deal with them, and thus they had to go to Elmira for haircuts. If they ordered a drink at one local bar, they would be served—and then the glass would be smashed in front of them when they had finished their drink. Black customers were ignored in some stores and had to wait for whites to be served before they would be helped. Thus for the first time the local blacks were able to discuss some of their frustrations with the white community. The meetings proliferated. Eventually those who participated in the early meetings began to hold meetings in their homes, both black and white families serving as hosts. The local blacks were therefore becoming involved with the white community in a new way.

There is a side story to the racial situation which is perhaps worth recounting. In late 1963 and early 1964 the new Corning Community Campus was coming to completion. One morning Bill Perry, the College President, in his usual cryptic manner, called me and said, "You are to go down to New York City—and don't come back until we have a program for the dedication of our new campus." What he really was saying was, "Go see Arthur Houghton."

I had been seeing Arthur Houghton regularly in the planning of the new College Library collection, and thus once more I went to Manhattan to the Steuben Building to see Arthur Houghton to explain the latest situation. Arthur thought awhile, and then he said, "I tell you what. I'll invite all the heads of all the African countries to Corning, and we will have an African Conference in your library as part of the dedication of the College campus."

I flew back to Corning and told Bill of Arthur's idea. Bill looked at me in astonishment, spluttered, and exclaimed, "What in hell does he…" He paused for a moment, and then he said, "All right, we'll do it."

Thus the African Conference had nothing to do with the local biracial situation. Except that Bob Edwards in Corning Glass Public Relations leaped on the idea of involving the local black community in a portion of the events being planned. While the conference was not to be open to the public, there would be public events as well. On May 16, 1974, the conference would begin with a public performance by the West Philadelphia Negro Choir. Two days later there would be an address by Ambassador Averill Harriman in

the Glass Center Auditorium for the public. On May 21st there would be a public concert in the Glass Center auditorium by Duke Wellington and his band. Finally, on May 22nd, there would be the official dedication of the college campus. Although the conference was not a part of the ongoing biracial meetings, it was used by Corning Glass as a way to include the local black community in the events of the week.

With his usual sardonic thrust, Bob Edwards, who was involved in all of this planning, said, "We shall send free tickets to the Wellington affair to the black members of the biracial meetings—and two tickets for you and Phyllis, but only because we are using your library for the Conference meetings."

The other aspect to the Conference was that the main reading room of the College Library was the place of the African Conference for a full week. Multi-lingual translation equipment and interpreters from the United Nations served as translators of the speeches into French and English for those who only spoke one of these languages, some of the African leaders being more proficient in one of the two languages. Although this happened to be the week for final examinations for College courses, students could not be permitted into the library all this week because of security measures!

Then in the summer of 1964, I was awarded a fellowship at Columbia University by the State University of New York for re-training in East Asian Studies. Therefore, on July 17, before leaving for Manhattan, I sent a report to Phil Hunt as to the progress of the living-room meetings which were going on. In that report, I indicated that we needed to go beyond the living-room meetings. Some of the whites, I pointed out, were trying to assume leadership of the program and were growing too emotionally involved in the situation.

What I saw was the need for a more official organization which would have representatives from Corning Glass, the City government, Ingersoll-Rand, Market Street, and the local educational units. It would be a committee to look at the situation as reported by the local blacks, and it would both try to alleviate problems as well as to keep the private meetings from getting out of hand. The proposal evidently met with some approval, for I had only been at Columbia University a few days when I had a call from Phil Hunt asking if I would fly back to Corning that Friday night at the Company's expense to meet with him and one or two others from Corning Glass the next morning. This I did.

What was proposed was that I return to Corning each Friday night while I was at Columbia and meet with the editor of the Corning *Leader* on Saturday mornings to see if the more official committee I had suggested might be set up with Mayor Joseph Nasser's approval. George Bevan was the editor of the newspaper, and he was the one it was suggested with whom I should meet. This was approaching the unit, in a sense, which had led to the living room meetings through Ed Underhill's original unpleasant meeting with me. Besides, it was suggested that the proposed committee be one established by the City's mayor—and George Bevan was influential in local Republican matters. (It is almost needless to point out that the mayor was a Republican.)

I agreed to the proposal, particularly since we had three small children, and this would permit me to be at home each week-end and to be of help to Phyllis. Thus began the weekly flights back to Corning and a meeting with George Bevan in his office every Saturday morning at the newspaper. We developed a very pleasant relationship, but the Mayor was not interested in the proposed "Mayor's Committee." No progress was being made.

Then a chance situation was to make the difference.

That summer, Alanson Houghton had decided to go into the ministry, but before he could enter seminary, he had to take some additional courses at Columbia University. Thus, by chance, we flew on the same Mohawk Air flight to Corning every Friday night and the same flight back to La Guardia airport every Sunday evening. We therefore began to share a taxi from La Guardia Airport to Columbia University each Sunday evening on the way to our respective housing units.

One Sunday evening in August of 1964 we arrived back at La Guardia Airport, got into a taxi, and the driver set off across the Triboro Bridge and down 125th Street toward Columbia University. That same Sunday evening saw the start of the first of the Harlem race riots, and we, unsuspecting, drove right into the riot. Fortunately, our taxi driver was black, and he got us through the melee and to the University with no problem. That next Saturday morning when I met with George Bevan in his office, the die was cast. There was to be an unofficial "Mayor's Bi-racial Committee" which could meet privately and with no publicity whatsoever. Somehow, word of Alanson's and my taxi ride had got back to Corning, and there was a quite unfounded fear that there might be racial problems in Corning in the future as well as in Manhattan.

At any rate, the so-called "Mayor's Committee" began to meet with George Bevan and me as Co-

chairmen. The goal was to look at any problems that might exist and to solve them quietly behind the scenes. Thus Ralph Baker, Dix MacDonald, Art Wooster, Doris Gorman, Dick Wardell, Charlie McGrady, John Driggins, and Bob Watkins made up the committee. The Mayor was a member ex-officio, but he never attended any of the meetings, although George Bevan kept him informed of the committee activities. Additional individuals were available to be called upon as we saw fit.

We met through the autumn and winter of 1964-1965, laying the ground work for the solving of racial problems in Corning, be they real or imagined. Meantime, I had met with Father Brennan of St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church in Corning to try to reach beyond the primarily Protestant individuals who had been involved in the discussions. An approach was made to the two Jewish synagogues in Elmira as well. Next, a meeting was held with Father Brennan, the Reverend Mr. Witmer of the Corning Presbyterian Church, and Mrs. James Jones of the Corning Area Council of Churches. A city-wide ecumenical approach was to be made to assist in the attempt to achieve greater racial integration in the community. For the Lenten services in 1965, the local churches would have as their theme "The Negro in Corning." Out of this came a statement by the three major faiths of the area calling upon their congregations to institute a good neighbor policy to all races, particularly where housing was concerned.

A memo in our files indicates that on July 5, 1964, Bob Edwards of the Glass Works requested that he and Edith Patey meet at our house to discuss with Phyl and me how the living room groups could assist Edith to help Corning Glass newcomers, especially employees from minority groups, to find housing.

By February of 1965, we felt that progress was being made. Since Phyl and I and our three children were about to leave for six months in Europe, the "Mayor's Committee" agreed to suspend formal meetings but to continue to work through individuals, as necessary, for the goals the Committee had set.

When we returned to Corning from Europe in August of 1965, we found that some of the participants in the living room meetings had decided to go public and to form a "Biracial Council" under the leadership of Charlie McGrady and Richard Woodbury. Their goal was to foster better understanding between local blacks and whites, as well as to inform others in the community for the need for greater cooperation among the races. Phyl and I felt that their goals were commendable, but we did not join the group. We felt that the ground work had been laid among the major forces which guided the community, or as one local critic of local government likes to put it, we had worked "among the powers that be." Thus we did not participate in the new group. There were other challenges to be met in Corning, and so we moved on in different directions thereafter.

Eventually, the "Mayor's Committee" was quietly dissolved in 1972, never having made itself known publicly. Amo Houghton meantime had asked George Bevan and me as to what could be done to reward Charlie McGrady who had been a pillar of commonsense all through these years. We both suggested sending Mr. McGrady for training in computers, since they were a coming thing in industry. Amo thought otherwise. Thus in 1968 the Corning Glass Foundation funded a three-year experiment in which Charlie McGrady could serve as a community-relations specialist. His purpose was to help individuals in the community in solving their difficulties: providing for legal advice, help in finding jobs or housing, or in the resolution of discriminatory problems. At the end of the experimental period, Corning Glass thereafter underwrote Mr. McGrady's position and office at 65 East Market Street in Corning where he could help individuals of all races and nationalities in the solving of their problems.

Obviously, Corning is now a very different community from what it was back in the 1920s and again in the 1960s. We are now a multi-racial, multi-national, and multi-religious community. Much of the change which has come about in Corning is due to the many individuals who worked to make this a better community. Particular credit must go to Corning, Inc. under Amo and Jamie Houghton and their associates and successors who have made diversity one of their major concerns.

One very obvious physical change can even be seen in Wegman's food store where there is now a section of shelves devoted to ethnic foods. Of course, even this can be carried too far—since one section is devoted to British comestibles. I had never thought of the British as being one of our unknown local minorities!

That, then, is the story of Mayor Nasser's unknown "Biracial Committee."

Augustus Hinckley: Lake Ontario Mariner

by

Richard Palmer

Part I

The *Hinckley* had been steaming through a blinding snow storm for hours. No land, beacon or buoy pointed the way. On every side, there was only whiteness. The captain guided his boat by dead reckoning while his crew prayed.

It was eight days before Christmas 1902, and the ship was en route from Cape Vincent to its home port, Oswego. Even before they had cleared the Cape breakwater, the storm had begun. Heavy seas buffeted them as they steamed south. The course was determined by compass and by computation of distance traveled, estimated from the boat's speed. Suddenly the sea calmed and the voyagers bumped against a mountain of ice.

Startled, but undaunted, the captain held his bow against the berg while a sailor scaled it. So thick was the falling snow that the sailor was unable to see but a few feet. He reported, however, that a mysterious towerlike structure stood at the edge of the ice. What this might be no one ventured to guess. But when further investigation revealed timbers beneath the ice, they drifted back until they reached the far side of the berg. There, to their mingled amazement, the crew found themselves at the entrance of Oswego Harbor! The mysterious structure turned out to be the lighthouse.

Thus Captain Augustus R. Hinckley won another battle against the storm. He was one of the few men who had ever sailed blind from the St. Lawrence River to Oswego. None of his companions ever forgot the anxiety of that passage. Henry Lake, the mate who climbed the iceberg is said to have never sailed again. Hinckley was one of the best known Lake Ontario captains. Despite the cloud of bad luck that followed him much of his life, he never gave up his love for the water.

He knew the thrill of success against tremendous odds. Yet, a strangely malign fate dogged his course, and through no fault of his own, he saw wealth wrenched from his grasp and his most ambitious ventures came to naught.

Augustus Hinckley was born on Wolfe Island August 11, 1856, as the youngest son of a St. Lawrence River pilot of the old school. Even as a boy, his whole heart was set upon sailing. At an early age he took great interest in all things nautical and was only a lad when he took up sailing as a career. His grandfather, Samuel, had been granted a license to run a ferry between the island and Kingston in the 1820s. The family retained the franchise for more than a century.

The captain's father, Coleman Hinckley, piloted steamboats up and down the St. Lawrence River for many years and was somewhat involved in shipbuilding.

By the end of his career, Gus Hinckley had his own fleet of ships, as well as a government contract to place buoys in the St. Lawrence between Cape Vincent and Morristown. In addition, his skill as a salvager in retrieving sunken ships won him wide renown.

One of Captain Hinckley's first vessels was an old schooner called the *Alberta*. The origin of this ship is somewhat hazy, although official records state it was built by Hinckley at Cape Vincent in 1885. It was named after a young lady who, it has been said, was the Queen of Simcoe Island that lies about three miles south of Kingston. Another account states it was built during the winter of 1890 at Kingston and was a largish hooker similar to the barrel-bowed *John Wesley*.

The *Alberta* was 98 feet in length, with a round barrel bow and a square sawed-off stern, with an 18.1 foot beam and a seven foot depth, weighing 88 gross tons. (US #106355, Canadian #103648). She carried plenty of canvas and was considered fast for a vessel in her class. After being used as a sailing vessel or stone hooker for several seasons, Hinckley decided to rebuild her as a steam barge. He added some 18 feet to her bow and made her sheer the same as other steamboats, also adding a round stern, which increased her length to about 130 feet. He installed a boiler and engine, cabins, etc., and she was considered a pretty fair little steam barge.

Hinckley retained the foremast and used the canvas to help push her along at every favorable wind. Most of

his later vessels were built in the same manner. Captain William Stitt, master mariner of Toronto, said he first became acquainted with the vessel in the spring of 1899, "When I engaged with Capt. Hinckley as her master to trade between Coteau Landing, P. Q., and Montreal for the Canadian Atlantic Railway in the grain, flour and package freight trades and we also towed one of the old K & P barges loaded with grain on this route each trip.

"On our easterly run we took grain, flour and package freight and on our westerly run iron, steel, cement and every class of freight for the Northwest. This was a year before the Soulanges Canal was opened and we were using the old Bauharnois Canal on the south side of the river, with its western entrance at Valleyfield. This canal was 13 miles long and had nine locks, 200 feet in length and carried only nine feet navigation. The Coteau Landing harbor was dredged out of the beach just east of the government pier with a lighthouse on the end of it.

"The basin was dredged in a north direction from deep water for 1,800 feet, and a width of 400 feet with freight sheds on one side and a grain elevator on the other side. Railway tracks ran from the yards down to and alongside both sheds and elevator. It was a most modern and up-to-date terminal. The Coteau Landing terminals commenced about the year 1895, were finished in the fall of 1899. After the Soulanges Canal was finished in 1900 and also the other St. Lawrence canals and channels were deepened to 14-foot navigation and vessels could come right through from the Great Lakes without lightering, and about that time the Canadian Atlantic was absorbed by the Canadian National Railways, so Coteau Landing terminals were closed down as they were not needed. The completed harbor only had a life of one year.

"The C.N.R. had their own terminals in Montreal so the harbor was scrapped, the elevator and freight sheds taken down, railway sidings and yard cleared of the steel and buildings and nothing remained of what was once a beehive of activity day and night. The life of the terminal was short, only five years from start to finish.

"About Oct.15, (1899) we left the Coteau-Montreal run and went in the coal trade between Lake Ontario ports, Bay of Quinte and the St. Lawrence river for the balance of the season. In November the steam barge was in Oswego loading hard coal for Kingston. Weather had been fine since commencement of the lake trade. We had two nice runs from Charlotte to Bay of Quinte ports and it was fine and calm and everything pointed to another fine run that night to Kingston. After trimming the hold full and battening the hatches down we ran 75 tons of grate coal on deck which left us with about a foot of freeboard."

This was one of Captain Hinckley's practices which often got him into trouble and lost him his vessels. Stitt said, "while the mate and crew were making the boat ready for sailing about 4 p.m. I went into the custom house to get my clearance, and on the way ran into a Mr. Clarke, who was shed foreman at the Coteau terminal when we traded there. He had returned home to Kingston the week before, and with his wife and baby had come over to Oswego to visit some relatives. When I told him we were loaded for Kingston he wanted to know if they could ride over with us. The weather seemed perfect so I consented and told him to get his wife and baby and join us at the New York, Ontario & Western trestle.

"When I returned from uptown, friend Clarke and family were on board, so I gave them my room for the trip over. It was just 6 p.m. when we were passing out the piers and the cook ringing the supper bell when we saw one of the men from the lifesaving station raising the storm signal for a strong nor-easter. The lake was as calm as a pane of glass, but the seagulls were all in on the breakwater, a sure sign of dirty weather, and our ship's barometer was also going down. But it's only 28 miles to Stony Point and 30 miles to the Galloo Island, the Big Galloo and the Little Galloo, about four hours run and we could find shelter if necessary. We didn't want to go back and get caught in Oswego for two days and sometimes a week at this time of year. I have seen 60 vessels stormbound there for over a week.

"It's a nasty place to get out of when the wind blows off the lake. So we stood on. At 8 p.m. when on our course to Galloo and Kingston, and about 16 miles out of Oswego, it became intensely dark and some light snow began falling. We had lost sight of all light for the past hour, and there was considerable dead roll from the north which always precedes a storm on the lake.

"At 8:30 a terrific gale from the northeast hit us, accompanied by hail and snow, and it was impossible to look into it. It fairly lifted the water off the lake, and in less than 10 minutes heavy seas were washing right over the vessel. All these steam barges at that time were fitted with a heavy mast forward, used for hoisting the cargoes from the hold and also for the foresail, and when not in use these were furled up and lashed to the booms and lowered down to within five or six feet of the deck.

"In bad weather a life line was run from the mast to the railing forward of the pilot house, which was always aft on these small steam barges. This was the way the crew got forward and kept out of the heavy seas washing over the deck and got protection behind the turtle deck forward where the sounding pipe ran down to the keelson. Even at that it was a dangerous job in heavy weather. Now, while the storm is at its worst outside, let us look inside of the cabins and in the firehold and engine room.

"All the crew, except the chief engineer, Jack Barber, myself and my passenger, Mr. Clarke, had gone down with seasickness early in the storm. They were laid out everywhere and dead to the world and I guess didn't care if the ship did go down. Mrs. Clarke was deathly sick, but the baby slept through it all. The cabin furniture was strewn all over and many pieces broken, and it kept Mr. Clarke busy keeping his wife and baby from rolling out of the berth. The Irish cook was mixed up with pots and pans behind the stove which remained solid, being bolted to the floor, but everything else in the kitchen and dining room was torn down and in most cases broken. The cook resembled Dinah, of pancake flour fame, for the soot from the stove and pipes had given her a fine coat of ebony.

"But the big fight was being waged down in the engine room and firehold. Chief Barber, up to his knees in water in the firehold, was fighting away to make enough steam to keep the water down and prevent it putting the fires out, which would mean Davy Jones' locker for all of us. It was impossible to keep over 60 lbs. of steam, and with our deck awash things looked pretty black. I was about as busy as the chief trying to hold the ship head-on, and holding myself when she took those awful rolls and lunges in those big whitecap seas that every once in a while lifted the ship almost on end. Minutes were like hours during the height of the gale, and the night seemed endless.

"I had seen thousands of lights in my imagination during the night for I knew we were pointing towards the grand old Galloo Light that has guided so many mariners across in some pretty tough weather—and many lost, too— but while there's life there's hope. I was in constant touch with the chief engineer by speaking tube. At 4:15 in the morning it was blowing just as hard and snowing, and black as ink, but the sea was going down and I knew we were coming under the island and called to the engineer and told him to keep the good work up and we would soon get shelter. He said the water was almost in the furnaces.

"I turned back to the wheel again and to my joy there was the grand old Galloo Light—and the fog whistle —and in less than two minutes we were grounded in the southwest side of Galloo island on the sand beach. It's surprising how quickly the crew came to when they saw terra firma, and got busy on the pumps, and at 9 a.m. we floated off the bottom and repaired our storm-battered hulk as best we could, and as the wind and snow died away in the afternoon we ran down through the Stony Island channel and out by Grenadier and across the head of Wolfe Island to the Batteau Channel, and arrived in Kingston early the following morning.

"We saved all the cargo below deck, but lost the 75 tons on deck and both our lifeboats. All the crew soon came to, but Mrs. Clarke, who was a blonde when she came on board at Oswego, left the boat at Kingston with many 'silver threads among the gold.' "I parted company with the *Alberta* that same fall, but I heard after that she burned and was beached at almost the same spot on Galloo Island that we landed on that stormy trip."

The *Alberta* was destroyed by fire, but while lying at the wharf at Trenton on Oct. 8, 1902. The vessel had first been registered at Kingston by Hinckley, then of Cape Vincent, on April 21, 1899. On Oct. 25, 1901 she was sold to Amanda Smith of Belleville.

Hinckley's largest setback was the loss of the *Pentland* (US #150656) 827 g.t. 617 n.t. 192.8 x 35.5 x 14.3, built at Grand Haven, Michigan, in 1894 by Duncan Robertson for the old Pentland Steamship Co., and in 1921 by the Ontario Trading Co. of Ogdensburg. On Nov. 22, 1921, she was upbound in ballast from Montreal to Oswego, Capt. John J. "Jack" Powers, master and part owner, when she ran hard aground at Weaver's Point, three miles from Morrisburg.

The Donnely Wrecking Co. of Kingston was called to the scene but was unable to take her off, and there she remained until the following spring. Her exact location was on the north shore of Gooseneck Island. In June, 1922, she was purchased by John E. Russell Salvage & Wrecking Co. Ltd. of Toronto, but was shortly thereafter sold to Capt. Hinckley for $800. By his own unique methods, Hinckley was able to refloat the *Pentland* with seemingly little effort. He then hauled her to the channel and steamed her to Ogdensburg and into the St. Lawrence Marine Railway for survey and complete refit.

It was said that a Cleveland firm then offered Hinckley $30,000 for her, but he refused to sell. A short time later, the *Pentland* struck the breakwater at Port Colborne and sank, but Hinckley again raised her. The

Pentland was finally abandoned in 1928.

One by one, Hinckley's vessels vanished, until the last of his fleet, the pet of his own design, the *Hinckley*, crashed on Stony Point during a storm. The vessel sprang a leak on July 29, 1929, while en route from Fair Haven to Gananoque with a load of coal. There was a choppy sea running and when well down the lake from Oswego, the steamer developed a leak below the water line. The pumps were put to work but the leak became worse and the water flowed into the hold faster than it could be pumped out.

When a short distance from Stony Point Light the boat began to settle and it was feared it would founder in deep water. The crew abandoned ship, but Capt. Hinckley remained aboard and finally brought the steamer up on the table rock in Gravely Bay. Finally, Capt. Hinckley, by now in his 70s, said, "The best thing for me to do was to forward and drop in. I forgot that I hadn't been in for years. I jumped in with all my clothes on, even my boots. The first wave caught me. After that I was more careful."

Although her owner reached shore, the *Hinckley* broke up in the gale which followed. The *Hinckley* was built in 1901 in the shipyard of Frank Phelps in Chaumont (US#96578) 211 g.t. 188 n.t. 144.4 x 24.0 x 10.0. She was rebuilt in 1920 to 232 g.t. 188 n.t. and depth deepened to 11.7 feet. She carried a six man crew and had a 150 hp engine.

Another vessel owned by Hinckley was the *Isabella H.* named for his daughter. Much like the *Hinckley*, she was built at Chaumont (US#213102) 248 g.t. 141 n.t. 100.8 x 25.9 x 11.1, 1915. This vessel was rebuilt from the old *McCormick* (#91938) built in Grand Haven, Michigan, in 1887 and purchased by Hinckley about 1909. The *McCormick* was abandoned as unfit for service in June 1911, at Chaumont. Her original dimensions were 106 x 24.7 x 8.0.

The *McCormick* ran between Oswego and Montreal and handled buoy services in the spring and fall for the U. S. Government. When Hinckley bought her, he rebuilt her with a built-up forecastle, deepened her, and added a steel A-frame.

On Sept. 28, 1925, the *Isabella H.* and the *Hinckley* were entering Oswego Harbor with loads of stone when the former vessel apparently sprang a leak and started to sink rapidly. One of the mates, Hiram Bush of Governeur, NY, lost his life when he drowned. The rest of the crew was rescued by the Coast Guard. At the time there was a storm running on the lake.

The *Isabella H.* listed heavily to port, but came to rest squarely on the flat rock at the harbor entrance. Eventually the vessel broke up. Another one of Hinckley's vessels was the tug *Chippewa* (US#75818) built in Philadelphia, Pa., in 1875. She was 43 g.t. 21 n.t. and foundered off Weavers Point on Aug. 12, 1920.

Captain Hinckley's ventures on Canadian waters brought him into conflict with the Canadian Pilots Association. One day, he recalled, a shot came across his bow, and he was escorted to Montreal. His dual citizenship of an earlier period came in handy for him. He proved to the authorities that he had as much right in Canadian waters as any other pilot who questioned him. He was never again bothered.

His first experience as a wrecker was with the steamship *George T. Davie* of the Montreal Transportation Co. which sank with a cargo of grain near Alexandria Bay in the St. Lawrence River on June 12, 1911. The Calvin Co. of Garden Island made several attempts to raise the barge and finally abandoned it. That November, Hinckley signed a contract to raise the vessel. Although the stern of the wreck lay on a ledge of rock, the bow was in 65 feet of water.

Hinckley said he had passed up and down the river, noting the fruitless efforts of Calvin to raise the *Davie*. When he received the contract, he brought 3 vessels and 16 men to the scene. After dry-docking the barge *Jessie* and schooner *Bertie Caulkins* at Kingston, he had holes bored through their bottoms at the stern, forming 8 10-inch wells in each. Through these were dropped two-inch iron chains, capable of lifting 50 tons. When Hinckley's little squadron finally anchored near the *Davie*, he was prepared to raise 1,000 tons. Divers were sent down to pass the chains beneath the wreck. Hatches were secured, pipes attached, and pumps started. As water came out of the hulk and jacks began to lift, the *Davie* came up between the two improvised wreckers.

At first, it rolled in the chains, going over to one side. Hinckley quickly assembled his discouraged crew, praised their efforts, and instructed them to lift carefully on the chains on one side. The *Davie* rolled back. Hinckley cleared several thousand dollars on this job. Such feats won for him a wide reputation as an expert salvager.

He lived in Oswego during most of his sailing days and is still remembered by older residents of that city as "the little old man with the leaky boats."

(To be continued.)

Making Butter

by

Richard Palmer

Specific instructions on the proper way to make butter long before today's mass production processes.

From the *Country Gentleman* magazine, reprinted in the *Chenango Union*, Norwich, N. Y., May 5, 1869.

For making good butter, the first thing was to have a "good sweet" pasture, free from weeds or any growth that might give a bad taste to the milk; good upland grass was considered better than coarse grass growing in wet areas. The instruction said; "some dairymen think that limed is better than unlimed land, but this is a matter of minor importance. Others regard the practice of sowing plaster in the spring, and repeating it early in the autumn, as tending to sweeten grass."

Good well-selected cows were the next requisite. "Perfect cleanliness, from beginning to end, is indispensable —the most so, perhaps, of any one thing. No dust or dirt must drop into the milk, for which reason the animals should have a clean place to lie on, and never be allowed to stand in mud or manure, vessels all thoroughly washed —washed whenever necessary to preserve perfect sweetness—including pails, pans, pots, churns, workers and tubs or firkins."

The instructions recommended washing the utensils in cold water [first]; for if hot water were used first, it would curdle the milk in the cracks or corners, and prevent it from being washed out.

Perfect atmosphere was important. Bad odors will taint butter. The dairy barn therefore should be far away from manure piles and everything else of the sort.

"Keep tobacco smoke off the premises.

"Let the butter be well worked, so as to press out all the buttermilk. It is impossible to have a good article if this is not done. Perhaps this is the most common cause of failure. If milk is left in, it soon ferments and makes rancid and worthless butter."

In getting things ready for winter, it was recommended to use new firkins (cheese containers). They should never be used a second time.

"Pots or jars must not be used if they've had butter in them, or pickles or anything else that will taint them—the taint can never be wholly removed."

The instructions concluded:

"The best dairy salt is important. Butter in hot weather must be covered and excluded from air with saturated brine. ▭

Item from the Cortland *Republican Banner*, September 8, 1859.

Found by Richard Palmer.

During a visit to Cuyler we called upon Mr. Alonzo Keeney, one of the largest farmers in the County, and from what we saw of his premises, we believe him to be one of the best if not the best farmer in Cortland County. He turns his attention chiefly to making cheese, as most of the dairymen in that section of the county do. His farm is one of the most productive, bearing from two to four tons of hay per acre, and this year, when others are complaining of such light crops of hay, he says his has never been better, which he attributes to his method of management.

He has probably the best barn in the County, being 100 feet long, 30 feet wide, and with posts 26 feet high. Under the whole is a cellar eight feet deep, with reservoirs on each side to retain all the manure, and into which all the manure made is dropped, where it is preserved in the best possible state for application to the land.

Above the cellar is his stables, extending the whole length on both sides of the barn, with an alley between them from which to feed.

The cows are never fed out of doors, but always in the stables, which are arranged with stanchions and troughs into which the whey from the cheese house is conducted for the cows. They are also fed at this time of year, with cornstalks raised for the purpose.

The stable is eight feet high, giving plenty of room and air by the help of ventilators in the sides of the barn. Above the stables is the mow for hay, of which a sufficient quantity can be stored for 60 cows, the number kept on this farm. The hay for feeding the stock is thrown down through a trap door in the floor into the alley below, thus making it the most convenient, and we think the best barn we ever saw.

Mr. Keeney's system of farming shows itself plainly on his meadows which produce nearly twice as much hay as his neighbors, and receives a dressing of the manure from the cellar each year after the crop has been taken off. A portion of his farm is now covered with stumps &c., for the removal of which he has made a contract, paying about $1,000 to fit it for the use of the mowing machine. This is a sure evidence that Mr. Keeney is a live farmer, and also that what is worth doing, is worth doing well.

It is well worth the time required to visit this farm, and there are but few farmers in the County who might not be made wiser for a visit. ▭

William Marks of Naples

by

Beth B. Flory

There is probably no figure from Naples' past whose name is better known to residents than that of William (Billy) Marks and he is chiefly remembered for his connection with the Underground Railroad. However, the entire life of this remarkable man was interesting, and happily his descendants left first hand accounts for future readers to enjoy.

Marks came from Burlington, Connecticut, and his early years were ably documented by Josephine Capron, his granddaughter, and Imogene Marks, his great granddaughter. Born in 1814, he had suffered from a childhood illness that left him slightly handicapped. Although he was referred to as "crippled," at the age of 20 he left home on foot. Josephine wrote that "Marks came into this section on Sept. 1, 1834, and hired out to peddle for one year at $3.00 a month, using a yoke and trunks." He sold everything from cloth to silver spoons. An anonymous writer in a Naples *Record* account from the 1870s recalled that Marks had been working on his father's farm when he met a representative of a firm doing business in Livonia, NY. "The proposition to hire him to come here and peddle Yankee Notions for them seemed to be the very thing that suited Mr. Marks and a contract was drawn up for one year at thirteen dollars a month."

We can feel the loneliness of a peddler's existence from reading a tear-stained letter from the homesick young businessman to his family:

"Dear Parrents and Friends, It has been most seven months since I left home and not one of you have done as much as to write me a letter as I know of. If you have, I have not got it. And I have stop this day to write you, the sun an hour high, six miles south of Canandaigua at a good Methodist house, close by the Lake Ontario so to make it tomorrer…

Mother, I want to talk to you as if I was home and I wood tell you not to consern yourself about me as I have not had the least trouble about giting places to stay as their has not been one night this 3 month but what I have had the privledge of staying where I am, this winter.

I guess I am the heavest at present for when I was in Livonia in Feb., I waid 147 pound…

The pare of pantaloons that I had maid gest before I left home was not worth makin. I wore them 24 days only and they were worn all out so that they are not worth one cent. I have been under the necessity of bying one pare of pantaloons which cost me $2, maid of sheeps wooll, white and black mixed together. I was so prevoke at the others that I got the corsest that I cood git, but they are write fashionable in this part of the world…

"Oh, mother, if I cood come home and come into your milck room and thair feast, it wouuld be a feast indeed. Oh, Oh. Oh. What feast it wood be to be to night if I cood be in my Father's house and thair see you all, it wood be better than Gold, yea better than fine Gold, but I must take up the bitter saluation DEPART."

He ended: *"Please lok over all mistakes."*

Marks persevered and the *Record* article tells us that "by the end of the year he had saved a little capital upon which to launch out upon his own hook. His first outfit was purchased from a man from Skaneateles. His route took him through large portions of Ontario, Yates, Wayne and Seneca counties. He acquired a horse and wagon and for five long years he continued faithfully to serve his customers in the above counties. He came round to the same point once in eight weeks. After the first purchase of his goods, he then began and continued to get his supplies in New York. In the fall of 1838 he concluded to quit peddling on foot and to look up a place for a permanent residence." He settled in Naples.

His travels took him to the home of Roderick and Rebecca Winthrop Holcomb on Cooks Point, Canandaigua

William Marks of Naples

Lake, and in 1839 he married their daughter, Emily Catherine. The ceremony took place in the bride's sister's home in Naples; the young couple would live nearby. Marks went into partnership with a Mr. Hotchkiss in "the old Torrey store."

Josephine continues: "Mr. Marks was a great worker and a man of wonderful perseverance; therefore it is not surprising that he soon branched out for himself by purchasing land in a most favorable location for mercantile life, and here he began the erection of the store which still occupies the site." It was on the corner of Main and Mechanic Streets and it flourished. He was a very successful businessman.

He also built a home next door for his family. Josephine Capron wrote that "in its day this residence was considered a most attractive place, with large rooms containing open fireplaces and bay windows at either end. There were three porches and a lattice fence ran along the top of a stone wall on the east side in front on which were three attractive summer houses, all of which including the fence were painted white with grapes, honeysuckle and climbing roses, and back of the wall a wonderful garden and orchard of choice fruit trees, in the orchard being a burial plot that contained the graves of several members of the family." The Markses had six children but only three—Ida, Emily and William—lived to maturity.

For many years through the trying times of the Civil War and Reconstruction period he carried on. When money was short he created his own scrip which was also honored in other business establishments. Scrip was and is a substitute for money which is used to exchange for goods and services.

He advertised in the Naples *Record*: "Wm. Marks, Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Clothes, Plain and Fancy, Dress Goods, Cassimeres (sic), Trimmings, Yankee Notions, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Choice Family Groceries, etc. Undertaking promptly done. Coffins, Caskets, Burial Caskets, etc. Constantly on Hand."

Filling a community need, Marks also had gone into the business of undertaking. A local cabinet maker and Marks himself built caskets which were lined and trimmed by the women of their households. Imogene retold two stories long familiar in the annals of Main Street:

"One Naples' newcomer visited Marks' store and saw an unfinished wood coffin in he corner. He opened the lid and found a dead body inside. Marks had more work to do on the coffin before the funeral. The startled man left the store very rapidly."

Another salesman came to the store hoping to do business with Uncle Billy. "He was told to climb the ladder to the loft above. This was where the coffins were stored and Marks sometimes retired there to catnap in one on quiet afternoons. Hearing his name called, he rose abruptly from its depths to a sitting position, blinking sleepily, and answered. The shock to the young salesman caused him to descend the ladder with speed and force. When last seen, he was making excellent time and his departure was permanent."

His granddaughter also recalled that when one of Billy's debtors failed to repay him by a certain day (and he had sworn he would do so unless he were dead). Billy tolled the Methodist church bell. The debtor came out along with the rest of the town's people to find out who had died. Marks received his money and the joke entertained the villagers as much as it embarrassed the victim.

"Later as poor health came to him. Mr. Marks disposed of his stock of merchandise and gave his whole time to that of undertaking and looking after his extensive land holdings."

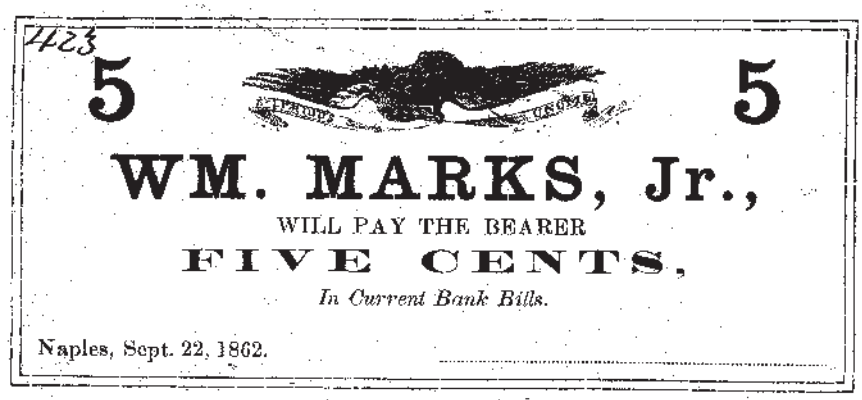
William and Emily were ardent Methodists and when a new church was planned, he donated $200 and undertook to build it himself in 1850.

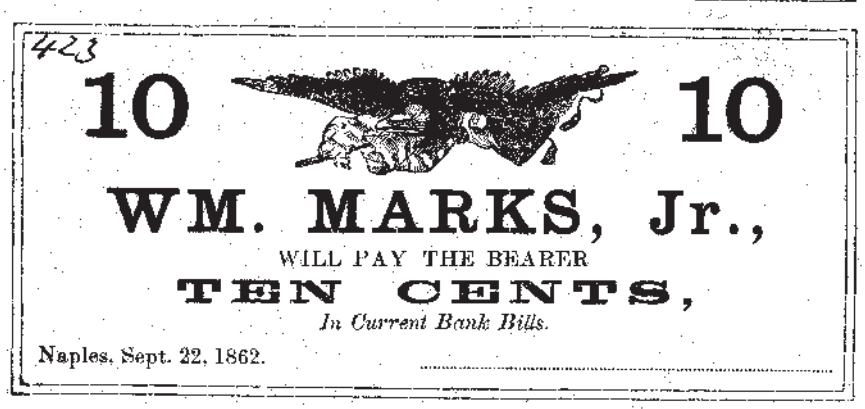
The village had outgrown the old graveyard at the north end and in 1853 Marks purchased a tract of land from the Simeon Lyon estate up on the hill along the West Hollow Road. He reserved a plot for his family and from his own property on Mechanic Street he transferred the remains of son Constant who died at six months in 1848 and of Polly Ann, gone at the age of 14 in 1854 The flowers that beautified the scene inspired the name of the new cemetery: "Rose Ridge."

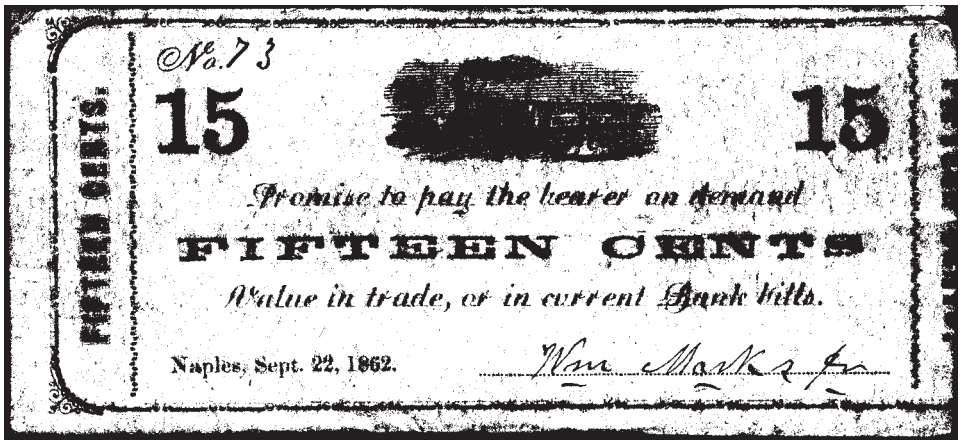
Imogene described the scene: "He set about making it splendid… He had it fenced in with scrollwork, painted white, which was considered very elegant. The entrances, also of white scroll work, had graceful arches ornamented with carved white figures of the Angel Gabriel, blowing his

golden trumpet. Set at one of the highest points above a breathtaking panorama was a delicate white pagoda."

William and his wife were strong supporters of the temperance movement. A *Record* article from 1874 noted that "Mr. Marks' political life has been at times rather on the eccentric order; but while it seemed to be such, he was actuated only by the purest of motives. Up to the time of the "Free Soil" Convention in 1848, he had been a Democrat and this new move seemed to suit his ideas." However, he soon became a dedicated Abolitionist. Distressed by the treatment of slaves his sentiments probably had been intensified by the cruelty of the Fugitive Slave Act of 1850 under which runaways were pursued by Sheriffs and bounty hunters and when caught, sent back to their masters. In 1851 he went to Rochester to hear Frederick Douglass speak and at that time may have arranged to become active in the Underground Railroad. Marks no doubt remembered his early years when he had been grateful for the kindness of farmers who offered food and overnight accommodations to the vulnerable young fellow who carried his wares hanging from a yoke and walked from one remote farmhouse to another. His compassionate nature must have been moved by the terror and courage of the escaping slaves.







Naples, however, had little interest in their plight. In 1852 when Marks invited Douglass to come to address a village audience, his requests to use church premises were turned down by the Baptists, the Presbyterians and even by his own Methodists for whom he had done so much. Characteristically, he was not discouraged and set about building a platform in front of his house and issuing a town-wide invitation to all to attend the lecture and enjoy a free supper afterward. As a result of his canny offer, over 300 people turned out to hear Douglass and enjoy a substantial meal.

Both Josephine and Imogene told the story of how Marks hid escaping slaves in his hearse and took them in the dead of night over the hill to the next stop, the Pitts mansion in Honeoye. Some runaways had traveled by train by way of Elmira and walked to Naples from Atlanta. Marks owned property behind his house down the slope to the Naples creek and the escaping slaves were said to have walked along in the water to avoid detection by dogs before they made their way up to the Marks's house. The whole family had to be in on the dangerous business of breaking the law and risking imprisonment and a stiff fine of $3000.

Fugitives were hidden in the loft of a small building behind the house, made comfortable and given food. When it came time to move on, one story goes, planks were laid up from the porch to the hearse. Once the riders

were inside, the boards went along too, so that the sheriff's dogs would lose any scent. One of his elegant hearses is still in excellent condition and is the property of Naples' current funeral director, Rich Baird. There are large oval windows on each side and a trap door on the floor. Two individuals would probably fill the space but he could take up to four at a time. A few more hours of discomfort were no doubt willingly endured by those headed for freedom in Canada.

Historian Emerson Klees writes that Marks also transported slaves to "The Cobblestone Farm" on West Lake Road, Canandaigua. Marks estimated that he had transported about 150 runaways although the figure given by admirers after his death rose to 600. In all of his many nocturnal travels he was never caught. His business associate and neighbor John Whiting is said to have helped him.

After the war he brought several former slaves to Naples and helped them to find work. Edward and Addie Graham and their daughter, Rose, were part of the Marks household for may years, and later Marks gave them their own home in Naples. They were well liked and Rose enjoyed local fame as an outstanding cook.

Josephine Capron wrote of the ongoing social life and good times had by the hospitable Marks family. When his daughter Ida married Civil War veteran Capt. Edgar Griswold in 1866 in the red-white-and-blue bunting-bedecked Methodist church, an all night reception followed. "On his 60th birthday in 1874 Mr. Marks gave a party which was long remembered by the 300 or more guests who were invited by notices published in the town papers of this vicinity to all who cared to come to his home between the hours of 2 and 10 p.m. On this date."

Ted Harwood, Jr., who grew up in the Marks's house, gives us the particulars in an essay written while he was a student at Naples Central School. "The guests were received at the door by his daughter and a fine supper of roast turkey, biscuit, cake, tea and coffee and other dainties was served to the guests who had a choice of sitting on the floor or standing up. Chinese lanterns were hung on the porches and in the dooryard, the season being summer.

"On another similar occasion a party was held in the winter at which several small pigs were roasted whole, being brought in on huge platters, each standing on its own legs and having an ear of corn in its mouth. Long tables were set in the various rooms."

The last days of Uncle Billy and his death on August 29, 1879 were described by Imogene: "As an old man he became difficult and crochety. His son and two married daughters were tolerant of 'Father's ways.' One morning after breakfast he announced to them that this was to be his last day on earth. Since he appeared to be in his usual state of health, their reaction was not what he expected. He became very dignified and somewhat offended. When the noon-day meal had been prepared, they called him to the table. He replied that he had had his last meal on earth, and at last they were startled and gave him their full attention.

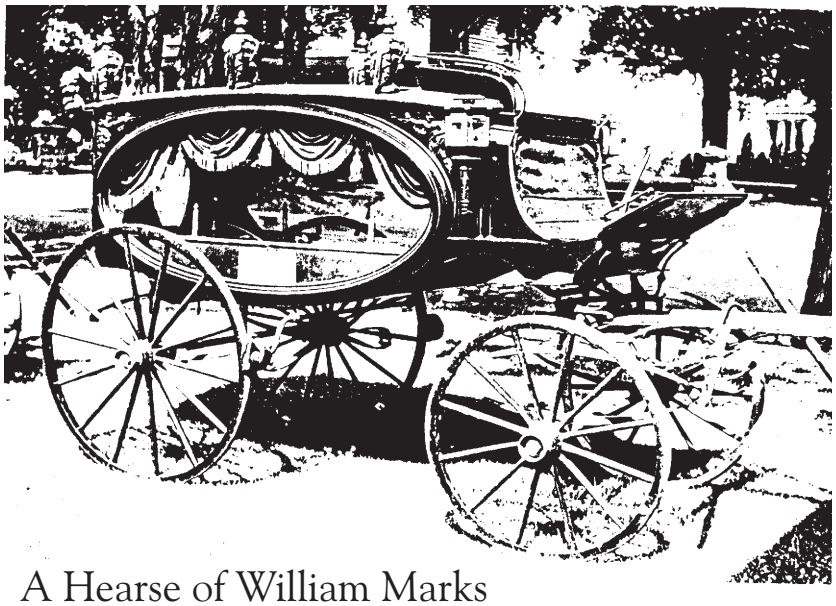
"'I am going into the bedroom and lie down now,' he told them, 'and when you take me to Rose Ridge you will not be able to go by the regular road.' When they looked in later, he was dead.

"On the night before the funeral, there was one of the truly awe-inspiring electrical storms that are common to the region. It broke in all its fury in the hills over the little village. Rain fell in torrents that swirled down the narrow dirt roads. Big trees shuddered and crashed as the lightning bolts struck… Not only was the road to Rose Ridge washed out but it was blocked by a huge fallen tree. The funeral cortege was obliged to take a different road that was seldom used, and approach from another direction."

The difficult trip to the cemetery had been preceded by an imposing funeral fulsomely described in the Naples *Record.* Every business in town had closed. The Methodist church was packed with friends and curious strangers. Marks had planned the imposing ceremony down to the last detail. "Although the services were quite lengthy, no omission of the wishes of the deceased or family was made. The church was filled to overflowing when the beautiful casket, preceded by the clergy, mourners and pall bearers,

was borne to the altar—and the singularity is that these were all selected by himself.

"No fewer than four clergymen were on hand and they had been admonished by Marks to prepare 'no sermon but a few remarks.' Songs by the quartet were followed by readings and a number of those 'appropriate remarks'… The vast multitude passed before the casket viewing the remains and the services were concluded at the cemetery. After scriptural readings and singing by the choir, the family were the last to see the father, husband and friend and the remains were deposited in a vault of brick work properly cemented, and over which large flagstones were afterwards cemented and the whole covered with earth."



A Hearse of William Marks

His obituary in the *Record* paid tribute to his human qualities:…"he was just in his dealings—rendering to Caesar his, and to God, his; he was just in his criticisms and judgment of men and affairs; was lenient and kind to the poor and distressed; was strict and diligent in the business of his life, and, although sometimes thought to be a little severe, his forbearance and uniform kindness so tempered his acts that his motives were always gratefully remembered…he delighted in sheltering the oppressed, and giving them the first places at his hospitable board; and to fight intemperance and all evil with a conquering, uncompromising kindness. To build up Zion everywhere was his aim!"

All illustrations were furnished by the author.

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Mourning Goods and Black Goods

Burke, Fitz Simons, Hone & Co. place on sale a new choice and complete stock of black goods, comprising henriettas, jet black cashmeres, India cashmeres, camel's hair cashmere, d'ecosse black merino cloths, tamise, all wool delaine, Australian crape, darp d'ete, armures, brocade, English bombazenes, black diagonals, with a full line of mourning and half mourning goods; also a magnificent assortment of English crapes, thibet shawls and mourning handkerchiefs, at the lowest possible price. ..... 53, 55, and 57 East Main St., Rochester.

I was intrigued by the names of the fabrics. The words that look as though they must be incorrect or misspelled, aren't! Soon they may be lost forever. I guess you could say this is about the Grief Industry, perhaps as inspired by Queen Victoria. —Beth B. Flory