

*DOWN THE ROAD A PIECE*

*WITH Al Sisson*





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## Foreword

AL SISSON came into my office on a Saturday morning in 1944, the day after we had built Liberty Bridge over Main Street as the feature of the 5th War Bond Campaign. Al had just returned from abroad where he had served with the Red Cross. He had been with the G.I's in northern Africa, in Sicily, and at Cassino. He knew from first hand experiences the hardships and burdens of the fellow up front.

Al dropped in to see me, knowing that I was chairman of the War Bond campaigns. He said, "Ray, I want to do everything I can to help put the war bond campaign over the top." I replied, "You have an important job beginning immediately. You will be the Master of Ceremonies of Liberty Bridge."

Al was a most successful "manager" of Liberty Bridge. Among his various activities he found time to broadcast interesting human interest stories, particularly about people who visited Liberty Bridge, bought a bond in honor of someone in service and rang the Liberty Bell.

After the war bond campaign, Al became associated with the Lincoln Rochester Trust Company as a full time member of our Customer Relations Department. His first 7:30 a.m. broadcast was on August 28, 1944, and he has continued these broadcasts on Mondays through Fridays ever since.

Al, I believe, is the only commercial broadcaster whose script is not prepared for him. His programs are his own. That to my mind is the reason why they are so interesting, human, and many times inspiring. Al is one of the finest human beings I have the privilege of knowing. He is sincerely interested in people and in everything which makes life worth while for the many.

Many friends of Al have suggested, from time to time, that some of Al's broadcasts should be preserved in printed form. We agreed and requested Al to select fifteen which he liked. We liked them also and are happy to make them available in booklet form to those of Al's friends who may care to have a copy.

RAYMOND N. BALL, *President*  
Lincoln Rochester Trust Company



## Blossom Time

I READ RECENTLY these words, "In May, it is enough to stand, drink in the appleblossomed air, dream of promises of Spring, being glad you can begin again"—I thought of them on Thursday last as a friend, who loves the land, stopped his car at a high point along the road that led through the blossoms of a huge orchard, down Sodus way, and with his arm beckoned me to gaze on one of nature's wonders . . . The blossoms of a huge Cherry Orchard greeted us with as awe inspiring a sight as ever met my eyes, row on row, bathed in a sun that was welcome after days of rain, their tiny blossoms lifted toward the sky as the bees came out to start the pollination so necessary to the maturing of the fruit . . . That was my introduction to a sea of blossoms, to the land where apples, pears, peaches and cherries grow under the watchful eyes of experts in a gigantic agricultural area where Fruit is King . . . We rolled on through the winding cinder roads of The Horn Farm and soon came abreast of a Home by the Side of the Road, a home that dated back a long time, its ancient brick walls standing tall and stately in the morning sunlight, the lawns that surround it aglow with the blossoms of Spring . . . Here, lived the man who was to take me on a tour of this seemingly fairyland of blooms . . . Art Boller is a Fruit Grower . . . He and his family have been close to the soil down Sodus way for many a year . . . At the house Mrs. Boller was busy with the tasks of the day and down near the first orchard we found Art and his men busy at the job of spraying . . . Keeping a weather eye on the sky, they were filling a giant machine with the spraying solution . . . Here, I saw in action the Speed Sprayer, hauled through the rows of Trees by a tractor, its large fan shooting the spray high into the air and covering two rows at once . . . The large tank carries plenty of the preventive spray but in a mere eight minutes it is empty and back to the wagon for more . . . Other sprayers, with three men to operate take some 20 minutes to spray an equal amount . . . Mark Norris, a neighbor was watching the new apparatus with a critical eye and at the same time worrying a bit about the weather, the bees and the fact that Sodus meant "Shining Water" and perhaps this year should be changed to shining TNT . . . We moved on along the way, more orchards, more wonderful homes . . . A stop along Maple Avenue to meet the Ashberys, Chet and Helen . . . The Ashbery Farm deals in

fruit but there has been added turkeys and a new shiny Lightning Class boat is being built by Chet in the shed near by . . . Chet likes to tinker with tools and the new boat proves that he is as adept with the hammer and saw as with the raising of fine turkeys or fine fruit . . . A walk through the Ashbery Home shows much of Chet's fine handywork . . . Everywhere we traveled through this giant Fruit Belt, we stopped to hail a neighbor or to ask about the Pollenization Crew, the Sprayer Crew and many others who were busy at the tasks of doing the most to have the best harvest . . . Art Boller, besides his own orchards, keeps things in order at the Horn Farm, where Quality Fruit predominates . . . There are some 400 acres under Art's direction . . . There was a trip through part of the Sodus Fruit Farm, Inc., where Mark Buckman is head man . . . But Mark could not be found, he was busy with the Pollenization Crew, out among the long rows of trees, covering 700 acres . . . I was interested in this Hand Pollenization . . . Art Boller took time out to explain that a crew of men and women collect the pollen from the blossoms, screen it, dry it and then it powders easily and with small brushes the pollen is placed on other trees where either the bees or the breeze spread it around so that the precious fruit may develop . . . We drove by the home of Farley Porter and his Chicken Ranch, there was a stop at the Meulendyke's where the ancient Stone House of another year, has been turned into a most modern home . . . The air was filled with the songs of birds as these folks like to keep them close and set out many attractive bird houses such as the one I observed made from a gourd with just the right opening for the Wren who had built her nest there for the Summer . . . The roads through the blossoms wound on and on, the ever present blossoms, the blue of the Lake in the distance, the roar of the sprayers, the hum of birds and bees, presented a Drama of Work, for it is work that the Folks who grow the Fruit have to do from early morn to night and when the rains come, and the work is stymied, they worry and fret a bit about their trees, the pollen, the blossoms and the bees . . . It is a gigantic Humming Industry.

Another stop at the foot of a rise and soon I was shaking hands with Myron Whitcomb. Myron and Mrs. Whitcomb live right among the blossoms and his ruddy face spoke of the many hours in the outdoors with the Sun and the Wind, the Spray and the Roar of the machinery that makes for Quality Fruit for our tables come Fall.

As we rode along, I asked Art Boller how he became a Fruit Farmer and this very friendly fellow smiled a bit and soon I had the story . . . Some of you here in Rochester may remember the days of the Famous East High-West High Football games . . . If you recall the game on Thanksgiving Day, 1908, you may recall that Art Boller was in the backfield for East at the old Bay Street Ball Park with a crowd of 15,000 there to cheer on their favorites . . . To keep in shape, Art as a youngster used to ship out to the Fruit

Country around Sodus in the Summer and the soil and the fruit sort of got in his system . . . Cornell University gave him the necessary learning and he came back, came back to the Fruit Country to try his luck, and Art has done all right . . . Ask those who have been there for many a year and they'll tell you that Art Boller knows his Business in the Growing of Fruit . . . That's the fellow I met among his neighbors, and having met him, liked him.



*"DOWN THE ROAD A PIECE"*

## A Beautiful Garden

OUR SETTING is among the roses of A Beautiful Garden just outside the Village known as The Rose Capital of America . . . Not only will tomorrow usher in the Summer Season, but the day will mark the opening of the beautiful new Jackson and Perkins Rose Garden and the official opening of the 1947 Rose Festival . . . So, let us settle back for a preview of beauty . . . First, may I give you a word picture of what is before me here at The New Garden . . . I'm speaking directly from the Auditorium of the Garden House at the far end of the Garden . . . This building has been designed for demonstrations on flower arranging, talks and the showing of films on rose culture, a meeting place for local and visiting Garden Clubs and all things of interest to garden-minded people . . . Before me, in a panorama of beauty, this June morning stretches what I like to term a fifteen acre theatre, with 22,000 rose bushes the performers. The largest modern rose garden in the world bordered in the early morning sun with a choice collection of perennials, flowering shrubs, trees and evergreens . . . It is a Theatre of Nature, designed and built by men and women, who have long been in the business of growing and developing flowers, fruits and shrubs . . . As I look down the center aisle of this theatre of beauty—a carpet of grass, 70 feet wide meets the eye. On either side are the beds containing thousands of Hybrid Tea and Floribunda roses with accents of tree roses and brilliant climbers. On the left, is a long perennial border, planted with the finest perennials, in great clusters never before seen in any garden . . . Beyond the perennial border is a garden planted

with roses whose names will be the favorites of tomorrow . . . Included in this Pageant of Beauty is a rose Library, where the ancestor's of today's modern blooms are to be found . . . Near the entrance just off the highway, other small gardens full of practical ideas on how roses may be used in the most modest of home plots . . . Winding up the hillside to our left is a delightful path bordered with flowering shrubs and trees . . . As the visitor turns to look back over the garden below, all the 22,000 bushes may be seen in their colorful beauty . . . Built right into the hillside nearby is an amphitheatre where the many thousands of visitors will sit on the rolling slope facing the stage which has for its setting the magnificence of this tremendous Garden of Roses . . . That, in brief, is the word picture of The World's Largest and Newest Rose Garden, the Jackson and Perkins Garden here just on the rim of Newark, New York.

Newark, a Village of some 8,000 folks who have lived among the nursery stock for many years, who have watched their handiwork go out to the four corners of the world, to add beauty and delicious fruit to the lives of others, far away . . . Newark, the Village that boasts of its fine Community Center, and well it should. Newark where the Church spires rise high into the heavens from alongside the park, where fruit growers and processors mingle with rose growers and garden makers . . . Fine homes and schools add to its enterprising spirit . . . Truly no more likely setting could have been chosen for the establishment of what today is a garden of beauty that reflects that beauty the world 'round . . . Back there, many years ago, Mark Twain wrote of his travels and told the story of how, "Today we have idled through a wonder of a garden, near a deep vale, shut out by the Alpine hills from the rude world, near a clear lake margined by fruits of gold and whispering myrtles; Glassing softest skies, cloudless, save with rare and roseate shadows; a palace lifting to eternal heaven its marbled walls, from out of a glossy bower of coolest foliage musical with birds."—That picture could almost be repeated here today from my vantage point at the end of a great Garden of Roses, some bursting into bloom to send their reflections forth for all to see; others waiting anxiously in the wings for their turn to star on this stage of beauty, where Summer enters with, we hope a promise of clear skies and warm days and nights to enable the actors in this Pageant of Beauty to better perform for the thousands from Along the Way who will put aside the cares of the day, to pause awhile and enjoy the Month of Roses from the Capital of Roses, Newark, New York.

## Patching Up

TOOK QUITE a trip yesterday, didn't travel far but it was an important event in my Winter calls . . . And yesterday's trip took a lot of planning and involved quite a few folks from Along The Way . . . It all started one day about four months ago when I accidentally bit into a hard biscuit and broke off one of my teeth . . . Didn't bother me much . . . Seemed I could get along just as well without that tooth . . . Everything went fine and despite the warnings of Mrs. Sisson that I ought to have that tooth looked after, I sailed blissfully along enjoying church suppers, men's dinners and home cooked food, at least once a week . . . Then came the New Year, and about the middle of January I stopped by to visit with the lovely nurse who takes care of the Doctor's office, where I go at least once a year for a "check-up" . . . That Doc can ask more questions than a D.A. at a murder trial and before he had finished examining my chassis, he took a look at my teeth . . . Doc then reared up like a caged lion and yelled, "Get that tooth out, right away." I answered, "Yes, Doc" and promptly turned to talk to his attractive nurse, which was much more pleasing than thinking about an old root that wasn't even bothering me . . . Time Marched On . . . I called on another of those beautiful ladies in white who take your 'phone calls, make appointments for their bosses and are always charming and smiling . . . This time my visit was for a periodical eye examination . . . And the eye Doc like the medic, was full of questions . . . One was—"How are your teeth?" And I told him the story of my busted molar . . . "Is it sore?" he queried—and for the first time, I found out that it was sore . . . "Better have that taken out before I give you an eye examination. Such things sometimes make a difference" . . . "Yes, sir"—I answered meekly . . . It began to look as though there was a campaign against me . . . From that moment on things began to happen thick and fast . . . What dentist should I go to for this major job? . . . I had been to several since living in Rochester . . . I knew that Army Dentist who all but killed me in Italy wasn't in Rochester, so I was safe from him . . . Again it was Mrs. Sisson who solved the problem. She smiled sweetly and said, "Go to my dentist, he's nice." Who ever heard of a nice Dentist—I thought, but in no time I was in his office and lo and behold, there were two lovely ladies, not one—but two . . . It was so easy to tell them my story and how I

wanted a tooth yanked . . . But no, must have my picture taken . . . Soon one of the lovely attendants had me in a chair, pointed a machine-gun like contraption at me, there was a buzzing sound from somewhere above me, and my tooth had had its picture took . . . "Call me tomorrow"—said the man in white, "I'll tell you how the proofs come out" . . . I bade goodbye to the lovely ladies and on the morrow called that nice dentist, and I agree, he is nice . . . Was my tooth photogenic? It sure was, and so was its neighbor on the right . . . Bad . . . Must have not one, but two of my molars out at once . . . "When Doc?", says I, hoping for August 1960 . . . "Well, you better go to an ex-o-don-tist"—"A WHAT," I shouted . . . "An Ex-o-don-tist, one who extracts teeth" . . . That was a new one on me, so they have guys now who just yank 'em . . . Then I remembered, I know one of those fellows . . . So I call him, we pass the time of day, and I tell him about the picture I had taken at the dental emporium and how I wanted him to remove the two offending members of my masticating staff . . . "Sure," says he, with a gleeful lilt to his voice, "come in Thursday at ten a.m." . . . "But, Doc," I stammered, "I have to be at Keuka College on Thursday" . . . But he was gone to extradite somebody else's molars . . . Came Thursday—after a sleepless night . . . By ten I managed to make the office . . . And what a beautiful place, and to greet me, yep, you've guessed it, a beautiful lady all in white and looking so sweet . . . She took my coat and hat and ushered me into a lovely sitting room—all done in soft pastels that just made me feel at home . . . Soon I was in conversation with another of the "guests" . . . We talked of the weather and other subjects that didn't have a thing to do with my visit . . . I liked that . . . I wonder if Doc has her there on purpose to quiet the beating hearts of the uninitiated . . . It wasn't long before that lovely lady came through another door, smiled and said, as gently as if she were ushering me into the Metropolitan Opera, "This way please." And who was I to refuse her . . . She sat me in a comfortable chair, head rest and all . . . Soon, Doc came in, passed a few pleasantries and with his always present attendant they began to explore around inside my mouth . . . Didn't feel a thing . . . We talked of Florida and sunshine and dozens of other allied subjects . . . Then I realized something was happening to my face . . . Seemed like an elephant had stepped on it and forgotten to leave . . . For some time I was left alone to ponder well my predicament . . . Then, that lovely lady in white, this time wearing a bib like mine—"Come this way please" . . . Into another room, another easy chair, some more exploring inside my mouth . . . Seemed like only seconds when Doc turned to me and removed my bib . . . "Come in Monday and let me look at you"—"Is that all?"—"Sure"—Yes, that was all and again that gorgeous vision in white was at my side—she handed me some pills, in case the elephant left my mouth—there might be a bit of pain . . . I walked out as brave as

a Commando—That was a cinch, I thought . . . What made me so nervous on the way in . . . How different from the old days when they really yanked and pried and pulled teeth . . . I wonder if they did extract two . . . I asked the lady—"Certainly"—Well, what do you know . . . Isn't this modern age wonderful.

I'm minus two unruly teeth today, with just a bit of a soreness . . . When the elephant departed from my mouth around three yesterday afternoon, he left a pretty good sized footprint . . . Now on Monday I can go back and see that lovely lady, wander down the hall and let those two other lovely ladies clean my teeth, go down to see the lovely lady in the eye-fixin' store, then stop and call on the beautiful nurse in the medic's office . . . I should get a clean bill-of-health . . . And between all those wonderful ladies and their bosses maybe they've wired me together so I'll last 'til Spring . . . All I'm missing now are my two back teeth, but I'll have some new ones before Christmas, if that nice dentist has anything to say about it . . . The moral of this story is,—If you have anything wrong with your teeth, don't put off doing something about it . . . There's nothing to it—it says here.



*"DOWN THE ROAD A PIECE"*

Sat'day  
Nite

MILKING TIME was over, the last load of grain safely stored in stack or bin . . . The dinner dishes had been stacked in the kitchen sink, they'd just have to go over 'til morning . . . The children were anxiously awaiting the team and Democrat Wagon, all dolled up in their Sunday best, the children that is, not the Democrat . . . A case of eggs took up the space in the rear of the back seat and another case was tied to the first one . . . Grandma was the last to leave the house after checking up on everything . . . In her hand she carried the list of groceries that must be bought with the egg money . . . When everything was in order Granddad gave a click of his tongue to the black and white team and we all moved off toward Town for a Saturday afternoon and evening of shopping and visiting, listening and looking . . . It was Saturday night in Town and what a night

not so many years ago . . . The teams were tied to the posts that held the wooden awnings over the Main Street stores, or left in the church sheds across the park . . . Yes, Sir, Saturday night was a big night, in Town . . . The band gave forth from the ornate band-stand in the center of the park as youngsters climbed over the railings or tumbled from the steep steps and added their howls to the blare of the trumpets . . . Maybe there would be a dance at the Town Hall for the Old Folks or a Grand Opening of a new store or feed mill along about harvesting time . . . And when the shopping was all finished and loaded into the space in the Democrat where the eggs had been, and when the kids, tired and a bit cross were corralled, and Grandma had succeeded in salvaging Granddad from the barber shop, it was time to go home and the big full moon cast queer shadows along the side of the dirt road and the kids tried to stay awake to watch the shifting shadows coming and going to the beat of the horses hoofs on the soft hi-way . . . Memories of Saturday night in Town . . . Memories that come back even today when one is privileged to visit a 1950 Community Saturday night with many of the same events in modern settings . . . This time the Village is Dundee, a Community with many an historical note attached to its book of memories . . . The Democrat has long been replaced by the Automobile and the team of dashing horses are now merely a purr under the hood of the car . . . But there is a winding road and pleasant scenery along the hard surfaced hi-way where in other years the clop of the horses was heard on moonlight nights or at high noon . . . The dishes from lunch were left in the sink maybe, but not before they had been scalded with the hot water from the tap, not the kettle . . . And before we knew it, we had arrived at the Village with the Scotch Ancestry down Yates County way . . . The letter that the postman had brought many days before read—"Frosty" Hall's Knotty Pine Restaurant will open Saturday night, August 26th and we'd like to have you come over and meet the folks" . . . Frosty was ready and so were the folks by the time we had "hitched" the Plymouth along the curb in front of the stores along Main Street . . . Well over 200 had stopped by to greet Howard and Elma Hall who had recently moved from the City back home to start a new venture in the business of offering good food to their neighbors in Dundee and others who might like to stop their way . . . Wilbur Wignall of Rochester had come along to act as Chef and Dundee had two new families to add to its roster of citizens . . . Pearl Fowler was in the kitchen dishing up heaping plates of Spaghetti and Meat Sauce, the Knotty Pine Special for opening day . . . Norm Foster, the refrigerator man down Southern Tier way, was counting the customers and greeting them at the same time . . . Mayor and Mrs. Harry Stocking were having a "GOOOOD" time . . . The Miles Haucks and their three daughters and son came over for supper before taking over at the Ice Cream Social on the Baptist Church Lawn . . . Met the Kortwrights

from Corning, now residents of Crystal Beach along Keuka . . . Good to know they tune this way of a morning and Mrs. Kortwright paid a glowing tribute to the Red Cross Blood Program and the wonderful Life Saving Work it's doing because people Give and keep on Giving . . . Just about everybody from the Village and along the Lakes, Seneca and Keuka stopped by to wish Frosty and Elma well in their new venture . . . And of course they stayed to enjoy the dinner . . . Bill Swing, Chamber of Commerce President, and Bean Merchant, was there . . . After Bill and Norm and Howie and I had partaken of the Spaghetti, Bill took me in tow and we visited the Town Park, just a stone's throw up Seneca Street where the Dundee Central School Band was getting ready for the Saturday evening concert in the new Town Bandstand . . . Joe Greybeck, Instrumental Music Instructor at the School, directs these concerts throughout the Summer and the Street was lined with cars filled with families who had stopped to enjoy the music . . . Others lingered on the park benches or stood along the sidewalk just to listen and applaud . . . Course there was plenty of visiting between selections . . . This was Saturday night and a goodly crowd was there . . . By nine Bill and I had wandered back to the Knotty Pine where more folks had taken their places in the booths and the stools along the counter for Ice Cream, Banana Splits and cool soft drinks to beat the heat . . . "Did you hear about Sammy?" was the first question and I learned for the first time that East Rochester's Sammy Urzetta had won the National Amateur Golf Championship . . . The word flashed along the street and at the corners men and boys gathered to talk about the lad who had come up the hard way to become a Champ . . . The folks in Dundee, on a Summer Saturday night liked that . . . Many of them had struggled hard to make a success in their chosen business or profession . . . Bert White and his sister came by . . . Mrs. Sargent was with them . . . Charlie Wixom at 75 and looking pretty sharp stopped to chat awhile of other years when I was a lad up in the hills across the Lake . . . Charlie, the Boat Builder of other days . . . The Bardeens were there and The Champlains . . . They stopped to visit on the street corner enroute to their cars with bundles from the stores along the Street . . . Like Anderson's Drug Store . . . And after closing hours Mr. and Mrs. Anderson and Wim and Mrs. Scott stopped at the Knotty Pine for a Sundae . . . Bill Cleary, the Hardware Merchant stopped to wish Howie well and extend an invitation to visit the Dundee Fair which opens September 19th with a big Firemen's Parade . . . Mr. and Mrs. Harry Green, farmer folks and good ones from just North of Town dropped into the Knotty Pine for dinner along about nine and were told to have what they wanted on the house as they were the 499th and 500th to visit the Eating House along Dundee's Main Street on its re-opening day . . . Did I have fun meeting all the folks . . . Shortly after nine with the groceries safely stored away in the family car, the folks moved

around the corner of Seneca Street where a Truck Stage was set up and boarded by the Barrington Ridge Runners and their Fiddles and Banjos . . . It was Street Dance Time, a Saturday feature, once in a while, put on by the Dundee Chamber of Commerce . . . There was more Squaring than Round dancing on the pavement in the early stages of the dance . . . Met Will Dennison and his wife just watching . . . Les Eyrich grabbed my arm and took me to his Insurance Office nearby to give me an attractive book-map of the USA . . . And between its pages I found road maps leading to all 48 States with this enticing invitation to travel—"Your car is a magic carpet, waiting to carry you on to new travel thrills. Tour Beautiful America—watch gentle palms swaying in the breeze . . . See the awesome grandeur of rain-bowed canyons . . . Breathe deep the cool, crisp air of mountains . . . Delight in the exhilarating fragrance of pines . . . Watch the white-capped surf play on a golden beach . . . All this and more is yours to enjoy—as close as the steering wheel of your car"—Sounds enticing doesn't it? . . . But I can add this, "take time to visit close at home, like Dundee on a Saturday night, when a former citizen is welcomed back to start a new business, when the Church folks stage an Ice Cream Social on the lawn and the Band plays for listening and dancing in the streets . . . That's part of the America we love, and a mighty important part . . . One more visit to the Knotty Pine along about ten-thirty where Howie and Elma, Audrey, Wilbur, Norm and all the rest of the help are still busy taking care of the customers . . . It's been a big evening and the ribbon of moonlight over the hills and valleys on the way back around the Lake to where others are waiting to greet you safely home from the visit, the ribbon of moonlight is bright and clear and the buildings of the land owners and the villagers stand out in bold relief . . . It's slumber time and most of the homes along the way are dark . . . Many are still in town listening or dancing to the music of the Ridge Runners . . . There isn't such a big gap from the Saturday nights of the horse and Democrat days to the present . . . There are just more modern conveniences to get you there and bring you back . . . But somehow you miss the clop-clop of the horses on the soft hi-way and the chuck of the wagon wheels mingled with the crickets cries along the lowlands . . . The folks haven't changed though . . . They still love to stop and shop, visit and listen, and get a few extras for the week ahead . . . A Saturday night in a good Community is a mighty interesting pass-time, wish we had more of them like the one I attended in Dundee, New York . . . And I recall the words written by Lynn Carpenter, Associate Editor of The Dundee Observer—Lynn wrote in his "Shavings from the Carpenter's Bench," "thanks for fixing up the fence along the alley on the West Side of Main Street . . . We want you to know that we appreciate it and are not reluctant to say so in public."—Now there's a statement—Would we had more of them, "Thank You's" in Public I mean.

## This Is America

THIS IS AMERICA, what a beautiful phrase . . . I saw it in action everywhere I turned on the two days just past . . . It was my Homeland that beckoned and away on Saturday morning to see a segment of this great land with its new spring cloak of many colors exhibited under a May sun . . . There wasn't any particular destination in mind, just a ride along the way . . . Out through Henrietta, on to East Avon with its White Horse standing erect in the yard of the Tavern at the Corner. Lakeville, busy with shoppers and cottagers getting ready for the Summer Season. On, up the hill through Livonia and on to Hemlock. Again the road wound up and over the hill to Honeoye, a Village that always causes one to pause. The Valley beyond would be Bristol. But this time I turned away and again felt the power under my foot as the car took another hill. To where, I wasn't sure . . . Lost along the winding dirt roads, until 'way below and ahead the gleaming dome of Canandaigua's Court House, into the City, then on toward the Lake and a stop for a moment at the Park along the shore . . . The appetite had quickened during the long drive and it was lunch at Roseland, where men and women were busy getting ready the many "rides" that will thrill young and old alike this coming summer . . . The East shore of the Lake beckoned and there again folks, busy with vocational or avocational endeavors . . . Higher along the road toward Rushville, but a turn on another unknown trail and soon, lost again . . . But the sun was there as a guide and the car was kept headed in a Northerly direction until the paved hi-way came upon us just South of the Village of Hall . . . Sun still high in the sky and the breeze refreshing ahead, a turn to the left and on past old Number Nine Church, where just a few short months ago I had met so many grand folks . . . Green fields to the right and left topped with thousands of yellow Dandelions, huge tractor tracks and freshly plowed fields . . . Weaving and winding through the land, on across the main hi-way and by farmhouses with white sheets flapping in the wind . . . Heading North by West and Phelps ahead, then through the healing Village of Clifton Springs, Manchester with giant locomotives panting restlessly in the big railroad yards. Victor, Pittsford, a stop at a roadside stand for home grown vegetables. Then back to busy traffic of the City . . . THIS IS AMERICA . . . The long day ended in a

blaze of laziness in my favorite easy chair . . . Then out again into the cool night to visit the Stardust Room at Edgerton Park . . . My first visit to this most attractive and wonderful Youth Center, watched over by both young men and women and adults . . . Jim Carr, one of the co-chairmen of this Rochester Youth Center, greeted me . . . Took me around to meet some of his folks . . . Told me very emphatically that he was from John Marshall High and proud of it . . . Introduced me to Jerry DePrez, one of Rochester's finest and Harvey Kusse was there. Also Helen Fink and Harriet Sherman and Henry Jensen . . . These Officers of our Police Department are some of the men and women who supervise the PAL and are on hand at each event at the Stardust Room . . . No uniforms, just there to assist the young men and women in having a good time . . . The big floor with dancing couples as Syl Novelli and his Orchestra played sweet music . . . Art Steffin came by after a busy day to sing for them; Ralph Collier was on hand, but the broadcast we all had scheduled, never did materialize—"Due to circumstances beyond somebody's control"—you know . . . A wonderful evening just watching some 200 young folks having a good time, under ideal conditions, because somebody planned for them their own Night Club . . . Flash bulbs taking their pictures . . . The Coke Bar in the corner, busy—the tables alongside, crowded between dances . . . All too soon it was time to leave . . . **THIS IS AMERICA** . . . Up early on Sunday with the rain pattering an unwelcome song on the walk outside my window . . . But the sun pushed away the clouds and soon the car was out from its protecting garage, on out along the hi-way, to the East, this time . . . Way out Atlantic Avenue, on by the Village of Lincoln and many cars parked in the Church-yard as the songs of the people at worship came from the open door . . . Another turn to the left and across the big hi-way at Ontario Center . . . The Lake Road was to the right . . . Soon Pultneyville, with its white picket fences and deep lawned estates, was alongside . . . Straight through the Orchard Country . . . A stop to call on those I had visited a few short days before . . . The pink blossoms of the peaches showing ready, the apple blossoms tight against their supporting twigs, waiting for the sun and the bees, who were making up for lost time . . . Cherry Orchards, looking like huge drifts of snow from the top of the rise . . . A trip through the Shaker Tract and the story I recalled back home in my files, that must come out this way, one day soon . . . Along the Lake Road,—Hoadley's Crestwood Lodge—stopped us for a delightful lunch . . . I'll be going back there for the food was so good and added to the entertainment outside the bay window were two Blue Jays chattering at their noon-day meal . . . The afternoon was well along before we bade our new-found friends "so long" and we hustled back along the same hi-way, bordered by the ever increasing blossoms . . . Sleep came easily after the music of the evening on the radio . . . A pleasant week-end, I guess one would call it . . . Out-

doors where beauty reigns this time of year . . . Just driving, going nowhere in particular, but everywhere in general . . . THIS IS AMERICA . . . "America the Beautiful, God shed his grace on thee and crown thy good with brotherhood, from sea to shining sea."



*"DOWN THE ROAD A PIECE"*

## Wash Day Can Be Fun

IMAGINE THERE are those tuned this way right now who might disagree with that statement . . . And I mean an Old Fashioned wash carried on without benefit of electric washers, dryers, ironers, plenty of hot water at the tap and bushels of soap flakes "that just hustle the dirt away at the touch" . . . I mean Wash Day can be fun when one has to tote the hot water in buckets like Grandma used to do in boilers . . . It can be fun when the whole family pitches in and helps, splashing, wringing, rinsing and hanging up . . . That's what Wash Day at The Huddle was—FUN . . . 'Course we never got around as early as Grandma did years ago and tried to get our wash on the line first . . . And we never did do the wash on wash day which is traditionally Monday . . . Monday was an "off" day . . . We started slow and it was usually Tuesday along about nine-thirty a.m. before the sheets had been taken from the beds, the towels piled high alongside the stone steps which led to the Summer Kitchen and the colored clothes laid off to one side so a certain individual wouldn't get them mixed with the white stuff . . . There wasn't much organization to Wash Day at The Huddle . . . After Derry, the handsome 14 year-old grandson, had been persuaded to tote a few pails of hot water to fill the old Snowball Washing Machine and Belle or Rosanna had dumped in the first contingent of sheets with plenty of "guaranteed" flakes . . . After that prelude it was hit or miss and usually a "hit" . . . (Say, remember how Grandma used to slice those big bars of yellow soap into the machine)—now it is just flakes from a box . . . David and Derry take turns at the big wheel on The Snowball making a game of timing and turning and when they tire or a shout from out front calls them away, Miss Ann is ready to jump into the breach and keep the four-pegged, plunger inside moving

back and forth . . . Or perhaps "Pap" takes a hand . . . After due course, we lift the lid and begin the wringing . . . From the confines of The Huddle House cellar or maybe the woodshed has come a pretty good wringer to be attached to the back of The Snowball . . . It is a Universal Wringer and although a bit on the ancient side one can still read the proud boast of its manufacturers . . . "There are more Universal Wringers sold every day than any other wringer"—Rinsing buckets and tubs are ready with clear-cool water that has been detoured from the brook above the raceway and there is a never ending supply . . . Many hands make light work and even without organization the wash begins to fill the lines that run this way and that across the back yard at the edge of the garden where already the green beans are heavy on the vines . . . Scattered across that yard, it isn't a lawn as yet, are mementoes of other years which have been brought out from the cellar or the back kitchen and the ice house, which now has lost its usefulness, except for a storage room. Another wringer for other washdays comes to light . . . A complete wooden wringer which the young folks spied as exactly like the one they had seen the day before at the Museum at Fort Ticonderoga . . . Churns of the plunger variety, wooden and crock churns are cleaned and polished for preservation . . . Huge crocks and jugs some with an Irish name are there . . . An apple peeler comes to life, a candle-mold has almost rusted away after it was no longer needed . . . And as we pause to look over these antiques of another century the WASHING goes on . . . Two hours from the start with David and Derry far away by now, maybe catching frogs in the brook, but Ann still "on duty," the lines are filled with big white billowy sheets, with gaily colored slacks and shorts nudging blue dungarees of every age and shape . . . And it's a beautiful sight to watch the flapping sheets and the bounding colored things in the morning breeze . . . It's about 11:30 now . . . The big Wash is on the line . . . The Snowball has been emptied of its soapy and dirty water and properly cleaned and covered for the next expedition on WASH DAY . . . The Universal, of which there must have been none better, is loosened and also covered, the tubs are stored away for the next session and Wash Day is over and it was fun and good for the waist-line . . . Snowball takes some turning as does The Universal . . . However, the gals sort of sigh as they look at the full line and think of the long hours of ironing ahead . . . Well, that doesn't interest us men folks and so we hie off to the Lake with the dotted Islands at the foot of the sandy lane and through the woods to "go swimmin'" . . . At eventime the wash is dry and gives the kitchen a new aroma as there is nothing quite like the clean smell of a big basket of newly washed clothes . . . Ironing time may start that evening and so on till midnight or it may wait until the next day, or, and this is a secret, it may not get accomplished at all . . . Why iron those smooth sheets, we men folks contend, why bother with

the shorts and the slacks, the dungarees and the towels . . . This is vacation and one can't work all the time . . . And what you know, they listen, I think, although I did catch Belle ironing one morning, she was going to town and those peddle-pushers in blue must be just right . . . My dungarees looked like a bend in two roads coming together, but they straightened out as much as my two legs would allow them . . . Great day, Wash Day, with not too many new gadgets to spoil the fun, but I'm wondering how long it would be fun if it had to be done that way every week . . . What's that you say? Where was the old washboard?—Now wait a minute, this was a vacation Wash Day . . . We didn't need to be that clean.



*"DOWN THE ROAD A PIECE"*

## House Cleanin'

WELL, IT HAPPENED, I knew it would, but I was hoping . . . Seems, just last week that energetic fellow who looks after the details of Safety at The Chamber of Commerce, sent me some very pertinent literature about Clean-Up Week . . . I carefully read the various stories about "It's up to you—and all the other fine people who live in this City to share in the responsibility of making the Rochester Area a cleaner, healthier, safer and more attractive place in which to live. The Clean-Up Drive is on"—the warning read . . . "This is a call to all to add the bright touches to our homes which can mean so much to our Community's pride and daily living" . . . Now that's good literature, turned out by the folks who keep the Rochester Safety Council operating and keep reminding us of Safety and all the allied subjects, which are mighty important . . . As I read the literature, I began to turn over in my mind some sort of a story to tell along this way that might help folks focus their attention on Clean-up Week . . . However, before I could finish my reading about Safety, Carefulness, Clean-Up and all the rest, time ran out on me and I had to lay the material aside for a later perusal . . . After spending most of the day somewhere along the Main Street Line, I returned to my Castle-On-Goodman, along about three-thirty in the afternoon, fully prepared to peck out one or two broadcasts for

7:30 a.m. delivery . . . Imagine my surprise to see a transformed apartment house . . . Long ladders were leaning wearily against the court walls, two men in what had been white overalls, were either on those ladders or about to ascend or descend, with brown buckets in their hands, and plenty of brown paint on those white overalls . . . I glanced aloft, appearing not to be a window gazer, but to observe what was taking place . . . The fresh, brown paint was covering, with the help of man and brush, the dirty, yellowish paint which had been placed there so fresh and clean a couple of years ago . . . My fellow apartment dwellers were stopping to look also, some of them at least . . . I gave a smile to the painters on the high ladders and carefully stepped over buckets to gain admittance to my abode . . . Nice idea, painting up in the Springtime . . . With the greatest of ease and assurance I stepped into my living room and then as quickly withdrew . . . It has happened, I screamed, well maybe not screamed, but if my thoughts could have screamed, it would have been just that . . . The floor was covered with splotches of color and I thought for a moment the paint must have oozed in from the outer walls . . . Then I carefully opened my eyes fearful of what I knew was there, and RIGHT! Those colors came from samples of wall-paper . . . Oh, good looking wall paper, no doubt . . . But think what those samples meant . . . All my avoiding of the mention, Spring House-cleaning, all my care in putting aside those Bulletins from the Rochester Safety Council, had gone for naught . . . The little lady who gets that, "tear up everything" look in her eyes every Spring was at it again . . . I made a dive for my sanctum-sanctorum, my own den where everything I own was in order, well maybe not in order, but surely there . . . I heaved a sigh . . . My private preserve had not been touched . . . After I gained my breath and my heart began to beat at a normal pace, I called sweetly, "Hello, I'm home"—No answer!—A careful trek through the premises, which takes about two minutes ordinarily, didn't reveal a thing human, only more samples and bleak, bare windows in the bedroom and bath . . . A glance toward the outer world, where I knew I was going to be located for the next few days, and I caught the moving form of one of those men in brown overalls . . . That was it . . . My household manager had seen those men arrive, she had seen them set up their infernal contraptions, she had gotten the odor of fresh paint and she was away to equal their efforts . . . I sank onto the sofa on a pile of flowered samples, wall-paper samples, I mean . . . I covered my eyes with my fevered hand and rested . . . What shall I do?—Why hadn't I planned a trip to Watkins Glen this week, or to Oshkosh, maybe even Moscow . . . Then the back door opened and a cheery "Hello, dear, you home?", came from behind a bundle of mops and sticks, curtain rods and polish remover . . . The whole contraption moved forward and I knew the one I loved was somewhere behind it . . . Finally this apparition came to rest and a lady in dust cap and

dirty slacks, plus an equally dirty blouse, came to view . . . What a sight . . . She was "bushed" I could tell by the flushed face . . . "Sit down, my dear and tell me all about it. How did you happen to get this wild idea into your little head all of a sudden like?" . . . And then another surprise nearly knocked me flat into the mop pail . . . "Why you know. You left me that nice little folder without saying a word" . . . "What folder?" I screamed . . . Well, maybe not screamed, but remarked softly . . . "That one" said she pointing a dirty finger my way . . . And there on the end table I saw for the first time something that was very attractive, even in the sordid surrounding of our apartment as Spring Cleaning begins . . . I looked and read—"Spring-Clean-Up-Week is here . . . Time to throw out all that rubbish that has accumulated during the Winter and 'clear the decks' for a real fire-safe year" . . . "Where did this come from?" I asked . . . "I found it there on the floor after you left this morning" . . . That little white piece of paper, with the green printing on it had slipped out of that big envelope, the Rochester Safety Council sent me . . . Well, the damage was done, and anyhow, I couldn't have put the ordeal of Spring Cleaning off much longer . . . You see I was being very masculine and succumbing to the wiles of the female sex . . . Then I looked across at the person who nearly twenty-six years ago had taken me for better or worse and I wondered . . . I returned to my reading . . . "All good housekeepers use the Spring to set their houses in order after the dislocation of Winter . . . (I wonder who writes these messages, the wives of the Safety Council Members?) . . . What woman or man, either wouldn't fall for—"This is the time when all GOOD Housekeepers, do this and that" . . . I read on, "For some time now, each year, progressive North American communities have regularly set apart a week, early in the Spring, to band their citizens together, in neighborly fashion, to rid premises of all rubbish and refuse" . . . That did it . . . No use trying to refute those statements, they had something . . . I glanced at the lady across the room, now staring at that wallpaper stuff with a quizzical look . . . "What you figuring dear?" I asked . . . "Which do you like best—the blue flowers on the white background, or the white flowers on the blue background?"—I answered simply "YES" . . . And the answer came back "So do I, that's what we'll get for the bedroom" . . . It's easy to settle family debates that way . . . I managed in the next few minutes to find an excuse to go somewhere, to get away to think to myself and plan my schedule until the apartment was restored to normal . . . I smelled the paint outside, the painters had left, it was after four . . . I thought of that odor in my nostrils at night, as I lay on the davenport trying to imagine my comfortable bed was under me, instead of scattered all over the bedroom . . . I could smell the clean, fresh paste, the newness of the paper, the freshly waxed floors, and I began to get hungry . . . An hour passed and I returned to my abode . . . As I opened the door, another sight

greeted me . . . The wall-paper samples were gone, the mop and the waxer, the lady in the dirty blouse and the grimy hands had disappeared and there instead was a freshly gowned, smiling lady who called out—"Are you hungry? Look what's for supper" (we have supper at our house) . . . And soon I sat down to a bountiful table of my favorite dishes . . . Gone was the dread of Spring House Cleaning . . . I realized its importance—I said so, and before I could swallow a mouthful of corn beef, I was trapped again . . . "We'll go shopping tomorrow and you can help me pick out the paper for the bedroom" . . . You see, the question wasn't settled after all . . . I went shopping, not for long, but I went . . . The white paper with the blue flowers has arrived and now we are waiting for the man with the paste bucket, the long table and other *accoutrements* to begin to tear off the old and on with the new . . . It is only the beginning of Spring House Cleaning at our house . . . I looked at that little piece of paper, and there at the bottom, the Safety Council had written **SPRING CLEAN-UP WEEK WILL BE HELD HERE IN ROCHESTER, May 1-7** . . . Good, I'm glad to know it and I presume everybody is cleaning to beat the band . . . It is a good idea, as long as I don't have to take part . . . But, I will . . . Seriously folks, I intended to write a story about clean-up time in Rochester, that three-way campaign on this week for an intensive week's drive to get rid of dirt, rubbish, rats and other safety, fire and health hazards . . . But as always happens along about this time each Spring I get a shock that causes me to drift into that personal chatter . . . My plight isn't bad . . . But in many places throughout our City and your Towns, Villages or Country homes, there are hazards to health and happiness which need removing during Spring House Cleaning time . . . It is a great American Institution . . . But am I glad we don't have to take up those old parlor carpets anymore . . . Remember the kind you nailed down with a layer of newspapers under them, and they crackled and popped every time sister's beau walked across the floor . . . And when granddad didn't hear him walking it was time for him to say—"Daughter, it is time for you to come to bed" . . . Oh, boy, don't get me started on those days . . . Wonder we didn't all get diphtheria or something with all those dusty, nailed down carpets . . . Maybe it was too cold in the parlor to allow germs to live in winter and too nice and cool in the summer, especially with the shades drawn . . . Anyway, folks, Clean-Up and Fix-Up, get rid of those hazards, they are dangerous to you and yours.

## Church and Community

IT WAS after midnight when I returned home from the Auction . . . The road was a ribbon of moonlight with occasional shadows from black clouds blotting out the Moon but leaving that painted desert look in the sky . . . Traffic was light and the car purred along more quietly than ever, I thought . . . Even the dance music from the radio from up there under the dash, was a bit softer . . . And you know, I caught myself smiling as I drove along, alone, through the August night with the minutes signaling the end of one day and the beginning of another . . . Yes, I was driving home from an auction . . . Beside me, on the car seat, carefully wrapped in paper, were two small packages . . . One contained a big round Fresh Peach Pie, the other a half of a cocoanut (white) cake . . . O. J. Welch, one of the most vociferous and endurable Auctioneers I've ever met, had "SOLD" those two delicious pieces of baked goods to me at the Auction . . . And the lovely lady, with the neatly arranged grey hair and the big smile, Mrs. Higgins, who had delivered that cake to me, smiled and said, "It's good, I made it" . . . Proud of her work . . . 'Course, many of you along the way right now, know what Auction I'm chatting about . . . THE BIG ONE . . . Held every year at The McVays down along the shores of Canadice Lake in Ontario County, for the benefit of that grand Building Fund of the Springwater Church, over there at the foot of the hill in Livingston County . . . And "Folks" just come from everywhere to this Community Selling Bee . . . Dr. and Mrs. McVay turn over their home to their neighbors and guests . . . And long before Auction Day there comes an invitation to be sure to attend . . . Wouldn't miss it for the world . . . And what a time everyone has "just visitin'" . . . One fellow from up in the city, said—"This is sure two looks and a right smart distance" . . . I hadn't heard that expression . . . Nick picked it up somewhere around in his travels . . . Auction started at 1 P.M. and didn't end until the last cake was sold at 7:30 . . . Big barn, at the rise above the house, was filled with "articles" the folks had brought in from near and far . . . O. J. Welch and his Clerk, Charlie Winehart from Wayland, donate their services to the cause . . . That's the pattern for everybody and it takes a lot of everybodys to stage such an Auction . . . African Violet Show added this year . . . The African Violet Society of Livingston County presented it . . . Floyd

Johnson of Spencerport and Mr. and Mrs. Glen Horton of Penn Yan, were there to judge and Daisy Lahey, co-chairman of the Auction, was all smiles . . . Daisy even wore a beautiful violet colored dress and one of her plants won the "Queen" of the Show Award . . . James Starkweather of Topping Hill Craft Studio and his brother Jack were there and had a fine exhibition of pottery which commanded plenty of attention . . . George and Mrs. McKinney, who have a most comfortable spot near by, were looking after the big doll house, which Mrs. McVay has built with amazing accuracy and authenticity, even to sterling silverware of tiny proportions on the equally tiny dining room table . . . Lloyd Hubbard and some of his cast from The Pittsford Summer Theatre came out . . . They had to rush back for the Saturday showing of "Deep Are The Roots" . . . Jim Snyder, well over 80, they say, was there again, but Jim didn't have his Quartet this year . . . Says he keeps rehearsing though . . . Clara Mack hustling about everywhere trying to see to it that 600 folks can be fed, as soon as possible . . . Great ham supper, the ladies of the Church put on under the big tent, right next to the back door of the McVay home . . . Clara took home a brand new freezer and was Clara ever happy . . . She lives right in Springwater . . . In fact, Clara sort of keeps the D and C readers informed on what's going on down that way, in addition to her many other Community enterprises . . . And wait until she gets that new freezer full of chicken . . . Big gift shop at the Community Auction this year . . . Fine handiwork, like the crocheted pieces by Lena Harris, who lives along Canadice Hill . . . Lena is selling her crocheting to buy a typewriter as she hopes to take up a business course when she graduates from High School . . . Mrs. Hill and Mrs. Fisher, busy with their fish pond, where little folks could catch "whales" as a specialty . . . O. J. Welch's voice raised over the crowd when some dozen very live puppies went on sale . . . And how the children scrambled for those . . . Folks going and coming must have been a couple thousand . . . Officers from the Ontario County Sheriff's Office keeping things in order along the hi-way where cars were parked as far as one could see . . . Women in aprons doing dozens of tasks to keep the program moving . . . Ed and Mrs. Read, that's the Pastor and his wife, greeting everybody . . . Names of the folks, couldn't mention them all . . . But some sort of stuck to my note book, like the Howards and the Bates, Fishers and Wheatons, Caskeys, and Withingtons, Burroughs and Favreaus . . . And the boys from the Youth Fellowship Group at The Springwater Church, helping the Auctioneer out . . . Mr. and Mrs. Lee Spears, cashing up . . . Roy Swan, the Canadice Supervisor, was there again with his Family Band and they did alright as the folks did a few "Folk" Dances on the McVay lawn . . . Met the Hoppo's who live along Bald Hill just at the top of the rise between Hemlock and Springwater . . . And I'm quite sure the radio is up good and loud in the

Hoppo's Dairy Barn most mornings . . . Seems the herd of Holsteins listen this way . . . They have reserved their comment . . . Baked goods auction closes out the selling business . . . Final cake was a masterpiece of roses and filling, all green and red made by Dorothy Steele, over Sodus way . . . Sold for nine dollars . . . You know, if you nodded "yes," to the person who was sitting or standing next to you, O. J. might "knock-off" a four or five dollar cake to you . . . You couldn't even wave at a friend across the lawn . . . Every movement with that fellow means a bid . . . Met Jeanette Marvin of Pittsford, looking charming in her orchid and old lace outfit . . . The Macks of Wayland were there with Mrs. Mack looking for entertainment for "her boys" at the Veterans Center in Bath . . . Took time to run over to the McKinney's summer rendezvous on the crest of the hill, just past the Magins . . . Wonderful view of the Lake and the big hill behind it at sundown with the evening colors vivid and relaxing . . . Up from the McVay's below came the songs of the Southland and George and I hurried back to hear "The Crescent Four," a Quartet of Jubilee Singers who really can sing the Old Songs and the Spirituals . . . Met the boys afterward, Ralph Coleman, First Tenor; Cambell Taylor, Second Tenor; Jerald Coleman, First Bass and Roy Taylor, Second Bass . . .

Ray Snyder and Demerle Oxx of Wayland had brought over their PA System so the boys and the band could all be heard . . . It was getting late when The Crescent Four and Rev. Reid brought this Great Auction for the Building of a Church to a close . . . An Auction made possible by the hard work and cooperation of many . . . Ed Reid summed it up when he thanked just everybody and added: "We have met here today in behalf of a Church in a Community"—

Sort of a good place to meet "in behalf of," if I may be ungrammatical . . . Then all the folks who were still sitting around just visiting, joined with the Quartet and their Pastor and sang "The Old Rugged Cross" and "'Til We Meet Again" . . . It was indeed good to travel "Two Looks and a Right Smart Distance, Down the Road a Piece" to the McVay's, for the Annual Community Auction to continue the Building of a Church in A Community nearby . . . And right now, I'd like to give you the thought for today . . . It was expressed by the Boys of the Crescent Four when they sang as their closing number, there under the night skies on the front lawn: "It is My Desire to Do Something Good EVERY Day" . . .

## Speed

THE 1950 CENSUS, completed only last Spring, lists the Village of Watkins Glen as being populated with three thousand and 22 folks . . . That's an increase of some twenty-two since the last census I'm told . . . It's a quiet, scenic community, as we who live along this way well know . . . Thousands of tourists visit the Glen Village where the awe-inspiring Watkins Glen State Park is renowned as one of the greatest natural wonders of the world . . . There are shady woodlands for the family picnickers, fireplaces have been built on the lowlands and the high places above the Village that looks out over the broad expanse of Seneca Lake . . . Fishermen amble along Franklin Street on their way to their cabins or cottages, trailers or tourists homes during the Summer season . . . Honeymooners find Watkins Glen, with its three thousand and 22 folks, an ideal place to visit . . . In the Fall, the high and steep grades are changed into a riot of color by Jack Frost and his seasonal associates . . . Harvest Time brings rich, golden peaches to the markets, to be followed by tons upon tons of luscious grapes . . . Winter time is even quieter with the local Women's Clubs competing for favor with the men of service organizations, or perhaps there are evenings of story telling about the exploits of the past seasons at The Glen . . . Huge chimneys along the Lake side and at the rise above the Lake, denote the Industrial-might of the Village in the two Salt Companies where many are employed. International and Watkins Salt Companies are known far and wide for their "Sterling" and "Watkins" trade names . . . Homes high on the hills overlook this scenic wonderland the year 'round and those who live therein take part in some way in the daily life of the Community, doing their share to make the visitor welcome . . . All this means a better than average, quiet, resort town where the main attraction is the same scenic splendor the folks who live there enjoy the year 'round . . .

Then came the Races, the daring, speedy, thrilling automobile Road Races, the races designed to become the greatest Sports Car Classic in America, yes, in the World . . . That was three short years ago . . . There is no need to trace here—the development of this, what is now an International event . . . I've told you about it for the past three years, and have heard the story from those who witnessed the 1948 and 1949 classics . . . Then came the 1950 Grand Prix and I accepted the invitation of Mayor A. D. Erway, an invitation offered me three years ago . . . And you know, the Mayor hadn't forgotten, he is that sort of fellow . . . However, the quiet

Village over which Mayor Erway rules with a most pleasing manner, had outgrown its breeches . . . The three thousand and 22 folks had undertaken a chore which looked as if it might wag the body of the enterprise . . . In '48 ten thousand visitors in one day, in 1949 they say a hundred thousand took in the races . . . In 1950 they looked for even more . . . The Mayor's word is as good as his bond and along came a letter saying—"Al, I can't take you in at my home as all the kids will be here for the races, but my neighbor will see that you have a place to rest your tired body"—And I didn't refuse . . . By five p.m. on Friday last, a day before the big event, we arrived at 111 North Glen Avenue, high above the lake where Mayor and Mrs. Erway have their delightful home and where at times, the children—grandchildren and now a great-grandchild, come to make the welkin ring . . . We visited awhile about this and that at the Mayor's home and then a call next door brought the neighbor over to meet her unknown guests . . . Dot Morse and Henry are the neighbors, fine ones, who call the Erways, "Dad" and "Mother" . . . Sort of a nice feeling and we were soon "at home" at the Morse's next door . . . Henry, a World War Two Vet, is doing alright I imagine with his Industrial Insurance Business for Prudential . . . Belle and I had been accepted and you know that means a great deal when you're welcomed by folks you never met before . . . Dot whipped up what she called a "pot-luck" supper . . . And WHAT a supper . . . Then the Morses and the Sissons, newly acquainted but sort of feeling like old friends, started to "do" the town . . . We walked, no use driving, Henry said,—The Town was alive . . . The quiet, peaceful resort Village of Watkins Glen with its three thousand and 22 folks, had suddenly become a beehive of activity . . . Sporty Racing Cars of every imaginable make were roaring up and down the hills and along the Streets of the business section . . . The garages along Franklin Street, which passes the opening of the Glen, just "kitty-corner" from the County Court House Buildings, those garages were thronged with people, thousands were milling about the streets, talking to other folks from California and Florida, from Connecticut and Indiana, folks who had been bitten by the Speed Car Bug and had brought their tiny, but powerful racers, to Watkins Glen for the Grand Prix on the morrow . . . Every home and hotel had long been filled for the great event . . . Members of the High School Senior Class were selling the big and attractive programs and by so doing would assure themselves a comfortable balance in their Senior Bank Account . . . Hot dog stands were popping up as if by magic, hucksters, with approved credentials, were barking their wares . . . The whole town was in carnival spirit . . . Henry and Dot were nodding to friends and Belle and I were meeting and stopping to chat awhile with them . . . Lot of folks in Watkins Glen who tune this way every day . . . That's good . . . Chief Millen, or "Capt"

as the folks call him, was busy as a one armed paper hanger with the hives—Chief of Police Millen, that is . . . We stopped first at “Chunky” Gates, Pontiac place and had to elbow our way into the big garage at the rear of the salesrooms where Chief Mechanic Green is in charge . . . And there they were, some 20 of the sleek racers for the morrow . . . Your program told you the names and numbers of the cars, also the owners . . . And everybody, including myself, was looking for Number 103 . . . And there it was, with a big, striped jacketed individual polishing as carefully as possible his, as the program states, “yaller Jaguar with the gen-u-wine alligator upholstery” . . . That big, striped jacketed person was none other than Dave Garroway of TV and Radio fame out of Chicago . . . Dave had few words of greeting to his milling public, he was intent on seeing to it that every speck of dust was removed from the shining surface of his Sports Racer . . . But something must have been neglected as “Garroway at Large” didn’t last long in the Grand Prix the next afternoon . . . And so we went from garage to garage . . . Meeting the neighbors and the visitors . . . Saw Joe and Mrs. Love for a moment . . . They are listening this way most every day . . . Joe is one of Mayor Erway’s helpers in the affairs of Government at the Glen Village . . . Its Village Trustee, Joe Love . . . Al Baxter, the milkman was still busy at ten p.m. delivering the products of his dairy . . . Al visited us once here at the source of The Main Street Line . . . Stewart Coates, the County Welfare Officer came along . . . Stewart was the “Course Control” Chairman for the races . . . Everywhere cars were being groomed . . . Some had to have new axles or spark-plugs, others were being relined with the finesse of a watchmaker . . . It was a wonderful stroll, along Grease Monkey Row where the overalled, mechanic crawling from under the body of an underslung racer, might belong to a Bank Officer from Chicago or an Industrialist from Pennsylvania . . . It’s all for fun this Sport of Road Racing, they run only for Glory . . . The Morse’s and the Sisson’s had about completed their tour of the town when the word came flashing up the Street that a very important individual had arrived . . . So back we shouldered through the crowd to Gates’ Pontiac place to see the “biggest car in the World”—someone said . . . MR—JM had arrived . . . That’s what the license plates on the big, beautiful Daimler - Special announced to all passers-by . . . But MR—JM had fled to his hideaway to be back at the wheel on the morrow . . . Now this Daimler isn’t a Racing Car but WHAT a car . . . And MR—JM the owner, was none other than James Melton, the Concert and Radio Artist . . . By that time, we folks had “had” it . . . And by the time we walked back up to the white house along North Glen Avenue—I was tired, but Dot’s coffee and cookies revived me at once . . . Gosh, what good cookies . . .

At 11:30 p.m. the little racers were still trying out the course and the big bend was just outside my window and soon I was lulled to

sleep by the buzzing buggies with the queer sounding names like Healy-Silverstone, MG-TD'S, Allard-Cadillacs, but names that every one of the three thousand and 22 folks in Watkins Glen know like their own . . . Up and about early as Henry was one of the many volunteer watchers who had to take their places along the six mile hill and dale course to see that unruly spectators didn't try to interfere with the progress of the race . . . In spite of the almost perfect organization, in spite of the pleas of the Legionnaires, the many volunteer firemen and others, from the Glen Village and neighboring towns, despite the warnings of the State Police Officers, there were those who would ignore the rules and that almost led to a fatal disaster on at least one occasion as the tiny cars roared around the closed and well policed course at high speed . . . You know such negligence to rules and regulations has led to cancellation of many fine sporting events in the past and such might prove the demise of The Grand Prix right here along this way . . .

First event was the parade of old time cars and modern vehicles . . . Lined up at the Glen entrance with Mr. JM in charge, golly he's a big man, the throngs were on hand to see them by nine a.m. on Saturday . . . And they kept coming until well after eleven . . . At noon Watkins Glen became an isolated Village with upwards of 150,000 in and around the six mile area . . . Thanks to Mayor Erway again and to E. E. Hurbut, Chairman of Watkins Glen Chamber of Commerce, Belle and I were comfortably seated in the grandstand by the Court House for the first race . . . We listened to an excellent commentary on the PA System by one I would have liked to have met . . . This gentleman with the delightful British accent was one of the finest announcers I've ever heard . . . Unfortunately, the rains came and the first race was run in part under the caution flag . . . Unfortunately, also, somebody along the course dashed across a hi-way during the race and a fireman, doing his duty, was injured in carrying out that duty . . . After watching several laps of the first race from the starting point, we made our way, inch by inch, back to North Glen Avenue . . . Along the way every point of vantage was taken, trees, rooftops, windows, door-yards and I even heard of one enterprising housewife who turned her bath-tub into bleacher seats . . . It was a great day . . . We watched the remainder of the Races from the Morses' front window and their neighbor's door-yard or heard the report on the radio . . . Summary of the visit . . . Number One, met two grand folks as our hosts—Two, renewed my acquaintance with the Erways, more fine people—Three, saw and heard the excellent sportsmanship of men . . . men, who drive their little power laden cars for fun—and Four, among my souvenirs there will always be the picture of the British, Canadian, French and U.S. Flags, flying side by side over the Finish Line and the whole hearted hand shakes and calls of good luck from grimy handed mechanics to firm jawed drivers as the

Starter flagged the cars down the line . . .

Today the quiet, peaceful Village of Watkins Glen will be endeavoring to get back on its daily schedule, but the memories, all pleasant for our folks, will linger on . . . And we came away, as I'm sure thousands of others did, with an invitation to come back sometime . . . I'm going to do that, get my fill of Dot's cookies . . .



*"DOWN THE ROAD A PIECE"*

## The Center

I WANT YOU to meet some Very Important People of a very Important Community just to the South, down the road a piece . . . This is a Man's World, this Community we are going to visit, although the ladies play a most important role in the activities that go on day after day in this Community. It has been there for a long time and the Boys in Blue stopped there for rest after a long siege of battle . . . And then from The Spanish-American War they came, some of the latter are still there as good citizens . . . And men who marched away in 1917 came back for healing and help along the broad lawns . . . And now as the seemingly never ending battles for existence roll on, the lads of '41 have joined many of their comrades of other years in this Community where everybody is busy, that is almost everybody, doing something to make their Community a better place in which to live or helping another along the road to recovery . . . Outside the corporation limits of our busy town the sign reads, "Veterans' Center," and the arrow points toward the River and the big buildings beyond . . . There's Joe Mouchon greeting us at the outskirts and sending us along the streets for our first call . . . We have aboard Toni Rotundo, Fran Briggs, Millie Ament—and close behind is Lyle Antis with Herb Schakow, Joyce Hincer and Charlie Salvaggio . . . These young people have come down from their Banking Home in the City to the North to entertain the Citizens of Center Town . . . There's Mary Owen and Mae Walrath also, they've come along to help out at the piano . . . And then in another few hours the ladies of the Red Cross Motor Service will wheel up to Joe's gate,—You see, Joe is the head of the constabulary in this Community we're visiting . . . And those Red Cross Station Wagons will be filled with the members of the Lincoln Rochester Chorus, some forty strong . . . Austin Truitt, their di-

rector and Mrs. Ray, who accompanies them will be there . . . It is Sunday in this quiet Community beside the River and over to the South a way the long, low whistle of a fast train signals the Village of Bath, New York, for this is the Veterans' Administration Center at Bath that we are visiting . . . At the top of the rise, the Hospital looms large and beautiful against the background of struggling spring hills . . . And peeking out the front door is the little lady who may well be termed the "first lady" of this Community, Mrs. Rilleva Mack . . . Wearing, with honor, the uniform of a Red Cross Gray Lady, this dynamo of energy gets us off to a flying start on our tour of the Hospital to meet the Very Important People . . . As we journey from one floor to another, meeting the men, some who are confined to their beds, others reading or playing checkers or cards in the recreational areas at Halls end, Ralph Plumb joined our caravan . . . Ralph is the Chief of Recreation in this Community where men live and learn and have that Community spirit which isn't always present in such a gathering . . . We meet the Mayor of Center Town . . . 'Course they don't call him Mayor, but Colonel, and he was appointed to his high command as the result of work well done on other fields, but I'm sure that if the Citizens of Center Town were asked to vote for a Mayor, they'd choose the solid and always smiling John Spreckelmeyer . . . He's that sort of fellow . . . Likes his job and likes to have all his Citizens have a part in their Community activities . . . That makes for a pretty good Town anywhere . . . There is Claude Brasted joining our "speed tour" with his speed camera . . . "Pie" Brasted is the "Sparks" at the Town Radio Station . . . We shake hands with men from other Communities such as Scranton and Binghamton, Buffalo and Boston, Brooklyn and Bath . . . And they come from Penn Yan and Geneva, Genoa,—New York, that is—and Watertown . . . Just about everywhere along the way they have gathered here to receive the benefit of good doctors and nurses of good care and comfort to heal their wounds of other years and yesterday . . . These VIP's are our Veterans who aren't being forgotten by folks like Mrs. Mack and her Gray Ladies and Legion Auxiliary members from near-by Wayland . . . This streak of cheerful lightning strikes fast and sure and we shake hands with the men until our time is up and there are still more to see along the top floor . . . We'll just have to meet those fellows next trip to Center Town, and that will be soon . . . Along Avenue Three "A," we come abreast of Al Pecoraro and Albert has been faithfully practicing on his Harmonica and from his prone position on his cot plays a jolly tune, just for us . . . We meet one of those lovelies in white who make a hospital community such a swell place to live . . . She stands in with some of the folks for a picture which they can send home one day soon . . . Leaving the men with a promise to greet them later from their Community Theatre, over the radio, we hurry, and I do mean hurry, across town to another building

where the streets are marked by Companies instead of floors . . . The broad lawns are green and the men are standing alongside their homes gazing proudly at those lawns which they keep in trim . . .

After a delicious supper in the big dining-room where Chris is at his duties as Commissary Officer, and Betty is the "lady in yellow" who looks after the 54 waitresses, who, in shifts, look after the six meals served every day to a packed dining hall . . . Each meal has two sittings . . . And the food is good and hot for all and plenty if I'm any judge, and I'll admit I am . . . Below stairs now where another Red Cross Lady stands before a closed door and admits us after a bit of whispering . . . As we enter a chorus sings out a wonderful "How do you do" . . . This is appreciated by all . . . That's another Mrs. Mack at the piano . . . Dottie Mack, from the Wayland Legion Auxiliary . . . Ethel DeMun is busy, and Ethel Sherman, Betty Pfeiffer is another of this Wayland Team, so are Sally Kimmel and Mary Yocham . . . There is loud applause and a hearty hand-shake with all here below stairs where it is cozy and comfortable and the lights shine bright from the ceiling, shine on *un-seeing* eyes, for these men have given of their sight, somewhere along the road to and from the Wars . . . But, what a jolly place . . . Our singers and instrumentalists sit down and the Blind Boys entertain them . . . Alonzo Lumpkin, whom we met a year ago, sings out heartily his "Chicken Song" . . . And then Herman Clark, who writes his music in Braille, and who has taken to playing the accordion, and playing it well, gives a selection to the cheers of all . . . And finally, Charlie Wincker sings beautifully a beautiful song, "Mother Machree" . . . And Herb leads the men in other songs of yesterday and today . . . After our party Sam Metzger makes a fine talk, thanking us for coming and for all that is being done for them right there in their Center Town . . . Cheered by this band of Troubadours, we move on to the Mess Hall, now filled with the first sitting . . . We chat awhile there, meet a lot of other men, like Willie Bryan, who for 19 years hit the trail from coast to coast as a Clown with Barnum and Bailey Circus . . . Willie hasn't lost that twinkle and smile a good clown needs, although most of the time he is confined to a wheel chair . . . There is Irving Cohen who not so long ago did a lot of penmanship as a Commercial Artist and Irving has made a beautiful badge with all the necessary information on it for this reporter . . . That badge now holds an honored place in my collection of mementoes from along the way . . . A Mr. Gorley wheels alongside to tell us he used to be at the D and C . . . And of course we meet Smokey Joe, Jobe Ware, that is, former member of the Rochester Fire Department . . . And still wearing his blues . . . And Jobe sends along a picture of the Center Town Fire Truck, one of them, and leaning against the shiny front of that fire fighter of today is Smokey himself . . . There is Mitch Bloom asking about Bob Turner . . . They are looking for Bob and the Red Wings to

stop by their Town . . . Tommy Meehan is at the Hammond Organ in the Dining Room and his nimble fingers hurry over the keys and beautiful melodies fill the big room . . . Tommy was a Theatre Organist for many years in Scranton, Pennsylvania . . . We meet others before the sun sinks over the hills back of the little chapel . . . And are the men proud of that Chapel . . . The Colonel led the way in having it all fixed up and they helped plenty . . . We stop for a brief moment to gaze at its simple beauty, a place where all can worship as they choose, in Center Town, U. S. A.

Clarence DeBolt from over Penn Yan way stops to chat awhile just before chow . . . And another Citizen of this Community where care is needed but where the motto seems to be, "help and you will be helped," another grabbed us as we kept moving . . . And this Citizen merely wanted to let us know how grateful he was for the fine Surgeons and other Medics who have been doing everything to help him walk again . . . No high pressured advertising in this Community, just a sincere statement of fact from one who knows the value of such Centers along the way . . . No literature saying you should do this or that or say this or that . . . This Community is not a home for the unfortunate—but a real Community for the fortunate where everybody who possibly can has his daily chores to do . . . That's why the men stop you along the corridors or the walks and smile as they say, "We Like It Here" . . . At eventide, the Theatre is filled and The Chorus and the soloists, along with "Rollie" Tuttle, the whistling and dancing-doll man of East Rochester, who drove over 250 miles to get there, are privileged to have a packed house . . . George McCarthy and Charlie Jones help us plenty . . . All too soon the day has ended, the men of Center Town have gone back to their own Companies or Corridors, there is an added quiet along the River and by the broad lawns . . . And those Red Cross ladies warm up their iron chariots and a band of tired but happy people climb aboard, after a late supper, put on by Chris and Steve and those Ladies of Wayland, climb aboard and head for home and they know they have left a few added smiles and a bit of their talents along the streets and floors of this Veterans Center Town, and they also know they have found a lot of new friends who will have the latch lifted any time they stop by their way . . . And to Mrs. Mack, the little lady who does so much for the VIP of The Veterans' Center just North of the Village of Bath, they all can say—"We Love Her."

## 100 Years of Age

ON THE FRONT cover of the Centennial Booklet put out by the Committee at Wayland, New York, the dates for that observance are announced, August 8-11, 1948 . . . That means that officially the first hundred years of Wayland's history has been recorded in the book of time and that today, Thursday, August 12, 1948, the very thriving Community on the Northern fringe of Steuben County, is beginning its one-hundred-first year of progress . . . But, this morning the Main Street Line of the Air spotlight is still on this Village just over the hill away or along a valley or two from most of us . . . I spent Tuesday afternoon and evening in Wayland, just visiting with many of the folks who were there for two very important events—the laying of a cornerstone at the new addition of the W. H. Gunlocke Chair Company and the giant Centennial Parade that brought out some 10,000 people and really packed Wayland from curb to curb along its downtown streets while cars sprawled out in improvised and regular parking spaces all over town . . . It was close on to four o'clock when I arrived at the Gunlocke Chair Company's factory, a familiar sight to those who have lived or passed through the Village of Wayland during the last 46 years . . . The firm steel girders of the new addition rose high above the workmen who were preparing for the ceremonies that would follow in a few minutes . . . Many townspeople, families of employees and out of town guests, were assembling and exactly at four the shrill whistle announced the day's work had ended for the 400 men and women who keep the Gunlocke Chair Company the largest manufacturer of its kind in the world . . . But those men and women didn't hustle away to their homes but took up vantage points to witness the beginning of a new addition to their factory, an addition which their work and the work of their leaders, down through the years, made possible . . . The Gunlocke Chair Company has many folks who have been with the Company for a long time . . . Howard W. Gunlocke, the young and energetic President of the firm, and a son of the founder, W. H. Gunlocke, took up the business as a youngster . . . H. G. O'Connor, Vice-President and Miss Hilda A. Gessner have 39 years of continuous service to their record . . . Ernie Child, General Manager, 29 years and Mr. Clyde Shultz of Hornell has been connected with the Company for some 40 years and still serves

as its Secretary . . . So you see, The W. H. Gunlocke Chair Company is a pretty good organization, both in building fine office chairs and in its Employee-Employer relationships . . . The latter was stressed by the speaker of the day at the cornerstone laying, Congressman W. Sterling Cole, himself a native of Steuben County and now a resident of near-by Bath, New York . . . Before Howard Gunlocke, as President of the Company, completed the actual ceremonies, many mementoes of today and yesterday concerning the folks at the factory and in the Village and Town were placed in a container, carefully sealed by Bill Schraeder . . . And as Ernie Child put it so well, "Perhaps in another hundred years when this new building will give way to another new building, the folks who look in this box will know more about how we lived and behaved in 1948"—After the ceremonies it was good to chat awhile with "Stub" Cole, to greet Stewart Hylan, the contractor on the job, and Ben Balcom, the ever-alert Sheriff of Steuben County, and Ken Davis was there—Rupert Fain of Rochester; Mr. Martin, the Architect; Ray Ball and Dave Barry of Lincoln Rochester Trust Company; Sherman and Everett Shultz, sons of Clyde . . . And many many others . . . After a grand dinner at The Antlers Club along the shores of Loon Lake right close by Wayland, where we chatted of the past, the present and the future, it was parade time . . . Ernie Child hustled me to the reviewing stand in front of the Post Office where Ernie and Bob Scott, Wayland banker, were to tell the folks who was who, and what was what in the Centennial Parade . . . Long before the Village Fire Siren announced that the Parade had started, the sidewalkers were packed, curb to store front as far as the eye could see . . . But thanks to the generosity of Gordon Cooley a public address system carried the words of the announcers all along the line . . . Gordon and Paul Vogt were on hand every minute to see that everything was in ship-shape . . . Jack Malter of Perkinsville, conceived and organized the parade, and what a job he did . . . You know it takes a lot of folks and a lot of hard work to make a Centennial Celebration a success . . . Wayland's was a success because seemingly everybody took part and they did it with such a willingness and cheerful attitude . . . I heard more than one out of town visitor come by to congratulate Mayor Ed. Pfeiffer on the excellent program and parade . . . This whole idea was conceived and developed by the Wayland Chamber of Commerce . . . Representatives of the various businesses and the town and village boards joined the idea, a committee was picked, Paul Lehman, Wayland's own author, was delegated to write a history of the Village, programs were laid out, days set, and the "go" sign for 100 Years of Progress in Review was up along the streets and was carried to every near-by village and town.

Martin Kimmel, Postmaster, Wayland, New York, was as busy as a one-armed paper hanger selling souvenir books, up and down

the street . . . Now, let's take a word look at that Centennial Parade . . . Led by a Color Guard of World Wars One and Two Veterans, it moved along with ever increasing applause from the thousands of spectators . . . Contrasts in business and industry were shown, the Churches of yesterday with their staunch and rather stiff-backed parishioners . . . There was a grand float depicting St. Peters and Pauls Church which dates back to 1835 with Miss Margaret Gottschall, a descendent of the first person baptised there, playing the organ on the float as the "congregation" sang the hymns of yesterday and today . . . The Legion and the Ladies Auxiliary were out in full force, the Eastern Star had a float, so did the Masonic Fraternity, which depicted a child receiving treatment for Rheumatic Fever . . . Bill Stemple, Farm Bureau Agent, was among those on the Farm Bureau float with its banner shouting—"Better Farming for Better Living" . . . Sacred Heart Church had a replica of the old Catholic Church which was erected on Sandy Hill 'way back in 1836 . . . There was an ancient hearse with long faced undertakers driving the team of equally uninterested horses . . . The VFW Auxiliary of Wayland presented the first Wayland wedding performed by Justice Zimmerman, many years ago . . . Who the couple was has never been determined . . . There were milk cows and milk carriers, all the way from yokes for the hired man to modern streamlined delivery trucks . . . A century of progress, passing in review . . . Long before the Queen's float made its appearance you could hear the applause and the murmur of appreciation . . . This giant float, done in flowers by the Main Street Florists of Wayland, carried, high on a throne, the "Queen of the Centennial" and her attendants . . . That honor went to one of the descendants of Wayland's early families, Miss Sally Ann Capron, daughter of the Charles Capron's . . . Sally Ann, a beautiful brunette, was cheer leader at Wayland Central, sang in the chorus and played in the School Band . . . Miss Sally Ann Capron, in all her regal splendour, a worthy young lady to bear the title of Miss Wayland Centennial. Sally Ann's dad is an officer of the firm, W. W. Capron and Sons, Coal and Produce, a company that started in Wayland back in 1868 . . . A huge pink and white birthday cake float, presented in the parade by the Gunlocke Chair Company, caught the eyes of everyone . . . A huge birthday cake topped with candles and carrying Ann Fairman as a delectable bit of feminine frosting . . . There were Victory Floats and Service Club Floats, the Rotary Club having an old fashioned Square Dance, Fiddlers and all, in full swing, the length of the parade . . . The Grange was in line with a horse drawn wagon of other years, one used to transport the theatrical troupes to the old Weinhart Opera House in Wayland when in the "good ol' days" the opera came to town, quite often . . . Some sort of opera, that is . . . The Methodist Church, which has seen 95 years of service depicted a congregation listening to Dr. Potter conduct an

old time service from the same pulpit that was there when the Church was organized . . . Birds-Eye Snider Company presented a huge Snow Flake with four lovely queens of vegetables as escorts . . . The Wayland Red Cross was represented by several of the services and I saw that good Gray Lady, Mrs. Rilleva Mack, among the passengers . . . From Chapter *One* of the Red Cross came a float that depicted a boy receiving whole blood . . . There were potato digging operations enacted by Jack Bishop, the IOOF and Rebekahs were in line . . . Perkinsville was represented, there was a comedy slant to the Four Freedoms, and the Huguet Division of Stern and Stern Textiles was there with six of their loveliest employees gowned in the very latest nylon evening dresses . . . There was an old Cyrus McCormick reaper presented by the Morsch Truck and Implement Company . . . A 1907 Buick came chugging by to be followed by a 1948 model . . . Quite a contrast and the "merrie" Oldsmobile was there . . . From the Bryant House, which was founded in 1851 came the phaeton, owned by Abbey Livery back 75 years ago . . . There was a scene of "home on the farm"—The Loon Lake Farmers got together for a hayride in the parade . . . And far up front, riding in the luxury their full lives in their Community warranted, were some of the older generation of Wayland's Citizenry, ranging in age from 80-97 . . . A big chair announced the Gunlocke Factory Float . . . And so they came, all contributing, in their own way, to Wayland's 100th Birthday . . . I wish there were time to go into more detail, to give you a further word picture, to tell you about the music, the drill teams and to mention all the folks who helped make Wayland's Centennial a big success, and it sure was just that . . . There is the story of the Dansville Drum and Bugle Corps, a story that is wonderful to see and hear, the same for Wayland, Hornell, Geneseo and York Central School, who sent their bands to aid in the procession . . . And then, from Rochester, Captain John Miles and his Ladies Auxiliary Drill Team . . . What a grand exhibition they put on after the parade . . . I had time to meet Bill Folts, always boosting for Wayland; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cutler were there from over Hornell way; stopped to chat awhile with Maury Swartz, who did such a grand job as Toastmaster at the Centennial Dinner . . . But, all too soon, the hour grew late and I had to leave behind the friendliness of The Village Folks of Wayland and their Neighbors who were enjoying their Birthday Party . . . As I drove up the Valley I could hear in the distance, the music of the Merry-go-round at the Carnival where the children were having fun, and the blare of the bugles of the Dansville Drum and Bugle Corps, mingled with the notes of the Hornell Park Band, the night was calm and peaceful and all was well with the world through which I was travelling . . . And the words of Congressman Cole came back to linger awhile "With the Ropes of the Past, we will ring the Bells of the Future" . . .

## Best by a Damsite

HOW MANY of you listening remember the flood of 1865?—That's 85 years ago . . . I mean the flood which swept all before in the lowlands of the Genesee this side of Mt. Morris . . . I'm told that during that flood, Railroad and hi-way communications here in Rochester were severed while business and residential areas wallowed in a torrent of eight feet of water . . . Since that disastrous flood of '85—twelve other water rampages of destructive proportions have visited the River Basin of the Genesee, the latest being in 1942 . . . The History books tell us that although records of flood damage date as far back as 1800, no connected effort for prevention measures in the Genesee was undertaken until after the flood of '85 . . . In fact it was in 1889 when the first study for the construction of a dam in the Genesee was made by the State of New York . . . The purpose then was to regulate the flow of waters for the Erie Canal and not for flood protection . . . But now the sluggish waters of the Genesee which seem so lazy in their daily movement North, will have a checkmate for the lowlands below Mt. Morris as the construction of a huge dam goes on day after day, night after night . . . It was some nine years ago when the Buffalo Engineer District of the War Department submitted a report it had been assigned to make by the Congress of the United States . . . That report recommended that the Genesee Valley Gorge near Mt. Morris was the spot, and three years later advance plans for the construction of the project was approved by the Chief of Engineers and authorized by Congress . . . The purpose of this dam is the creation of a 17-mile long basin, or reservoir, for the controlled storage of the flood waters of the Genesee River which annually cause devastation to thousands of acres of fertile farm land and considerable damage to extended residential areas and business developments along the Valley . . . It was on January 23, back in 1948 when the contract for construction of the Mount Morris Dam was awarded to the newly organized Mount Morris Dam Builders, Inc., consisting of five individually incorporated construction contractors . . . Three months later construction work was begun . . . At the invitation of Col. Herman W. Schull, Chief of the Buffalo District, Corps of Engineers, it was my pleasure to tour the Dam on Tuesday last under the guidance of J. E. Harns, resident Engineer for the Corps; Hugh Kramer, Assist-

ant Engineer and Roger Repp, PRO Officer of the Buffalo District . . . Mr. Harns, a veteran of 25 years with the Corps, came on the job in 1948 directly from his work at the great Shasta Dam in the Sacramento River Valley in California . . . As we sat in his office, high above the South Bank of the muddy River below, we heard the story of the gigantic preparations, the testing and planning needed before the Steel helmeted men could begin their search in the River bed for the solid foundations upon which the giant structure would rise to hold back the River as needed in flood times . . . The walls of the Resident Engineers Office are covered with maps, charts, blueprints and other data, showing a day by day development of the Dam . . . Of course the first Big Job was to construct Cofferdams in the River to check the flow so that the abutments could be put in . . . This of course after the machinery for building was in place . . . Again from the Shasta Dam project came the huge Tail Towers, firmly placed on the edge of the gorge on either side and from which two three and a half inch cables stretch across the yawning chasm . . . Working continuously from midnight on Sunday until midnight on Saturday, the 24 hour process began in Spring weather and has moved steadily, except in freezing weather, for nearly three years now with a tentative completion date for the Summer of 1952 . . . Plunging the tools of the trade through the River Banks of sand and gravel, clay and shale until a solid bed of limestone was reached, the Engineers and workmen found that all across the River Bed only about three feet difference in the floor of rock was evident . . . The Tail Towers are huge cable anchors on tracks weighted down with 500 ton blocks of cement. There were other intricate mechanisms installed after careful planning on more drawing boards, and today as the big buckets move from the cement plant on the North bank, one man alone controls the entire process . . . In fact, the Bell-Boy, far below the surface, with ear phones and mic, and bell, keeps the crew-men in the Control Houses above the River informed of each move of the buckets and as the Tail Towers roll back and forth under the press of a button the buckets of cement, weighing many tons, can be placed within inches of wherever needed . . . One thing that impressed me was the complete lack of hustle and bustle and yet the continuous movement of the cable cars carrying the buckets to where a great hook reached down for them and lifted them high over the dam and then as smooth as the notes of a symphony, carries them along the big cable to where the Bell Boy gives the order to lower away . . . Already millions of tons of stone, sand and cement have been mixed at the plant and carried to its spot in the rising monoliths . . . Since April of this year, the swinging buckets have placed, pile upon pile, 350,000 yards of cement, in weight that is 700,000 tons and by the time the Dam is completed some three billion, 20 million pounds of cement will have gone into the structure to hold back the waters of the Genesee

as needed, which Mr. Harns told me is enough to pave a two-way cement hi-way all the way from Rochester to Buffalo . . . As the cement is poured under the careful eye of the workmen, most of whom come from the Mt. Morris area, there are other jobs to keep going . . . As of now the Coffers Dams, which have served their purpose, are being removed from the River and Great shovels are inching back toward the banks, day by day, taking away the dirt and stone which filled the Coffers . . . Huge Deisel Trucks roam the edge of the river carrying away the temporary dam as the permanent structure rises above them some 246 feet from the solid rock bed of the river . . . I didn't get across the River to where William Greely, Project Manager for the builders, has his headquarters, but we could see the movement of the flat cars, the cranes, the mixing plant and the washing process . . . Yes, all the four sizes of stones used in the mix are carefully washed and even the sand used in the cement gets a thorough crushing before mixing . . . And you know, those engineers are constantly watching their growing child, taking temperatures of the dam as its growth develops . . . And a record of those temperatures is kept as carefully as a nurse keeps the temperature of her patients . . . It will take some years for the Dam to cool off after the billions of tons of cement are in place and the last forms taken away . . . And the "fever" must not be allowed to go down too quickly, or too slowly for that matter . . . With each passing hour, those in the know, with many years of study, carry on that study by watching the reactions of their Youngster, as they have done in many other areas where giant dams hold back rampaging waters or turn their flow into power . . . When completed, the dam, from the visitors towers which will be placed on either bank, will seem like a huge building with water whirling on the downstream side from nine sluices, but inside will be tunnels and steel gates, 18 steel gates in fact, nine for lowering in flood time, nine others standing by in case the original gates should falter . . . Huge hydraulic machines will lift or lower those inward gates at the touch of a button . . . From the top of the bank, Hugh Kramer and I boarded a Jeep and headed for the Burma Road, which clings to the edge of the bank and pitches downward at a 30° grade . . . Along the cliff you observe the men digging with muscle and machines back into the rock for a stairway to the surface or a tunnel to take care of overflow so that the water will not seep under the structure at any point . . . We get back all safe and sound, and look over the broad flat lands above and below the ever rising dam . . . In flood times, above the structure, the waters will rise along the banks to relieve the flatlands below and cease the always present threat of floods and damages . . . The figures, used daily by those who represent the Corps of Engineers and the Builders are fantastic in size and only confuse a poor mathematician . . . But they mean something to those men who built the machines which are building this

structure for the protection of those who live along the flat valley of the Genesee after it leaves the hi-banks at Mt. Morris . . . I left Hugh Kramer at his work shop as the Tail Towers moved majestically and carefully along their solid tracks and the bucket of cement settling down on the rising monolith above the muddy waters, emptied its tons of cement with as little concern as a child might have playing in a sand pile along the edge of a Summer lake . . . Gigantic and simple, huge and easy moving, is this construction of a Dam, which when finished will bring aid to thousands . . . As I left there was an invitation to return, in fact, the Corps of Engineers extend a welcome to visitors at all times and have erected a public parking area on both side of the gorge with an over-look plaza, walkways and other vantage points of observation will be provided and protectively fenced for the visitors' safety.



*"DOWN THE ROAD A PIECE"*

## Grand Canyon of Letchworth

LETCWORTH STATE PARK located fifty-odd miles from where I am sitting, in the beautiful valley of the Genesee River, has been described as a natural landscape of rare quality and unique charm . . . Armed with this information, Mrs. Sisson and I took off on Monday afternoon for an overnight stay at Glen Iris Inn, the Mansion House of the late Dr. William Pryor Letchworth, who gave his riverside home and lands to establish this great outdoor rendezvous for folks who desire to come from near and far . . . Our invitation for a visit had come from three sources—Mr. Wolcott J. Humphrey, Chairman of the Genesee State Park Commission, which includes Letchworth and Hamlin Beach Parks. A. B. Davis, who with his wife and family, manage the beautiful Glen Iris Inn at the brink of the middle falls, and Gordon Harvey, Chief Engineer of the Genesee Park Commission . . . The hi-way through Avon, Genesee and Perry, was hot and the traffic slow . . . At Perry we turned to the left and followed the road signs to one of the northern entrances to this great sprawling wonderland along the hi-banks of the Genesee . . . Carefully observing the Park speed limit of 20 miles per hour, we

drove over the winding roads with the smell of the pines and hemlocks getting stronger and the hot, dry air of the broad hi-ways, changing to a cool, more enjoyable atmosphere . . . It was near five when the big white signboard at the foot of a long grade announced, "Glen Iris Inn, Mansion House, Built in 1859" . . . A turn around the circular drive under a giant tree, and we had arrived, at what is a scene from the past . . . The broad porch and tall, square, white columns gave the home at the edge of the Middle Falls a true Colonial look . . . Inside, Mrs. Freeman, the smiling lady at the desk, was waiting to take care of our reservations . . . A brief walk up the winding stairs to the first floor above and we were most comfortably housed in what we later learned is the Bridal Suite at Glen Iris . . . Low, leaded windows of another year, opened out onto a tiny balcony where just across the way we could see the lip of the tumbling waters and hear the steady tone of the roar as the water hit the rocks—107 feet below . . . A cool breeze came through the open windows and soon we had forgotten the heat of the city and the torrid hi-ways . . . Mrs. Freeman had made us really feel at home when she told us to "come down and make ourselves at home," and that Mr. & Mrs. Davis would be back soon, they had to go shopping to fill the big locker for the week ahead . . . After we had freshened up, down the winding stairs where Pat Davis, daughter of A. B. and Mrs. Davis, the keepers of the Inn, greeted us and suggested a tour of Glen Iris before her dad and mother returned . . . This attractive young lady, dark and stately, won our favor by showing us this home, named because of the many rainbows seen in the falls . . . We visited the "parlor" which remains as it was left by Dr. Letchworth . . . The Library, across the hall is still intact, with many volumes of fine English literature on the shelves . . . There was time to stop and look at the Glen Iris Scrap Book on the Library table and read of other visitors who came that way years ago. Again, up the winding stairway, which Pat told us was made of Chestnut wood of the finest, imported from Switzerland . . . At each landing a bell hung from a beam . . . This intrigued me and I learned they were Swiss Bells and at one time hung from the necks of the Letchworth Herd of Brown Swiss Cattle . . . Each bell is of a different tone ranging from the high at the bottom landing to the low tone along the third floor . . . Dr. Letchworth could tell each of his fine cattle by the tone of their bell . . . Along the third floor is the study of other years, with another impressive view of the Middle Falls and the Gorge . . . Here, as in the parlor and library, everything has been left, as the Master used it in days gone by . . . Back downstairs again for a look at the dining rooms . . . The Small room just off the wide hallway was the main "family dining room" and today some of the many visitors who check in during the six month season at Glen Iris sit at the big square dining room table used by the original master and look out over the broad lawn through huge picture windows, just as guests did in years

gone by . . . We left Pat to carry on her duties at the Inn and strolled out on the lawn, sat at the edge of the Falls, behind the huge stone fence and the continual music of the falls, the breeze from back in the woods gave us complete relaxation and a most satisfied rest . . . Shortly after six, it was our pleasure to meet our host and hostess, the keepers of Glen Iris, Mrs. & Mr. Davis . . . As the dining room is closed on Mondays, we were going down by lower falls to the Cafeteria for supper . . . A. B. and Mrs. Davis, everybody calls Mr. Davis "A.B.",—were most gracious and we rode back through the lengthening shadows near the lower falls where The State has erected, from River Stone and lumber, a large and most attractive cafeteria for the Park Visitors who come for a day or maybe a week, to live in the many cabins or at Glen Iris . . . Inside the spotless and well appointed eating house, a large projector, hidden somewhere behind its own screen, flashes pictures of the Park, the Falls and surrounding area for the diners . . . It is really a magic screen and the huge views of Letchworth in Fall, Winter and Spring, were most enticing . . . In fact, we decided right there to return after Jack Frost's first visit and see what must be a symphony of color added to the ever present symphony of sound . . . Waiting for us at the Cafeteria, were Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey, who had driven over from their home in Warsaw . . . As I mentioned, Mr. Humphrey is the Chairman of the Genesee Park Commission . . . It is good to note that his business is that of Banking and he heads the Wyoming County Trust Company over Warsaw way . . . As we dined, and what a dinner, especially that *Banana Cream Pie*, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Walker joined us with their guests for a few minutes . . . Mr. Walker is the Superintendent of Letchworth Park, and he and Mrs. Walker must like it there . . . They have been at Letchworth for 20 years, and I'm sure the folks there must like them . . . Our meal over, and a good visit added, the Davis' hurried back to Glen Iris . . . There, other guests would be coming in, guests who had made their reservations to come and stay awhile, maybe for a day or two, which I learned later, most usually means a week—and that's understandable . . . Belle and I climbed into the Humphrey's car as Mr. Humphrey wanted to show us the Park before darkness set in . . . I wish all of you could have heard the running account this man gave us at Letchworth . . . You know he is one of many distinguished citizens of our State, who serve on the various Park Commissions, without compensation, and who take a vital interest in seeing to it that our Parks, some 72 of them throughout the State, offer the citizens the best recreational advantages possible . . . Mr. Humphrey told with pride about the plans for the big swimming pool across the way from the Cafeteria which should be ready in another year . . . And I learned later that this enthusiasm of the Chairman isn't just a passing fancy . . . For 42 years, Wolcott Humphrey of Warsaw has been a keen booster for Letchworth and will continue to be . . .

With Mrs. Humphrey driving, we moved again over the winding roads, stopping at such look-out spots as Inspiration Point, where thousands of park visitors can view the Middle Falls, the great Railroad Bridge that spans the Upper Falls with the white spray bursting up in billowy mist . . . Truly an Inspiration . . . On through the quickening darkness to call at the Swiss Chalet, built by the good Doctor many years ago . . . Here, today, Supt. and Mrs. Walker have their woodland home, and although they were not there—Butch, the big and aging English Bull dog, let us view his home . . . There was another stop high above the Big Bend in the River, where someday, Mr. Humphrey trusts, there will be another “Look-Out” for from this point one can see how the river twists through the gorge on its way North to Rochester and Lake Ontario . . . No wonder, those who live close to this great wonderland at our very door-step, love the River, the Gorge, the Inn and all the many other natural wonders that have been left or created for our enjoyment. It was dark when we returned to the Inn and The Davis’ were waiting for us on the big porch with the high pillars, the light shedding a warm glow over the winding driveway and casting friendly shadows through the protecting trees of Spruce and Oak, Elm and Hemlock . . . Guests were still arriving as we sat and talked about other days . . . We learned that Mr. Davis is a native of these parts and it was his father that ran the famous Country Store over Rock Glen way . . . Pat joined us after her evening chores were finished and Brownie, the Glen Iris dog, came along to receive attention . . . And below the never ceasing symphony kept up its constant music . . . The hour was late when we strolled inside to look again at the scrap-book, to wander through the library and to have a late snack right in the kitchen, just as if we were in our own home . . . Midnight and a full moon brought us outside before retiring . . . The River and the Falls, were bathed in a flood of Moonlight, a sight never to be forgotten. As we climbed the stairway to our “Bridal Suite,” there was a last suggestion from our host and hostess to rise early and take a walk along the top of the Gorge to the Upper Falls—A suggestion we planned to keep . . . But once abed, with the cool breeze making it necessary to have a blanket, sleep came with the music of the Falls and it was well after eight when we awakened, refreshed and ready for another day of visits through the Park . . . We missed the early walk, but from our balcony window we could see other guests strolling along the well beaten paths or coming across the lawn toward the Mansion House where from the kitchen the delightful odor of frying bacon greeted them . . . That meant that the Glen Iris cook was busy in his well appointed kitchen, getting pancakes and sausage, or bacon and eggs ready for the guests . . . And soon, we were breakfasting on some of those eggs with large, crisp slices of bacon on the side . . . Delightful fellow, Cook Jack, and although we were not able to stay for one of his Glen Iris

dinners, he told us that a lot of folks come by especially on Sunday when over two hundred turkey, ham or other dinners are served . . . . After our sumptuous repast, we took a stroll to the Upper Falls with the music of the Lower Falls fading away as the roar of the upper falls took up the crescendo aided by a slowly moving train atop the hi-bridge . . . "A. B." took time to show us the Statue of the "White Woman of the Genesee"—her ancient home, which has been preserved on a hill overlooking Glen Iris, and the Council House of the Senecas, who blazed the first trails along the high banks of the River Gorge . . . Awaiting us at Glen Iris was Gordan Harvey, Chief Engineer, and again we were away to explore another Park Area . . . Down to Portageville, across the River and on around to Letchworth Park East, where the men are building another entrance, smoothing off the roads and trails . . . We passed the old Civil War Parade Grounds where in 1862 the 136th New York Infantry was mustered in . . . We stopped at other vantage points, not yet developed to their fullest capacity and viewed the Gorge and the River from the East . . . Gordan Harvey knows his Engineering and it was a wonderful story of ingenuity, of working with Park crews and one or two machines, to bring about more picnic areas, more cabin space and other recreational facilities for "We, The People" . . . We learned about Ray Wolcott, Stone Mason, Artist—who builds with an expert hand with river stone, the many picnic tables, buildings and stairways . . . We passed over the Pennsylvania Railroad where the old Genesee Canal used to run, we gazed at Wolf Creek across the Gorge. There was a wonderful view of the Lower Falls and the Flume where at high water a raging torrent sweeps past the great boulders that rise on either side . . . It was lunch time when we returned home and the Walkers were there to dine with us with a delicious salad and for dessert, cinnamon sundaes, a Mrs. Davis special . . . By three p. m. our visit was over . . . There was an urgent invitation from all to stay, and it was a hard invitation to turn down . . . We left the great house, that has been turned into a fine Inn without the loss of any of its ancestral charm . . . The Davis's sort of fit into the place, so do the Walkers, the Humphreys and the Harveys . . . Nice folks, like their job of presenting a great park, a comfortable home for guests, good food and hospitality, that's the way we summed up our visit to Letchworth Park and Glen Iris Inn . . . We made reservations for October, after the first heavy frost, and we trust we will be able to go back to this Grand Canyon of the East to view again the wonders of nature, that man has improved but not disturbed a great deal in so doing . . . Our Bridal Suite was pleasant and cool, even in the hot afternoon, the lovely arrangement of Iris' on the bedroom table hadn't lost the fragrance it had when Miss Pat first arranged it . . . The windows were open and the balcony inviting—even the transparent windows in the front door, downstairs which had come all

the way from Coblenz, Germany, nearly a hundred years ago, were more attractive with the afternoon sun shining through them . . . We liked this home of the rainbow, just 50 miles away, and highly recommend the Park, the Inn, the People who look after both . . . But if you're going to stop awhile at Glen Iris, either for a dinner or overnight, be sure to make reservations . . . You know, the book in the front hall shows guests from Cleveland, Detroit, New York City and other places, as well as those near-by . . .

Instead of a thought for today—I'd like to leave you with the words engraved on a great rock at "Inspiration Point" at Letchworth, an inscription dedicated to William Pryor Letchworth, the donor—"GOD WROUGHT FOR US THIS SCENE BEYOND COMPARE. BUT ONE MAN'S LOVING HAND PROTECTED IT AND GAVE IT TO HIS FELLOW-MAN TO SHARE."



"DOWN THE ROAD A PIECE"

## Hayin' Time

**DROVE SOUTH** to get the first word picture of a Summer week-end . . . Same road I've travelled many times . . . Same road, yet different each time I travel that way . . . Machines along the neat rows of beans and potatoes; big machines doing thrice the work the old grey mare used to do when hitched to the one-hoss cultivator . . . Other machines ready for hayin' time; some in operation on the Alfalfa and Clover . . . Cutting wider swaths and neater ones; raking and baling all in one process . . . Sort of missed the Hayin' Time picture as I remembered it . . . Big team on the mower, long blade cutting clean and clear until a rock was hit . . . Maybe a broken knife on the long bar; left the team standing and walked back to the barn for a new bar . . . Chisel off the old blade, rivet on a new one; and then the grindstone standing just under the appletree next to the woodshed; early morning or late evening turning slow and steady as grandad held the blade or knife close and the water from the punctured tin can leaving a steady drip on the stone; Rainy days, move the grindstone just inside the open woodshed door and turn and turn until it seemed one was going around

with the big stone, which was getting a bit smaller every year . . .

Let's see, where was I in hayin' time? . . . Team standing in the field, waiting for the return of the cutting bar . . . 'Round and 'round the big field the team drew the mower; long stems of Timothy falling in neat rows . . . Field getting smaller as the turns become more frequent and the click, click of the sprocket on the wheels warning the women folks that the work of mowing was getting on in the big lot over the rise from the house . . . And the man on the mower knowing full well that dinner was cooking', because the sun was getting nearly overhead and the smoke from the kitchen chimney began to increase over the knoll . . . Then the dinner bell . . . Unhitch the team, being careful to see that the cutting bar is disconnected; might lose a finger pretty easy . . . No time to unharness the team . . . They eat standing up with their working clothes on, maybe tied to the tree in the orchard close by the hay field and there munching their noon-day meal . . . Sun still hot after dinner . . . Time to relax for a few minutes on the front stoop and then back to the mowing . . . All finished by three . . . Good drying day . . . Sometimes start the raking where the hay had been down the longest . . . Now the team moves across and back at the urging of the driver . . . Hay piles up quick under the many teeth on the high wheeled rake . . . Closer the rows, better the crop . . . Youngest feller in the family doing the raking . . . Other men folks start cocking up . . . Hot job too . . . But many hands made light work . . . Maybe the neighbor from across the way comes by to help . . . He's finished with his hayin' and knows that his neighbor needs a hand . . . Time out at the North corner of the field, nearest the house, big straw hat comes off and a huge bandana is whipped from the blue denims and wiped across a tanned face . . . A quick look under the hay cock there at the corner and out comes a jug . . . Cork out, sling it over the shoulder and listen to the gurgle of a refreshing drink . . . Maybe water, maybe egg-nog with the last of the cider from the cellar . . . Talk about "Yum, Yum, Good" . . . Boy on the rake spies the men-folks having a draw at the jug and hurries his work and the team . . . Soon, the raking is done . . . Team stands, heads down, just restin' . . . Unhitching starts and then a drive down the long lane to the barn . . . A stop at the watering trough . . . Horses like refreshments, too . . . Inside the big harnesses are slipped off . . . They are kind of hard to handle, especially by a little fellow . . . But the team knows and cooperates by not stomping around much, except to scare away the flies . . . The big shepherd has been out a-field all day, running rabbits or woodchucks but knows it's getting along toward milking time . . . After the team has been taken care of, off goes boy and dog to round up the cows . . . And just as they make the turn in the lane at the knoll above the hay field, the men finish cocking up and with pitchforks flung over the shoulders, along with the jug,

they start toward the barn . . . And the boy looks back over the broad field where that morning the Timothy stood tall and waving in the southerly breeze . . . Now, it's down and cocked in neat rows awaiting the morrow when it will be drawing in time . . . That is if it doesn't rain . . . The boy looks at the neat rows, he smells the aroma of new-mown hay, he hears the bark of Shep and the low moo of the cows . . . And these sounds and smells of the farm at hayin' time register with him although he doesn't realize it then . . . He's dreaming as he walks down the dusty lane behind the cows; dreaming of the city and its big buildings, of lights and broad streets instead of a setting sun and a harvest moon over broad fields . . . And maybe after hayin' time is finished, he'll visit the city to the North, maybe he'll stay there . . . But the farm will call him back, at hayin' time, and as the years go by, which that lad cannot reclaim, he begins to see the broad acres and the hay cocks row on row, he recalls the scent of the new mown hay, and wishes he could go back to the hard work of that other haying time . . . To the grindstone, now laying on its side and acting as a step to the new milk house . . . Then he thinks of the day when the hay was drawn . . . Three teams in the field at once, big operation . . . Two neighbors and grandad working together with all the boys and hired men . . . The boys did the loading, the men pitched on . . . The big fork that ran along the track in the top of the gabled roof barn, dug deep into the load and the old blind horse brought in from pasture, hauls the fork full by a process of ropes and pulleys to the peak and then across the top of the barn where a yank from the trip rope dumps the hay in the ever growing mow . . . Some of the men are mowing away, others setting the fork, while others climbed aboard another hay rigging to go pitch on another load . . . Hayin' Time was hard work . . . But enjoyable and always well attended . . . Today, it's big rubber tired wheels that have taken the place of Dobbin's hoofs plodding along at the command of a youthful and proud driver . . . The machinery of today has outmoded dobbin and the whole business of haying is done right in the field . . . But the aroma of new mown hay is still there, although the neat rows of hay cocks have gone in most areas . . . The bailer is attached to the sweeping rake, pitching on and loading and mowing away are gone . . . Especially on the big farms of today . . . Once in a while as I drive along, I spy a team pulling the wagon and hay riggin' toward the field and I'm tempted to stop and ask, "Could I load this one, I used to be pretty good at it?" . . . Probably I'd get a doubtful look because one would wonder how that chunky, slightly bald fellow with the pale complexion and the soft hands, ever handled a pitchfork . . . But, by golly, I did, and I'm proud of it.

## "Belly-Whoppin'"

HAD A NOTE yesterday from the Secretary of the Old Forge Winter Sports Association, Inc. . . . Now I do not know this secretary personally, nor am I acquainted with the Association she represents . . . However, her letter did stir up some pleasant memories in the old noggin . . . Seems that yesterday marked the 1952 opening of the Ski School for Old Forge children . . . One Max Bolli enrolled 105 children in the various classes held at Maple Ridge Open Slope . . . Of the total enrollment 28 were primary graders receiving their ski instructions . . . This Old Forge Ski School program, believed to be the first such in this country, is entering its sixteenth year . . . This same Max Bolli, Swiss Ski Instructor, organized the school in 1937 . . . With the exception of three seasons he has directed the school since its inception . . . According to this note, it takes only a few minutes observation from the Ski Hut at the foot of Maple Ridge Slope in Old Forge to see the results of the school children's training . . . When most children are "belly-whoppin'" on sleds, Old Forge children are schussing the slopes and practicing jumps and Christanias . . . That's the end of the story . . . But not the end of *my* story . . . What a difference the years make in the endeavor of mankind . . . I'm aware that those who live in the land of snow and ice are adept at the various winter sports . . . And today those sports are as elegant as any of their counterparts . . . But I'm wondering if this school business isn't going to take the fun away from what the story called "belly whoppin'" . . . I used to attempt to keep erect on a pair of skis as a lad . . . In fact I tried to stick to skis, without the advantage of a Swiss Instructor, until a fateful day on a slope not far from Ithaca, New York some twenty years ago . . . The resultant spill and the dive into a hard snow bank left me scarred a bit and with a firm resolution never to try again . . . I haven't . . . As I read the letter from Old Forge I wondered if those "primary graders" will receive marks for their adeptness at skiing . . . Other than those contracted in the course of training . . . Skiing to me meant two barrel staves, carefully polished on the beveled side with soap, or some other substance, and for straps a couple of bits of harness from the barn . . . They were tricky sticks, those barrel staves and if perchance one couldn't navigate upright on them, there was always the delight of sitting down and taking the hill in good order, regardless of whether the skis stayed with you or not . . . If they didn't it was a little rough on the corduroys, but they would always dry out behind the kitchen stove by

morning . . . The improvised skis were only a part of our winter program—not so many years ago . . . There was the old sled, home made, which came down from the attic along about November . . . Usually it got a coat of fresh paint and it might be found, year after year, under the tree in the front room on Christmas morning . . . And, as I recall, with that new paint, it was just as glorious as it had been the year before . . . It wasn't much of a job to build a sled that would serve in many ways the winter program for the lad or lassie who took many a "belly whopper" 'ere Spring rolled 'round again . . . And they were sturdy structures made to last from generation to generation, . . . Out back of the barn, or over behind the old orchard there was a slope that would be glazed over, always by Christmas . . . And if the size of the youngster allowed, this home-made sled could be picked up and from a running start and the "Belly Whop" it would glide for many a yard to the creek which ran through the meadow at the foot of the slope . . . Then, there was the long walk back, or perhaps, if enough persuasion could be administered and if some of the big boys were along, one might hook a ride . . . That part of the program disappeared as one grew bigger and what had been a comfortable ride became a walk back up towing another youngster . . . Great fun "belly whoppin'," wasn't it?—Then there was the big hill over by Paddocks . . . You didn't get to try this one until you were pretty well grown up . . . These bob sledding parties were usually at night, under a winter moon . . . The sled might be one that would carry ten or a dozen . . . A long affair made from the finest plank turned out at the Jubbertown Saw Mill the summer before . . . The runners were of classic design and the steering apparatus would make an engineer green with envy . . . 'Course it took some doing to get to be a steersman on this gleaming carry-all . . . The long hill was the main hi-way North and South, but in the dead of winter the only traffic was the farmers' sleighs going to and from town and those trips were taken in the daytime . . . We had the hill to ourselves . . . Seems like we used to go a mile a minute down the steep slope, shouting with the zest of youth and picking up speed with every second until we leveled off on the flat and huddled close together hoping that we would go a bit further the last time than we did the time before . . . And as the evening wore on and the snow was packed harder and harder each ride was a record breaker . . . There were times when we added to the speed by pouring a little water on the rough spots . . . After each slide there was the trek back to the top, seemingly miles away . . . And that sled which had scampered like a demon on the down grade, was like a dead elephant on the way back, especially if one of the lovelier and more delicate girls just had to ride, she was too frail to walk . . . But the big boys on the farm solved that, in part, with one of the horses doing extra duty when that horse probably would have enjoyed his rest in the warm stall, munching hay, until sleep

came over him . . . The only trouble with the horse drawing the sled back to the top was that somebody had to walk him down again . . . I doubt if we ever had room for the horse on the bobs . . . We might have tried it though—nothing escaped our ventures . . . We didn't get cold on those night sledding parties . . . However, along about nine which was very late, a call from the house at the foot of the hill, or the one at the top, warned us that the evening's Winter Sports Program was over for another day . . . And the whole kit and kaboodle would file into the big warm farm kitchen where hot cocoa, or ginger bread, or popcorn would be waiting . . . Then you "walked" the girl-friend home, if you were lucky to have one . . . A girl friend, that is . . . That took quite a time . . . Houses weren't too close together in those days, not so long ago . . . And maybe, just maybe, you stood too long drawing pictures with your foot in the snow by her front door, no it wasn't the front door, that one was usually corked up in winter . . . And then not knowing what time it was, except that the moon seemed nearer the horizon and was casting long shadows on the snow which brought forth all sorts of imaginative wild animals and you ran home and there was a light in the kitchen and the woodshed door was open . . . You brushed off the snow the best you could, and once inside the kitchen took off the wet boots and leggins and piled them behind the stove, where the menfolks' jumpers and boots were already steaming and drying . . . And, if you were too late, there was a "talking to" you didn't relish or perhaps, if you had stayed too long at the other house, a return to the woodshed and a warmer greeting with Granddad's razor strap . . . And if one had been listening there might have been sobs coming from the cold confines of the upstairs bedroom a few minutes later as the heat of the strap burned slowly away . . . But by morning the licking was forgotten and the same Granddad who used the strap the night before was welcoming you to a big breakfast of home-made sausage and pancakes, BIG ONES, which had been "set" the night before . . . And the red sled standing by the woodshed door looked even more inviting and soon, with maybe the neighbors' kids, after the chores were finished, you were out back of the barn or behind the orchard, "belly whoppin'" again . . . Fun? Sure! Danger? Yes . . . Excitement? Plenty . . . But maybe, just maybe again, when it came night time and supper was over and you asked, "Could you go over to the big hill for another evening of bob-sledding . . . The answer came in unison from the older folks: "No, you stayed out too late last night—tonight you're going straight to bed"—And you did! . . . And there were more tears and the wet pillow was so cold against your cheek in the upstairs bedroom all alone in the dark wondering who was over on the hill and who would be walking home with the girl who lived down the road a piece . . . But all that has changed and the story today is, "When most children are "belly whopping'" on sleds, Old Forge

children are learning to properly schuss the slopes and practicing jumps and Christianias"—Wonder if they are having as much fun as we did? Probably are, in a different sort of way.



*"DOWN THE ROAD A PIECE"*

## Signing Off!

**H**UNDREDS OF stories were broadcast along The Main Street Line of the Air during the past eight years. For publication I have selected the fifteen stops from "Down The Road a Piece" which listeners indicated were of most interest to them.

I'm most grateful to all of you out there "along the way" who have been so faithful. Your letters and cards, your calls and invitations to visit your Town have helped keep the Main Street Line Open and in order. Thanks for listening and thanks for sending in for your copy of "Down The Road a Piece" . . . I would be remiss indeed if I ended this postscript without a special Thank You to the folks at Lincoln Rochester Trust Company for publishing this book in answer to your requests. And to Raymond N. Ball, the man among us we all know and love so well, for giving me the opportunity of opening this Main Street Line and for his foreword to this book, my sincere thanks indeed. And now I see the end of the final page is approaching and what better way to end this story than a thought for the days ahead:

**"NO MAN IS ANY BETTER THAN THE LAST IMPRESSION HE LEAVES."**

And with an earnest endeavor to live up to that motto may I simply say, My BEST to YOU and YOURS, wherever YOU or THEY may be.

Sincerely,

AL SISSON



