1891 - 1968

Macedon's Heritage Laureate

Our Neighbor

Helen **Edna** Plumb

Dear Neighbor,

To-night I walked across the wide veranda of a neat white house, and stepped into the past. A sweet, silver-haired lady, who has seen eighty-three years come and go, was my guide.

Miss Elizabeth Purdy lives in the home of her birth, on Bickford Street in Macedon. She lives alone, surrounded by a host of memories and mementos of the early days of Macedon, and of her pioneer family.

Miss Purdy was born on February 26th, in the year 1872. In the year 1829, her grandfather, Alexander Purdy, had built the first general store in Macedon. After several fires, in another location on Main Street, a brick building was built on the corner of Center Street. The Post Office shared half of the building. The space is now a parking lot. There was a large black walnut tree in front of the store which the community used as a community Bulletin Board.

Purdy's" became a Macedon institution that lasted 100 years. An excerpt from an 1888 advertisement tells a lot about Purdy's business philosophy. "Don't be lured off to Rochester by alleged great Bargains. We can sell as cheap as they can a fair thing is a pretty thing. Here at home is where you get accommodation when short of funds, sick or in trouble. Then give your money to your own tradesmen at home; Purdy's."

It was operated by her father, Ira L. Purdy, until his death in 1902. Her mother, Hannah Purdy, who lived to be ninety-four years old, then took over the store. Allen and Elizabeth Purdy, operated the store until 1929 when Macedon saw the last of Purdy's.

The days of the general store were fondly recalled by Miss Purdy. Visions of old fashioned chocolate drops, rich and creamy, and jars of penny candies, bolts of yard goods and boxes of tea, and the excitement of preparing the store for Christmas, were brought to life with her stories. She remembered that the tea, green and black, came from Japan in large ornate boxes rich with Japanese designs, and lined with lead foil. Her father was a master at the art of packaging the tea for customers. It was measured out one-quarter, one-half, and whole pound lots onto sheets of white paper. These packets were then folded intricately after a fashion which required a remarkable amount of dexterity, and replaced in the chest until sold.

One of Miss Purdy's choice possessions is a tea caddy brought by her maternal grandmother from England. It is a beautiful rosewood creation, with inlaid mother-of-pearl design. Its soft, lustrous cover opens to reveal two compartments, each to hold one-half pound of tea. A tiny silver spoon with fan-shaped bowl accompanies the caddy.

Her grandmother and grandfather Baker tell about their yearly trips to Quaker meetings, by way of the old Erie canal. Groups of men and women made many an excursion in this manner, the men chatting seriously and the women with knitting needles flying, throughout the long trip.

Miss Purdy not only possesses a treasure store of memories of her own life in Macedon, but also a rich collection of mementos of her grandmother Baker's life in England. She has never been to England, but she has a beautiful picture of her grandparents' home in Yorkshire, painted in minute detail by an English cousin. Her grandfather built his cobblestone home, which still stands in Farmington, as a reminder of his former home in England.

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Miss Purdy, glancing lovingly at her mother's fragile wedding china and graceful decanter set, remarked that she loved beautiful objects. Her eyes caressed the delicate green shadings and lacy flowers on the graceful chocolate pot which she, herself, painted in the days when her eyes were stronger, and painting china was her favorite pastime. That was my last impression of her, in the midst of the dignified beauty that survives the test of time.

Reluctantly, I became aware of the fact that the hands of the clock were approaching the departure hour. With one more lingering glance at the beautiful polished Captain's chair of grandfather Baker's, the Lincoln rocker, and all the other cherished heirlooms, too numerous to even receive proper recognition in the space of one evening. I said good-bye to neighbor, Elizabeth Purdy.

I paid a mental tribute to this truly grand old lady of Macedon, who has added a touch of beauty to your life and mine by giving us a glimpse of her memories and treasures. It was a truly delightful and memorable experience, meeting our neighbor, Elizabeth Purdy.

Sincerely

Your Neighbor

Dear Neighbor,

Last night I paid a visit to a doctor. I wasn't ill, and he didn't charge for my call. Instead, Dr. Cyrus Packard Jennings made my life richer by sharing, with me and with you, the wealth of memories he has accumulated since he hung out his shingle in Macedon on the 29th day of May, 1894. He was twenty one years old at the time, owner of New York State License number 417, and a twenty nine day old diploma from the University of Buffalo, where he had been the baby of his class. He had been offered a post at the Buffalo General Hospital, but chose instead the life of a country doctor, and he has served his neighbors long and faithfully as a general practitioner. Although he is no longer engaged in active practice of medicine, he still fulfills his duties as Village Health Officer, a position he has held for sixty years.

As he reminisced, Dr. Jennings drew memories, not only from his own eighty two years of life in this community, but also from some of his mother's treasured recollections of the early days of Macedon.

One of her pet stories concerns a Mr. McGinnis, one time United States Senator from Montana. Part of his early life was spent in Macedon and he attended the old Tannery School with Dr. Jennings' mother, Joanna Packard. During a snowball battle young Joanna and Helena Herendeen outmaneuvered the future senator, and gave him an icy face washing. Mrs. Jennings was fond of recalling, years afterward, what she had done to a United States Senator.

Dr. Jennings attended both the old and the present Tannery School houses and was enrolled at the Macedon Academy at the age of twelve. He received his academic diploma from this institution before he was old enough to be accepted at he University of Buffalo, so he occupied the intervening time teaching school at the schoolhouse west of Macedon. For twenty weeks he walked daily from Macedon Center to the school, and, at the end of the terms, proudly carried away his stipend of sixty dollars, or six dollars a week.

One night, in the early days of Dr. Jennings' practice, he was called to a canal boat, tied up at the Macedon docks, to aid in the delivery of a baby. The little cabin was in neat and orderly shape, all necessities were in readiness, the delivery was successful, and the happ;y parents, with their new crew member, moved on immediately. The young doctor forgot about the case until several years ago. At this time a young woman appeared at the door and announced herself as the child he had brought into the world on a canal boat. Dr. Jennings remembers, with pleasure, the delightful visit that followed with the daughter and her mother, who had wished for many years to see and talk with the doctor she had never seen since the birth of her daughter.

When Dr. Jennings began his practice, there were only two telephones in the vicinity. One was located at the drugstore in Macedon and the other at the general store in Macedon Center. The doctor, and others who were interested in the welfare of the community, worked to bring the benefits of telephone service to this area. As a result of their efforts, the Wayne-Monroe Telephone Company began service, about 1904, to forty subscribers in Macedon. To conscientious Dr. Jennings, this meant better and quicker service to those in need and, perhaps the saving of lives which might have been lost through delay.

Dr. Jennings made himself even more readily available to his patients in 1909 with the purchase of a 1908 Ford. He kept his horses until about 1914, however, because the absence of improved roads made the use of a car possible only in the summer months. Only a faithful horse could make its way over snow filled roads or rutty lanes to a sick patient. Grateful patients, who

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owe their lives to Doctor Jennings' unending devotion to his practice, could tell many a story of how he forgot sleep and food and self to stand by them in their need.

His own favorite topic of conversation, however, is his collection of Indian relics. He found his first arrow head when he was about fifteen years old and, from that, launched an intensive search into the Indian lore of this region. He brought forth, for my benefit, part of his carefully mounted collection, and divulged far more interesting information about Indian activities in this area than this article can properly digest.

This was Seneca territory long ago, and arrowheads have been found around all the main creeks and many of their tributaries. In this immediate locality many articles have been found which indicate positively the locations of an Indian village, a common burial pit, and a white trading post. The pit contained many skeletons and without a doubt belonged to the Eries, Hurons, or kindred tribes who observed a consecration ceremony every three or four years at which time their bodies were removed from their temporary resting places and placed in a common grave. No other such sites have been found this far east. The pieces of bones, gunflints, bear and beaver teeth, knife blades, pieces of copper and other trinkets which Dr. Jennings showed to me, came from the site called, by him and other hunters, "The Boneyard". Although no history mentions this site, they prove that at one time a white trading post existed near the present Stop 28 road.

For several hours, I lived in the world of the redskins and traveled on mercy calls with a real "horse and buggy doctor", but the world of today rudely called me back and I bade our neighbor a reluctant farewell.

My tribute is infinitesimal next to the story of this man's life of service, but I render it humbly, with your thanks and mine, to Dr. Cyrus Packard Jennings whose eighty two years are an epitome of the term "good neighbor".

Sincerely

Your Neighbor

Dear Neighbor,

Tonight, with the help of Miss Elizabeth Turner, we really stirred up the past and brought it to life again. She is an authority on local history, and as she shared with me the results of some of her research, I felt sure it would arouse many memories for some of you who read this letter.

Miss Turner lives in a home which is an integral part of Macedon's early life. It was originally the home of Lyman Bickford, and was located on the corner of Bickford Street and Center Street. When Mr. Bickford desired a more ornate residence, he built a large typically Victorian mansion for himself, and the first house was laboriously moved to its present site on main Street. Here, Miss Turner grew up, with an absorbing interest in the history of this locale. Her interest was fostered by her family, who shared it. When she was doing graduate work for her Master's Degree she became interested in the work of Dr. John Pomfred, who was writing a book on the frontier in New York State. Miss Turner aided in part of the research for the book and her enthusiasm led her to write her thesis on the subject. Since then, she has been active in the Wayne County Historical Society and for some years acted as Village Historian. She was more than happy to share, with us, some of her collection of data on the early days of Macedon.

I couldn't help wishing, as I read the history of Macedon that Miss Turner composed for her seventh grade pupils, that I had been able to study it with her as a teacher. In wonderfully concise, yet picturesque, fashion, it opens to the reader the whole era of western movement, as it involved this area. It brings you from Massachusetts, by way of forest trails, with the first hardy settlers, and guides you through a century and more of progress. Along the way you find the beginnings of other villages besides Macedon, and the development of highways and waterways, schools, and churches. Each landmark is described in such a manner that its identification with the present can be easily established.

The discussion of Macedon and its immediate vicinity covers the purchase of Township 11, which became the Quaker settlement of Farmington. This dates back to 1789, and the remains of the first cabin can still be seen. Many of Macedon's first citizens are named and the part they played in the development of the community is explained.

To augment her own description of these early days, Miss Turner also brought forth and even entrusted to us a priceless treasure, which contains much of interest to all of us. Probably, a lot of you remember that Macedon once had its own weekly news. It was called, "The News Gatherer". Miss Turner has a copy of this, dated November 13, 1903, which she kindly loaned to me so that I might share with you some of its most interesting items.

The outside pages of this particular paper were devoted to a collection of fiction, world news, hints on how to handle a variety of problems, and descriptions of various patent medicines and the ills they would cure. Inside are the vicinity personals and other items of local interest. A description of the fifty-eight convening of Congress and the declaration of the independence of Panama and it s subsequent recognition as a republic were a part of the important world news of the day. There were also crimes in those days, as the paper testifies with its description of several robberies and murders about the nation.

There were bargains galore, advertised to the interested shopper. You could buy a lace collar for $.50 or a yard of outing flannel for $.05. To help you prepare for winter, the local stores were presenting everything from woolen underwear and sheep lined boots to Stewart Oak Heaters,

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plain or with nickel trim. H. H. Purdy offered the finest of coffees at $.10 per pound, but cautioned that supplies were limited. The Macedon Cider Mill offered to get all the juice from your apples at the rate of three gallons per minute.

The local news items informed the readers that the equipment had arrived for the new telephone exchange, and operations were expected to start soon. A citizens meeting was held that week to consider the offer of a Buffalo manufacturer to bring a shirtwaist factory to the town, provided the citizens subscribe half of the capital stock, amounting to $10,000. Several deaths were listed, and the marriage of Nathan D. Lapham and Miss Rose Case was announced. Another item gave the information that farmers were bringing in large numbers of potatoes, and two boats, at the dock, and a number of railroad cars were being loaded. They were receiving $.50 a bushel. Five boats had been loaded with loose apples at $.35 a bushel, making a total of 40,000 bushels of apples shipped. Announcement was also made that the Empire Beet Sugar Co. had delivered its first million pounds of refined sugar for the 1903 season with indications that it would turn out the largest amount of sugar in the history of beet sugar in the county.

I could find many more items in this and the other paper which Miss Turner loaned us, but, once again, space is running out, so we must say goodbye. I must tell you however that the other paper was an even earlier edition, dated July 11, 1895. It is a women's edition of the regular paper and is surprisingly like the women's magazines, so popular today. It contains an assortment of fiction, poetry, recipes, and household hints, along with a few news notes of special interest to women.

We leave Miss Elizabeth Turner, secure in the knowledge that, as long as our children have her and others like her to kindle the spark of community spirit and civic pride within their hearts, our community will continue to grow and prosper. Our fervent thanks to her, not only for the interest she has added to our lives by recalling beautiful memories, but for the guidance she has given and continues to give to our youth.

Sincerely,

Your neighbor

Dear Neighbor,

Last night a vine-covered veranda welcomed me to a home, which has been the homestead of one family for over one hundred years. Inside, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Allen waited to extend to me all the kindness and hospitality which the mellowed old house promised. As they vied with each other to tell me interesting stories, the old fashioned stove in the center of the room warmed the chill of the evening, and, in its shadow, I could almost see three centuries of Quaker ancestors nodding in sedate agreement.

The Allen family does not know exactly how old their home is, but George Allen brought his family by packet boat from Massachusetts and established them here in 1848. Inquiry has confirmed the fact that the house was there as early as 1830. Changes have been made through the years to accommodate the needs of the family, but much of it has survived the years in its original state. A house like this could not help having stored up countless memories during its long life, and Mr. and Mrs. Allen have carefully preserved as many of these as possible. They have gone to great lengths to provide, for posterity, a written record, not only of their own families, but of the entire pioneer history of this area.

A massive desk in the corner, near a bay window full of beautiful plants, produced portfolios full of not only interesting, but valuable information. There were pictures of many of the old landmarks which have now disappeared, together with complete histories of their existence.

One of these pictures showed the Comstock Spring. This was the property of Nathan Comstock, who built the first cabin in Farmington, and was the first water supply to serve the township of Macedon. It still can be seen, although Mr. Allen states that is is now pretty well filled in. Until very recently he made a yearly trip to clean it out and keep it flowing as it did many years ago. Among his files Mr. Allen also has copies of many letters, some written by Otis Comstock, and others by various members of the early colony. The wording of these in the manner of those early days is especially beautiful, and they give the reader a clear picture of the every day life of these pioneers in their new Quaker settlement. As you read of their difficulties and their supreme faith in their God, you can't help wondering if we haven't lost something as we have also gained.

I read a letter written by George Allen to his sisters in Saratoga County. The date was August 27th, 1871, and he was sixty-nine years old at the time. He described for them the Quaker meeting which he had attended at Hicksite Meeting House. He relates that both houses and the grove were filled with people, who numbered about six thousand. Among these were at least fifty preachers, and he states that there was very little silence. Lewis Allen reminisced about some of the Quaker meetings he had attended, many of them where never a word was spoken but the congregation worshiped in inspired silence.

The Allens also showed me many original documents which they cherish. Of these, the power-of-attorney given by a friend to Daniel Allen in 1792 and signed by Moses Atwater, first Ontario County Clerk, is especially interesting. The paper is yellowed but, in the stately script of the times, it still tells the story of a man's trustworthiness, a heritage to be proud of and to live up to.

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I had barely time to skim over the treasures in this room, when Mr. Allen escorted me to the old fashioned parlor. Here he displayed, for my benefit, a magnificent collection of Indian relics which he has been collecting since he found his first arrowhead at the age of eight. Before my eyes were objects which told a story of a way of life which existed even before our pioneers. Smooth and lethal tomahawks and knives, together with stone pestles and scrapers, and arrowheads of many shapes were only a small part of the collection. One object Mr. Allen especially cherished is a small piece of whalebone rope which came from the Mayflower. It was given to him by Naomi Rogers Sadler. The original piece was eighty feet long and has been a precious heirloom of her family for generations.

I wish each one of you could see the treasures enclosed in this home., because I can't possibly do they justice here. I wish each one of you could admire, with Neighbor Allen and his wife, the fine workmanship in the cherry desk made by his grandfather, who died in 1806 and could peek inside the drawers to gasp at the delicate beauty of the golden slippers worn by a great-aunt in 1799.

As I marveled at the fact that the huge clock made before 1700 still marked the time perfectly, I realized that the hour was late and I was keeping these good neighbors up, so I reluctantly parted from them.

Since Mr. Allen prefers that any honors he has earned he attributed to the grace of God, I would like to end by saying, "Thank God for neighbors like Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Allen", who will be thanked many, many times in years to come for the care and foresight they have shown in keeping alive, for future generations, the visions of our forefathers.

Sincerely,

Your Neighbor

Dear Neighbor,

We tripped the light fantastic last night til the wee, small hours. Well, not actually, but at least in memories, as Mr. and Mrs. Byron Lapham regaled me with stories about the neighborhood gatherings of yester-years. Just about every other Saturday night, neighbors and friends would stage a dancing party, often at the Lapham home. Early in the afternoon of the big day, the furniture would be moved out of the way, the rugs would be covered with a large canvas, and the stage was set for one and all to forget the cares of the week in the joys of shared companionship. When tired feet brought dancing to a halt, there were refreshments, brought by the womenfolk. Take a group of friendly neighbors, place them in a house noted for its hospitality, then add a pianist, a violinist, and a caller, and you have a recipe for happiness which seems to have been lost in the shuffle of modern living.

Neighbors of those days shared, not only their good times but were on hand to share each other's troubles. Mr. Lapham remembers that when he and his brother were stricken with scarlet fever, a good neighbor shared with his mother the burden of their care. When illness reigned in the neighbor's home, the favor was returned. Thus did the pioneers build this country, working together, playing together, creating a spirit of community pride which, sadly, is often lacking today. Not one of us would care to give up any of the advantages that we have gained through the years, yet many of us could find new joys if the tempo of our lives were slowed down enough to allow us to know and enjoy our neighbors.

The mellowed walls of the Lapham home, have sheltered members of the same family for one hundred and twenty years. This is where Byron was born, as was his father. This is where Byron and Edna Lapham have spent the biggest share of their fifty nine years of wedded life. They and the house, have shared many memories in the course of all these years, and true to the tradition of hospitality, which has followed the Lapham name from pioneer days, they welcomed me and shared many of their memories.

Among their souvenirs is a set of cutter bells, which announced to the petite lass that her young swain was approaching her South Perinton home, to court. With a twinkle in her eye, Mrs. Lapham recalls that even bad weather never held Mr. Lapham back. He, and a friend who was courting Edna's sister, brought forth expressions of disapproval from her father, one particularly stormy Sunday, because they were foolhardy enough to venture out when everyone else had been snowbound the entire day. The courtship proceeded, however, and culminated in a double wedding on the twenty fifth of November, 1896. Both Mr. and Mrs. Lapham recall the pleasure of their trip, by steam engine, to Rochester for their honeymoon. Their recipe for a happy married life calls for a give and take way of living, with a lot of mutual understanding and no one, watching them in their home today, could doubt the success of their formula.

In 1913, the Laphams bought a new Model T, resplendent with brass. The proud owners could ride around the country side from April to October; then, when winter's snows covered the fields and roads, a sheet covered their shiny car, and they traveled by cutter once more.
Did you ever see a "Farmer's Wreath"? I never had until Mr. and Mrs. Laphamn showed me the one which was made by Byron's Aunt Lucy, and graced their parlor for many years. It is a work

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of art which required countless hours of time to produce, along with an endless amount of patience and perseverance. The seeds of various grains and fruits are varnished or shellacked into intricate forms representing many fruits and flowers. Together, they signify the different seasons of the farmer's year. It is enclosed in a glass case which has reserved its perfect beauty for over half a century. A few grains of popped corn, which form one of the flowers, are as white and tempting as if they had just come form the popper.

Mr. and Mrs. Lapham are both proud of the old and rare dishes she has collected through the years. She has many beautiful pieces of milk glass, cut glass, and sandwich glass, and Mr. and Mrs. Lapham brought them out for my benefit. Many of them are as old as the home which contains them, and belonged to ancestors of both Edna and Byron. It is hard for me to describe each item separately, because in the Lapham home, they are not mere antiques, set aside to be admired, but a part of a home and a way of gracious living, and as such must be admired more as a part of the whole, than as individual treasures.

In the living room, a large sperm oil lamp, with crystal prisms, which tinkle melodiously at the merest touch, adorns a highly polished mahogany table, made of two solid pieces of wood. The lamp is unused now, because of a broken chimney, but I could imagine the beautiful picture the room must have presented, with the firelight reflecting in its prisms and, the mirror like surface of the polished table casting back the reflection.

Mr. Lapham also showed me a left handed sickle, made years ago, so that some left handed ancestor could more easily cut his grain. This, together with a hand wrought iron, spatula, and tongs, now adds interest to the mantel in the Lapham living room.

My cup of tea had been gone a long time, and I had talked to our friendly neighbors long into the evening, so I reluctantly left their cheerful home. As I thanked them for all their kindness, I prayed that God would bless Byron and Edna Lapham, and permit them to be examples to us, of marital happiness and good neighborliness, for many years to come.

Sincerely
Your Neighbor

(11)

Dear Neighbor,

Main Street in Macedon was a hustling bustling place in the early 1900's. The Bickford & Huffman Drill Works was the life of the town, and houses were at a priority. This was the situation when Edwin Youngs bought the Biddlecome Mill, and tried to find a place to move his family from Farmington to Macedon, where they would be near his mill. Finally, he was able to buy the house where Henry Steiger lived, and maintained his funeral establishment. This was the home I was welcomed to last night, Mrs. Harry Collins, who was Lillian Youngs, was my very kind hostess.

It was January 1, 1904, when the Wayne-Monroe Telephone Company first brought the advantages of telephone service to Macedon. They chose, for their first exchange, the home of Mr. Youngs, and for their chief operator, young Lillian Youngs. She not only operated the switchboard, which stood in their front room, but served as billing clerk and collector of fees. There were at the time about seventy five subscribers, and when the phones began to ring for them, they began to ring for Miss Youngs also, for the tiny switchboard was equipped with a bell for each subscriber. From early morning until about ten o'clock in the evening, she was kept busy at her post, serving her neighbors. Her mother was the relief operator, and she took care of the earliest morning calls. The Standard Oil Company, at this time operated a barn near the New York Central Depot, and the man who managed it for them always started his work about 4:30 in the morning, so the switchboard was busy long before dawn most days. Besides the regular services required, Mrs. Collins told me she often took calls on the Bell telephone they had in their home, and transferred them to the recipients on the other end of her line. During baseball season fans waited the results of the games as eagerly as they do today, but there were fewer means of communicating the scores than there are today. Relaying the scores as soon as they came over her switchboard was one of the many services rendered, by Mrs. Collins. For eight years, the telephone company maintained its headquarters in her home, before it was moved and later sold to the Bell Telephone Company.

From her home on Main Street, Mrs. Collins has watched many changes come to Macedon. When her father first established his family here in 1903, theirs was the only house in town that could boast the advantage of electricity. Mr. Youngs had purchased a small dynamo to supply electric power to his mill, and with this he furnished his house and the hardware store on the corner with electricity. Later he bought a larger plant, and supplied the first electric power for the village.

Macedon has at least one citizen, who has no desire to be anywhere else in the world. After Mrs. Collins gave up her position as telephone operator, she was invited to visit a cousin in Winnipeg. This seemed like a wonderful opportunity to a girl, who had never been away from home, and she set out with great expectations. The trip, itself held no terrors for her. Her father had long been in the habit of entrusting, to her, the task of making his business trips to Rochester, and she was accustomed to meeting people, and assuming responsibilities, so she looked forward to her venture into another part of the world. However, eight months away from home were enough to make her thoroughly homesick, and proved to her, that there was nothing better than the little town, which was home to her. She remembers one incident of the return trip which only served to accent her loneliness at the time, though she can see the humorous side of

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it now. The trains of those days did not maintain the strict schedule they do today, so she found herself stranded overnight and forced to wait until the following afternoon to make train connections. She was shown to a hotel, and though she doesn't recall the name of the place, she can hardly forget the experience. At mealtime, she found, that no one in the town could speak a word of English, and she could not speak a word of French.

After Mrs. Collins safe return to her beloved hometown, she continued her career as a telephone operator in several of the nearby towns. While she was engaged in this work, she met her husband who was also employed by the telephone company. When they both gave up telephone work, they returned to the old homestead to raise their family.

The home, which Mrs. Collins had watched her mother struggle so hard to make into the thing of beauty it is now, still retains the grace and charm, which comes only to old houses which have seen life and love in their midst for many years. The Collins modernized the house, as it became necessary over the years, but its light, airy, high ceilinged rooms still speak of the years of family love it has seen. If you should doubt the presence of this family affection, ask Mr. or Mrs. Collins about their grandchildren, who make their home with them. The light in their eyes and the warmth in their voices, as they speak of them, will soon dispel any doubts you might have.

I was perfectly happy in this lovely home, where you can sit in comfort and watch the village as it is today, and visualize it as it was when the telephone first began to make neighborly contacts a mere matter of turning a dial, but I found I must return to my own home since the hour of goodbyes had arrived, all to soon. I thanked Mr. Collins for her wonderful cooperation, and as I turned to go, I couldn't help thinking how well this house and occupants fitted the lines of the poem, "Let me live in a house by the side of the road and be a friend to man."

Sincerely,

Your Neighbor

Dear Neighbor,

"Moonlight and Roses" has long been a favorite theme song of romance, but I found romance last night in a setting of old-fashioned lilacs and snowball bushes. That is where I found Mrs. Duane Wiedrick when I went to pay a neighborly visit. The evening air was fragrant with the scent of the blossom-laden bushes, which surround the serene old house in which Mrs. Wiedrick has made her home for seventy-one years. The snowball bush, which monopolized the setting, was planted there by her mother, sixty-nine years ago, and has flourished all these years. Some of the lilac bushes are mere maidens - They have only graced the scene for forty years or a little better.

This then, is the background for our story of our neighbors, the Wiedrick family, and our leading lady, eighty-year-old Nora Wiedrick. It's a love story, for the Wiedricks have been married since 1894, and their love has flourished through the years, even as the snowball bush in their dooryard. Mr. Wiedrick has been an invalid for a year and a half now, but the love of his family surrounds him to make his days as bright as possible. A devoted son, Leon, and daughter-in-law, Jessica, reside with Mr. and Mrs. Wiedrick, making the family picture complete. But I almost forgot to mention the rest of the family. Basking in the warmth of the affection in the Wiedrick home are their twelve cats., Frequently the roll changes, for Mrs. Wiedrick never turns a stray cat away, and many a homeless, feline waif has found love and security here when others have turned him away. Two of these fortunate animals are brothers who have been with the family for fifteen years.

"Big things come in small packages". This expression must have been written to describe Flora Wiedrick. Tiny little woman that she is, she has found room in her heart to embrace this whole community, throughout her lifetime, and energy in her body to serve her neighbors faithfully. From 1924 until two years ago, she gave of her time every year to work on the election board. I have the feeling that many a voter came to the polls more eagerly than is usual, knowing she would be there to say a friendly, "Hello".

After the first World War, Mrs. Wiedrick mentioned to the pastor of her church, that she thought it would be fitting to have a community Thanksgiving celebration. The community adopted the idea and for eight or nine years after, many of the neighbors in Macedon Center gathered, each year to share the spirit of this thankful occasion. Each family brought a chicken and food enough for the entire family, and then neighbors sat down to a common festive board, as the first colonists did, centuries ago. After the meal, the afternoon was spent enjoying a well-prepared program. Mrs. Wiedrick gave her time and energy to help the young people put on plays and pageants for the occasion. This neighborly custom became only a pleasant memory when the automobile made it easier for people to travel, but harder for them to realize the value of the friendships made right in their own neighborhood.

Fourth of July was also a big day in Macedon Center, The community doings lasted all day. There was a big parade, picnic lunches, pageants, and lots of just friendly good times. It became such a fete that representatives of many of the surrounding villages came to observe, and marvel at the community spirit which made such a doings possible.

All of the Wiedricks are avid readers. It was well known throughout their circle of friends that any book worth reading can be found on the Wiedrick bookshelves. In their younger days, however, Flora and Duane had a more active hobby. In the company of friends they would often

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hop on their wheels and bicycle to Canandaigua to take the excursion on the lake, returning in the early evening, tired but happy. Sometimes the trip would be through Sea Breeze, to Rochester and back home again, but always with the same happiness. Next to her home and neighbors, Mrs. Wiedrick's greatest love is the old Macedon Academy. She was a student there, and graduated in 1892, but her heart still holds tender thoughts of this once proud school. She is always happy when any program is planned to be held in the Academy building, because it gives her an opportunity to be back within it's walls one more!

She looks forward to the reunion of Academy graduates, which is now being held every year. Many of the old friends are gone now, but last year there were about seventy-five of the alumni present. They came from all parts of the United States, to renew old memories and friendships.

Once again the witching hour was approaching, and I found I had reveled in the memories of the past as long as I could, so I said goodbye to Mrs. Wiedrick and two of the cats, who were sleeping cozily on the sofa, sniffed the lilacs one last time, and wended my way home. Here, I had found a soul who is the very spirit of neighborliness, and has spent a lifetime proving it. In all of her seventy one years in this community, I doubt if she has accumulated even one unkind thought about a neighbor. Can you and I ask for any better example to follow than she has set? Humbly, I render our thanks to Flora Wiedrick, not only for sharing her memories with us now, but for sharing her heart with us for many years.

Sincerely,

Your Neighbor

(15)

Dear Neighbor,

It is easy to drift into the land of reveries while you are sitting before a cheerful fireplace, with the dancing flames sending out little reflections to play around the silver crown of your eighty three year old companion. It is easy to spend a perfect evening. When in a perfect setting like this, you are allowed to share the memories your companion has stored up through all these years.

My gracious hostess, on this tour into the past, was Mrs. Fred Jeerings, known to all her friends and neighbors as "Grandma" Jeerings. She spends the biggest share of the winter visiting her daughter, Mrs. Ralph Kinsman, in Rochester, but the first breath of spring reminds her that, out in the country, there is a garden to be taken care of, and green fields to watch to maturity, so she returns to the home in the country.

"Grandma" was born at the foot of Cumorah Hill, January 15, 1872, and came to her present home, in the Town of Macedon, as a bride. Her young husband built this house when he was fifteen years old, brought his bride to it, and lived to see his son bring his bride here. The years have brought all the advantages of modern living to the old homestead, without removing any of its original beauty and charm. Beside the fireplace, an ageless handmade copper tea kettle, brought from the old country by Mrs. Jeerings' grandmother, presides in gleaming triumph over more modern furnishings.

Kate Jeerings has seen many changes come to rural life since she was a young girl. She is proud of the fact that both her husband, and her son, Carl, have been responsible for many of these changes in this area. She remembers how on many cold mornings when she was only thirteen, she worked beside her father in the corn field. It was the custom, in those days, to offer services in exchange for needed supplies, so her father obtained corn for his own needs by husking a certain amount for the farmer who owned the grain. The ratio was usually about eight for the owner, to one for the helper, so her father was glad to have her help. Through the years, before machinery replaced hand labor, "Grandma" managed to do her share of almost every kind of farm work, cutting grain with a cradle, and binding grain behind a reaper. She also managed to earn the huge sum of one dollar a week doing housework. This involved rising at five o'clock in the morning to prepare meals for the family and its hired men. Corn planting time and threshing time meant extra work, for, at these times, when the farmer needed extra hands, there were often seven or eight to board for several days or a week. Her competence is proved by the fact that before she gave up the job, she was earning three dollars a week, top wages for work of this kind.

Young Mr. Jeerings was a carpenter until his father's failing health made it necessary for him to take over the home farm. Now, Mrs. Jeerings can look in any direction from her home and see buildings that are the handiwork of her departed husband. One of the buildings which stands as a lasting monument to his ability, is the school house, on Science Hill, which was built in 1895, shortly after their marriage.

Barns on many of the surrounding farms also pay tribute to their builder, as they weather the years. Barn raising days are only one of the memories out of grandma's past. The carpenter, often her husband, spent many days cutting and notching the timbers, until each piece was fitted together perfectly. Then work was sent to friends and neighbors that the barn was ready to be raised, and all would assemble early one morning to complete the task. Wind mills were built in the same way, completely built on the ground and then raised with the aid of willing hands and a derrick. The spirit of neighborliness was kept alive by these joint projects, because each neighbor,

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as he worked side by side with his friends, knew full well, that when he needed help, the same hands would be turned to his aid.

Great things were accomplished in those earlier days, even though they were done without the conveniences we have today. One of these things is Mr. Jeerings' greatest treasure. It is a framed carving of "The Lord's Prayer", done by her husband. Embellished with many intricate designs, it is a work to marvel at, and, even more so when you are told that it was done in his evening time, with his mother holding a light to enable him to see. The delicate carving has its own gilt frame and place of honor in the Jeerings parlor, along with several other smaller, but none the less beautiful pieces, done in the same manner. Mrs. Jeerings also treasures several diaries kept by her husband during the late eighteen hundreds, which give a graphic picture of life in these days.

"Grandma" Jeerings' appearance and energy give the lie to her birth certificate, but still I felt I had kept her from her rest long enough, so I prepared to take my leave. The old fashioned ways of hospitality still reign in this household though so, before we said goodbye, we had to have a friendly cup of coffee and cookies. If Grandma knows you are coming to visit, she will fill the cookie jar with the most delicious oatmeal cookies you ever tasted, and these, along with an evening filled with memories, I think, are good enough contribution to the cause of neighborliness anytime.

Our thanks, Grandma, and our hats off to a grand old lady.

Sincerely

Your Neighbor

(17)

Dear Neighbor,

The spirits of the pioneers walked the silent, shaded streets of Macedon Center last evening as I shared the memories of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brownell. The very walls of their home are a part of the early history of the Center, for it was built in the early 1800's by Artemas Ward believed, by historians, to be the first permanent resident of Macedon Center. His first clearing, on which he built a log cabin to house his bride, is now the site of the Methodist Church. The present framed house was built soon after the year 1807, and subsequently purchased by Mr. Monroe Carman, Mrs. Brownell's father. Perhaps one of the reasons it is still such a beautiful part of this peaceful community, is the fact that the builder constructed his walls of brick, within their wood frame. One of these bricks, removed from a fireplace which was dismantled, bore the date 1815.

Mr. and Mrs. Brownell both grew up in families who took a great amount of pride in this little village, which had attracted their ancestors from Dutchess County. Both families played an active part in the building of the community and the Charles Brownells have continued their family traditions.

The center of interest in Macedon Center was, for many years, the Academy. Through its doors many a graduate has walked into the world to bring honors to the home of his youth. Proof that pupils came from far and wide is offered by Mrs. Brownell. Her maternal grandfather was sent from Hyde Park, in Dutchess County, to attend the Academy because it offered the best curriculum of that time. Here, he met her grandmother, also a student, and settled down to a peaceful life in the Center.

Mr. Brownell's family migrated from Hoosick to this land of promise. Once here, they became an integral part of the life of the community. For several years, previous to 1880, John Brownell operated the general store in the Center. After he gave up the store business, he served as Turnkey at Lyons jail and also as a Deputy Sheriff.

Mrs. Brownell is an ardent collector of items, which, she feels might be of interest at some future date. Her friends find this a most valuable service to them when she comes up with a clipping of interest to them. Among the memorabilia which the Brownells have carefully preserved about the early history of Macedon Center is a copy of the first edition of a monthly, entitled "The Sentinel". It was published by Frank Hicks and edited by Lewis Clark. The first issue bears the date of January 15, 1885. It is followed by editions from every month of that year and one from January, 1888. During the course of its publication, the name was changed to "The Centre Item", but its context remained virtually the same. Items of local interest at that time, advertisements of local merchants, a story or two by students ant the Academy, all printed on fine paper, and, in excellent print, have stood the test of time remarkably well. The initial copy gives a brief a brief resume of the history of Macedon Center to that date. In 1885, the village was sixty years old, and the Academy was in its forty-third year. The merchants advertised were George Mansfield, J. W. Colburn, blacksmiths; George Dick, coal, George Ardell, fine boots and shoes; and Frank B. Hicks, grocer.

The February issue announced the opening of the Spring Term of the Academy. The publisher urged all parents to send all children between the ages of 12 and 20 to this term because, at this time they could be spared from work much easier than in the Fall, and the weather would not be

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a hindrance to frail children, who might have some distance to travel. Tuition was $5.25 for Common English Branches, $6.25 for Higher English Branches, and $7.25 for Languages. The next month, the publisher commented on the prevalence of sickness in the Center, and suggested that a good doctor was needed since it was necessary to call two or three doctors from Macedon and Palmyra every day.

I wish each one of you could pore over these treasures with me. I am sure each of you could find something of particular interest to you. Recalling old times is the most interesting occupation I can think of, and when good neighbors, like the Brownells, share, with you, something as priceless as these papers, it becomes even more fascinating, and you long to share it with all of your other friends and neighbors. I am afraid, however, that I am going to have to close the pages before I start elaborating of the news that, in the year 1885, it rained six days out of seven during August and part of September; the telephone was expected to soon become a thing of the past; or that naval and military authorities were worried that a fleet of ironclad ships could reduce New York City to ashes, along with all other defenseless seaport cities.

Inadequate as it may be, I tender my thanks to the Brownells for allowing me to share, with all of you, this interesting data from the past. As they have done all their lives, once again they have proved what good neighbors they are, and for this, we pay our tribute to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brownell.

Sincerely,

Your Neighbor

Dear Neighbors,

Mrs. Hannah Wilcoxen lit the lamp of memory for us yesterday, even as her husband, Walter Wilcoxen, lit the lamps of Macedon years ago. Fed from a reservoir of eighty-four years of memories, the lamp burned brightly as we wound our way from the little white house on Lapham Street, back through the years, to the early days of Macedon. My romantic concepts of a lamplighter's job, fostered, no doubt, by the poem I loved in childhood, were slightly altered by the time Mrs. Wilcoxen had told me of the countless, blackened chimneys which had to be washed as a part of her husband's job. The lamps also had to be filled and cleaned daily, and it was a long and tedious task.

Mrs. Wilcoxen's memories of Lapham Street go back to the days when she was little Hannah Eliza Haynes, who accompanied her mother as she delivered butter and eggs. Today, from her wide windows, filled with lush, green plants, she can look out on a well paved macadam street, lined with other beautiful homes, but her earlier recollections are of a grass filled lane, with one, lone house at its extreme end. It was hardly more than that, when she and her husband built their home here in 1891, and she has watched it grow to its present populous state.

The big, black walnut tree, in front of the post office, is a familiar sight to Main Streeters. Like a sentinel on a lonely watch, it stands guard over the center of the village. How many years it has stood its post - I do not know, but I do know that it was a feature to take note of, even in the year 1885. Along with other news of the day, a newspaper published in that year, "The Macedonian", contains an advertisement advising customers to, "Go to Purdy's. At their new brick store, Corner of Main and Center Street. At the Sign of the Big Black Walnut." It also announces that articles of exchange will be accepted. This was only one of the rare, old newspapers Mrs. Wilcoxen has in her possession. Another goes back to 1800. It was published in Ulster County and tells of the death of George Washington. Its columns are bordered by large black lines to show mourning for the great general.

In our trips down memory lane, with our good neighbors as guides, we have been fortunate enough to come across several, different newspapers, each containing many items of interest to all of us. The earliest publications we have found from Macedon, however, are two copies of the "Macedon News and Advertiser", which are among Mrs. Wilcoxen's treasures. This was a monthly, the first of which bears the date of July 15, 1880. It was published by Mr. C. S. Lacy. It would be easy to spend hours perusing this kind of material but time does not allow us to do as we might wish. I do want all of the people who have contributed to them to know how deeply appreciated they are.

Hannah Wilcoxen was baptized into the Baptist Church at Macedon on September 1, 1889 and is now the oldest member of that church. One souvenir she cherishes is even older than she. It is a program announcing a concert to be held at the Baptist Church on February 25, 1862. Listed as participants are many of the names you will find mentioned over and over again in stories of pioneer Macedon, among them Mary Bickford, Mary Lapham, and Ellen Lapham. The latter became Hannah Haynes' mother-in-law on her marriage to Walter Wilcoxen in 1833. Seeing these names on a printed program of activities almost makes them seem alive again, and one can almost hear the vocal and instrumental renditions of this great night. I also saw a program from a concert of the Palmyra Normal Music School, which was held at the Union School Hall on July 6, 1859. Participants were the pupils of the school and Ellen Lapham's name was again mentioned. Many of the home towns of the pupils were as far away as Auburn and Vermillion.

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Included in the story of Hannah Wilcoxen must be a little bit about her husband, Walter, who passed away in 1923. He spent the biggest share of his life in the mail service of his country. In 1890, he started carrying the mail and, in 1900, the first Rural Free Delivery route out of Macedon was started with Mr. Wilcoxen as mailman. The route was twenty-seven miles long and covered Farmington and all that territory south of Macedon. The Mailman's job has never been an easy job. Even today, they are often forced to do a good job under great difficulties. In those days of the early 1900's, seeing that the mail got through was often a titanic job. Many times, Walter Wilcoxen would have to leave his horse and buggy in some farmer's barn and take to a cutter, volunteered by the farmer. The good neighbor would see that the mailman was able to cover all the route within a reasonable distance of his home, and then, Mr. Wilcoxen would return and pick up his own conveyance and repeat the procedure until the route was covered

Hannah Wilcoxen had very little to say about her own life. It really wasn't necessary, for it has been its own testimony. Eighty four years of being a good citizen, a good neighbor, a good wife, and a good mother are enough to earn anyone the plaudits of her neighbors. It was wonderful listening to the memories of Mrs. Wilcoxen even though most of them were of other people. I should have liked to linger on much longer, but I felt I had taxed her strength enough for one day. She has been very ill this Spring, but is now proceeding well on the way to recovery, and I would not have wanted her generosity to be the cause of a setback. I thanked her, for you and for me, for her contribution of memories, and took my leave with the feeling in my heart that here, indeed was a queen of kindliness and good neighborliness, a gracious lady, and one to whom we should pay tribute..

Sincerely,

Your Neighbor

Neighbor to Neighbor
by Mrs. Alton L. Plumb

Dear Neighbors,
This letter is written from the fullness of my heart. There was no visit this week because illness in my family kept me close to the home fires. My first thought was that there would be no letter, but as I thought of all the kind people who have called me, and spoken to me in person, to tell how they look forward to our visits, I knew I couldn't let them down completely. I know this won't be as interesting, but it will offer me the opportunity of saying some things I have longed to say, so please bear with me until next week.
First, I would like to thank all of our neighbors - those who have welcomed me to their homes, and those who have expressed their interest in these visits. People are kind and wonderful if you give them the chance to be, and each time I find new testimony of this, it gives me a new glow in my heart.
People are modest. Not one of the people I have approached has failed to make the remark that there is nothing in his or her life worth writing about. This, I refute. They have lived and loved in an era which knows no equal. They have watched the world make progress which was not even a remote dream in our forefathers' day. The memories which they share, with you and with me, are like rare gems. They are without a price. If we wrap them in velvet and display them in a gilt frame - that is only their proper setting. There, they will glimmer and spoarkle with a brilliaqnce that we must admire and strive to match.
The spirit of neighborliness, which was so strong in the days of the pioneers, is still a living thing. Often now, it becomes buried in the racing tempo of modern living, but underneath the surface it lives, ready to breathe again when need is disclosed. It exists, not only in the memories of those who are an earlier generation, but in the hearts of those who live in and work in your community. I have seen it in the homes I have visited. I have shed tears of joy as it showed itself this past week, when our own close neighbors lifted a burden of worry off our shoulders, by pitching in voluntarily to see that our crops were planted on time, though my beloved husband was confined to bed, unable to help. You have no doubt seen it too, working in as many ways, and in as many places. I can't help feeling that we lose a little by keeping the neighborly spirit submerged until a time of despair, however. Have our automobiles, our television sets, and all our other modern advantages, which have done so much for us, made us immune to the joys of shared pleasures? Many of us bemoan the disappearance of the good times neighbors used to have together. Yet, what would your answer be if you were asked to participate in a community Fourth of July celebration, or a pageant? Would you be enthusiastic and excited, if the neighbors on your street suggested getting together for a strawberry social, or a friendly picnic? Have you called on any of the newer neighbors in the vicinity to wish themn a welcome, and offer your friendship?
But I didn't mean to stir up a controversy. My only desire is to help others, as well as myself, realize that in this great, wonderful, scientific age in which we live, there is still much to be gained from pure neighborly contact. Miracles of science have made the farthest corners of the world easily accessible and yet, we do not always realize that right next door we might find the best friend and the most interesting experience of our life.
I cannot close without saying thanks again to each and every one of you. I only hope our visits have given you as much joy as they have me. I have appreciated every word of approval and encouragement you have given me, and I shall welcome and appreciate fully as much, any criticisms you may have to offer. I shall also welcome any suggestions you have as to persons you might like to have us visit. So, until next week's visit, good bye and God Bless each of you with the spirit of neighborly love. Sincerely, Your Neighbor

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(22)

Dear Neighbors,

Last night we traveled in memories across the ocean, met a sixteen year old boy, and traveled with him and his sister to their new home in our wonderful "land of the free". It was the twentieth day of May, in the year 1888, when Adrian Contant arrived in the great city of New York, tired and bewildered, with no knowledge of the language or customs. The stalwart lad was no stranger to the problems of life, however, for he had been orphaned at the age of eight, and had been forced to make his own way since. Thanks to the compulsory education system existing in Holland, he had received a good education, even though he had started to work at the age of fourteen. Born on a farm in the shadow of the dikes, near Rotterdam, he turned to farming as an occupation. This was the life he knew, until that spring of 1888 when his brother, who had come to America before, sent for him and his sister.

The journey to a new life started on a cheese boat from Rotterdam, continued by rail to Glasgow, and from there by ocean liner to America, with many delays and difficulties en route. Everything was new and strange and somewhat confusing to the boy who had never been far from his farm home. There were problems even after the ship had passed the Statue of Liberty and docked in the harbor. After the immigrants had gone through the usual processes of being received, there was a long wait for a train to bring them to Palmyra where their brother waited. Young Adrian left his sister and decided to do some sightseeing around New York, but soon became lost. Because he couldn't understand a work of English, his situation seemed hopeless, but finally by showing his papers time and time again, he made it back to where his sister sat alone, waiting, and from there to the train which left at eight o'clock that evening. The trip in an emigrant coach was a long and tiring one, for the train was slow and was frequently shunted onto a siding to make way for a faster train. It was one o'clock the following afternoon before they finally arrived at Palmyra station. There was no reception committee, only a note directing him to the Brown farm, where his brother was a tenant, so once again Adrian and his sister started traveling.

After a day of rest, the lad started to work for Mr. Brown, and for the next week he worked with a hoe, planting corn. It took four men a week to plant twelve acres of corn, four kernels to a hill, rowed in checkerboard fashion for easy cultivating. The land of opportunity refused to encourage young Adrian in any way. After the first week of working, he came down, with measles and then typhoid fever, and for three weeks had to fight his way back to health, with the help of his sister in law and Dr. Hennessey of Palmyra. Mr. Contant's next attempt to earn a living for himself fared better. He went to work on the farm of Jerome Lawrence of Walworth, and in the fall had earned the huge amount of sixty five dollars, from which he repaid his brother twenty eight dollars for his passage to this country and five dollars for the doctor who cared for him in his illness.

With the approach of winter, Adrian went to work for James Sherwood so that he might attend the nearby school. Even this was difficult, for the teacher was at a loss as to what to do with a sixteen year old boy with a high school education, and not even the rudiments of what she taught. He was out of place with the six year old children with whom she had to place him, so he gave up his schooling after that term, and the following year Mr. Sherwood's daughter taught him.

I am sure you would have been as enthralled as I was if you could have been with me to hear Mr. Contant tell of these and many other events which he remembers so vividly. He was introduced to American politics that first year when he took part in a torchlight parade for

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Harrison. I could almost feel the hectic achievement of the occasion as he told me how they marched with torches and a wagon carrying a band, through Walworth and Palmyra, gathering supporters all along the way. It culminated at the Pacific Hotel in Walworth, where all the participants shared a huge repast.

Twice during the course of his early years in this country, Mr. Contant sought his fortune in the city, but each time he returned to work the land again. In 1908 he moved to the farm which he subsequently bought, and where he now lives with his son, Peter, and daughter, Nellie. He refuses to become completely inactive and the evening I called him, he had just finished driving the tractor to help his son get the hay in.

One of Mr. Contant's most prized possessions is a small gold pocket watch, shiny from years of tender handling, which is a memento from the sister who accompanied him on that journey so many years ago. It keeps perfect time and as he proudly brought it out to show me, I noticed that the hour was late and a man who still helps on a farm at the age of eighty four, needs his rest, so I prepared to leave.

I haven't even touched on many of the wonderful memories Mr. Contant shared with me. He has served his neighbors as substitute mailman for twenty six years, as a juror and court attendant, and has been regular at the polls in Macedon Center since he cast his first vote in 1892, besides performing many other civic and neighborly duties. It seems especially fitting to me, however, that this week in which we celebrate our independence, we pay tribute to a neighbor who came here an emigrant boy, carved his own niche in the life of the community, and has been so loyal to his foster country that he has never to this day had a desire to return to the land of his birth.

Sincerely,

Your Neighbor

Dear Neighbor,

When our forefathers migrated to this country it was a land of thrilling beauty, and fertility. They laid the ground work for our beautiful homes, and farms of today. From the wilderness they carved a new life, and a good life, and ever their home fires were lit to welcome strangers and new neighbors. Last night some of the homes in this area were opened to a train load of little strangers who will be our neighbors for several weeks. Five of them came to our house and I would like all of you to meet them this week. It has been our custom to interview older people, with memories of the past, but this week we will reverse the order of things and meet some young people who are forming memories, which will be a part of their future. Although their home is New York City, they are neighbors, for in this great, wide world we are all neighbors, though our homes be next door to another, or across an ocean. They were sent to our community by the Herald Tribune Fresh Air Fund, because we have something to offer that the teeming metropolis cannot give them. The close, friendliness, of small town living is an experience which means much to a city child.

The great adventure for Billy, Irene, Nancy, Clara and Robert, began at 12:00 o'clock noon in Grand Central Station and ended at Palmyra Station at 9:00 o'clock. The trip was long, but the children who came with our first settlers were on the road for six weeks and in a lumbering wagon instead of a modern streamliner. I wonder if childish anticipation and excitement overcame the hardships of those days even as it does today? As soon as they arrived, the children forgot that they were hungry and tired and that the train had been hot and crowded. They had stared in awe at the towering palisades, the shimmering river and the broad, white thruway, and now they had arrived in this green, rolling country of ours. They were happy, sure of a welcome, and fascinated with every aspect of the vacation.

Billy is Irish, with fiery, red hair, a face of freckles and a heart full of boyish mischief. His parents hope that the peaceful life of our community will overcome the effect of forced living in "Hell's Kitchen".

Clara is Spanish-Italian, tiny, with shining black hair and dark eyes. Her father died before she was born and her mother works to support her two children. Clara aspires to a career as a ballet dancer and every move she makes is a picture of grace. Her love of our way of life is almost pitiful in its sincerity, when I think how often many of us gripe about our inconveniences.

Robert is Clara's brother. He is tall and sedate with a manner much older than his eleven years. Protecting his mother and sister, as the man of the family should, has taken much of the boy our of him. I found out last night, however, that even a big boy likes to be tucked into bed and kissed good night.

Irene is a Negro with the curliest hair you ever saw and the sweetest smile. the fun of showing her sister the ropes has removed some of the shyness she felt last year when she visited with us. Her mother is overjoyed to have the girls out of the stifling heat of their Brooklyn apartment and expressed her appreciation with a beautiful gift to me.

Nancy is Irene's sister, with hair as curly and smile as sweet. Chubby and good natured, she has looked forward all winter, to being with her sister in our midst, when summer arrived.

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Now you have met our little brood, although I wish you could meet them in person, because I know you would take them to your heart as I have. I know many of you would ask what I am going to do with five more on top of my own five, so I'll tell you. First of all, I am going to love them. God made a mothers heart expandable to accommodate all His wee ones, so it makes no difference how many we have. Whatever path a child may trod, he needs someone's love beside him, so while they are mine, I will try with God's help to give them all the love they need. To occupy their time, there is Vacation Bible School every morning (it takes two cars to get our flock there). The rest of the day there is a whole world for them to discover. They have already taken over the feeding of the pets, the ducks, the rabbits, and the calf. The boys will follow eagerly when there is hay to be baled or wheat to be combined. One of our good neighbors has given Robert a thrill by promising him a fishing trip, and there will be picnic for all of us. If the nights stay warm, we hope to spend at least one of them under the stars, down by the ponds in our back lot. Can you imagine how close and friendly the heavens will seem to children who have never seen more than a glimpse of blue through a maze of tall buildings? If the budget allows, we would like to take them at least once to Roseland Park, but if it doesn't, I am sure they will have just as much fun doing something else. I expect they'll consume mountains of sandwiches and all the cookies and home-made bread I can find time to bake, and I hope they'll return to New York happier an healthier, with memories that will come back again and again to give them joy.

I hope you have liked meeting your temporary neighbors, and if you should chance to meet our small army on the street, please smile and say hello, so that they will go back to the city knowing that, here in our community are the friendliest people in the world, as I know it. Perhaps they will like us so much and perhaps you will like them so much that next year you will want to invite one or two, to your home.

Sincerely,

Your Neighbor

(26)

Dear Neighbors,

Nostalgic memories were the order of the day last Saturday afternoon, as approximately 45 former students of Macedon Center Academy met for their annual reunion. They came from far and near to renew old friendships and travel in memories back to the days when they were stout-hearted lads and demure young maidens, bent on receiving the best available education. From these halls they have traveled far, becoming important citizens of their own communities and the world, but the ties that bind them to the old Academy are strong enough to bring them together once a year to relive their school days. The rafters rang as, with Gilbert Padgham to lead them, they raised their voices in unison to sing the old songs. Though many of them are great-grandmothers and great-grandfathers, and most of them wear distinguished crowns of silver, their voices have lost none of the eagerness of youth and one could almost picture the classroom as it used to be when the Academy was a renowned seat of learning.

The rooms have been changed and redecorated but on this great day memories overcame all the changes and the kitchen was once again the physics room, with all manner of scientific matter in the great tall cupboard which now houses the dishes from which marvelous dinner was served by the women of the Macedon Center Methodist Church. The desk in the hall, where those present registered, could easily have been the very same desk at which one of them sat on the same type of day many years ago, perhaps day dreaming of an illustrious future.

The first attempt to unite the students of the old Academy was made in 1946. At that time two hundred invitations were sent out. Nineteen of those who responded to this first call to a reunion were students who attended previous to the year 1885. Since then the ranks of the faithful have been invaded many times by the grim reaper and this year only one hundred and twenty invitations were mailed. Of these there were sixty-one responses. Many were unable to be present because of distance or ill health, but I am sure all of their hearts were in Macedon Center with their fellow students.

Many of those who did come on Saturday left home fires burning far away. Mrs. Alice Pilcher Brock now resides in Montana and is visiting her daughter in Fairport at the present time. Edward Main makes the reunion every year from his home in Florida, and Miss Jennie George traveled from her home in White Plains to be present for this occasion. Since she passed through the portals of the Academy, she has spent thirty-seven years in the teaching profession and her former students now number nineteen hundred.

From Syracuse came John Delaney and Mrs. H. C. Gibson, who was Mae Clark when she attended the Academy. There were many others who traveled a great distance to be with their schoolmates this day, and they were united in spirit with other former students from as far away as California, as Mrs. Gilbert Padgham read messages from scores of those who could not be there in person.

The oldest student present was Nathan D. Lapham who graduated in 1891. He not only spoke tenderly of his days at the Academy but reminisced stirringly about the family life of earlier days. From his position as an Honorable Judge of the New York State Supreme Court, he has had ample opportunity to observe the heartbreak caused by the dissolution of families. In contrast he has vivid memories of his own early life with God-loving parents, in a community

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where religion and education were of primary concern and morality was an expected virtue.

Miss Amy DeMay of Newark, who has been secretary-treasurer of the Alumni Association since its beginning, read the minutes of the last meeting and the roll of those who have gone on to their great reward. The room was filled with tender thoughts of these dear friends who had departed since the last meeting.

It was in 1841 that a group of far-sighted residents of the Center, united in the idea that they wanted the advantages of higher learning for their children, bought the old tavern which stood on the northwest corner of Macedon Center and converted it into an institution of learning. The Academy was incorporated in 1842 and accepted by the Board of Regents in 1844. In 1853 the present Academy building was erected and classes started in November of that year, with one hundred and sixty students enrolled. Those who came to the Academy in the early days were serious and intent about their education. Many of them had to convince short-sighted parents that higher education was a necessity for success in life, and many of them had to endure the hardships of travel to get to school. Although this community was fast becoming a prosperous farming area, ready cash was not abundant and many earnest young men and women worked to pay their tuition. The Academy had its periods of prosperity and depression, but there were always enough interested people to hold it together so that those who sought could receive. At no time during its existence were its moral or educational standards lowered. It had been conceived by a serious-minded group of people who believed in strict morality and complete education of the mind, and those who took over the reins in succeeding years followed the same course. It is no wonder then, that the roster of those who have gone on to a better world and those who were present on Saturday, contains the names of doctors, lawyers, prominent educators, and many who have contributed in their own various ways to the betterment of the world we live in today. It is no wonder that the simple dignified facade of the Academy building wears a look of pride. It is pride in the youth who have studied with in its walls and gone on to make their mark in the world. You'll see the same look of pride on the faces of any of your neighbors who attended the Academy, pride in the school which fostered them and set their feet on the road to a good life.

At the reunion on Saturday, Reverend Savage of the Macedon Center Methodist Church, made an announcement which I am sure will make the old building beam with new life. The church now owns the Academy building and the Church Board has approved plans to make a community center of it, with recreation facilities to accommodate the youth of the area. The women of the church have worked long hours to remodel and redecorate the interior of the building so that its original charm has been enhanced rather than lost. Once more its walls will resound with the jubilant voices of our young people, and the Academy will smile as it provides again a sound threshold to launch them into the world. The members of the Methodist Church are indeed to be commended for this venture, and I sincerely hope they will receive every bit of cooperation they might ask for, and that the response will be gratifying to those who have toiled to make this possible.

It was a thrill an honor and a privilege to be in the midst of these wonderful people on Saturday. I only wish all of you could have been there to share the memories which were recalled. I owe the Alumni Association a deep debt of gratitude for allowing me to be present at their reunion so that I might tell all of you about it. Humbly then, I render this tribute to a great

school which produced some of the finest citizens this country has ever known, and to those students who went forth to serve their neighbors long and well. May their reunion be blessed, and continue for years to come, with many in attendance whose hearts still beat quicker at the sight of the Macedon Center Academy.

Sincerely,

Your Neighbor

Dear Neighbors,

The luck of the Irish brought me last night to the home of a true son of Erin, or rather grandson, for he was born right here in Macedon of Irish parents. Mr and Mrs. Bernard Quinn opened their hearts and their home to me last night, with a warmth of friendliness and neighborliness which would make any of their traditionally hospitable ancestors sit up and take notice. I feel that I must explain to all of you that it is my usual custom to call and arrange for a convenient time to make my visit, explaining that I would like to share our evening together, with all the rest of you neighbors. I have always been welcomed, but the welcome I received from the Quinns was double heart-worming because I dropped in on them without warning, a complete stranger, and left with the feeling that I had made two new friends for myself and for you.

Last January Mr. and Mrs. Quinn celebrated their golden wedding anniversary, and their home reflected the warmth of the love they have shared for so many years. Mrs. Quinn, born in Williamson, came to Macedon as a young girl, to visit cousins, met her beloved, and stayed to marry and make a home in this village of her husband's birthplace. Adept with a needle, in her earlier years she was engaged as a seamstress for many a fine lady of the village, who was not quite so gifted.

Mr. Quinn was born on Tripp Street, one of nine children of a father who came to the land of the free from the Emerald Isle. The building of the railroad brought him this far inland as it did so many of his nationality. He found his promised land here in this community, however, and he settled down to raise a family and operate a profitable grocery business on the banks of the old Erie Canal. The Lock Grocery has been gone for many years, but it can't be forgotten by the boy who helped his father stock many a canal boat with supplies so its owners could continue of their way. Although he is now seventy-five years old, he cannot forget either, his father's ice house, which was one of several along the canal. In the winter men toiled briskly to saw the ice from the frozen canal and pack it in straw in the ice house for the following summer's trade. It was young Bernard's job, in the dusk of a warm summer evening, to load the ice in the horse drawn wagon and deliver it in twenty-five and fifty pound chunks to the wooden ice boxes of his father's customers. There it rested to cool the milk which would be delivered the next day by means of another horse drawn vehicle, laden with large cans of fresh milk to be ladled out in requested amounts to the customer.

Mr. Quinn recalled the great days when the Bickford and Huffman Drill Works was a vital part of Macedon's history. In those days the name of Macedon was known round the globe, for each autumn brought a rush of business to the drill works as they readied hundreds of drills for shipment to Australia. For eleven years Mr. Quinn was a part of this operation, one of about four hundred employees who share pleasant memories of those by-gone days, the most thriving in the history of Macedon.

From a fun-loving Irishman we could expect to hear a few tales about the sociable gatherings of earlier days. The thought of the beautiful waltz quadrille brought back many memories of the dances the townsfolk used to have, at which the fiddles kept rhythm-loving feet tapping till the early hours of the morning. It was nothing to these hardy souls, to round up a group of twenty or more friends and neighbors, hitch a team to a sleigh, and take off over snow-covered fields for Sodus Point, there to spend the night waltzing away the hours to the tunes of an enthusiastic orchestra. To cheer the inner man, after the long cold trip, there was always a groaning table of

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delectable dishes to set any mouth watering.

With fervor and loyalty, characteristic of the Irish, Mr. Quinn has dedicated his life to his community and has always been a part of any enterprise which would aid that community. On May 18, 1900, a small group of earnest citizens organized the first fire department in Macedon. Bernard Quinn was one of these forty men who answered a need of their community, and he continued to do so for fifty years. Their first equipment, of which they were extremely proud, consisted of a shiny hand pumper. With twenty men working on each side, the pumper pumped a stream twenty feet high from the raceway to the Universalist Church.

Some of Mr. Quinn's happiest memories are of the times he has donned his top hat and marched down Main Street to the sprightly tunes of the band following him. He has worked long and hard to stir up interest in the weekly band concerts which were a Friday night attraction for several years. I think many of us who enjoyed the music of our High School Band those many nights, owe him a debt of gratitude for helping to promote the concerts. Perhaps we can pay the debt by showing enough interest so that the concerts will be brought back again to delight us once more.

After inveigling an invitation to return again sometime to taste some of Mr. Quinn's home-made sherbet (made with cream and fresh fruits), I decided I must take my leave of these friendly neighbors. Regretfully, I said good night, with the knowledge instilled once more in my heart, that this is the finest place in the world to live, with neighbors like Mr. and Mrs. Quinn to keep alive in us that spirit of civic pride which they and others have worked so hard to maintain. Whatever corner of the world happens to be your chosen home, it is bound to be a finer, happier place to live if you are fortunate enough to have neighbors such as the Quinns, to respect to admire., and to share the joy of living with.

Sincerely,

Your Neighbor

(31)

Dear Neighbors,

Many people spend much of their time discussing the pros and cons of the juvenile delinquency problems of these days. It is a favorite topic of discussion even in small villages, such as ours where the problem, itself is not serious. But last night I met and visited with a neighbor, who has spent much of his life doing something to set young feet on the road to a good life. It is extremely difficult for me to find words to describe this visit to you, because I stand in awe of a record like his, and yet I am quite sure he would not want me to eulogize. John Schrader has spent forty-nine years serving his God and his community, as a Sunday School teacher at St. John's Lutheran Church in Farmington. During these years he has taught two generations of young people, and has helped the members of thirty-five Confirmation classes prepare for this milestone in their lives. He has no idea of the exact number of children he may have taught in his lifetime, but he treasures photographs he has received from many of them, and regrets that he does not have a complete record.

When John Schrader was only twelve years old the Lutheran congregation, which had been meeting in a schoolhouse, and then in the Grange Hall in Farmington decided to build their own place of worship. Young John, along with his parents, faithful members of the congregation, helped with the task of building the church. He was a member of the first class to be confirmed in the new church, and here in 1907 he was united in marriage to Miss Louise Mumrow. Three days after their marriage, on January 13, 1907, the new bride and groom attended regular Sunday services, and while Mrs. Schrader attended her duties as organist, Mr. Schrader was led to a group of seven boys and asked to be their teacher. Since that day he has faithfully performed other duties in the church, but his very life is his Sunday School class. Through the years he has tried to emulate a former teacher, who inspired him, as a young lad. He clings to his policy of teaching, instead of merely reading, and steadfastly refuses to let the pressure of personal duties keep him from adequate preparation for his task. At least four or five evenings a week, after his day's work on the farm is done, he retires to his quiet study to prepare himself for Sunday's lesson. He never spares himself as he strived to present a lesson. designed to hold the interest of his students, and make God's words become a vital part of their lives. His most prized possession is her mother's German Bible, which rests in a place of honor in his study when he is not using it for reference work.

John Schrader was born November 15, 1882, with a heritage of faith in the ways of the Lord. His parents were stout hearted German immigrants, who came here in 1873 and struggled to make a place for themselves in this country. The year before John was born they stood helpless, and watched their home, all their earthly possessions and their dreams of future security, dissolve into ashes. His father returning home from helping a neighbor, whose barn had caught fire, found his own home and barn in flames, and his wife alive only because of the timely arrival of another neighbor. As they stood, bewildered and dismayed at the havoc around them, another kind neighbor opened his already crowded home to them. With his help, and their own faith and perseverance, they started the difficult task of rebuilding their home and their lives. Into this home, which had known, and with God's help, conquered adversity, John was born, and here he and Mrs. Schrader still live, quietly pursuing their peaceful, neighborly way of life.

A gregarious man, by nature, Mr. Schrader has in the course of his seventy-three years, made

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the acquaintance of many of the earlier citizens of Macedon. His conversation is dotted with sparkling reminiscences of these people, many of whom are only names in history to newer residents. When Mr. Schrader speaks of them they live again, to walk the streets of Macedon, past the thriving drill works and the mill to the general stores where they exchange their eggs and butter for merchandise produced elsewhere. They gather, as he and his family did, to watch the first reaper miraculously toss out bundles of already tied grain. They congregate, of a Saturday night on the steps of the confectionery store to listen to the spirited music of the bands, and exchange tid-bits of news about their daily lives.

In the skillfully chosen words of a master story teller like Mr. Schrader you can see the stages plying their way between Syracuse and Buffalo, making their mid-way stop at the inn, known as Halfway House, which stood where the Schrader house now stands. You can feel the pride in the heart of the man who built the first frame house in the town as you realize that house still stands, directly across the way from the Schrader home.

All these and many more stories, I heard as I sat in Mr. Schrader's study, as enthralled as any of his students have ever been. I heard human interest stories, and stories of neighborliness, and through them all I was conscious of the character of the man who was telling them.

New ways of doing things, new faces on Main Street, new vehicles on Route 31, but the way of life that John Schrader stands for goes on being the good way, l and the only true way to happiness. To me, he typifies the spirit of neighborliness as Christ taught. May God see fit to use him for many more years, to bring the little children to Him.

Sincerely,

Your Neighbor

Dear Neighbors,

Once again I must beg your forbearance. Because I have no desire to share my cold germs with all my dear friends, I have kept to my own fireside for the past several weeks, but this week loneliness overcame me and I decided to invite all of you to share a few mental meanderings with me. So with the hope that my thoughts will find an echo in your hearts I offer them to you.

Last winter we replaced the old kitchen stove with a modern white and gray combination range. Its efficiency is something to marvel at. No longer does our stove wander all over the kitchen. Instead in one compact little nook we have both heat and cooking space, and its gleaming whiteness is dazzling to the eyes. When winter's bitter cold arrives the range will be heated with oil, but for this season we decided to leave the grates in, and burn some of the wood scattered around the place.

Since our steel blue sky of September has been casting its chilly shadow over the house for several days now, we started a fire this morning, and with a pang I realized how much a roaring wood fire can mean. Sometimes in the rush of progress and desire for convenience, I think we forget the joys of the simpler life. The pleasure of ease replaces the pleasure of beauty, and contentment becomes physical satisfaction instead of mental. There are those who will question my attitude, but let me hasten to assure them that I am not against progress in any form. I derive as much enjoyment from each new convenience as any other person. I too, look forward to even greater time and labor-saving devices. When the winds of winter are waging their yearly battle with my kitchen walls, I shall welcome the steady, constant heat of my oil burners. When I have a special cake to bake, or a meal to prepare for a large family I shall thank God for the brilliant minds which are constantly finding new and better ways of homemaking. In the meantime my crackling wood fire will warm my hands and my heart, and I will bask in the light of the memories it kindles.

How many poetic verses have been written to the inspiration of the dancing flames of a wood fire? Since the first flicker warmed the cave man's heart and brightened his life, millions of campfires and hearth fires have worked their miracles on humanity. Untold numbers of weary wayfarers have found courage to go on with a cup of cheer in front of a roaring fire. Many of the world's greatest musical compositions were first played to the background music of charring wood, and many a painting was first drawn from the flickering flames of a fire.

But our memories don't have to go back that far. Within the remembered past of most of us lies a picture of the old wood burning stove. Where were the juvenile delinquents in the days when an evening's entertainment was shared by a family, round a glowing wood fire? A few, to be sure, were committing crimes, but the majority were there with the family, popping corn over a red-hot stove. There was warmth and comfort, companionship and cheer right at home, and no need to go abroad for thrills. Winds could blow and snow could drift to the rooftops, the neat piles of wood in the shed would provide ample heat, cheer and amusement for a whole family, youngsters and grown-ups alike. Many of our memories of mother and father are scented with the sweet aroma of burning pine and apple wood.

Pity the soul who has never known the sheer joy of dreaming away an evening by a fire. The rockets on Fourth of July are small firecrackers next the magnificent display of sparks cast into the air from a spitting log. Each flame thrusts its head upward in an attempt to reach its peak of

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burning glory before its brethren. A kaleidoscope of dreams is there, in brilliant array, for the mind's plucking. Even as I write, though our modern stove leaves little of the fire's glory open to view, I can hear each whisper, each crackle, and picture the flaming scene from whence they speak. Here the elfin population of a fairy world is coming alive and here in warm bliss they will leap and dance till the last ember is blackened.

Gaze into the bowels of a wood fire and you can see the world on parade. Millions of tiny sparks are born, even as we, from a stronger parent, and each must struggle to make its separate existence, until with a triumphant leap, each one reaches its zenith, and gradually descends to ash. Some are stifled along the way, and some never do more than burn with a steady glow until their strength is exhausted, but a fire to be successful needs each and every spark, even though all are not glamorous flames. Even so, the world today needs each and every effort to make it the peaceful, God loving haven it was meant to be.

So I'll dream by my wood fire while autumn grows into winter, and when the storm clouds thicken I'll let modern comforts win over old joys. There will be a tear in my eye when the last ember dies, because no oil burner can ever be the gay, comforting companion that my huge, black, wood burning stove has been. Perhaps some of my neighbors, who are fortunate enough to have a fireplace will let me dream by their fireside some icy winter evening. In the meantime I want to thank all of you for your patience with me, and hope you enjoyed sharing my smoke dreams as I enjoyed sharing them with you.

Sincerely,

Your Neighbor

Dear Neighbors,

Search the libraries of the world, and you will find few, if any, more fascinating tales than you can find in your own hometown. I found the truth of this verified last night as I listened to Mrs. Mildred Airy's stories of a few of the people who once lived in Macedon Center. As we sat in her spacious living room, whose walls are adorned with her father's beautifully mounted collection of arrowheads, I felt as if I were meeting living, breathing people, as she talked about these friends she had known when she was a wee girl, in this very same house.

Mildred Airy learned early in life to appreciate the value of things out of the past. Her father, a former teacher, was an earnest student of History. He read to his children from every History book and historical novel available, and when they went to school they found it unnecessary to study History, so well had he acquainted them with the subject. Small wonder, then, that I found Mrs. Airy so well versed on Macedon Center yesteryears.

Today's children listen with avidity to every legend about Davy Crockett, but little Mildred Airy sat, enthralled and listened to tales of the wild west from one who had actually been there. Charles Jennings, father of our beloved Dr. Cyrus P. Jennings, traveled to California as a young boy, by way of Cape Horn. The world being the small place that it is, his sister, while there met and married a young man from Macedon, who had gone there in the gold rush to forty-nine. Consequently, when the time arrived to consider young Charles' education, he was sent back to Macedon Center to attend the Academy. This trip was made via the Panama Canal. His education completed, he returned to California and fought in the Civil War under the banners of that state. His part in the war consisted of serving under the famous Kit Carson, and his stories of how the troops hid in caves by day, and moved by the light of stars at night, thrilled the little girl, who sat and listened to him every chance she got.

Another favorite story-teller, whose stories still remain in Mildred Airy's memories, was a retired circuit rider by the name of Kellogg, whose experiences covered a great amount of territory. He had been in charge of all of this part of Western New York, Western Pennsylvania, and into West Virginia. His travels resulted in many an interesting tale. On one particular occasion he had pushed his horse to the utmost, that he might arrive and spend the night at the log cabin of a family who, to his knowledge, set an especially appetizing table. After a good night's sleep he opened his eyes to a sight which caused his appetite to diminish sharply. There, in front of him stood the good housewife's dish of pancake batter, and beside it a large, bold rat, busily sampling the contents by inserting his tail into the batter and licking it off.

Mildred Airy also recalled Mr. Kellogg's daughter, who taught music at the Academy. She came to Macedon Center from Chicago, where she had been a favored and famous organist. Her services were in such demand that she played one engagement at a large convention, early one evening and returned home to fulfill, a few hours later, a previous engagement with the stork.

Could any child have found more excitement in make-believe tales than Mildred Airy found in the real-life stories of her friends and neighbors? But there is even more, and this is found within her own family circle. Her grandfather Harbou came to this country from the Scandinavian country of Denmark. He established his home in Canandaigua, and fought for his chosen country in the Civil War. In peacetime he went about his work as an architect, and designed the Court House in Canandaigua. To adorn the building, he not only carved the large wooden statue of Justice, but

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proceeded to put it in its proper place, with the help of his son, when other workmen hesitated to attempt the perilous task.

Mrs. Airy's father, James Harbou, was orphaned while still a young man and was cared for by a kindly couple, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bradbury. In those days children were not adopted but, "bound out", to people who promised to be their guardians until they were of age, and see to their welfare in exchange for their services. The Bradburys had at that time taken eight children under their wings, although at other times they had cared for an even larger number. Mr. Harbou remained with them until he was 21, and then began his teaching career.

Mrs. Airy had me as spellbound as she must have been in those childhood years, as she skillfully wove her memories into a beautiful picture for you and me to enjoy. As she spoke, I could almost see the original story tellers as they spun their yearns to delight the eager little miss. It's difficult to give adequate thanks for the gift of a memory, and yet it is one of the most precious gifts one can give to another, for a memory shared becomes more beautiful with the sharing, and enriches all who share it. Our thanks then, to Mrs. Mildred Airy for enriching our lives with her tales of neighbors of yesterday.

Sincerely,

Your Neighbor

Dear Neighbors,

Shakespeare once said, "The old order changeth, yielding place to new." If it didn't, life would become worthless, just as an article of clothing loses value to the owner after it has been worn enough times. Yet it is possible to accept the new to one's advantage while still retaining that which is precious of the old. I was elated when Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Packard granted me permission to visit their home, so that I might share with you the story of a family, whose members have lived in our community for more than a century, and have made a successful merger of the old and new in their life and chosen occupation. In all of the early histories of our community, the Packard name is prominent, and surrounded with an air of respect, for, from the first Packard down to the present they have built and maintained a reputation as good neighbors and good citizens.

Philander Packard, in the early 1820's built the firm foundation which was to serve his progeny to the present day. In the lee of one of the gently rolling hills, which are so characteristic of our part of the country, he built a log cabin to house his bride. From this beginning he proceeded to build, from the hewn timbers of his woodland, the house which is now sheltering its fourth generation of Packards. Each succeeding generation has cherished its heritage, and preserved the original while adding to its value with modern improvements.

A picture of the Packard home then, and now, would show little structural change. Each of the four generations who have lived within its walls, have moved and removed partitions and added conveniences, without changing the basic design of the house. The tall, grandfather clock, which presides over the cheerful living-room, was built in to its corner niche, about 1840, and has marked time for the Packard clan ever since. Its wooden works have been replaced by the more efficient mechanism of an electric clock, but this is only one example of how the Packard family have successfully blended old and new. The room which was once the harness room, yielded all traces of its original purpose with the disappearance of the horse from the farm scene, and now serves Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Packard as a cozy dining-room. Where once, mended and ready to mend harnesses adorned the walls, the family china reposes, in beautiful built-in corner cabinets.

In the living-room the fireplace has been closed off, and yet the warmth of fires which glowed there for past generations, seems to pervade the room, even today. The only contact I have ever had with any of the older Packards has been through the printed words of others, but I am sure, famous as they all have been for their hospitality and neighborliness, none of them ever surpassed our hosts in these qualities. The house has been modernized, the farm is a model of efficiency and productivity, and yet, because of the charm and friendliness of its present occupants, the old homestead is true to the tradition of neighborliness which was practically built into its walls.

It would be impossible to enumerate all of the contributions Packards have made to the welfare of this community, over the span of years they have been a part of its life. Philander Packard left his heirs more than a house and farm. His own devotion to civic duties established a precedence which has been followed throughout the family history. He and his wife, who was the former Minerva Lapham, were zealous supporters of any project which would being the advantages of higher education to the youth of the community, it was a proud day for them when the foundation was laid for the Academy, of which he was a trustee and which his children

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proceeded to attend.

A token of esteem awarded another Packard for his contribution is now one of the prized possessions of Cyrus. Close to the hearth in the living room is a comfortable morris chair presented to his grandfather, Cyrus, as thanks for building the kitchen of the Grange, of which he was a charter member.

As future generations of the Packards take over the homestead they will find evidence that the present occupant has done his share to uphold the honor of the family. A distinctive ornament on the knotty pine wall of his home is a bronze plaque presented to Cyrus Packard, as farmer of the year, in 1954. This award is presented each year by the Palmyra Fair Society and Station WHAM, to honor outstanding leadership in farm operation. A farm, so honored, must be an example and an asset to the community from every aspect. The original Packard farm consisted of 160 acres, but through careful management, use of modern equipment, and consistent hard work it has been enlarged until Cyrus Packard and his sons now operate about 500 acres.

From their place in the annals of our history, the Packards who have gone must look down with pride on this community they helped to build. As we thank Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Packard for this insight into the life of their family, we must also thank the ancestor who carried apple trees on his back, through fields and woods, to start an orchard on the homestead, and the one who had a part in building the first Ontario Grain Drill to improve farm operations, and all the others of this hardy clan who have persevered and prayed to help make our community the nicest place in the world, in which to make our home. Thanks to all of you for being good neighbors for one hundred and thirty four years, and may the Packard name continue to be a part of our proud history for many years to come.

Sincerely,

Your Neighbor

Dean Neighbors,

For many weeks I have been calling on old residents of the community, basking in their memories of the past. Last night, however the tables were turned, and I had a chance to tell a newcomer some of the history of our section. Most of the information which I was able to give Dr. Elliot Miller and his charming wife, Sylvia, came from the storehouse of memories you have shared with me, but it was eagerly received by my host and hostess. I only regret that I knew so little to tell Dr. and Mrs. Miller, for they are very anxious to hear all about the past of this village which is becomming a part of their future.

Dr. and Mrs. Miller were born and brought up in Brooklyn, New York. Dr. Miller is a graduate of the New York University and and Dental College. He made up his mind after the war was over that someday he wanted to exchange the hustle and bustle of the great city, for the more peaceful existence of a small town. Acting upon the invitation of the Macedon Grange members to come and visit our village, the Millers were impressed with our need for their services, the friendliness of the people they met, and decided that this was the answer to their desires. They have been making their home in Macedon for two months now, and more than ever they feel that they have made the right decision.

It takes a special kind of courage to tear up the roots of a lifetime and plant them in an entirely different environment. It takes even more of it when there are two young boys, such as Lfester and Andrew to consider. One must weigh carefully every advantage and disadvantage. It cannot be denied that the cultural advantages of the city of New York far outweigh those of our little Macedon, or any other small town, for that matter. Within this city there is concentrated all of the best that modern civilization has to offer to anyone knocking at the door of opportunity. But there is also the greatest mass of people in the world, fighting and clawing to seize every advantage. Even the poorest person in New York can drink in the wonders of the great libraries and museums, but even the richest person sometimes becomes so weary of living at the accelerated pace city life demands, that these advantages mean little to him. Everything is so big that a man's soul can become dwarfed. These are the things that must be considered before a man and womanan decide to leave a beautiful home, an established practice, friends of long standing, and an accustomed way of dife to gamble on an unknown quantity.

By now, the unknown quantity is beginning to become a way of life which the Millers agree is immensely satisfying. They are still amazed, but gratified, to be able to ride about the countryside on roads that are not crowded with cars traveling in bumper to bumper fashion. They enjoy the open fields, and green trees, reaching skyward without man-made restrictions imposed upon them. They find that they are ble to relax to a degree they never thought possible, in the peaceful, unhurried atmosphere of our village. They have found new friends and new hobbies, and

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are thoroughly convinced that they are going to find complete satisfaction in becomming a part of our community. In retrospect they can find no regrets, and I am sure that all of us will do our best to keep such valued citizens happy in our midst.

In acknowledging the courage of the Millers, and thanking them for liking us well enough to join us, we must go a step farther and commend the members of the Macedon Grange for seeing our need, and doing something about it. It is easy to admit that something should be done, but it is much more difficult to actually go to work and see a project through to completion. It takes many willing hands and hearts, and this is the second time the Grange members have proved their willingness to work for the betterment of their community. Two years ago they brought us Dr. Loeb to satisty our need for a physician and now they have succedded in bringing us Dr. Miller, because the need for a local dentist was great.

A great deal of thought and work go into a project of this type. After the need is ascertained, it is advertised in the medical magazines, and applicants carefully checked. The committee doing this assumes a terrific load of responsibility, for their choice must meet with the approval of the whole community. After the screening in this instance, two of the applicants were invited to come to visit and engage in a mutual looking over process. While here the situation was discussed from every angle and the applicants were entertained and shown about by various members of the Grange. It was finally decided that Dr. Miller would best suit the qualifications, and that he would be the best satisfied in our midst. Thus the invitation was extended and accepted.

Now it is our turn to help. Much of the work has been done but there is still something for us to do. Dr. and Mrs. Miller must be made to feel so welcome that they will never regret coming to us. I know, and you know how warm and friendly all of our neighbors can be but know we must make a determined effort to prove this to our new neighbors. The Grange is giving us the opportunity to prove this on Octoberr 27, when they are holding a reception for Dr. and Mrs. Miller at the Grange Hall. All you need to do is go there and meet the Millers and you will want to go out of your way to be ttheir friends. Mrs. Miller made the remark that the greatest influence on their decision to come here, had been the way they were made to feel wanted. The Grange members did this, let's thank them by extending the feeling beyond their wildest expectations.

Sincerely,
Your Neighbor

Palm... C... T... thursd... Oct. No. 27 1955

Dear Neighbors,

I went to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Eldredge expecting to spend a pleasant Sunday afternoon making new friends, and hoping to find a story to share with the rest of my friends and neighbors. I made the new friends, and found something so beautiful I fear my inadequacy will prevent me from presenting it to you in a proper manner. An artist, with palette and paints should be doing this, but I shall attempt with mere and meager words, to paint for you the exquisite beauty of the scene I saw on this visit.

It was fifty-two years ago that Walter Eldredge, a young lad of seventeen, fell in love with the farm that is now his home. As he paused to rest by the wayside spring one afternoon, he decided that of all the farms he had seen, this particular one was the one he would be the most pleased to settle down on. Having decided thusly, he brashly asked the tenants to show him around the farm, found it was available for purchase, and went home to inform his father that he would join him in farming if he could only find the means to buy the farm of his choice. His earnestness so impressed his father that the next day the farm became the property of the Eldredge family. This was in 1903. In 1906 Walter Eldredge brought his two loves together when he and Grace Hance were united in marriage in the living room of the house which they both loved so much.

Since it was late afternoon when I called on the Eldredges, and Mr. Eldredge wanted to show me his favorite spot on the farm, we bypassed the house for awhile and proceeded to the back of the farm. We drove past a weathered old barn, as strong and sturdy as the day it was built, through pastures, green with new growth, and on all sides rolling hills in autumn dress stood watch as we approached the masterpiece. After we left the car and climbed a man-made barbed wire fence, we were in God's world.

It was but a few steps to the brow of this hill, which was to be our vantage point, but it seemed like a journey into another world. There, before our eyes was a panorama of beauty to fill even the most cynical heart with reverence and awe. Here in this spot, nature has spent eons of time, and all her vigor to create a chapel to honor the great Creator. From a green grove our eyes lifted to a living stained glass window. The setting rays of the sun spotlighted the hills beyond, and touched every leaf with vibrant, scintillating hues. In the foreground man's efforts added their touch. At the very foot of the hill the tracks of the great "iron horse" wended their way in an out of the scene. A little farther on, the shimmering waters of the Barge Canal reflected the glory of the sunset and brilliance of the foliage. A playful fish added a silver flash to the picture as he arced out of the water and back again. A watery bed of cattails and reed grass marked the spot where the old Erie Canal once ran as freely as its successor. As we watched, enthralled, the shadows of the coming evening slowly darkened each magnificent tone with a well of royal purple, and a slight breeze rippling through the trees bent them forward in a moment of tribute to their Master, and back again in a farewell nod to us.

It was a soul stirring experience, this brief revelation of the glories God has put so close to us, if we will only steal a few minutes of our busy lives to drink in their beauty. It was even more interesting as Mr. and Mrs. Eldredge told me a little of the history of the site I had just visited.

There were years when man invaded its precincts much more often than they do now. Once, all of the terrain below the hill was swampy marshland, where the mink and muskrat population reigned supreme. Then came the diggers who pushed "Clinton's Ditch" through the marshy maze. The remains of this first waterway are still there, though only faintly visible through a

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mass of willow trees. Then came the railroad with its woodburning steam engines. Those engines needed fuel and the calm, peaceful spot which we visited was where they found it. Horse drawn wagons brought loads of the wood which the early settlers were clearing from their land, and stockpiled them at the top of the hill. From here they were chuted into the hungry fuel bins of the waiting engines. Where now there stands only a beautiful group of trees, there was once a house, the home of the man who had charge of this operation. Water was also needed before the trains could proceed on their journey, and this too they found here, flowing gently down the hill from a rocky niche near the top from a spring. Leaves and brush now hamper its progress a little, but when this is cleared away a three inch stream of water flows here the year round. Because of the use that was made of it, this spring was always known as the "Railroad Springs". The railroad eventually turned to other sources, because the lime content of the water here proved to be a source of trouble.

In more recent years the Eldredge family have made their own memories in this spot. When their children were young, their jubilant voices rang from hill to hill as the family made use of their own beautiful grove for picnics. As they romped happily, the cool spring waters often cooled a watermelon for them to devour. Mr. Eldredge, himself has spent many quiet hours here, filling his heart with the peace that helps to make the road of life easier.

I cannot say a mere thanks to the Eldredges for giving me a memory to hold in my heart if only I have been able to print on your hearts, a picture of the beauty and magnificence nature offers to us, not only where they live, but all around us. Take time to look now.

Sincerely,

Your Neighbor

Dear Neighbors,

Snows of winter will soon be erasing any and all traces of summer's green beauty. Since the country fair is an inevitable and exciting part of that beauty, I would like to take a little of your time to share with you an experience which will be one of my favorite memories for years to come. I hope it will come back to you next summer as you enjoy the fair's many attractions, and serve to remind you that many heartbreaking hours of poreparation and labor go into making it the affair of thrilling magnitude, which is presented to you. The fair which I am about to describe to you could be any country fair, and the activity described could be the activity around the opening of the fair, except that it takes a little longer to assemble than to tear down, and the anxiety is based on the uncertainties of the coming week. So come with me to your favorite fair, and see it in the light of its closing hours, meeting new people, making new friends, and sharing a rich and unusual experience.

The deafening boom of a twenty one gun salute, and a blazing burst of sky rocket glory heralds the end of a year of planning, and a week of festivity. The magnificent shower of fireworks is a fitting climax to the week of celebration. Now the midway is clearing. Here a weary youngster clamors for one last ride on the merry-go-round, and a barker lures a lingering patron to his game of chance, but for most of the fairgoers the show is over for another year when the last resounding echo of the rockets can no longer be heard.

The next day is well on the way to being another night before the fair people have moved on, and behind them lies a long night of work. While stragglers still wander about the grounds, the preparations for departure are already beginning. Here and there scattered exhibits have already been removed, and there will still be a few left to tear down the next day, but most of the work of returning the gaudily glittering site to its calm pastoral existence, is done between the hours of twelve midnight and twelve noon. Members of the fair commission and concessionaires, tired from a week of soliciting public favor, are keyed to a new pitch of excitement as they bustle about tending to the details of lowering the curtain. There is hurrying, there is excitement, but almost no confusion.

First to be ready to leave are the small stands. Carefully packed away for the next exhibition, are the kewpie dolls and the plaster sailors, the parakeets and the dishes which have been so temptingly arrayed before the public for a week. The refreshment stands fold up their equipment and try to tempt last minute customers to buy the remaining perishables. Some of the workers, who will be busy all night with the dismantling process, take time now to down a last cup of coffee. There is a feeling of comradship as the carnival people, who have been competing all week for the patronage of the public, are united now in the task of embarking to new pastures. Unless there are to many tired hotdogs left on the grill, the occasional townspeople who lingers, attracted by the buzz of activity, is ignored by these same people, who have wooed him for a week. There is work to be done, and then on to a few hours of hard earned rest before the next gay whirl. Jollity pervades the air if the weather has been good, and if it

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happenned to be rainy, the dismal atmosphere is pierced by rays of hope that the next stand will be more profitable.

From the sidelines, the show of dexterity which is displayed in these last few hours, is unequalled by any of the sideshow feats offfered to the public. Every movement is precision timed, every item placed in its proper resting place without one lost motion. The hands which so skillfully twined the pink cloud of cotton candy around a child's heart, are now deftly removing the last traces of sticky sugar from the candy machine. The gay music of the merry-go-round is hushed, the tired steeds, who have spent so many hours transporting starry eyed lads and lasses into the land of ecstasy, are now being speedily but tenderly retired to their racks in the waiting van. From the highest point on the ferris wheel many a fair-goer has gasped with admiration at the spectacle below, but the scene is no less fascinating now, though it is minus an audience. The swaying gondolas are quickly and expertly removed, and their supports are lowered to earth. The great wheel which towered over all the fair grounds is reduced, in a twinkling, to a compact pile of steel waiting to be stowed on a trailer. All around are other rides being taken down with the same efficiency.

Before the ferris wheel and the merry-go-round are completely removed, an air of tension and suspense is added to the scene. Fierce gusts of wind begin to appear, and the tempo of work is stepped up to combat the threat. The tension is relieved as the great round dome of the merry-go-round is lowered to the ground without mishap, and the last sky reaching arm of the ferris wheel rests beside its brothers on terra firma. The danger over, the work goes back to its calm, steady rate of speed.

Now the fair grounds are beginning to darken, as all along the midway stands complete their packing. Electricians with clanking spikes and wire snippers disconnect their lights from the main line, and they are free to travel on. Lumbering vans begin to depart every few minutes with their cargo, and those who are left wear a slight air of weariness in the pre-dawn darkness.

As the morning sun opens its eyes and stretches across the horizon, a new spurt of activity begins. The one remaining refreshment stand reopens, and those who have worked all night refresh themselves with a cup of coffee, and fragrant ham and eggs. Then, spurred on by the realization that the job is almost done, they set themselves to the task of completion with renewed vigor. The aromatic coffee draws new faces to the scene, as those who were snatching a few hours sleep, waken to join the operations. The roar of trailer trucks groaning their way off the grounds is now almost constantly shattering the early morning air.

Prize winning livestock, and the ones which were not quite good enough add their voices to the babble. A few proud youngsters, who have had a week of thrills living on the ground with their entrys, are stirring about watering and feeding their charges. Now and then they dart out with a whoop of joy toward a pile of rubble left at the site on one of the concessions. Triumph or despair follows, dependent on whether they have found any stray change as they

scanned the vacated spot. Chugging farm trucks begin to put in an appearance, as the "Farmer Browns" arrive to carry their hopes home to their own barnyards. Occasionally a slight stir is created, as a leery animal balks at being hustled up a ramp, but in the main operations proceed smoothly.

By the time the sum is high in the sky there is little glamour left to the scene. Tents, stripped of their gaudy prizes flap in the cool breeze beside piles of paper plates and discarded refuse. Crews of electricians still wander through the desolate tents stripping the wiring they worked so hard to install a short week ago. Soon they will be replaced by crews who will raze the tents. A quick look thru the farm exhibit building reveals several of the displays intact, but most of them have been stripped except for torn paper streamers. By now the blue ribbons of the proud prize winners are resting on their mantels at homs, while their happy owners are already planning next year's exhibit. Only a few days will pass before the fair officials will be starting on next year's plans, but for this one day, all will rest, secure in the knowledge of a job well done.

On the highways the rigs of the "carnies" are rapidly carrying them away from this scene to a new one. Some of them will rest in their nearby homes, while those who follow the circuit faithfully will be seeing new faces in the same old setting before another day is over. We, who do no more than look forward to the thrill of attending the annual affair, will go home to bed now, to dream about next year's country fair, with all its glamour and din, sparkle and thrills.

Sincerely,
Your Neighbor

Palmyra Courier Journal Thursday, November 10 1955

(46)

Dear Neighbors,

Pause a while, this solemn day
To count the blessings on your way,
Join with neighbors, near and far,
Raise your voices where e're you are
In a hymn of thanks to God above,
For all the blessings of His love.

Give your thanks for fields of green,
and golden wheat rope to glean,
For suns that shine, and gentle rains,
For birds that nest in country lanes,
For good, rich earth to nurse the seeds
And grow the food for all our needs.

Breathe a thanks for friends so true
And helping hands stretched out to you.
Gather all your loved ones near,
Giver your thanks for each one so dear,
count the neighbors on your street,
And all the friendly folks you meet.

Gaze at your flag waving above,
And all about at the land you love,
From shore to shore a free man's land,
Each man's soul his own command.
Thank your God in earnest prayer
For each breath of freedom's air.

For all His gifts, large and small,
Thank Him now, neighbors all,
For life and live, heart and soul,
Now join your hearts in neighborly way
To thank our God on Thanksgiving Day.

Sincerely,
Your Neighbor

Palmyra Courier Journal 11/24/55

Dear Neighbors,

This started out to be a story of Christmas in the Orient. It would have been a beautiful story as Reverend Frederick Savage, of Macedon Center told it, but now the Christmas season is over, and instead of telling you about Christmas lights in the shadow of Fujiama, I am going to tell you about a man with a dream. It is a dream whose fulfillment will bring great benefit to you, tome, and to the community as a whole. Completed, it will be something for each and everyone of us to point to with pride. I have faith enough in all of you, my neighbors, to believe that once you have heard about this dream, you will see that it really is a Christmas story after all, for it gives all of us a chance to extend our Christmas spirit into the rest of the year.

I knew when I went to call on Reverend and Mrs. Savage that they had spent a considerable amount of time in China and Japan, and I expected to be thoroughly interested in whatever they had to tell me. I was not disappointed. The tale of their experiences as missionaries is exciting and enthralling, and the exquisite mementos which adorn their home are delightful to gaze upon. Sometime it the near future I will write their story for you because I know you will be delighted to hear about their escape from China on the last LST boat to leave with evacuees, and about the work Reverend Savage continued to carry on in Japan.

But even more absorbing than these past events are the plans they are trying to formulate for the future of the youth of our community. These are plans which you and I can share in, and if we do so they will be brought to early fruition. Reverend Savage, with the cooperation of the Board Of Trustees of the Academy has laid the ground work for a community center in the building which was once our beloved Macedon Academy. Now it is time to take our share of the burden.

There are few of you who do not know the story of Macedon Academy. We can all count among our neighbors several who were once happy students of the Academy. Its founders were your forefathers who believed in the future, and in the young people of the community and they fought for their beliefs. The academy building still stands as a monument to that fight, and after serving its purpose well for many years it is now ready to serve our present generation of boys and girls. Originally young people could learn their reading and writing and arithmetic within its walls - now they can learn to have a happy, well adjusted social life. The energy of youth is boundless and when proper outlets are not provided within the community young people will go elsewhere in search of pleasure. Too many of our boys and girls start out looking for some harmless fun and end up in some kind of trouble. Often the energy they could have expended playing ping-pong or dancing at a community center near home is spent driving a car too fast and the end result is tragedy. We talk about the fun we used top have on sleigh rides, quilting parties, neighborhood dances and the like, but what do we do to see that they have the same kind of fun? We keep ourselves busy with our memberships in the various organizations and church groups, but what do we provide for our young people who need activities even more than we? Reverend Savage and the Board of Trustees have obtained permission to use the upstairs of the Academy building for this purpose and have started the work. If no help is offered they will probably keep at it until the community center is a fact, but they would prefer that it not be the project of any one church group. If the center is to work out to its best advantage, any member of the community should feel free to make use of it, and it should be a matter of community work from the start.

Palmyra Courier Journal Feb. 16, 1956

Each of us can search our heart and find a reason for offering our help to complete the community center. You neighbors who are old enough to have grown children and grandchildren will perhaps feel it is not a matter to interest you. Please do not feel this way. You have so much to contribute. You are the ones who can kindle the spark of community effort and fan it with your memories. Dust off those memories of neighbors helping neighbors with barn risings and all the other joint efforts that welded this community into the place we are proud to call home. We don't have a building to build but we do have lives to mold, so think about those good times and talk about them until all of us are filled with the knowledge of what can be accomplished when we all work together for a cause.

Then there are the neighbors like myself, who have growing children. Is it necessary to point out who we should do everything we can to push this project forward? We are the ones who will feel the most satisfaction when we are able to tell our sons and daughters they have a place to go to have fun. We can volunteer to help supervise the project when it is underway and have the fun of watching happy youngsters having wholesome fun. We can watch them grow up to have the same satisfaction and pride in their community that we have now, because they will know that we cared about them.

And those of you who have no children of your own. Your hearts must be open to all young people and you must realize that they are the responsibility of every adult. Perhaps you will be able to help most of all, for often you have more time than parents with large family responsibilities. Your services can be invaluable and the recompense of a happy youngster's thanks will be worth more than gold to you.

I can't be specific about what is needed, because I do not know. That, you will have to find out from Reverend Savage and his committees. I do know that a project of this type can use every kind of help and every pair of available hands. Before you have read this I will have offered my help, although I don't know what I can do any more than you do. Let's all offer our hearts and hands to get our community center off to a flying start. And when it is ready to be officially opened let's have one big community party to look at the work we have done. Then we can look at each other and say "well done, neighbor," and from out of the past I am sure we will be able to hear the voices of our ancestors echoing their sentiment.

Sincerely,

Your Neighbor

Dear Neighbors,

Wild, white swirling curtains of snow put a sparkling end to plans I had made for a neighborly visit, not only this week but several times this past month, so I huddled by the fire and pored over some of the bits of written memories that my good neighbors have so kindly let me borrow without setting a time limit on their return. They hold a never-ending fascination for me, with their tales of yesteryears, so the thought came to me that a few of you might like to look over my shoulder as I read my treasures. Come relax by your fireside while we wait for warmer, if not more beautiful weather, and reminisce awhile with me.

It was in January of 1856 that Frank Hicks of Macedon Center decided that the people of that village needed a publication designed to give them news items and promote the business interests of the town, while also providing coverage of church and social events and an outlet for the literary efforts of the students of the academy. It is not difficult to lose one's self in memories as one peruses these news notes of the past for this first issue and all of the ensuing issues present a graphic picture of the life of those days.

Can you imagine, as I can, the exciting plans which filled every home as this first issue of a newspaper in the community, announced to one and all that a supper for the benefit of the Methodist Church was to be held on Friday evening January 23, at the home of DeWitt C. Lapham. I can almost smell the fragrance of the kitchens, whose busy occupants were preparing the escalloped oysters and other good things which were promised, in the announcement, to all who could find the ticket price of twenty-five cents. Occasions like this were family affairs in those days and I can see in my imagination mothers and sisters bustling about with the household chores so that all would be ready for the big evening. I can see father and brother, breathless and a trifle red faced, half from rushing through the evenings chores and half from being pushed into uncomfortable Sunday best clothes, but looking forward to all the ice cream they could eat. I can feel the sting of the snow on their faces as the sleighs sped across the snow and I can hear the merriment as neighbor greeted neighbor round a glowing stove at the designated place. I am sure that before the evening ended everyone's appetite was a lot smaller and voices were a lot hoarser from singing and shouting.

Winter weather did not seem to bother our sturdy ancestors, even though they traveled without the comfort of closed and heated automobiles. There are countless mentions of entertainments and social gatherings sprinkled throughout the next few issues, besides a small note in several places to the effect that many members of the community were deriving a great deal of enjoyment from sleight rides. The Academy was often the gathering place for the neighbors as the students offered recitals and gymnastic exhibitions to prove the worth of their higher education.

Interstate travel was not the rarity one would think considering the difficulties involved. On February 15, 1885 the latest news was that Mrs. Carrie Carman of Michigan was visiting relatives in the Center. Along with the mention that James Harbou spent two days in Albany during April, are also items mentioning travel by various individuals to such places as Iowa, Kansas and California. To facilitate all this travel each issue contained a railroad time table with the notation of the connecting stage schedule. One in the morning and twice in the afternoon the stage connected with outgoing trains.

Palmyra Courier Journal 3/8/56

May brought the news that farmers were busy with their plowing and Academy students were taking time from their studies to help on the farm. June and July brought mentions of the summer quiet, a yearly meeting in Canada which was well attended by our Quaker forefathers, and a strawberry and ice cream festival held in conjunction with the closing exercises of the Academy. Net profit to the committee in charge - forty dollars. Fishing as a favorite past time also came in for a small comment which leads us to believe that esteemed sport has not changed much over the years. In small print the editor observes that though many enjoy the sport, many also return empty handed.

In September the paper had a news item of real interest to note. Thomas L. Hance, of the Center, reached the ripe old age of 103 on the 27th of that month. At that time, although Mr. Hance was the oldest man in the county and quite possibly the oldest in the state, he was in remarkable possession of his faculties, and enjoying life immensely. The same month began the fall term at the Academy, with an enrollment of 58 students, and thrashing and harvesting activities in the community.

Fall turned into Winter even as it does now and the paper followed the seasonal activities of its readers. With the December issue came the announcement that there would be no more regular publications. Mr. Hicks found that his business called for too much of his time so he abandoned "The Centre Item". At irregular times during the next few years copies were issued, but only when advertising and news demanded.

I hope you have enjoyed this short sojourn into the past as much as I have. It is always so much more pleasant to share these moments than to keep them to myself, and I fondly imagine that each one that I share with you will bring to your mind several more that you might like to share with your other neighbors some day.

Sincerely,

Your Neighbor

Dear Neighbor,

It is the night after Christmas. The hearth fire is low. All around in our house and I am sure in yours, are the signs of a great day come and gone. Some of the decorations have slipped a little, too tired to cling to their base, and a mound of dejected looking tissue paper has been added to the scene. The bright array of toys which presented such a dazzling and inviting picture to freshly wakened childish eyes, have had some of their shine removed, and some of the wind-up toys have even gone on strike and refused to run at all. Well satisfied, midget carolers have warbled their last "Joy To The World", and traipsed off to bed, clad in warm new pajamas. Even the tree in the corner looks a little weary and worn as if it knew its moment of supreme glory would soon be over. Yes, another Christmas is over.

Even the weariness cannot overcome the warm feeling that the days has brought, however. As we look around at the bounty that the day has brought, however. As we remember that some one cares, and as such its value is increased tenfold. Each gift we presented to someone has left its imprint of friendship on our hearts, and that cannot be erased in a moment. When we lost ourself in an attempt to make some other person happy, we lit a birthday candle for the Christ Child, and that little flame can warm our souls for a long time.

Now we are preparing to embark on a brand new year. Would it not be wonderful if we could remember that, although Christ was born on Christmas Day, He lived in this world for many days and years. Each day of His life was as much a miracle as His birth, and where ever He walked and talked. He spoke of and performed acts of love. The gifts that we gave today were a symbol the love that He brought to the world, but too often we forget that we could make the world a happier place to live in if we would give a small token of love each day.

I like to think that this week between Christmas and New Year's was given to us as a little period of reflection. We have been busy with festivities since the middle of November, when we started preparing for the Thanksgiving holiday, and now we can sit down and ponder on what it has all meant to us. We began by being thankful for all of our blessings and proceeded to show our love and thankfulness by trying to make others happy on Christmas Day. Through the whole season there has been a spirit which exists at no other time of the year. Now we are being presented with a new year and the chance to carry this spirit over into the days that will follow. Will we remember and take advantage of this opportunity given to us to better our way of living or will we let the holiday spirit die with the holiday?

Do you remember the glow you felt stealing over you as you wrapped all the gifts you gave, and the deepening of that warmth as you watched the happy look in the eves of the recipients. Then remember that you can accomplish the same thing by giving someone a cheerful word any time of the year. Do you remember how close you felt to that distant friend as you sent off your Christmas greetings? Just as far away is that neighbor you haven't met yet, and you can feel just as close by making him or her know that you are glad to have a new neighbor. The cards you sent to old and true friends made you feel as if the world was indeed a wonderful place, but you might add to that feeling if you go a little bit out of your way to make new friends during the days that follow.

A year full of days is waiting, and a world full of fellow human beings. Each day will present its opportunities to bring the Christmas spirit into our lives. The sentimental hearts we

wore for the Christmas season will look just as well any day of the coming year. A song of happiness bursting forth from the soul will find as many answering echoes as any Christmas carol.

I don't believe in New Year's resolutions because I never keep them. Inspired by the Christmas story, I think most of us set our sights too high, in making resolutions, and try to achieve a perfection we are incapable of. This year, however I am going to make one resolution. That is to remember, that God's wondrous gift to the world came not in glamorous trappings, but in swaddling clothes. That He grew up to be a simple man, spreading happiness with a word or a touch and that God has given to me the same power to create happiness among my fellow men, if I can forget my own search long enough to call on those powers. I know that if I can remember these things, God will be there to help and my own search for happiness will not matter, but it will be successful.

I can think of no better wish to extend to all of the friends and neighbors who have become so near and dear to me during the past year than to wish them a year full of days filled with the Christmas spirit.

Sincerely,

Your Neighbor

Dear Neighbor,

Last Fall, the Monroe County Fair in Rochester marked the seventy-fifth anniversary of progress in agriculture. Much of that progress has come from the use of electricity. We who live in a rural area, can see the progress in our own homes and on our farms, but such a striking display of contrasts brings it even more clearly to our minds. Visual displays make our own mental pictures even more vivid and afford us many a topic for friendly discussion.

With this in mind, I went to call on neighbor Carl Jeerings, the Rural Service Supervisor for the Rochester Gas & Electric Co., who has long been associated with progress in rural electrification, and contributed much to the success of the exhibit at the fair. He is old enough to have seen and been a part of many of the changes of the past half-century, and young enough to be filled with dreams and hopes for the future of electronics. Rural electrification is both his vocation and avocation, and I was sure no better authority on the subject could be found. For many years he has been a member and organizer of many of the country's leading farm improvement organizations. Through these organizations, he is constantly striving to accomplish his aim in life, which is to bring the conveniences and benefits of electricity to farm people.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Jeerings live in the home Carl's father built when a young man. Carl's mother, Mrs. Fred Jeerings, divides her time between her old home and the home of her daughter in Rochester. When you sit in their cozy living room, beside a glowing fireplace you find their combined memories of the years are too abundant to confine to one article, and too precious to attempt condensation. Therefore, I hope to call on them again soon to relive, with eighty-three year old "Grandma" Jeerings, some of the very early days in Macedon.

Mr. Jeerings' interest in electrification, as a means of bringing greater happiness to his fellow men, began as early as his grammar school days at the Science Hill school house. The Christmas program one of these years centered around a sparkling tree, which young Carl and some of his friends had illuminated by means of a battery hook-up. Much later he helped to light this entire section, when he worked for the Walworth Light & Power Company, as they ran their power line to most of this area.

Even as his father was present and helped assemble the first reaper to be used at hand and assisted many of his neighbors and friends as they acquired milking machines, barn cleaners, and the multitude of other time and labor-saving devices at our disposal today. Even as many another clear-thinking pioneer in his chosen field has rejoiced at the advantages electricity has brought to both country and city life, so Carl has rejoiced as each discovery became an integral part of someone's life, and made that life not only easier, but more productive.

The lighting of the largest electric light bulb in the world, at the fair last year, was a fitting tribute to Mr. Jeerings and thousands of others who have studied long and labored tirelessly to extract every advantage possible from the miracle of electricity. It cast a radiant light over a huge area of the grounds and sent its beams far upward toward the sky. The efforts of people like him have done the same thing throughout the world. Where total darkness reigns, one man or several will decide to experiment and perfect. Soon, by studying diligently and applying what is known and experimenting and analyzing what is unknown, a glimmer of light becomes evident. As a result of unceasing devotion to their task, the light grows and spreads its beams to every corner. There is much to be done in the field yet, but as these pioneers continue to work and share their knowledge with the younger generation following in their footsteps, more and more miracles can and will be wrought.

The field of amateur radio is one of extreme interest, not only to Carl, but to thousands of other

"Hams" all over the world. As a hobby, it affords much pleasure, but is more than a hobby. The amateur operators of the world, since 1913, have pioneered practically every advancement in radio science. Many of their accomplishments have been absorbed so quickly by commercial radio that the general public has no knowledge of their origin. Carl Jeerings is justly proud of his membership in this great organization. He is quick to point out the valuable services rendered by the "Hams" in two wars and all national emergencies. In practically every other country in the world, amateurs are restricted, sometimes forbidden to operate at all, but, in the United States, the "Hams" and our government work closely together, and many operators have received commendations for valuable assistance.

This is a subject so close to Carl's heart that I could have acquired enough information for an entire article, but I must confine myself to giving the highlights of his own share in the work of the American Radio Relay League.

His first set in 1913 enabled him to communicate with friends in the immediate vicinity of Walworth and Macedon Center. These sets were a battery and spark coil arrangement, but soon commercial outfits produced a vacuum tube which greatly enlarged distance possibilities. Radio, telephone, and short wave sets followed. Before World War I, no contacts had ever been made with countries across the ocean. During the war the government assumed authority over all amateur broadcasting, and hundreds of operators rushed to help their country with their skill. After the war, when licenses were issued again, a great many more "Hams" hurried to get them, and the absorbing interest was in making foreign contracts. In 1921, thirty American stations were heard in Europe. Carl Jeerings has a memento, a complimentary issue of a British Wireless magazine, to prove that his signal was heard in England in 1925, and many more to commemorate other overseas contacts. His present set is one of the most powerful that the government will allow for "Ham" transmission and receiving, and much of his spare time is spent in interest contact with countries all over the world.

The building of a set in the earlier days was no easy job. There were no "do-it-yourself" kits. Many of the parts couldn't be bought, but had to be constructed from available materials, ingenuity, and prayers. The supplies that could be bought were very expensive, and required careful planning and saving of money.

Among experts in the field of rural electrification, Carl Jeerings' endeavors have earned him a high rating. His only interests, however, are what his work can bring to others.

The Rural Electrification Service does much work with 4-H clubs and other groups of young people, because these are the hands and minds that will make the light or progress glow even brighter for the future. When Carl was a young man, he had a very dear friend who inspired and encouraged him, and he feels that it is the duty of every older man, who has attained his place in the world, to extend a helping hand to the youths who are starting. That is why this particular field of his work affords him so much pleasure.

The hands of the clock also progress, so I had to take my leave of our neighbor and his inspiring stories. The light on the porch, to guide faltering feet, seemed to symbolize to me the whole world of today, with its many advantages, brought about by far-sighted pioneers, and its many opportunities for those who wish to take up the torch.

I thanked Carl for you and for me for helping to show us that the world has always been a pretty good world, is now a much better world, and will continue to be improved by sincere, hard-working men like neighbor Carl Jeerings, who keep the lamp of progress alight.

Sincerely,
Your Neighbor


Truman Crane
Zoe Morrison
Lena Jeffery
Edna Wilcoxin Plumb
Carrie Turner
Maude Lapham