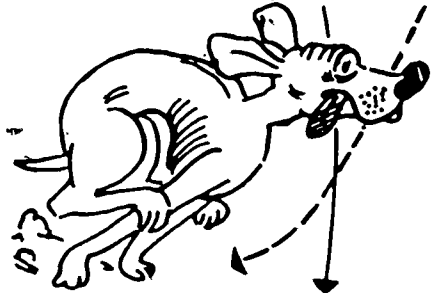


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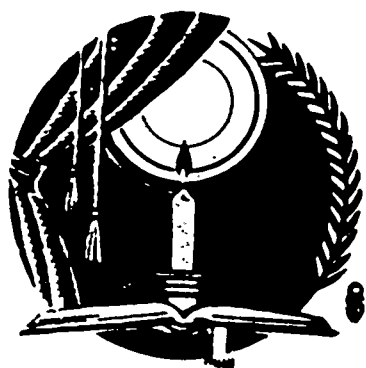
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## Home Town

By Elizabeth E. Smith Case  
A True Narrative of a Small Town  
in the Gay Nineties

I suppose there are many Villages throughout the Country that are as beautiful to their Homefolks as my home town is to me, but none of them quite fill the bill as My Town does.

Port Byron is situated almost in the heart of the Finger Lakes region; a section of country conceded to be as beautiful as can be found in this country of ours. It is practically in the center of New York State; the Five Finger lakes, so called because they spread out over the land, like a hand each lake a finger: Cayuga, Seneca, Canandaigua, Skaneateles, and Keuka Lakes, named for the Indian Tribes that roamed their shores and fished in their waters, when the country was young. The thousands of Tourists that visit us every year, tell us that we don't appreciate the beautiful scenery, because we have seen it all of our lives.

Auburn, the County seat of Cayuga County, is nine miles from Port Byron, which lies north of it, and during the Nineties was reached by Stage, unless one owned his own horse and carriage. The Stage started at Spring Lake, a small farming town still further north, stopping at Conquest, then Port Byron, on to Throopsville and into Auburn. It carried the Mail, did miscellaneous errands as well as carrying the regular passengers. The fare from Port Byron was fifty cents round trip. One had to step up very high to reach the first step, then to the floor of the Stage and sit on wide, hard seats; in pleasant weather, the black leather, oilcloth curtains were rolled up so we could see the country as we rode along, but when it rained, or the weather was cold, they were buttoned tight to the frame of the top and we were in and could see nothing, so of course every one tried to pick nice days for their trips to Auburn.

A trip to Auburn was something to plan for weeks ahead, as few of us went there but two or three times a year. Auburn had brick paved streets, and gas lights and beautiful stores, filled with loads of merchandise that we loved to look at, even if we couldn't buy it.

We took our lunches and ate them in the Hitch stable office on State street, the waiting room had several chairs and altho it smelled rather horsey, we didn't mind at all, for soon we would wander up and down the streets, window shopping and buying the things we needed.

Our Town is not a compact one, but rather a rambling sort of Town covering a large amount of territory for it's population, 1800 at that time. It's streets go up and down the several hills with abandon. Main street runs North and South in between them and Owasco River, emptying from Owasco Lake, three miles South of Auburn. This stream also runs parallel, through the Town, and on north where it empties into Seneca river, and the Barge Canal; but there was no Barge Canal in the Nineties.

Our streets are wide and well shaded; at night they are lighted by a few scattered kerosene lamps, set in the lamp posts, that a few progressive citizens had put up. The tiny flame cheered us along the way, but mostly we carried lanterns if

it was dark. My sister owned a small sized brass one that was the envy of all who saw it; on Sunday evening, one could always see a row of those lanterns in the vestibule of the Church, waiting to light their owners home, after the service.

On gala occasions, like Band Tournaments, 4th of July celebrations or Political Parades, the Town would be decked out in all it's glory. Flags, bunting and Japanese lanterns were hung in every conceivable place; the Howard House was an outstanding example. It was a third of a block long, painted white with green trim. It had roomy verandas running it's full length on all three stories. When those lanterns were hung down the length of all of them and lighted as soon as it got dark enough, it was indeed a pretty sight.

There were a few flagstone sidewalks, but the rule was the board walk and on the outskirts, they used the two parallel boards; much cheaper to build, but all right if one could toe the boards in wet weather. Nearly every home had it's hitching post, some of them ornate fluted iron ones with a horses head atop, his mouth holding the iron ring.

In the business part of the Town, which forms a triangle a circle of green lawn is enclosed by posts with heavy iron chains connecting them; a fountain graces the center; in summer a fine spray of water gracefully empties in it's basin. On each side of the street, in the nineties, are the hitch railings, where a farmer can tie his team and lumber wagon, or his driving horse and carriage without putting a nickel in a meter. Sometimes those horses were tied and left for hours, with their heads much too high by the too tight check rein; they would toss their heads and paw the ground in an effort to get loose, but mostly the checks were unfastened, so the horses would be comfortable while their masters were shopping or visiting.

The Howard Brothers, John and Rush, bachelors both, were hospitable; the public was welcome to find seats on those verandas and listen in comfort to those Concerts, or what not. Indeed, that Hostelry was famous in those days for it's fine cuisine and the genial hospitality of those splendid men. Salesmen made it a point to spend week ends there whenever possible; they insisted it was the best Hotel on the Main Line (ie.) the N. Y. Central, between Albany and Buffalo.

The tiny Lockup was full every Saturday night with men who had imbibed freely and unwisely. By Monday they were fit to go to work again. The Town had eighteen Saloons and five churches; the Saloons prospered, while the churches had a hard time of it, yet the people went to church much more regularly then, than now.

In summer extra money was made from Ice Cream Socials, held on the church lawn, where out-sized dishes of honest to goodness home made cream and all the cake one could eat were served, while the local Band furnished music; the Band Boys were of course treated during the evening.

In winter, there were box socials, Magic Lantern entertainments, and rarely, Swiss Bell Ringers, or a Lecturer would come; then there was the annual Donation for the Pastor; it was held in the Sunday School room in the basement of the church; long tables were covered with the choicest linens the Ladies could bring in and a very elaborate supper was served to all.

There was no charge for those

suppers, but the members were supposed to bring a gift of cash if possible, over and above their regular church pledges.

Farmers brought potatoes, winter squash, onions, dry beans, or anything edible, while the ladies brought jellies, conserves or pickles and even clothes their youngsters had outgrown. One Pastor made his good wife dress the children in some of those clothes; they were such a spectacle of missfits, that never again were clothes donated.

We children enjoyed those gatherings immensely; we would sneak up and look in the church sanctuary. If it were moonlight, the faint streaks showed through the stained glass windows, making the pews and pulpit look ghostly and unreal, so we beat a hasty retreat and usually slid down the bannisters to where it was light and warm. Many Pastors and their families would have had a hard time getting through the winter, if it had not been for those Donations.

Our homes would, no doubt, give a modern interior decorator the willies or a dark brown Night mare, but they were very comfortable and homelike. In winter the cheery coal fire in the heaters was pleasant to look at, while the nickel fenders, just invites cold feet to rest on them to get warm. The hanging lamp swung from the center of the ceiling, gave a soft light, not too good to read by; some of those lamps were very elaborate, the nicest ones having red glass shades, all hobnailly in design, with brass band at the bottom, and a fringe of crystal prisms. The brass chains going from either side, to allow it to be lowered, or pushed up high enough so to light the room better.

Much fancy work was in evidence; lamberkins for the mantels, silk tidies, tied in the middle with a bow, for the rockers, worked sampler pictures, and family portraits on the walls, or a large steel engraving of Washington, crossing the Delaware, and last, but not least, bouquets of paper flowers in vases.

I remember making a huge bunch of vari-shaded purple violets with stems a yard long. They were formed in a throw and hung over one corner of a picture on an easel in one corner of our parlor. To make it more realistic I sprayed it with violet perfume periodically. The tall brass table lamp supported a large crepe paper shade, built over a wire frame; it was decked out with paper flowers, and they were very handsome too, and gave forth such soft light, the color varying according to the paper one used. They were veritable dust catchers, but no one minded, for they could be so easily replenished and no one thought of fire risk.

Our Father had a habit of going to the cellar when the nights work was done and we had gathered to the sitting room, and bringing up a pan of apples: greenings, Spies,

## "Story of Vatican" Told In New Film

Commendation for the full-length feature motion picture "The Story of the Vatican" which will be shown April 6, 7 and 8 at the Capitol Theatre of Auburn, has been expressed by Walter Winchell, Columnist and Radio Commentator The New York Times, The San Francisco News, The Catholic News and others.

The picture which will be continuous, will open at 2 o'clock, on each of the three afternoons. "The Story of the Vatican" is narrated by the Rt. Rev. Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen, well known author, lecturer and principal speaker of the Catholic Radio Hour.

Filmed and produced by "The March of Time" with the approval and full co-operation of the highest authorities of the Papal State "The Story of the Vatican" is the first complete motion picture ever made inside Vatican City, and it brings to the screen a unique and hitherto unrevealed presentation of ecclesiastical and civil life inside the tiny independent Papal state today. The picture will be shown under the auspices of the Catholic Daughters of Auburn.

THERE'S NOTHING  
TO IT...



**OUR ADS  
DID IT!**

seek-no-further, and russets He would peel them with his jack-knife and pass them around, until we had our fill of them—much better than medicine for us, and we surely enjoyed them along with occasional popcorn, a combination treat for a winters evening that is hard to beat. One summer half of the town's screen doors blossomed out with pictures painted on them; a so called Artist went from house to house and did a door while we watched. When he had finished, we could see out as well as ever, but a person on the outside looking in could see only a view of Niagara Falls, or some landscape. They were very popular for some time.

(Continued Next Week)

## The World's News Seen Through THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR

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**VERNIERS SELL PROPERTY**

Mr. and Mrs. Everad Vernier have sold the former Barnes home-stead at Stop five, where they have lived since shortly after the demise of Mr. William Barnes, and moved their effects to Syracuse yesterday.

The new neighbors at Stop 5, beginning today, are Mr. and Mrs. Peter Fagen, whose family are now grown and living away. For 20 years they operated a 180 acre dairy farm near Skaneateles, sold out because of the much discussed farming problems of the present day.

**Home Town**

By Elizabeth E. Smith Case  
A True Narrative of a 'Small Town in the Gay Nineties

Lost Era Recaptured In Story of First Firemen's Excursion To Cayuga Lake by Canal Steamer.  
Continued from last week

The Erie Canal bisected the Town in half, running East and West. There were four bridges, crossing it at different streets; those little canal bridge hills were excellent for the younger children to coast down in winter, and popular with the young folks in summer. They congregated there to watch the boats go through on pleasant evenings. Nearly always there were canalers on deck playing an accordion or banjo, or even a harmonica, mouth organ in those days. They were simple, hardworking folks, whose only enjoyment was the music they made, when not busy at their housekeeping or driving the mules on the towpath. Very long rafts went through, occasionally; they were indeed quite a sight, tree length logs roped together the width of a boat, and length on length of them, until they reached from Main Street to River Street, a distance of several city blocks; tiny shacks were built on the front end for the cook shack and sleeping quarters, the stove pipe sticking through the roof, at the rear. Another shack was built to house the mules.

**Winter Skating**

In winter, when the water was nearly all let out, and frozen, it made a fine skating causeway. On pleasant winters evenings, there was usually a good sized crowd, going back and forth, from one bridge to another, being careful to avoid the holes where they had been cutting ice. Occasionally, the boys would build a bonfire on the towpath on a Saturday evening and our parents would come and see the fun; most of the young people in Town were good skaters and if the weather was at all favorable, the canal had a good crowd out to enjoy it's smooth surface.

**Practical Joker**

On pleasant summer afternoons, the roomy arm chairs, placed out in front of the stores, were usually filled with men, with nothing else to do but talk Politics, or just idly pass the time away, keeping their eyes and ears open for any news. One of our very respectable Citizens, whom I shall call Mr. Adams, had the 'tickling' ego. He always carried a straw, and if he could sneak up behind some unsuspecting victim and tickle him behind his ears until the man would try several times to brush off the offending 'Fly', his day would be perfect. I have seen the whole street stop in whatever it was doing, to watch him come stealthily across the square, his small grey shoulder shawl across his shoulders no matter how hot it was, sneak up behind some persons, and expertly brush the straw across the back of an ear. His technique was so perfect, that the victim always was fooled. He would brush at the offending 'Fly' several times before someone would giggle, then he would turn to see Mr. Adams with a big grin on his face. It was the standing joke of the Town and went on for years. Just once did I see anyone retaliate. That was in the Post Office. One of our local Pastors, a man well along in years was at the outer desk, writing. Mr. Adams came in quietly as always and saw

him; he crept up behind him and the straw did it's work as usual. Three times the Pastor brushed at the 'Fly' before he turned and saw the straw. He said nothing, but slowly took off his specs, laid them on the desk and raised his arm and gave Mr. Adams a good hard slap across his mouth. Mr. Adams said nothing and quickly left the Post Office, forgetting to get his mail; the Pastor, put his specs back on and resumed his writing, then he too, left the place. He knew I had seen the whole thing, but he made no comment; after they had gone, my sister and I who were in back of the partition, had a good laugh.

**First Fire Convention**

As nearly as I can remember, it was during the summer of 1893 that our local Volunteer Fireman's Assn. was invited to join the Central New York Assn's annual Convention at Ithaca. They of course accepted and chartered the M. P. Brown, the largest of the passenger boats on the Canal, altho not as fast a boat as The Kirk, which was the fastest one on the canal. As soon as we youngsters heard of it we began to save our pennies and nickels, and by the Big Day, some of us had a quarter to spend, a large amount, for a thirteen year old girl to have in those days. We had seen to it that our several white petticoats were clean and well starched, and persuaded our Mother to buy us a new sailor hat and bright windsor tie. We just had to have something new to wear, or the day would have been ruined.

The boat came in the night before and tied up at the Main Street wharf, and the Parade Hose Cart was got on board; that Hose Cart was a thing of beauty with it's large, slender spoked wheels, painted a bright red, striped with gold, the new hose wound around it's middle, and white rope leaders for the boys to pull it along the line of march by. It was distinctly understood that no one was even to touch it for fear of leaving finger marks, or a possible scratch.

Mother had provided an elaborate dinner. Those baskets, filled to overflowing with fried chicken, juicy pies, layer cakes filled with gooey cream filling, honey, jam, baked beans, raised biscuits, lemonade and cold tea, (no Thermos jugs those days. There were china dishes, and linen napkins and towels to use; by the time everything was packed in those extra sized baskets, they were ponderous, but no one seemed to mind. At 5:30, the next morning, the boat whistled to awaken us, and from then on every half hour, until 7 o'clock, the time to leave. It was a long trip, about fifty miles. Cayuga Lake is thirty-eight miles long, forty, if one counts the Montezuma Marshes, the rest was by the Canal. By 6:30 the people began to come. They came singly, in couples, groups of young girls or boys and whole families; it seemed that half of the Town was going and the rest came to see us off.

We girls were dressed to kill with our dark serge skirts, white or light striped shirt waists with high, stiff collars and bright ties; our sailor hats held to our frizzed hair by extra long hat pins with very fancy heads, our fine black lisle stockings and high buttoned shoes, freshly shined, made us feel all dressed up and entirely satisfied with ourselves as we strutted along beside our parents, our petticoats rustling starchily.

**Firemen Parade**

The firemen met at the Hose House and marched down to the

boat and the Band boys came with their instruments, the Bass drum requiring two to carry it. The drum was placed atop the companionway until starting time.

The town clock in the Presbyterian Church Steeple struck 7. It was time to leave. The Captain called out 'All on board that are going aboard'. He signalled the engine room. The last long whistle sounded. The hawsers unwound from the snubbing posts and were thrown aboard. The engine started it's chugachug, chug. We were off. The Band played a lively tune as the people left on dock waved their hands and hats and told us to have a good time and to behave ourselves.

Boys on bicycles followed along the towpath as far as the lock. The boat whistled for the locks and in a very few minutes it was gliding slowly in and the gates closed, and we felt the boat going down, the water dripping and the bunches of moss, hanging wetly to the cracks in the masonry. As soon as we had reached the lower level, the gates opened and we once more were on our way, out past Little Italy, where scores of Italians made their living raising garden truck. The black muck land showing between row on row of pale green celery and onions, with never a weed, was indeed a pretty picture. The Italians at work, men, women and children, waved at us as we passed and called cheery greetings.

Five miles to Montezuma, where we left the Erie, went through another Lock, and into the Cayuga Canal, which was a narrower one built to connect the Erie with Cayuga Lake. It's banks were more sloping and were filled with all sorts of water plants. Farmers living along it's banks raised ducks. There were many flocks of them lazily floating on its surface, and children begged something from the dinner baskets to feed them. A bit later we were going thro that strip of canal, bordering Seneca river and the Marshes.

Cottages were built there facing the river, but having entrances also leading to the Towpath; one cottage always caused a tittle. The name, painted on a board nailed to the peak of the roof was Damfino. About this time, it began to get hot; Elmer C. in raising his girl friend's parasol, accidentally knocked a new sailor hat from Gracie M's head, it rolled in the canal before anyone could catch it; no use to try and fish it out as it was ruined anyway. When the


**IN PROBATE COURT**


The will of the late Clarence Hunter of Port Byron was admitted to probate in Surrogate's Court today. Letters testamentary were issued to Lewis W. Gutchess. The estate is valued at \$600 personal property, \$4,000 realty. The provisions; Mabel H. Gutchess, daughter, farm of 114 acres in the Town of Conquest with stock; residue left to Lillian Hunter, wife, for her life use. Any remainder on her death is devised to Mabel H. Gutchess.

whistle blew for 'low bridge', Frankie M stood too close; the steam took his hat, high in the air, and he nearly jumped out of his shoes, but the hat went straight up, so he caught it before it got away from him.

Continued next week

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"HELLO, FRISCO, HELLO"  
Plus Added Attraction  
MARCH OF TIME  
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**PALACE**  
SUN.-MON. APRIL 11-12  
Jon Hall  
"ARABIAN NIGHTS"  
Plus  
"SIN TOWN"

**NUTRITION TO CONTINUE**

Mrs. Margaret K. Smith has been engaged as nutritionist on the staff of the Cayuga Health Association. She succeeds Mrs. Mildred S. Crittenden, who resigned recently to become executive secretary of the Tompkins County Health Association.

Mrs. Smith who is a graduate in home economics from Cornell University, will make her home with her mother, Mrs. F. G. Kimberly, 18 Swift Street, Auburn. Her husband is an officer in the navy.

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**Home Town**

By Elizabeth E. Smith Case  
**A True Narrative of a Small Town  
in the Gay Nineties**

Continued from last week  
The Methodist church had the ice cream concession in the Cabin just in front of the engine room. They sold ice cream, stick candy, all day suckers and sold pop. They did a thriving business all the way up, making a neat sum for the church. Mr. T. a portly man in his fifties, bought a dozen or more of the suckers and passed them around, the older people and insisted that they eat them.

Young girls walked back and forth, joking with the Band Boys and Firemen, showing off their finery. It was a big day for them and they put in full time enjoying themselves. Little children had to be taken to the water tank by the stairway, for a drink or to the little cubicle marked "Women."

**Enter Cayuga Lake**  
Soon we were thru Mud Lock, just a short distance from the lift R. R. bridge at the foot of the lake. It lifted to let us thru and we were at last on the Lake proper; the engine had a deeper chugachug, chug, it seemed and the boat a different 'feel' as it let out for more speed on the deeper water.

Looking across the Lake, we could see Cayuga Lake Park with its four-storied Pavilion, and the grove running up the hill, where picnic tables, a merry-go-round and amusement places did business whenever there was a picnic. The Village of Cayuga, at the foot of the Lake, hugged the shore, then rambled on up steep hills. A few miles south on the same side was Union Springs, in its early days called Springport, a larger village than Cayuga, with the famous Dr. Pearce's Sanatorium and its boarding school for girls. Then a bit further, Aurora, the home of Wells College for girls, where Francis Folsom Cleveland, the wife of one of our Presidents, was educated.

It was now time for dinner; we all flocked to the cabin where the baskets were stowed away under the seats. Our mothers handed out pieces of chicken and pickles and we ate standing; we gulped it down as hurriedly as possible, so anxious we were to get back on deck.

**Taughannock Looms**  
Taughannock Falls loomed across the Lake, six miles from Ithaca, near the town of Trumansburg, at the head of a gorge four hundred feet deep, and about three quarters of a mile from the beach. One could walk up the gorge over shale rock and look straight up those nearly bare rocky walls until he reached the Falls, which were not more than forty feet wide, but the highest Falls East of the Rockies, and fifty feet higher than Niagara. As one stood on the flat rocks at their base, the roar was like a miniature Niagara. Legend has it that the Indian Chief Taughannock led his braves up that gorge, thinking to escape his pursuers, and was trapped at the Falls and all were killed. The settlers named the Falls after him. At the top of the gorge is now a beautiful State Park, that thousands visit annually; in the nineties, it was a popular picnic ground.

**A Happy Landing**  
Now we could see the buildings on the campus of Cornell University, far above Cayuga's waters; we were

nearly at our journey's end. In a very few minutes, the boat had tied to the wharf and the business of getting the boys in line was at hand. We all watched until they were ready to start, with the band at their head, then we marched along the sidewalk, keeping step, even as they. Their new uniforms, blue trousers with white stripes down the out seam, white shirts, white caps with blue visors, even the nifty bamboo canes they carried, made them very attractive anyway to us home folks. Each town represented bunched together on the side walks and as their unit passed in the parade, they lustily cheered them. Our boys with the bright hose cart got a big hand all along the line of march. As soon as the parade was over, and it was a very nice one too, the Ithaca Hosts took over and entertained the visiting Firemen with a baseball game, hose races, hurdles and all sorts of stunts to give them a good time. The rest of us, that is most of us, walked the long steep hill to the Campus where we went thru the Museum of Natural History and Administration building as it was vacation time for the University. There were benches on which to rest, and the beautiful vista, looking down North over the Lake, was a never ending delight.

**Back To The Boat**  
The afternoon was gone, almost before we knew it, and it was time to get back to the boat and eat our suppers, before time to start. We liked to do that, so as to be on deck at starting time, and then we could pick out the nicest seats on deck up forward, where the view is much nicer.

Starting time was six o'clock, and that meant that the whistle blew at 5:30 and 5:45. Some of the boys were late. The Captain was irritated as he hated to be held up and it looked bad down North, as though a storm were brewing. Black banks of clouds threatened rain and a sharp breeze came up; the boat kept on whistling at 6:15, 6:30 and 6:45, then 7 o'clock. He would wait no longer; we were an hour late, so he decided to leave the delinquents to their fate. Had we started on time, in all likelihood we would have been blown to the beach or sunk, as the storm that went down ahead of us was the worst one in the Lake country in man years; trees were uprooted, small craft blown to the beaches, wires blown down, in fact it was a veritable hurricane, and we were all studiously unconcerned. Our young folks sat with their feet thru the seat railings, so they faced the Lake, and their parasols up behind them, some singing, and I suspect some of them spooning; if a person wanted to find one of them, he would have to go down the line and lift up parasols until he found the right party.

The older people were glad to sit in the cabin where closed windows kept out the night wind. Up next the engine room one could get quite a bit of heat, as well as watch the engineer. The night wore on. At home, many men and women walked the streets all night, fearing we might be at the bottom of the Lake. My sister, who was a Western Union Telegraph Operator, tried to get news of the boat, but could get no further than Aurora.

**Return Is Revealing**  
It was getting light as we neared our home town; we saw the trees down, roofs blown from buildings and much small debris strewn about and we knew that there had been a bad storm. But when the boat got through the home locks, and

we saw the Tanner Dry Dock blown flat as the proverbial pancake, we knew that we were very lucky to have missed it. Mr. and Mrs. Tanner were on board; they took it like the staunch people that they were. It was soon rebuilt and ready to take care of any canal boat that needed repairs.

Quite a crowd was at the dock to meet us and there was much rejoicing that we were safe at home once more, and lo and behold, there were the delinquents waiting with the rest of them. They had taken a late train from Ithaca to Cayuga, another one from there to Auburn. How they made the last lap of the nine miles is still a deep dark secret, but most of us believe they walked it, and still beat us home.

The big storm was the main topic for weeks, but like all such news it wore itself out and the good people of the town went back to their regular was of living.

To be continued)

If every man, woman and child in the United States lays aside \$100 the aggregate will be about \$13,000,000,000 or the amount the Treasury must raise in its Second War Loan.

For outdoor play, sawhorses in various sizes, together with planks, boards, and boxes, make it possible for a child to create many climbing arrangements for himself.

**MEDICAL PAYMENTS  
COVERAGE**

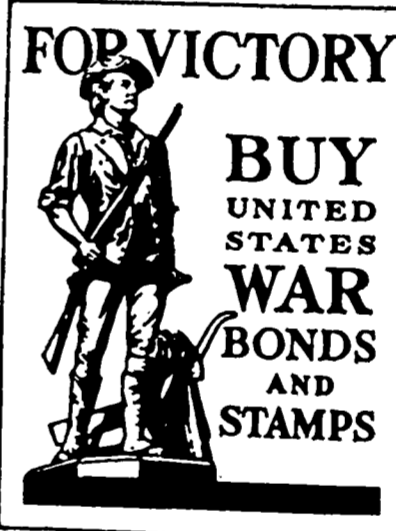
Both hospital and doctor's bills will be taken care of by the new Medical Payments coverage when added to your automobile insurance. Some new wrinkle they've added and a darn good one, if you ask me. Yes, you, your wife and your family, as well as your guest will have any reasonable medical, surgical, ambulance, hospital and professional nursing services, or funeral expenses taken care of, following an accident involving your car, whether or not you were responsible for the accident, if you have the Medical Payments coverage added to your automobile liability insurance.

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Insurance Agency.  
Phone 2241 Port Byron

**Cayuga County Savings Bank**

Cor. Genesee & State Sts. Auburn, N. Y.

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CONVENIENTLY HANDLED**

**at SCHINE'S  
AUBURN  
THEATRES**

**AUBURN**

THURS.-FRI.-SAT. APRIL 15-17  
Two Outstanding Hits ...!

DEANNA DURBIN in  
"The AMAZING  
MRS. HOLLIDAY"  
Plus Co-Feature

"QUIET PLEASE, MURDER"  
with GEORGE SANDERS

SUN. thru WED. APRIL 18-21

The Greatest Heart Story Of  
Our Times ...  
John Steinbeck's  
"THE MOON IS DOWN"  
with Sir Cedric Hardwick  
Doris Bowden

**JEFFERSON**

SUN. thru WED. APRIL 18-21  
DOUBLE FEATURE

DESTINATION UNKNOWN  
with WILLIAM GARGAN  
Plus Second Big Hit !!!  
"CINDERELLA SWINGS IT"  
with  
Guy KIBBEE — Gloria WARREN

**PALACE**

SUN. - MON. APRIL 18-19  
TWO FEATURES

"FOR ME AND MY GAL"  
with  
Judy GARLAND George MURPHY  
Plus Companion Hit  
"TIME TO KILL"  
with LLOYD NOLAN

# Home Town

At Hallowe'en, some pranksters took a light lumber wagon, and in some laborious manner, got it up on top of a good sized hay barn at the North end of Main street. When the owner went down to draw some hay for his horses, his wagon was nicely straddled over the ridgepole.

It was quite a chore to get it down and I suspect the air was blue around there for a while.

## EYE GLASSES

ON EASY TERMS

By Mortimer Shay  
Graduate Optometrist With

## LIBERMAN'S

JEWELRY STORE  
70 Genesee St. Auburn, N. Y.

FOR COOL  
SPRING DAYS

BUY a SACK OF  
MINEPAKT

Old Company's  
Lehigh  
& KEEP COZY!

Always Dependable



WARREN  
Lumber & Coal Co.  
Phone 3401 Port Byron  
George R. Wight, Prop.



May we take the responsibility of guiding you through the troubled time of bereavement?

We strive to serve you completely.

MODERATE PRICES  
Lady Assistant

DWINELLE  
Funeral Home  
Phone 3931 — Port Byron

Another Halloween, some years later, the town got a big laugh. One of our Citizens owned a hack of very ancient vintage. He used it to carry the mail from the railroad to the post office, until it got beyond being trustworthy. The owner had heard that it was to be taken, so he took great pains to go by a very out of the way route, to hide it in a barn, up Reservoir Hill.

The morning after, it was in the very center of the Town; in fact inside the chains of the village green circle, and that's not all. Inside of it were the owner's pet goats, very comfortable, if a goat can be comfortable that way. He took the goats home, but swore he wouldn't touch the hack, if it stayed there and rotted. It nearly did just that. For weeks it graced the circle, until the official board acted and it was drawn to the dump.

### Christmas Time

At Christmas time the Churches outdid themselves in rehearsing the children for the entertainment. Sometimes it was a Cantata. For a small Town, Port Byron had extra fine singers. The Christmas Anthems were rendered beautifully, and the children, letter perfect in their dialogues and songs, made the evening a very enjoyable one.

The Tree, of course, was the main attraction, trimmed with many strings of popcorn, a few store trimmings, and all of the gifts brought in that would go on it. Always something to make fun; a pig's tail wrapped in fancy trimmings for a staid Deacon, or a lady's stocking, white mostly, filled with some nonsense, for the Pastor.

When Santa (our beloved Dr. Stewart) rang the sleigh bells to announce himself, and came up the stairs and down the center aisle, wrapped in his Raccoon great coat and the pack on his back, excitement was at the explosive point. Under the coat was the regulation red jacket and knee pants, boots and red cap.

He passed the gifts to the children, while the canary birds, that women had brought in and hung underneath the balcony up near the front, sang right along with the Choir and children. It was indeed a Gala occasion and the Church was always packed to the doors; no matter if a person never went to a service during the year, on Christmas Eve, he would always be on hand at some Church.

### The Winter's Work

Christmas and New Years, with it's Watchmeetings, over, the good people settled down to their winter's work: there were quilts to be pieced, carpet rags to sew, odds and ends of fancy work, and dresses to make. And such dresses! They were built on Honor, like a good house, and on a firm foundation. First the goods itself must be of as fine a quality as our purses would allow. Then the linings, which were fancy striped material, and interlining around the bottoms of the skirts up about a foot, to give the skirt stiffness around the bottom. They were finished off at the bottom with a brush binding, for dresses in the Nineties touched the floor with every step and the bottoms had to be protected or else be frayed in no time at all.

When a skirt was finished, with all the inside seams featherstitched, it was a work of Art and would stand alone. The Basque waists were also lined and the seams stiffened with covered whalebone stays and usually trimmed with bead passementerie, huge leg-o-mutton sleeves, with stiffened linings, which

made a girl so wide across her shoulders she would have to turn sideways to get through an ordinary door. Those dresses were something to look at, and were cherished as "best" dresses for several years.

### Visitors Always Welcome

Seldom a week passed, but some neighbor or Friend would drop in with her work and stay for supper; there was no need of an invitation, for she knew she was welcome and there was sure to be a warm molasses cake, home cured ham or maybe home made corned beef with Mother's delicious pickles and conserves on the side. Our winter would have been dull indeed, if we had not visited back and forth among ourselves.

One of the good Farmers out Howland's Island way had the habit of coming to Town every Saturday night, buying his groceries for the week and stowing them in the open democrat wagon, then hieing himself to his favorite Saloon to spend the evening with his cronies; usually he would get back to his patient nag at a very late hour, untie him, climb up to his seat and say "Giddap", then promptly go to sleep.

The horse always took him home, safe and sound. One Saturday night a few youngsters thought they would have some fun; they waited until the groceries were safely under the seat and Mr. Farmer on his way to his rendezvous, then they unhitched old Dobbin, took the groceries from the wagon, turned it bottom side up and hitched the horse up again. Somehow they put the seat on the bottom of the body. It was a queer looking rig with it's wheels pointing skyward, and many of the people going home later, wondered what on Earth was going on, it not being Halloween.

Much later, Mr. Farmer came down the street, walking from one side to the other, having hard work to navigate. He found his rig, climbed up to the seat, unwound the reins from the whip, and said "Giddap". Dobbin did his best, but nothing happened; the wagon stood still.

He kept calling "Giddap" for several minutes, with Dobbin looking around to see what the matter was. His horse sense told him, something was drastically wrong. The boys watched from a darkened hallway, having a hard time to keep from laughing.

Finally, they had had enough of it and helped get things right again and Dobbin started on his homeward trip. Mr. Farmer never found out who was responsible for that night's doings, but the Villagers had a good laugh over it.

And so time went on; we kept busy doing our housework the hard way, no electric cleaners, or other gadgets to lighten our work, or our homes at night; the broom and dustpan were busy, day in, day out. The kerosene lamps needed washing and filling nearly every day, and the periodic sessions of house-cleaning, taking up carpets that were tacked all around, were real jobs. But we were happy and had our quota of good times, getting together for sings, candy pulls, sleighrides in bobs filled with clean straw for warmth, ending up at some farm home where coffee, sweet cider and do-nuts made fresh that day against our coming made those occasions very enjoyable.

Women and girls didn't smoke cigarettes or go to saloons and drink with the men, and there were no income taxes, or installment payments to worry over. People were for the most part, poor, hardworking and honest, but there was enough to eat and roomy,

comfortable homes, and I am wondering if we, of those Gay Nineties didn't live as full a home life, as this Generation, in this Year of Our Lord, Nineteen Hundred and Forty-Three.

THE END

Mrs. Vernier wishes to say goodbye to her many friends through the Chronicle, and to pass on the following recipe for condensed tomato soup, for which she had several unanswered requests, due to the business of moving:

1 peck ripe tomatoes, a half dozen onions, 12 whole cloves, 1 bunch celery. Let cook until tender and strain. Then add a half cup of butter (if possible), a half cup of flour, a half cup of salt, a cup of sugar, and a half teaspoon of pepper. Boil 30 minutes and can hot. When serving add 1 container of water to one of the condensed soup.

Their new home is located on Hillside Avenue. Until it is possible for them to take possession, Mrs. Vernier and son will live with her mother at 410 South Seward Ave., Auburn. Mr. Vernier is now employed in the radio lab at Syracuse General Electric plant,

having resigned his teaching position in the Auburn schools. They attended the Federated Church here.

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Some new wrinkle they've added and a darn good one, if you ask me.

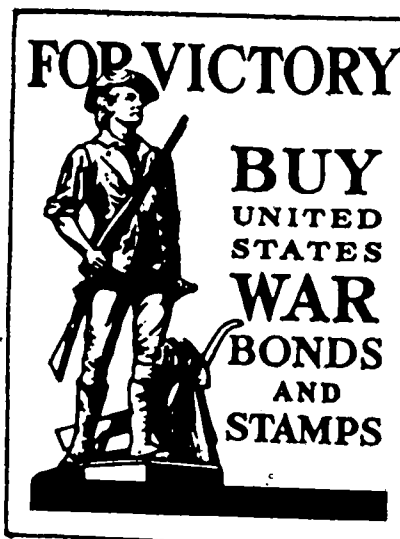
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NOW PLAYING THRU SAT.  
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with George Sanders  
—Plus Co-feature—

"HENRY ALDRICH  
GETS GLAMOUR"  
with Jimmy Lydon

SUN-MON-TUES-WED

APRIL 25-26-27-28

It's the Hap-Hap Happy Musical  
Show of the Year!

"HAPPY GO LUCKY"  
with Mary Martin, Dick Powell  
Betty Hutton

## JEFFERSON

SUN-MON-TUES-WED

APRIL 25-26-27-28

Double Feature

"ONE OF OUR AIRCRAFT  
IS MISSING"

with Godfrey Teails

Plus Second Hit

"HI, BUDDY"

with Dick Foran

## PALACE

SUNDAY AND MONDAY

APRIL 25 & 26

TWO FEATURES

ABBOTT and COSTELLO  
in "WHO DONE IT?"

PLUS

"LIFE BEGINS AT 8:30"