

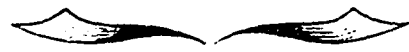
1848

1948

HISTORICAL PAGEANT

Given at the Fish and Game Club on

TUESDAY, JUNE 1st, 1948



"SILVER CREEK THROUGH THE YEARS"

SILVER CREEK, NEW YORK

Marion Thomas, Script

Howard Collins, Narrator

Presented under the auspices of the Community Activities Inc., by
the Centennial Committee to commemorate the Incorporation of the
village of Silver Creek, N. Y.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

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Program

- Indian Scene - - - - - Iroquois Indians
Mr. W. W. Thompson, Chairman
- 1796—1st Scene - - - Amos Sottle, Surveyor & Axeman
M. L. Manning, L. Manning, John Halftown
- 1810—2nd Scene - - - First Settlers on Pack Horses
Arthur Rohl, Chan Abbey, Hal Cullen, Irma Manning, Albert Sherman.
Fish & Game Club — Clarence Heupel, Chairman
- 1820—Covered Wagon & Oxen - - - - - H. I. C.
Harry Bradley & Newton Slawson, Chairmen
Mr. & Mrs. E. Smith, Mr. & Mrs. G. Griffin, Mr. & Mrs. N.
Slawson, Mrs. F. Taylor, Mrs. Hall Clothier, Mrs. R. Bird-
sey, Mrs. H. Bradley, Virginia and Roberta Clothier, Marlyn
Slawson, Lewis Mead, Robert Bradley, Lee Birdsey and
John Clothier.
- 1830—School Scene - - - - - Fortnightly Club
Estelle Rosten, Chairman
Sally Bentham, Keith Buth, Annette Cody, Sharon Collins,
Dorcas Hiller, Duane and Gaynor Homakay, Judy and
Joanne Richardson, Susan Stewart.
Richard Irwin — School Master
- 1835—Tavern Scene - - - - - Square Dance
Melvin Hall, Chairman
Mr. & Mrs. F. Erbin, Mr. & Mrs. C. Smith, Mr. & Mrs. C.
Stebbins, Mr. & Mrs. M. Hall, Mr. D. Elliott, Mr. F. Torrey,
Mr. C. Hubbard,
Coach — Sue Chapin and Erwin Chapin.
- 1841—The Burning of the "Erie" - - - Trinity Lutheran Parish
Gladys Belko, Chairman
Mrs. Carl Griewisch, Mrs. Jach Davis, Mr. & Mrs. Harry
Brinkman, Miss Ethel Brinkman, Mrs. Chas. Stebbins, Mr.
& Mrs. Ted Stebbins, Mr. Melvin Hall, Melvin Hall, Jr.,
Jean Hall, Judy Hall, Mae Larson, Mrs. Winfield Stebbins,
Bryon Gage, Judy Gage, Mrs. Edward James, Mr. Paul
Kriesel, Mr. Mark Kriesel, Mr. Richard Stebbins.

1848—Village Board - - - - - Village Board

1st Scene—Incorporation

2nd Scene—Delegation to Dunkirk—Wagonette

Mayor Herbert Crandall, Clark Smith, Albert Seegert,
Ralph Buth, Don Hopkins, Ray Bebee

1855—Page from a Godey Book

Dorothy Clawson, Chairman

Mrs. Price Beatty, Mrs. Erwin Chapin, Mrs. Jack Merrit,
Mrs. Myron Roberts.

1861—Return from Civil War - - - - Episcopal Parish

Evelyn Corti, Chairman

The Rev. & Mrs. Alexander Corti, Barbara & Kitty, Dr. &
Mrs. Ernest Homokay, Duane & Gaynor, Mr. & Mrs.
Joscylu Brotz, Joanne & Kenneth, Mr. & Mrs. Wilford
Velzy, Mrs. Sam Bradley, Mr. Edward Kaufman, Robert
Thompson, Donald Velzy, Susan Stewart, Shirley Allerton.

1870—The Singing School - - - - Methodist Parish

Helen Bradley, Chairman

The Rev. Philip Schlick, Music Master

Helen Bradley	Elizabeth Ludeman
Crescence Ehmke	Ruby White
Marion Thomas	Blanche Cross
Dorothy Carr	Etta Carr
Francela Holmes	Carlton Holmes
Merwin Ludeman	Ray Torrey

1880—Political Torchlight Parade - - - - Kiwanis Club

Vincent Train, Chairman

Surrey—Shirley Clothier, Reverdy Clothier

1890—Gay Nineties - - Couples Class of Presbyterian Church

Bicycle Club — Orpheus Club — Rye Waltz

Mildred Clement, Chairman

Mrs. Alvin Haagland, Soloist

Mrs. Howard Collins, Mrs. James Calhoun, Mr. & Mrs. Ralph Buth, Mr. & Mrs. Chalmers Link, Mr. & Mrs. Truman Link, Mr. & Mrs. Avery Piersons, Mr. & Mrs. Carl Krathwahl, Mr. & Mrs. Franklyn Richardson, Mr. & Mrs. Newton Slawson, Mr. & Mrs. Larry Karl.

Quartet—Dick Elliott, Harold Clement, Robert Coon, Ray Ward.

1910—Suffragette Movement - - - Business Womens' Club

Josephine Adams, Chairman

1911 Buick — Lee Dickinson

Josephine Adams, Speaker

Nancy Nelson, Mabel Schifferli, Sylvia Welch, Lucy Cook, Carole Harvey, Helen Mohart, Daphne Wilde, Eugenie Ehmke, Patrine Leone, Harriet Thompson, Mildred Smith, Lois Barreca, Florence Doty, Mayme Scalice, Bernice Elkin, Wilda Ludeman, Lola Egloff.

1917—The World War Departure - - - - Catholic Parish

Dolores Egloff, Chairman

Davis Barone, John Corsaro, Richard Crino, Anthony Cutrona, Josephine Cutrona, Red Catrona, Charles DePasquale, Charles Frushone, Betty Galloway, Joan Harrison, Dolores Johnt, Robert Kittell, Mary Leone, Louise Militello, Virginia Militello, Anthony Pelletter, Richard Pinto, Jessie Scarlam, Harry Shores, Dorothy Shores, Antoinetta Vara, Louis Vento, Virginia Young

1922—Progress in Education - - - - - High School

Student of 1922 View Students of 1948

Mr. Edward Kaufman, Chairman

Greta Ruttenbur	Nancy Westover
Mary Lou Connell	Bob Cody
Shirley Allerton	Dave Maple
Sue Chapin	Anthony Mittitello
Joanne Griewisch	Vern Patterson
Mary Lou Pelletter	Vince Tampio
Edma Mae Phleuger	

1930—The Depression—"Uncle Sam" - - - Deke Colberg

1940

A. The Spirit of Song - - - High School Chorus
Civilians
Service Men

Dorothy Harvey, Chairman

B. The Spirit of Soldiers in Action - Zion Lutheran Parish
"Iwo Jimo Flag"

Wilma Ludeman, Chairman

George Kohler, Jack Kohler, Richard Lyman, Robert
Lyman, Tom Miller.

C. "The Forward Look"—by Clarissa Bailey

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM — Audience

— Finis —

The Pageant Committee wish to express their deepest appreciation to all who helped make the Pageant a success. Special thanks go to Mr. Jocelyn Brotz and his men who procured the vehicles; to Erwin Chapin for locating the oxen, and Dorothy Clawson for cover design.

Silver Creek Through The Years

by MARION THOMAS

INTRODUCTION

The growing hush of ebbing day steals o'er the waiting wilderness, hovers o'er the somber stretches of virgin forest already black with densest shade; sleepy song-sparrows, vespers o'er, twitter their last tardy good-nights, and the lone note of the thrush's call dies in the faraway.

The deepening tints of the sinking sun rest on the jagged crests of the tall tree tops; shimmer reflected on the tranquil surface of the winding creeks; sweep o'er their high gray cliffs and deep-cut gorges as the flaming ball dips into Lake Erie's broad expanse, then sinks below the far horizon.

Austere and ageless stand the two majestic points, the sheltered bay, now resplendant, secure within their stern embrace.

The colors softly fade; the silence deepens; eventide creeps noiseless o'er the land while the timeless waves insistent, ceaseless, lap the lonely shore.

INDIAN SCENE

Darkness settles; the silence spreads. A moving figure is descried dimly in the thickening dusk — no sound is heard. And then another, and another, and another glides into noiseless evidence.

The red men, grounding their canoes on the creek's bank, there where it flows into Lake Erie's waters, gather with native stealth in the clearing.

These moving figures are but shadowy forms, lithe and sinewy, as they fall into their places and perform their native rites in dance. Dedicated to their elemental gods, the ceremonial dance moves on with gathering speed and increasing intensity as the Redskins, wild creatures of the forest and great out-of-doors, worship in the vastness of the unbroken solitude.

AMOS SOTTLE — THE FIRST WHITE MAN

Such tribal gatherings and ceremonial dances grew fewer as the red man's life grew more and more troubled, as his forests primeval and natural waterways became invaded by the venturesome white man, greedy for possession. After his treaties with the pale face in 1796, the Indian was no longer in undisputed sway of the rich hunting grounds where wild cats crouched, bears and the hungry wolves ever prowled; the fishing streams were no longer his alone, solitary and winding. His

canoes were to be seen less and less frequently and with growing wariness along Lake Erie's curving shores and up its inland waters.

Thus it was in 1798 when the long arm of the Holland Land Company stretching out to develop new lands, brought the first white man to this uncharted territory.

Amos Sottle, a gentleman of breeding, education and the social culture of the south, was the first known white man to have ever arrived in these parts. An employee of the Holland Land Company, he arrived as the advance guard of civilization, a surveyor with his instruments, his Indian guide, helper and chainboy. And what would bring such a fine gentleman so far from home and ease into hardship and danger? Legend has it that, his lady love having eloped with another suitor on their wedding eve, in pique and bitterness he swore to marry the first woman he met, the very first regardless. Smarting with chagrin and wounded pride, he turned from his associates only to see swaying down the road toward him a negro wench with her clothes basket in her arms. Reckless of the future, he kept his vow. Whether this be fact or fiction, who is to say? But truth it is that he settled on the Irving Road and there with his black woman lived out his days an exile from his own country and way of life, — Amos Sottle, the first white man.

FIRST SETTLERS

From 1798 on, busy was Amos Sottle, surveying the land, tracing the waterways, drawing his maps and charting the sections, while the Holland Land Company, growing in stature and enterprise, was luring settlers into this newly laid out territory.

And who were the first settlers? So far as is known they were Abel Cleveland, David Dickinson and John E. Howard, pioneers from New England, who reaching this locality on pack horses in 1803 realized that its waterways offered opportunities. Theirs were the first axes to ring in the forest, axes that had cost \$25.00 apiece. Living in shelters of boughs and leaves, they felled their first timbers, hewed their first logs by hand and set up their rude cabins on Howard Street, now Lake Avenue, opposite the present Barbeau Office. Cleveland and Dickinson, having had milling experience in New England, conceived the brilliant idea of setting up a tiny mill for grinding the Indian corn there on the ready creek side.

What became of that little first settlement has never come down in history, but Abel Cleveland seems to have gone on to Ohio where his family founded the city of Cleveland, — this may have been but a stop on the way to bigger things. Of Dickinson there is no record and so far as is known, no descendants were left behind him.

John E. Howard's name has always continued through the years. Apparently this became his permanent home, and his descendants are represented here tonight. "The Howard House", as his home became known, was the first shelter for weary way-farers and figured colorfully through the early years as the first way-side inn.

Record has it that when Artemus Clothier and Norman Spink of Massachusetts arrived on foot in 1806 with their pack horses and their axes, little remnant did they find of the abandoned mill but the two millstones, one of which bears the D.A.R. marker on upper Main Street today.

These two pioneers returned with their new wives and Dr. Jacob Burgess in 1811 after a forty-six day walk, and it was these brave wives who later heroically saw through alone those days of tragic separation while their husbands were engaged in the War of 1812. They were the pioneer women who, alone in the wilderness, faced the long days of hardship and anxiety, the long nights of danger from Indians, with their sleep broken ever by the wolves' hungry howls. They suffered additional privation and want with the war close at hand. With the burning of Buffalo and the Battle of Lake Erie it was practically on their doorsteps.

But their courage never failed them. They had their babies, fed their families, preserved their primitive homes for their soldier husbands to return to, and laid the foundation for the community which was to come.

The land articulated to Artemus Clothier was a tract of many acres on the west side of Erie Road, the Main Street of today, while Dr. Burgess's land was on the east side through which runs the Burgess Street of the present. The land articulated to Norman Spink is not definitely known. These three, with John Howard on Howard Street, made up the earliest permanent settlement.

COVERED WAGON DAYS

During the period following the War of 1812, expansion toward the west took on new vigour. The slow-moving oxcart and creaking, covered wagon moving along the rutty dirt roads were to be seen almost any time of day, silhouetted against the sky, wherever a clearing had been sufficiently made.

Many a covered wagon in this moving train paused at nightfall by the wide creeks of this vicinity. — Among them were the Rogers brothers, millers by trade. Setting up their camp on the present "Ehmke flats", so called, they were impressed by the value of such a natural waterway for their business needs. They appreciated all the general possibilities of the location. By morning they had determined to remain and make this the permanent site of the feed mill they proposed to erect.

The mill proved to be all its owners had hoped in attracting others to end their wanderings and settle near it, a defense against hunger in a new life of uncertainty and hardship. The ring of axes again soon filled the air as more and more covered wagons stopped to remain, giving way to rude homes on upper Main Street of today. This was to become the first permanent settlement and business center, the forerunner of Silver Creek. They named it "Fayette" and the creek which quenched their thirst, washed their clothes, fertilized their flats and turned their mill, they named "Walnut Creek" from the giant, historic walnut tree which grew on its banks, the largest tree that ever grew east of the Rocky Mountains.

The eighteen twenties were important years in the development of Fayette. More settlers steadily joined the small group, the feed mill, now also a saw mill, like a lodestone, drawing them around it as a nucleus.

More and more often covered wagons bent on a longer trek, stopping for rest and parley, were welcomed so warmly and shown with such enthusiasm the benefits of Fayette with its flats and its waterways, that, abandoning thought of further fields, the inmates climbed down from their high wagons to see for themselves, never to remount them to pass on.

With them came the early skills and trades upon which depended the daily life of any community of that time. There was Asa Gage, the first blacksmith; James Wilson, the wool carder and cloth dresser (the women wove their own cloth, remember.); James Morrison, the first tanner; and Lyman Howard, the tool sharpener. Then there was the chandler, Abiathar Gates the shoe peg maker, Amos Dow the first shoe maker and John Vail the first ship builder.

Thus Fayette grew and prospered and added to its list the fine old names that have come down through the years, splendid old families with the qualities that bred civic leaders and business promoters, names which were later to appear on the first Town Board and later still on the village streets.

It was not until the end of this period, 1828, that Oliver Lee's name was added to the list, the man who was to develop the harbour with his wharf and make Silver Creek an important port in lake commerce. Due to him a new section was to spring up along the waterfront and Jackson Avenue was to be opened up as an approach to it. Central Avenue was to be opened up and connected with the original Main Street settlement. The imposing home he built is still occupied by a member of his family, his granddaughter, Mrs. Helen Abel Denny, and overlooks Jackson Avenue as of yore which at that time was the busiest thoroughfare.

SCHOOL SCENE

By 1830 Fayette was flourishing indeed with its busy mill, its general store and first post office near by, its taverns, its homes stretching out as far as Middle Road in one direction and down as far as the Malcolm Barbeau property on Main Street in the other.

The first torturous clearing of the forests accomplished, the first struggle with the land successful, the new business ventures promising, and the wharf teeming with activity, permanency bid fair to reward the efforts of these early settlers. Attention now turned from the ruder struggles to the acquiring of comforts and the development of a community life.

By 1830 an increasing number of plank houses had been built, and now, having in mind the welfare of their children, the first plank school house was erected. This plank building still stands on its original site on upper Main Street just inside the corporation, the sturdy little low-ceilinged building with its heavy cornice, high doorstep, christian door, and many-paned windows, which faces toward Middle Road.

This school and the schoolmaster were the interests of the day. From the rude benches of split logs dangled the legs of the children as they strove with their goose-quill pens to follow the master's copy, the smoothed surface of a higher mounted spit log serving as their desks. Here earnest little girls in pantalets and mischievous boys in jeans bent over their arduous tasks while a tall, slender stripling, with patrician features and intellectual brow, rod in hand, distilled knowledge and inspired a longing for the higher things and the beautiful.

Around this little school, the center of their child life, gayly the children skipped and hopped and filled the air with their happy cries and carefree treble as London Bridge, Hide and Seek, Tag, Ring-around-the-Rosy and Follow the Leader filled their recess hours. Early they came to enjoy their games, while the teacher within sharpened the quills for the day's use and made ready his rude little domain. What a scamper, what a scurry when the master, bell in hand, summoned them to their tasks.

Chalon Burgess, whose name is an inseparable part of the history of the town, was the source of the early springs of learning and culture. He was the son of that early settler, Dr. Jacob Burgess, and was supposedly the first male child born in the new community. Did he then, in his little school house, have dreams, I wonder, of the Presbyterian Church which would one day be built, of which he would be the Pastor for forty years? Did he have dreams of the three children which he would one day have, two of whom would become college presidents, and the third Dean of women in a state university?

THE FIRST TAVERN

The first tavern made its advent under John Howard and changed hands many times, a new name accompanying each change. One early name was "The Blue Eagle" and the present home of Mrs. Daphne Wilde with its wide beams, low, slanting eaves, is that tavern in modern guise.

The Blue Eagle was the congregating place of Fayette, the center of town life. There the villagers gathered of an evening to discuss the coming election, political platforms and the lesser but more intriguing items of local gossip.

The dramatic moment of the day which brought men hurrying from their labors, women expectant to their doorways, and children screaming from their play, was the arrival of the stage coach. Swinging and lumbering creakingly past on its leather hinges and wooden wheels, the driver's whip cracking and his voice bawling stentoriously, with a snort and a flourish it pulled up in a cloud of dust at the door of the tavern, the center of excited interest. It was with breathless eagerness that the assembled group and hangers-on of the tavern greeted the driver, Sid Imus, long-legged, lean and lank, as he threw off the mail, wrapped his lines around the whip in its socket, climbed down over the high wheels and swaggered importantly into the tavern for his pint. Emissary from the outside world was he, with his fund of information and rich knowledge of its doings.

But the Blue Eagle was not the loafing place and news center only; it was the center of Fayette's growing social life. It was the lively scene of many a dance and social occasion. It had not the size or the distinction of "Chicken Tavern" and was not, like it, known throughout the countryside for its incomparable meals and famous ballroom with its "swing" floor, but it had its own simple attractions and its dance floor was not to be sneezed at. It, too, swung and swayed with rhythmic undulations as fishued belles and beaming beaus, (hair glistening with bear grease) tread their springy measures, light of heart and foot. The candles dripped, the wicks spluttered; voices ran high and spirits higher as the fiddler scraped, and swayed and stamped, spitting and hawking and shouting his calls. Gay and rollicking was the scene, with its "Swing your partners" and "Allemand lefts". Nothing was there to be desired; joy ran unconfined.

Other taverns were yet to be, more pretentious and with greater elegancies. The Keith House was to become famous for its New Year's Ball at four in the afternoon with its gilt edged, printed invitations. The Lee House was to acquire its fame, too, for the splendour of its holiday balls. The surroundings were to become more costly and the dancing more

stately and refined, but nothing the years had to offer could ever replace the charms of the smoky precincts of the Blue Eagle when in its dancing prime.

THE BURNING OF THE LAKE ERIE

On August 10th, 1841, occurred the horrible disaster which has come down through the years in prose and poetry. It was at eight o'clock in the evening that off the shore of the harbour was seen a burning holocaust. The Lake Erie, an excursion boat with four hundred aboard, was making its return to Erie after the day's trip to Buffalo. The explosion caused by ill-stored paint occurred just off Silver Creek. The captain immediately steered his craft toward land to make the swimming distance as short as possible and held the direct course with his flaming ship as long as his body held life. The band's playing came to a stricken stop; the merry-making excursionists, mad with terror and panic, leaped overboard, many to perish in the waves. The boat was consumed in an unbelievably brief time about a mile from shore.

The lake was rough, the waves high and even good swimmers lost their lives before they could reach the shore. Those who survived the struggle were so exhausted from the terrific effort and the shock that it required all the skill and endurance Dr. Ward had at his command to resuscitate them. He, with his cohort of helpers, and the kind folk of the waterfront homes with their blankets and hot drinks, gallantly fought the whole night through to save the largest number possible.

The following morning the shore was a tragic sight, lined and strewn with the bodies of the dead that had been washed ashore, those who had been drowned and those who had been burned to death. In the cemeteries of Silver Creek and Sheridan you will find today the graves of those two hundred and fifty dead, most of them unknown. The markers bear the simple inscription, "A life lost on August 9th, 1841, on the Steamship Erie near Silver Creek."

THE FIRST TOWN BOARD

By 1848 Fayette was no longer a settlement or a scattered village, but a full-bodied town in stature and achievement. The time seemed to have come to declare itself as such.

It was in 1848, historic date, that on petition of Charles Lee the town became incorporated under the name of Silver Creek. That name was derived from the Indians. Coming from the reservation in their ox carts to barter sassafras, beadwork and baskets for old clothes and produce, they always spoke of the creek they crossed as "The Silver Creek" because of the silver-like reflections of the clouds on the flat gray sandstone of the creek's bed.

The incorporating of the town involved the choosing of the first Town Board, a grave and important step. The men chosen were early settlers who had contributed to building up the settlement to its present size and importance.

Noah Snow was honored by being the first President. He was a man of tremendous force and dynamic personality. He was a partner of Oliver Lee's and connected with many enterprises. Of every forward movement he was one of the main springs, furnishing the enthusiasm and drive that made things go.

Charles Lee was chosen for his invaluable business experience, both in connection with his father's lake commerce and his own personal interests. He was also chosen for his public spirit and benevolent generosity.

George Tew was chosen for his financial knowledge and experience. He was President of the bank and was a person of great dignity and refinement. He built the home now owned by F. E. Stewart.

Judge Elisha Ward was chosen, needless to say, for his legal guidance and judicial opinion. The home he built on Main Street was taken down for the building of the Christian Science Church.

Major Swift was chosen for his knowledge of the people's needs and opinions which he often heard expressed over the counter of his store, the first permanent one in the locality. Major Swift's home was the choice old brick house with twin chimneys on Central Avenue, the late home of his descendant, Miss Francella Swift, the present Mt. Carmel School.

Abiather Gates, Jr., who had owned and successfully operated a shoe peg factory since early days, was chosen not only for his good business judgment but for his sincerity and integrity. He was a stabilizing influence. He lived on upper Main Street in the home of his father before him, the second plank house built in the settlement. It overlooked the original Rogers Mill and historic Walnut Creek and has never been out of the possession of his direct lineal descendants. The Thomas home of today has been owned and occupied by the Gates line for seven generations.

These carefully chosen representatives on the evening of June 5th in 1848, making their way by lanternlight, met for the first Board meeting, the seriousness of their obligation resting heavily upon them.

ERIE RAILROAD

During their term of office these men decided many issues and made the years outstanding for their accomplishments. It was due to their sympathy and progressive spirit that the first seeds of industrialism took

root. It was in 1850 that Alpheus Babcock's first smut machine model was invented and accepted by the Patent Office. It was with the support of this Board that the first machine was built in the machine shop of Ezekiel Montgomery and the way was laid for Silver Creek to become the "Home of the Grain Cleaning Machinery". Such factory names as "Eureka", "Monitor", "Excelsior", and "Invincible" came to be known the world over, while the names of Babcock, Huntley, Heine, Carlos Ewell, Simeon Howes, Charles Howes, C. G. Hammond, Chan Lanphere, Elgin Keith, Grasho and Barbeau have gone into history as a result of this Town Board's foresight.

This Board was not without honor. The opening of the Erie Railroad in Dunkirk in 1851 was an outstanding event for all western New York. Charles Lee was Vice President of this road and Noah Snow was appointed Marshall of the Day. It was a great moment when the Board took off in its surrey in gala mood to be the official guests of the City of Dunkirk. All the notables of town and countless other interested citizens traveled in their wake to catch a glimpse of President Fillmore, Governor Hunt, and hear the oratory of Daniel Webster.

This was the pioneer railroad-building period and during it the skew arch was built, one of the world's engineering feats, designed and executed by a deaf and dumb Frenchman. This coming of the railroad meant many a prolonged session and heated discussion.

This worthy board remained in office for a long period of years and the greatest of credit is due it for the fine start it gave the incorporated town on its way. We pay tribute to this splendid body on the one hundredth anniversary of their first meeting.

GODEY'S PRINT

What would the ladies be doing while the men's minds were on the coming of the railroad, during the hours the husband spent at the scene of the growing skew arch, during those long evening sessions of the Town Board?

Without doubt they were engrossed in their Godey's Lady's Book, poring over its fashion articles, its colored plates of grouped ladies fastidiously dressed in the most advocated vogue of the moment. "Godey's" dictated the fashion, the etiquette, all the social amenities of the day. The lady of perception patterned her woman's world from its pages. She doubtless pondered thoughtfully over such passages:

1. "The sewing machine like a magician turns off yards and yards of flouncing and ruffling and fluting and furbelous and the ladies put them all on so that at present it really seems as if nothing were gained by this beneficant invention."

2. "To keep natural flowers looking fresh in the hair, insert the ends of the stalks in a grape. The grape is easily concealed among the folds of hair and as many as three grapes can be used at a time."

3. "Who ever thinks of flowers at all thinks of cultivating them but the disagreeable mingles with the delights, the stooping, the mud, the soiled skirts and roughened hands. But with a broad-brimmed hat, looped-up skirts, gauntleted buck-skinned gloves, you are equal to the task. But **always** insist on a long hoe and work in an upright position."

It may be that it was from "Godey's" and her young, wistful dreams over its enthralling pages that Mrs. Rosaltha Bailey Livermore received her first inspiration for the dress chart that she was to patent in 1885, a chart which made possible dressmaking for any woman in her home. The "R. F. Bailey Dress Chart" brought distinction to Mrs. Livermore's town as well as to her name. It marked an era of progress for women. This chart was awarded the gold medal at the Paris Exposition in 1889. In 1893 it won the medal at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago. At the Pan-American in 1901 it was awarded a medal and that same year in Toronto it won the same recognition. These medals are in possession of her family, also the original dress chart. Mrs. Livermore was the mother of the late Carlton B. Livermore, well-known attorney.

CIVIL WAR — PATRIOTISM

No Date is better known or has greater significance than 1860. Just the word and Abraham Lincoln, Secession, and Civil War leap simultaneously to mind. One sees the gaunt figure, the sad face of the President and hears his challenge to the young men of the North. "We're coming, Father Abraham" is the ringing response from all corners of the land as the listening youths, dropping all, hasten to their country's need and the support of that appealing figure.

Recruiting centers spring up over night, where eager, impatient patriots wait in line while officers, efficient and thorough, ask their questions, fill in their blanks, swear them in and give their words of instructions.

But no such scene is enacted in Silver Creek, there being no such station here. One by one, lads inflamed with patriotism make their way to Forestville, like Chan Talcott, and the Van Duzer boy, or Brant, like William Bartlett, and Ira Rowley, where they enlist and are inducted into service.

Silver Creek sent a brave quota both in number and spirit to these recruiting centers, while the men at home shook their heads darkly as they went about their business with heavy hearts, and the wives, mothers and sweethearts, turned in their desolation to each other for comfort and support.

All through the North the marching feet left their echoes behind to fall with heavy tread upon the aching hearts. Through the four long years to follow their measured beat marked the time 'til the soldiers returning.

And what a returning! Those four battle-scarred years **do** pass; Lee **does** surrender; the cessation of hostilities **is** declared; the Union is preserved and the soldiers **do** come marching home.

What a scene the park does present to welcome its home-coming patriots! Flags fly from every pole and nearby window; the band blares "When Johnny Comes Marching Home", the crowd assembled, impatiently milling around, is wild with excitement. The men jostle one another for position; women, hysterical, weep and laugh simultaneously; children cling to skirts and whimper to be held up, while the young girls and sweethearts in their ravishing best, wave and dance and hug each other in a delirium of joy. "Glory, Glory Hallelujah" bursts from every throat as the soldiers arrive at last.

Spent with excitement and joy the crowd finally disperses and proudly bears its heroes to their homes.

SINGING SCHOOL

There were two pioneer churches, meeting houses originally, for religious services only. Now, more and more they influenced the social life of the town, and the 666 people who made up its population.

The Methodists had had their congregation since 1814 with their circuit rider in charge. This group increased in numbers and strength until it was able to erect a church in 1848—a simple structure but dignified and adequate with its high pulpit and "Amen" corner, from which a bit of shouting occasionally expressed the growing fervor.

The Presbyterian Church dating from 1831 and completed in 1841, looked out over the village square (the generous gift to the town by Charles Lee) and pointed the way to heaven with the same graceful spire as today. It had its "pillars" who filled the front rows of a Sunday morning, grim in their belief in "Predestination" and "Infant Damnation".

But with the years, relaxing in their outlook, these two churches began to encourage the idea of groups meeting on a week night for more lighthearted, social purposes. "Socials" as they were known, grew in favor and the two churches vied with each other in thinking up the most original. Box socials, dime socials, experience socials, birthday socials, enlivened the evenings of the town. And suppers came into their own, particularly at harvest time, the season of plenty.

But of all the pleasures and recreations associated with the church, the "Singing School" of the seventies was by far the most typical and most popular. There of a week night, the young women in shawls and bonnets, the young men in their best, with a sprinkling of older folk as well, met to practice the scale and the fine old tunes of that day. Getting their pitch from their leader, his ear intent on his tuning fork, soon lost were they in song as their voices poured forth and mingled in harmony.

(Pause for singing)

Happy were those evenings spent in song and pleasant comradeship! The attention was not entirely focused on the leader, engrossed though the singers were, for many a tender romance budded over the shared songbook, and blossomed on the dark walks home.

POLITICAL CONSCIOUSNESS

The eighties found the town in a fine state of prosperity with industry flourishing and new ones developing. Home life had taken on greater niceties and newer and finer homes had been built of brick to add dignity and prestige to the best known streets.

The three-storied brick houses of the Victorian type were impressive indeed. These homes with their tall ceilings, elaborate chandeliers, large flowered Brussels carpets, and statuary groups posed on the square pianos, made possible a grander, more sumptuous form of hospitality. And such parties as there were!

It was in this period that the new school house, "Silver Creek Union Academy", was built next to the Ewell house on the site of the Municipal Hall of today. It was of red brick and what a splendid building it was after the little wooden affair moved to the site of the present "Venice Inn". This extend through High school in curriculum and the young people no longer had to go away to boarding school to learn more than was offered in the grades. Its third floor was an auditorium with a stage which had three shifts of scenery and an awe-inspiring curtain. Its painted scene of the Hudson, supposedly, held many a child enthralled. This auditorium with its bracket kerosene lamps and rows of seats made from chairs nailed on boards, made possible a new cultural life. Concerts, home talent plays, and later, Lyceum Bureau entertainments were presented to the public with this hall in which to appear. The first class graduated in 1882. Harriet Dalrymple and Lyman Echer were member of this class and Libbey Day Williams and Loren Stebbins were members of the second.

And speakin g of culture, it was in 1889 that the Shakespeare Club was organized by Rev. R. N. Stubbs, the first study club. For fifty-nine

years has this club, never more active than now, consecutively red Shakespeare and enacted its scenes on anniversary occasions.

Hand in hand with the progress of gracious living and culture was a political consciousness developing. A growing realization seemed to have taken possession of the men that how the nation voted depended to some degree upon them. That was the day of new political enthusiasm when many a young wife sat alone of an evening hopefully watching the hands of her wedding clock on the mantle, while her husband exhorted at a campaign meeting, promoted a political rally, or wore holes in his socks to fill her darning basket as he trudged manfully and with high political purpose mile upon mile in a torchlight procession.

Forestville, Irving, Smith Mills and all the township through proudly marched these young republicans, evening after evening, carrying their kerosene torches high and triumphant, the oil dripping down their stiffening necks and over their shoulders as their muscles wearied, their arms sagged and the torches lurched and wavered.

But the blistered heels, aching arms, and oil-drenched garments counted for naught if only their candidate won; if only Harrison was in the White House to insure the safety of the nation and the well-being of all good Silver Creek homes. Of that enthusiastic crowd of marchers there is one with us tonight in his wedding coat who can tell us all the sensations of those early Republicans, can describe the happy parties and give in detail the courtship of the couples that danced at each other's weddings that fall of '82, when he and so many of his contemporaries were married. We give you Mr. C. C. Horton!!!

THE GAY NINETIES

The livery stable rig of a Sunday afternoon, Chan Tinney's best — with its red wheels and jaunty driver, no longer cast the spell of an earlier day, the bicycle was the thing with the coming of the nineties. The bicycle skirt, the high laced gaiters, the high collared shirt waists and sailor hats that now went pedaling by, while men in turtle necked sweaters, caps and bicycle pants lent a new character to the business scene with their eye-catching patterned bicycle socks.

And what fun the Bicycle Club did have, meeting in front of the Powers Hotel on certain regular evenings to take off on its carefully planned rides, with Fred Thomas, President, and Walt Lanphere, Manager, in the lead. It was a thrilling moment when the shrill whistles, (chained to their lapels) sounded and the group mounted to take off for Chapin's Bay, the girls adjusting their skirts and settling their sailors,

the men testing their handlebars, and flexing their backs. The couples often rode abreast, the more devoted ones, such as Clint and Madge, locking arms.

Oh! those Nineties, — gay, elaborate, flamboyant nineties! Vanished the prim stays, the hampering bustles and the mincing steps of the eighties. Entered the curvaceous charms of the hourglass figure, the intricate hair-do's, voluminous flounces and sweeping trains, the ostrich boas and billowy hats, the fluttering lashes and provocative parasol twirlings of the tantalizing, heart-palpitating belle of the nineties.

Entered the debonnair, waxed mustachioed dandy with his knife-blade creases and lacquered locks, his sophisticated elegance and devastating approach.

It was the era of the quartette indeed, of which the barbershop was its rendezvous. There, in an atmosphere redolent of bay rum and cologne, against a background of mirrors, shaving mugs, barber bottles and apron-draped chairs, four temperamental souls would bend their heads together in harmony and launch forth on a billow of song: "Sweet Adeline", "Just Break the News to Mother", "After the Ball", and the Bull Frog on the Bank". Such a scene was to be witnessed many an hour in Sandy Brooks' barber shop overlooking the Park, when he was free to mingle his magnificent baritone with debonnair Cliff Tyler's tenor, Charlie Moody and Albert Chapman filling in the parts. From this pastime of an idle hour grew a really fine quartette. The "Orpheus Quartette", as it was known, with Billy Campbell as Reader, kept many a concert engagement in church parlor and school hall of neighboring towns, bringing credit to their own. "Soft o'er the Summer Night" was one of their concert numbers long remembered.

Gone was the singing school of yesteryear, the quartette had come into its own. The town had its women's quartette, too, composed of Etta Montgomery, Mrs. C. G. Hammond, Mrs. Caroline Bacon and Laura Fairchild. In low-necked gowns and shoulder-length gloves, adornments in their hair, they warbled and trilled their tremulous numbers with studied affectations, following the fashion of the day. Bowing and waving, and tossing kisses archly over the kerosene footlights of the old Dunkirk Street school stage, they thus, graciously, acknowledged their applause.

Exit the days of square dancing and rollicking, entered the waltz, rhythmic and graceful. Youthful couples in glittering finery swaying and twirling in each other's arms floated in dreamy abandon to "After the Ball", while the "Rye Waltz", saved 'til the final number, was the one for which the prize was given at the Huntley Hose Balls in old Bank Hall.

Ah, those were Silver Creek's happy days, — the primping, the singing, the waltzing, the bicycling, the Montgomery and Talcott chocolate sodas, the oyster suppers, home talent plays and tableaux and, — the picture taking, the posing and posturing, — for cameras were then coming in.

THE TURN OF THE CENTURY

And then came the turn of the century, the nineteen hundreds, the Age of Progress.

Telephones came in numbers to unite friend from opposite end of town, and do away with order boys, as well as connect the town with the outside world, thus relieving the strain on the one and only phone, maintained by the Telephone Company in Montgomery and Talcott's Store. Gas was discovered and the kitchen range and coal hod went into the discard. The Buffalo and Lake Erie Trolley Company laid its tracks through the main street and built its station, the building now known as "Foster's". Communication with neighboring towns became so simple that one now spoke jauntily of going to Buffalo, an erstwhile excursion, as "running up to town".

This was the era of cameras, chafing dishes, ratted pompadours, merry widow sailors, Gibson girl models and string clubs. Embroidered shirtwaist dressed girls tinkled mandolins while natty youths twanged banjos and, posing amorously, strummed their guitars.

The school took on new significance during this period. It had its first orchestra in 1903 inaugurated by Laura Fairchild, and its first basket ball teams were formed for both boys and girls in 1907, their court being in a disused foundry building of the Huntley shop. "School Spirit" as such had its first inception at this time.

This was the age of progress in thought and ideas; new movements were taking on vigour and vitality. Suffrage was working toward its culmination. Susan B. Anthony clubs were coming into greater prominence in both strength and numbers and Silver Creek was in the van. It was a very earnest and purposeful group, this suffragist club, with Mrs. Fairchild, Mrs. Nellie Erb, Mrs. Frank Dawley and Mrs. Arthur Guest as its early promoters. They were fervent evangelists of their cause despite the covert sneers and innuendoes of their more conservative fellow townswomen, who viewed this "radicalism", so called, askance with ill-concealed distaste.

What vision these women had who saw in the ballot for women a cure for many ills that prevailed. This was the most active period of their intensive efforts. With the new century the time seemed to be ripe for the culmination of the fifty-year old struggle. More and more meet-

ings were held, more speakers imported, more literature distributed; the public mind had to be swung to the side of victory. And to victory it was swung. With the election of 1916 enfranchisement for women was carried. The powers and freedom women take for granted today were won by a long, hard, determined struggle for the pioneers in the cause.

And the nineteen hundreds, remarkable above all else, witnessed the coming of the Horseless Carriage, — the miracle of the ages. Mr. Porter's home-made affair, the first thing of its kind in town, brought men, women and children to the Main Street bridge on a summer's afternoon to see with their own bulging, disbelieving eyes the spectacle of a horseless carriage climbing a hill. The splutterings, snortings, belchings and explosions were not in vain. After innumerable false starts, as many backing downs, and infinitely more buckings and stallings, it made the grade, Mr. Porter and Newton Beebe, the electrician, hanging on the while, grim and sweating with determination.

This was but the forerunner of cars to come, Harry Bocknewitch's swanky model with its steps to the door in the center of the back, Eugene Stewart's, then Mr. Denny's stunning red roadster and Ethel Stewart's touring car, all of which figured flamboyantly in the Home Coming Parade of 1909.

The linen duster, automobile veils, gauntlet gloves and goggles came into vogue, and more and more frequently strange doubled over figures were seen laboriously cranking automobiles, and not too infrequently were such garbed creatures seen trudging disconsolately down a dusty road toward home, their crankings, and shovings all in vain. A precarious sport was motoring in those days.

Second only to the automobile in its wonders and revolutionary effect was the coming of the moving pictures. In 1909 a young man came to town who opened up the Bijou Moving Picture Theatre in the old Gaston Block on the corner, but the Bijou came to be known as "Andy's", and to "Andy's" the movie loving public has been going ever since, — through the days of slapstick comedy and silent melodrama up to the finished production of the talking movie in technicolor of today.

WORLD WAR

And then came World War Number 1 with all its carnage and suffering, when the youths of Silver Creek and all the countryside around left its normal life of peace and industry to spend its gruelling months in training camps, its days and weeks on transports, its months and years on foreign soil, in foxholes and on battle fields, in Argonne Wood, Verdune and Chateau Thierry.

Those were the agonizing days of suspense and anguish for the families back home, when the men delayed opening their daily papers lest a dreaded name be seen there in the casualty lists, when the women valiantly sought to submerge their fears and anxieties in Red Cross work. The churches gave their full-hearted support to this cause and each denomination had its own day each week to work in the Red Cross rooms in the White Bank Building, rolling bandages, folding compresses, packing boxes. In every home the women were seen busy with their endless knitting or making the so called "housewives", the mending kits, one to be presented to each departing soldier as the draft trains pulled out of the Silver Creek station.

Girls in work outfits were to be seen on the streets as they came and went from their defense jobs in the Columbia Stamp Cancelling Machine Factory. Girls in overalls and farm hats were imported from the cities to help on the farms and were seen of an evening being returned on hay-racks to their barracks in Irving after a hard day working in the fields under the hot sun. "Farmerettes", so called, added a note of interest to the town as well as Company E from Jamestown, which patrolled the waterfront, the arches and all bridges.

Never will be forgotten the station scenes in the gray light of early morning when the boys from the hills and farms of Hanover Township left with the village boys from this, their Draft Board Center. Surrounded by weeping mothers, clinging sweethearts, they with difficulty boarded the train to be borne away amidst shouts of encouragement, tears and wavings, into an unknown, too vast for meaning. The blood-freezing shriek of the Eureka Mocking bird whistle arousing the townpeople on these mornings of departure brought throngs to the station to see off with gifts and words of farewell the boys they called their own.

THE TWENTIES

With garages the center of interest, gas stations springing up on every corner, "Model T's" skittering in all directions while more expensive, luxurious models, Pierce Arrows, Cadillacs, etc., slid noiselessly by, the Twenties came rolling in on high in Silver Creek as in the world at large. The age of speed and spending had arrived; lavish living had come into its own.

And with it came the silly flapper in her figure revealing sweater and knee-length skirts, or her sleeveless, grotesque long-waisted dress, proverbial silk hose and much bewaved, bobbed hair — a creature of extremes and exaggerations! Cheek to cheek she danced to the dulcet strains of "Whispering", "The Shew of Araby" and "Margie", as ground out on a victrola in the near offing. No picnic was complete, no outing a success that had no portable victrola by which to dance.

Beauty parlors became the crying need of the hour with short locks to be kept shorn and permanented, — Silver Creek suddenly had hers.

The ever moving populace, on the go, required eating places; they sprang up all over the land. Silver Creek established a new industry and became known as "The Home of the Lunch Car."

Tourist Homes became the rage and Silver Creek had hers in dozens. Overnight signs lined the main streets of the town and Silver Creek, on Route 20, came to be an important and anticipated stop on the way to "Somewhere".

The Hanford Bay Colony with its increasing numbers more and more influenced the summer life, giving impetus to the business activity around the Park and adding color and gayety to the Saturday night Band Concerts.

And with "The Twenties" came the devastating fire that swept away the Methodist Church with its twin towers, the historic though unsavory Avenue Hotel, the Lucas Livery Stable, and various old residences and landmarks on Main Street. With the new times, much of the old scene was dramatically swept out of existence, making way for building with a new outlook to meet new needs.

The greatest progress was marked in the school world. In 1922 the splendid new High School building was completed, equipped to fully meet the needs of the modern boy and girl. In this fine building a whole new school life was possible, hitherto undreamed of.

An Home Economics Department was installed with sewing machines for garment making in addition to all the equipment for cooking and home-making. Boys as well as girls were to be taught to cook.

An Industrial Arts Department was installed with all its work benches, tools and mechanical appliances, a very special innovation.

A new Art Department was provided for with space and equipment for doing real art work in its various branches.

A fine gym adequate in every way made possible athletics in the true sense of the word. With this new encouragement to athletics cheer leaders leaped into popularity, firing into victory the boys in track, baseball and basketball.

Provisions for orchestra and band were made, as well as for the chorus work of the Music Department, while the fine auditorium made possible a greater emphasis on Dramatics.

A Student Council was originated and likewise an Honor Society. With the new building, education in Silver Creek was raised to a level comparable to any in the county and Miss 1922 greets Miss 1948.

The new church, the new school, a new country club and the new movie theatre put a new aspect on town life. Zest, enthusiasm, animation and exhilaration were in the very air we breathed, — and then the Crash, — that ill-fated day in '29.

THE DEPRESSION YEARS

History is seldom recognized as such while in the making. It takes time with its passage for the mists to gather, through the light of which facts become seen as History.

So recent are some of these years with their events, so clear and sharply defined their memories that the gentle hand of age is needed to smooth their rough surfaces and soften their raw edges before we can look back upon them with little less than anguish.

Why not leave then to "Time" the Thirties, the depression period, those sorry years of catastrophe and heartache, disillusionment and helpless frustration? Why not leave that whole period of financial disaster, economic stress and conflict of ideology to gather its own film of dust and soften in the enveloping haze as, with the years, it creeps into the realm of history.

Then with the Thirties let us think only of the gallantry of Uncle Sam with his spirit high and unquenchable, bearing us up ever, beckoning us on with encouragement, carrying us through and giving us stamina and courage anew to face a world war, the ironical solution to the economic problem.

Tableau with Uncle Sam

THE FORTIES

The Forties, those tragic years of destruction and carnage, are with us still. Wounds and suffering are yet to be healed. We are still a part of a war-torn world, the black clouds' shadows hovering near, but the BEST of the Forties let us keep alive in our hearts as we go courageously forward in the ringing spirit of song on the same triumphant level as the men in action at Iwo Jima.

Tableau of Iwo Jima

School Chorus

STAR SPANGLED BANNER—Audience

Finis

(25)

THE FORWARD LOOK

One hundred years of growth you've known, fair village,
One hundred years of ever-broadening industry,
One hundred years of progress, freedom and prosperity.
Your lettered sons and daughters are proud to claim you as their native
place.

And for the future, — a great American has said,
“In life as in a football game, the principle to follow is:
Hit the line hard, don't foul, don't shirk, but hit the line hard.”
And now to you who come to carry on, we throw the torch!
“Oh, might our spirits for one hour return,
When the next century rounds its hundredth ring.”

Clarissa M. Bailey



SCHOOL SCENE



GODEY LADIES



GAY NINTIES



COVERED WAGON DAYS

