

Wyoming County History are not entirely correct. And Castile men enlisted in several different units.

Many young men gave the wrong age so they could go. The Second Mounted Rifles suffered the most casualties, I would say. One Castile boy, aged nineteen, came home on furlough. He had been in the war a year and a half and had another year and a half to go. But he was so badly wounded, he died while he was home.

After the war, there was a flourishing G.A.R. organization in Castile. We have the book of membership. This is the authentic list, I thought, and then I found that soldiers from other towns came to join Castile's G.A.R. unit because they liked it here. We have placed a list of Civil War veterans in "Who's Who in the Genesee Country", hoping it is correct.

Henry Cumming built Castile Historical House. He didn't go to war the first year because his father had bought the land on which the house stands, had paid part of it, and had given a mortgage for the rest. Times were hard when the war came on, and the mortgage was foreclosed. He lost it. But his young son stayed at home that year, paid off the mortgage, and got it back. Then Henry went to war. He was wounded, but when he returned in 1865, he at once started the building which was to become the Historical House for his own and his father's home. I have known intimately in my youth forty or more Civil War veterans who were still alive in the small town where I lived, and I have heard them tell about the battles. One was my mother's brother, who lived with us for twenty-two years.

ONE NATION INDIVISIBLE

"One nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all!" How glibly these words roll off our tongue when we pledge allegiance to our flag.

But what do they mean?

Suppose you open the morning paper and these lines stared you in the face: "Ohio, Indiana, Illinois leaving the Union" are the headlines. "We don't like the laws they are passing in Washington. We are going to make our own. We are not using the Stars and Stripes. We are designing our own flag. Our capital will be in Columbus, Ohio. We don't know what we shall call our small nation, but it won't be the United States".

They say, the paper went on, that guards are being posted on their borders. No one can go in those states unless they say you can. One student said, "But Illinois is my home. I came to New York to go to college." All right, they will let you go home, but you will have to stay there. You stay in or you stay out. You can't have it both ways.

They say, also, that they are going to charge a tax on everything which is sent into those states to be sold. Well, all right, that works both ways. We will put a tax on everything they make to sell us. Nobody would like that.

And then suppose two or three states in the Rocky Mountains heard about what was happening and they kicked over the traces. Utah and Nevada thought they would secede, too. And Florida was thinking about it. No Federal taxes! Great!

Suddenly you feel strange. What will happen if the United States breaks up into sections and there are groups here and groups there

that didn't belong to the Union. What would you do? Would you try to bring the states back in? How? Suppose they wouldn't listen. Would you let your country go to pieces?

Ever since the time of the Roman Empire and before, "Divide and Conquer" has been a slogan that worked. If we were a country of several groups not united, what would Russia or Red China do? How much do you care about your country. If the President called for volunteers to go and bring those states back in the Union, would you go? If you thought it might cost you your life, would you go?

There must be some other way, the younger crowd say. We don't believe in war, and we don't want to fight. Yes, there is another way. a hard, difficult way, and you wouldn't like that either. It would take years of time and energy and a great deal of money. And you couldn't play around any more. You would have to dedicate your lives to the job. You wouldn't like it. Then what shall we do?

Once our Country was faced with this very problem! Some states did pull out of the Union. And they wouldn't come back. They made their own laws. They had their own capital. They had their own flag. And the President did say, "Will you enlist in an army to bring those states back in?"

What happened! From all over the Genesee Country they started marching, and as they marched, they sang: "We are coming, Father Abraham, Three Hundred Thousand Strong." They also sang:

"The Union Forever, Hurrah, Boys, Hurrah!
Down with the traitor, Up with the Star,
While we rally round the flag, boys,
Rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom."

From all over the country they poured into Washington. By that time, seven states had seceded from the Union, four more were about to go. The Confederacy chose Montgomery, Alabama for their capital. They elected Jeff Davis for their president. Their new flag was the "Stars and Bars". They immediately seized any United States property like forts that they could get. And right away we lost Fort Sumter. And we lost the first real battle, the Battle of Bull Run. That woke us up. It took four long years to finish that war before we once more became a united nation. And we still carry the scars and the bitterness. At Gettysburg alone, fifty thousand brave men fell, North and South. In all, over half a million lives and thousands of millions of dollars were spent. And on the last day, April 14, 1865, President Abraham Lincoln was shot. Even those who fought on the side of the South shed bitter tears.

Don't say it couldn't happen again. It could! Every time you disobey your country's laws, every time you make yourself weaker by using drugs, every time you refuse to work to keep your country strong, you are hastening the day when we can no longer say, "One nation indivisible, with Liberty and Justice for all."

A SILVER SPOON

In the fall of 1864, Sherman began his march to the Sea. All over the North they were singing, "Bring the good old bugle, boys! We'll sing another song. Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along Sing as we used to sing it, Fifty thousand strong While we

were marching through Georgia. Hurrah! Hurrah! We bring the jubilee. Hurrah! Hurrah! The flag that makes you free! So we sang the chorus, From Atlanta to the Sea, While we were marching through Georgia.

A Castile soldier who went with Sherman on his march to the Sea picked up a silver spoon (coin silver) and brought it back to Castile. It is a part of our Civil War collection at Historical House. For four weeks, Sherman and his sixty-thousand men were not heard from. They cut a swath sixty miles wide from Atlanta to Savannah, destroying everything in their path: railways, plantations, cows, pigs, chickens, hay. Along this broad track of desolation, several thousand negroes followed in the wake of "Massa" Sherman, shouting and singing as they trudged. On New Year's Day, President Lincoln issued a proclamation freeing all the slaves in those states which were still at war with the Union. He had said when he was elected and took office in March 1861, "I have no purpose directly or indirectly to interfere with the institution of slavery in the states where it exists. I believe I have no lawful right to do so, and I have no inclination to do so". But by 1863, he saw that he must strike slavery a decided blow. In 1865 the thirteenth Amendment was passed.

DR. CORDELIA RETURNS

In October, 1864, just as Sherman was starting his march to the sea, Dr. Jabez Greene, proprietor of the Water Cure, had died. His three sons and their wives and his daughter, Dr. Cordelia, came to the funeral. Since they all shared in the estate, it was necessary to sell the Water Cure and divide the proceeds. They urged Dr. Cordelia to buy it, which she did.

Cordelia had been eighteen when her father bought the Water Cure in 1849. She was in the first stages of tuberculosis, and her father had cured her. Something else had been added to the treatment her father had given. She was barely nineteen when she read in the paper that Elizabeth Blackwell had received a Doctor's diploma, the first woman in the whole United States to achieve that distinction. Cordelia said to her father, "If Elizabeth Blackwell can do it, I can." He agreed she could, but it wouldn't be easy. And he couldn't afford to help her financially to get a college education.

That didn't stop Cordelia. She worked her way through, first the Woman's Medical College in Philadelphia and then through Western Reserve, receiving her diploma just six years after Elizabeth Blackwell received hers. She was on the faculty at Clifton Springs Sanitarium when she received the news of her father's death. From that time on, Dr. Cordelia Greene belonged to the Town of Castile. Her influence was so great that it changed the character of the village from the time she took over until her death in 1905.

Dr. Cordelia Greene had all the characteristics of a truly great person. She had more than usual intellectual ability as well as administrative ability. She decided that a Sanitarium for Women was needed.

Dr. Cordelia knew how to select talented, intelligent women to help her. At one time, of the four women doctors in Wyoming County, three of them were in Castile. The village has known many of these devoted persons and loved them: Mary Hickey, Dr. Slade, Dr. Brown, Mary E. Percival, and Dr. Clara Swain.

Clara Swain came with the desire to serve and to work with Dr. Cordelia. But after less than two years, she felt the need of further training. She left and went to Medical College and received her diploma. Then in 1869 she decided to go to India as a medical missionary. No one had ever heard of such an undertaking, at least in Castile, which was by this time getting used to strange and unusual ideas. The story of the life of Dr. Clara Swain has been told in a recent book called "Palace of Healing" by Dorothy Clarke Wilson. At long last, in 1910, she came back to Castile and died in one of the Sanitarium houses.

FAME COMES TO THE SANITARIUM

Did the people of Castile recognize the true greatness of Dr. Cordelia Greene? "Can any good come out of Nazareth", said the people of Christ's time. I never knew Dr. Cordelia, but I could have, for I was twenty when she died in 1905. If I had been a patient, would I have sensed that here was not only a skilled doctor but one who was fifty years ahead of her time. Yes, more than that. We are hardly beginning to catch up with her. In Chapters four and five of the Life of Cordelia Greene, many patients tell how they had been treated in large cities by famous doctors, not only in the United States but in Europe, and had received no help. They found it under Dr. Greene's care. What was the secret?

Basic to Dr. Cordelia's philosophy was her belief that the body, the mind, and the spirit of each person were supposed to work in harmony. If something was troubling any one of the three, the other two would not work successfully. In other words, we would be sick. She wrote brochures and gave lectures in which she demonstrated this fact. She would never complete a diagnosis until she was sure there was not something that was keeping the patient from getting well. "I can give you something that will help you temporarily," she would say, "But we must find the cause and do away with that. Our first duty is to work the beautiful machinery of body, intellect, and will in such a way as to make the best of all the powers our God has given us." She not only talked, but demonstrated just how to bring the result about. If it meant working twenty hours out of the twenty-four; if it meant checking on a patient in the middle of the night when they were troubled and couldn't sleep that was all a part of the day's work. She had a lovable, attractive disposition that made people like her. She was also a very strong character, and people found themselves doing exactly as she prescribed.

DR. CORDELIA'S FAMILY

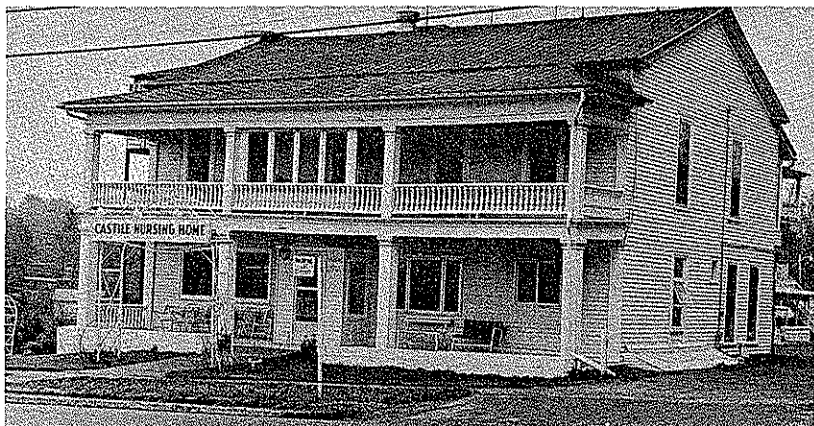
Early in her career, Dr. Cordelia realized there would be no place in her career for marriage. Men liked her and admired her, and she had a number of friends like William Pryor Letchworth. She decided that although she would have to forego marriage, she need not give up being a mother. She adopted six children in all. One of them died in 1870, and one left and went to Connecticut. The other four grew up together, forming a happy family under Dr. Cordelia's loving care. She educated all of them. The older daughter, Mary, born in Rochester, attended Wellesley College, where she received a musical education. She married James Phillips. After his death, Mrs. Phillips returned to Castile and died at the Sanitarium in 1938. She had two children.

Frederick Greene, the older son, was born in Livingston County in 1867. He attended Bryant and Stratton Business College in Rochester. He conducted a hardware business and was associated with the Richardson & Boynton Furnace Co. He had two children.

Marguerite, the younger daughter, was born in Philadelphia in 1869. She attended preparatory school and Smith College. Later she taught music in Honolulu. She married Dr. Harold Clark of Toronto, a member of the faculty of the University of Toronto, Virginia, their daughter, married Ernest G. Moogk. Their son and his wife from Canada gave an excellent program on September 2, 1971 to the Castile Historical Society.

J. Edward Greene, the youngest, is the one Castile knew best. He received a complete medical education at Cornell and the University of Pennsylvania. He married in Boston and went to California in 1905. In 1935 he returned to Castile, where his wife died. The following year he married Mary VanArsdale. Although he held a doctor's diploma, he was more interested in art and in books.

Dr. Edward has told me many tales of Dr. Cordelia. While she was ministering to thirty or more patients, she found time to train her four children in the way they should go. She hired a carpenter to come to the house to teach the two boys to use all kinds of tools, to make homes for their pets, and to mend broken places around the Sanitarium. She taught the girls to cook and sew. She gave them all music lessons. But the thing she stressed most was integrity. They must always tell the truth. They must be what they seemed to be. She taught them to rely on their Heavenly Father for help.



Castile Nursing Home, owned and operated by Mrs. Susan Mantione, now occupies the Sanitarium properties.

When Dr. Cordelia died in 1905, at the age of seventy-four, her niece, Dr. Mary T. Greene, took over the Sanitarium and managed it until 1953, when it was sold. All through those years Dr. Mary's slogan was "Carry on, Carry on". Carry on the principles on which the Sanitarium was established carry on the ways and the spirit of Dr. Cordelia. Susan B. Anthony, Francis Willard, Anna Gordon, and Elizabeth Gordon, and many other famous women came often to the Sanitarium for rest and inspiration.

THE BANK IN CASTILE

On June 19, 1877, the Village of Castile was incorporated. H.W. Smith was president and Walter Shay was trustee. A few years before, in 1869, a bank had been started by the great grandfather of the VanArsdale men who still manage The Bank of Castile. Giles Davis, the founder, was a typical Genesee Country pioneer, whose story is told in "Who's Who in the Genesee Country". In 1969, The Bank of Castile celebrated one hundred years of service. It was "all in the family". They used the Historical house pony for their symbol. The pony, too, was a hundred years old and had a story of its own about the things it had seen, first as a weather vane from the top of a barn and then from the top of a store, which was called The Pony Store.

The pony looked down in 1876 on a Castile which was desperately trying to put the Civil War behind. It was not easy. Thirty or more of the Boys in Blue were living in town. And for fifty years these veterans would be singing "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground" and "Just before the Battle, Mother" and "In the Prison Cell I Sit". These songs meant much to them. They had been there. Some of their comrades had died in prison and on the old camp ground. These boys had saved the country. It was all mixed with patriotism and love of country. It was hard to forget, nor did Castile want to.

THE PHILADELPHIA CENTENNIAL

But life had to go on. In 1876, there was great excitement in the Genesee Country. There was to be a Centennial in Philadelphia to celebrate the signing of the Declaration of Independence. So let's go to the Centennial. You can find a way if you really want to go. Railroads ran cheap excursions. Coach after coach would be crowded with happy, cheering throngs, and it wouldn't cost too much. Never mind if you hadn't been anywhere up to that time.

My Uncle Will was then the ticket agent in Warsaw. He had been hired to promote the interests of the Railroad. He would sell you a ticket (he kept them in his own home along with the bright-colored folders), and then for a small sum he would go with you and see that you got on and off the right trains. He would even find a place for you to stay in Philadelphia and stick around until you were ready to come home. It would only be a day or two, as you couldn't afford to stay longer. I was just a young girl in the early nineties when he was on the job, and he took me on many a trip with him. I could read a railroad timetable and hotel menu before I could read my reading book.

A great many people went to the Philadelphia Centennial on these excursions. It was a safe way for women to travel. In those days, a holiday like this would be financed by the "egg money". There were few ways a woman could make money, and the sale of eggs was one way. A dressmaker sewed for one dollar a day and her board, and a teacher could make three dollars a week plus board. But for most women, it was the egg money hidden in a crock, which provided the "nest egg" for the trip.

A NEWSPAPER FOR CASTILE

Two years after the Centennial, in 1878, Castile had its own newspaper, printed by Alamanzer Gaines. The Castile Historical

House has a picture of him tooting his horn, for he played in the band. His paper was a pungent, humorous weekly. When it came to news, he hewed to the line and let the chips fall where they may. Even today the articles make good reading. Mr. Gaines' father was a jeweler who also made musical instruments. The Historical House has a lap melodeon which he made in 1830.



Almanzer Gaines, born 1842, editor of the first newspaper in Castile. Photo by W.J. Tompkins.

THE YEARS OF CHAUTAUQUA

During the last of the seventies down on Lake Chautauqua, something new was added to the American scene. Culture with a capital "C" became the in thing. If you look into the origin of this phenomenon, you will find that it came as a result of a great need. With an increase in leisure time and schooling, people were looking for ways to enjoy books and music and ideas. Chautauqua not only brought in celebrated speakers, it started study courses. It took four years to complete the course. If you worked hard enough you graduated with honors. Chautauqua Study Courses and books were sold in towns and cities throughout Western New York. Study groups were known as the Chautauqua Circle. Castile had one. One of the leaders in this project in Castile was George L. Washburn, a talented photographer, leader of the Town Band and of an orchestra. What did they study? Gibbons' "Decline and Fall of Rome"; Greek plays English and Roman history. They stuck to it. No one turned back once he had begun.

SILVER LAKE EMULATES CHAUTAUQUA

And now you will never believe this, but Silver Lake decided it could do what Chautauqua had done. Silver Lake is mostly in Castile township, only the northern tip being shared with Perry. Before the Chautauqua idea took hold, Silver Lake on the east side

had been known for its camp meetings. The Methodist Conference Camp Meeting Committee voted to leave Bergen and come to Silver Lake. The first camp meeting was held August 12 to 22, 1873. A large tent was erected in what is now Bishop Burt Park. Small tents were secured for rental, and arrangements made for a boarding tent. Admission to the grounds was fifteen cents for Sunday, ten cents for a week day. The boarding tent charged 5.00 a week. Then in 1878, with the Chautauqua cultural plan sweeping the country, Silver Lake came into the procession.

By 1888, Silver Lake was following Chautauqua closely, with a two-week program. This was in addition to the annual camp meetings. A school of music was added. There were lectures, concerts, entertainments, and classes of all sorts. An auditorium that seated two thousand people was built. Great crowds attended, and the railroads ran excursions. The story of Epworth Inn has been ably told by Henry N. Page, and the story of Epworth Hall has been told by Rev. Owen C. Baker and by Rev. Willis Stackhouse.

THE TEMPERANCE ASSEMBLIES

Reform movements had been sweeping the country since 1823. The two strongest were the anti-slavery movement and the temperance movement. First there was a Temperance Assembly at Walkers, and later there was added one on the Institute grounds. Silver Lake heard great speakers who were sent by the National Temperance Association. At least seven states sent contributions to this association. The money was used to help defray the expenses of the speakers. We have heard that DeWitt Talmadge received \$900 for a weekend at Silver Lake. He talked both to the Temperance Assembly at Walkers and to the one on the Institute grounds. Wendell Phillips was another of the famous men who spoke there.

There seems to have been friction between the two Assemblies. Both wished to use the fame of the speakers to the fullest extent. It happened that the train stopped at the Institute first, so the people there would meet the speaker and give a luncheon for him. Afterward he would go to Walkers and speak before a record-breaking crowd. Each group felt that the other one was exploiting the famous speakers for its own benefit.

In 1893, the Walker group sold their Auditorium to the Pioneer Association, and it was used by them until 1931, when it burned.

SPORTS ENLIVEN SILVER LAKE

There were other attractions at Silver Lake besides cultural meetings. The Courtney-Reilly race was an example. On July 15, 1879, there was a famous boating race between Courtney, who was nationally known as an oarsman and Reilly, for a purse of \$500. The railroad company arranged to have a flat car, which they called "The Reviewer's Stand", on which a ride cost fifty cents. Riding along on this gaily decorated car, one could watch the race and not miss a thing. Tradition says the race was a three-mile stretch. Courtney won. There was also an amateur race before the big race. Larmon won in fourteen minutes and forty seconds. Brown came in second in fourteen minutes and fifty-five seconds. Courtney stayed at the Walker House and Reilly stayed at Saxtons. The history of Walkers and Saxtons was given briefly in the 1964 Silver Lake Directory.

PIONEER PICNIC

Another Centennial for 1972. It was just one-hundred years ago that the first Pioneer Picnic was held at Silver Lake. There were three hundred persons in attendance in 1872. The number increased each year, first to five thousand, then ten thousand, then twenty thousand. In June 1878, the Pioneer Cabin was erected by pioneers or sons of pioneers. It was furnished exactly as pioneer cabins of fifty years previous were furnished. In one year, 1878, 3,814 people from 431 towns in 20 states viewed the cabin with its relics. There was the identical chair used by Mary Jemison, weapons from the French and Indian Wars and from the Revolutionary and Civil wars. There was a grandfather clock which had ticked for eighty years without stopping. A mortar and pestle, which had been used two-hundred fifty years in one family was given by Catherine Hickey of Eagle. This relic had been brought to America by Catherine's great grandmother. There were books dating back to 1730.

Some years ago, in 1941, when all these relics were removed to Letchworth Park, nobody wanted the books, neither the Park Museum, nor the Castile Library, nor the Perry Library. Did the Castile Historical House want them? Certainly. So today you will find invaluable research files carefully preserved at the Historical House.

Each year at the Pioneer Picnic, the speaker was the great attraction. Theodore Roosevelt came in 1899; Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1929, Dr. Arthur Parker, noted Indian historian, Jesse Cornplanter, Chief Nick Bailey, Wm. Pryor Letchworth, James W. Wadsworth, and John B. Smallwood. There was always wonderful music, local bands from Perry, Pike, and Warsaw; the Buffalo Orchestra the Silver Lake quartette; and the Jubilee Singers. Unless you lived and participated in the glory that was Silver Lake, all this will mean little to you. But we who were there have memories of these and many other sights and sounds, such as the musical steam whistle of the Silver Lake Railway as it rounded the bend at Fairview or old Engine Number 6, gaily decorated with flags as it was in 1893.

INDIAN COUNCIL OF THE GENESEE

On October 1, 1872, Wm Pryor Letchworth arranged to hold the last Indian Council Fire on the Genesee.

In 1870, John Minard, Allegany County Historian, called Mr. Letchworth's attention to the century-old Council House at Canadea, which was rapidly falling into decay. Mr. Letchworth commissioned Mr. Minard to buy it for him, and it was purchased on October 5, 1871. The building was moved to the Letchworth estate and set up on the Council Grounds in the spring of 1872. It was put up carefully, for every log had been numbered and necessary repair work had to be done.

Two years later, March 7, 1874, Mr. Letchworth would bring Mary Jemison's body from the Buffalo Mission Cemetery. And in 1880, the cabin that had belonged to Mary's daughter was given to Mr. Letchworth by John Olmstead.

Now in 1872, there was only the Council House. Perhaps as Mr. Letchworth watched the reconstruction, he thought how wonderful

it would be if there could be one more Indian Council on the Genesee. But the Mohawks and Senecas were not speaking to each other. When the Confederacy was broken up during the Revolution and the Indians lost all their possessions in New York State, which had been their domain for at least two hundred years, it was bad enough. Then in the War of 1812, the Senecas had fought on the side of the Americans and the Mohawks on the side of the English.

Even so, Mr. Letchworth made plans to go ahead with his idea. With great care he chose Col. W.J. Simcoe Kerr, the grandson of Captain Brant and great-grandson of Sir William Johnson to intercede for him. Also from the Mohawks he enlisted Mrs. Kate (Kerr) Osborne, granddaughter of Captain Brandt and great-granddaughter of Sir William Johnson. What powers of persuasion he used, we know not.

Even after the Mohawks finally decided to come, they were reticent and cool and remarked, "The Senecas are not my people." From the Cattaraugus Reservation came the grandson of Cornplanter, Solomon O'Bail, and John Jacket, grandson of Red Jacket. There were other famous Indians: William Tall Chief, William Blacksnake, Thomas Jemison, first-born grandson of Mary Jemison, and twelve others. There was also the brother of General Ely S. Parker, Nicholson Parker, who opened the Council Fire.

Besides the Indians, Mr. Letchworth had invited twenty of his friends. They took no part in the Council but sat back in seats provided for them.

This was very real to the Indians, no play acting. They wore the costumes of their ancestors. They took their turn in speaking. Indians are natural orators, and their speeches were deeply moving. At last it was the turn of Cornplanter's grandson. At the close of his speech he said, "My heart is gladdened by seeing a grandson of Captain Brant at our Council Fire. His grandfather often met our fathers in council when the Six Nations were one people. In grateful remembrance of that nation and that great warrior and in token of buried enmity, I will extend my hand to our Mohawk brother. May he feel that he is our brother and that we are brethren."

As the aged man spoke, the tears rolled down his furrowed cheeks, and as he turned and held out his beseeching friendly hand to the haughty Mohawk, strong ejaculations of approval broke from the lips of all his dusky brethren. With visible emotion, Colonel Kerr arose and warmly grasped the outstretched palm. "My brother," he said, "I am glad to take your hand once more in the clasp of friendship. The Senecas and the Mohawks now are both my people."

After it was all over and they had wended their way down the hill to Glen Iris, what happened that evening in his home must have been the highlight of William Pryor Letchworth's life. Get a copy of "The Canadea Council House and Its Last Council Fire, and read what happened.

Chapter V

The Gay Nineties

In which we view the verbal painting of a town's Main Street. We see how it expands and the tragedies that must be overcome.



The main street of Castile in the late nineties. The building shown bearing the bank name is now the Town Hall. The fountain shown was at the curb in the west side of the street. Photo taken at the corner of Washington and Main streets.

THE YEAR OF 1888

What a year was the year of 1888. It was the year when Castile's one salt well started running after lying idle for twelve months. The well had been leased to the Duncan Salt Company, Silver Springs, and the big tanks were filling up with brine.

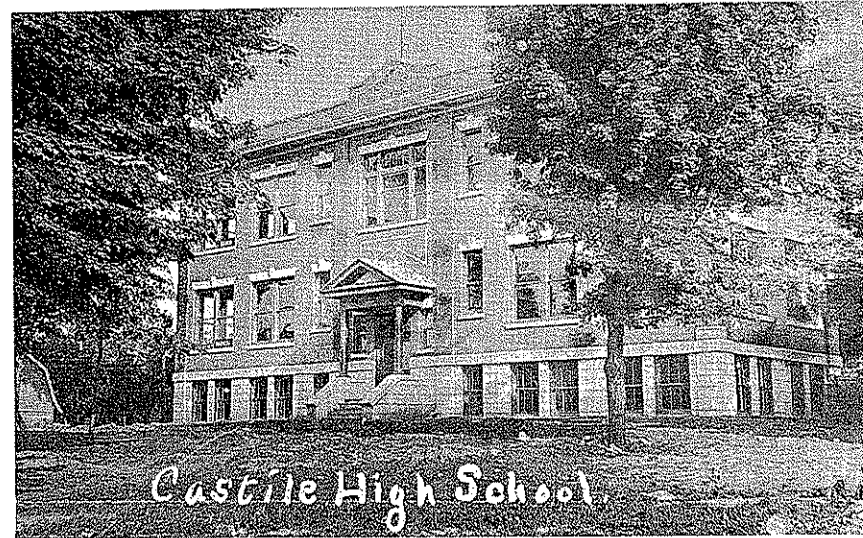
The Castile Water Works started the same day. Pipes had been laid from the spring to the village, and hydrants had been put in at required distances. In the beginning, only six citizens had water in their buildings. It cost a great deal, and there was the fear

that there would not be water enough for possible fires if the service were extended to private dwellings. The only private dwelling that had water was Sidney Dailey's new home on South Main Street. The six businesses were Riley Howard's Drug Store, Felch and Sheldon's Livery, Cole and Andrus Hardware, G.H. Bush Drug Store, and two others.

On August 20, 1889, there was the opportunity to find out just what the new water works would do if there was a fire. At the corner of Main Street and East Park Road (which was then called Water Street) was a block occupied by five businesses. In addition to Cole and Andrus, merchant tailors and clothiers, there were Taylor and Ess, groceries; Joe Everingham, barber; Selby and Windsor, insurance agents; and C.H. Sherwood, attorney. Charley Everingham noticed smoke pouring from the cellar of Taylor and Ess. The fire companies were there in no time, and streams of water soon put out the fire. Three cheers for the new Water Works!

CASTILE UNION SCHOOL

We have given you previously a list of the teachers who taught in the White School House from 1845 until 1856, when it burned. The Castile School which appears in this book was built in 1857. In August 1873, this school, which had been called an Academy, was made a Union Free School under the Regents, the first regents examinations were held November 6, 1873. Thanks to D.A. Preston, who became principal in 1888, we have a complete list of the teachers who taught in the Castile Academy and Union Free School from its erection in 1857 until 1890. If there were room to print their names, you would recognize some of them as your ancestors. For instance, Wm. W. Bean, who was principal in 1866, was my husband's uncle. The names Bishop, Lucas, and Quigley, McNair and Snell are familiar to Castile people also Hoagland,



Castile Union School. Original brick building was built in 1913.

Dailey, and Pickett. Mary Warren Washburn was here in Castile when I first came to the village.

There was a school column every week in the newspaper. It contained real news about the teachers and pupils. Pupils of that day had one night off each week, Friday night. The other nights they studied. There was no royal road to learning in those days.

There was an evening school which was free which offered a business course with Commercial Law, Bookkeeping, and Business Transactions. There was Greek history, Roman history, Latin, Chemistry, and Geology. The Latin course consisted of first year Latin, Latin Composition, and all four books of Caesar and Virgil, with no pictures in any of them. Greek was taught and sometimes French and German.

On Friday nights there were entertainments of various kinds, usually at the school. The students took part, frequently making up the program themselves. Sometimes there was a debate on a topic such as whether Themosticles or Aristides did more for the Greek people.

Mary VanArsdale Greene was a graduate in 1890.

CASTILE'S BIG FIRE

Castile's Main Street stores were completely wiped out on Saturday morning, March 21, 1891. T.B.R. Fitch had a store in the middle of the block. In the rooms above was a tailor shop run by J.G. Staddleman. Mr. Fitch slept in the back of his store. On this Saturday morning he was awakened about 2 a.m. by the sound of cracking glass and the smell of dense smoke.

On the south of Fitch's store was the building owned by J.V. Quick. The Post Office and Bush's Drug Store were on the north. The Smith building was separated by a narrow alley, which the flames easily passed. The tragic fact was that all the Town records, including the cemetery records and other town papers were stored in the Smith building in the insurance office of Smith and Sons. How this loss affected future historians may well be imagined. And no attempt was made to replace these papers while there were people alive who might have remembered.

At the time of the fire, Kellogg Bros. was a new firm. They had bought their first stock from Harry W. Smith in 1887. Their ancestors had come to Castile at the time of the Revolutionary War, and their descendants are living in Castile today. Mrs. Pauline Couch is the daughter of Harlan, one of the Kellogg brothers. They were in business longer than any firm in Castile. Their loss at the time of the fire was \$3,000, insured for \$2,000.

The stores which were destroyed were all wooden buildings, built about forty-two years before. The next year they were replaced by the brick buildings which are in use today. The buildings were partially insured. The Post Office resumed business two hours after the fire in a store across the street run by J.H. VanArsdale.

John Schroeder, father of Paul Schroeder, who is the 1972 president of the Castile Historical Society, made shoes and boots of fine quality besides doing repair work. He lost all his tools. A subscription was taken up, and \$80 was given to John. He accepted only if they would let him pay it back!

After the fire, there were no more complaints about the cost of

the water works or about the firemen. Four streams of water were plying for hours, and it was with great difficulty that the VanArsdale house on the north and the Howard house on the south were saved. The houses across the street were damaged by smoke.

COUNTRY LIFE IN THE 1890's

Aside from the fires, there were many pleasant things to remember. This was a more leisurely time. Although there were fewer things to go to, no one felt the rush and hurry that is so prevalent today. Friends of my mother and father used to come from Franklinville, twelve miles away, as often as twice a year to stay three or four days. That was a gala time for my sister and me. Unusually good eats, lots of frosted cakes, and canned and pickled and preserved foods, which were brought up from the cellar. In other words, we had company fare every day in the week. We could, and did, listen in on all the stories of by-gone days as well as the current gossip.

There were church socials and two or three picnics a year, and the Franklinville Fair. The Fair, a yearly event, was something to look forward to.

During these years, in the summer we went to Silver Lake and heard great speakers and wonderful music. We attended the Pioneer Picnic and hung onto our pocketbooks with both hands, for pick pockets were so common and so prevalent that you could lose your money and your watch and not even know it was gone until you needed it, so clever were they.

In Castile, W.F. Graves, the Piano-Organ man was selling musical instruments, not only locally but in the Western states. L.S. Coleman, at the Depot was dealing successfully in coal and beans. He bought from the farmers for miles around. John Thompson was one of the most enterprising businessmen Castile ever had. Nothing stopped him. If he were burned out, he would start over again the next morning with a larger stock than before. He could drive his little horse and sulkey from Castile to Perry and back in twelve minutes flat (so they said).

There were two hotels in Castile. The hotel at the depot was known by various names, as the Post House or the Castile House and was run by various proprietors. The hotel uptown was called The Farnum House, after its first proprietor, Hamilton Farnum, who came to Castile in 1855. It is said that he maintained a library in the hotel the first library in town. He also planted the first trees on Main Street. He lived there until his death in 1882. His son, Walter Hamilton Farnum, had three daughters. One of them, Jessica Louise Farnum, was for thirty years Secretary of the Library of Congress. She died in May, 1937.

At another time, the uptown hotel was called the Lane House. The Lanes were related to Ellen Sayre. After Mr. Sayre died, Ellen married Harrison Smith, who ran the hotel for her. It was then called the Sayre House. Next it was purchased by Richard and Harriet Schornstein in 1921 and was known as the Shornstein House. On July 7, 1947, it was sold to Paul and Ruth Schroeder, who now call it the Schroeder Apartments. Several families or individuals live in these apartments. It is said that Ziba Hurd built the barn that is on the property.

Chapter VI

The Turn of the Century

In which we present a kaleidoscope of personal impressions of the rapidly passing years of the Twentieth Century, concluding with a message for the younger generation.

CASTILE SESQUI-CENTENNIALS

Much of the news of the 1900's has to do with Castile settlers, and the stories of these settlers will be told in "Who's Who in the Genesee Country. Castile had two sesqui-centennials in the 1900's. The first was the 150th anniversary of the Town, in 1958, and the second was the 150th anniversary of the Village in 1966. The history of these 150 years was dramatized by parades, with historic floats, pageants, celebrations by every organization in the town, and there are thirty-four. A time to be remembered.

EARLY MEMORIES

The Gay Nineties had been gay only part of the time. We are prone to forget that epidemics of typhoid fever, diphtheria, and scarlet fever wiped out whole families in one season, as any old graveyard will testify. The germ theory and Louis Pasteur's world-shaking discoveries in France had not yet crossed the ocean to become common knowledge before he died in 1895. The word 'anti-biotic' was not yet in the dictionary. Penicillin, discovered in 1929 by Sir Alexander Fleming was not in common use until World War II.

In 1890, my father contacted typhoid fever from an uncle, who was dying of that disease. My father became very ill, but there were no hospitals or available nurses. My three-months-old sister was taken to the home of a kind couple, whom we scarcely knew, but who had lost a daughter with diphtheria. At the age of five, I was taken to the home of a friend twelve miles away so my mother would be free to care for my father. At that time the usual procedure was to let the disease run its course. Two kinds of medicine were in common use: an opiate to relieve the pain and a tonic to build you up if you lived.

There was an excellent doctor in the village of Rushford, where we lived. During the crisis, he stayed with my father day and night for several days and nursed him, pulling him through with great difficulty. My father went to bed in November and it was May before he could walk about the house.

"Feed a cold and starve a fever" was the slogan in common use.

They measured out three or four inches of bread to their starving patient. My mother became ill, and kind neighbors took turns in helping. After five months, the baby, who was now eight months old, and the little homesick five-year-old girl came home. I hadn't dared cry for fear they would think I was sick and give me castor oil. I had had two experiences with that medicine, and I wanted no part of it.

Another thing we are prone to forget about the Gay Nineties was the fact that it was not customary to take a vacation. I have heard men boast that they had not had a vacation for thirty years. Both men and women worked for long hours.

The job of housekeeping was more time-consuming in those days. At that period of our life we had wall-to-wall carpeting made from rags which my mother had cut from old garments, dyed, and sewn into long strips. It was my job to help sew the strips together and wind them into huge balls. Then the material was taken to an old lady on Lower Street who had a loom. She wove it into a carpet. Each fall or spring, and usually both, this carpet, which was tacked securely to the floor, was taken up, beaten, and put back down. It was also my job to take out the tacks and beat the carpet on the line. There were no vacuum cleaners. There were no electric irons, for there was no electricity. When we ironed, the fire in the big iron cook stove had to be very hot to heat the flat irons. The houses were lighted by kerosene lamps, whose chimneys were washed and the wicks trimmed each morning.

When my father recovered and resumed his business of wagon making and repairing, he decided to prepare for the future, so that if there was sickness again there would be something to turn to. There was always the specter of the Poor House. If you had not saved enough for your old age, that was where you had to go. And nothing was a greater disgrace than that. You took care of your father, your mother, your aunts and uncles, your sisters and brothers if they were left without means, so they wouldn't have to end up in that dread place.

So my father did as many other men of that period. He bought twenty acres of land a few rods from our home so that he could raise wheat, corn, buckwheat, vegetables, strawberries, red and black raspberries, and several apple and pear trees. He bought three cows and two pigs and twenty or thirty chickens. After awhile there were little pigs and little calves. One time we had five cows from which we made butter and sold milk to the neighbors.

There was no limit to the work hours of each day. You worked until you were done. We bought a bushel or so of peaches to can. All of the canning, pickling, and preserving kept us busy all summer. We made our own clothes, sometimes hiring a seamstress for a few days at a dollar a day. And we still had time to play, to go to the woods, and take long walks, and to have parties. We planned our own entertainment at these parties, carefully writing down beforehand what games we would play.

In the little town of Rushford, another typical Genesee Country town, there was only one automobile in 1900. It belonged to the editor of the town newspaper, The Spectator. He conceived the idea of giving everyone in the village a ride in his car. He couldn't telephone you so you could be ready, for there weren't any telephones. Painstakingly he wrote down each name as they took their ride. You

had to be ready to go at any time. One old lady took a bath every day and put on clean clothes until she had her ride. "For if there is an accident (and why wouldn't there be in a contraption that goes fifteen miles an hour) I don't want to be caught in underwear that has been worn more than one day."

The automobile brought a complete change. The old dirt roads were paved at great cost and back-breaking work. We went places. But just as we became accustomed to the idea that automobiles could actually climb hills, and that we could go fifteen miles without changing tires more than five times, something new occurred. We had barely conquered the ground when we took to the air, and airplanes came into the picture. At Historical House you will find a 24 by 36 inch, pictured history of aircraft from 1903 to 1972. There are on both sides of this sheet pictures and a line history of all the famous airplanes (fifty of them) from the Kitty Hawk with Orville Wright at the controls to U.S. supersonic transport SST, 1800 miles an hour, 300 passengers. And of course it includes the Spirit of St. Louis and Charles Lindbergh. This remarkable pictorial chart was assembled and written by disabled American veterans, and like the other choice things they have sent, it is greatly prized here at Historical House.

WORLD WAR I

World War I came along in 1917 and was like no other war we ever had. Of course, we didn't want it and didn't like it and didn't intend to have anything to do with it. But I wish that the Young Set of 1972 could have been in Delaware Park in Buffalo when the 74th Regiment and the 106th Artillery started on the first leg of their journey to France. I wish they could have heard the crowd join in "There's a Long, Long Trail A'Winding" and "Over There". When the regiments came back a year later and marched through the streets of Buffalo, the walks were lined with silent people, no cheering or singing. There were too many wounded soldiers in cars, too many empty sleeves and bandaged heads. Softly the band played "America" and "Home Sweet Home".

That winter we heard Galli-Curchi, Schumann Heinck, and Enrico Caruso. Schumann Heinck sang "Danny Boy"—"But come ye back When summer's in the meadow, Or when the mountain sides are white with snow, And I'll be there in sunshine or in shadow. O Danny Boy, I love you so." Yes, the pipes, the pipes were calling all down the mountain side and up the glen, and our boys responded as men have responded since time immemorial, to save our country or some country from being enslaved.

Caruso sang "Mother Macree", and Galli Curchi sang "Home Sweet Home". And the audience wept and cheered and gave her a standing ovation. We no longer let go. Maybe we should!

HOW DO WE AVOID WAR!

Then came World War II and the Korean War and the Viet Nam War. And once more, and for the last time, let me say, "If you don't want war, you will need to change the world and human nature and our ways of avoiding war". Just carrying slogans and putting up posters and destroying property won't stop war. But there are ways

of doing it. But they take time and are difficult. It may take years of hard work. We must change the United Nations. We should have done it long ago before it got out of control. Now it won't be easy. We must do as our President has done this year, make an attempt to talk with our neighbors instead of fighting with them. But we never support any attempt to stop war except to try to shout it down, which will never work.

As a nation we have lasted barely two hundred years. What will be the future of the Genesee Country. It is so beautiful, so historic. For a change, let's look at the things that have been done. Let's change the things that need changing. Many of today's youth care, really care. Let's support that group and help them in every way we can. And let's hang together, or we'll all hang separately.



A QUOTATION FROM THE ROCHESTER TIMES UNION

April 17, 1969

(reprinted with permission)

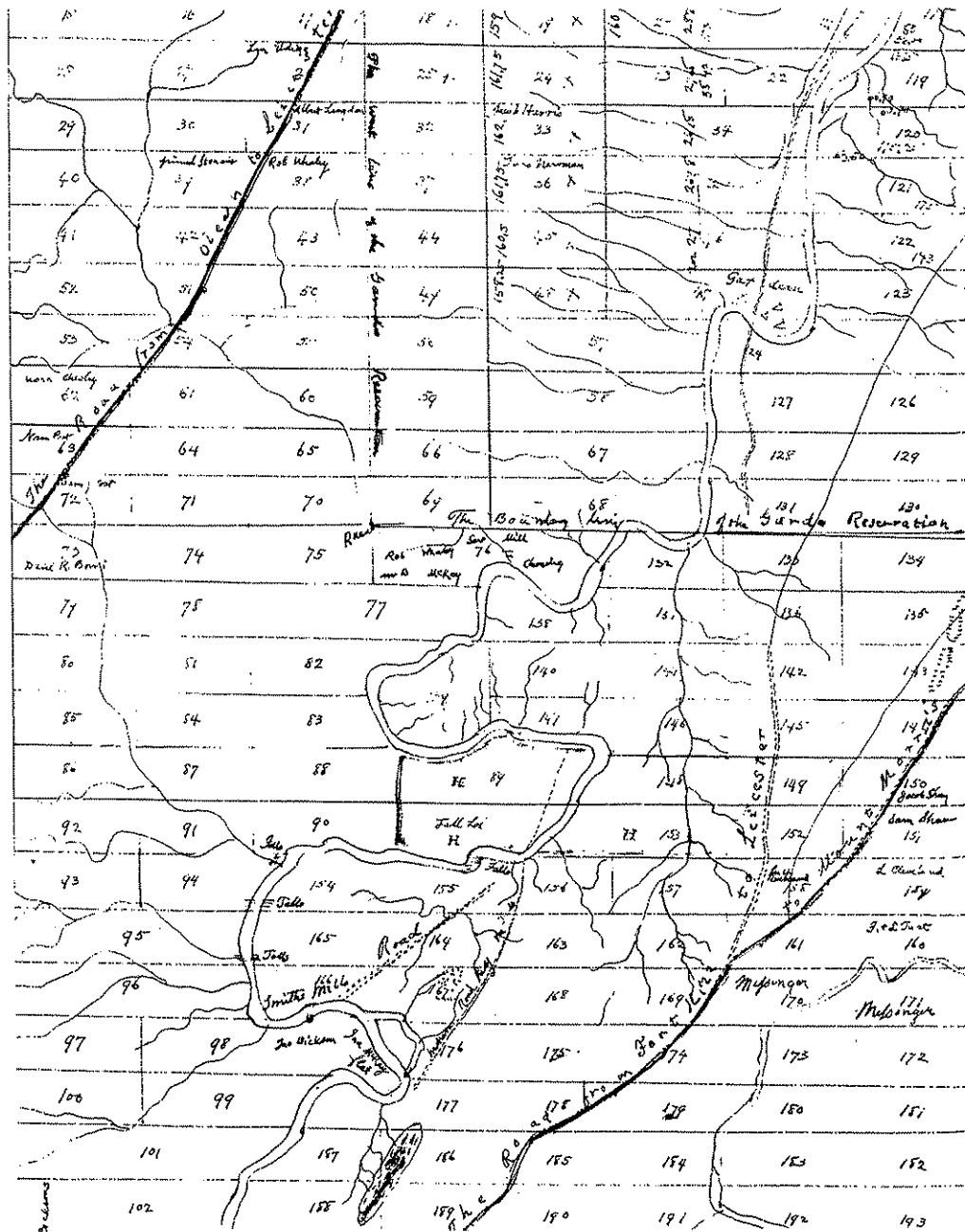
"Tell me the truth", a little girl scrawled across her tear-stained Vacationlands tourist book, "Is there a Genesee Valley Region?"

"Yes, Virginia," the Rochester Times Union wrote on April 17, 1969, "Your Vacationlands tourist book is wrong. The authors have been the victims of a commercial age. They do not believe except what the Finger Lakes promoters try to promote. They think that nothing can be which is not approved by their legislature or shown in their graphs.

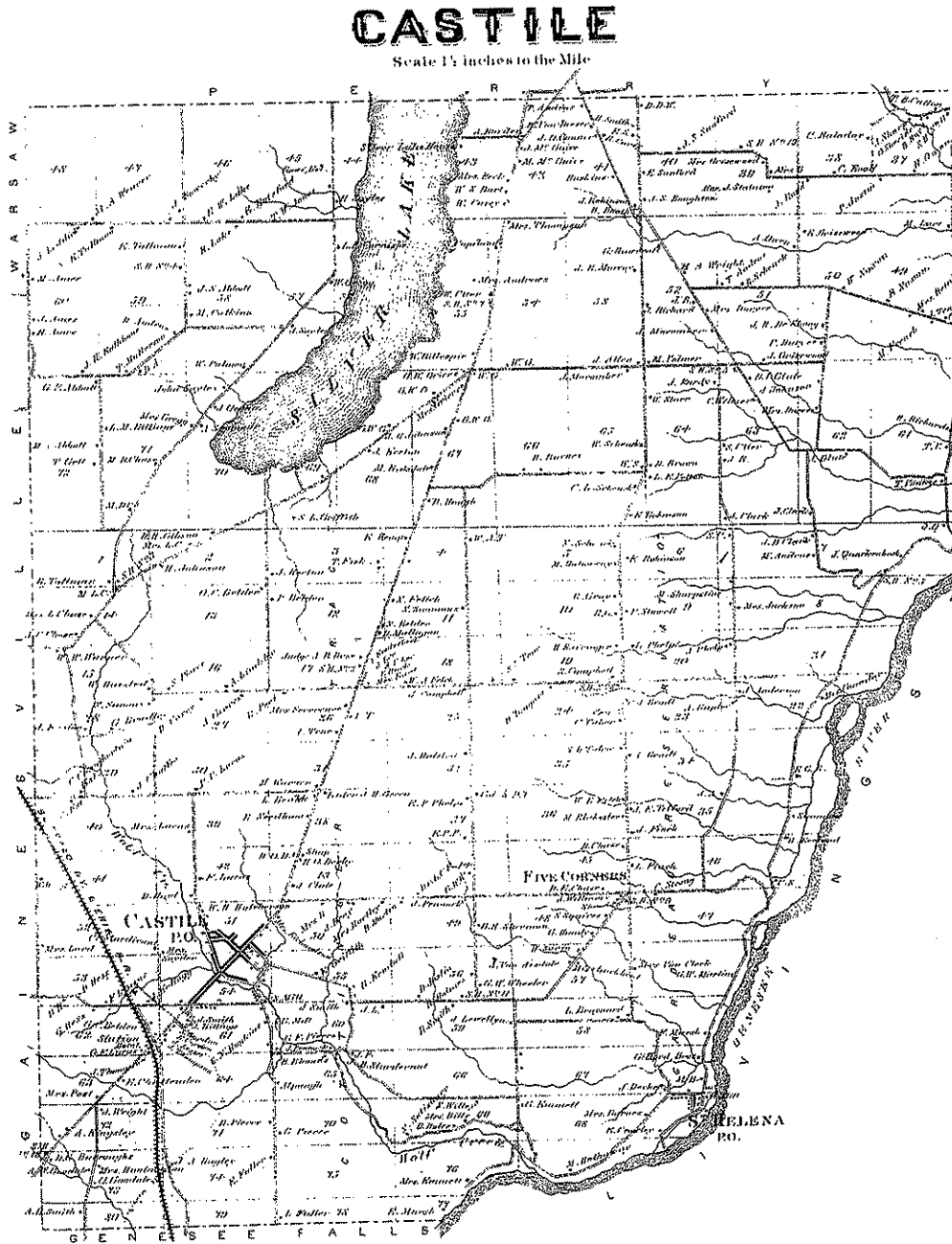
"Yes, Virginia, there is a Genesee Region. It exists as certainly as its rolling hills and budding lilacs and flowing rivers exist and you know they abound and give to your life high beauty and joy.

"Alas, how dreary the world would be if there were no Genesee Region. It would be as dreary as if there were no Letchworth Gorge, no Hamlin Beach, no Stony Brook Park. Not believe in the Genesee Region? You might as well not believe in Eastman Kodak or the Xerox buildings. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor man can see.

"No Genesee Valley! Ha! It lives and lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, it will continue to make glad the hearts of tourists."



Facsimile of ancient map in possession of M. Worster Brooks of Brooks Grove, Livingston Co. N.Y. being same used by his father (Genl Micah Brooks) with notes on same by the Genls own hand—copied by Wm C. Letchworth of Buffalo, Nov. 1871. Map shows Whaley tavern, Whaley mill, Gardeau Reservation.



CASTILE

