

# Only a Dog

By FRANK TRIPP (1949)

We gave Mitzi to Nancy on her ninth birthday. As Nancy grew to young womanhood, Mitzi grew into the lives and hearts of our household.



Tripp

They're a husky, healthy crew for whom I have just one major ambition — that they keep out of jail.

"WHY DO YOU write such things?" Fanny will say when she reads this. "It doesn't interest anybody, and it's so intimate, so personal."

Then I'll show her some of the letters that this kind of homey patter brings in. From wholesome folks who live their lives for those about them; whose world is confined within four walls that love and unselfishness have brightened into happy homes; the sum total of which constitutes faith that America will endure.

I like the word that comes from people who have lived the simple things that happen to us all. Sincerity comes from common folks, from children and from dogs.

WE WANDERED away from little Mitzi to find excuse for columns such as this — but we're going back to Mitzi now.

Her long and full life fed her the same porterhouse that we ate, took her to Florida when we went, made her welcome anywhere in our house.

She paid her way in the happiness she gave us all; for she could laugh or weep with us as truly as could any human I have ever known.

Mitzi was specially nice to me. She and I were the only ones who had a dog house. I was in mine more than she was in hers. Always, when I was consigned to mine, she'd come and invite me over to hers; and tell me plainly that I stood all right in her book.

ONE SPRING MORNING Fanny and I agreed that the last kind thing we could do for Mitzi should be done that day. She was blinding; could hardly get about.

We sat on the back steps, before I went to get my car. Mitzi snuggled between us. Sadly, we talked it over. Fanny would take our wonderful little friend away that morning.

I am sure that Mitzi heard and understood. She reached her still pretty face up to my cheek and kissed me goodbye. For weeks she had not had strength to do it. I went to the office with a heavy heart; with tears in my eyes. I loved that little dog.

In ten minutes Fanny phoned: "Something lovely has happened," she said. "I won't have to take Mitzi. She watched you out of sight, then struggled to the lily bed. Before you reached the office, she was dead."

# Verse and Worse

By JOE HAYES

It was Army vs. Cornell in the football season of 1948. . . Some good gents felt that the boys at the Veterans Center at Bath should see the game, so they cooked up a little deal. . . The hospitalized Vets would be carried to Ithaca in buses. . . Ithaca Elks Lodge would provide a meal for them — if some Cornell organization could feed them on the return trip to Bath.



Hayes

"It's as good as done," said Corning's late Dr. John A. McNamara. . . He appointed a committee — and the Vets dined at the home of Corning Elks Lodge. . . It was not as easy as it may seem because a few of the Vets had to have special food and needed extra care. . . But it turned out to be the start of something big. . .

For 16 years, the boys from Bath have been seeing at least one top Cornell game each season, guests of the Ithaca and Corning Elks. . . Chet Friedland, assistant to the chief of staff at the VA, reports that one of his boys, Al Fiorilla, had reason to celebrate when Cornell played Yale a few weeks ago. . . "It was Al's sixteenth," Chet said. "He hasn't missed a trip — and he hopes to make 16 more."

We hope, along with Al, that he and many other veterans will be entertained in the future. . . Obviously, that little deal cooked up by Doc Mac, Roy Martin, Joe Farley and Jim and Jack Redding has been successful beyond expectations. . . More than 650 meals have been provided by the Elks, with the assistance of Red Cross Grey Ladies. . . Also, the Vets were brought to Corning Sept. 12, 1948, to hear a speech by a gentleman listed then as "General Dwight D. Eisenhower," president of Columbia University. . . Can anybody beat that?

JOHN (HAROLD) GILL, the Newark Star-Ledger editor, writes, "I saw Wincey Osborne last on the morning of St. Patrick's Day, 1936, when we both alighted from an Erie sleeper in Jersey City. . . Gilly, an ace Star-Gazette staffer, in the days of Matt Richardson, George Crandall, George McCann and Manley Jackson, now resides in Nutley, N. J. . . Forty years ago, he and Duke Doolittle, handcuffed together, led a parade on Corning's Market St. ahead of the famous Italian Band. . . Reason for the handcuffs remains a secret shared by some 15,000 people. . . And I'm not one of them."

MAYOR BOB WAGNER You're gonna have a big World Fair, Attracting folk from everywhere, Please do not let your standing dip By tolerating any gyp. Please let this Fair go on the books. As one that's free from clever crooks. Keep prices right, keep New York square, So this will be the "fairest Fair."

# Merrill Retraces Underground RR

By W. CHARLES BARBER

As one of the great newspaper feature writers and Western New York historians of his time, Rochester's Arch Merrill has produced a mountainous stack of cherished material and 21 all-too-slender books.

The latest, "The Underground, Freedom's Road," is a collection that shows again the kind of craftsmanship that enters into Merrill's gathering of material and the style in which he writes about it.

The Underground Railroad, by which many thousands of hapless Negroes made their way northward, is called "Jim Crowism in reverse" by the perceptive Merrill, an "invisible road which followed the North Star from the land of bondage to the shores of freedom."

"The Underground Railroad," he writes, "was the name given a vast, silent conspiracy, conceived and operated by humanitarians who

defied the law of the land because they believed it violated the inherent right of human beings to be free." This is a little sample of Merrill's skill at putting simple words into the sort of pieces many thousands of readers have clipped from the Rochester Democrat & Chronicle to store away in Bibles and scrap books for safe-keeping.

ARCH MERRILL looked carefully into the routes along which tired and bewildered people made their hard way and the "stations" at which unselfish men and women gave them safe haven until they could be helped along to the next station with Canada and freedom the goal.

It took courage to be an abolitionist and a protector of fleeing slaves back in the days of the Fugitive Slave Law which provided heavy penalties for violators, Abolitionists and humanitarians — including Elmira's Langdons, Smiths, Benjamins, Thurstons, Stovers, Andruses and many, many more who placed their hearts and consciences above the law — violated the law early, late and without regard to the cost.

John Jones, the beloved ex-slave who found friends here as he was fleeing north in 1844, and spent the rest of his days in Elmira, was "station master" here. He, and the wonderful company of great-hearted associates in the Elmira underground, forwarded some 800 "passengers" toward the stations that led to Lake Ontario and freedom on its Canadian shore.

Merrill tells the story of such magnificent figures as Harriet Tubman and Frederick Douglass who risked their lives to guide Negroes northward and the scores of men and women who opened their homes, their hearts and their purses to the cause and who,

in more than one instance, outfitted pursuers with tight-fitting suits of tar and feathers and other discouragements to the business of returning human chattels to bondage.

NEW YORK STATE has a proud record in the Underground and Merrill has produced a valuable book about it. Any imaginative person can make its pages come alive with the brave deeds of folk who, like the Samaritan of old, couldn't pass by on the other side when they saw a case of suffering.

Some of these stout-hearted folk were called "cranks" in their day and the extremes of their conduct in behalf of fleeing slaves drew resentful stares and hot comments from fellow townsmen.

They're heroes, now, and Merrill's book preserves their deeds as they deserve to be preserved.

# The Last Hotel

By TOM BYRNE

Many an Elmira is deeply concerned over the Mark Twain Hotel's financial straits. The hotel has been the city's showcase for nearly 35 years, an indispensable center of community activity.

Elmira has weathered the loss of the Rathbun and the Langwell to the motel explosion, but would be crippled if the Mark Twain folds.

Reorganization under Chapter 10 of the Federal Bankruptcy Law is aimed at the continuation and preservation of the hotel rather than its liquidation. Don Levinger represents the Hasset interests and a Seneca Falls banker, Joseph J. Doyle, has been appointed "disinterested trustee."

"DISINTERESTED" is an ironic adjective, because it has been disinterested of traveling public that has caused financial woes for the Mark Twain and other hotels. Travelers have decisively shown their preference for motels.

But organizations just as decisively have shown that they prefer the Mark Twain for many functions. And so do state and regional groups that hold conventions.

ELMIRA'S brightest day of fateful 1929 came on March 23 when the Mark Twain's inaugural banquet honored the Committee of One Hundred of the Elmira Association of Commerce. The committee had sold \$300,000 of hotel bonds. Heroes of the hour were the "great triumvirate" — J. John Hassett, Frederic H. Hill and Arthur B. McLeod. Hassett had offered the site and purchased \$300,000 of the million dollar hotel bond issue. Hill, general manager of Elmira Water, Light & Railroad Co., was president of the Wisner Park Corp. Arthur B. McLeod, head of LeValley, McLeod, Kingaid, was first vice president of the corporation.

Among other wheelhorses were William H. Mandeville, secretary of the corporation and Clarence H. Kennedy, second vice president.

"LONG Cherished Dream Becomes Solid Reality" said the headline of The Star-Gazette on opening day.

"From practically every window in the hotel, with the refreshing view out over old Wisner Park, one can see the Langdon home, diagonally across the way. . ." said an article on Mark Twain's romance and marriage to Olivia Langdon of Elmira.

"What is more fitting," asked an editorial, "than that a great inn, where busy men and women foregather and mingle, should bear the name of the great traveler-humorist, Mark Twain."

"Years hence, when the gleam of the gilt has faded a bit and hurrying feet have worn grooves in its marble, may the Mark Twain Hotel of Elmira, N. Y., to be known the world around for its genuine hospitality. . ."

THE HOTEL was soundly built by the Lowman Construction Co. (Seymour Lowman president; A. Marshall Lowman treasurer).

L. H. Vanderslice was first manager. Roland D. Hunter was director in the late 1930s, and Bill Emerson came here in 1941 to begin the colorful reign ended so recently by his untimely death.

ERECTOR of the hotel at Main and Gray had been talked about for a quarter of a century before 1929.

The first individual to suggest the site as ideal was The Star-Gazette's Frank Tripp. That was in 1904 when Frank was just beginning his newspaper career.

A few years later another influential Elmiran, Edward J. Dunn, took up the cause. And finally, in 1927, Mr. Hassett pulled it all together and got the show on the road.

# Costly Caper

By COVE HOOVER

They were high school kids. Horsing around. They were joking. But, if it went beyond the talking stage, it could get serious.

Light-hearted. Oblivious of the world around them, they didn't realize they were at a turning point. It was time, then, to go back six years. Tell them about the girl.

The day she visited the Reformatory. She thanked the cabbie as he returned her change.

You knew, without hearing, that the voice would be from Anywhere, New York State. When they come from Anywhere, they all get out at the same spot as the taxi pulls to a stop.

She seemed to cringe as she looked up. Almost shiver.

Somehow you knew it wasn't because of the cold wind. It was the walls — the cold brick walls of the Elmira Reformatory. The outside never changes. It looked foreboding when she came. It would look foreboding when she left.

Everyone was nice to her. Courteous and helpful. They had a job to do. They did it.

THERE WAS ONE difference for her — her man was "inside."

I didn't know his name. I didn't seek hers. But we'll call him Danny. Irresponsible. Thoughtless. Both of them 21, separated because he couldn't grow up. The superintendent told me the story.

An indeterminate sentence, the judge had said, which meant that Danny might be inside for five years. The superintendent had put it bluntly on her first visit: "It's all up to him. He can make it shorter, if he wants to try."

Long months behind bars. And for what? Stealing four bottles of liquor and some cash!

Danny hadn't needed the money, nor had the other two with him. They hadn't needed anything. Fooling around, they said. But burglary is never fooling around, and there was that first scrape, too — the one with the car.

He wasn't thinking of her then; not her, not the baby. He hadn't been able to see them in his mind.

SHE SAT PATIENTLY until told he was on his way. Hesitantly, she rose to her feet. Small lines of inward struggle etched her young, almost pretty face. She walked across a corridor and started slowly up the stairs.

Her already wan face grew almost chalky as she neared the top.

Then it all changed. Suddenly there was a bright, cheerful smile. She pulled herself proudly erect and walked into the visitors' room. Despite the wire screen, despite the other visitors and the low murmur of voices, they were together.

Then came the realization — the women of a few moments before was one her husband never saw.

He looked well. Clean. But there was a wistful longing in his eyes. He couldn't hide it.

She smiled. "You look good." He shrugged. "In the pink."

They fell silent. "How's the baby?" he said. "Growing," she said. "We say a prayer to your picture every night."

His face flushed. They fell silent again. Then they talked.

ALL TOO SOON it was over. The cheerful smile flashed again as she faced him in the last minute. Then she turned toward the stairs and started down, but the smile broke — as she did — by the second step.

Her shoulders hunched and her head dropped. This was the woman Danny never saw.

THERE WAS a moment of anger for all the thoughtless, irresponsible Dannys who put others like her through the same emotional wringer; the unthinking Dannys who would never see her in this sad moment of truth.

That's why you try to tell the kids. Maybe one Danny will get the idea.

# News Mirror of the Past . . .



Twenty years ago, in the midst of World War II, both daylight and night air raid tests were held in Elmira. This was Lake St. during a daytime test in 1943. Pedestrians had answered the "take cover" admonition.

## Daylight Test

## 65 Sent For Army Induction

A contingent of 65 men from Chemung County Selective Service Board 504 reported at the Binghamton Induction Center Oct. 28, 1943. They included:

Clarence F. Quall, 1126 Davis St.; Garrie T. Zepp, RD 1 Elmira; Glenn A. Pierce, 512 1/2 Herrick St.; Robert J. Held, 617 Decker Ave.; Albert J. DeRenzo, 714 Delaware Ave.; William E. Hurd, 462 1/2 South Ave.; Ernest W. Kelts, 522 Pennsylvania Ave.; Reynolds A. Johnson, 957 Grove St.; Elmer C. Auge, 305 Home-wood Ave.; Lynn R. Warters, 802 Laurel St.; Kenneth D. Brown, Pine City; Raymond C. Lepkoske, Chemung; Raymond C. Hatch Jr., Lowman.

George S. Rahall, 303 Broadway; LaVerne W. Knowlden, 574 Cypress St.; Earl R. Sallus, 911 Medina St.; Walter H. Marble, 714 1/2 Walnut St.; Charles H. Mann, Wellsburg; Allan H. Waddell, 381 S. Hampton Rd.; John B. Williams, Holdridge St.; Charles F. Wolcott, 357 Fulton St.; Reynolds Husted, 113 W. Henry St.; Lloyd E. Thomas, Endwell; Charles R. Gantert, 609 S. Main St.; Arthur A. Drake, 408 Dewitt Ave.; Walter Dixon, Bradford; Gail L. Wilson, 366 Pennsylvania Ave.; John M. Allyn, 564 Robinson St.; William J. Kunkel, 250 W. Chemung P.

Wilson W. Scrimshaw Jr., 914 College Ave.; Roy T. Emms, 168 Orchard St.; Glenwood B. Clark, 920 Sycamore St.; Richard E. Wagner, 762 Laurel St.; Robert A. Caldwell, Syracuse; William C. Schonegan, 216 Sutton St. Clarence A. Luther, 951 Mt. Zoar St.; Kenneth J. Heib, Waverly; Harold G. Haven, Baltimore, Md.; Tracey L. Cortright, Lowman; Elwyn R. R. Fields, 555 Tremaine Pl.; Ruegard D. Nelan, 470 South Ave.; Charles W. Hardy Jr., 425 Herrick St.; Robert E. Hood, 110 E. Chemung Pl.; Ernest C. Seymour, Whitaker Ave.

Charles N. Shook, 514 Budd St.; Clarence E. Pearson Jr., 484 Horner St.; Clyde Bonham, 721 Casey St.; Charles A. Pratt, Wellsburg; Harold W. Stone, 611 Fred St.; Thomas A. Milford, 825 Hazel St.; Richard G. Scott, 208 Vine St. Ernest Sardo, 108 Canton St.; Card D. Stimmerman, Pine City; William B. Henry, 603 Spaulding St.; Daniel J. White, 724 S. Main St.; James L. Vannest, 408 Spaulding St.; Robert G. Wilkes, 734 Seneca Pl.; Samuel A. Wintamute, 227 W. Miller St. Transferred from other boards: Richard E. Cortright, Lowman; Ernest A. Phinney, 1170 Oakdale Ave.; Robert E. Pierce, 259 Caldwell Ave.; Raymond Williams, Broadway Trailer Pk.,

## Page One Headlines

GOP Hails Election Victories in East as Omen of 1944 Success; Hanley's Election Gives Boost to Dewey Presidential Stock  
Cossacks Batter Routed Nazis in Flight Over No-gaisk Steppes  
Rommel Line Smashed in Italy; Yanks Seize Upper Volturno  
Kiev Captured by Russian Army  
Marines Use Tanks Against New Jap Forces on Bougainville

—20 Years Ago—

## Election Returns Flying Cross Given on Radio; No 'Extra'

Election returns by radio were instituted by The Star-Gazette in November, 1943. Up to then, the returns had been flashed upon a stereopticon screen on Baldwin St. Returns were given to the radio audience by Cornelius J. Milliken, S-G telegraph editor.

—20 Years Ago—

## Sports Banners

Pioneers Place Three Among League's Top 10 Hitters: Smith, Lutz, Busch in Select List in Official Averages  
Musial Voted Most Valuable in National League; Walker Cooper Runs Second, Nicholson 3rd  
Heights Eleven Battles at Waverly; Edison Team Loses Center Jack Crawford But Reigns Favorite  
Chandler Voted Junior Loop's Most Valuable Player; Luke Appling Places Second; Rudy York, Bill Johnson Trail

—20 Years Ago—

## 50 IN SERVICE

A new service flag honoring 60 former employes of the Schweizer Aircraft Corp. in the armed services, was dedicated at a brief ceremony at the plant on Sept. 23, 1943.

—20 Years Ago—

## Deaths in 1943

These deaths were reported in the Elmira area the week of Nov. 3, 1943:  
James S. Barber, Foster R. Nickerson, Thomas J. Rector, Howard L. Coats, Perry Lee, Mrs. Unice Monroe Whitcomb, Stewart E. Warren, Stephen Zubrick, Frank Reilly, Mrs. Bert Graham, Maj. Thomas J. Webster, Mrs. Erick T. Owen, Mrs. Kate Genung.  
Edwin Golos, Mrs. Laura G. Soper, Miss Harriet E. Hughes, Mrs. Frank McKeon, Mrs. Frances Roskowski, Mrs. Nellie May Cook, Mrs.

## Republican Sweep in '43 Voting

Paced by State Senator Joe R. Hanley, Republican candidates scored a clean sweep in the Nov. 3, 1943, election in Chemung County.

Elmira voters re-elected Councilman Clarence N. Ellis and Charles A. Emerich, Republicans, over Democrats David V. Sheehan and Paul M. Stone.

The Republicans picked up a seat on the Board of Supervisors when Richard Courtright gained the Town of Baldwin post over veteran Democrat Fred Tuthill by a 6-vote margin.

Also, in the Fifth Ward of Elmira, George N. Guise was elected supervisor. He had been temporarily filling a vacancy. In Southport Republican Joseph P. Berry was elected, and in Veteran Fred Nicols was elected, both to regular terms after filling vacancies.

In the First Ward Roscoe C. Beebe, GOP incumbent, defeated Howard E. Clark (D). James M. Falsey was elected in the Second Ward, Arba Rogers in the Third Ward; Frank A. Rohde in the Fourth; Francis J. Mack in the Sixth; Charles L. Hunt in the Seventh, George E. Robinson in the Eighth; Everett F. Handy in the Ninth; Edison E. Daggett in the 10th, George F. Cassidy in the 11th; Dorr K. Perry in the 12th.

—20 Years Ago—

## Hornell Major Killed in Italy

Maj. Thomas J. Webster, a member of Gen. Mark Clark's staff was killed in action in Italy according to information received by his family in November 1943.

He was the son of Mrs. Christine Packard of Hornell.

—20 Years Ago—

## Elmira Theaters 20 Years Ago

Elmira theaters were showing these movies the week of Nov. 3, 1943:

Keeney — "Johnny Come Lately" with James Cagney, Grace George, Marjorie Main, Marjorie Lord, Hattie McDaniel, Edward McNamara.  
Colonial — "Sweet Rosie O'Grady" with Betty Grable, Adolph Menjou, Reginald Gardiner, Virginia Grey and Phil Regan.

Regent — Humphrey Bogart, the Dead End Kids and Gale Page in "Crime School," and "Girls on Probation" with Ronald Reagan and Jane Bryan.  
Capitol — Robert Young and Dorothy McGuire in "Claudia." Co-attraction was "The Boy from Stalingrad" with Bobby Samartzich.

Strand — Joan Leslie and Fred Astaire in "The Sky's the Limit" and "Double Cross" with Kane Richmond and Pauline Moore.

—20 Years Ago—