



Orleans County Historical Association

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NAMES

Ephriam Marshall Loke, father
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 Frances Beswick Loke, wife
 Ruth L. Rutty & Charles Rutty (Dau.)
 Jacqueline Rutty, grand-daughter
 Albert Swett and families / interest
 Dr. Emily Swett & other doctors
 Carroll Poler, cousin / & others

1893 - 1983



Orleans County Historical Association

ORAL HISTORY INTERVIEW

Mr. Marshall Swett Loke
275 Yarkerdale Drive
Rochester, New York 14615

(Mr. Loke formerly resided in Medina, N.Y.)

Marshall S. Loke was born in 1893. (April 23)

Interviewed by Mrs. Marjorie C. Radzinski of Medina, N.Y.

(died Sept. 16, 1983)
age 90

L Loke

R Radzinski





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ORAL HISTORY PROJECT

The purpose of this project is to collect information about the historical development of Orleans County by means of tape-recorded conversations with people whose experiences reflect the county's growth.

These tapes and transcriptions will be preserved as educational resources and possible publication (all or in part).

I hereby release this tape and transcription to the Orleans County Historical Association.

Marshall [unclear]
Signed

June 11, 1980
Date

Understood and agreed to:

Margaret C. Radzinski
INTERVIEWER

June 11, 1980
Date

L I recall when I was a kid in Medina, starting as far back as possible, which is when I was born in 1893. I was born on a farm outside the village. From East Center Street (now highway 31) followed along the railroad track half a mile or so to the next road, and then there was a 40 acre farm that my father lived on. That was where I was born. The record of my birth is in the Orleans County, Town Clerk's office, Town of Ridgeway. ... My name is Marshall Loke. When I looked up my record in Albany, they had it Clifford Loke. I found out that they were going to name me "Clifford", but they never did. They named me Marshall after the middle name of my father Ephriam Marshall Loke. His mother was Mary Marshall. ... He was born in England, near Boston, Lincolnshire. He was a farmer originally and later on he was a machinist in the Iron Works. He got a speck of brass in his eye and lost that eye and most of the sight of the other, so for the rest of his life he was pretty blind. He went around with a cane, and when it was dark he would carry a lantern. My mother's name was Cora Estelle Swett Loke.

R She was a homemaker?

L Yes.

R How about your education?

L Well, after I was born, we moved just inside the village to the house at the end of East Center Street. From there I started in school at the Elizabeth Street School, a little two room brick building. The 1st and 2nd grades were in one room, and the 3rd and 4th grades in the other room. The first teacher was Stella Letts, and the teacher in the other room was Ella Donaher, both old maids.

From the Elizabeth Street School, I went over to the Oak Orchard Street School for the 5th and 6th grades; then up to Catherine Street to the Academy School for the 7th and 8th grades. The building behind that, that little brownstone building, was the High School. I went four years there and graduated from that school. It was right across the street from Aunt Lena's house.

R Your occupation?

L Retired now. I started out being an electrician, wiring houses and so forth and so on. Then I was an electrician for an optical company; and then I went in the World War I. Was a railway-mail-clerk after that for four years, and then was at Kodak for the rest, and I am now retired.

R How about your wife? What is her name?

L Her name was Frances Beswick. She was born in Philadelphia and then moved to DuBois, Pennsylvania. In 1909 they moved to Rochester. They lived on Charlotte Street, and then moved to Chili Terrace.

R What year were you married?

L I was married in 1929.

R Did you have any children?

L Yes, we just had one. Her name was Ruth (Loke), now Rutty.
... She has a daughter, Jacqueline Rutty, born in 1966. ...

R You have told us something about yourself, Uncle Marshall. Now could we go back to your childhood memories, of Medina?

L Yes, I believe that would be the best place to start. Well, all I can remember whe I was a kid, things were so different then because there were no such things as automobiles. Everything was horses. People travelled by train, or by horse. There was no cars, no radios, no movies. We had very little electricity then. When we lived out on the end of East Center Street, I remember we got electric street light. They set up a pole right near our house with an arc light on the top. A man used to come out every day to change the carbon filaments in it. He had to climb the pole and change the carbon in the arc light. We had no electricity. We had kerosene lamps, which was an improvement over candles. It was a daily job cleaning the lamp chimneys, and filling the lamps with oil, and trimming the wicks.

There were no movies, no radios; so that all the entertainment at that time was homemade. Get folks together, and they made their own fun, played games. Your mother and her sister Minerva used to play together. Estelle played the guitar, and Minerva had a mandolin.

R Who played the piano?

L Oh, anybody played the piano. We had an organ at first, but Minerva eventually bought a piano. She used to play that and everybody would sing, you know. A whole bunch would get together and all sing at once. Someone would play the piano, real often; evenings and Sundays - anytime. For other amusement they would make fudge, taffy and all that sort of things.

They didn't have any movies at the time, but the old Bent's Opera House was an important place in those days. It was up on the top floor of Main and Center Streets, over the drug store - with the great big wide stairways going up. You had to go up two flights. Since then I have often thought how much a fire-trap that could have been with just one way in or out. There were no fire escapes, or anything!. This was way up on the third floor. At the front of the stage it had a curtain that said "asbestos" on it. They thought that made everything safe because the curtain was asbestos.

R Was anyone allowed to smoke when you were in the Opera House?

L Not supposed to.

There were road shows that came through, very often. And once a year there was a Lyman Howe moving picture show. That was the first moving pictures I ever heard of. They used to come around once a year with moving pictures, and showed them at the Opera House. I used to enjoy them, and saved up for a long time to get a quarter for the admission.

The piano player there, I thought he was the greatest, as he used to rattle off peppy music. One time, us kids got in for free!

They had no sound music in those days. They were just silent, black and white pictures. The sound effects man had a few of us kids go up on the stage, behind the screen. We could see the picture on the screen on the wrong side, so everything was backwards. And the sound effects man there, he would have a pile of boxes, and then at the proper time he would knock over the boxes and make a lot of racket! And make appropriate noises, and say funny things! quiet pictures.

R Did you ever take part in the minstrel shows?

L No, I never did. They were travelling road shows.

L Harry Krompart had a music store. He was a musician and he had a son, Percy. You probably remember him, and his sister Florence? Percy and his father played trombone in the band all during the summer. Maybe once a month the band would give a concert on Main Street. They would set up a platform and do a public band concert. The band was connected with the National Guard, the 29th Company of Militia. They had a band in connection with it. That was one of the entertainments.

The circus was another important thing. We would usually have a circus every summer. The kids would get up early in the morning and go down and watch them unload; everybody working. They travelled by train. The train pulled in all loaded with circus cars, and they would have to unload all their animals and wagons; it was a big job. And the kids would go down and work for the circus.

R Did you?

L Yes. Early they'd unload these boards and seats that was set up for seats, and bleachers to sit on. We'd work for an hour or two helping carry things; then they'd give us a pass to go to the afternoon show. When they got the circus all set up, then they would put on their uniforms and form a parade. They'd form a circus parade - going through the streets advertising the show. Made a lot of noise with the calliope which would come along last. It was run by steam. It would make an awful loud racket.

Minstrel shows used to come through to the Opera House, and always at noon they would have a parade. They always had a little music, a little parade, and the drum major throwing the baton up in the air and catching it. Those parades were just at noon when people come out of work, and usually were coming home from school at the same time. We'd get into Main Street just as the parade was starting.

R Did you know Andrew Downey? He used to live in Medina

L Yes, he had a circus. He used to come once a year to town and have a circus on a vacant lot. After he retired from the circus, he built a house up on the southwest corner of Gwinn and Oak Orchard Streets.

Opposite that intersection was an old cemetery. They moved the graves from that cemetery to Boxwood Cemetery and used

that property for a city park.

Another thing in those days was the health conditions. Everything was different then. People used to have Scarlet Fever, Diptheria, and those things. The Health Officer would post a sign on the front door. A little tacked up red rag would go on the front door: "quarantine" and the doctors could go in, but nobody else was allowed in or out. (Medina) had no hospital then.

R Who were some of the doctors?

L Dr. Emily Swett, Dr. Munson, Dr. Maynard. There was a veterinarian or two: Dr. Stocking and Dr. Whiting. You could smell him coming! He smelled like medicine. So, when you got sick, the doctors made house calls, and made their rounds.

R How did Dr. Swett get around? Did she have a horse?

L Yes, she had a horse and buggy and made calls; and she used to walk around a lot. She had her horse and buggy if she had to do any travelling. She tells about the gypsies that came.

Gypsies used to come through the town, you know. They played games and were fortune tellers. There was some camped out west of Medina a couple of miles. They came to her door in the middle of the night to get her to deliver a baby out there.

R They took her out there?

L I think so. They came after her and I suppose they took her back home.

R It would be interesting to know about Dr. Emily Swett.

L Something I could mention about her: she was very active in her profession while she had her office on the 2nd floor, up over Stratton's Dry Goods store. Mary Stratton, they called her "Molly", and Aunt Emily (Swett) were close pals. Stratton had a dry-goods store. Louie Loke worked there often, when he was young, after school. When he quit school, he worked in the store before he went to New York.

R Louis (Loke) was your brother?

L Yes. Later on, Estelle and your mother worked as cashier in the store at the cashier's desk at the back of the store. The store had trolley wires from the counters, going back to their counter to carry the money back and forth from the counters.

We were talking about Aunt Emily (Swett). She was pretty

busy in her profession, and she was pretty busy in church work. During "Old home Week", she was Director of the big community choir. (1906)

We were speaking of Harry Krompart's music: he put on some home talent shows in the Opera House. They was, I suppose, by Gilbert and Sullivan. ... I think your mother, Estelle Loke, was in one of those shows. ... Of course, Krompart was the music director of the show. People had to make their own entertainment in those days.

Transportation was mainly by train. That little railroad of ours was a busy place in those days; several trains going each way every day. All salesmen that arrived in town, arrived by train. They had no cars. There was no other way. Now, people use their own cars, and the railroads are defunct.

R Do you remember the Medina railroad depot?

L Why sure! That was a busy place. If they were going some place, they didn't get in their car. They would go up to the depot and buy a ticket to go either east or west.

R Did you travel quite a bit by that railroad?

L I wasn't much of a traveller. Eventually they got an electric line coming through. Trolley cars from Lockport at Buffalo went right through the middle of Medina. It came in by Commercial Street, and then to Main Street, and down East Center.

R Could you tell me why the trolley lines didn't go directly down West Center Street and out East Center Street? Why did the line curve around Commercial Street?

L I don't know.

R Did it have anything to do with one of the local people paying money to have it re-routed?

L The people on West Center Street didn't want street cars running down "their" street.

R There was some rumor to that effect. ...

L So, they had to come down Commercial Street, by the Polish Church, and then up Main Street, and out East Center Street. ...

Another thing that was different in those days was the fire situation. We just had a Volunteer Fire Department. When the bell would ring they'd run to the firehouse and get their

hose cart, and then run to the fire. They had a team of horses waiting in the fire headquarters, in a stall. The harness above the horses were all ready. When they had a fire, they dropped the harness on the horses and they'd get in the wagon, and away they'd go!

R Was this strictly volunteer?

L Yes. After a while they got a paid Fire Department. But that's the way things were then.

R Were you ever a fireman?

L On no! When I got back from World War I, Irving Kands, one of the Trustees came up to me and was going to offer me a job on the Fire Department, but I turned him down. I wouldn't like anything like that. I didn't want anything to do with being a fireman.

R What did you do when you first got out of high school?

L I did a little electrical wiring. Wiring was new then. We had no electricity at first. Very few houses were wired for it. Uncle Albert Swett started the electrical business in Medina. When he had the first shop, he bought the first dynamo and run it by electric water power for his residence and the shop.

R His residence was located where?

L I don't know where it was originally until he built that one on Prospect Street. That big brick house on Prospect Avenue. That was a very nice one, with electricity! Other people had kerosene lamps. Gradually we were getting electricity. Just as I was getting out of high school Esther's father, Frank Snaith, wired his house, and the Mead's had their house wired. It wasn't like wiring now. It was knob and tube work; single wire with black insulation on. And if a wire splice you had to splice them, and solder them and tape them up and everything. To make the wires safe, you had porcelain knobs, so they weren't touching anything, and all that nonsense. If you wanted to go in between the joists, you would take up a floor board, and bore a hole through the joist, put a porcelain tube in and run the wire through that.

When radios first came out, they were battery powered. Harry Bickle sold radios, had some to sell in the newsroom. I was busy setting them up. People would buy a radio and then I would have to go out and connect up the batteries, and show

them how to run a little simple radio, and put up an aerial for it. You'd run a wire 50 feet from a tree or from a barn or something, into the house. And then through under the window and connect it to the radio set. This was before they had them running by power.

R What year was that, when the first radio sets came out?

L Well, that was right after World War I. So that would be right around 1920 when radios began to get popular.

(Note by transcriber, Luther Burroughs: I listened to a radio in 1921 for the first time. In 1923, I would listen to daily broadcasts of the Detroit Tigers Baseball games in Ohio.)

I was speaking of quarantining the houses when people got sick. When people died, the family would hang crepe on the front door; a black ribbon. So if you would go by and see a black ribbon hanging there, you would know that someone was dead. If it was black, you would know it was an older person. If it was white or pink, you would know that it was a little kid. They'd have a horse-drawn hearse and they'd put the casket in the hearse. That had glass windows on it.

During the Small-Pox epidemic, they did have a hospital to use. The old Chamberlain mansion "haunted house" in the park here at that time. And they had a little guard house outside where the guard stayed to see that nobody approached.

The richer people in town had horses and carriages. They would have a hitching post out in front: a circular post with a ring on it so you could tie your horse to it, instead of to a parking meter!! And they had a block, a stone block, so the carriage could come up to the curb and you could step on the stepping block and into the carriage. It was a real convenience.

And they wore stove-pipe hats and derbies. The 4th of July used to be the day nobody went away. People were at home. It was a day that was a holiday, so they'd maybe have a speech, but mostly it was picnics. People made homemade icecream and had watermelons, and all that stuff.

Ice wagons did a big business. In winter, they'd gather ice from the ponds, from the canal, or from some pond or other, and store it in an icehouse. They'd pack the ice in sawdust and it would keep frozen all summer. The iceman would put (cut) blocks of ice in wagons and deliver it. People had an icebox in their house instead of a refrigerator.

The ice would melt; then you would get more ice and keep going.

When I was 12 years old, I was stricken with appendicitis, in the middle of the night. Aunt Emily (Dr. Emily Swett) had just left on her vacation. There were no hospitals or anything. Mother went next door and called Dr. Munson, and he came down. There were no surgeons in the town, and he had to send to Buffalo to get a surgeon to come down. So, he got me ready. He got his razor out and shaved my belly. Then they set up the dining room table in the front parlor. ... Dr. Munson was there and the surgeon from Buffalo. I think his name was Dr. Wilcox. And they got a nurse; I think she was Mrs. Moore. They give me some chloroform and I remember trying to push it away when I was out. It was toward evening when I came to. They had a big bed out from a bedroom and had set up in the parlor. My belly was sore! During the operation, on the dining room table, they brought in some scalding hot water for sterilizing, I suppose. Somebody knocked that over and spilt scalding water on my abdomen!! ... Nowadays if you have appendicitis, you are up on your feet the next day or two, and leave the hospital soon after. In those days, that was a major operation. They kept me in bed for two weeks, without moving. I had a nurse there, a Practical Nurse, really. She was just there to wait on me. One time a fly tickled my nose and made me sneeze. Oh, that made her ~~mad~~! She didn't like that. They kept like an invalid all summer, waiting for that thing to heal up.

They eventually built a hospital in Medina. (Note: see Myra Colton transcript for history of Medina's early Hospital).

I don't know as I can tell you much about history. Stone quarring was a big business, and apples were another. They had a Sam Bowen, his name was big business there in apples. They shipped them by canal. You know the north end of Main Street, opposite Pearl Street, down by the canal? The canal's kind of wide there, where the boats would tie up. There were thousands of barrels! Apples were packed in barrels and they were sitting there, waiting to be loaded onto the canal boats for shipping away. ... A barrel maker was a cooper.

R Did you know much about that, Uncle Marshall?

L Yes. Robert Gillies had a cooper-shop on East Avenue, near where we lived, just on this side of the railroad. The kids would go in and sit there by the hour and watch them make barrels. They'd set them up by hand. It was quite a trade because the staves were long straight boards, and they'd have to start with a hoop; get them lined up, and they'd set them up with just so many staves around inside of the hoops. Then they'd turn it over and work on the other end. They had a stove. Before they put the heading on, they set these barrels on a little stove. The heat would make the barrels keep their shape; you, barrels are bulgy. Starting with a straight board, they'd heat them up and make the wood bend and set in that shape. We watched them make barrels for a long time so we would know how they were done. Chancellor Mead (we called him "Channy") had a heading mill up in the swamp, which is now the Bird Sanctuary. He lived out there in the "jungle", in the swamp among the rattle snakes, and everything! He had a mill down there. He cut the wood right out of the forest.

(end of side one of taped interview)

L Elm Park was the place for picnics! I know the church always had a picnic every summer. We'd go out there, and it was a great place for the kids. I think it was Mr. Bowen that ran it. He had the grounds there with picnic tables. A few of the women would get the meals ready on the picnic tables. There was lots of rowboats to use. The kids would get in the rowboats and go out on the creek. There was a little dam across the creek so that we had a regular little lake there, and there were pond lilies growing in it. In among the lily pads was little signs that said "DON'T". The boats were free and everybody enjoyed going out in these rowboats. Right at the dam, where the water went through, we had a merry-go-round. Everybody had to have a ride on that merry-go-round! It was run by water-power.

R Did they also used to have a cable car that went across the creek, that you could ride across?

L Not to my knowledge. That must have come later.

L One of the important things in the history of Medina was when the Power House at the Medina Falls, right near the canal there, outgrew itself and Uncle (Albert Swett) Burt had to build a larger dam, just north of the village. Glenwood Lake they call it. The water backed up there aways, so they called it Glenwood Lake. He had three turbines in there. I used to go down and spend a lot of time in the power house because I was interested. I wanted to be an electrician, you know. It was my interest in electricity when I spent a lot of time in the power house. Then they outgrew that and built another big dam at Waterport. He had three power houses then, in a row. He began supplying power beyond Medina, out in all directions.

R Albert Swett had these power projects to help his foundry, didn't he?

L Well, he started from the foundry. It became an independent business by itself, and eventually they hooked up with the Niagara Power and the Niagara Mohawk. All the power plants, all over, are inter-connected so one can draw from others or supply others. They are all inter-connected, all over the state and all over the country. Canada is connected in with them.

Another thing we had in those days, before the Boy Scouts was invented, we had the Boy's Brigade. Each church had a company of boys. We had uniforms and toy guns, and learned to drill. One of the officers from the National Guard would come down every week and have a meeting in the church basement. We'd learn "right face", and to salute, and "march", and "squads right", and all that stuff. So that when World War I came along you would go in as a Private, and they'd teach them all that stuff. I already knew all that stuff, so the first thing I knew, I was a Corporal.

R Did you attend and drill at the Armory?

L No, I didn't have anything to do with the Armory. When the War came along, I enlisted. I went to Rochester and enlisted and went to Fort Slocum, on Long Island for two or three days. Then we got sent out to Indianapolis to Fort Benjamin Harrison. We drilled out there for a couple of months, and moved to Ohio;

down near Chillicothe, Ohio. They built a big Army base there. They were just building it, and it was all corn fields when we moved in. They had just a few buildings up. We got in the new building, and the corn was just ripe then. We had lots of corn to eat. They built more buildings and spent the winter there. I went overseas the following June.

R How do you spell the name of that place in Ohio?

L Chillicothe. It is in Ross County, south of Columbus. While I was there, my father died and I got a pass and came home. I had to get on the other side of the river someway, and there was an electric trolley line that went up into Columbus. Then from Columbus, I took the train home.

When I got out of the war, I joined an American Legion Post. So, I had to be the Adjutant, Secretary, really. I kept that job until I left Medina and came to Rochester. That was the James P. Clark Post # 204.

R You were one of the Charter Members of that Post?

L One of the first members. I don't know whether it was Charter or not. The Post had rooms on East Center Street over the bowling alley. A hardware store used to be there, on the south side of East Center Street.

In the olden days they used to have fireworks on the 4th of July. Everybody had fireworks! They were not forbidden then. The fireworks would wake you up early in the morning, and keep going all day long. One time I put some firecrackers in my shirt pocket, with a piece of punk to light them with. This was at home. My father was out mowing the front yard. Somehow one of those firecrackers that I had in my pocket, got going "pop, pop, pop" and Dad yanked my shirt off. At night, they had paper balloons. They'd put a candle in the balloon. They were made of thin tissue paper, red-white-and-blue. And instead of sky-rockets and things, you made one of those balloons and you could watch it go up, and you could watch it sail away in the distance, I suppose as long as the candle lasted.

R I never heard of those.

L Hot air balloons? That's the way balloons started, from hot air. It started in France. The Montgolfier brothers noticed

smoke going up and made a balloon, and thought that the smoke was what made them go up. They found out later that it was the hot air. The hot air was light and was what made them go. They used to burn straw and stuff so they would have smoke.

When we moved on State Street, we didn't have any sewers. But we did have running water. Every house had a cistern in the cellar, to catch the rain water. So, we always had a supply of soft water in the house, and a hand pump to pump it at the sink....

The building of the sewer was a large project. Down at our end of the street, I think it was something like 18 feet deep, through solid rock. It went down through a lot of clay, red clay. They had to do a lot of blasting. They'd drill in the rock, put in dynamite, throw some heavy timbers over it to kind of hold it down; and they'd blast to break up the rock. Ed Pryor used to do the dynamite work. He'd hollar before he blasted off so everybody could get out of the way. I remember it would go "boom", and windows would get broken around there. And he was up there with the stones coming at him. Up there at your house (180 State Street), the ditch wasn't so deep. It was probably six feet deep, or something like that.

I had a paper route at that time. I used to walk around on my route, and I also used a bicycle. Up there near your house they had two planks to go across the ditch. So, I went up this side and I had to cross over. I thought I'd be smart and ride across on the planks. The two planks were side by side, and the bicycle wheel went down between the two planks! (laughter) I took a spill there!

Milk was not in bottles then. Milk was always delivered in large, open cans. Charlie Ward had a milk route. We bought our milk of Ward. He had two measures: a pint measure and a quart measure. He would dip out a quart and put it in our container. Milk was cheap then, and we had lots of milk. My mother sometimes had milk in pans. In the summer, the humidity I suppose, turned the milk sour. She claimed that it was the thunder that made the milk sour. We'd pour off the whey, the

liquid part, and eat the other part -- the curd, I guess they called it.

R Cottage cheese?

L She called it cottage cheese. You just put sugar on it. It was good eating. We didn't have screens, or much of anything like screens. We had to open windows and we usually had flies in the house. We did have screen doors, I think.

My mother bought flour to do all her baking. It was usually large bags of flour. We always saved the bags and took them back and got a penny apiece for them. She would take one of those flour sacks - they were heavy paper - and she'd cut it up in strips, and tack this on the end of a stick, and would use it as a "shoo fly", you know. She'd go around, "Shoo! Shoo!" chasing the flies out of the house, and shut the doors so they couldn't get back in. Instead of screens on the windows, she used to get cheese-cloth; tack that over the windows to keep the flies out. Some people used sticky fly-paper. It came all rolled up, in coils. You'd pull this coil out and you'd hang it up from the ceiling, with a string, about that long. It was sticky-paper; flies sticking all over it! We never used those.

Umbrellas used to be an awful popular thing then. People used to have an umbrella whenever it rained, or they would get soaked! In these days, nobody uses umbrellas. The waterproof clothing doesn't hurt to get rained on anymore.

Men used to wear stiff collars. Shirts were made with no collar at all. There was just the button holes, and you'd attach the collar to it with collar buttons.

And shoes: instead of laced shoes, there were button shoes. You'd carry a button-hook to fasten your shoes with.

When they built the new school up on Catherine Street, I think they tore the old Academy building down, and then built the new schoolhouse up there. (Note: see C. Wise transcript).

You know, my poor Dad worked 60 hours a week; he was blind, too! He had to go to work at seven in the morning and worked until six at night. ... He worked at the A.L. Swett Iron Works.

He used to run a drill press. That was something he could do without much eyesight. He drilled holes in iron castings; for instance, shelf bracket casting. They'd have to have a hole bored in them so they could be screwed up to the wall. So, that is one thing; he would take it and set it on the press and then down on the handle, and drill the hole through it. I think the holes were countersunk too, so the screwhead would fit in them. I remember that it was a drill press that he used to do mostly. There were other people that could see that could run a lathe, and other things, and grinding wheels.

R Did you say that he came over from England?

L Yes, he was born in England. I think he was four years old when his folks came over. He lived out at Lock Berlin, near Lyons; between Lyons and Clyde. The gravestones of the whole family are in the cemetery out there; double stone. So, my father and his sister, Mary Ann, were born in England. Then the other two, Uncle Will and Emma Jane, were born here in Wayne County. but the parents died and left the kids to be taken in other foster homes; one of those other families.

R What do you know of the Plummer house on State Street, at the bend of the road? Do you know any history of that?

L No, I don't know any history of it at all. I remember the stone house there.

R I believe it was a stopping off place for the canallers.

L It could be. There was a canal bridge right there at that time.

R Do you recall that bridge? (The State Street Park Bridge)

L Yes, Over to Paddy Hill. Later on they changed the bridge down to where it is now, by the park. That was before Unions came around to shorten the (working) hours. Ten hours a day six days a week: that was the working schedule for everybody! He went to work at six; he was there at seven o'clock, worked to twelve; One until six. At the end of the week he got his pay: \$12.25. That was a week's pay, for 60 hours! Can you imagine raising a family of six on \$12.00 a week. ... In the winter when it was dark, he carried a lantern to work and he had a dinner pail too. It was square, tin square bucket. He had his coffee in a whiskey bottle. Mother would pack his

lunch. Of course the coffee was cold, so at the shop he would put the coffee on the steam radiators (used for heating the shop), and then it would be warm. Often at night, when it was time for him to come home, I'd go down to meet him and I would carry his dinner pail for him. With a cane, and a lantern, and a dinner pail, it was a lot to carry all at once. When he got home, I would look in the dinner pail to see if he had left a cookie or something.

Oh yes, another thing, I was telling Chuck (Rutty, son-in-law) the other day about the vacuum cleaner. The very first vacuum cleaner I ever saw was at old Doc Hardings, a retired Civil War veteran. He bought a machine for cleaning carpets. He cleaned people's carpets instead of sweeping them. This vacuum cleaner was a big invention!; and there was no electricity. The thing worked with a big bellows with a big handle on it. When he had a carpet to clean he hired me for ten cents an hour to work the handle back and forth. That operated the bellows, and he worked the hose that sucked the dust off the carpets. Otherwise people had to get a broom and sweep their carpets. Once a year people would take their carpets up off the floor, take them outdoors and hang them on a rope and beat them; knock the dirt out of them. So, that was the first great vacuum cleaner before the electric ones.

R Was that after World War I? What year?

L Years earlier than that! When I was going to school.

Everyone that smoked cigarettes, rolled their own cigarettes. Tobacco came in little cloth pouches. You would buy a little bag of tobacco and get a pack of cigarette papers. Then you would take out a cigarette paper, pour tobacco on it, roll the cigarette, lick the paper, and light it. There wasn't so many ready-made cigarettes then. There were some, but most smokers used to roll their own.

As I have said, we had no sewers in those days. Everybody had a little privy out in the yard. They were always used, summer and winter. At Halloween time, why the next day, some of the privies would have been turned over, upset.

R I suppose you never did that!?

L Oh no! We never heard of anything like "Trick or Treat" in those days. They would always see how much vandalism they could do. ... We'd always take away the front, wooden steps. That was one thing we would always do.

R A person could break his leg!

L I didn't do any of those things. One little incident that I remember; it had nothing to do with Halloween. My cousin, Carroll Poler came over. He lived on the west side. I lived on the east side. We were down by the creek, you know. Cook's Furniture Factory was on one side of the creek, and there were woods on our side. There was a tall chimney with guy wires going in four directions, one coming across the creek and tied to a tree. Carroll got ahold of one of those wires and was pulling and shaking it. The first thing you know, the big chimney came tumbling!! (laughter) So, we ran!! I went home and climbed up in the cherry tree. There was a cherry tree in our back yard. Nobody ever knew what happened.

In the wintertime there was nothing but horses on the street: sleds, sleighs and bobsleds. Farmers always had a team of horses, and bobsleds, and people with carriages had a sleigh. That was one of the main sports in the winter - catching rides on them. Most people didn't mind. You could grab ahold of the sleighs and stand on their runners and ride along. On a sled, you'd have to run and catch on. Once in a while, there would be a farmer to catch on. He always had a whip! If anyone got on, he would shoo them off with a whip. With horses there were no garages, but there were several blacksmith shops. That was always an entertaining thing - to watch the blacksmith shoeing the horses; the horses waiting their turn to get new shoes.

R Do you recall the names of any of the blacksmiths in Medina?

L Well yes. The only name I can remember now is Lesle. Edna Beale was my age in school, and there was another brother. I guess he was a little older: Horace Beale. I guess they moved away, to New Jersey or something.

There were several other blacksmith shops. There was another one on Park Avenue. The firehouse was on the corner. Next to that was a dairy. And before that, I think there was a blacksmith shop in there. I can't remember specifically what they were.

- L My Mother had a big washing. Every wash day she had a big copper boiler that went on top of the stove. She'd cut up this strong, yellow soap, into the water.
- R Was that home-made soap?
- L No, I think they'd buy the soap. I don't remember what they called it. It was kind of strong, with lye in it.
- R Fels Naptha?
- L I don't remember that. She'd build a wood fire in the stove and heat that big copper kettle full of hot water and soak the clothes in it. She had a piece of broom handle for a stick and would poke the clothes around, squish them around, fish them out with that stick. Then (later) the family had a washing machine. It was a tub and had a rocker in it. You would agitate the clothes. That was hand power. There were various washing machines; and a wringer, you know. They'd turn the crank and run the clothes through the wringer, then take them out doors and hang them on the clothes line. There on State Street, we had a clothes-reel. There was a post in the middle of the yard, and there were four arms sticking out of it, and metal clothes line. So, they was more or less compact. In the wintertime, the clothes would freeze on the clothes line.

Everybody had baby carriages in those days; they were quite numerous. But these days, you seldom see one.

- R How about your shoes, Uncle Marshall? Did you get them tapped?
- L Yes, we took our shoes to the shoemaker. They always had a little shoemaker's bench that they sat on. You would take your shoes and get new heels and new soles put on. One shoe-maker was named Brown. He had two kids about my age in school. Elfreda and Carl (Brown). It would cost you two or three dollars to buy a pair of shoes. I suppose you could pay as much as four dollars!

.....

This interview was conducted by Marjorie Radzinski of Albion. The tape was transcribed by Luther Burroughs of Albion. After several additions and deletions by Mr. Loke, final typing was done (with some editing) by Helen McAllister of Medina, New York.

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WRITTEN MEMORIES OF MARSHALL SWETT LOKE (not on tape)

To niece Marjorie (Cooke) Radzinski:

In confirmation of the statements made to you and recorded on tape in late November 1979 which were rather mixed up and incoherent, and further complicated by transcribing, I hereby restate some of them in writing, because as poorly as I write, my writing is better than my speaking.

My name is Marshall Swett Loke, youngest of Ephraim (Marshall) Loke and Cora Estelle (Swett) Loke. I was born April 23, 1893 on a 40 acre farm in the town of Ridgeway located approximately half a mile east of Bates Road, Village of Medina, reached by a lane, a continuation of East Center Street, parallel with the railroad track; now route 31. A few Polish families lived on "the Lane".

When pasteurization was invented, Clark Alis built a factory (where our former farm was, next to the railroad) for pasteurizing apple juice. The process was supposed to keep the juice from spoiling. Later, the building was used for an insecticide business.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY EARLY YEARS IN MEDINA

There was no such thing as having to make an appointment, days or months in advance, to see a doctor. One could go to doctor's office during office hours and get professional service, or if ill, one could stay in bed and the doctor, on being informed, would go to the patient's house.

Contagious diseases were prevalent in those days. People were not much aware of germs or infections. A sign with the word SCARLET FEVER or DIPHtheria or SMALL-POX, etc., etc., would be tacked up near the front door, and maybe QUARANTINED- keep out. No one but the doctor was supposed to enter or leave. When illness was cured, the house would be fumigated. If patient died, a "crepe" would be hung on or by the front door. Black if old person, small and light if a child, lavender if elderly but not too old, etc. Funerals were always at the home. Undertakers would prepare the body there, and would bring folding chairs for the guests. Coffin was placed in a horse-drawn black hearse with glass sides for trip to cemetery. The widow was dressed in black, and her face covered with long black veil. Mourners would wear a black arm-band for weeks afterwards. Envelopes with a black border were used to send death notices by mail to distant relatives.

Every kid at some time or other would have measles, whooping cough, chicken pox, or any of the diseases common to children. They never had preventive inoculations. During Small Pox epidemic, everybody got vaccinated. The old Chamberlain mansion was used as a "pest house" (hospital for small Pox patients). Many people died of Small Pox. Doctors seldom wrote prescriptions. They always gave out the medicines. Little vial of sugar pills saturated with a few drops of liquid medicine. They carried all the stuff in their little black bag. Doctors also went to the homes to deliver babies.

Aunt Emily (Dr. E.F. Swett) was our family doctor. One summer she went away for a vacation. In the middle of the night I had a terrible pain, but I endured it until morning when I went downstairs and told Ma. I get into her bed and she went next door to Lurns' and called Dr. Munson, who came and said I had acute appendicitis and needed an operation immediately. The doctor called a surgeon, Dr. Wilcox in Buffalo, who came around 1 p.m. In the meantime, Dr. Munson got his straight razor and shaving mug and shaved my belly; while the parlor was prepared as a hospital. They set up a bed and brought in the dining room table for an operating table and hired a local woman, Miss Moore I think her name was, for a nurse. They put me on the table and put something over my face with chloroform. The last I remembered was trying to push it away. When I finally woke up, it was around 6 p.m. and I was in bed in the parlor. The nurse slept on a couch in the room. The next day they explained why my abdomen was so uncomfortable: during the operation the nurse had a pan of scalding water which the doctor knocked over and I was scalded. A layer of skin peeled off later. They would not let me move at all for two weeks. These days, after surgery, one would be getting up in a couple of days. Then, they kept me in bed two weeks. Then gradually sitting up for a while. I did nothing the whole summer. So much different from now. They thought staying ^{inactive} was the way to healing.

When Charles Cooke was born, Pa and Ma were in Florida. Estelle and Sam were staying in our house at 108 State Street. I was in high school. Came home at noon to dinner. Sam, who worked at Chase and Breed Hardware, came to dinner. Estelle was in the bedroom with Aunt Emily, or vice versa, and hollering. Sam was so nervous he could hardly eat. When I was coming home from school in the afternoon, I met Aunt Emily halfway on East Center Street, just returning to her office. She told me that it was a boy. I don't remember who got dinner ready. Probably Minerva.

The M.D.'s in Medina were Dr. Agnew, Dr. Maynard, Dr. Munson, Dr. Swett, Dr. Whiting. Dr. Stocking was a veterinarian (horse doctor). Dr. Simons and Dr. Wells were dentists.

- My earliest recollections are of living at 510 East Center Street, the last house on south side of the street. Besides the house, there was a barn, and a privy, and a pump in the yard where we got our water. Pa had a horse in the barn for a while. He would open the barn door and call out "Oats, Billy" and the horse would whinney! A "sitting room" and a bedroom were in front, the dining room was full width of house. The kitchen was in back. I slept in room at top of stairs. People had to go through that room to get to the other two rooms. None over kitchen. Small window panes would be covered with condensation (and frost) in the winter. There were no storm windows or screens. Ma chased the flies out with a heavy paper flour sack tacked onto a stick and cut into strips. There was a carpet in the "front room". It was swept with a broom. The broom stirred up dust. Once a year the tacks were pulled out and the carpet hung over a rope outside and beaten until all the dust was knocked out. Then it was brought in and tacked down again.

The unpaved street was very dusty in the summer. Every horse and buggy that went by raised clouds of dust. There was a stone sidewalk on the north side of the street made of flagstones all the way to

Bates Road where Joe Rich's family lived in corner house. The sidewalk on the south side of street ended at Lysett's. Then vacant lots down to house near ours where Gene Walsh's old folks lived. George Courtman had the house opposite the above surrounded by orchards. Mr. Florey raised asters in the above mentioned open spaces.

We had twice-a-day daily mail delivery. George Conley was our mail-carrier. When street lights were installed the last light on the street was an arc light on a pole just west of our lot. The carbon rods lasted one night and had to be changed every day. Dyer Herrick climbed the pole to change **THEM**. Later the arc lights were arranged to be lowered with a rope for servicing. And the carbon electrodes were replaced with an improved kind that lasted several days.

Our family of six persons consisted of Pa and Ma, Louie, Minerva, Estelle and me. Pa worked at the A.L.Swett Iron Works; Louis worked in Parish & Stratton Dry Goods; Minerva and Estelle went to school, and I was home with Ma all day. The family was all together at supper in the dining room. Pa worked ten hours a day, six days a week. Saturday was pay-day, and Saturday night was the big shopping night. Stores stayed open late, usually to midnight. On Sunday we all put on our Sunday clothes and went to church at 10:30, and sat in the pew on the south aisle about half way. Saturday night we had our once a week bath in a wooden tub. After Sunday dinner, which was about one p.m., I would go for a walk with Pa, often to the flag-shanty at the Bates Road railroad crossing where Johnnie Caldwell was the flagman. When a train approached, he would stand in the road and wave a white flag as signal to horses and people to STOP and let the train pass. He had only one arm. When Pa would meet one of his friends while we were walking, he would tell him about me. "This is the baby", and I did not like it. Estelle liked her dolls. She liked to play Jacks. I haven't seen any since the olden days. I doubt if anybody these days would know what they (Jacks) were. Made of cast iron, with six arms. * * * * * Toss them down, bounce a rubber ball, and pick them * * * * * up while the ball was bouncing; one at a time, next * * * * * two at a time, etc. Estelle would make a make-believe pair of scissors by placing two common-pins on the railroad track, one crossed over the other. After the train ran over them: ✂ ✂ the result looked like scissors. She also made chains ✂ ✂ of dandelion stems. ~~o o o o o o~~
 Minerva's idea of an April-Fool-gag was to puncture an egg at both ends and blow out the contents, leaving an empty shell intact to fool the victim of the joke. One day Minerva told me, "Ma is going to dye today", which had me worried! Ma had bought some dye which she used to re-color some garments. Once I placed a small stone on a rail to be crushed. Then I worried whether it would be harmless or if it might cause a terrible wreck. The train went by safely; nothing happened.

I started in school at the two-room brick schoolhouse on Elizabeth Street. The 1st and 2nd grades were in the east half, taught by Miss Stella Letts. Miss Ella Donaher taught 3rd and 4th grades in the west room. J.C.VanEtten was the school Principal or Superintendent, who came to visit occasionally. Miss Winifred R. Clark was the music teacher who came at regular days to conduct the singing. She

COMMENCEMENT.

Brilliant Finale for the Class of 1911.

SOMEWHAT MARRED BY NOISE.

Those who were present at the Commencement exercises last night of the 67 citizens who voted against the present location for the City Hall, must have taken a grim satisfaction at the way the proceedings were marred because of the noise.

Just as the principal speaker of the evening had gotten well into his theme, the second section of Eastbound freight No. 38 and Wildcat engine No. 986 attached to 70 empty box cars hauled in on the N. Y. C. tracks and proceeded to hold a re-union.

They whistled and clanged, and tooted and banged and let off surplus steam and ground their brakes and did all the things which make it interesting for the speaker and for almost fifteen minutes those in the front rows could hear something of what the speaker was saying. The rest of the audience nothing.

The auditorium was packed, many standing throughout the evening and many going away, unable to obtain admission.

The platform with ferns and flowers, the black eyed Susan with the class colors predominating. Festoons of the colors hung over the windows and from the platform and at the back of the stage a large banner of black bore, in orange letters the class motto,

.....
: Esto Quon Esse Videris :
.....

which, being interpreted, means "Be What You Seem to Be."

During the evening an orchestra rendered several selections, and the High School Glee Club sang the "Gallant Volunteer," with great spirit, under the direction of Miss Clark.

The Class marched to their places in couples, with long inter-

vals between; and each couple received a round of applause. The Superintendent of Education, the principal, the instructors and the speaker of the evening were also applauded as they entered the hall.

FRANCES D. TOLER gave the Salutatory and an oration, "The Duties of Citizenship." In speaking of the High School life, she compared it to a day, and in bidding a welcome in the name of the Class she made some nicely phrased analogies. In speaking of the Duties of Citizenship she contended that it was not good for man to be alone and spoke of the sympathy and encouragement to which citizens are indebted to surroundings for strength to do and to achieve. She spoke of Medina's wonderful natural attractions as a place of residence and for industries and for the physical wants generally and made a strong plea for facilities for broader intellectual life. It was a brilliant production.

CLARENCE DEAN VAIL gave an oration demanding the Modification of the Present System of Trial by Jury, in which he said that what was the best possible thing for the 12th Century was not at all adapted for the 20th Century. He told of the many reasons why the American trial by jury is the cause of delays and miscarriage of justice. One remedy was to take from the judge all right to comment on facts, another to follow the Scotch, 9 out of 12 plan. He told of the difficulty of securing competent jurymen, in this country, eleven weeks and \$10,000 being required to secure the jury at the time of the Chicago strike, while the English Courts seldom require more than an hour and as many as 250 cases have been disposed of by one court in a day.

Later in the evening, Dr. Thompson, in commenting on this address praised it, and said that our Courts were a National dis-

21 A.
L. S. G.

LOKE

grace and the laughing stock of every civilized nation. Mr. Vail was listened to with much interest.

EDNA McKNIGHT gave the Valadictory in which she took occasion to speak of the corps of instructors in the highest terms of praise, making especial mention of the principal, Miss Pierce, who goes to other fields of endeavor. Miss McKnight's theme was "Rural Life Problems." She told of how the city drains the country of its best and how times have changed since the city depended on its immediately surrounding country. She spoke of soil exhaustion and the efforts made to correct it, and voiced the woe of the hard life of the farmer's wife. She thought that the course of training in the district school should be more directly adapted to the needs of country dwellers and not modeled directly on the city school. Domestic science, manual training, agriculture should be taught as well as merely preparing the students for higher education. It was a rattling good talk and contained a lot of good points and suggestions.

HAROLD VAIL ROSS, BERTHA A. PRUDOM, EDNA E. BEEL, STANLEY HOOD GILLETTE and HAROLD J. RYAN had prepared orations which they were excused from delivering on account of lack of time.

DR. ALFRED C. THOMPSON, Principal of the Brockport Normal School, was the speaker guest of the evening. It was a pity that a part of his address should have been lost for it was a masterly conception of "Reciprocal Duties." He said that he brought hearty congratulations from the sister village of Brockport and greetings to the Medina schools and the people here. He told, in opening, of the way to get education from all about you, no matter how humble their vocation, and related the story of the talented painter of Athens who stretched his canvasses in his

window and hid behind them to hear the comment. A cobbler came along and criticised the sandals on a man's figure and the painter changed them according to the suggestion. The next day the cobbler was so puffed up that he began to make criticisms of the drapery, the coloring and the expression which exasperated the painter and he originated the saying, "Cobbler, stick to your last."

He trusted that he would not speak too long as "The longer the spoke the greater the tire," but it was safe to say that the audience would have been glad to have listened another hour, in spite of the heat which the fans, distributed by R. J. Shea, helped to make endurable.

Education is life, he said, and Life is Education. The home, the church, the newspaper, the street, the playground and hundreds of other influences beside the school are making or spoiling our children. It is customary to charge everything to the school, yet only one-tenth of a child's hours are spent in the school room. But, he said, give us the best school facilities and we will assume nine tenths if you citizens will take care of the other one tenth. There is born in every child a love for the good, the true and the beautiful and it developed during the formative period.

He made a strong plea for the best of school facilities. He told of towns where one half of all the money raised by tax went to support the schools and build better. The High School is the head of the school system and like a man, the rest of the system is seldom better than the head. He complimented our school highly and said that statistics the country over proved that 95 per cent. of those who got past the 5th grade were successes in life. It was a fine address and our regret is keen that we cannot reproduce it in its entirety.

Then came the last scene. Sup-

erintendent Van Etten spoke a few words to the Class as they stood before him, one by one they filed across the stage, received their diplomas, and the world was before them.

taught the kids to sing "Little yellow dandelion, growing in the grass; with your head of shining gold, merry little lass". James Latimer was the janitor. In back of the school were two privies with a high board fence separating them. The girls played in the schoolyard on the east side. The boys played in the west yard. Sometimes a baseball would go through the kitchen window of Mr. and Mrs. Coleman whose house was adjacent to the school yard. Every month the teachers would pass out a small four page publication on nature subjects such as Chickadees, pollywogs and pussywillows, birds and bees, sprouting seeds, etc., etc. and was signed "Uncle John" who, I suppose, was John W. Spencer of the New York State Education Department. One day the teacher told the kids to write a letter to Uncle John. I started mine, "Dear Professor Bug", while the other kids wrote "Dear Uncle John". After she gathered up the papers and examined them, she read mine aloud to the class. From then on they called me Professor Bug, or just plain "Bug".

Some years afterwards a new school was built on Ensign Avenue and the brick school on Elizabeth Street was converted into a private residence.

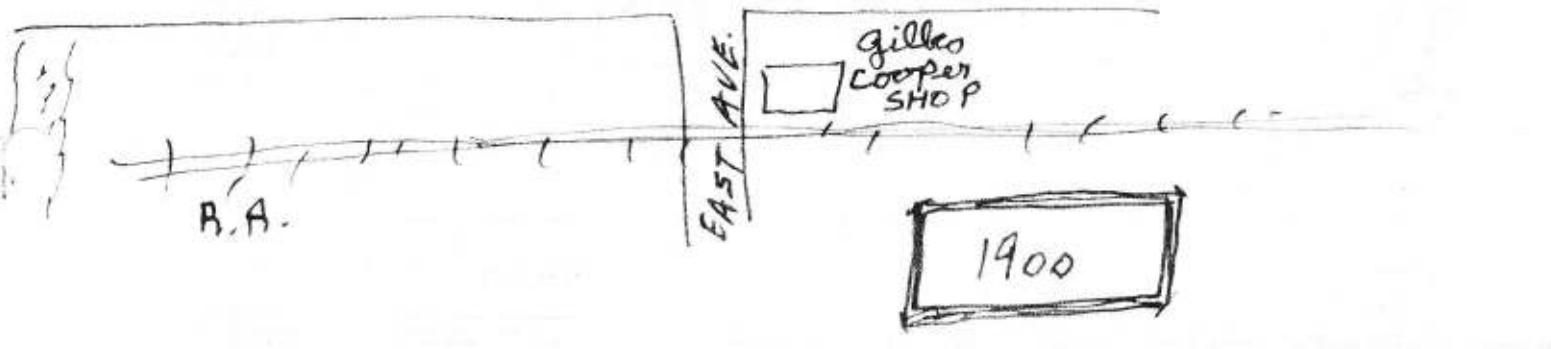
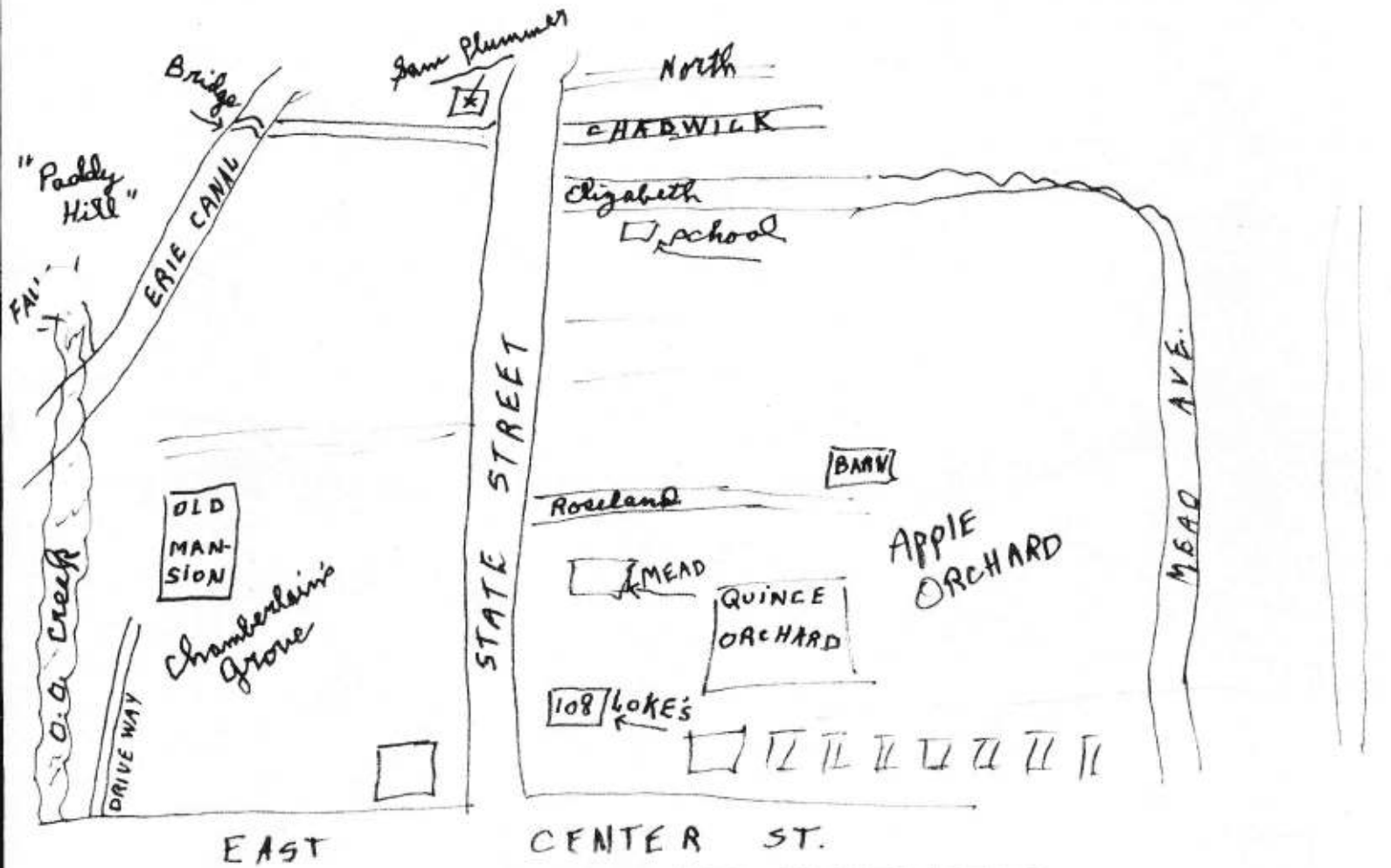
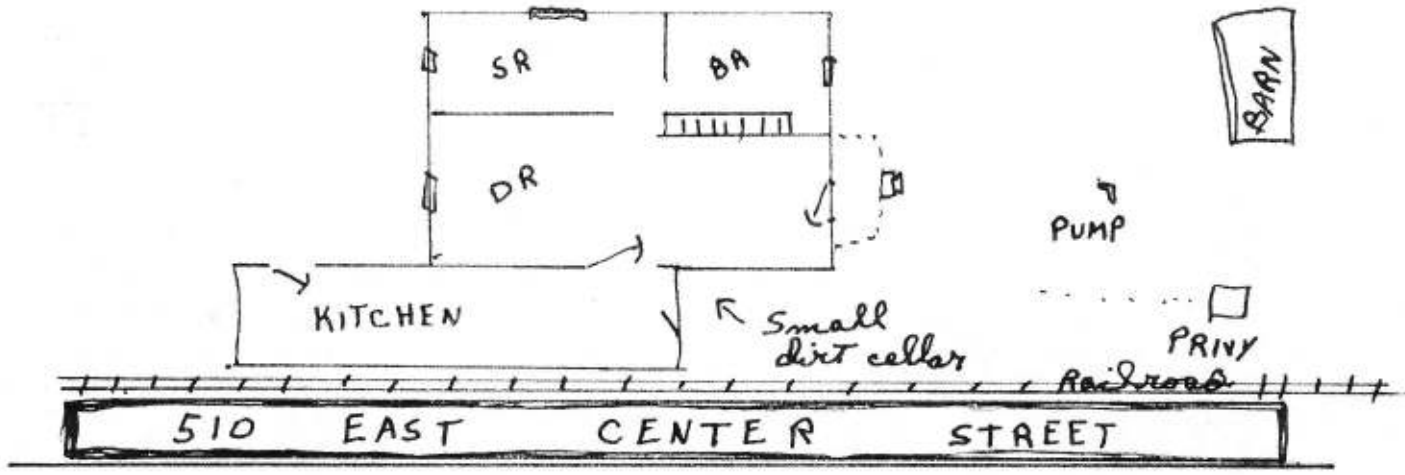
After the 4th grade, I went to the Oak Orchard Street School for the 5th and 6th grades. Then to the Central School on Catherine Street for the 7th and 8th grades. Teachers: Miss Benedict, Mrs. Peters, Miss Cora Newnham. After that, four years of high school on South Academy Street. Graduated in 1911. Principals: C.C. Edgett, Elizabeth Pierce.

In the year 1900 I was 7, Louis turned 21, left Miss Stratton's Dry Goods Store and went to New York. Election Day he came home to vote for the first time. In New York he worked at a bigger dry goods store of Simpson, Crawford & Simpson. Went to night school, learned shorthand and typewriting and got a job at Ladenburg, Thalman (?) & Co., 25 Broad Street, Bankers and Brokers, opposite the old "Curb Market". Later on he became private secretary to Mr. Rosenthal, the President of the firm, until he retired.

In the year 1901 the Pan American Exhibition was at Buffalo. Everybody had to see that. Louis came home and took me, age 8, to the Pan American. I cannot remember too much about the exhibitions. I was fascinated by a mechanical exhibit of a miniature mowing machine cutting down wheat, or hay, or something. There was a big cascade of water, lighted up at night with colored electric lights. There were swans on a lake. One thing I could not forget was some sailors dressed in white in a large row boat with oars, rolled the boat completely over until it was upright again. (A complete roll-over).

It was around 1900 or 1901 when Pa bought a lot on State Street, the first one on the east side next to the corner lot. Chancellor E. Mead (brother-in-law) owned a large piece of land including a large apple orchard.

Pa acquired a house on Park Avenue and had it moved to 108 State Street. It was on a lot on which W.B. Robbins wanted to build a big new house. I was too young to know the details, but I think he got the house free for taking it away. Moving it was a long time job.



I think the mover's name was Allen. The house was rolled down Park Avenue to Main Street, to East Center Street, to 108 State Street. They put two beams under the house and laid rollers down for it to roll on. A winch was placed a certain distance ahead with a rope to tow the house. a horse went around and around the winch winding up the rope and moved the house inches at a time. Men placed rollers ahead of the house and picked up those behind after house rolled over them. When rope was all wound up, winch would be moved proper distance ahead again and process repeated. In the meantime the cellar and cistern walls (foundation) were completed to set house on. There was no sewer on the street at that time, so every house had a privy in back yard. Running water was available. Mead's had a well drilled for purer water. Our house was solidly built it was so old. It had been plumbed for gas, so we had gas available for awhile. Some gas lights as well as kerosine lights. When I finished high school I personally wired the house for electric lights. The kitchen range used wood and coal; and a "Round Oak" stove in the "sitting room" heated the rest of the house. Later it was replaced with a "pipeless furnace" in the cellar. After sewer was constructed we had a toilet installed in the cellar. And when Pa was ill, a jon was put in the bedroom. We still used a wooden tub for Saturday night baths in the kitchen. The kitchen range had a reservoir for heating cistern rain-water, hand-pumped at the sink. Ma heated her solid iron flat-iron on the range and did all her ironing in the dining room frequently exchanging a cool iron for a hot one.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE OLDEN DAYS

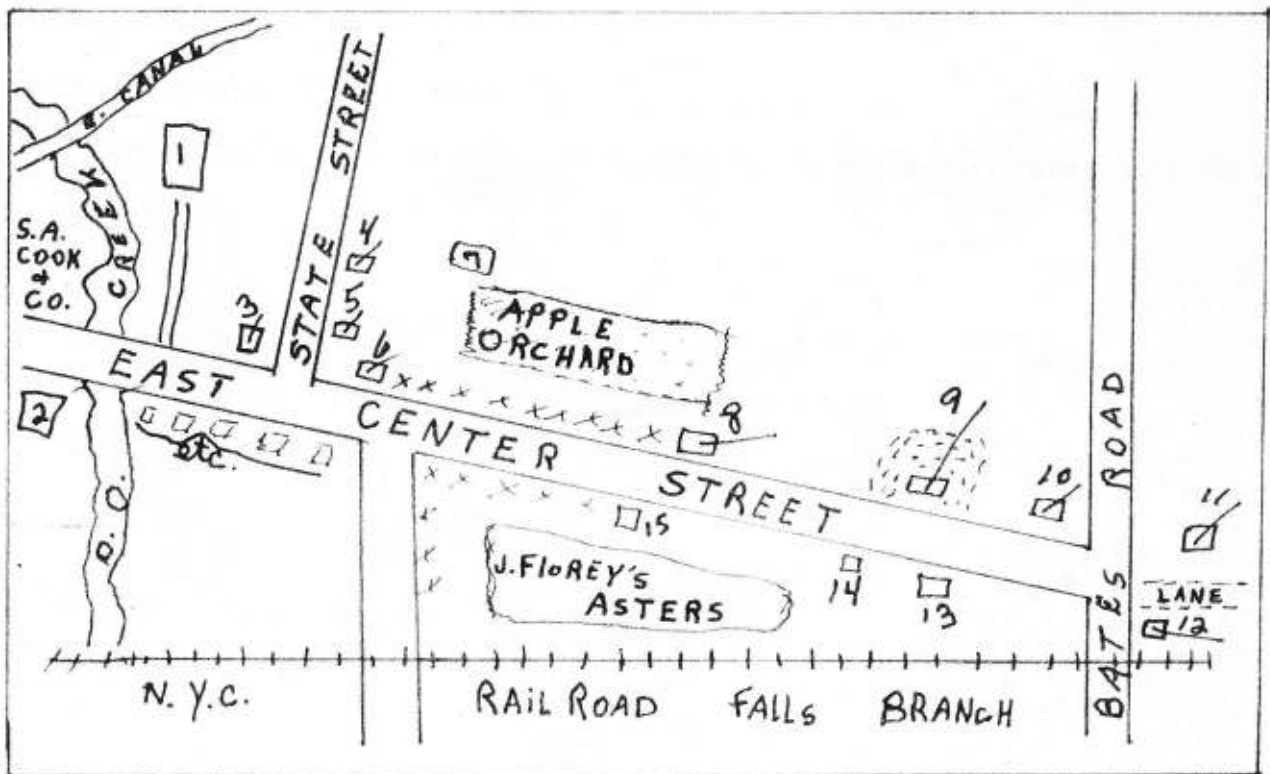
Dusty streets - water wagon in summer sprinkled streets to hold down the dust. Crushed stone put on streets and rolled (packed) down with a steam roller. Flies and mosquitoes were pests. Toads came out at night to eat mosquitoes. Everybody used umbrellas when it rained. Umbrella menders came door to door to repair umbrellas. Also scissors grinders, and tin-ware peddlers, etc. Men wore stiff collars attached to shirts by a back-collar-button and a front collar button. Wore stiff straw hats in summer - Decoration Day to Labor Day. Caps and derbies. Stove pipe hats worn by the aristocrats. Butchers wore straw hats in the meat market the year around. Men wore coats and hats all summer except when working. Most men had beards, goatees, mutton-chops, mustaches. Shaves 10¢, haircut 15¢, later 25¢, 35¢, 50¢, etc. Most went to Barber Shops for shaves until King C. Gillette invented his safety razor. Some had their own shaving mug and brush in the barber shop. Safety razors changed all that. Baby carriages were numerous. They used mosquito netting to keep the flies off. Traffic on the streets was 100% horses and vehicles. Horses and mules pulled the canal boats. Traffic in the canal was plentiful. There was an occasional steamboat. Traffic on the railroad was thriving: passenger and freight. Farmers transported huge loads of hay. On the farm they used stone boats to move rocks or heavy objects: made of two 4 X 4 skids under a flat bed, used like a sled. Blacksmith shops were busy places. Horses waited their turn for shoes, like automobiles wait for service at garages. Saloons were in abundance as well as drunks. Especially after pay-day, they would be staggering and falling down or sleeping it off almost anywhere. Kelly's Saloon on East Center Street was one of the most prominent ones. Had a front porch. Will Benz had a German saloon on opposite side of street. Several saloons on Main Street. Wm. O'Grady had one of them.

TELEPHONES

At one time Minerva worked at Harry T. Krompart's Music Store. Once I went in while she was there and she left me to watch the store while she went out on some short errand. When she left, the telephone on the wall started ringing. I knew nothing about using telephones. I got in front of it and said, "Mr. Krompart ain't here".

There were two telephone companies: the Bell Telephone and the Home Telephone. Later Minerva was a telephone operator. Sometimes in her sleep she would keep saying, "Hello", "Hello". Then she was doing the office work for Home Telephone Company. Many people did not have telephones. When out of town calls came in for someone without a telephone, a messenger would be sent to their home to tell them to go to some place where there was one. Minerva frequently called me for messenger service at 10¢ per. Telephones then had magnets to generate power to ring the bells. A crank on the right side of the telephone turned the generator and rang the bell calling the operator, or on a party line give the crank as many separate turns to make so many rings. Each telephone customer on a party line had a different number of rings. Everybody on the line knew when another neighbor got a call, and the nosey ones listened in. Number 6 dry batteries furnished power for the telephone conversations. The telephone men replaced the batteries to keep the telephones in good working condition, and threw out the used batteries. I had plenty of such batteries for my electrical experiments: connect in series for more voltage, in parallel for more load, and in combinations.

MAP OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD WHERE I WAS RAISED



1. old Chamberlain Mansion 2. mill 3. E. Timmerman 4. C. Mead
 5. Loke 6. Morse 7. Barn 8. F. Snaith 9. G. Courtman 10. J. Rich
 11. W. Joe 12. flag shanty 13. E. Loke 14. Walsh 15. Lyster
 etc: Rogers, Donns, Richards, Land, Zimmerman.

Continued: "Map of Neighborhood..."

Lived at 510 East Center Street in last house near end of street. Lot ended in a point used as garden space. No kids lived nearby. Seldom had any to play with. Nearest kids were Esther Snaith and Sadie Lysett. Nearest neighbors were two old ladies Eugene Walsh's mother (proprietor of the Walsh Hotel) and Mr. and Mrs. George Courtman on the other side of the street, surrounded by a fruit orchard. Joe Rich lived on corner of East Center and Bates Road. Johnnie Caldwell, with one arm, was on duty at R.R. crossing. James Florey on East Avenue, had a greenhouse and cultivated the vacant land between street and R.R., to raise asters. I was too young to know what he did with them. Shipped them wholesale, I suppose. There was also an old warehouse beside the R.R. on East Avenue where fertilizer was stored. Later it was converted into a cooper shop to make barrels. A canning factory was erected on the vacant property, south side of the street. Later it was a toy factory of (Charles?) Howard, who later had a Santa Claus School near Albion. Then W.R. MacCleo had a business... vegetable and fruits for quick freeze. Chancellor E. (Ensign) Mead lived on State Street. Had a large barn and apple orchard. Also had a house and saw mill south in the Alabama Swamp making barrel heads. He later divided the Medina property into building lots and created new streets: named: Roseland Ave., Ensign Ave., and Mead Ave.; and then Rose and Channey moved to California. After WW I, Luther went to California. Then Irene, and eventually Mahala and Ashley Ward. Frank Smith kept chickens for meat and eggs. Also had a bounteous garden. Even raised ginseng, the Chinese medicinal root. Some other families on East Center Street were: Henry Fuller (policeman), Jotham Morse, Bates, Lott, Dr. Harding, Keller, Freeman, Irving Rands, George Williams, Jim Rands, Eugene Lysett., etc., etc.

The Medina Sandstone quarries had been big business, but were declining when I was young. Some were still operating and I remember seeing stone slabs hauled on low-slung wagons. I remember a derrick by the canal for lifting stones on to boats. Side walks were made of stones. Crushed stones were put on the more important streets and packed down with a steam roller. They were not so muddy or dusty. In summer, streets were sprinkled with water from a water-wagon to try to keep dust down. When State Street was excavated for sewer, traces of logs were found showing it had once been a corduroy road. Some of the wealthy residents had stone hitching-posts and stone horse blocks at the "curb" I remember there was a wooden sidewalk along the Chamberlain property on State Street. When some of the quarries were abandoned, they filled up with spring water. Ward's Quarry north of canal, Horan's Quarry, etc. were excellent for swimming "au naturel". *(Bates Road)*

Wood was plentiful. People used firewood to heat their home. They had wood stoves. Large chunks would last overnight. Wood was sold by the cord. All goods were shipped in wooden boxes. Boxes were so plentiful they were used for firewood to get rid of them. Apples

were packed in wooden barrels. A barrel was equivalent to three bushels. Boys used barrel staves for skis in the winter. Cigars were in wooden cigar boxes. Eventually cartons replaced boxes which are now scarce. Just as empty cartons are plentiful now, wooden boxes were the same way then.

House construction. In those days, houses were hand made. First, a cellar was scooped out with scoop with two handles and pulled by a team of horses. Then the corners and sides were squared and straightened with a shovel. Cellar walls and cisterns were laid by stone masons using stone blocks and cement. All cellars had a cistern to hold a supply of rain water for washing. Pumped with a hand pump at the kitchen sink. Downspouts took rain from the roof and eaves to the cistern. Frame of house made of 2 X 4s (two full inches by four inches; not 3½). All pieces cut to size with hand saw. All scraps of lumber and shavings left lying on ground or floor, gathered up later for burning. No pre-fabs. No wall-board. No plywood. Interior walls and ceilings were constructed of lath and plaster. Bobby Warne and his two sons (*) did a lot of lath work. Rough slats nailed to studs with a space between each one to hold plaster. Rough coat of plaster spread on first. When dry, smooth plaster put on expertly. (*): When not lathing new houses, Bobby Warne had a popcorn stand by the Bent's Opera House building, where George Spears later had a new stand. "Peanut Joe" Garbarino had a similar stand beside Landauer's building on the other corner. He had a little stove on which he roasted chestnuts, as well as peanuts). Shingles were wood cedar shingle, not composition.

Entertainment: There were no cars, no movies, no radio, no t-v. Transportation was limited to trains, horses and bicycles. Entertainment was home-made. People had parties, taffy pulls, phonographs, banjo, guitars, piano, organ. Once a man brought a phonograph to our house and played records. It was powered with a spring which had to be cranked up by hand. The records were cylindrical and sounded tinny.

Public entertainment: Bent's Opera House was Medina's Theater. All shows were held there. Wide open stairs from the street to the 2nd floor. The next flight went up part way, then turned to right and to left to enter the 3rd floor theater. There were more stairs up to the "gallery" or "nigger heaven". No fire escapes or alternate exits. A picture of Shakespeare was painted on the ceiling. A curtain at the front of the stage had the word "ASBESTOS" on it. Traveling Road Shows came to town and put on dramas. Sometimes Minstrel Shows. The latter usually put on a small parade at noon time to advertise. A drum major twirled a baton and tossed it up. Sometimes Home Talent Shows were put on by Harry T. Krompart, the music store man: Gilbert & Sullivan's "Mikado" and "Pinafore". Lyman R. Howe's moving pictures, once a year. "Ladies please remove your hats". They wore big hats in those days, held on with two long hat pins. I remember seeing "Uncle Tom's Cabin" show in a tent. Andrew Downie McPhee always brought his circus home to Medina. The show travelled by train. Later when automobile became practical, he was one of the first to motorize his circus, and travelled by trucks. Wild west shows also came to town with their

tents and Indians and riders.

The local National Guard, the "29th Separate Co." had their own military band. About once a month in the summer the band had an evening concert on a platform set up on Main Street. Harrt T. Krompart and son Percy were the trombonists. Ben Hawley was the conductor and Louie Neal was the tenor soloist. His singing was the feature attraction. The National Guard drilled in the Armory every week. Sometimes it was open to the public to watch them drill in their uniforms on the Armory floor. Spectators sat in the gallery. The National Guard officers were: John Sylvester Thompson (worked in a woodworking shop), Sanderson A. Ross (optician), Dr. Simons (dentist). The Company was later "Company F" and went to Europe in WW I. Corporal James P. Clark was killed. American Legion Post was named after him. The Spanish American war was in 1898 and the local militia went. When they returned, Medina celebrated with a big parade on Main Street and a big arch over Main Street. I was about five years old then, but I remember it. Circa: 1908-1909-1910 the United Boy's Brigades of America was in existence. Three local churches each had a company. The Baptist church organized one company. George Owens, the tailor, measured and made the uniforms. Mock-up rifles were supplied. Ben Rose from the National Guard was Instructor. He taught us "shoulder arms", "squads right", "salute", "about face", and halt, and all that stuff. Charles Everett Lacey, Chester Broughton and Deane Hinkley were Captains, 1st Lieut., and 2nd Lieut. Luther E. Mead and Carroll Poler, drummers. I was appointed to carry the flag in one parade. The Boy's Brigade was the forerunner of the Boy Scouts which began in the United States in 1910. Later in 1919 when I enlisted in WW I in the Medical Corp, I was promoted to Corporal quickly because of Boys Brigade experience.

Business, Industry, etc. Besides farming, fruit growing, quarrying, etc., Medina had plenty of manufacturing. Eignal Foundry had been in the business a long time. Then Uncle Albert (Swett) established the A.L. Swett Iron Works on Glenwood Avenue (and Central Foundry had a plant on the other side of the street). I remember Albert Broughton was Superintendent of the machine shop. Frank Snaith (brother-in-law) was boss of the molding shop. Dick Pelton was pattern maker. Jim Cromwell was a foreman. Elmer Berlin was a lathe operator. My father, who was blind, operated a drill press. The shop manufactured no end of products. Anything could be made of iron: door stops, dumb bells, hitching posts, shelf brackets, park benches, manhole covers. Anything that was needed could be made of cast iron. Uncle Emmett (E.G. Poler) was traveling salesman. He traveled months at a time taking orders for the A.L. Swett Iron Works. When electricity became a utility, Uncle Albert bought a dynamo, operated by water power - Oak Orchard Creek, to furnish lights for his foundry and residence. He acquired the old mill at the falls and installed two turbines and D.C. dynamo and contracted for village street lights and power. D.C. = direct current. Then around 1905 he built a dam across the creek, and a powerhouse with three generators A.C. = alternate current - for power in surrounding territory, and created "Glenwood Lake". After that he built another dam at Waterport, created a bigger lake, and had more power and

more power lines, all of which inter-connected with Niagara Mohawk Power. S.A. Cook and Mahar Brothers had furniture factories, and Hanlon Brothers had a sheet metal business. H.J. Heinz had a big tomatoe processing factory. White Brothers raised roses (similar to Jackson and Perkins). There were several blacksmith shops, and J.D. Harrington had a harness shop. Robert Roberts worked at Platt's Monument Works where grave stones were made. Later he became proprietor after old man Platt left it. Roberts said he came from a place in Wales where he and British statesman David Lloyd George were kids together. After the Hart House Hotel quit (on West Center Street), Robert Newell had a factory there, making custom-made shirts. There were two weekly newspapers: Medina Tribune and Medina Register. Frank Hurd ran the Tribune until he died. Then Brownell Hurd became the publisher. The Medina Daily Journal was established.... I don't remember exactly when (NOTE: see Alonzo Waters transcript). When I was 12 years old I got a newspaper route for the afternoon papers: Buffalo Evening News, Buffalo Evening Times, and Medina Daily Journal. The route covered the whole east side of Medina, beginning at East Center Street and followed State Street, Elizabeth and Chadwick Street, North Street, Bates Road, to East Center Street, Oak Orchard and Mahar Street. The pay was \$1.00 per week. I was happy to get a raise to \$1.25 a week. The Medina Daily Journal was published in the Bent's Opera House building in the northeast room on the 2nd floor. The four page paper was printed in the afternoon on a big press. An operator fed one sheet of paper at a time into the press, and paper was folded by hand. The type was all set by hand. Dave Benson was the chief printer. Ethel Montgomery was a typesetter. They had a small press with a big fly-wheel for small job printing. While waiting for the afternoon edition, we kids watched type setting and then wedging it tightly in an iron frame. The loose type had to be 100% tight or it would fall out when carried from composing table to the press. Later the "Journal" moved to larger quarters in Kearney Building on south side of East Center Street on the ground floor, when W. John Hinchey was the owner. There they got a linotype machine, operated like a typewriter and a whole column of news (?) could be molded on one slab of metal. After being used, the metal was re-melted to be used over again. Still later, the Journal moved to North Main Street. Alonzo Waters became associated with W.J. Hinchey in Publishing, and after Hinchey died Alonzo Waters continued as head of the Journal. Percy Krompart was a professional printer as well as trombone player. He operated linotype machine for the Journal. worked for the Tribune. Also worked in Albion.

I remember going to the Orleans County Fair at Albion. A steamboat on the canal was going to take passengers to Albion in the morning and return to Medina around 5-6 p.m. My pal George Wood and I took the boat ride. On the way we discussed the principle of how a steam engine works. We saved the price of admission by not entering the fair grounds through the main gate. we walked west along the north side of the grounds which was enclosed with a high board fence. We climbed over the fence at a spot where farmers were parking their horses and rigs. We spent the day seeing the midway and the exhibits in buildings, etc. and watching the entertainment on an open-air stage. The act I remember best was a monkey riding a

loop-the-loop in a little car. I think there were also some Chinese magicians.



Grocery stores did a rushing business. There were NO self-serve supermarkets. You would take your list and read the items wanted to a clerk who would go and get the items and put them on the counter to be added up. Pay cash or charge to your account. Delivery was free. You did not have to carry your groceries. Gallagher had a fleet of light one-horse wagons in front of each grocery store. Groceries for each customer were put in large baskets. The young men who delivered would rush the basket into your kitchen, unload it, and dash out and horse would start going automatically to next stop. Gallagher also had a "dime delivery". You could have anything delivered for ten cents. It developed into a big trucking business.

Shoes cost \$2., \$3., \$4. a pair. Ma had to have special custom-made shoes that cost \$10.00 Pa worked six ten hour days (60 hours a week) for \$7.25. He also got a Veteran's Pension for \$15.00 a month. After he died Ma got a widow's Pension at \$40.00 per month. Pa chewed "Jolly Tar" ply tobacco. Old men smoked pipes, and sometimes cigars. Young men smoked cigarettes. Most were roll-your-own variety. "Bull Durham" tobacco came in cloth bags 10¢, and packet of cigarette papers was free. Bags of Bull Durham was carried in shirt pocket. Skilled smokers could roll a cigarette with one hand. Ready made cigarettes were available but cost more. "Sweet Coporals" were the commonest brand.

Bert Timmerman and family lived in a corner house East Center and State Street on the old Chamberlain property bounded on the other two sides by Oak Orchard Creek and Erie Canal and 135 State Street. There was a driveway from East Center Street to the big mansion in the grove. The creek valley was full of trees. The old house was empty. Hoboes would sleep there. It had many rooms. Bert's (Timmerman) wife Sarah was a Chamberlain. They had three daughters: Marie, Josephine and Helen, and later a boy Edwin. They had a garden. The grounds were used occasionally for picnics, carnivals, dances, etc. Passenger boats sometimes brought out of town people to the grove for Sunday School picnics, unloading them at the dock. Once a small boy fell off the dock into the canal and Willie Sly, son of LaVerne Sly the barber, jumped in and saved him (as I watched). Sometimes organizations held affairs at the grove to raise money. Had merry-go-round and other rides, refreshments, etc. Sometimes they built a platform for dancing and brought a piano. I lived across the street and the next morning after such events I would go over where they sold tickets and find coins on the ground. Eventually the property became a village owned park. The old house was vacant most of the time. For a while, it was used by Italian immigrants from Sicily. Another time it was used as a hospital (called "pest house" during a Small-Pox epidemic when people were dying. Vandals sometimes started fires. Finally, it was burned to the ground.

There were many fires in Medina when the structure burned to the ground. The old wooden fire-house, on the site of the City Hall, burned down one night. It was replaced with the present stone building. To the north there was a row of businesses in a one story wooden building from Park Avenue to Presbyterian church on Main Street. That burned down and was replaced with present brick two-story building. The old horse-drawn fire wagons, not very efficient. Before Fire Department was modernized with paid firemen, the volunteers were quicker running with their hose carts pulled by hand. Fire alarm boxes were located on strategic street corners. The bell was the smaller one in the Baptist steeple. You counted the number of strokes to know the location of the fire. Red alarm box near our house was on corner of State and East Center Streets. A key to the box was on Timmerman's front porch. To turn in alarm, one had to get the key, unlock the alarm box and pull down lever. Then wait for church bell to tap out box number. Volunteers hearing the bell would run to fire house, get hose cart and run to scene of fire which by the time they got there would be quite visible. They might be able to save the cellar.

Clothing: When I lived in the old horse-and-buggy days before everybody had indoor plumbing and telephones, things were very different; even the clothes people wore.

Women wore voluminous dresses, excessive underwear and even corsets. Boys wore short knee length pants and long black stockings; men wore long trousers and socks. Shoes were made of leather and had to be blackened and polished to look nice. One had to keep a bottle of shoe blacking with a dauber attached to the cork, a can of wax polish the same color, and a shoe brush for a do-it-yourself shoe shine. Shoe-shine stands did a good business because they had chairs on a platform for customers to sit on; while boys sometimes started their own business careers with a shoe-shine kit in a wooden box, shining shoes for five cents on the streets.

Socks and stockings made of cotton wore out quickly at the toes, and sometimes heels, and had to be mended or thrown away. Housewives kept a supply of darning cotton in the same colors as the socks. They slipped a hard round object inside the sock to hold the hole in position for darning. My mother had a dried gourd the size of a lemon that she used for darning socks.

Garters were sold to keep men's socks from falling down. The self-supporting elastic tops had not been invented. One of the most popular brands was Paris garters.

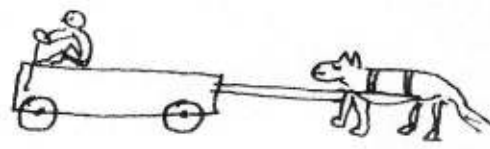


Trousers came with buttons on the waist band for attaching suspenders, long after suspenders went out of style. Trousers also had a watch pocket, in the front on the right side below the belt, for carrying a watch. Watch fobs were accessories attached to the watch and hung outside, making it easier to pull watch out of pocket. Trousers also had button closures because zippers had not been invented. Three-piece suits were standard: coat, vest and pants. Four piece suits were desirable with two-pairs pants. One could still wear suit while the extra pants were being cleaned and pressed. They got baggy at the knees quickly; did not stay creased. Socks came in all sizes to fit all kinds of feet. Your size socks would not fit another person with different sized feet. Work shirts were colored, but dress-up shirts were white. Stiff collars were separate and had to be attached to shirt with special collar buttons. Shirts could be washed and starched and ironed at

home, but collars were sent to a laundry, (Chinese or American). Fancy or gold cuff links were used to fasten the shirt cuffs. Men never went out without a hat and coat even in the hot summer. Women wore big elaborate hats fastened on with two long hat-pins through their hair and decorated with flowers, fruit, feathers, etc. Millinery shops made a specialty of women's hats and did a big business. Everybody had to have an umbrella when there was rain to protect clothing from becoming a soggy mess. Rubber rain-coats were too clumsy and did not save hats. Rubbers had to be worn on shoes or shoes would get soaked through.

"Old Home Week" was a big event in Medina history. It lasted a whole week. They had merry-go-round, etc. set up on Main Street. Also a Ferris-wheel. They had parades. There was a shoe factory in town at the time and one of the floats in parade was a huge shoe and the "old woman who lived in a shoe" and all the kids. Another was a cabin and a man who went to the door and said, "It's ME, DINAH". Horse pushing instead of pulling wagon, etc. This was in parade.

One event of the week was a very large chorus singing one evening in front of the Academy. Aunt Emily was the conductor with baton. I don't remember the famous song. "Messiah" ??



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The WRITTEN MEMORIES of Mr. M. S. Loke have been copied, typed to the best of my ability. The spelling, punctuation, etc. have been copied exactly as written.

These WRITTEN MEMORIES contain a wealth of information of a Medina that many of us never knew, or have long forgotten. We are most appreciative to Mr. Loke for his contribution to present and future historians.

Helen M. McAllister
(Chairman of Oral History Project, OCHA)

Loke 32

December 12, 1930

Dear Marjorie,

As requested, I am returning the release document signed in ink. Sorry your load of appointments prevented a visit, as I am always glad to see you. Edith and Maurice were in for a visit two or three weeks ago.

If my miserable tape recording contributed anything at all useful to the Historical Association's collection of data, I am very pleased. It will probably require further correcting.

The other two persons you mentioned no doubt had more interesting stories about the olden days, and I am sure none were alike. Chester Broughton was appointed captain of the ^{Boy's} Brigade back around 1909-10 and C(harles) Everett Lacey were lieutenants, ^{and Edith} Those three officers carried swords. The privates carried rock-up rifles; Luther Head and Carroll Peler carried drums; and I carried the flag in the parade.

Keen age

Deane Hinkley

Chester's father, Albert Broughton, was superintendent at A.L. Swett Iron Works and also superintendent of the Baptist Sunday School and on extra special occasions he would play a cornet solo.

Deane Hinkley had a watch repair and jewelry shop, years later after W.W.I, on W. Center St. between the wide stairs to the opera house and the postoffice in Downs-Kearney building.

One of the town "characters" was Tom Turner who was always trying to swap watches with anybody. He often hung around Deane's store.

Everything here is going along as usual. Everybody keeps busy. Suppose you are the same way. And Albion carrying on OK without Liptons. That's all for now.

Uncle Marshall

W. W. LOKE
1234
HARRISON, N. J.



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Orleans County Historical Association

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NAMES

Ephriam Marshall Loke, father
Cora Estelle Swett Loke, mother
Louis, Minerva, Estelle: siblings
Mary Ann, William, Emma Jane L
Frances Beswick Loke, wife
Ruth L. Ruddy & Charles Ruddy
Jacqueline Ruddy, grand-daughter
Albert Swett and families / in
Dr. Emily Swett & other doctor
Carroll Poler, cousin / & other

1893-1983

MARSHALL S. IOKE
275 Yarkerdale Dr.
Rochester, NY 14615

December 26, 1980

Marjorie L. Radzinski,
Albion, N. Y.

Dear Marjorie,

Mrs. McAllister sent me a 32-page book containing the story of my early life in Medina, and including the note I sent you on December 12. I can appreciate the great amount of work and devotion that your people put into transcribing, editing and typing, etc in order to preserve just a small bit of Orleans County history. Multiply that by eighty!

My contribution is as much biographical as historical. Much of the personal remarks were for your own information, not the public's, and should have been deleted, for instance, Minerva's jokes, my appendectomy, Charles' birth, the bicycle incident, etc, etc. Some recollections were repeated too many times. Others could have been elaborated on a little more.

On pages 21-22 I mentioned Miss Clark, the singing teacher, when I started in school way back in the "gay nineties". She made the rounds of all the Medina schools on certain days of the week all through my school days, and she was still at it when I graduated. The singing was a cappella (without instrumental accompaniment) until high school where there was a piano in the assembly room. All the students doubled up into the east half of the room and one of the girls played the piano while Miss Clark directed singing "What is so rare as a day in June", the "Pilgrims Chorus" and more. She lived opposite the "Academy" on the n.e. corner of Pearl & Catherine Sts.

In the taped interview, you asked if I remembered the Medina Railroad Depot (page 6 on the transcription). Of course I remember it. At that time it was one of the very important buildings in Medina. Now it is only a nostalgic landmark. You may want to keep, or use, the enclosed newspaper sketch of it.

The telegraph operator's place was by the bay window with a view of approaching trains, and he could operate the semaphore signal arms from that location. He also sold tickets. I almost forgot his name, I think it was _____? Vaughn. _____? Christy, an Irishman, had full charge of the baggage room on the east end. He loaded outgoing baggage on heavy-duty hand-drawn trucks which he pulled to the baggage car where it was exchanged for an incoming load. Back inside, he doled it out to passengers as they presented their claim checks. In the meanwhile the engine crew was taking on a load of water while passengers were getting off and on the train.

Page 4. I think Andrew Downie's house was on the corner of Gwin St. & South Av.

Page 5. Dr. Whiting was one of the M.D.s, not a veterinarian.

On page 7, Frank Snaith's name is spelled correctly; also on page 24, location #8; but on page 25 it becomes Frank "Smith".

Page 8. Not certain about spelling of "Chamberlain", maybe it's Chamberlin.

Page 15. I remember the old stone house where Sam Plummer lived, but none of its history. I only remember that he drove a team of horses.

Page 17. Wheeled vehicles made noise, but sleighs were light and glided smoothly and silently in the snow. Therefore the horses wore rows of sleigh-bells, and when trotting, the bells jingled. Kids in this age sing "Jingle Bells" without knowing why.

It was around 1907 before I saw the first horseless carriage in Medina. The first autos were noisyy and terrified the horses. Chickens, backing in the road, would get excited and scatter with such squawking, flapping and feathers flying.

Somewhere I mentioned kerosene oil lamps. In that connection I recall making what your grandmother called "paper matches". We cut newspaper into strips about an inch wide and rolled them up into tapers to use for lighting other lamps, when needed, from the flame of the first lit lamp. It conserved on using store-bought matches.

We also used newspapers in the outhouses. Torn into squares. Crinkle rubbed until semi soft. Farmers were said to have used Sears-Roebuck catalog pages.

How did you like Christmas with the record breaking temperature and the Wednesday snowstorm? We had a nice Christmas here. Hope you did, too. Now, have a very nice New Year.

Affectionately,

Uncle Marshall

WHAT MEDINA WAS LIKE AT THE BEGINNING OF THE 20th CENTURY

It was still the horse-and-buggy age. "Peanut Joe" Garbarino had a little peanut stand beside Landauer's 3-story building at the ~~corner~~ northeast corner of E. Center St. and Main St. Sometimes he roasted chestnuts.

Sam and Jesse Landauer owned the Landauer Bros. Dry Goods store. They had several employees. Sam Landauer wore thick glasses. To see anything he had to hold it close to his nose. His brother Jesse died. I suspect that the Landauer in Albion is related to the Medina Landauers. They lived on W. Center St. next door to A. L. Swett.

Murdock's mens clothing store was next. When Harold Murdock finished school, he was full time at Murdock & Son. He married Mabel Simmons who was in my H.S. Graduating Class and whose father had a horse and wagon and did light carting jobs for people.

The next building was Parish & Stratton's Dry Goods ~~store~~. A stairway went up to the second floor where Dr. Emily F. Swett had her medical office, and to the third floor where Adelbert J. Richards had a professional photograph Studio. A. J. was very hard of hearing but has two women relatives conversed with the customers.

I dont know what became of Parish, but Mary E. Stratton ~~store~~ better known as "Molly" ran the store. She had a few employees. Louis E. Loke worked there from age 14 to 21 when he left for New York city and then worked for Sampson, Crawford & Simpson dry goods until he learned stenography and thereafter was secretary in a Banking firm. C(ora) Estelle Loke worked in the store as cashier after she graduated until she married Sam Cooke. The store was equipped with trolleys that ran on a tight wire from the clerk stations at the counters to the cashier's elevated desk at the back of the store carrying money and change back and forth.

Cooper's Grocery was next. A busy place. Eventually son Ray Cooper married Estelle Burns who lived next door to us on State St. and both of them worked the store.

Then there was Chase & Breed's Hardware store where Samuel T. Cook worked. Also Irving Smith. Carl Breed was an officer in the National Guard company at the Armory. He lived on Pearl St. next to Charley Swett. One day he went in the attic and shot himself. After that John Chase was the sole proprietor of the store. He lived in the next block on West Ave. but ~~never~~ ^{never} walked, always took the car for nearby errands.

There was another grocery, later ~~run~~ ^{run} by young man named Frandell. Then there was Hanlon Bros. Hardware store, and numerous other stores including George M. Frary Shoe Store. One of the clerks was ~~an~~ ^{O'Brien} who lived on State St. Then there was J. Derr Lott's mens clothing store, and Francis Reynolds Second Hand store. At the end of the block there was an outside stairway going up to LaVerne Sly's barber shop on the second floor.

Back near Frary's Shoe Store was the Holdridge Block where Dan B. Holdridge had a furniture store and Funeral Business. For a while it was run by the firm of Holdridge, Hartt and Hill. After Holdridge and Ernest Hill, H. LeBaron Hartt ran the furniture and Undertaking business. Once in the past, Holdridge's young son was on the roof of the building flying his kite when he fell off and was killed.

MORE ABOUT DOWN TOWN MEDINA:

Across the street from Landauer's was the Wright & Ross corner drug store in the Bent Bldg. I don't know about Wright, but do remember that Dan Ross was the proprietor for many years.

Other stores on the west side of north Main St. included Chas. Hurd's Jewelry store where Howard Stebbins repaired clocks and watches near the front window. A big brass ball in the window, released by "wireless" from national headquarters, would drop at exactly high twelve (noon) to signal the correct time.

Crook & Metz had a mens clothing store and so did George L. Owens. There were a few saloons. Earl Card ran a bank that went out of business. Son Robert who stuttered was in one of my high school classes. Frank Hunt had a cigar store. Abner "Ab" Gray worked in a grocery store. Sanderson A. (Sandy) Ross was an optician; also captain in the national guard. There was Culver's Bakery.

Charlie Hood, who wore a Windsor tie and twirled a cane while walking on the street, had an office (Insurance, I think) upstairs in one of the buildings. Son Robert was in my H.S. class. The B.P.O. Elks and the Knights of Columbus had second floor rooms on that same side of Main St. Also the Civil War veteran G.A.R. rooms. The women's auxiliary Women's Relief Corps, wives and daughters of the veterans used the same rooms. My mother was once top officer of that group. The Masons were nearby on the third floor of one of the buildings. I joined Medina Lodge #336 F&AM in 1919 after returning from W.W.I. Two wood-burning stoves were used to heat the lodge room in winter. Later the lodge moved to the present temple on West Ave.

In the Downs-Kearney Bldg. on W. Center St. the Odd Fellows occupied the third floor. Clyde Porter had a taylor shop on the second floor. The Post Office was on the ground floor. John Waldner's Barber Shop with David Bunn's shoe-shine stand in front was next; then Harry Bickle's news and cigar store; and the Home Telephone Co. on west end of the bldg. Harry Bickle had his suits made by Philip I. Brust whose taylor shop was on E. Center St.

Across the street from Bickle's was the Hart House hotel and the police station and lock-up. The Union Bank was on the s.w. corner of Main & W. Center. The main personelle consisted of George A. Howell, head man, Myron Post and Harry Welton. After the old fire headquarters burned down, the new City Hall provided a jail and police headquarters. Charles Arnold and Agnes Burnham ran the City Clerk's office.

There were several millinery shops specializing in ladies' hats. They did a thriving business at Easter time. Bert Cummings had an ice cream parlor. Frank Hurd published the weekly TRIBUNE. Bernard O'Reilly had a furniture and funeral business on the east side of the street. Other businesses were Caudy Hoy's saloon, MacLwee's Grocery, Ennis Meat Market, C.D. LeVan Furniture. And many others.

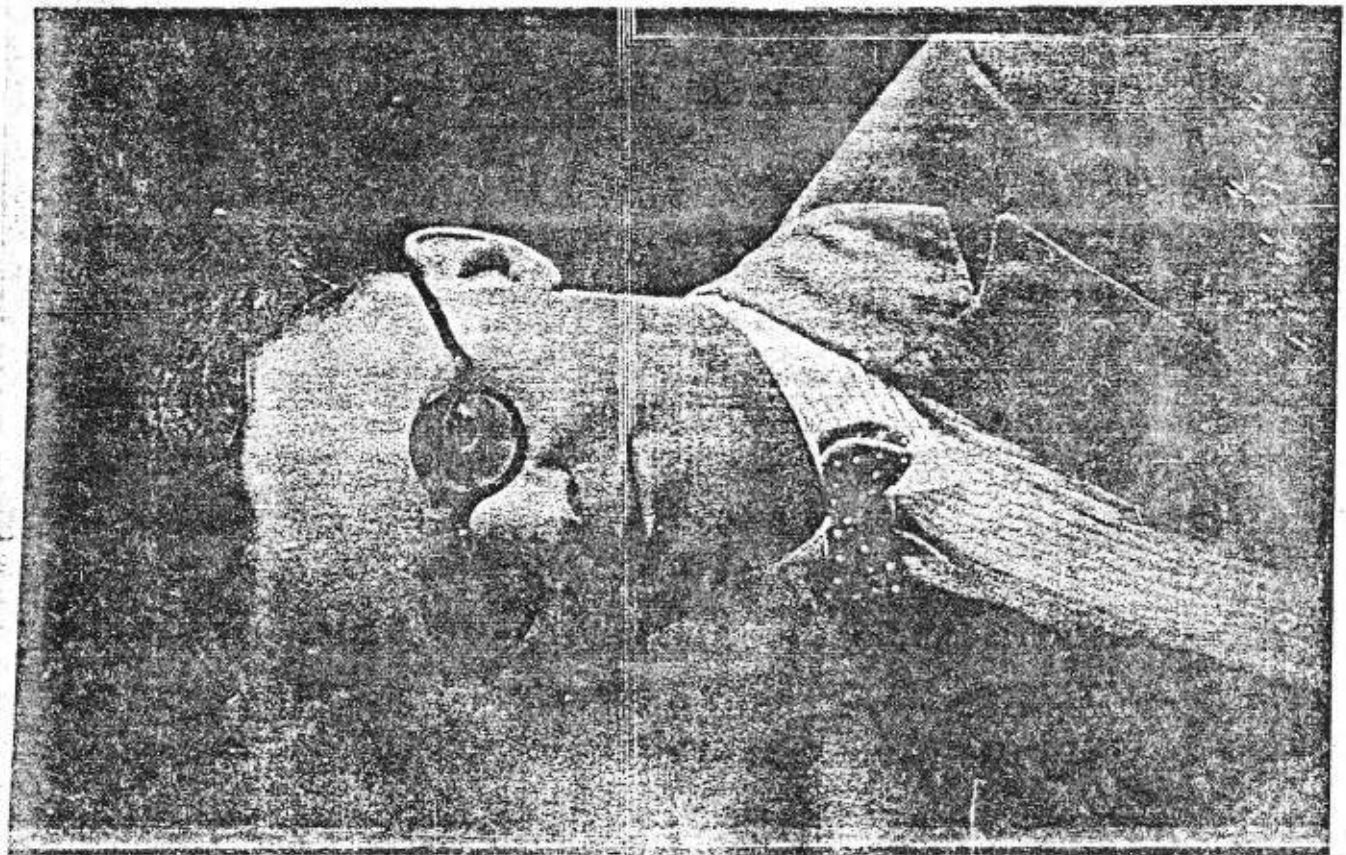
John Stork was chief of police and Henry Fuller was a policeman. After that J. Seamsour Brainerd was chief of police. McGinn was one of the cops. After my father died, he bought our house on State Street.

Among my friends were Russella H. Droman, George H. Wood, Russell J. Waldo, etc. George Wood lived on Orient Street facing the creek on the other side of the road. We were interested in the "new" things, electrical experiments, etc. Russell Droman lived on State Street. His father Andrew was a stone mason who built cellar walls. Russell and I came close pals thru high school after which he taught school near Evansville and after that was school head in Gasport and thereafter was involved with the Bucket Campaign. I admired Russel Waldo for his genius. While the rest of us kids were still going to school, Russell took off on his own and made his way out west. I liked his accounts of how he made out. Apparently he made his way mainly by writing and selling what he wrote. He lived in Indianapolis for a while and eventually returned to Medina and lived with his parents on Cedar Street.

He didn't bother anybody, minded his own business. Every day he went to the postoffice to mail his manuscripts and returned home with his hands full of mail, magazines, etc. Some people considered him a bit wacky but I liked him and was amazed at how well he managed his career. He had an whole room upstairs just for his paper etc. He had orange crates set up as filing cabinets for his papers and a large pair of shears for clipping newspapers. He had copies of various articles he wrote in the past. He would send the Democrat & Chronicle a column or two of news every day and get paid by the inches of column space.

After a while he got married to a local girl. His wife, Helen, played the piano at the motion picture theater on Paul Ave. East end of the S. A. Cook block. The movies at that time were still silent (and black & white), so it was necessary to have piano music to add reality to the picture. It took a lot of talent to play appropriate music for whatever scene came up on the screen, to synchronize the music with the picture and to "ad-lib" as the subject required.

Russell became Medina's official historian and the Medina Daily Journal printed his stories of Medina history. The accompanying photo of Russell J. Waldo looks just like the way I knew him, cheerful and smiling. He was known as "THE WRITER".





Mr. Russell Waldo

MEDINA HISTORY: "The Race".

In the year 1981 A.D. there may not be too Many residents of Medina who remember or are aware that a mini-canal used to flow through the village. When I was a boy it was known as "the race". I think the technical name was the "canal feeder".

Just south of the village where Maple Ridge Road (Route 31?) crosses Oak Orchard creek there was a dam to raise the level of the water, and from the dam was a man-made open waterway flowing north, crossing South Main Street, Hedley Street, Oak Orchard Street, South Avenue and North Avenue, then disappeared under the railroad tracks.

Turning east by the Fire Headquarters (now city hall) it went under Main St. and divided: one branch going north past the Medina Furniture Co., under East Center Street and parallel with the alley where it emptied into the canal; the other branch continued east, under Church St. and Orient St., then north past the Union Mill, under E. Center St., between O'Donnell's Lumber Yard and the old S. A. Cook furniture factory to the canal and emptied into the creek at the aqueduct.

I remember when the cold storage was built on Main Street south of the R.R. tracks, the race was covered over and paved between N. Ave. and the R.R. For three blocks on Main Street between North Ave. and Hedley St. the houses had a stream flowing past their back doors. The inhabitants could fish without leaving the house. There was better fishing at the pond at the dam.

At the time I remember it, it was rather unsightly because people discarded trash in it. I have not seen it for many years but presume the bridges have been removed and the ditch filled in. In downtown Medina there must be some underground tunnels long forgotten.

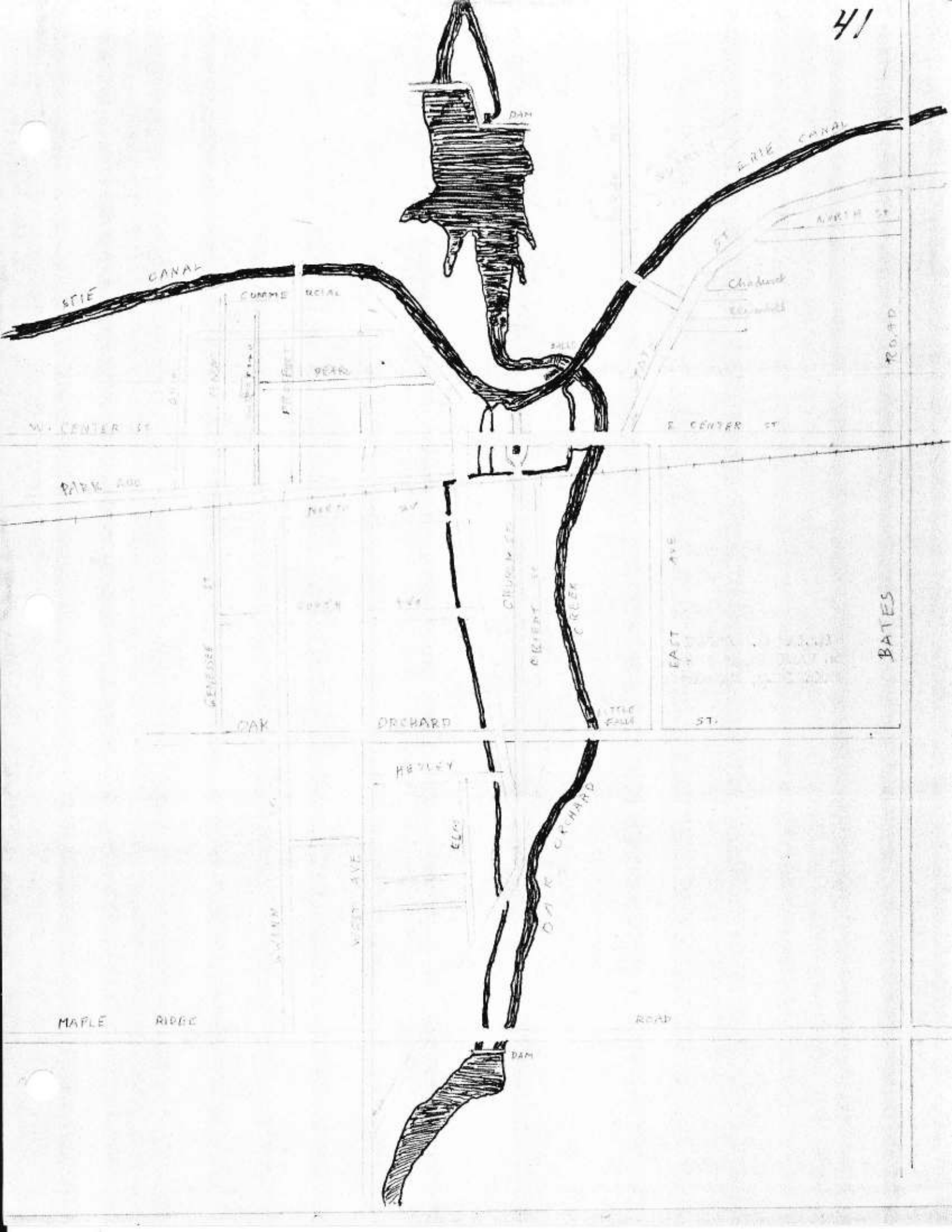
My mother told me that before a baptistry was installed in the Baptist Church, they used to hold the baptism ceremonies in the race.

(NOTE: Additional information from hand-written material).

One of the residents on E. Center St. was John Lewis, a Civil War vet. He had a shoe store on Main Street, next to the Post Office which in those days was just north of the Presbyterian church. Another east side resident was Adelbert ("Dell") J. Richards whose photograph studio was on the third floor over "Molly" Stratton's Parish & Stratton Dry Goods Store. Like Thomas A. Edison, he was very hard of hearing.

Dr. E. F. Swett (Aunt Emily) had a doctor office on the 2nd floor. Years later when Downs & Kearney built the three-story building on W. Center Street west of Bent's Opera House, the Post Office took ground floor at east end of building. Aunt Emily took a suite on west end of 2nd floor for Doctor's office. Odd Fellow's took all of the 3rd floor. Still later, a Post Office was built on corner of West Ave., and East Center Street. That was after I left Medina.

Every store had big rolls of wrapping paper, usually at least in two widths. Also a large cone or ball of white string or twine. If you bought an article, the clerk would tear off a proper length of paper and neatly wrap the package and then tie it with string. There were paper bags for some purposes, but nearly every purchase was wrapped and tied. Scotch Tape had not been invented. The art of packaging had not been developed. If you needed a certain number of wood screws for a project, you could get as many or as few as you wanted at the hardware store. Now you have to take a whole package sealed in plastic if you need only two (screws).



STIEF CANAL

ERIE CANAL

DAM

DAM

W. CENTER ST

PARK AVE

NORTH AV

COUCH ST

DAK ST

DRCHARD ST

HEVLEY ST

MAPLE RIDGE

ROAD

EAST AVE

BATES

CUMMINGS

CHANDLER

CREEK

DARK CREEK

ELM

NORTH ST

E. CENTER ST

ROAD

The last time you were here you thought I should tell you about my wife. I had already told you about getting married at the beginning of the Great Depression and how we survived. I did not tell you ABOUT her.

Frances' parents immigrated from England. Her father was a custom tailor. She was born in Philadelphia and grew up in Du Bois, Pa., a small place no bigger than Medina. My father was born in England and came to the USA when he was four. My mother's ancestors arrived in 1642.

Frances liked needlework. Her cedar chest contained many pieces of her fine handwork. She was employed in Sibley's workroom where they made draperies, etc. to order. Frances liked flowers. She could spend hours in the garden fussing with them.

Most of all Frances was a homemaker. To have a home of our own to start with, I selected a house to purchase which was approved by her folks before we got married. She had little opportunity for housekeeping; due to the depression, my work in the Railway Mail Service, and having to leave our home behind, starting a family had to be postponed.

The best years of our lives started in 1935 when I quit the R.M.S. and began working for Eastman Kodak and our daughter was born. We lived in a rented house temporarily and as soon as possible looked for a house to buy. Frances fell in love with the house that became our home for 38 years. She was what she called "house-proud". She liked to have window shades just so, fancy spreads on the beds, clean "covers" on the furniture, etc. We made many improvements.

After the house was paid for we bought a small run-down cottage at the 1000 Islands. We made the two rooms livable and during the summer months spent long weekends and vacations there. Added more rooms one at a time until we had a respectable six-room retirement home where we lived every year from April until the end of October. Frances enjoyed living by the river.

When our granddaughter, Jackie, was little, she stayed there with us. Ruth and Chuck came down on week ends and vacations. Chuck built a boat dock, did some fishing and stored the boat in the winters in a building I used for a workshop, storage, extra sleeping quarters, etc. When we got too old to travel, the place was eagerly bought.

We continued to live in our Rochester home until we were unable to do the necessary work to maintain it, and moved in with our daughter's family. Had no trouble selling the property. It was what the realtors called a "cream puff". All because of Frances.

Marshall Lake

MEDINA, ORLEANS COUNTY, IN THE OLDEN DAYS

Women wore hats. Large and elaborate. Most were professionally made by artists called milliners. Millinery shops were plentiful and did a good business. Women had to buy new hats for special occasions, especially at Easter.

Dresses were home-made except the store-bought ones were not. Dressmakers made dresses for those who preferred to have it done professionally instead of do-it-yourself jobs.

Ma had a Singer sewing machine. She kept in front of a south window of the bedroom where there was plenty of light. She made more dresses than were bought in a store. She even would buy a yard of percale at Stratton's dry goods store and make me a shirt. Sometimes they would hire a dressmaker to come to the house and spend a couple of days making dresses for Minerva and Estelle and Ma.

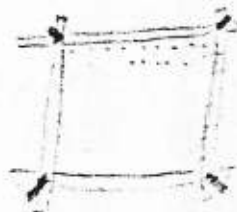
CONSERVATION

When clothes wore out, they were saved and cut into long strips and sewed together end to end, then wound into large balls. When enough balls were accumulated, they were taken to a lady who had a loom and wove them into carpets or rugs.

Ma also had a rag-bag where all kinds of rags good for nothing else were put. When the junk peddlers came around with horse and wagon buying rags, iron, brass, etc., the junkman would weigh the rags and pay her in cash. Kids, including myself, would forage and scrounge the neighborhood vacant lots and fence corners, etc. for metal of all kinds where it was tossed when discarded. (There were no weekly trash collections in those days.) We got extra money by selling to the junk dealers.

Home-made quilts used to keep women busy. They first made squares of cloth, then assembled and sewed together to form a design. Enough were put together to make a quilt big enough to cover a bed. That was laid out on a solid sheet the same size and usually with a padding layer in between like a sandwich. Then the quilting frame was got out and assembled. Four long strips of wood were laid out to form a square and clamped together at each of the four corners with a C-clamp. The frame was placed on the backs of four chairs, one at each corner. The quilt was stretched on the frame. Then the women would "quilt" it by fastening top and bottom together at each corner of the individual squares leaving a tuft at each tie, meanwhile having a "gabfest".

At our home on State Street the coal-burning kitchen range was used for cooking, baking, heating water, heating flat-irons, popping popcorn, etc., as well as for keeping the house warm. A "Round Oak" heating stove in the living room warmed the rest of the house in winter. It was stored in the back room during the summer. It was my job on Saturdays to sift the ashes - outdoors. After shaking out the ashes, unburned, partly burned and burned-out coals remained in the sifter. The useless pieces were discarded and the good coals were salvaged to be used over again. That was fuel conservation.



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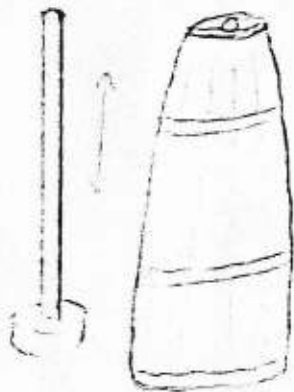
MEDIA, CALIFORNIA COUNTY, IN THE "GOLD MINING" OR TURN-OF-THE-CENTURY.

Ice Cream Parlors with Soda Fountains were popular in the olden days. Furnished with round tables and lightweight chairs, cooled by overhead electric fans with large wooden blades. Bert Cummings had one such place. Others often operated by Greeks: Peter Theodorakas, Jerry Donolatas. They served "chocolate dope", "Frappe", sodas, "Banana Split". etc.

Home made ice cream could be made any time by families who owned an ice cream freezer which consisted of a large wooden bucket for holding chopped ice and equipped with a crank and gear for turning a closed metal container into which the ingredients were put. Salt, plenty of it, was added to the ice which then melted, extracting the heat from the cream thereby freezing it. When the cranking became so hard you could hardly turn the handle, the ice cream was frozen. The kid who turned the crank could lick off the paddles.

Ice was always available. The ice business was equivalent to the coal business or the milk business. Ice was harvested in the winter, when ponds and canal were frozen, and stored in ice-houses packed with sawdust for insulation. Ice wagons went on their daily routes the same as milk wagons. People had ice boxes, forerunners of refrigerators, for keeping food and milk cool. An ice compartment was in the top. As the ice melted, the water ran into a large pan underneath which had to be emptied every day, or the water was connected to the drain.

BUTTER. A package of LAND-O-LAKES butter could not be purchased at the store or anywhere else. Anyone who had a churn could make their own butter.



A churn was a special wooden tank and a longhanded wooden plunger or dasher. Put in a few gallons of milk, insert the movable part, put on the cover with a hole in it for the handle to go through, then sit and churn the handle up and down. The agitation caused the cream to thicken and when it became solid the butter was made.

The remaining liquid, the by-product, was fresh, delicious buttermilk. It was fresh, delicious and free! There were tiny specks of butter throughout the milk. Nobody today knows what fresh buttermilk was like, So-called "buttermilk" from a dairy these days is only an artificial imitation.

Women who lived on farms with cows filled crocks with butter and sold to housewives in town who exchanged their empty crock for a full one.. Crocks were thick earthenware containers.

MARSHALL S. LOKE
275 Yunkerdale Dr.
Rochester, NY 14615

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November 16, 1981

Dear Mrs. McAllister,

Thanks for writing again. I'm glad you liked the story about Russell Walio. His photo will make it complete. Maybe Helen can tell you more.

My story about how I won the war to make the world safe for democracy is enclosed. It took nearly three pages just to mention the places I passed through and where I slept. Fuller details would make the story too lengthy. There was nothing gory or exciting.

I was too young to be interested when my father talked about the Civil War, so cannot give you his story. I do remember the G. A. R. rooms on Main Street where once a year the Civil War vets came with their families for a big dinner prepared by the Womens Relief Corps. The walls were covered with large pictures of Civil War battles and relics. My mother was pres. of the W.R.C.

During the Great Depression I was in Rochester and for two years in New York City with barely enough income to get by and cannot tell how it affected Orleans County.

You are most welcome to come for a visit with Marjorie any time.

Sincerely,

Marshall Loke

P.S. The attic scene on your card fits in perfectly with the way things were at the time that I remember. The carpet beater, cow bell, churn, cheese boxes, doll cradle, high button shoes, trunk, et cetera.

When Germany began unrestricted submarine warfare in 1917, Woodrow Wilson declared a state of war existed with Germany, and USA was about to build a huge army to stop German aggression. For my part I preferred to save lives than to take lives so June 24, 1917 I enlisted in the Medical Department of the United States Regular Army at a recruiting station in Rochester, N.Y.

Fort Slocum. With two other recruits, we received transportation papers and took a night train to New York City, had breakfast at a Childs Restaurant, then took another train to New Rochelle, and a Ferry over to Fort Slocum, Long Island. After being sworn in, we received new uniforms and mailed civilian clothes home. Slept in huge barracks with hundreds of other noisy new arrivals. Two or three days later I was with an assignment going to Indiana.

Fort Benjamin Harrison. This was near Indianapolis, Ind. The train ride from Hoboken took part of two days. There was no dining car, but they passed out cans of corned beef. Basic training began at Fort Benjamin Harrison. Up early every morning for roll call, breakfast, out in the fresh air all day, dinner at noon, more work until retreat and supper; evenings free. Slept in squad tents. Having learned the basics in Boys Brigade some years previously, I was put in charge of a squad and received my document as a Corporal. Was very fortunate as I never was assigned to kitchen duty or any other menial jobs.

Camp Sherman. It was another long train ride to Chillicothe, Ohio. There was a vast cornfield on the flats along the Scioto River. They had just begun to erect barracks to house the inductees who were drafted. For a while we had plenty of corn to eat. One company to each building. Kitchen, mess hall, office and assembly room downstairs, sleeping quarters upstairs, latrine and showers in separate building in the rear. Here I was most fortunate to get the job as Company Clerk. Spent my time in the office, made out the pay roll, duty rosters, affidavits, etc. and typed official correspondence for the officers. It was a very cold winter but the office was warm. Ice piled up in the river. When my father died I had a few days off to go home. Before going into the army I was rather skinny, but gained weight there. With the other non-coms I occasionally took my turn as Corporal of the Guard for 24 hours. The non-coms had the privilege of going to the head of the line at chow time. Eventually I was promoted to Sergeant.

American Expeditionary Forces. The next June we got ready to go abroad. Took another train ride and boarded the British Cunard Liner "Olympic" and spent five sunny days on the poopdeck. It was a dangerous trip on account of German submarines; the ship zig-zagged all the way. One Limey sailor stood by a cannon as if that would defend the ship from the German navy. The English food was abominable. No lights were allowed after dark. Everybody had to go below decks. We slept in hammocks hung close together using up all space. In the morning they would open up and we would go up for fresh air. Clocks set ahead one hour each day, as we got closer to Europe. Went through English Channel and docked at Southampton in the evening, stayed on ship overnight. Debarked next day.

Southampton. We spent all day Saturday and Sunday in a place like a big park. Met some British soldiers who let us use their showers for a much needed cleanup.

Le Havre, France. Late on Sunday night we crowded into a smaller boat for a night trip with NO LIGHTS across the English Channel and arrived at Le Havre in the morning. Had a long uphill march through the city to a camp where German prisoners of war were kept in a stockade. Stayed only two or three days there.

Nogent-en-Bassigny. Another long train ride, this time on a narrow gauge railway in little cars, brought us one night around midnight into a village in the interior of France. There were no lights, sounds or signs of life, like a ghost town, rather spooky. After a long wait in the street somebody at last found somebody to direct us where to go. My group followed a guide to a certain house which we entered through the back and slept on the floor. At dawn roosters began crowing and the place began to come to life. In daylight we went outside and found we were in a village called Nogent-en-Bassigny. There was a bank in the town where I went to exchange some U.S. money for French francs, then went to a store and bought some picture post cards. There was nothing to do. The only industry was a cutlery factory.

Le Mans. LeMans is where the Grand Prix Auto Races are held. On arrival there I had a store-front room for an office in a building occupied by some nuns who had charge of supplies, the French equivalent of the Red Cross. The rest of my company had quarters elsewhere sleeping on wooden bunks. Before long we moved to a beautiful estate called "Tuscalon" outside the city where we slept in pup tents. Daytimes we could sit out under the tall trees while our officers, all of whom were doctors of course, would lecture on anatomy, first aid, and such things. The weather was ideal.

At one period I stayed in the city at Le Hopital des Convalescents. The office was in one of the outbuildings around the perimeter. A very ancient place. I found a place to sleep upstairs in a dusty store room. A bunch of troops had newly arrived from USA and their records were lost. I had the fun of trying to re-create new service records for them before they could be paid. By the time I got back our company was camped out in an open field in squad tents and the rainy season arrived. I had my office in the first tent.

Armistice Day. November 11, 1918 was the most memorable day of all. On my way into town every Frenchie I saw was jumping with joy and would joyfully exclaim "Finis le guerre!! Finis le guerre!!" After years of tension they just let loose with emotion. The celebration filled the public square and lasted far into the night. The war was over.

Brest. After Christmas we got ready to return to the USA. Transporting hundreds of thousands of troops took a long time. The day we left Le Mans we piled into the box cars marked 40 HOMMES. I rode in the car where our supplies were kept and sat or reclined ECHEVAUX on sacks of potatoes. It was a long train ride through France with interesting sights such as cliff dwellings. Arrived at Brest late at night, had a snack at a stand-up place, then had a long uphill hike on a muddy and stony road after much rain. The camp was nothing but mud. They had built sidewalks of wood, the only way to get from one place to another. Our tent had a wooden floor on uneven ground so one corner was under water. While sleeping on the floor a rat ran across my face and stole a piece of bread I was saving to eat later. We had to walk on the duckboards to get to another tent for meals. We went to a building to be de-contaminated. While in showers our clothes etc went through a steam process to get rid of germs and cooties.

Cunard Liner "Celtic". As soon as the ship started for home the bucking bronco motion was the opposite of the slow sway on the eastbound trip. I got seasick and leaned over the rail for three days and nights.. Finally got better, got something to eat and went below for a good night's sleep and felt fine the rest of the way.

Camp Upton. Our company was going back to Ohio to leave the service. My mother was spending the winter in New Jersey with my brother's family, so I asked to

be left where we were to be discharged. Was transferred to another outfit among strangers. Time passed slowly at Camp Upton on Long Island with nothing to do. Finally got a discharge on March 21, 1919 and transportation home. Stopped in New York for a haircut, etc., went to my brother's home for a short visit and came home with my mother.

Medina. The village fathers went overboard trying to honor all the veterans who came back and presented each one with a medal and put on a mammoth entertainment for them at the Armory. (I also have a medal from New York State, one from the United States with France clasp, and a discharge button.) Irving Rands, one of the village Trustees offered me a job as driver in the Fire Department which I declined.

American Legion. The veterans met at the armory to organize a legion post named after one who was killed in the war. After a few meetings of James P. Clark Post #204 of the American Legion, I was elected Adjutant (secretary). No proper minutes of previous meetings had been kept other than a few notes scribbled on backs of envelopes, so I brought the records up to date and typed all the minutes thereafter as long as I remained in Medina, during the 1920s. Made a list with map showing location of Civil War, Spanish-American War and World War I graves in the local cemeteries for use when decorating the graves with flags on Memorial Days. We organized a Fife & Drum corps and I wrote to the Commanding Officer at Fort Niagara for an instructor to teach us how to perform. He assigned a member of the band to come one evening a week to get it going. We took part in local parades and in Lockport. Once the Elks Lodge took us to Niagara Falls to play in the Elks Convention parade there. A ladies Auxilliary to the Legion post was formed later. A date was published in the "Journal" for all the wives, mothers, sisters, etc. to meet at the Legion rooms and I invited a delegation of the Auxilliary in Buffalo to come to Medina and get it started.

Benefits. Besides the medals, there were other rewards for having served during the war. On Civil Service Examination for the Railway Mail Service, the veterans got preference for appointment. And when I bought a home, got exemption from property taxes. Lived at 56 Langford Road, Rochester, for 38 years exempt from City and County taxes. Paid only ~~for~~ school tax and for services such as street cleaning, snow plowing, etc.

MEDINA HISTORY

Small Businesses

As far back as I can remember there were two small businesses at the "four corners". One was attached to the outside of Lambauer's Bldg. (on H.E. corner), where "Peanut Joe" Garbarino sold peanuts and roasted chestnuts.

A similar one was against the Bent Bldg. where Bobby Warner sold popcorn. When new houses were built, he did all the lathing, usually assisted by his two boys when they were not in school.

Later in history, George Spurna and his wife Mary did a thriving newspaper and magazine business at the same stand. At one time George became Mayor of Medina.

Keep to the Right

When automobile traffic had replaced horse traffic 100%, somebody had a bright idea. A post was erected in the middle of the Main & Center Streets intersection with the idea of having all vehicles, especially those making a left turn, keep to the right, of course. Chief of Police Brainard had nothing else to do but enforce the keep-to-the-right rule.

Going all the way around the obstruction proved to be a nuisance (nothing but). When two cars coming from opposite directions wanted to turn left, it was unnatural to chase each other around the hay-pole. Before long it was removed permanently.

August 5 1982

Marjorie---

For your lineage collection I thought you would be interested in some facts about your parents that I came across in a diary that I kept when I was 14 years old.. It will give you an idea of how they got along in 1908.

Also enclosed are odds and ends of trivia about the History of Medina that I just wrote up and includes a good picture of the Boys Brigade that may be of historical value.

You can read and maybe pass on to Helen McAlister for the Medina Historical Museum.

Uncle Marshall
MARSHALL S. LOKE
275 Yarkerdale Dr.
Rochester, NY 14615

A. B. Chamberlain (continued)

The big camera on a tripod had a black curtain under which the photographer put his head while he looked through the lens to adjust for position and focus. When everything was about ready, he would slide a ~~glass~~ glass plate into the camera. When he got a flashpan ready with flash powder, told the subject where to look and to smile, removed covers from glass plate and set off a blinding flash. The process was repeated ~~for 2~~ for 2 or three ~~shots~~ poses so you could have a choice.

I was seven years old when my mother got me dressed up and took me to "have my picture taken". I must have been pretty difficult with the posing, waiting and head brace etc. She said it would be another seven years before going through it again. It was so. I was 14 before the next photograph.

After the fire, Mr. A.B.C. must have gone back to Ohio. Some 20 years later he returned to Medina and set up in business again and married Lena Stark. They lived at her home, first house from the canal bridge on Gravel Road.

A. J. Richards

Medina's other and oldest professional photographer was Adelbert J. Richards whose ~~shop~~ long time studio was on the 3rd floor of Parish & Stratton's building (east side of Main St.). A small display case of photographs was on the street level near the door leading upstairs. Mr. Emily F. Swatt's office was on the 2nd floor, and Richards' business was on the top floor with skylights in the roof for daytime lighting. Mr. Richards was very deaf, so two female relatives talked with the customers and assisted with all the work.

MEDINA HISTORY

Famous Fires

There were many fires in Medina during the years I remember. The two that changed the face of Main Street the most were the burning of the old fire headquarters (S.W. cor. Main & Park Av.), and the old "Brown Block" extending from the N.W. cor. Main & Park to the Presbyterian Church.

Fire Headquarters

The old wooden fire house burned down one night. In its place they built a new "city hall" of Medina sandstone, with the Fire Dept. and jail on the ground floor; the village clerk's office, town of Trustees meeting room, police headquarters, and firemen's quarters, complete with brass pole to slide down on, on the second floor. Previous to that the police station and "lock-up" had been on W. Center St. between the Union Bank and the Hart House (Hotel).

Brown Block

The old "Brown Block" was a sort of condominium or complex of low, wooden, one story stores or businesses. It was replaced by the present two story, yellow brick building. (Cook Bldg.)

A. B. Chamberlain, Photographer

The only occupant of the old building I remember was Arthur B. Chamberlain, a professional photographer. In the front was a display of photographs. In the back was a spacious room with overhead skylights.

"Taking a picture" was quite a complicated procedure. The subject sat in a chair. A portable head brace was set up behind him to hold his head steady. Background scenery was shifted and overhead white curtains were adjusted to get the best light effects.

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MEDINA HISTORY

United Boys Brigades of America

A few years before the Boy Scouts of America, which was incorporated in 1910, there existed a boys organization called the United Boys Brigades of America.

In 1907 a regiment of four companies was established in Medina in the four protestant churches. The Baptist group of which I was a member was designated "Company G", 4th Regiment. It began sometime in 1907 when I was 14 years old. Our instructor or drillmaster was Don Rose from the 29th company of militia at the armory.

We used to drill at the church every Friday night learning the basics. We got make-believe rifles or shoulder guns and learned the manual of arms. George L. Owens, who had a men's clothing store, had the contract to supply uniforms. He came on drill night and measured each of the boys for uniforms. They were received on March 29, 1908.

Sometimes we wore the uniforms to church.. On May 1 ~~we~~ the ~~first~~ Boys Brigade companies, joined part of the 29th Co. and the band and marched to a musical and competitive drill at the armory. Co. G won.

Notes from a diary I kept in 1908

Sun May 3 Co. G wore uniforms to church. Rev. George Laughton announced that the office of flag bearer was given to Marshall Loke.

Tues May 5 We marched to A. L. Swatt's house to a coffee.

Wed May 6 We marched to Broughton's house to a supper.

I carried the new silk flag. Men there made speeches.

Fri May 15 Parade postponed. Rain.

Sat May 16 I carried silk flag in parade

Sun May 24 4th regiment USRA went to Presbyterian church with 29th Co. and G.A.R. (Civil War Veterans)

①

J

50

MEDINA HISTORY

Some of the families that lived on East Center Street east of O. O. Crook:

North Side

Bates
Caurtman
Clark
Freeman
Keller
Harding

Lott
Morse
Peol
Rands
Rich
Spaith

South Side

Downs
Floroy
Fuller
Hunt
Lewis
Lynett

Richards
Rogers
Zimmerman
Andrews
McGraw
Sinnclair

Some of the families and businesses on E. Center St. west of O.O. Crook:

North Side

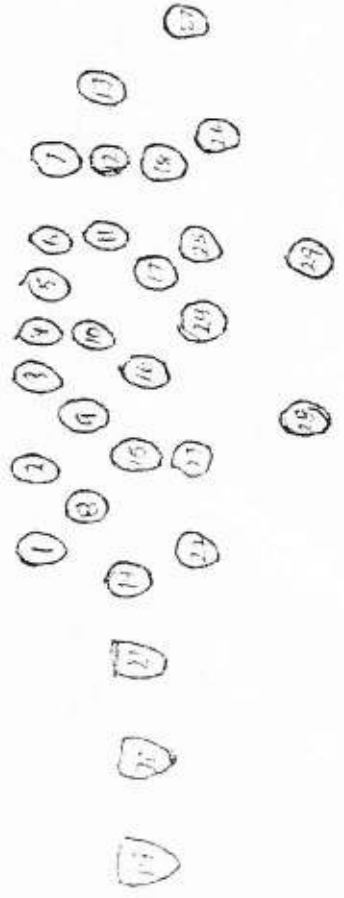
Brierley
Yaggee
Kitter
Bigelow
& others

Businesses

S A Cook & Co
O'Donnell Lumber
Kelly's Saloon
Flatt Monument Shop

Baker & Gray (grocer)
Conoverford's
Harrison Harness
Blacksmith (in alley)
"Popout Joe" (barber)

Key Drawing for Boys Brigade Picture



- 1 Mortimer Coon ?
- 2 Marshall Loke
- 3 Russell Droman
- 4 Seth Clark ??
- 5 George Wood ?
- 6 Harold Ross
- 7 Raymond Bledhard
- 8 George Gotta
- 9 Milly-J Warner ??
- 10 Leroy Bickle ?
- 13 George Harner
- 14 to 27 ??
- 29 Chester Broughton
- 30 Deane Hinkley
- 31 Charles
- 32 Gerrott Lacey
- 33 Luther Mead
- 39 Carroll Peler

Names of the others are forgotten

3

Boys Brigade (continued)

Sat May 30 "Decoration Day". The band, 29th Co. and Boys Brigade, 4th regiment, escorted the G.A.R. to the armory. I carried the flag.

Fri June 12 1908 3 companies BB drilled at high school lots of spectators

Fri June 19 ditto

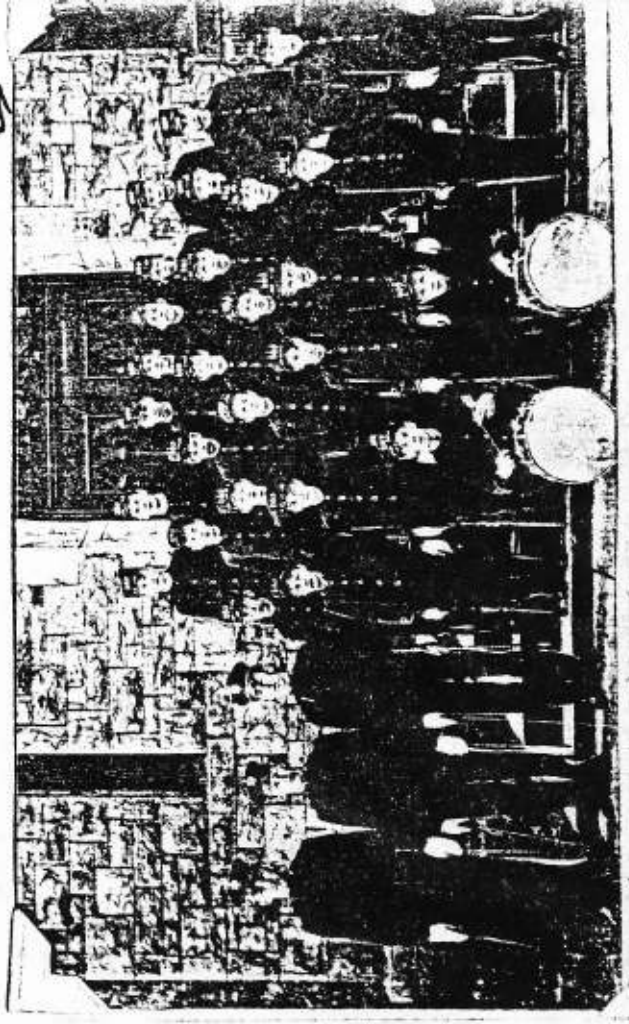
Wed July 15 Co. G. drilled at the armory. I carried the flag. There was a Band Concert and big ice cream sale.

Tues, Aug 18. Parade for the flower carnival. I carried the flag. Was directly behind the band, and led the 4th regiment.

1908 Photograph (by A.J. Richards)

An enlargement of this picture I once had with nearly all of the boys identified on the back but been lost. Now I can remember only a few, none I'm not too sure of, (?), & do not recall names of the rest.

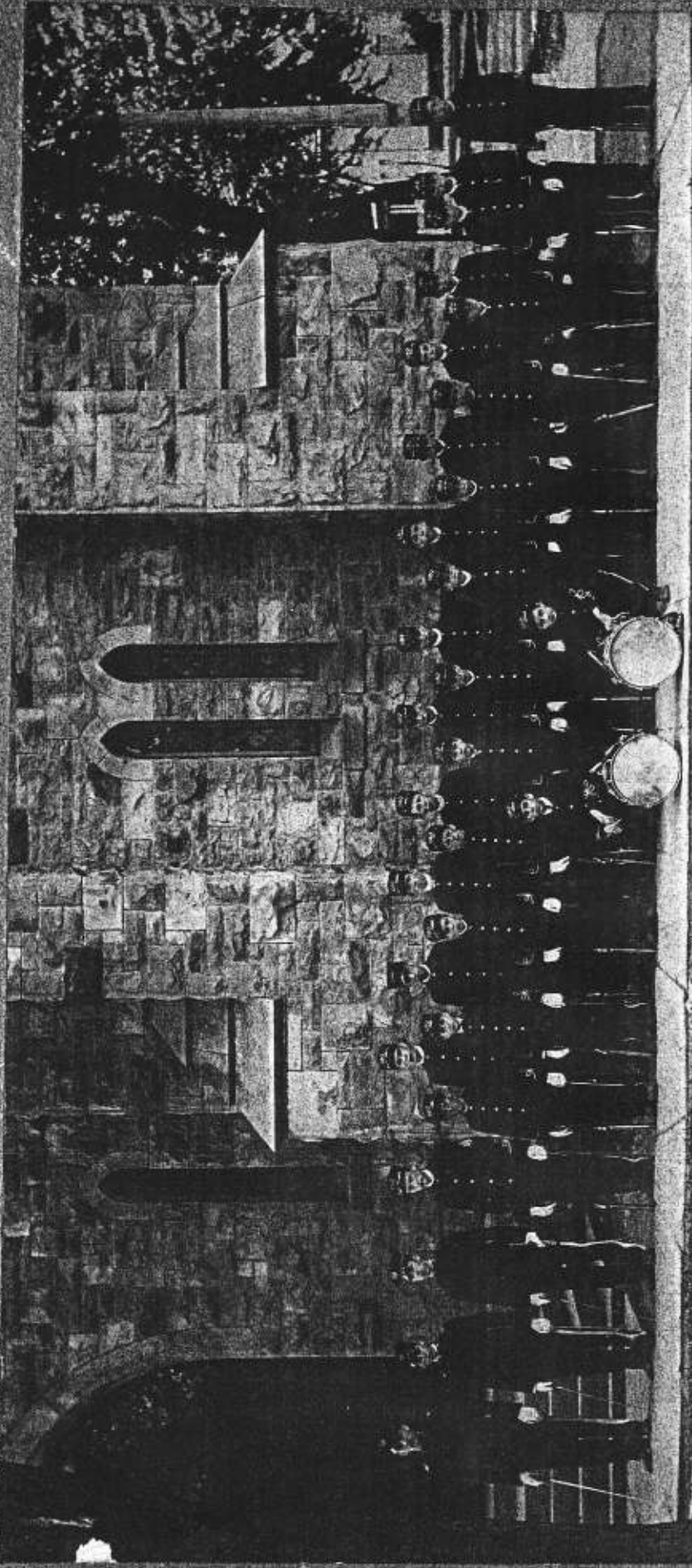
2



Boys Brigade Band at Church



COMPANY "G" BOYS BRIGADE
FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH
MEDINA N.Y. 1908



COMPANY "G" * BOYS BRIGADE * BAPTIST CHURCH * MEDINA, N.Y. * 1908

5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15
1 2 3 4
16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27
28 29

Left End:

Chester Broughton, Capt. 1
Deane Hinckley Lieut 2
C. Everett Lacey Lieut 3
Mortimer Coon Sergeant 4

Back Row:

5 Marshall S. Loke
6 Russell H. Droman
7 Seth Clark
8 Harold V. Ross
9 Raymond Stoddard
10 George Harmer
11 George B. Wood
12 Milford Warne
13 George Gotts
14 Leslie Clark
15 John Condon

Front Row:

16 Ray Farley
17 Leslie Olmstead
18 Donald Poler
19 Wesley Wilmarth
20 Nelson Barrus
21 George Davey
22 James Clark
23 Cyril Ellis
24 Milford Warne
25 Ray Smith
26 Louis Cappelli
27 Leroy Bickle

Drums:

28 Luther E. Mead
29 E. Carroll Poler

MEDINA HISTORY (Trivia)

Slogan

At one time the boaters of Medina wanted to have a slogan that would make Medina attractive and promote its growth. The slogan adopted was:
MEDINA THE MECCA OF BUSINESS AND HOMES.

Election returns

went to Main St.
On election nights citizens where election returns were projected silently on a large white sheet on the front of a building from across the street.

Blacks

Black people were very scarce in Medina early in the century. I remember there was one woman who was a regular member of the Baptist Church. Another was a colored gentleman named Slocum and his wife who lived just south of the village on the left side of the road to Shelby alongside the creek. He did such jobs as whitewashing. He and his horse appeared to be very old and stayed that way for many years. One night his shack burned down and the local officials promptly had a new and better dwelling built in its place.

Good Templars

The International Organization of Good Templars, a temperance society, whose object is abstinence from all intoxicating liquors, had a lodge in Medina around 1898, of which Samuel T. Cooke, who worked at Chase & Breed's hardware store, was chief organizer and promoter. It flourished for several years.

MEDINA HISTORY

Bickle Brothers

The store in the Downs & Kearney blk., specialized in newspapers, magazines, cigars, etc etc & etc. Harry Bickle was the proprietor who, with his wife Grace and sister-in-law Gertrude Rice, conducted the business.

when I was 12 years old I got an afternoon paper route. It began at E. Center St and included everything east of O.O. Creek: (State St., Elizabeth St., Chadwick St., North St., Bates Road, E. Center St., East Ave., and Oak Orchard St.).

Eventually I worked part time at the store, swept the floor, washed windows, tied bundles of surplus newspapers and transported them by 2-wheeled rickshaw to the barn on the Rice family property on West Ave., baled scrap paper, dismantled paper routes, took some to postoffice for rural routes, unpacked shipments of goods which came in wooden boxes, took daily pay of money to the bank, brought load of tobacco products from S.A.Cook wholesale warehouse, met the afternoon trolley to get load of afternoon papers, every Christmas season I unpacked shipment of toys, dolls, etc. and marked the prices, and after Anna stored left-over goods in the barn. When Harry started selling radios in the early days of battery operated radios, I used to "install" them, i.e. put in aerials, connect batteries etc. which customers did not understand.

MEDINA HISTORY

C. F. Hurd's Jewelry Store

On the wall close to the front window was a large clock where anyone could see the correct time. Beside the clock was a brass pole on which a brass ball could slide up or down. Every a.m. the ball was raised to the top of the pole and at exactly 12 noon a "wireless" signal from Washington would release the ball and let it drop so clocks could be checked for correct time. It was equivalent to the ball at times square dropping every New Years Eve at exactly 12 midnight.

Howard Stebbins

Howard was in charge of the electronic vander. He repaired clocks and watches by the front window. A magnifier was attached to his glasses for close-up work. He married Marie Timmerman. His favorite sport was shooting clay pigeons at which he was quite expert.

Wooden Indians

At the turn of the century, wooden Indians were common. They usually stood in front of cigar stores. I remember at least two of them. One stood for many years in front of Comarford's on E. Center Street. The other was on Main St. about where O'Grady's saloon was. I have no idea what became of them.

Church Organists

Alice Louise Chase played the organ at the Methodist Church.

William C. Wells, dentist, was organist of the Baptist Church. He was also organist for the masonic lodge.

Mrs. Jeannette Tenner played the Presbyterian organ.

I don't know who was organ player at the Episcopal church. On a couple of occasions when Robert Gillies played there, I went with him to pump the

MEDINA HISTORY

Famous Citizens

Judge Childs, one of the most prominent citizens, in the horse-and-buggy days, lived on u. Center St. *

Judge Ford, retired N.Y. Judge, lived on telephone road. I knew nothing about him.

Senator Irving L. Homadieu, resented politician of W. Center St., used very flowery language in his speeches.

George B. Kemman, early 20th century writer, traveler, speaker, (like Lowell Thomas), could use Russian language, built telegraph line across Siberia, when Mt. Pelee erupted on Martinique and killed every living person, a magazine sent him to cover the story. Returned to Medina to retire.

Andrew Downey McPhan was owner and head man of Downey's complete touring circuit which wintered at Havens do Grays, Maryland. Toured the U.S. but brought the show to Medina once a year. Was one of the first if not THE first to motorize the show, moving the motor vehicles instead of railroads. Built home and restaurant on Galien St., S.W. cor. Oak Orchard St.

Dan "Spaghett" Paul, a shabby idler of unknown Italian origin, with no visible means of support. He never worked, never spent a cent, but would accept handouts. Wore hand-me-down clothes. Very friendly. Spent adult life bumming around Main St. socializing with anybody.

*RS Judge Childs died Wed May 16 1906. He had a big funeral on Friday.

MEDINA HISTORY

Theodore Roosevelt, Jr.

Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., son of the 26th president, after World War I served in the N.Y. state assembly 1919-20, was assistant Secretary of the Navy 1921-24 and in 1924 was campaigning for Governor of New York.

On one of his whistlestop trips through the state, the train made a scheduled stop in Medina for a few minutes near the Walsh House. I happened to be close to the car when he came down the steps to shake hands and I was the first one to get a hand shake from the celebrity. He made a very brief speech and went on his way. He was defeated in the election.

Charles Evans Hughes

The Republican governor of New York spoke at the Opera House on Friday May 8, 1908.

While campaigning for re-election, he came to Medina again to speak on Friday October 23, 1909.

William Jennings Bryan

W.J.B. twice received the Democratic nomination for president, 1900 and 1908, and was defeated both times. On Monday September 21, 1908 school was dismissed before 2 p.m. when Bryan came to Medina and spoke at the school grounds. As I recall, it was on the steps of the grade school (acacemy) facing Pearl Street.

MEDINA HISTORY

Bank failure

I do not remember anything about "Card's Bank" except that it was one of the businesses on the west side of North Main Street.

Suddenly one afternoon excited people in the neighborhood began rumoring that Card's bank had collapsed. I wondered what it looked like. I envisioned sort of a shattered storefront.

Apparently the bank had failed and went broke and Earl Card, the proprietor, went to prison.

Robert E. Card

The remainder of the Card family lived on Pearl Street. The two kids were Robert and Marjorie, both redheads. Robert was in my class in high school. He was a nice, bright, polite kid in every way but had a bad affliction. He stuttered.

After graduation KIPPY (1911) they moved from Medina, to Detroit, I think. A few years later I heard that Robert had overcome his stuttering and was teaching other victims how to speak.

Here is an advertisement I came across in POPULAR MECHANICS magazine, February 1932, which corroborates the story.





The PHILATELIC FREEMASON.



Associate #94

Award-Winning Journal of the
Masonic Study Unit.



Walter J. Kirby, Editor
2106 N. Van Buren Street
Little Rock, Arkansas 72207

VOLUME 7, NO. 4

NOV.-DEC. 1983

WHOLE NO. 39

IN MEMORIAM--

Bro. Marshall S. Loke, past-president and charter member of the Masonic Study Unit, died in a Rochester hospital Sept. 29, following a stroke.

Marshall Swett Loke was born April 23, 1893, at Ridgeway, N. Y., son of Ephriam Marshall and Cora Estelle Swett Loke. He is survived by a daughter, Ruth (Mrs. Charles) Ruddy, a granddaughter, Jacqueline Ruddy, and a number of nephews and nieces. His wife Frances Beswick Loke, whom he married Sept. 7, 1929, died March 9, 1981, shortly after their 50th wedding anniversary. He was a member of Wesley United Methodist Church. Interment was in Riverside cemetery.

Bro. Loke was educated in Medina (N.Y.) public schools, later taking a correspondence course and attending Rochester Institute of Technology. During World War I he served two years as a sergeant in the medical corps. He served four years as a railway mail clerk during the "Great Depression", and served 23 years as an electrical technician with Eastman Kodak Co., retiring in 1958.

Bro. Loke was initiated in Medina Lodge No. 336, F. & A.M., Nov. 19, passed Dec. 3, and raised Dec. 17, 1919. He was a member of Medina Chapter No. 281, Royal Arch Masons. He was also a member of American Lodge of Research, F. & A.M., and a corresponding member of Quatuor Coronati Lodge No. 2676, of London, England.

He was a member of the American Topical Association, of the Masonic Study Unit and the Masonic Stamp Club of New York.

Perhaps Bro. Loke had the most extensive private library of Masonic information in existence. He had card files of American and foreign Masons, as well as other information regarding them. Asked a question on any Mason, Bro. Loke usually had the answer.

Your editor had corresponded with Bro. Loke for more than 25 years, exchanging Masonic information and biographies. It was through his influence that I became editor of the PHILATELIC FREEMASON. His wise counsel has proven invaluable to me, and each issue has contained interesting items over his "by-line". Two such articles are published in this issue as a memorial to him.

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POLITICS HAS got so expensive that it takes a lot of money to even get beat with nowadays.

-- Will Rogers.

Funeral Service for Marshall Swett Loke September 22, 1983

Rev. Hallock N. Mohler officiating pastor; Wesleyan Methodist Church.

"We are here today in honor and in memory of Marshall Loke.

Mr. Loke was born on April 23, 1893 -- 90 years ago -- in the town of Ridgeway, near the village of Medina. Not too long ago he prepared a file of papers, clippings, and records of his life, divided into categories. And he began by mentioning his parents -- that he was the son of Ephraim Marshall Loke and Cora Estelle Swett Loke. (NOTE: this is being copied as is... mistakes in spelling, and all). His origin (as he termed it) was important to him, for he saw himself in the context of a family, the father of which had come from England -- a family established on a farm in upstate New York, and settled in a community in which they received and gave much.

There is so very much which could be said, about his life... The other categories Marshall listed in his own summary, were: education, military, religion, family, employment, masonic, and philatelic. He put these in something of a natural progression of his life, although of course there was much overlapping, each flowing into the other.

Mr. Loke graduated from the Medina High School in 1911. That was an exciting time in history -- and era of great change in our common life. Automobiles were being introduced, new farm equipment and methods were changing the nature of our society, telephones were beginning to be installed, electricity was replacing oil and gas as a means of lighting, and our nation was then generally on the move -- vital and turbulent.

Marshall participated in this .. His religious involvement was in the Baptist Church. He wrote, "My family and ancestors were all baptists." And with the high sense of morality, integrity, he maintained all his life, coming from his family and out of his church tradition, he studied by correspondence to become an electrician, to make a contribution to his community. Among his papers is a letter from the Popular Electricity Publishing Co., "accepting 3 articles he wrote, the first entitled "Converting Gas Fixtures to Electric.".. There are indications everywhere in these papers and clippings of a young man who was not only inquisitive and industrious but also responsible and motivated by a desire to help in his community. And to make a positive contribution to his nation and x to the world.

This is so very evident in his war record. When the United States entered World War I, Marshall joined the army. Later he wrote: "When Germany began unrestricted submarine warfare in 1917, Woodroe Wilson declared a state of war existed with Germany, and USA was about to build a huge army to stop German aggression. For my part I preferred to save lives than to take lives so June 24, 1917 I enlisted in the Medical Department of the U.S.Regular Army at a recruiting station in Rochester, N.Y."

(continued...)

This is from a writing in which he described his military experiences, and the document itself reveals Mr. Loke's attention to detail, his memory, and his consciousness of the little things which reveal the nature of events in life. The names of the training camps, the ships which took him to England and France and home again, the signs in the towns and villages recorded in French, the conditions of the ~~XXXXXXXX~~ barracks and hospitals, little incidents -- all mentioned in a few words, but written in a way that the reader feels he is experiencing it & all. ... the time is RAPIDLY approaching when no one will be among us to write or tell first hand of those events -- events in which young men and women gave so much for us and for generations yet to come.

Marshall was discharged in Feb. 1919, with the rank of sargant. There is a summary of his service record in his discharge papers. Medals received are mentioned, along with notations about his work. And then, written more boldly than anything else, his commanding office commented, "character, EXCELLENT."

... There is so much to say today. He came to Rochester, opened a business, then worked in a factory, married, became a railway postal clerk (doing this for "four years", " he wrote, "during the great depression.") And then in 1935 he became an Instrument Technician at Eastman Kodak Company, until retirement in 1958.

Mr. Loke joined the masons when he was still in his 20's, and held a number of positions therein, including that of Royal Arch Mason. He thereafter maintained his masonic ties.

And then, all the while, he became more and more interested in stamp collecting. This became a life-long avocation for him, and it served him well, even as he served it. I have seen his collections, carefully put together by topic and theme. He gathered and catalogued stamps relating to the masons. Just a month ago he sent the most recent edition of a newsletter entitled The Philatelic Mason, to almost 400 recipients in America and overseas. This fall, the third edition of A Masonic Stamp Collection will be published. Mr. Loke was asked to prepared the third, finishing it this past spring.

A year ago we had a display in our church library of his beautiful collection of Methodist stamps. His interest in stamps depicting Methodist churches and Methodist parsonages grew out of his relationship to Wesley Methodist Church, which he and his family joined in 1940, Wesley being the church nearest their home here in Maplewood.

There is so much to say about the enjoyment of his family - his love for them. And the love he and his wife received from their daughter and son-in-law and granddaughter...so much. There is so much to say.. but I believe a line from a letter just written to Mr. Loke's daughter summarizes much about his life. Members of the historical society of Medina have visited him in recent months, recording his memories to put into their records. This letter from the woman who had done the interviewing comments on the marvelous he was to them and upon on how freely he gave of his memories. And then the writer (NOTE:the writer was Helen McAllister) concludes, "I admire his (Mr. Loke's) continued interest in activities that took him around the world even though he was confined to his little corner(so to speak)."

(continued....)

(Funeral Service continued...) (3)

Of course there is sadness to our gathering today. We feel a sense of loss. But we do also now experience a certain joy underneath and surrounding our sadness -- joy in the knowledge that Mr. Loke is at peace. And at home.

A moment ago we heard the words of our Lord, how he said, "In my Father's house are many rooms -- I go to prepare a place for you." ... How life continues, I do not know. But I do know that it does! And that Mr. Loke is in the place lovingly prepared for him... that his activity and interest is now unbounded. And that he and we shall all be together again. That is what our Lord promised. WHAT A WONDERFUL GOD WE WORSHIP! Listen again to the words of John of Patmos, from the concluding pages of the Bible....

* * * * *