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From the Ithaca Daily Journal, Saturday evening, Dec. 5, 1908.

ITHACA PARK SCHOOL
THE DUNGEON DWELLING
AND MANY MEMORIES

INCIDENTS AND PERSONAGES OF A BYGONE
GENERATION IN ITHACA

A RARE PEN PORTRAIT OF A UNIQUE
WOMAN

The old Academy boarding house and teachers who graced it-- Kappa Alpha fraternity's early home in this city-- Linn De Witt's love of music-- Ithaca's early carefree attention to educational matters-- A story that will delight every lover of our community.

If only old houses had tongues to tell of the happy scenes enacted within their walls, what patient listeners they would discover in some of us!

But, alas, if old houses did have tongues and memories, perhaps so pathosopathic would be their recitals that we would stop our ears and beseech them to leave us with our happier remembrances.

As the old Park school laboriously moved from its anchorage; as, holding its own bold and unflinching front, it was coerced step by step into Cayuga street, where amid a storm of disapproval from tree lovers, its halting march was stayed; where ruthlessly its heavy timbers and well-knit frame were hammered and slashed apart and thrown upon the pavement-- it did seem almost human to those whose eyes rested upon it for five long days and heard its incessant groanings under the lash of adversity.

To those of us, whose locks are whitened or whitening, it is not merely as Park school that the building figured. In truth, as Park school for twelve years, it was unworthy of its past, and nothing romantic or agreeable clusters around the memory of its unfitness for that purpose.

ITHACA'S MOST UNIQUE WOMAN.

No, as we beheld the berated house in its undespoiled state, our memory recalled the creation of the uncomely structure, as, in 1870, it issued warm from the heart and brain of one of the most unique women who ever lived in Ithaca. We can shut our eyes and see her issuing from the rear of the old Academy building (where she abode for the time) we have not forgotten her stately tread and imperious movements, her head always high in the air as she pushed her way among the timbers during the process of construction; we remember her black silk gown ever trailing behind her, and slightly raised in front by her shapely hand, revealing the white hosed and slippered feet.

VIVID VISIONS OF THE PAST

Before attempting to portray Miss Margaret Dudgeon, however, and this her later home, we follow the visions upon the broken foundation of Park school, amid all its desolation, -- another building, a long two-storied house with a fan over the front door. This was the home of Miss Dudgeon when she came to Ithaca, a vigorous woman about 1840, and where she lived for more than a quarter of a century.

Miss Dudgeon succeeded Mr. George Dutton as music-teacher in the Ithaca Academy, and she taught ~~music~~ and painting as well. It is probable that it was through Mr. Dutton that she came to Ithaca as both had formerly resided in Utica and were friends.

In 1870, Miss Dudgeon sold the old house to Mr. William Spence, who moved it to North Aurora street--No. 814. It stood a few years ago with few exterior changes and was easily recognizable by the peculiar fan over the front door. It has since been remodeled until its ancient visage is lost and it requires faith to believe it the original boarding house.

MISS DUDGEON FAITHFULLY PORTRAYED.

If only we could portray Miss Dudgeon as her unique personality deserves to be portrayed! Physically she was a superb specimen of womanhood-- tall, erect, graceful, even majestic. Her face was strong but as we recall it, not particularly attractive unless she smiled, though an early portrait in possession of a friend reveals the beauty of her face in young womanhood. An acquaintance remembers her before she came to Ithaca, and recalls the impression made upon her, one Sabbath morning, by a tall, graceful woman with several tall, graceful daughters, filed into their church pew in Utica. It was Miss Dudgeon's beautiful mother, Miss Dudgeon herself and her sisters.

Miss Dudgeon was educated in Edinburgh, Scotland, a city she dearly loved to talk about to the last. In fact, she loved everything and everybody Scotch-- from Mary, Queen of Scots, "Robbie" Burns and Walter Scott to a bit of Scotch thistle. That she was accomplished no one who recalls her will deny. We are tempted to say that she was akin to a genius. She had hands capable of any task set for them-- from setting the bones of disabled animals to manufacturing furniture of her own designing, perhaps she was not considered a great artist, but she was artistic to her fingertips; she was a skillful musician and formed the musical taste of the Ithaca of her day; she read the best literature, and wrote with facility; she composed instrumental music and wrote songs, many of which were published.

As a conversationalist and story-teller she will be remembered as long as there are those who recall her. Her humor was inimitable, her enthusiasms knew no bounds, while the delicious Scotch accent and the manipulation of her hands added music and grace to all she said.

Her generosity was almost unlimited, when she trusted and loved she gave herself utterly, sometimes to her disadvantage; and she loved all little children, spirited young men, all helpless beings and many animals were as dear to her as human beings.

An instance was recalled the other evening, by a gentleman who considered himself honored by this remarkable woman's friendship, of her trusting a Brazilian student (whose record was not good in his own country or in Cornell) to the extent of eight hundred (800) dollars. His father sent him money barely sufficient for his return home and nothing with which to pay his debts. Miss Dudgeon's advisors were tempted to say: "It told you so," but she was confident that she had not trusted in vain and based her faith upon the fellow's lineage. It was one of her hobbies the "blood will tell"-- She was an aristocrat, every inch of her-- and in the above instance something "told" for she was repaid in full-- though she waited long.

But, oh, how funny she was, and how eccentric! One of the most eccentric women who ever trod Ithaca's streets was Margaret Dudgeon, and she knew it and enjoyed it, and we believe she thoroughly enjoyed shocking people. Perhaps, alas! we would not be shocked today-- certainly not in the same degree.

Upon the street, with her plumed hats, attired unlike any other woman, often in white, she was an object of interest. We remember how she always walked in the middle of the sidewalk and that her companion of many years walked a few steps behind-- perhaps could not keep up with the former's rapid strides. We have heard many times of a new, big white hat with its long white plume which she could not wear to "kirk" on a certain rainy Easter sabbath of auld lang syne, of her disgust at the rain and how she managed to wear her hat all day in her own home to the admiration of the village beaux who visited her.

The reverse side of the picture.

And still we have not pictured the real Miss Dudgeon, as far as our ability goes we have described her truthfully, but behold she rises lifeless and tame before us because of one great omission-- her faults. Tenderly we would touch upon them to perfect the portraiture-- the imperious will, the lack of reverence, her plainness of speech and sharpness of tongue upon occasion, and alas, her terrible prejudices. Yes, she hated or she loved-- there was no half way ground for her, and she was admired or hated in turn. Sometimes we are amused only as we remember her speech and acts when the more generous spirit was not uppermost, and certainly it was impossible to treasure an unkind memory when we recall that this gifted woman spent the last nineteen years of her life in an asylum. Her insanity was attributed to blood-poisoning.

And, after all is told, we would dwell only upon the warmth and childlikeness of the heart she ever kept toward her friends, and remember how troubles thickened upon her the last days in Ithaca.

Her death was not many years ago, and she was visited many times by Ithacans during her sad incompetence. She amused herself painting to the last; and she believed her art to be inspired by Raphael.

When she built her home she was seemingly in her zenith. She had planned for years to build according to her desire, and regardless of the shape or size of her lot to utilize every inch of space except the "wee bit of a garden" in the rear-- she builded for the interior-- for the large drawing-room which stretched the entire width of the structure. Her architect and builder, who still lives, urged her not to disregard the boundary line-- but her argument was that she had done enough for Ithaca to do as she pleased, and because her blinds opened upon a neighbor's garden, and the cornice hung beyond her domain, she had no end of trouble, and finally the cornice on the east side was cropped off.

After the frame was up, she told her builder how she wanted the interior stairway. It was to start at a certain point in the hall and, at a certain point, the rise was to be six (6) inches and the tread twelve (12) inches. "That exactly and not one hair's breadth otherwise," she had emphasized. "I'll make it that way if it comes that way," the builder had said. "I cannot otherwise." Then it was up, he called her in, she marched with her stately tread upon it, seemed satisfied. He had no sooner reached home that night, however, than a note reached him worded in this wise; "Come and tear the stairway out. I will not have it. I have measured with my tape measure and it is not according to directions."

Perhaps no other house in Ithaca was ever constructed under so many demands and countermands.

A SOMEWHAT TROUBLED REIGN.

Nevertheless, she came into possession of her own and there she reigned-- a somewhat troubled reign it was, and if the exterior was unattractive, the interior certainly was not. She possessed many unique and beautiful things in the way of old mahogany, rare old china and silver, a few paintings and some books which had come from Scotland. We recall a portrait of "Robbie" Burns,--we wish we could reproduce the loving stress of her tone as she uttered "Rob-bie" a beautiful portrait it was. She had an eye for the antique and before it seemed to be appreciated in Ithaca, she managed to procure many of the relics which came into the market. She captured the tall, graceful brass lamps which stood upon either side of the old Dutch church pulpit.

She loved flowers and was most skilful in growing them, the profusion and arrangements of her plants and flowers, her collection of natural curiosities were a unique feature of her rooms. Birds flitted from room to room, and if her pet chickens were not free to roam within the drawing-room, she was known to carry one in her pocket, delighting in its peep.

It was her joy to entertain her friends in her own hospitable fashion. Her breakfasts and Sunday evening suppers were famous and her teas-- real, old fashioned teas-- were unique. To the latter she invited her former pupils and her friends among the Town and Gown. Her Ginnan Baddies and the Scotch cakes, called "Rose Leaves," are remembered yet by many of those who partook of them.

The Kappa Alpha fraternity completely filled the two upper stories of the Dudgeon house, shortly after she opened it. She was devoted to "her boys" as she called them, and though they led her a dance sometimes as one of them-- her favorite-- recently said; they in turn were devoted to her. Later, there were other students in the house, and at one time several Brazilians.

A FAMOUS MOCK SEANCE.

Miss Dudgeon was a spiritualist, and in this connection we recall the well-known hoax which was played upon her. Certainly it was cleverly planned and executed, and, we are sure, carried out in the spirit of pure frolicsomeness without a thought of harm. "Gotten up" to personate a certain medium of note, the identity of one of her students was so cleverly concealed that she did not recognize him when he was introduced as a distinguished stranger who had consented to give a seance in her drawing-room. Previously, however, we know not how, strings or wires or both had been attached to the picture frames and keys of the piano; in some way these were carried into the basement, and on the eventful evening, manipulated to perfection. Suffice it to say, the seance was a pronounced success. Miss Dudgeon saw visions, recognized friends long departed, held her father's hand, which she knew the minute she beheld it, and was in ecstasy.

After the seance, she invited the boys into her breakfast room to partake of a sumptuous repast, capped by her best wine. It was at this juncture, as we remember, that the fellows became greatly ashamed. They used to say that they never felt so mean mean in their lives as when they beheld this token of her goodness and realized how completely hoaxed she was.

They sat up the rest of the night, we think, planning who should disillusionize her, and this was an immediate necessity as she was determined to invite the "believers" among her friends the next evening to share the disclosures of the other world.

When told, the next morning by her favorite boy, she was sufficiently furious to turn them out of her house-- or attempted to do so-- but they propitiated her somehow

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how and she freely forgave the offenders.

We fancy this new house, built in 1870, was not the joy to its mistress that she dreamed it would be, for the cost was beyond her means. There was no end of financial trouble and at last a lawsuit. She worked hard to keep it and at last the sad shadow fell athwart it.

We thought of all this--dreamed of it day and night till we had to unburden by writing it -- as the structure struggled into Cayuga street. It was always unwieldy-- "an elephant upon the hands of its owner since the first of its erection. Perhaps now that it has been humbled by parading the streets "crumpled and shorn" and it is to stand upon a lot sufficient unto it, it may cause less trouble. Let us hope so and hereafter forbear calling old houses nuisances.

C. M. St. J.

CAPTURE OF A "WILD MAN"

From The Journal, Jan. 27, 1877.

We are reliably informed that last evening the capture of a veritable wild man, who has for two or three years haunted the woods of Danby, was effected in that town.

He is described as being from forty to forty-five years old, with long, grizzled hair, and shaggy beard falling low on his

breast. He is fierce looking, a mass of rags and tatters, weather-beaten and dirty. He has been in the habit of roaming the woods, carrying an old army musket, living on what he could shoot, or forage, and sleeping in hollow trees or in brush heaps, etc. Lately, probably in account of the deep snow, he has made

bold to use the school house as a place of repose, and after several attempts to capture him in the woods have failed, his pursuers, always fearing his musket which he would present fiercely when brought to bay, he was last night caught in the school house, disarmed, tried by a justice and committed to the county house for forty days. The keeper was instructed to keep him in custody after the term of his commitment expired. Our informant could give us no particulars as to this creature's antecedents, or to the cause of his leading this wretched life.

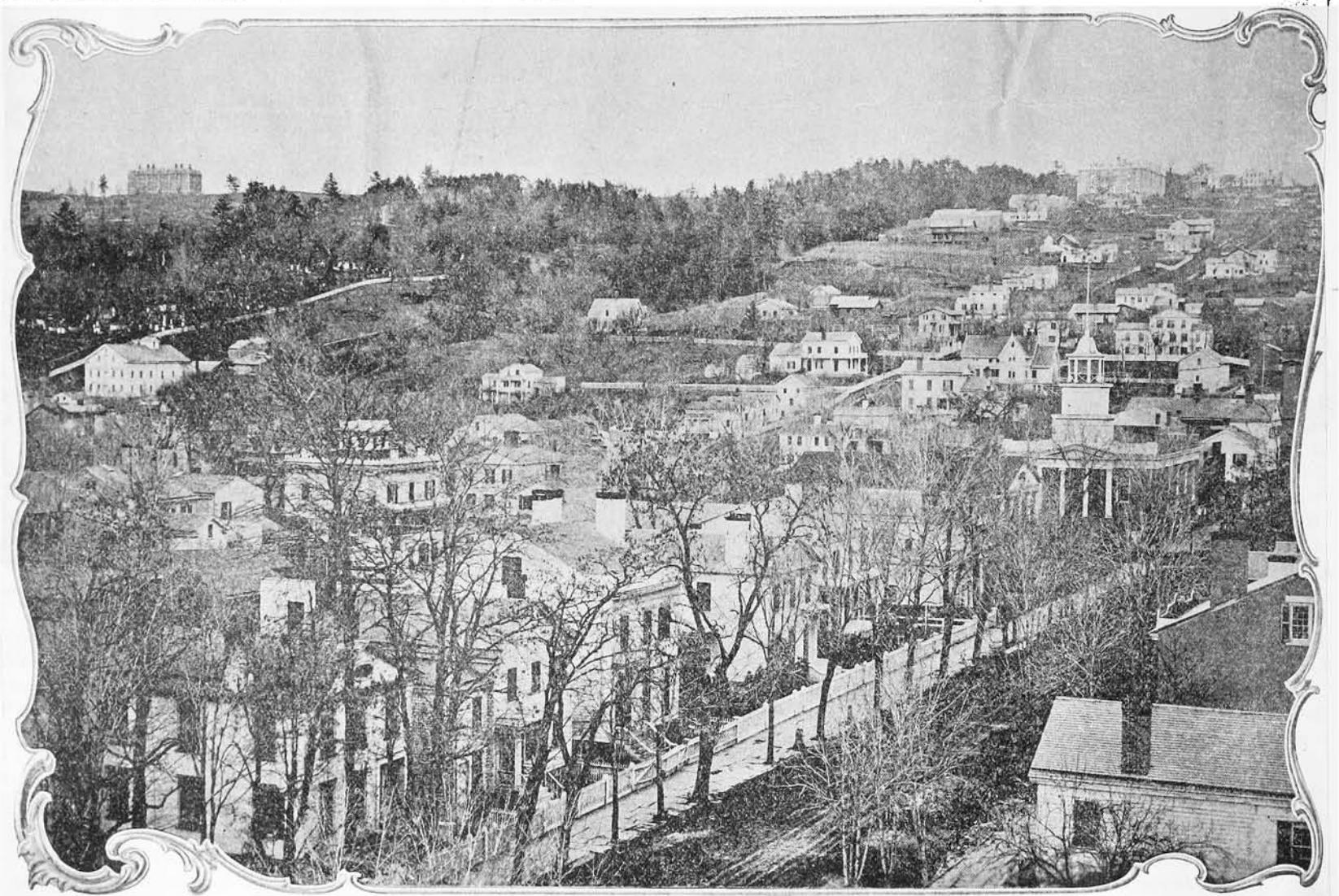
other than that his name is Montgomery, and he is without doubt insane.

OUR lady readers should not fail to remember that this is leap year--February having twenty-nine days. They all understand the immunities and privileges it confers; and it is not to be supposed they will fail to avail themselves of them. The young gentlemen are awaiting in a delightful state of timidity and excitement, expecting to see the "show" begin.

From The Journal, Jan. 20, 1864.

SOME RARE PICTURES

ITHACA IN THE "OLD DAYS"



A RARE PICTURE TAKEN FROM TOP BALCONY OF OLD CLINTON HOUSE IN 1868

Showing East Seneca Street from Cayuga, the village and East Hill from that point of view; the old Williams grist-mill, the cemetery, the Tompkins House and all that existed of Cornell University. In foreground on left are homes of Dr. Patterson, Dr. Stevens, Dr. Peck, Ben Johnson, Ebenezer Mack, Drs. Coryell and Samuel Love corner. Star Theater now site of Johnson residence. The Patterson residence was torn down to make room for the High School enlargement.

The view of Seneca street and East Hill in 1868 from the Clinton House will be especially admired by old residents. It may have been taken from the roof or cupola of that hotel. Below the Cascadilla Place is the cluster of buildings owned by Ben Morse; his Gothic house just to the left of the tower or home of the Old Town Hall was built by Judge Wallbridge and in the late sixties and early seventies was occupied by Andrew D. White and family as a residence, corner of Buffalo and Parker streets. Francis M. Finch had moved into his house built by Marcus Riggs, on the left of Cascadilla Ravine, now at the north end of Fountain Place. The old Hibbard-St. John manor and orchard have been replaced by the new postoffice, in the center of the picture. The house now in this picture, where the George R. Williams residence now stands, was the residence of General Harvey A. Dowe and later was owned and occupied by Roger B. Scribner, his mother and sisters. That residence was moved to Willow avenue.

It is behind the evergreen tree and shrubbery in the picture. Col. "Tim" Williams, now president of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Railroad Co., was born in the "Hod" Williams house just below the Ben Morse buildings and at the west end of the present Williams street. It will be noticed that no street or avenue or bridge then existed where Stewart avenue now makes one of the important thoroughfares of this city, from South Hill to Cornell Heights. The old Giles mansion stands out dimly against the skyline on the right of Cascadilla Place. It is now a landmark on the plateau that has become a sort of beehive of business blocks and palatial residences. In 1868 Cascadilla Place was outside the village boundary that has since been extended eastward to include the Elmira and Cortland Railroad that removed its depot from the Campus over into a distant farm to escape

a village assessment and taxation that was repugnant to the company's sense of reason and justice. In earliest days pioneers carried on their backs or else brought on horse back their grist to this old Williams mill that stands out so boldly in the picture at the lower end of the village cemetery and they carried back their flour and produce the same way.

A long and laborious canvass has been made for pictures of old industrial plants in Ithaca. Many of them cannot be found. Jason P. Merrill has given THE JOURNAL a pen sketch from memory of the old roundhouse and machine shop of the Ithaca & Owego Railroad. The wood-burning locomotive is there. The giant ex-slave John Peterson is there sawing wood where he was for many years. The big wood pile is under the shed not added to the sketch. The train crew is filling the tender with the wood. Mr. Selvey the other "wood working machine" is on the side or end of the wood pile out of the sketch. He, too, was a runaway slave and like Peterson, highly respected by all classes in Ithaca.

E. M. Treman's picture of the Ithaca Hotel is selected for use here for several reasons in preference to others. And it is the same with his picture of the Clinton House. His picture of the village from East Hill, Eddy street, is judged the better one of the two at hand for reproduction in

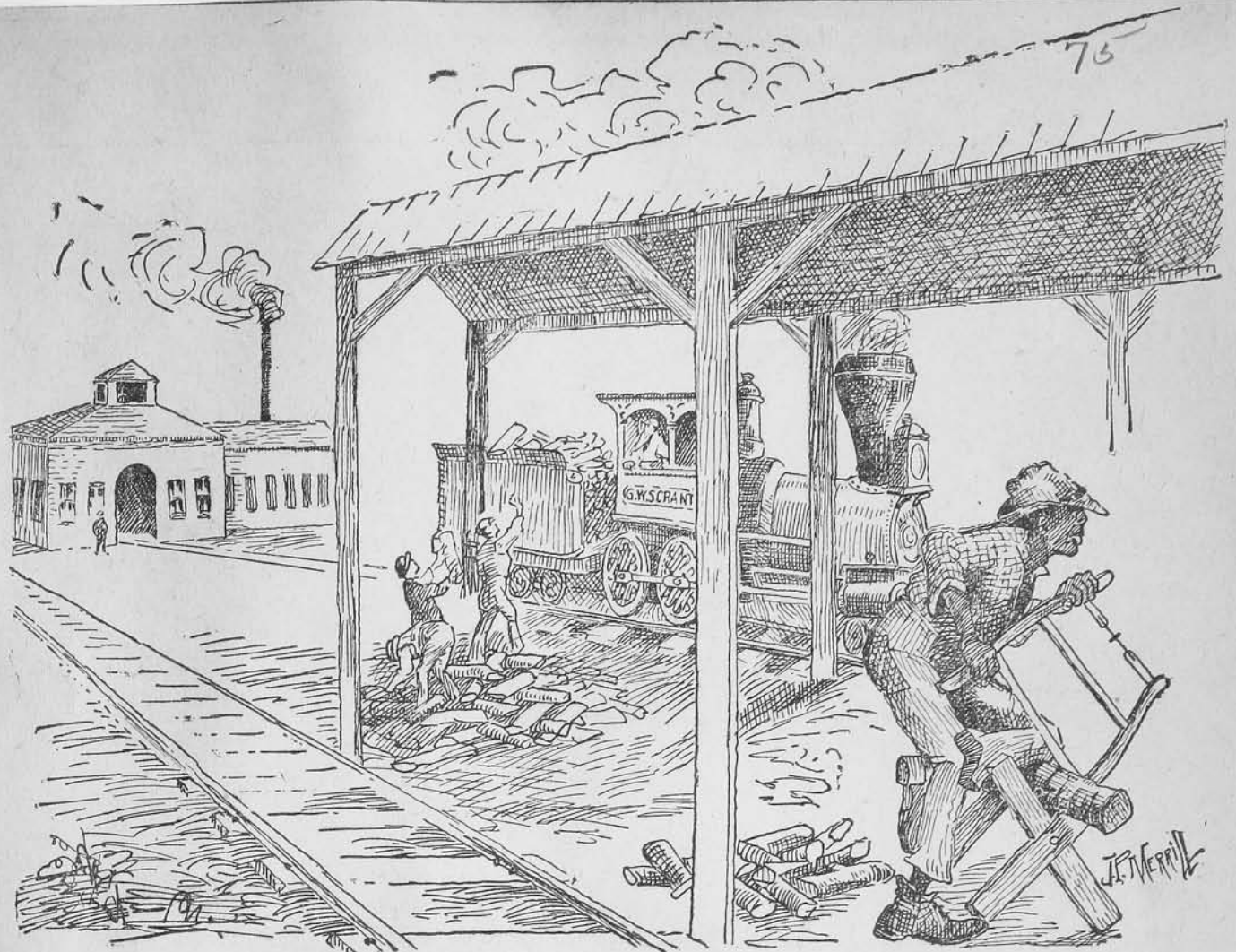
the Centennial Number of THE JOURNAL.

The only boat building plant picture obtainable is the B. T. Taber yard loaned to us by Albert Loveless, one of Mr. Taber's old workmen. The Taber boat building yard was the last to go out of existence in Ithaca. The only canal boats in the Inlet we could get are here reproduced, one owned by Capt. Jerome Norton between State and Seneca streets and one by Capt. "Al" Rice below Seneca street, before any bridge had been erected at Buffalo street. The big warehouses and grain elevators are not to be found in any of our pictures. Capt. Denton D. Norton owns the picture of the Frontenac, T. D. Wilcox and Sheldrake, the three sidewheel steamers moored side by side at the "Steam Boat Landing" before spring had opened for navigation. The "Ino," the "Kate Morgan" and other lake steamers were not in port, in Ithaca, that winter.

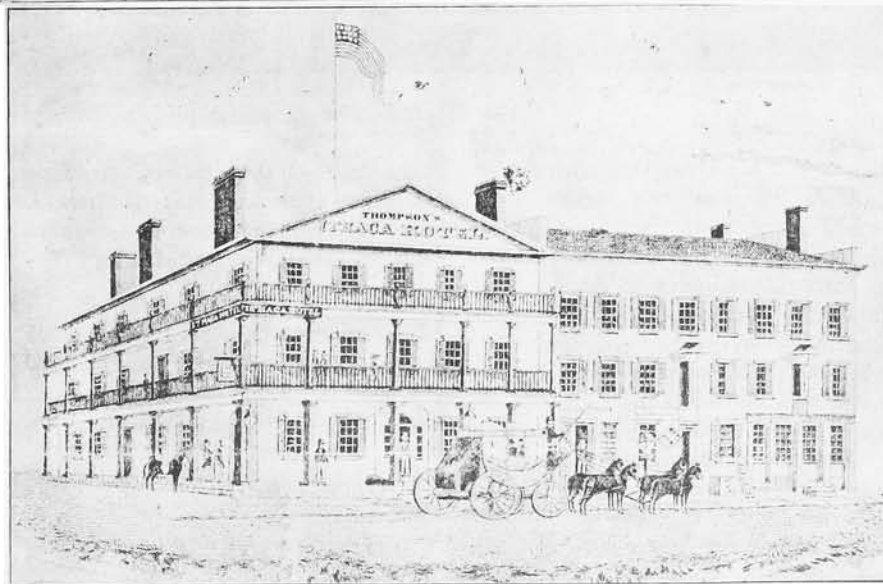
Slave quarters on the Speed farm or plantation in the Town of Caroline, is an interesting sight. James Webb, the old man with white hair, was perhaps born a slave in this house, about 90 years ago. His mother was a slave. Seven other slave farms were in that town. This farm is now owned by Mrs. Mabel VanDyke, the woman in the picture, granddaughter of the old slave woman, Mrs. Webb. The farm or plantation is about fourteen miles from the city of Ithaca. The plantation mansion is about half a mile from this house.

The photographs from which the illustrations were made were taken for THE JOURNAL by Dr. Charles H. Gallagher.

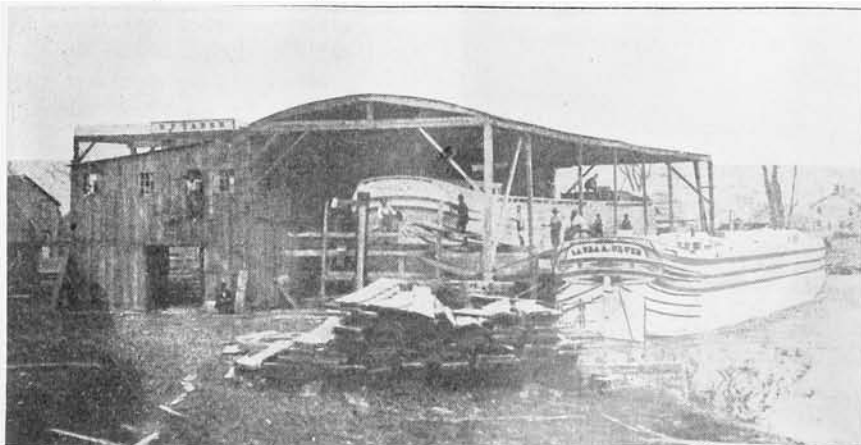
T. W. BURNS



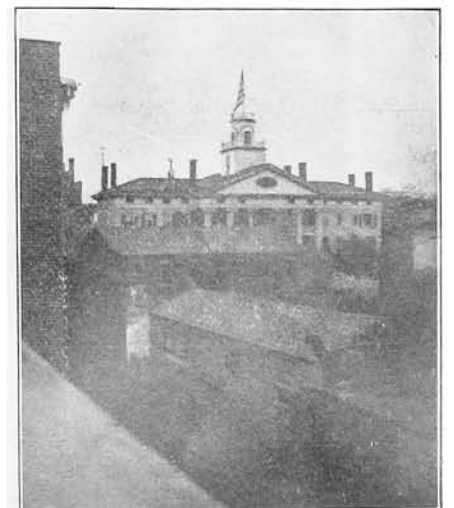
A PEN SKETCH BY J. P. MERRILL OF THE OLD LACKAWANNA ROUNDHOUSE AND WOOD SHED



IN THE DAYS OF THE STAGE COACH

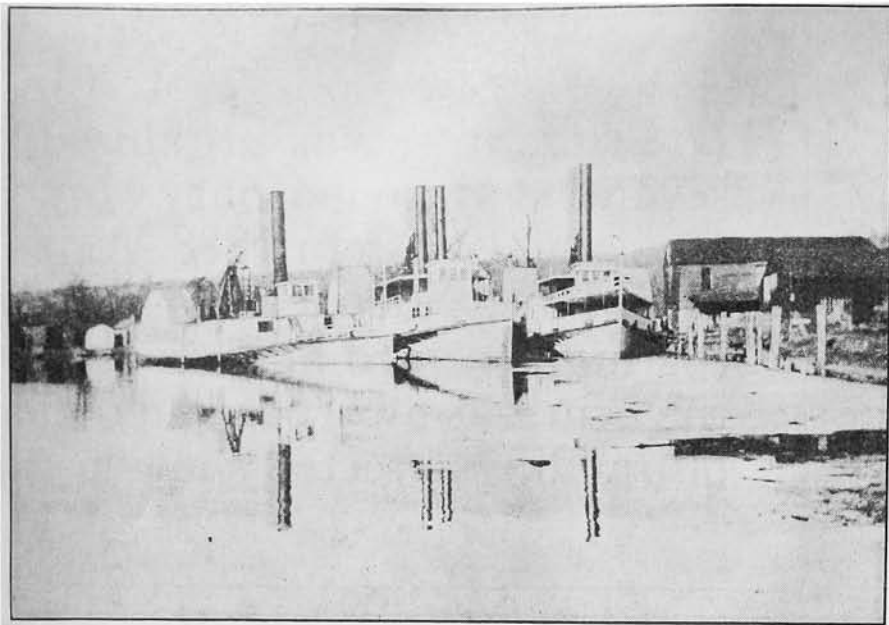


THE B. F. TABER BOAT-YARD

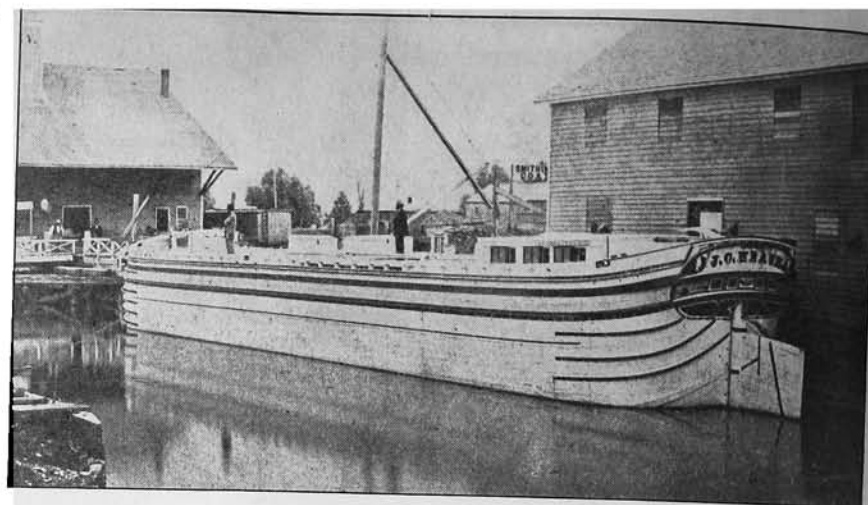


THE OLD CLINTON HOTEL

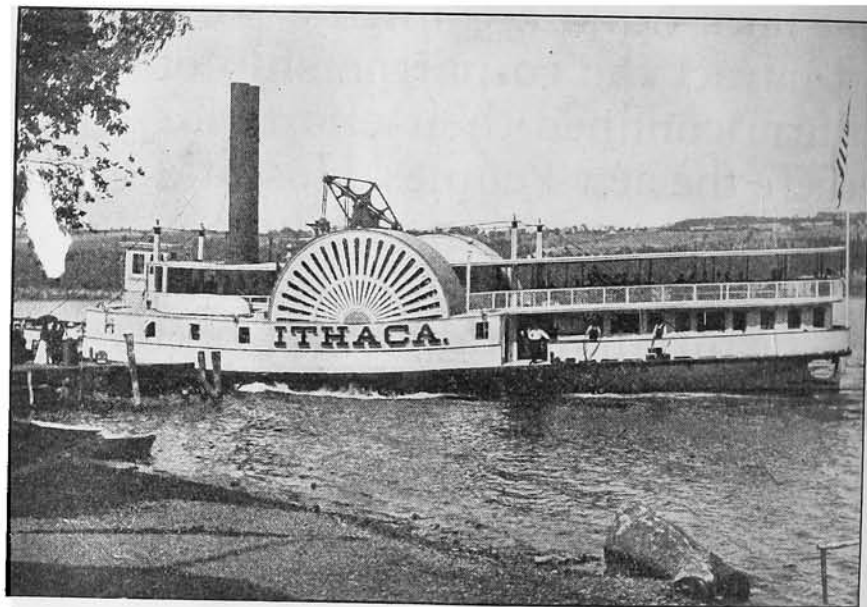
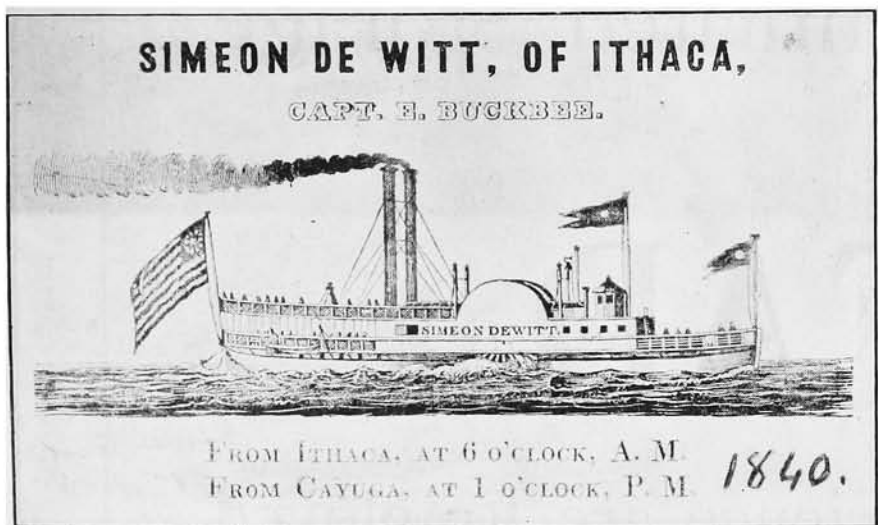
This picture evidently was taken from the top of the Blood block on Tioga street and is reproduced to show upper portion of the hotel which has since been changed.



FLEET OF LAKE STEAMERS TIED UP AT STEAMBOAT DOCK



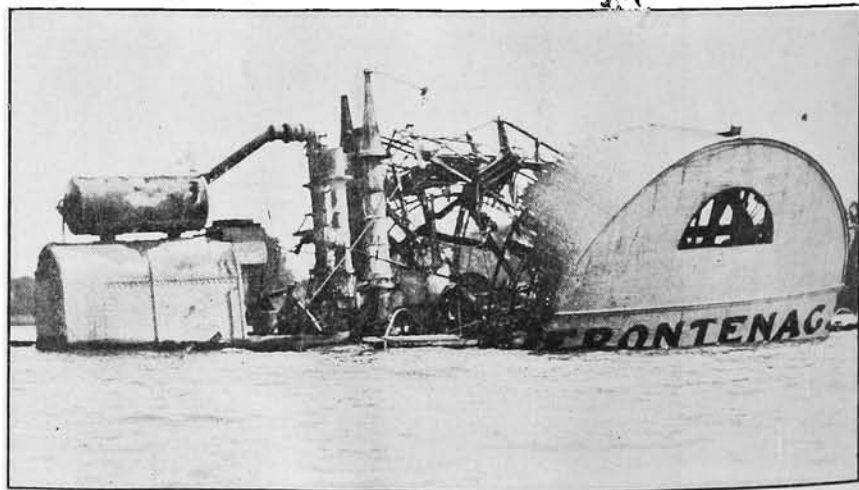
JEROME NORTON AND HIS CANALER, "J. C. HEATH"



THE STEAMER ITHACA LANDING AT GLENWOOD



THE SPEED MANSION IN CAROLINE, BUILT IN 1805
From a photograph taken specially for The Journal Centennial Number



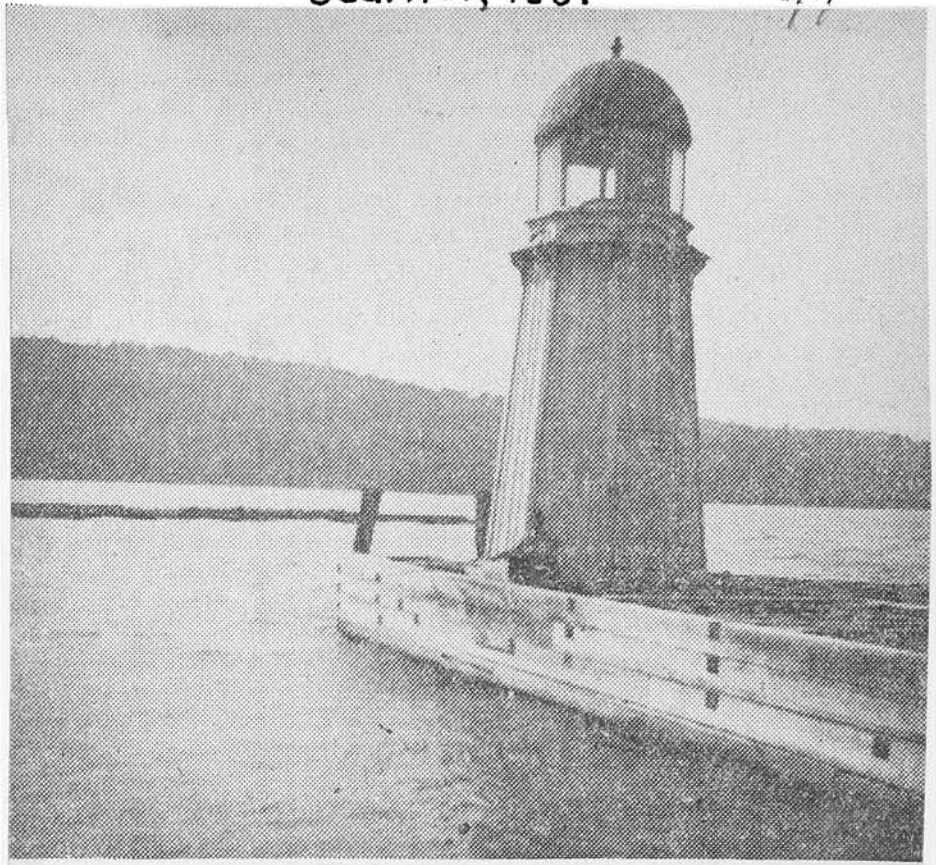
WRECK OF THE STEAMER "FRONTENAC"

The wrecked steamer Frontenac, half or more submerged in Cayuga Lake, shown on page 17 is all that remains of the once large fleet of side-wheelers on the Lake. The steamer Ithaca, also shown on page 17, was formerly the T. D. Wilcox and the last big boat built for Cayuga Lake.



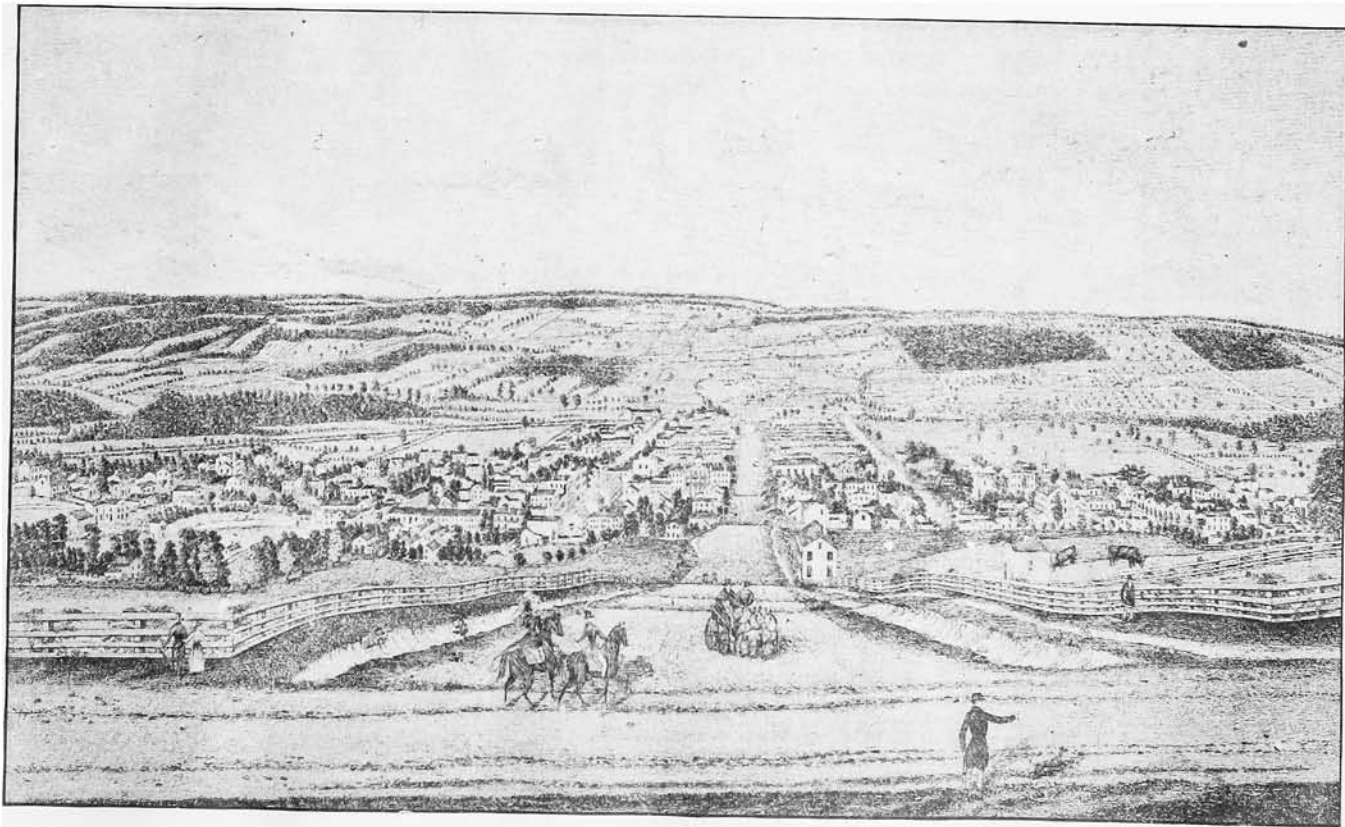
Steamboat Landing .. 1896

This particular landing on the Inlet had been used since 1830. In the distance can be seen Johnson's Boat House. Shipping by inland waterways was a principal means of Ithaca supply after opening of the Erie Canal System in 1825. (Photo loaned by DeWitt Historical Society.)



The Old Inlet Lighthouse

The first lighthouse on the Inlet was built in 1825 about the time of the opening of the Erie Canal. At that time the Inlet was so unnavigable that boats docked at the lighthouse pier. The picture above was taken in 1908 by Mrs. Charles Soule. The lighthouse has since been replaced by a concrete structure.



EAST HILL FROM EDDY STREET, LOOKING DOWN SENECA, 1839. FROM AN OLD PRINT.

The rarest old picture and the best of early Ithaca is E. M. Treman's view from East Hill, now Eddy street. It is from an original engraving, uncolored and is reproduced beautifully in the center of page 17. His rare and fine picture of S. D. Thompson's Ithaca Hotel, on page 5 is a treasure. The picture of Ebenezer Mack is from Mr. Treman's portrait of his grandfather by Chas. Merrill.



VIEW FROM TERRACE PLACE
1855



N. W. COR. CAYUGA AND SENECA STS., 1830



THE COLONIAL BUILDING, ERECTED 1828-29

The Colonial Building is today one of the most imposing structures on State street and will be recognized as the present Atwater grocery. The ground floor has been lowered to the street level and a glass store front replaces the old-fashioned windows, otherwise there is no apparent change in the exterior of the building. For many years the postoffice was located here.

The Colonial building shown on page 17, was built by the directors of the Bank of Ithaca, and used as a bank till 1850. It has housed many different classes of business and professions. The barber poll tells of one kind. The sign of the "Great Five-Cent Dining Room" tells another story. For a number of years the post office was located in the Colonial building. Recently the building was purchased by F. H. Atwater and it is now occupied as it has been for a number of years by the Atwater Grocery.

This familiar building housed the Ithaca Bank only from 1830 to 1850, then was used for the Post Office from 1880 to 1901. When the picture was taken about 1870 Mausner's Great Five Cent Dining Room was in the basement to the right and on the left was a Barber Shop and Bathroom. Notice the ornate barber pole on sidewalk. This is the present site of Atwater's food store. (Loaned by DeWitt Historical Society.)



A UNIQUE PICTURE

The date of this picture is not given but the peculiarity of dress here shown is striking.



EAST HILL FROM TIOGA STREET IN 1879, ABOUT THE TIME DEVELOPMENT OF THIS BEAUTIFUL SECTION REALLY BEGAN



N. E. COR. OWEGO (NOW STATE ST.) 1860



VIEW FROM PLEASANT STREET, 1865

The "Old Dutchman's," Carl Vorwerck's, square grout house near the Ezra Cornell mansion, long since torn down, in the beautiful picture of East Hill, on page 16, will be a matter of interest to old residents. The old hub factory is on the extreme left. Vorwerck was a very old man, coming here in the sixties to assume possession of valuable pieces of land in the village. Mr. Cornell wished

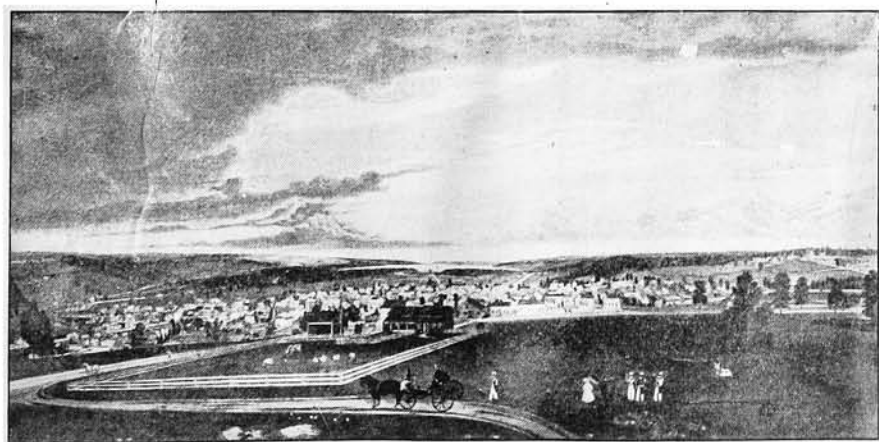
to erect his great new mansion on the spot where Vorwerck erected the cheap grout house but could not induce Vorwerck to sell at any price. When the old Dutchman went away Governor A. B. Cornell got the title to Vorwerck's splendid big field and lost no time in having that grout house torn down. R. H. Treman's private residence now includes the site of that grout house. Ezra Cornell and Carl Vorwerck and their new houses gave Ithacans a wealth of reason for gossip and speculation. Vorwerck had

one friend and companion that he respected, and only one, a dog. He paid three dollars a day for his dog's board at the leading hotels and refused to board in any of them himself unless that sum were accepted by the landlord. His eccentric personality was overlooked by landlord and patron, and that dog lived like his master, upon the best things known to man and animal.



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF ITHACA IN 1873—REPRODUCED FROM A CONTEMPORARY DRAWING

Showing course of the Inlet and the canal basin at foot of Mill Street; the old coal pockets on both sides of Inlet; the old fair grounds when located on Railroad Avenue; the Campus when half a dozen buildings housed Cornell University; Renwick Park when a cow pasture.



GENERAL VIEW OF ITHACA FROM SOUTH HILL, 1838



A CROWD ON THE FAIR GROUNDS IN 1866.

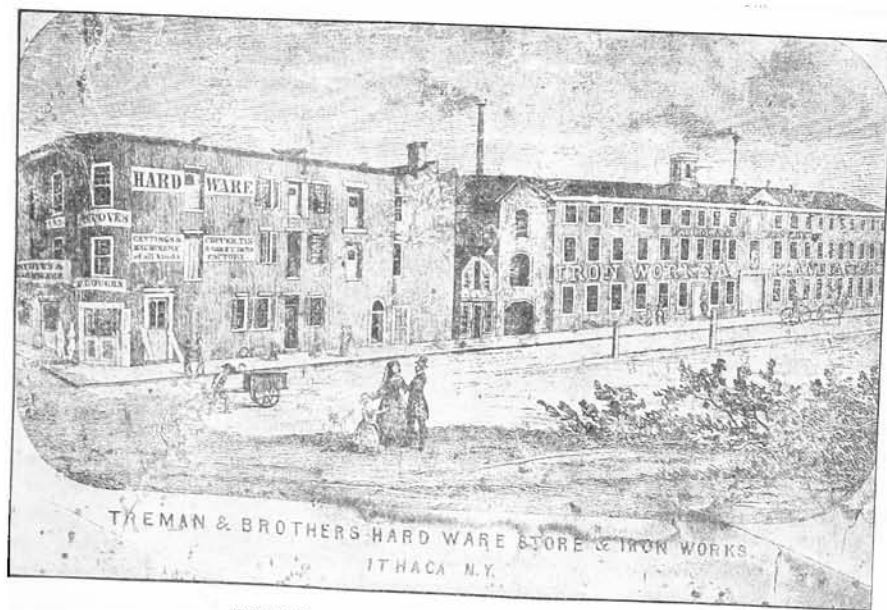
The grounds at that date occupied a site bounded by Cayuga street, Railroad avenue, Willow avenue and a line between the present Lewis and Franklin streets. The building in the middle distance is still standing, at the corner of Auburn and Franklin streets.



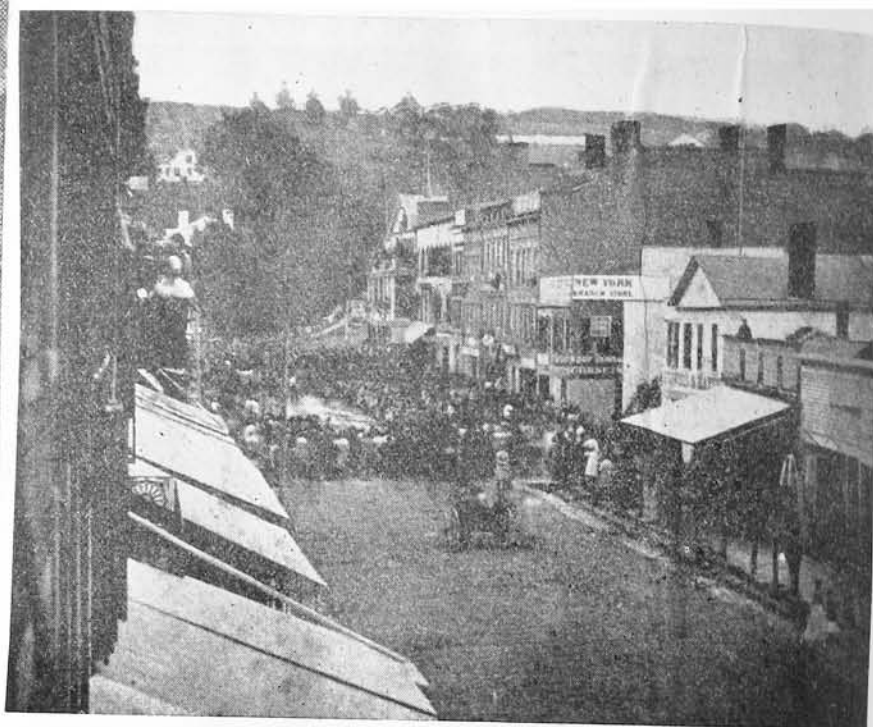
Ithaca Hotel—1866

The original hotel built by Luther Gere in 1809 was 40 feet by 60 feet and cost \$6,000. The entire block was purchased for \$100. After a series of different owners it burned August 22, 1871 with most of the buildings in the block. The present Ithaca Hotel opened in 1872, costing its owners Col. W. H. Welch and son \$64,000. The Ithaca Hotel was purchased in 1900 by J. A. Causer and still remains in that family. (Photo loaned by the DeWitt Historical Society.)

Journal, 1951

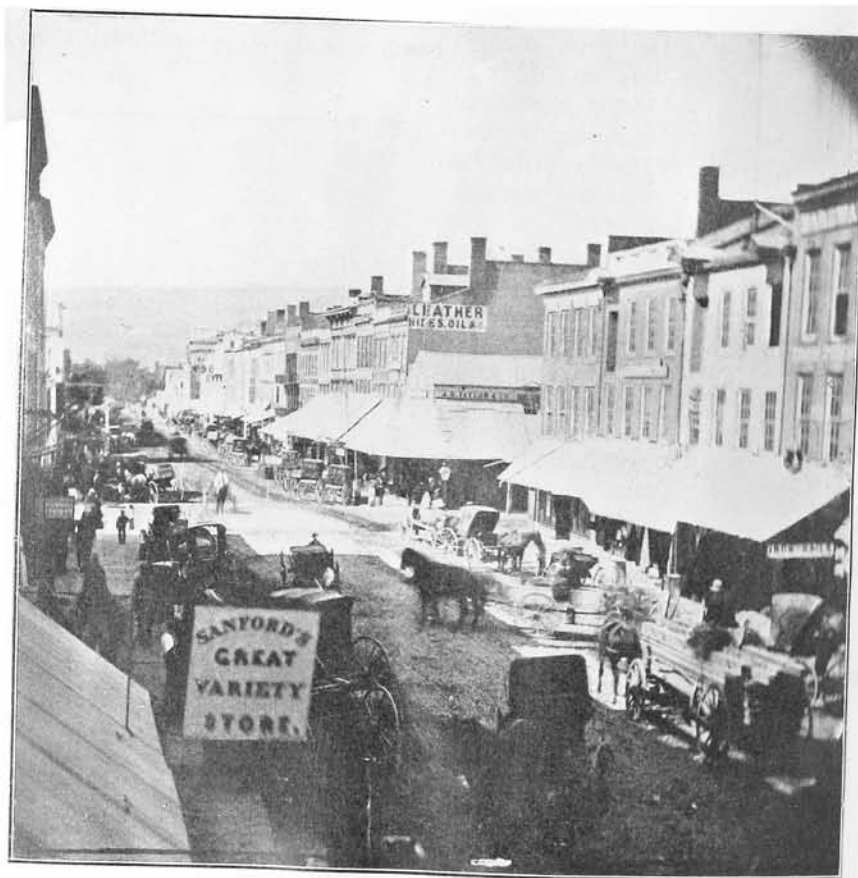


SOUTH CAYUGA STREET ABOUT 1846



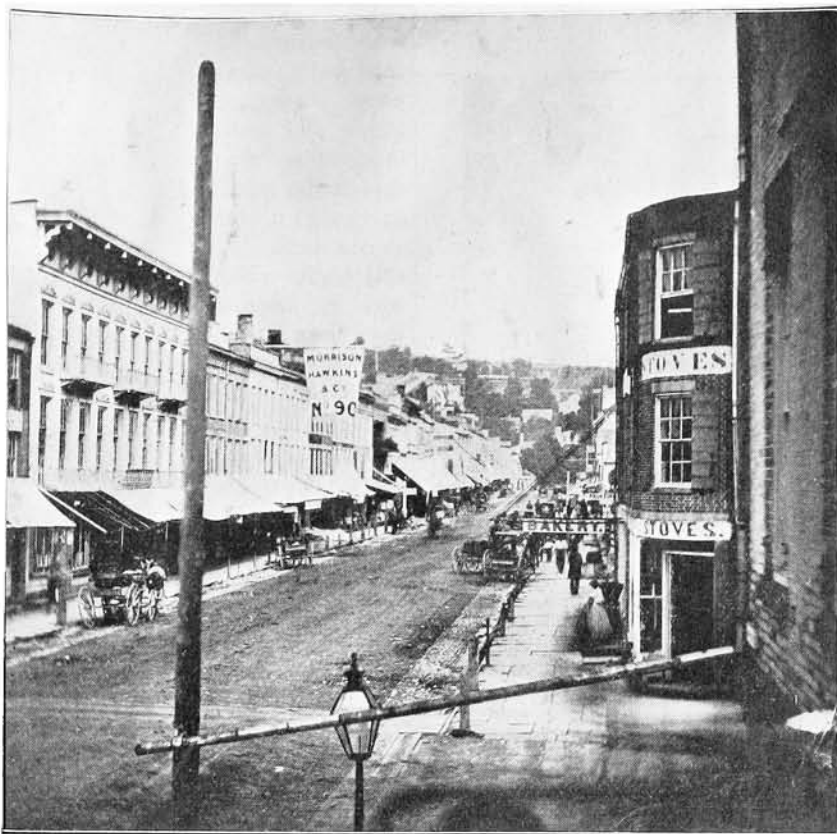
OWEGO (NOW STATE) STREET ABOUT 1840

There was keen rivalry among the several fire-companies in the "old days" and the picture shows the populace gathered to witness a test of throwing water by hand engines in front of the hotel.



A STREET SCENE THAT WILL REVIVE OLD MEMORIES

This picture represents a typical street scene in the latter '60's. Note the old wooden awnings and the large number of farmer's vehicles all along the street.



EAST STATE STREET ABOUT 1861

The obstruction shown on the right of the picture is an eaves-spout which emptied into the street gutter.

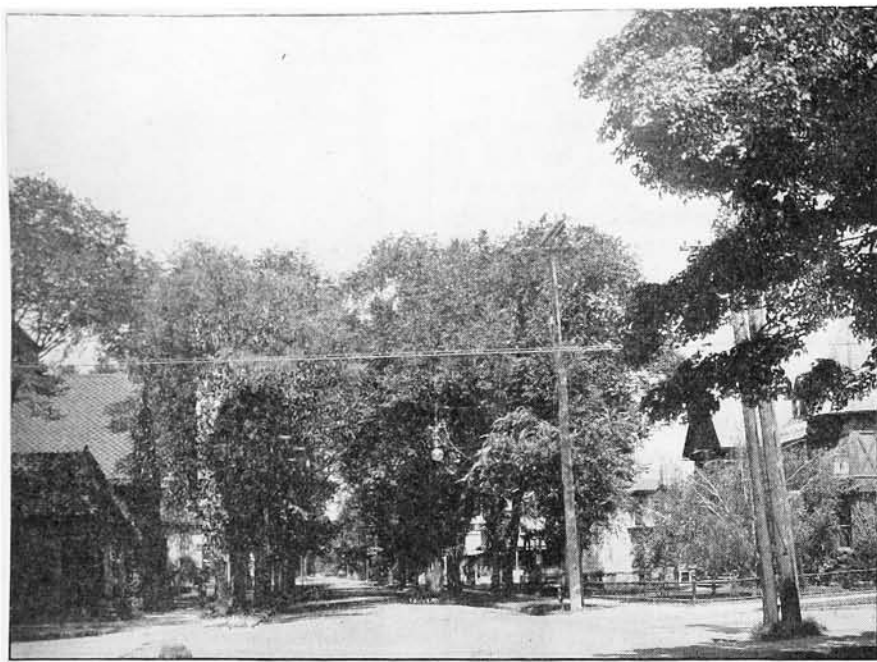


SOUTH SIDE OF STATE STREET, FROM TIOGA, 1871

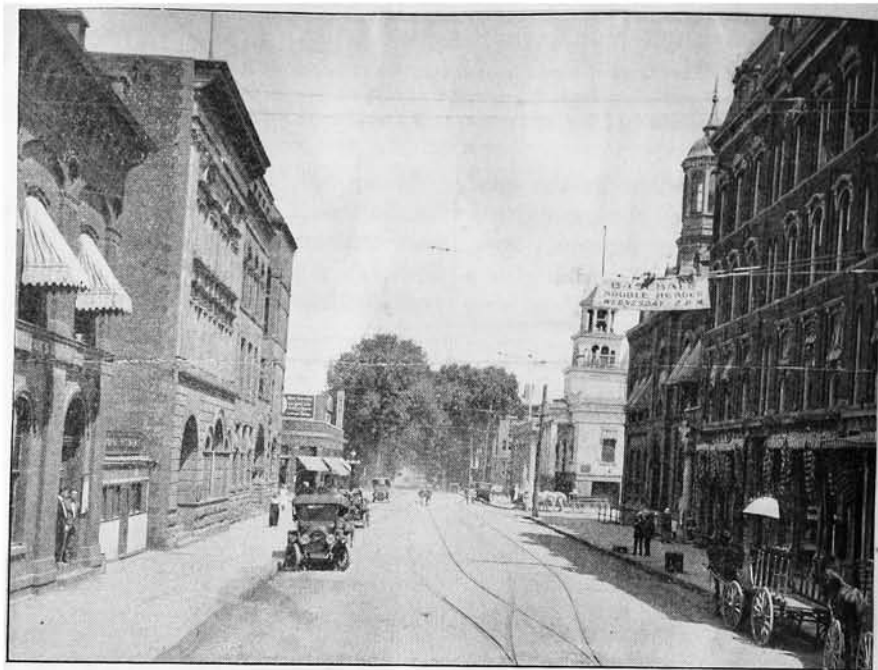
The picture was taken shortly after the burning of the Ithaca Hotel. The Krum building on corner and the Empire State building have since been remodeled, otherwise there is very little change.



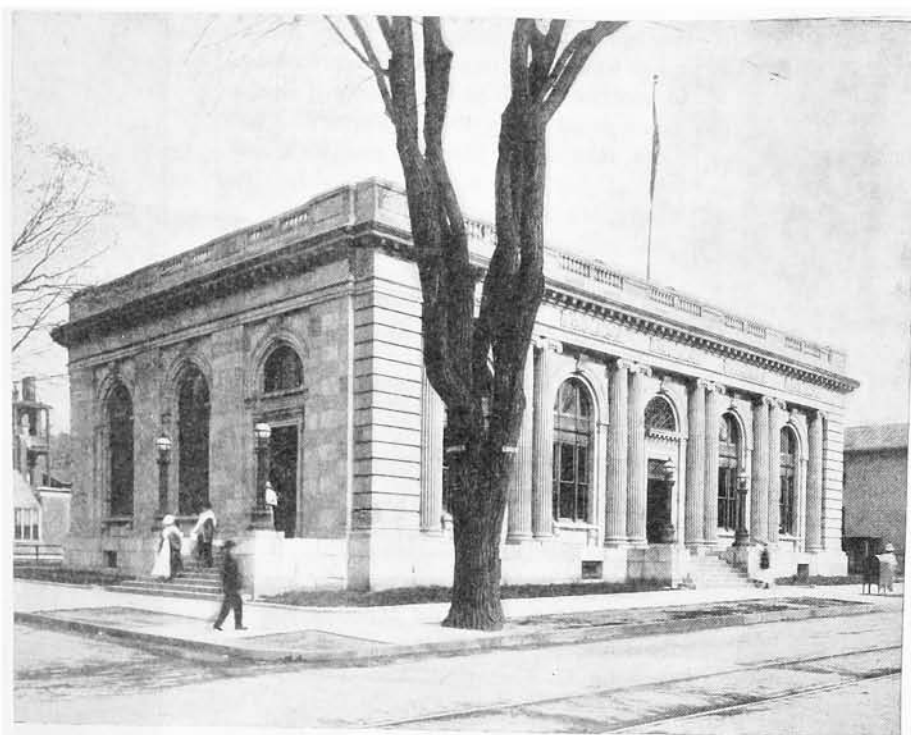
EAST STATE STREET AS IT LOOKED IN 1900



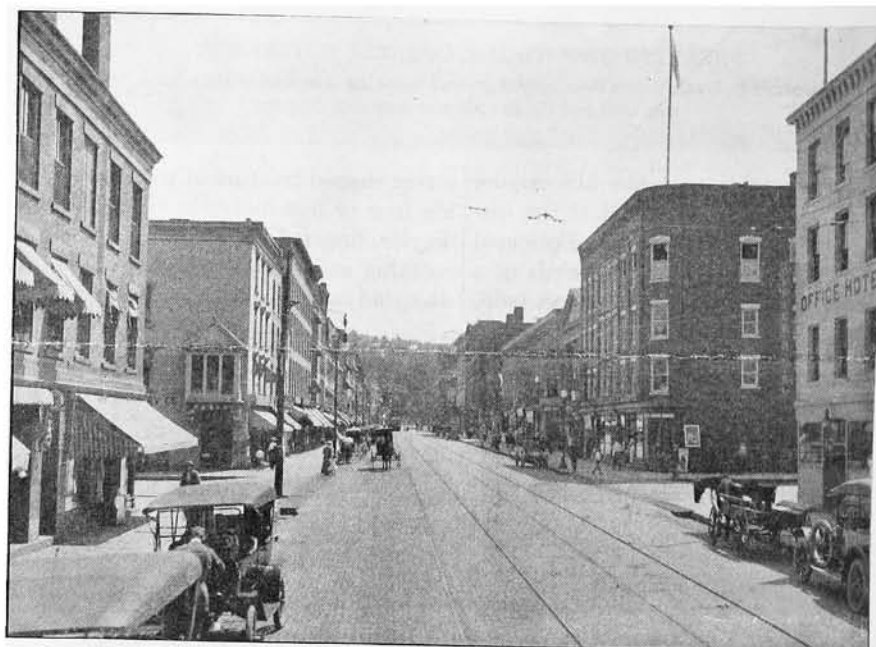
AURORA STREET LOOKING NORTH



TIOGA STREET LOOKING NORTH



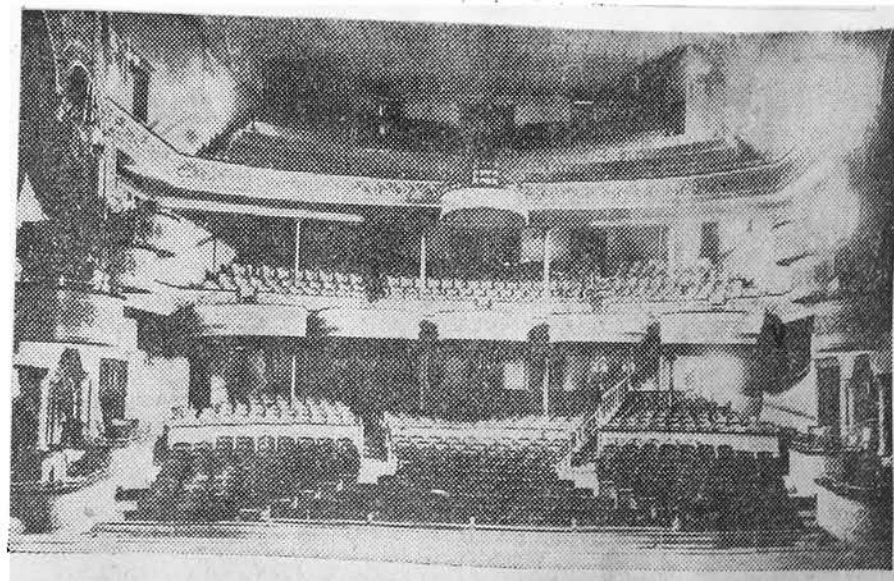
U. S. POSTOFFICE BUILDING, TIOGA AND BUFFALO STREETS



STATE STREET LOOKING EAST



ITHACA CITY HALL, TIOGA AND SENECA STREETS
The building was erected in 1842 and today there is but little change apparent from the original.



Interior of Old Lyceum Theatre

Perhaps this view will bring many Ithacans nostalgic memories of the talents of such stars as Joe Jefferson, Willie Faversham, Sothorn and Marlowe. The Lyceum (erected 1893) was in the Treman block between Wards and the N.Y. State Electric & Gas Corp., and was torn down about 1930. (Joseph Barr Collection).

Journal, 1951