

Ida Dougherty Remembers Fairport

By Bill Poray

Former Fairport resident Ida Dougherty Aylward penned an essay in 1933 for publication in the Fairport Herald-Mail. Her recollections of life as a child in Fairport in the last quarter of the 19th century are entertaining and occasionally mischievous. Born in 1879 and given the name Ida M. Dougherty by her parents, Hellena and P. Frank Dougherty, she lived her childhood years at 199 South Main Street. Her youthful interest in art was influenced by Saturday morning train rides to classes at the Mechanics Institute in Rochester.

Ida accounted for one third of Fairport's graduating class of 1896 and subsequently attended Mount Holyoke College in Massachusetts. She furthered her studies at the Art Students League in New York City and also studied illustration at the Brandywine School of well-known artist Howard Pyle. It was here that she met her husband, artist William J. Aylward.

As an artist, Ida Dougherty Aylward is perhaps best known for her work with stained glass. In 1905 she was commissioned to design a window of many thousands of pieces of glass for St. John's Cathedral in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Ida and William Aylward were longtime residents of Port Washington, on New York's Long Island, where she died in 1955.

The following text is an edited portion of her essay from 1933. We will share additional commentary by Ida Dougherty Aylward in an upcoming issue of the Historigram.

Dear old "Fairport!" What a crowd of happy memories surround that name that meant so much to me for so many years. I have an indescribable feeling about the happy youth I spent there, and wish that I had time enough to write out, if only for the pleasure of reliving those days, the endless pictures that crowd to my mind in long succession. But I must only jot down an unsifted jumble of impressions, and those only a few of the many.

It is no doubt the usual thing to find a haze of beauty spread over all the memories of very early childhood. It is so in my case. Practically without playmates for the first eight years, an only child with no other in the sparsely settled neighborhood on the South Main street hill, I naturally took an earnest interest in all the little happenings that did swim into my ken. Plumb's woods was a world of mystery and delight, its only drawback being the Indians which I was certain it contained. The natural toboggan slide which the hill was in winter was an unending sport when the world was white. When the spring came, "Old Dutch John" appeared on the swamp land on the



Ida Dougherty, photographed by F.B. Clench, circa 1895

*From the archives of
the Perinton Historical Society*

Brooks farm and inhabited his solitary hut which had been built for him by the village fathers in a burst of generosity. It was enticing to look down at his little camp fire in the evening. He was a curious figure, bent and foreign, with a long matted beard and huge pockets like sacks, full of rubbish, and inspired me with awe.

One spring the swamp land filled so high with water that it poured all about the houses on George Street and I had the exquisite pleasure of seeing residents rowing about from door to door in boats. I teetered about the edge of the flood so long one afternoon that darkness was falling when I returned to the house on the

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~ Bob Hunt ~

Comments from your President

April 15, 2015: It is tax day, and I just e-filed our returns. Yes, spring is finally here and we hit 84 degrees a couple of days ago. This winter didn't want to end and it is difficult for me to believe, but last year was colder than this year. A few columns back I mentioned the "heating

degree days" information on the back of the sports page in the D&C. As of today the season-to-date degree days is 6434. Last year it was 6500, slightly colder for the season. Soon the newspaper will switch over to cooling information. With the warmer weather, our bicycles are down from hanging in the barn as we endeavor to break last year's riding mileage of 1800 miles. We have logged fourteen miles so far.

The annual Spring Fling on May 2nd is just around the corner. We will have extended hours at the museum: 9:00 a.m. to 1:00 p.m., and will participate in the "Find the Duck" promotion. Rubber ducks will be hidden in stores and places of business, including our museum, so stop in and join the search. It will be a fun way to attract people to shops in the village. The opening of the canal and our Farmers Market are also May 2nd, so there will be lots of activity in the village.

Our annual meeting and picnic will be held at Perinton Park by the canal on Tuesday, May 19th at 6:00 p.m. Remember to bring a dish to pass along with your own place settings. PHS will provide meats and beverages. Let us know your preference of hamburger, hot dog or veggie burger. Refer to the box at the bottom of the column on the right. Thanks.

Last month we tried a new Irish stew recipe with lamb and turnips. It was only so-so, thus I will not be sharing with you. However, I am planning to share a bit of my genealogy in the next several *Historigrams*. It is amazing what historical deeds individuals will be remembered for, such as:

Hot water in the museum and a bathtub in the White House

While I was growing up, on special occasions my family's table featured a serving spoon with the name "Fillmore" engraved on the handle. Yes, I'm related to Millard Fillmore, our 13th President, 1850–1853. We were told that the serving pieces engraved with Fillmore were actually used in the White House.

We were also informed by our elders of the day that President Fillmore was not noted for much in the way of American history, but that he did have the first bathtub installed in the White House. I once mentioned this tidbit of information to Mr. Ballard, my high school history teacher. Seeing that I was a bit dismayed that Fillmore wasn't noted for an important

historical event, Mr. Ballard replied, "Even though the event was minor, he should be remembered for doing less damage to our country than other Presidents." An interesting thought.

About the hot water at the museum: In my involvement at the museum during the past six or seven years, there has never been hot water in the bathrooms for washing one's hands, in our small kitchen to wash dishes, or in general for cleaning purposes. There is a small electric hot water heater in the furnace room which, for some reason, was not being used. After having Eric from Fairport Electric review the system, I made an executive decision to throw the switch. And to not be in "hot water," I did receive approval from the board.

After writing the above, I decided to check my "facts." It was a legend that Millard Fillmore installed the first bathtub in the White House. This legend is actually false. The columnist H.L. Mencken made up the story and later confessed. I'm crushed. The truth is that President Andrew Jackson installed the first bathtub with running water between 1829 and 1833. Jackson spoke with pride that in their bathroom one could have a warm or cold shower or bath. However, running water was available only on the first floor. If someone wanted a bath in the upstairs living quarters, the water had to be carried up to fill tub. I did learn that Millard Fillmore installed the first library in the White House, so I'm not completely crushed. So not too bad: Millard Fillmore put the library in the White House and Bob Hunt put hot water in the museum.

In the next issue, I'll go over just how I'm related to Millard Fillmore, along with some stories I uncovered in my research. Thanks for your continued support, and we will chat again soon.

Bob Hunt, President

585-415-7053 ~ rhunt1@rochester.rr.com



Annual Meeting and Picnic

Our annual PHS meeting and picnic will be **May 19th at 6:00 p.m.**, in the shelter at Perinton Park. The Society will provide hots, hamburgers, decaf coffee and lemonade. Please bring your own **plates and dinnerware**, plus a **dish to pass**. Use the form below to make a reservation. Or call the museum at 223-3989 to leave a message.

Name _____	Number attending _____
I would like (indicate number)	
Hot dogs _____	
Hamburgers _____	
Veggie burgers _____	
I will bring (check one)	
Salad _____	Hot dish _____ Cold dish _____ Dessert _____
Deliver this form to the museum mail slot or mail to the Perinton Historical Society, 18 Perrin Street, Fairport, NY 14450, no later than May 17th.	



Photo by Vicki Masters Profitt

Civil War Soldiers of Perinton

Exhibit runs April 14 through May 21 during regular Fairport Historical Museum hours

Nearly 250 Civil War soldiers are associated with the Town of Perinton. These soldiers came from all walks of life and were prevailed upon to do their duty when the “War Between the States” began in 1861. Many thought the conflict would be brief, and the “rebellion” would soon be squelched. Four years later, more than 620,000 men had lost their lives. Two-thirds of these casualties died of disease.

After the war ended, the veterans returned home broken in body and spirit. However, they persevered and became businessmen and town officials. They had families, many of whom remain in the area today. Dozens of Perinton Civil War soldiers never returned home. Their bodies lie in distant cemeteries, surrounded for all eternity by their comrades in arms. Thirty of their names are memorialized on the Soldiers’ Monument at Mount Pleasant Cemetery in Fairport.

This exhibit focuses on just a few of Perinton’s Civil War soldiers, with a special display featuring Private George B. Wiltsie of the 4th New York Heavy Artillery, who was taken prisoner by the Confederate Army in 1864 at the Battle of Ream’s Station. George’s story is told using excerpts from his wartime diary, which is in the collection of the PHS. The exhibit also features family photographs and a cane which belonged to Major Harvey E. Light of the 10th Michigan Cavalry. Major Light spent the first 18 years of his life in Fairport before moving to Michigan. He later returned to New York and spent the remainder of his long life here. The Light photographs and cane are on loan from Douglas C. Light, Jr., great-great-grandson of Major Harvey E. Light. Other items on view are from the collection of Vicki Masters Profitt.

Illuminated History genealogist and Fairport Historical Museum Director Vicki Masters Profitt has researched the Civil War soldiers of Monroe County since 2008. Her blog, *Illuminated History: Shining a Light on the Shadows of the Past*, details her research into the lives of these and other local heroes.



60 Potter Place, one of the homes on the 2015 House Tour

Photo by Bill Poray

How to Name a House Tour that Features Potter Place

1. Gather a committee that enjoys brainstorming and excessive alliteration.
2. Evaluate suggested names that include the following:
 - Potter Place Proudly Presents the 2015 House Tour
 - Potter (not Harry)
 - ~~Positively Potter~~ (immediately disqualified)
 - Potter Place: Past and Present
 - Pottermania
 - In Pursuit of Potter
 - Potter, the Only “Place” to Be
3. Vote.

DRUM ROLL PLEASE!

The winning name for the Perinton Historical Society’s 2015 house tour is **Potter Place: Past and Present**.

Join us on Sunday, October 4th, to tour the Veteran’s Memorial at Potter Park and historic homes which were part of the original Potter tract. Please contact Elaine Lanni at eellaannii@gmail.com if you would like to be a docent for the tour or have Potter Place memories to share.





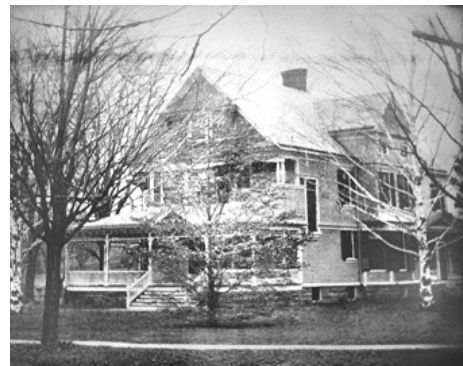
View of Fairport from near the Dougherty house at the top of the hill on South Main Street
From the archives of the Perinton Historical Society

hill, which I was supposed to enter never later than 6 p.m., and I was coolly refused admittance by my father, who professed ignorance of my identity. My despair was unbounded. But being only six years of age, my mother found means of admitting me before my wails had continued too long.

"Boney Jones" was another village character who claimed my interest. He was a little old chap who went about with a bag into which I understand he stuffed bones when he found them, or such things he considered littered the street. But I am not satisfied that that explained his nickname. He had a very nice one of his own—William Marshall. One time I demanded of him his own explanation of the name and he replied with a good deal of dignity that it referred to his resemblance to Napoleon Bonaparte. His three daughters were very kind to me and I was devoted to them. I considered them and they were, truly, my friends.

Another character who focused my attention with good reason because she lived alone in a little tenement house over the edge of my father's property, was "Crazy Ryan." I realize now that she was an aged Irish widow, which accounted for her long floating black veil. She may have well gone crazy over plants, for she could not resist taking them, and she often came up to our steps and snipped off slips from my mother's plant stand. She had a long slender face and a distraught look, poor soul, and went by talking to herself. I wonder what her story might have been. I did not wonder then. She was as she was.

Next door to us stood one of those large imitation French chateaux which sprang up along the route of the Erie Canal at the time when a good deal of money changed hands in connection with that enterprise. In this castle and the surroundings and rather imposing kingdom, I spent considerable time, very happily, and to the ruination of my stomach for some years. They were all grownups there, and believed that even a small child could be of considerable use—something my own mother had never discovered. Nearly every



Substantial home at 199 South Main Street, built by P. Frank Dougherty, probably in the early 1880s

From the archives of the Perinton Historical Society

morning they sent me down to the post office with a black reticule for their mail. Holding skeins of yarn, some slight assistance in dusting, and picking up innumerable baskets of chips, added to the letter-carrier service, were my employments at the castle. This was all very well, and there was excellent feeling between us. But what I deplore now is the form of remuneration to which they accustomed me. It was cake dough, interspersed with frosting, but largely dough. I licked, or rather spoon-licked, cake bowls in that kitchen for years. Every day they made cakes. They were good livers, and in the cellar stood a table with a line of wire fly-protectors over chocolate, cocoanut, and all manner of layer cakes. At home I had inexplicable nightmares and all manner of regrets. But never once did the item of this business arrangement come to the surface.

In those days, when maids were hired girls and cost two dollars a week, the mistress of the house and her daughter usually worked in friendly company with this helper a good deal of the time in the kitchen. But not all the time. I also had a modest role as entertainer to play in the parlor when there were guests. I sang "Peek-a-boo- I see you hiding there!" to a piano accompaniment, and did a dance. The taking part about the dance was that I invariably dragged my left leg (and do yet) and this was always pointed out to the enjoyment of everyone, myself included. I thought it a distinction.

I also considered myself engaged to the heir of the house, a young man of twenty-two, who had jocosely assured me that he fully intended to wait for me until I grew up. I took this seriously for a number of years.

Altogether, I spent most of my time with my father, who was nearly always out of doors working about the place, in which he took a great interest and pride. And his companionship was by all odds the most invaluable influence I ever had in all my life. He as an intense lover of nature and of the mind, and an austere teacher of character.

But meanwhile, children draw children like very magnets, and Summit Street at that day was swarming with them. I was not supposed to go so far afield, but my parents would have been amazed if they had had a periscope or listening post. I ranged through home after home on Summit Street from attic to cellar, taking in all manner of impressions, with the freedom of a scarcely noticed child who sees everything, forgets nothing and says nothing. I found children happy everywhere, intensely interested in their own doings and content with little. And never again could I have such perfect freedom in wandering into the very core of people's living as if I were an unseen spirit. I am glad that I did not have at that time a set of circumscribed clientele for my attention! That might have limited my human interest thereafter.

To return briefly to my service at Wilbur Castle. While dough was my regular wage, there were also occasional tips for the mail service, pennies for a stick of candy. After leaving the post office, a dark hole on West Avenue, where I was never seen by the postmaster, being below the shelf and depositing a black reticule on it merely, above my head, I went to Hodskin & Peacock's drug store to select a stick of candy. Selection was largely a matter of form, as I had been forbidden by my parents ever to purchase anything but hoarhound.

"Downtown" in general was of absorbing interest in those days. The canal bridge alone was a delightful vantage point for observation, not to mention spitting in the water. To reach it, one had to pass on the right, however, very rapidly, what I considered a den of iniquity, the village saloon. Whenever he happened to emerge from those mysterious concealing doors I regarded with awe the small, mild, be-spectacled proprietor, "Chet" Wilcox, who seemed curiously much as other men are. On that side also were the harness shop of Mr. Rightmire, the hardware store of Gunsaul, and Dr. Wear's drug store. Then came "Ed Dudley's" dry goods and grocery store.

There was no object in competition in Fairport, for it was a foregone conclusion that all the Congregationalists patronized Ed Dudley, and all the Baptists swarmed to Howe & Kellogg's across the street. It never would occur to me to enter Howe & Kellogg's store to even sample Baptist groceries. And I rather think religious prejudice also kept me away from "Joe Morey's."

"Hardick's," the village stationary store, was the bright and particular lodestone, however. The genial character of

the dark eyed little proprietor was a great asset. The news of the outside world all passed through its little portal, with the "Democrat and Chronicle" and I seem to hear the inveigling click of a telegraph instrument. There were the Christmas toys, the jewelry, the school books, Swinston's 1st to—heaven knows what—reader, the luscious folding slates, fresh copy books for Spencerian pens, Milnes arithmetic, beautiful foolscap for examinations. How we stamped the snow off our arctics and hung about in the warm little treasure house.

On West Avenue the high spots were the neat, brisk Monroe County Mail office, disreputable old Shaw's hall (but all we had) and Murdoff's bakery. Oh Murdoff's bakery! Not that my family were ever known to purchase so much as a single doughnut there, mechanically baked goods being considered by them as completely beyond the pale. But the enterprising Mr. Murdoff, with huge walrus moustache, also manufactured his own candy on the top story. And even independently of that powerful attraction (and forgetting my proposed alliance with the adult prince of Wilbur castle), I fell in due time a hopeless victim to the charms of the candyman's luscious son and heir, Robby Murdoff. Hopeless is correct. Robby's fancy turned intelligently toward the beautiful, curled daughter of the town's imminent canning factory proprietor.



West Avenue bakery of Ashley F. Murdoff
From the archives of the Perinton Historical Society

My father arranged piano lessons for me from Mr. Murdoff's daughter, in the apartment the family occupied over the bakery. Contrary to my hopes of sentimental opportunities, I never once saw Robbie in the apartment, but Minnie occasionally took me up to the third floor where the candy maker slung astonishing masses of sweets about on slabs. Having been thoroughly infected with frosting in infancy, it was delirious joy to be able to nip a sample whenever I pleased. And these visits were solid consolation for my blasted hopes.



Flying the Flag **A Fairport Tradition**

Exhibit runs May 23 through July 30 during regular Fairport Historical Museum hours



Perinton Historical Society member
Lucille Howk, flying the flag for
Memorial Day on the porch of her
1880 home

*Photo made in May 2009 at
82 East Church Street*

In 2008, Fairport photographer Keith Boas began an assignment to illustrate the calendar, *Front Porches of Fairport*, for the year 2010. During the next 10 months, he walked the streets of the village with his camera, recording images of homes that struck him as being front-porch friendly. Keith later realized that many of the images contained the U.S. flag; its bold red, white and blue colors jumping out and commanding attention. The frequent presence of flags on Fairport porches made a positive visual statement, “shouting” the patriotism of so many local residents.

More than 60 of Keith’s photos featuring the flag in Fairport and surrounding Perinton hamlets will be on display in the museum from May 23 through July 30. Within this period, there are three patriotic holidays—Memorial Day, Flag Day and Independence Day—each appropriately symbolized by our country’s flag.

Besides photos of flags on porches, Keith’s exhibit contains pictorial images of the flag at the Potter Mansion and Veterans Memorial, Perinton Center Stage and other local venues. Visitors also will see vintage photos featuring the flag from the archives of the Town of Perinton and Perinton Historical Society.

Keith is co-photographer/author of the books *More Joy of Photography*, *Waterfalls of the Adirondacks & Catskills* and the *Guide to 35mm Photography*. His latest book, *Fairport/Perinton: Then & Now*, visually demonstrates his strong interest in local history and preserving Perinton landmarks.

When not taking pictures, Keith plays trumpet in the Perinton Concert Band and Fairport Fire Dept. Band. He also is a trustee for the Perinton Historical Society. A Midvale Drive native, he now lives with his wife Carol Anne in the hamlet of Egypt.

Illuminated History **Cemetery Tour**

Tuesday, June 16th

7:00 p.m. at the Fairport Historical Museum

This year’s *Illuminated History* tour will feature three early Perinton burying grounds—Egypt Cemetery, Perinton Center Cemetery and Schummers Cemetery. Hear the stories of some of Fairport’s most respected pioneers, business owners and veterans as told by the actors portraying them. These stories and others will be shared on this special tour, which will be held at the Fairport Historical Museum. This event is free and open to the public.



Photo by Vicki Masters Profit

WANTED! **Volunteer for Technology** **Committee**

Bored? Stuck in the house all winter? Do you have computer tech skills you have not used lately? **We need you!**

We are in need of a volunteer to help our membership representative streamline the PHS membership records. The records are presently carried on a database within Microsoft Access. We need a volunteer who is comfortable with Access, will help with maintenance and be a backup for the current volunteer. Some of the maintenance tasks would involve making the program more user friendly by eliminating unused queries and reports, and building a tailored main page to help the user select tasks.

If you are interested, please respond to—
membership@perintonhistoricalsociety.org

Be sure to include your qualifications and experience.

Thanks,
PHS Technology Committee

Upcoming Events

Tuesday, April 14 through Thursday, May 21

At the Fairport Historical Museum

Exhibit: **CIVIL WAR SOLDIERS OF PERINTON**

Saturday, May 2, 9:00 a.m.–1:00 p.m.

At the Fairport Historical Museum

Event: **SPRING FLING**

Saturday, May 9, 9:00 a.m.–12:00 p.m.

At the Fairport Historical Museum

Event: **GREENBRIER GARDEN CLUB ANNUAL PLANT SALE**
on the sidewalk in front of the museum

Saturday, May 9, 10:00 a.m.–11:30 a.m.

At the Fairport Historical Museum

Event: **MULTI-GENERATIONAL SHOW & TELL**

Tuesday, May 19, 6:00 p.m.

At the Perinton Park Pavilion

Event: **ANNUAL MEETING & PICNIC** for members of the
Perinton Historical Society

Saturday, May 23 through Thursday, July 30

At the Fairport Historical Museum

Exhibit: **FLYING THE FLAG: A FAIRPORT TRADITION**
Photographic exhibit by Keith Boas

Tuesday, June 16, 7:00 p.m.

At the Fairport Historical Museum

Event: **ILLUMINATED HISTORY** cemetery tour

Don't Trash the Past!

The Washington Post recently featured an interesting article discussing the fact that Baby Boomers' children aren't necessarily interested in receiving family documents, artifacts and photographs that have previously been passed down from generation to generation.

One option to help preserve this family history is to consider donating these items to your local historical society. Most societies welcome the opportunity to add to their family history archives, and would be very appreciative of your donations which would secure the past for the future. To read the complete article on the internet, go to—

http://www.washingtonpost.com/local/boomers-unwanted-inheritance/2015/03/27/0e75ff6e-45c4-11e4-b437-1a7368204804_story.html?wpisrc=nl_headlines&wpmm=1



Greenbrier Garden Club Annual Plant Sale

Just in time for Mother's Day! The Greenbrier Garden Club will hold its annual plant sale on the sidewalk in front of the Fairport Historical Museum on Saturday, May 9th, from 9:00 a.m. until 12:00 p.m. Stop by to support Greenbrier and stay for the Multi-Generational Show & Tell!

Multi-Generational Show & Tell

Bring Your Stories!

Saturday, May 9th, from 10:00 until 11:30 a.m.
at the Fairport Historical Museum

Remember Show & Tell when you were a kid? Well, it's time for Show & Tell with a personal history twist! Bring a photo, letter, family heirloom, instrument, game, toy or other artifact that has meaning to you, then share your story about it (in five minutes or less). Or just come to enjoy the great stories. Multiple generations of your family are encouraged to attend together. Light refreshments will be served.

This event is free and open to the public, but an RSVP is requested. Please RSVP to Suzanne Lee at 585-267-6189 or SLeePersonalHistories@frontier.com.

Special Recognition Level Memberships

As of April 15, 2015

Business (\$100)

Ed Bradford, Liftbridge Financial Advisors

6 North Main Street, Suite 400w, Fairport

Website: <http://liftbridgefinancial.com>

Suzanne Lee Personal Histories

33 Chesham Way, Fairport

Phone: 585-267-6189

Website: <http://SLeePersonalHistories.com>

Joel Cuminale, Turning Point Signs & Design

3 Railroad Street, Fairport

Website: <http://www.tpsigns.com>

Fairport Village Inn, Wayne and Patty Beckwith

103 North Main Street, Fairport

Phone: 585-388-0112

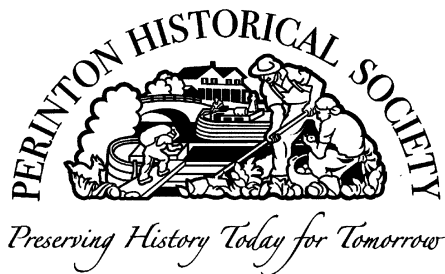
Website: <http://www.thefvi.com>

Robert Ruhland, Keller Williams Realty

2000 Winton Road S. Bldg. 1, Rochester, NY 14618

Phone: 585-303-6607

Website: <http://bobruhland.yourkwagent.com>



Non-Profit Organization
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Fairport, NY 14450



Raise Money For PHS!

Drop off your deposit cans and bottles to EZ Bottle and Can Return, and tell them you want to donate the deposit to the

**Perinton Historical
Society**

EZ BOTTLE and CAN RETURN

1259 Fairport Road
Fairport, NY 14450
585-377-9140



Fairport Historical Museum

18 Perrin Street, Fairport, NY 14450

The museum is open to the public on Saturdays, Sundays, Tuesdays and Thursdays at the hours below:

Saturday 10:00 a.m.–Noon	Tuesday 2:00–4:00 p.m.
Sunday 2:00–4:00 p.m.	Thursday 7:00–9:00 p.m.

Group tours, presentations and special projects are by appointment. Please call and leave a message at **585-223-3989**.

www.PerintonHistoricalSociety.org