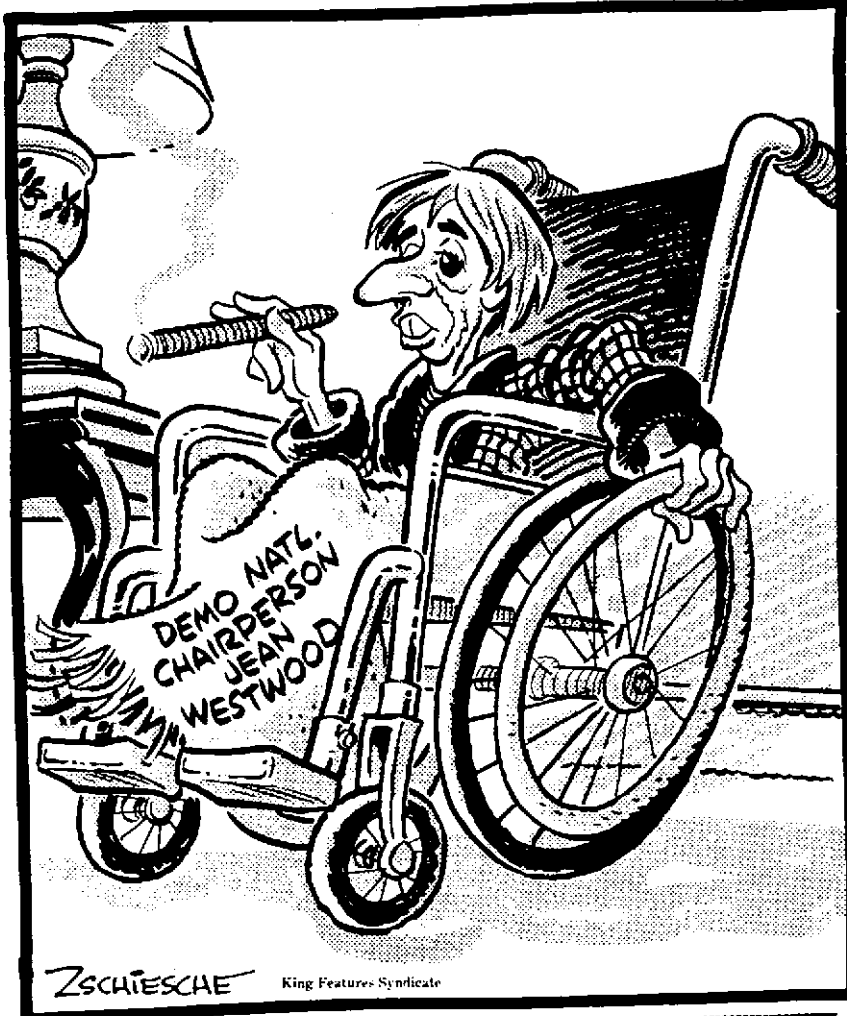


The Woman Who Came To Dinner



the lighter side

Ottawa News Service

By GENE BROWN

Anybody can "tell it like it is." What is vastly more difficult is to tell it like it should be.

A couple were at a dealer's to look at the new compact economy cars. Upon being told the price by the salesman, the husband blurted out: "But that's almost as much as a big car costs!"

"Well," replied the salesman resignedly, "if you want economy, don't forget, you have to pay for it."

The trouble with giving your children music and dance lessons is you have to attend all those recitals.

Then and now

Orange allotted 13,500 auto plates for 1923

By EDWARD P. DOUGHERTY
Executive Editor

The New York State Tax Commission estimated in December of 1922 that 13,500 "pleasure" cars would be licensed in Orange County for the year 1923.

New plates, white letters on a purple background, were sent out to county clerks offices (and to motor vehicle bureaus in counties where they existed), and 13,500 were allotted to Orange.

The numbers assigned to Orange were 500-001 to 513-500. Unlike today, all automobile licenses expired at the end of the year and the county clerk's office girded for a rush throughout the holiday season.

In addition to the "pleasure car" licenses, there were 3,500 commercial plates assigned to Orange County; 750 "omnibus" licenses, 80 trailer plates and 223

motorcycle plates.

In 1923 there were only 4,500 passenger (pleasure, as they were called then) cars in all of Sullivan County. The Tax Commission assigned numbers 616-200 to 620-700 to that county.

While it had fewer pleasure cars than Orange, Sullivan had more than twice as many "omnibuses" for licensing. The number of plates allowed to buses was 1,600. In addition the state allotted 1,500 commercial plates, 20 for trailers and 50 for motorcycles in Sullivan.

Motor vehicle bureaus were operating at the time in Albany and Buffalo and in the counties of New York City.

"Booze raids" were common occurrences in the region half a century ago.

But an unusual one occurred in the weeks before Christmas of 1922.

Mildred Parker Seese

Golden Canal runs through Hawkins farm

The history of a property, except in rare cases, is of no consequence to a planning board dealing with its present and future. Its proposed use is the board's main concern; that is, whether an intended new use is compatible with surrounding properties and the zone designation in the municipality's general plan.

Thus, since it will not change the rural character of the neighborhood, the Hamptonburgh Town Planning Board has approved a proposal to establish a riding academy and equine boarding place on the former Borden Company certified milk farm on Rt. 208 between

Maybrook and Burnside.

This is one of the four farms which Jonathan Hawkins bought in the 1840s for his four sons. This was for Micah.

In a recent story of those purchases in this column the identity and location of this and the farm bought for Lewis Hawkins were garbled. The Hamptonburgh action offers opportunity to clarify that confusion and to add the results of further inquiry.

The farm of Lewis, on Maple Avenue near Rt. 17K just within New Windsor, has remained in the Hawkins family and also is again in the Hawkins name--what's left of it. The late Miss Edna Twamley

Jim Bishop: Reporter

A promise not realized

Winter arrived on the morning express and it roared through Jersey City snapping icicles from the eaves. The boys and girls walked to St. Paul's School, a green wooden building with a bell tower and a front stairway. The Sisters of Charity were dark swans in the corridors, silent floating objects without feet.

The boy sitting in the fourth row near the window was my father. He was big, black-haired and sat composed with his hands folded on the desk. Sister M. Wenziclaus asked the class to be quiet for a moment. Shw was writing a note. Breathing became muted.

The nun signed the note with a flourish and read it:

December 18, 1893

Mrs. James Bishop
124 Fulton Avenue
Jersey City, N.J.

Dear Mrs. Bishop:

Your son John is my student. I am moved to tell you that I am impressed with this boy. He has skipped every reader in this school. He is a mannerly scholar and I predict that he will be a great success in life.

Sincerely,

Sister M. Wenziclaus.

She sealed it in an envelope. She had said it succinctly. There was no point in being flamboyant. This was an intelligent boy who applied his talent well. She looked up from behind the white corrugation of her habit. "John," she said. He walked to her desk timidly. "Give this to your mother when you get home." "Yes, Sister," he said.

He wondered what he had done that was wrong. He was only 10, but in Spring and Summer he worked from dawn until the schoolbell rang on a farm. He was on his hands and knees weeding. For this he was paid \$2 a week. All of it went to his mother, and she gave John five cents for himself.

It was a hard luck family. The father, Jim, shoveled bituminous coal in an oil refinery. He had asthma so bad that sometimes, in the middle of the night, he turned blue and appeared to stop breathing. There was no medication, so his wife Mary knelt by the bed and prayed.

He would die in six years at age 41. Next year at this time, three of the children would die in Christmas week of diphtheria. John and Tom would survive.

The letter was akin to a doctorate. John's mother was pleased into sparkling silence looking at her son. His father shook his head in wonderment. "By God," he said, "it's a scholar we have in the family."

For many years, the letter was an important showpiece to the family. It was stuck in a big bible, to be brought forth when Irish friends stopped in for hot tea or the suffusing warmth of a glass of whiskey.

John Bishop grew up to become a policeman. He aspired to be the best cop in the world. He saved and bought books on police procedure and law. He married and raised his own family. When he took the test for sergeant, he came in second. When he tried for a lieutenantcy, he was first. In 1921, he was the youngest lieutenant on the force and the politicians had a kindly eye on him.

One day he was sent to St. Paul's Church. There was going to be an annual parade and John Bishop would furnish policemen to keep the crowds on the curb. He discussed it with Father Pfister.

"I once attended this school," he said to the priest. "I had a Sister Wenziclaus who liked me." "Is that so?" the priest said. "Well, lieutenant, she's still alive--across the street in the convent."

"It can't be" the lieutenant said. "My God, she'd be 90." "Ninety-two," said the priest, "and deaf as a bat. The sisters have her in a wheelchair near the kitchen stove. Would you like to say hello?"

The lieutenant nodded. He and the priest crossed the street to the convent. In the kitchen, he saw the dark habit, the head slumped forward. The priest shouted to be heard.

John Bishop shoved him aside. "It's Johnny Bishop," he said. "I used to--" the bent head nodded. "I remember. I once wrote a note to your mother predicting you'd be a great success. What have you done with your life?"

He pulled himself up to full height. "I'm a lieutenant of police," he said. She shook her head. "What a pity," she whispered. "What a pity..."

Federal agents seized 50 half barrels of "alleged" beer from a truck they had stopped at Smith's Corners in the Town of Greenville. The unusual part was that agents announced that the beer had come from Deerpark Brewery in Port Jervis, which supposedly had been closed down after the adoption of the Prohibition Amendment.

Agents disclosed they had followed a truck from New York to Port Jervis, remained in hiding while the truck was loaded at Deerpark Brewery, then followed it out of the Tri-State area to Smith's Corners before stopping it.

There were three men in the truck. They were taken to New York for arraignment before a U.S. commissioner. The beer was confiscated, but there was no move made to determine whether illegal beer was being produced at the Port Jervis brewery.

inherited it from her mother, a Hawkins, and left it to a current Jonathan Hawkins, a nephew from the Kill Road out of Montgomery.

What's left of the large and historic property is its worthy house and some farm buildings with a few surrounding acres fronting mutilated Maple Avenue on the northerly side of Interstate 84.

First that sweeping highway cut a wide swath through the old farm, leaving the main acreage isolated on the south side of the cut without access except by a 3-mile detour over public roads. Then the Metropolitan Transportation Authority's assumption of ownership of

hundreds of properties south and west of Stewart Field, following the southerly side of Interstate 84, included the Hawkins farmland.

That isolated MTA-owned part of the Hawkins farm includes the oldest and most ingenious among historic sites which County Historian Donald F. Clark and his special preservation committee have asked the MTA to protect. It is the Colden Canal, probably developed in the 1730s and believed to have been the first man-made waterway in America. It was a natural stream rising in a swamp which the practical and scientific Dr. Cadwallader Colden cleared of wild growth and improved so that small barges

could float the harvest from distant fields to farm buildings or the highway (later Cocheton Turnpike and now Rt. 17K) from New Windsor and later Newburgh docks through the 3,000-acre Colden holdings.

The canal, long forgotten and found a couple of years ago by Margaret Wallace, unofficial New Windsor historian, on the basis of a shred of reference in an old line of print, pictured and written about by her, was unrecognized but could not be ignored when Interstate 84 was built. Historically uninformed and unsentimental highway engineers preserved it because they could

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