



HISTORIC BRIGHTON NEWS

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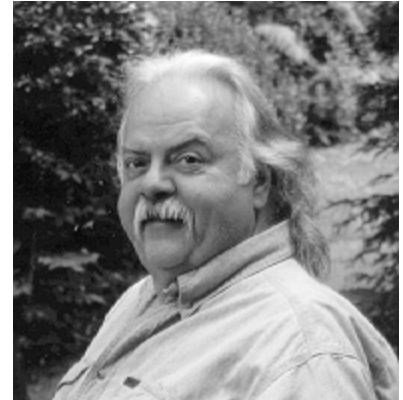
NUMBER 2

HISTORIC BRIGHTON PROGRAM AND ANNUAL MEETING SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 3 AT 2PM

Historic Brighton invites you to spend a winter afternoon with Ed Cornwell, Rochester's antiques and collectibles expert. He will bring local history to life as he presents and discusses objects from his own collection, many of which have been discovered on the property of his 19th century home in Churchville.

Mr. Cornwell has conducted courses on antique collecting at the RMSC and is a well-known radio personality appearing on WXXI's program 1370 Connection with host Bob Smith.

Join us for what will be a fascinating program. Mr. Cornwell will be glad to answer questions from the audience.



Ed Cornwell

**Brighton Town Hall
2300 Elmwood Avenue
Downstairs Meeting Room
Please park and enter
at the rear of the building**

ANNUAL MEETING ELECTIONS

The February 3rd meeting is also the Annual Meeting for Historic Brighton. The board of directors of the not-for-profit corporation will be re-elected

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THE PINNACLE RANGE: THE BERM THAT SAVED BRIGHTON



This aerial view of the Pinnacle Range taken in 1920 shows intense city development to the north and Brighton farms to the south.

By Leo Dodd

The Pinnacle Range, a glacial deposit rising several hundred feet above the farm land of Brighton has proved to be "our good neighbor." In the eager 1800s rush to expand the territory of the City of Rochester, which culminated in the 1905 acquisition of Brighton Village, the Pinnacle Range has been our defender. The range height gave pause to the movement and protected our farmlands. When development did move south of the range in the 20th century, it was designed to complement the tower-

ing hillside, as a rural and city-isolated view. Next time you drive down Highland Ave. say, "Thanks," to your friend—the Pinnacle Range.

The city government and the Town of Brighton both failed to recognize the importance of preserving this unique landmass. Voices of concerned neighbors sounded from the earliest times, but were not recognized. The range was stripped of the original forest, and then exposed for its content of sand, gravel and clay deposits. Money was mined from

(Continued on Page 2)

The Pinnacle Range is here defined as that contiguous highland from the Genesee River to the ‘Can of Worms’ including Mt. Hope Cemetery, Highland Park, Pinnacle Hill, Cobb’s Hill and the Brighton Cemetery.



Top left: “Old Pinnacle Hill from Cobbs Hill.”
 Bottom left: “Culver Road Bridge over Eastern Widewaters.”
 Top Right: Children’s Pavilion in Highland Park.
 Bottom Right: 1911 topographical map shows city streets vs. Brighton farms with Pinnacle Hills between.

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these hills. The cause of preservation could not compete.

Slowly, sections of the range were purchased, transformed and preserved. Looking back on the past 200 years of our area’s “civilized” history and viewing the range today you might say, “we lucked out.” The heights exist, with considerable beauty.

Five cemeteries found refuge over the years on the slopes of the Pinnacle Range: Mt. Hope, West Brighton, St. Boniface, St. Patrick’s, and Brighton. Today Mt. Hope Cemetery controls the west end and Brighton Cemetery the east end of the Range. Two parks, Highland and Cobb’s Hill, provide access for views overlooking the Rochester area. The heights have provided the lift and therefore pressure necessary to deliver our water supply from both Highland and Cobb’s Hill reservoirs. George Ellwanger and Patrick Barry, two of Rochester’s early settlers, purchased, donated and set the example of respect for this natural landscape treasure. The Seneca Indians defined the walking route around the south side of the range and the Erie

Canal defined the north side. The Brighton Aerodrome was located on the south slope and the Eastern Widewaters was built at the base of the north slope. History can be found with every step along the range.

Frederick Law Olmsted was quoted in the first issue of “The Pinnacle” on Sept. 4, 1909: “Any part of the Pinnacle Hills would be a valuable addition to the park system of Rochester. These hills form so important a feature in the topography of Rochester, it would be a serious calamity if they were closed to the public.” The discussion goes on today in an attempt to recognize and preserve this land. The recently enacted Brighton Comprehensive Plan 2000, recommends preservation of 24 acres of the Pinnacle Hills.

The Senecas, were they to return to Brighton today, would not be able to walk the hill-top trail as before, but could still find their old friend and recognize it. The Pinnacle Range separated and protected our area. Hidden from the big city, Brighton was able to develop its unique history.

BENITO FROM WAHOO AND BRIGHTON



Howard Hanson in 1928, the year that he moved from the city to a newly built house on Oakdale Drive in Brighton.

By Betsy Brayer

From the early 1890s on, for many and varied reasons, George Eastman wanted to build a music conservatory for Rochester. In 1918, he revised his will, adding a codicil that left his East Ave. mansion to the University of Rochester for use as a music school. That same year, a better opportunity presented itself. The Institute of Musical Art on Prince St. was bankrupt, and its director, Alf Klingenberg, appealed to Eastman for financial help. Eastman bought the school, presented it to the university, built a more grandiose setting for it, and kept Klingenberg on as director until the stubborn Norwegian pianist declared himself opposed to the crass concept of an attached movie theater raising funds to support the school and a civic orchestra. And so, Klingenberg was summarily fired.

With Klingenberg gone, a new director for the Eastman School of Music had to be found.

Albert Coates, an early director of the Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra, along with Walter Damrosch, conductor for the New York Symphony, knew a young American conductor at the American Academy in Rome, the first to receive the Prix de Rome for conducting. In 1923 Coates and Damrosch both invited the 27-year old Howard Hanson from Wahoo, Nebraska, who had composed his first piece at age seven (“a short and sad work in three-quarter time”) to conduct his new Nordic Symphony with the Rochester and New York orchestras respectively. Coates was also not reticent in singing Hanson’s praises to Eastman.

A graduate of Luther College in Wahoo, Howard Hanson was a faculty member of the College of the Pacific at age 18, and by 21 the dean of the Conservatory of Fine Arts at that institution. In 1921, he was awarded the American Prix de Rome, which entitled him to three years in the Italian capital.

After the Rochester concert, Hanson was invited to 900 East Ave. to meet Rush Rhees, president of the University of Rochester, and Eastman. Not really knowing what was up, the young conductor found himself being grilled by the articulate 63-year-old college president and the taciturn 70-year-old industrialist. Hanson took “an instant liking” to Eastman about whom he’d heard only unflattering noises such as that he was cold and unresponsive. Instead, Hanson found him to be “reserved and businesslike.” Behind the reserve he detected “an inner warmth.” Rhees did most of the questioning but Eastman’s queries were “models of clarity and incisiveness” and his “ability to search out the heart of a problem with a minimum of words was both impressive and a little frightening.” Samples of the grilling the youngster got follow from his own memory of them:

Do you think it possible to build a first-rate professional music school under the “umbrella” of a university to train creators, performers, scholars, teachers, and administrators?

(Continued on the next two pages)

BENITO FROM WAHOO AND BRIGHTON

Can the worlds of the artist, the performer, and the scholar co-exist in administrative as well as tonal harmony?

What part should “general education” play in the training of professional musicians?

As a graduate of both schools, do you prefer the administrative organization of New York’s Institute of Musical Art [now Julliard School of Music] or the School of Music of Northwestern University?

What is your impression of foreign conservatories? The music departments of “ivy league” universities such as Harvard?

Hanson agreed to write a multi-page brief on his opinion of the place of a professional music school in a university. Returning to his beloved Rome, Hanson soon found a cablegram on the doorstep of the American Academy offering him the directorship of the Eastman School of Music. But before that cablegram appeared, according to Raymond Ball, then treasurer of the university and later president of the Lincoln Alliance Bank, Eastman did have one doubt about Hanson. Why did he wear that goatee? Did it hide a weak chin? Ball was delegated to snoop. At the American Academy in Rome, Ball approached and swore to secrecy another American musician, Randall Thompson, later professor at Harvard. Thompson had no opinion on the configuration of Hanson’s chin, but certainly could attest that the conductor was in no way weak:

“My god,” said Thompson. “Howard is president of the student body. We call him ‘Benito.’”

And so on 15 September 1924, Howard Hanson—lanky, blond, six weeks shy of his 28th birthday, but supremely confident in his own abilities to do almost anything in the music line, arrived in Rochester. His Roman colleagues had tried to dissuade him, telling him it would cripple his composing but Hanson decided that he “had to have a job anyway, so I thought I might as well try my hand at this new school as opposed to being a teacher or professor in some college.” He brought along his invalid Swedish-immigrant parents whose sole support he was and with whom he would live



Dr. and Mrs. Hanson at his retirement dinner in 1964.

on Oakdale Dr. in Brighton. He married in 1946. It was the beginning of a remarkable association between a young man and a young school which would bring worldwide distinction to them both.

“I didn’t realize the enormous job of developing a new school,” Hanson said in a 1972 television interview. “We had a wonderful faculty, very few students. No one knew about the whole problem of curriculum and developing the student body of a music school. It became a 24-hour-a-day job.”

Hanson emerged as benevolent dictator of the new school as Dr. George Whipple was emerging as benevolent dictator of the new medical center founded by Eastman and others. Long after George Eastman and Rush Rhees were gone, these two fiefdoms would operate independently of successive University of Rochester administrations—although President Cornelis de Kewiet did manage to separate Hanson from a hefty part of his endowment in the 1950s. Prior to that time, the school’s excellent financial position following Eastman’s death in 1932 enabled it to contribute \$100,000 per year toward the survival of the Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra during the troubled years of the Great Depression.

“When you’re a pioneer, you have to take the

BENITO FROM WAHOO AND BRIGHTON

bull by the horns,” Hanson said. “I make up my mind and I do it.”

And so Hanson created the Eastman School in his own image.

The students called him Uncle Howard behind his back. He knew all their backgrounds, called each by name, and heard every exam himself. He prided himself on being a teaching dean. He created the crackerjack student orchestra, the Eastman Philharmonia, which he took to Carnegie Hall yearly. Hanson introduced the Doctor of Musical Arts in creation or performance (previously only given for musicology). “A doctorate in piccolo playing?” sniffed a critic. “That’s right,” Hanson agreed, “but only for *good* piccolo players. At least we won’t make bad musicologists out of good performers which should be a boon to both musicology and performance.”

Unlike his predecessor, Hanson fell into line with Eastman’s pet idea of the movie theater supporting the philharmonic concerts. “Mr. Klingenberg was so antagonistic to the whole theatre enterprise that we were not able to get his cooperation but with Dr. Hanson it is entirely different,” Eastman wrote to Eric Clarke, manager of the Eastman Theatre.

Hanson understood Eastman: “He was essentially a simple man, but there were complexities, and severity was the armor of his shyness. Many people were afraid of him. While admiring the great music of the past, Hanson was a progressive educator whose special province was American contemporary music. “For personal enjoyment,” he said, with cheerful egotism, “Give me the music of Hanson.” And so, to the horror of many traditionalists, the new music crept in.

In 1925 Hanson initiated the annual Festival of American Music, which he conducted for 40 years, and when he died in 1981, Donal Henahan observed in the *New York Times* that he had made Rochester “a boom town for American music.” The festival introduced works by Roy Harris, Aaron Copeland, Russell Bennett, David Diamond (an Eastman graduate), Bernard Rogers, Randall Thompson, Wallingford Riegger, and Dominico



Howard Hanson
1896-1981

Zeppato (another Eastman School graduate). The critics were right: Hanson probably sacrificed his composing career at least partially in fulfilling his administrative function but he still went on to win the Pulitzer Prize in 1944 for his *Fourth Symphony* and watched his opera, *Merry Mount*, which was dedicated to Eastman, receive fifty curtain calls at the Metropolitan Opera in New York in 1934. Eastman knew of the dedication and was pleased, even though he did not live to hear it performed.

Eastman frequently attended the festival concerts, meeting with the increasing number of composers who brought new works to Rochester to be performed either at the theater or Sunday evenings at Eastman House. Hanson had been prepared to argue at his first meeting with Eastman that America must have writers as well as performers of music. He began to expound his own thesis of creative music: “Music has to be written before it can be performed, and if music is to be alive a century hence, someone must be writing it now,” he told Eastman. “If musical creation stops, music stops and is soon a museum piece.” Eastman let the young composer go on for quite some time before saying briefly but with complete understanding, “You’re right. It is self evident.” Eastman looked at his commitment to encourage young American composers as a long-term investment, much like the Research Laboratory at Kodak. When one impatient critic said carpingly, after a few series of concerts by American composers, that a Beethoven had not yet been produced, Eastman retorted: “If we produce one American composer approaching Beethoven in 50 years, I’ll think my money is well spent.”

(Continued in the next issue)

THOUGHTS ON 9/11 AND THE BUCKLAND/GONSENHAUSER PROPERTY

By Monica Gilligan

The ghastly attacks of September 11, 2001 have given us cause to reflect on the trials of daily living in powerful historic times. Here is a reflection from this member on the everyday inspiration to be found in one of the mundane activities of an inner-ring suburb of a small American city.

Like any of a small and hardy band of average citizens who have a civic axe to grind, I attended a regular meeting of the Town Board in September. My goal, stated to Historic Brighton's president, Leo Dodd, was to remind the Board, during open mike, and while the Town Attorney was present, that there are some advantages to taking good care of the historic Buckland/Gonsenhauser property entrusted to the Town. I hoped also to emphasize that we needed roofing, doors, and locks, not encouraging words, to button up the property against vandals and winter.

The meeting started with a tribute to the fallen of September 11. Supervisor Sandy Frankel introduced a Marine color guard and in they marched with a reverence for our colors that sent me into deep meditation. We sang the national anthem, and I felt I was hearing it with a different emphasis, especially, the words, "... our flag was *still there.*" A vision of the firemen raising that flag in the ruins came to my inner eye.

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Behind the color guard marched members of the Brighton Police Department, including a canine officer; the Fire Department; and the Ambulance Corps. Tributes to the police officers, firefighters, and emergency rescue workers who gave their lives to save victims of the collapsing towers were scheduled. As fate would have it, we were confronted with the unscheduled: real life. Richard Wersinger of the ambulance corps got paged, just as the police were about to speak. He signaled his crew; the firefighters checked their pagers, as did the police. Suddenly, they rushed for their equipment and rigs. Someone was having an attack in the Public Library. 911 had been called. Our teams raced out to help this unknown person.

It seemed then that nothing anyone could have said would have paid finer tribute to the fallen heroes of the tragic 9.11.

Some persons have sworn to destroy America. They think they can do this by picking out centers of commerce or military activity to bomb. They are, among their other defects, completely incapable of finding America. They will never find it because they do not grasp the concept.

America was at the Brighton Town Hall that night, and at every town meeting in the state that month, and at all the meetings in every state, sitting on thousands of folding chairs. America was listening politely to neighbors go on about whether we need a stop sign at Cobb Terrace, or a new storm drain somewhere else, or better mutual aid to the West Brighton fire station, or a lock on the back door of one of our oldest brick houses. It was in the speech of the lady who introduced herself as "a vocal minority" and got a small,



The Buckland-Gonsenhauser house on Westfall Road is one of 17 surviving "Bricks of Brighton" houses. Photo by Leo Dodd.

knowing round of applause. It was in the library—a direct descendant of the libraries created by Benjamin Franklin—as the volunteer firefighters and emergency medical technicians rushed over to help fight a heart attack, or a stroke, or just a dizzy spell maybe. It was in the police who stayed to reassure the librarians and patrons, many with small children picking out books, that everything would be fine. It was in the broadcast of the full meeting to the people who watch it on public access TV, and in the minutes taken and entered into the public record. America was in the upcoming election, sure to be held without the need of armed "observers" and with the no-fuss yielding of office by the losers to the winners.

America is Brighton, and every other town and city, hamlet and crossroads where there are Americans. No one can bomb it or terrorize it out of existence. America is our tradition of talking things over, hearing each other out; it's taking turns, yielding the floor, going by the rules—even when we disagree. It's voting to tax ourselves to help strangers in need, just because they are our fellow human beings. America isn't what we build or what we have; America is what we do together every day.

Oh, and I have it on very good authority that the assurances of the board were true and that they put some effort into getting the little old house ready for winter. Well, good for Brighton. Good for America.

ANNUAL MEETING ELECTIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

at that time. There are no new directors to elect. The slate of officers approved by the board at its January meeting will also be announced and a vote of approval by the general membership will be requested. That slate consists of president, Monica Gilligan; vice president, Maureen Holtzman; secretary, Janet Hopkin; and treasurer, Patricia Aslin.

THE AMATEUR ARCHIVIST

By Monica Gilligan

Many of us keep memorabilia. In recent troubled times, we may feel a responsibility to bear witness to our country's suffering and triumphs, its grief, and its heroes.

Still, the material can be bulky. After it hits a certain critical mass, we may start asking what we can do with it. Perhaps it should be preserved, but we would like history that can be viewed now. Newspapers and magazines can be made to serve both functions.

Newspapers are various shades when they arrive at the newsstand. Newspaper clippings will yellow and decay quite rapidly. They can be photocopied successfully onto acid-free paper and made into album pages. A color copy gives the truest picture of the original. If the amateur archivist does not mind the small print, whole newspaper pages can be reduced to the 8.5"x 11" size that fits most readily available acid free paper sheet protectors.

It is best to use less precious material to practice reducing a page, or combining clippings. Make two or more copies at the same time on a digital copier. This plan gives a back up and exposes the historic material to the light and heat of the machine only once.

If the archivist has a dry, dark spot such as an upstairs closet on an inside wall, there are special acid-free boxes into which whole newspapers can be placed. These boxes are available from catalogues such as Light Impressions, and locally at Lumiere on Monroe Avenue. Also, Mylar sleeves suitable for whole pages of newspapers of various sizes are available through the same sources. Mylar does not readily interact with the unstable paper on which news is printed.

Magazines, such as Time and Newsweek, are often printed in colored inks on slick or clay-coated papers. Covers and pages from these magazines inserted into ordinary sheet protectors will stand up to a good deal of handling, compared to original newspapers. Their smallish size may cause them to rattle around in the sheet protector and tip out. If only one side of a page contains the text or image, it can be adhered with acid-free glue to a plain, acid-free, buffered sheet and put into the sleeve with another treated this way.

There is a great variety of outlets for acid-free paper in this area. Recently, Target had a 25% rag-content, acid-free, buffered white, suitable for resumes, on sale. Art, craft, scrapbook, office supply, and big box discount stores all carry this kind.

We can use the home or office scanner to reproduce

For the Ulster County Gazette.

ON THE DEATH OF GENERAL WASHINGTON.

[BY A YOUNG LADY.]

WHAT means that solemn dirge, that strikes my ear?
What mean those mournful sounds—why strains the tear?
Why toll the bells the awful knell of fate?
Ah!—why those sighs that do my fancy rattle?
Where'er I turn, the general gloom appears,
Those mourning badges fill my soul with fears;
Hark!—Yonder martial noise!—'tis done!—'tis done!—
The fleet tomb invades our WASHINGTON!
Must virtues so exalted, yield their breath?
Must bright perfection end roll'd in death?
Must mortal greatness fall?—a glorious name!
What then is riches, honour and true fame?
The august chief, the father and the friend,
The generous patriot—Let the muse ascend;
Columbia's glory, and Mount Vernon's pride,
There lies enshrind' with numbers at his side!
There let the sigh respondent from the tomb,

Copy of page from *The Ulster County Gazette* of Jan. 4, 1800.

both newspaper and magazine pages, as well as images of ribbons, medals, brochures, religious bulletins, internet communications and the like. The originals can be archived in those safe boxes and the copies put in sheet protectors to make a memorial album. Simultaneously, a copy can be put on a disk, or sent to the hard disk for later transfer, without harming the original.

If you have not yet started to use your computer for archiving, stay tuned for a discussion of which printers have the most light-fast inks. (Hint: the word Epson will come up often.)

HISTORIC BRIGHTON

FOUNDED 1999

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CHURCHILL PLAQUE UNVEILED



On Sept. 28, 2001, Brighton Town Supervisor Sandra Frankel unveiled a plaque on Elmwood Ave. at St. John's Meadows that reads:

WINSTON CHURCHILL'S GREAT GRANDFATHER, AMBROSE HALL, LIVED IN THE TOWN OF BRIGHTON FROM 1817 TO 1821, OWNING 210 ACRES OF LAND IN LOT #54. OTHER OWNERS OF THIS LOT WERE GEORGE STILLSON, FIRST SUPERINTENDENT OF MOUNT HOPE CEMETERY, AND WILLIAM AND JANET MAXION, WHO OPERATED A HORSE FARM HERE FROM 1940 TO 1983.

Hall's daughter, Clara, married the peripatetic publisher and attorney Leonard Jerome, whose newspaper office in the Talman Block was directly across Main Street from the office of James Smith Bush, attorney, in the Reynold's Arcade.

As the next column explains, some have wondered if the Bush and Churchill ancestors of this area knew each other. Based on the proximity of their offices as shown in the city directory of 1849-1850 below, the answer is "Probably." There are seven Jeromes listed and ten Bushes. Are all the Bushes related—especially the David Bush who was elected a school commissioner of Smallwood (precursor of Brighton) early in the 19th century?

The entries below, left and right, are from the Rochester City Directory of 1849-1850.

Busby, William, Rev., h. 215 Exchange.
 Bush, Alexander, Blacksmith, Kidd's, h. 67 Franklin.
 Bush, Barney, Blacksmith, h. 49 Chestnut.
 Bush, Charles, Moulder, 97 State, h. 9 Atwater.
 Bush, Eleazer, b. 67 Franklin.
 Bush, Harvey, h. n. 246 Main.
 Bush, Henry, Stove Dealer, h. 228 Buffalo.
 Bush, Henry, 15 Stillson.
 Bush, James S., Attorney, &c., 4 Arcade Gallery, b. 150 S. Sophia.
 BUSH, JOHN F., Mill Furnisher, h. 148 State.
 Bush, John W., Joiner, b. 14 Ann.

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AN HISTORICAL CONNECTION?

President George W. Bush is a great admirer of Winston Churchill. But he probably doesn't know that his great great grandfather, Rochester native, Yale graduate and then a young Rochester lawyer, James Smith Bush, may well have known Winston Churchill's grandfather, Leonard Jerome, who at the same time in the late 1840s, was a Rochester newspaper publisher.

Retired University of Rochester local history librarian Karl S. Kabelac has been gently searching for such a connection for several years. So far, he hasn't found it. But he hopes to someday make a serendipitous discovery showing that the two men knew each other, for it seems entirely within the realm of possibility.

Several years ago, Time magazine asked some prominent Americans to nominate their pick for "The Person of the Century." Bush, then governor of Texas, nominated Winston Churchill, saying that "Churchill was the century's best example of how individuals can shape history rather than being shaped by it." And last summer the British Ambassador, knowing of the President's great admiration for Churchill, presented him a bust of the English statesman for the Oval Office. In thanking the Ambassador, Bush said that he considered Churchill one of the great leaders of the 20th century. "He knew what he believed...and the world is better for it."

James Smith Bush (1825-1889) was the third generation of the President's ancestors to live in Monroe County. But by the 1850s, after the death of his first wife and young child, he left Rochester and the field of law, to become an Episcopal minister. During his lifetime he had parishes in New Jersey, California, and New York. Leonard Jerome (1817-1891), the son-in-law of Ambrose Hall, also left Rochester, for a career in New York City among other places. It was his Brooklyn-born daughter, Jennie, who married Lord Randolph Churchill in 1874 and was the mother of Winston Churchill.

Jerome, Hiram K., Attorney, &c., 4 2d floor Burn's Block, n. North
 JEROME & BROTHER, Proprietors Daily and Weekly American,
 and Book & Job Printers, 2d & 4th stories, Talman Block.
 Jerome, Leonard, W., Proprietor Daily American, h. 63 S. Fitzhugh.
 Jerome, Lawrence R., " " " h. 63 S. Fitzhugh.
 Jerome, Chauncey B., Engineer, American Office, b. Clinton Hotel.
 Jerome, Charles L., Clerk, American Office, b. Congress Hall.
 Jerome, Rodman L., Machinist, R. R. Depot, h. 118 S. Sophia.