



# HISTORIC BRIGHTON

## Newsletter and Journal

*Exploring our Town's history and educating our community about Brighton's past.*

Volume 25 No. 1

[www.historicbrighton.org](http://www.historicbrighton.org)

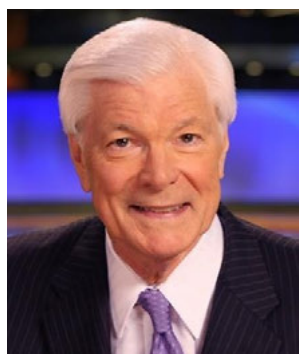
Winter 2024

## Much More Than a House:

### Stories From Within - Histories of the Remarkable Owners of Brighton Homes



*Front elevation of 255 Allens Creek Road, a simple but elegant Brighton home with a history of remarkable owners*



**Historic Brighton** invites members and friends to a free special program :

**“Brighton Memories III”** hosted by

**WHAM News Anchor &**

**Brighton native Don Alhart**

**at 2:00 PM on February 4th, 2024**

**at the Brickstone Wintergarden,**

**1325 Elmwood Ave**

*Bring your favorite Brighton memories to share!*

# MUCH MORE THAN A HOUSE: STORIES FROM WITHIN

By Arlene Vanderlinde, HB Trustee and Founder

Those who appreciate beautiful architectural design in both new and historic structures may not stop to think about the history residing within those places: Who were the people who lived or worked there? What are their stories?

With this issue of the Historic Brighton Newsletter/Journal we are embarking on a series of articles that will focus on Brighton homes whose owners have greatly contributed to our community and far beyond. We think you will find their stories fascinating. To this end we are asking you for ideas for future articles ([info@historicbrighton.org](mailto:info@historicbrighton.org)).

We are devoting this issue to the story of 255 Allens Creek Road, built in 1966 for Dr. Charles Granville Rob (1913-2001) and his wife Mary (1917-2012). Dr. Rob was an internationally known vascular surgeon, and his wife was a former Nightingale Nurse. The home was designed by the Rochester architectural firm of Morrison and Morrison in 1966 and constructed by Brighton-based

builder, James L. Garrett & Company. When third owners, Dr. and Mrs. Michael Kallay contacted Historic Brighton relating what they knew about the property and Dr. Rob, it was hard to believe what I was reading. Dr. Rob was truly an extraordinary man who accomplished extraordinary things in his lifetime. Dr. Kallay gave me a copy of the biography of Dr. Rob; *The Joyous Life of Charles Granville Rob*, written by Dr. Allyn May. I learned that Dr. May is a current resident of Cloverwood Senior Living Center! I was able to interview him and learn about his work and friendship with Dr. Rob. I asked him to write an article about it; the result of that request is within this publication and I have a new friend.

Dr. Rob and his wife moved to Brighton in 1960, first owning a home at 264 Allens Creek Road. They commissioned the design of #255 in 1966 and lived at this address for twelve years. Their history actually begins in England in the 14th century, which can be found in more detail later in this issue.

The home's second owner was W. Allen Wallis, former president and chancellor of the University of Rochester. He owned the home from 1978 - 1990 but lived there for only two years and rented it for the rest of his ownership.

What follows is an exploration of the many facets of this property and its owners. One of the exciting aspects of historic research is when we find related topics coming from many directions and learn how they relate to the topic at hand. During the research process, we discovered information from many interesting sources; including a wonderful history of the Dawn Redwood written by author and blogger, Mary Povova. Her article is reprinted here with her enthusiastic blessing.

I recently had the pleasure of meeting the newest owners of this home; a delightful young family of doctors.

The story goes on.

—————HB—————



255 Allens Creek Road - Note the Dawn Redwood on the right, and the garden designed by Dr. Rob. Photo by Arlene Vanderlinde, May 2023

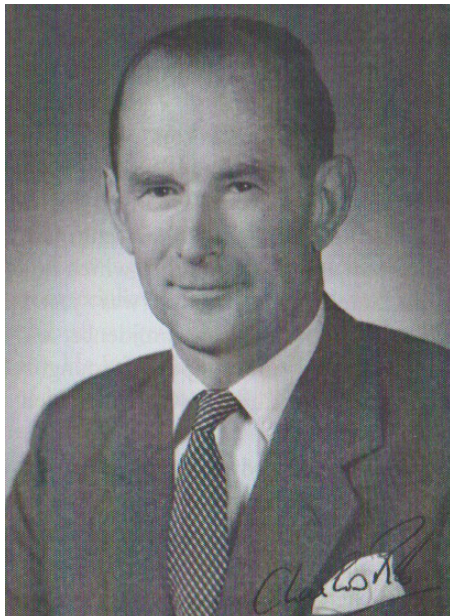


# CHARLES GRANVILLE ROB (1913-2001), SURGEON WHO AIDED CHURCHILL

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An internationally recognised vascular surgeon, Charles Rob made important innovations in the management of aortic aneurysm. He was born on 4 May 1913, the son of Joseph William Rob OBE, a family doctor in Weybridge, Surrey. His mother was descended from Edward 'Grog' Vernon, who introduced the rum ration to the Royal Navy. He was educated at Oundle and St John's College, Cambridge, where as a keen climber he distinguished himself by putting an open umbrella on one of the spires of King's College. At Cambridge he joined the university air squadron, gained his wings and received a reserve commission in the RAF. He went up to St Thomas's for his clinical training and graduated in 1937. After two years in junior posts at St Thomas's, he gained his FRCS [Fellowship of the Royal College of Surgeons].

At the outbreak of the second world war, he was at the Royal Victoria Hospital in Montreal, but he soon returned to London, to St Thomas's, where he worked throughout the Blitz. When St Thomas's took over Hydestile



*Dr. Charles Granville Rob at U of R, c. 1960, photo by Dr. Allyn May*

Hospital, near Godalming, he was made resident assistant surgeon.

In April 1942 he joined the RAMC and was posted to the 1st Parachute Brigade as a surgical specialist. In November of that year, the 1st Parachute Battalion was ordered to seize the airfield at Souk el Arba and the road junction at Beja, 90 miles east of Tunis. The battalion was dropped over Souk el Arba and was followed, the next day, by No 1 Section 16th Parachute Field Ambulance, commanded by Captain Wright and supported by No 1 Surgical Team led by Lieutenant Rob. At Beja the medical team requisitioned the French garrison school and converted it into a makeshift hospital. They then set up an operating theatre in the wing of the civilian hospital.

On 20 November the town was bombed, causing many civilian casualties, and Rob performed more than 150 operations, with Wright acting as anaesthetist. While he was treating his patients, a bomb fell outside the building and Rob suffered fractures to his left tibia and kneecap. He continued to work and the next day performed 22 more operations. When supplies of blood and plasma ran short, he gave a pint of his own blood to try to save the life of a wounded soldier. The team stayed for 24 days, in the course of which they treated 238 patients, many of whom had open fractures and multiple wounds. For this Rob was awarded the Military Cross. After the action in Tunisia he went on to serve in command of a field surgical unit in Sicily and Italy, rising to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel.

After the war, he returned to the surgical staff of St Thomas's. In 1950 he was appointed Professor of Surgery at St Mary's, where he made important

innovations in vascular surgery, chief of which was the use of frozen (later freeze-dried) cadaver arterial grafts which revolutionised the management of aortic aneurysm and was followed by surgery for carotid artery stenosis. He was consulted by Sir Winston Churchill, and by members of the Saudi Arabian and Kuwaiti royal families. He became consultant vascular surgeon to the British Army.

In 1960, he moved to America, to take up an appointment as chairman of the department of surgery at the Strong Memorial Hospital in Rochester, New York, where he continued to develop the technique of vein by-pass grafting. In 1978 he moved to East Carolina University in Greenville, North Carolina, as Professor of Surgery, and in 1983 joined the Uniformed Services University of the Health Sciences at Bethesda, near Washington DC.

A man with a commanding presence and great charm, he wrote well, published more than 200 papers, and, together with Rodney (later Lord) Smith, co-edited the multivolume *Operative Surgery* (London, Butterworths, 1956), which became the standard work of reference in every specialty. Among innumerable honorary degrees and fellowships he was awarded the René Leriche prize of the International Surgical Society, the highest tribute to a vascular surgeon.

He married in 1941 Mary Dorothy Elaine Beazley, a 'Nightingale' at St Thomas's. They had two sons, John and Peter; two daughters, Rebecca and Caroline; and eight grandchildren. He died on 26 July 2001 in Vermont.

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*Originally published in The London Times, 30 July 2001*

# MARY DOROTHY ELAINE WHITE BEAZLEY ROB (1917-2012)

By Arlene Vanderlinde, HB Trustee and Founder

Mary Rob was born on August 31, 1917 in London, the daughter of Cecil Douch Beazley and Dorothy White Beazley. She grew up in a large extended family of businessmen, university professors and navy-officers, as well as farmers and county magistrates and politicians. Her father ran a family woolen merchant business, T. Beazley and Sons, London. Her mother came from the White family of Temple Cowley, Oxfordshire, where since the 1600's, they farmed extensive lands Southwest of Oxford, until most of these were sold in the 1940's to become part of Greater Oxford. This background allowed Mary to be both at ease in city and country and to develop an enjoyment of each and a wide range of interests and pleasures.

In 1938-39 she worked as Secretary to Air Commander William Wedgwood Benn, Labor Member of Parliament. At the start of World War II, Mary acted as his secret courier taking highly confidential letters to 10 Downing Street and other locations of Prime Minister Winston Churchill's government. "No one suspected that I had important documents in my handbag, as I was so young," she related. By 1940 she had enrolled in the Florence Nightingale School at St. Thomas's Hospital, London. There she met Charles Rob, Chief Resident in Surgery and towards his mastership at Cambridge University. She was forced out of the Nightingale School because of this relationship as that was the protocol at the time. They married within six weeks, due to an immediate attraction to each other and the uncertainties of war. Weeks after the Nazi government's bombing blitz on London began, Mary was evacuated

out of London and Charles operated in bunkered operating rooms at St. Mary's before leaving to develop and train parachute field ambulance units. He was away from Mary for over four years first in North Africa and with one home leave, before his unit served the Allied invasion of Italy.

The 1950's brought peace and post-war austerity to Britain and a period of great happiness for Mary. She raised four children in Hampstead, London and enjoyed an essential role as hostess for the Department of Surgery at St. Mary's Hospital, where Charles was Chief of Surgery for the University of London. Her household was a busy one, what with interesting relatives from England and posts overseas and surgeon-scientists and their families staying with the Rob family. It was easy for Mary to host crowds of family, colleagues and friends from around the world, in their house and lovely small city garden tended by Charles.

In 1960, Charles accepted the position of Chief of the Department of Surgery at the University of Rochester, Strong Memorial Hospital. Mary moved somewhat reluctantly, but bravely settled in and became a Rochestarian, and although displaced from strong ties to England, she eventually thought of Rochester as home. So much so that although Charles took post-retirement professorships in Greenville, North Carolina and Washington, D.C., Mary kept up her memberships at The Chatterbox Club, the Rochester Garden Club, Wednesday Club and even her book club. She visited Rochester frequently and at age 89, now a widow, she moved back to live at Cloverwood in Pittsford.



*Mary Rob, c. 1940*

Mary was a person of great charm, intuitive intelligence, style and generosity. Her favorite avocations were as a superb well-trained stenciler of Early American patterns and also she had a great talent for flower arranging.

Mary Rob died at the age of 95, leaving Joseph Michael Rob, Peter James Rob, Caroline Mary Rob Zaleski and Rebecca Rob Podore and several grand and great grandchildren.

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*This text was adapted from an article published by the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle on 3 June 2012*

# THE KNIGHT AND HIS SQUIRE

By Dr. Allyn May, Brighton Resident and Author

The course of my life seems to have depended on many strokes of good luck for which I had no responsibility. Some examples would include: (1) My having been christened with the name “Allyn”, notwithstanding that my father and his father, and other male ancestors had been named “Adolph”, and (2) my mother’s staunch advocacy that we should live in St. Johnsbury rather than any other Vermont town.

Life in St. Johnsbury turned out to be a very important stroke of luck for me. It was there in 1815 that a family of the name “Fairbanks” started a factory to produce the world’s first weighing device that did not need an ungainly balance beam and specific weights. It was an invention as important as the wheel, the blade, and electricity. The Fairbanks Platform Scale sold well all over the world. The owners of the Company became the wealthiest family in antebellum America.

By 1891 The family had become a marvel of philanthropy, giving to the community a thriving economy, the Fairbanks Museum of Natural History, the St. Johnsbury Athenaeum and Art Gallery, and most importantly the St. Johnsbury Academy (founded and funded by Horace Fairbanks in 1842).

When I entered the Academy in 1943 its student body numbered about four hundred boys and girls of which twenty were boarders. It is a private school and tuition-free for St. Johnsbury students. In the middle of my fourth year at the Academy, the Headmaster (David Tyrell) summoned me to his office (I

wondered what sin I had committed). He said, “Allyn, have you given any thought to what college you would like to attend next year?” I responded, “I always thought I would go to MIT.”

The headmaster then countered, “That is a fine school. But why don’t you go to Harvard?” I had never spent much time thinking about schools. But I assumed that Mr. Tyrell had my best interests at heart, so I said, “OK”.

“Fine!” said the headmaster. “Next month you, your father, and I will go down to Cambridge and meet with Harvard’s Dean of Admissions who is my best friend.” And we did.

A few weeks later my father told me that the Academy had an opportunity to send a student to one of the great Public Schools of England for a year. Would I like to go? Again I said “OK”. But I reminded Dad that I had already been admitted to Harvard, and “Wouldn’t they expect me to show up?” The Headmaster solved the problem by arranging that I take a year’s leave-of-absence from The College.

Safely ensconced at Harvard I decided to make a career in medicine. I asked my college tutor, Dr. J.T. Edsall, a Nobel Laureate, “To which medical schools should I apply?” Among the five schools he suggested was the University of Rochester School of Medicine and Dentistry. I asked Dr. Edsall where Rochester was (I had never been west of Lake Champlain). He answered, “In western New York.” I said, “Why should I apply there?” Dr. Edsall explained that “It is the third wealthiest medical school in the country.”

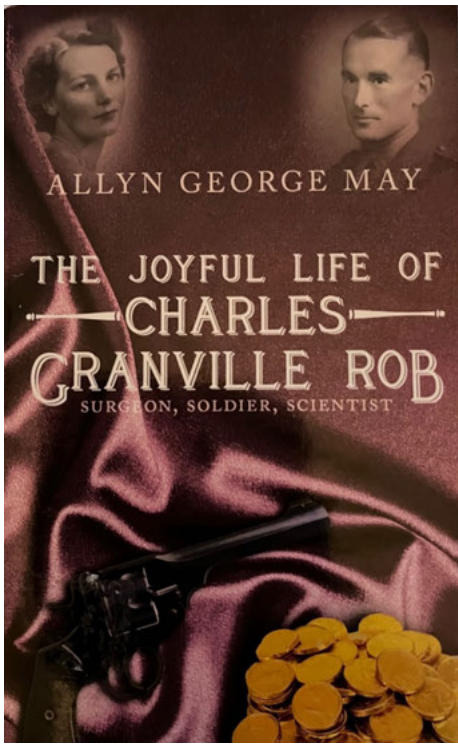


*Dr. Allyn G. May, Photo by Arlene Vanderlinde, 2023*

I took four years of medical school in Rochester, then a surgical internship (one year), and in 1957 I was drafted into The U.S. Navy as a medical officer. After a naval exercise with NATO allies my ship moored at the Royal Chatham Dock Yards in Kent so that I was able to pay a visit to Brentwood School in Essex County where I had been a boarding student eleven years before.

I returned to the U of R for surgical training at Strong Memorial Hospital in 1960, the same year that Charles Granville Rob assumed the Chair of Surgery. Although few in Rochester knew, he was famous throughout the world as a superb surgeon and a progenitor of vascular surgery. In Britain and in the rest of the British Commonwealth he was also known as a Royal Army soldier, special operations daredevil, and recipient of honors for bravery under fire in World War II. He was easy to admire: Six foot two inches tall, slender, disarmingly handsome, and





*Cover image of "The Joyful Life of Charles Granville Rob, by Dr. Allyn G. May*

fearless. He had many astounding experiences, and a wonderful sense of humor. His surgical research had led to successful treatments of diseases that had confounded physicians for thousands of years.

Failure to reveal to the world these traits and achievements would have been a dereliction of his duty as a teacher. He may have realized this, and responded, perhaps unconsciously, with a tendency to tell stories. He said that he was the son of an Arab sheik, that he had flown RAF fighter aircraft, that he had parachuted at night behind enemy lines to deliver a bag of one thousand gold coins (British sovereigns and French Louis d'Or) to the Sicilian Mafia to buy their cooperation, that he had performed hundreds of transplants in London. Members of his new American faculty understandably had doubts about the truth of those stories.

But if one did a bit of research, those stories could be authenticated. As Mrs. Rob once told me, "You know, Al, Charles loved to tell stories. Sometimes he exaggerated a little. But there was always a vestige of truth."

Dr. Rob was a generous man. He gladly

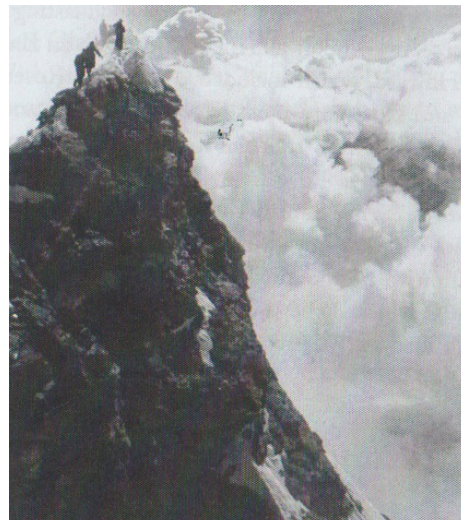
taught his students the fine techniques of surgery which had taken him years to discover. And he was thoughtful about little things. That became apparent when he arranged to send me for a year to the Massachusetts General Hospital in order to become an "authenticated transplant surgeon". While In Boston I received some income from my private practice in Rochester. The U of R required the return of part of that income to the U of R. I sent the check to the Dept. of Surgery. Dr. Rob returned the check to me with a Christmas card. His generosity was covert. He wanted to avoid any hint of favoritism. He had the ability simultaneously to criticize and praise a colleague if one or the other were necessary. He was a wise man whose good judgement seemed never to fail him (an important trait for a physician).

His brief and final illness occurred while he was visiting a son who lived in Vermont. Two of Rob's former students who lived in Vermont came to the hospital to see him. Although subdued by illness, he thanked them for the visit, and told them that he hoped they would come again.

—HB—



*Charles Rob as a parachutist, c. 1942*



*Charles Rob among a part of climbers on the Aiguilles, c. 1937*



*Charles Rob (left) climbing in the Alpine Mountains, c. 1937*

# RECOLLECTIONS OF THE THIRD OWNERS OF 255 ALLENS CREEK ROAD

By Dr. Michael and Jane Kallay, Former Brighton Residents

Jane and I came upon the house at 255 Allens Creek Rd. purely by accident. We were looking at a property across the street as we needed a house that had either one or two bedrooms on the first floor. We had a special needs child who was in a wheelchair and it was getting increasingly difficult to carry her up the stairs, therefore requiring a ramp to enter the house and optimally, two bedrooms on the first floor. The house at 255 Allens Creek Rd. had originally been offered by a single real estate agent (exclusive listing) rather than multiple listing and the day we were visiting the house across the street, the listing was changed and a for sale sign had gone up. While Jane was looking at the property on the north side of Allens Creek, I was more interested in 255. We made an appointment soon thereafter to visit the property and determined immediately it was ideal for our situation. The garage was oversized allowing us to build a ramp for easy wheelchair entry into the house. It had two first-floor bedrooms just as we had hoped.

The house was in "mint condition," that is the garden beds in the front yard were completely filled with two-to three-foot stalks of mint. There was a huge honeysuckle on the west side of the property. There was an oak tree that was half dead in the front yard and two rows of five evergreens flanking the linden tree also in the front yard. Needless to say, the property was filled with trees including multiple crabapple trees along the east side of the property, and a large locust tree in the middle of the backyard. Across the rear of the property were another eight

to ten crabapple trees and there was another crabapple in the garden adjacent to the porch. All of this on a half-acre property. Obviously, the former owner was an enthusiastic horticulturalist when he designed the property keeping with his English heritage.

Wisteria was everywhere. There was a Pergola holding up these vast vines and the vines were trailing along a wire across the garage door and strewn on a picket fence surrounding the gardens. I swear if you watch carefully in the middle of summer, you could actually see the Wisteria grow in front of your eyes. There were three plants ascending on the poles of the pergola, and the vines needed to be debrided at least four times during the summer. However, we can only recollect one time that we saw an actual Wisteria flower and never figured out why the Wisteria would not bloom. My youngest daughter selected her room on the East side of the house as she said she felt she was in a "treehouse" because of the prolific and beautiful crab apples outside her window.

That being said, I believe these were all planted by Dr. Rob, as it was told to us that he would come home midday to tend to his plants and trees between his surgeries. The peonies and azaleas and rhododendrons on the property are all plantings done by Dr. Rob. In addition, I believe he planted the *Metasequoia* (Dawn Redwood) which stands majestically in the backyard on the East side. I recollect that I was surprised my first winter when all the needles turned brown and fell off and I thought the tree had died. I was unfamiliar that there was anything like a deciduous conifer tree. The



*Dr. Michael and Jane Kallay, Photo by Arlene Vanderlinde, 2023*

property had gotten into the state as described above as apparently Dr. Rob sold the property to Dr. Wallis, and soon thereafter Dr. Wallis was called to serve as an economist in the Reagan administration and rented the property for eight years. He continued to rent the house to local attorneys and other professionals during the eight years of his absence. At the termination of his work in Washington DC, he elected not to return to Rochester and that prompted him to put the house up for sale. We did put in an offer for the house once we saw it and it was accepted by Dr. Wallis with one stipulation. He would give me a substantial discount for each day we could complete the necessary work and move up the closing so Jane and I rushed around delivering the documents and I believe we were able to close seven days early. Obviously, he was an economist through and through, for which I had no complaints.



We took possession of the house, and there were three sets of gold draperies in the living room which they requested to retrieve and we were happy to accommodate. They were apparently the draperies that were in his office at the University of Rochester when he was president. Also, of note, in the den there is a hand-hewn beam which we were told originated from the house constructed entirely of old beams on Pickwick Drive.

For many years, when Jane and I attended events with surgical colleagues, those surgeons who were residents with Dr. Rob had come to holiday parties and were very familiar with our house. Gradually over thirty-three years, we have updated the house and property - trees have been removed, and the large locust tree in the backyard was taken down after damage from the ice storm. Recently, a large Norway Maple was removed from the Eastside of the backyard.

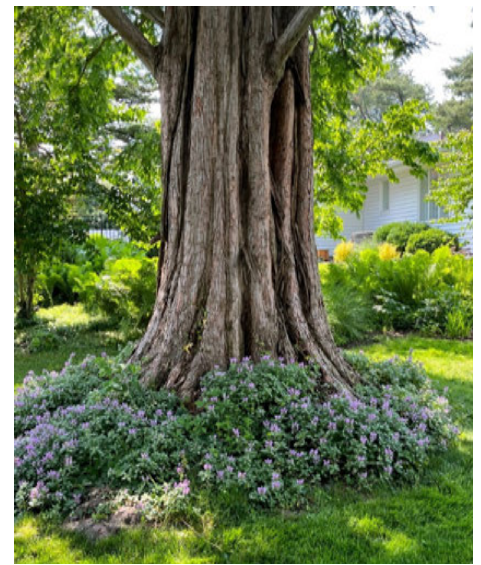
This allowed much more sunlight, which improved our vegetable and flower gardens.

In summary, we have always considered ourselves fortunate that we discovered the house and were able to care for it, now to recount the history of those that lived here in Brighton before us.

—HB—



*Azaleas planted by Dr. Rob; Photo by Jane Kallay, summer 2023*



*Trunk detail of the Metasequoia, photo by Arlene Vanderlinde, summer 2023*

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# THE REMARKABLE STORY OF THE DAWN REDWOOD: HOW A LIVING FOSSIL BROUGHT HUMANITY TOGETHER IN THE MIDDLE OF WORLD WAR

By Maria Popova, Author/Blogger

Sixty million years ago, when tropical climes covered the Arctic, a small redwood species developed an unusual adaptation that shaped its destiny: Despite being a conifer — needle-leaved trees that are usually evergreen — it became deciduous, losing all of its needles during the months-long lightless winter to conserve energy, then growing vigorously in the bright summer months — the fastest-growing of the redwoods. With this uncommon competitive edge, it conquered large swaths of the globe, spreading the seeds of its handsome cones across North America and Eurasia. But when the global climate plunged into the Ice Age, its victory march came to an abrupt halt.

We know this because, at the peak of WWII, Japanese paleobotanist Shigeru Miki discovered fossils of this small, mighty redwood species. Nothing like it had ever been described in the botanical literature, so he deemed it extinct, naming it *Metasequoia* after its kinship to Earth's most majestic tree.

The World War was still raging when a Chinese forester traveling through Central China in the winter of 1941 came upon a majestic old tree of a kind he had never seen before. There was a small shrine at its foot, where locals had been lighting votives and leaving offerings for decades. They called it, he learned, shui-sa, or “water fir,” for its love of moist soil — a name he had never heard before. Because the tree was already denuded of needles for its seasonal hibernation, he was unable to collect a proper specimen for identification — but he told other

foresters and botanists of it, until word reached Zhan Wang, director of China's Central Bureau of Forest Research.

Intrigued by this unheard of species, Wang set out to see it for himself and to collect specimens, which he shared with colleagues. One of them was Hsen Hsu Hu. A diligent paleobotanist, he had read of Miki's fossil discovery five years earlier. As

soon as he saw the peculiar needle pattern, Hu recognized the “water fir” as a *Metasequoia*.

Here was a living fossil — a lovely ghost of evolution that had somehow survived the unsurvivable.

Across the flaming divide that placed China and Japan on opposite sides of the World War, a small group of scientists had transcended the deadly



*Metasequoia* (also known as dawn redwood) in winter (photograph: Arnold Arboretum)

artifice of borders and the ugliness of weapons to remind the world that the human longing for truth and beauty is greater than our foibles.

The first Chinese person to be awarded a Ph.D. in botany from Harvard University, Hu still maintained a relationship with Harvard's Arnold Arboretum — one of the world's largest living museums of trees. As news of this ancient tree began making international headlines, lauded by journalists as a “living vestige of younger world,” “as remarkable as discovering a living dinosaur,” the director of the Harvard arboretum cobbled together funds for a collecting expedition in China across the ashen world — one of the last collaborations between Chinese and Western scientists before the Chinese Revolution dropped its leaden wall for decades.

As soon as the samples arrived at Harvard, the arborists planted several trees on Massachusetts soil — the first to grow in North America in more than two million years — and began distributing a kilogram of precious seeds to universities and botanical gardens across the globe. Hundreds of human hands from different nations and different creeds pressed them into moist soil, until this global effort to reanimate a ghost

of evolution populated parks all over the world with *Metasequoia*.

Perhaps due to the rich orange color its feathery needles turn before falling, perhaps in homage to its improbable chance at a new day in the epochal calendar of existence, it became known as the dawn redwood.

In the 1950s, a retired forester planted eight in Oregon; the fire chief of a California county planted one at the fire department headquarters; eventually, many more were seeded across California and the Pacific Northwest. In the 1970s, New York City community garden patron saint Liz Christy planted one at the iconic Bowery community farm-garden now bearing her name. Today, dawn redwoods rise from the heart of London and thrive in Istanbul's arboretum. Three stand sentinel over Strawberry Fields — the John Lennon memorial in Central Park. In the final years of the twentieth century, it was declared “the tree of the century.”

The year of the living fossil's discovery, Einstein's voice unspooled from the British radio waves, passionate and accented, to make a case for “the common language of science” as the only impartial understanding that can save humanity from itself. Each

dawn redwood rising from a patch of spacetime somewhere on this divided and indivisible world is a living monument to what is truest and most beautiful in the human spirit.

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—HB—



*Metasequoia planted by Dr. Charles Rob  
on the property of 255 Allens Creek Road,  
photo by Jane Kallay*

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# WILSON ALLEN WALLIS (1912-1998) - SECOND OWNER OF 255 ALLENS CREEK RD

By Arlene Vanderlinde, HB Trustee and Founder

Wilson Allen Wallis and his family, wife Ann and daughters, Nancy and Virginia, lived at #255 Allens Creek Road for only about two years because his career took him to other locations. Although he owned the home from 1978 until 1990, he rented the home to a series of doctors and attorneys from approximately 1980 until he sold it in 1990.

Wallis pursued a career in academia, business, and government, which included serving as both the president and the chancellor of the University of Rochester. He advised several U.S. presidents, and from 1982 to 1989 he became the Undersecretary of State for Economic Affairs under Ronald Reagan.

Wallis consistently advocated recognizing the role of free-market forces in improving society. The development of the W. Allen Wallis Institute of Political Economy honors his dedication to the combined study of economics and politics.

He was born in Philadelphia and he attended the University of Minnesota, Class of 1932. After receiving his degree in psychology and a year of graduate work, he began graduate studies in economics at the University of Chicago in 1933.

In 1936–37, he served as an economist and statistician for the National Resources Committee. During World War II, Wallis was the director of research of the U.S. Office of Scientific Research and Development's Statistical Research Group (1942–46) at Columbia

University; he recruited a team of bright young economists to the Statistical Research Group.

Wallis served as dean of The University of Chicago Graduate School of Business from 1956 to 1962. During his time as dean he established the "Chicago Approach to Business Education," which involved the application of statistical methodology to business.

He became president of the University of Rochester in 1962, a position he held until 1970, when he became the University's second chancellor and chief executive. In 1975, he relinquished the job of chief executive, but remained chancellor of the university until his retirement in 1982.

In December 1992, the University of Rochester named a joint program of its Departments of Economics and Political Science in honor of Wallis: the W. Allen Wallis Institute of Political Economy at the University of Rochester.

A January 1988 memo identified Wallis as President Reagan's "personal representative" for policy matters during the administration's preparations for attending the 14th G7 summit in June of that year.

In addition to his role as an academic and academic administrator, Wallis served as an advisor to U.S. Presidents Dwight Eisenhower, Richard Nixon, Gerald Ford, and Ronald Reagan. Under Eisenhower, he collaborated with Vice President Nixon on the report of the Cabinet Committee on Price Stability for Economic Growth (1959–61).

Under Nixon and Ford, he served on the President's Commission on Federal Statistics and on the Advisory Council on Social Security. Nixon also appointed Wallis as chairman of the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, a post he held 1975–78. Under Reagan, he served as Under Secretary of State for Economic Affairs (1982–85), and then, after Congress changed the job description and title, as Under Secretary of State for Economic, Business, and Agricultural Affairs (1985–89).

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*W. Allen Wallis, c. 1978*



*Wallis Hall, named in honor of W. Allen Wallis, on the University of Rochester campus*

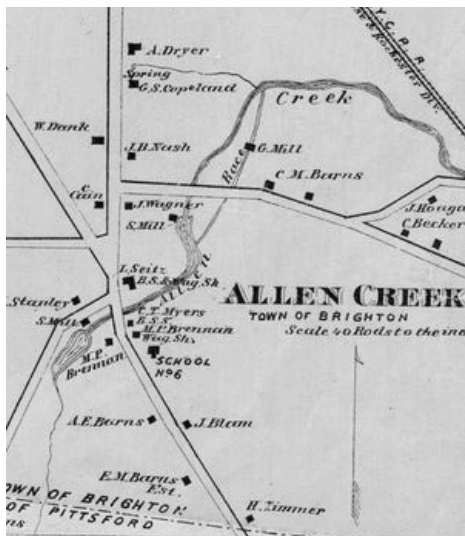
# HOW ALLEN'S CREEK GOT ITS NAME

By Mary Jo Lanphear, Town of Brighton Historian

One of the oldest communities in the town of Brighton, Allen's Creek was first settled briefly by Captain Timothy Allyn of Massachusetts. In 1790, he built a log cabin on a tract of 500 acres along the creek that is his namesake, but after a summer in the wilderness, he became discouraged, sold out, and relocated Southeast to Geneva, New York, where he became a successful businessman.

He left behind in what would become Brighton a strategic location on a major trade route — the road from Canandaigua to the Irondequoit Landing. The road to the Landing followed today's Landing Road North and South.

The town of Tryon, established in 1797 at the Irondequoit Landing, became the center for Canadian trade in Genesee Country flour. It also became the source of supplies for the storekeepers of Canandaigua. In 1804, those merchants extended the road from the Landing to the Genesee River. Today's Merchants Road in Rochester is a remnant of that early thoroughfare.



Map of Allen Creek area, c. 1872



Barnes Mill, c. 1900, from the Jean Stoddard Boardman collection

225 years later, Timothy Allyn's name remains, slightly altered, in the southeast corner of Brighton near the Pittsford line. Allen's Creek, accessible from Irondequoit Bay through its connection to Irondequoit Creek, provided water power to various operations along its banks.

John and Solomon Hatch, who purchased Timothy Allyn's land, built a saw mill on the creek in 1806. A succession of millers followed them, most notably Isaac Barnes, who came from Stockbridge, Massachusetts, in 1800 and built a mill on Allen's Creek, using the Ebenezer "Indian" Allan millstones. (Those stones are now on display in the wall of the Monroe County Office Building.)

Isaac Barnes' descendants kept the business going until 1953, when the dam went out and it became known that the Eastern Expressway would be built through the mill site.

Marshfield Parsons was another early settler in 1825. He moved in with his friend, Enos Blossom, whose house was on the location of today's Brighton No. 1 Fire Hall, and

eventually married Eliza Blossom in 1837. Parsons operated a powder mill on Allen's Creek until 1848, when an explosion killed several workers. He sold his equipment to the Rand company in what is now Powder Mills Park.

Prospering in his new community, Parsons built a large brick Greek Revival farmhouse on East Avenue. His heirs sold the house and farmland to the Country Club of Rochester after that organization was founded in 1895. The Parsons house was the first clubhouse until it burned down in 1902.

The country club is associated with a 20th century athlete who grew up on Allen's Creek in Brighton. Walter Hagen, born in Corbett's Glen in 1892, was introduced to golf at the age of 3. He became a caddie at the country club when he was 8, and the position earned him playing privileges.

Promoted from caddie to assistant pro when he was 15, Hagen went on to win the U.S. Open in 1914 and 1919 and, in 1922, became the first native-born American to win the British



Open. His tally of 11 professional tournament wins is third behind Jack Nicklaus (18) and Tiger Woods (14). Hagen was one of hundreds of children who attended Allen Creek School. Founded in 1815 as Brighton District No. 6 school, it held classes

in private homes until 1818, when a one-room school was built to accommodate scholars aged 5 to 15 from November through March.

That early school building was succeeded by a stone building from

1841 through 1879, and a frame building from 1880 through 1929, when the present brick school was built. Allen Creek School became part of the Pittsford Central School District in 1958.

—HB—



*Allen Creek School class photo, c. early 1900s*



*Allen Creek School class photo, c. 1900. The young boy on the far right in the front row is Walter Hagen, approximately age eight*

# MERCHANTS OF MONROE: THE SPRING HOUSE

By Ray Tierney III, Historic Brighton Member

As is often the case in this series, there is much written about a subject. The Spring House is no exception, but as they say, it's all in the "telling." This unique property straddling the Brighton/Pittsford border has one of the longest and richest histories in the area. This installment of the Merchants of Monroe will focus on the O'Neill family and several interesting stories connected to this 19th century property.

Built circa 1822 by Joseph Tousey (Towsey) as a public house, the Spring House was a destination spot for people enjoying the "Monroe Mineral Springs" that were located nearby in what is now Oak Hill Country Club. The vast property at one time also encompassed land now occupied by Irondequoit Country Club. Pittsford and Brighton were early canal towns, and both bordered the water at this location. The Monroe Avenue side of the building is actually the back of the establishment as it was fronted to accommodate commerce and travelers on the Erie Canal. The building consists of three floors. The tavern occupied the ground floor while the dining room was up one flight. The top level with its "spring" floor (sometimes referred to as a "sprung" floor) has a surface designed to absorb shocks giving a softer feel to dancers.

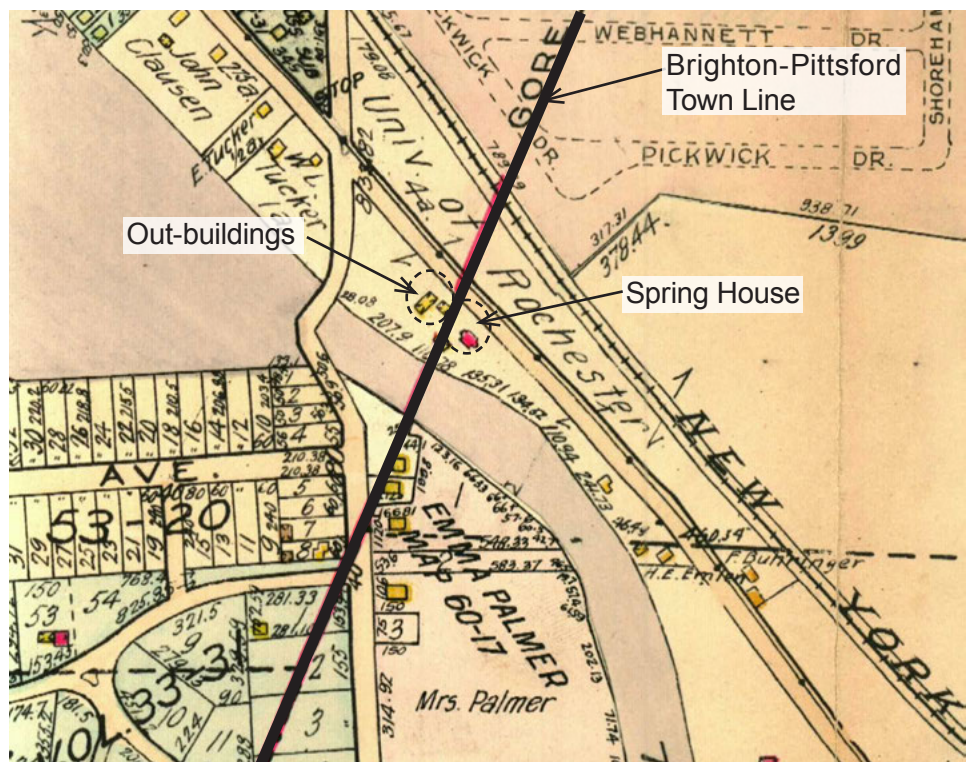
During my preparation of this article I came across a fascinating story connected the Spring House. While it is certain that the property is located in both towns, it also appears certain that the town line avoids the Spring House building proper while passing through one of the out buildings that are clearly in the Town of Brighton. The line has remained unmoved

since its establishment in 1789, and is sometimes referred to as the "Gore" line. Therefore, this brings up the question of an often-told story concerning the sale of alcohol at the Spring House. As the tale goes:

According to an account in Democrat & Chronicle on 27 March 2014, the Brighton and Pittsford town line ran through the restaurant. It reads: "That border at one time ran through the Spring House. When the Town of Pittsford denied the owner, Pat Hackett a license to sell alcohol, he simply moved the bar to the Brighton side of the restaurant where booze was permitted." That account seems to be taken from the National Registry of Historic Places application. It is important to note that the story is also included in the Town of Pittsford's website's article about the Spring House. However, the photo of the included 1931 map shows that the story may be in question. Since the town

line has never run through restaurant, it might be that Hackett moved the alcohol service at the restaurant to one of the out buildings. They can be seen on the map to the west of the Spring House. We may never know the truth but it is a great story either way. Those out buildings have been replaced by a commercial strip. That plaza originally included a Loblaws supermarket succeeded by the Music Lovers Shop that were geographically located in both towns.

Before we get to the O'Neills, it is important to recognize two women who revitalized the building. According to the Town of Pittsford's website, "The building was carefully remodeled and restored in 1940 under the careful planning of owners, Anna Stubbs and Anne Colbert. The two women set a superior table and restored the old house to its charm." It sounds like the O'Neills have company as Merchants of Monroe.



Map from Town of Brighton archives showing the Brighton-Pittsford town line intersecting the Spring House property c. 1924



Martin O'Neill took over the restaurant in 1959. He got his culinary beginnings in a restaurant in Manhattan, New York City. Ironically, he moved to Rochester to manage the Manhattan Restaurant in downtown Rochester. He should be referred to as the savior of the building as there were many fears at that time that the restaurant may be razed. He set those concerns aside with a simple remark when according to the Brighton Pittsford Post he said: "We feel that this a wonderful building for a restaurant." He completely remodeled the building furnishing it with period antiques that filled the place with charm. His son Donald with his wife Jacquelyn carried on that legacy even adding to it with a critical addition on the east side of the building. They along with Martin were Brighton residents and were thoroughly connected to the community. They ran the restaurant until its closing in 2000. Monroe's is the latest iteration of this

iconic restaurant. This recent dramatic renovation ushered in the building's third century in grand style.

My wife Idalee and I have had several important Spring House connections beginning with our wedding reception there in 1975. As you can see in the provided photo, the wedding cake and by extension the wedding party was small but perfectly fitting of the charm of the building. Next up was our many election night stops on the way to the vote watching party at my friend and Town Council colleague Jim Vogel's home. We would have a good luck toast and it magically never stopped giving. Finally, Jim and his wife Kit somehow hit the sweet stop when they hosted my retirement party there after it was repurposed as Monroe's Restaurant. Think how many other countless people have stories and connections to this venerable historic property.

The Spring House has had many stewards through the years but none stand out like the O'Neills who owned and cared for the property for over 40 years. The Merchants of Monroe series welcomes this property and all its owners that both Brighton and Pittsford can be proud to call its own.

—HB—



*Ray and Idalee Tierney cutting the cake at their wedding reception in the Spring House in 1975, provided by the author*



*Historic photograph of the Spring House restaurant and tavern, c. 1960*

*Editor's note: additional research by Brighton Town Historian Mary Jo Lanphear uncovered a 1914 article in the 25 October 1914 (Sunday) issue of the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle titled "Wanted to Put Bar in his Barn, but was Balked: Pat Hackett Can't Sell in his Hotel Now". According to this account, Hackett (who called himself a "renegade" in the interview) attempted to relocate his bar to the barn behind the restaurant (matching Tierney's assumption that it was an outbuilding rather than another part of the restaurant), but Brighton authorities denied him his liquor license on unrelated grounds. Brighton declared that the town had met its capacity for liquor licenses, which at the time totaled 5, the legal maximum per Brighton quota of one license to every 750 people. Mystery solved! - MBL*



## 2023 HISTORIC BRIGHTON LEO DODD HERITAGE PRESERVATION AWARD: RICHARD O. REISEM

Historic Brighton is proud to announce that Richard O. Reisem has been named the 2023 recipient of the Leo Dodd Heritage Preservation Award. Richard is a charter member of Historic Brighton and is a staunch supporter of our mission to explore history and bring it to the community. He is the author of sixteen books on local history and preservation which include 6 books on Mount Hope Cemetery. Richard served as a trustee of the Landmark Society of Western New York for more than twenty years and in 2012, Richard received the Landmark Society's Special Achievement Award for his work as a researcher, author and preservation activist.

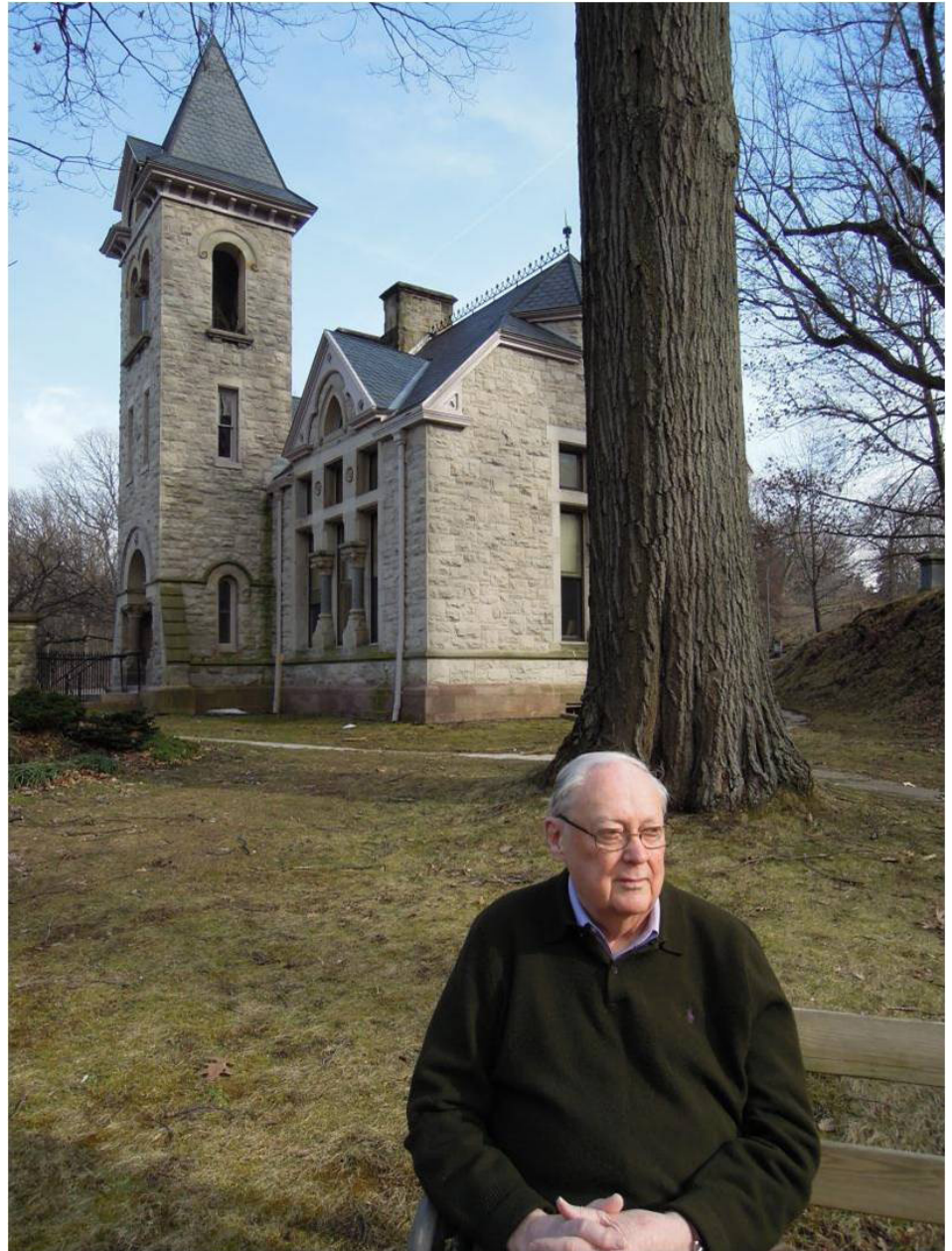
After graduating from Iowa State University with majors in architecture, history and journalism, Richard joined Eastman Kodak's Communications and Public Affairs department and moved to Rochester. His 31-year career with the company included speechwriting and special marketing promotion. Richard followed his strong interest in local history and architecture as a member of the Rochester Preservation Board and, in 1980, helped found the Friends of Mount Hope Cemetery.

Richard will receive his certificate at the Sunday, February 4th meeting of Historic Brighton at Brickstone's Winter Garden. Please join us for the presentation.

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*Richard O. Reisem at the second entrance to Mt. Hope Cemetery*

Selection of books authored, co-authored, or contributed to by Richard Reisem featuring Rochester and/or Western New York history:

- Erie Canal Legacy: Architectural Treasures of the Empire State*
- 200 Years of Rochester Architecture and Gardens*
- Historic New York: Architectural Journeys in the Empire State*
- Buried Treasures in Mt. Hope Cemetery: A Pictorial Field Guide*
- Frederick Douglass and the Underground Railroad*
- Mt. Hope, Rochester: America's First Municipal Victorian Cemetery*
- Gravestones in Mount Hope Cemetery, Rochester, New York*
- Myron Holley: Canal/Builder/Abolitionist/Unsung Hero*
- Remembering New York State*