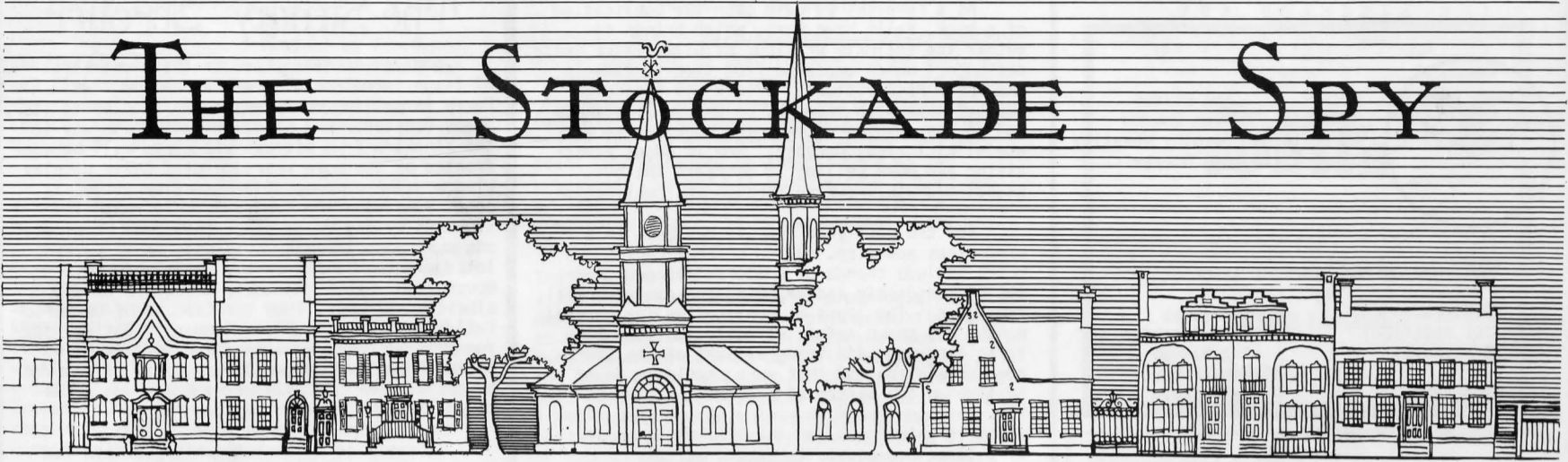


# THE STOCKADE SPY



VOLUME VII NUMBER 4

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## DON'T FORGET MAY 22, 1967 -- ANNUAL MEETING!

The 1967 Annual Meeting of the Stockade Association is to be held on the 22nd of this month, at 8:00 p.m. that Monday evening, in the auditorium of Riverside School. It is hoped that there will be a large turnout for this meeting, the Annual Meeting being certainly one of the most important of the Association's regular functions.

The agenda projected for that evening is primarily as follows:

(1) All committees report openly on their activities. This would include the report of the nominating committee; specifically, their proposed slate of officers for next year.

(2) The membership (all present voting members) will vote on those officers for next year, nominations having been made from the floor as well as those presented by the aforesaid Nominating Committee.

(3) A number of changes in the Stockade Association's Constitution have been proposed, and these will also be put to a vote. Those changes include:

Article I Section 1. The name of the organization shall be "The Stockade Association of Schenectady, New York."

Article IV (Officers) Section 3. [To conform to practice]...provided, however, that no officer except the two secretaries and treasurer may be elected and serve for more than two successive terms.

Article VIII (Meetings) Section 1. Regular Meetings. The first meeting of the Stockade Association shall be held in September, and thereafter in alternate months, except in July. Notice of each such meeting shall be given to the members by publication in the Stockade SPY or other publication or by mail at least five days in advance of the meeting date.

Section 2. Annual Meeting. The Annual meeting for elections and the transaction of other business shall take place during the month of May. The time and place shall be designated by the President. Ten days prior thereto, a notice of the time and place of such meetings shall be mailed by the Corresponding Secretary to each member.

Section 3. Special Meetings. Special meetings of the Association may be called at any time by the President or Vice President or in their absence or refusal, by any ten voting members of the Association. In any case, however, five days prior, a written notice of the time, place and purpose of such meeting shall be mailed by the Corresponding Secretary to each member.

Section 4. Quorum. The presence of Twenty-Five members shall constitute a quorum.

(4) The program of the evening will consist of a fifteen-minute slide presentation of various aspects of the Schenectady Museum, the speaker to be Mr. Robert Hanna. The slides will cover the services rendered to the community by the Museum, the problems inherent in the present Steuben Street facilities, and some information concerning the new Museum facilities.

Therefore, with so much to be accomplished in one meeting, it is urged that each and every member of the Stockade Association try as hard as possible to attend this particular meeting. Many things of great importance to the area as a whole are to be discussed and decided upon, and it is hoped that as much of the area as possible will be represented. Tuesday, May 22, 8:00 p.m., Riverside School -- don't forget!!

## A FUNNY THING HAPPENED TO ME ON THE WAY TO THE POST OFFICE

Or, How to Deliver the SPY?

The other day, it came to the attention of the staff of the Stockade SPY that we have been Breaking the Law. With great visions of law suits, federal investigations, subpoenas, etc., and with great fear and trepidation in our hearts, we summoned up all our courage and put in a call to the United States Post Office, Schenectady division. After identifying ourselves to at least one information clerk, three operators, two secretaries and one petty bureaucrat, we were finally handed over to the man who is in charge of all delivery. Quaking with stage-fright at the thought of actually speaking to such a high-level official, we tremulously explained that we had received a Complaint about our method of delivering the SPY. As it turned out, this official really wasn't the one to speak to at all, but since the right official was out to lunch at the moment, he graciously consented to handle our Problem.

We had, it developed, been breaking a Federal law which prohibits the use of any mailbox for delivery of any material other than that covered by US postage. As it happens, we were caught red-handed, because an ever-vigilant carrier in this district had spied a copy of our periodical in a mailbox on his route next day; and good civil servant that he was, had rushed it over to the Main Office. Well! Shocked at our flagrant criminal behavior, we immediately apologized profusely and promised never ever to do it again. We were graciously told that we could deliver SPYs through mail-slots, by the way; because after all, they go right into people's houses and so are not under the jurisdiction of the Post Office.

What to do? Well, said the Post Office official, you could always mail them through us. And how much would that cost? asked we. "Well, he replied, since they go all in one zip code area, and since you are a non-profit organization --? (We laughed); well, then, I guess you could mail them for, oh, about \$0.01257 per issue, unless of course you are a profit-making organization, in which case it would only be -- let's see -- well, then it would be only about \$0.0278 per copy. Oh, except for the permit for delivery of bulk mail, but that's only \$20.00 per year." Reeling under the effect of these complicated figures, we timidly asked if that would be the total cost of all mail and handling. "Well, of course you'd have to address them, you know; that is your responsibility, but they are all in one zip code area, after all," said the benevolent bureaucracy. We managed to squeak out an appropriate thank-you, and hung up, still reeling from the accumulation of new-found knowledge.

Confessing to a certain amount of simple curiosity, we sat down and figured out the total cost of having the SPY delivered via U.S. Mail. The results: At \$0.01257 per copy, with approximately 1200 copies to be delivered, the cost per issue would be a mere \$15.084. With nine issues a year, the total postage per year would be a tiny \$135.75. Add to that the negligible fee for permit (\$20.00, you remember), and we come up with a grand total of \$155.756 per year -- not counting the cost of addressing. No longer wondering why the Post Office would bother to complain, we calmly and quietly went upstairs and took a nap.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*TEACHER RECOGNITION DAY\*\* \*\*EVERYONE IS WELCOME\*\*

Tuesday, May 16, 1967

Party to be held at Kay Shanklin's  
14 North St., from 3:30 P.M. on ----

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## VANDALISM: A PUBLIC NUISANCE

Well, here it is spring once more: the trees are beginning to have leaves; flowers are pushing their way out of the dark earth of winter into the spring sunshine; the neighborhood is all set to pull up its socks and tidy away the ravages of winter; the swings are up in the park; grass is beginning to look like grass; spring fever is setting into each of us in our various ways -- in short, the saps are running once again, and isn't it nice?

Let's go back to the saps. Spring brings with it warmth, longer hours of day-light, and the promise of the freedom of summer; man's decision is what to do with these new-found pleasures half-forgotten during the misery of those ghastly cold months when he had to find his recreation indoors most of the time. Interestingly enough, some people (the saps), have found a rather strange solution to this problem of what to do, and their decision in turn creates something of a problem for a lot of others.

To be specific: Cloaked in utter anonymity, roving gaggles of unsolicited social critics have banded together in an apparent all-out campaign to avenge untold wrongs through the great panacea of organized vandalism. Their activities range from simple shrieks of uninvited personal advice (often uttered in a syntax best described as obscene), to outright physical acts of violence -- not to human beings, mind you, but to such innocent beings as street-lamps, trees, Lawrence the Indian, window box flowers, and house facades. To be even more specific, the SPY has received reports of: (1) a street-light on Erie Boulevard between Green and Union smashed to smithereens; (2) house numbers torn off the same house twice (they were replaced optimistically meanwhile); (3) a local motorist's automobile was the target for an unknown object while she was driving along Front Street between ALCO and Colledge; (4) two little trees set in tubs at 217 Green Street were knocked over in the dead of one Saturday night -- one of the trees stayed in its tub and the other was uprooted and delivered to the doorstep of 209 Green; and (5) the sidewalk trees seem to be rather the worse for wear, namely visible gouges and similar wounds appear in them from time to time. And so on. And so on. And so on, ad nauseam.

To the best of anyone's knowledge, these roving gangs consist primarily of kids ranging in age from about 13 to 16. Their acts may constitute a form of petty vandalism, but at what point does pettiness make up for in quantity what it lacks in quality? Do these self-appointed do-badders have nothing better to do? Do they not have parents who require them to conform to certain standards of socially-accepted behavior (or are these acts socially-acceptable? After all, nothing is being done about them)? Who is responsible? The kids are legally underage, and therefore not considered legally responsible for many of their doings; society numbers so many ills among its responsibilities that one hesitates to pin yet another on; the parents probably don't know what their kids do; we all know about the fact that policemen have enough to do in handling crimes already committed to have time to prevent it beforehand; so who is left? The mind reels.

About the only comment left to make is that these countless petty acts of crime are probably symptomatic of much worse things to come -- on a grand scale just as on a minor one. And perhaps adults who regret the irresponsibility of their succeeding generation are the very adults who are ultimately responsible for that irresponsibility. Funny though it may seem, sometimes it's the smallest nuisances in life which hurt the most. Is there nothing left to do?



EDITOR Ann Braden  
 BUSINESS Lynn Cowden  
 ADVERTISING Dorothy Wheatley  
 CIRCULATION Ann George

Published by the Stockade Association

PRESIDENT Louis Navias  
 VICE PRESIDENT Lavinia Shanklin  
 SECRETARIES Violet Putnam  
 Elizabeth Davis  
 TREASURER Russell Field

LETTER FROM THE PRESIDENT

A Report or Random Thoughts of a President

My term of office as president ends this May, having lasted eighteen months because the annual meeting date was changed in the By-laws. So some retrospection is in order. Working with people in a voluntary organization brings its pleasant surprises and its less pleasant disappointments. In general, our Association has a fine positive purpose which it pursues, and our directors and our members have worked toward the goal of maintaining the area's historical setting.

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Of major significance was the recognition given to the Stockade Association by the New York State Council on the Arts, in the form of a banner designed in colored woolen appliques on a woolen background. The banner and a certificate were awarded personally by Governor Rockefeller at the Memorial Chapel of Union College on May 17, 1966. The Stockade Association was cited for its "continuing concern for the restoration and conservation of the early Stockade section in Schenectady."

A minor victory has been the moving of a polling booth from a substandard garage to the well-kept and centrally-located spacious quarters in the meeting hall of St. George's Church.

A major catastrophe occurred in the demolition of the brick building located at 13-15 Union Street, which had been occupied by County officials since its erection in 1870. Due to the 'youth' of the building, the Historic District Commission was not able to prevent the Mohawk Club from destroying the building, thus removing a landmark of historical significance. The historical citations of experts in architectural design went unheeded.

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Since preservation and restoration of an area such as ours depend upon many functions and departments of the city structure, it was my privilege to make frequent contacts with these departments in City Hall. Only a few will be mentioned here.

The City Historian's office has been helpful many times in tracing historic events and supplying historical data.

The Department of Traffic and City Planning has been called upon many times for help in solving some local problems. From the suggestions made at the Governor's Conference on Natural Beauty held in February of 1966, it is obvious that funds are available for some restorative projects. Can we make our Stockade area one of them? We need to be alert to the Comprehensive City Plan being talked of, which is now in the pre-planning stage by the firm of Victor Gruen, Associates. We need to indicate to this firm, to the Common Council, and to the City Planning Commission what we wish our area to be like in the future.

The Historic District Commission was set up in May of 1962 to preserve the Stockade area, and its duties are outlined in Ordinance No. 14221. The Commission has been active in considering all applications for rebuilding or modifying present structures, for demolition and for building new structures. Interpretation is based upon the experience of the members and upon their general feeling that the Ordinance is too new and therefore legally vulnerable if seriously challenged. Suggestions for changes in the Ordinance have already been made by the Commission to the Corporation Counsel and to the Common Council of the City; but unfortunately the Commission has not yet shown the determination to have these changes enacted through positive pursuit. The five members of the Commission are appointed by the City Manager for definite terms of office. At the present moment, one appointment is nearly one year overdue, even though the City Manager is aware of the situation.

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As a memorial we have seen the publication of a book, *Walls Have Ears*, which brings together the intimate writings of Giles Yates van der Bogert which appeared from time to time in the SPY. Much editorial effort and financial support have been expended on the publication; and in the opinion of many the book serves a useful historical purpose. Now it needs advertising and more selling to decrease the outstanding debts incurred through its publication.

For the past year the SPY has been in a precarious position, due to several causes which include change of editors, alleged charges of censorship and of being too controversial, and so on. The lapse of publication for several months has shown rather strongly that the SPY is an important and integral part of the Stockade Association and that ways should be found to lighten the burden of producing it. Much time has been spent in reviewing and preparing a set of guidelines for the SPY, which hopefully will be acceptable to future editors. Throughout, our advertisers have been both faithful and patient.

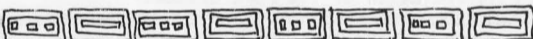
Removal of diseased trees by the City has been looked upon with great distress by many residents. There is always someone who is sure that the tree can be saved, and that it will not fall on the power lines. Our tree committee has been active in the planting of new trees in concrete pavements.

The Walk-about in the area have become a permanent function and money-making project for both the Stockade Association and the Schenectady County Historical Society. There is complete agreement that the two organizations should continue to work together in as many ways as possible.

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In brief, these are some of the activities of those residents who really live in the area and who have regard for the outer appearance and historic authenticity of their houses. There is, however, a general feeling of unrest which may reflect the unrest of society as a whole. It has been shown in the last few years that the doings of the Stockade Association and the protection of the historic District Commission are not sufficient to maintain the area without some feeling of uncertainty and insecurity. The wide scope of plans for the city involving revolutionary building changes -- such as a possible shopping mall, depressed streets and approaches -- aggravates this feeling of insecurity. The slow change in the kind and number of residents from fewer large house owners to more small apartment dwellers brings with it problems of social integration and assimilation. If we are to keep our historic and architectural aspects alive, we will need vigorous campaigns for membership and new educational approaches. The work in our area is by no means complete.

-- Louis Navias, April 21, 1967



LET THERE BE LIGHT

.....and there was, sorry to say. After all the painstaking work and discussion on the part of the Association, after all the assertions on the part of the money-conscious city officials, after all the arguments, debates and rebuttals, still the city refused to grant the Stockade its request for underground wiring and street-light standards appropriate to the historical setting of the area -- this despite the fact that even the Governor recognizes this area as a valuable part of New York State. And then, to top it all off, that same city which rejected the gaslit plan so longed-for by the Stockade went ahead and invested what must have been a considerable amount of money in new street-lights on Green Street; street-lights which can only be described as unbelievably hideous and atrociously designed....described by a non-Stockader with much knowledge in such matters as "exactly the same as the ones on the Western Gateway Bridge."

Whether these lights are mercury-vapor, everlasting, ultra-modern and crime-detering or not, they are simply grotesque and far worse than their predecessors. Their nighttime effect can only be described as being perhaps more appropriate to a Grade-B Japanese horror film about the monster with X-ray eyes than to a residential area. And informed sources seem to feel that they are probably more expensive than those requested to begin with.

No one denies the necessity for proper lighting on city streets, but what form of logic persists in the minds of city officials which precludes spending so much money on what would be attractive and relevant but which allows for spending that much money on that much ugliness? Two wrongs, after all, do not make a right.

The Sunday Stroller

Now yet another store in that long block of State Street that stretches uptown from Ferry is selling out preparatory to closing its doors forever. Any stroller making his way to the Stockade from midtown via State will be confronted by one more reproachfully blank display window. The economy of Schenectady aside, it poses some sobering questions. To reach the Stockade by any route other than down Washington, one must pass through wasteland, be it parking lots, sagging houses or the dreariest commercialism. At the moment, there are oases, albeit small ones, like the Chamber of Commerce building or Roberts Piano Company. But how joyous will it be to be a Stockade dweller if we stand alone in downtown Schenectady, surrounded by desolation? Or will we sink beneath a sea of blacktop?

It seems to me that the big question is: What is missing from the Stockade ethos? If we really are one of those American dreams of reclamation, like Georgetown or Providence, what do the other towns have that we lack, and why? We have more and more houses shored up against ruin, real estate value keeps going up, but if we are truly the pocket of chic, culture and creativity that many residents vaunt, why has the Stockade failed to spill over its edges and revitalize adjacent downtown Schenectady? There are many fine and reclaimable houses further along Union, and some scattered along side streets like Barrett. But with the exception of a few doctors' offices and the fine pillared portico reclaimed by the Clarks a few years ago, nothing positive has happened there. Why hasn't there been a proliferation of shops along the fringes of the Stockade devoted to making the totally-equipped life instantly accessible? Where are the antique shops, the florists and clothing boutiques, et al., visible surrounding prosperous communities all over the country? We do have some good groceries, but we've all heard about the inadequacies of bread alone.

-- Barrie Covert

[Correction: Mrs. Anne Ford, who owns 1 Washington Avenue, assures me that what covers the rear wing of that house is not new stucco, as stated in last month's column, but simply the old stucco cleaned and patched. According to Mrs. Ford, the only new stucco is that filling in the areas occupied by the original windows, which were rather larger than their replacements. -- B. C.]

BLUEPENCILINGS FROM THE EDITOR

In any society, large or small, there must be room for criticism. On the theory that perhaps criticism from within is both easier to take and ultimately more meaningful than that from without, the SPY wishes to state clearly and openly such a criticism of the Stockade as inferred from the contents of this month's issue.

First, Dr. Navias' letter easily mirrors his feeling of dissatisfaction with the progress of the Stockade Association. Second, Mrs. Covert's column regrets, with some measure of disillusionment, that the area has not extended its boundaries outward. Third, it is implicit in the very recent outbreak of serious vandalism that a certain sector of the population is using that medium of expression to reveal its certain unrest, if not outright discontent.

Not without some sense of justification, the SPY would very much like to carry this comment one step further by asking just a few simple questions:

How long is the Stockade going to sit around congratulating itself on its past accomplishments without recognizing that we are in fact far from approaching our supposed ultimate goals?

Have we forgotten that what was to be an organized campaign toward improvement of one area which might in turn affect the areas of city, county and state seems to have ended right here, where it began?

Could it be that we have become so smug and self-satisfied that we have forgotten the simple fact that statistically, this neighborhood is run by a representative body which consists of approximately one-fourth of the total population of the area?

Could it possibly be that we are selfish hypocrites who say one thing and do the opposite? Might it not be within the realm of possibility that we have exhausted our original programs, and taking that for completion of our goals, have ceased to function for lack of nothing further to do?

Ludicrous as that may seem, the evidence is pointing distinctly in that direction. The SPY has but one further comment: Hooray for taking that one step forward; but now how about those two steps back?

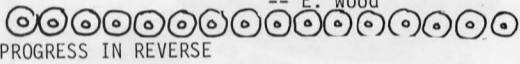
THE PLAYERS HAVE ARRIVED

The Fantasticks, a Musical by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, opened Monday night at our own Civic Playhouse, and will, we hope, run for several additional performances beyond the special Sunday performance - a benefit for the Museum Building Fund.

How we must wish that we could have written this delightful musical ourselves! To be able to call on so many skills, to tell such an entertaining parable of love so wittily, to have a theme with which audiences throughout the world are so entirely familiar that it can be no more revolutionary than a revival of Romeo and Juliet, and finally to be able to leave it squarely with the audience, who Monday night left the Playhouse - some humming "Plant a Radish" and others telling their escorts to "remember me in light" - have been the primary responsibility of both Jones-and-Schmidt and Director Jean Kestenbaum.

In many respects it is the director's show, since all the incidentals of the production are so capably handled that there is little for the audience to do except enjoy. We particularly liked Bob Boggs, who not only sings well, but delivers a solidly winning performance as Matt. A remarkable characterization of the tragi-comic "Old Actor" is acted by Ted Cooke; and he is ably supported by Winn Roberts, "The Man Who Dies." Carmen Sgarlata and George Kahlbaugh steal the show with their comic number in the first act and continue to charm the audience throughout the show. Of special interest in the show is the fine performance by Joseph Fava as the Mute. Undoubtedly the Director told him where to move on stage, but it is to his credit that he moves and blends so harmoniously that he appears and disappears without ever leaving stage or our sight. Grace Di Battista and Charles Hepburn, husband and wife, present capable performances as Luisa and the Narrator, El Gallo. It all adds up to a charming bit of froth with a simple, universal message, nicely acted and sung, and certainly beautifully directed.

-- E. Wood



PROGRESS IN REVERSE

The other night, the SPY received an urgent telephone call requesting that a reporter dash right over to 219 Union Street to get a good look at the latest in restorations -- a cocktail party seemed to be in progress heralding the completion of the project, and couldn't someone come over and write it up? Intrigued and curious in spite of herself (she was taking a nap at the time), the editor did indeed rush right over, and her efforts were not at all in vain. For behind 219 Union Street stands a charming brick 19th-century carriage house, totally and most effectively restored and refurbished to allow for one of the nicest of apartments.

Having toured the premises, noted the wall-to-wall carpeting, the exposed and unretouched brick-and-mortar and random-width wall planks, the editor/reporter found the owner of the little house and learned much to share with others who have an interest in restoration.

219 Union and its carriage house belong to Daniel Mead, who rents them out (he himself lives at 1155 Stratford Road); and he told us that he bought the property in 1965 and has worked on it ever since. The building cannot be traced back any farther than 1860, although Mr. Mead feels that the carriage house at least predates the existing deeds. Parenthetically, Mr. Mead mentioned that the Historic District Commission was more than helpful in his project; indeed, he said, "they were extremely cooperative."

What Mr. Mead has done -- and it must be noted that he did it almost entirely himself, excepting only wiring, plumbing and putting in a concrete floor -- has been to leave the outside of the carriage house so as to fit in with the big house; but to re-do the interior completely, remodeling it to 'extreme antiquity,' including, though, such modern essentials as gas/hot-air heating, etc. Mr. Mead did such a thorough job of restoration, in fact, that when he found it necessary to replace a beam, he searched all over the area until he found an old barn which contained beams similar to his, and immediately imported and installed his find. Certainly his work is an example of precisely that which the Stockade has been working towards all these years, and the SPY would like to thank him.

**Nate Heller**

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A DIALOGUE ON THE DIALOGUE

[Editor's Note: Because of the relative newness of the presence of the Dialogue Coffee House at 121 So. Ferry Street, we felt it would be interesting to get an opinion on it; but then it suddenly occurred to us how much more interesting to get two opinions on it -- one from an adult (who referred to himself once as "a practicing 'Square'"); and one from a teenager who would probably refer to himself as 'a practicing hippie' if he were asked. Here are the results, in that order.]

The Dialogue Coffee House

This seems truly to be a period of protest, rebellion, questioning of authority, and an awakening in almost all phases of our culture. Even in such an unlikely environment as the Roman Catholic Church, "Liberty Poles" have been erected, and cassocked figures can be seen dancing around them in a defiance of Papal authority which would surely have led to a pile of faggots not so long ago. It seems certain now that the Roman Church is being dragged protestingly into the twentieth century by the force of secular and even parochial education of several generations of the faithful. This fact was brought out in considerable detail at the Dialogue Coffee House on Sunday evening, April 23rd. The two speakers were Father Hogan, a Roman Catholic Priest, and a Roman Catholic layman. The program had been intended to cover several points in the recent report in "Newsweek" magazine of a survey of what a Roman Catholic thinks about his religion. However, the discussion revolved mainly about the changes that have come to be in the attitude of the increasingly educated and informed laymen toward dogma and Papal authority as they relate to modern life. This was brought out particularly in the matter of birth control. Its practice by a majority of Roman Catholics is recognized by the hierarchy, and according to dogma on the subject, all these people are living in a state of sin. Nevertheless, they still attend church, receive the Sacraments, and contribute financially to the cause. Both Father Hogan and the layman obviously felt that it is inevitable that the stand so stubbornly maintained by Rome will be changed, and soon; but that Rome has not yet been able to devise the mechanism for making the change without making its previous stand as infallible appear ridiculous. Rome's predicament points up the futility of trying to maintain the old "Credo ergo cognosco" philosophy against the "Cognosco ergo credo" position of the scientific present. Neither speaker seemed inclined to question the statistics put forth in the "Newsweek" survey.

There was a full house that evening, and the audience consisted mainly of adults but with both adult and student types taking part in the discussion. It is interesting to see how the make-up of the audience changes from night to night, depending on the topic to be discussed. I must admit, however, that there wasn't much of a representation from the Stockade in the audience. But then, maybe they went on Saturday night.

-- Bill Harrison

A Longhair Likes Longhair Discussion

Until recently, talk in the Stockade important enough to be called dialogue has been seriously limited to living rooms and Arthur's. A new corporation, the "Dialogue", has opened in the area, just beyond the south wall's gate. It offers an opportunity for Schenectadians, especially the nearby Stockaders, to enjoy talk about any subject with a selected guest speaker on some particular burning issue at least twice a week on Saturday and Sunday nights from 8:00 to 12:00. It is also open for free discussions on Thursday and Friday nights at the same time.

Adults are especially needed since its primary function is to meet the needs of an adult oriented coffeehouse. Donations of 75¢ a person are accepted in exchange for coffee of homemade standards and doughnuts of Dunkin's standards. Please visit this establishment when you need good conversation or good coffee and doughnuts and bring friends. It's on the second floor right and don't be chased off by the appearance of the teenage patrons. Sometimes it pays to shut your eyes and listen.

--Ken Sitz

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# Tidings

Unaccustomed as we are to gossip, rumor-mongering or tittle-tattle of any kind, we approach this guest assignment with considerable nervousness. However, assured by the Editor that "Everybody has to read 'Tidings'," "It just wouldn't be the SPY without 'Tidings'," and "Besides, nobody else will do it this month so please won't you?" we have agreed to her request. In order to protect ourselves against counter-gossip, tittle-tattle, etc. we are documenting each item - see Footnotes below. Let the reader beware.

## The Moving Van

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Colangelo have moved out of 111 N. Ferry to Syracuse, where he will work for Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing (commonly known as 3-M.) Arriving on N. Ferry in their place is Dr. Eugene Zeltman, a Radio-chemist at the Research Laboratory (commonly known as the Knolls.) 1.

Patricia Gromniak has moved to 145 Front. She is a teacher for the city school system. We don't know which school she's teaching at, but it isn't Riverside. 2.

Cliff and Lucy Vrooman are leaving 43 Washington Avenue to ?? (sic) Washington Avenue, formerly the residence of Chester Woodin. "Cliff at one time owned 43 Washington and knows its history, etc. It would make a good story and a piece of gossip." 3.

Lloyd and Augusta Blanchard have moved from 12 North St. to ?? College St., where they're doing a building over. 4.

## THE TOURIST BUREAU

From 10 in the morning until 6 in the evening, on Thursday, May 18, the Garden Club of Schenectady is holding a tour of local houses and gardens. Among the houses featured are two right here in the Stockade: namely, those of Mrs. Henry van der Bogert Erben on Washington Avenue; and Mrs. A. Wayne Merriam's, also on Washington Avenue. The other houses-and-gardens on the tour are all over the area, including Scotia, so it should be a most worthwhile tour. Tickets, by the way, are \$2.00 apiece, and may be purchased at any of the houses on tour. 5.

## The Sick List

No interest in the common cold this past month: everyone has either just had one, is getting one, or is still suffering from one. Recent visitors (well, let's just say "paying guests") at Ellis Hospital, however, include Pat Hart of 30 N. Ferry and Green Street's Connie Sitz. Both are now safely back home, and we're grateful for their presence. Pat's four are regularly with her, but it has been specially nice to see Carol Sitz back from San Francisco for a lengthy visit to her mother. 6.

## Wedding Bells

Mary Rebecca Bryant, a Pennsylvanian, is to marry Giles van der Bogert, Jr. next month at St. George's Church. Our very best wishes to them both. 7.

--J.T.B.



1. Mysterious and anonymous phone call to the editor one evening in April.
2. Ibid.
3. Handwritten note by Louis Navias (but you know we don't go in for gossip).
4. Handwritten scribble so badly written that it could not be read at press time. Exhaustive research has failed to uncover any clues.
5. Personal phone call from Mrs. Milton J. Davis, Jr. to the editor just as we were going to press.
6. Eyewitness.
7. Personal information from the mother of the groom-to-be.



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# school news

Edited by Pat Hart

## RIVERSIDE SCHOOL NEWS

Field trips dominate the scene with Miss Schaeffer's class going to Camp Chingachgook on May 31st and June 1st. The trip is intended to give children a chance to explore the outdoors in an overnight setting. The children will leave Riverside at 8:30 Wednesday morning and return at 4:00 o'clock Thursday afternoon. While at camp, they will have an opportunity to pursue both educational and recreational activities. The group will be accompanied by a nurse, school principal, and three teachers. Attending camp that same day will be a group of children from Brandywine school which the Riverside group will join for an evening camp-fire. Interested parents and friends are invited to drive up to Lake George for the camp-fire.

**CLEANUP:** In conjunction with the Stockade's Clean-up May 6, Riverside students made posters and decorated bulletin boards in school as an indication of their interest. They also made placards and paraded through the Stockade Area on Friday, May 5th.

In place of a spring music festival, the Riverside choir will visit and be visited by the choirs of several schools, including Nott Terrace, Lincoln, and Brandywine.

--Robert Van Buren, Principal

## LINTON SCHOOL NEWS

Our congratulations go out to Dinah Dietrich, who is the recipient of a New York State Regents Scholarship, and who has also been accepted at Windsor Mountain School. Gary Adair has been accepted at the State University at Albany and S.U.N.Y. at Plattsburgh. Marilyn Geiger has been accepted at Hudson Valley.

Patty Benson was selected by her class dean to assist, along with several other classmates, as a hostess for the Junior Prom, which was held on April 21st. The theme of the prom was "Moonlit Manhattan" and was attended by many Stockaders.

Members of the Linton High School Choir have been putting many extra hours of rehearsals and much hard work into their preparation of songs for "Music for Unity." Stockaders participating in the event, which is attended by both the Linton and Mont Pleasant Choirs, will be Patty Benson, Debby Dinkleman, Sally George, Sue Hart and Gary Schwart.

May 10th is a big day for the Seniors, for it marks the night of the annual Senior Banquet. A turkey dinner will be served, and those chosen as "Super Seniors" by their classmates will be announced.

-- Sue Hart

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