THIS WAS MY LIFE

BY

LOUIS A. WEHLE

FOREWORD

"An institution," said Emerson, in his essay on Self Reliance, "is the lengthened shadow of one man." This certainly rings true with me and Genesee, for in the preparation of my biography it was impossible to separate the two of us.

It is no wonder that I feel proud of the accomplishments of my brewery, and proud when I read articles like the February issue of The Brewing World which said: "A Big Shining Star again in 1960 to Genesee for Their Continued Growth and territorial expansion program .... Genesee is the largest brewery in up-state New York, with excellent modern plant facilities ... Recognized as one of the most modern breweries in the East.

"Also regarded as one of the best financed brewers in business ... Owned and controlled by the highly esteemed Wehle family .... Excellent corporate and brand image .... All elements of marketing for years have been tops, to make Genesee the leading selling brand in many of their New York State areas .... In recent years their markets have been extended into Pennsylvania and Ohio where they anticipate growth."

Therefore, to our distributors, who are the backbone of our business and to whom we owe our success; in acknowledgement of their unswerving loyalty, and the invaluable assistance they have rendered in helping to make the name of Genesee Brewing Company a synonym for the best in American business life, this book is gratefully dedicated.

Moe Dailey
John Quarantello
Billy Bartyzel
George Bentges
Jerry Rocque
Phil Burns
Carl Campbell
Jug Digaspari
Joe Verno
Al, Jack & Bill Coughlin
Frank D'Andreo
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Bud & Dick Hammond
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Joe & John Hoy
Bill Kelly, Sr., & Bill Kelly, Jr.
Diz LaMonica
George Mullen
Lee Kaplan
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Gil Schwartz
Betty & John Christian
Izzy Josephs
Lester Boggio
Betty Rowell
Ray Parrott
John Anagno
Tom Sullivan
Jack Sullivan
Ira Bickhart
Frank Rooney

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I am deeply grateful to all who have aided me in the preparation of my biography. Particularly, I want to thank Mr. Harry G. Foster, of West Palm Beach, Florida, 73 years young, who drew out of me many of the incidents in the book, long dormant in my mind; Ruth Lewis, who typed the original dictation from two recording machines and who laboriously sorted out the many pictures and articles from my 14 scrap books; and Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Dickerson, Jr., of The Florida Photo-Offset Printing Company, West Palm Beach, Florida, for their unending patience and understanding during the preparation of this book. I also wish to express my gratitude to a group of my associates who helped me in many ways. Marlene Boyle, who for years built up the scrap books without which it would not be possible to write the book; John F. Daly of Richfield Springs, New York, my former secretary in the Conservation Department; Bill Harrison, Al Sommer, Charlie Harkins, Jim Duffy, Bill Hoot, and many others.

To all of these, and to all the others who have been of assistance to me in preparing and writing my biography, I offer my sincerest appreciation.

CHAPTER 1

The Beginnings

I have reached the age of 70 – the three score years and ten the good book speaks about that are allotted to us if we are lucky. So it seems to be a logical time to sit back and contemplate the past – see what it may have taught me – what I may have accomplished – to find out whether out of all this there may be a germ of an idea that will inspire those who will read these pages and follow after me.

It is well for a man to think of his beginnings. To discover what he is made of – how he came about becoming the man he turned out to be. How much credit can he take – how much were those responsible who came before him in forming his character – his talents – his weaknesses and capacities.

Let us see what we may find.

In the first place, I am of German blood and background. That in itself is going to explain much. Not long after the Civil War and then through the seventies and eighties of the past century, there was a tremendous migration of Germans from the old country. Many of the men and women over there were not satisfied with conditions as they existed in the Vaterland. There was too much oppression, too many restrictions and too few opportunities for men who had ambitions and wanted to get ahead in the world. And so they started to come to the land of promise – America! A few went to South America and Africa where there were some scattered colonies of Germans, but the bulk came to these United States.

They were of sturdy stock, because these were the men and women who wanted to improve their lot, to prosper and to be their own bosses. They brought many skills with them – trades – professions. They had excelled in the tanning of leather – in farming – in the making of fine things – the brewing of good, honest beer – and were interested in trade and store keeping.

These Germans brought many national traits with them – some good others less desirable. But in the main they were a strong people – people, who if given half the chance would more than pull their own load – be an asset to any community in which they settled.

So these Germans streamed through the ports of New York and Boston in the main. Some settled in the cities they entered – others, be-

cause of the lure of new countries and friends and relatives who had preceded them, decided to go farther West. So they went to Cincinnati, to St. Louis, to Chicago, to Milwaukee, and others came to Rochester and the Western part of New York State, to name only a few of the important centers they settled in. In these places they soon found work and settled down to raise their families and live the kind of lives they wanted to live. They influenced their communities a great deal, and even today, after three quarters of a century, we find a strong German influence still in evidence in many places. Of course they loved the old country, but their roots soon struck deep in the new fertile soil of America. The older generations continued to speak the German language in their homes and many places of business, but that naturally began to grow less frequent as the new generations grew up and became completely Americanized.

These Germans brought with them many national characteristics. They came from an old country with a great culture. They were thrifty – they were very careful of the dollar and dreaded and avoided debt. They were in the main above the average in honesty – they were conscientious – they were hard workers. They were ambitious for their children – they were willing to sacrifice any present comfort or luxury to see that their offspring received a good education and got a right start in life. But with that they also brought a great stubbornness – an intolerance of other ways – they did not change or adapt themselves easily – many times not much affection was demonstrated in their homes. They were over-strict – they would brook no interference or disobedience. They were not always easy people to live with, or to know.

But they were very warm-hearted and sentimental in their own way. They would grieve when a child did not do well in school – be proud when their young ones showed promise and progress. They were clean, hospitable, excellent home-makers, superb cooks, hated sloppiness and unorganized living. They were worshippers of good music – lovers of fun – of dancing – all this because they came from a great nation that had carved its way through the centuries to supremacy in the merciless race for world leadership.

With all of this background, one can see that I already possessed a priceless heritage that had been handed to me on a silver platter I had nothing to do with. I was a boy of German background, and with all of these tools already at hand I had to make my own way in the world.

Perhaps there were days when I resented things my parents said and did. What normal boy would not feel the same way? I am sure I felt

abused many times and felt mighty sorry for myself – thought them tyrants and slave drivers.

It is unfortunate that we have to live much of a lifetime before we find out that many of the things we resented in childhood were the very things that have benefited us the most. Most parents know that, I suppose, and perhaps they wish it might be otherwise, but in my time if you were a good German boy you followed through and no nonsense about it.

Those of German blood who settled in and around Rochester and Buffalo came to a promising land. Here was a great State just beginning to achieve world renown. The climate was rugged with long, cold, snowy winters that forced a man to hustle for a living – froze any softness out of his system that might make a weakling of him. The land was beautiful, fertile, if one dug deep enough and worked hard enough. It was a land that lent itself to many forms of human endeavor – good farm land – beautiful sections ideally suited to summer vacations and lovely lakes to lure the fisherman to their shores. There were fruits and berries in abundance – there was hunting –– there were thriving herds of fine cattle – and a perfect setting for growing industries of all kinds, both large and small. So here were people eager and able to work hard, and that made for a general prosperity.

Another thing, it was a country vitally interested in seeing its communities improve. Men and women were interested in and proud of anything that made their towns better places to live in. These men and women were concerned about good schools, libraries, music centers, bands, orchestras, sports. They wanted their communities centers of a healthy culture that would reflect on their pride in and appreciation of living in a good land – a land that had made them so welcome. They were people who loved flowers – gardens – pets – they were always interested in civic activities and charities, because they knew all good communities must depend largely upon themselves to make their own improvements and to clear and clean up bad social conditions.

So this is the heritage I was ushered into on the day I was born. I was a mighty lucky little fellow, although I didn't know nor care about that in the least. I was lucky to be born of good, honest stock, in a Christian home where God was revered and boys' bottoms were warmed if they didn't behave as Father and Mother told them to.

I am bringing all this to you at the very beginning, because I hope it will make a little clearer the sort of boy I was and the man I became. I take little credit for much that I have accomplished. Naturally I would be foolish and hypocritical not to admit that I did have a little something

to do with what I have done. But alone I would have been no one. It is only through associations and friendships and through families that one becomes a good citizen – in a community that has already helped set the stage for his years on this earth. Too many people forget that – too many take what they get and see and enjoy for granted. They forget the toil, the sweat, the tears, the sacrifices others have made, and think they have a right to get on the gravy train without pulling their own load.

Naturally not everything that has happened to me will be of equal interest to everyone. It would be foolish to think so. But from out of all this, I hope those whom I love so dearly and those who will keep my memory green in the years to come, will find out what just one ordinary man like myself can do toward helping make this old world of ours a little better place, if he puts his mind and heart and talents to the task. Not that I have done much. Now that I look back I can see all too clearly that I have failed in many ways – could have done a much better job – but what is past cannot be brought back to life again.

What CAN be gleaned from this, I believe, is the encouraging thought that it doesn't take a genius to accomplish something worthwhile. Of course it requires the skills and talents that the good God has given to us, linked with a determination to do something about them.

It makes me sad to look around and see so much good human material going to waste. So much talent – so much time that is never used – so many fine impulses that die on the vine of inactivity. I see basically intelligent people – people of promise – people with impressive backgrounds – people with wonderful personalities – fritter their lives away, leaving empty places instead of happier people, better conditions, a finer land because they have lived in it. To give, not to take – to act, not to idle – these are the things that pick out the mature from the immature!

But I am not here to moralize. I shall be lucky enough to set down on paper what I have done myself, to say nothing of what others have or have not accomplished. If I do that, that is all I can expect, and I shall be content. Just one more thought on this before I turn off the faucet. People confuse improvements with modern gadgets. Real progress comes from improving the human breed – by making people more and more aware of their moral obligations and responsibilities – from their acts and thoughts and ideals and how they practice them in daily living. You know, many great countries have disappeared from the face of the earth because they lost their sense of moral values. You can build marble palaces or one hundred-story skyscrapers of gleaming glass, but what good are they if people who inhabit them are tricky and mean and small and selfish and

poor in spirit?

But enough of all this. I felt I wanted to say these few opening words, because they have always been close to my heart, because I wanted you to get an idea of my background and what has made me tick the way I have all these years. Sometimes it is easier to put them down this way than talk about them, so – here they are for what they are worth to you.

It has been a wonderful life!

While I can't say that I have enjoyed every minute of it, I can truthfully state that if I were to do it all over again, I would make no major changes.

I have been blessed with a wonderful wife – two fine boys – six cherished grandchildren – countless friends – freedom of thought and conscience – blessed to be alive in a land that lets a man go as far as he is willing to travel! What more can a man ask out of life?

CHAPTER 2

I Start Growing Up

I am one of five boys and was born on the twenty-second day of September in the year 1889, in the city of Rochester, New York. I was the middle one, thus having two older and two younger brothers. Whether my parents were disappointed that I or any of the other boys wasn't a girl, I never knew. You know, the Germans of those days laid great store on the boys of the family – they were something special – they were the favored ones. Girls were necessary and important, of course – to keep house, to be good cooks, to bear and raise the children and to see that they lived in a Christian home. But that was about as far as it went. There's an old German saying: KINDER – KIRCHE – KÜCHE – and that means CHILDREN – CHURCH – KITCHEN. That just about covered what girls and women were supposed to be and do in this world. They were to have few outside interests, and they left all matters of business and managing to the men.

But in any case, I was named Louis Alyosius Wehle, after an Uncle and a good saint. Just how much influence the latter had on my life, I don't know. It was a good start, anyway, and if I haven't lived up to the good man's expectations, I am sorry.

Perhaps the best way to start all this is to say something of my grandparents and parents. In my opening remarks you may recall I stressed the importance of family and race, so what follows will help point up some of those characteristics.

My grandfather and grandmother Loewenguth, my mother's parents, lived near us. I knew very little of my grandmother Wehle. I was told she was a gentle woman, of course, a fine housekeeper and homemaker, an active church member, interested in charities. As they were comfortably well off, she could do things for people and that made her happy – I wish there were more like her today. I remember my grandmother Loewenguth very well. I liked her because she would take the time to tell us stories of the old country we found interesting and amusing. I guess that much of what she told me seemed as strange as what I am telling you today, at least to the younger readers.

My grandfather Wehle was a man to fire one's imagination, and as my mind was always racing along into this and that channel, he helped

me grow mentally, stretched my mental muscles, of that I'm convinced. My grandmother Wehle died when I was five years old, so it is natural that I remember little or almost nothing of her. From what I hear she was a fine woman, and as most all Germans of those days, fond of her home and an excellent manager. I plainly remember seeing her in her coffin lying so still. It made a lasting impression on me, because little boys don't usually think much about death, especially as it is connected with someone in the family, and it is just as well. You somehow take for granted that everyone is going to live on and on.

My grandmother Loewenguth was the frugal type, very clean, fond of knitting, and constantly busy at something or other, putting up fruits and preserves and berries, baking and sewing and mending. Somehow in those days sitting idly even for a few moments was considered a sin. "Idle hands, you know," they'd say, and I am sure many a young girl felt pretty rebellious about that as well as the boys. Grandmother Loewenguth was a large and pleasant looking woman – quiet, the kind you enjoyed sitting with and just saying nothing, as your nose sniffed at the wonderful things that were baking in the oven and cooking on the big kitchen range. I wish more boys had such a grandmother – I hope they aren't rare these days, but I am afraid they're none too common. In my time you found them in most German families being useful to the very end.

My grandfather Casper Wehle was my ideal of a man. Tall, dignified, with an important look, a man respected and loved by many, but a man who took no nonsense from anyone. He was successful financially, owned and operated a sausage making establishment that proved very profitable. I have always hoped that I have emulated him in some ways, because I feel he was the one in my early life who influenced me most – I was lucky it was a man like that. In both of my grandparents' families German was spoken, but they learned English early in their lives after coming to this country. They knew it was best to adapt oneself to the new ways and the new language. Besides, it was bad for business, and no one wanted to be pointed out as strange or foreign, especially the children. I knew a little German but never well, although even today I understand a few words and phrases if they are not spoken too rapidly.

Thinking back on all this – and I wish I had more time and space – I was pretty lucky to have had such grandparents so near me – those who have never experienced that have missed a good deal, I tell you.

As I said, there were five brothers in our family – two older than I, Edwin and Frank, and two younger, Harold and Raymond. I was a big boy even at the start, and grew up to be the largest of the five. Being

in the middle put me on the spot in some ways. The older brothers thought I was too young to take part in their games, when I felt all the time that they were no smarter than I. The two younger brothers rather looked up to me, as I bossed them around and we got along as well together as any boys can. I shall tell you more about my brothers later and what has happened to them.

I was born in a two-story brick house at 74 Gibbs Street, which at that time was a quiet, residential, nice neighborhood, and we lived there until I was nine. It was a well built, roomy house, built to last. When I see some of the houses they throw together these days, I wonder what those old bricklayers and carpenters would have thought about them. There was quite a lot of space in the house, as the rooms were of good size, and of course there was a big cellar for the furnace and storage rooms for potatoes and other hardy vegetables. At first we had kerosene lamps, and I can plainly remember mother cleaning the chimneys and the brasswork so that everything shone. She would have been mortified to death if any of her neighbors had dropped in and seen them anything but sparkling and clean. She probably cleaned them right after breakfast, even before, in the summer, when the sun came up earlier. This house belonged to my Grandfather Wehle, as well as the other one at 25 Gorham Street, which we moved into in the year 1898, the year of the Spanish-American war. At 74 Gibbs Street we at last did get gas lights, and how grand and modern we felt ourselves to be. Now all you had to do was to turn a little handle, light a match, and there you were, with the bright light shining much farther than the old lamps ever did. I remember we had two special Welsbach burners in two main rooms – they gave out an extra brilliant white light, but you had to be mighty careful of them, because a good breath would destroy the burners.

There are so many impressions in a boy's life. So many little incidences that are remembered for a flash and then forgotten and tucked away somewhere in the brain until years later, perhaps, when they pop up again from some unexpected hiding place. A strain of music – an odor – a remark – and up they come again. I have often wondered where thoughts go – where they hide until you bring them back to life – it is really one of the mysteries of life. But all that is too deep for me.

I also remember very well how very cold our boys' bedrooms were. We'd take a running dive into the middle of the bed, tuck all the blankets and covers around us, and try to get our feet warm. Anyone of you who ever lived up that way will know what those winters are, coming straight from the North Pole via Canada, without a detour. Perhaps that's why I

like to go to Florida in winter these days. Our room was so cold many times that the ice would form in the pitchers and wash basins. If any of you think we boys wasted any time washing those mornings, your're mighty mistaken. But I'm sure mother knew that and did a little inspection job on us, so we probably didn't get away with much.

As I have mentioned, after me came two other brothers. My brother Frank who was the next oldest in line, was a friendly fellow, and we were pretty chummy together. What secrets we must have had – what plans to do all sorts of daring and dangerous things. So we were good pals and had many wonderful times together – playing and wrestling and fighting enemies and Indians, building snow men, joining against any outsiders. My oldest brother Edwin kept more to himself. Perhaps he thought he was more important and smarter than I because he was the oldest. He was more the quiet type, and being pretty active myself I didn't put myself out very much to be pals with him. That's the way boys operate – they are all for or against things – no half-way measures – not having sense or experience enough to have much tolerance. There was nothing half-way about me, I guess. I can't say it's the best way, but that seems to be the way I'm made. My brother Harold who followed after me was only fifteen months younger than I, so he took my place as the baby when I wasn't much more than one myself – perhaps that helped to make me grow up faster. For a good many years I looked after him and my youngest brother Raymond and it seemed to work out pretty well that way. Being large and aggressive I was valuable to them, got them out of scrapes and helped them fight their battles – we made a pretty good team, and I think the children in the neighborhood had about as much respect for us as children have for anyone.

It so happened we had a set of five boy cousins who matched us in size and age, and we saw a lot of each other, so there never was much quiet around our home, as they were in and out of the house and we in theirs. Sometimes my grandmother Loewenguth would "baby sit" for all ten, and that must have been a job – I'm sure she never got a cent for all that, but then she wouldn't have taken any even if it had been offered to her.

And now I come to speak of my father and mother. I really think it is hard to do that, to gain a true perspective of what kind of people they were – your personal impressions are mingled with other emotions – and only by the time they have passed on can you see them in their true light. I hope they considered me a good son, as sons go. Having five of them they probably didn't expect too much.

My father, John Wehle, was a quiet, studious man, and I remember the library we had where he read many books of an evening. He was superintendent of the Bartholomay Brewery when I was a boy. He was one of those conscientious, painstaking men who never neglected anything, even in the latter years of his rather short life when his health began to fail. He probably did not see as much of his family as he would have liked. But then in those days men didn't have the opportunity because they worked such long hours, especially when you were responsible for the successful operation of a business. They left the family to the womenfolk. But I remember taking walks with him when the weather was fine, and I will never forget those times. When I was a little older he let me drive his horse and carriage to the brewery for him, as did my brothers, and as I soon learned to handle the horses to his satisfaction, that relieved him of the job, and I was mighty proud about that, I tell you. Even in early life I was interested in brewing, so he taught me a lot of things earlier than most boys, and I remember him with gratitude and affection. I sometimes wonder just what our lives would have been had he lived to a good age, but those things are speculative, and I was never strong on them. When he passed on it was a great blow to us, but mother was the kind to carry on no matter what.

And now to my mother, Elizabeth Wehle. She was a typical product of her time. Self-reliant, exceedingly proud of her appearance, her home and her family. She looked down upon those who didn't keep their houses shining, the ice box, pantries and cellar filled with good food. She was a proud and a religious woman. She never was generous with her praise, because she probably thought that would spoil us. I am sure she was a just woman, and heaven knows, when you have five lively boys to raise you can't be weak and expect them to amount to anything. While we were comfortable financially, don't think that there was any waste in our home. Every bit of food was used, left-over liquids were put in soups or stews, and even dried bread crumbs were made into puddings or stuffing for poultry. We were always well fed and housed, comfortable and above the average for that time and place. But waste anything – never! When mother bought a suit or other clothing for the older boys, you may be sure that they were handed down the line to the younger. Not a button was wasted, fabrics were turned, patches were not frowned upon, so I am sure we younger boys often hated those garments by the time they got to us. But with mother there was no arguing – you did as she said and that ended the matter. In the old country people had been forced to be very thrifty, and even in the new country when times became better and there

was more money and more prosperous conditions, those old habits remained. I wish we could find some sort of happy medium in that respect – a greater respect for the dollar, yet not the same fanatical sense of the importance of money –– that should work out pretty well. Mother was small, dressed immaculately, and I remember when she was past ninety she wanted a pair of diamond earrings, and she got them, you may be sure of that. She naturally expected her five sons to take care of her when they grew and prospered, and I think we can truthfully say we didn't let her down. Mother's life was bound up in her family, and to the day of her death at the age of 94, what happened in her home and to her boys was of paramount importance – everything else wasn't too vital or interesting in her eyes. Of course, she knew that sooner or later we would marry. But she was determined that we boys marry good wives who would be a credit to us and the family, which we did. Her careful supervision of us, our conduct and our behavior were very important factors in our lives, and I hope they remain evident in us.

Mother gave us many important things in life – a high sense of honor – of obligation – of duty – of loyalty – of ambition – of the value of hard work – a respect for money – a Christian way of life, and I am grateful to say we never got into real trouble, – I know she was thankful for that. When one woman accomplishes that, only genuine and deep admiration and love for her can be felt by those who knew and were influenced by her.

At the age of nine, as I have mentioned, we moved to a larger brick, two-story house nearer the brewery, at 25 Gorham Street. This made it easier and handier for my father, and gave me a great chance to run in and out of the brewery at most any hour. I loved the sights and the sounds and smells – the big strong, wonderful horses, the shining harness, the huge wagons, the men and the big boys working there, the jokes, the give-and-take, the hustle and bustle, the rough-and-tumble. I was fascinated by the way the beer came out crystal clear, fragrant, and I was sure good old Bartholomay was the best beer in the entire world.

This new house had all of the modern improvements, as we knew them in those days, even to having electric lights. Of course, some of the older folks were probably afraid of them, as they had been of the newfangled gas lights before them. They were sure the house would burn down with all those dangerous wires in the walls, and no doubt some of the good old souls felt that if the good Lord had wanted us to have them, He would have provided them. This second house was also owned by my grandfather Wehle. It was comfortable, had more room, with a larger yard

and more space for us boys to play in, a big brick barn for the horses, so we had a pretty exciting time thinking up all sorts of mischief and games, nearly giving our poor parents and neighbors heart failure as we dared each other to hang and jump and swing and run in the fields and woods. You hear a great deal about juvenile delinquents these days. I really think we had pretty much the same problem in my days – maybe not so vicious as some are now, but they did a lot of mischief and caused quite a bit of damage and gave many parents a turn for the worse.

And then, of course, there was our family physician, Dr. Stillwell. He was a homeopath, as was popular in those days, and father said the only thing he ever gave was sugar pills. Dr. Stillwell visited his patients on foot in most cases. Many of the fancier medicos rode around in carriages. If you were socially-minded and wanted to impress the neighbors, you had a carriage doctor who charged one dollar for a visit - you thought it was well worth the fifty cents more to make your neighbors see how prosperous and important you were. That never bothered my mother a bit. Fifty cents was enough for any doctor's visit, especially as she had to do most all the work to get the children well, anyway. She paid him promptly on each visit – no running up any bills for mother. Later we had a Dr. Goundry when we moved to the second house. He was short and stout, wore a shining high silk hat, and looked like a character out of Dickens, a man loved by all. I don't know how good a doctor he was, but he certainly lent tone to the neighborhood when he came in and out of your house. The neighbors would peek through the front window curtains and wonder who was sick and how sick he or she might be.

You wonder where men like that have gone. Now you go to one for your left ear and another for your right. You move from office to office like an assembly-line product in one of those clinics. They take piecemeal shots at you with X-rays and blood tests – they prick and they jab you – and when it's all over you wonder whether your poor old body will hold together another week. But that sounds like an old has-been. I am all for progress, but that good old family doctor had something we miss these days. That warm "now-sit-down-and-tell-me-where-it-hurts" attitude, one seldom finds now. They say we live longer – but somehow when that old family doctor walked into the room where you were lying in bed, you felt you had some special attention and treatment, no matter what the color of his pills. Perhaps they were made of sugar. We were a sturdy breed – had to be to live through those Western New York State winters, handle all that good, rich German food and drink, the strenuous exercise, put up with all the things we had to, so I guess we really didn't

need the family doctor as much as children seem to today.

To show you how amusing a boy can be without meaning to: I was standing on a street corner on the day my youngest brother Raymond was born. The postman, who knew everything, and of course everybody's business, came along and said: "Louie, you have four brothers now." That didn't impress me any too much, and I expressed my opinion by saying: "No, I have only two." "No," the postman said, "you now have four." "Well," I said, "the two younger ones don't count!"

And now I'd like to mention a little about the matter of money. We were comfortably off, as I have said. We ate well, had nice homes, were warm in winter, and wanted for nothing essential. But if you think for one moment that there was any loose change rattling around our house, you didn't know my mother. If we wanted money we had to earn and work for it – no weekly allowances, I can tell you. There were plenty of ways to make a dollar for boys those days. Very early in life I was money-minded, and I am willing to admit that I still am – have quite a bit of respect for the value of a dollar, even if it has shrunk to the vanishing point. I had a newspaper route, shoveled snow in winter time, and if you think getting up at five o'clock in the morning, especially through those Rochester winters was fun, you're mighty mistaken. During the summer my brothers and I picked berries, apples and grapes, and did all sorts of odd jobs. I remember helping a florist by the name of Mr. Fray, delivered flowers for him, and later on he had a soda fountain installed in his store at the corner of Clinton and Main Streets. I must have been one of the original "soda jerks of Rochester." I peddled milk that retailed for the huge sum of seven cents a quart. I guess the cows weren't tuberculin tested and perhaps didn't know too much about their ancestry, but the milk wasn't bad, even though perhaps a little watering down went on once in a while – no snooping agricultural agents around to make life miserable for a hard-working milkman. Whenever I heard of work to be done, and I was short of funds – which was always – I connected with the job and the money as fast as I could. Those early lessons in life have a way of sticking, and when I look back I can see that peddling milk and papers and jerking sodas were just about as good business lessons as any boy of my age could learn.

Of course, a boy's school years are pretty important – at least they seem so later. So I think it only fair to say a few words about them. My brothers and I attended the same school – a Belgian-French institute of learning presided over by a well-known priest by the name of Father Noeterbart. He was a wonderful man, but of course I didn't

know that until later. There were two devoted sisters who taught the students. There was Sister Frebonia who had charge of the lower grades, and Sister Frances who taught the older children. Being devout Catholics I am sure they did their best to beat some religion into our stubborn, thick skulls. What we boys did to make life miserable for them had better not be told in detail – I have hopes they have forgiven us by this time. How they put up with us and still retained any faith in human nature, remains a mystery to me.

I am tempted to cite you two examples of what I mean. A couple of the older boys and I thought it would be fun to plug all the keyholes of the school with mud late one afternoon. No sooner said than done. We did just that, and the doors couldn't be opened the next day. Both the teachers and pupils were locked out for an hour, while poor Peter, the janitor, dug the hard caked mud out of the keyholes. Naturally we denied any connection with this, and were never punished for this act. And here's another one. It was customary to ring the school bell, first at a quarter of nine and finally at nine each school morning. Each day one of the older boys was assigned to ring this bell, and it came my turn. It was an old-fashioned bell with a long rope. The bell was located in the belfry, and the rope hung down to the first floor so that it could easily be rung at the proper times. Well, that morning when I was in charge, I conceived the bright idea that it would be a lot of fun to ring that bell for quite a period. So I went up to the belfry, pulled the rope after me, locked the door, and continued to ring the bell for half an hour, despite frantic knocks on the door to come down and leave that overworked bell alone. I did get punished for that escapade, and I certainly deserved it.

Poor Peter and the rest – may their souls rest in peace. We bedeviled him pretty much of the time, but he got back at us by reporting our misdeeds when he caught us, and don't think for a second that Father Noeterbart didn't know how to even up matters.

Dear Sister Frebonia was the easy one, so naturally we took advantage of her – why it always seems to work out that way I can't for the life of me say. Sister Frances was strict, and when I entered her higher grades I soon found that she was determined to get her way, and for that she gained my respect. As a matter of fact, I won a prize as having the highest average in the 6th grade – a book, no less, and both she and I were proud of that.

As soon as I was confirmed in the Catholic faith, I was taken out of this Catholic school and transferred to public school No. 14. Here I

came up against a mighty strong character, principal Richard Searing. He made a real impression on me in more ways than one. I can tell you, Mr. Searing didn't go into any long huddles about disciplining children. He didn't bother to send home letters to the parents. He didn't hold long meetings and explain why we should behave. That Mr. Searing just waded in and handed out the kind of punishment we understood the best - direct contact. Maybe we were punished at times when we weren't to blame, but I bet 95 to 1 we usually deserved it, and that's a high enough batting average in my book. I wish we could mix a little of our modern ways of schooling with the old-fashioned kind – I think it would make a pretty good combination, and would keep a lot of youngsters off the streets and out of the court rooms today.

I must tell you a little something about the actual physical conditions in public school 14, and I guess they were about the average. I know the good school men and women today would be horrified. Only an imitation of sanitation – inconvenient – draughty and poorly ventilated – cold and hot in turn – badly lighted – no facilities for lunches – just big bare rooms with some pictures and maps on them – uncomfortable seats facing hard-to-read blackboards – teachers who many times didn't know much more than their older students. But when you consider what those teachers were paid, what they had to put up with with stiff-necked school boards, it's a wonder any were willing to stand up and teach anybody anything. But then there always have been dedicated men and women and in all walks of life, and my hat goes off to them – past and present.

Eventually I wormed my way out of grade school 14. I am sure my teachers were as glad to get rid of me as I of them. I sometimes look back and consider my attitude toward education at that time, if you can use that kind of a fancy name for it. It wasn't so much of an attitude as it was having to put up with things I didn't like and couldn't change. To me the formal, routine of cramming down information was against my nature. I was interested in activities and events – in what made things change and grow – in how to get along with people – how I could make money and get ahead – how to improve my way of life. Sitting at a desk and learning why a certain king in the year 1517 slaughtered a certain number of people or married some dowdy Queen – why you had to learn a lot of things you were going to forget as fast as you learned them – that just wasn't my cup of tea. Far be it from me to say that I was right. I know now that a lot of the things I passed by could and would have done me a lot of good and saved me a lot of time,

but who can tell a boy in his teens anything?

However, I did manage to get into East High School, and I know the high point of my life there was, when I was accepted as a member of good old Theta Phi Fraternity. Now I thought I really belonged – this was the big deal! Now I knew I was getting somewhere – hobnobbing with boys of my age and older – feeling important and excited. Now I was up to my neck in events and activities that became the center of my life, that made real sense. We rented a room in the Cox Building on St. Paul Street, and being strictly and chronically out of funds, we usually moved a hop ahead of the landlord who came storming in for his rent. Sometimes we had it – sometimes we didn't. We were desperate for furniture for our headquarters, so we thought of the bright idea of raiding a well-known school in town for it. And how we held our breaths in hopes that we wouldn't get discovered before they forgot about that furniture. But I was beginning to learn a few things, in spite of the school. I learned you had to get along with people to get what you wanted – you couldn't always have your own way, of course, but if you knew how to manage people it was surprising how often you succeeded. You learned there were always people smarter than you, and you learned to respect them.

Of course, we boys were sports crazy, and there always was a war between our fraternity and the Pi Phis. An accident made us enemies, and from that time on we used our brains and muscles and ingenuity to beat them at every turn. On Thanksgiving, if we were in funds, we would hire a tally-ho with six big, shining horses and even a bugler to give us extra tone as we rolled grandly up to the grandstand at the big game of the year – East High vs. West High, with everybody staring and admiring us.

It is a temptation to continue, as it always is for an older man. But I have wanted to give you a glimpse into the sort of life we boys led at that time. It may all seem tame to you – no hot rods or drag races – no TV Westerns – no planes or atomic subs – no cars of our own, no cars, period. Perhaps it sounds pretty dull to you. I have other ideas about that. I believe that the more you do for yourself in amusing yourself, the more you learn to depend on yourself to work out your problems, to have to work for some of the pleasures you enjoy – the happier you are. Just look around you – what do you think? Am I right or am I wrong?

My school days are drawing to a close. I certainly can't say I cooperated any too enthusiastically – did a lot of playing hooky I wish I

hadn't. One day Mr. Wilcox, the principal, called me to his office. I knew there was trouble ahead, because no boy was ever called in there just to pass the time of day. He sat on one side of the big desk, I on the other. I had been in and out of school for days – he knew it and I knew it. He had a pile of neatly-written excuses on his desk that had presumably come from my home from my mother. He looked at them and looked at me, and I knew my goose was cooked. No use denying the truth; besides I have never been a very convincing liar. He turned in his chair, looked out of the window, and then turned back to me. "Louie," he said, "I think perhaps we had better part company. You and school don't seem to mix. You're not a stupid boy – or you couldn't have written all these notes, but I think – and I think you think – your talents are wasted here and can be used in better ways. I'm sorry, but that's the way it is. How about it?" He shook my hand, and I don't know who was the more relieved, he or I.

So that meant farewell to good old East High. I did manage to learn a few things, and I can't blame it for not doing a better job – after all, that's a two-way street. Only last year it was my pleasure and privilege to contribute substantially to a fund in Mr. Wilcox's honor – the "Albert Wilcox Memorial Fund", to provide scholarships for needy students. It was in appreciation of the unstinted devotion this fine, dedicated man had shown all his life – he made an invaluable contribution to his community and his time.

As I look back at it, I can plainly see that learning by rote, by fixed rules and lessons was not the way I was built. I had a very inquiring mind, and some of my friends even today will be glad to admit that I can ask more questions in ten minutes than most anyone else. But I had to learn in my own way. I had already begun to learn a number of valuable lessons, as we shall see in the pages that follow. The important thing for me was to progress – to get ahead – only later I learned to talk with those who knew more than I. I soon discovered what makes some men successful and others not. That's the way I grew up. Many times the actual schooling one receives is secondary, except in a profession or the like. You soon forget facts – dates – I was a pusher - an organizer – one who always looked for opportunities – those have been the driving forces in my life. I do not say this in any boasting way-- it is simply to explain matters as we go along.

So hail and farewell to my school days. I have smiled at that many times since. I soon learned that we are all members of a bigger school, even if the seats aren't uncomfortable and the blackboards hard to read.

You learn in business – when you raise a family – you learn when you fish and hunt and fraternize with your friends – when do you ever stop learning? I hope never.

I just can't help going back to my adored grandfather Wehle. When grandmother Wehle died, three maiden aunts lived with him and ran his establishment. What a man! Each morning his coachman would take him downtown to the bank or insurance company as he was a Director of both. He would transact his business and return for a big mid-day repast – take a short nap, and you had better not disturb him – and then the coachman would take him to his favorite club where he'd play cards to his heart's content. I presume that's where I got my love of cards, and even today I enjoy a good game with friends. I remember as boys we used to sneak a pack of cards into our beds and play there after the old folks had said goodnight to us.

Grandfather Wehle was a mighty successful sausage manufacturer, and no one ever lived who made better, in my book. He was a generous and warm-hearted man – made Christmas extra nice for all the grandchildren – a wonderful host – and when our families gathered at his home as they usually did on Sundays, grandfather Wehle was the life of the party. The food that was served – the good fellowship – the feeling of belonging – how can one translate those into words? They are priceless heritages nothing can supplant. I am hoping that some of our present generation will have something comparable to remember when they are my age. The traditional Christmas dinner at grandfather Wehle's could have been made into a wonderful movie. The pretty decorations – the big Christmas tree – the presents – the superlative food – the smiling faces – the singing – the three generations being together – it was a glimpse of immortality – because it linked the past with the present, and the present with the future. The family carriage – the sitting closely together – the cold winter nights – the glittering stars – the breath like smoke on the still frosty night air – the silver moon swinging through the blue-black sky – the clop, clop of the horses in the snow – and how they jumped to one side when a moving shadow frightened them. The giggling – the laughing – the squeezing together to get warm – how can one forget all that? And on Easter, at grandfather Wehle's we'd look for baskets in the barn and the grounds – the women of the families sitting together, each with some handwork, being very friendly and polite and looking their best – eyeing each other to see whether a new member of the family might be expected. The aunts and the uncles, the cousins, the friends – the post-

man – the iceman – the music teacher – the butcher – and so the time passes and the scenes fade – but they remain ever fresh and green in my mind. I am not a sentimental man as such things go, but I like to sit back and think about those things. It's all in a pattern of life and living – the countless things that happen to us, each influencing us in some way or other. If the whole pattern is made of good stuff it will endure – if not, it won't hold together.

Perhaps some of the pictures you will see in this book will recapture some of all this – I hope so.

I was now sixteen years of age. It was not unusual for boys of that age and even younger to drop out of school. Many of the boys in my time only went through grammar school, and to go all the way through the four higher grades was not at all common. Many of the families felt they needed the boys to help them as soon as they could, and unless they were excellent scholars and showed special promise, grammar and perhaps two years of high school were considered adequate. Far fewer went to college than they do today – it was a simpler economy, and there wasn't much extra money around.

So I did not feel disgraced when I left school. Just how father and mother felt about this, I don't know – relieved, perhaps. They knew the sort of boy I was, so they were willing to see me get started in life. And as I was big and strong, perhaps more was expected of me, as is usually the case. Naturally I felt quite grown up and looked upon myself as a man – looked forward with keen anticipation to getting into business, away from those stuffy, boresome school rooms. So the whole arrangement fitted into a neat pattern, and I was pretty happy about it.

In my next remarks I shall try to show you what I found and how I began to take my place in the mighty keen competition I encountered.

CHAPTER 3

I Try Out My Wings

Now I was ready for the great adventure. I was ready to go into the business world and make my fortune. I was thrilled at the thought of no more musty classrooms, no more rules and regulations, as though I were a mere boy. Of course, I traded one set of rules for brand-new ones, but I was to learn that later.

The first job I secured was with the well-known Rochester law firm of Hotchkiss & Tuck. Mr. Hotchkiss was the Republican County Clerk and a political leader of Monroe county. This was the first time I had come in direct contact with this most fascinating of subjects – politics – and that interest has remained with me all my life. More about my activities in that field later.

I received the magnificent sum of $6.00 per week at the start, and that, for a boy of sixteen, wasn't considered bad at that time. It was nice having a regular income of my own every week. That six dollars looked mighty big to me on that first pay day, I can assure you. No more odd jobs for pennies for me any more – I was going to get rich in a hurry, and I felt pretty good and important about it. I had a number of duties to perform – I ran errands – served summonses – delivered and called for policies – legal papers – I was what you might call a junior clerk, a man-of-all-jobs, and that kept me mighty busy.

As I said I was sixteen, and the men at the head of the firm seemed to like what they saw and what I did, especially as I was pretty good at bill collecting. I brought in a lot of reluctant overdue accounts. I have always enjoyed getting money out of people who weren't any too happy to admit their just and honest debts – considered it a challenge, because I have always disliked owing money – that came natural, considering my background. You can't help my bosses liking that.

Perhaps it was a little unusual for a boy of my age to show talent and promise in that direction – considered one of the most thankless and unpleasant jobs of its kind in any business. You have to have a tough hide, take insults and come back for more, I tell you. The excuses some of those people would cook up to avoid paying an overdue account would fill a book of fairy tales.

By the time I had been with Hotchkiss & Tuck for a little over a

year my salary had risen to the dizzy sum of $10.00 per week, which in those days and in that short time was considered quite an achievement. By that time I was used to having money of my own, and so the additional cash was mighty welcome. Mr. Andrew Tuck later became a vice-president of the New York Life Insurance Company. One day he asked me to have a little talk with him. He said he had been observing me, and he seemed to think I was pretty good attorney material. Probably because I was able to outtalk people into giving up their money, he thought I'd be effective at arguing cases and winning them. In any case, he brought out a number of law books and for a time read out of them to me to get the feel of the law. I can't say I was over-impressed about what I heard, but I felt flattered that a man of Mr. Tuck's standing in the community would take the time and trouble with a young man like me. Then one day we got down to cases and talked about the possibilities in the law business. How long would it take before I might become a successful attorney? How much did a good lawyer make a year? What did he have to study and how long would it take to go through law school? It all boiled itself down to this – even with all of the breaks in my favor, and that meant you'd have to be a really good student, I would be getting close to 35 before I could expect to be in a position to marry and support a family. When you are seventeen years old that seems like a life-time away. It so happened that I had an eye on a very pretty, sweet little girl, and while I certainly didn't expect to marry her in the near future, the idea of waiting almost as many years as I was old seemed like an eternity. As there seemed to be no other way out, and simple clerical work offered no future for an ambitious boy, I resigned. Those men were good to me – they had already taught me a lot of things. They had logical and orderly minds, and they helped me to think straight, look for evidence and then make up my mind on the strength of it – a practice I have tried to carry throughout all my life. If they did nothing more than that for me, I am truly grateful, and their friendship was valuable to me, even when I was that young.

By this time my father's health was obviously failing rapidly, so it seemed natural for me to enter the employ of the Bartholomay Brewing Company. The cataracts in his eyes began to give him increasing trouble, so I took over quite a bit of the clerical work – the bookkeeping – took care of the orders, and any other odd jobs that came along. The work was interesting in its way, and it sure helped me to learn about how a business is conducted, no matter what kind you're engaged

in. There are the matters of getting orders, filling them and delivering them – getting complaints straightened out – all of the details that are found in most enterprises, no matter what their nature. It also seemed that those higher up liked my work. I will admit, without boasting, that I was a worker, and when I set my mind to doing something I was a fireball – giving it all I had – made plenty of unnecessary motions, perhaps, but I did get things done, and the bosses liked that. During the time I was breaking in I was supposed to be paid a salary. But somehow or other, my father never got around to that. Perhaps he figured that just to be a member of that grand old brewery was honor enough, and at the outset I may have agreed with him. I sure missed that regular money I got at Hotchkiss & Tuck, but I was living at home so had really no needs for the time being.

At the outset I probably agreed with them, up to a point. You see, I was going to learn everything there was about the brewing business, and that would make me a rich and successful man, famous on my own. Oh yes, I had it all worked out in my mind step by easy step – and before you knew it I would be at the top. It's just as well the young have such ideas, because it is through their optimism that they have the courage to tackle things older men might hesitate to attempt.

Here is one of the first things I noticed, and it gave me quite a jar. When I was in school and dropped in to the brewery for a chat with the boys or a look-around, I was the son of the superintendent, an important man. But now I was part of their team, and their viewpoint shifted. Now I had to prove myself on my own merits. And being the son of one of the important men didn't help me – it was a handicap in some ways. Some of the boys around my own age naturally resented my appearance as a fellow employee. I had become a rival, in a sense. They didn't relish the idea that the boss' son was there, maybe to snoop and carry tales. So now I had to battle my own way, and it was a good lesson at the very start – it's been a battle ever since. One of the things that characterizes the American way of doing business as compared with the German way is this: Over in the old country the man at the head of any business is regarded with awe – the discipline is very strict, and the social levels are clearly defined. There the boss is Herr So and So, treated with great deference, never kidded, a man in a world of his own. You received orders – you carried them out. No easy camaraderie. But here in free America it was different. Perhaps some of the men from over there found it hard to adjust themselves, but the newer generation took to it with enthusiasm. I like it – I like to call those I work

with by their first or nick-names. That doesn't lower me in their estimation nor them in mine. As a matter of fact, it develops an esprit de corps found in no other country, even today. In England, and in the countries of Europe, as well as other parts of the world, there is still a formality we cannot understand or practice. So here I was, young Louie Wehle, and Louie I have remained to all those who know me well and like me, and the many I come in contact with in a business and social way. It does not mean that you think more or less of the man who is your boss. If he deserves it, he receives respect – if he doesn't, calling him Mister doesn't change or help matters.

And here's another thing. It didn't take me long to find out what made people operate. I have been doing that all my life. I am fascinated to know what makes some people get ahead and others lag behind in the race. To understand that, and to do a little studying of yourself, is one way to get ahead, to understand people and how they function. I found early in life, for example, that men were divided into a number of general categories.

There is the pleasant fellow who tries so hard to please everybody. He is willing and good natured and wouldn't hurt your feelings for anything, even if by doing so it would be good for both of you. He takes orders without question, and as he tries so hard to please everybody, he often winds up by pleasing no one, not even himself. It just doesn't work out that way in practical life. You are bound to tread on some people's toes as you step along in life. The mere fact that you are competing for a place and recognition is bound to create situations where you can't see eye to eye, and not create antagonism. So the nice fellow wonders why the worth-while promotions pass him by, why some of the "roughnecks" who cause trouble from time to time get ahead. You remember him with some affection, perhaps, but he makes no impression on you and he certainly doesn't teach you much.

Then there is the fellow who tries to do as little as he can for the money he makes. He's the fellow who tries to outsmart the boss, and by doing so, outsmarts himself. He cuts corners where he can, knocks off work every chance he gets, tries to make friends higher up, so that he'll get promoted to a nice, soft job. A fellow like that sometimes makes a little headway, but when the going gets rough, when competition is really keen, when the top brass are looking for a real man to do a real man's work, somehow or other, that fellow finds himself out of the running. He can't understand why, but keeps on trying to work out "angles" that will get him a better job. The world is full of men like that,

and we had our full share back in the days of my youth. This man need not be actually dishonest in one way, but in another sense he is. He is not giving of himself – he is unwilling to face up to the fact that solid success only comes from being willing to sacrifice – work – fight back when the going is rough – have patience and faith that he will be able to lick his problems.

Then there is the fellow who always has a chip on his shoulder. The one who knows that you are working against him. He's sure if he only had the right connections he'd really get going. He's suspicious, envious, not willing to cooperate because he's afraid if he does he'll lose out to someone else. He's the man who isn't sure of himself. He knows in his heart he isn't up to his job, and tries to cover up by using one man against the other. His work is merely a way to make a living – not a way of life. He's the man who gets sick easily and knocks off early from work because he has a headache, takes a couple of days extra when he's on vacation, because he contracted poison ivy on that fishing trip. He's the man with a pretty good brain, perhaps, but unfortunately he doesn't use it the right way. You find him everywhere, and I guess you always will.

Then there's the man you can't tell anything. He has all the answers – knows how to cure a cold – gives plenty of advice. His mind is a closed door – you can't pry it open, and perhaps if you did you'd find an empty closet behind it. He has no special interest in learning what may be a better way of doing a job. His boss is a fool, anyway, so why bother? He knows a lot they don't know or appreciate. He's the man with the closed mind – and then wonders why good promotions pass him by.

Of course, there are many other sorts of men – many a combination of these – but at least this gives you an inkling into what I mean when I say I was fascinated with the study of people. Heaven knows, I have my faults, and I am sure many will agree with me when they read this. But fooling myself has never been one of them. I like to look facts right in the face – turn things over in my mind — consider the merits and disadvantages of a problem. Naturally with all of this, a certain confidence in oneself is absolutely imperative. I believe that lack of confidence is one of the most prevailing of all human failings. Even if you make mistakes time and time again, the mere fact that you feel confident that you can do a certain job, is the very mainspring of progress. It is the doers – the ones that get started – who get somewhere. And then one must not forget the individual talents people possess.

Today those things are understood much better than when I was a boy. Today the skill of trying to find the right men for the right jobs has become a profession. One of us has one set of mental reflexes, others have different. It is not merely a matter of being better or worse, as a matter of being different.

So far as I was concerned, I have always been aggressive. I am sure that I have been a big pain in the neck to many, but I have always used the direct approach – it's as natural to me as breathing. If I have a job to be done, I want to get at it and do it the best way I know how. And if the job calls for improvements, for experimentation, that is just up my alley. Any challenge has always appealed to me – sparked me – has fired me – has literally exploded me into action. If a situation calls for drastic measures, immediately I start to work out ways and means to change that. Naturally I don't always succeed, but I sure try hard. So that sums up my business philosophy to this point. We'll have a chance to see a little more of that later.

I remember well the night my father died. It was on the first of May, 1898. A sleet storm was raging, even as late in the season as that. I was told to get a nurse and set out with a hack and two horses to her house. The storm grew in intensity, wires came ripping down, tree branches blocked the road home, but we made it. I understood my father's personal business, and knew he had not paid an insurance premium on his largest life insurance policy. So I immediately set out for the agent's house and paid the premium and got a receipt. Hours later my father died, but the insurance company paid the death claim.

I had been a little over two years with Bartholomay when father passed on. Now I took over practically where he had left off. My superiors seemed to think I could handle the job, and I tried hard to justify their faith in me. Now I received what seemed a pretty decent salary, $28.00 per week. The relationship in my home now changed to some extent. My oldest brother had married, and as I had practically taken over father's job at the brewery, mother felt as though I had taken his place in the home in many respects. My next older brother Frank was away at college at the time, so that made me the oldest boy at home. Feeling important has never made me unhappy, and I probably lorded it over my younger brothers. They had always looked up to me, however, so we got along pretty well and we tried to make a happy home despite father's absence – we sure missed him.

I had learned a good bit about the business from my father, as I have said, and immediately started to make a number of improvements

in the brewery, and the management was highly pleased. Considering my age, I can't say I am ashamed of the record I made. It is surprising how many people reject changes. They get used to a certain way of doing things, and when any innovations are suggested they shake their heads and resent it. Older people are usually more prone to that than younger, but it's found even in the latter. I was a tryer-outer – a man who said:–"maybe this is a good way to do things, but maybe there are better ways – how about it. Let's put our heads together – see how we can improve our products, cut costs and do a greater volume of business and make a little more money." When you read history you find that the conservative attitude has always been common in all walks of life. I had no patience with that – perhaps not patience enough at times.

After two years I thought I should have a raise in salary, which at this time was $28.00 a week. The following Saturday I did get a $3.00 increase, but I thought that wasn't enough. I immediately went to Mr. Foster, the manager, and protested. He said they usually gave 50 cent to a dollar raise, so he thought I should be satisfied with my big increase. At least there was another $3.00 increase the next paytime – this was a little more like it.

Now came the turning point of my life. When I was twenty years old Mr. Foster called me in and said that if I really wanted to get ahead financially in the brewing business, I would have to learn to be a brewmaster – then they could pay me much more, because I would be more valuable to them. I have always been grateful for the experience I gained in office procedure. It's best to know every phase of the business you're engaged in, because you can hire the right men to do the work for you – you can check and know what's going on, and those under you have greater respect because they know you know what's what. The idea of becoming a real brewmaster appealed tremendously to me. I really never have liked the detail work of an office, and I had always loved the brewing end of the business. There you could see results every day right before your eyes. Now my head was already swimming with all sorts of ideas how I would make good old Bartholomay beer even better than ever. But I realized that I would have to go through a formal training course in the technique of brewing, so it was arranged for me to go to the National Brewers' Academy in New York City. I attended the class of 1909-10, and I'd like to tell you a few of the experiences I had there.

Now I really was on my own! I had never been far from my home town, and the thought of going to the huge city of New York appealed

mightily to me – its glamor – its big buildings, its many attractions. I can't say my mother was over-enthusiastic about my leaving the home nest, but she knew that I would have to sooner or later, and anything that improved her boys' chances to get ahead was worth any sacrifice.

It was quite an experience gliding along the great Hudson River after leaving Albany, seeing all of the activity and then at last arriving at what seemed a huge place to me, the old Grand Central Station. Now I was a man of the world – I was in the big town – and I was more determined than ever to make a big name for myself.

Even fifty years ago New York was a big and exciting place. Skyscrapers were going up everywhere – there were wonderful places to eat – theaters to visit – diversions – something doing every minute – exactly what would suit a young fellow of my temperament. Naturally I had gone down there to school, but I was determined not to miss too much while I had the chance – and I didn't.

The Academy was held in connection with a laboratory that catered to the brewing industry – The National Brewer's Academy. They employed a number of experienced chemists and biologists. The class room was in back of the laboratory, and there was a cellar below with a complete miniature brewery. This was a practical school where you learned your trade from the ground – or the cellar – up. Each student was supposed to make his own brews, when he had progressed far enough in his studies. There were five instructors, and you may take it from me, there was plenty of home work. Now at last I really learned the importance of real study, and by this time I had sense enough to appreciate its value – besides, I was paying for it out of my hard-earned money, so that no doubt induced me to get my money's worth. As I believe I mentioned, there were ten in our class. Some were already more or less practical brewmen, while the others were sons of brewery owners who wanted them to get smartened up in the art of brewing. There was always competition and excitement to find out how your own brew was coming out, because everybody claimed he made the best. I must admit I did a pretty good job, and much to my surprise the rest of the class agreed – by the way, I graduated second in the class, which made me pretty proud. I used to study afternoons and evenings with a fellow by the name of Augie Haffenreffer, a good old German name if there ever was one. He came from the well-known brewing family of that name. Naturally he and I had many discussions about all kinds of matters, not always about the brewing business, either. One of his pet subjects was will power. He gave me quite a lecture on that

one day, and the outcome of it was that he dared me to stop smoking. Well, I was twenty-one at the time, a full grown man, in my estimation, and when he dared me to give up smoking I said I'll take that bet if you'll buy me a good dinner. It was a bet – a challenge – and from that time on, more than half a century ago, I have never touched a cigarette – but I haven't enjoyed that dinner up to this day. Augie is still around, and I hope some day to collect that bet before we're too old to enjoy it.

My room was located in an old hotel on Broadway. It didn't have a bar, so when we boys wanted some beer, we had a bell hop bring it to us. To come into the hotel undetected, we had to provide him with a circular shaped can, and this fitted around his body without being noticed in the lobby. You used to get quite a lot of beer for a quarter in those days, and it was good beer at that. My brother Frank, who was in New York at the time, used to come in for a visit every so often. As I have already mentioned, we all loved cards, so we used to have some pretty exciting bull sessions in our rooms.

By this time I was rooming with a friend by the name of Joe Haag, later associated with me for years, and the one up first in the morning was the best dressed man for that day, because you had first pick of the other fellow's clothes. My shoes were bigger than Joe's, so if he beat me to it, and wanted to wear a pair of them, he'd put on a couple of extra pairs of socks so those shoes wouldn't fall off his feet. Nights when we were through studying, we used to stroll up Broadway toward the theatrical district. It was then in its glory – Broadway – the lights flashing – the many vaudeville and other theaters – the milling crowds – things to see and smell and look at – a young fellow doesn't forget those first impressions of one of the greatest cities in the world – little old New York.

To show you how close we were with the dollar, we knew every tavern by the price they charged for beer. It was our policy never to pay more than a nickle for a glass of beer. We soon found out that during intermissions at the theater bars, the price went up double while the patrons came out for a bit of fresh air and a glass. We would wait until the bell rang for the people to go back to their seats, and then we'd order our beer for that nickle – get back to our own seats only a few minutes later. You see, it pays to use your head, even to save on a glass of beer. One evening we found ourselves out of money, and decided to walk home. We did manage to get a dime from a friend we knew, but we decided to ride back free to our destination. We'd hop on a car and when the conductor came around for his fare we said we were broke and hopped

off and caught another trolley. This we did three times, and got home with the dime in good condition in our pocket – perhaps a lot of brains used to save that little, but I hope you get the idea. It might interest you to know that right opposite the hotel where I lived was the famous Union Square Hotel, where the notorious gangster Rothstein and his mob hung out. It was quite a place, and we naturally were interested in all that, but kept free and clear of any trouble in that direction – the free lunch there was wonderful.

It was now getting close to the time of my graduation. It was customary for the various breweries to offer the graduate students a farewell dinner. We were wined and dined in grand style that year by the Ehret Brewery, our host being Mr. Ehret, Senior. He got up and told us about his early days in the beer business, how he came over from Germany, how he started with a little brewery – made beer the first four days of the week and then delivered it on Friday and Saturdays – and his turned out to be the largest brewery in New York City. Mr. Ehret reminded me of my beloved grandfather, so I really listened to him. He was an inspiration to any young man interested in getting ahead in that business. I wish I had the time to tell you more about my experiences in school in New York, but there are many other things to talk about, so I will have to forego the temptation. The colored boys in our hotel used to sit down near the office to watch the bell ring on the big indicator on the wall, summoning them to different rooms. At one time, one of the hotel guests died, and after the remains had been removed from the room, we conceived the idea of giving those boys a run for their money. We went to this room quietly and rang the bell and then went back to our room in a hurry. You can imagine the consternation downstairs when those boys saw that room indicated – they were positive no one was there – but they still weren't sure. They refused to go, and perhaps you couldn't blame them. We waited for a time and then rang the bell again. We went back to our room, when in a few minutes a bell boy ran down the hall as though the devil were after him – right past that room, and from then on you couldn't get any of them to answer any of the calls in that particular section of the hotel for some time.

Well, it was time to leave the school, to leave New York. And it may interest you to know that I caught the last train out of the old Grand Central Station, because the very next day they moved to the magnificent new station across the street which is still occupied, although I hear there are plans about that now. In my excitement to get on board, I forgot my suit case, but one of the boys tossed it over to me, it opened

wide up and I spent embarrassing minutes gathering my scattered effects, much to my friends' amusement.

I was sorry, yet glad, to leave New York. It was not the sort of place I would select to live in permanently. It had been a great experience, I had mastered the art of brewing, so I felt rewarded for the time and money it had cost me. In those days you paid your own expenses if you were ambitious enough to become a brew master. Nowadays they do it differently.

It was nice to get back home, to familiar surroundings, to my mother, my girl, and the rest of my loved ones. I guess I have always been a home boy and man. While I have traveled extensively and been away more than I wanted, home has always been the center of my life – that, plus my business. So goodbye, New York – and glad to be back, Rochester.

Upon my return I was offered a job as assistant brewmaster at Bartholomay. After five years there, during which time I married, I was offered the brewmastership of the Genesee Brewing Company. After several years as brewmaster there, I was offered the same job at the Lang Brewery of Buffalo, one of the largest and best in that part of the country. The understanding there was that the brewmaster was to retire, and I was to take over his duties. However, this did not prove to be the case. Now the country went dry – more about that later in another chapter – and we were then forced to make Near Beer. I naturally was very much concerned, after my years of training, experience and reputation as a good brewmaster. It became pretty plain that my services might not be needed in the future, because if we were not permitted to make real beer, how could I expect to stay in that business? So I devised a syrup that could be brewed in any brewery, and the alcohol content would be below the half of one percent permitted under this new law. I applied for a patent in Washington, but found that there was another outfit that also claimed a patent for the same thing. This often happens. People in various parts of the country will be thinking and working on the same invention because there is a need for it. Then when they apply for a patent, they find others have been thinking along the same lines. This syrup I speak of was heavy. It was boiled in the customary manner, water and hops added and then fermented. The result – a beer of less than one half of one percent alcohol. It did manage to keep a number of breweries alive. At the end of the first year I received a substantial check as royalty of one cent a pound on account of my patent, still pending. I then put the brewery into the soft drink business, selling and

making a number of soft drinks, including a not bad cider drink. Many of the properties were becoming vacant, and the prospects for staying in the brewing business and making a satisfactory living became dimmer and dimmer. I saw the hand writing on the wall. For the time being, at least, the brewing business as I knew it no longer existed. This had a great effect on my personal life, as you shall see, but a still profounder one on the country, as you shall also see later.

Now just a word about THE NOBLE EXPERIMENT – prohibition.

The day arrived when it became illegal – January 29th, 1920 – to manufacture beer and other alcohol-containing beverages. Beer that had been brewed for centuries – fine old formulas that had been brought over from England and Germany and other lands, and adopted to American tastes. Now this beer was no longer allowed to be brewed!

After the first shock, there was exactly the reaction that any level-headed person could have anticipated – revolt!

And with that a strange thing came about. People who up to this time had either very rarely or never indulged, became curious, then interested and then intrigued. The mere fact that they were now under the law deprived of what had been of very little interest to them before, piqued their curiosity. What was it all about? Where can I get some of that stuff – where was it being made, if at all? It became a challenge to their independence, and created the "prohibition drinker" who many times was far worse than those who had been accustomed to handle what they had enjoyed before. It became the smart thing – the fashionable thing – the patriotic thing – to avoid this law of the land, because in their opinion it was a bad law that should never have been written.

If it had only stopped at that point, perhaps not too much damage would have been done to our country.

But now loomed up a monstrous thing – a thing that has changed the entire social moral fabric of our country, and has left its permanent scars on our civilization. A flaunting of the law where men had never flaunted it before. Good, upstanding men and women who had never thought of questioning a law – the backbone of our civilization – many of these became evaders of the law – met in hideouts where you had to know the name of the man who popped his head out of a cubbyhole, and you said "Joe" sent you.

Now, coupled with this, there arose the incredible regime of the gangster – the mobster – the men who fattened on this evading of the law – they grew in corruption and power – practically took over local city governments, invaded every strata of society. The crimes they per-

petrated to gain control is in itself a long and very sinister tale. Suffice it to say, this prohibition had brought a weakening of the entire concept of our respect for law – not alone for one, but for all. Crime increased by leaps and bounds – the rum runners – the bathtub gin parties – illicit drinking places spread over the land – and it penetrated to every segment of society. Students of this entire matter say it has left its permanent scars.

Perhaps when those who have lived through this NOBLE EXPERIMENT are all gone, matters will straighten themselves out. But the fact remains that this NOBLE EXPERIMENT was one of the most devastating and destructive pieces of national assinity that has ever been foisted upon any civilization.

You may say because I was in the beer brewing business that I was prejudiced. I try not to be. Naturally I admit that I was deeply involved, because it affected my means of livelihood – hit a very tender nerve – my pocketbook. But I have always tried to look at it from the sensible, practical viewpoint. I try to know how people react, and even if I had never touched a drop of beer or any other similar beverage in my life, I would still feel exactly the same about it. I have spoken to many teetotalers, and surprisingly enough a large percentage believed as I did.

There were those who said that prohibition had come to stay. Even as smart a man as Bill Love, who later became Supreme Court judge of New York State, was convinced that beer would never come back. I met him on the street one day, and he said he considered me crazy to try to buy a brewery to anticipate the coming repeal of prohibition. He lived to admit his error, as the gentleman he was, but many felt the way he did.

So – may the NOBLE EXPERIMENT rest in peace! It is lying in an unmourned grave – at least by the most of us. It is surprising it lasted so long – but there are better and sounder methods to cope with such problems. Let us hope we have gained in knowledge, wisdom, and understanding to do that in the future.

So now I was confronted with the problem of getting into a business that would make me a good living – I wasn't interested in any other. I have always been like that. If one thing didn't work out, try another. If you find one business isn't the kind to offer you a good living and a future – look around and find another. That's the way we've been in this country. We don't get discouraged too fast – we don't cling to the past – we are optimistic and forward-looking by nature – we are

willing to pull up stakes and be pioneers, whether it's going in a covered wagon to the West, or getting into something new right at home.

Now this was going to be a new adventure, and I was ready for it. I was full of energy – had a pretty broad business training by this time, I was enthusiastic, and the old brain was working on all cylinders. How well that all worked out, we shall see.

CHAPTER 4

The Grocery & Baking Business

As you may recall, I have mentioned that many of the properties that the Lang and other breweries owned were becoming vacant and run down. The managements were at a loss to know what to do with them. That made them more willing to listen to any proposition that would help them out of their financial troubles. I was at Lang's in Buffalo, and I thought the matter over pretty carefully – made some inquiries and did some surveys. I then suggested that they go into the chain grocery store business. They thought well of the idea, and I was delighted to look into the matter and make my reports and findings. I felt something like an old war horse who smells powder, or one who hears the fire gong in the firehouse and is ready to start off full speed.

Now, I knew nothing about the grocery business, except looking for bargains for mother, having been trained along other lines. So the first step was to find someone who did. That's always a sound principle in business. Get a man or men who know their business to work for you, and you have a much better chance to succeed. I selected a man who was with the great A & P grocery chain and hired him. This organization had started out small as a strictly coffee, tea and spice store, but now they were beginning to open stores all through the country and were adding to their lines. I felt here was a man who had had the sort of training and experience to do me a good job of organizing a chain of our own. With him, and with another man from the Lang Brewery, George Sattler by name, we started to open a chain of grocery stores – in fact, opened one a week on the average and with few interruptions in this expansion until we had ninety stores. Many of these were in rented stores, as the brewery properties were soon used up. This was a time of tremendous work for me, but I had a way to make in the world, and I wasn't going to let anything keep me from getting ahead. To lease the right stores at the right rent, to get them ready for the chain store business, to stock them, to hire the right men to manage them – believe me, I could have used a twin brother those days, and we both would have been busy.

Now along came the flu epidemic of 1918, the worst in modern times. People in all walks of life sickened and died. This malady didn't

confine itself to older people and younger children, but it struck people in the best years of their lives as well. There was little known about it, so the mortality was very high, and you can be sure it didn't help business because so many of the employees were incapacitated.

My A & P man died, and that was a great shock to me, both personally and for the business. I had already been selected as head and president of this grocery chain, called The Thrift Grocery Stores, Inc. Now I was actually performing double duty – in the daytime I was brewmaster for Lang to keep their near-beer-business and soft drink sales going. I worked in the mornings and afternoons for the grocery chain. When the business warranted it, I took on a macaroni salesman as buyer and assistant, and I sure needed him. Unfortunately this did not work out as I had hoped, and this is how it happened. I thought I could trust him, but as time went on and I had a falling out with the outfit, this man who I was willing to make a partner in a new venture having sold $250,000 worth of stock and having the checks and drafts in my pocket, double-crossed me and told Lang about the whole scheme. Lang became furious and even had his bank call the various people who had invested in the new venture and threatened to take business away from them. I did not feel I wanted to go ahead with stock holders who were afraid they would lose any business they had with Lang, or loans that they might have with the bank being called, so I called the whole thing off. I gave back every penny of the money I had collected, not even asking the stock holders to pay the legal fees and organization expenses.

We had had some connections with a bakery while I was in the the chain store business – had contacted a German bakery called Tresselts on Genesee Street in Buffalo, and asked them to supply our chain stores with their products, which they did. After two weeks their delivery service was so poor, I complained to their manager, and he said: "if you don't like the way I deliver the goods, buy me out!" By four o'clock that same afternoon I walked into his office with the money and took over the bakery, so I was now also in that business. After getting out of the chain store enterprise, it seemed only logical that I should continue in the bakery field. I am happy to report that it was a success from the very start, although I had never been inside a retail bakery before. Neither had my younger brother Ray, whom I put in as manager. He had a good head on his shoulders, and I figured between us we could make a go of it, if hard work and tending strictly to business could do it. We had a good, honest product that was popular, the turn-over on our capital was rapid because the goods sold daily, and even with a

small margin of profit per sale, there seemed to be no reason why we could not really make it pay. And we were going to see to it that everyone in our territory was going to enjoy our products and make us some money at the same time – a pretty hard-to-beat combination. We built this one bake shop until it was really going great guns, and then we branched out until we had thirty-five in a very short period. You can imagine how hard we worked – time meant nothing to us – but we loved it and were proud and happy to see our little enterprise grow and really prosper. When we were at the height of our success, Lang called Ray in one day, and in spite of the fact that Ray and I owned 40% of the stock of that bakery, I owning most of it, Lang took over the management. Lang doubtless felt that if this bakery was such a success there was no good reason why he could not make it even a greater one. In about six months he called me one day and suggested that I had better start running that bakery business again. Naturally I wondered why. Why this sudden generosity? You usually aren't handed something on a silver platter without a good reason. Of course, I got in touch with Ray to find out what was behind this unusual burst of generosity on Lang's part. Ray told me that Lang had insisted on opening so many new stores in such poor locations that they had been losing money. In addition to that, Lang had opened a second manufacturing bakery, and between the two, the business had gone into the red and threatened to go still deeper. Now I understood the whole thing. This was a valuable lesson I learned, and has been valuable to me ever since. Mere size doesn't mean a thing unless it's backed up by sound management up and down the line.

As soon as I took over again, this time with a free hand, I immediately closed one of the bakeries, closed many of the unprofitable stores, and in a few months had that bakery back again on its feet on the way to making some nice money. So with all of this experience in Buffalo, I went in with my brothers to operate a house-to-house bakery in Rochester. It had been operating for some time between Harold and Ray, but the progress had been slow due to lack of capital. I brought some fresh money into the business, revitalized it, went out and sold a couple of hundred thousand dollars worth of stock, and really started to build that business up. And here's another sidelight on how to operate a business. You can have a fine product for which there is a demand, you can have able men connected with it, but unless you have enough capital to get it launched and operating profitably, you're very much handicapped, especially if you plan to expand. The old bakery on Parcels Avenue was soon too small, and we bought out the Anthony Bakery

on Clarissa Street in Rochester and moved into it. House-to-house delivery was becoming more popular as it saved women from going to the bakery, taking the time from their homes, especially when the weather was bad. It was a trend of the times, and we took full advantage of it. We continued to develop and expand until that bakery had ninety routes and had Rochester and the surrounding territory completely covered. We didn't miss a trick – we had pleasant, friendly driver-salesmen, everything was kept spic and span, and we tried to make people take notice whenever one of our trucks passed their doors. The extra capital went into buying new equipment, new trucks, hiring new route men, all of which turned out to be very profitable for all concerned. Now I felt we were ready for further expansion. We then surveyed the country and decided upon opening a bakery in Youngstown, Ohio and also Milwaukee, Wisconsin. I am happy to say the bakery in Youngstown was even a greater success than the one in Rochester.

Now here's a lesson I learned and it cost me money – the hard way. Never overlook the buying habits of the people in any town when you plan to cater to their wants. In one community they live one way, in another it may be quite different. Now in the big, thriving city of Milwaukee there was one of the largest and most prosperous concentrations of German people in the country. It was, and is, a fine city, clean, well run, and a credit to our country. But in Milwaukee, in those days, there were countless good German housewives who enjoyed going to the corner bakery in the mornings and evenings to select something good for the meals, and perhaps for their cup of afternoon coffee, as was the custom. They enjoyed the chance to meet friends, to exchange gossip. So, in spite of the fact that we had a good product, and were able and willing to deliver it right to their homes, that business never was successful as it had been in the other cities. We put a tremendous amount of hard work into that enterprise, but because we had overlooked the one simple basic fact of habit, we lost out. I am sure no big organization today would ever make that mistake, but we did, and it cost us hard-earned money, time and effort. Perhaps the original German element has now become completely Americanized in Milwaukee, but I am sure that if I ever planned to start another house-to-house delivery business anywhere, I would never forget that lesson I learned in Milwaukee.

About this time, the banking outfit in New York of Spencer, Trask & Company, became interested in putting bakeries together. It was a time of national expansion and consolidation. They employed one Arnold

Geiser, whose father-in-law had put together all the big baking combines in the country – including Continental, General and Ward, giants in their field. This father-in-law broke Arnold into this job, and after the former's death, Arnold took over. He contacted me, and after a couple of visits and consultations, I sold him on the idea of buying us out. This was in March of 1929. I was now almost 40 years old, just as vigorous and full of enterprise as ever, and I was happy to have been able to put this over – it gave me greater confidence in myself, and meeting with high-calibre men had helped strengthen me in my determination to get ahead. I alone sold our bakery in Rochester, the Wehle Baking Company, Inc., also the one in Youngstown and the one in Milwaukee. The total price, it may interest you to know, was $1,316,000.00. The stockholders in Rochester were happy because they got fourteen times their original investment on the first issue of the company. The stockholders of the Youngstown bakery received a handsome reward on their investment, but the stockholders of the Milwaukee bakery just about came out even. We were merged with the Hathaway Bakeries of Boston, and with our three Rochester bakeries, it made a total of sixteen. I was made a vice-president and director and put in charge of the Western division as General Manager. I managed the plant for some years, until the brewing business started to get hot once more.

So now we say goodbye to the chain store and bakery business. I had learned a lot, I had gained a pretty comprehensive understanding of what makes a business operate, and now I was ready to go back to my first love – the brewing business. I hoped that what I had learned would help me put the ailing brewing business back on its feet – it sure needed a healthy transfusion of two point seven five.

How that all came about – how and when we managed to be ready for the repeal of prohibition I was sure was coming, is another story. I hope all of that will be of some interest to my readers.

CHAPTER 5

Back To The New Genesee

For some time I had sensed there was to be an end to Prohibition. There were many who did not agree with me, but I could not believe that this situation could continue indefinitely in such a country as ours, it just didn't make sense. By this time the "Noble Experiment" had been in force for about ten years, and there were many who honestly believed that it was here to stay. It was fundamentally a bad law, one that could not be enforced effectively because it did not have the support or approval of the citizens. I had considered this from every phase, and that was the conclusions at which I arrived, and there were others who agreed with me, even if not always openly.

As luck would have it, I had about timed it right. As my grandfather and father had both been in the brewing business, and I graduated from a brewing school, I naturally watched current trends in the business. When I thought the time was ripe for action I got busy and started to move fast. Which again emphasizes the fact that experience is one thing you need to get anywhere in business, no matter how energetic or enthusiastic you may be. My knowledge of the brewing business from office to brew house came in mighty handy.

Now that I was convinced that Prohibition Repeal was only a matter of time, I considered what my first step should be. The country was full of down-at-the-heel breweries with millions of dollars of equipment no longer any good. It was an unusual economic situation for a major industry to find itself. Never before had this great industry been in such desperate circumstances, which in a way was to my advantage. When I looked over the field I conceived the idea of acquiring ownership of the old Genesee Brewery. This Brewery had always had an excellent reputation. I was familiar with it and the territory it covered, as I had been brewmaster there for five years. My grandfather, father and the entire Wehle family were also stockholders in the English company that bought out the Genesee in 1898. If many men sensed this situation the way I did, and if they knew about the fact that I was planning to reenter the brewing business at this time, prices would sky rocket over night. They would figure that Wehle had some inside information about all this, and that he was taking advantage of the unusual situation.

Whatever information or hunches I had, I kept to myself. For if Prohibition was repealed, and my hunch was correct, I would be in a mighty favorable position on the day when real beer became legal and ready for the market. By this time Genesee was only a shell of its former self. It had gone to rack and ruin over the years. The floors were in very bad shape, to say nothing of the roof, part of which had actually caved in. All the machinery, piping and wiring were gone, but after all, the buildings (such as they were) were there and the good old earth under them was the same as it had always been. I could see that there would be a tremendous amount of work and planning before Genesee would be ready for that long looked-for day.

The first step was to acquire the property at the lowest possible price. I had that much faith in my judgment that I was willing to take a gamble. As it turned out, it became a pretty profitable gamble in the long run, but I didn't know it then. At that time the owners of Genesee were two men engaged in the restaurant business -- Jack Ward and Eddie Dettinger, both friends of mine. As I said, I had to go about purchasing Genesee very cautiously. No interviews, no rumors, no hints. It was a time to act and say nothing. I secured the support of Mr. Val Hamilton, whom I had go about purchasing Genesee very cautiously. He was a man I could trust, owned a flourishing flour mill in Caledonia and also one in Honeoye Falls. He had a host of friends, a man who enjoyed a splendid reputation, exactly the man who could help me in this problem. I confided in Val my desire to purchase the Genesee Brewery, but I warned him that if the owners even got an inkling that I wanted it, the price would shoot to the moon. He succeeded in getting an option for $35,000.00 which I exercised in due time. The price was a low one, even in the present condition of the brewery, and considering its potentials it was a big bargain. While the price was low, it was by no means peanuts to me, I can tell you.

When Ward and Dettinger heard who the actual purchaser of Genesee was they certainly were surprised. Considering my background in the brewing business, they seemed to think they would like to become partners. I told them it was too late for that but they could take stock and bonds for what I still owed them on the brewery as it stood, which was $20,000.00. They readily accepted this, and as time proved, they were not the least put out about the deal they had made. As a matter of fact they considered themselves mighty lucky to have gotten in on the ground floor. Now that I owned Genesee Brewery, I formed a corporation. It was now necessary to secure the services of a competent brewmaster.

After careful consideration I asked Charles Fromm to take over. Here was a man I had known for years. He was a graduate of the same National Brewers Academy in New York I had attended, graduating the year after me. He formerly had been brewmaster for the American Brewery of Rochester. It was going to be a terrific job to get old Genesee to look like new Genesee, and Charlie was the man for that undertaking. Hours meant nothing to him. He was a brewmaster at heart, knew every phase of his business, and was a man who could be relied upon to do a first-class job. Old Genesee for New Genesee needed men like that.

Now one of the very first tasks was to try to secure the necessary equipment for the opening. By that time, after ten years of Prohibition, the country had any number of run-down breweries, as I have mentioned, some with good equipment, many with worthless. By this time I had heard of a complete brewery for sale in Kansas City, Missouri, owned by the Muelenbach Brewing Company. I made a deal with them and bought everything except tanks, bottling equipment and ice machinery. Fromm went to Kansas City and dismantled the machinery and shipped it home, a tremendous job in itself. Charlie retired in 1959 and has been succeeded by his assistant Carl Myers, capable and efficient, who has been with Genesee for years. Carl comes from a family of brewmasters daughter. Her father, Ed Neschke, is one of the best-informed and experienced brewmasters in the United States, and Carl and he thrash out many a problem together, a hard-to-beat combination.

Next I went to New York City and purchased a number of Pflauder storage tanks from the Central Brewing Company for one dollar per barrel, about one-sixth their true value when new. These tanks were in perfect condition. Again Charlie Fromm was on the job and moved these home to Rochester, together with other brewing equipment he installed in the brewery.

Next I bought from the Barry-Wehmiller Company, a ten barrel-per-hour complete new bottling outfit, which I later changed to a larger one. So far as I know, this was the second outfit sold a brewery since Prohibition. Next the highly important refrigeration equipment was purchased, this time brand new. That seemed to be the wisest investment rather than to get a run-down setup that might have cost us time and money to keep it going right, and time was important at this stage of the game. I thought I had been busy in the grocery chain store and bakery businesses. Now I really knew what being busy meant. I really learned the value of time, how to get as much done with the shortest possible outlay of energy and motion. How I could have been busier

it's hard to say. My good family saw little of me or I of them. I was in and out of town jumping on trains getting back at all hours. But this was all one of the high points of my life, to open and be ready for beer when it became legal again, with an excellent brewery, completely equipped and ready to get its full share of the flood of orders that were bound to come as soon as the gong rang.

Those two years of preparation were hectic ones, and of course, others began to sense the repeal of Prohibition now. I believe I am safe in stating that I was one of the first in this country to anticipate this this move, at least it helped me get an early start. Other breweries naturally came into line, but Genesee of Rochester was one of the first to be ready for what the public had been thirsty for — good, honestly-brewed beer with its two point seven-five alcohol content. As it happened, we were only nineteen days late, even by having started out two years before, on the hunch I had at that time. It must have been a strong one to go to all that expense and effort.

Before we get to the actual grand opening of Genesee, I think a short resume of the individuals who helped me make it a success, is in order at this time. As I have mentioned elsewhere, no man can run any kind of volume business alone. And it took a great many men to build the New Genesee Brewing Company into the present $25,000,000. per year enterprise. In spite of the money I had raised, my resources were not enough after paying for the building and machinery. So it became necessary for me to raise outside money. Having had that experience before when I secured money for the bakeries, I went to work and succeeded in raising almost the entire amount necessary for financing the brewery, with the exception, of about $35,000.00. And just at this time we experienced the famous bank holiday of 1931. You can see what I was up against. People hanging on to their money, people frightened about the future of the country. I considered whom to consult and see about raising this extra money. Times were really tough, thousands of people out of work, and we were only just beginning to see a little light after one of the greatest slumps in our entire history. The crash of 1929 had left many men of means hanging on the ropes, and the average man had little or no extra money to invest in anything. He was lucky if he was out of debt and he planned to stay that way. I could hardly have selected a worse time to raise money, but time was what I had little of, because I had to be ready if it was humanly possible to do so.

At that time I was a director of the Central Trust Company of Rochester. John Murray was the President. I talked this over with him,

and he furnished me with many names of people whom he thought might be interested in buying stock in Genesee. This list proved to be really valuable, and you may be sure I left no stone unturned to contact those names in the hopes that at least some would see the potential profits in Genesee. Even as late as this time there were quite a few people who felt that Prohibition was here to stay, so that didn't help my cause too much. I collared people where and whenever I could contact them. I was sort of prophet in the wilderness, trying to bring them the good news that here was a stock that looked mighty promising. In addition to contacting these men, I also turned to the former stockholders of the old baking companies. It didn't take me long to remind them of the excellent returns they had enjoyed on their previous venture. This was a big help, for I already had their confidence. While many knew nothing about the brewing business, and whether Repeal was coming as soon as I thought it would, they felt that I knew what I was talking about. Because of that quite a few were willing to invest with me again. The money came in small amounts as a rule, so it took extra hard work to get the amount I had to have.

Looking around for more possible prospects, I also contacted those who were putting Genesee back on its feet, such as the various contractors who were supplying machinery and equipment. If they would purchase stock, it would give us the added capital, and I felt confident they would make more money in the long run than by simply being paid for their labor and materials. My cousin Fred Loewenguth was most cooperative in taking as much stock as he could handle, and he gave me the names of prospective purchasers. What I would have' done without all this help, I am at a loss to say. Times were terribly hard, and very little extra cash was laying around loose. People were more money-conscious than they had been for years, and they were in no mood to take chances when the country hadn't yet got back on its financial feet. But there are always some who are foresighted enough to see that a fair risk is often the very best way to make money. So much for raising the needed extra capital.

At about this time I had heard of a man by the name of Don Dailey who might consider joining the Genessee staff. I needed good beer when the day really arrived, of course. But also needed a staff of men who would have the know-how and enthusiasm to operate the brewery. Without them everything would fail. I knew Don was an able man, so I contacted him and offered him the Vice-Presidency and Sales Manager's job. He accepted, and that was the smartest move I ever did make. Even

today Don (who just retired due to a broken hip) and I see each other and we talk about those exciting, hectic days when no amount of work seemed too much when we lost track of time, when we were on fire with the desire to build up a profitable business.

FINANCING THE BREWERY

Now Dailey in turn introduced me to a man by the name of Tom Nagle, and we made a verbal agreement that I purchase oil and gas from him for ten years and he would buy stock in the company. This Tom did, and I think he found it to be one of the best investments he ever made. Time went on. Ten years passed and we kept on buying automobiles and gas from Tom until he went out of that business. No written contract was ever entered into. It was a gentleman's agreement. Tom today remains one of my closest friends, and is still a Director of Genessee. John Pike, a contractor of Rochester, also was a director of the Central Trust Company, and he became our contractor. He was obligated to Central Trust for some loans, and President, John Murray, arranged to take additional notes from him to pay him for the work he was doing at the brewery, he in turn taking brewery bonds and stock. This also applied to Walter Heughes of Heughes & Company, the iron people, who did not require any bank loans.

In addition to this, I also arranged to give the O'Connor family a very good deal in bonds and stocks, mainly because of a family friendship, plus the fact that Dr. O'Connor had lost some money in the purchase of Hathaway Bakery preferred, which he had purchased on his own. I was not directly involved in that transaction, but I felt a moral responsibility, and this was one way I could compensate him for that loss. Jim O'Connor, deceased, was, and his brothers are large stockholders. Jim O'Connor had been a friend of mine since high school days, although he was a Republican and I a Democrat. Jim had put my name up at East High to become a member of the Theta Phi Fraternity I talked about in a previous chapter. I had never forgotten that, because I felt at the same time it was one of the most important things that had happened to me as a teen age boy. He introduced me to Marsh Taylor, who became the District Attorney of Monroe County, then Supreme Court Judge, then Judge of the Appellate Division and finally Chief Justice of the Appellate Division. We were great family friends. A wise counselor, a true friend, a prince of a fellow and he eventually became a stockholder in the

brewery. Another man who had real faith in me and the success of Genesee was Bruce Johnson, a life insurance salesman. Bruce took all he could afford of Genesee stock, sometimes actually in payment of premium on my life policies, which the company had found necessary to take out for its protection.

Another big cog in the wheels that got our brewery under way was Frank Smith, since deceased, of the John Smith Printing Company. He was a fine, capable man with a very wide circle of friends and acquaintances, and always ready to lend a hand. Frank did all of our printing. His secretary was Milton Silver, who was a genius in the advertising and sales fields. He was a very valuable man to us in a number of ways. He was our first advertising manager and helped us in a big way in deciding our policies. It is mighty important to get started on the right track in advertising, and Milton Silver was the man for the job. Another man who became very important to Genesee was Esten Fletcher. He was a member of the Ancient Accepted Order Nobles of Mystic Shrine, and formerly Imperial Potentate of the Shrine, a man who was highly regarded wherever he was known. I had my eye on him for some time because I knew of his reputation. When I was coming back from the 1938 Democratic National political convention, I approached Esten to see whether he would be interested in becoming our treasurer. He said he had considered the matter carefully, and now he was ready to act in that capacity. He was a bulwark of strength to us in those early days, a very distinguished looking man, who made friends easily, a man with keen judgement, and his good services proved invaluable in conducting and getting our new venture safely on the road. Now came the most critical time in the financing of our brewery.

We really needed money now. There were bills in almost every mail, and we had to lay out the money in order to get the brewery ready. It was a pretty critical situation, I tell you. I tried to borrow money on my life insurance policies. Imagine my consternation and bitter disappointment when that very night a moratorium had been declared on life insurance loans. This was a tremendous blow to me, as I am sure it was to countless other men throughout the country. No one had experienced this situation before. Up to now a loan on your insurance policy was as "money in the bank". I could not get a red cent on my policies, which then had a cash surrender value of over $30,000.00. I then turned back to the bank and borrowed what money I could and kept right on constructing the brewery, trying to get into operation before the Repeal of the 18th Amendment.

But now here was exciting news. Ahead of Repeal, President Franklin D. Roosevelt proclaimed that two-point-seven-five beer was non-intoxicating, and now it was legal to make and market this beverage again as it had been formerly brewed. This was, of course, in accordance with the amendment, the resolution adopted by the Democratic Convention, which provided for the repeal of the 18th Amendment in its entirety. This was a plan Al Smith had advocated for years. But now the country was in desperate shape financially and morally. The gangsters and bootleggers had practically taken over law enforcement all over the land.

Since the brewery has been organized which was April 27, 1933, it has paid out in taxes, as follows:

Excise Taxes (Beer)		
Federal	$108,488,289.30	
State	13,753,760.84	
		$122,242,050.14
Income Taxes		
Federal	12,907,672.36	
State	1,566,392.63	
County	163,217.70	
		14,637,282.69
		$136,879,332.83

The above figures do not include:

Real Estate
Sales
Social Security
Unemployment Insurance

I scouted around for some of the people who formerly worked for me at old Genesee. Among others I hired Al Leinen as our office manager. Al took wonderful care of the office, and only recently retired. His long-time assistant George Powers, now has become Al's successor. George is a hard worker, competent and takes his job very seriously. He has an assistant by the name of Dick Burns who is a mighty efficient man, so that department is well taken care of by good men. Al relieved me of a great deal of work and detail worry for he was a bear for system and order. Next I hired an ex-shipping clerk of old Genesee, Bill Mensing, who remained with us until he retired some years ago – I regret to say, he is now gone. I hired as many of the better old brewery employees as I could, including Tony Mason as City Sales Manager. Tony and I had worked together at Bartholomay's and were pals for years. He was a big asset to the entire organization. I also secured the services of John Abel, who was the cellar boss at Bartholomay and has only left us recently, due to poor health. He taught me the filtering and carbonation of beer as well as cellar work while I was in the office, and his thorough instruction proved valuable to me in the years after. Another old Bartholomay employee was John Thomas who came to us and took over management of the wash house. Reg Westbrook joined Genesee in 1940 when we purchased the Cataract Brewing Company and has been a valuable assistant to the Sales Manager.

In addition to these men I have mentioned, and I hope I've not forgotten any, I turned to the bakery to see if I could interest some of the best ones to come with us. I hired a number of them – men I could trust and rely on – as well as some of my wife's and my own relatives; at one time there were eighteen connected with Genesee. And I must not forget to mention Marlene Boyle. She came to us right out of school, and has been an invaluable assistant to Jack and me and the entire Wehle family in many ways, as well as furnishing pictures and information for this book.

Neal Hawn is our Purchasing Agent, and through his hands a lot of our money goes to purchase supplies. He always does an outstanding job, watching every dollar and making it carry its full load.

Ken Lehr is in charge of a very important department, Transportation. He has a big fleet of cars to look after, and the manner in which he handles his job keeps them rolling at the lowest possible upkeep cost – a valuable man.

To mention some more important Genesee men I must add George Larkin, now deceased. He was a loyal, capable man, and unfortunately

died much too young. His last position with us was in the bottle house superintending the work there. This post is now occupied by Al Stenz who fills this important job in a most satisfactory manner, assisted by George Loewenguth who has been one of our top mechanical men for years. Bill Heigel, another top man, is in charge of the fermenting cellars.

Chuck Sabernick, Leo Cullen and Al Woggon are tops in their work and have been with Genesee for years. Bill King, our engineer in charge of the maintenance department, is a very valuable man and does excellent work.

Richard Volk, a real old timer, whose father I knew well, is an important link in the bottle house management end, as is Otto Begy.

Two other old timers who faithfully watch the shipping of our products are Barney Levy, whom I have known as a boy, and Jim Hanna, whose father was in the cooperage business, and a great friend of mine.

Mario Frati of the laboratory, whose father I know and like, has also been with us for years.

Years ago I had a nurse come to my house to care for me after I had contracted pneumonia. Her name is Mary Tripp. She was so competent and faithful that I induced her to join the staff at Genesee, and she has been the company nurse ever since and a valuable employee.

I have gone to some length in this part of this chapter to emphasize the wonderful assistance I received from so many men in making the New Genesee Brewing Company a success. I wish there were more time and space to name all of them. I am happy to say that because of our set-up the labor turnover at Genesee has always been a low one. We have always tried to fit the right men in the right jobs and treat them well, and it has paid off in big labor-relations dividends.

* * * * * *

Now Genesee was spic and span, with a brand new coat of paint, everything ship-shape, clean and shining, ready to go. It was an exciting time for us all. We forgot the months of working and planning and worrying, the problems we had faced and overcome.

The big day was arriving – the grand opening was close at hand. There was feverish excitement everywhere – men scrambling around for last minute chores – checking and rechecking – all the equipment given a final check-up – hasty last-minute conferences held at most any hour of the day and night – mighty little sleep for those responsible for the

great event. It was touch and go. We were determined to have that good old Genesee beer ready for a thirsty public as fast as it was possible to produce and distribute it. I was proud of my men, and I think they were proud to be part of a revitalized business, and the making of an honest product. The air tingled with excitement – we were ready to take off!

I have always been a firm believer in publicity, the right kind, of course. When you are in business, the more potential customers know who you are, your products, how you can serve them and why they should buy from you, the better it is for all concerned. When we opened the New Genesee Brewery we thought about that a lot, you may be sure. Today those things have become standard, and a great deal of money, time and talent are spent to create favorable publicity for those in a business that strives to please and serve the public.

So, now we had arrived at the grand opening of the New Genesee Brewery. We wanted to make it an occasion the town would talk about and remember for a long time. My friends Frank Smith and Milton Silver, both advertising specialists, were in charge of the proceedings. It was decided to set a stage in the bottle house, which was appropriately decorated with flags and bright bunting. The director of the famous Eastman School of Music was engaged, together with his musicians and a number of excellent local singers to furnish attractive musical entertainment. Folks in Rochester have always enjoyed good music, and Mr. George Eastman had founded one of the finest conservatories of music in the world. Naturally we invited all the prominent people, including city and county officials, friends, stockholders, and suppliers, and a number of others. Then there were a number of prominent speakers, for this was more in the nature of a county-wide than just a local occasion. Here in Rochester we were celebrating the opening of one of the first reconditioned breweries of the country. We were going to make the country conscious of this opening and make Rochester the center of attention and attraction. People from many miles around came to this affair, for it had been well advertised in the local news and trade papers, and anyone who could read or listen to a radio announcement had been told of this big community event. The right kind and amount of food, refreshments and other details had been worked out, and at the outset the whole thing started smoothly enough. A picture was taken at the appropriate time, but when the flash came on, I had closed my eyes, and I was the only one of the entire group with my eyes shut. I came in for quite a bit of good-humored joking about that, but it happened to turn out to be the

other way around.

Now up to this time everything had proceeded according to hoyle, until the police let their guard down and left one entrance unguarded. Then things really began to happen. It didn't take long for the crowd to surge through that opening and it started right down the long tables loaded with some pretty fine food – whole lobsters – whole turkeys, and many other delicacies. This collation had been prepared and put on by Spike Wilson, a well-known restauranteur and caterer of Rochester, but naturally only intended for the guests, certainly not for a big crowd of uninvited ones. You can imagine my surprise and anger when I saw men who were not supposed to be there at all, walking around with a turkey leg or whole breast of turkey in their hands, chewing away and enjoying every morsel of it, and calling their friends to come in and get their share. That sure put a damper on my spirits, because there was nothing that could be done at the time. Too many of them had entered by then, and the police were powerless to handle them without violence and danger. There was such a tremendous crowd you could hardly move around the grounds, all the open spaces were jammed with people, and believe it or not, everything that wasn't nailed down was being carried out. It was a frightful situation and experience, and one that caused me a good deal of anguish. Finally we managed to clear the place, and I then sat up in my office with a few friends trying to regain my composure.

Many telegrams were received from firms and people, wishing us success in our venture. This was enough for one day – it had been an exciting one, even if somewhat disappointing at the end.

This celebration hadn't stopped us from getting ready for the sale and delivery of our beer, however. The very next day was our first official business day, and I was eager to see what would happen. Would the beer sell well – Would there be a really big demand for it? – Had we miscalculated our potential sales? – These and many other questions went through my mind as we awaited the important day – tomorrow. Early the next morning all the trucks were loaded to their capacity and away they went to make their first deliveries. It wasn't long before those closer in, came for more beer, and the others followed rapidly in succession. There seemed to be no limit to the thirst of the good folks in Rochester, we doing our best to see that everyone was satisfied. More and more beer went out – more and more empty trucks returned. The trucks kept rolling back and forth until we almost lost track of the deliveries. The money just rolled in, as I have never seen

it roll in before. We charged not only for the product but for the package, and it wasn't long before all the desk drawers were full of money – it was pretty exciting and confirmed my faith in all of the money, time and hopes that had been put into this enterprise. Now I could begin to relax a little. The first hump was over and I felt ready for anything. We made a bank deposit just prior to its closing, and then we had a police guard all night to see that we weren't held up for all of the additional money that had poured in after the bank deposit was made. The next morning we made another substantial deposit, again that afternoon, and that kept right on until everybody at least had had their first load of beer. I never saw money come in so quickly, and at last I felt secure. At last I could feel justified in my judgement, and I am sure the stockholders weren't unhappy about how things had turned out. We could now pay our debts, plan for future expansion, because we knew what we were going, and I was determined to let nothing stand in our road toward financial success. I felt exactly as responsible for all that money the stockholders had put into this venture as I did about my own, perhaps even more so, because they had shown their faith in me, and I certainly was happy they hadn't been let down. It was a wonderful day and a wonderful feeling, I tell you, and I shall never forget it. After all, it had been a risk, no one could predict the success of Genesee. It does show that careful planning pays in the long run, and it's a lesson that has stayed with me ever since. The next move in our plans for expansion was to select distributors for the districts outside Monroe County. We were mighty careful whom we chose, and our judgement proved that it always pays to know the men who work for or represent you in any business venture. We selected substantial men with excellent reputations in the communities in which they lived, men who knew it was to their advantage to play the game right from the start. We let it be known that it was a privilege to represent the Genesee Brewing Company of Rochester. I can state that at least ninety percent of them became successful, in some cases they made considerable money from the start.

It is true that beer was easy to sell, but we didn't make the mistake of lowering our standards of quality nor the quality of our service just because the market was soft and easy. I knew that sooner or later the honeymoon would be over, and then the brewery that had maintained its standards would be the one that would prosper.

I selected Henry J. Echter, formerly with the Bartholomay Brewery, to look after these distributors, and I couldn't have chosen a better man. This is a key job, one of the most important in the brewing

business. Henry did a wonderful job for us, knew the kind of men we wanted, and with his friendly, helpful manner was able to recuit men and keep them friends for many years. He not only secured these distributors, but he helped many of them keep their accounts in order, which is a service that was appreciated.

As I recall it, our advertising budget for that year was about fifty cents a barrel, all handled from our office. But today that set-up is quite different.

Naturally, time has taken its toll after twenty-seven years of operation, and many of my original experienced organization have gone into retirement. With the changes in the nature of the industry, and the requirements of modern times, it has been necessary to build a larger and stronger, Sales, Advertising and Merchandising organization. My son, Jack, who is following in my footsteps, has developed a strong, hard-hitting group to serve this purpose.

The present line-up is as follows:

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

(Louis A. Wehle, Chairman)
John L. Wehle
Robert G. Wehle
Thomas N. Nagle
James P. Duffy
Donald A. Dailey
John W. Harrison
Otto A. Shults
Justin J. Doyle
Milton G. Silver

OFFICERS

John L. Wehle	President
Robert G. Wehle	Treasurer
William J. Hoot	Vice President
James P. Duffy	Secretary
Donald A. Dailey	Vice President
Clarence E. Jennings	Vice President
Thomas N. Nagle	Vice President
George R. Powers	Asst. Treasurer
Charles J. Harkins	Asst. Secretary

William J. Hoot (Director of Marketing)
and now a Director of the Company

Three Regional Sales Managers	Thomas A. Sullivan Fred T. Davis Valentine M. "Wally" Lord
Eleven Zone Managers	William F. O'Connor Harold Coughlin Vincent E. Dollard Don York Kenneth Boutwell William Austin Edward Jones Charles J. Toohey John Precious (Penna.) Gerald A. Ringler (Penna.) George Paras (Ohio)
Twelve Retail Fieldmen	Howard Geil Edmund Lankes Joseph DiNieri John Reynolds John McCutcheon Edward Quinan John Genier Frank Bauer Rudy Matetic (Penna.) Jack Deck (Penna.) Ray Leach (Penna.) Joseph Flauto (Ohio)
Advertising Manager	James P. Duffy
Assistant Advertising Manager	Robert C. Schlueter
Bowling Promotions	John Quinzi
Merchandising Manager	Mark J. VanDussen
Tavern Sales Manager	Neil J. Weeks

Merchandising Fieldmen	John Morley Raymond Fady Richard Mullaney Michael Morgan
Sales Planning Manager	Harold J. Wesch
Asst. Sales Planning Manager	Robert Longyear
City Sales Manager	William F. O'Connor
Asst. City Sales Manager	Everett N. Kulp
Ten City and County Salesmen	Hugh Allen Charles Goonan Carl Heidt Perry Kayes Edward Ver Weire Dan Sassone Raymond Purdy William Belding Frank Squires T. Howard Polhemus

All of our sales activities are supported by the largest advertising appropriation we have ever had. These are coordinated by Jim Duffy and the Advertising Agency in New York City.

Each man in the above organization is responsible for his established duties and reports directly to his immediate supervisor, who in turn reports to the Regional Manager. Regional Managers report to the Director of Marketing who confers with the President.

We are the only brewery in the entire East who makes its own malt one hundred percent. The malt house has for years been supervised by Gene Cook, an excellent maltster.

Inasmuch as considerable laboratory work is necessary in both beer and malt making, our well equipped labs are run under the skilled hands of Ray Rohner, our chief chemist.

Our Personnel Director and Chief labor negotiator is the likeable, Charlie Harkins.

I am very happy to have such a strong sales organization operating for the brewery and know they will work hard to increase sales and even-

tually achieve my fondest hope, to sell one million barrels of Genesee a year.

As my sons Jack and Bob grew older and graduated from their various schools, they came into the business. Jack is President of Genesee, and Bob was President for a time, also manager of the advertising department and over practically all of the selling. The boys would alternate as president. Jack is a graduate brewmaster and has mastered every phase of the business. I sincerely believe he is one of the leading brewing executives in the country today. Others have said the same thing, so I think it is not just a father's pride that has prompted me to make this statement. Bob's energies led him into other fields, and while still Treasurer and a Director of Genesee, he spends a good part of his time in real estate developments, building a shopping center plaza, also apartments, and raises, trains and shows his pointers. Bill Hoot is Jack's assistant at Genesee, also a graduate brewmaster, and he is developing into a highly-skilled executive.

Now here is a rather interesting sidelight on the political conditions as they existed in those days. Just before election day, one of the managers of the brewery or his assistant would call me into the office and tell me to go around and tell the men that if the Democrats got in tomorrow, we were going to close the brewery the day after. This I had to do, and now I'm sorry for it, because that is not the true democratic way at all. Perhaps I can be forgiven for that. I was quite young and inexperienced at the time, and this confession has been good for my soul. On top of that, slips were put into every pay envelope in which the men were told that if the country went Democratic the brewery would close up – naturally a bare-faced lie. As time went on legislation changed these unhealthy and dishonest practices, but they were common when I was a young man, and I'm mighty glad these changes have come about. No one has the right to tell a man how to vote, and I know I'd be the first to resent any pressure on me. We had a lot to learn about public relations in those days.

Another thought about some of my brewery experiences:

When I was at Bartholomay I was always called on to head the committee that arranged the annual picnic. This was considered a bang-up affair which everybody attended. We had a great time spending many hours planning this event. There was the food to think about, the refreshments, the games, the prizes and other details. One man who worked for the company was Theodore Boldt – He was the official entertainer and we always had him on the committee, and he really liked it. Our

committee went down to the Eggleston Hotel for a fine champagne-lobster dinner that was Boldt's contribution. We would also have steak dinners at the brewery, and I recall my father having one there on his forty-fifth birthday. I thought it would be a nice idea in the middle of the festivities to have a sign with the numbers "45" shown – and when it was turned on, the lights all went off. Perhaps it was a coincidence, because very shortly thereafter he died ... at the age of forty-five.

It may be interesting for you to know that beer sold for six and seven dollars a barrel at that time, as against thirty and thirty-two dollars today – a dollar a case as against four dollars and eighty cents today. Of course, the increased taxes account for much of this, much as in the price of gasoline.

Here's a final incident. Fire broke out in the Bartholomay brewery grain drying building. I happened to look out of the front door of my house on Gorham Street where I lived with my mother and brothers and saw smoke and flames pouring out. I dashed down to the brewery as did others, and even before the fire department got there, I organized a rescue team and promised every man five dollars next morning who would go into the stables and lead out a horse. Well, I had plenty of volunteers, because a five dollar bill looked mighty big in those days. I recall we led out about forty horses, but the greater portion of the barn was burned after their removal. You know, horses are afraid of fire, become easily confused and many times will refuse to budge even to save their lives. I knew that, hence my prompt action in trying to rescue them. They were valuable, and their loss would have been a heavy one to the brewery. The next morning I went to the management and told them what I had done. They were pleased that I had been quick-witted enough to save those horses and consented to the money I had offered the men. When I started to pay them off, you can imagine my surprise when fifty-five men applied for their $5 each, when only forty horses had been rescued. I was also given the job of settling the fire insurance claim that resulted, and that turned out to be mighty valuable experience to me in the years to come.

In closing these remarks I wish to emphasize that the ownership and opening of the New Genesee Brewery has been one of the most satisfying experiences of my life. This all happened almost 25 years ago, but I still derive great pleasure from the fact that I was privileged to own control of this business, give employment to many fine men, and make satisfactory financial returns to the stockholders who had invested in this enterprise. Over the years they have remained my friends, and

many of us get together at times, recall what struggles the New Genesee Brewery experienced, and are grateful that in this wonderful country of ours men who show the needed determination and courage are able to carve an honorable place for themselves in their communities.

My family and my business have always been the centers of my life, and I am humbly thankful for the many blessings a kind Providence has bestowed upon me and mine.

Now I want to digress for a moment, as I am taking the liberty of quoting from an amusing and interesting book published in 1957 by the well-known Rochester columnist and commentator, Curt Gerling, entitled "Smugtown, U.S.A.". In discussing many of the men in Rochester who helped contribute to its growth, Curt has this to say about me – and I quote:

"Of the over-oppulent six, quite the noblest Coresus of them all is Louis Wehle, the beer baron of Genesee. He is notable for a number of reasons. Nobody died and left him anything. He did not marry any. He learned to be a brew master, courtesy of the old Bartholomay Brew-Before he had barely a chance to flex a muscle or blend a hop, along came prohibition.

"He went with the Lang Brewery in Buffalo, who were casting about for things to sell in the many corners they had under lease in the Bison City. What Wehle's contribution was, has remained obscure. In any event, he returned to Rochester after some years, not poor and not rich.

"He bought up a broken down bakery (Anthony's) on Caledonia Avenue (now Clarissa Street) and painted a lot of trucks a bilious orange and proceeded to establish a house-to-house gimmick for the sale of baked goods. He not only sold the doughnuts but shares in the company, too. It prospered. Some years later he sold out for well over a million dollars. Mr. Wehle's timing was excellent. Four days later came the historic crash of '29. It caught Mr. Wehle with his assets tied up in nothing but cash. As a million wasn't enough, and the beer business his first love, the far-sighted Wehle realized that Prohibition was due to be dumped. Al Smith told him so. Later Franklin D. Roosevelt. While the rest of the city was still damning Herbert Hoover and licking their wounds sustained when the market crashed, Louis picked up the old Genesee Brewery for peanuts.

"Not a guy to go half-way, Wehle refurbished what there was, and ordered new equipment far in excess of his then current assets. While he gambled he also waited the day. When the suds returned into the bars

of America and the speak-easy joined the suffering souls in Limbo, Mr. Wehle was ready. Beer trucks could roll at midnight. The Wehle camions were loaded at eleven, rolled at 12:01.

"Mr. Wehle not only had his beer ready, he also had some nice fresh stock. It was printed in pretty green on most certificates and was extolled as a bonanza second only to the Comstock. It sold like hot cakes.

"Wehle with his customary judgment had two issues, A and B. One was voting, the other non-voting. You have only one guess as to who had most of the magical voting kind. While Genesee never reached the heights of Kodak or Haloid, it has done very well for those who bought it, and of course extremely well for Mr. Wehle. In the national standings for a fast contracting industry, Genesee has always been in the first twenty-five. No mean feat in an industry whose mortality rate is higher than Indian infants – his bread cast upon the waters continues to come back hamburger sandwiches."*

Close Quote –

*Footnote: Curt was a little cockeyed in his remarks in some places. He did not dig very deep into the matter of what was done in Buffalo. I revitalized the entire brewery and put them in three businesses. Both Harold and Raymond were also instrumental in putting Anthony's Bakery back on its feet. The historic crash came six months after, not four days.

However, I thought this outside humorous viewpoint might perhaps be a little enlightening.

CHAPTER 6

Family Matters

It has always been hard for a man to write about his family. There is so much that is personal and deeply felt. But I feel that I should say something about my family because they have influenced me in what I have also done outside my family circle. A man's ambition is centered around his family. The family is his driving force. Those men who do not find this so are in the great minority, I am sure.

A man's first task is to provide a proper environment for his children, aside from the primary provision for food and shelter. It is not so much a matter of money that will determine this success or failure, but the attitude one finds in the home. In many a home where wealth abounds, there has been strife, dissention, unhappiness, a poor atmosphere in which to raise children. On the other hand, the home may be a modest one and father may not make a lot of money, but there you might find love, harmony and understanding and fun. In such a home the children would thrive physically, mentally and spiritually.

In a former chapter you have heard about the sort of home I was raised in. I have told you about my grandparents and parents and what sort of people they were. I had been raised in a home that was close-knit, where each child was treated with consideration, discipline, and where a high standard of morals was maintained. I have my grandparents and parents to thank for this, I have never ceased to be grateful for the background and heritage they left me.

But in this chapter I wish to speak more specifically about my own family, the one which my wife and I founded and raised. While customs change, while fashions have a habit of coming and going, while amusements and outside activities vary from generation to generation, I believe that the one permanent thing, the thing that keeps a nation strong, is its family ties. Upon these we erect our kind of civilization. Today I shall not air my views about the present generation, and I am sure you'll be grateful to me for not doing so. Old folks have a way of forgetting the many undesirable and unpleasant phases of their early lives and like to dwell on the "good old days", as though they were somehow better than any before or since. I do not believe that that is so. People are human beings and react today much the same

as they did in the years gone by. Give them a decent measure of love and they blossom out into happy and normal people, well adjusted to their times and surroundings. Instill hate and envy and evil in their hearts and you will reap the whirlwind. All of which may seem like a round-about way of getting to my own personal family history, but at least I have given you a sample of my thinking for what it is worth, and I hope you have not grown impatient with me.

Around the time I left East High School, when I was in the neighborhood of sixteen, I first became aware of a certain young lady. I will admit that perhaps she was not the first one I had viewed with some favor, because I was blessed with a pretty good pair of eyes. But I will say that when I got a good view of her I felt something click, inside me. What that was remained to be seen. At the time I met this young lady I was a soda clerk at Kleinhan's Drug Store on Clinton Street in Rochester, and I thought I was a pretty good one. Kleinhan's appealed to me. Sodas were the big dissipation for young folks at that time, and if you could scrape enough money together to take your very best girl to Kleinhan's you rated pretty high with her. It was the gathering place of the young sparks of that day, and I enjoyed seeing them come and go. There was plenty of foolish conversation, joking back and forth, and I always have liked that kind of social intercourse. I naturally looked the girls over pretty carefully, and I took full advantage of my exalted position behind the counter. You see, I didn't have to take my girls to the store, they came to me, and that made it a very convenient arrangement.

Not more than six blocks away from Kleinhan's lived a family by the name of Raab. They owned a prosperous butcher shop, and the girls, Jennie and Libbie, would drop into "my" drug store for some refreshment every so often. They were usually accompanied by a host of giggling friends, but for me there was one special little lady who stood head and shoulders over them all. Her name was Libbie Raab - Elizabeth, if you had to be formal about it. She was younger than Jennie. It didn't take me long to make up my mind that this was the one and only. I have always been a man to make up my mind in a hurry, and it didn't take me very long - not more than a couple of sodas - to decide that Libbie was the girl for me. Luckily the girls came for sodas several times a week, and in the free and easy manner of young people, we soon became good friends. I don't remember what we said, or whether we said anything much, but we didn't seem to need a great many words. I am sure I did most of the talking and showing off, because that was

my way. Libbie was the quiet type, and that appealed to me. Maybe I thought I'd want somebody around the house who gave me a chance to speak my mind, not be chattering all the time, too. All this made me feel superior, and that's a mighty important feeling to a young man in his teens. I confess that I saw to it personally that this young Lady, Libbie Raab, received just about the finest sodas I ever created. I don't know whether my boss made any money on those I placed proudly before her, but I really didn't care. I was determined to please her so that she would not forget me. As we became better friends she came to Kleinhan's a bit more frequently, and that didn't make me very unhappy. Our courtship, if that is what you would call it so early in the game, was a modest one. No rushing into "heavy" dates, because we were both a bit shy about it. But what was in our hearts would come out, and it wasn't too long before I asked for the privilege of calling on her. That was the accepted pattern in my youth. No young man would have thought of going with a girl without the consent of her parents and family You called in your best clothes – put on a big show of manners – hoped that you had made the right impression. If you did, more frequent calls became quite all right, and then you were finally invited to a meal and that put on the final touch of approval to the courtship. I soon felt at home, and I can tell you I enjoyed the good food provided, for the Raabs were good cooks and having a fine butcher shop, they always had the best of everything on their table.

Libbie is of German-Scotch-Irish ancestry, and she has been fortunate enough to inherit the fine traits of all these nationalities. I soon noted what an excellent housekeeper she was, how immaculately she dressed even when she wasn't expecting me on a date, and that her home was attractive and well ordered. I had been raised in a family that had always prided itself on its fine homemaking, and when I discovered that Libbie came from the same background that sure made a big hit with me. So from that time on there was no question in my mind whom I wanted to marry, and I think Libbie felt quite the same way about it.

The stage was set, but finances and other matters made it unwise for us to marry for a number of years. As a matter of fact, our courtship lasted a full ten years. That may sound a little absurd in these hurry-up times; but don't think for a minute that we felt sorry for ourselves. We were young, and we were hopeful. We had decided that we were meant for each other, and that helps you over many a disappointment.

Libbie's father had died before I met her. Her mother had purchased a summer home on Lake Ontario and let me tell you right now that those summers we saw each other up there were among the happiest of my entire life. As I said, we were young, and we were very much in love, and that's a hard combination to beat. We had countless picnics and boating parties with plenty of lively young folks around, good things to eat, and appetites to match the food. Those delightfully warm summer months brought the joy of life to us. At the same time her sister Jennie was being courted by a young man called Irving Hoot, who later became a dentist. You can say that Irv and I and Jennie and Libbie went everywhere together. It was hard to tell at times who was going with whom. but we knew our minds, and there never was any jealousy or any friction between us. We were determined to have a wonderful time when we had the chance, and we did. I bought a small launch and kept it as close to the Raab home as I could. So naturally we enjoyed many exciting boat trips together, with a bang-up lunch ready when we were hungry – lobster, chicken, cake, and plenty of other good things. The girls prided themselves on their culinary skill, and we voted them tops in that field.

The various holidays were always pleasantly celebrated together. I look back to those days with a great deal of pleasure, and I know Libbie does also. They were good days, the kind young people should enjoy before they assume the cares and duties of family life. At first the Raabs had a carriage and horses, but as time went on they purchased an automobile. I also had one, so between us we managed to enjoy many an outing away from home, and they were big events in our lives. Of course, the best of eats went along, and we would frequently drive to some quiet, secluded spot, spread our feast on the ground and really have a grand time. Then in the winter there were wonderful sleigh rides, parties, the theater, movies and don't think for a minute we didn't enjoy them. I will say one thing about the climate around Rochester. You have a change of seasons, so you are able to enjoy all sorts of sports, both out and indoor, and the youngsters who take advantage of the seasons have a pretty wonderful time. Now, of course, the milder Florida winters appeal to me, but when I was young no kind of weather ever got the best of me, at work or play.

In due time Irv Hoot became a dentist and then he and Jennie were married, and that somehow broke the magic circle. Of course, we remained fast friends, but it never was quite the same, as I am sure you understand. But the time wasn't ripe for Libbie and me as yet. Mrs. Raab persuaded us to wait for a time, because losing two daughters at

the same time would have cast an extra heavy burden on her. She needed Libbie around the house to help there, because Mrs. Raab had charge of the market, and it took a great deal of her time. She was right, but it wasn't easy for us. However, I am now glad we did, for it was the right thing to do. I must say that Mrs. Raab was a wonderful woman, and I wish to take this opportunity to pay tribute to her. She was not the "mother-in-law" type at all, as is the popular conception. She was kind and understanding, and she was wise enough to see both sides of all questions that young married couples encounter. She didn't take her daughter's side by any means every time. She felt a man's place was at the head of the family, and she was a great influence in launching us on our happy married life. I wish there were more women like her.

Another thing that kept us from marrying earlier was the condition of my bankroll. Although I was assistant brewmaster at Bartholomay, my salary was only $25.00 a week. This was not bad as salaries went, but I felt I should have a decent amount of money saved before we launched forth on our matrimonial waters. At that time I managed to save ten dollars a week.

When it did happen, our wedding was a very quiet one, on October 20, 1915, I being a Catholic and my wife-to-be a Protestant, a Lutheran, only the two families were present. We were married in the old French Church by Father Notrebart, whom I have mentioned in a previous chapter. After a hasty meal at the Powers Hotel, we left for Syracuse. From there we went to the Park Hotel in New York. We had to take a trunk to carry all the things we thought we needed for our trip. As we were being taken up on the elevator at the hotel in New York there was a big, broad stream of rice running from the elevator to our room, so you can imagine how we felt. We thought we were acting like an old married couple, but the bell boy, who was well along in years, and experienced in such matters, turned around and said: "Well, I see this is your honeymoon", and it made us feel very conspicuous. I think Libbie felt worse than I because she is much more modest by nature than I am. Exactly the same thing happened to us in Albany when we stopped there on our way home to see the capital. We came in for some more friendly attention. It was the guide who discovered the truth about us, but by that time we were a little more used to it and took it in full stride.

After we were married, I built a nice six-room house on Lake View Park in Rochester. About a year later I accepted the position as brewmaster at the Genesee Brewery. This meant we had to move to the house provided by the brewery. It was located directly in back of the office,

between the bottle and malt houses. The house had to be modernized, and when it was completed it made a very liveable home. In addition to having a house rent free, we had a nice vegetable and flower garden, a cow and flock of chickens, so we made out very well. Being so close to my business I could go back and forth without losing much time, which came in handy in bad weather especially. The house faced the river bank, and was at the dead end of a street, so I instructed the night watchman to keep an eye open on the house each night. It was here that our son, Jack, was born, and that may account for his love of the brewing business.

Genesee had an excellent reputation for good beer, as I have said, and because of that background and my general experience, I was offered the job at Lang's Brewery in Buffalo.

In Buffalo we moved to an upper flat, then to a single house on Woodbridge Avenue in that city. Flats are no places to raise children, because of cramped room and that's not good for family living. After my fallout with Lang's, we went back to Rochester, to a house on Melvile Street. Then we moved again when I engaged in the baking business – this time to a house in Browncroft. Next stop was a house on East Avenue and from East Avenue we went to the farm where we now reside when we are up North. As of today, we have a house in Rochester, in summer we go to the Cape Vincent house, and our own cooperative apartment in Palm Beach in the cooler months. We had bought a house on East Avenue at the corner of Douglas Road, but after considering the matter carefully, we decided it was too much of a burden and care, so we abandoned the idea and sold it.

The first house we built was designed by one of my brothers, Harold, who is an architect. I had enough money left to furnish it nicely. Of course, prices for furniture were about a third of what they are now.

Part of the money I inherited from my grandfather Wehle I invested in a magazine called "Spare Moments", but I lost about everything in that venture. I had to start saving all over again, which was a setback, but it didn't get me down too far.

During my entire lifetime, no matter what my income, I have always managed to save a part out of it. That was a lesson I had learned at home and it stayed with me all my life. Even if I made only $25.00 a week, a part of it automatically was set aside, just as though I had never earned it, and that habit has become ingrained in me.

When our sons Jack and Bob were home, Libbie always supervised their dressing and appearance, and they were pretty sharp looking

youngsters. And here's a wise thing we did. We saw to it that the boys met people in all walks of life, of all ages, so that they learned to get along easily in any society. This is a very valuable asset, whether it's in business or in social life. To be at ease when you enter a room, to meet people in a relaxed friendly manner makes for popularity, and I can say that both the boys have shown that trait, a direct result of our planning.

Unfortunately many of our old friends have passed from the scene. And as you know, the older we grow the harder it is to make new and fast friends. That's where grandchildren come to the rescue. We have six of them, as you well know, and they are filling the gap, although they can't take the place of older friends, but it helps. We are on grand terms, and I have a sneaking suspicion that they are pretty fond of their old Grandpa Wehle – at least I flatter myself that they are. I am afraid I am quite the doting grandfather, and I think this little joke at this time will point this up. It seems a doting grandfather said to one of his friends: "By the way, Jim, have I shown you my grandchildren's latest pictures, and told you about their cute sayings?" "No," his friend said, "and I certainly appreciate it!"

Now just a few words about my two sons, Jack and Bob. Jack was born in Rochester on December 21, 1916 in one of the houses that stood on the present site of the Genesee Brewing Company. He was graduated from Cheshire School in New Haven, Connecticut in 1935, after which attended Yale University and the University of Rochester, In 1939 he was graduated, number one in his class, at the National Brewers' Academy of New York City. During the following year, he was invited to and attended the Wallerstein Seminar of Brewing in New York City.

At the beginning of World War II, Jack enlisted in the then federalized National Guard. Although he was offered a commission as a Second Lieutenant after passing the examination, he refused the commission and left Rochester as a private in the 209th Coast Artillery. While serving with this outfit at Camp Stewart, he was promoted to the rank of sergeant.

When Jack came back from being discharged from the service, due to poor health, he wanted to do something for the war effort. He had tried to join other branches but could not make the grade. So he suggested that we go into the war munitions business. There was a distillery on Exchange Street in Rochester called the Rochester Distilling Company, that had never functioned up to that time. So we decided to go into the manufacture of alcohol. At that time you could not purchase

new equipment, so we did the best we could. Finally we got the business on the road. We had a man by the name of Fred McGahan who put the distillery together after I had secured a still from the Seagram people. It was a losing proposition at the outset because the government was purchasing alcohol from the whiskey distillers below cost because they permitted them to use half their output for beverages and half went to the government. I went to Washington with George Kelly, who was associated with us at that time, for the sole purpose of making connections there. I pleaded with the officials but got nowhere with them. In the meantime, Harold and Ray had a distillery going in New England. They were up against the same thing as we, but they closed down and sold it. We at Genesee kept going, and one day the government said that, effective immediately, all alcohol had to go to the government, and you should have heard the distillers howl – you could have heard them to the moon. We we all went on a cost-plus basis, being allowed three cents a gallon profit. To make a long story short, Genesee eventually made a tidy profit on the deal, plus the satisfaction of being helpful in the war effort.

Returning to the brewery after this, Jack showed keen interest in all phases of the brewery business and soon won the respect of all the men who were then working in the various executive positions. Because of this, I was able to turn over to him more and more of my duties, and in 1956 Jack was elected President. Since then I have practically retired from active participation in brewery affairs.

Under Jack's direction, Genesee has become one of the most modern equipped and most efficient breweries in the world. Brewers from Canada, Europe, South America, as well as from the biggest breweries in this country, have come to Rochester to observe how Genesee operates. Jack has done a great deal to strengthen Genesee's position in the brewing world and because of this, is regarded as one of the best executives in the entire industry today.

In 1955, Jack was elected to the Board of Directors of the Genesee Valley Union Trust Company, a position he still holds. He is also interested in many civic activities and is a Trustee of the Rochester Community Chest.

With his wife, Betts (who was Marjorie Elizabeth Strong before their marriage on August 8, 1942) he has a keen interest in Standard bred horses and they have a fine stable of pacers and trotters at the Wehle Stock Farm on Scottsville Road. They also breed fine thoroughbred cattle and their herd of Herefords and Suffolk Sheep is one of the

best in the country, and they have many ribbons and trophies to prove it.

Bob was born in Buffalo, New York on April 14, 1919. At an early age he exhibited a keen interest in business and operated his own chicken and dog businesses while still in High School. He attended the Hun School in Princeton, New Jersey where he was a member of the crew, and later was graduated from the Babson Institute, Boston, Mass., in 1941.

For a while he was President of the Company, and later he was elected Treasurer, a title he still holds although his main interests are in the field of real estate. He has developed and built several large apartment houses, a nursing home, and is now developing and building one of Rochester's largest shopping centers.

Bob is also very much interested in farm land and maintains a well-kept unit stocked with fine dairy cattle, Tennessee Walking Horses and other farm animals.

One of his keenest interests is in the breeding of dogs. He has operated the Elhew Kennels since 1936 and he has developed the Elhew Strain of Pointers, which has been winning top honors in field trials across the country for several years. His Elhew Marksman won the National Amateur Pheasant Championship in 1956 and 1958, his Elhew Jungle won the National Open Pheasant Shooting Dog Championship in 1959, and his Elhew Zeus won the National Amateur Pheasant Shooting Dog Championship in 1959.

In winning the National Open Pheasant Shooting Dog Championship in 1959, Bob's dog's work was so outstanding over his 30 competitors that the judges felt that the declaration of a runner-up was not justified and hence the entire purse of $1000.00 went to Bob's dog, which in turn he gave to the other less fortunate handlers.

Bob was a boy with a mind of his own, and that showed early in his life. It is interesting to note that parents sometimes resent children who are like them. For example, if a man has a strong mind of his own, he likes his sons to obey him without questions. But when But when the sons have as strong minds as their father, there are sometimes clashes which neither can understand. The very traits that have made the father successful in his life are often found in the offspring, so a little more understanding and tolerance should be in order. Jack and Bob received the very best of care, and their mother saw to it that they were well fed, clothed and trained. As they grew a little older, and time permitted, I used to take them places. As they grew larger, we began to go to the country and farms where the boys learned to

shoot, ride and enjoy other sports. Jack was primarily interested in the brewing business, but Bob has had other ideas, and in time he got away from that kind of activity. We must all find our own places in the world, and one cannot expect people to have one's own likes. That is sometimes a hard lesson to learn for a father. He may have an idea that he would like his boy to be a physician, business man or perhaps a teacher. But the boy's talents run in other directions. Then many times the father feels disappointed, and the boy knows that and feels guilty about not being able to fulfill his father's hopes and ambitions. However, as we grow older we begin to realize that each man must make his own way in the world, at his own pace and with his own aptitudes. So long as it is honorable and useful, so long must the older generation adapt itself to this situation. I know it isn't easy sometimes, but in the end it's the wisest course to pursue.

When I acquired and leased property in Canada and could follow my love of sports, especially hunting and fishing, the boys followed after, and even today they are very interested in such things.

Now a few words about my brothers. As you know there were five of us, and we were a lively family, I can assure you. Never a dull moment, and how my good mother stood for all this I can't say. Perhaps the good Lord gives mothers a special immunity to this, and they sure need it.

Edwin was the oldest and the most reserved of the lot. He will be seventy-five years old this year. I was much the opposite, full of energy and pretty noisy at times, so he didn't always understand me nor I him, but this was corrected after we grew older. He was a boy who liked to order, and was always on time and very exacting in what he did and demanded. He liked things just so, and still does, not only in his dress, but in everything else. After he started growing up, Edwin became an electrician's helper with a firm called the Horton Electric Comany. As they did the work at the brewery under my father, Ed spent most of his working time there. He soon became a journeyman electrician, went to the Bliss Electric School in Washington, and later acquired enough knowledge and experience to become a salesman for an electric supply house. Everything pertaining to electricity was receiving a great deal of attention in those days and so it was a fast-growing business. Not many years later he went into business, opening a wholesale and retail electrical supply house in Binghamton, New York. Later on his son, Dick, was brought into the business, Between them they opened other branches and today they have four, plus an electronics manu-

facturing plant, and a conveyer manufacturing enterprise. They have been successful and enjoyed a splendid reputation in their business and their social life. Ed married Ada Marie Hall of Rochester.

The next brother, Frank, has always been the most studious of the boys. While I enjoyed plenty of outside activities and did as little book studying as I could get away with, Frank would read anything he could lay his hands on. It was his original ambition to be a brewmaster, and for a time he did manual work at Bartholomay. But he finally decided that this was not what he wanted to do for his life's work. He went back to school, then on to a preparatory school, and finally to the Albany School of Medicine. It was here during his senior year that World War One broke out. He was commissioned as a Second Lieutenant, assigned to the Army but decided the Navy was more to his liking. Through my Uncle Louis, he got an appointment with Newton Baker, then Secretary of War, who transferred him to the Navy. He spent most of his time on the Isle of Wight, off the Coast of Ireland. Here he was Chief Medical Officer of the forces stationed there, several thousand men being assigned to this very important post. After the war Frank went to Russia under ex-president Hoover and was given charge of all medical activities in White Russia, another very important post. Frank can tell of some pretty exciting things he saw there – shootings, people being spirited away, terrible famine where inhuman practices prevailed at times. Those were turbulent times for many people. In the course of his duties Frank contracted a severe case of the flu, and was nursed back to health by a Russian girl, Alexandra Michocities, half-English, half-Russian, her mother being an English countess and her father on the staff of the Czar. Betsie and he married and they came back to this country where two sons, Frank and Lee, were born. Both of the boys went to college, one now a teacher and the other in the government service. Frank came back to Rochester and decided to open an office in Medina as a nose and throat specialist. He decided to publish a Health Magazine, with some financial assistance from us, but it did not prosper. By this time he thought he would like to do something else, he helped Harold and Ray in the bakery business in New Haven, Conn. Along came the second world war and Frank saw the opportunity of getting into the munitions business. Along with other partners, he soon had two factories going. He also invested in real estate and became the owner of several pieces of property. His next move was to Park Avenue, in New York City and he has done well. He's a lover of the opera and an antique collector. He purchased a very large office

and apartment building in Uniontown, Pa., and spends quite a bit of his time operating it.

It is again interesting to note how men do things differently. Many times it's a good thing to make changes, until a man finds exactly what he likes best to do. We can't all expect to be the same that way, and it is just as well, I am sure. He has had a colorful, interesting career, to say the very least.

My next brother Harold used the money he received from his grandfather Wehle's estate to further his education. He studied architecture, became an architect, and was connected with the erection of some of the Rochester theaters as well as other public structures, and quite a few homes. Harold married his boyhood sweetheart Margaret Ann (Peggie) Williams, and they are still like a couple of newlyweds, which is a fine thing, and a rather rare thing to see. They have been blessed with two daughters, Beth and Judy, and there are eight grandchildren to bless their declining years. After I engaged in the baking business in Buffalo, Harold and Ray started a house–to–house bakery in Rochester, as I have previously mentioned. After Harold sold his share in this business, he engaged in the manufacture and selling of conveyors, and became the broker for a large starch factory. He was also connected with the Genessee Distilling Company and revamped their grain drying apparatus, at a cost of $200,000.00 of government money. He formed the Plymouth Grain Company, and in 1945 started the manufacturing of floor to floor steel conveyors under the name of the Rochester Conveyor Company, which he still operates. An amusing incident Harold likes to recall is the time at Christmas when all the family was crowded around the home on Gibbs Street waiting to get a peek at the tree. Naturally, the older boys were the first to get in, and that did not sit so well with the younger boys who felt they should have been first. He also likes to recall that I was compelled to take singing lessons, and my outstanding song was "Hosannah in the Highest". Not being very musical I can imagine how that song came out. But I wasn't the only one who couldn't carry a tune in a basket, so we were in the same boat musically. Harold is still active, as seems to be the habit with the Wehle boys. He is the only one of whom I see quite a bit, because the rest of them are out of town most of the time. Hal and I go fishing together and we enjoy each other's company a great deal.

My youngest brother Raymond, after finishing his education, came to Buffalo when I was engaged in the grocery business. He was look-

ing for a job, and he thought perhaps his brother Louie could get one for him. I was glad to comply, and as I had some pretty good connections by that time, I got him placed with the National Biscuit Company as a salesman. Then later when I purchased the Tresselt Bakery I called him and asked him if he would like to manage this bakery for me. Of course, he was pleased, but he admitted that he didn't know a thing about the baking business, and I told him that neither did I, so we ought to make a pretty good combination because we wouldn't be able to outsmart each other. Ray has a lot of ability and he showed it because he did an excellent job of putting that bakery on its feet. It wasn't easy, took a lot of hard work, good thinking, and we were proud of the record he made there. Between the two of us we owned forty percent of the stock, and at the end of my association with Lang, we had forty stores in operation.

It is a source of satisfaction to us all that we boys all tried to do a good job at no matter what we worked. Whether you're a lawyer or a mechanic, whether your talents tend to put you into a certain niche in life, the most important thing is to do a first class job, be honorable, conscientious in your dealings, and try to do a little more than your share. We had had that kind of training from our grandparents and parents, and you don't lose that sort of thing, no matter how old you become.

Now just a few words about my two sons, Jack and Bob. When Jack came back from being discharged from the service, due to poor health, he wanted to do something for the war effort. He had tried to join other branches but could not make the grade. So he suggested that we go into the war munitions business. There was a distillery on Exchange Street in Rochester called the Rochester Distilling Company, that had never functioned up to that time. So we decided to go into the manufacture of alcohol. At that time you could not purchase new equipment, so we did the best we could. Finally we got the business on the road. We had a man by the name of Fred McGahan who put the distillery together after I had secured a still from the Seagram people. It was a losing proposition at the outset because the government was purchasing alcohol from the whiskey distillers below cost, because they permitted them to use half their output for beverages and half went to the government. I went to Washington with George Kelly, who was associated with us at that time, for the sole purpose of making connections there. I pleaded with the officials but got nowhere with them. In the meantime, Harold and Ray had a distillery going in New England. They

were up against the same thing as we, but they closed down and sold it. We at Genesee kept going, and one day the government said, that effective immediately, all alcohol had to go to the government, and you should have heard the distillers howl – you could have heard them to the moon. So we all went on a cost-plus basis, being allowed three cents a gallon profit. To make a long story short, Genesee eventually made a tidy profit on the deal, plus the satisfaction of being helpful in the war effort.

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Neither time nor space permit me to go into greater family detail. I am happy that so many are following after, because it is a source of personal gratification to a family man like me to see the generations march ahead. I wish everyone of those I love the very best of everything, the fewest set-backs. But in any case, I hope they have the courage to meet whatever problems they will encounter on their road. I hope they will all develop patience, faith, understanding, plus a sense of humor.

Some one has wittily said: "You can't be too careful in the choice of your ancestors."

Well, in any case, we must not forget that sooner or later we all become ancestors. When that time comes, let us hope that those who have followed after will point to us with pride. That is about the finest heritage any man can ask for or leave behind.

I can't say I am particularly eager to join my own ancestors, but when that time does arrive, I hope that I will have accomplished a little something, and that what I have left behind will enable those who take up the torch to carry it on the road to satisfactory achievement.

CHAPTER 7
I Try To Be A Good Sport

Sportsmanship – this matter of learning to give and take – is a mighty important factor in building a man's character. We are selfish at heart. You all know that from earliest infancy we want to have our own way – howl when we don't get it, and later when tears and tantrums are no longer effective, we try all sorts of other means to gain our ends. This seems to be a very natural human trait and, within reason, is a good one. Without that personal "drive" we usually wouldn't get very far. We have to wish hard to get places, to accomplish goals, and this facet of our character is manifest as long as we live – it is really a part of living.

Sportsmanship, as it is usually understood, is the ability to get along with others, whether it's at work or play. In younger days it is shown in the form of teams or gangs for various enterprises and goals. Perhaps you live in a neighborhood where you encounter pretty tough going, with kids who try to override and lord it over you. Later you join groups to get together in a business way, as well as civic, political, or social organizations. Whatever the motive or the method, we soon learn that others are just as interested and determined to get ahead as we are. Many times they are smarter, have more ingenuity, greater drive and force of character than we. But no matter what, we discover that working together makes for a better order of things. As a matter of fact, you can't get along without doing so. Perhaps we can't have our way as we would like, so eventually we find that by learning to lose gracefully we find that this is a world which is a composite of people working for or against each other. I know it isn't quite as simple and clear-cut as that. What I wish to bring out is that I did learn pretty early in life that I managed to get my way more by working with than against people. One of the first lessons I learned was right at home. I had four brothers and five boy cousins, as I have mentioned before. We formed, in a way, a miniature world, learned many give-and-take lessons right in our own backyards. We found that by banding together we accomplished a lot more than if we had tried to go it alone. Naturally the outcome didn't always please me. Perhaps I felt abused, put upon, but in the long run those early days laid the foundation for a

healthy respect for the other fellow. When we look around we usually find that those who try to go it alone often get into trouble, many times with the law, certainly with their fellow-men.

Later when I joined the Theta Phi fraternity at East High School, I continued to learn lessons in sportsmanship. If our team won, fine – if we lost, we were determined to try harder next time. We tried to learn by our mistakes, and that's one of the most valuable lessons anyone can learn – the sooner the better. This has followed through logically into my personal and business life as I matured. How anyone can really get ahead in any phase of his life without cooperation – sportsmanship – is a mystery to me. I never was a lone wolf, anyway. I wanted to get in and mix it up with my friends. I wasn't perhaps the most graceful and happiest loser in the world, but I learned to hide my personal feelings, and learned that getting along was better than "fighting city hall." I don't think any personal lowering of one's ideals is involved – it is more a matter of intelligent adjustment to the society in which you find yourself. I have tried hard to carry this principle out through all of my life. I am free to confess that I have always liked to have my own way. With my German heritage, I hardly think you could expect anything else. Even today if I can get what I like, I don't hesitate to follow through, but not if it involves a loss of self-respect for those with whom I am dealing.

One of the most interesting phases of this matter of sportsmanship has been my experience in all of my out-of-doors activities.

I have always loved to hunt and fish. About as far back as I can remember I have been an out-of-doors man – loved the freedom, the fresh air, the getting back to Nature. There is a rest, a relaxation, a healing in those activities. This is especially true when you are forced to lead a demanding and exacting routine of work in order to make a success of your life's work. I am convinced that the best-balanced people never lose sight of the fact that if we get too far away from Nature, we lose something irreplaceable – the understanding of and feeling for the entire scheme of creation. I have always been, and I hope always will be, an ardent fisherman. Naturally I don't hunt as much as I did in earlier years, but who can forget the thrill of his first deer, his first pheasant, his first moose, if he has been lucky enough to stalk them?

When you participate in such activities, you learn the lesson of true sportsmanship – self control, patience, a respect for all living things. You achieve a mental balance that will carry you through many tough times, because you have learned that we are placed here for a

purpose, and if we fulfill our destinies to the best of our ability, we have contributed something of value to this life of ours. So – if you want to learn to be a good sport, to let up, to relax with all of the pressures off – learn to make a game of life. After all, we find competition in every phase of existence, among us humans as well as in the animal world. That's probably one of the biggest reasons why more Americans choose fishing and hunting for their outdoor recreation than any other sports. Watching others in action isn't enough. Rooting for the old home team doesn't do the trick – you have to take part yourself, no matter what sort of a duffer you may be. Skill, excitement, pitting yourself against clever, determined opponents, all have a way of taking you out of yourself – giving you a new perspective – a new balance. It may deflate your old ego a bit when an especially smart fish gets away, but that's good for you.

In our sports we show our character. We select those that appeal to our taste and temperament. The age old contest of Genus Homo vs. Nature, in which there lies all the inner satisfaction of bringing knowledge, craft, and skill to bear – who can deny that those are lessons you learn in no other way. No one can do these things for you – you must do them yourself. So, whether it's hunting, fishing, or any other outdoor sport, relax and learn to be yourself – you'll be the better man for it, I guarantee you. It's something that is good for one and all – a combination of muscle, mind, and character – I highly recommend it!

In line with all of this, it has been my privilege to take my grandchildren out on their earliest hunting expeditions around the farm on various enterprises. Who can measure the fun we have had together, the planning and discussing, the excitement of getting ready for an interesting outing, the secrets, the surprises, getting our heads together – I am sure they have not forgotten those times, as neither have I, and I look forward to many more. They are mighty enthusiastic about this, and they're all going to make great outdoor folks. When each of these six youngsters was small, it was my pleasure to carry them one by one around my game room, explain what the animals were, tell them something about their habits, how I secured them, and I insisted that they learn to pet them. Just a touch of the hand helps to reassure any timid little boy or girl that they are not as fierce as they seem – they feel soft and pleasant to the touch and that teaches them another lesson: Animals many times are not as fierce as they seem. At the start each child was naturally reluctant to even get close to the moose whose bell hung within easy reach. But as time went on, and with a little

patience and repetition, they would pat the moose, the deer heads and feel the thick bear skins – then they lost all fear of them.

As quickly as I could get a license, I started to hunt pheasants, rabbits, and ducks. As I grew older, I hunted deer, moose, antelope, elk, and cougar in our country and Canada. I have never achieved anything spectacular, but I can say I have always enjoyed my experiences, and consider them one of the richest and most satisfying of my entire life. I've always had the pleasure of looking forward to that next trip. Even when I have been up to my neck in business with no let-up in sight, I could remember with pleasure incidents of my last trip, and look forward with keen anticipation to the next one. And now a new and thrilling experience is in store for me. I am planning an African safari this fall of 1960, and I can tell you I am really looking forward to that. This expedition will be under the able management of Ker & Downey, Safaris, Ltd., of Nairobi, Africa. This organization makes a specialty of forming parties for various trips to different parts of the country. We shall be on safari from about the first of October to the middle of November, and it should prove to be about the most exciting six weeks I have ever experienced. This is a noted English company with tremendous experience in this sort of big game hunting. The arrangements are extraordinary and complete, and sportslovers from all over the world have enjoyed them. We will hunt for leopards, for lions, elephants, and for much more big game. Nature is at her best there – unspoiled – and it takes a man who really loves good sportsmanship to be willing to leave all else and go roaming out into the wilderness, much as it was when it was first created. I only hope I won't bore my family and friends when I return, but I can already foresee that if anyone asks me about my experiences on that African safari, I'll be ready with the answers and, I hope, good pictures. We will shoot in Kenya and Tanganyika, considered the best hunting grounds today. Complete instructions are furnished about what to take there, so everything should go smoothly from start to finish, and I for one can hardly wait for all this. Wish me good hunting!

I remember one day I came home from the bay carrying a fish that I did not recognize. I had visions of a fine fish dinner. I proudly carried it into the house and called my father's attention to what I had landed. He informed me that it was a dog fish and not good to eat, and I was a pretty disappointed little boy. Up to then I had probably thought any kind of fish would be good to eat – I learned that lesson early. I wasn't much older when I visited some relatives who had a farm at Fort Hill

in New York State. There I tried to fish with bent pins and worms, but those smart fish would steal the bait and take off without even saying, "Thank you." Naturally, those bent pins had no barbs, and it didn't take long for Mister Fish to find that out – fish may look dumb but they show plenty of sense at times. A little later I went to Canada for fishing – a new and exciting experience. I had heard of the fabulous fish up there, about the larger and gamier varieties, and I sure wanted to prove that to myself. I arrived at a place called George Salmons. He was located in an excellent fishing area, near Kaladar, Ontario. Year after year I went back there, along with many friends, including Dr. Harry Guess of Buffalo and Bill Kreiner of the same city. Also Judges O'Connor, Taylor, and Gilette accompanied me, as did my sons and many others. The fishing was wonderful, and so naturally it induced too many people to go there; consequently the fishing began to suffer. That often happens. Someone finds the perfect sport, far removed from the run-of-the mill places, and the fish are active and cooperative. When that happens, you can trust a fisherman to say something to someone about his find – he just can't seem to hold back the wonderful news. Then, of course, others follow, and the bloom is off the peach. At first there was no limit to the number of bass one could catch at that time, and I recall one especially good haul one day when we fished on Long Lake near the home fishing place of the Salmons. Dr. Guess did not catch a single fish all morning, but Bill and I were having pretty good luck. Finally Bill and I went ashore for some lunch, but Doc would not give up. He fished during the noon hour and caught eighteen good-sized bass between the hours of twelve and one, and the laugh was then on Bill and me.

It was in this spot that I caught the second largest black bass registered in Canada in that particular year. On that day my brother-in-law, Doc Hoot, was in the boat with me. From that day to this I have never caught a larger black bass – I guess it was the high point of my bass fishing career. It weighed six and a half pounds. I had it mounted, and it still is hanging in my game room on Scottsville Road. Looking around for a new place to fish, Judge O'Connor found one at Weslenkoon, Ontario, that was for sale. It belonged to a department store man named Eaton of Toronto, whose beautiful store still stands there. We formed a partnership – Judges O'Connor, Taylor, and myself – and purchased the island. We remodeled and modernized the house, and at a later time I bought an adjoining island and built a log cabin for myself. Here we entertained many people. I usually made up the party,

saw that the necessary amount of food and drinks were available, and brought up my old friend, John Woggan, to do the cooking. If the party was a large one, we brought Terry O'Brion along for the bartending. It was the ideal time for wonderful fellowship. All thoughts and cares about business and other problems were conveniently forgotten. The tangy Canada air, the beautiful, restful surroundings, being close to Nature, the nippy nights even in mid-summer—all that conspired to make us fast friends. It was the way man had begun his activities on this earth—it was good to get back to where we had started from.

Some of the guests that graced our retreat were Robert Jackson, Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States; Gene Buck of ASCAP; Steve Gibbons, Under-Secretary of the United States Treasury; DeSeversky, the Russian air expert; and Edward Mulrooney, former police commissioner of New York City and later chairman of the S L A of New York State. Also present would be Bill Kreiner, Dr. Guess, Don Dailey, Tom Nagle, my sons, Emil Hurja, statistician for the Democratic National Committee, who was the man who correctly forecast the exact number of electoral votes Franklin Roosevelt would get when he ran for election the second time. Most of these men had never been in the wilds of Canada before, and they thoroughly enjoyed the experience. The conversation was lively, but business was forgotten. I am sure when they returned home, they were better able to cope with all of their many problems. In addition to these people, it was my pleasure to entertain many more. All that was required was good sportsmanship, the feeling of being with friends, sharing their pleasures, learning to live together away from the restrictions of our over-civilized society.

There was an auto ride of about seventy miles from the shores of Lake Ontario to the camp, then a boat ride of about ten miles. This was a delightful introduction into what was in store for my guests, if they had never been there before. The moment they stepped into the automobile they began to see Nature at her best. The wonderful, pine-scented Canadian air must have some medicinal qualities, because soon your eyes grow brighter, your appetite begins to perk up, and you're ready and eager for about everything, not to forget marvelous nights sleeping in the cool, bracing air of that lovely Northland.

I kept a launch at the landing where the guides lived, and we transported everybody and everything to the camp. We employed native guides and native help, and it was one of the nicest places of its kind I have ever seen or hope to see. We called it Camp Genesee—I wonder if you can guess how it got that name? But as time went on, we fished

the place out of black bass, and the rock bass took over. So I decided to sell my interest out to Judge O'Connor, and then purchased a camp up in Northern Quebec. This camp we called the Condé Club. It was the furthermost camp leased by the Quebec government. It consisted of fifty square miles, had a main camp with many buildings. As time went on, I erected still another camp which we called Twin Trout Lake Camp, the ideal spot to catch those delicious brook trout. We could fish for them to our heart's content, and I shall never forget the countless, lazy hours I spent just relaxing, enjoying every minute, and thanking our Maker that there were such places for busy men to go to. I built a shack there, and we would spend one or two nights in it, roughing it, but comfortable enough. It's surprising how a highly-civilized man can adapt himself to primitive surroundings in a short time – it shows that way down deep in our hearts we never really get away from Mother Nature. To get to this shack meant a canoe ride, a number of portages, but it was well worth it. We'd get there pretty well tuckered out, but it wasn't any time before we were busy catching fish as though our very lives depended on it. It was nothing to hook two trout using two flies on your line – on every cast, mind you. On one occasion one of the boys put out three flies on his line and caught three trout on that one cast. We usually split the trout, placed them over an open fire, broiled them on forked branches, along with a can of beans, and some ale to wash down the food. I have eaten in many fine restaurants and consider myself somewhat of an authority on good food, but I venture to state that nothing has ever tasted better than those brook trout up there in Canada. Of course, your appetite has a little to do with that, I am willing to admit.

I had the pleasure of entertaining people from New York and Rochester, including Frank Martin, Betty's father. It was here that the black QUANANICHE were plentiful. There are only two lakes in all of Canada that contain these black land-locked salmon. They would come up to the surface and roll over once or twice a day, and we would go out in the canoes using fly rods with a little spinner as bait. Once you hooked one, they fought and fought ten to forty minutes before being landed. I honestly believe, pound for pound, they are the greatest fighters of all fresh water fish. On one occasion Frank Martin and I were fishing from a canoe with Francis, my French-Canadian caretaker, as our guide. Frank had made a cast and hooked a fish. While he was playing it, I reeled in, and my bait was alongside. I felt a tug, picked up the rod and gave a quick jerk. Something hit me in the back of my head – it was bigger than the one Frank landed soon after. I hesitated

to tell this story for a good many years, and then only in the presence of Frank, because it sure sounded like a very tall fish story. I was given to understand that moose were plentiful, but it would appear that a near-by lumber camp purchased all the moose the natives could kill, so they were cleaned out prior to our buying this camp. To overcome this, I rented another camp of similar size on Silver River about seventy-five miles south of the Condé Camp. Here was really excellent moose hunting, and for three different years I killed a moose each year. Naturally we did not hunt during the war years.

Here is an incident that I thought might prove interesting. Jack was away in military camp and confined to the hospital, because when he went on maneuvers his foot swelled due to an injury he had sustained when he was a young boy. He was threatened with gangrene, but after months of hospitalization he was finally discharged. One of the very first things he wanted to do was to go hunting, so up to the moose camp we went. On the first day I shot a moose, and the second day Jack complained of feeling ill. The next day he coughed so constantly I was sure he had contracted pneumonia. I sent my canoe and two Indian guides to the railroad track to stop a freight train that would go by a sanitarium about fourteen miles away. About daybreak they came back with the doctor who examined Jack. He proclaimed he had pneumonia in one lung. He left about a dozen pills with me, and for two days I kept steaming him and feeding him with the pills. Finally he said he felt better, and then I decided to move him to a hospital in Montreal. It was slow going back to the railroad. There were three portages to make, with plenty of luggage to be carried along. It wasn't easy with a sick man, I tell you, but luckily he escaped death. Betty and Jack's mother came over, and Bob came over later to visit Jack, and I believe it was on this trip that Betty and Jack became engaged. I was exhausted being with Jack day and night. I decided it would be best to go home and rest. I felt very rocky the day I arrived home, and later the doctor told me I had pneumonia, so to bed I went, and it took me some time to get over that bout.

Meanwhile, after the brewery got going well, I raised a large number of pheasants which, when grown, we released and shot. I had parties of distributors coming to the farm on schedule twice a week throughout the hunting seasons. I had plenty of good help, or I never could have made it. Joe Haag always looked out for the hunters in grand style. He was a natural for this kind of work – good natured – would stay up long hours at night playing cards with the boys, see that they were well

taken care of – the sort of man who gets along with others. He was the perfect man for a spot like that and the guests didn't hesitate to tell me how much they appreciated all Joe Haag did for them. I have at the farm a record book that shows the names of the hunters, of the guides, of the dogs, and how many pheasants and other game were shot. Each evening we would have grand parties in the main dining room at the farm. There would be a roaring fire in the big fireplace, and no matter what the weather might be outside, it was warm and supremely comfortable and friendly inside – a world where care was forgotten and true friendship prevailed – I wish there were more places like that for people everywhere. Outside guests would be invited to make even more fun for all. The most popular dish we served was pheasant à la Oscar. I got this recipe from Oscar of the Waldorf. It really is the best way to serve this delicious bird that I have ever heard of. Perhaps Oscar himself could have prepared it better than we, but I am sure it never tasted quite so good as up in my farm home at Scotsville.

We sometimes had as many as twenty-five people around the dining room table. Sometimes I would use a huge casserole and would serve each one individually. Good sportsmanship prevailed – differences were forgotten – and in the dozens and dozens of parties we held at the farm I've never known of any argument or disagreement to occur. For these and many other reasons our guests looked forward to this hunt for weeks in advance. However, to hunt in the daytime and to enjoy oneself all night was quite a strain on those who were responsible for those parties week after week. I managed to arrange it so that those catering to their needs were not there every night, except myself – I was always Johnny-on-the-spot. I was blessed with a pretty strong constitution, and while I didn't abuse myself, I was able to stand a lot for a good many years – still can. Besides, entertaining all those fine friends seemed to give me extra strength. You are so concerned about their welfare that you don't have too much time to think of yourself. Each man, when he returned home, had a goodly supply of pheasants and usually took home the menus that we furnished with each meal. He carried back many pleasant memories, I feel sure. In this way we made and kept many friends. Naturally we kept hunting dogs, extra guns, extra clothing, provided licenses, shells, as well as food and shelter. It was a lot of fun, and I am happy to say that I have found it one of the best ways to use money – provide happiness for those you love – make life a little pleasanter and more eventful. As time went on, I

transformed an old house on one of the farms into a hunting lodge. Here we could sleep fourteen people, and it made a perfect set-up. They enjoyed their privacy yet could participate in all of the activities. If some felt that they wanted a day of rest and quiet, they could take it without interfering with the pleasure of the others. We tried to make each guest feel at home – relaxed – stand on no ceremony – never forced anyone to do anything they didn't want to do. In my estimation that is genuine hospitality. This forcing people into feverish rounds of activity isn't, to me, the true spirit of hospitality. Maybe that's the old-fashioned way, but I notice it seems to work out pretty well when it's put into practice.

It was during this time that we moved from our Rochester home on East Avenue and Pelham Road to the big house on the farm, after remodeling it. I then decided to have a couple of ponds dug on the farm and stocked them with bass. Then I decided on a plan – the tail of each fish was numbered from one to 125. When a fish was caught, we would award a prize to the guest who hooked one of these bass; the number on the tag would correspond to the prize list we had made up. So if a man was lucky enough, he'd get a prize for his efforts. The fish were usually returned to the pond – a very popular arrangement – and gave a little extra incentive to those who came up for some fishing. We had a flood one year, and both ponds overflowed, and the bass were swept out to the river. A year later someone wrote to the Conservation Department stating that they had caught a bass with the initials L A W on it, and the number, I think, was 87. They wanted to know what the number signified. The department told them. This bass had worked its way up about fourteen miles from the pond. These same ponds were stocked, naturally, with bullheads. There was a little stream running into them, and I had great fun with my grandchildren fishing for them. I was the one who had to take the bullheads from the hooks and rebait them until the boys grew older.

Years ago I was invited by my good friend, John Anagno, to do some fishing off the coast of Gloucester, Mass. We had a good, steady boat and soon put out from the harbor to the fishing grounds. About an hour later we ran into tuna, and, believe it or not, we hooked four of them in a very short time but boated only one, which happened to be mine. I was very proud and happy, and I had a taxidermist mount it. It is now hanging in my game room in the Scottsville Road house, and for years it was the marvel of the grandchildren who had never seen such a big fish.

No matter where I went, I usually carried a fishing rod along to try out the local fishing. Much of my fishing has been done on the St. Lawrence River, Lake Ontario, and the Atlantic Ocean. I have done a lot of fishing in Canada, of course, and even now I still go there to try out my luck. I built a house on the St. Lawrence just to be near the fishing grounds. I thought it would be nice to have a dock in front, so I could really get to the various fishing grounds quickly. I had a forty-foot Chris Craft diesel-powered job especially built for me. Nothing I can think of gives me greater pleasure than to take my grandchildren aboard, give them plenty of lunch and drinks, and spend the day with them on the water. It's wonderful fun, and those youngsters I bet will never forget the happy days they spent with their Grandpa Wehle. For the last several years we've had very good luck, as both the perch and bass have been biting readily. Rarely did we come home without our limit, and we always had plenty of fish to give our friends. Across from our house on Wolfe Island my friend, Jack Campbell lives with his good wife, Jean. Jack runs a very fine fishing camp and takes care of a lot of people, both from Rochester and Buffalo, many of whom we know. Jack looks after the fishing end of the deal while Jean looks after the office details, the appointments, and the operation of the house. They do an excellent job between them, and they seem to enjoy it as much as their guests. Occasionally Jack acts as my guide on the river on the Canadian side, and he sure knows the good spots. Right nearby is muskallonge fishing. One year I entertained most of the members of Governor Harriman's cabinet, and the Lt. Governor and his son, Bob, also came up to do some fishing. One afternoon I suggested to Bob that we try to catch one of these fish. He was rather reluctant, because the bass had been biting very well, and he didn't want to endanger his luck. He finally consented, and it wasn't more than twenty minutes before he hooked and boated a very fine musky. We were all happy about it, because it was the first time a guest had caught one. I entertained our many distributors as well, and they seemed to enjoy themselves no end. We would organize them so that two parties would visit our house each week, and we would park them in a near-by motel but feed them dinner at our house. Lunch was usually taken on the boat. They spent two days on each visit, and they had great times. I am sure many of them still talk about those happy days, and I am grateful that I have been in a position to give them that pleasure. A good many of them had never fished before, and I am positive I made some very ardent fishermen out of a number of them.

The St. Lawrence is probably my favorite place for fishing, as the black bass are great fighters. I like anyone or anything that puts up a good fight. I certainly have gained a great deal of respect for some of the fish I have been privileged to land.

When I was Commissioner of Conservation, I enlarged the only bass hatchery in the State of New York, and it was my intention to build a number of them on Lake Ontario, so as to improve the fishing. The pressure is getting greater each year due to the influx of new sportsmen and the general growing population. In summer many automobiles bring trailers containing a fishing boat, and the number of anglers enjoying fishing along the Canadian border is increasing steadily. How to provide good fishing for them without depleting the supply, is a real problem and challenge. Our good friends, the Tom Nagles, have their summer home within three blocks of our house. Hardly a day goes by but what we see each other. He sometimes fishes on my boat or I on his. One day I was out in my boat and said I was going in to go to a barber. Tom said: "Don't do that, just stay where you are, let me worry about the barber." In a short time a guide appeared with the village barber. He called me over to Tom's boat, and I got a haircut and a shave while continuing fishing—that's what I call service de luxe. I went back to my boat, and about an hour later I looked over and saw the captain operating the boat, and, to my surprise, the barber was the only one fishing—Tom and Don were taking their naps.

It has always been a great occasion for me when the grandchildren come for some fishing on the St. Lawrence River. I should probably say the grandsons. The little girls—Bonnie, Penny, and Sherry—are not fishermen at heart. They don't like to bait hooks; they don't like to pull the slippery fish out of the water; they wouldn't take those wiggly, smelly fish off the hooks for anything; so what is there left for them to enjoy when it comes to fishing? For that reason I provide other entertainment for them more to their liking. They love to be given sailing lessons, and I am sure when they grow up, they will look back to those days when their old grandpa Wehle sent them out on the sparkling waters. The brisk wind—the spanking breeze—the boat leaning over as it bucked the wind—the joy of living—the bright sunshine—all these are precious memories that will remain in their hearts long after I am gone, and I am happy and proud that I was the one to give these to them.

Now a little more about hunting. I have spoken enough about my other favorite sport. When we first purchased the farm on Scottsville Road, it consisted of only eighty acres. I added to it, as did my two

sons, until there are a total of 1,800 today. Meantime the property has grown quite valuable. When we first purchased it in the year 1925, there were plenty of pheasants on it and the surrounding land, as well as squirrel, rabbits, woodchuck, and fox. Later, deer appeared, as I bought more land to which our hunting naturally extended. At that time it was totally unnecessary either to buy or raise pheasants, because the natural crop was excellent. We had little trouble in getting our limit of three cock birds a day. As time went on, the birds either died or were shot, and it became necessary to establish a pheasant farm. This I did, purchasing those I needed, gathered our own eggs, incubated them, put them in the brooders and finally out on the hardening grounds. This way we raised thousands of pheasants over the years and had our friends up to shoot them. As the boys grew older, Jack decided to raise Mallard ducks, and he had a successful shoot erected on his place. Bob continued to raise pheasants and quail.

Going back quite a few years, I recall the first deer that I shot on the farm. It happened in a big corn field on the flats between two railroads. I left my car behind some trees and walked over toward the corn field and saw a buck deer enter the corn about one hundred yards away. You can imagine my excitement. I became tense and alert as I watched him, and I wasn't going to let anything interfere with what I had in mind. I decided to stalk him, and I walked between the rows very carefully and quietly. Every once in a while I would peek out, and that buck would look out at almost the same time. Then I'd duck back again, not making a sound. Well, this peek-a-boo game kept up for some little distance. Finally I decided to step out and raise my gun, and the next time he appeared I let him have it. That's exactly what happened – he had looked out just once too often, and I fired. He ran a short way, fell down under a tree and died. It was the first deer I had ever shot, and I am sure that that initial thrill can never be repeated just as it happened so long ago. I can see it all so plainly – the tall corn – the quiet rustling of the ears – the sunlight – and that deer lying so still.

One or two years later my foreman, Al Gross, came close to the house on the first day of the deer hunting season. I heard him walking along the road, and I said: "Al," as I opened the window, "how about a little deer hunting?" You could tell he was as ready to get about it as I was. It didn't take me long to get ready and jump into the station wagon, and away we went full speed. Then we slowed down along the road back of the Twelve-Horse barn. Al suddenly stopped and pointed to a pasture alongside the road. There stood a very fine buck, with his

graceful movements, eyeing everything around him. Nature has given deer wonderful sight to guard against their enemies, but has also provided them with a strong bump of curiosity which many times gets them into trouble. I got out of the car, walked across the fence line, and shot at him. He ran quite a distance and finally fell down. Within twenty minutes we had him back at the house. This was the fastest deer hunt I ever engaged in. I had heard some talk about a big buck that frequented the neighborhood. On this particular day I recall I went out, again the first day of the hunting season, hoping to see that buck, I left the car quite a distance from the woods this deer and others had frequented for many years. There is a small creek running through it and is a regular deer run-way. I dare say this was in use when the Indians inhabited this land so many years ago. I walked into the woods very cautiously, because I knew how quickly deer take alarm. I remained in back of a tree for some time, not moving a muscle, and soon I saw some deer approaching. I was up with my shot gun, in which I had a slug, and, lo and behold, a buck appeared, a handsome specimen, the very buck everyone had been talking about. I fired, and I was sure that I had hit him, but he kept right on going. I tracked him across the railroad, through a swamp, over a plowed field, through a piece of woods, through a pasture, and finally lost him in another woods. You can imagine how disappointed I was, but that's part of the fascination of hunting – you can never tell ahead of time just what is going to happen. I hunted and hunted, but could not locate him. Four days later a couple of farm hands walked through the woods looking for a lost cow and found that big buck where he had crawled into some underbrush, lying there deader than a door nail.

I have also hunted deer in some of our Western states, but my choice is hunting on my own place. Now I am patiently waiting for my grandsons to grow up big enough so that they can enjoy the same experiences I have on that home farm. Because of the proximity of my farm to the Genesee Valley Hunt up the valley, there are numbers of wild foxes always on the farm. As all hunters know, foxes steal woodchuck holes to have their young. They are very prolific, and both the red and grey varieties inhabit the farm.

I was with my grandson, Teddy, when he shot his first fox. I was also with him when he shot his first pheasant. These were great occasions in his life, and I know he'll never forget them. Probably tell his own grandchildren how he went out with Grandpa Wehle – I hope so. Teddy is going to be a great shot, is even today. Duff is following

along in his footsteps, and only last Christmas I gave him a small caliber shot gun, and had the stock cut down so he could handle it more easily. The very next day after Christmas nothing would do but what Duff wanted to go out and try his luck—can you blame him? We went out together and saw a pigeon on a barn roof. Duff aimed and actually shot the bird, and that was his very first experience shooting—a memorable milestone in his life, I know. He was the proudest little boy in Monroe County. Each of the boys have their riding horses, and they have taken to them as easily as a duck takes to water.

One summer the boys decided to have a camp quite a distance away from the house. They wanted to be on their own away from family interference—as what boy doesn't? They built the camp, and I heard great reports on how comfortable they were and how much they were enjoying themselves. Well, I am flattered to say that I was invited down, and I discovered the camp was built alongside a huge stump of a tree. They had used hop sacking for the top and sides and had a fireplace and a bench. They really were in business, busy as beavers and just as happy and carefree. Some of the farmers' sons were also invited to join, but the older boys, Ted and Chip, decided there was an age limit to accepting members, so they barred Duff, because they said he was too young. I pleaded with them, because I know how unhappy that made Duff. I tried to reason with them but didn't get very far. Finally I thought of a way—have a junior club so that Duff could get in. They said no, positively, and that was that, unless Duff let one of the farm boys use his horse; otherwise they wouldn't vote him in. Well, Duff reluctantly agreed, and he was duly elected a member in good standing. Imagine my and everybody's surprise when the next day Duff said he had changed his mind. He was not going to give up his horse, yet here he was an elected member. This called for some big-league high-level diplomacy, I tell you. To ease the situation, I decided we should have lunch at the club. I went back to the house and secured some pots and pans, beans, spaghetti, sausage, and soft drinks—things I knew the boys really enjoyed. Meanwhile the boys had built a fire, and we had our first meal at that grand camp, and after that everything seemed to go along to everybody's satisfaction.

We usually had hawks at the farm, and we would always go out armed with a rifle with a good scope on it and pick them off, as well as the crows. Woodchucks were our specialty. Sometimes we would get as many as six a day. The place really is a woodchuck's paradise. We never bothered much with the rabbits or squirrels, preferring them

to live and multiply. Once when I was hunting, I ran across Dr. Hopkins, who has since been killed in an airplane accident. I had just purchased a new double-barrel Ithaca twelve-gauge gun of the Sousa type and was eager to try it out. It is rated high by hunters who know, so I was ready to see what it could really do. Dr. Hopkins had his dog along and also was eager to have the dog do some work. The dog came to point, and two pheasants flushed, one to the right and one to the left. I told Doc not to expect me to hit them, because my gun was new, but through a lucky break I fired first at one and then the other, and both came down – probably the best pheasant hunting I have ever enjoyed. Another time, while hunting along one of the lanes on the farm, I flushed a pheasant, knocked him down, but before I could get to him a hawk flew out of a tree and was ready to pounce on that pheasant when I shot him – pretty quick action, I would say.

Of course, I could go on endlessly, but I believe enough has been said about hunting and fishing.

All those engaged in sports seem to develop a certain sense of belonging – of comradeship. Even perfect strangers will talk in a short time when they find they have the same hunting tastes. You forget and care less where they come from – what sort of jobs they work at – whether they are in the upper or lower income brackets. If the man is a good sport, has respect for the rights of others, sticks to the laws of good sportsmanship, then he belongs. If he fails to do that, he is not one of the great fraternity, no matter what his rank, title, or wealth.

Whether you're trailing deer in the Northwoods of Canada – whether you're out on the blue Gulf Stream looking for that record-breaking marlin – whether you're off for a safari in darkest Africa – for deer in the Rockies – for a pheasant or duck in your own back yard – sportsmanship is the yardstick by which men will gauge you.

It is well that this is so, because the qualities that make for good sportsmanship carry over into all phases of our lives. I sincerely believe we are better people when we are better sports.

It is a healthy sign of the times that so many people are interested in sports and take active part in them. You see them everywhere, wielding that tennis racket or swatting that golf ball, dropping basket balls in the net, putting in that extra effort at the swim meet, out hiking and camping – learning to be good sports in the true sense of the word.

So may good sportsmanship and all it stands for always be the American way. If we follow through on that, I am not going to worry too much about the future of our beloved land. If we lose that – watch out!

CHAPTER 8

The Political Bug Bites Me

Ever since I was employed by the law firm of Hotchkiss & Tuck, which was my first job after leaving high school, I have been interested in politics.

Even as long ago as then it struck me that the only way in which such a country as ours could ever hope to function as a working republic was for the citizens to be interested in the men who were delegated to run the local and national governments. In this there is both a great hope and a great principle that every citizen is responsible for what happens to it. In the older forms of governments, such as monarchies, the ruling was done by royal families who surrounded themselves with ministers and the like. This power was passed on from one generation to the other. Whether the members of such a succeeding ruling class showed any real ability was always a matter for speculation. One king might be strong and just and progressive, his son following him could be a weak tyrant and undo much of the good work his father had achieved. There was no guarantee that any such family could ever hope to rule wisely generation after generation. In the very nature of things it just doesn't happen that way or work out in practice. In other forms of dictatorships we are also confronted by the fact that a very small, select group takes over all the power—the great majority of the people have nothing to say about how the government is to be run—you obey orders without question or take the consequences. All throughout history we find that to rule a country well over the years requires a greater flexibility than such regimes permit. If the ruling classes are benevolent, well and good—if they are evil, the results are tragic in the extreme.

When our constitution was devised, it was based on the principle that we as citizens must take an active part in providing our country with the right kind of laws, each man to express his own opinions about them by giving him the franchise. As soon as you place such a privilege into his hands, he is instantly faced with the equal responsibility of using this wisely and well. Therefore, to become an effective citizen under such a method, you have to become an informed citizen, one who knows and understands what is expected of him, to know what he is doing, and why he is doing it. It is a responsibility that cannot be

side-stepped if one wishes to be a true citizen of such a country as ours.

That such a state of affairs has a tendency to complicate matters can easily be understood. When a few men behind closed doors can make all the laws, the matter is simplified – and action can be taken immediately – the decrees are forthcoming – the orders are sent out – they are obeyed – it is as simple as that, theoretically.

In our democratic form of government we are confronted with two things – the fact that people are frail and weak, and the fact that they are poorly informed as to their political duties. For that reason we take longer to get things done, but we feel that in the long run this is the most effective manner in which to awaken citizens to make them part and parcel of a government run by the people and for the people. To enlighten our citizenship has always been a difficult task. With a free press we can study the pros and cons of any question, but it is sometimes pretty discouraging to note the apathy people show when election day arrives. It is a sad commentary on our times when we see fewer than half of the number of voters turn out for an election. Education is one of the ways in which they will be changed – we'll never have the kind of government we can and should have until these basic matters are corrected.

Even in my Theta Phi fraternity days I saw a little of how politics works. I found out how one boy got elected to an office, how another failed. I discovered that many able boys never made the grade, because they did not have effective helpers working for them – that some of the less able did make the political grade. This was a miniature world that really taught me a few lessons I never forgot.

As I have said, I first heard about politics in the offices of Hotchkiss & Tuck, and I was intrigued by the entire subject. Here was something I could get my teeth into. Here was a matter that impressed me as being of paramount importance. I discovered I just couldn't be a good citizen and remain indifferent to politics – learn what it was all about. I think I know why I had that awareness. My ancestors had come over from Germany, many of them to avoid a form of government to which they could not subscribe. For that reason they migrated to the new country because here they could enjoy political freedom. It is perhaps because of this thirst for freedom I gained right in my home that I was more aware of the blessed privilege of citizenship than the boys whose families did not have such a background. I must have heard stories about Bismarck and how he dominated the land with his iron

rule, and how people were forced to live under it. In any case, I was still in my middle-teens when I became aware of politics and its importance to the welfare of our country.

I remember vividly, long before I could vote, I attended a political rally in the old Germania Hall on Clinton Street, and how thrilled I was by the various speakers and the reaction of the audience. Here I saw democracy in action; I knew even then that sooner or later I wanted to take an active part in this. I liked the excitement, the feeling that here was where men tried to find out how to rule themselves. I have always liked competition, and you certainly get that when you become actively interested and engaged in politics. Some of the tactics used left much to be desired, and as neither main political party could be called free from them, you had to decide which one fundamentally offered the most good for the most people. One thing is quite certain – in politics, just as in business, you can never please everybody. If you strike a fairly high average, that is quite a feat in itself.

As a general rule, when men get into the higher income brackets, they lean toward the Republican party.

So this is the place in my story to say why I am and continue to be a Democrat. My father was a member of that party, so naturally I followed in his footsteps. That's the way most of us start politically, just as we do in our religious faith. We may change later, but we start the way those who have gone before taught us. While I did this, not all of my brothers did, which has, of course, been their privilege.

I remember when I was quite young, I had great admiration for Al Smith of New York. There was a man of conviction – one after my own heart – a forceful man with a sense of humor, who wouldn't hesitate to express himself no matter where the chips fell – he really appealed to me. He had a tremendous personal following, and I was one of his humble admirers. I used to follow his career with intense interest, read anything I could about him, and when he came to Rochester to speak, you may be sure I was Johnny-on-the-spot to listen to him and cheer him. I was such an ardent Democrat that for years I would bet that the Democratic candidate for Governor would be elected. I made these bets usually with Judge O'Connor. He just happened to be a much smarter politician than I, and even when the odds were pretty heavily against me, I would back my convictions with a little cash, and he kept right on winning it away from me. It was during this period that the famous "wheelbarrow ride" was enacted. At that time the voting headquarters for the seventh ward were located in a cigar store. The

boys of East High School would frequent this place on election days. There my eyes were really opened to what went on. For example, one time the Republicans had a man sitting next to the election booth, which was screened by a piece of canvas. He had a hole punched in this through which he could actually see how the voters voted, whether Democrat or Republican. If that was stopped, they would put lamp black on the hands of the Democratic voters, and when they came out, and they had been paid to vote for the Republican ticket, their hands were examined. If they had lamp black on them, they were given a hard time. In these days it hardly seems possible that these methods were used, but they were, and there is no use denying them. No wonder politics received such a black name among many people. No wonder men thought there was no use in voting, that it was all crooked and arranged ahead of time – and under the existing circumstances you could hardly blame them. For those reasons I think it can be understood why other forms of government honestly believe that our form never can be established and maintained permanently. We must not forget that our form of government is still in its infancy, as such things go. We are learning by trial and error. We can see that there have been many improvements in our methods and in our political morals – we are growing up. We can see that in the increasing interest young men of ability are taking in government. There are many excellent courses in our colleges today that are preparing men of caliber for public office. They realize that only trained, effective, and honest men can ever hope to give us the kind of government we are striving for. It is becoming more of a career, and I, for one, am glad of it. I can think of no finer service an intelligent and dedicated young man can render his country than by entering the field of politics – it is a tremendously important contribution to our times, and I hope more will get into this sort of public service in the future.

Now to go back. I vividly recall that O'Connor was about five years older than I and a very effective lieutenant of the seventh ward, whose leader was a Dr. Killip. Well, I had the use of my father's horse and buggy, and I would pick O'Connor up with his fistful of dollar bills. Some of his lieutenants would round up the voters who were willing to sell their votes back of the building of the Stecher Lithograph Company on Central Avenue. O'Connor would question them, and if they promised to vote right, they received their dollar. The answer, of course, was always yes, or almost always. They would be marched over to the voting booth, and they voted right, you may be sure of that. Now, don't

think for a minute that this was simply going on in Rochester—it was the common practice all over the country, hard as it may be for you to believe today. This was especially so where the big city bosses held sway. The farmers were always more independent, and as you couldn't influence or regulate them quite as easily as you could city voters, there was less selling of votes to them. And, mind you, this happened in both the Republican and Democratic parties, I am sorry to say. Marching clubs were formed; there was excitement and noise and music for one and all—but behind it all was that drive to get that vote no matter what tactics were used. Headquarters were established where beer and sandwiches were served several nights a week before elections. The voter was made to feel important; he was courted and flattered until the candidates were elected; and then he was forgotten until the next election came around.

I always managed to get in on these occasions by doing some work around headquarters. This was my taste of politics in the raw, and I can tell you I learned some pretty important lessons. One thing that has stuck in my craw ever since is the matter of buying votes. I can't see how any right-thinking man can sell his, because it is a priceless heritage given him after centuries of revolution, bloodshed, and tears by those who made it possible for him to exercise this franchise. It is his affair how he votes and for whom—he must be alone with his conscience—how else can one expect honesty to prevail in politics?

I recall when William Jennings Bryan was running against William McKinley for the presidency. "Silver-tongued" Bryan was a great orator, and whenever he appeared, he drew tremendous and enthusiastic crowds. His "Cross of Gold" was one of the great speeches of that time. Americans love effective public speakers, have ever since Colonial days when they conducted their town meetings. Bryan made a great impression on many people. My cousin, Fred Loewenguth, was a Bryan man, and his father, a McKinley follower. His father put up a picture of McKinley in the parlor window as was customary in those days, so whoever passed by could recognize the politics of the man who lived there. My cousin, Fred, would not be outdone. In the next window he put a picture of Bryan. For a number of days the people passing got a great kick out of this incident. Finally my uncle saw the two pictures hanging there and removed the one of Bryan. This was a great joke in the neighborhood for some time.

Although I was approached a number of times to run for office, from supervisor to assemblyman, to State Senator, and even up to the

United States Senate, I have always declined. But I may state here that any other office I have tried to win, such as officer of a bank or as director or president of a trade association, I have never failed to achieve. Perhaps my former experience helped me, but I can assure you that some of those questionable tactics have never been employed. If a man can't get elected on his merits, he has no right to win.

When we left Rochester and I became associated with the Lang Brewery in Buffalo, I again became somewhat active in politics. I became treasurer of the campaign to elect one Al Egloff as United States Congressman. The effort failed, although I sure tried hard to see that he won that post. But the times were not right. Again I learned something more about politics. It isn't always the effort you put into a campaign that will determine its success. There come times when the situation as a whole is against you. Perhaps a president has grown unpopular because of bad times, and the voters blame him for this situation, even if he had little or nothing to do about it. Then when election time comes, he loses out, even if history later proves that he was a better man than the one who supplanted him. This has happened many times and probably will again in the future.

Then when I returned to Rochester to engage in the baking business, I again became active in politics. This time I was known as a local Republican and a national Democrat, because I was campaign treasurer for a number of candidates who were running for judgeships. Among them were Judges O'Connor and Marsh Taylor. They both conducted successful campaigns. As I recall it, I performed the same service for Judge O'Connor, first, when he ran for the Police Court Judgeship; later, for County Court Judge; and, finally, for Supreme Court Judge. I never registered anything else but as a Democrat. As I became more affluent, many of my friends would ask me: "How is it that you are a Democrat, yet you belong to the Republicans?" My answer usually was: "Well, the Democrats lean far to the left; the Republicans, to the right. If the masses ever awaken to their real strength, they can confiscate our property by legal methods. Isn't it better that some of us remain with the Democrats and try to steer a middle course, than to abandon them to the radicals in the party? A half a loaf is better than none. In other words, giving up a part of your income is better than having it all taken away from you." Much to my surprise, many of them agreed. Well, as time went on, and the Democrats became responsible for legalizing beer, then finally the repeal of the entire 18th Amendment, I was a stronger Democrat than ever.

On one occasion, accompanied by Don Dailey, we went to Washington and had an audience with President Franklin Roosevelt. Upon entering the room and shaking hands with us, he turned to me and said: "Now, Wehle, don't ask me to reduce the tax on beer—we need the money." I said, "Mr. President, I'm not here to ask any favors. I am only here to thank you for bringing back beer. You are a most courageous and far-sighted man." The truth of the matter was, I had all of my money wrapped up in the beer business, and if he hadn't brought beer back, I was done for.

I recall an incident under Governor Harriman. I was a member of the Saratoga Park Authority to investigate the losses that were being sustained there and was delegated to come up with a solution. I worked hard on that deal, and among other things I suggested an advertising campaign for the waters of the Spa. I had all kinds of literature to show the authorities what could be done. The day before the showing was to be held, the Governor kindly informed me that he was not going to attend, that he had changed his mind, but I should go ahead and show the rest of the members of the committee. He alone had the authority to act. Among other things, I recommended that the bath houses and the whole operation be put on at least an even-break basis by closing one of the bath houses and restricting free services for those attending. I wasted my breath; nothing was done; but I have the great satisfaction of seeing the present governor, Nelson Rockefeller, recommending it to the New York Legislature, exactly what I proposed when Harriman was governor, just a few years ago.

There was a huge building on the premises at Saratoga that was unoccupied. I wanted to use this as a conservation headquarters, as it was ideally suited for that purpose. I was asked to lunch with Bernard Baruch. He was greatly interested in the Spa, because his father had been a physician and had donated that building. The good doctor was a great advocate of mineral baths as a cure for many ills, particularly heart disease. Well, I went over all the records available and could not find a single physician in the United States who had ever recommended these springs for that purpose. It seemed that Mr. Baruch had laid out some walks, which he called "heart walks." After patients had taken the baths, they were supposed to take exercise. Baruch was afraid I would establish a trailer camp, and that would disturb these walks. I assured him there was plenty of unused land at Saratoga, and that his walks would not be disturbed. We had lunch in his apartment, and I must say up to that time I thought I was the greatest pill taker in

the entire State of New York. His nurse brought him a new kind of pill or pills about every ten minutes – he certainly beat me at my own game.

Well, my political activities finally found me as Conservation Commissioner of the State of New York, but more of that later in a separate chapter.

I attended the Democratic National Conventions in the years, 1936, '40, '44, '48, '52, and '56, and they were pretty exciting experiences. It is enlightening to see such conventions in action, to learn what goes on behind closed doors in those well-known "smoke-filled rooms." I have come to one conclusion. Unless we as a democratic form of government select representatives who have the best interests of the country at large, we will never make the progress we should. As I have mentioned before, all of this is still somewhat of an experiment. It takes time to grow up politically, and I, for one, am convinced that more and more qualified and dedicated men will take a more active part in politics – not alone vote for what they think is best for the country, but give of their time and talents. After all, running a country has certain basic similarities to running any business. The "profit motive" may be missing, but what the country does with the resources it owns will spell the difference between success and failure.

I am glad that I have been able to be so active in politics. While I admit it often took time I could ill afford from my business, I have never begrudged the effort I have made to be the kind of citizen who will have helped in our form of government. The larger we grow, the greater the problems confronting us, the better men we will need. In isolated Colonial days it was comparatively simple – but in these dynamic, fast expanding times, men of foresight and wisdom are needed at the helm, whether it's being a councilman in a small community or president of these United States.

I look forward to the time when the term "politician" will be a more honorable one – it is high time!

CHAPTER 9
Civic Responsibilities

A man's primary object in life is to learn to take care of himself and those for whom he is responsible. This may be done in various ways, of course, but basically that is what constitutes a useful citizen in our kind of society. Unless he fits himself into the pattern in which which he finds himself, he usually has a pretty hard time to get along. The man who enjoys his work, makes a decent living, and cares for his dependents, is a good and useful member of the community, no matter what his business, nationality or religion.

When he has done this the next step, as I see it, is to give of his time andtalents to work that will make the community a better place in which to live and raise his family. Some men find an outlet by doing work for their churches. Others work for civic, charitable or fraternal organizations. But in these days of a fluid society it is important that every man make some positive contribution of this nature. And it will make him a more useful, better rounded and happier citizen.

I have always felt this way. Even in my busiest years, when I was directing the growth of my business enterprises, I always felt that I should do what I could to further the welfare of my community as well as my country. I must admit that for a long time private matters prevented my personal participation in such outside activities, except through many monetary donations —— but to me these had only been a one-sided contribution.

But the time came at last, and when it did I grasped it eagerly. Back in the year 1916 our country was scourged by the worst epidemic of poliomylitis – (polio) – we had ever experienced in recorded times. It was a time of great anxiety. School children were kept home, all places of amusement were closed, and parents were warned to keep children from all public places. Unfortunately little was known about "polio" by the medical profession, so this epidemic had to wear itself out. But the toll in deaths and crippled lives made a deep and lasting impression upon those of us old enough to remember that terrible time. Some study was made, of course, but it lacked organization and direction, but it all helped to arouse the public, in a movement that was to have far-reaching consequences.

A number of years later, the late President Franklin D. Roosevelt was stricken by "polio" in the prime years of his maturity. At first there was despair. Here was a man who had everything to live for – wealth – an established reputation – a man of brilliance and charm – with a tremendous future before him.

Then in one devastating stroke he was laid low, and it looked as though active life was going to pass him by as he lay helplessly looking on at the passing parade. But this was a man nothing could defeat, and at last he was able to "live" again. And we remember with a great deal of pride and wonder that he achieved the Presidency of the United States.

Now, Franklin Roosevelt was a man of action. He knew that feeling sorry for himself would accomplish nothing, and he was convinced that polio had to be fought from every possible angle. He knew that only by rallying the forces of our land could we ever hope to learn how to conquer this man-killer. It may be called infantile-paralysis, because it strikes the young to a great degree. But we know that polio is no respecter of older people. What was needed was a national recognition of the necessity of gathering the medical talents of our land to fight and conquer polio. Medicine was on the march but medicine needed research. All of the established methods had proven ineffective, especially as to how to cure it at its source. Without plenty of money, this imperative research program would be impossible.

In order to bring the necessity for this all-important program before the American public, a central organization came into being called the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis. After due consideration it was decided to stage a campaign for funds that was unique in our annals. No one was going to be asked for a great sum. This was to be a people's campaign. Every single individual could participate. It was to be an outpouring of the hearts and pocketbooks of all and every individual would be invited to contribute to this MARCH OF DIMES.

So this was conceived and put into execution. It was a stroke of genius. It had a dramatic quality – a personal appeal – that nothing had ever approached before. An endless March of Dimes could be seen pouring into the coffers of the foundation for research, and for other needs. It caught on like a prairie fire. There were countless ways in which people could contribute. Children formed clubs in schools, there were recepticles placed everywhere so that you could put your extra dimes in as you passed by. It was easy and it was rewarding and it did the trick. Of course, many wealthy people gave dollars and not dimes,

but that did not make the more modest contributions less important.

So in the year 1944 when I was offered the New York State Chairmanship of the Infantile Paralysis campaign, I was ready in mind and heart for it. Here was something I could really sink my teeth into. By this time my personal affairs were in such shape that I could accept this great opportunity for service. My family was grown, my affairs were in prosperous condition. I was at my best mentally and physically, so I accepted this great honor with pride and humbleness. Whether I could do the job as it should be done remained to be seen.

Becoming State Chairman for the March of Dimes, was a brand-new challenge for me. Here was to be a different approach. I would not devote my energies to making money for myself. The "profit motive" was one of gathering the largest number of dimes possible in order to share them with those who were making a relentless fight against polio. The amount of publicity the newspapers and radio stations donated was enormous. And there were many other media that were used to further the cause. Without them we would have accomplished very little, I am willing to admit. So in the year 1944 I became the State Chairman. I had no idea how long this might continue. I doubt that I thought it would be eleven years before I would relinquish this post – but it was.

At the very outset I wish to acknowledge the splendid cooperation I received from Jack's wife Betty who helped me tremendously on the local level, and helped organize the Monroe County Local Chapter that did a yoeman's job. Women have always been keenly aware of the need for bettering social condition, and it is fine that this is so, otherwise we would never have made the social progress we have up to this time.

At first it was naturally a matter of educating the public to the urgent need of contributing. It was to be a job of super-salesmanship. It was a matter of a dramatic appeal, and this the March of Dimes surely had, both on the local as well as national level. Here was something everyone could understand, because they could take part – no hidden gimmicks – no small print – an outspoken appeal for something vital to us all, rich or poor, young or old. It was, however, quite an undertaking to make the public realize how costly research work of this nature would be. Research is something the average man can't see, feel or touch. It has a way of sounding rather vague and impractical. But as people became more educated to the basic need for research to conquer polio, the easier it became to gain their active cooperation.

It is very doubtful whether that in all of human history such a task had been tackled. But Americans are generously inclined, and the res-

ponse that very first year of my State Chairmanship was gratifying indeed. In that year the total national collection was almost eleven million dollars. Monroe County's quota was almost $50,000.00 and was fully subscribed. "Wishing Wells" has been placed around the County and 4500 "Coin Banks" were distributed throughout the Rochester area, assisted considerably by the staff at the brewery. This same method was used in other parts of the state and country, with great success. All manner of civic organizations contributed their time and man power to make all this possible. It was a high tribute to the democratic American way of life – to solve local and national problems on the personal level, and through personal participation. In the early years George B. Kelly gave able and extensive help.

It naturally took that first year to get things really going. I found that being the head of this organization was much like heading a business enterprise. You needed key men and women, you needed helpers, you needed to get them to work together. You needed to encourage them in thinking up new ideas that were workable. You needed to spark their enthusiasm, help them with their problems, and make them feel that they were doing something important and vital. Every year at Holiday time I sent Genesee Valley Turkeys to the local chairmen as a token of appreciation for their good work and to get them to extend their efforts in future campaigns.

I found that my years of business training came in mighty handy. We had a product to sell and it was our job to sell it. We had a message –– we had a story – we had a precious product – and we went about it with plenty of get up and go. Perhaps we made unnecessary motions, but we kept moving and that's the important thing. Of course there were some disappointments, and people didn't always work out as we had hoped. But in the overall picture it was a glorious and stimulating thing to observe and be a part of. I can now look back to it all with a considerable amount of satisfaction, and I hope, with some pride.

Mr. Basil O'Connor was the President of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, and I found him a great man to work with. He was understanding, wise, patient, with a sense of humor that made working with him a genuine pleasure. You never felt that you were working under him because he made every individual feel that he was important, no matter what his task. He came to Rochester and spoke upon a number of occasions, and I know he helped our local drives by his mere presence.

One of my important tasks was to visit the hospitals where polio

victims were being cared for. Whenever I left one of those patients, I returned doubly determined to do everything in my power to bring about the eventual end of this scourge. I was convinced that research would do the trick. Naturally the care of the patients already afflicted was of primary and immediate importance. But beyond that research must go on endlessly until victory had been achieved. Swimming pools in which polio victims could be emersed for therapeutic purposes were being used with quite a bit of success. The Warm Springs Polio Center was attracting world-wide attention and study. Of course by this time the iron lung had been given great publicity, and more hospitals were being equipped with them, but they cost a lot of money. Now the public was really aware to the facts of life about polio.

As New York is our richest and most populous state, it was only natural that the other states would look to us to see what we would do. This put us on our mettle. By the year 1946 our plans were well organized. I had consultations with the top men in their fields, and we had had a number of conferences and across-the-table discussions. Such men as Dr. Walker Wear, Warren D. Coss, George Laporte and others were instrumental in making this campaign an overwhelming success.

The 1946 Campaign was planned for January 14–31 as had been the custom. It has always been my contention that a campaign should run the length of its announced time, and no more. If you keep dragging it over the allotted time, it loses its power and appeal. People begin to get that "What's the use" attitude ... it begins to smack of failure. A well-organized campaign, started at the right time and planned well ahead and ended on the right day, is much more effective, both from a practical as well as psychological standpoint. The amount of money raised in the 1946 drive exceeded that of any previous year, which was a source of gratification to us all. Of course when a polio epidemic started in any part of the country it had a tendency to stimulate contributions. People realized that they might be the next ones to get hit, and when it comes that close to home, they feel it acutely. Monroe County was well organized to handle any emergency that might have arisen.

I accepted the State Chairmanship for the fourth year for the 1947 drive, and the seven counties in the Monroe area contributed over $125,000.00 for that year – we thought it a notable achievement, the greatest in the 12 years of its history. Residents of the entire State of New York surpassed the almost $900,000.00 that was the state's share.

Meanwhile a number of our great universities kept right on with their research work, and it began to look as though genuine progress was being made. No one will ever know of the endless hours of dedicated labor that went into this project -- it revived your faith in the fundamental goodness of mankind.

The dime banks continued to be a huge success, and people looked for them to give what they could. Many got into the habit of dropping their spare dimes frequently, and this helped swell the total. One year One year a Wishing Well was set up at the intersection of Main Street and Clinton Avenue in Rochester by Fred Odenbach. Nickels, dimes, quarters and wadded bills of sizeable denominations were tossed into this well, and we didn't spurn the lowly pennies some little boys and girls threw in. I am sure many a contributor prayed that polio would not hit his family, as he dropped his contribution into that well, and let us hope that their prayers were answered.

By the time I accepted the Chairmanship in 1949 we had learned a great deal. We now had a corps of seasoned veterans, capable, enthusiastic and dedicated who gave an endless number of work hours without a cent of pay. The funds we collected again paid the cost of medical care and treatment of polio victims and continued to support the many research centers that had sprung up all over the country. While the March of Dimes was originally intended to further small contributions, it soon became the habit for people to give larger amounts so that helped swell the totals considerably over the years.

I accepted the State Chairmanship for the eighth year in 1950 – which established some sort of record. By this time I had reached the stage where I felt I was doing a fairly effective job, and now the country at large was well educated in this cause and showed it by larger contributions. Preventive measures to check and then conquer polio were in the making and this stimulated us to extra efforts.

I am happy to say that the Genesee Brewery was one of the foremost contributors and it was gratifying to see how the men and women responded to this appeal. I like to feel that this was not because I was associated with Genesee. It was a spontaneous outpouring of people who understood the need for this money and were glad to do their share.

Betty continued to do splendid work, and she has often told me what a wonderful feeling it has been to give to this great cause. She is a fine organizer, and with her charm and popularity found it easy to enlist the help of many other capable women. Betty is a mother of three, so polio meant something quite personal to her. She was able to put

into practice the things many other women would have been glad to do, had they been in the same position. In the previous campaign her staff had gathered the fabulous sum of $206,500.00 and if you don't think that is an accomplishment, try it someday.

A number of events were planned for that year, among them being the annual Press-Radio Sports Dinner, the third annual March of Dimes Ball and Beauty Contest, a boxing exhibition by the famed High Chair Kids for the Moose Club. The Jaycees distributed "Coin Banks" to retail and industrial establishments — all climaxed by the Mother's March of Dimes, when women from all parts of the area went from door-to-door to solicit funds. Nothing was left to chance – the results more than justified all the time and effort put into it. It was my pleasure to receive the Award of Merit from the National Foundation at this time, and I consider it one of the greatest honors ever bestowed upon me.

Upon the dedication of "Wing W" at Strong Memorial Hospital in Rochester it was my privilege to address the assembled men and women. Permit me to quote:

"Ladies and Gentlemen.

"It is one of the happiest days of my life – to see the dedication of this Wing W at Strong Memorial Hospital and most particularly Room W-211 which is to be used as a Virus Research Laboratory which will aid considerably in the ultimate conquest of infantile paralysis. The problem of "Polio" (as you perhaps know) is one in which I have been interested for a long time. Back in 1943 I was asked to serve as New York State Chairman of the March of Dimes Campaign, annually sponsored by the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis. For eleven consecutive years I held this post and I am proud of the wonderful team of volunteer workers throughout the state who made possible the record-breaking collection of $2,491,528.70 in 1953, a figure that compares with $265,922.60 collected in 1943 the year I became chairman.

"I like to think that the efforts of my co-workers during the past decade have contributed to some extent to the progress made in fighting the plague of polio.

"Five years ago I received one of the most unexpected and most welcome birthday gifts I ever received. In that year, 1949, I celebrated my 60th birthday on this earth and completely without my knowledge some of my associates in the brewing business decided to mark the milestone in some unusual way.

"They did.

"At our annual convention in Buffalo, the spokesman for our dis-

tributing organization, Al Coughlin, presented me with a check for twelve thousand five hundred dollars to be used to set up and equip a polio laboratory.

"This sum was put at the disposal of the Rochester Hospital Fund, Incorporated, and today that birthday gift has taken tangible form in the establishment of Room W-211, which is to be used as a Virus Research Laboratory. My family, my associates, and myself are proud to have been able to contribute in some small measure to this great work – and I sincerely hope that the time has come when this Polio Problem will be solved and the laboratory can be used for other purposes.

"God grant that this day is not far away."

Close quote.

And I am grateful to say that that day was not far away. It was not so very long after that Dr. Jonas Salk perfected a vaccine that has met with great success wherever it has been used. And now we have a vaccine that can be taken orally and is bringing polio rapidly under control more easily than by injection. It should not be long before polio will become one of those rare diseases we will hear little about. But let us never forget that it is only because of what has gone on before that this has been made possible. We are liable to forget that, but those of of us who have been in the thick of things will always recall the years of self-sacrificing labor it took to bring this blessing to mankind. May the other great "killers" meet the same fate. So my chapter about this phase of my civic activities is coming to an end. I am grateful for what it has done for others, and it did much for me. I sleep better because of what has been accomplished, and generations to come will benefit from all this, and I thank God for it.

In 1954 I decided to resign from the State Chairmanship. Now, of course, the emphasis is not being laid quite so heavily on polio, although that will long remain a problem. It is because of the long-lasting after-effects of this disease in so many cases that hospitals and other treatments will have to continue. In spite of the vaccines now being used, polio is still making its appearance, and so long as there is polio, so long will there be need to keep it under control. Taking care of the victims is an expensive matter, and many cases require years before they show any marked improvement.

In addition to my polio activities, my sons and I inaugurated the Louis A. Wehle Foundation, the proceeds from which are used for any worthwhile charity, regardless of race, color or creed. Anyone interested

emotionally disturbed to remain in their families or to attend school, and yet whose condition seems to hold out promise of responding to psychiatric rehabilitation and a return to a normal mode of life."

The center started operations in 1958 using a few unused rooms in the Hospital, but soon outgrew these, and I was proud to participate in this worthy work by buying for them a 15 acre tract on Scottsville Road, where they now have beautiful buildings for treatment, education and administration, and two residential cottages for the children. These facilities are believed to be unexcelled elsewhere in the United States for the rehabilitation of disturbed boys and girls.

Many of the activities in which I have engaged myself, and which I like to include under the general heading of "Civic Responsibilities", have had to do with the great outdoors in one manner or another —— possibly because of my interest in hunting, fishing, and conservation matters. However some of these activities have been directed in other channels.

For instance: Six months before the start of World War II I was asked to become a member of the Advisory Board of the Rochester Ordnance District of which Erwin R. Davenport was Chief. I accepted and my appointment was made by the Washington Office of the Chief of Ordnance on June 3, 1941.

On March 21, 1939 the then Governor of New York State, Hon. Herbert H. Lehman appointed me as a member of the Genesee State Park Commission, an honor which I have always highly prized and I like to think that during my tenure of office on the Commission I was able to affect the work to the benefit of the public at large.

I have also served as Commissioner of the New York State Water Power Commission and as Chairman of the Whiteface Mountain Authority —— positions which took up a lot of time but were very fruitful in improving conditions and making our facilities more valuable to the people of the State of New York.

When a Citizen's Committee was organized to assist in the work of the Police Benevolent Association I was proud to be one of the first to serve on it; and later when a similar group was formed to aid the Firemen's Benevolent Association I again offered my services. Similarly I have served as a Director of The Rochester Club, and in various posts connected with the annual Community Chest appeals.

It is natural that my interest in hunting and the great outdoors includes the love of dogs and other animals. It is not surprising then that

one of my interests has been the Humane Society of Rochester which I served as a Director for some years.

Undoubtedly the most active and enthusiastic organization of its kind in Western New York is the Genesee Conservation League which has honored me on many occasions with citations and plaques for contributions I have made to their work and these have been material as well as financial contributions. I served them as a Director, and have always maintained an intense interest in their work..

Of course you can't enjoy the great outdoors without having the facilities for getting there and many years ago I developed a great interest in the Automobile Association whose local branch is known as the Automobile Club of Rochester. I have been a member of the Board of Directors of this group since 1938 and served them as President in 1945. Today they have a membership of 44,000 and this branch of the AAA is one of the largest and most financially sound in the United States.

In 1939 a group of men in Rochester banded together in an organization which became known as "The Rochesterians" whose prime purpose was to give recognition to the many people in the City who are seldom in the limelight. These are largely the people who meet and greet visitors to Rochester such as the bellhops in hotels, porters at railroad and airplane stations, the waiters in restaurants, the traffic policemen at busy intersections, newspaper reporters, radio and television personnel and many others who serve the general public in one way or another. Our plan was to have one big clambake each year for as many of these people as we could get together, and for that one day we took it upon ourselves to serve these fine gentlemen just as they serve us the balance of the year. The venture has become an institution in Rochester and every year we gather together and become better acquainted while showing our appreciation and tribute. Almost every year it has been my pleasant privilege to get behind the beer stand at the amusement park and draw beer for our guests aided by some of our fellow Rochesterians such as Carl Hallauer, Fred Tobin, and others of our group. A really super clambake is put on, with all the trimmings, followed by excellent entertainment and a series of prizes for most of our guests -- including "Mr. Rochester" who is selected by vote and reigns for the following year. It is all for free and our guests have always had a wonderful time.

Much of the details of the Rochesterians Clambake have always been handled by the Rochester Convention and Publicity Bureau --

another organization which has been doing a wonderful civic work for years in bringing conventions to town as well as other large gatherings of people — so that Rochester has become known far and wide as a pleasant city, a good place to visit and live, and a modern up-to-date metropolis with prosperous business enterprises and a fine group of nice people. For many years I have served on the Board of Directors of this organization which is headquartered in the Little White House on Washington Square in Rochester and is supported by the hotels of the city and the business organizations who are quartered there.

I found that sometimes it was possible to combine a little fun with charity. During the Prohibition years a notorious prohibitionist in Rochester organized a "Committee of 25" to see that the 18th amendment was enforced. With some of my close friends we organized a "Committee of 25" to work for the repeal of the Prohibition Law. The "Committee" is still alive and meets once a year. It is probably the most unusual organization in existence. The meetings are unruly, noisy, but always good for a laugh. The initiations are anything but serious. The dinner which goes with the meeting is always excellent and deliberately on the expensive side. The saving feature of the entire performance is that all of the money left over after the expenses are paid are donated to Iola Sanatorium to buy needed equipment for the comfort of the inmates. So for many years we have had a night of fun while doing a very charitable work.

In connection with our own Industry I helped to organize the Rochester Brewers Exchange, shortly after Repeal in 1933, when it was necessary to lay plans for the betterment of the Industry as far as our our western New York State area was concerned. At that time we had five breweries doing business in the city and we banded together for for our mutual security and to avoid some of the impositions that were leveled at us, and try to increase the prestige of the brewing business in the minds of the general public and to wipe out some of the stigma left by the 17 years of Prohibition. I served as President of the Rochester Brewers Exchange.

Later on the New York State Brewers Association, of which I had been a member since its inception, honored me by electing me President.

I believe that any genuine and worthwhile cause in any community should receive the support of its citizens. How much is a personal matter. But I would like to say this: Most people do not give enough, and that's the honest truth. When one thinks of all the money wasted every day, the money carelessly spent on frivolous objects, the amount

in this cause has always been encouraged to participate, as it is for the good of all — not just the privileged few. We are happy as a family to contribute each year, and it is our hope that the good it will do will make a better place of our beloved city of Rochester.

Of course, I am always glad to see that the Red Cross is helped in its tremendous cause for humanity, being on the job when disaster strikes anywhere. The Red Cross is not always appreciated as it should be. But let me tell you, if there should be a disaster in your area, you would soon find out what the Red Cross stands for, and I am willing to wager that your attitude toward this wonderful organization would change in a hurry.

Early in 1949 a group of Rochesterians organized for the purpose of establishing a "school" for the care and education (asfar as possible) of mentally retarded children — those with an I.Q. under 50. They asked for my support and I became very much interested in the work, which resulted in the formation of The Day Care Center for Handicapped Children, Inc., and I served as a member of its first Board of Directors. At the time I was very much involved in my work for Polio and it was not possible to devote much personal time to this work. Therefore I asked James P. Duffy who was advertising manager of the Brewery, to represent me on the Board and keep me informed of the progress and problems of the new organization, which he did. Jim was later elected to the Board and for many years served as Chairman.

Day Care Center started with eight youngsters, in a room donated by The Eagles Club on Washington Street. Later they became a Community Chest agency and expanded to quarters in the basement of P.S. 17 on Orange Street, and in 1958 with one hundred children on their roster, they bought the property at 1530 East Avenue which formerly housed the Carmelite Convent. During all this time I maintained an active interest in the work, making suggestions whenever possible and making monetary contributions for the comfort and welfare of the youngsters.

My interest in the welfare of children has always been paramount in my mind, so it is not surprising that I became interested in the work of the Convalescent Hospital for Children. In 1957 the directors of the hospital established The Rochester Residential Treatment Center as a special project. Its purpose is best described by a paragraph from one of their brochures:

"The Center is essentially a very special environment to provide care, therapy, and education for children who are too

most people give to worthy causes is pretty small. Of course there are some high-minded and generous citizens, but think of the small amounts many give to their church, for example, and you will see what I mean.

So, whether I take an active part in any campaign for community betterment or not, I shall always retain my active interest, and I hope I shall be able to do my share toward the lessening of human suffering. I also believe the most effective charity is that which helps others to help themselves. Doling out money, except in an emergency that brooks no delay, is often a way of making people accept donations, and they soon learn to depend on them. This sort of charity defeats its own ends, because true charity helps enlighten and raise the dignity of the individual, not debase it.

No other country in all of history has ever given so much to so many causes as America. Perhaps we have been over-generous at times. Perhaps we have not always given wisely. But I can think of no other country that has stretched out the helping hand as often as we, and it is to our national credit and honor. Let us learn to give wisely, and by the giving strengthen and not weaken those to whom we give. If we can combine true charity with common sense and a realistic attitude, we may rest assured that our generosity will be repaid manyfold.

Nor is it simply the giving of money that I mean. It is in the giving of our time, to actually do things with our hands and hearts to help mankind that is so badly needed. Money, of course, but money alone will accomplish little unless it is combined with the giving of oneself. And it is gratifying to learn that those to whom you give are not the only ones who benefit -- it is the donors who reap rich rewards upon which one can place no dollar mark!

CHAPTER 10

Farming and Horses

Ever since I can remember, I have liked horses and dogs. These two animals have held a special place in civilization for centuries. There have been and are other pets, of course, but somehow the horse and dog have been man's companions for untold centuries. Think of the West without the horse, and you will see what I mean. The companionship between a man and his dog is unique.

The very first remembrance I have of horses were those owned by my grandfather Wehle. I loved to visit them, help groom them, and later drive them. I loved the big brewery horses, their dignity as they rolled along drawing those good old-fashioned beer wagons. There were many handsome teams in those days, and breweries vied with each other to possess the finest in their territory. Then there were the sleek race horses, a world apart from the others, but still horses, and I have loved to see them race over the years – hope to see a few more Derby races in my time.

I was not permitted to own many dogs in my youth, but I sure made up for it later on in my life. And then there were the faithful farm horses that were so important a factor in any farmer's life at the turn of the century. My mother's sister married a farmer whose farm was located at Fort Hill near Leray in our state. It was a big farm with a fine stream, called Red Creek, running through it. The farm house was located on the lower farm near the creek, while the upper farm, about three hundred feet higher, was reached by a winding road, where most of the crops were grown. I wish I could put into words what fun we boys had on that farm. If you have not experienced all this, then it is really hard to describe satisfactorily. In the first place, you immediately gained a sense of freedom from those restrictions that have always been hard for active boys to put up with. The wide open spaces, the noises and smells and the things to see and touch and examine. The little calves, the wonderful little colts, the new batch of puppies, the baby chicks as they skittered around their mothers. The smell of the hay mows in the big barn where we slid down hills and buried into tunnels and held secret meetings. Every step brought new experiences. To lie down in a meadow, chew sweet grass as you gazed at the fleeting clouds floating

by, to hear the song of a bird, the far-away noise of a dog barking excitedly as he chased a rabbit. The chatter of busy squirrels, to see something mysterious scooting through the grass, to step into a shadowy wood and feel an entirely new world unfolding before you. To feel the cool water as you dove in the creek and splashed each other. What words can convey such experiences? I am afraid I am not adept enough with them to do that. But anyone who has experienced all this will understand and appreciate what I am trying to say.

Of course, my father and mother and we boys visited this farm during our vacations in summer, and we had glorious times there. But we boys, even the younger ones, were supposed to do our share of the work. Everybody able to get around worked on a farm in those days. Perhaps we didn't always like that any too much, but it was expected of us. At lease we were away from school, so we took our duties in stride. We helped tend the cows and did many chores, but we made it all up by having tremendous appetites, and I don't think my uncle or aunt made a lot of money from our labors – I am sure they didn't begrudge us a thing.

So this is where I got my first love of the country, and even early in life I was determined some fine day or other I would own a farm of my own. We boys also helped with the haying, we fed all sorts of animals and grew to love them. We went fishing and as many times swimming in the creek as the weather and our time permitted. I knew the names of most of the horses, and some of the cows. There were Big Prince and Blackie, a pair of fine geldings. There was Maud, the brood mare and her lively colts Dollie and Goldie. The names Blue Bell and Dot come back to mind, and I remember they were the names of cows. We learned to respect and care for animals. We also learned that there was plenty of work connected with the raising of food.

And how we enjoyed my aunt's chicken fricasee and apple pies. I am sure no one ever made them anywhere near so good as she did, for she knew how to cook and bake to any queen's taste. It was expected of farm wives, and whenever they had company they would pile the table with more food than an army could eat, yet, somehow it usually disappeared fast enough. Perhaps our hearty appetites helped a good deal, but her meals were wonderful. You may be sure that when we returned home in the Fall we were brown, had grown a lot, and put on weight. I urge any boys and girls who can manage it to go out on a farm if they want to see what real fun is.

Let me tell you that farming in those days was a very laborious

process. Hay was pitched by hand on the hay wagons, after it was cured in the field, and then pitched into the hay mows. I can still see those farm hands handling those forks hour after hour. I don't know what they got for wages, but I doubt that it was more than $25 a month, with bed and board, of course. They were a cheerful lot, full of fun and jokes, and we boys had fine times with them. Most of them were good natured and liked their work, and they raised large families on the little money they made – sounds like a miracle.

I remember one incident very well. I was riding on top of a load of hay coming down the steepest hill, when a britchen broke and the horses broke loose. The wagon rolled from one side to another, and was I the scared youngster. Finally it hit a big tree with a big bang and stopped. I climbed down unhurt but well shaken up. Living on farms has always been a hazardous occupation, even more so than in the big cities, although a good many people don't know that. A farmer in those days had to know a lot about a lot of things –– had to be an expert do-it-yourselfer, I can tell you. He had to shoe horses, fix machinery, build hay racks, repair harness of all kinds, mend fences, fix mowers, kill and dress hogs and cattle, tend chickens, make sausage, kraut and cider, repair buildings. He had to be midwife to newly arrived animals of all kinds, to mention only a few things. And you must remember all milking was done by hand. Some cows were easy to milk, others hard, and we boys always tried to get the easy ones. If a cow became excited or upset she would hold her milk, and that always worried the farmer. When the corn was ripe it was picked by hand. There was a lot of gardening to be done, but that was usually left to the women, but there were potatoes to be dug, berries to be picked in the woods, and wood to cut and bring close to the kitchen. There were no tractors as we know them today and no combines that are found everywhere now. There were no sprayers for weeds, no three bottom plows, but a single contraption that was pulled by two or three horses. The milk was separated by a hand-operated cream separator, and it took bull strength to turn that handle, as I knew from my own experience. The cream was sent to the city and the skim milk fed to the hogs. I tell you little was wasted, and that was a valuable lesson for careless boys. Manure was pitched by hand outside, then in the Spring it was hand pitched on a wagon and spread on the land. All this by hand mind you. No wonder farmers had little time for anything else. They sure made their living the hard way, but in spite of that I yearned to own a farm of my own some fine day. But today's farmer also has to be quite an expert. There is less hand

work, to be sure, but with the tremendous increase in the use of expensive machinery, he has to be an expert mechanic, because if he wastes time waiting for a repair man to come from a town, he may lose money, or the weather may turn. Today it is also a matter of understanding soils, how to plow for best results, how to keep the land from eroding, and the right fertilizers for various crops.

When my brothers and I went into the house-to-house bakery business in Rochester, we owned over seventy horses within a few years. We decided that in order to keep them in trim it would be more economical if we owned a farm where we could train and condition them to the wagons. We bought most of these animals green from the West. They were sturdy and willing, but they did not have much handling experience. As ours was a stop-and-go kind of delivery business, the horses had to be trained to know where and when to stop. As a matter of fact some of them became so clever that they automatically knew all about their route, and the driver – delivery man could forget about that and concentrate on his customers.

This farm of ours was also a good place for run-down horses. The farm we bought was known as Doubling Hill Farm and was located on Scottsville Road. It derived its name from the custom of the farmers doubling up their teams to draw the heavy loads over the hill. I can still see those horses straining up the road, putting their weight against the harness, the crack of the whips as the drivers urged them to renewed efforts.

When the bakery was sold in 1929, I bought my brothers' shares of this farm and rebuilt the house. It was a lot of fun doing it because I had my own ideas of how I wanted it, and now being mine, I didn't have to consult anyone except Lib. This is now our main house, a big, sprawling, old-fashioned farm house, but that is the way we wanted it. And I have noticed that our friends like it that way, too. Perhaps that's because they are made welcome, and when you feel at home and at ease you like your surroundings. Soon I acquired more land, and as time went on, between my sons and myself, we now own about eighteen hundred acres. This includes about two miles along the Genesee River, which makes the place even more desirable and attractive. The Genesee Valley Canal also runs through the property for miles. As the City of Rochester continues to spread out, as it is doing rapidly, this land will unquestionably be in demand for commercial and housing projects. You find that everywhere, people leaving the centers of cities and getting out closer to the land. Two railroads, the Pennsylvania and the

Baltimore & Ohio, run through the farm for miles. As of the time of writing this, all the farms, including those I gave my sons as wedding gifts, plus their own purchases, contain about fifty buildings, including some eighteen houses, including mine, Jack's and Bob's. There are miles of Kentucky horse fences, show barns, kennels, paddocks, pole barns, horse barns, and a half-mile horse training track. There are also my hunting lodge, ponds, swimming pool, brood mare barns and other buildings. It has been called one of New York State's most interesting farms. It is true, I confess, that it has taken a great deal of time, energy, money and planning to bring it to its present state, but I am proud of it and happy to be there as much as I can. For years in succession, Bob Wehle had the champion pointer dogs in the field trials of the United States. The harness horses are owned by Betty and Jack Wehle, the dogs by Bob, and the beef cattle by Jack, so it's pretty much of a family matter, and that is the way we like it. Of course, the champions of champions, our six grandchildren, were all brought up on these farms, and I know already in advance how they will remember their carefree, happy years, and in a way I envy them. However, my own early farm days were a lot of fun, so I have been fortunate to be able to furnish them with this sort of wholesome life in their young and growing years.

Beside the livestock operations, we use the farm for hunting pheasants, ducks; of course deer, as well as fox, wood chuck, wood cock, squirrels, owls, crows and hawks. Also for years field trials were held on the farm, and sometimes thousands of people would come to view them. On Sundays we had open house in the show barn, and hundreds of people would come to see our twelve fine Belgian geldings. This is a magnificent breed of horses, but later we switched to Percherons, and finally to Lippazanas, the royal Austrian horse. These possess a magnificent bearing and really look superb as they prance with their arched necks, graceful and kingly bearing. They still send a thrill through me when I see any of them in action. We sent these horses all over the Eastern part of the country for showing, and we have received cups and ribbons galore.

Ten years ago we decided to go into the harness horse racing game, and purchased eighteen yearlings at various sales. We had a pretty good working knowledge of horses by that time, so made some fairly wise selections. These horses were broken and trained on the farm under expert guidance. We won many stakes and money purses for about four years and then decided to breed only. Jack's wife, Betts, who is especially fond of horses, took up the sport, and her first pur-

chase, "Yankee Hanover" became the 1952 World's Champion Trotter, and I don't have to tell you how proud she was of that achievement. Mrs. Wehle owned several horses, but when we decided to sell the string of horses owned by the brewery, she likewise decided to sell hers at the same auction. The best horse "Famous Hanover" was sold by me before the sale, and I foolishly let him go for $10,000.00. It developed later that another man was prepared to bid up to $17,000.00 for him. The last time I bet on one of our horses was at Batavia five years ago, and it was on the last night of the season. Our driver had Nogara, a fast three-year old filly in the paddock, just ready for the judge's call. I asked him if she would win the race. He said the filly was not in good shape, although the bettors had her as the favorite. He advised me to bet on the next favored horse. I did, but Nogara won in a walk-away. I rushed over to the paddock and told the driver that I thought he couldn't win, and I had bet $500 on the other horse. He said: "You always told me to win if I could, so I won with her." It is true that I always told our drivers that, so I had a dose of my own medicine. You may be sure I never asked him for advice again. Soon after that we went out of the horse racing business.

We brought the Scottsville farm up to a high state of perfection, and soon I became half owner with Tom Nagle of the former rifle range of an army camp at Stoney Point, New York State. This consisted of twelve hundred acres where at one time thirty thousand men had been on army maneuvers during World War One. There are plenty of woods there, pasture, and four miles of Lake Ontario shore on the property. We built some buildings and conducted a cattle operation there. It is becoming more valuable all the time, as the St. Lawrence Seaway route passes right in front of it, and it possesses an immense amount of limestone for cement and steel manufacturing. I am sure that this property will turn out to be one of the best investments we ever made, for it has practically unlimited potentials. That whole area is growing by leaps and bounds, and this magnificent St. Lawrence Seaway is opening up unheard of possibilities for any number of projects. I wish I might live to see them all. We will see new manufacturing areas, new home developments, a complete transformation, and it will mean a great deal to the surrounding areas.

When I was Commissioner of Conservation, Mrs. Wehle and I decided to build a home at Cape Vincent, a quaint fishing village on the St. Lawrence river at the foot of Lake Ontario. This house faces the river and is the center of some of the finest small mouth bass fishing

in the entire world, I honestly believe. It is a wonderful spot, and we are very fond of it. Here we entertain the families, friends, customers and state officials, and they all seem to enjoy it a great deal. We especially enjoy this house as our pier projects into the river. We keep fishing boats on hand, and you may be sure they are almost never idle when the weather permits ...

Inasmuch as farms were cheap in the back country, I decided to own another one, so with the help of my attorney friend, Ed Gosier, of Clayton, I soon accumulated twenty-two hundred acres consisting of about sixteen different pieces of property. These have a huge barn, houses, sixty milk cows and other barns that house between three and four hundred beef cattle. It was necessary to build more barns, miles of fence, ditches, dig wells and the like, to complete the spread. I also caused about twenty pot holes to be dug which the duck would use in the Fall. Between these and the black Mallards we raise here, we get some fine shooting. There are also pheasant, partridge, geese and other game to be had. It is all an excellent layout to keep me busy when I am not fishing. This land will some day increase in value, so from every angle it is an excellent investment.

Before I go any further, I must go back to those famous Austrian horses, I have mentioned previously in this chapter. We purchased six from the Austrian government, and our own horseman was ordered to fly back with them to our country. The horses arrived in due time, and we started to select the best four to pull the coach. We had a special trailer constructed for them which was something quite unique. It included a harness room, four stalls, and another room just for the carriage. The sides could be lifted up and the people could look at the whole show from the ground. This went all over our part of the state, including such big fairs as Syracuse, Hamburg, and others. You can imagine what a hit they made. Just before the horses went on the road, I decided to show the staff at the Genesee Brewery what a Lippazanas horse looked like. Brewery people know what good horses are, and I felt sure they would especially be interested in seeing this fine and unusual animal. I ordered one brought on to the brewery on a trailer. The barn man took the horse off all right and showed him off in good shape. But when he got ready to put him back the horse would put one foot on the end of the trailer, which would then bend down, and that frightened him. He then walked away, no matter what the barn man would do. I figured I knew something about horses, so I took the horse from his hands, led him up the road, petted him and then bravely walked him down to the trailer. I

had been told that if you walk first, the horse will follow. Just as I got to the trailer with the animal, he reared up on his hind legs and his front legs flayed the air a number of times. This is what they should do when they are being shown, but unfortunately he struck me a number of times on the head and shoulders, knocking me to my knees. I screamed: "my back, my back!" Well, X-rays revealed my shoulder to be broken in two places, and a vertebrae broken or compressed to about half its regular size. My scalp was laid open, and a number of stitches had to be taken to close it. Fortunately, I did not sustain a fractured skull – perhaps it was too thick for that. In any case, I spent some weeks in the hospital recovering. This happened as recently as November 1958, and it was a full eighteen months before I felt myself again. Considering everything, I am lucky to be alive, for if that horse had hit me in the right places, that would have been an end of me. I should hate to have: "kicked to death by a horse" on my tombstone! That winter, the first one I spent in Stuart, I was in bed practically all of the time. Outside of a backache now and then, there have been no further traces of the accident, although complications might easily have occurred afterwards. While I was in the hospital I discovered what improvements had been made over the years in the care of patients. At first I could not be moved, and then they had to cut the clothing from me. About the third day the doctor came in with four husky nurses and said they were going to take the clothing off my back and really take care of me right. Then those nurses grabbed me and lifted me up in the air. I can tell you, I did plenty of yelling, and I didn't care who heard me. When they finally let me down on my bed again, after quite a siege of torture, I stated that there must be some better way of lifting a patient with a broken back or someone who had had a major operation. It so happened that an old nurse heard me and said that up in the attic there was a mattress with a piece taken out of the middle. Some patient had been there a couple of years ago and had that special mattress with a piece removed from the center and found it very much better than anything else. In this way the pan could be slipped under without disturbing the patient. I asked the nurse to see if this mattress could be found. It was brought down and I used it from then on. It was much more comfortable and saved me a lot of pain and made it easier for the nurses too. I was so impressed by this clever idea, and so were the doctors, that I of- to give all of the hospitals of our state mattresses of this kind, except New York City. Isn't it surprising how a small thing like that will remain ignored, until, perhaps some amateur comes along. Then after that

everybody wonders why it had not been thought of before. That's the way some of our cleverest inventions have been discovered and perfected – by rank amateurs. The Louis A. Wehle Foundation purchased a hundred of these mattresses and gave them to any hospital that asked for them. Undoubtedly a lot of people have been saved from a great deal of suffering by the use of this correctly designed mattress for that purpose.

At the end of the eighteenth day in the hospital the bone specialist told me that I was now ready to get up and walk. They had a harness made for me and a brace that I had been measured for and fitted. Now I was warned that I would find my legs very weak and they would pain me because I had not walked since the accident. They got me out of bed, and I managed to walk along the hall, a distance of perhaps one hundred and fifty feet. Then they took me back, and I was as tired as though I had done a full day's work. The doctor asked me if I didn't feel it after that stroll, and I told him I did not. He just couldn't understand that because, according to him, I should have been in a lot of pain. He wanted to know why, and whether I had any explanation. I then showed him something. Underneath the sheet at the bottom of my bed was a piece of balsa wood eighteen inches square. After the fourth day in the hospital I used to take daily "walks" right in the bed as best I could, bracing my feet against this balsa wood and in that way I kept my muscles in good condition. When I did get up, that special exercise saved me a lot of pain and helped me to a faster recovery.

Of course, news about the horse accident got over all that area. A friend of mine, a well-known attorney of Rochester, returned from out of town one day and went to a local shoe shine establishment. The shoe shine, as is their custom, knew all the latest gossip and scandals, and wanted to know whether this man had heard about Mr. Wehle being kicked in the head by a horse. This so-called friend of mine said he hadn't, and he added: "How is the horse? I hope he wasn't hurt too much and will recover!" Needless to say, this gentleman is one of my well wishers.

On the farm at Cape Vincent we have large pastures and put away about twenty or thirty thousand bales of hay each year, and fill four large silos with corn for winter feeding. This farm is presided over by Al Gross, who has been my farm foreman for many years. Al is trustworthy, a fine specimen of a man, knows his farming, and one thing more, knows how to handle me. He combines the best of the old with the new in farming, and that's a rather rare combination. Farmers as a

rule are conservative by nature and don't change their methods too readily. Al and I get along famously together, and I consider him one of the best in his field, and others have told me the same thing.

It has been our good fortune to have long and faithful people working for us. Jim Ramsay has been a hard-working and devoted chauffeur for the Wehle family for the past twenty-seven years. Eddie Van Landschoot, our loyal and faithful gardener and keeper of our property, has been with us since 1937 and has always kept the grounds in excellent shape.

It is fascinating to see boats from all nations go past the house on that wonderful new Seaway. All of the great midwest cities are benefitting, and I believe that in the not too distant future such ports as Chicago, Duluth and others will show tonnages as great as many of our seaboard cities, such as New York, Baltimore, New Orleans, and others. We try to identify the boats and their flags and my grandchildren are as much interested in that as I was in my youth to identify the different makes of automobiles of those days.

The Stoney Point Ranch, formerly the rifle range of Pine Camp, then maintained by the government, used to house thirty thousand men, as I have previously stated. The foundations for their tents are still there, as is the water system and a huge disposal plant. The bunkers are still in good condition. Along the water front there are pill boxes where the men used to shoot at the passing targets drawn by airplanes. Luckily Tom Nagle and I purchased this property at a very low figure, and is certainly a top investment any way you look at it. It would make an ideal spot for a huge summer colony, with all of the major improvements already in. It is both Tom's and my idea not to sell this property at this time, but to leave it to our grand or great grandchildren, because nobody ever went broke owning free and clear property, especially of this character, location and size. The government built a concrete road from the main road about seven miles away, so that equipment of any kind can reach the camp without any extra trouble or expense, another advantage.

I am grateful that I have been privileged to enjoy my farms, my horses and dogs I have. It becomes harder as our civilization grows more complex for people to indulge in this form of life and recreation. Even if you can't own a farm, you can take your family to places and have a grand time. Perhaps there won't be as many conveniences as you have at home. An oil lamp never made anybody unhappy. An old fashioned cook stove can still turn out some mighty tasty meals. A

plain little porch with a swing and some comfortable rockers, can still furnish plenty of restful hours. A little wood cut out doors can still make the living room comfortable on a cool evening. Plain clothes are what children love, and getting away from it all is a grand tonic for the body and soul and mind.

I think it is good for people to get back to Nature. There is a rhythm on a farm or in the country that is lost in the artificial hustle and bustle of a large city. It is not good for us to stay away too long from good old Mother Nature. She is a part of us, and no number of gadgets can take her place.

Fortunately our great National Parks and State Parks offer many advantages. There are marvelous camping sites with conveniences close at hand, fine water, and scenery that will lift up your soul and make you think of your Maker. From the State of Washington, to the new Everglades Park at the southern tip of Florida, there are parks almost everywhere within motoring distance. Enjoy them if you can, even if you only have your two weeks' vacation. More and more people are taking advantage of them – you'll be wise to do so also, if that is your dish.

So, a bow to the country – long may it be there – and as long as I am privileged to be on this good old earth of ours, just so long will I enjoy all that that furnishes – a serenity – a peace of mind – and a closeness to everything that is growing and vital.

CHAPTER 11

Reminiscences

Reminiscences.... we all have them, especially as we grow older. Recollections from the past.... unexpected flashes of memory. Then, suddenly, nothing. Gaps of time unaccounted for.

As we grow older we seem to remember more and more. Not always important things, more often than not they seem to be just isolated incidents that have little or no bearing on our present lives. Yet who can be sure? We are now, to a great extent, what we have been. Who is wise enough to say what does or does not have a bearing on our lives.

In this chapter I shall take the liberty of jotting things down without sequence, jumping back and forth across the years. Out of the maze of these years will emerge experiences and stories I hope the reader will find as interesting, and at times amusing, as I have.

I guess it's natural for parents to worry and wonder whether their children will be a success in life. When we attended East High School there were many among us who were considered outstanding and showed promise of success in later life. As the years passed, however, many of them dropped from sight without ever setting a blaze of glory; while others, some of whom had just indifferent records, far exceeded anyone's expectations.

Carl Haullauer was one of those who achieved success. He became Chairman of the Board of the world-famous Bausch & Lomb Optical Company and one of Rochester's most prominent citizens. Interested in everything that stands for the good of the community, he is probably Rochester's outstanding politician and a great guy besides.

It has been the custom for some of us to attend the various national conventions of the Theta Phi Fraternity of East High, held in different cities throughout the country, where we naturally met men from the other chapters. One of the fellows I met in this way later called on me when I was assistant brewmaster of the Bartholomay Brewery. He had become a paint salesman for a company in Cleveland and wanted to sell me some paint. In view of the fact that he was a fraternity brother, I gave him a hearing and ordered some paint for the ceiling of the fermenting room, which needed redoing badly. He assured me that this paint would not be affected by the CO_2 generated by the fermenting

beer. We dried the cellar out and applied the paint exactly as he had instructed. After the cellar was finished, we put the beer back in the tanks thinking everything was all right. I was in my office one morning, a short while after, when the foreman of the fermenting room, Charlie Bullinger, came running in and said that something terrible had happened in the fermenting room we had just painted. I ran up to find the paint dripping off the ceiling into the open tanks, threatening to spoil all the beer. As fast as we could, we emptied the tanks and put in a call to my friend, the paint salesman. When he came and saw what had happened, he said we'd done something wrong. I wanted to know what it was, as we had followed his instructions thoroughly. He asked whether the ceiling was dry when we applied the paint. I assured him it was. Then he said the trouble was it should have been WET. Needless to say, we bought no more paint from him, even if he was a fraternity brother—frat loyalty doesn't go quite that far—especially since we had the delightful job of scraping off that paint and applying a different kind. And, this time, we were sure about what we used. It seems friendship and business don't always mix, especially when it comes to paint.

Speaking about the Bartholomay Brewery, I remember that the house in which we lived was quite close to it, and, as assistant brewmaster, it was my job to check in the men at seven o'clock in the morning. They were given free beer to drink each day, as had been the custom for a good many years. It was interesting to see them on a Saturday afternoon after they had been paid. They would go to the shipping office and for seventy-five cents would purchase an eighth of beer, which they either put in a sack, slung over their shoulder, or put in a cart to take home.

I recall the shipping clerk calling up one day to ask where his beer was. It was his day off, and it was customary that an eighth of beer be delivered to his house every morning before eight o'clock. He told his assistant that his wife would not eat her breakfast until she had had her beer.

In those days beer was shipped in carlots or, if the Erie Canal was used, in open boats. Bottle beer sales accounted for less than five per cent of the total sales.

It was also customary in those days for the salesmen or collectors to use carriages or sleighs to make their daily rounds, and it was my privilege to use one of them any time I wanted to. Since I was courting my wife at the time, I quite often took advantage of this privilege to take her out riding. You can imagine how important I felt and how I sought to impress her on these occasions with my skill in handling a

horse. One time, however, they hooked up a very spirited horse to the cutter, which had a string of bells on it. Not being accustomed to the bells, they frightened him, and he took off, nearly pulling my arms from their sockets. I kept going, though, determined not to give in, but to show this horse that I was master. We drove down what was called the Dugway and by this time the poor animal's mouth was bleeding, but he still persisted in trying to break a record. Now I was beginning to feel weak all over and decided to try and turn around. I chose a good place in the road and we started home. As I passed a hotel close to the road, I noticed a long, empty shed. I drove him in there, where he finally stopped. A good thing, too, because I couldn't have lasted much longer. The barn boss came down with a driver and took the horse home. I heard later that he beat another horse by a good mile on the return trip. Strange, how you remember an incident like that. It is as vivid in my mind as if it happened yesterday. Needless to say, the ability to handle a horse, which I prided myself on, was severely put to the test.

When I was brewmaster of the Genesee Brewing Co., the manager was a man by the name of John Bradley. He was a North of Ireland man, a true Orangeman if there ever was one. The trouble in Ireland was top news at the time, and Arthur Baldwin was then Prime Minister of England. Bradley would call me into his office and say: "Sit down, Louie, I want to read you something." He would then pull out a four or five page letter to the Prime Minister in which he gave his views on the Irish question and how he felt the Prime Minister should handle it. This went on for some weeks. In that time he read me seven or eight letters. One day I asked him what Prime Minister Baldwin said in his replies. He looked at me sharply and said: "The damn fool doesn't answer my letters." After that there were no more letters – at least he never read any more to me.

Shortly after this, another amusing incident occurred. My office was on the second floor of the brewery, so I could look out the window and see the wagons come home at night. One evening I saw one of them pull in. It was what was called a roll-top beer wagon. The seat was high up, and the wagon was pulled by a pair of powerful horses. A man got off the wagon, fell in the street and lay there. Finally he got up and shook himself. Then he slowly staggered into the barn. I called the foreman, and asked him who the man was. The foreman told me the man's name, and, since we would not tolerate such actions, I said the man was fired. Two days later a delegation from the union came to see me. They wanted to know why I had fired this fellow. I told them he was

drunk, but he indignantly denied this charge. He agreed he'd fallen off the wagon in the road, but said he couldn't have been drunk, because "when I am, I can't get up." I told him he was still fired. Thereafter, a little pressure was brought to bear, and, as this man was an excellent salesman, it was suggested that we give him two weeks off without pay to teach him a lesson.

At about the same time, we had a yardman named Harry. He used to take care of the brewery yard and also our yard at home. One day he came in to see my father while I was there. He told my father that he couldn't possibly work that day. Well, since Harry was the reliable kind, father was naturally curious and asked him what the trouble was. Harry's only reply was: "I had a little accident at home. It wasn't very serious. My wife died!" Needless to say, Harry didn't have to work that day.

My father got along very well with a great many people. I think that was one reason why he was a success in his business. He was particularly liked by the people who worked for him at the brewery, which is quite a tribute. Many of them would go to him with their troubles, and he would listen and try to help get them straightened out. He was that kind of man, and you may be sure that when he died, at such an early age, he was genuinely mourned by a great many people. I think that is the most enduring monument a man can leave behind—kind thoughts about him and deeds that have helped people when they needed it the most.

Father had an old aunt by the name of Gruppe, and she really was a character. She owned a little property in Dutch Town and used to drive a one-horse wagon selling milk and vegetables. She had a few cows and a little vegetable garden—a very independent little old soul with a lot of determination and personal pride. When I was in my teens, I used to drive my father over to Aunty Gruppe's once or twice a week, because he felt responsible for her. She made Elderberry wine, but somehow always forgot to crush some of the berries. Whenever she proudly poured a drink of her wine, there were always berries floating around in the concoction. She always offered some of it to Father when we visited, and occasionally to me, when I suppose she thought I deserved it. I always turned it down, and I noticed that Father usually managed to select a chair next to the sink. When Aunty Gruppe's back was turned, he would pour the wine down the drain. To hear her talk, though, it was the best drink in the world—and so good for you. When my father used to remonstrate with her to get a little pleasure out of life, she would bridle and become quite indignant. He would urge her

not to continue to sell her vegetables and milk. He knew she had enough to live on and that her needs and wishes were within her means. She would point out that the more money she had when she passed on, the more there would be for Father and the family. Well, years later, when she died and her will was read, everyone was amazed to find she'd left all of her money to the Indians of South America. During her lifetime she had never shown any particular inclination to give to charity. In fact, she was extremely careful with her money.

I was quite a young boy when a few of the first automobiles began to appear on the streets of Rochester. A Mr. Brown, who lived right above us on Gibb Street, had a steam automobile that looked like two bicycles put together, with a platform and some machinery in between. When he would drive down the street, we boys would all get sticks, stones and logs and put them on the road so that he could not go over them. Then we would run and hide and watch what would happen. We thought that a great joke, and I guess I was just as guilty as the rest of the boys, more so, perhaps. One day we threw a particularly large log in the way of his car. The car came to a stop, and then actually caught fire. We certainly hadn't bargained for that, and when Mr. Brown started calling for help, we all ran pell mell into our houses and got pails of water to put the fire out. After that, the responsibility we should have felt for the trouble we caused was lost in our excitement at being what we considered heroes.

Further up the street lived Henry Selden, who up to that time held a patent on an internal combustion engine. He had all the big automobile companies paying him a royalty, until one Henry Ford came along and disputed the patent rights. Ford engaged Selden in a lawsuit, and, as history has proved, it was a very important one. It ended with Ford winning the suit and Selden losing his patent rights. If his claim had been sustained, he would have become one of the wealthiest men in the country, or at least his heirs would have. I don't know anything about the rights or wrongs of this suit, but it shows how an apparently small incident can have far-reaching consequences. I can recall looking down into Mr. Selden's cellar at the engine he claimed was his invention. Later on, his sons manufactured the Selden automobile, but it was not much of a success and soon faded from the picture.

I used to peddle milk for a milkman who lived in a boarding house opposite our home. He hired me to run in to the various houses, pick up the containers, and run out to the wagon – where he would fill these containers with the amount of milk the customer wanted. No fancy steri-

lized bottles or other containers in those days. The milk was kept in big cans and there was a dipper with a long handle to ladle out the milk. The average price was about seven cents a quart. He used to get his milk shipped in from out of town and would go daily to the express office to pick it up, take it back to his barn, and put it in the refrigerator. The next morning he would dip out some of the cream and, to increase his quantity of milk, add some water. I guess he had the bluest milk in town. This all meant that I had to get up before five o'clock every morning and help him with his work. My father objected to this fellow pounding on our door so early for me, and he told me to quit, because the whole family was being disturbed. Not wanting to lose my job, I devised a scheme that worked just fine. I had the milkman pull a string that I hung out of the window, the string being attached to my big toe. In that way he could wake me without bothering the rest of the family. Then I would get dressed, sneak downstairs and meet him over at his barn to help him peddle the milk. This went on for some time. I'll admit it was pretty hard to get up on some of those ice-cold Rochester mornings with snow and ice around, but I was young and strong and really didn't mind. The thought of the money I was earning had a lot to do with it, too, I think.

I recall that I helped a florist by the name of Mr. Fry, which I touched on in another chapter. To elaborate a little on this, as I grew older, I became his regular delivery man, and during my vacation I drove the horse and did anything else he needed me for. I remember one Easter when I was supposed to deliver some lilies way out in Dutch Town where Aunty Gruppe lived. The pot containing the flowers tipped over and in trying to get them rearranged, I knocked off their stems. Undaunted, I still delivered what was left of the lilies. I guess the people felt sorry for me, because they never reported it to Mr. Fry, something I was really grateful for.

Prior to taking the job with Mr. Fry, I was a delivery boy for the National Clothing Company. It was my job to deliver rush boxes of suits and overcoats, either by street car or by walking, depending on the distance and the time I had. I was supposed to get through at six or seven o'clock, but someone would usually come in who wanted to have his suit altered and, of course, had to have it right away. So the suit would be altered and given to me for rush delivery. Many a night I didn't get home until eleven o'clock, believe it or not, and my pay was only fifty cents a day!

I was always fond of the theater, and, while I never had much extra

money to spend on this form of entertainment, I found a way to get around the difficulty. Rochester wasn't one of the largest cities in the country, but still we had a fair share of entertainment provided. The old Lyceum Theater was still operating at that time, and all the good plays – including the Shakespeare productions – came to our town. One of my cousins had a job opening the door for the customers as they came through the lobby into the theater. He had a long strap fastened to the handle of the door, and when anyone arrived, he would pull the strap, and the people would enter. He got fifty cents a night for that, and you may be sure I envied him that easy job. If he saw the show once, he would give me the job of opening the door, minus the fifty cents. Then I could take a seat in the rear of the theater and watch the show for the payment of the work I did for him. It was a pretty neat trick and enabled me to see plenty of good plays when I was young.

The Cook Opera House was also operating at that time, specializing in vaudeville acts. This form of entertainment was in its full glory, and many of our finest artists would play the circuits all over the country – even the biggest stars like Sarah Bernhardt. I loved vaudeville because there was action and variety. First, perhaps, a comedy team. Then some performing animals or a skilled juggler, some singing, a lot of dancing and the ever-present slapstick. It was all pretty wonderful to a growing boy and made me feel like a man of the world. I've never forgotten those days. One of the fellows in town decided to run a vaudeville show of his own after the regular season closed. He went around and got all the characters in town to take part. It sounded like a pretty good idea and was welcomed by the local citizens, because, you see, it was going to be the privilege of the audience to carry in eggs, tomatoes or cabbages. If they didn't like the act, they could show their disapproval by heaving some of these things at the actors on the stage. His show ran for a week and proved to be a huge success. When Saturday night arrived, the actors were to be paid off, this time in cash and not eggs and vegetables. This fellow was at the box office taking in the money, and when the last customer paid, he took it all and left town, so the actors never did get paid for all they had taken from the audiences that week. This fellow was something of a character himself, and we had many good times together.

Here are a few fond remembrances about my mother when I was a boy and man. As I may have mentioned already, she had great control over her sons, regardless of their age. She would scold me about this and that, or tell Frank he was eating too much, or Harold and Raymond

that they were overdoing or not doing enough, or remark that one was not going to church regularly. We all took her scolding in stride, though, because she meant it for our good, and in her eyes we were still boys, even when we were middle-aged and more. Up to the last year of her life she would not have a companion or anyone in her house or apartment working for her, although we tried a number of times. We would even put people next door to her apartment to take care of her, but as soon as she became suspicious about what we were trying to do, she would have nothing to do with them—she always wanted to do everything for herself.

When we were young, for some reason or other, I was usually the one selected to do most of the marketing, and I must say I did a pretty good job—I seldom get the worst of a transaction. I remember the Curtice Canning Company killing many chickens each Fall, and chicken livers and hearts were sold for ten cents a pound. I would go down there with a quarter, and instead of getting two and a half pounds for that money, I'd often come home with seven or eight pounds, and we had chicken liver and hearts until we couldn't stand the sight of them.

Right near our house on the main street of the town was a farmer's market called the Liberty Pole. As soon as I was old enough, I got myself a two-wheel cart, and I would go up there each morning on market days, usually three times a week, and buy vegetables and fruit for the house and for some of the neighbors. I made a little extra money that way, and I enjoyed the work no end. I've never minded work, and when there's money involved—all the better.

I used to get up early to do all sorts of things, and I never minded, for most people in those days were early risers. Many jobs started at seven in the morning, so it was not unusual to see people on the streets by six o'clock.

But to come back to Mother. She was very religious, a devout Catholic, and concentrated on teaching us sound morals. She was determined that her sons would be a success, and she encouraged all of us to further our educations and take advantage of our many opportunities. She sent one of my older brothers to medical school, and he became a doctor, a lieutenant in the First World War, and finally the Chief Medical Officer of all the White Russian area under Herbert Hoover.

Mother must have known something of poverty in her earlier days, although as far back as I can remember she always had money for what she wanted. She always stressed the fact that one must make and save money in order to be comfortable later on in life. She often repeated the

old German saying: "When misery comes in the door, love flies out of the window." It is a sad fact that some people stress money too much while others neglect to save for the day when they can no longer work or for when they become ill.

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Today the country seems faced with a problem of juvenile delinquency. I must confess that, to a certain extent, it wasn't exactly nonexistent in my day. Our neighborhood boys had a club and formed what we called "The Frankfurters." We occasionally went down to the Genesee River and fished along its banks. One day we encountered a number of boys who said they were the "Double Ducks" and wanted to know what we were doing on their fishing grounds. We told them we were entitled to fish there as much as they were, and an argument developed. We decided to meet and settle the argument with our fists. On the appointed evening, the Double Ducks appeared on our territory of University Avenue. It was a fine summer evening, and all the houses with porches were swarming with their occupants enjoying the night air. That gang brought along bigger boys than we had, and we were getting the worst of it, when men from all those porches came running down into the street. Their help came at just the right time, and after that the Double Ducks didn't bother us any more.

No provisions were made in those days for recreational facilities. Most of the boys were pretty busy running errands and doing other odd jobs to earn a little spending money, but even at that they succeeded in finding time to get into mischief.

About the same time, on a wintery Saturday afternoon, one of my brothers and I decided to ride around the neighborhood to see what we could find to amuse ourselves. We always had one horse for the family carriage. On this day we hooked it to a light cutter and went out East Avenue where some harness racing was going on. The horse we were driving was called Black Diamond. He was a retired harness horse, and at one time had had a fair record, but he was naturally a bit stiff whenever he first came out of the barn, and it took him some time to limber up. No amount of coaxing, it seemed, could ever get him beyond a modest trot, no matter how hard we tried. On this particular day, however, we were in the line of the racing horses. Black Diamond looked back and saw them coming, with the drivers yelling and cracking their whips. It must have brought back memories to him. He pricked up his ears, arched his neck, his eyes took on a new shine, and he was off. I had never seen him run that fast, nor did I ever again. He beat every horse to the

finish line, with room to spare, and then was exhausted. He had given his all. Whenever we went out there again, hoping he'd repeat his repeat his remarkable performance, we were always disappointed. He had shown us once what he could do, and it seemed that would have to be sufficient for us.

Carl Potter, who later became executive vice-president of the Security Trust Company, lived near us. His father was in the fresh fruit business. Carl was a big, generous fellow, and he usually managed to talk his father out of a bunch of bananas, some watermelons, or perhaps some pineapples, so that our gang could have a real feast. In those days, fresh fruit wasn't as plentiful as it is today. During our harvest season we had plenty of grapes, apples, cherries and other fruit, but during the cold winter months fruit was pretty scarce. I remember when an orange was quite a treat—and grapefruit were unknown. It took people quite a time to get used to and like the latter. That may seem strange when you consider how popular they are today.

Because of Carl's generosity, we decided to make him President of our club. For that purpose he offered us the use of the woodshed at the end of his house, which we accepted without a dissenting vote. Many a time we used to sit in that shed, away from what we considered the interfering older folks, and gorge ourselves on fresh fruit, until we could eat no more. It was all a lot of fun and a spirit of good sportsmanship prevailed. We would talk and brag; we would tussle and "horse" around and have wonderful times together. All in all, we were a decent enough gang, and we enjoyed our privacy and felt very important, because we were together. The things we talked about—the plans we made for the future—I guess that is all in the pattern of growing up. When a new family would move into our neighborhood, we would scout around to see if they had any boys around our age. We would size them up pretty carefully, since we didn't just take in anybody. He had to measure up to our standards. Before a boy could be admitted as an active member in good standing, he would have to fight one of our gang, a boy of his own weight and height. We explained to him that if the newcomer didn't win, though, but had shown the right spirit and courage, we accepted him. We always tried to be fair about it and not exclude good material.

I can't recall our gang ever destroying anyone's property, except perhaps at election time, when most anything seemed to go. Outside of "borrowing" a few apples or pears from somebody's backyard, we never did anything seriously wrong. We would build a big fire in the Fall and

go home and loot some potatoes or corn to roast. I'm sure my mother knew what I was up to, and I'm also sure she looked the other way just to make it more exciting for me. She knew her boys – she had to with five of them. Of course, the potato skins and corn husks were black when we were ready to eat them, but I don't think I ever tasted anything quite as good. I'm sure now that they must have been flavored with our youth and good health, the best condiments of all.

The game we usually favored was one called "Duck on the rock." This meant that we put a large stone on the road, and on top of it a smaller one. We then stood twenty or thirty paces away and had three chances with other stones to knock the duck off the rock. Whoever succeeded in knocking the duck off the rock was the winner. The game would go on for hours – we never seemed to tire of it. In fact, we became pretty skillful at it, as we got the feel of the distance and the weight of the rocks we were using. One of the reasons why the game remained so popular was that everyone took part – you just didn't sit on the sidelines while somebody else had the fun.

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It was quite an undertaking to have five boys in the family to properly clothe, feed and provide with the many things they needed. Sometimes my grandfather and uncle would bring their castoff clothing to the house to be made over for us. There was no false pride about that in our family. It was between members of the family and wasn't considered charity in any way – just the good old-fashioned notion of making each dollar do double-duty. I remember one coat given us by our uncle. When it was retailored for me, the handkerchief pocket, instead of being where it belonged, was up to my shoulder. Understandably, I was pretty upset about it. I wasn't too fussy about my clothes, but there was a limit.

I think the most famous garment in the Wehle family was a white turtle-neck sweater that simply refused to wear out. I used to wonder why such hand-me-down clothes always seemed to be made of such long-lasting material. First this sweater belonged to my older brothers, then I had a crack at it, and later my younger brothers actually wore it. But don't think for a minute that Mother felt sorry for us. It was a good sweater, and it was well made. As long as it was useful to the Wehles, it would be welcome and put to good use, no matter what complaining small boys might do or say about it.

Once someone gave us a pair of rabbits, and we built a hutch in the backyard for them. It didn't take them long to dig a hole and get under the neighbor's kitchen, which didn't have a cellar. Before long

they started multiplying, as rabbits have a habit of doing, and we simply couldn't catch them, hard as we tried. Finally, the neighbors started complaining, because they were ruining their garden, and we had to make every effort and catch them. Getting rid of them made us all very sad, because Mother didn't take too kindly to pets, and we never had very many.

On one occasion Father brought home a small phonograph with a big horn and some wax records. Each record was in a cylindrical box lined with cotton, as they were very fragile. You can imagine our excitement. Here was one of the wonders of the age.... in our house. I ran in one day to tell my father that Grandmother Loewenguth was coming up the street to visit us. He quickly put the covering over the phonograph, warned us not to say anything, and started a record just as she was about to enter the room. She came in, looked around, and heard the music apparently coming from nowhere. She looked all around and naturally couldn't find what sounded to her like an orchestra. Was she amazed when my father finally showed her the machine. It was the very first time in her life that she had ever seen or heard one, and she was astonished.

Of course we were very proud of it and invited the neighbors in to hear it. We had some grand concerts on that squeaky old phonograph. It probably sounded sweeter to us than the finest Hi-Fi sets of today would. We thought it was about the ultimate in entertainment, and we boys never tired of turning it on and off when Mother wasn't looking. We were a big nuisance in that respect, but after a time the novelty wore off.

Because of my father's illness he was not able to spend much time playing with us. I am sure he regretted that very much, for he was a kindly man who loved his family. Anything that kept him from being a part of their lives deprived him of much pleasure and satisfaction. It was because of this situation that I devoted more time to my brothers than I ordinarily would have under normal conditions. We were very close and have always remained so. Today I try to take part in all doings of my grandchildren, and nothing gives me greater joy, as you have already learned in other chapters.

Here is another incident I believe worth mentioning to help fill in the picture of my younger years. Each election time we would gather wooden boxes and barrels weeks ahead for the big night. We would store them in someone's backyard where they were jealously guarded. Then on election night we would build a huge bonfire, usually at the

intersection of two streets. The police never interfered. It was the accepted rule that you could have such a bonfire on that night, provided you guarded it carefully so as not to endanger the neighborhood.

Some of us decided one year to have a humdinger of a fire, so we loosened the screws of a neighbor's Chic Sale's house, preparatory to moving it on election night. Needless to say, this was done without the owner's consent. When the big night finally arrived, we gathered at the out-house and were ready to carry it out to the fire, when lo and behold, we heard a great commotion inside, and two tenants started to scream and carry on so, that we took to our heels before we were caught. Naturally the out-house remained unburned, although the tenants themselves were pretty well burned about what had almost happened, and you can hardly blame them.

Each neighborhood would see which could have the biggest and most spectacular bonfire, and you may be sure ours wasn't the smallest if we could help it. All over the city of Rochester the skies would be lit-up on election night. It didn't make much difference to us who the candidates were or who won – all we were interested in was a big bonfire – something that was worth celebrating.

My grandfather Wehle was a Rhine wine drinker, and he had a good-size cellar which he kept under lock and key. It was my privilege to accompany him down there when he wanted to select wine for the evening meal. I distinctly remember the long shelves stretching from floor to ceiling, with long curtains in front of the racks of wine to keep out the sunlight. He would go down, examine the bottles, and select the wine or wines he wanted. He knew which wine went with what foods, and I believe he was considered quite an expert. Then when he did drink it, he would smack his lips and declare he had made a good selection.

His home contained many rooms and, what few houses have today, a summer kitchen, where my aunts used to roast coffee. It was the sort of place a boy would like – plenty of room, with fine aromas, friendly – a place where you didn't have to be as careful of the furniture as you did in the parlor. It was surprising how much work my aunts did there, despite the fact that they enjoyed all of the then-modern conveniences. They always seemed busy with something, especially in the canning season. My grandfather used to make sausage at times, and once in a while a calf was cut up and prepared.

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At one point in our lives, my family and I were faced with the harrowing experience of near-kidnaping and extortion. I was away on a

fishing trip with the two boys at Weslemkoon, Canada. We came on the car ferry to the landing at Charlotte, and from the upper deck of the boat I recognized my wife and a group of men—Chief of Police Henry Copenhagen, Judge O'Connor, and Judge Marsh Taylor. They all had somber faces, and though I couldn't understand what they were all doing there on the dock, I knew it must be something pretty serious. They pulled me off to one side and told me that there had been an attempt at extortion, accompanied by a kidnaping threat. My wife had received two letters demanding payment of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, or either or both of our sons would be kidnaped. The letters had been received through the mail two or three days before my arrival. The question was how to determine the handling of the case. At that time there were many kidnapings all over the United States, with the victims either killed or released upon payment of huge sums of money—some up to half a million dollars. The famous Lindbergh kidnaping had occurred several years before, and there was a very stringent law on the books that provided the death penalty if the mail was used in an attempt to get ransom money, even if the intended victim was not kidnaped but only an attempt had been made to collect the money.

Soon after my arrival home I arranged for a guard at the house. In the next two days I received two more letters, and the ransom was raised to two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The last letter gave details—just where, how, and when the money was to be delivered to the letterwriter. I called the FBI office in Buffalo, and, about three o'clock in the morning, the day of my arrival home, an officer of the FBI was at the house. He questioned me thoroughly—where I had been, all about the letters, which I naturally turned over to him. At that time only two letters had been received, and he instructed us not to handle any other letters, but to put them in a cellophane envelope, and they would take charge of them. This we naturally did. Within the next six hours two other FBI men questioned me at considerable length to see if these letters were genuine. At first I couldn't quite understand this procedure, but then it occurred to me that they were questioning me and checking my story, because they thought it might be a publicity stunt on my part, since I was in the beer business, to draw attention to my product. However, after cross-examining me thoroughly, they were satisfied that this was no publicity stunt but a genuine case of attempted kidnaping. They were now convinced that I was telling the truth. They immediately went through our offices and examined the handwriting of everyone. They finally selected one that was similar to the handwriting

in the letters and presented their evidence to the grand jury of twenty-two men and women who were then sitting in the United States Court in Buffalo. I was called as a witness and was asked, after being shown the similarity of this man's handwriting, whether I thought this man was the guilty party. I did not think so. I didn't want him indicted, as the circumstantial evidence was not very strong. He was not indicted, and as time went on the Rochester police received a number of telephone calls from someone who chided them on their inability to detect the letter writer. A system was installed by the police department so that when the party called again they were given a flashback to help locate the telephone from which the calls were made. That happened several times, but whoever it was would be gone by the time the police arrived. Finally they succeeded in keeping him on the telephone long enough for the police to get there in time, and they grabbed him just as he was hanging up. He readily confessed that he had written the letters, as well as some to Mr. Gannett, the publisher, and there was a great furor over it in the papers. I breathed easier, but meanwhile took my family to Europe under guard because of the continued fear that the kidnapers might carry out their threats. When we left Rochester by car, we were followed right to the boat by the police, who did not leave until we were ready to sail. During our weeks of travel in Europe, I never felt very safe or cheerful. Eston Fletcher, our treasurer, had reported to me that someone had told him that, regardless of our trip abroad, they would still get us when we returned.

I must mention one incident at this point. In one of the letters, the would-be kidnaper had instructed me to go out to the Ridge Road, in an open car, wearing a derby hat, and that I was to be alone. I was then to throw the money over a nearby culvert at a designated spot along the road. All this was to take place at midnight. The FBI had obtained the services of a local detective who looked something like me. He was to take my place in the open car. He wore a derby hat, as instructed, and a shoebox full of envelopes was substituted for the two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. A one dollar bill, initialed by me so that I could identify it in the event the kidnaper retrieved it from the culvert, was placed in the box, and the detective departed. The car proceeded out Ridge Road in a heavy downpour. In it were two FBI men who had participated in the shooting of the notorious Dillinger in Chicago. Deputy sheriffs, FBI men, and state troopers had been strategically placed along both sides of the road. Despite several rides back and forth, however, nothing happened. Perhaps the kidnaper was suspicious.

The culmination of all this was the jailing of the man who wrote the letters, for almost a year, before the Government had his case ready. Finally he was tried in Rochester. He proved to be a man of about twenty, whose mother was a widow. She had been courted by an employee of ours at the brewery, and he used to tell her about the huge sums of money we took in each week. This aroused the boy's appetite for money, and he tried to extort it from us. The United States attorney used the Lindbergh Act to indict the boy, which would have meant death if he were found guilty. Inasmuch as no actual attempt had been made to collect the money, however, and because Mr. Gannett made it clear he didn't want the boy found guilty, the jury freed him. I'm willing to admit I was furious, but nothing could be done about it. Had he been tried under another law which demanded a long prison term for using the mails for extortion, he would have been found guilty. It was brought out at the trial that a family had promised the boy a job on their farm after everything was over. I doubt that it materialized, though, because I saw him around Rochester for some years after.

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I can sympathize deeply with anyone who has gone or may go through such an ordeal. The tension, loss of sleep, and uncertainty were bad enough, but the thought of danger to my family made it all seem a horrible nightmare.

I remember a character by the name of Johnny Heisler, who tended bar on Friday nights in a tavern called Fiock's Place. We all knew him, and we'd always ask for a silver fizz, a golden fizz, a gin rickey, maiden's dream, or whatever else came into our heads. Johnny would shake his head and say: "Now listen, boys, be reasonable. You know I can't make drinks. All I can do is serve beer, and you know that, too. If you'll be good boys and order beer, I'll go downstairs and bring you up some cheese." Beer was a nickel a glass in those days, and afterwards he'd serve us about a dollar's worth of cheese with rye bread. I wonder how Fiock made any money, but I sure didn't worry about it then. It was this Johnny Heisler who delivered some wine one day for a customer. The customer had a live rabbit and asked Johnny to put this rabbit in the basket, along with the wine, and take it to his grandson. The man gave him the address, and Johnny put the rabbit in the basket with the wine, got on the street car, went to the Alexander Street crossing, and got off the car with the basket—which he set on the sidewalk. As he did this, the rabbit hopped out and ran between two houses. Johnny looked around indignantly and muttered at the rabbit: "Keep on going,

you damn fool. I've got the address in my pocket, but you don't know where you're going."

Johnny had saved a few thousand dollars when some fellow hit on the idea of financing a female baseball team. Johnny thought it was a smart idea and handed over some of his money to this fellow, who actually put such a team together. This was to be a great sensation—a seven-day wonder—and after a few games at home, they took the team on the road. They got as far as Cleveland when the money began to run low, so the promoter left the team high and dry, holding the catcher's mitt. He was gone for months. Finally he came home on a Christmas Day to his father's house on Brown Street. The old man opened the door, looked at him, and told him he'd give him a hundred dollars if he would go away and never come back. The fellow protested and said it was Christmas Day; they should forget any grievances on such a day. He proposed they have a drink to celebrate. After he was allowed in the house, his father gave him the keys to the wine cellar and suggested he go downstairs and get a drink—and bring him one, too. He came up with the finest champagne in the cellar. The old gentleman protested and said he was keeping that for guests and to bring up some beer. The outcome of it all was the guests most likely drank the beer, while this fellow and his father celebrated the prodigal's return with the best in the house.

I remember a few incidents that happened while I was at the Brewery Academy in New York City during 1910 and 1911. Our room faced on 14th Street at what was called "death curve." During that period they still had cable cars in New York. The cars would catch hold of the cable as they rounded the curve, and there was no effective way of slowing them down. As a result, there were quite a few deaths caused by the fast-moving cable cars—hence the name.

Our room had a wash basin in the corner but no bathing facilities. We adopted a simple plan. We would fill the wash basin in the corner with water, put down some newspapers, and use a big sponge soaked in the water for our shower. We called this our "quickie" shower. Everything went along fine, until we had saturated most everything with water—the rugs, the floor, and the plaster. It happened that our room was directly above the dining room, and when we'd go down in the morning, the woman in charge would say there was something wrong—that there must be a big leak somewhere upstairs. Her wonderings soon dispelled all thoughts of any more "quickie" showers. We didn't want to be responsible for the place floating away.

Right next to our hotel was the famous vaudeville house, the Keith-Proctor Theater. I remember one occasion when a good-size Negro band was playing there. They used to form in the courtyard right in back of the theater and right next door to the hotel. In the hotel corridors there were buckets of water. My roommate and I were inspired one day with the thought of giving these musicians a surprise. We stationed ourselves in an unused room with the windows open. The band came out and formed, and just as they started to play and march back into the theater, we let them have it with the pails of water. We then quickly ran down the back stairs, bought a couple of tickets for the show, and watched the last of the band come in shaking the water off their uniforms. They tried to find out who was responsible, but we were in the theater and could prove it, so nothing came of this escapade. It would have taught us a lesson – smart alecs that we were – if we had been caught.

When I was attending East High School, our fraternity, Theta Phi, was located for a time right over the room occupied by the Pi Fi fraternity of West High School. One Sunday afternoon in the spring, the fire engines went speeding up the main street of the town. Naturally we all ran to the window. What boy – big or small – can resist a fire? Jim O'Connor picked up what we called the "gaboo," a container brimming over with cigarette butts and the like, and decided to empty this mess out of the window. As luck would have it, at that precise moment a member of the Pi Fi's had to stick his head out of the window below us. He received the full contents of the "gaboo" right on his head. No amount of explaining would ever convince the Pi Fi's that this had been an accident. From that time on it was war!

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It's been my good fortune to visit Europe three times. The first trip was in 1932, with my wife and two sons. In 1935 it was with John Murray and my son, Jack, and in 1958 with Tom Nagle. All three were ocean voyages. I consider a first-class ocean liner one of the noblest creations of man. There is such a sweeping majesty and beauty about them I find myself enthralled. They provide a setting at once so elegant and comfortable that one seems transported, as if by magic, to another world .... a moving world of gracious living.

Our first trip, both to and from Europe, was on the magnificent liner, Bremen. She was my favorite – a glorious ship, with a style, beauty, and atmosphere I doubt has ever been surpassed. I wish somehow she might have been spared being sunk by the Allies during the war. She was too wonderful to lie forever at the bottom of the sea.

As far as present-day liners are concerned, I think the United States, on which we returned from Europe in 1958, ranks first.

Of course, no matter which one you travel on, it always seems one eats too much. It is almost impossible to avoid that pitfall. You have nothing but time and are constantly being tempted with the most delicious food and beverages – five times a day, to be exact. It takes a stronger-willed person than I to resist the constant lure of polite and solicitous stewards offering you tempting delicacies from morning 'till night. Most likely the food is no better than in many fine restaurants, but it combines with the surroundings to incapacitate your powers of resistance. There is a festive, holiday air that makes everything an adventure. Walking on the breezy decks, the greetings of friends and fellow-travelers, the appointments, the sparkling, invigorating air – all these make an ocean voyage unique and memorable, no matter how many times you've experienced it.

Another ocean trip the whole family enjoyed was to the Caribbean. It was quite an adventure to see those tropical islands, the palm trees, the turquoise blue sea, and feel the warm air and brilliant sunshine. We all enjoyed every minute of it. On this trip the Kreiners were along, and we met the Strong family. Jack fell in love with Betts, their oldest daughter, and a few years later they were married.

Our first trip to Europe was overshadowed by the attempted extortion I have already mentioned in this chapter. We took along a seven-passenger Cadillac and hired a different chauffeur in each country in which we traveled. This was arranged for us by the American Express, and in this way we toured England, Holland, France, Belgium, and Germany. It was in the Fall of the year, and the big tourist rush was over. The country was at its best, with delightful weather most of the time. I was especially impressed by the scenery in England. It seemed to have almost a story-book beauty. The picturesque countryside, with clipped hedges and neat cottages, the kindly people, the air of peace and quiet only served to enhance this impression.

I guess it was only natural, too, that I enjoyed the Rhine country so much, with its wonderful old castles perched on high hills. One wondered how these massive structures were ever erected, mostly by hand, but there they stand, and will for years to come.

On one occasion we punctuated our trip with a visit to Hamburg. We were tired and hungry and ready for a good night's rest. I secured two large and comfortable rooms and told the maitre d' we would eat there, since we didn't feel like dressing for dinner in the dining salon.

I told him we were hungry and asked him what he could recommend that was especially appetizing. He mentioned chicken, lobster, and steak. I said: "Hold on, this is Hamburg. You surely must specialize in hamburger steaks." Imagine my amusement and astonishment when he and the manager wanted to know what hamburger was!

Germany was already in a political turmoil at that time. Everywhere there was evidence of Hitler's power and warlike preparations. At night groups of men with spades, instead of the guns forbidden by the treaty, would pass our hotel. Many roads had signs with "verboten" (forbidden) written across them. Strict discipline was in evidence everywhere as we looked on from the sidelines. The air was charged with the war spirit. Engineers were everywhere, surveying buildings, including breweries, for future war purposes.

When we were in Cologne, a huge three-day meeting was staged in the center of the city. There were pictures of Hitler everywhere, and all roads were blocked. Frantic flag waving went on amid continuous cheering. It was exciting, but menacing, and I didn't like any part of it. Although I was completely alien to the machinations of war, I couldn't help but see what was ahead. It was a sickening thought – to plunge the world into a second terrible war. I was never happier to get back home.

It is perhaps natural that being of German origin I liked German cooking best. However, I had always had the desire to eat at Simpson's on the Strand in London, because of its international reputation. We were staying next door at the Savoy Hotel, so I went to Simpson's for roast beef, as I had promised myself to do for a long time. It had been customary for this place to serve you an extra helping of the roast beef, without charge. Imagine my surprise when the waiter asked for two shillings more. That very day the charge for extra helpings went into effect, after over a hundred years of free "seconds." It seemed I hadn't picked the right day to visit Simpson's.

We also visited the well-known Cheshire Cheese Inn. In the rear of this inn, the famous Doctor Johnson had lived, and the house still remains standing. It's the inn where people from all over the world gather for lunch. You find your table easily, because the flag of your country is displayed in the center. The master of ceremonies there holds his job only as long as he is able to tell a story that nobody else in the room has heard before. You can be sure he bones up on all sorts of strange tales, not wanting to relinquish his important position. Should he be successfully challenged, champagne is served, on the house, throughout the day, and a new emcee is chosen. Needless to say, the

inn selects the very cleverest men they can find to act in this capacity. When we visited there, the master of ceremonies was a jovial Englishman of generous proportions. He served the first course, a hare soup, as is the custom, and the waiters served the rest of the meal. After it was over, the master of ceremonies told a story, and then a guessing contest got underway. If anyone could guess the size of the Cheshire cheese on display, the drinks were once more on the house. Paper and pen were passed around and everyone was asked to guess the weight of the cheese. No one did, so there were no free drinks that day.

Some years later when John Murray, Jack, and I visited London, we went again to the Cheshire Inn. A rather good-looking blonde barmaid waited on us, and promptly at ten o'clock she said: "Gentlemen, drink up, last call." I inquired if I could buy everyone in the room three large glasses of ale, and the answer was an emphatic "yes" from all present. This helped my popularity with the customers but not with the employees, I'm afraid. It seemed they could not put you out until you were through with your ale, and having three each – we were still going strong at closing time.

On our last trip, Mr. Nagle and I went back to London to the same inn. The girl behind the bar looked exactly like the one that had served us some twenty years before. I asked her whether it was her mother who had had the job before her. She said no, it had been she. There must be something in that English air that keeps people looking so young. Either that or their good English ale! We had our pictures taken at the inn on this occasion, and they were displayed, along with numerous others, behind the bar. A friend of mine visited there, saw the picture, and remarked he knew us. The barmaid retorted that we had sure given them a hard time there when we ordered all those extra drinks. What long memories some people have! I'd hoped by that time she'd forgiven us.

It was on this visit that we hired Francis Edward Moritz as a brew consultant. He was also consultant to the brewery owned by the King and Queen of England. He made many trips to America to advise us on brewing methods. The breweries in England are on a very substantial basis, and have outlets called "tied houses." They sell them everything – including soft drinks, wines, and whiskey. Licenses are hard to get, and if a brewery has a large number of licenses, they are practically in business forever. We learned quite a bit about beer making and the handling of beer in restaurants.

We visited the world-famous Bass Brewery, owned by the Guiness family and supposedly the largest brewery in the world. We were given

a wonderful reception there and presented with a bottle of sixty-five year old ale brewed by King Edward the Seventh, which I still have. Upon the coronation of a new king, it is customary for him to supervise the brewing of one batch of ale, thereafter known as the "King's Ale." We signed the visitor's book on the same page with the Prince of Sweden and the Prince of Wales. We were tendered a champagne luncheon by the heads of the brewery. Here I arranged to purchase some huge casks from a cooper shop formerly belonging to the Bass Brewery, along with a Burton ale fermenting outfit. This I had erected at our brewery, and we stored the ale in the cask containing the original flavor of the Bass Ale, of which there is no finer. This ale we called "Stratford." As it happened, we were way ahead of our time, and in a couple of years decided to discontinue making that ale. Now that I look back, we should have kept on, because the taste of the American public was changing, and I'm sure that Stratford Ale would have been a big seller today.

Before leaving London we all purchased costumes to be worn at a party we planned to give soon after our return home. It was a lot of fun to select them, because we knew our guests would be expecting something out of the ordinary, and we didn't want to disappoint them. John Murray bought a Scotch kilt uniform, but I won't say how he looked in it. Jack chose an Ascot suit, including a high grey hat to top it off, and he looked quite sharp in it. I selected a deer hunting outfit for myself and looked the way Louie Wehle would in a deer hunting outfit! We wore them on our return home and took quite a bit of kidding, but we didn't mind, since it was all part of the fun. We did find occasion to use them a number of times thereafter.

I should also mention that before we went abroad on this trip, a party was given in our honor at the Genesee Valley Club, and we decided to give everyone gifts and postcards then instead of sending them from Europe. They received some great gifts! One was awning material for a sports coat. Another was old pieces of dried-up cheese, supposedly from England. Then there was an English hare, which was nothing but domestic American rabbit. Best of all, though, was a multi-colored duck that was literally out of this world. We dyed one wing red, another yellow, and his body a bright green! This duck was put in Tom Nagle's car, and when he got home and opened the back, the duck flew out. The next morning his yardman came running into the house and excitedly told Tom Nagle about the funniest, strangest duck he had ever seen running around the yard, with feathers like a rainbow. Just what should he do about it? Tom Nagle went along with the joke, kept a straight

face, and told him to breed it and become famous. As it happened, the first rain washed the dye off the duck, and he turned out to be a pure white, plain ordinary duck!

I had always wanted to go to South America, but Tom had heard of some Nagle Mountains in Ireland and had an idea his folks had had something to do with them.... so to Ireland we went, via London. In the latter place we hired a large car with a liveried chauffeur and drove around the Emerald Isle in great style. Ireland is one of the most beautiful countries I have ever seen, and it certainly lives up to its reputation. The country is so peaceful and the people so polite and willing to help you at every turn you can't help but appreciate it all. I really fell in love with the country, and I can easily see why so many Irish in America long to see it again. When so many people are homesick for a place, you may be sure there are good reasons. Everything is a fresh, brilliant green—the fields, bushes, hedges, even the trees along the highways. There are so many beautiful lakes at unexpected places; hills and low mountains—with every mile affording new vistas of beauty and peace.

We actually found the Nagle Mountains in the South of Ireland, and we also visited an estate where some of Tom's people had formerly lived. The house by this time had been burned down during the Irish Revolution, as they had been considered English sympathizers.

The countless small farms are beautifully kept and every available inch of soil is worked to the limit. Ireland is really a little bit of Heaven, even if it is perhaps a little too cool and damp for American tastes. One does see poverty everywhere, but it doesn't have that run-down hopeless look one sees in some places in our own country.

In Ireland we were again entertained by the officials of the Bass Brewery. They simply didn't seem to be able to do enough for us. We were given a fine champagne dinner which was thoroughly enjoyed by us all. The men there had many connections in our country, because, as you know, we have more Irish in America in proportion to Ireland, than any other country in the world.

The Irish have been lovers of dogs since the beginning of their history, and no country has lavished greater devotion to this "friend of man." Their kennels are very interesting places to visit, and I only wished we had more time to go the rounds. Tom bought an Irish Setter and I a Retriever and Pointer, each of which won in field trials, both in England and Ireland, and were magnificent animals.

We were impressed by the large number of "pubs" in Ireland and

the many betting places everywhere. At that time there was very little industry, as we know it, although I hear that has changed somewhat in the past ten years. At that time we saw no radio – nor, of course, television – stations, no powerhouses except a few that burned peat for fuel. Every weekday morning the roads were lined with little one-horse, two-wheel carts that carried milk to the creameries nearby. After it is delivered, the farmer usually stops off at his favorite pub for a little refreshment.

There were few tractors, but don't think for a minute that affects the Irish bacon. It is absolutely the most delicious I have ever eaten, bar none. The reason is that they allow their hogs to grow five or six hundred pounds, and they cure the bacon with peat moss, which imparts a marvelous flavor.

I hired two Irishmen to work on my farm, as I could see they were hard workers and seemed to want to come to America. However, it didn't work out too well for them. I would have kept them, because they were fine, steady men, and were quick to catch on to our ways.

But they longed for the Irish countryside and could not seem to adapt themselves to our faster ways, so they soon returned home. They admired America, but it was too much for them, and in a way I couldn't blame them.

While we were stopping at the Hibernia Hotel in Dublin, I saw Tom over in the corner of the lobby talking to an old English couple. Tom is the friendly type and enjoyed talking to anyone who seemed ready for a bit of a chat. I walked over to see if I could get him away from this couple without embarrassment, and he introduced them as the Duke and Duchess of Athol. Being a bit suspicious that a real Duke and Duchess would talk to a stranger, I felt convinced that they were passing themselves off as royalty. I asked a passing headwaiter, and he confirmed it – they were the Duke and Duchess of Athol, with the bluest blood in all of Ireland .... so Tom had the laugh on me.

I should not forget to say, as a final reminiscence on Ireland, that on the way over we were fortunate enough to win several boat pools, so we made enough money to pay for all of our expenses. We returned with the feeling that we had really "gotten our money's worth," no matter how you looked at it. We were even received by the Mayor of Dublin, a very genial and hospitable gentleman. He had visited in the United States, and when we were there, we called his office and said we would like to drop in and say hello. It sure takes the Irish to put on a good show. The Lord Mayor received us in full regalia at Government House,

no less. He had hung a heavy gold chain around his neck, with the emblem of Mayor conspicuously on it, and we were both flattered and impressed. He treated us to a glass of Irish Mist, and upon our leaving, he presented us with a bottle of famous Irish liquor, which I still have at home and prize highly.

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Here's a dog story I think may amuse you, although perhaps it wasn't so amusing when it happened. Governor Harriman's wife, Maria, is a very gracious lady with great tact. It happened that she presented Mrs. Wehle with a wire-haired Dachshund, a son of a male and female she had purchased in France, and a dog with quite a pedigree. The Governor assured me that this dog was housebroken and that we would have no trouble with him. It seemed when we reached home, however, that this was not the case. The Governor knew it, but the dog did not. I sent him to a dog trainer, but upon his return we found his manners were no better than before. That winter, Governor and Mrs. Harriman invited us to a small cocktail party at their lovely Hobe Sound, Florida, home. We decided to take along the dog, inasmuch as his father and mother were going to be there, and the dogs could have a great time running around the big living room. While we were talking, the Governor suddenly grabbed me by the arm and said: "Look, Louie, see what that dog of yours is doing." I looked, and the dog had conveniently lifted his leg on the heaviest fringed chair in the living room. I said: "Governor, don't worry, remember you told me the dog was housebroken." However, our host had to ring for the butler to bring in a mop and dry up the chair and surrounding territory. So even dogs from the very best surroundings and with the longest pedigrees don't always live up to their supposed reputations, it seems.

You may recall I mentioned how our families got together on Sundays. On this particular day I have in mind there were twelve of us. My two sons were discussing a billboard that Anheuser-Busch Brewing Company had just put out. After considerable discussion, Penny, my "middle" granddaughter, turned to me with her big brown eyes extra wide and said: "Gramps, what does Anheuser-Busch make?" I said: "Penny, they make beer." She asked in astonishment: "What, is there another beer besides Genesee?"

Back in the thirties, we decided to visit every corner of the country, all in one year, and we did just that. Taking my family with me, we traveled from Florida to Maine to Washington, Oregon, Southern California, into Mexico, and even included a trip through the Grand Canyon.

We gained a first-hand understanding of the greatness of our country, its potentialities, its great power, the kind of people who inhabit it, and why it is the one spot on this earth where one may live at peace with himself. I am sure we were better Americans for this on-the-spot experience.

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This happened when I was quite young, when we lived on Gibbs Street in Rochester. Right opposite us lived an elderly man, and it was his invariable custom to get out his garden hose and sprinkle the lawn and his flowers during a rain storm, hard as it is to believe. He claimed that the rain was no good for vegetation, and he wanted to dilute this injurious rain as much as possible. Of course, everyone knew the exact opposite was true, but you couldn't convince the old gentleman.

It was our custom for many years to go to the Kentucky Derby. Each year about twelve couples went along, and we always had a great time. We generally carried our own food, drinks, and an extra bartender and used two private Pullmans. On one such occasion we all crowded on the bus at Louisville we had arranged for our party. Just as we did, Don Dailey suggested that I give each of them their own Derby tickets, so as to avoid bother later on. I was dumbfounded. I asked, "What tickets?" Don said he had seen them in my desk drawer at home. I told him I had news for him. They were still in my desk drawer! You can imagine how everyone reacted to that and how stupid I felt that I had made such a terrible mistake. As luck would have it, though, we knew a brewer in Louisville, and we took our troubles to him. He told us that there was only one set of tickets printed, and the only way the thing could be worked out was to have the tickets printed again. He contacted the race track people whom he knew, and they arranged to start the printing press especially for us and print us a duplicate set of tickets. We also had to deposit the money that the original tickets had cost and have the original tickets in their hands before we left Louisville. Of course, we were glad to comply with this reasonable request, feeling pretty lucky that we could get around what seemed like an insurmountable obstacle. We saw the races, but you may be sure I took a lot of kidding. I shudder to think what they would have done to me if we could not have entered the track. I can't say we were all as lucky at winning, but that might be another story.

Russ Walker, a salesman from Buffalo who sold us flour, was a great friend of mine in the old days, and still is. Russ was a shrewd salesman, a very good bridge player and a delightful companion. We

took many a trip together, and I enjoyed his company. Many times we included wives, and they were also great friends. He eventually bought a summer home we had built at Wilson, New York. He now lives in Louisville and represents the Steuben Glass Company.

Another good friend I like to recall is Wes Marksen. Before he died he was the treasurer of the city of Syracuse. He was a fine fellow – good-looking, with a charm that made him many friends. He had a tremendous sense of humor, and I laughed practically all of the time when we were together. You always felt better after you had been with Wes, so it's no wonder he was so popular. He made people forget their troubles, and that's a great trait, to my way of thinking. He joined me in a brewery venture in Syracuse, and for a time he was the sales manager. Unfortunately, he died entirely too early, at around forty years of age.

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Since 1929 we have been visiting Florida. The state was just emerging from one of the greatest land booms in history. People from all over the country, and even the world, had been speculating in Florida real estate. It became a national mania. Towns were laid out, sidewalks and roads were built at great expense, and everybody got ready to make a lot of money. In this country we don't do things by halves. When we speculate, we go overboard. If one man opens a successful business, or perhaps strikes it rich, others flock to the scene ready to cash in on the big profits. That is what we call "free enterprise," and it has made our country prosper. But there are also drawbacks. In Florida people lost and made fortunes on paper, without hardly a dollar passing hands many times. Your property would be worth so much in the morning and twice as much in the afternoon. You invested in ground without seeing it, just from a blue print, only to find out it was under water. Papers all over the country carried lurid advertising proclaiming the wonders of Florida, its climate and its potentials – the last frontier, it was called. Real estate offices and individual salesmen sprouted all over the place and in the most unlikely places. High-price publicity men were hired from the north to boost the merits of their special subdivisions with all sorts of glamorous names. Even the famous William Jennings Bryan extolled the virtues of Coral Gables, a suburb of Miami, and the excitement in that area was at fever pitch for some time. This could last only a few years, and then, of course, the inevitable happened. The bubble burst, and all those wonderful dreams faded. Thousands of people woke up to find themselves with property that was now worth almost nothing. Those who had the capital and foresight made invest-

ments at that time, and they reaped fortunes later on. It took a good ten years for Florida to get over that spree, and evidences of it lasted much longer. There are still ghost towns today in some parts of Florida, where you can see weed-covered roads, cracked sidewalks and old broken-down buildings where once a booming city was planned. As close as Lake Park, just north of West Palm Beach, you can see the wide streets laid out during the boom period. Fortunately, this place is now growing rapidly and on a substantial basis, but it was a ghost town for some years. Even with all of that, though, Florida did come back, and now is one of our fastest-growing states, but on a solid basis that brings reasonable prosperity to its owners. There have been other land booms in this country, but I think Florida beat them all.

On our first visit in 1929 we visited the West Coast, and then later on the famous East Coast, especially that strip called "the Gold Coast," stretching from Palm Beach to Miami. Henry Flagler had made Palm Beach famous, and today his magnificent mansion there has become a museum. It was considered one of the finest private residences in all the world, but he did not live very long to enjoy it.

We have owned various houses. We owned one at Miami Beach. We built a beautiful one on South County Road in Palm Beach, and then sold it after occupying it for two years. Then we built a large house in Stuart. After three years of occupying this home, we donated it to the Jesuits and purchased a cooperative apartment at 455 Worth Avenue in Palm Beach, which is our present winter headquarters in the South. These cooperatives have grown tremendously popular in the last five years. They fulfill a long-felt need – a place to live in you can call your own, without all of the trouble and work of maintaining grounds, all of which is very expensive in Florida.

I am willing to admit the Florida sunshine holds a great attraction for me, but perhaps its greatest charm to an old fisherman is the fresh and salt water angling you can enjoy down there. Of course everybody knows about the wonderful "river that flows into the sea," the Gulf-stream. It's one of the finest places in the world to do some plain and fancy fishing. This stream flows closest to the North American continent directly opposite Palm Beach – and it varies from two to five miles off shore. The water seldom goes below 70 degrees, even in winter, and in the warm summer months sometimes touches the low nineties. I have fished there many times, catching sail, marlin, grouper, mackerel, king, dolphin, trout, shook, pompano, and many others, including shark and even turtles. Lake Okeechobee, second largest fresh water

lake in our country, is the home of the big mouth bass, and many men enjoy going over there for a change since it's not far from the Palm Beaches.

At Stuart, about twenty-five miles north of West Palm Beach, I purchased three hundred acres on the St. Lucie River, which also boasts excellent fishing grounds. This place of mine was partly in citrus groves, and the balance in hammock. After the house was built, I had great fun shoving back the wilderness with huge bulldozers, logging the pine on the high ground, building canals to drain the land, and making ponds for fishing. This was real work, because Florida has to be cleared before you can make it productive. There is a great deal of sand, and the soil is not naturally rich except in the Everglades where the rich mud-like soil produces great winter vegetable crops. I released several thousand big mouth bass and breem, and they sure multiplied. Within two years we had a lot of fun catching them. The canals attracted alligators, turtles, and snakes. Many a rattler was killed, some coming close to the house. I had four houses on this place—a caretaker's, a manager's, the main house, and the beachcomber's shack. This was the first structure I built on the place. That's where the boys and I used to sleep on our fishing trips to the plantation, as I called the place. Often the grandchildren would urge us to stay at the beachcomber's shack rather than at the South County Road house or even the new house on the plantation. Children love informality. They are not impressed by fancy surroundings, and would much rather relax and enjoy themselves where they don't have to be careful of what they do and what they touch. I can't blame them, and it's a healthy trait. When you get away from the artificial things of our civilization, you usually feel better. At least, most men and boys feel that way about it. It is perhaps a good thing that the women have different ideas, otherwise we probably would not have become civilized at all.

This plantation in Stuart had once been the center of an excellent citrus grove, but it had gone to seed, and the grass was head high. Things do grow that rapidly in Florida, and if you don't keep things up, land soon gets out of hand. The jungle creeps in, and it becomes as it used to be before men cleared it. I planted new citrus trees and enjoyed the challenge immensely. It was like pioneering all over again, and that has always appealed to me. My old friend, John Woggan, who was the head cake baker of the Wehle Baking Company and who'd retired, came down to take charge. I believe he enjoyed the work as much as I did. He was the man who knew what work was.

I remember on one occasion we had a big beefsteak party at the shack and brought the guests up on the Yacht Genesee III. We came ashore, and I broiled steaks for about twenty-five people. Betts was there with the children, and Teddy was fishing off the pier I had built in front of the shack. He caught a big jack and was he the proud youngster! He found a piece of rope that must have been about an inch thick, succeeded in getting one end through the gills of the fish, and then proceeded to drag his prize catch a number of times through the house to be sure all would see and admire it. Everything went along fine until the fish had lain in the hot sun for a couple of hours and began to get pretty "anti-social." Teddy still insisted on dragging it through the house until we finally put a stop to it.

This Stuart property turned out to be an excellent investment. Besides disposing of the house and property, plus what I had already sold to a developer, the price totaled a half a million dollars – and all this, mind you, from a $35,000 investment. I was fortunate to hire as my attorney Senator Evans Crary of Stuart, who incidentally was the youngest Speaker of the Assembly in the history of Florida. A very brilliant man, he became a good friend of mine. We entered into various business deals together, all of which turned out to our advantage. He has a keen sense of humor and is very popular. In turn, he is a wise counselor. Everything I ever bought through his advice was sold at a profit. I look forward to spending at least four months of the year under that Florida sun. I believe it has a lot to do with maintaining my good health. If I can make a dollar here and there, that won't hurt my health a bit, either.

One time we rented a house in Palm Beach. It was on Clarke Avenue, a large house, but with no central heating. When you have been in Florida as many times as I have, you learn that you experience chilly spells once in a while, and they can last for some time. They can be mighty uncomfortable, especially in those houses without the right heat. We leased this large, cold house for one year and the following year we moved to Golden Beach to a very fine house right on the ocean. Then the time came when we thought we should build a house on South County Road, opposite the beautiful Everglades Club golf course. This was a beautiful home in the French provincial manner, decorated in light pastel shades with handsome furniture to match. It proved a bit too fine for us, with the grandchildren romping around, so we disposed of it.

I took my grandsons out fishing in Florida many times, especially before they went to school, and we had some wonderful times. I remember once when we caught nearly one hundred Spanish mackerel, and the

boys were in "Seventh Heaven." This fish, by the way, is one of the tastiest caught in those waters and is very popular commercially. We had a picture taken of this huge catch, and I'm sure my grandsons will prize it as long as they live.

Once while fishing with Bill Harrison off Palm Beach, in 1958, we were lucky enough to run into a big school of dolphin and, as I recall, we boated about thirty-six of them. They are very fast fish and excellent fighters.

Last year I flew to Grand Bahama and then took a jeep south about sixty-five miles to a place called Deep Water Cay. The lodge there is like a beautiful Palm Beach place, with fine furnishings and sleeping quarters apart from the main residence. Here, fishing in two hours, I exhausted all the tackle and lost a number of good-size fish, much to my disgust. They took the bait and swam away with it as the lines were not heavy enough to hold them. I am not going to give up, though, and plan to try again next year with heavier tackle.

One time I arranged to go to Bimini for marlin and sailfish. At that time we had the 75-footer which had formerly belonged to George Ruppert, of the brewery with the same name. On the very first day at Bimini, I caught and boated one white marlin. Jack, several years later, hooked and boated three blue marlin that weighed, I believe, twelve hundred pounds all told. One of these was the second best blue marlin caught up to that time. I made several other trips to Bimini, accompanied by Don Dailey, Fred Huberlie , Tom Nagle, and my son, Jack. We always had a lot of fun, because we liked the same things, and when you get a congenial bunch of men together, you have the makings of some pretty wonderful times. Bimini, by the way, was rum-running headquarters during the Prohibition era, and I'm sure there were some pretty exciting encounters with the authorities in those hectic days. Now all is peaceful and quiet, and the sun and sea have taken over. Bimini is only a few short miles east of Palm Beach. I remember on one occasion the sand flies caused us a great deal of discomfort. I don't think I'm exaggerating when I say that some of the men were bitten as many as four thousand times. I recall telephoning Miami SOS, telling them to send over a half dozen of the biggest bottles of Absorbine, Jr. on the next plane. My so-called order arrived the next day – six sample bottles. It was enough for about one application per man. After that we had to use alcohol, as the men were in pretty serious condition. Some of them had sores for four months after. So you see, everything isn't always peaches and cream – even in Bimini.

On another occasion I had Frank Martin as my guest. After we spent several days fishing in Bimini, we decided to return to Florida. I still had the 75-footer. On our way back we got caught in a severe storm. It was really king-size. I was mighty thankful when we finally docked at the custom's office on the mainland.

Several years later, I had a steel Dutch-built yacht. Here again, on our way back from Bimini to Palm Beach, we ran into a storm. This time I was sure we were going down. Between the waves and the wind we felt pretty helpless, in spite of the fact that we had a beautifully-built craft, made to stand almost anything. I remember standing on the deck holding on for dear life to one of the masts, and praying that we would be able to make it. The boat got into the trough of the sea and did not have power enough to get out of it immediately. I tell you, we had a few bad moments then. Jim Langford, brother of Frances Langford, was the captain of the boat on that trip, and a mighty good one at that. He handled the boat perfectly, and I was sure grateful we had him along. When we reached home, I decided to put a larger engine in the boat, but it was not practical, so I looked around for another boat.

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During the last World War we operated a distillery on Exchange Street in Rochester. It was formerly called the Rochester Distilling Company, and it was about two-thirds completed when we took over. It had never functioned before we took over, and we completed it by taking equipment from the old brewery in Syracuse, as well as from Genesee, and tying the various units together, we operated as best we could. At that time, machinery and other equipment could not be obtained due to government restrictions. After purchasing a still that formerly was in the hands of bootleggers on an island in the St. Clair River, we remodeled everything and got under way. It was a losing proposition at the onset, but as time went on it made us some money. Eventually, we became so efficient and productive, that the people in Washington admired our efforts – especially as we were operating with more or less non-descript equipment. For that reason, it was recommended by the powers that be in the Pentagon that we rate a Navy "E." At a meeting of the board consisting, I believe, of eight men, all voted for this award except one "dry" admiral who said that under no circumstances should a Navy "E" be awarded a brewery. This was pretty heartbreaking for us, because we felt we had made a valuable contribution to the cause. I therefore asked George Kelly, former Congressman from our district, to intercede and arrange a meeting. George had been with us in an

official capacity for some years – a valuable adviser and close friend of mine. I wanted to be able to state our case personally before President Truman, and George arranged it. He accompanied me to Washington to make all the necessary arrangements. When we were passed and OK'd by the "G Men" and members of President Truman's staff, we were finally ushered into his office at the White House. I explained, rather heatedly, our cause for complaint. It certainly fell on sympathetic ears, I must say. He repeated over and over, "I'll take care of it, Wehle." I pointed out that over fifty per cent of our entire output was going to the military, and that fact seemed to impress him. His last remark to me was: "Don't worry, Wehle, somebody is going to get a good kick in the pants for this." But in all honesty, and for the record, I must report that even the President of the United States could not sway that "dry" admiral, and we never got our Navy "E."

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Here's a little personal incident that may be amusing now, but sure didn't strike me as such when it happened. Some years ago my doctor decided that I should go to the hospital to get a few shots of penicillin before I had some teeth extracted. I went to the hospital and got the shots as ordered. On the third morning, promptly at seven o'clock, I awoke to find two nurses standing alongside my bed, one on each side, and they looked as though they meant business. I said: "Hey, what's going on here?" They told me to take it easy – everything would be all right. They waited until two more nurses came and then, between the four of them, they pulled me over on to a stretcher and wheeled me to the operating room, where they again transferred me to an operating table. By this time, I felt like a trapped animal. One was adjusting the lights, and every time I started to protest, they would tell me to "please be quiet." Finally they put some sand bags around me and got the gas out, preparatory to putting me out. I said: "What in H--- is going on here? This is no way to have your teeth pulled out." One of the nurses said: "Teeth pulled out? We're going to take out your gall bladder." "Like H--- you are," I shouted, and I began to yell for my doctor. The head nurse came running in and wanted to know what the trouble was. I explained that I was in the hospital to have some teeth extracted, not to have my gall bladder removed. She stopped everything and returned to look at my chart. She was terribly sorry they had made a mistake, but they would have been sorrier if they had gone through with it. As I was taken from the room I still kept yelling for my dentist, Dr. Pammenter. He came in, and shortly thereafter Dr. Drysdale arrived on the scene,

and they wanted to know what had happened. I told them I'd tell them what didn't happen, and that was that I still had my gall bladder, no thanks to the hospital. I hope you can extract a little amusement from this now, but at the time it didn't seem very funny to me.

My reminiscences would not be complete without another mention of Bill Harrison, who was assistant sales manager at Genesee for a good many years. He came with us almost at the start and always had the knack of making fast friends with our distributors. Anyone engaged in the brewing business knows how important that is to the success of the business. You may brew an excellent beer, but unless you have the right men to distribute it, you're laboring under a great handicap. Bill not only was a first-class picker of men, but I believe in some cases he confidentially financed some of them if they showed unusual promise. He was a great help in many ways, giving them practical advice, encouraging the beginners, and even helped them in setting up their books and getting their operations in first-class shape. Bill made a wonderful record, and he can be proud of his contributions, many times beyond the line of duty. In due time, Bill retired and bought a home in Florida. Even today, though, I still rely on him for help in running my properties down there. I consult him freely about the brewing business also, because he has never gotten out of touch with things, and I am sure he will always retain his interest as long as he is with us. When I am in Florida, he and I get together quite often, and we have remained fast friends over all these years. I wish there were more men like him – life would be even nicer than it is now for me.

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Prior to the election of 1955, Dick Balch, Chairman of the State Democratic Committee, and I sat in Governor Harriman's living room of his town house in New York City. We were discussing the campaign then under way, and Harriman waxed enthusiastic about his recent trip to Syracuse. He mentioned to Dick that his reception had been most gratifying, with a big, enthusiastic crowd, and they had applauded him repeatedly. He turned to Dick and said: "You should have been along, Dick, it would have done your heart good." Surprised, Dick said: "Wait a minute. Who sat alongside you all the way to Syracuse, next to you at the meeting there, and then came back to New York with you?" "Oh," Harriman said, "That's right, you were along." Which goes to prove that even governors don't always have the best of memories.

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Some years ago Dewey Hill, a friend of mine, heard me say that

Herbert Hoover had not made a good president, and that in particular I didn't particularly care for him, because he had opposed the return of beer. Dewey pointed out to me that I really didn't know the man – that he was different today. Dewey suggested that arrangements should be made for me to meet him. I called on Mr. Hoover in his suite at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York and spent half an hour with him. When I left him, I had gained an entirely different picture of the man. I found him to be a great humanitarian, an American of no mean ability, and one who was trying to do good for all of us. I almost – but not quite – forgave him for his famous statement that prohibition was a "noble experiment."

And to do Mr. Hoover even greater justice, he is a man who has grown in stature through the years since his presidency. His experience and wisdom have always been at the disposal of his country, so that he now holds a unique place in the regard and admiration of his fellow Americans. Some years ago he was asked to make an exhaustive study of our government operation to see whether greater economies could be suggested. He made a notable contribution in this difficult field, without compensation, and many of his recommendations have already been put into effect in the elimination of wasteful practices and overlapping departments.

It is a pleasure to pay this tribute to a great American, even if I didn't vote for him.

Reminiscences! I could go on indefinitely, but now I must stop. I have jumped all over the place – back and forth over the years – here and there. There has been so much to see – so much to do – so much to learn. I have had a lot of fun, and in my family, my business, and my friends I have lived the kind of life that has appealed to me. I am grateful for that.

Perhaps over the years I have trod on some toes, as I know some people have stepped on mine. As you grow older, these things begin to assume less importance in your eyes. I hope that at last I am old and mature enough to let bygones be bygones – that is the way I should like it to be.

Reminiscences! The past links with the present, and the present with the future in the endless march of time. What we cannot control and what is beyond our knowledge and strength must be left to the One who is greater than we!

CHAPTER 12

What Others Say In Print

It is always interesting to see what others think of us, especially when they say it in print. Perhaps it is not always flattering, but helps you see yourself as others see you.

But even when others talk about you in print, they naturally do not always put into the printed word what they may say to you face to face, and that works both ways. It has been my experience in life to meet a great many people of all kinds. And it is only natural that I have made different impressions on different people. Many times one thinks that he has projected himself in one way only to discover that it has turned out quite differently.

One of the traits for which America is well known is its lack of reverence for many people and institutions. We have a tendency to do a great deal of kidding. This is frequently done to hide our true feelings, and has a certain therapeutic effect on us. Americans love a joke, both about others and about themselves. To be known as a man who can't take it, is to place one pretty low on the totem pole of popularity. In a typical American business office you hear a great deal of joking, and that has had a tendency to keep us from becoming stuffed shirts and taking ourselves too seriously. To be taken down a peg every so often has a tendency to keep our egos where they belong, well within control.

In this chapter you will see that a good many subjects and activities have been touched upon. This is to give a cross-section of the thinking of others about me. I cannot say that I always agree with them, but that is beside the point. What is most important is that here are all kinds of people who have put into print, things about a fellow traveler. And that is as it should be. It is a practical demonstration of the way our democracy works. That is one thing Europeans notice very quickly when they first become acquainted with the give and take of American life. At first they are shocked at the first-name calling one hears even in the more dignified offices. They have been brought up otherwise, and they see in it a lack of proper dignity and decorum. But after they look below the surface of their first impressions they discover that this is an indication of the spirit that makes our country so unique. Here we

are rich, progressive and with many traits that make for greatness. But with all that, we manage to keep our sense of proportion, realize that no one is supreme in this scheme of life and no one is immune to criticism.

Perhaps you will get a better picture of me if you read these excerpts from a presentation that was made in November of 1959 at the Saints and Sinners annual dinner. It was all in the spirit of fun.

Each year the Saints and Sinners, a group of city and area businessmen and civic leaders, turn the proceeds of this annual luncheon to three charities encompassing the three faiths – Catholic, Jewish and Protestant. So the purpose of all the joking and partying is a very worthwhile one.

What went on there will give you a typical example of the ego-deflation technique that is so popular in this country. If a man accomplishes anything at all he often becomes the target of ribald remarks, many in pure fun, many in actual admiration, yet underlaid with truth that helps give it a balance and purpose in a dressing that is palatable to all except the most serious-minded.

What you will read is the creation of a certain gentleman by the name of Les Kramer. The mere fact that he and I are still friends illustrates exactly what I mean about all this. Les is a man with a deft hand at the King's English, and he hasn't spared the horses in this instance. Needless to say I enjoyed it immensely. I thought it pretty wonderful that any man of Les's stature, and that a group like the Saints and Sinners' would take the time and trouble to use me as their target. I am grateful to them all, even if some of the remarks do not show the proper respect!

And this is how it goes:

"Louse Biography of Fall Guy Louis A. Wehle."

"The gentlemen who organized this luncheon today had one purpose in mind – to pay homage to a citizen of Rochester who is known – far and wide – as a patriot – statesman – philanthropist – and a humanitarian. Unfortunately, the louse* backed* out on us – and we had to settle for a part-time beer salesman. (*Words cleaned up slightly.)

"Look at him: Louis A. Wehle: The oldest "nature boy" this side of Albany. Take away his moustache, and what have you got? ––– KHRUSHCHEV!

"Well, as long as we're stuck with him this far, we might as well go through the rest of the routine – and make believe that his life story is worth listening to.

"Lou Wehle was born, here in Rochester, on the twenty-second day

of September, in the year 1889. That would make him now – let's see – thirty-nine years old.

"His papa, John Wehle, was superintendent of the old Bartholomay Brewery on St. Paul Street. Lou had two older brothers and two younger brothers, none of whom ever became controversial.

"He did the usual things a lot of other Rochester kids did in those days of the Gay Nineties – attended Public School No. 14 – had a newspaper route – delivered flowers for E. R. Fry – and was graduated with smiles of pride from his family and sighs of relief from his teachers.

"Then followed a spell of High School – old East High – where he is remembered only as having joined the Theta Pi fraternity.

"It was during his high school days – while he was in that stage of life between infancy and adultery – that we first find Lou Wehle mixed up in politics. He made an election bet on the Democrats to win, but they double-crossed him. They lost. His school chum, who later became Judge O'Connor, had to be paid off. O'Connor sat himself down in a wheelbarrow, and Lou proceeded to wheel him from the New York Central Station down Central Avenue up to Main Street, down Main Street to the Democratic-Chronicle Building, and back to the New York Central Station. They were accompanied by a troupe of kids in clown costumes – whooping and hollering and capering about. As the procession turned into Main Street from Central Avenue, a couple of older folks happened to come along – Mr. John Wehle and his good wife Elizabeth – the parents of the boy who was pushing the wheelbarrow. Said Mrs. Wehle, and we quote: 'THANK GOD NONE OF OUR BOYS ARE THAT FOOLISH.' End quote. Wait five seconds for a look of recognition, and then: 'MY GOD – IT'S LOUIE.' End of quotation and beginning of punishment for Louie.

"Just to prove that pride goeth before a fall, O'Connor also got into trouble – because the bottom of the wheelbarrow was lined with tar – and when O'Connor got up the seat of his pants did not.

"That was the beginning of a life-long distrust of anything Republican by Louis A. Wehle.

"We have other reports about his activities in those days – we're going back to 1905, mind you – Lou Wehle sneaking into saloons to to chisel the free lunch – working as a dispenser of soft drinks – or what everybody else would call a "soda jerk" – at Kleinhan's Drug Store on Gorham Street – and it was there that he met the lovely Elizabeth Raab. It was love at first sight between the brewmaster's boy and the Bavarian beauty. He proposed to her five times. She turned him

five times. She turned him down four times. The fifth time he proposed MARRIAGE – and she accepted. After a whirlwind courtship of ten years, they became man and wife.

"But – before that – he had to establish himself in the world. He studied at the old Mechanics' Institute – now known as Rochester Institute of Technology – or perhaps they studied HIM – and gave up. Then he decided to become an attorney. He figured that with a name like 'Louis A. Wehle' – initials 'L' – 'A' – 'W' – it would be a natural. A session in the office of Hotchkiss & Tuck convinced all of them to the contrary. 'Louis', said old Andrew Tuck as he shoved our hero out the door – 'Louis, you strike me as a man who wants to make money fast. You're in the wrong business. The law is too slow! Our Louie took the hint.

"We next find him in New York City, a member of the graduating class of the National Brewers' Academy – and again a fraternity man. This time it wasn't Phi Beta Kappa – it was TAPP A KEGGA LAGER.

"Back to Rochester and a job as Assistant Brewmaster at Bartholomay. Four years later he became Brewmaster of the old Genesee Brewery – and the following year he moved to the Lang Brewery in Buffalo.

"In 1919 the so-called 'noble experiment' closed down his industry and he had to find another way to earn a living. We find him mixed up with the Thrift Grocery Stores – then starting in the bakery business – the door-to-door delivery of bread – and then a big shot in a chain of bakeries reaching from Rochester to Milwaukee.

"In October of 1929 there occurred the greatest financial disaster of our times – the crash of the Wall Street stock market. Millions of people went to the cleaners. But not our Louie. By keen business sense, by magnificent foresight, and by stepping into horse manure for luck, Lou Wehle had sold out to the Hathaway Bakeries for one million and three hundred and sixteen thousand honest full-value low-tax American dollars exactly six months before the roof fell in on Wall Street.

"The lesson of this is obvious. Follow his advice in business – and ignore it in politics.

"With all the loot from the bakery deal – Lou was sitting pretty. But something was bothering him. He was, after all, basically a beer-maker, and he wanted to get back to his original racket. He got his chance in 1932, when F. D. R. won the election with a strong Repeal plank in the Democratic platform.

"This sounded like the knock of opportunity at the door of Lou

Wehle. He figured the odds and decided that Prohibition was on the way out, and that the populace would clamor for the strong beer of the good old days. Quietly – VERY quietly – he bought the site of the old Genesee Brewery. He assembled machinery and the people to run it, and began to get ready for the great day. No, he didn't do all this by himself – or with all his own money. He had a group of associates in the deal with him.

"Repeal became effective on April the 7th, 1933. On April 26th he threw a party at the new Genesee Brewery, invited 400 guests and received four THOUSAND. The next day – April 27 – his horse-drawn wagons were out on the streets of Rochester, delivering the beer to slake the thirst that had been building up for thirteen years.

"But Lou Wehle was more than a businessman – he has a touch of the showman about him. Many of you will recall his most famous advertisement – a gay brewery wagon – drawn by a team of twelve magnificent draft horses. Those twelve horses not only WORKED for him – many people suspected they actually WERE the brewery.

"At any rate, the enterprise is a pretty solid success – there are only twenty-two breweries bigger than Genesee in the entire United States – and the man who built it is Lou Wehle – with his magic formula – add 4 percent to 96 percent Lake Hemlock.

"The brewery runs an annual fishing tournament with some five thousand dollars in prizes. This contest is on the level – but the fishing tackle is rigged.

"Which gets us off the subject of Wehle the businessman and on to the subject of Wehle the sportsman. The guy is absolutely NUTS a-hunting and fishing. Arizona and New Mexico for mountain lion – South Dakota for pheasants – Canada for ducks and moose – Bimini for marlin – Stuart for sailfish – Catherine's Creek for trout – Cape Vincent for bass – you name it, he's after it. He is also a member of two Indian tribes, but there is a closed season on shooting them. If they have another open season on Indians, the first license will be issued to the New York State Power Authority, Mr. Robert Moses.

"Your Wehle Investigating Committee has received numerous stories about the Fall Guy. They all sound pretty much alike.

"And now we take up the career of Louis A. Wehle, the politician. The record shows that he was a delegate to every Democratic National Convention since 1940 – to the last eight State conventions – Chairman of two of them – in other words – always a delegate, never a candidate.

"Although Bill Posner is the ACTUAL head of the Democratic machine in Rochester, Lou Wehle is the TITULAR head. By that we mean that they always come sucking around him for dough when there's a deficit. Lou Wehle is not the TREASURER – he's the TREASURY – the nipples on the party chest.

"However, he also contributes quietly to the Republications, because – well, you never know – look what happened with a heavy registration – a close vote – and a determined man with a screwdriver.

"Now we come to Wehle, the Statesman. Going from CONVERSATION to CONSERVATION was easy for him. In January, 1955 he was appointed Commissioner of Conservation by Governor Averill Harri-Harriman. The first action he took was to remove the "No Parking" signs from the State Parkway along Lake Ontario. Then he led a fight to toughen up the pheasants and the trout in the State's game preserves. Then he led a battle to declare striped bass a game fish. Then he met a certain Dr. Cheatham. Then there was a lot of chatter about "sick pheasants". Then Dr. Cheatham sued Lou for two hundred thousand bucks on a charge of libel. At the speed of our courts, the case may come to trial before the snow flies – in 1972.

"Yes, in January of 1955 Lou Wehle was fired with enthusiasm for his job. In June of 1956 he resigned with enthusiasm FROM his job.

"But Lou is not bitter about that experience. Oh, not at all. Just get him talking about it – and where he spits no grass will ever grow again.

"We have covered a lot of sidelights of this career. Let's look into some other corners of this man's long and active life.

"Well, he travels constantly – but always by rail. Hates planes – can't stand air travel. Always has a supply of roast beef and cheese sandwiches with him when he's away from home base.

"Charity? Only eleven years as N. Y. State Chairman of the March of Dimes, increasing the annual collection by some two thousand percent. And there's the Day Care Center for Handicapped Children, the Humane Society – not to speak of time-eating participation in the Chamber of Commerce and the Auto Club.

"Sometimes he makes a mistake. There is one authenticated instance of where Lou paid a lot of money for a pointer, found the dog was gun-shy, gave him away to a neighboring farmer – and bought him back a year later, up in Ontario Center, from another farmer – who said his brother had gotten the hound for free from – QUOTE – a damn fool in Rochester.

"Lou Wehle also has two sons, Jack and Bob. Bob, the younger, is now treasurer of the Genesee Brewing Co., Inc., and Jack is the president. You may want to know how they rose to such eminence in the company. The story is right out of Horatio Alger. One day, when they were youngsters, the two Wehle boys went to their old man's office at the brewery, probably for a touch. Papa walked in, saw his two sons – AND TOOK AN INSTANT LIKING TO THEM.

"And then there is Lou Wehle, the homeowner He has a couple of estates down in Florida, at Stuart and Palm Beach – an island in the Bahamas. His newest pride and joy is the Wehle ranch at Three Mile Bay near the St. Lawrence River and it contains 2,200 acres. Also a 1,200 acre ranch is jointly owned by Tom Nagle and Wehle. It is a fine example of what God would do – if he had Wehle's money. Still another farm at Scottsville is owned and operated jointly with his sons Jack and Bob.

"Lou is an easy man to get along with. Anybody can handle him. Just give him everything he wants, and you'll have no trouble with him. But cross him up – and anything can happen. A couple of years ago he didn't like the position of the private railroad car for his Derby party on the train coming back to Rochester from the Kentucky Derby. The vice-president of the New York Central got a call in the middle of the night from Cincinnati, the train was held an hour, and the car was put where Lou thought it should have been – with apologies from all.

"Does he gamble? With his kind of luck he doesn't have to. Back in the summer of 1948, when he was a delegate at the Democratic National Convention in Philadelphia, he forsook the deliberations to see how the boys at Monmouth Race Track were improving the breed. Everything he picked for the next two days came in and paid off – including Harry Truman.

"Of course Mr. Wehle has received recognition for his various achievements. His office is piled ceiling high with plaques, scrolls, testimonials – you read the citations, and you wonder yourself how one man could accomplish so much – and think of it gentlemen – he is not even a KODAK man!

"His publicity department does a pretty fine job of keeping the legend alive. Right now, they're working at forced draft to get him the Nobel prize.

"This is the end of our report on Louis A. Wehle, Patriot, Philanthropist, Humanitarian, Industrialist, Sportsman, Statesman, and the finest man that Bill Posner has ever lived off!!"

So much for that. I tell you, if you can live through a thing like that you must have a pretty thick hide, because if you can't there'll be little epidermis left!

I would like to include a little poem that was written by Fran Ranney, now Bill Hoot's secretary, in the year 1950. Up to this time I had not realized that I rated a poem, but Fran seemed to think differently. We did not mind a little plug for a certain brew, and I am the last to find fault with that.

Here's what Fran through up all by herself, in the middle of the night. Perhaps it was something she "et" or drank:

THE CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

"Oh come in to my office,"
Said the spider to the fly;
Mr. Wehle was the spider
And, of course, the fly was I.

So I went in to his office
And he offered me a chair;
But my eye was on the cooler
'Cause I knew the beer was there!

He said, "Now tell me, Frances,
Do you like working here?"
How could he ask such questions
When my mind was on the beer!

And then he talked of this and that
While I held back a tear,
'Cause all the time I wondered
If I'd ever get a beer!

But finally he said to me,
"Well, I've got news for you."
Ye gods, I thought, suppose he says,
"Frances, you're all through!"

Then came the big announcement
And I was really floored;
He said, "My dear, we're making you
The Chairman of the Board."

I breathed a sigh of great relief
To hear my lucky fate,
When all the time I thought that he
Was giving me the gate.

I said, "Thank you, Mr. Wehle,
That's mighty nice of you;
But now that I've been made the Boss,
There's one thing I must do."

I dashed madly to the cooler
To pour myself some cheer;
If there's one thing I can't do without,
It's good old Jenny Beer!

'Twas at that point that I woke up
And there I was in bed!
The whole thing wasn't true at all,
It was just a dream instead.

So up I got and crept downstairs,
As quiet as could be;
My ice-box always has a stock
Of sparkling Genesee.

And there in the darkness of the night,
A real tall glass I poured,
And raised it high and drank a toast
To the Chairman of the Board!

Thank you, Fran, you get "A" for effort!

Without comment I submit the other clippings for your consideration. No one would pay any attention to me if I protested, and in any case they are more interesting without further footnotes.

I have always been a collector of newspaper and other items, and those I have selected to appear in this book were chosen because of their variety, and I hope, interest.

CHAPTER 13

Conservation Part 1

The crisp air of the City of Albany seemed to crackle with excitement on New Year's Day, 1955.

After twelve years, Republican Thomas E. Dewey was handing over the administration of the Empire State to Democrat Averill Harriman, who promised a "bold approach" to the problems of the people.

Had anyone suggested, just a year before, that I would be more than an interested on-looker to that New Year's Day scene, I would have chuckled and suggested he have his head examined. Yet, I was that day, undertaking to carry out one of the major assignments of the new Governor's "bold approach."

It had started innocuously enough, over a year before, when Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., then a Congressman from New York City, approached me with an idea and a plan. Frank admitted a strong desire to follow in the footsteps of his illustrious father by making a bid for the Governorship of the State of New York. He proposed to recruit a group of carefully selected men to put the government of the state under a magnifying glass — to examine its many ramifications and come up with a sound program to modernize it, make it more effective, and more responsive to the people.

I was interested in the plan, and agreed to help financially. The greater part of the expense of research, rent and other needs of this group was provided by me and a number of my friends. Lou Harris, now the head of a nationally recognized poll taking organization, was in charge of the campaign and Jonathan Bingham, son of the former senator from Connecticut was on the staff.

When the proper time came, Roosevelt announced his candidacy, and followed with an intensive stumping tour of the state. Enthusiasm for him grew, and county after county of up-state New York fell in behind him. It looked as if we had a sure winner for the nomination, especially when Carmine DeSapio and other New York Tammany Hall leaders appeared to look with favor on Roosevelt's candidacy.

Then Harriman entered the race. When the Democratic State Convention met in New York City, the issue was in doubt and it was a lively spirited convention. As the voting began, however, it soon be-

came apparent that the Tammany leaders had agreed upon Harriman, and their lines held fast. Part way through the voting, Roosevelt interrupted the roll-call and moved the nomination of Harriman by a unanimous vote.

DeSapio, of course, was the king maker. Unfortunately for the Democratic party in the state, he tried the same thing at Buffalo, four years later, and forced upon that convention his choice and the choice of the other Metropolitan leaders, for United States Senator — and the state organization was routed. But that was still four years in the future.

At New York, in 1954, Frank Roosevelt accepted a place on the ticket, in the interests of party harmony, as a candidate for Attorney General.

It was an interesting campaign. With Dewey retiring as Governor, the Republicans confidently nominated Senator Irving Ives, long their best vote getter, as their candidate for Governor, and the feeling seemed to be that the voting was just a formality to be gone through.

Their first shock came in newspaper polls, particularly that of the New York News, which indicated Ives might be in trouble. As the polls continued, the trend built up. In the closing days of the campaign, the Republicans abandoned the up-state stumping tour then in progress, and launched a rough personal attack on Harriman by radio and television. They also released claims that New York Democrats were prepared to slash state aid to up-state schools. With these and other charges, the wind-up of the campaign was spirited and bitter.

The election was close — Harriman won by fewer than 12,000 votes of more than five and a quarter million cast, but he carried the ticket with him with only one exception. Frank Roosevelt lost to Jacob K. Javits, who later became U. S. Senator from New York.

With the election over, I looked forward to the holiday season, which has always been the high point of the year for the Wehle family, and then my usual Florida vacation during the cold early months of the year. Early in December, however, I was approached by some of my friends, including some of the most prominent and dedicated sportsmen in the state. They suggested that I offer myself as a candidate for appointment as State Conservation Commissioner.

At first I laughed off the idea. It had taken me many years of hard, seven-day-a-week work to get my business affairs in the shape they now were, where my sons could take over some of the load and give me the time to do some of the things I could not find time for in the past.

I knew my family would oppose the idea, because they wanted me to relax more and build up my health.

The pressure continued, however. From my own observations over the years I knew there was a job to be done in conservation in New York State, and men whose judgment and background I respected said bluntly that none of the several who were seeking appointment was an outstanding candidate.

While this urging was going on, I took time to review my own philosophy of conservation. My travels through the great wilderness areas of Canada, through Europe, as well as in the United States, had left me with an uneasiness that we in the Empire State had never consciously recognized, at least officially, the really basic importance of good conservation to our lives and the future.

New York was settled, originally, because of its wealth of natural resources — its forests, waters and wildlife. It had become great because these gifts were there to be drawn upon, seemingly in inexhaustible quantities. We know now that exhaustion was not only possible — it actually happened to many of these resources.

Since the time of Theodore Roosevelt there had been reaction a-against the waste and greed. Because I had known the majesty of a wilderness waterfall, the thrill of taking trout from a pure mountain stream, and the many other benefits nature offers where its plan is not thwarted by man, I had always tried to join in the fight to preserve these things.

Here, then, was an opportunity to do something really worthwhile, an opportunity afforded few men. I finally consented to let it be known I was receptive to an appointment.

During this post-election period, Harriman, as governor-elect, was putting together a program and staff preparatory to assuming office in January. The Roosevelt study group I have mentioned had compiled a number of books on the state government, and Roosevelt was asked to turn these over to assist the incoming administration.

When my interest in appointment as Conservation Commissioner became known, I was asked to meet with Harriman at his Town House in New York, and he asked me bluntly why I wanted to be Commissioner. I told him of my basic feelings on conservation, and my belief that it was not receiving the prominence it should in New York.

I told him I felt it was possible to provide more and better hunting and fishing in the state, more recreational facilities, and a more efficient and responsive Conservation Department. I stated that I felt an

intelligent, dynamic, long-range blueprint of conservation was of primary importance to the economy of our state, and to the general health and welfare of our people and their prosperity.

I pointed out that on every side, pressure on natural resources and recreational outlets was building up and could continue to soar, as an expanding population, more leisure afforded by shorter work weeks, the increasing number of active retired people, and the heavy expansion of tourist business in the state, all increased.

The governor-elect seemed impressed by this general presentation, so I gave him specific proposals. I recommended:

1. That an immediate start be made in increasing the poundage of trout and other fresh water fish produced for stocking in the waters of the state open to public fishing. Coupled with strong measures to clean up our streams and ponds, this should furnish the groundwork to bring good fishing back to the state. At the same time, marine fishing, too little known or developed in the state, should be worked upon as an outlet for the huge metropolitan fishing public.

2. Hunting could be vastly improved by immediate as well as long-range measures. The quick shot in the arm would come from stepping up hatchery production of quail, wild turkeys, waterfowl and pheasants. Having done much work privately in this respect, and studied the subject here and abroad, I knew the possibilities. More pheasants from the hatcheries, for example, would make possible the stocking of second class ranges where populations had fallen to levels. When followed by habitat work on suitable lands, the improvement of good and cover, building of marsh refuges for water fowl, and similar measures, our game level could be built up to give better hunting.

3. The great Forest Preserve of the state should be improved and better protected, with stepped up acquisition of land for the Preserve, for reforestation areas, park purposes, campsites and other recreational needs to meet the growing demand for recreation outdoors. Coupled with wise use of private lands, which we could encourage and inspire, a great leap forward could be achieved in meeting the state government's obligations to its citizens in leading the way to wise use of resources and furnishing the facilities for healthful outdoor activity.

I discussed many other details of the suggested program, of course. In addition, I made it clear from the beginning that to carry forward such an ambitious program I would seek and insist upon having the best talent available—that political "hacks" and unqualified "friends

of friends" had no place in the picture. On this score I had complete assurance from the governor-elect, and I did, in fact, make my own selections for the key jobs in the Department.

Harriman was apparently impressed. He assured me the appointment was mine, and on countless occasions during that first year he spoke glowingly of the work being done in the Conservation Department. He appeared to be completely sincere in his praise, which made what followed all the more difficult to take or understand.

At any rate, when my appointment was announced, I set to work immediately, the first step being the selection of the few staff appointments available to me. All but a few of the major jobs in the Department are under civil service.

As my Deputy Commissioner I named Justin T. Mahoney of Troy. "Chet" Mahoney had been in the Department, under civil service, for forty years, and had risen to the position of Director of the Division of Fish and Game. For Department Secretary, I named John F. Daly, then Police Court Judge of Herkimer, a lawyer who had been active in conservation activities for many years.

I was entitled to a confidential secretary, and here I was extremely fortunate in having Mrs. Barbara Malone, of Averill Park. She was extremely efficient, and having worked in the Department, knew the work and the people. She was especially adept in anticipating the difficulties which plague a new official, and coming up with an answer to them. I have always been grateful for her loyalty and effort in helping me over many rough spots. She was a tower of strength and encouragement.

These three were my main props, and I worked through them.

It surprises people unacquainted with government, to find that of a Department of the size of the Conservation Department of the State of New York, only four of us at the top level were subject to appointment. While there were seasonal and laboring jobs to be filled from time to time, all the significant positions in the Department, other than these four, Commissioner, Deputy Commissioner, Department Secretary, and Secretary to the Commissioner, are held by civil service employees.

A day or two before New Year's, I visited the out-going commissioner, Perry Duryea, and told him frankly I would welcome any advice he had for me. It has always been my policy to seek advice, but I made up my own mind on following it after careful consideration.

Commissioner Duryea made the surprising statement – surprising

to me, at least – that the Commissioner actually had very little to do about running the Conservation Department, that the dedicated men and women of the staff were the ones who set the policy and executed it. "If I left everything to them," he said, "I would get along without much difficulty."

This was one bit of advice I did not intend to follow. Being Conservation Commissioner in name only did not appeal to me at all. I was going to be Commissioner, in fact, or not at all. I doubt if even my severest critics would ever label me a figurehead in anything I had ever undertaken.

I did not intend to start being one now.

Conservation Part 2

The first, most urgent order of business was the budget on which the Department would operate for the fiscal year beginning April 1st. For a Department the size and complexity of Conservation, budget making is practically a continuous operation, with work starting on one about as soon as the current budget is submitted. We had only a couple of weeks, since by law the Governor must send his proposed budget to the Legislature by February 1st.

We did the best we could in the few working days available, but of course what we operated on, during my one complete fiscal year in office, was primarily a budget prepared by the out-going administration. It was sadly inadequate, and I was determined that things would be different the next year.

It is ironic that when the next year's budget was adopted, the first budget prepared from the beginning under my supervision, a Syracuse columnist started a daily blasting of the Department, the Administration and me, because "the Conservation Fund" was being "drastically cut" and less money spent on fish and game at a time when much more was needed. Of course the Conservation Fund--the income from license fees, primarily -- couldn't be cut, something a sports columnist should know.

Actually, the fact was that at my insistance, and after repeated battles with the Budget Division, an increase of nearly three-quarters of a million dollars -- $730,655 to be exact -- was being made available for fish and game. All but $70,655 of this increase was from the General Fund, state tax money and not license income.

The columnist was informed of this, with proof, but apparently he didn't think it newsworthy.

The additional irony of the situation, of course, was that after the battle I had put up for more adequate funds, I had resigned before the bulk of the money became available. By that time, however, the program to be financed by these funds was well underway. I certainly feel I left the Department in much better financial shape than I found it.

With the budget situation behind us, I began what I feel was one of the most productive activities during my tenure of office -- I set

out to inspect personally as many as possible of our fish hatcheries, game farms, parks and other facilities of the Department. I assume I saw more in that one year than my predecessors, no matter how long they were in office. At least, I like to think some of the conditions I found existed only because former Commissioners had not known about them. Some were incredible.

At one fish hatchery, that at Caledonia, the oldest in the state and I believe the oldest in the country, I actually found outside toilets in use, and no modern plumbing facilities. It didn't seem possible this was 1955 and not 1855. I insisted, of course, on immediate action.

At one of the shrub nurseries, I found women workers standing in one or two inches of water that covered the floor. There were no rest rooms, no decent facilities of any kind. I asked the women if they liked these conditions, but it was soon apparent they were afraid to complain, afraid of losing their jobs.

I demanded — and got — action on many conditions such as this which called for improvement, conditions which showed long neglect either from indifference or ignorance.

Another thing I insisted upon was removal of the many "No Trespassing" and "Keep Out" signs I found at far too many of our facilities. I tried to impress upon Department people that these were properties belonging to the people. and we should put them in such shape we would be glad to have the public see them and see the job we were doing. Visiting hours were lengthened and picnic benches and other things made available to encourage the public, rather than shut them out. As I came upon such things which called for immediate correction, I would telephone from wherever I was to Albany and order fast action.

One interesting result of this was told me later by John Daly. When the Legislative "Watchdog Committee" was casting about for something to make me and the Administration look bad, an investigator asked asked about my hours at my desk in Albany. Told I usually arrived about noon on Tuesday and left on Thursday, he prepared an affidavit for Daly to sign which could be interpreted to mean that I spent only five or six hours a week on the job.

Jack readily agreed to sign, if he could make a few "minor" changes, and he proceeded to redraw the affidavit. As changed, it still read as had the original — but told of the regular phone calls Jack and others on the staff would get from me from Monday morning through Saturday, from Department installations around the state, including the almost weekly call Jack would have waiting when he re-

turned home from church on Sunday morning, when we laid out the program for the week.

I was told the committee representative took one look at the revised, more truthful version and walked out, without asking that it be signed.

It got to be an old story to walk into an installation and have the workers express amazement at seeing the Commissioner. Time after time I was told it was the first time a Commissioner had been there. I found most of them delighted at the measures I insisted upon to improve the appearance and usefulness of our facilities, and with the new policy of inviting the public for visits, rather than excluding them.

At the same time I soon realized something I suppose comes as a shock to every businessman who enters government service — the red tape and time consumed in bringing about needed changes. I realize that care should be practiced in spending the taxpayer's money, but sometimes the lengthy and useless procedures border on the ridiculous.

In the spring of 1955, for instance, I was at the St. Lawrence, and was told by Department fisheries men of the work they wanted to do with bass during the early spring spawning season. As the water warmed up and spawning began, the work was held up by lack of boats necessary for the job. When I talked with Albany and was told the procedure necessary to get the boats, I concluded the eggs then being laid could develop into legal size bass by the time the red tape could be unsnarled. I ordered the boats, guaranteeing payment myself, and the work was carried out on time. It was months later that the bill was paid.

A similar situation developed in relation to the District Office my company and I had donated to the State for Department use at Scottsville. While the building was available and badly needed, the involved state procedures would mean it would be months or possibly a year or more before it could be furnished and put to use.

I finally executed a formal agreement, running into thousands of dollars, assuming personal liability if the state did not eventually pay in full, and directed the work proceed without delay. A long time later, when all the formalities and inspections had been completed, it was found everything was in complete order, and the state paid the bills. The District Office had then been in operation for quite a while.

It was not always possible, of course, to buck the long established system and bring into government the methods which business has found vital to survival. The Saratoga Springs mess was one of my major disappointments.

The State of New York owns and operates the great mineral spring baths and bottling plant at Saratoga, but the operation has lost money for many years. As Conservation Commissioner I was, by law, a member of the Saratoga Springs Authority, which has actual administration of the business. A meeting of the Authority was scheduled in New York, and Governor Harriman asked me to represent him at the meeting. He said he was anxious to eliminate the losses from the Spa, and urged that I do what I could to bring this about.

Paul Appleby, the Director of the Budget, was to attend the meeting and I called upon him, suggesting we travel to New York together and talk the entire matter over. He told me, however, that he had already made an appointment with an influential figure, a member of the Authority, and would have no time to talk with me.

I naturally assumed that the Governor had meant what he said when he told me I was to represent him at the meeting. When it opened, however the Budget Director proceeded to take the floor and do all the talking, laying down what he demanded as being the wish of the Governor, There was, of course, a controversy. The members of the Authority, men of prominence, most of whom were hold-overs from the previous administration with many years of service on the Authority, might be led but they were not the type to be pushed.

When I saw that nothing could be accomplished as matters stood, I intervened and tried to smooth matters over for a fresh start, but this, too, incensed Paul, who announced the best thing for him to do was to leave. Unfortunately, he stayed, and the meeting ended in complete failure.

Shortly after this the Governor again brought up the Saratoga matter with me, suggesting that in view of my background in the bottling of beverages, perhaps I could suggest an approach which would end the financial loss from the sale of mineral waters and operation of the bath house.

I had my brewing organization lay out an advertising program, and set up a meeting to present it to the Governor and the Saratoga Authority. I was greatly disappointed when the Governor told me, the day before the meeting, that he would not be present. We went ahead with it anyway, and my son Bob presented the suggested program in a comprehensive, practical manner, very much to the point. He demonstrated that he had made a complete study, and I was proud of the fine job he did.

This was the sort of approach the Authority members, most of

whom were experienced businessmen, could understand and appreciate. They received the presentation with every show of enthusiasm.

Further investigation revealed that the mineral water varied considerably as to its purity and carbon-dioxide content. We discovered, among other things, that an old pipe line leading from the springs to the bottling plant had been there for years – and had been second-hand when installed. If too much water was bottled in one day, the gas content went way down.

I felt the state should either get out of the bottling business or else operate it efficiently by modernizing the plant and advertising its product. I also recommended that one of the three bath houses be closed, since all three were unnecessary. I am sorry to say these suggestions were permitted to die a natural death.

My final recommendation, too, came to nothing, though it would have saved the state a great deal of money. This was that the headquarters of the Conservation Department be moved to one of the huge empty buildings on the Saratoga Reservation property. New quarters were essential, since the department had long outgrown the offices at Broadway and Maiden Lane. They were uncomfortable, inconvenient to reach, and storage space was so lacking that supplies were stacked in the halls, presenting a fire hazard for which a private employer might have been jailed.

On this, however, I was able to make some contribution. While moving to Saratoga met with disfavor, plans were soon underway to house the Department in a new building to be built on the Campus Site on Washington Avenue in Albany. The lease on the existing office was due to expire, and renewal was to be for a long term, under the existing contract. It was a tussle –– but I finally got the lawyers for the landlord to give us a renewal of lease which would terminate when we were ready to move into the new building. This, of course, saved the state a considerable sum when the Department finally did move.

One thing in which I took considerable satisfaction was accomplished soon after we were in office. Of the many groups of employees the state has in Conservation, one which always interested me greatly were the Game Protectors. These men are the "show pieces" of the Department, since they are in contact with more people in the field than any other group.

I learned that the year before we took office, they had applied for a pay increase and had been turned down by the Civil Service Depart-

ment and the Budget Division. When I found an appeal was possible, I directed that the full force of the Department be put behind the appeal, and that my complete endorsement of the request be stated forcibly to the appeals board.

The previous decision was overruled, and Game Protectors received an increase — little enough, to be sure, but some recognition for their work. In many ways, during my term of office, they showed their appreciation. Pay increases for other employees found a sympathetic supporter at the top while I was Commissioner.

Unfortunately, and I suppose inevitably, not all employees were as hard-working and devoted as the great majority. I suppose it is an old-fashioned attitude, but I have always felt strongly that there is little difference between an employee cheating on his working hours, and putting his hand in your pocket and taking what he can grab. I have never been a "clock watcher" and don't like people who are.

It irritated me, when I rode up to my office each morning at 9:15 or 9:30, to find people on the elevator, who were supposed to start work at 8:30. Time records were kept by the heads of the various units of the Department, and when I asked to see them, I discovered an amazing thing — no one was ever late! The records for a three month's period showed everyone arriving on time, and no one leaving.

When I blew up and tore up the records in front of the supervisors, I probably didn't make some of them feel any more kindly toward me, even though I explained we had a responsibility to the people of the state who were paying the bill for a full day's work. The only suggestion I received was that time clocks be installed, and this I vetoed. Only good supervision can bring about proper attention to work from those who want to shirk.

Because of such experiences, I made it clear I wanted something different in the new office building being planned. I had seen, in progressive companies of private industry, offices without partitions where everything was out in the open and the supervisor could see who was at his work and who was away. This met with considerable opposition from the same few responsible for the crowded elevators after 8:30 a.m. After I left the Department, the plan was discarded, but at least it is not now my responsibility to see that the state gets what it is paying for.

Let me emphasize that the great majority of Department employees were devoted, hardworking people, in most cases underpaid. It is unfortunate and unfair that their efforts are marred by the small percentage

who make the entire group look bad.

EPILOGUE

It All Follows Through

And so I come to the end of my little book. It has been a task I have enjoyed, I hope that it will give some measure of pleasure to those who will read it.

It has been hard at times to know what to put in and what to leave out. For the errors of omission or commission I may have committed, let me at once plead inexperience – I am by no means a professional writer.

What is true, simply, is that I feel I have some things to say. I have led a busy life, and as I have possessed a certain amount of drive, with which I was born, it might follow that some will believe I am proud of my achievements. Some pride, of course, is justified. But I would rather say that I am humbly grateful for those gifts which were given me. I am thankful for the wonderful community in which I have been privileged to be raised and spend the greater part of my life. How can I ever be grateful enough for my family? They have put up with me and my ways with a patience that has often passed understanding. I can never be too grateful for the innumerable friends I have had during my life. They have helped spark my existence.

The impression that I would like to leave with you is that any man, no matter what his work or his special talents may be, can, in our wonderful land, achieve a satisfying life.

He can work at what he likes.

He can get ahead if he tends to his business and applies himself to his job, and is willing to put in that extra effort. The world owes none of us a living.

He can enjoy the companionship and love of a fine wife and children, if that is his good fortune.

He can be part of his community, helping here and there where it will do some good.

He can move about as he pleases – quit one job and accept another if that is his desire.

He can fail at one thing and succeed in another without feeling disgraced. That is the way many men have grown to greatness.

He can enjoy a freedom of action and thought that is unique in all

history.

He can mold his life much as he wishes, provided he possesses the determination to do so.

I do not wish to sound off like a Pollyanna. I am well aware of the many restrictions laid upon each of us – the frustrations that men and women experience. But below and behind it all, we live in a "climate" that permits our growth, our freedom, and our loyalty to those things that are worth while.

I do not like to say farewell. It all sounds too final. Perhaps one one may regard the year seventy as a sort of plateau. One has come up the hard pathways of life, and one has achieved a certain goal, and from this vantage point one may look back and see what has been done. But one can also gaze ahead for what may still be experienced. The stars are a bit nearer, the air a bit clearer, and one feels closer to all that God has brought to this wonderful world.

This little volume has been a labor of love. I have done it for those who have been influential in my life, for my family, my countless business associations, and my friends.

I hope that I have not forgotten any acknowledgements. If I have, it has been unintentional, and I am sorry.

I hope I shall be privileged to remain with you for a long time. But when that special time does arrive, I would like to close the book with a sense of satisfaction and profound gratitude to all those who have made my life the pleasant thing it is today. I am convinced that those who follow will carry on the work of contributing to the welfare and glory of our great land.

The Chinese have a saying that each soul as it passes on adds another drop to the river of eternal life. Drops can be pure, they can be corrupt. Which they are is up to us.

"Courage is the human virtue that counts most – courage to act on limited knowledge and insufficient evidence. That's all any of us have, so we must have the courage to go ahead and act on a hunch. It's the best we can do." How true!

I lay my pen down in the hope that those who remember me will remember only those things that will afford them pleasure and tender memories.

I shall not be here to defend myself, if defense will ever be necessary, but I hope that my many faults may be forgiven. It would make me very happy to know that the little I have done may have made others happier.

I am more than ever convinced that we are all part of the great scheme of things.

Let us leave all the rest to the ONE who knows!

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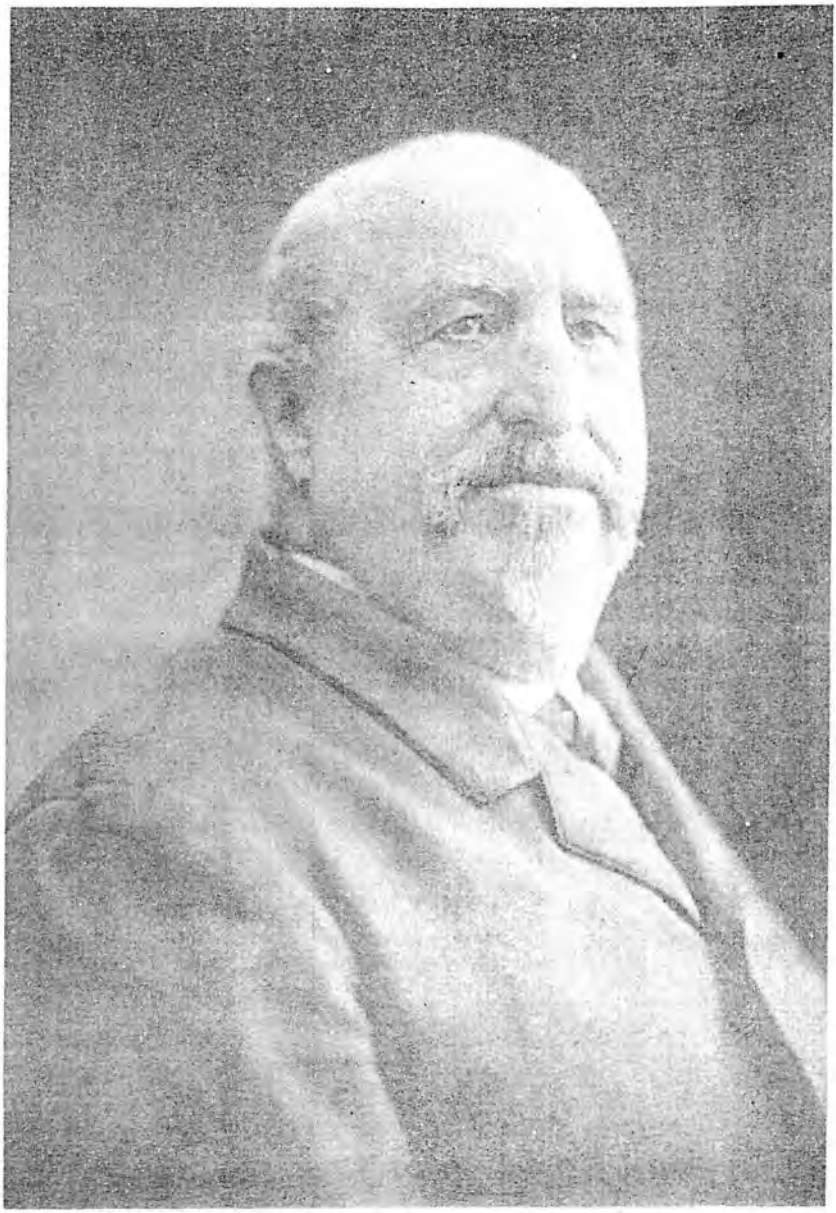


The grandfather, founder of American Wehle family

CASPAR WEHLE

Director of —

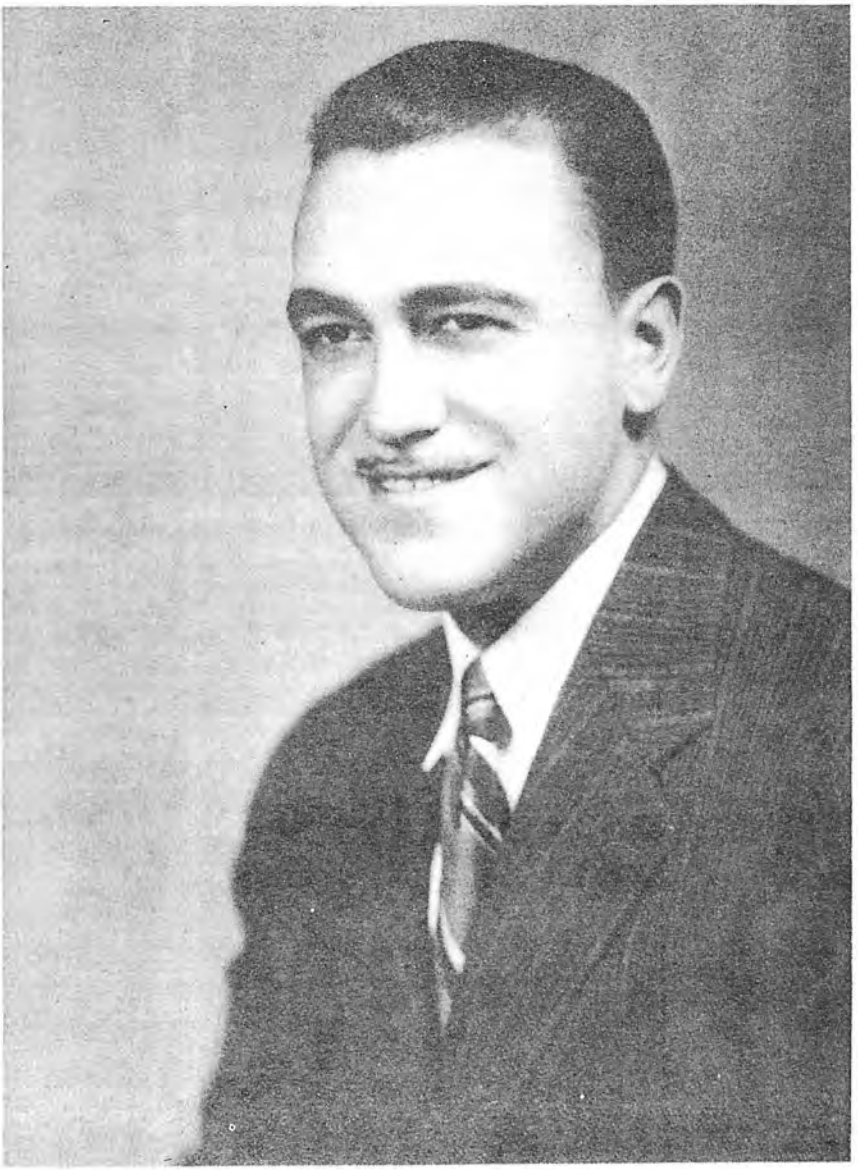
The Rochester German Fire Insurance Co.
The German American Bank of Rochester
The founder of Wehle Sausage Co.

The father of the 5 brothers – JOHN WEHLE

The mother of the 5 brothers – MRS. JOHN WEHLE

LOUIS A. WEHLE

MRS. LOUIS A. WEHLE



JACK WEHLE

BETTS WEHLE

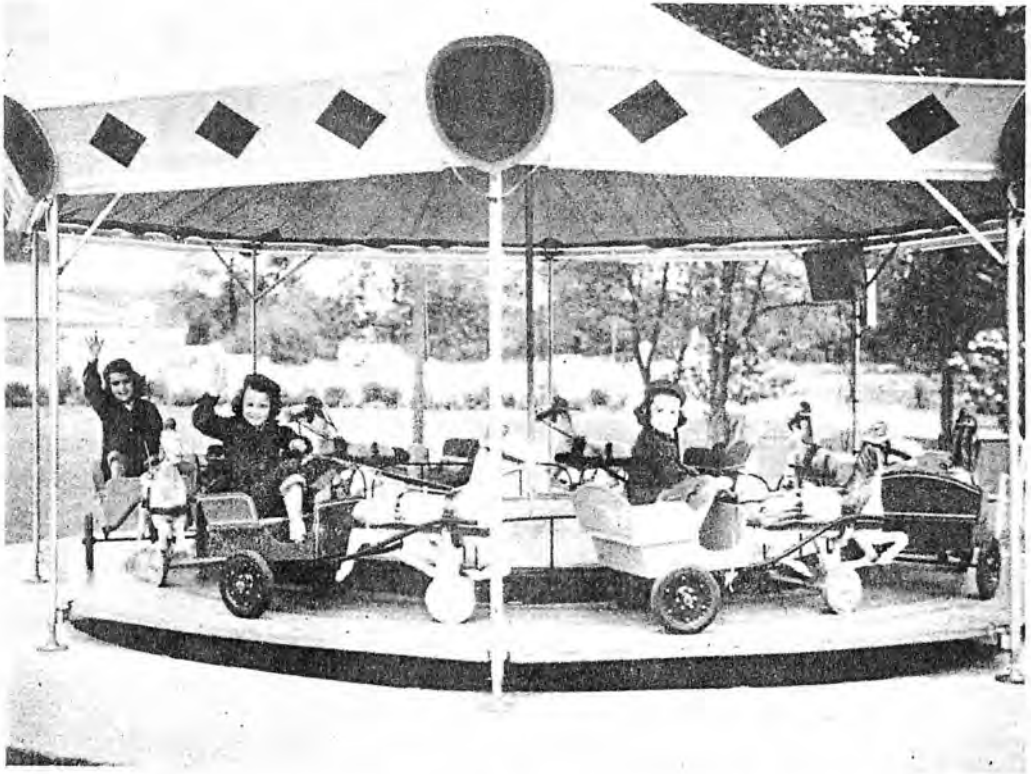
Duff, Chip and Ted — sons of Mr. & Mrs. John Weble


Kindest regards for A. à Lee to
Louis H. Wible from
Harry Truman

BOB WEHLE

Granddaughters Penny, Bonnie and Sharon – daughters of Mr. & Mrs. Robert Weble

Mrs. Gene H. Baumgarten, the former Mrs. Robert Weble, mother of Bonnie, Penny and Sharon.



Fun on the Wehle Farm. Granddaughters enjoying themselves.

Vice President Alban Barkley with L. A. Wehle,
Chairman of Reception Committee.

Being made an Indian Chief at Weble Pond, Syracuse State Fair – 1957.

At the dedication of The Weble Research Laboratory of Strong Memorial Hospital, 1954. Louis A. Weble, Dr. Morgan, Director, and Mrs. Weble.

To the
Hon. Louis A. Wehle.
the
Genesee Conservation League
Fishing Club presents this
scroll in appreciation of his
outstanding achievements in
promoting Fishing and Conser-
-vation generally in the State of
New York.

Awards and Plaques
Presented to Louis A. Weble

TO: Louis A. Weble in profound appreciation of his untiring devotion and meritorious achievements as President of the Automobile Club of Rochester for the year 1945, during which period his progressive leadership enabled this organization throughout a critical emergency, to maintain and expand its vital services to the membership.

Presented this 15th day of December by the Board of Directors:

William S. Addison	*Harry O. Alderman*
John P. Boylan	*George H. Clune*
W. Dewey Crittenden	*Harry B. Crowley*
Donald A. Dailey	*Erwin R. Davenport*
Charles W. Denniston	*Justin J. Doyle*
Hon. James P.B. Duffy	*Carl S. Hallauer*
Dr. Raymond E. Elliott	*J. E. Hansen*
Myron J. Hayes	*Ray F. Healy*
Sol Heumann	*John W. Jardine*
Hon. William F. Love	*Thomas L. Lee*
John J. McInerney	*Elmer B. Milliman*
John B. Mullan	*T. Carl Nixon*
Fred J. Odenbach	*Samuel R. Parry*
Eugene Raines	*Lee Richmond*
Herman Russell	*Frank J. Smith*
Henry H. Stebbins, Jr.	*Henry M. Stern*
Harry C. Stevenson	*J. F. Uffert*

George C. Donahue,
Secretary

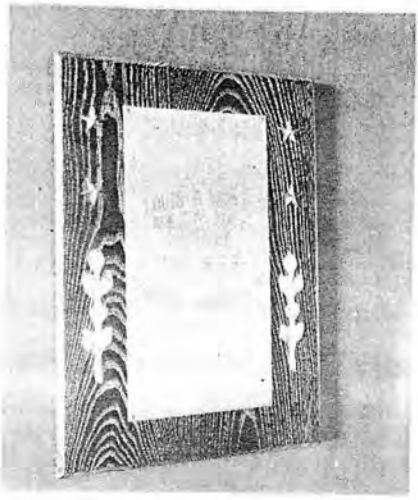
To: LOUIS A. WEHLE
President 1950–52
New York State Brewers Association

In appreciation of his untiring services to the Brewing Industry of New York State. This plaque is presented by the membership.

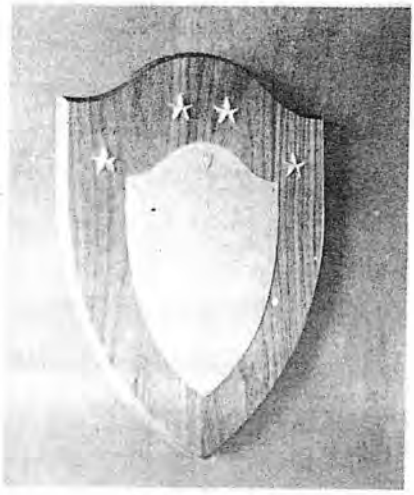
New York State Brewers Association
October 9, 1952

Silver Punch Bowl Inscription:

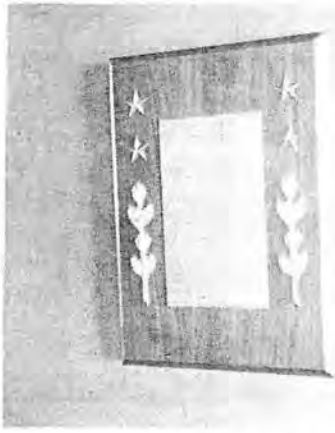
Presented to Louis A. Weble
on his 48th birthday
September 22, 1937
by Rochester Brewers Exchange, Inc.
Esten A. Fletcher, President
Emanuel Koveleski, Executive Secretary



LOUIS A. WEHLE
New York State Conservation Commissioner
Testimonial Dinner – Jamestown, N.Y.
May 28, 1956
Chautauqua Lake Region, Inc.



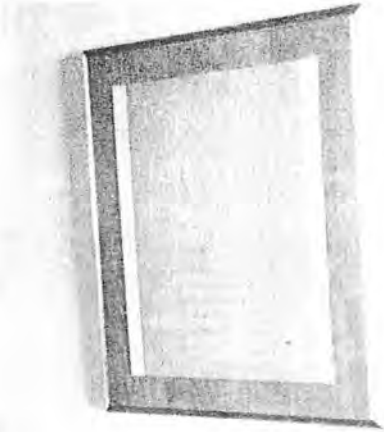
Award of Honor to
LOUIS A. WEHLE
For Distinguished Services to Crime Prevention – A Big Pal to Many Little Pals
Awarded by Police Athletic League
Rochester, New York, U.S.A. A.D. 1958



Award to
LOUIS A. WEHLE
For the promotion to the New York State Anglers by awarding yearly prizes, thereby advancing the angling fraternity.
1 9 5 4
by "The Westside Sportsmen" of Western New York, Inc.

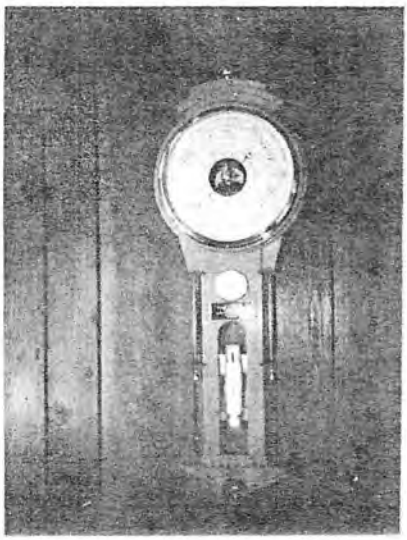
Presented to
HON. LOUIS A. WEHLE
Commissioner of Conservation of the State of New York in Appreciation of his Untiring Efforts for the Conservation Cause.
January 1955
Genesee Conservation League, Inc.
Rochester, New York

Presented to
LOUIS A. WEHLE,
Chairman of the Board in honor of his Sixty-fifth Birthday by the Employees and Distributors of The Genesee Brewing Co. in appreciation of the individual opportunities granted to them as a result of his wisdom, foresight and untold thoughtfulness....



Presented to
LOUIS A. WEHLE
The Most Outstanding Sportsman and Conservationist of Monroe County
October 15th, 1950
Sponsored by Genesee Conservation League, Inc., Rochester, N. Y.

Presented to
Illustrious Noble Eston Asprey Fletcher, 33d Imperial Potentate A.A.O.N.M.S. for North America by the Nobles of Syria Temple Oasis of Pittsburgh, May 13th, 1931. Thomas M. Heard, Jr., Potentate.
(Shortly before Mr. Fletcher's death he presented this to Louis A. Wehle.)

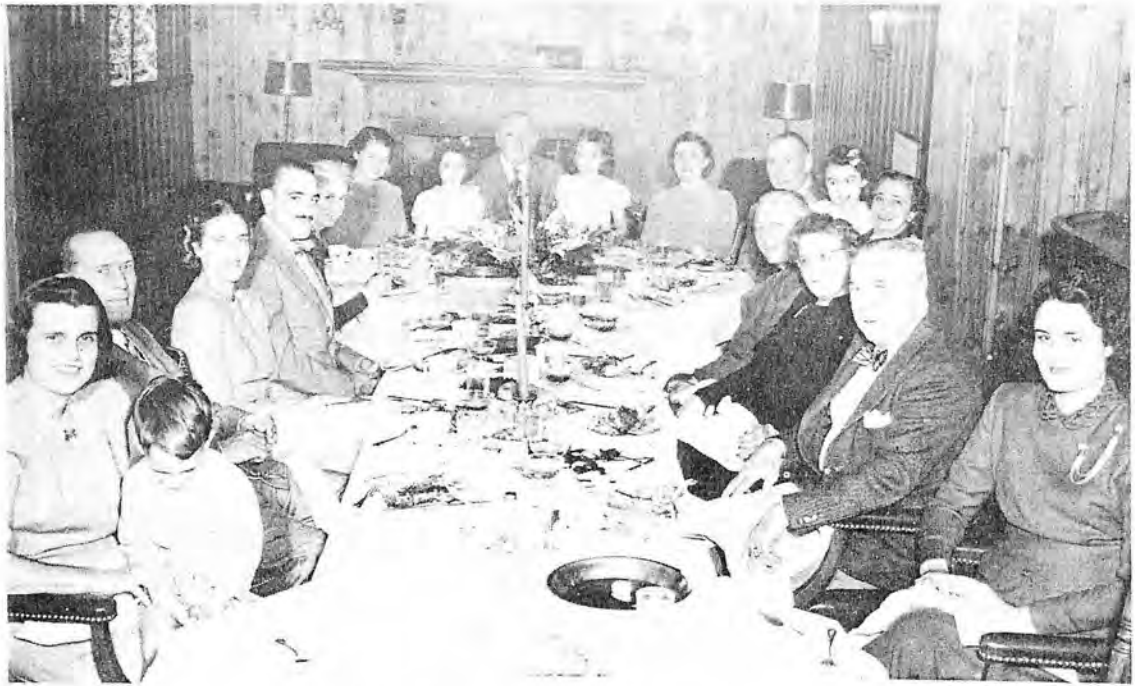


Presented to
LOUIS A. WEHLE
In Appreciation of Generous Hospitality and Good Fellowship
Board of Directors — Automobile Club of Rochester — September 22, 1958

Father and sons on an occasion of presentation of Certificate of Appreciation.

Left to right: Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., Mrs. Wehle, Sue Roosevelt and Louis A. Wehle at Winter Home – Wehle Plantation, Stuart, Florida.

Left to right: Louis A. Wehle, Mrs. Wehle, Tom Nagle and Mayor Robert Wagner, New York City at my THIS IS YOUR LIFE Party.



Party at the old Hunting Lodge on the Farm on the day that President Truman won a surprise victory over Thomas Dewey.
Present: Betty holding Ted Wehle, Leon Lewis, Betty Dunn, Jack Wehle, Rita Huberlie, Mrs. Leon Lewis, Sharon Wehle, Louis A. Wehle, Penny Wehle, Sally Nagle, Fred Huberlie, Bonnie Wehle, Elizabeth Wehle, Tom Nagle, Mrs. George Skivington, George Skivington, Betty Martin Wehle.

The L. A. Weble's, The D. A. Dailey's and Gov. Averill Harriman

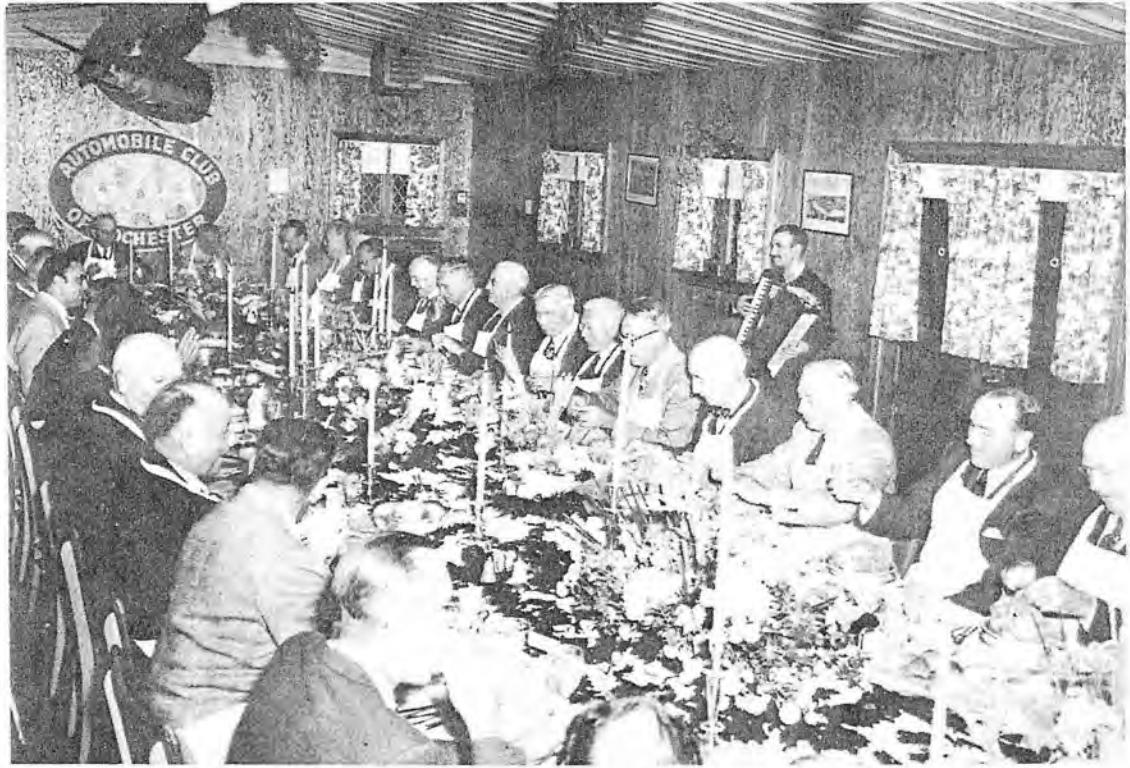
Robert Weble's residence,
Scottsville, N. Y.

John L. Weble's residence,
Scottsville, N.Y.

The farm residence of
Mr. and Mrs. Louis A. Weble,
Scottsville, N. Y.

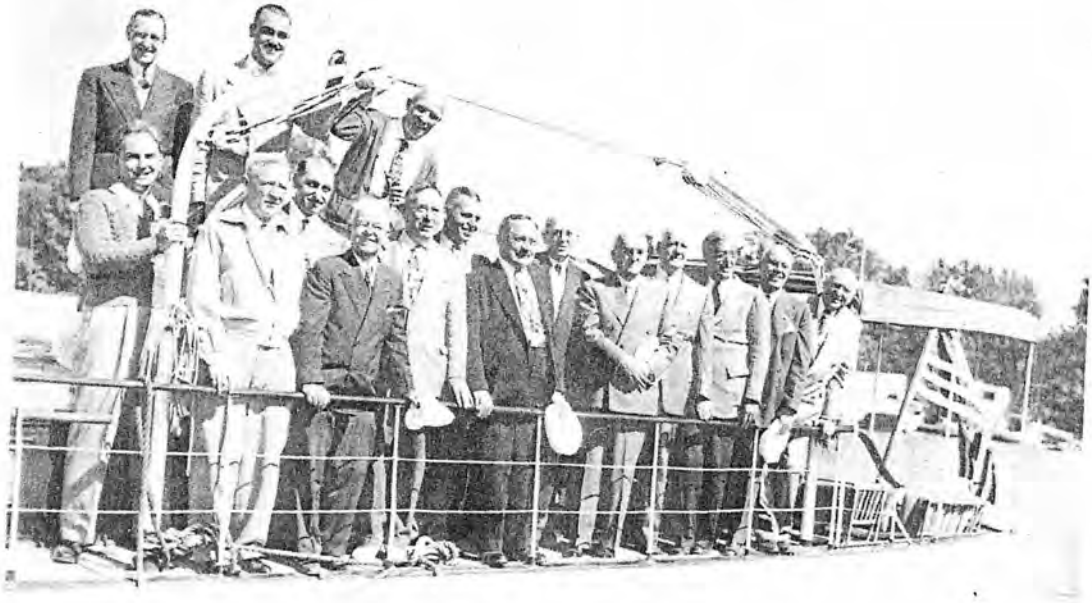
The plant of
The Genessee Brewing Co., Inc.

New hunting lodge. The old one
burned down in 1958.



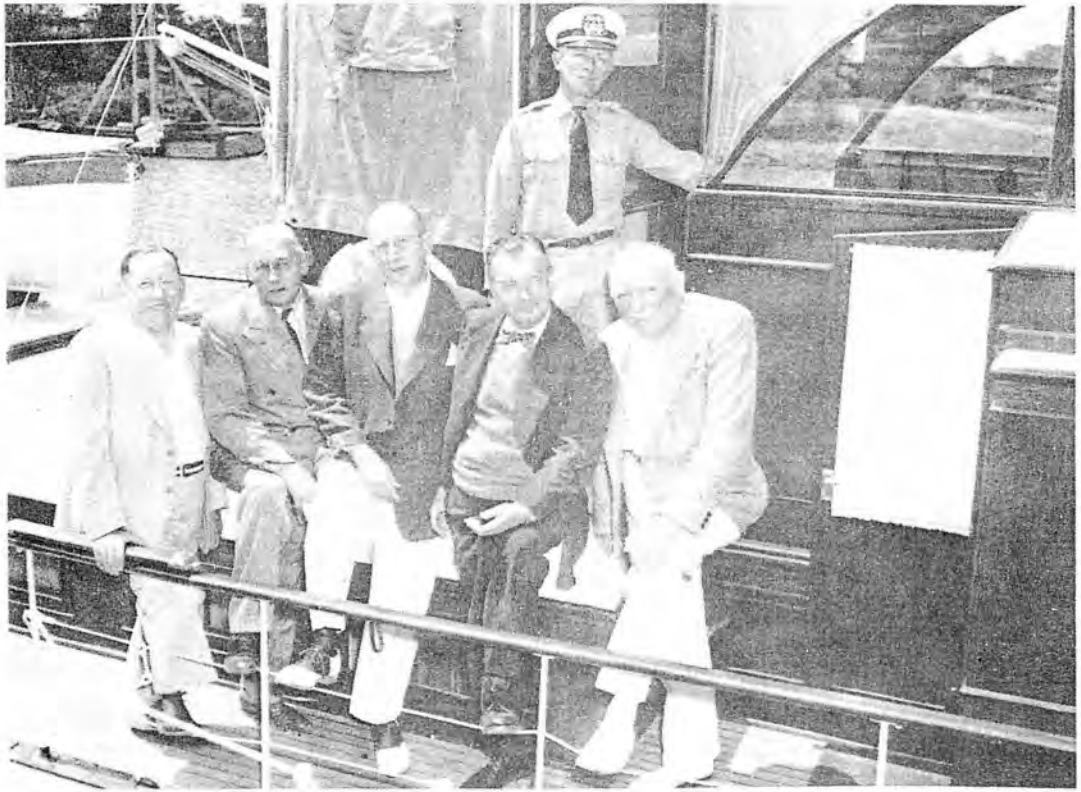
Entertaining Officers and Directors of Automobile Club of Rochester at Hunting Lodge on Wehle Farms.

Famous Genesee 12 horse team.

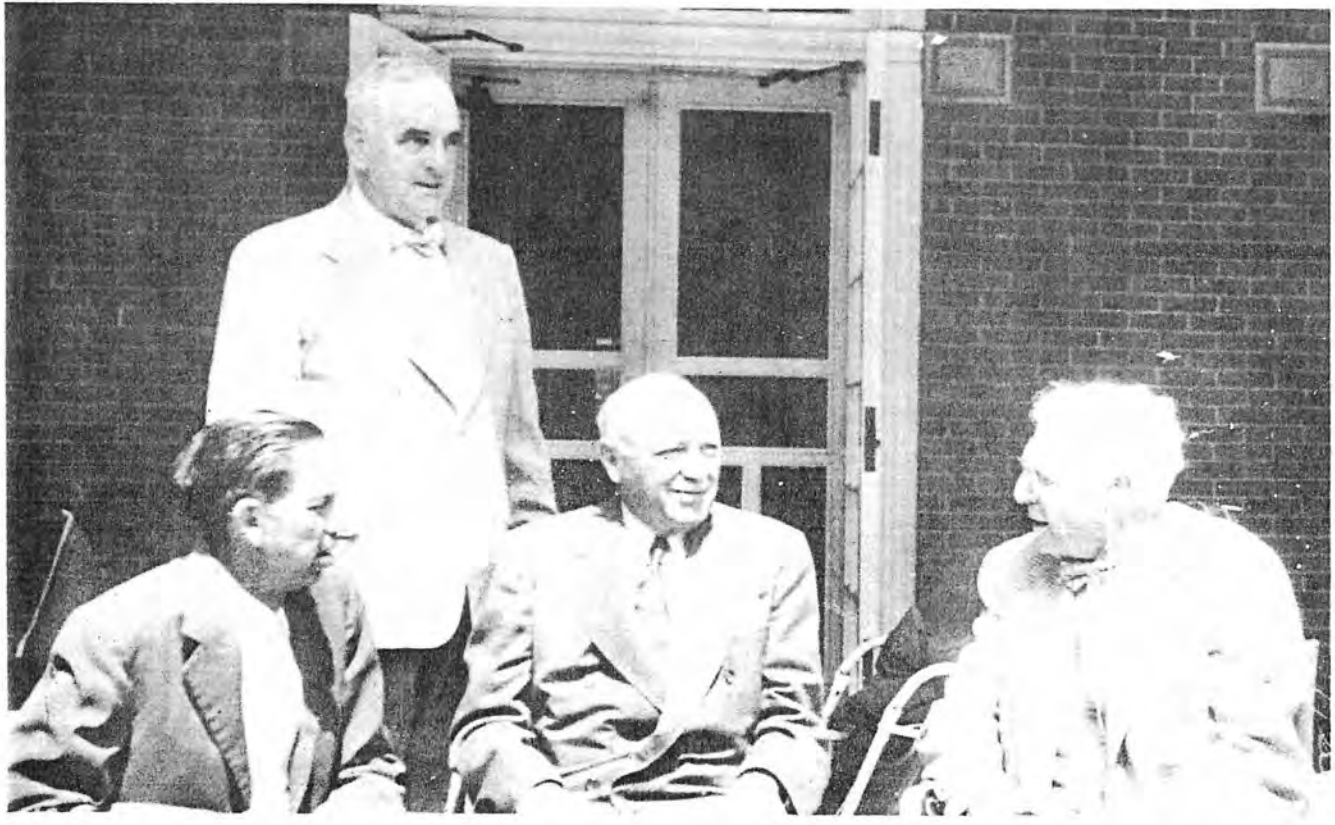


Entertaining friends on the JENNY III.

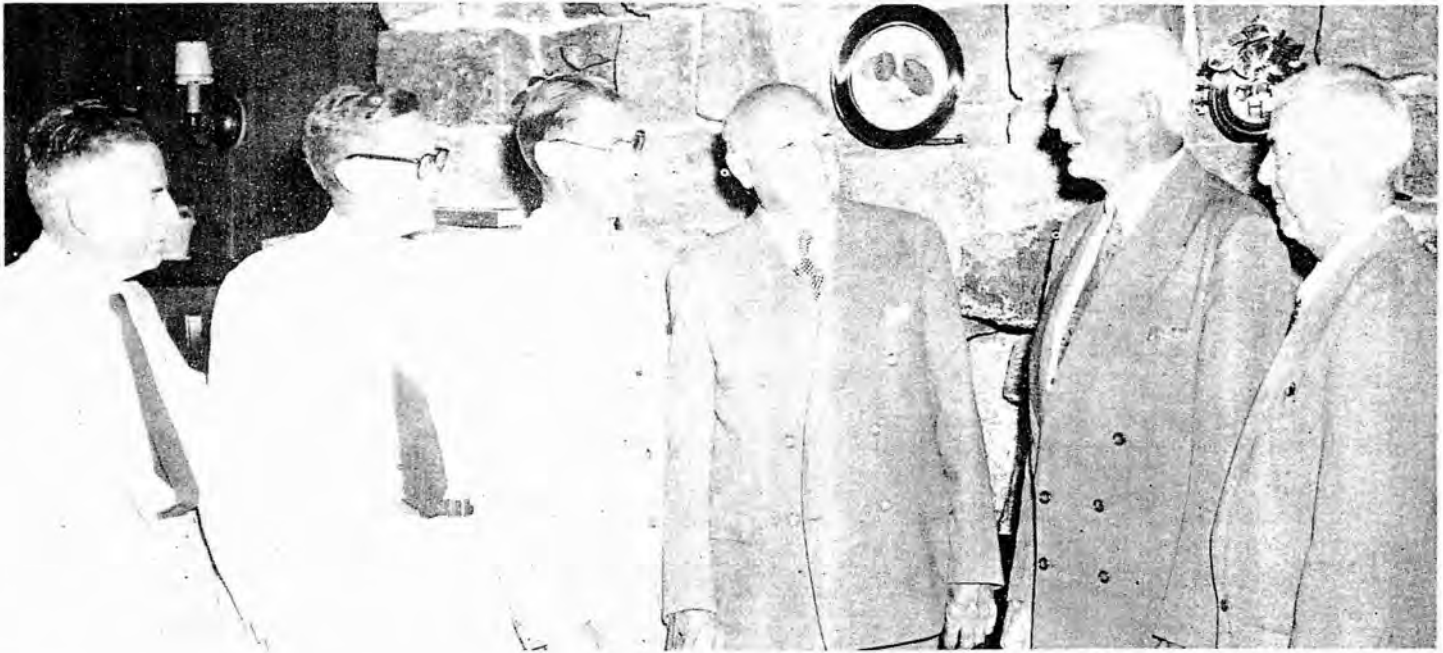
Jack Weble and Blue Marlin he caught at Bimini in 1950.



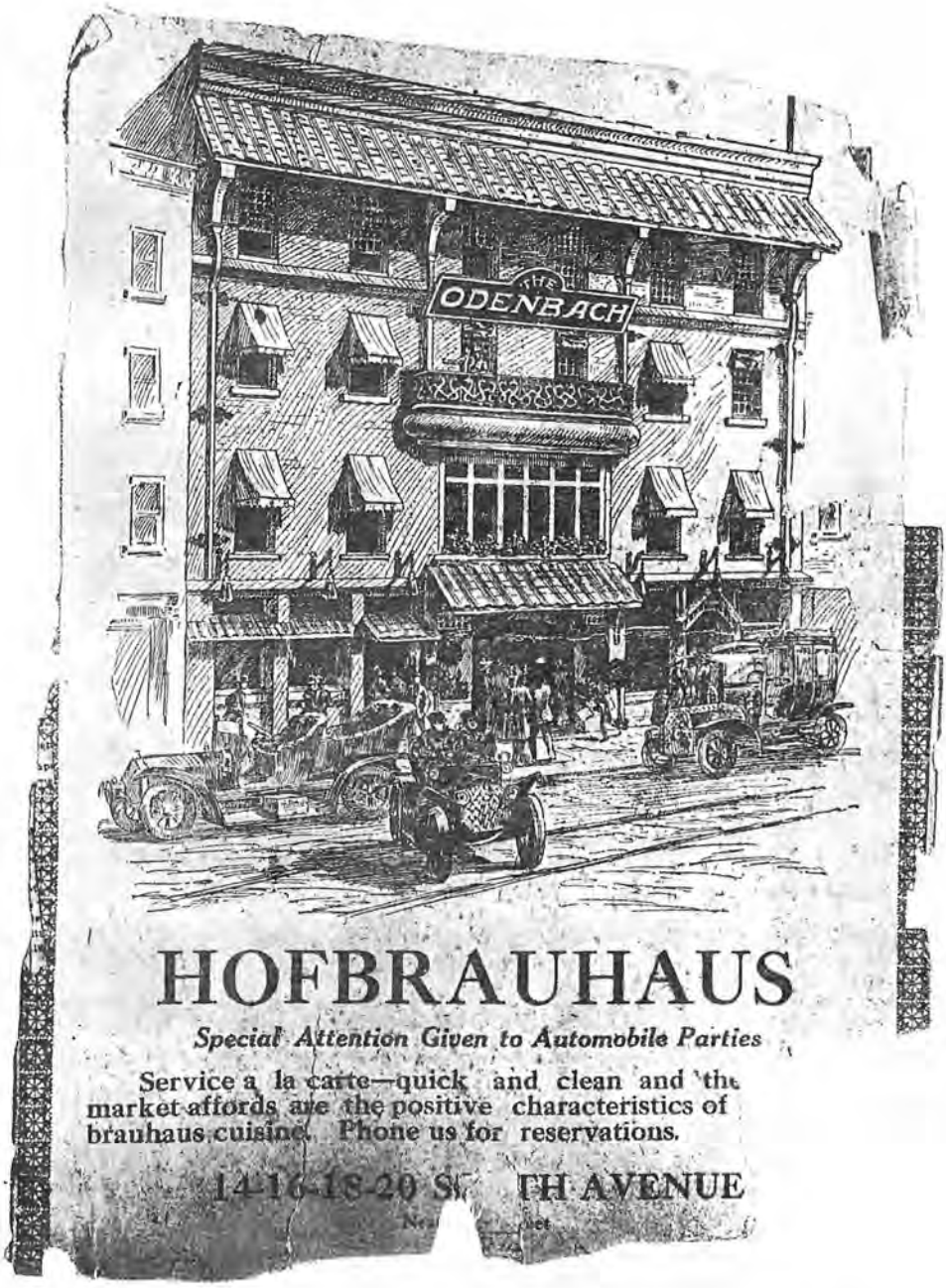
Entertaining friends on the JENNY III. From left to right: Fred Tobin, Tom Nagle, Don Dailey, Justice Robert Jackson and Lou Weble. In background is Captain Augie Feldthausen.



Louis A. Weble conferring with Barney Baruch, the advisor to many Presidents of the U.S.



WATERTOWN DAILY TIMES – Friday Afternoon, July 15, 1955
DISCUSS STATE PARK – New York State Conservation Commissioner Louis A. Wehle confers with interested group on the proposed Central Adirondack State park at a luncheon at the Adirondack League lodge on Little Moose Lake, Old Forge. Left to right are Frank Collins, state budget department; William Mullholland, state superintendent of camps and trails; Assemblyman Leo Lawrence, Herkimer; Mr. Wehle, Sen. Walter Van Wiggeren, Ilion, and P. W. Burdick, Supervisor of town of Webb.



This restaurant operated by my good friend Fred Odenback in years gone by, was tops in Rochester. Many a good dinner I enjoyed here.

THEY'RE OFF! -:- TO SEE THE DERBY

Rochester was well represented at the running of the Kentucky Derby this afternoon. Here's a portion of the group that entrained at the New York Central Station last night for the trip. From left to right, they are Frank J. Smith, City Court Judge James P. O'Connor, Mrs. Joseph M. Murray, Thomas N. Nagle, Mrs. Frank J. Smith, Louis A. Wehle, Mrs. Wehle and Donald A. Dailey, Monroe County Democratic leader, and Mrs. Dailey.

The Democrat and Chronicle Sunday Magazine, February 22, 1942

THAT INVALUABLE FIRST

From Their Present Positions of Community Prestige, These Well-Known Rochesterians Are Able to Look Back on the First Money They Earned with an Eye to Its Meaning as Well as to Its Value in Purchasing Power

Louis A. Wehle

Big, affable, forthright Louis A. Wehle, millionaire president of the Genesee Brewing Company, made his first cash peddling milk! Here is how it happened:

"When I was a boy of about 13, I got my first job as a helper with a horse and wagon milk peddler of our Gibbs and University Avenue neighborhood. My task was to run to the doorsteps, grab the containers left there, fish out the tickets which signified the amount of milk desired, then carry them to the wagon, where the driver filled them by means of a dipper from the cans on his wagon, a most unsanitary method, it seems today. This job meant getting up at 4 a. m. I remember how, because an alarm clock would wake up the whole household at an ungodly hour, I used to tie a string to my toe on retiring. My father, who always awoke easily, would pull the string and I'd jump out of bed, rush into my clothes and go on my milk route. After the delivering was done, I'd dash home, get some breakfast and then go to school."

Wehle also worked as "handy boy," running errands and the like for a florist at Main and North Streets. Then for two years he studied law in the offices of Hotchkiss and Tuke. He recalls how Andrew E. Tuke, who later became an important insurance executive in New York, took him aside one day and said, "Louie, you strike me as a lad who wants to make money fast. In that event, you're in the wrong business. The law is too slow." Ambitious, venturesome young Wehle saw that Tuke was right, and then and there tossed aside the law books. He took a job at the old Bartholomay Brewery under his father who was its superintendent. Then, he went away to a brewing school and received a diploma as a brewmaster. In 1911 he came back to the Bartholomay as brewmaster. Incidentally the present big plant over which he is boss, was a part of the old Bartholomay setup. He said, "It's like home here to me. You know, my oldest son was born in a house that used to stand right in the shadow of this very building."

But Louis Wehle was not one to work long for someone else. He embarked in the grocery and market business in Buffalo. Then he returned to Rochester to found the Wehle Bakeries, which prospered until there were branches in Milwaukee and Youngstown. In March, 1929, he sold out his bakery business to the House of Hathaway, for $1,302,733. A photostatic copy of that check hangs on the wall of the Wehle private office. "The significant thing about it," Wehle remarked, "is not the amount but the fact that I sold out six months before the big crash."

Although a millionaire, he is not content to remain idle. He foresaw the end of prohibition and after buying the present Genesee plant, rushed preparations for manufacturing beer. The legalization of the foaming beverage was a little swifter than he anticipated, yet with only 18 months' preparation, his trucks were rumbling out of the riverside plant only 15 days after the legalization of beer in 1933. Now this indefatigable business man has launched a new venture, the manufacture of industrial alcohol in the old Vacuum Oil plant. "I like to start new enterprises," he explained.

COMMADERS IN WAR AGAINST POLIO

Leaders at a dinner heralding the campaign of the Foundation for Infantile Paralysis were, from left, Dr. Albert W. Snoke, head of Monroe County chapter; Louis A. Wehle, state chairman, and Basil O'Connor, national head. Fund drive will be launched Sunday.

11 Million 1944 Polio Cost Cited as Fund Drive Spur

By quoting heartbreaking statistics on the number of persons stricken by crippling "polio" epidemics, Basil O'Connor, president, answered the question: "How much money does the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis need?"

O'Connor, of New York City, who is also president of the American Red Cross, addressed 200 Monroe County heads of the campaign for the Foundation's fund-raising campaign which will open Sunday and will continue through Jan. 31. He spoke at a dinner in the Seneca Hotel.

"The poliomyelitis epidemic which resulted in 20,000 cases cost about $11,000,000 nationally for treatment in 1944," he said.

Many Left Impaired

"It is safe to consider," he added, "that one-third were left with impairments after the disease subsided and will need treatment for probably at least two years. It takes $1,800 a year to care for such a patient. So you run into $11,000,000 for treatment for one year for just one epidemic."

O'Connor asserted the Foundation spent $2,000,000 in research last year, and pointed out there is no way of ascertaining how much the Foundation will have to spend next summer or the summer thereafter.

In terming the Foundation "a peculiarly American institution," he said its support marked the first time in history that any people in the mass have supported scientific research.

Continuing Research

"Scientific research begets research," he said, adding the foundation had spent five times as much last year as during the first year it was set up.

In addressing the heads of the fund-raising appeal, chairmen of committees and health officials of 11 surrounding counties, O'Connor paid tribute to Louis A. Wehle of Rochester, state campaign director.

"Only completely selfless persons stick to the job of managing this type of campaign. There is very little honor and there are infinite headaches connected with it. There is only the satisfaction of knowing you have saved the life, or help make whole once more, a crippled human being."

O'Connor was introduced by Dr. Albert W. Snoke, chairman of the Monroe County Chapter of the foundation.

Committee Canvasses Surplus Wheat Situation

Committee meets to confer on practicability of obtaining Farm Board wheat for distribution to those who could put it to good use in Rochester. Sitting, from left, W. W. VanVechten, E. Franklin Brewster, Louis A. Wehle, Frank Koch and Donald . Dailey, commissioner of public safety. Standing, Dr. Meyer Jacobstein and Howard Platt.

THE GENESEE BREWING CO., INC.
FORM 107 8-46-10M

INTER-OFFICE LETTER

FROM G. H. Bloom

TO L. A. Wehle

SUBJECT

DATE July 24, 1946

AL SIGL'S BROADCAST
July 24, 1946
1:15 p.m.

I'll tell you what I consider to be a worthwhile accomplishment of one of our good neighbors and it's one such person about whom I'd like to talk to you today. A great many people know him and are proud to know him intinately. His name is Louis A. Wehle. Now, I'll explain his latest accomplishment in a few minutes, but here's a man who leads a busy industrial life, who, nevertheless, accepts the plea of the handicapped, who has been able to give a great deal of his time to the Infantile Paralysis Foundation, and who certainly has accomplished a very worthwhile job - a job which is of lasting benefit right here in Rochester, not only because of the amount of money raised here each year to help care for those which are so afflicted but, in addition to that, because of the huge donation of $292,000 made only in recent weeks by the Infantile Paralysis Foundation to make a general study of paralysis, including cerebral pleurisy. Well, a man like that, naturally you expect him to have an avocation. Well, it's a hard question to decide whether life in the outdoors is an avocation or a vocation with Mr. Wehle. He devotes a large part of his time and his interest to that, too, and I think a lot of us have overlooked the fact that here is a busy indrustialist, a philanthropist, upon whose time there are many, many demands, but who, nevertheless, in the endeavor to lure you and me out of doors, has provided the good neighbors with a fishing contest.

The Sportsman . . .

By HOWARD KEMP

SOUTH Dakota, with its millions of pheasants and 160 days of shooting, looms as the promised land for thousands of returned GIs seeking outdoor recreation in 1946.

New York State isn't going to keep 'em home on any one-week, one-bird-a-day program with a season limit of three birds.

Some smart chap in the South Dakota Conservation Department turned a $20,000 investment into a big revenue producer for that state, according to Louis A. Wehle who, with his son, Jack, recently returned from that neck of the woods with their quota of 80 pheasants and sharp tailed grouse.

South Dakota's winters are more rigorous than those of the Empire State but the birds seem to survive and blossom out in the spring in fine fettle. This eliminates the climate element as a factor.

Why, then, are South Dakota pheasants able to stand heavy shooting pressure over a long period and continue to multiply?

That was a question which Wehle sought to answer and his survey resulted in the following conclusions:

South Dakota has more natural food.
It has fewer population centers and fewer stray dogs and cats.
Hawks are scarce.
Less than 1 per cent of the land is posted.
Less than 10 per cent of the land is fenced in.
Long, dry summers permit rearing of three broods.

Most important of these, of course, is food. Wehle says he looked around a bit and discovered a number of abandoned farms. These offer the necessary cover. Those farms which are culitvated are devoted to two dominant crops, wheat and corn. It is nothing, he related the other day, to see a cornfield a mile square.

Some of this corn is picked by machine and those ears which are missed are claimed by the wild birds. Much of the state's corn crop, however, is never harvested. It is intended for cattle feed and they don't mess around putting it into silos. They just turn the cattle loose into the cornfields when that crop is matured and let 'em go to it. They are joined at the festive board by pheasants and other game birds, such as partridge. And the wild ducks winging South have made the discovery, too, and may be found forming a blanket over every little water hole.

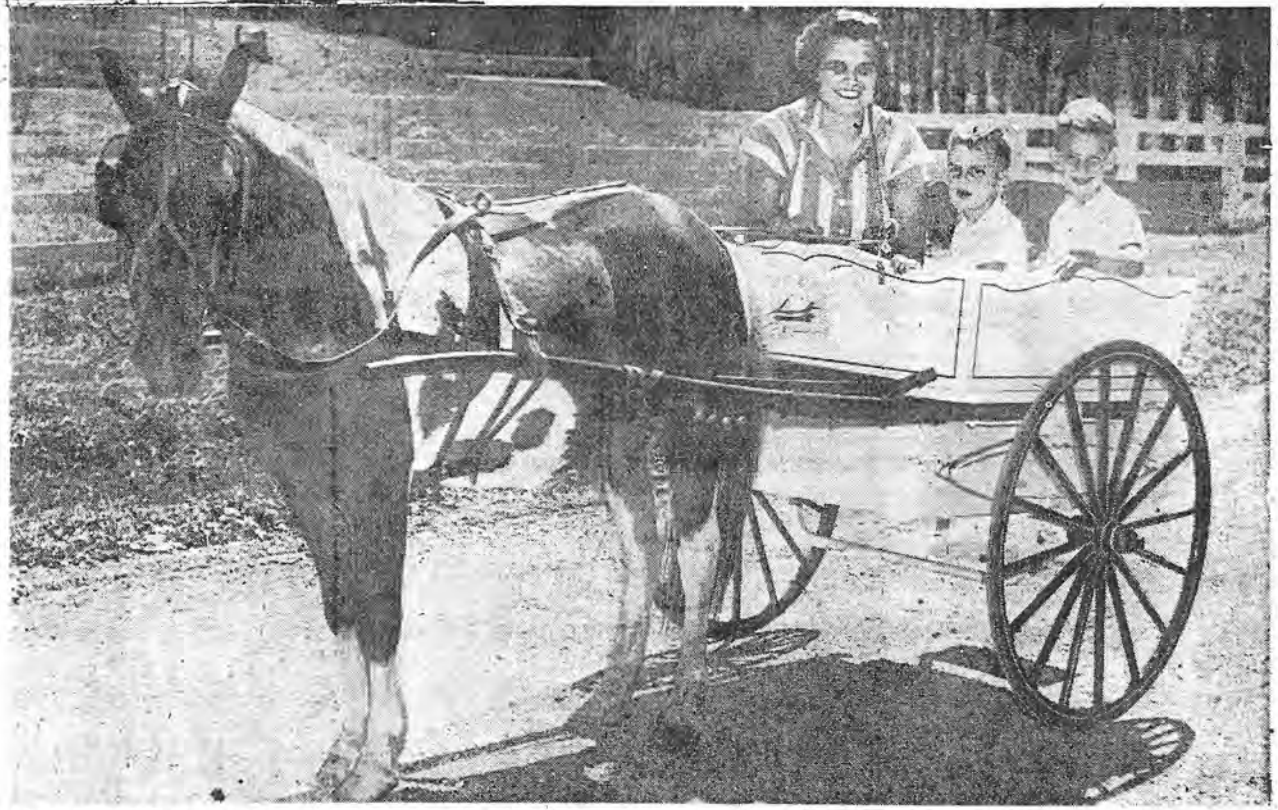
It's just a natural that can't be matched by New York State and Wehle isn't advocating an effort to do so.

South Dakota is sparsely populated. Farmhouses are few and far between. This means fewer stray dogs and cats to disturb wildlife.

Motor cars in South Dakota, too, travel as much on the open country as they do on the roads. You may drive a dozen miles crosslots step out of the car and start blasting away. Very little of the land is fenced in. Much of it is owned by Indians who rent it out at from a cent to a dime an acre. There are almost as many trees in Lake Ontario as are found in that flat country unless you might be calling a shrub a tree.

Very difficult is the sign "posted." The land generally is wide open and any farmer out there welcomes a hunter on his land.

Wehle says he tried to give a farmer on whose land he had been hunting a token in the way of three pheasants. The gift was graciously declined.



ABOUT TO START off on a leisurely drive through the countryside are Mrs. John L. Wehle of Scottsville Rd., and her two sons, Chip, 2½ years old; and Ted, 4. For this happy trio riding in their pony cart with their favorite pony leading the way, these drives are among the exciting and diverting pleasures of Summer.

MEET THE WHEEZE-KEEDS, also known as the Bush Leaguers. Their proud boast is that they've never finished worse than second. "Every year," says Roy F., "we've got something to celebrate. For example, this time it's the 26th Sunday after Whitsuntide." If you want to know what the two little check-adees at the right are doing they're passing the buck. It's Wehle to Bush, or Bush to Wehle, and take your choice. The others are, left as usual, George Hoffenberg, Lawrence Edenhofer, Robert Corris, and Leo Hosenfeld.

JAN 23 1959

All Outdoors

3 Cheers for Wehle, Conservation Chief 'On the Ball' Early

By FRANK DOLAN

FOR MANY YEARS critics of the Albany end of the State Conservation Department have charged that the bureau was loaded with a type of employe commonly referred to as "deadwood."

If it is true, the "deadwood" must feel now as though the last three weeks has been spent in a whirlpool.

DOLAN

Conservation Commissioner Louis A. Wehle has been in office just three weeks and the 65-year-old Rochester dynamo has produced more action and made more decisions than most commissioners make in a full term of office.

Commissioner Wehle's first decision was to appoint a new deputy commissioner. He hit upon Justin Mahoney as the man to fill the post held by Vic Schiff for many years. To get it on the record: This is the only official act by Mr. Wehle that we question. Deputy Commissioner Mahoney has been close to the executive level of the department for many years. Our fear is that he may be the vessel to carry over to the new order the thinly disguised contempt for sportsmen so often expressed by the department in the past. We would be very happy if we're wrong about Mahoney.

* * *

OTHERWISE, MR. WEHLE HAS MADE DECISIONS on a half dozen important matters with a promptness which gives the department a new look.

He personally investigated a situation which threatened the scallop industry on Long Island Sound. He braved frigid weather to journey out to the scallop beds in a storm-tossed boat for an-on-the-spot inspection of fungus-coated scallops about to be lost to the market because the fungus described as a "concretion" made it impossible to determine whether the scallops were of legal age for harvest.

The energetic commissioner examined the scallops dredged up in his presence; ate some of them to assure newsmen they were good eating, and within minutes after getting ashore signed a measure permitting the harvest of scallops of any age in the affected areas.

His decision not only put the scallop fleet back in business, it saved thousands of dollars worth of scallops for human consumption.

Scallops have a brief life-span. If these delicious crustaceans are not harvested in 18 months, they are dead. We'll agree these shellfish are just as dead after harvesting but that way they have economic value.

* * *

THE COMMISSIONER ALSO INSPECTED trout hatcheries operated by the department and countermanded orders given for decreased production at these and other trout hatcheries in the state. Commissioner Wehle indicated that he means to stick to his statement that his administration will make every effort to stock more fish for sportsmen.

This week Commissioner Wehle won three cheers from this reporter when he stated that the department will expand its plan of rearing ringneck pheasants in cooperation with the 4-H clubs of the state.

Commissioner Wehle said that while 4-H boys and girls were on a quota of 40,000 pheasant chicks last year, the quota will be increased to 100,000 this year. The only possible roadblock to the increased quota is finding additional youngsters willing to take part in the plan.

Commissioner Wehle also erased one of the practices for which his predecessors were criticized—releasing pheasant poults too soon. Like most sportsmen, Wehle believes that holding the young ringnecks a bit longer would increase their chances of survival.

* * *

COMMISSIONER WEHLE ALSO BROKE some free-loading hearts when he cancelled plans to build several homes for department employes. He plans to spend the $50,000 saved from this boondoggle for expansion of trout hatchery facilities.

And the final personnel change announced this week finds a Herkimer attorney taking over the post of secretary in the department. He is John Daly, Herkimer police justice, who has been appointed to succeed Robert Wells, secretary for the past eight years.

* * *

Rochester Abendpost,
Dienstag, den 27. Januar 1955

War Ehrengast der Genesee Conservation League

Louis A. Wehle

Der neue Forstschutz - Kommissar des Staates New York, Louis A. Wehle, war gestern abend Ehrengast der Genesee Conservation League bei einem Essen im Seneca Hotel.

Ueber 900 Männer—Sportsleute, Politiker, Mitglieder der genannten League, führende Persönlichkeiten der Industrie und Gesellschaft und zahlreiche Freunde — hatten sich eingefunden, um Herrn Wehle Tribut zu zollen und Erfolg auf seinem neuen, verantwortungsvollen Posten zu wünschen.

Das schönste Lob wurde Herrn Wehle unzweifelhaft durch Herrn Edmund Gilligen, den Sportredakteur der New Yorker „Herald-Tribune", zuteil, der ihn als einen Mann schilderte, der mit Leib und Seele sein Amt ausfüllen, Taten statt Worte sprechen lassen werde.

Herr Wehle, Aufsichtsratvorsitzer der Genesee Brewing Company, ließ in seiner Antwort auf die ihm gezollten Tribute keinen Zweifel, daß er ein bestimmtes Programm im Auge habe und dies unbeirrbar verfolgen werde, nämlich alle staatlichen Einrichtungen für die Sportsleute zu verbessern, Fisch- und Wildzüchtereien auszubauen, die Wildhüter besser zu schulen und nicht zu Herren sondern zu Dienern der Sportler zu machen.

Ein anderer Redner vor Herrn Wehle, John L. Farley, Leiter des „Fish and Wild Life Service" des Innenministeriums in Washington, der in seinen Ausführungen einen kleinen Einblick in die mannigfachen Gebiete des neuen Bereichs Herrn Wehles gewährte und ihm eine gute Portion Humor zur erfolgreichen Meisterung seiner vielen Bürden wünschte, konnte sich schnell überzeugen, daß Herr Wehle eine Persönlichkeit mit echtem Humor ist. Herr Wehle verlas nämlich im Laufe des Abends ein paar der Briefe, die ihm von Mißgünstigen nach seiner Ernennung zugingen, und nur ein Mann mit Humor konnte diese öffentlich verlesen, um dann mit in das Lachen der Hörer einzustimmen.

Eine Plakette wurde Herrn Wehle durch Neil Butler, den Präsidenten der Genesee Conservation League, überreicht. Es war die zweite Verleihung einer Auszeichnung an Herrn Wehle durch die League.

CHAMPION STEER PURCHASED—*Mr. Louis A. Wehle, Chairman of the Board of the Genesee Brewing Company, holds the State Championship cup won by this Angus Steer at the New York State Fat Stock Show held recently at Caledonia. Mr. Wehle purchased the 940 lb. animal for one dollar a pound, highest price registered at the show.*

Wehle, Nagle To Raise Cattle At Henderson

Beef cattle, not race horses, will roam 860 acres of land purchased near Watertown by Louis A. Wehle, chairman of the board of the Genesee Brewing Company, and Thomas N. Nagle, president of Whiting-Buick, it was reported today.

Both Wehle and Nagle were out of town and not available for comment. But Robert Wehle, Louis Wehle's son, said that beef cattle operations are all that are planned on the land.

Purchase of the tract was disclosed yesterday in a deed filed in the Jefferson County Clerk's office. The tract is in Stoney Point in the Town of Henderson, about 20 miles west of Watertown. It has three miles of shore line on Lake Ontario and once was used as a National Guard artillery range.

• • •

THE WATERTOWN TIMES said that there were reports that the two purchasers were interested in establishing a pari-mutuel track for horse races on the site. Robert Wehle scoffed at the report, however, and called it ridiculous." Members of the Wehle family own several harness horses.

The land was purchased from Louis De Carolis of 205 Bergen St., Rochester. Sale price was not disclosed.

Formed for Fishermen by D & C

Lou Wehle's 450-Pound Earns Membership For Sportsman

Now Louis is a big man and Captain Benny's craft displaces plenty of water but the party took a four-mile ride to sea in the tuna's wake, none the less, and the Scottsville Road baron, used to roughing it as he is, confessed he was a tired man when he finally landed his prize.

Shortly after the tuna hit the herring on Wehle's hook, two others got strikes and had to cut their lines, else they might have been towed into the war zone. To make the landing of the fish more difficult, the pocket into which the butt of the rod rests was spread.

Senator Janes brought in his 450-pounder last August off Wedgeport, Nova Scotia, on a 54 tread line with rod and reel after a battle that lasted 3 hours and 15 minutes, in the course of which the fishing craft was towed something like 15 nautical miles.

Both Wehle and Janes will receive Democrat and Chronicle certificates certifying them as members of the Western New York Tuna Club.

Others will be awarded as credentials are submitted. Applications may be filed with Howard H. Kemp, who covers the Outdoor Circuit for The Democrat and Chronicle, at this office.

Remember, if you have ever caught a 150-pound tuna, anywhere, any time, you are eligible for membership. File your application early so organization of the club may be completed.

—KEMP

LOUIS A. WEHLE

ROCHESTER, N. Y., TUESDAY, JANUARY 25, 1955

Democrat and Chronicle

Honoring a Sportsman

A sportsmen's dinner in honor of Louis A. Wehle is sort of natural. Mr. Wehle is the new chief of the state's Conservation Department and the dinner honors his appointment. It will be more than a stiffly formal acknowledgement of the new job. It will be a greeting to a fellow sportsman, a vigorous proponent of life in the outdoors, a generous supporter of all activities pertaining to field and stream. His right to recognition was won long before Governor Harriman invested him with the dignity of office.

It is interesting to note that Mr. Wehle is Rochester's first member of the state cabinet in 25 years. George S. Van Schaick was insurance superintendent under Governors Lehman and Roosevelt. Since then we've had Maurice Burritt as head of the Public Service Commission, but some authorities hold the cabinet consists of the Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Governor's secretary and those heads of state department whom the Governor at stated intervals desires to invite to cabinet meetings.

Under the late Republican county leader, Thomas E. Broderick this area preferred a number of smaller state jobs rather than one big one. That surely was sound theory on the grounds of party interest and organization. Still it's nice to see Monroe County carry the prestige of a cabinet post.

ROME, N. Y.
SENTINEL
MAY 27 1955

Conservation Official Denies Claims of Wholesale Firings

ALBANY (AP) — Gov. Harriman's conservation commissioner reported today that there had been less than 20 per cent turnover in forest fire-control personnel since the Democrats took charge.

Louis A. Wehle declared that persons who claimed there were wholesale political firings in the forest service had made "sensational, untrue charges."

Wehle, in a report to the Joint Legislative Committee on Natural Resources, asserted that there had been 47 "changes" since last Jan. 1 in the Conservation Department's 250-member forest fire - control force.

In addition, he reported a 50 per cent turnover in the 56 campsite observer jobs. But, he said, campsite observers were not trained in fire control and were not considered members of the forest fire force.

"These are the facts," Wehle said, "despite the anguished cries of critics that as many as 200 were being summarily fired."

Conservationists last week charged that the department was endangering the state's woodlands by firing experienced fire-control personnel and replacing them with "green" hands. The state administration passed into Democratic hands last Jan. 1 after 12 years of Republican control.

Two former conservation commissioners, Perry B. Duryea, a Republican, and Lithgow Osborne, a Democrat, joined in the controversy. Both declared that forest fire personnel had been hired without regard to political affiliation under their governors.

Osborne asked the legislative committee to investigate the situation, but the committee voted to put off action pending a voluntary report from the department.

Wehle said the department employed 14 district foresters and 15 district rangers, none of whom was replaced. All, he said, had civil service job protection.

Of the 124 forest rangers, without job protection, three had been "released," he reported.

The commissioner said the 98 fire tower observers were considered "seasonal" positions and were unprotected by civil service. He said 54 of the towers were manned by the same personnel as last year.

He reported that 19 of last year's observers were not available for re-employment, two — women — were replaced by men, and [illegible] were replaced "as a result of administrative decisions."

Wehle said that of the 47 changes in the entire fire-control force, nearly half "came about because it was impossible to re-hire the former employes, and in other cases because good administrative action demanded it."

JUN 2 1955

Moses Vetoes Hanna Plea

EDWARD A. HANNA

Moses Blasts Hanna Charge As 'Rambling'

ALBANY (GNS) — Robert Moses, State Parks Council chairman, today branded as "rambling" the charges of irregularities in the state parks brought by Edward A. Hanna, member of the Central New York State Parks Commission.

"The charges contain a lot of rambling stuff," Moses said when contacted in New York. "I could not understand them.

"I sent them to the Central New York Commission and the Commission sent me the minutes of its meeting. There was more rambling stuff.

"Something had to be done, so I talked to the governor and the governor directed Conservation Commissioner Wehle to tell me to call a meeting to investigate."

"I have asked Hanna to appear next Tuesday at Randall's Island. Eugene Donovan of Auburn will be chairman."

Moses was asked abut Hanna's claim that the entire state park system should be investigated.

"How long did it take him to find that out?" How long has he been appointed?"

Hanna was named by Governor Harriman Apr. 2.

"Here is another Daniel come to judgment," Moses said.

This committee will have its hearing and then will report to the council.

'Dirty Linen' Not for Public, Chairman Says

Robert Moses, chairman of the State Council of Parks, has refused to open to the public the committee hearing which he has called to consider charges by Edward A. Hanna, Utica, member of the Central New York State Parks Commission, that state parks in this area are being mismanaged.

In a telegram answering which Hanna sent asking that the hearing be opened to the public, Moses declared that the officials he has appointed to the investigative committee "do not make a practice of washing their dirty linen in public."

The text of Moses' reply:

"We shall expect you at the meeting of the Council committee on Tuesday, June 7. But the meeting will not be public under any circumstances.

"We never admit the public to committee meetings of this kind and we do not intend to do so in this case, nor is there any occasion whatever for your making such a request. I suggest that you consider that this matter is one which is being considered by highly reputable officials of long standing who do not make a practice of washing their dirty linen in public.

"You might also consider that this matter will be decided thoroughly and that you are among gentlemen."

Hanna's comment, upon receiving the reply:

"I am still mindful that the parks belong to the people of the state, that they are paying for these parks and that, if there is any "dirty linen to be washed it is of the gravest concern to all of them."

Moses called the hearing at the request of Governor Harriman and Conservation Commissioner Louis Wehle after Hanna had brought the charges of irregularities and mismanagement to the attention of the state officials.

The special committee appointed by Moses to conduct the hearing consists of Eugene Donovan, Auburn, of the Finger Lakes Park Commission; Horace Albright, of the Palisades Park Commission; Wolcott Humphrey, Warsaw, vice chairman of the State Parks Council; Vanderbilt Webb, New York, Moses, and James F. Evans, director of state parks. The latter two are members ex-officio of the committee.

Meanwhile Hanna pointed to a recent meeting of the Central New York State Parks Commission as one of the reasons why he is asking that the hearing in New York be open to the public.

He said that he brought some of the charges of irregular management of the parks up at this meeting on May 10.

"What did the commission do but authorize Howard Stowell, general manager of the eight parks in this region, to investigate the charges," Hanna said. "Stowell is the man responsible for the operation of the parks.

"I don't want the same thing to happen in New York. I believe the facts should be laid before the people. Mr. Evans has stated that I 'have no conception of what makes the wheels go around' in this matter. I believe that the parks administration has become so accustomed to these administrative actions which I call irregularities that they feel they are right and proper. I say it is up to the people of the state to decide whether or not they are proper and they should be given the chance to know about them so that they can approve or disapprove."

Hanna claimed that not only state park employes have been allowed to live rent-free in homes in some of the state parks but that this privilege had also been given to some of the operators of concessions at the parks.

Donald T. Pomeroy, Syracuse, chairman of the Central New York State Parks Commission to which Hanna was appointed about two months ago, said today that "we are thoroughly familiar with Mr. Hanna's opinion."

"There is a very real difference between his opinions and those of the four other commissioners," he added. "I have been notified of this meeting at Randall's Island. I have been asked to go there to represent the commission before this committee which has been appointed to hear the so-called charges."

Commenting on the nature of the charges, Pomeroy said:

"In view of the fact that this hearing has been scheduled, it would be unfair to this committee to discuss them."

STATE OF NEW YORK
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT
DIVISION OF THE BUDGET
ALBANY

PAUL H. APPLEBY
DIRECTOR OF THE BUDGET

June 7, 1955

Hon. Louis A. Wehle
Commissioner
Conservation Department
Arcade Building
Albany, New York

Dear Lou:

When I was in Syracuse the other day I was told that your appointment had been politically the best that the Governor has made because of the general respect and affection that the people have for you upstate. Your note of June 6 is just another evidence of why this is so. The whole Budget Division appreciates greatly the thoughtfulness that it showed, and it certainly will add to the pleasure of the staff at the time of our picnic.

Sincerely yours,

Paul

STATE OF NEW YORK
DEPARTMENT OF AUDIT AND CONTROL
ALBANY

ARTHUR LEVITT
STATE COMPTROLLER

October 25, 1955

Hon. Louis A. Wehle
Commissioner of Conservation
Broadway Arcade Building
Albany, New York

Dear Louis:

I can't tell you how much I appreciate your great kindness and thoughtfulness in your generous expressions of confidence at yesterday's staff meeting. The thrill of listening to your remarks still remains with me and I shall never forget your splendid gesture.

Let me say, parenthetically, that I am proud of your achievement in the field of conservation and that I take advantage of every opportunity to express my complete confidence in the high personal integrity and great efficiency you display in the fulfillment of your own responsibilities.

Cordially yours,

Arthur

MAR 5 1956

State Forest Land Adds 37,916 Acres

ALBANY, March 4 (AP)—The state has acquired or contracted for the purchase of 37,916 acres of forest preserve land since last April 1, Gov. Harriman announced today.

Details of the land acquisition program will be contained in a report to the Governor that Conservation Commissioner Louis A. Wehle will submit this week.

Harriman said the increase was 3,000 acres greater than the increase during the 12 years from 1942 to 1954.

He disclosed that 8,948 acres of the new land was a gift from Finck, Pryun & Co. of Glens Falls.

In commenting on the gift, Harriman said:

"I am informed by Commissioner Wehle that this land includes several mountain peaks and is valuable both as scenery and for watershed protection."

The Conservation Department bought acreage only where it would add protection to headwaters of streams, afford access to presently owned state tracts suitable for hunting, fishing or other recreation, or consolidate present state holdings and cut administrative costs, Harriman said.

Pheasants in His Brew

• • • • • •

Louis A. Wehle: A 'Man in the News' Profile

(Condensed from the New York Times)

Louis A. Wehle is a business man who has discovered to his regret that working in Government is not at all like working in business.

Wehle's debut as a public official has been made difficult by the fact that he chose to make it in the field of conservation. There opinions are strong and political allegiances melt in the face of an assault on sportsmanship.

LOUIS A. WEHLE

The wealthy Rochester brewer took office as the State Conservation Commissioner on Jan. 1, 1955. Since then he has run into a series of incidents that have brought home to him the impotence of a state official as compared with a private business man.

Soon after Governor Harriman appointed him, the new commissioner found that he could name only a single deputy commissioner and a department secretary to aid him.

Almost all of the rest of his "team" in the department was composed of career civil servants who had helped guide his Republican predecessor.

Under a tradition more fixed in the Conservation Department than in some others, policy was not expected to change with each administration. Fish and game and forests have always been considered as subjects of professional concern not allied with political fluctuation.

• • •

OVER HIS year and a half as a public servant, Wehle has discovered with some surprise that:

When his top department officials disagree with his ideas for new projects, he cannot dismiss them because they have civil service tenure.

When he wants to hire a personal public relations man and the only available job pays $4,000 a year, he can't add $4,000 or $5,000 out of his own pocket because this is against the law.

When he does dismiss some of the few non-civil service workers in the department — fire observers and campsite caretakers—conservationists outside the department take umbrage.

When a noisy and ambitious member of a State Park Commission (Edward Hanna of Utica) starts a bitter personal campaign against the commissioner, the campaigner cannot be dismissed for insubordination because he was appointed by Governor Harriman.

a grandiose state fish hatchery heated by "atomic power," and this is the first that department officials have heard of the idea, they are disturbed.

When he decides to spend January, February and March in his winter home in Florida and let departmental personnel fight the annual legislative battle without his prestige to back him up, they feel they have been sold short.

On top of these frustrations was heaped the cause celebre of the 15,000 pheasants that died on an island in Lake Ontario.

• • •

THE COMMISSIONER never ran for office before Harriman named him to head the Conservation Department. He never headed an agency of civil service professionals either. Now he says that the only answer to his problems with the Conservation Department staff is to "reorganize the whole bunch," although civil service may be a barrier.

"The business men in government who don't exactly understand all of its problems aren't exclusively in Washington," a harried Harriman staff member said today.

Mr. Wehle's Way

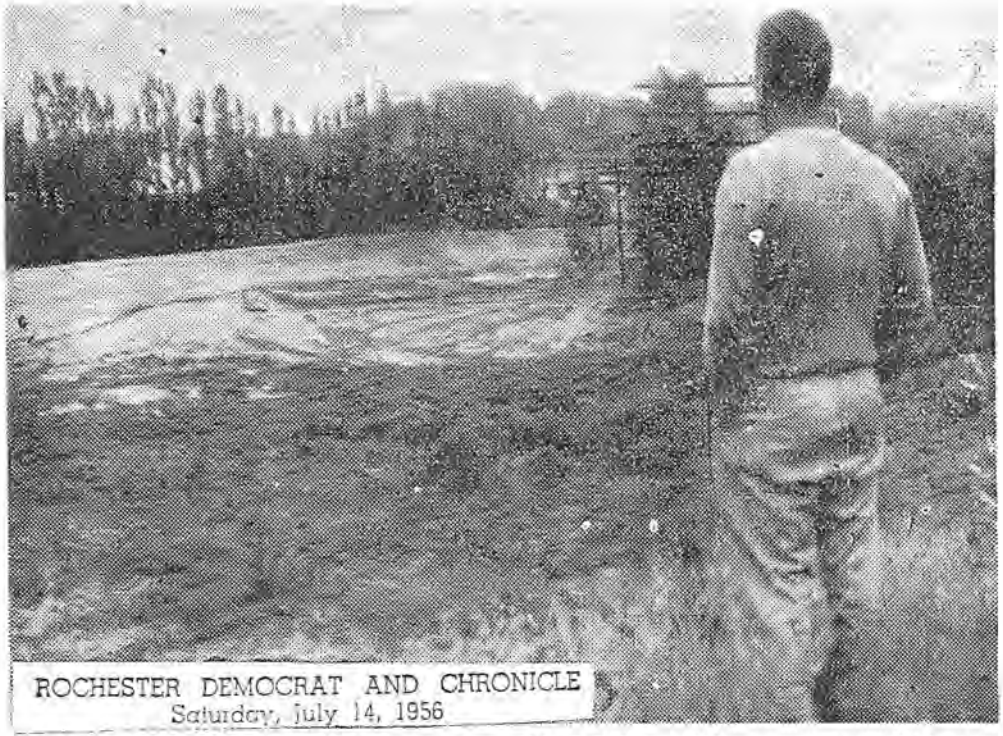
Monroe County conservationists are wise, we believe, in holding back any formal denunciation of Conservation Commissioner Louis A. Wehle. The eagerness of some of them to pummel the commissioner has surprised us. It has seemed that the critics are opposed to any display of energy and action in the department.

Mr. Wehle is an efficient man, himself, and highly impatient when he can't get results. It must be admitted that his charges against some of his subordinates were a bit rough, about as diplomatic as a barroom punch. They showed, however, that he knows what he wants to do and knows what he wants his staff to do.

The commissioner has found a political job is unlike the business world. He works with a crew protected by civil service, competent men, no doubt, but reared in a sort of independence of the boss. This is understandable and even praiseworthy when the boss is a figurehead. But Mr. Wehle is not cut out to be a figurehead. He is a devoted conservationist and a generous one. He is accustomed to results and anyone who knows him feels that he will get results —or else.

Much has been accomplished during the commissioner's brief tenure. We need only point to the rehabilitation of the fish hatchery at Caledonia, the reduction in the staff's hours, the straightening out of an ancient pay system. Improvement has been made at other spots.

Governor Harriman is appointing a committee to study the Wehle charges. Until that committee reports there is no good in wild action by outsiders. Somehow we have a feeling that the department will settle down, that there will be better support for the Wehle program. It probably is good for everyone concerned that the commissioner spoke up. He may have given his staff a needed jolt.



ROCHESTER DEMOCRAT AND CHRONICLE
Saturday, July 14, 1956

POND THAT NEVER WAS—Denton Aldrow, Conservation Department technician, surveys what was to have been ideal fish pond for youngsters. It is near Conservation office on Scottsville Road. The pond now may never be completed.

Outdoors

By Floyd King and Jack Needham

Wehle's Resignation Brings Halt To Projects for Area Sportsmen

RESIGNATION of Louis Wehle as conservation commissioner was the heaviest blow dealt area sportsmen since farmers began posting land, with the results just beginning to be felt.

A dozen projects that would have benefitted hundreds, right down to the 4-year-old who has yet to catch his first fish, have been halted abruptly with grave doubts they will be revived. They were Wehle's brain children and the new commissioner probably will have different ideas.

Just south of the Conservation Department offices on Scottsville Road is a bulldozed crater that might be called the fishing pond that never was. Wehle had planned it as a fisheries research project and as the ideal place to introduce youngsters to the sport.

It was to have been a two-acre pond, appropriately landscaped and well stocked with fish. It would have been closed to adult fishing but if a dad wanted to start his boy along the pathway to a lifetime of fishing pleasure this was to be the spot for it. Children's fishing derbies also were to be held here.

The Department also had planned to use it in research projects such as the development of fish under certain feeding conditions, weed growth, etc. It was also to be used to demonstrate to farmers as the ideal farm pond.

The pond has been bulldozed out, a spillway put in and drainage pipes sunk to empty the pond if necessary. Then the work stopped. Denton Aldrow, assistant game research investigator in the local office and who is in charge of such pond projects, explained that veins of sand were encountered which prevents the pond from filling naturally.

Aldrow explained that this is not a difficult condition to overcome. It frequently happens in the construction of farm ponds and a new chemical is used that effectively seals the pores in sand veins. However, an OK is required from Albany to go ahead on the project and the approval has not been forthcoming. Asked if he thought the project would be completed, Aldrow shrugged expressively.

* * *

Fishermen who want to launch their boats on the Genesee River are now faced with a considerable problem. Most of the river bank and access thereto are privately owned and many of the land owners do not take kindly to tresspassers. Wehle had plans for a large launching platform on the Genesee near the Conservation Department offices. One reliable informant said he doubted if it would ever get beyond the planning stage.

* * *

Piled along the roadside near the Conservation Department offices is a big mound of cedar logs — monument to another dream for better area recreation. Wehle, with the aid of department fish technicians, had worked out a plan to improve the fishing in the Genesee near the Department offices. This was to be public fishing ground and it was believed that by the construction of weirs and deflectors in the river the fishing could be very much improved. This is another project that now seems certain to be passed up.

* * *

Ironically, all of these projects are on land that Wehle gave the Conservation Department with the intention that local sportsmen should benefit from the setup. No estimate of its value was given at the time but one reliable informant told us Wehle had paid $40,000 for it.

* * *

New evidence of the Conservation Department's get tough policy with game violators is seen in the recommendation of District Game Protector Clifford E. Moore that Martin P. Vosburgh of Wolcott RD be denied a license to hunt, fish or trap for five years.

Vosburgh pleaded guilty and paid fines on June 15 for shooting deer out of season. In his letter to the department's legal office, Moore described Vosburgh as an habitual violator of the conservation law. He pointed out the Wolcott man had been apprehended and fined last year for shooting protected whistling swans and also had paid fines for conservation law violations in 1941, 1942 and 1948.

It is no violation of confidence to advise Vosburgh that he is going to be under close surveillance of game protectors from now on. That pleases us.

The house we never lived in – in 1958 Mrs. Weble and I decided to move back into the city, so we purchased the Richard Ford house corner of East Avenue and Douglas Road. After the purchase we both decided the house much too large and placed it back on the market.

Smearing Louis Wehle

That man is Louis Wehle, head of the Genesee Brewery, who was named Conservation Commissioner by Governor Harriman four years ago. Wehle has since resigned, but Wilson, holding that it is no longer possible to smear Harriman, simply had to smear somebody and he picked on Wehle by charging that his appointment as commissioner was a "political payoff," a charge that implies political graft somewhere along the line.

For 11 years Wehle headed the March of Dimes campaign and in that time he raised more than $25,000,000 without as much as a penny of profit to himself. Instead, he spent thousands of dollars out of his own pocket for expenses in running around the stae. He isn't as young as he used to be and today his daughter-in-law, Mrs. John Wehle, heads the March of Dimes in Monroe County. A hunter, a fisherman, a sportsman, a philanthropist of first rank, Wehle was not injured by Wilson's attack upon him. To the contrary Rockefeller's running mate has hurt his own party, has made more votes for the Democrats.

The Republican Party of Monroe County deserves a great deal of credit for the steps it took immediately after Wilson's smear. Local GOP leaders repudiated Wilson's charges, called Republican Headquarters in New York City and asked that Wilson confine his campaigning to issues. For, although Wehle is a Democrat, he is greatly admired and respected by leaders of both parties and the public.

We here on WE have been asked why we are supporting Harriman in view of the fact that, as one put it, "He has not done anything worthwhile in the four years he has been governor."

We told the man who made that statement that he was wrong and we caused him to change his mind

THIS WEEK'S POEM

DEDICATED TO STUART— AND THOSE WHO LIVE THERE

By Sunny Rae Young

I think the stars up in heaven
Are windows where Angels may look
To see how we mortals are living
Then enter reports in a book.

The clouds are the sailboats of angels
Adrift on an azure blue sea
The south wind is chosen as captain
The crew are the other three.

The rainbow gives color for costumes
Of soft pastel colors so pale
And often a ribbon of color
Is used to patch up a sail.

They drift over rivers and mountains
They glide over desert and hill
They linger a while over meadows
And then they stop . . . and stand still.

For nestled, below on a river
Is a sight of beauty so calm
Homes surrounded by fruit trees
Flowers and coconut palms.

People with love for each other
Where children eternally play
Where summer is ever-without ending
Where the moon makes the nights like day.

A place where the boats sail the river
To gain access to the sea
Where the birds sing a song to the morning
Where the best things in life are free.

Lie back and relax in the sunshine
Feel the spray from a bursting wave
Stretch your arms upward to heaven
Ah' this is the life that I crave.

A place to call home with my loved ones
Where the sun sets with colorful hue
Reflecting her beauty in water
That is seen and enjoyed by too few.

The name of the place that I picture
Where the fruits are so sweet and so juicy
The place is our own little Stuart
At peace on the blue St. Lucie.

U.S.A.
Ordnance Department

Having the special qualifications necessary

Louis A. Wehle

is hereby appointed

Member, Advisory Board

of the

Rochester Ordnance District

He is therefore carefully and diligently to discharge such duties there-unto pertaining as may be assigned to him from time to time by the Chief of Ordnance and by his District Chief.

Office of the Chief of Ordnance, Washington, D.C. June 3, 1941.

Brigadier General.
Chief of Industrial Service
Ordnance Department

Major General.
Chief of Ordnance.

Chief of the Rochester Ordnance District.

PAGE OUT OF THE GAME RECORD BOOK WHICH WAS KEPT AT THE FARM FOR MANY YEARS.

Date of Hunt Nov. 18th & 19th 1948 Weather Clear & Sunny, 18th Rain 19th

GUNS:	NUMBER OF PHEASANTS FLUSHED	NUMBER OF PHEASANTS BAGGED	OTHER GAME SEEN	OTHER GAME BAGGED	DOG HANDLERS	DOGS USED	DOGS' PERFORMANCE
	1st day						
Sam Kearing	30	20	three	One	Jim Kerrick	Jack "Bella"	Good
Joseph S Verno	15	12				Dis	"
James Digaspari						Duc	"
Jack Coughlin						Scoot	Wild
Harry Plate							
A J Teasley							
Raymond L. Davis							
Clint Conklin							
Willard D. Bignardo							

Remarks: Released 55 birds 15 killed 11/19/48 final hunt of season
entertained 23 guests
total 152 birds killed

Wehle Farms

CERTIFICATE OF CLAN NAME

This birchen scroll testifies that on the 25th day of the Moon of September in the year Nineteen Hundred Thirty Eight. (Time Reckoning of the European Invader). that

Louis A. Wehle of Rochester, N.Y.

Was duly inducted by the ancient rites of the Seneca Nation into the Wolf Clan by his friend and brother Sachem Freeman Johnson (Donehogawenh) and henceforth shall be known by the name

HIWEYO

In testimony whereof I have set my hand and seal calling upon all tribesman to respect the name above given and to greet our new brother by this designation.

Signed Freeman Johnson
Head Sachem of the Senecas

The People of the State of New York

By the Grace of God Free and Independent

To all to whom these Presents shall come Greeting:

Know Ye that We have nominated constituted and appointed and by these Presents do nominate constitute and appoint

Louis A. Wehle

A Member of the Genesee State Park Commission

hereby giving and granting unto him all and singular the powers and authorities to the said office by law belonging or appertaining. To Have and to Hold the said office together with the fees profits and advantages to the same belonging for and during the time limited by the Constitution and Laws of our said State

In Testimony Whereof *We have caused these our letters to be made patent and the great Seal of our said State to be hereunto affixed*

Witness: **Herbert H. Lehman** *Governor of our said State (with the consent of our Senate) at our City of Albany the twenty first day of March in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and thirty nine*

Attest: [illegible]

[illegible] *Secretary of State*

The People of the State of New York

By the Grace of God Free and Independent

To all to whom these Presents shall come Greeting:

Know Ye that We have nominated constituted and appointed and by these Presents do nominate constitute and appoint

Louis A. Wekle
Conservation Commissioner

hereby giving and granting unto him all and singular the powers and authorities to the said office by law belonging or appertaining. To Have and to Hold the said office together with the fees profits and advantages to the same belonging for and during the time limited by the Constitution and Laws of our said State

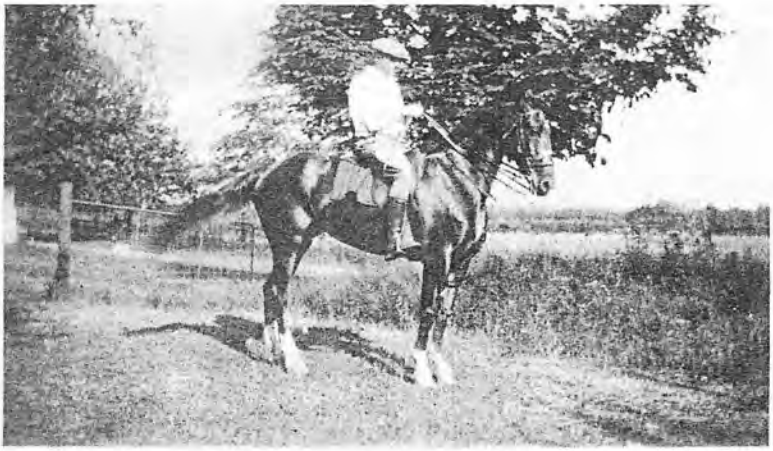
In Testimony Whereof We have caused these our letters to be made patent and the great Seal of our said State to be hereunto affixed

Witness: **Averell Harriman** *Governor of our said State (with the Consent of our Senate) at our City of Albany the* 17th *day of* January *in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and fifty five*

Attest: Averell Harriman

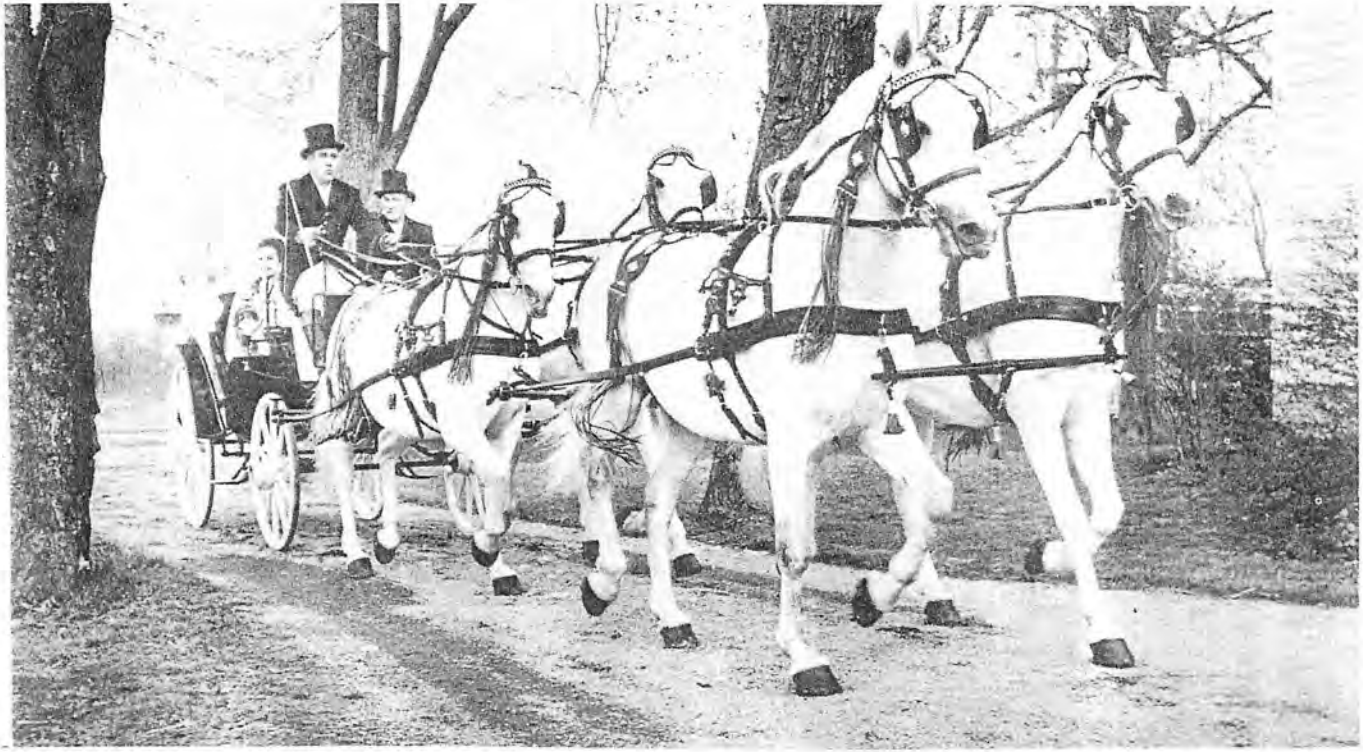
Secretary of State

The President and Mrs. Roosevelt
request the pleasure of the company of
Mr & Mrs. Wehle
at a buffet luncheon at the White House
on Monday, January the twentieth
nineteen hundred and forty-one
immediately after the Inaugural Ceremonies
at the Capitol



Louis A. Weble on his horse. Shortly after this was taken this horse threw a Detroit man, turned around and while he was laying on the ground tried to kick him. I gave this horse to this same man.

Buffalo house on Woodbridge Avenue where we lived prior to moving to Rochester.



Royal Horses of Austria, hitched to the coach formerly owned by Franz Josef, Emperor of Austria. In carriage – the original Jenny. Horses were purchased from the Lippizan Stud Farm at Vienna and flown to the U.S. by us.

Jack Weble's prize cattle in front of show barn on his farm. Wes Woodward, Jack's Superintendent, one of the best show cattlemen in the country, together with Duff and Chip and farm hand.

How Champions Are Trained

Wehle's Pointers Get Love, Discipline, Understanding

By JIM LYDON

Two national championships were awarded dogs from the Wehle Kennels, Scottsville road, in the field trials that terminated Monday in Baldwinsville.

The awards were won because of the performance of the dogs in the field, but behind that is a story that goes back 23 years, to the beginning of the Elhew line.

Wehle

The story concerns itself with what goes into the making of a champion: the breeding, training and development, the devotion to a sport and the desire to produce the very finest. It's about the Elhew Pointer and the man who has produced the finest upland game dogs in the nation.

Robert G. Wehle set out to produce such a dog in 1936 when he imported from Scotland Jem of Fearn and mated her with Frank of Sunnylawn This union produced the first of the Elhew Pointers.

Today a fifth and eighth generation Elhew respectively hold the National Amateur Pheasant Dog Championship and the National Pheasant Shooting Dog Championship. They are Elhew Marksman and Elhew Jungle, both bred, raised and trained by Robert Wehle.

Marksman was the only entrant in the recent field trials that was bred, trained and exhibited by its owner. Marksman has won his championship twice, first in 1956 when he became the youngest dog to ever win that title. He was two-years-old at the time.

• • •

THE WEHLE KENNELS are also unique, the only kennels that have won four national titles in the country.

When conversation turns to pointers in the Scottsville road home of Robert Wehle and Wehle talks about his pointers he does so with the reserved tone of a man who knows what he is talking about.

"A good bird dog is the essence of upland game hunting and a pointer excells all other sporting dogs in the pursuit of upland game. Hunting without a dog is like going to a fox hunt without a horse," Wehle said.

To produce superior pointers, Wehle uses what he calls "selective line breeding." This is a process of eliminating the undesirable qualities and intensifying the traits wanted in a pointer.

"I can breed a litter today and predict the physical characteristics, the endurance, the hunting desire and other traits of the dogs, even certain markings," Wehle began.

"By in-line breeding, that is by repeatedly breeding the best dogs back into the same family, one can produce dogs having inherent qualities that become so fixed an eight-week-old puppy will point game with no training, nor any idea of what hunting is all about," Wehle continued.

• • •

"THE RISING GAME population has brought about an increase in the demand for good sporting dogs. The dogs are becoming more popular which makes the field trials more popular and the competition at them more keen. The number of field trials held in this country has quadrupled in the last 20 years," Wehle said.

"There are many phases to raising a champion. You breed for quality. This gives you the dog, but he must be developed through training and the key to training is communication with the dog.

"You have to understand how a dog thinks, the limit of a dog's intelligence, its needs for love, food and even discipline. A successful trainer is one who can develop the inherent qualities of a pointer without lessening the natural attitude of a hunting dog." Wehle concluded.

Wehle has just finished a book about the development of the American pointer. It may be published in the near future.

Bob Wehle and his prize winning pointers.

Franklin D. Roosevelt,

White House,

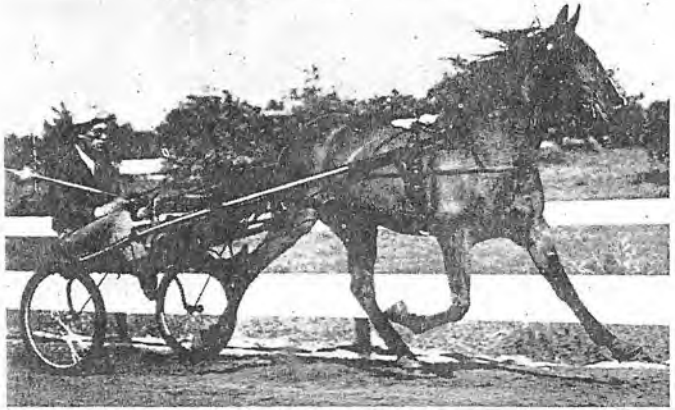
Washington, D. C.

A COMMEMORATIVE COVER FOR THE STAMP COLLECTION

To Lou Wahle –
This item from my Father's collection may interest you.
From your friend,
Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr.

1935 on board the "Queen Mary" to Europe – Jack Weble, Louis A. Weble and John Murray.

1937 — Havana, Cuba, at the Gran Casino National. From left to right: Louis A. Wehle, Marg Strong, William Kreiner, Mrs. William Kreiner, Chas. Hall, Elizabeth Wehle, Grif Strong, Cuban guest, Betts Wehle, Bud Kreiner, Cuban guest.

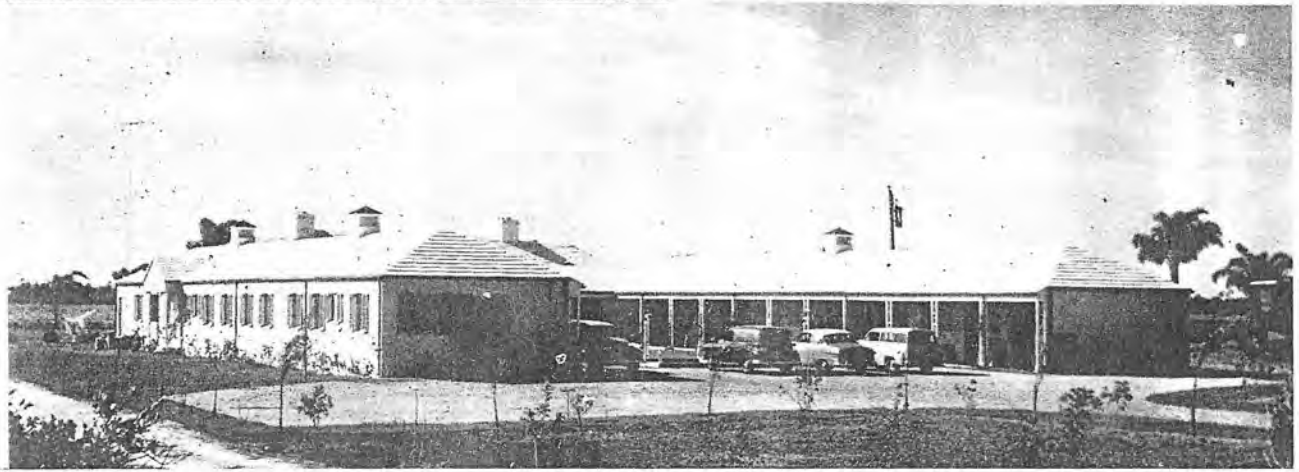


The WEHLE STABLE

at Stuart, Florida

Left: Nogara Hanover (Webber) 2, 2:10⅘. The Nibble Hanover miss, now 3, won 5 of 10 starts last year and took her record at Buffalo Raceway.

Runnke Photos



Above: The stables and living quarters at the Wehle Plantation in Stuart where the Genesee Stable winter training quarters are maintained.

Right: Sorceress Hanover (Webber), the three-year-old sister to the leading money winning trotting stallion Demon Hanover 1:59⅘.

Bottom right: Famous Hanover (Dick Webber) 2, 2:06⅗, the Hoot Mon-Fay colt is a Hambletonian hopeful and is owned by Mrs. L. A. Wehle.

•

Dick Webber is training nine head of two- and three-year-olds at the Wehle Plantation half-mile training track at Stuart, Fla. The three-year-olds include the Hambletonian candidate Famous Hanover 2, 2:06⅗ by Hoot Mon-Fay 2, 2:07½ (owned by Mrs. L. A. Wehle); Sorceress Hanover (sister to Demon Hanover 1:59⅘), b f, by Dean Hanover-Sorceress; Meadow Mim, ch f, by Adios-Belle Abbey 2:11; Prospectus, br c, by Darnley-Victory Day 2, 2:12¼; Nogara Hanover 2, 2:10⅘, b f, by Nibble Hanover-Amy Jane 2:04½ (p, 2:04¾); Patriot Hanover, b c, 3, by Hoot Mon-Pauline Hanover 3, 2:09½; all owned by the Genesee Stables, and Jess Hanover, ch c, by Nibble Hanover-Julep Hanover 2:06⅗, owned by Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Wehle. They are all training miles comfortably in 2:35.

The two-year-olds are Abbess Hanover, b f, by Dean Hanover-Ava Hanover, owned by Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Wehle, which is training nicely on the trot and has been several miles in 2:50 with eighths in :20, and Enac Hanover, b c, by Nibble Hanover-Edith Hanover 3, 2:08½ that has been in 2:48—:18 and looks very promising. He's owned by the Genesee Stables.

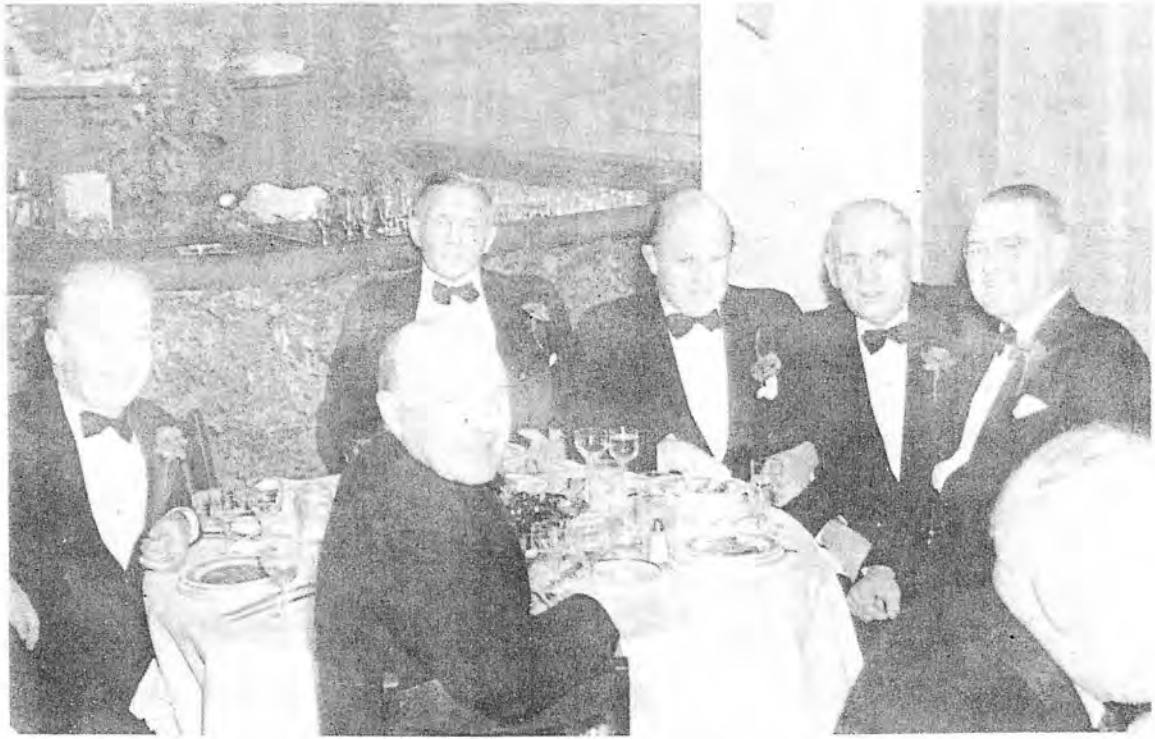
These buildings and grounds around them on the St. Lucie River were given to the Jesuits in 1957 by Mr. and Mrs. Louis A. Wehle.

Dr. Harry Guess and Louis A. Weble at Camp Genesee at Weslem Koon about 1942.

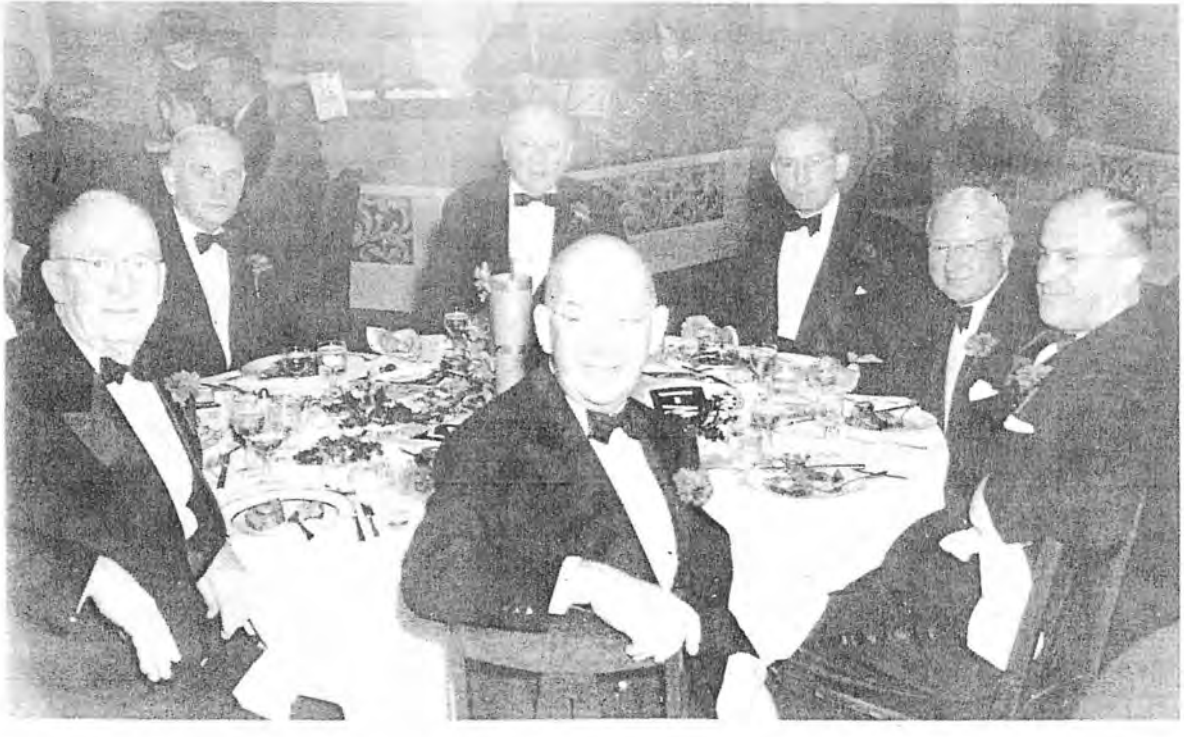
The House on the corner of Pelham Road and East Avenue where we lived for some years.

The Louis Webles' Summer Home, Cape Vincent, N.Y.

The famous quartet from Bill's Gay Nineties of New York with Mrs. Grif Strong on the occasion of the coming out party for Ted Wehle.



Helping to celebrate my 60th birthday, Fred Loewenguth, Harold Wehle, Bill Kreiner, Jr., Dr. Drysdale, Justice Bill Love and Dr. Harry Guess.



Judge Love, Sol Heumann, Frank Smith, Irv Davenport and Carl Hallauer, at the party in my honor as President of the Automobile Club, December 1945.

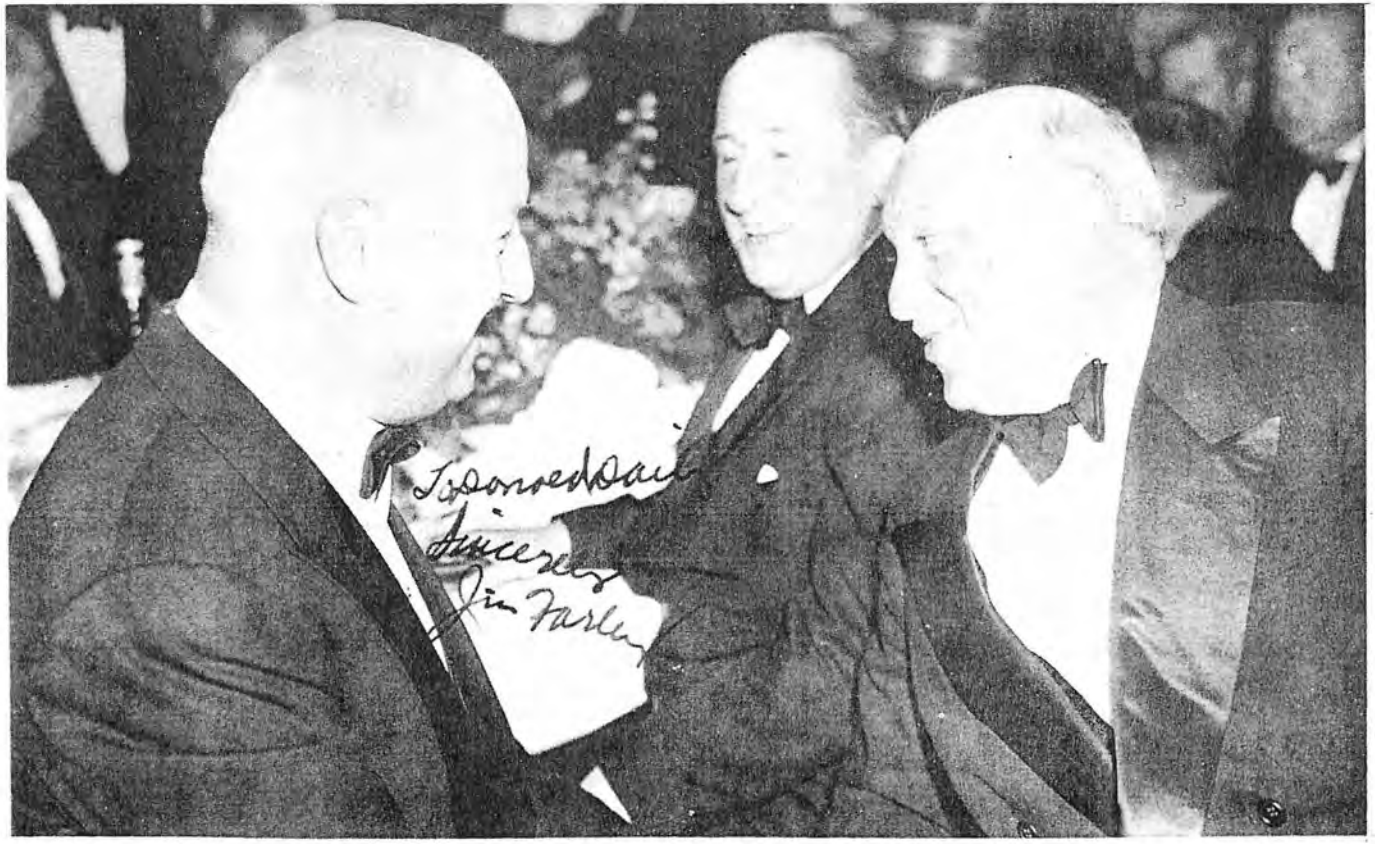
Starting on a Moose Hunting Trip in Quebec, Canada, in 1950 with two Indian guides. The Hunt was successful.

This Moose shot by Louis A. Weble, loaded on two canoes on its way back to Rochester.

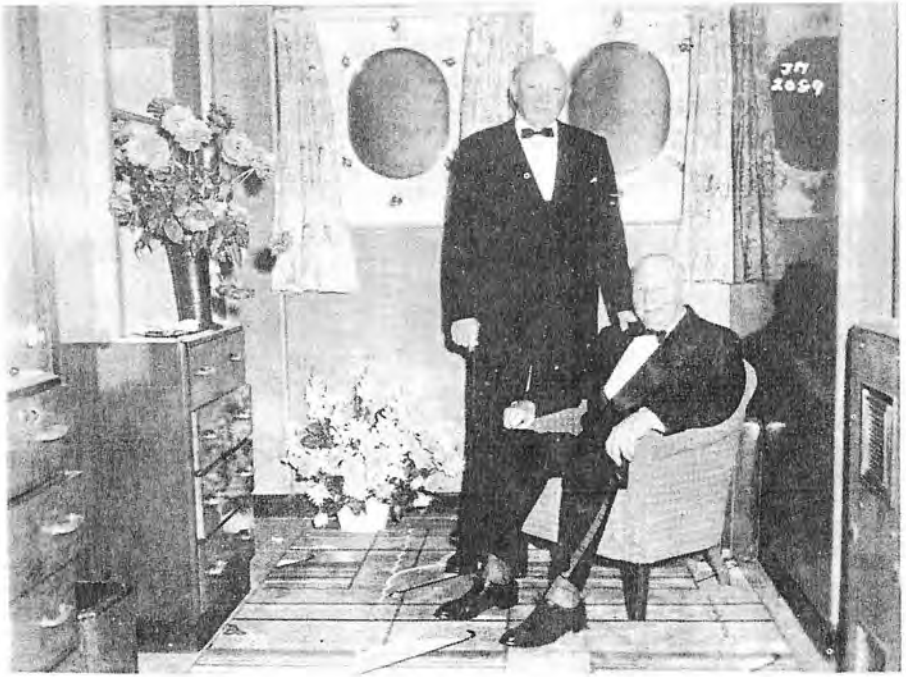
Democratic National Convention, July 1952, Chicago. Dick Balch, New York State Chairman, Mayor Corning of Albany, F. Hogan, Onandago County leader and L. A. Wehle in a huddle.

Louis A. Weble and William Kreiner, Buffalo, on steamship cruise.

Taken at Inauguration of President Truman in 1952.


To Donald Dale
Sincerely
Jim Farley

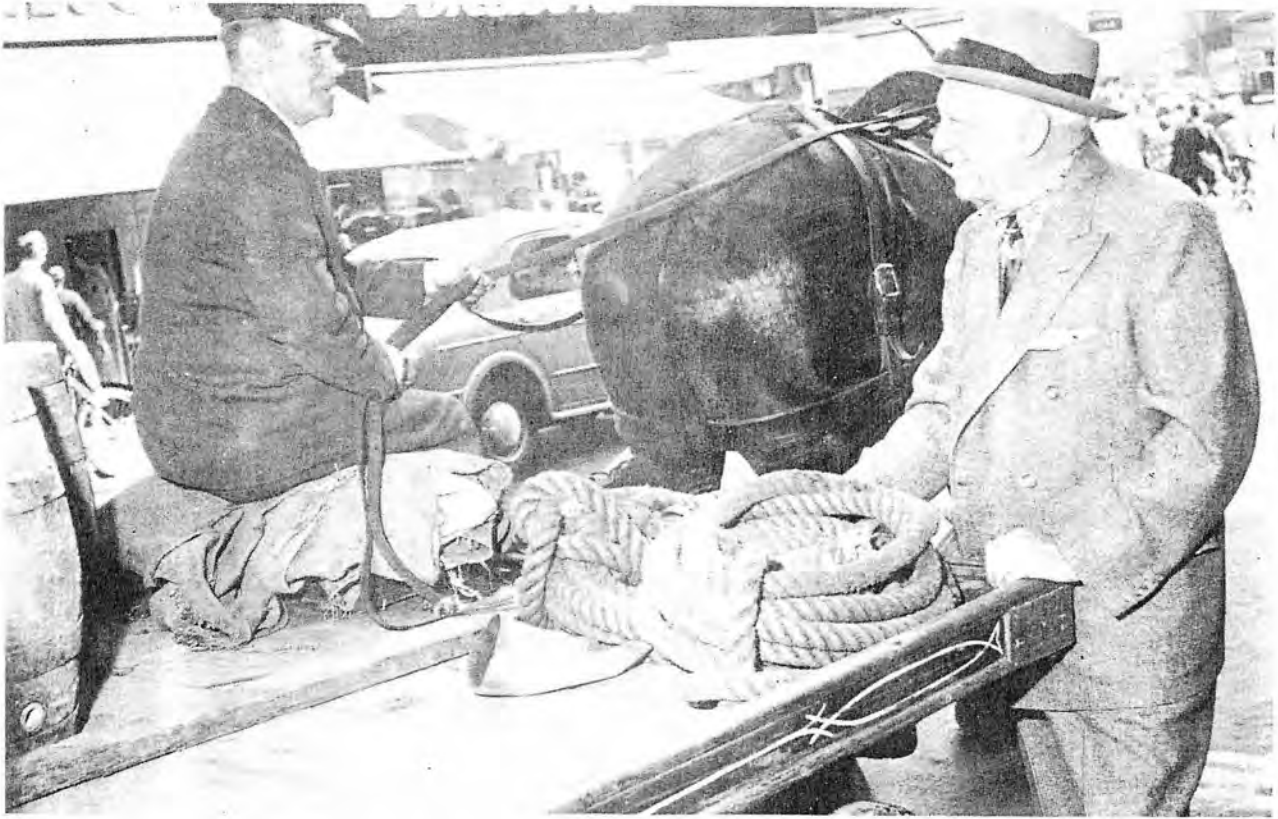
Mike DiSalle, and L. A. Wehle in Rochester. DiSalle is now Governor of Ohio.



Mr. Thomas Nagle and Mr. Louis Weble aboard "Queen Mary" in 1957 on way to Ireland.

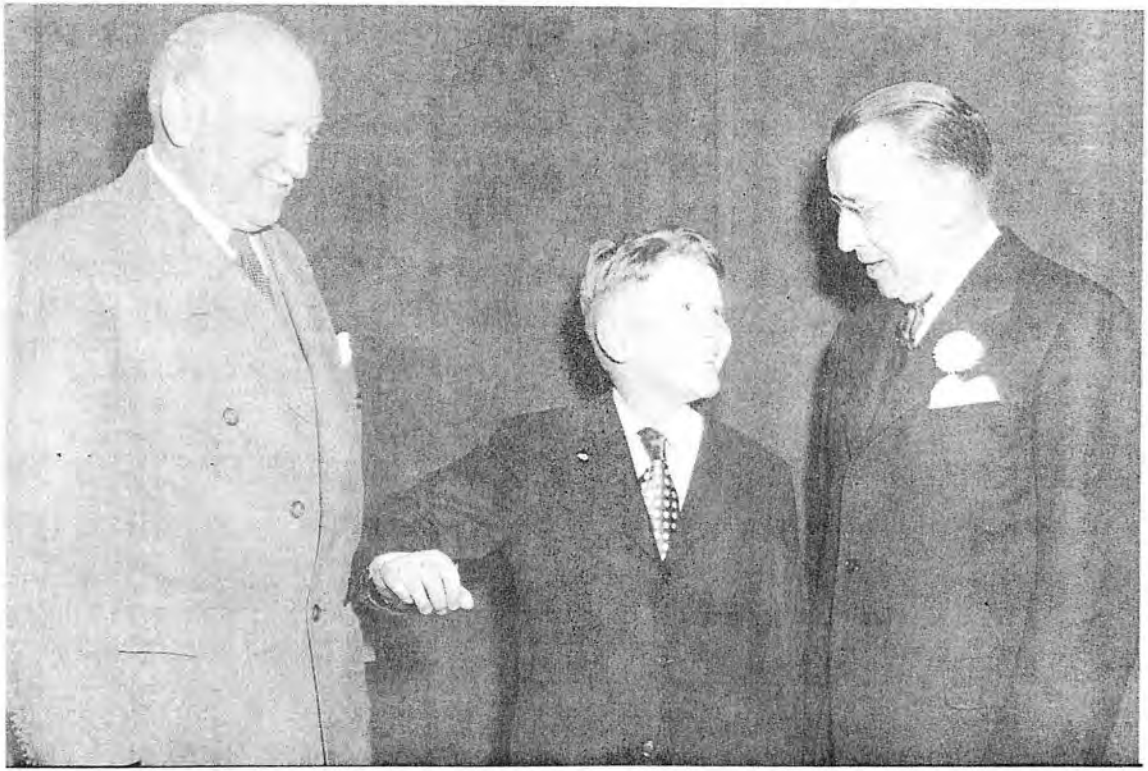
The bar maid at the Cheshire Cheese Inn, again serves me as she did 22 years prior, accompanied by Tom Nagle.

The official reception given myself and Tom Nagle by Mayor Briscoe of Dublin, Ireland, the only Jewish Lord Mayor of that city in history. The man to the right is Alden Hatch, the Mayor's biographer.



Talking to a Guiness Brewery delivery man, Dublin, Ireland, 1957.

The dedication of the Weble Pond at the Syracuse State Fair, 1957.



Louis A. Wehle Dinner

for Directors and Guests

Automobile Club of Rochester

13 Cataract Street, Rochester, N. Y.

December 15, 1945

Board of Directors

William S. Addison
Harry O. Alderman
John P. Boylan
George H. Clune
W. Dewey Crittenden
Harry B. Crowley
Donald A. Dailey
Erwin S. Davenport
Charles W. Denniston
Justin J. Doyle
Hon. James P. B. Duffy
Dr. Raymond E. Elliott
William Fay
Carl S. Hallauer
Myron J. Hayes
Ray F. Healy
Sol Heumann
John W. Jardine
Hon. William F. Love
Thomas L. Lee
John J. McInerney
Elmer B. Milliman
John B. Mullan
T. Carl Nixon
Fred J. Odenbach
Charles S. Owen
Samuel R. Parry
Lee Richmond
Herman Russell
Frank J. Smith
Henry H. Stebbins, Jr.
Henry M. Stern
Harry C. Stevenson
Frederick M. Tobin
John F. Uffert
Louis A. Wehle
George C. Donahue
(Secretary)

Guests

Francis P. Beattie
Chief Henry T. Copenhagen
John W. Dennin
Dr. Harold R. Drysdale
Dr. Benedict J. Duffy
Charles H. Gertner
William J. Gucker
Dr. Harry A. Guess
Charles Hall
Dr. William S. Hartigan
Bernard Held
Richard Herr
Dewey Hill
Frederick R. Huberlie
Clarence E. Jennings
George B. Kelly
William E. Kreiner, Jr.
Walter F. Lavin
Michael J. Lawless
Elmer C. Lawton
Lieutenant Richard S. Lee, USNR
Carl H. Loebs
Frederick M. Loewenguth
William F. Martin
George McGowan
Guy Michael
Joseph M. Murray
Thomas N. Nagle
A. Elmer Raithel
John J. Rohrbach
David S. Rutty
Milton G. Silver
Ensign Robert C. Silver, USNR
Sheriff Albert W. Skinner
Francis M. Skivington
George J. Skivington
Oscar B. Spiehler
Julius Steiner
Captain Edward Stern, M.C.
Alvah G. Strong
Hon. Marsh N. Taylor
Daniel D. Traverse
Martin W. Utz
John Vertrees
Albert E. Vogt
Harold J. Wehle
John L. Wehle
Robert G. Wehle
Walter H. Wickins
Com. Thomas C. Woods

ROCHESTER DEMOCRAT AND CHRONICLE, TUESDAY, JULY 30, 1946

RACE COMMISSION OKAYS WESTERN N. Y. TRACK

New Plant Due To Be Erected By Association

Ashley T. Cole, chairman of the New York State Racing Commission, on behalf of himself and Commissioners David Dows and William C. Langley, announced yesterday that the commission approved the filing of a certificate of incorporation of the Western New York Racing Association Inc. for the conduct of thoroughbred racing at a track to be located in Western New York.

Approval followed the filing by the newly formed racing association with the commission of elaborate plans for a modern, thoroughbred racing plant designed by John Sloan, New York architect and designer of some of the foremost racing establishments in this country and Mexico.

Await Materials

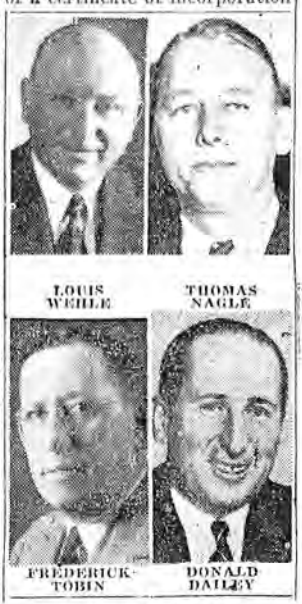
While racing dates have not yet been determined, the new plant is scheduled to be built when materials are available.

The site will include a one-mile racing strip, a one-mile training track, stables and stands of fireproof construction, together with large automobile and bus parking areas and adequate railroad facilities.

(Further information as to the site of the track was not available last night from the local members of the association.)

The group sponsoring this new racing association are outstanding business men, several of whom have been interested in breeding, racing and hunt meets in this and other states.

Chairman Cole stated that the racing public of Western New York and contiguous areas can be assured of the best type of racing under the sponsorship of the new racing association. Numbered among its members are:



LOUIS WEHLE — THOMAS NAGLE — FREDERICK TOBIN — DONALD DAILEY

Varied Interests

Activities of some of the members of the new association show a wide field of interests. Schoellkopf has been a member of the New York State Park Commission for 27 years, is a trustee of Cornell University and Niagara Falls Memorial Hospital.

Knox is president of the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy, trustee of the University of Buffalo, Buffalo Museum of Science and Millard Fillmore Hospital. Wendt is a well known breeder of thoroughbred horses and trustee of the Buffalo General Hospital. Wehle also is a member of the State Park Commission, a director of the Genesee Conservation League and State Director of the Fund Raising Campaign for the National Infantile Parlaysis Foundation. Nagle is a breeder of thoroughbred horses as well as pure breed Holstein cattle. Tobin is a director of the American Meat Packers Institute of Chicago.

Kreiner recently returned from service as lieutenant-commander, USNR, and Dr. Guess is past president of the Erie County Medical Society and past president of Millard Fillmore Hospital.

The law firm of Hodgson, Russ, Andrews, Woods and Goodyear of Buffalo has been retained as counsel for the racing association.

Wehle Member

Seymour H. Knox, Buffalo, director and vicepresident of Marine Midland Corp., and director and chairman of the board of Marine Trust Co.; Paul A. Schoellkopf, Niagara Falls, chairman of the board of Buffalo Niagara Electric Corp., and president of Niagara Falls Power Company; Henry W. Wendt, Buffalo, chairman of the Board of the Buffalo Forge Co.; Louis A. Wehle, Rochester, chairman of the Board of the Genesee Brewing Co. Inc.; Thomas N. Nagle, Rochester, president and director of Whiting Buick Inc.; Frederick M. Tobin, Rochester, president and director of Tobin Packing Co. Inc.; Donald A. Dailey, Rochester, director and member of executive committee of Genesee Valley Trust Co.; Dr. Harry C. Guess, Buffalo, physician and member of the faculty, Medical School of the University of Buffalo, and William E. Kreiner III, Buffalo, of William E. Kreiner and Sons Inc.

(Continued to Next Page)

Wehle Accepts Hot Stove Bid

Louis A. Wehle, new commissioner of conservation, has accepted on invitation to attend the Albany Elks Hot Stove League session for the benefit of the Albany Sports Infantile Paralysis Fund. The Hot Stove program is set for Feb. 8.

(Cont'd. from Preceding Page)

It was pointed out by the commission that all those listed are prominent in financial and industrial circles in the state as well as being active in social and civic affairs.

Chairman Cole said plans for the track made ample provision for public conveniences and comforts and provide all modern facilities for employees. He described some of these as, comfortable and adequate seating, fire protection, numerous and well located drinking fountains, a stable area with ample dormitories and dining and sanitary facilities.

He also expressed the opinion that the business and civic standing of the membership of the new racing association would constitute an assurance that racing will be well conducted at the state's new racing center.

Albany sources said that former State Senator John J. Dunnigan, onetime Democratic Senate leader and the "father" of pari mutuel racing, and John Sloan, former Democratic member of the Racing Commission, a prominent race track architect, are interested in the Buffalo venture.

Louis Wehle Named Conservation Chief

Louis A. Wehle, Rochester sportsman and brewery executive, was appointed today by Gov.-elect Averell Harriman as state conservation commissioner in the new Democratic state administration.

Harriman made the announcement at a news conference in New York City, called to announce a series of appointments to high state offices, among them the $17,000 conservation commissioner post.

LOUIS A. WEHLE

• • •

INTERVIEWED following the announcement, Wehle took a cautious approach to questions about his views on state conservation policy.

He said he had not come to any conclusion as to a definite state forest preserve policy and would like to put the so-called Panther Dam question "on ice" for awhile.

Wehle actively sought the appointment and was backed by Francis J. D'Amanda, Monroe County Democratic leader, and by sportsmen throughout a wide area of Upstate New York. Wehle has been active in sporting and conservation circles for years. He sponsors a statewide fishing contest annually to promote the sport and also has a broad interest in hunting and wildlife.

The selection of Wehle has been a loosely held secret in recent weeks. His candidacy for a top state job under Harriman was disclosed initially by The Times-Union weeks ago.

• • •

OTHER APPOINTMENTS announced by Harriman today are:

John W. Johnson, Buffalo construction man and former general manager of the Buffalo Sewer Authority, to be superintendent of public works at $19,500 a year.

Daniel J. Carey of Groton, N.Y., dairyman and former assistant secretary of agriculture, as agriculture and markets commissioner at $17,000.

Daniel Gutman, of Brooklyn, president justice of the New York City municipal court, to be counsel to the governor at $18,000.

James L. Sunquist, of Washington, D.C., for the last two years assistant to Democratic National Committee Chairman Stephen Mitchell, to be assistant secretary to the governor.

Dr. Herman Hilleboe, state health commisisoner, to continue in the post to which he was appointed by Dewey in 1947.

Conservation Commissioner Wehle Aims For More Fish, More Game

ROCHESTER, Dec. 24. (AP)—Louis A. Wehle, wealthy Rochester sportsman and brewer, will step into the job of New York State conservation commissioner on Jan. 1 with a background that supports his aim of "more fish and more game."

Annually since 1944, the man chosen by Gov.-elect Averell Harriman to head the State Conservation Department has sponsored a fishing contest for New York State anglers.

Wehle, 65, long has been a member and officer of the Genesee Conservation League. He also is a member of the Genesee State Park Commission.

He lives on a 1,700-acre farm in Scottville, a few miles south of Rochester, where he raises pheasants, mallard ducks and harness racing horses.

Last April he quit the racing field to concentrate on breeding harness horses.

Wehle announced recently that he had severed all active connection with his business interests to devote full time to the conservation post.

Any specific conservation program he says, must wait until he has familiarized himself with the statewide picture.

He will give wholehearted support, he promises, to "any project that will be helpful to the sportsman and consistent with good conservation."

He has a special interest in farm fishing ponds. He believes more are needed throughout the state and he wants to encourage farmers to dig them.

"Such ponds," he says, "not only provide activity for the sportsman, they also provide a fine crop for the farmer." His own farm has a fish pond.

Wehle, who will succeed Perry B. Duryea as conservation commissioner, also is interested in more widespread conservation education. Several years ago he was a leading promoter in the distribution of conservation books in Rochester area schools. He believes good education is the soundest basis for good conservation.

Wehle has hunted and fished in many parts of the United States and Canada. He has shot mountain lion in Arizona and moose in Quebec. And he has fished in all types of waters.

Wehle was born in Rochester on Sept. 22, 1880. He attended public schools here and was graduated from the National Brewery Academy in New York City.

From 1911 until 1920, when prohibition became effective, he was in the brewing business. He then turned to the grocery business. He gave that up in 1925 and became president of the Wehle Baking Company.

With repeal, the bakery was acquired by the Hathaway interests of Boston, and Wehle reorganized the Genesee Brewery, which has prospered under his leadership.

In 1917, Wehle married Elizabeth Raab, of Rochester. Their two children, John L. and Robert G., are in the family brewing business.

He has been a lifelong Democrat and active in party politics at all levels. He was a presidential elector in 1936 and a delegate to the Democratic national convention in 1940, 1944, 1948 and 1952.

Wehle is a former president of the Rochester Auto Club and the Western New York Racing Assn.

Last summer he resigned as head of the New York State March of Dimes, after 11 years, because of the "pressure of business and personal factors."

RACE TRACK 'COUP' STIRS GOP CIRCLE

8/15/46 - D+C

City Democratic Group Credited With 'Sleeper'

Other Story Page 21

By EMMET N. O'BRIEN

State political circles rumbled with repercussions last night when it was learned that a group of Rochester Democrats pulled a complete "sleeper" on a Buffalo Republican combination in a struggle for control of a projected Western New York race track.

The Democrats, headed by Louis A. Wehle, president of the Genesee Brewing Company and active in a variety of interests, came, in track parlance, "from nowhere" in a hard stretch drive to snatch sanction of the Republican-controlled State Racing Commission for the huge track project near Buffalo. Left strictly out of the money was the Buffalo group which, reportedly, had the backing of Edwin F. Jaeckle, Erie Republican chairman and former state GOP chairman.

The bitter reactions in Erie Republican circles have reached Governor Dewey's office, it was learned.

Action Surprises

Monroe Republicans were surprised by the action of the state commission, but to date have shown no resentment or indicated they would seek any retaliation.

How the commission, which is controlled, two to one, by Republicans approved the application when a Republican group was in the field could not be determined. But the Wehle led organization, including a number of prominent Buffalo Republicans, got it and only the formality of a license when the new track is constructed before it operates.

It is known that Rochesterians who take an interest in horse racing surveyed the possibility of a Western New York track for the runners several years ago and rejected the plan because of the expense and the then estimated return.

Buffalo and Albany political circles were distressed by the Wehle coup because the Rochesterians involved are closely associated with Postmaster Donald A. Dailey, brother of Vincent Dailey, former assistant state Democratic chairman. Donald Dailey was listed among the original directors of the corporation. The heavy Democratic tinge was too much for sensitive Erie County Republican souls, it appeared.

Wehle to Be Head

Wehle yesterday was designated for president of the new group, the Western New York Racing Association and Dailey, treasurer. Papers on file with the Secretary of State show that Wehle and Thomas N. Nagle, prominent Webster Democrat, and oil and automobile dealer, hold all of the Class A voting stock, or 6,250 shares each.

Wehle and Nagle, the Albany papers show, also hold 5,000 shares each in Class B stock, or a total holding, with Class A, of 22,500 out of a total of 25,000 shares issued. The balance is held by the others interested. The association is incorporated, the papers said, for $250,000, consisting of 25,000 shares with a par value of $10. They are evenly divided between Class A and Class B.

The Right Man for the Job!
Best wishes
Neil, Julia

turn

SYRACUSE HERALD-AMERICAN, Sunday, January 2, 1955

LOUIS WEHLE

BY FRED HEYMAN

NEW STATE CONSERVATION BOSS.
HIS AIM — MORE FISH - MORE GAME

THE SIXTY-FIVE YEAR OLD ROCHESTER SPORTSMAN ENCOURAGES FARMERS TO DIG THEIR OWN FISHING PONDS

HE IS PROUD OF HIS 1,700 ACRE FARM AT SCOTTSVILLE, WHERE HE RAISES HARNESS RACING HORSES, PHEASANTS AND MALLARD DUCKS. HE ALSO HAS HIS OWN FISHING POND.

MR. WEHLE HAS AWARDED PRIZES TO THE ISAAK WALTONS AROUND THE STATE FOR THE LAST 11 YEARS.

More Fish and Game Goal Of New Commissioner Wehle

More fish and game for New York sportsmen, mainly through the production of hardier species better able to survive the transition from hatchery or game farm to the wild state, is the goal of Louis A. Wehle, newly-named conservation commissioner.

It is his idea a better survival rate for state stocked pheasants and trout will provide the quickest increase for the rod and gun and to accomplish this he proposed the state hold its young ringnecks longer and condition them better for the task of living in the wild. He also hopes to provide hatchery facilities that will permit trout to be conditioned to finding their own food before being released in streams through the state.

The Wehle philosophy is summed up in his remark that "I am not concerned with what is said about me while I am commissioner. But after I've finished this job I want it said 'there was a guy who really did something for the boys who fish and hunt.'"

Wehle, who took over Jan. 1 and now is in the process of getting oriented in his new job, has not had time to make concrete plans, but he is sure of his goal—more and better fish and more and better game.

Right now he is engaged in inspecting the department's facilities throughout the state and mapping plans to expand production of fish hatcheries and game farms.

Although the budget under which he will work this year, was prepared by the outgoing commissioner, the new chief already has decreed an increase in pheasant production in 1955 and greater use of 4-H boys in the ringneck rearing program.

Where only about 40,000 pheasants were turned over to 4-H members to raise last year, Wehle has ordered 100,000 chicks for the club members for this year. Of course, there is the problem of stirring 4-H interest in the project so there will be enough interested to handle the 100,000 young pheasants.

Another 100,000 will be raised at the state game farms and Wehle has hopes the state will be able to hold the birds longer so they will be more mature and better able to survive when released.

He wants a longer period of hardening for the birds before they are put on their own in the field and even has hopes of eventually improving the ringneck breed so a hardier birds can be produced for release in hunting covers.

"I believe we have been releasing birds at too young an age—hothouse birds not able to care for themselves in the wild. I hope we can devise a way to harden the birds better and thus assure a greater survival in the wild.

"It seems to me a waste of money to turn out pheasants before they are able to feed for themselves and before they know how to protect themselves. Under the system followed in the state, the losses of young birds has been terrific.

"If we can cut that loss we'll have more birds in the field for the gun and that is what I want.

Sportspotlight

By Hy Rosen

LOUIS A. WEHLE

NEWLY APPOINTED COMMISSIONER OF CONSERVATION OF NEW YORK STATE.

MAKING A STUDY OF ALL HATCHERIES AND BIRD FARMS IN STATE WITH OBJECT TO INCREASE PRODUCTION FOR OUTDOOR LOVERS.

Hy Rosen

AS CHAIRMAN OF BOARD OF GENESEE BREWERY WEHLE HAS AWARDED $85,000 YEARLY IN PRIZES FOR FISHING CONTESTS.

Democrat and Chronicle
Thursday,
Jan. 20, 1955 33

Wehle Appointed To Advisory Group

ALBANY, Jan. 19 (GNS)—Gov. Harriman today appointed Agriculture Commissioner Daniel J. Carey of Groton and Conservation Commissioner Louis A. Wehle of Rochester as advisory members of the Joint Legislative Committee on Natural Resources. Harriman said Dr. Herman E. Hilleboe, commissioner of health, reappointed to head the health department, will continue to serve as the third advisory member named by the Governor.

The Sportsman . . .

By HOWARD KEMP

The testimonial dinner for Wehle, according to Don Guerin, dinner chairman, has been sold out since Wednesday when more than 800 requests for tickets had been received from sportsmen's groups of Central and Western New York. The dinner is scheduled for 8 p.m. to permit Buffalo, Syracuse and Southern Tier delegations to attend.

Originally it was planned to provide places for between 600 and 700 guests but the ticket sale had exceeded 800 before being shut off, and then only after local clubs had been limited to two tickets each. The assembly room adjoining the ballroom will be utilized to handle the overflow, Guerin said. After the dinner seats will be provided for all in the big ballroom for the speaking.

Howard M. Woods will be toastmaster and speakers will be John F. Farley, director of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service of Washington, and Edmund Gilligan, outdoor writer for the New York Herald Tribune.

* * *

Wehle 'Thrilled' By Testimonial

"I am thrilled to death to be here," New York State Conservation Commissioner Louis A. Wehle told a capacity audience in Crystal Ballroom of Hotel Jamestown Monday night.

Wehle, being honored with a testimonial dinner for his work in behalf of Chautauqua Lake, freely admitted the event was "the high point of my career as conservation commissioner.

"By your presence here tonight," the commissioner told attending members of Chautauqua Lake Association, Chautauqua Lake Regions, Inc., Chautauqua County Federation of Sportsmen's Clubs and a vast array of city and county dignitaries, "you have given me a big lift—something which I needed very badly. I used to say that I had but one boss—my wife. Now I have 1,718,432 bosses."

Launching into a brief resume of his 17 months in office, Wehle stated, "when I received this appointment by Governor Harriman, I told him that I would want action and men of action to complete it. Of this I was assured. I did not ask if a man was a Republican or a Democrat, but just saw to it that I got the best man for the job to be done.

"When I took office," the commissioner continued, "my desk was bare. There was no blueprint on how to get the job done. I will admit that I have made mistakes, but I also believe that I have done some good."

Among the improvements enacted during his current term of office, Wehle cited a job survey which when completed saved $70,000 in salaries from excessive personnel; raising the price of the "Conservationist" the official conservation magazine which put it on a breaking-even basis and thereby erasing an annual fifty to sixty thousand dollar deficit which had existed previously.

Inaugurated conservation news bulletins distributed to conservation men and outdoor editors in the state; pay increases for game protectors and forest rangers plus a flat across-the-board raise for all; instigated the rebuilding of the burned-out fish hatchery at Bath and the remodeling of the Caledonia fish hatchery which is the oldest consistantly producing hatchery in the world.

Others cited were opening of all state hatcheries to the public at any time; establishing a 10-year program for construction of betting camping sites; ordered all pheasants kept until full maturity before releasing and in 1956 will authorize, for the first time, the shooting of hen pheasants in certain sections; increased all lines of fish hatching and put them on a business proposition; imported a new type of Wisconsin and Kansas quail for introduction into northern New York.

Also established uniform small game seasons throughout the state; began work on a "dream" hatchery on the St. Lawrence bent on bigger and heavier yearling trout for stocking purposes; set up a pheasant experimental station and began a program of winter-feeding the state deer herd; and established the lowest fire record this year in many years.

"We have acquired more state land in the past year that was acquired in the past 10 years," Wehle said in conclusion, "but in Chautauqua County, the Minturns beat me to the wire by their generous donation at Long Point even before our program got underway. The governor wanted me to extend his personal thanks to both Mr. and Mrs. Minturn, which I am happy to do."

HALLWAY CONFERENCE—New York State Conservation Commissioner Louis A. Wehle, third from left, is seen in a Hotel Jamestown hallway conference during his visit to Jamestown for a testimonial dinner Monday night. With him are, from left, A. B. Bottini, president of Chautauqua Regions, Inc.; Samuel J. Conte, chairman of Chautauqua County Democratic Committee; Commissioner Wehle; Mrs. John W. Minturn, who has donated her Long Point estate for a state park on Chautauqua Lake, and Dr. George M. Shearer. Testimonial saluted the commissioner's interest in the lake.

(Sun Photo by Fox)

Following Commissioner Wehle's address, he was presented with an engraved plaque by Chautauqua Regions, Inc., president A. B. Bottini and a red-leather lounging chair by Dr. George Shearer on behalf of the sponsoring organizations.

Jules Newhouse, dinner chairman, opened the affair by introducing County Democratic Committee chairman Samuel J. Conte, who in turn introduced Mayor Carl F. Sanford who officially welcomed Commissioner Wehle to Jamestown.

Conte also presented the additional guests that included: Sheriff Charles McClosky, Assemblyman Bruce Manley; Acting Chairman of the Allegany Park Commission, Walter H. Edson; County Judge Hugh V. N. Bodine; Board of Supervisors Chairman Hall Clothier; the "dean" of Chautauqua County Game Protectors John Zentz; Democratic City Chairman Fred Landy; Republican City Chairman Paul B. Sullivan; Chautauqua County Federation of Sportsmen's Club president Mike Wilcox; Chief engineer of the Genesee State Park and the Chautauqua Lake project Gordon Harvey; Dr. and Mrs. George Shearer and Mr. and Mrs. John W. Minturn.

The invocation and benediction were given by the Rev. George F. O'Pray, rector of St. Luke's Episcopal Church.

NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE,
SUNDAY, JANUARY 2, 1955

New Conservation Commissioner

Wehle Sportsman in Sportsman's Job

By Edmund Gilligan

ROCHESTER, Jan. 1.—A day in the company of Louis A. Wehle, the new Commissioner of Conservation, proves one thing among many: that the sportsmen of New York now have a commissioner who is a top-notch hunter and angler, a breeder of fine strains of pheasants and famous trotting horses a man with a great affection for all the arts and instruments of the pastimes that now come under his direction.

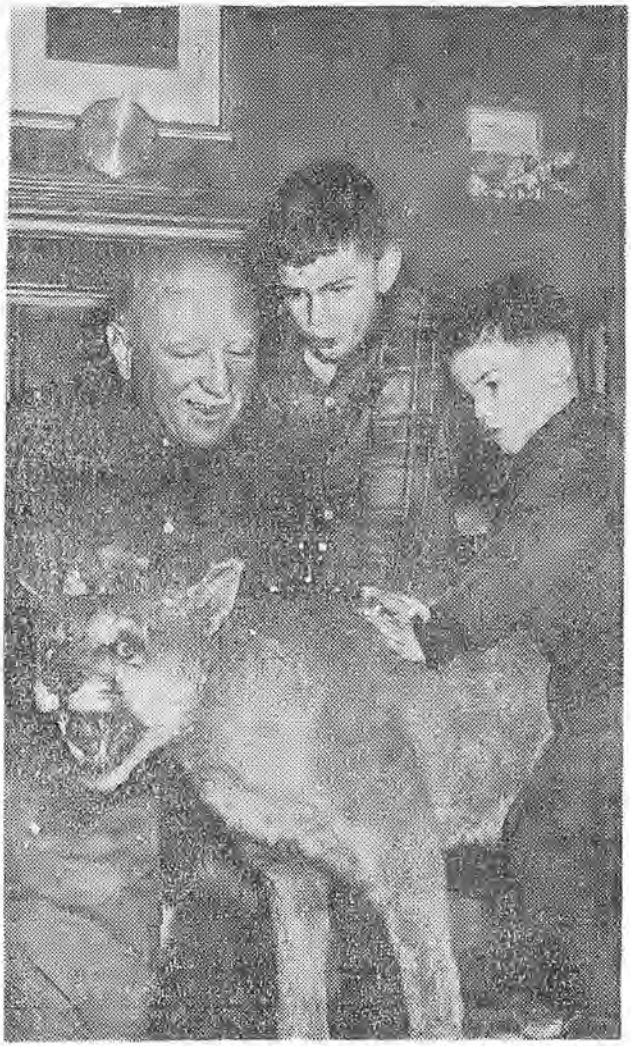
Tall, ruddy-faced and vigorous, Commissioner Wehle is a country squire of the hearty old school. As they once did, he brews good ale at his famous Genesee Brewery in this city; and at the Wehle Farms, in near-by Scottsville, he keeps a genial and fatherly eye on the many horse trainers and grooms and on the farmers that keep his 1,800-acre estate producing abundantly for the great herds of prize Herefords, the many brood mares and their pretty weanlings.

Foxes, Elephants, Wahoos

The dominant sporting theme begins in the beautiful main living room of the squire's house. Along the dark and massive beams the mounted foxes steal: one with a pheasant, the other—oddly enough—with the head of a little fox in its mouth. That was the moment when Squire Wehle's gun opened up—just as the fox was taking off its cousin for a feast.

Wild mallards, mounted with wings outspread, fly at the end of invisible wires. And on handsome tables, the Carl Akely bronzes of elephants and the bronzes of Remington stand. Against the wall there are the game fish of the ocean: brilliant marlins, sailfish and grim wahoos. There are cabinets of trophies and gleaming plaques:

(Continued to Next Page)



Conservation Commissioner Louis A. Wehle with his grandchildren in hunting lodge at estate in Scottsville, near Rochester. The mountain lion is one of seven bagged by Wehle and his sons in Arizona.

(Cont'd from Preceding Page)

the gifts of rod-and-gun clubs and conservation groups for his efforts to help fishing and hunting.

The commissioner has a story for each trophy. He tells the stories well, his capable hands gesturing, his face alight with the memory of many campfires, many campaigns against the black ouaniche in Canada — "a noble fish"—and against the mountain lions of the West. He speaks with pleasure of his children and grandchildren. His sons, John and Robert, whose houses are near their father's, were taught to fish and hunt as soon as they could take his instruction. And now, accomplished sportsmen, they are taking over the principal duties of the family business. I must admit that there's among them so much good talk of wild geese and pointers and rising trout that you might wonder when the business of the brewery gets done. But it is done—and well done, at the rate of $25,000,000 a year.

Commissioner Wehle with his pointer, Trigger, after a pheasant hunt on his 1,800-acre estate near Rochester.

We had a natural difficulty in changing from the many sporting themes to the theme of his new post, one that he regards as a high honor, another opportunity to do some service to a society that has rewarded him well for his personal efforts. He is particularly proud of his record as state chairman of the March of Dimes campaign and relates with quiet satisfaction that nearly $30,000,000 was raised in New York State for that philanthropy while he was at its head.

Object—Better Fishing

The commissioner is eager to begin his work at Albany and he has great hopes that he may be able to accomplish something in the way of providing more and better fishing for the sportsmen of the state. He said that our natural resources are our greatest heritage and that we must all work hard to preserve them for ourselves and for future generations.

"There's a great deal of work to be done," he said. "I know something about it, of course. All sportsmen do. There's a great

Wehle Gaining Reputation As Busiest Conservation Boss

By Jake Underhill
Journal Albany Bureau

Albany—After three weeks on the job as head of the State's Conservation Department, Louis A. Wehle of Rochester admits state service is more strenuous than private life.

But that's because the 65-year-old commissioner makes it more strenuous, according to Capitol Hill observers who dazedly have watched him skip from Albany to Long Island to Rochester to almost anywhere in the state.

Keeps Moving

Not the type to stay chained to his desk, the Rochester Brewing Company executive has kept his car and his aides moving. His energy has become a minor legend in the Capitol, even drawing special comment from the governor.

Wehle's inspection tours of departmental facilities around the state began with a trip around Long Island fish hatcheries and game farms during his first week in the $17,000-a-year post.

Last week, dressed in his duck-hunting clothes, Wehle met some more of his charges face-to-face—diseased scallops dredged up from the icy waters of Long Island Sound off Greenport. Wehle immediately provided a temporary solution to a problem that had halted much scallop fishing in that section of Long Island.

Changed His Ways

This type of on-the-spot executive has changed Wehle's way of living radically. He now spends most of the week in a suite in Albany's DeWitt Clinton Hotel, the home of most of the state's Democratic legislators. But on overnight trips, Wehle packs up and spends the night at a hotel convenient to the spots he wants to inspect. In the New York City area he stops at the Waldorf-Astoria. He generally drives in a state limousine or rides trains. The department owns a plane but the commissioner rarely uses it, his aides say.

Even on weekends when Wehle returns to his rolling, white-fenced brick farm home outside Rochester, there's apt to be work to do, Wehle pointed out.

Although being Conservation Commissioner keeps him moving farther and faster than he did when in business in Rochester, he says he likes the job. Hunting and fishing long have been his major hobbies. But there seems to be no impending let-up in his pace.

WATERTOWN DAILY TIMES
MONDAY AFTERNOON, AUG. 8, 1955.

MR. WEHLE TAKES CHARGE.

Louis A. Wehle, conservation commissioner, is a man of action. Chancing upon the grass and brush fire at Stony Point in the town of Henderson on Friday, Mr. Wehle was adequate to the situation.

When he observed that the fire-fighters available might not be numerous enough to extinguish the blaze and still maintain an all-night watch against its recurrence, he ordered state rangers to the scene. If there was any red tape involved, he cut it.

Telephone wires hummed between Henderson and Albany and then back to Lowville, district ranger headquarters, and it was not long before the state's trained fire-watchers were at the scene. As far as Commissioner Wehle was concerned, his action was amply justified. The fire at Henderson, he said, was the state's worst to date this year.

Say what you will about Commissioner Wehle, he is a man of decision. Ordering fire-watchers into Henderson—actually out of the district—may not have been in accordance with "the book," but this was no deterrent. The commissioner saw his duty and he did it. We admire his willingness to do more than "the book" prescribed.

Frankly, we do not remember a commissioner of conservation who in the brief space of seven months has gotten around the state as much as has Commissioner Wehle. He is doing a good job, and we are proud of him as a Jefferson county part-time resident.

Wehle Opposes Campsite Fee Rise

Conservation Commissioner Louis A. Wehle is opposed to increasing state campsite fees, whether or not a survey shows the present fee to be insufficient to cover the cost of operating these state facilities.

Through a spokesman, the commissioner said today there will be no increase in fees now charged at campsites next year, either for camping or the parking of cars.

The commissioner's statement was isued as the Governor's fiscal aides reviewed all state services, to determine whether the amount of fees being charged is equitable and adequate.

The Budget Division survey also covers those state services for which no charge is made.

The conservation commissioner, it was reported, feels the present campsite fee of 50 cents a day should not be raised as a source of further state revenue, and that the users of campsite facilities are bearing their fair share of operating and maintenance costs. Budget figures show that if campers were to pay the full cost fees would have to be tripled.

Strenuous Life

ROCHESTER TIMES-UNION
Mon., Jan. 24, 1955

Wehle Always on Go In Conservation Job

By JAKE UNDERHILL
Times-Union's Own Bureau

ALBANY—After three weeks on the job as head of the State's Conservation Department, Louis A. Wehle of Rochester admits state service is more strenuous than private life.

But that's because the 65-year-old commissioner makes it more strenuous, according to Capitol Hill observers, who dazedly have watched him skip from Albany to Long Island to Rochester to almost anywhere in the state.

Wehle

Not the type to stay chained to his desk, the Rochester Brewing Company executive has kept his car and his aides moving. His energy has become a minor legend in the Capitol, even drawing special comment from Gov. Harriman.

Wehle's inspection tours of departmental facilities around the state began with a trip around Long Island fish hatcheries and game farms during his first week in the $17,000-a-year post.

Later, dressed in his duck-hunting clothes, Wehle met some more of his charges face-to-face—diseased scallops dredged up from the icy waters of Long Island Sound off Greenport. Wehle immediately provided a temporary solution to a problem that had halted much scallop fishing in that section of Long Island.

• • •

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Even on weekends when Wehle returns to his rolling, white-fenced brick farm home outside Rochester, there's apt to be work to do.

A weekend ago, he said, several top departmental executives "came up to Rochester and worked all Sunday."

wants to renovate and make more attractive to the visiting public.

"We're going to doll that place up," Wehle said. He decided facilities for visitors are severely limited. So he is laying plans to provide the hatchery with benches and picnic grounds.

"We'll give the people a better chance to enjoy it," he said. "After all, it's their property. We should let them see what they own and make them welcome there.

"Did you know that's the oldest fish hatchery in the country? It's where Seth Green started fish culture. There's a bronze plaque for him right on the grounds. We shouldn't let that hatchery go down."

Although being conservation commissioner keeps him moving faster and faster than he did when in business in Rochester, he says he likes the job. Hunting and fishing long have been his major hobbies. There seems to be no impending let-up in his pace.

He said, "Tomorrow, I'm going to Chautauqua Lake and look over things there."

At the end of the week, he said he plans to go to Florida for "a couple of days" on private business matters connected with his investments in the South.

MAR 10 1955

Wehle Backs Hook and Line Bass Fishing

By a Staff Correspondent

ALBANY, March 9.—The joint legislative hearing on conservation bills, held in the Assembly chamber today, was marked by the first appearance at such hearings of Conservation Commissioner Louis A. Wehle. He was presented to the delegates of the rod and gun clubs by Leo A. Lawrence, head of the Assembly conservation committee, who was chairman of the hearing.

Commissioner Wehle's first action was to express his department's approval of a bill which provides that the striped bass shall be taken only on hook and line. At present, the bass may be taken by nets. The bill received the support of the New York State Conservation Council and a large number of Long Island rod and gun clubs.

The bill was opposed by the Long Island Fishermen's Association. Its representatives asserted that there was no danger of depleting the striper population in the Atlantic. They asserted that the barring of nets would adversely affect the supply of fish for sale in stores. They also called it a discriminatory bill, depriving the fishermen of part of their livelihood. Those speakers also asserted that official reports indicated there was no biological need of restricting the fishing.

MAR 11 1955

Conservation Department Gets Gift From Wehle

ALBANY (AP)—Conservation Commissioner Louis A. Wehle has given the state 10 acres of land and four buildings to house the Conservation Department offices for his home town of Rochester.

The governor's office reported Saturday that the gift was worth an estimated $40,000. It came from Wehle and the Genesee Brewing Co. of Rochester, of which Wehle is president.

The property is in the Town of Wheatland, Monroe County. The department now rents space in two Rochester locations.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1955. The New Y

GREEN LIGHT GIVEN TO SCALLOP FLEET

State Relaxes Ban, Enabling Suffolk Operators to Haul In Shellfish Under a Year Old

COMMISSIONER ON SCENE

Wehle, at Harriman's Behest, Visits 2 Peconic Bay Areas —Livelihoods Endangered

By WILLIAM M. FARRELL

Special to The New York Times.

GREENPORT, L. I., Jan. 14 —A speedy decision that will let this community's scallop fleet get back to work was made here today by Louis A. Wehle, the new State Conservation Commissioner.

Mr. Wehle had come to Long Island last night at the behest of Governor Harriman. Early this morning the commissioner, some of his staff and members of the local fishing industry braved the wind-churned waters and subfreezing cold of Peconic Bay in a forty-two-foot fishing boat.

What he thus saw at first hand, and what he was told, led Mr. Wehle to relax his department's rule against the taking, in two specified areas of Peconic Bay, of scallops that are less than a year old.

(Continued to Next Page)

Conservation Commissioner Makes Own Scallop Survey

Louis A. Werle, New York State Conservation Commissioner, went out with the scallop fishermen yesterday at Greenport, L. I., at the behest of Governor Harriman. What he saw at first-hand and what ie was told led Mr. Werle to relax his department's rule against the taking of scallops that ae less than a year old. Here crewmen dredge scallops from Peconic Bay.

The New York Times (Carl T. Gossett)

Mr. Werle, 64-year-old sportsman, bundled up in his duck-hunting clothes, displays two of the scallops. One at the left is infected with an ailment that has not been identified.

(Cont'd. from Preceding Page)

Known as the Black Dog and the Cedar Beach fishing grounds, these two areas comprise only a tiny part of the total scallop waters around here. But they contain all the scallops considered suitable for harvesting in this part of Long Island during the present season, which lasts through March 31.

Hurricanes Wreaked Havoc

Hurricanes Carol and Edna had wreaked havoc on the shellfish in this vicinity and, on top of that, many scallops died of an ailment that has not been identified. So opportunities and earnings were poor this year for the local fleet of fifty modest sailboats, whose operators depend on scallop fishing for their winter livelihood.

Recently the catch had dwindled so low that these eighty men found their work profitless. Their spokesman called the situation to the attention of Governor Harriman, who referred their problem —and their suggestion for a solution—to Mr. Wehle.

This morning Mr. Wehle, a 64-year-old sportsman and former brewer, bundled up in his duck-hunting clothes, distributed some additional foul-weather garb among members of his party and made his own survey.

He watched cheerfully as Ed Kart, a long experienced scalloper, directed the dredging of scallops with an oyster net. For the occasion, the normal ban on taking this type of shellfish from a power craft was suspended. Even Mr. Wehle did not want to face today's weather in a sailboat.

The scallops brought up in the Black Dog and Cedar Beach areas were examined by the commissioner and Dr. W. C. Senning, assistant director of the Conservation Department's Division of Fish and Game, and Harold F. Udell, Marine Fisheries sanitarian.

Under Effective at Once

Ashore again, the group conferred, and Mr. Wehle issued his order. It was made effective at once, and for the duration of the prevailing scallop season.

The commissioner explained that the scallops to be taken under his new directive probably would not survive if left in their cold, shallow beds. Bay scallops of this type are smaller than sea scallops, and some say they are tastier. For commercial use, they must have shells at least two inches wide. And so that they may reproduce themselves, they must not be taken before they are a year old and have had an opportunity to spawn. A year-old scallop shows his age by an arch-shaped "growth ring" on its shell.

The scallops in this area are sealed up in their shells for the winter. Those in the Black Dog and Cedar Beach areas have been taken over, unawares, as homesites by a breed of underwater denizens. The sandy homes of these creatures according to scallop men, eventually become so heavy that the scallop underneath one finds itself unable to raise its shell. Thus, it cannot take in food and dies.

Rather than leave these scallops to that fate, Mr. Wehle decided to let them be taken. In doing so, he emphasized that the succulence of the scallops was unaffected. He ate the edible parts of several to prove it.

Wehle Conservation Policy Draws Harriman's Praise

The state conservation department, headed by Rochester's Louis A. Wehle, was praised by Gov. Harriman today for its "vigorous administration" during the past year.

In his message to the legislature, Harriman said the administration of the department was "characterized by a revitalized program for acquiring lands in the forest preserve, by providing our sportsmen with more fish and game than ever before and by launching a long-term program for the expansion of our recreational facilities," according to The Times-Union's Albany Bureau.

The governor proposed new additions to the forest preserve and said he will seek an appropriation in his 1956 budget for land buying within the "blue line," so-called because of its color on maps outlining the forest preserve. He also proposed a "program for selective selling of small, scattered parcels of state land outside the blue line" to raise money for purchases in the preserve. He noted that a constitutional amendment would be needed to permit such sales.

In discussing the conservation department's 1955 program, Harriman said final figures for the year may show that there were more than a million hunters licensed in the state, a record number, and almost that many licensed to fish.

"To accommodate the increasing numbers of sportsmen," the governor said, "we propose to push ahead with a comprehensive program involving the acquisition of public fishing rights in good quality trout streams, the development of public access sites in our heavily fished lakes, the reclamation of trout ponds and lakes, the development of game management areas to provide greater hunting opportunities, the improvement of food and cover conditions for game on private lands, the development of wetland areas for water fowl and work designed to improve the quality of pheasants and trout raised by the state for stocking."

NYS Conservationist Magazine Price Increases

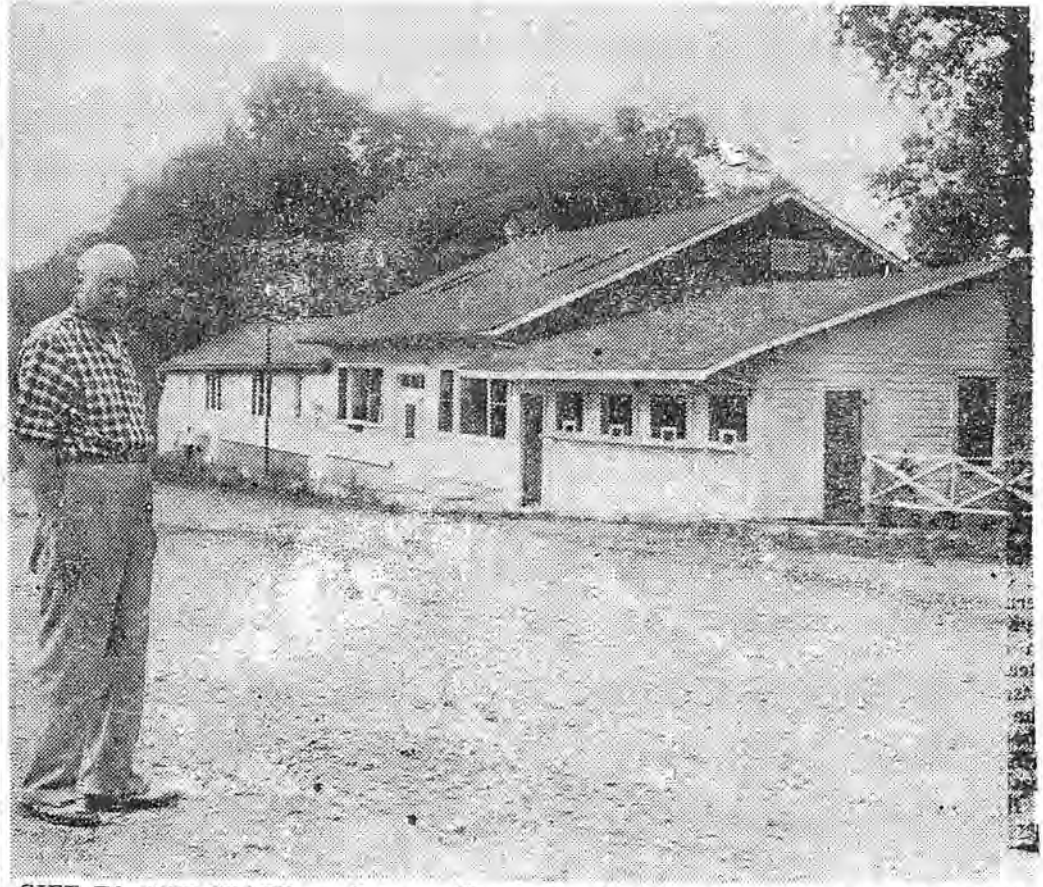
Conservation Commissioner Louis A. Wehle has announced that the magazine published by his department, the New York State Conservationist, will be upped in price as of May 1.

Annual subscriptions received after that date, he said, will be sold by the department at $2 (until then the price is $1 per year) but a bargain price of $5 for three years is being offered. Readers also will get more for their money, Commissioner Wehle added, with eight more pages and more art work in each issue.

Commenting on these changes, Commissioner Wehle had this to say:

"I think there is a general agreement among conservationists in this state that our magazine serves a useful purpose, and that an increase in the subscription rates has been long overdue. I feel that our publication should not be a 'giveaway' proposition, but that on the other hand it should not be priced beyond the reach of the average man. All government agencies have to balance their budgets and in offering a bigger magazine at an increased price, I hope that we will be able to strike a sound balance between good government financing and good conservation education."

July 10, 1955



GIFT TO THE STATE — Conservation Commissioner Louis A. Wehle stands near building he donated to state, along with lands, for a public recreation spot.

OCT 28 1955

WEHLE TO USE AUTHORITY ON STATE PARKS

ROCHESTER, N.Y., Oct. 28 (AP) — State Conservation Commissioner Louis A. Wehle last night cited his legal jurisdiction over all state park commissions and indicated his determination to exercise this authority.

Addressing a small public gathering in suburban Greece, Wehle said park commissions in the past have had little restraint on their activities, and to clarify their status he is sending letters to all state parks commissioners "citing the law which gives me the right to accept or reject a commission's recommendation."

Wehle's remarks stemmed from the clamor of hunters for continued hunting along the partially completed Lake Ontario State Parkway. Hunters object to "no parking" signs along the portion of the parkway which has been completed.

The meeting was organized, participants said, for hunters to voice their complaints. Wehle, whose home is in nearby Scottsville, was invited to speak. About 50 persons attended the meeting.

Under Park Commission

A spokesman for the commission said the completed section of the parkway, extending eight miles easterly from the western edge of Monroe County, comes under the general regulations of the Genesee State Park Commission, forbidding carrying or use of firearms in parks or along parkways under the commission's jurisdiction.

The general regulations also call for "no parking" along the parkways. The spokesman said both restrictions are common for state parks and state parkways.

He said the commission had not yet applied its regulations against the incompleted section of the parkway which extends 12 miles to the Rochester city line.

Wehle said he already has ordered the hunting ban lifted, and has written to Gordon Harvey of Castile, N.Y., chief engineer and general manager for the Genesee Commission, asking him to remove the "no parking" signs.

FEB 11 1955

Deer Herd Faces Starvation Threat If Cold Continues

The Adirondack deer herd faces its greatest starvation threat in nearly a decade if the early winter weather pattern of snow and cold continues, Conservation Commissioner Louis A. Wehle warned following a report to him by conservation department game technicians.

A review of survey records during the past 15 years shows, Commissioner Wehle explained, that during winters causing greatest deer starvation losses there have been recorded during December and January, temperatures and snow conditions almost precisely paralleling those of the last two months. February and March normally are the critical months, he added.

Game technicians, who maintain constant ground and aerial surveys of snow depths, availability of browse and condition of the deer herd, said that two-thirds of the central Adirondacks—which includes about 50 per cent of the known deer starvation areas—now is buried under 20 to 30 inches of snow.

COLD, SCARED, AND HUNGRY—Fleeing for cover of woods is this small herd of deer, startled by sound of airplane motor off Route 8 near New Berlin. Scarcity of natural animal food has caused Conservation Department to plan emergency help for herds, especially in Adirondacks where snow is deep and cold is intense. (Photo by Dante O. Tranquille from Utica Aircraft Inc. plane piloted by John Piersma.)

Deer Facing Starvation? Ready with Food 'Lift'

ALBANY, Feb. 4 (GNS)—If starvation begins to kill Adirondack deer herds, the state stands ready to bring more food to the animals.

Conservation Commissioner Louis A. Wehle today instructed conservation game technicians to supplement the food supply by aerial drops and by truck and sled if necessary, a department spokesman said.

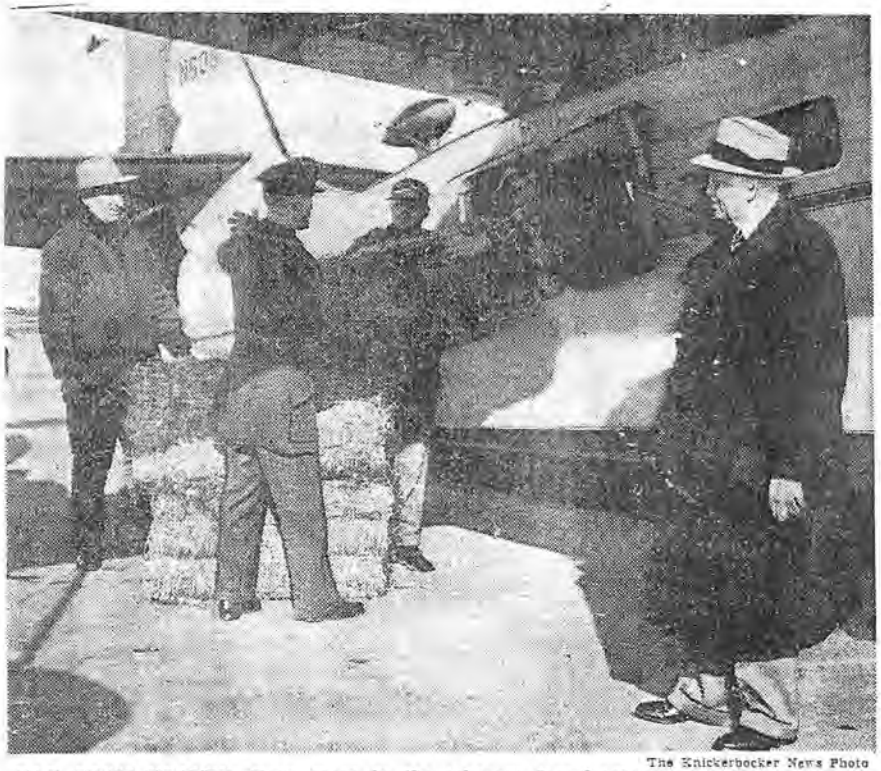
Meanwhile district game managers, flying over the deer wintering regions and inspecting them on foot, kept an eye on a threatening food situation. Because heavy snow and cold lashed the mountains in December and January, the department expects February and March to bring mass starvation to the deer. The prediction was made on the basis of surveys that showed the worst starvation years were heralded by weather similar to that experienced in the past two months.

But the food supply has not yet reached the critical point, department officials said. Most deer have not yet "yarded up," or herded together, they said. Yarding up is an indication to conservation technicians that the deer no longer can range freely through the feeding area because of heavy snows. They soon exhaust available food in the yard and then die.

However, fawns in the Central Adirondacks—the Moose River and Tug Hill plateau regions—have been spotted clustering around streams in valleys. Adult does and bucks still can move through the feeding area, walking on a thick snow crust that tops 25 to 30 inches of snow. But two-thirds of the available browse in the area is buried, the department estimates.

In the Southern Adirondacks, conditions are still not serious, according to conservation officials. Snow is lighter and the deer can range easily to find food.

While planning to supplement the food supply when starvation strikes, conservation officials said bringing in food would not prevent large-scale deaths in the herds. Deer find it difficult to adapt to new foods and often have been found lying dead of starvation near piles of supplemental food. In addition, conservation officials pointed out, much of the area in which deer feed is inaccessible to man in the winter. Aerial drops often are hard to make because of weather conditions.



The Knickerbocker News Photo

HAY FROM HEAVEN—Deep snow in the Central Adirondacks, extending from Old Forge to Indian Lake, has put deer in the area on starvation rations. To meet the critical need for food the Conservation Department today began flying hay to the area. The hay will be dropped from the plane into known deer feeding areas. On hand as the plane was loaded this morning at Albany Airport were, left to right, Steven Onyszko; Fred McLane, pilot of the Conservation Department plane; Emerson Van Dyke, Edward Maunton, and at far right, Commissioner Louis Wehle, who ordered the emergency program.

SEP 12 1956

SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y.
SARATOGIAN

Mahoney Puts Pheasant Deaths Onus on Cheatum

Albany (AP) — Governor Harriman's deputy conservation commissioner blames Dr. E. L. Cheatum, head of the Bureau of Game, for the death of several thousand pheasants on the Delmar Game Farm near Albany.

The deputy, Justin T. Mahoney, says he has been unable to determine whether the death of 15,000 pheasants on Granadier Island in Lake Ontario was caused by shipments of diseased birds from the Delmar farm. But, Mahoney says, "it is not unreasonable to assume" that birds transferred from Delmar to Grenadier could have carried fatal botulism, a bacterial poisoning.

Mahoney said Cheatum could have acted sooner against the botulism at Delmar.

Mahoney investigated the deaths at the request of Harriman as a result of an attack against Cheatum and unnamed other personnel of the department by Louis A. Wehle before Wehle resigned last June as conservation commissioner.

Wehle, a Harriman appointee, blamed Cheatum for the Grenadier deaths and said Cheatum's bureau had been guilty of "gross negligence or sabotage." Cheatum denied responsibility at the time and several conservation and sportsmen's groups came to the defense of his character. Wehle resigned in the midst of the controversy.

Cheatum told a reporter today he could not comment on Mahoney's report until he had read it. Harriman made the report public last night.

Asked for comment today Wehle declined to talk about the report, referring a reporter to George R. Fearon of Syracuse, an attorney. Fearon told a reporter:

"It looks to me as if there is a very decided indication that Mr. Mahoney agrees with Mr. Wehle that Mr. Cheatum fell down on the job."

The deputy said that about 15,000 pheasants had died in the state preserve on Grenadier Island, Lake Ontario, between June 28 and Oct. 22, 1955 "from one cause or another." He reported that shipment of birds from the Delmar Game Farm to Grenadier started July 6 and that in subsequent weeks 12,000 to 13,000 birds died at Delmar.

Mahoney wrote the governor that on July 11 of last year Cheatum was told by Marvin Poyner, assistant superintendent of game farms, and by Stephen Fordham, Delmar foreman, that they suspected botulism, a bacterial poisoning, was causing the deaths.

Mahoney quoted Cheatum as saying that he did not know why he had not tested for botulism "unless it was because my thinking was diverted" by a theory advanced elsewhere that the birds had died of encephalomyelitis, commonly known as sleeping sickness."

Mahoney said "it was not until July 16" that the theory of encephalomyelitis was advanced.

Mahoney said that if Cheatum had set up botulism tests on July 11, instead of on Aug. 3 the Delmar loss would not have mounted to 12,000 to 13,000 birds.

The deputy said that Charles Mason, game research investigator for the department, had explained that he had not carried out research on mortality rates at Grenadier because he had been advised that Wehle had objected to a survey. Wehle has denied that he had any such objections.

The deputy said that records were required by the Federal Fish and Wildlife Service, which helped finance the Grenadier project.

Mahoney quoted Mason as saying that only about 1,200 birds died at Grenadier from botulism. Mahoney added that "while one may pause" at accepting the figure, he did not have information to refute it because the records for the federal agency had not been kept.

Mahoney's investigation was made at the governor's request after Wehle resigned. Sharon J. Mauhs has since been appointed commissioner.

A committee that the Republican-controlled Legislature set up as a "watchdog" over Harriman's Democratic administration has been investigating the Wehle accusations. The former commissioner has been invited to appear within the next few weeks.

Editor's Notebook

By EDWARD J. BYRNE
Sun Editor

Wehle Vindication

Since so many of us in the Chautauqua Lake area have a continuing affection and high regard for the efforts of Lou Wehle while he was conservation commissioner, a recent report to Governor Harriman on the controversy which led to Wehl's resignation is indeed interesting.

Wehle charged that "mismanagement or sabotage" in his department caused the death of some 12,000 pheasants in a Grenadier Island rearing experiment. Resulting controversy within the conservation department led to Wehle's resignation and Harriman ordered Deputy Commissioner Justin T. Mahoney to conduct an investigation.

Mahoney's report to the governor cites laxity of experts to determine botulism contributed to the deaths of the birds.

A number of top conservation department officials are involved in the report, substantiating materially Wehle's position.

At the time of Wehle's resignation, this editor expressed regret that Wehle had found it necessary to resign. The sincerity of his interest in conservation has been known to sportsmen for many years. There were selfish reasons too for this view—Lou Wehle, in carrying out the orders of Governor Harriman, had shown a great deal of interest in our Chautauqua Lake problems. In fact, those of us who sought state interest in the problem of Chautauqua Lake, are very well aware that Lou Wehle smoothed out a great deal of a rocky path for us.

Fortunately for the future of Chautauqua Lake rehabilitation, Wehle's successor, Sharon Mauhs, already has given assurances to Sam Conte, Democratic county chairman, that the state's interest will be maintained.

Paul J. Milliron, who has a scrapbook of letters from prominent political and governmental figures of the day, has added two interesting items—letters from Democratic Presidential Nominee Adlai Stevenson and Paul M. Butler, Democratic national chairman.

Every now and then, but only now and then it seems, the title "Esq." is given instead of "Mr."

A British public library makes this difference—for male readers who borrow serious books, the title of "Esq." is reserved. Readers of light fiction earn the title of "Mr."

In the newspaper business, we make a number of distinctions in the fraternity. Historically, the "gentlemen" reporters have been from The New York Times complete with white spats and cane (where that leaves the rest of the field nobody knows) and the "journalist" is rather commonly known as the fellow who bums cigarets from newspapermen.

More Fish Per Dollar

A-Power to Be Used In Largest Hatchery

NEW YORK, May 15 (AP) — Plans for the world's largest fish hatchery to be built on the St. Lawrence River and operated by nuclear power were announced today by the New York state conservation commissioner.

Louis A. Wehle in New York to discuss the project with engineers, termed the five-million-dollar undertaking a "Conservation Department dream." The hatchery, with its nuclear heating and push-button controls, will be so modern, he said, that most of the present hatcheries will be abandoned.

Under plans, the project will be located near Massena, N.Y. Water will come from the turbine discharge of the St. Lawrence power dam. The hatchery will be placed downstream to take advantage of the gravity flow.

COMMISSIONER WEHLE
. . . *a nuclear hatchery*

Support Expected

While the undertaking must first receive legislative and governor approval, Wehle said he expected full support.

"The authorities are behind me on it," he said. "Governor Harriman has shown the greatest interest and assured me his strongest backing. Plans are already on the drawing board."

Wehle said the one hatchery would raise three times as many fish as all of the present 28 hatcheries combined. The cost per pound of the fish for stocking purposes would be 50 cents a pound or less in contrast to the present cost of $1.47 per pound.

Nuclear power will be used to maintain the water at a consistent temperature of 56 to 58 degrees, assuring health growth. Higher or lower temperatures, Wehle said, retard growth and raise the cost of stream stocking.

Transportation will be handled by air from the hatchery to the various points around the state, the commissioner added. The fish are to be put to sleep and packaged for the plane ride.

Controlled by Push-Buttons

Wehle said each tank would be a unit in itself. The water will be emptied and filled by push-button control. Water will be controlled so that fish may exercise themselves in lower water and help clean the tanks.

The commissioner said he was confident the nuclear-powered hatchery would produce more and healthier fish, better able to survive in wild waters.

"Many of the New York hatcheries are still in the horse and buggy stage," he added. "I feel it is time we did something about it. I have spent a great deal of time on the project in order to bring it to a workable stage and we are now ready to go in the interest of progress."

Wehle was not able to give an estimate of the completion date, if approved.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Democrat & Chronicle
Circ. D. 117,818 - S. 172,719

MAY 16 1956

Wehle OKs Fishing In New Scallop Bed

By DAVID H. BEETLE
Times-Union's Own Bureau

GREENPORT, L.I. — Scallop lovers got a "break" here yesterday.

And so did a tiny Greenport, L.I. fleet that has been scalloping for generations.

Action came in the form of an order by the state's new conservation commissioner, Louis A. Wehle of Rochester. He made it less than an hour after he returned from a dawn trawler trip across a bay so icy and wind-tossed the scallop fleet itself hugged port.

Under the order, scallopers expect to harvest hundreds of bushels of scallops that would otherwise would be lost.

"Did the department ever get out an order changing a fish and game law this fast before?" Dr. William Senning, assistant director of fish and game, was asked.

"No," said Senning. "This sets a record."

• • •

WEHLE'S ORDER opens up a new scallop fishing ground off Shelter Island in Peconic Bay. The area in question contains an estimated 5,000 bushels of baby scallops, valued at some $40,000 or $8 a bushel.

Greenporters first had noticed what looked like concrete crusting on the upside shell of some scallops. It seemed to be worse in two or three areas—or—about two per cent of the Peconic Bay beds.

But fishermen in the area had been protesting any ban on hunting for scallops in the beds. They contended the marine growth that was "smothering" the scallops had no effect on their edibility now.

So Nicholas Griek, their spokesman, took a few samples to Albany and talked with Wehle.

Griek argued that the concretions—caused by a kind of an organism that attaches itself to the shell — would kill the scallops once warm weather comes.

"Why not remove the ban on taking these scallops less than a year old and market them before they die?" he asked.

Without food, the scallops would starve.

To make sure of all this, Wehle wanted a couple of scoopfuls from the affected areas. Within 48 hours, he talked with the governor; then rounded up the necessary task force and set forth.

After their trawler was about an hour out in the rough bay, scalloper Ed Kart tossed an oyster dredge over the side of the pitching 42-footer and made the first of two hauls. Conservationists, pawing over "the catch," found more encrusted scallops than they expected.

Wehle examined them, held up a dripping sample and said: "I want people to know these are good, healthy scallops. This stuff that clings to the shell doesn't hurt the scallop one bit."

• • •

ONCE ASHORE, Wehle telephoned Senning in Albany and ordered an OK for scalloping off Shelter Island.

Scalloper Kart left to tell "the fleet." There's still a 7½ bushel daily limit on the tiny two-man scalloping sloops—but there'll be more scallops available; more $20-day workdays; more of the small, luscious Peconic Bay scallops available in New York, Albany, Rochester, Olean.

• • •

WEHLE'S EXPERTS looked into the problem. Scallops—dormant all winter — feed in the spring. Or they do if they can get their shells open. But the concretions would fasten them shut.

JAN. 1955

'Bold, Adventurous' Program

Novel Trout Hatchery Projected by Wehle

By EMMET N. O'BRIEN

Gannett News Service

ALBANY, Jan. 20—State Conservation Commissioner Louis A. Wehle, in announcing appointment of a long-awaited advisory board, today projected a "bold, adventurous" program including a novel trout hatchery along the St. Lawrence River.

The trout hatchery will be "ultra-modern," Wehle said. Construction is contingent upon obtaining sufficient power from the St. Lawrence power project, which is expected to be turning out kilowatts in two or three years.

Wehle said the plan calls for use of much warmer water than presently used at state hatcheries. Experience in Western states has shown that more trout can be propagated in warm water than in normal temperature water, he reported.

Discussions leading to negotiations with the State Power Authority already have been held with Robert Moses, SPA chairman, it was reported.

Wehle will expand on his plan when the advisory council meets for the first time next month, it was announced.

His appointments today follow a year's study of the conservation situation in the state and consultation with conservation experts.

Wehle appointed to the advisory committee:

Dr. Gustav A. Swanson, head, Department of Conservation, Cornell University; Dr. Hardy L. Shirley, dean, State College of Forestry, Syracuse University; Robert Thompson, Waverly, president, State Conservation Council; Clarence Morey, president, state chapter, Izaak Walton League of America; Howard M. Woods, Rochester; James Lonergan, Ticonderoga; E. S. Cookinham, Poland; Frank C. Ash, Fulton; William Paulson, New York City, and Harold C. Kimball Yonkers.

The committee will advise Commissioner Wehle on general conservation policies in the state. Its appointment long has been urged by conservation groups, who complained that the former Dewey administration dropped the advisory committee idea. Gov. Harriman, it was recalled, promised to reactivate the committee in pre-election talks.

A major theme that Wehle will lay before the committee will be development of the conservation theme at the State Fair next fall. Gov. Harriman picked conservation as the theme and Wehle has projected an all-out program to support it.

He also will discuss holding a series of "town meetings" in areas of the state to discuss conservation matters, and call for a review of the state's game stocking plans. Wehle last year experimented with "hardening" of pheasants before releasing them, and explored the possibility of stock quail in upstate areas. Greater fish stocking likewise will be tackled.

A major topic will be forest preserve policy, including acquisitions and greater recreational use of the great natural resort, plus knotty problems of disposing of scattered parcels and restrictions on highway construction in some borderline areas.

Wehle Gives Land To State for Use As Recreation Site

State Conservation Commissioner Louis A. Wehle yesterday revealed he had donated to the state land and buildings near Scottsville for use as a public fishing and recreation site and as headquarters for conservation facilities.

The principal building on the site was formerly the Dumpling Hill restaurant. It will be remodeled to accommodate the central office of the 11-county Rochester - Buffalo conservation district, Wehle said.

The land and buildings, worth an estimated $40,000 are on Scottsville Road five miles southwest of the city line in the Town of Wheatland. A frontage of 1,000 feet on the river and parking space for an estimated 300 cars are included in the property, which was donated by Wehle and the Genesee Brewing Co. Inc., which he heads as chairman of the board.

Officially Accepted

Wehle, a Scottsville sportsman and businessman who was appointed to head the Conservation Department early this year, said the state budget director has officially approved receipt of the property.

Workmen under direction of Raymond Doerer, chief engineer of the department, will begin Tuesday to remodel the former restaurant, a 100-by-30-foot two-story frame building. Work will include new siding on the exterior and partitioning to provide office space for district offices, which now occupy space in two city locations.

Wehle said the work will be completed by late August. Present offices of the Western District Fisheries Office at 383 Main St. E. and of the District Game Protector at Room 513, Terminal Building, will then be abandoned.

Space for Laboratory

The new headquarters also will provide space for other game personnel, a water control laboratory and a license office. Automobiles will be stored in a wing and boats on the lower story, which adjuts dock facilities.

Savings from office rentals, boat and storage fees have not been estimated, Wehle said.

One cottage on the property will be used to house a gamekeeper and his family, another cottage and a shed probably will be razed. A walled promenade and fishing platform will be constructed along the river frontage for the public's use.

A "rathskeller" type dance hall in the first floor of the former restaurant will be remodeled and made available for meetings of organizations interested in conservation. Installation of a model fish pond on the site to demonstrate to farmers and sportsmen the advantages of similar installations on their own property also is planned, Wehle said.

Near Thruway

The conservation commission pointed out that location of the property on the main southwest approach to the city, its nearness to the Thruway and proximity to the Caledonia and Cedar Springs fish hatcheries add to its attractiveness

Meanwhile in Albany, Gov. Harriman's office made public a letter sent to Wehle by the governor before his departure for Europe. Harriman said in the letter:

"It is a wonderful thing you and your company are doing to turn over such a fine piece of land to the state for the purpose of the Conservation Department. You are already doing so much for the state and its citizens through your vigorous administration of the Conservation Department and yet, apparently not satisfied with this, you are now making this splendid gift to the state."

Wehle Envisions New North Bass Hatchery

Would Like State To Erect $150,000 Project In Cape Vincent Area.

(Special to The Times.)

Cape Vincent, Feb. 26.—Louis A. Wehle, the state's commissioner of conservation, suggested yesterday the construction of a new $150,000 black bass hatchery along the St. Lawrence riverfront.

Mr. Wehle inspected the federal fish hatchery here with an eye towards using its facilities to provide greater stocks of bass for New York anglers.

He left, however, with the feeling that the labor and expense involved in increasing the capacity of the present hatchery here for the breeding of game fish would be prohibitive.

"We are interested," he said, "in the kind of fish you catch with a hook and line, such as bass, pike, perch, and muscallonge." His brewing company sponsors an annual state-wide contest which recognizes twelve types of game fish.

Since it would not be feasible for the state to rent or lease the local hatchery, Mr. Wehle, who wants to furnish the piscatorial interests with some 200,000,000 more fish a year, is left with no alternative but to ask next year's legislature for an appropriation to build a new bass hatchery. Such a project would cost between $150,000 and $200,000.

Ideally, Mr. Wehle would like to find some place in the state with a natural flow of the right type of water as a site for the new hatchery, since pumping is the most expensive way of obtaining water. However, his representatives report they have scoured the state in hopes of locating a spot where gravity alone would move the water, and with no success so far.

In that case, the new hatchery will probably be situated somewhere in this area. Mr. Wehle observed that Cape Vincent, for example, meets all his environmental requirements and if the water does not flow downhill naturally, at least the supply is unlimited.

Long familiar with this part of the state as a summertime fisherman, Mr. Wehle was making his first official visit to Cape Vincent since he became commissioner last fall. He flew from Albany with Gov. Harriman's party Thursday to attend the Watertown chamber of commerce's 53rd annual dinner.

Earlier yesterday he stopped at the state hatchery at Ogdensburg, where he commented that his department planned to increase the capacity, build more ponds, and generally add more equipment. He also plans to make the area more attractive by installing picnic benches and outdoor fire places.

From Ogdensburg he motored to Alexandria Bay for lunch before arriving here. Later he planned to visit the state game farm at Brownville.

The hatchery here concentrates on bass, blue-gill and wall-eyed pike. It has not operated at truly full capacity since 1946, when it was forced to stop the breeding of commercial species for lack of cooperation from fishermen who could not supply sufficient eggs. Until then the hatchery produced white fish, herring, pickerel and perch, in addition to bass.

Built one hundred years ago as a shingle mill, the building was first converted into a grist mill before it was purchased as a fish hatchery in 1895. Actually, the hatchery has a capacity in the neighborhood of the national debt. Just one of its jars alone is capable of producing 450,000 eggs, and the building holds 1,900 jars. Breeders estimate that 70 to 80 per cent of those eggs will hatch.

But the fact remains that the hatchery is functioning at capacity levels with its present ponds and it is not breeding any commercial species. That is why Mr. Wehle faces the prospect of requesting from the state legislature $150,000 to cast upon the waters. Landing that one may prove to be the prize catch of Mr. Wehle's career.

JAN 28 1957

Legislators Disagree On Pheasant Charges

By BOB MACK
United Press Staff Correspondent

ALBANY (UP) The Republican majority of the Legislature's "watchdog" committee says it has found "not the slightest evidence" in support of charges by former Conservation Commissioner Louis A. Wehle that the deaths of thousands of young pheasants on a Lake Ontario island were due to "gross negligence or sabotage."

The Democratic minority disputed the majority's conclusion that Wehle's charges were "unfounded, intemperate and ill-considered" and pictured the former commissioner as an "unselfish" public servant. The Democrats placed most of the blame for the failure of the pheasant - rearing project on Dr. E. Leonard Cheatum, chief target of Wehle's attack. Wehle accused Cheatum, head of the Conservation Department's bureau of game, of triggering an epidemic of botulism, a bacterial poisoning, by shipping diseased birds to Grenadier Island in the summer of 1955.

Epidemic Spontaneous

The committee, headed by Assemblyman William F. Horan of Tuckahoe, concluded in its majority report that the outbreak of botulism on Grenadier was "spontaneous, resulting from a combination of factors which favored the growth of the toxin-producing organism."

"There was not the slightest evidence that Dr. Cheatum or any others in the department attempted to sabotage the Grenadier Island project or were guilty of negligence in the discharge of their duties," the majority said.

The minority said that Cheatum "did not use all accepted procedures known to him to be effective in checking the epidemic of botulism" at the department Delmar Game Farm, near Albany, from which the shipments to Grenadier Island were made.

The controversy, which culminated in dramatic suddenness as Wehle resigned June 13 began about two weeks earlier with a speech the millionaire Rochester brewer made at Watertown. He said that out of 2,000 pheasants shipped to Grenadier the previous summer only about 4,300 were alive in the fall.

He accused a "secret society or secret fraternity" in the department of having "torpedoed" the project which he had conceived as an experiment in raising the birds in a near-wild state.

Cheatum Suing

Cheatum, singled out for attack, is currently suing Wehle for $200,000 and the state for $100,000 as a result of the attack. The Democrats on the committee said the papers were served in this connection on Wehle when he was called before the committee and they said this "rudely and callously" disregarded "the dignity of its members and all of its personnel."

The majority report described the project as a "pet" of Wehle's and said that never did he discuss it with Cheatum, "in whose bureau it was placed."

First Committee Report

The report, made public Sunday, was the first from the Joint Legislative Committee on Government Operations since it was set up by the Republican controlled Legislature two years ago to keep tabs on the administration of Governor Harriman. The committee has spent something over $158,000 of $325,000 given it for its various investigations.

Following a staff investigation which began last June 11, the 8-member committee took almost 1,000 pages of testimony from 9 witnesses, including Cheatum and Wehle, at seven closed-door sessions. The two committee Democrats, Sen. Samuel Greenberg and Assemblyman Joseph R. Corso, both of Brooklyn, charged that the 59-page majority report quoted out of context and omitted some of the testimony. They asked that the entire testimony be made public.

Editor's Mailbox

Wehle's Stand Against 'Pros' In Conservation Field Defended

The following letter by Mr. Leo A. Wincowski of Dolgeville, was written prior to yesterday's announcement that Louis A. Wehle had resigned as state conservation commissioner.

To the Editor:

Conservation Commissioner Louis A. Wehle may not yet fully realize the seriousness to the trouble he has brought upon himself with the charge of "sabotage" which he leveled at the Bureau of Game because of the death of thousands of pheasants on Grenadier Island in the St. Lawrence river.

The seriousness of the charge is not so much because it reflects on the integrity of any individual in the department's employ, but rather because Mr. Wehle has found evidence which threatens to put the spotlight on a managed game scarcity operated by the Bureau of Game Management for a number of years.

* * *

Before Mr. Wehle is finished with the mess he has uncovered, he will realize that he has tangled with a ruthless group of "professional conservationists," who's interest in wildlife is not in the conservation of it, but rather in the millions of dollars that pour in annually to the various state game departments and also into the hands of many so-called wildlife conservation societies.

The leaders of these outfits have found it to their advantage to cooperate with the professionals in the game departments in promoting the managed wildlife scarcity.

We have already seen samples of their threats as published in newspapers, which quoted officials of the National Wildlife Federation as terming Mr. Wehle's charge of sabotage as "libelous" and "puzzling." "Libel" is a weapon the pros are quick to point at the head of any person of influence. The NWF has a big stake in this business. It collects hundreds of thousands of dollars annually from the sale of its wildlife stamps, all of which has been made possible by the wide publicity it gives out on the wildlife scarcity. What arguments would the NWF use to promote the flow of this easy money into its coffers if wildlife became abundant through intelligent management? Not all of us in this world are so blind as not to see where the outfit's main interest lies.

We have also read the threat posed by Durward L. Allen, who is reported as president of a wildlife organization, which he said numbers "3,000 professional conservationists." Mr. Allen was also quoted as having said that if Wehle's charges were permitted to stand they would bring "national discredit" on the Harriman administration. I once had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Allen and exchanging views with him on conservation matters, so am quite familiar with his conservation philosophy, which I believe insulting to the intelligence of informed sportsmen.

* * *

Although I have never met or talked to Mr. Wehle, I have every reason to believe he is an honest, sincere sportsman-conservationist; one who holds tremendous respect for the fish and wildlife resources of this state and for the rights of the millions of people to enjoy (as he has throughout his life) the fullest measure of joy and pleasure that comes to those who follow the pastime of fishing and hunting.

In his own way he has been trying for years to promote these interests. He undoubtedly accepted the post of commissioner because of the challenge it offered to do a good job for all the people of this state, without perhaps the slightest doubt that he would have the full cooperation of the employes under his charge. What a shocking disappointment it must have been to him to find his efforts being sabotaged.

In addition to all that he now must face the attacks which will be made from day to day by the professionals, to discredit him and tear down his reputation. These men are a well organized clique, with "stooges" in just about every influential conservation organization in the state. Any day now we should be hearing a blast coming from the New York State Conservation Council. If it does come, Mr. Wehle shouldn't take it too seriously because it won't be representative of the sportsmen of the state. It will merely be the voice of the old guard within the council, who have sold out the sportsmen of this state to the professional clique. These men have had things pretty much their own way the past 12 years. What the public has seen is only that side which has been profusely adorned with such catch words as "education, science and research."

Some idea of the magnetic appeal such labels have on some folks, could be gained from an editorial which appeared in the June 6 edition of the N. Y. Daily Mirror, under the heading, "Wehle Go Home." It was an excellent example of one man's gullibility for something cloaked with an aurora of science, research and education. Had the editor cited specific examples showing where wildlife has greatly benefited as a direct result of science in game management, we might have had some respect for his criticism of Mr. Wehle. But since there weren't any, the editorial left us with a feeling of disgust.

The truth of the matter is, many species of wildlife are now at a dangerous low because of the wide support being given to the scientific wildlife management philosophy by many sincere but otherwise unwitting sportsmen and conservationists. These people seem to have no conception of the tremendous reproductive potential of wildlife in the absence of interference from natural enemies.

Prior to Mr. Wehle's appointment, I wrote numerous articles in which I charged game managers with promoting a managed game scarcity with the aid of uncontrolled hordes of predatory animals, and through mismanagement. The tools with which such mismanagement can be accomplished by the pros are many. Turning pheasants out into the fields with a portion of the upper beak cut off so they can't pick up food and must starve, is one of them. Allowing pheasant to become infected with disease is another.

LEO A. WINCOWSKI
Dolgeville, N. Y.

The honor of your presence
is requested at the ceremonies
attending the Inauguration of the
President of the United States
January twentieth,
Nineteen hundred forty-one.

Matthew M. Neely, Chairman.
Alben W. Barkley, Charles L. McNary, Sam Rayburn,
Robert L. Doughton, Joseph W. Martin, Jr.
Committee on Arrangements.

Please present the enclosed
card of admission.

When State Bakers 'Loafed' in Convention Here

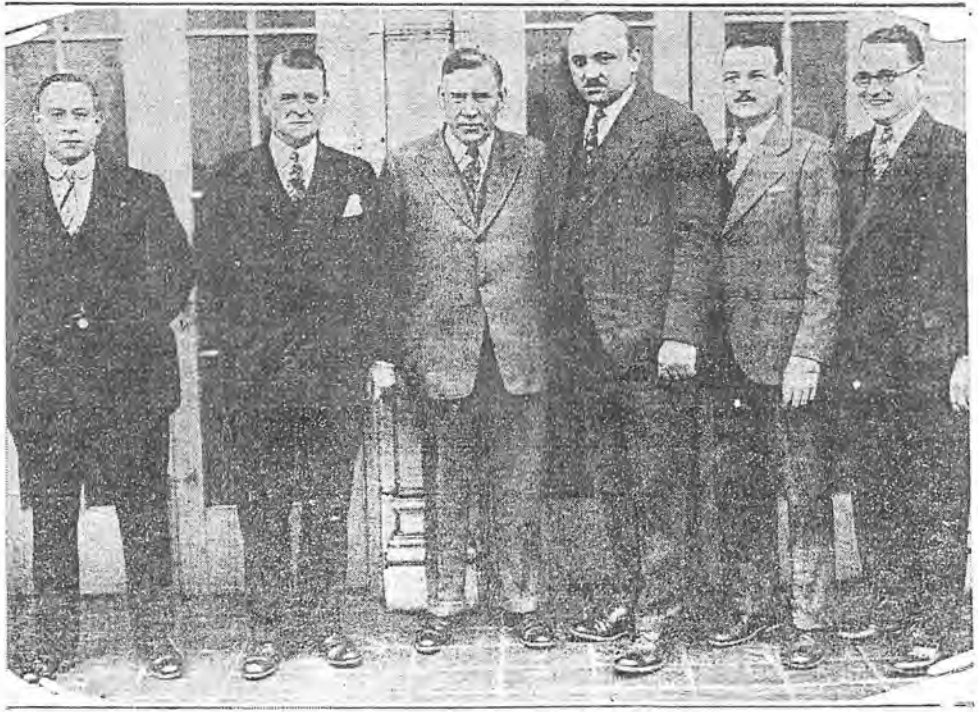
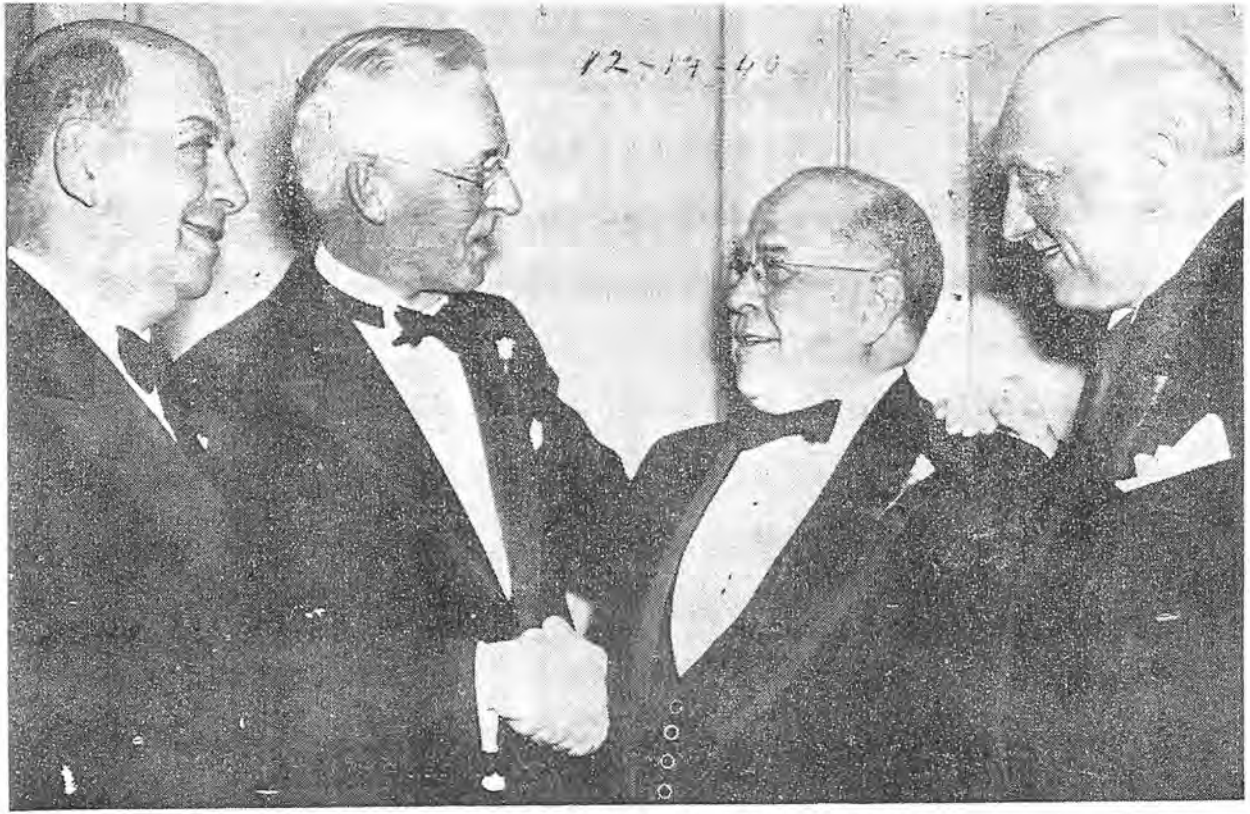


Photo by Staff Photographer

THEY ARE THE OFFICERS OF THE STATE BAKERS ASSOCIATION

At the close of the New York State Bakers' Association meeting at the Sagamore this week, the 1928 officers, pictured above, were chosen. From left to right, they are: Charles L. Larsen, Brooklyn, vice president; Frank A. Lyon, New York, secretary; L. A. Wehle, Rochester, president; E. B. Kurstead, New York, treasurer; Charles R. Chesley, New York, vice president, and Carl F. Kehlhof, Buffalo, vice president.



In the Auto Club Driver's Seat for 1941

Retiring president is shown congratulating the new president in this photo which was taken following the annual election of officers of Rochester Auto Club. Left to right are Sol Heumann, chairman of the dinner committee; Harry C. Stevenson, retiring president and guest of honor; Harry O. Alderman, new president, and Louis A. Wehle, toastmaster. (Times-Union Photo)

THE SECRETARY OF DEFENSE
WASHINGTON

March 23, 1950

My dear Wehle,

Your letter of March 20th from Florida is most interesting. I am particularly glad also to have you take time off from a holiday to write me.

Your experience while you were cruising down the St. John's river must have been impressive. The Navy decides all such policies with a good deal of care, and I am sure their decisions are generally completely sound. I can well understand the reaction of the layman to the sight you saw, and I am glad you wrote me about it.

I appreciate your personal good wishes. Of course, it is good news that I make many new friends all the time. I am sure if you have been reading the newspapers thoroughly you will realize that we are making a few enemies as we go along!

With appreciation and kindest personal regards, believe me,

Sincerely yours,

Louis Johnson

Honorable Louis A. Wehle
100 National Street
Rochester, New York

EARL WARREN

SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA

October 23, 1948

Mr. Louis A. Wehle
100 National Street
Rochester, New York

Dear Mr. Wehle:

Thank you very much for your kindness to me when I was in Rochester. I appreciated your thoughtful gift.

The fine crowd that gathered to greet us in Rochester is something we shall always remember, and the kindness shown my family and me added greatly to our pleasure.

With best wishes, I am

Sincerely,

Earl Warren

Governor

EW:gc

Bank Plan Revealed At Jensen

Herald Sunday Aug. 28, 1955

Financier Set To Put Up Cash

By ZOLA SWARTHOUT
Herald Correspondent

JENSEN BEACH — A commercial bank has been proposed for Jensen Beach, fishing resort community in Martin county by New York State financier Louis A. Wehle.

Wehle who owns 270 acres on the north fork of the St. Lucie river near U.S. 1 has established a winter training track there for harness racing horses as well as a large boat basin, stable and a beautiful home.

He is chairman of the board of directors of Genesee Brewing Co., commissioner of conservation for the state of New York, and was finance chairman of the Averell Harriman for president campaign.

As chairman of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis for New York State, Wehle raised more than $22,000,000 in 10 years.

He has been a member of the Jensen Beach area chamber of commerce since purchasing holdings in the area in 1952. It was through the Jensen chamber that he asked for a public opinion as to the needs of a bank in the area.

Stuart attorney Evans Crary asked Jensen Beach chamber president Frank Wacha to call a board of directors meeting to determine the practibility of establishing a bank here.

The directors Friday night enthusiastically endorsed the proposed bank and have called a meeting of the general membership and the residents of the Jensen Beach area to meet Sept. 2 at 8 p.m. at the community center to discuss the formation of the bank.

Crary said that Wehle and his son, John R. Wehle, were prepared to invest substantial sums in the bank if it proves feasible. He added that if the people in the Jensen Beach area were interested that the matter would be taken up immediately with the state comptroller to seek a charter for the bank.

Burrelle's
ESTABLISHED 1888
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PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU
165 Church Street - New York

ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Democrat & Chronicle
Circ. D. 117,818 - S. 172,719

MAY 15 1955

Private Service Set For Elizabeth Wehle

A private funeral service for Mrs. Elizabeth Wehle, 93, mother of State Conservation Commissioner Louis A. Wehle, will be conducted tomorrow morning in St. Joseph's Catholic Church in Penfield. Burial will be in Holy Sepulchre Cemetery.

Mrs. Wehle died Friday (May 13, 1955) in Clifton Springs Sanitarium. She was a resident of the Hotel Seneca for four years before she entered the sanitarium a year ago.

The family has requested friends to call at the John M. Hedges Funeral Home, Culver Road and Empire Boulevard, from 2 to 5 p.m. and from 7 to 9 p.m. today.

Born in New York City, Mrs. Wehle came to Rochester with her family as a girl. Her husband, John Wehle, died in 1908. For more than 20 years the Wehle family home was at 25 Gorham St. and later it was at Lake Avenue and Selye Terrace. About 30 years ago Mrs. Wehle moved from Rochester and lived in New Haven, Conn., and New York City. She returned to Rochester about 10 years ago.

Her sons, besides Commissioner Wehle, who is chairman of the board of Genesee Brewing Co. Inc., are: Harold J. Wehle, president of the Rochester Conveyor Co.; Raymond Wehle, president of the Genesee Trucking Co.; Edwin Wehle of Binghamton, president of the Wehle Electric Co., which has offices in Rochester, and Dr. Frank Wehle of Hartford, Conn., who practices in New York City. Mrs. Wehle also leaves nine grandchildren and 14 great-grandchildren.

Wehle Attempts Harmony Move For Democrats

Efforts to harmonize the dissonant anti-Bush forces within the Democratic Party hung in the balance last night.

The latest effort is reportedly headed by Louis A. Wehle, chairman of the board of the Genesee Brewing Co. and prominent in local Democratic Party circles. A series of secret sessions this week between the Wehle forces and the Reform Dmocrats came to a head last night at a meeting of the Reform strategy committee.

The strategy committee was unable to reach any decision on a proposal to accept a harmony compromise to select a new leader in combination with the Wehle forces or to fight it out alone in a primary battle against Monroe County Democratic Chairman Roy F. Bush.

None of the parties directly involved in the latest harmony move would discuss the situation. It was learned from other reliable sources, however, that the harmony meetings began Tuesday at Wehle's Scottsville Road farm.

Wehle called both his group, which includes Democratic State Committeeman James P. Wilmot, and the leaders of the Reform group to his farm. The two groups reportedly met in separate buildings with Wehle shuttling back and forth in an effort to reach some solution to the current intra-party fight.

Each side reportedly presented a list of five names of persons acceptable to them as county chairman to succeed Bush. The 10 names, five from each group, still are a secret.

The only result that could be learned that came from Tuesday's meeting was the appointment of a four-man committee, two from each side. Former City Councilman Robert B. Corris, currently Reform Democrat chairman, and Richard C. Wade, a Reform Democrat strategy committee member were named from the Reform group. Wilmot and Richard Barker, Henrietta Democratic leader, associated with the Wilmot-Wehle forces, were named from that group.

Those four met Wednesday in a further attempt to iron out the situation. No agreement was reached, according to informed sources. That led to last night's strategy committee meeting which was to decide whether efforts to find a mutually agreeable candidate for leader or to fight it out alone.

One member of the strategy committee, who declined use of his name, told newspaper reporters that three members of the committee had been unable to attend the meeting and that no action would be taken until they could be consulted. Names of the absent members were not learned.

It was apparent, however, to observers outside of the Reform Headquarters at 16 State St., where the meeting was held last night, that committee members were having a difficult time making the decision. There were no obvious signs of an outward rift within the committee ranks, but raised voices filtering through the closed door of the meeting room indicated some disagreement.

The Reform Group was launched in January for the purpose of ousting Bush as county chairman. A few weeks ago, Wilmot and Wehle joined forces, asking Bush to publicly state he would not be a candidate to succeed himself as chairman. Bush declined to make such a statement, saying only he would not resign during his current term in party office.

Reform elements have been working toward a primary fight against Bush while the Wilmot-Wehle forces have been trying the "persuasive approach" to replace Bush with a yet unnamed successor.

There has been a public feud between leaders of the Reform Group and Wilmot. It thus fell to Wehle to assume the role of bringing the two elements together. Indications last night pointed to a decision by the Reform strategy committee by the end of the week.

Democrats Name Wehle Chairman of State Convention

Party to Hold Meeting In Rochester Sept. 5, 6, 7

Louis A. Wehle, Rochester business man and chairman of the board of the Genesee Brewing Company, was named general chairman of the 1950 Democratic State Convention yesterday.

State Chairman Paul E. Fitzpatrick, in announcing Wehle's designation in New York, also said he had named S. N. Eben, New York City insurance broker as convention treasurer.

Wehle will have full charge of arrangements for the convention, to be held in Rochester on Sept. 5-6-7. He also will be in charge of publication of the official convention program and will formally call the delegates to order at the opening session of Sept. 5.

A liberal contributor to the Democratic campaign chest in the 1948 campaign, Wehle has been honored on frequent occasions by invitations to White House functions. Although his name has cropped up occasionally as a possible Democratic candidate for state comptroller this Fall, he has told friends that he is not to be considered as a prospect for that or any other political office.

Wehle Goes To Washington

Louis A. Wehle, prominent Monroe Democrat, last night attended the meeting of the finance group of the Democratic National Committee in Washington.

Wehle is a member of the national and state finance groups of the Democratic organization.

Among those who dropped in at the meeting in Hotel Statler were President Truman and members of the cabinet.

Wehle said today that reports of the finance group showed coffers of the Democrats in "excellent" condition.

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

December 7, 1948

Dear Mr. Wehle:

I have heard of the generous way in which you expressed confidence in my leadership and want you to know of my heartfelt appreciation. I am more grateful than I can say.

The Democratic Party must go forward with progress and the support which you gave so wholeheartedly gives me strength and courage and renewed faith in the principles for which our party must always stand.

Very sincerely yours,

Harry Truman

Mr. Louis A. Wehle,
100 National Street,
Rochester,
New York.

Wehle Buying Race Horses

Louis Wehle is doing it again!

And, this time it's race horses.

The sports-minded owner of the Genesee Brewing Co. and principal stock holder of Radio Station WRNY, is jumping into the "king of sports" picture with both feet.

To start with, he's installing a $100,000 harness racing training plant in his back yard.

Said backyard being on the spacious grounds of the Wehle Manor House near Scottsville.

He hired Bill Storum, vet sulky pilot, as his trainer after Levi Harner, leading money driver at Batavia Downs, reportedly turned down a $10,000 a year offer to take the job.

Now Louis is out touring the country in search of top horseflesh to grace his stables. People who know him say he'll find 'em, too.

The Louis Wehle colors will be flying down the stretch in the near future.

Other sports receiving the attention of the local brewer are Rochester Red Wing baseball games, Rochester Royal basketball games, and Aquinas Institute foolball games. All three are broadcast by Add Penfield over Station WRNY.

In addition, he sponsors the "Louis Wehle $5,000 New York State Fishing Contest" each season.

Rochester Entries Dog Show Victors

Jack Wehle Spaniels Top Breed at Buffalo

Equipoise of Rochester made good yesterday at the Kennel Club's dog show in Buffalo Auditorium.

Exhibited by Jack Wehle, 18-year old son of Louis A. Wehle of 2 Pelham Road, the solid black cocker spaniel won best-of-breed award over a big field numbering some of the best cocker spaniels in the country. A bumper entry list of 773 of America's finest dogs was exhibited.

In addition to Equipoise, young Wehle, a freshman at Yale, also copped the best-of-female-breed prize with his White Daisy of Hickory Hills, another cocker spaniel.

Equipoise, in outclassing the host of spaniels entered, vindicated its breeding. It is a son of Toy Hill Trader, best cocker spaniel in the U. S., which sold for $5,000 recently.

Mr. Wehle Sr., was notified late last night that Equipoise had been accorded the distinction of reserve winner of the show. This rates the Rochester spaniel as the second-best dog of all 773 breeds in the event. He said Equipoise and White Daisy would continue to other dog shows from Buffalo.

Wehle Re-Elected By Bakers To Head State Association

At the closing session of the New York State Bakers' Association Louis A. Wehle of Rochester today was re-elected president.

At the morning session today Miss Irene Rich of the American Institute of Baking of Chicago brought out many interesting facts. She advocated a fourth meal a day for children.

"Children are naturally hungry," she emphasized. "Three meals a day is not adequate. Many children develop the cookie-jar habit because parents fail to provide a fourth meal. The best time to have it is when the child returns from school."

Thomas F. Smith, organization field man for the institute, stated in an interview that bakers are rapidly changing from tradesmen to business men.

Other officers elected were: Vice-president (metropolitan district), Charles Larsen, Brooklyn; vice-president (capital district), Ralph Kimmey, Albany; vice-president (central district), A. A. Rosenblum, Utica; vice-president (western district), Carl Kehlhof, Buffalo; vice-president (allied trades), Charles Chesley, New York; treasurer, E. B. Kierstead, New York, secretary, Frank A. Lyon, New York; executive committee, F. H. Holister, Cortland; A. A. Hagaman, Syracuse, elected for three years; Thomas O'Rorke, Buffalo, elected for two years.

Delegates elected to the convention of the American Bakers' Association to be held in Chicago in September included W. H. Boettger, B. A. Cushman, C. C. Ellis, F. H. Frazier, E. J. Hotchkiss, and Louis A. Wehle.

Among the national leaders in the baking industry attending the conference is M. Lee Marshall of New York, chairman of the Board of Directors of the Continental Bakeries' Corporation.

EXTORTION ATTEMPTS CHARGED

Seven Counts, One for Each Letter Sent Gannett and Wehle, Listed

BUFFALO, Jan. 10.—(AP)—Roland E. Markell, Rochester messenger boy, was indicted today on a Federal charge of attempted extortion for sending letters demanding $250,000 from Frank E. Gannett, publisher, and Louis A. Wehle, brewer.

Markell, who confessed sending the letters, but insisted he did it only to "see how clever the G-men really were," was directed to plead not guilty by the court and was sent back to jail.

JUDGE BARS GUILTY PLEA

Judge Harlan W. Rippey told Markell:

"I would refuse to accept a plea of guilty even if offered."

Earlier Markell had told newspapermen he "thought of pleading guilty to sending threatening letters but not to attempted extortion."

Two indictments were returned, one for each of his victims. There were seven counts, one for each threatening letter sent. Under the law he can be given twenty years on each count if found guilty.

Markell, asked by the court if he had an attorney, said he "might have one later." The judge told him if he did not have one by January 20, when there is a special term of court in Buffalo, he would assign one.

TRIAL IN MARCH

Earlier Federal Attorney George A. Grobe said the trial would be deferred until March "to give the psychiatrists more time to see what made him act as he did." After Markell was arrested December 28 at his Rochester home Grobe said the twenty-one-year-old youth was "more in need of a straitjacket than of handcuffs."

Markel was arrested after Gannett and Wehle had received a series of letters threatening them and their children with death unless the writer received, finally, $100,000 from Gannett and $150,000 from the brewer.

28 ROCHESTER TIMES-UNION
Wednesday, Oct. 3, 1951

Wehle Listed As Candidate For Senate

Louis A. Wehle of Rochester has been mentioned as a possible Democratic candidate for U. S. senator next year, but the hint came from the Republican side.

GOP State Chairman William L. Pfeiffer said in Washington he expects the Democrats to pick an upstate candidate to run against Senator Irving M. Ives, a Republican. Then, according to The Times-Union Washington Bureau, he named as possible candidates Wehle, chairman of the board of Genesee Brewing Company; Mayor Erastus Corning of Albany and Democratic State Chairman Paul C. Fitzpatrick of Buffalo.

• • •

WEHLE could not be reached today for comment on Pfeiffer's suggestion. He is expected to return Friday after a trip to Texas.

Pfeiffer reasoned that the Democrats would pick an upstate candidate because Senator Herbert H. Lehman comes from the New York City area. Asked whether Ives would be a candidate for re-election on the GOP ticket, Pfeiffer replied:

"I expect him to run again. I know nothing to the contrary. I am acting on that assumption. However, I think it is up to the senator to make his own announcement."

DEMOCRAT AND CHRONICLE
2B Rochester, N. Y.
Sunday, April 15, 1951

Wehle Feted Twice By Capital Bigwigs

Washington—Upstate Democratic tongues wagged in speculation here last night following two honors bestowed upon Louis A. Wehle of Rochester.

First Wehle was guest of honor at a small luncheon given by Edward Foley, undersecretary of the Treasury, in the private dining room of the Treasury Department, and second, he was guest at a luncheon given by William M. Boyle, Democratic national chairman, yesterday noon.

Wehle would not disclose what was discussed at the Foley luncheon but John Snyder, Secretary of the Treasury, was heard to say to the Rochester man at the concluding of the luncheon: "This was once you got something from the Treasury Department."

Secretary of Agriculture Charles F. Brannan was another guest at the luncheon.

Wehle was one of a party of Rochesterians to attend the $100-a-plate Jefferson-Jackson Day dinner here last night. He came North from his Winter home at Palm Beach to attend. Other Rochesterians here included County Chairman Roy F. Bush, City Court Judges James F. Sheehan and Henry E. Gillette, U. S. Marshal Raymond A. Morgan, John H. Odenbach, John E. Graham and James P. Wilmot.

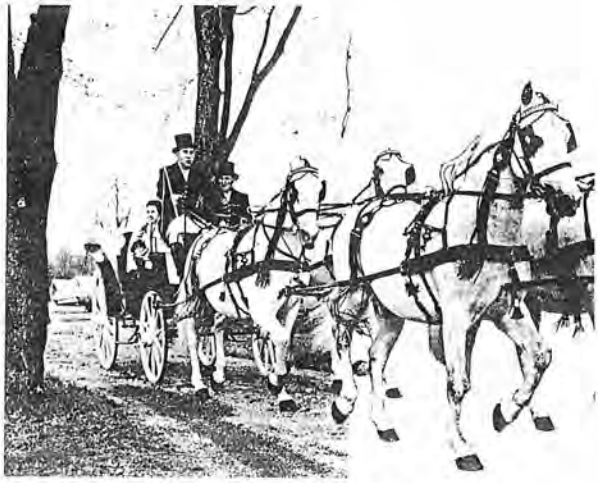
July, 1958

SPOTLIGHT ON:

GENESEE

BREWING COMPANY, INC.,

ROCHESTER, N. Y.



Twenty-five years ago last April, bootleggers, "blind pigs" and sediment-filled homemade beer became passé. Repeal arrived on April 7, 1933. The next day Genesee Brewing Company, Rochester, New York came into being.

Since then the beer business has stepped out of the prohibition-era alleys and back streets to become one of the country's most respected industries, employing hundreds of thousands of people both directly and indirectly and making major contributions to America's economy.

Genesee Brewing Company is one of these firms whose success story spans the last quarter century. When the firm was founded in 1933 the nation's economy was battling its way back from a long, downhill skid; for most companies, staying in business was a problem of major proportions.

Genesee, however, not only stayed in business—it burst its seams in growing. In its first full year of operation 125,000 barrels of beer and ale were produced. Last year the company's output topped the 800,000 barrel mark. It was, in the words of president John L. Wehle, "the best year ever".

Genesee's distribution area includes all of New York state with the exception of New York City and reaches over into eastern Ohio and northern Pennsylvania.

What's the reason for Genesee's success over a span of years when many other breweries "went under"? Louis A. Wehle, who founded the company and is still active as chairman of the board, sums it up this way: "The beer business is highly competitive. Making a top-notch product isn't enough. You've got to constantly promote your product in every conceivable way. And, to be sure your promotions will do the job, you've got to keep on your toes, look for new ways of getting your sales message to the public."

When Genesee first began in business they sold only two products—Liebotschaner beer and 12 Horse Ale. Louis A. Wehle, then president of the brewery, purchased a team of twelve show horses for a tie-in with his ale. The horses were displayed throughout the year at firemen's carnivals, parades, centennial celebrations of area villages—almost anywhere they were asked to appear. The team's success was immediate. Their popularity became so great, in fact, that a detailed booking schedule had to be arranged for appearances. Along with the promotion, sales boomed.

This year another big promotion is scheduled in the Wehle tradition. The famous Lipizzan horses of the Spanish Riding School in Vienna will be featured. These are the horses saved from the Russians during World War II by the late General George S. Patton. While touring Europe last year, Louis A. Wehle watched the horses perform. An expert on horses for many years, he immediately realized the promotional appeal of the beautiful Lipizzans. He made arrangements to buy seven Lipizzan horses and the original Royal Coach which once belonged to Austrian Emperor Franz Josef. The horses

Louis A. Wehle, Chairman of the Board

The New York Times

HARRIMAN APPOINTMENTS: Governor-elect Averell Harriman announces nominations of heads of three state departments. With him are Daniel J. Carey, left, designated Commissioner of Agriculture and Markets; Louis A. Wehle, right, Commissioner of Conservation, and John W. Johnson, rear, Superintendent of Public Works. Mr. Harriman takes office Jan. 1.

The Wehle Plantation Beachcomber Shack

A TYPICAL SOUTHERN DINNER FEATURING
FLORIDA'S FAMOUS FOODS

Menu

Hors d'Oeuvres

Fresh Iced Beluga Caviar
Strasbourg Paté de Foie Gras
Iceland Anchovies
Fresh Seafood Tidbits

Bimini Conch Chowder

Olives Celery

Deep South Barbecued Chicken

Broiled Baby Turkey

Roasted Yams - Swamp Cabbage Stew

Hush Puppies a lā Stuart

Wehle Mango Salad

Hurricane Delight

Citrus Wine

Nuts Coffee

The honor of your presence

is requested at the ceremonies

attending the Inauguration of the

President of the United States

January twentieth,

Nineteen hundred forty-nine

Carl Hayden, Chairman,

J. Howard McGrath, Kenneth S. Wherry, John McCormack,

Harry R. Sheppard, Charles S. Halleck,

Committee on Arrangements.

Please present the enclosed

card of admission.

The President of the General Assembly
The Secretary-General of the United Nations
request the pleasure of your company
at a Special Meeting of the General Assembly
to be held in connection with
the corner-stone ceremony
of the Permanent Headquarters of the United Nations
on Monday, 24 October 1949, at twelve o'clock noon
42nd Street and Franklin D. Roosevelt Drive

Official Section No. 6
Enter through 42nd Street and First Avenue

Present this card
Admit one

The Hon. Robert H. Jackson
requests the pleasure of the company of
Mr. Louis G. Weekle
at the Annual dinner of
The Alfalfa Club
at The Mayflower, Washington, D. C.
Saturday evening, February twelfth
Nineteen hundred and forty-nine
precisely at seven-thirty o'clock

Dinner Coat

An early reply is requested

THE ROCHESTER CLUB
120 EAST AVENUE
ROCHESTER 4, NEW YORK

May 25, 1951

Mr. Louis A. Wehle
100 National Street
Rochester 5, New York

Dear Mr. Wehle:

At the annual meeting of the members of the Rochester Club on April 28, 1951, a motion was unanimously adopted to extend to you a rising vote of thanks for the many years of service you have contributed as a member of the Board of Governors.

This spontaneous and fitting tribute indicates a recognition on the part of the members, of your generous assistance in guiding the Club to its present enviable position.

The many hours you have unselfishly given, together with your sound advice and counsel in the many deliberations of the Board represent a major contribution to the success of our Club. With untiring effort, determination and excellent judgment you have helped to guide the Rochester Club through a complete cycle of good fortune and adversity; and a major catastrophe which could have been fatal.

It is most understandable therefore, that the members should feel deeply indebted to you, and it is a pleasure to convey to you, this expression of gratitude.

The members of the Board of Governors, with whom you have been associated, also wish to express their thanks and appreciation for your splendid cooperation and valued assistance.

Sincerely,

THE ROCHESTER CLUB

Howard F. Keller

Howard F. Keller,
Secretary

HFK:es

STATE OF NEW YORK
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER
ALBANY

AVERELL HARRIMAN
GOVERNOR

July 6, 1955

Dear Lou:

It is a wonderful thing that you and your Company are doing to turn over such a fine piece of land on the Genesee River to the State for the purposes of the Conservation Department. You are already doing so much for New York State and its citizens through your vigorous administration of the Conservation Department, and yet, apparently not satisfied with this, you are now making this splendid gift to the State.

I understand that the Director of the Budget has officially approved receipt of the property by the State and I only want to express to you my personal and official appreciation of your generosity.

With all best wishes to you and your family,

Sincerely,

Averell Harriman

Honorable Louis A. Wehle
Conservation Department
Arcade Building
Albany, New York

STATE OF NEW YORK
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER
ALBANY

AVERELL HARRIMAN
GOVERNOR

September 22, 1955

Dear Lou:

Thank you for your gracious invitation to your fishing party. You are most thoughtful to extend this invitation and it is sincerely appreciated. To my regret, I do not feel I should take the time - much as I would enjoy such an outing. Many enthusiastic reports have come to me concerning your hospitality and your excellence as a host.

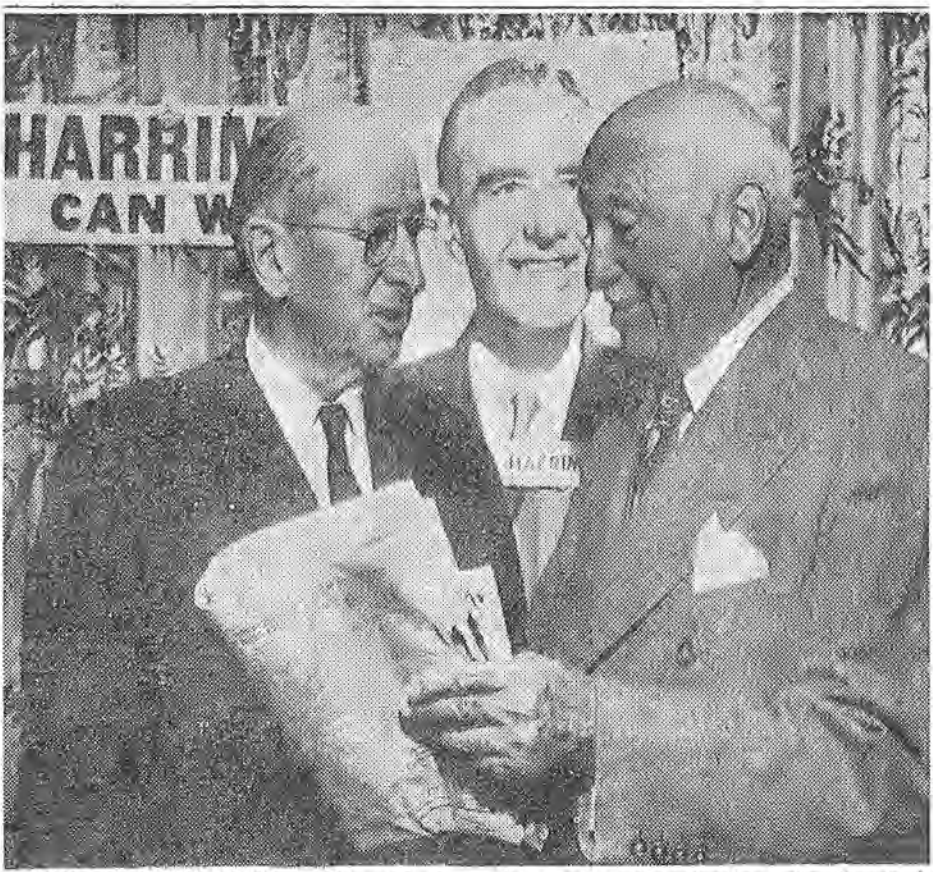
Again, my thanks and my warm regards,

Sincerely,

Averell Harriman

Honorable Louis A. Wehle
100 National Street
Rochester 5, New York

ROCHESTER DEMOCRAT AND CHRONICLE
Tuesday, August 14, 1956



MAPPING STRATEGY — Donald A. Dailey, left, former postmaster and past Monroe County Democratic chairman, plans convention tactics with Louis A Wehle, delegate from the 39th district Photo by D&C Cameraman Fred Powers

Democrat and Chronicle

ROCHESTER, N. Y., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1950

LINING UP THE PROPS for Democratic State Convention opening today in Columbus Civic Center, from left, Paul E. Fitzpatrick, state party chairman; Benjamin Wetzler, convention secretary; William J. O'Shea, counsel to the State Democratic Committee; Louis Wehle, chairman of convention's arrangements, and Robert Corris, a Rochester Democratic Councilman.

ROCHESTER SUN THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1950

THAT'S MY BOY—The name "Roosevelt" was on almost everyone's lips yesterday as "the peepul's cherce." And it was FDR, too, but with a Jr. after it. Young Roosevelt, Manhattan Congressman, and his wife, were greeted at the airport by Louis Wehle, convention chairman, and host to the Roosevelt's while they are in Rochester.

THE NATIONAL FOUNDATION FOR INFANTILE PARALYSIS, INC.
FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, FOUNDER
120 BROADWAY
NEW YORK 5, N.Y.

BASIL O'CONNOR
PRESIDENT

July 12, 1954

Dear Louis:

It would be futile for me to attempt to find words with which to express my regret over your resignation as New York State Chairman of the March of Dimes, as indicated in your letter to me of July 2nd. You and I have had a long association in this great fight and both sought the same end, and on this one occasion, only, disagreed on the question of policy. However, I respect your right to form your own judgment.

For ten years, not only you but your family and those who would not have otherwise participated but for you, have rendered invaluable service to the March of Dimes. It has always been a joy to work with you and your close associates. I want you to know that I have much consolation in your statement that you will continue your friendly interest in the March of Dimes.

Faithfully yours,

Basil O'Connor

President

Mr. Louis A. Wehle
100 National Street
Rochester 5, New York

THE UNIVERSITY OF ROCHESTER
SCHOOL OF MEDICINE AND DENTISTRY
AND
STRONG MEMORIAL HOSPITAL
260 CRITTENDEN BOULEVARD
ROCHESTER 20, NEW YORK

DEPARTMENT OF BACTERIOLOGY
AND
PREVENTIVE MEDICINE

October 18, 1954

Mr. Louis A. Wehle
Genesse Distributor Inc.
239 Winton Road North
Rochester , N.Y.

Dear Mr. Wehle:

It was a great pleasure for the staff of the department and myself to meet Mrs. Wehle and you at the dedication of Wing W and the Louis A. Wehle virus research laboratory. May we again express our great apppreciation to you for your interest and generous aid in making it possible for us to have this laboratory for virus research which will enable us to carry out investigations on many problems related to virus diseases. Over the years there should be many dividends to medicine and science procuring from the work carried out in this research laboratory. We will do our best to justify your aid and trust in our work.

I have included a folder with some of the pictures taken at the party which I thought might be of interest to you. We very much hope that this will be only the first of the visits that you will pay to this laboratory, and at any time we will be most happy to see you and to tell you of the work that we have underway.

With appreciation for your interest and help I am

Sincerely yours,

Herbert R. Morgan

Herbert R. Morgan, M.D.
Professor of Bacteriology
Associate Professor of
Medicine

HM/bk
Enclosure

Wehle Keeps Sway On Opposed Slates

By JOSEPH R. MALONE

Louis A. Wehle, denied a Reform Democrats' designation for delegate to the Democratic state convention by provisions of the state election law, accepted the faction's designation yesterday for alternate delegate.

By accepting designation as alternate delegate, Wehle was able to fulfill his desire to be on both the Reform Democrats and the organization tickets. He is candidate for delegate to the convention on the organization slate, and his status there is in no way affected by the new designation.

A certificate naming him to the Reform slate was filed with the county Board of Elections shortly before 5 o'clock by Paul E. McNamara, his attorney. Wehle was in New York yesterday, but his son, John L. Wehle, said the elder Wehle had full knowledge of the move and had given his approval.

Wehle was designated for alternate delegate, 3rd Assembly District, in place of Helen L. Volke, 3373 Chili Ave., who was designated by the Reform Democrats originally and who declined to run.

Election Commissioner Robert W. Smith said Wehle's new designation was in conformance with election law provisions.

Designated on July 29 as candidate for delegate by the organization forces led by County Chairman Roy F. Bush, Wehle announced last Saturday that he was prepared to accept also a Reform Democrats' designation for the same office. Francis J. D'Amanda, Reform Democrats' campaign manager, at the same time said Wehle would be designated to fill a vacancy created for the purpose. Richard A. Wade, a Reform Democrats' vice chairman, declined as delegate in order to create the vacancy.

The Board of Elections announced Monday however that provisions of the law made it impossible for Wehle to be designated for the same office on the two opposed slates. The Reform Democrats thereupon dropped the original plan and the substitute move for Wehle's designation as alternate delegate was evolved.

The state convention will be held in New York on Sept. 21-22. Wehle in announcing acceptance of a Reform Democrats designation said he wished to be in a position of friendliness to both factions to mediate their differences when the proper time arrived. He pointed out also that he and the Reform Democrats have the same objectives in wanting the nomination of Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr., for governor and the ousting of Bush as county chairman.

Wade, balked by the law in his proposed sacrifice in Wehle's behalf, was redesignated for delegate, 3rd District, in another certificate filed with the elections' board yesterday.

SECTION
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
JULY 25, 1954

Roosevelt to Visit Wehle After Talk in Manchester

FDR Jr. Leads Liberal Poll. Page 2B.

Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr. and his wife will be overnight guests tonight at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Louis A. Wehle in Scottsville Road. Roosevelt's visit here will culminate a day of activity in the Rochester area.

Roosevelt will speak at 4 p.m. at the fifth annual picnic of the Canandaigua Democratic Club and at 8:30 at Manchester, also in Ontario County. The picnic will be at the farm of Fred L. Rigney, Ontario County Democratic leader, in East Lake Road, Canandaigua. Francis McElwee Jr. is president of the club.

The Manchester rally will be at Firemen's Field in that village. The Manchester Democratic Committee is sponsoring the affair.

Following his Manchester speech, Roosevelt will leave for Rochester by car. He is accompanied on his present trip by Justin Feldman, his secretary, and his wife. He is scheduled to leave Rochester sometime tomorrow but may stay over for the day in an effort to bring some measure of harmony to warring Monroe County Democracy.

Roosevelt will be at Ithaca preceding his Canandaigua appearance.

Wehle, foremost Monroe County backer of Roosevelt's candidacy for the Democratic nomination for governor, was prime mover last week in an effort to have the Organization Democrats for Reform of the party faction and the Democratic group associated with him and James P. Wilmot join forces, with Norman A. O'Brien as their candidate for county chairman. Opposition to O'Brien from some members of the Reform Democrats caused the plan to fail, temporarily at least. A number of other names were suggested but no decision has been reached.

In advance of his visit to the Rochester area today, Roosevelt wrote to some of his supporters here expressing a hope that the breach in local Democratic ranks could be healed.

2 Monroe Democrats Take Posts in Drive To Name Harriman

By JOSEPH R. MALONE

W. Averell Harriman's quest for the Democratic nomination for President had tentacles in Monroe County yesterday.

Two local developments, both of which followed the formal opening of a state Harriman headquarters in New York Friday under the approving eye of State Chairman Paul E. Fitzpatrick were:

1—Appointment of Louis A. Wehle as chairman of the finance committee of the Harriman for President Committee by Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr., its head.

2—Appointment of J. Arthur Jennings as chairman of the Monroe County Harriman for President Committee by Democratic Chairman Roy F. Bush.

Wehle, a liberal contributor to Democratic war chests and board chairman of the Genesee Brewing Company, is a personal friend of Harriman as well as of young Roosevelt, who has been his guest here and in Florida. Harriman, like Wehle, is a breeder of Labrador retrievers and an enthusiastic harness racing patron.

Wehle to See Candidate

Wehle said he expects to see Harriman shortly at the conclusion of his, Wehle's, Florida vacation.

"The man is dynamic and I have great respect for him," he declared, adding that Harriman has demonstrated "outstanding" ability as statesman, administrator and liberal.

Wehle is a 41st District delegation to the national convention.

Bush, announcing Jennings' appointment, was quick to point out that he does not mean a commitment on his part to the New Yorker. Asked why, under those circumstances, he appointed Jennings, an attorney and wealthy Irondequoiter, Bush said:

"Fitzpatrick asked me to designate someone up here and I designated Jennings. He is a great Harriman booster."

Bush Hails Dever Choice

Bush, a 40th District delegate to the national convention, was pleased at the decision of Democratic national leaders, meeting in Chicago Friday, to name Massachusetts Gov. Paul A. Dever as convention keynoter. Dever was chief speaker at Bush's annual fund-raising dinner of Apr. 14 and his speech here, sounding what he conceives will be the issues this Fall, undoubtedly led to his selection as keynoter, Bush observed.

William F. Bray, assistant to National Chairman Frank McKinney, was in Rochester for the dinner and it was his report, delivered to McKinney, that led to Dever's selection. Dever himself will go to the convention as Massachusetts' favored son for the Presidential nomination.

Newspapermen covering the Chicago meeting of the Democratic bigwigs came-away with the impression that the draft of Adlai Stevenson, Illinois' Governor, is in the cards for the Presidential nomination. Stevenson says he is not a candidate but he refused to say he would not accept the nomination if it were offered him.

ROCHESTER TIMES-UNION:

Thursday, Nov. 29, 1951 31

Bush, Wehle Mentioned for Party Head

Monroe County Chairman Roy F. Bush and Louis Wehle, chairman of the board of directors of the Genesee Brewing Company, were mentioned today by Tom O'Hara, political writer of the New York Herald Tribune, as candidates for chairman of the New York State Democratic Committee.

A move to oust Paul E. Fitzpatrick, Buffalo, as chairman, is being spearheaded by Daniel F. O'Connell, Albany County Democratic leader.

Opponents of Fitzpatrick plan to call a meeting of the state committee by petition for Dec. 10. There are 300 members on the committee. O'Connell's followers claim they have the 151 votes necessary to oust Fitzpatrick.

Bush today stated that he had not heard of a proposed meeting of the committee. He had no comment on his possible candidacy.

Wehle is in Florida.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., SATURDAY, NOV. 27, 194

Times Union-1948

Wehle Gains Important Place Among Democratic Strategists

By AL MOSS

When higher-ups in the State Democratic Committee start strategy deliberations for the 1949-1950 campaigns, a new figure will sit near the head of the table.

He is Louis A. Wehle, Rochester business man, whose stimulated interest in politics this year brought him in close touch with state and national leaders of the party. Undoubtedly, this interest also will be in his expected activity in the 1949 local elections.

WEHLE

It is well known that funds of the state Democrats were very low this year and for a time things looked pretty black for the national campaign in New York, especially upstate.

It is reported that Paul Fitzpatrick, state chairman, appealed to Wehle and that the Rochesterian came through with a large contribution. He also was the largest single contributor to the local campaign with $2,000.

Lauds Bush Stewardship

Wehle's friends maintain that he is not seeking political office or party leadership.

They say that Wehle has told Monroe Democratic Chairman Roy F. Bush that he is highly pleased with Bush's handling of the Democratic affairs in this county and stands ready to cooperate with the county chairman in future party matters.

Wehle, chairman of the board of Genesee Brewing Company, was a delegate to the Chicago convention in 1944, when Henry Wallace was sidetracked to nominate Harry S. Truman for the vicepresidency.

He was an early supporter of Truman at the convention this year and was a Truman enthusiast along with Bush, when some nationally-prominent Democrats were almost ready to drop Truman. He was a delegate to the Philadelphia convention.

Wehle was a member of Senator Barkley's reception committee and became very friendly with the Kentuckian.

He was a guest on the Truman special campaign train between Syracuse and Rochester and was among upstate leaders in a conference held on the train. He was invited to accompany the presidential group in the closing campaign in New York City.

Opposes Radical Policies

Wehle's associates point out that he is opposed to leftist elements in the party and believes that it should be a middle of the road party, embracing liberal but not radical policies.

He also maintains that civil service employes are underpaid. He holds that both labor and industry should be treated fairly by the administration.

Those close to Wehle give him credit for the harmony that now exists in the local Democratic Party as far as Postomster Donald A. Dailey, former county chairman, and former Rep. George B. Keily are concerned. Their feud of long standing has practically vanished since Wehle brought both into his businesses. Dailey is vicepresident of the brewery and Kelly is manager of radio station WRNY, in which Wehle holds the controlling interest.

It is said that Wehle also brought Dailey and Bush together when they were at sword points.

Wehle Gives Approval To Fight on Bigotry

"Anything anyone can do to stamp out racial and religious bigotry is a step in the right direction, and messages such as these are in the forefront of measures which can be taken."

WEHLE

That was the comment Louis A. Wehle, chairman of the board of Genesee Brewing Co. made this week concerning the series of messages now being published in THE SUN by a group of Roshesterians.

"I commend these enlightened citizens for their efforts and I heartily endorse the sentiment of their messages," added Wehle.

His comments are typical of those expressed by businessmen, professional men, industrialists and civic leaders.

One of the series will be found on Page 23 of today's SUN.

Wehle to Head Mead Campaign

Louis A. Wehle, president of the Genesee Brewing Company and active in many other industrial interests, yesterday became the campaign manager for Senator James M. Mead in the Seventh Judicial District.

His appointment to head up the regional gubernatorial drive for the Democrats was made in New York by Francis L. McElroy, state campaign manager. Wehle, a close friend of Senator Mead for years, long has been influential in Monroe County and state Democratic circles.

D+C 9-17-46

On Sunday evening, April 28, 1946 at Cataract Hall, at 6:00 P.M. Mr. and Mrs. Louis A. Wehle, entertained at a Buffet Supper in honor of their Grandson, John L. Wehle, Jr. One hundred and fifty people attended.

The main hall and adjoining room was decorated with spring flowers. One corner of the adjoining room was banked with palms which was the setting for the Hawaiian Trio which furnished part of the entertainment. The Trio was brought here from the Panda Club in New York. The other part of the entertainment consisted of a quartet direct from the Gay Nineties in New York. This quartet is considered the best in New York State and was enjoyed immensely by all in attendance. The quartet was heard from a stage set up in the main hall, and later the piano was brought down among the guests who joined in singing many old favorites.

A cocktail bar was set up on one side of the room from which chanpagne pumch, manhattans and martinies were served. This table was attended by two waitresses. On the opposite side of the room the buffet was set up. The luncheon consisted of Roast Turkey, Lobster Newburg, Crab Meat salad, Ham, Potato salad, Rolls and Coffee. The supper was put on by the Rochester Club.

The outstanding part of the Buffet was the Crepe Suzettes which were made by Capt. Frank of Voisin's Restaurant, Park Avenue, New York City. Capt. Frank came to Rochester especially to make the Crepe Suzettes. He is a master of the art.

After supper the guests took chairs before the stage and a small program was put on with Marty Utz as Master of Ceremonies. Teddy (John L.) parents, Jack and Betts were introduced, as well as his grandfathers and grandmothers. A highlight of the occasion was the introducing of Teddy's great-grandmother Wehle as well as his great-grandfather, Charles Hall.

In addition to the many vases of spring flowers, diddies were strung on the walls and noted as Teddy's pin-ups. Also the stage curtain was designed with the traditional stork carrying a baby and noted as Betts' Stork Club.

A very enjoyable evening was had by all, and the party went down in record as one of the finest given by Mr. and Mrs. Louis A. Wehle.

CITY OF NEW YORK
OFFICE OF THE MAYOR
NEW YORK 7, N.Y.

PERSONAL

August 24, 1956

Dear Lou,

My warmest personal thanks for the honor you conferred upon me at last week's convention. I was both pleased and highly complimented to have your support.

It is an understatement to say that I am deeply grateful and I look forward to expressing my appreciation personally in the near future. In the meantime, I am sure you and I will be extending our best efforts to assure a Democratic Victory in November. With Adlai Stevenson and Estes Kefauver we have a winning team.

Again, my sincere thanks for your expression of confidence.

Cordially,

Robert F. Wagner
MAYOR

Hon. Louis A. Wehle
Scottsville Road
Scottsville, N. Y.

HONOR—In recognition of his work as state director of March of Dimes, Louis A. Wehle, second from left, received outstanding achievement award yesterday at Rochester Club. Others, from left, are Thomas J. McEaney of Albany, Mrs. Leo Dwyer, and Ernest M. Frost of New York City, official of polio foundation.

Polio Battle Will Cost Half Million

The entire gamma globulin inoculation program in Steuben and Chemung counties will cost about a half-million dollars, an official of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis said here yesterday.

Ernest M. Frost of New York City, regional director of the foundation, said the serum will cost $225,000; syringes, needles and other medical equipment, $100,000, and other expenses will be in the neighborhood of $250,000.

He made the statement following a luncheon at the Rochester Club in honor of Louis A. Wehle of Rochester, state director of the March of Dimes. Wehle was presented an outstanding achievement award from the foundation for his fund-raising work.

Frost emphasized "the mass inoculation program is just a gamble. There's no guarantee that the serum will help. But we're hoping it will give immunity to some of the children."

He pointed out that it takes five to six days after an inoculation for gamma globulin to build up any resistance to polio in a child's body. If the serum takes effect in a child, he added, it offers immunity for only five to six weeks.

Citing the Steuben and Chemung project as "a huge undertaking costing some $500,000," Frost said the amount it much more than the two counties gave to the March of Dimes in the last 15 years.

Frost arrived at the meeting from Hornell with Mrs. Leo Dwyer of Rochester, state women's adviser for the foundation. Both left for the stricken area again after the meeting. They have been enlisting volunteers and helping to set up emergency clinics.

Praising the press for "its accurate presentation of the facts" of the epidemic, Frost said as a result the people of Steuben and Chemung counties have remained calm and not become panicky or hysterical.

Following the luncheon meeting, Francis E. Drake Jr., chairman of the Monroe County Chapter of the March of Dimes, announced the national foundation has awarded a $5,700 research grant to Dr. Robert L. Brent, a University of Rochester researcher. Dr. Brent said he will investigate complications resulting from polio, such as muscle paralysis.

Louis Wehle

A FAREWELL DINNER

TO

JOHN A. MURRAY

AND

LOUIS A. WEHLE

ON THE EVE OF THEIR DEPARTURE FOR

ENGLAND AND A WELL EARNED

AND MUCH NEEDED REST

GENESEE VALLEY CLUB • ROCHESTER

JUNE NINTH • NINETEEN THIRTY-SEVEN

THE SPEAKERS

●

ESTEN A. FLETCHER Presiding

Taking the New Deal to England ..... **DONALD DAILEY**

From Rags to Riches—and How ..... **MARK G. GODDARD**
Former Chairman Creditors' Committee, George Zett Brewery

As One Travelling Man to Two Others ..... **EZRA A. HALE**

From Caledonia to Rochester in One Big Jump ..... **WILSON HAMILTON**

Stick Together Boys ..... **FRANZ HAVERSTICK**

How It Feels To Stay Home—for Once ..... **TOM NAGLE**

What To See and What Not To See, in England, Scotland and Whales ..... **JOHN PIKE**

I Was Poor Once Myself ..... **DAVID S. RUTTY**

Local Boys Make Good ..... **MILTON SILVER**

The International Situation as Seen from Irondequoit—Illustrated ..... **FRANK J. SMITH**

Down the Hatch ..... **AL VOGT**

●

RESPONSE

from our guests of honor

JOHN A. MURRAY — LOUIS A. WEHLE

(Note: Owing to the lateness of the hour it has been decided to omit these responses. These guys wouldn't have anything to say anyway.)

POEM
By
The Girls In The Office

In September eighteen eighty-nine
Lou decided to cross the line.
We know very little of his younger day
But I'd lay a bet he made them pay.
To school he went to Old West High
Became a proud brother in Theta Phi.
He tried the law as an office boy
As a bill collector he was just too coy
So he folded his tent as a legal mind
And studied the art to make beer fine.
He then began a grocery store
But shortly that duty became a bore.
He made good bread and better cookies
Which brought more dough than had the bookies
He watered the milk and sweetened the cream
What he did with that is but a dream.
He made some syrup, clean malt from Kreiner
No one could make a product finer.
Then miniature breweries not to the liking
Of a man named Volstead – a Washington Viking
Then back to the Harmond which grew fast in favor
Had his first jolt with Old Union Labor
From stores to six wagons he took in a stride
The Big Red W became soon his pride.
He then tried his hand as a president maker
With the same success as he did a baker
He had a front seat in the Democrats car
Which rode him to breakfast with F.D.R.
He said the Republican party was thru
Long before nineteen thirty-two.
Soon Lieboschaner advanced and died
Then 12 horse ale became his pride.
His thoughts began to flow over the brim
And soon on the market appeared the Trim
With all of his might and much energy
He brought forth the King – Old Genesee.
His attention then went to ducks, dogs and does
Not to mention the horses which everyone knows.
From boats to pheasants and now to the fish
What next will the Old Rooster serve as a dish.
As he sails thru life, main sail and jib
He has a good captain, her name is Lib.
And so to the captain and to his mate
We come here tonight to congratulate

In honor of

The President of the United States and Mrs. Truman

and

The Vice President of the United States

The Inaugural Committee

requests the pleasure of the company of

The Louis A. Wehles

at the

Inaugural Ball

Thursday evening the twentieth of January

One thousand nine hundred and forty-nine

at ten o'clock

National Guard Armory

Washington

Inaugural Committee
Chairman
Melvin D. Hildreth

Inaugural Ball Committee
Co-Chairmen
Mrs. George Mesta
Edgar Morris
Wilson W. Wyatt

Donald Dailey and Louis A. Weble

Emil Huria
Statistician of Democratic
National Committee

Justice Robert Jackson
Supreme Court U.S.A.

Justice Marsh Taylor

Steve Gibbons
Under Sec'y. of Treasury of U.S.

Comm. Ed Mulrooney
former Comm. of Police of N.Y. City

Gene Buck and John Woggon

A Law is Modified.. *A Law-Abiding* Rochester Institution Resumes Operations

And citizens of Rochester and vicinity who want beer are guaranteed a beverage worthy of the name

"GENESEE *Liebotschaner*"

ON July 1st, 1919, the manufacture and sale of beer, under the provisions of the so-called "War-Time Prohibition Act," became illegal. On that day the Genesee Brewery, which had been for nearly half a century perhaps the best-known of Rochester's several famous breweries, closed its doors. And ever since then a law—more honored in the breach than in the observance—has been kept to the letter by that concern.

On April 7th, 1933—exactly 13 years, 9 months and 8 days later—under a new law, which will probably be signed today, the manufacture and sale of beer again becomes legal, and a new Genesee Brewing Company goes on from where the old ceased. With a background of tradition and experience, and a realization that the reputation of "Genesee Liebotschaner" must be upheld, but also with an understanding of modern manufacturing methods and ideals of service, the new organization pledges itself to please its patrons.

As have many others, the business men who direct the destinies of The Genesee Brewing Company have long foreseen the return of legal beer. They have viewed that return as a most important step in stamping out the unbearable, un American conditions which have attended prohibition in America. Many months ago they began preparing, so that, when the sale of beer became legal, Rochester would be assured a beverage as pure and as pleasant as that for which it had expressed its preference in the past.

What Preparation for Resumption of Business by Genesee Has Meant

In preparing the Genesee plant for making beer in the old Liebotschaner tradition by modern methods, The Genesee Brewing Company has spent, or will spend, more than $400,000 on buildings and equipment, mostly in Rochester with Rochester business concerns.

It has employed a force of from 40 to 125 workers. Its payroll for 4,129 work-weeks has aggregated some $110,000, all of which has been spent in Rochester during a period of depression.

It will employ directly a permanent force of over 200 men and women, whose payroll will total over $400,000 a year. Indirectly it will give employment to some 400 more wage earners. For raw materials, bottling equipment, delivery facilities, advertising, etc., it will spend during the first year some $700,000. Its estimated yearly purchases of grain will be 200,000 bushels of barley, 100,000 pounds of hops, 4,000,000 pounds of rice. With a capacity of 200,000 barrels per year it will pay to the Federal government alone over $1,000,000 in taxes each year.

The Genesee Brewing Company is a Rochester institution, owned and operated by Rochester business men, employing Rochesterians. It will spend as much money as possible in Rochester. So, directly and indirectly, the operations of this company affect the city of Rochester and its citizens.

Genesee Liebotschaner Beer Will Be Available Saturday, April 29th

Saturday, April 29th, is the first day on which properly matured beer of Genesee Liebotschaner quality and goodness, manufactured within the provisions of the law, will be available. The product which Genesee will sell is now being made, as permitted by the Company's Government license. When it is ready, Rochester can be assured that it will be a perfect brew, made in a plant which is a masterpiece of modern engineering, by the men who were responsible for the flavor that made Genesee Liebotschaner the favorite of by-gone days.

At the proper time, the public will be invited to come and see how Genesee Liebotschaner is made. Meanwhile—remember that

Upholding an Honored Name with Modern Service — in the Spirit and the Letter of the Law — is the Aim of Genesee

WE WILL BE READY SATURDAY, APRIL 29TH

A STATEMENT TO THE PEOPLE OF ROCHESTER:

The Genesee Brewing Company, Inc., has two aims: to provide for the people of Rochester and vicinity a beverage of the quality and goodness that made its name — Genesee Liebotschaner — synonymous with the best in beer, and to do its part, by rigid observance of the law, in correcting the evils which have grown up in connection with measures now modified or in the process of repeal. We believe — and we have staked a large sum of money on our belief — that under the law, brewing can be a legitimate, successful business. We feel that this is also the belief of the people of this vicinity. We ask their support.

LOUIS A. WEHLE
President

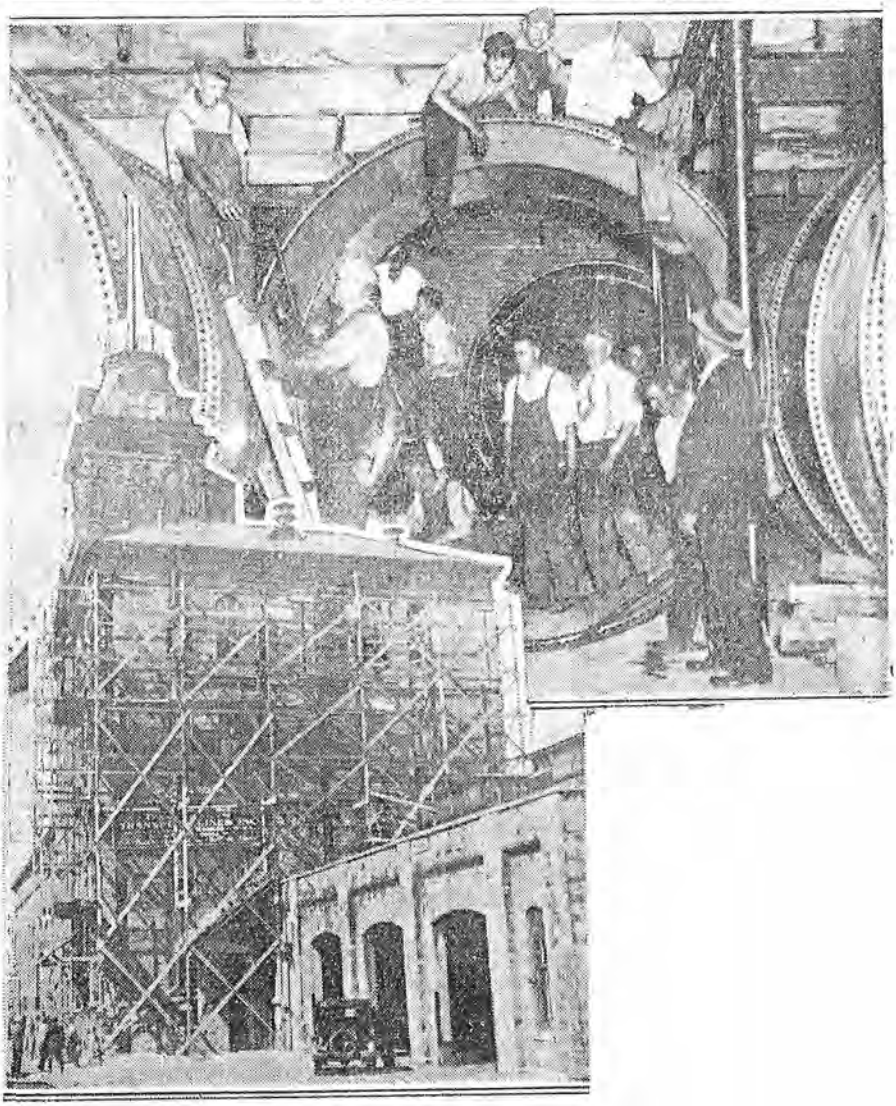
ESTEN A. FLETCHER
Treasurer

THE GENESEE BREWING COMPANY, Inc.

THE GENESEE BREWING CO., INC.

100 NATIONAL STREET, ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

Workmen Reconstruct Old Brewery



Workmen are busy reconstructing the plant of the old Genesee Brewery, along the Genesee River near Platt Street. Above is a view of the interior and below the exterior of the building, giving an idea of the extent of this activity. Louis A. Wehle, head of the new company, expects the brewery to have a capacity of 100,000 barrels of beer a year if, or when, the manufacture should again be legalized.

REMODELING OF BREWERY PLANT BEGUN

Many Improvements to Be Made at Old Genesee Buildings, President of Company Announces

Activity at the old Genesee Brewing Company plant along the river below the middle falls near Platt Street, reflects the optimism of a group of Rochester men who hope for modification of the Volstead law.

The sound of hammer and saw and riveting machines is awakening echoes of days long since past in the old brewery, which is soon to take on a new lease of life, according to the promoters of a new co-operation, who predict "beer will be back next spring."

Louis A. Wehle, president of the company which has acquired the old brewery, once famous for its Liebotschaner beer, made the prediction that the November election will open the way for manufacture and distribution, in a legitimate way, of beer and ale and will spell "finis" for wildcat breweries and home brew.

Adopt Old Name

The new company, which has adopted the old brewing company's name, has a force of more than 50 men repairing the old building, preparing a new office and joining together the great rings of steel which surround the huge tanks, each of which is capable of holding 700 barrels of beer. The capacity of the plant when it is finished and ready for operation, Mr. Wehle said today, will be 100,000 barrels of beer a year.

A modern bottling plant is to be constructed costing $100,000 in round figures. The building will be of concrete and steel and two stories in height. Contracts have been let, Mr. Wehle said today, for equipment for the plant, which represents an outlay of $300,000.

Mr. Wehle was formerly superintendent of the Genesee Brewery. He was graduated from the National Brewers Academy of New York City and in 1917 quit the brewing business and went to Buffalo, where he engaged in the chain grocery and baking business. Seven years later he sold out, returned to Rochester and organized the Wehle Baking Company, with which he is still identified in an executive capacity.

Associated with him in the Genesee Brewing Company are Esten A. Fletcher, past imperial potentate of the Shrine; John A. Murray, vicepresident of the Central Trust Company; William McCaffery, president of the Lincoln National Bank in Syracuse, and Arno Geiser, New York capitalist. Mr. Fletcher is treasurer of the company.

To Reconstruct Plant

Plans call for the entire reconstruction of the old brewing plant. Many of the old employes will be re-engaged, Mr. Wehle said, "to insure the public the same good quality of beer. "The equipment to be installed will insure a capacity of 350 barrels of finished product every 12 hours," Mr. Wehle said. "The copper kettle which will hold the contents of 350 barrels will be the largest in the city. The capacity of the kettle formerly used at the plant was 250 barrels. The bottling plant will have a capacity of 172,800 pint bottles every 24 hours.

Democrat and Chronicle

ROCHESTER, N. Y.,
WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 18, 1954

Wehle Keeps Sway On Opposed Slates

By JOSEPH R. MALONE

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By accepting designation as alternate delegate, Wehle was able to fulfill his desire to be on both the Reform Democrats and the organization tickets. He is candidate for delegate to the convention on the organization slate, and his status there is in no way affected by the new designation.

A certificate naming him to the Reform slate was filed with the county Board of Elections shortly before 5 o'clock by Paul E. McNamara, his attorney. Wehle was in New York yesterday, but his son, John L. Wehle, said the elder Wehle had full knowledge of the move and had given his approval.

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Wade, balked by the law in his proposed sacrifice in Wehle's behalf, was redesignated for delegate, 3rd District, in another certificate filed with the elections' board yesterday.

Dinner in honor of
the inauguration of
Franklin Delano Roosevelt
President of the United States
and
Henry A. Wallace
Vice-President of the United States
by the Presidential Electors
of the United States
Sunday evening, January the nineteenth
nineteen hundred and forty-one
The Mayflower
Washington

Echo, Red Doc Feature Field Trials at Wehle Farm

SCOT HUNTER OUTSTANDING IN WARM DAY

County Contests Attract Dog Fanciers

Dog enthusiasts from all walks of life turned out in force to greet the first events of the Monroe County Dog Trials at the Wehle Farm yesterday. The weather, although ideal from the spectator point of view, proved a severe handicap to the dogs. Dry coverts held the bird scent poorly and intense heat forced every dog to do its utmost to locate the newly-released pheasants.

In spite of the adverse hunting conditions, notable performances were turned in. Particular mention must be made of the behavior and work of Echo, the liver-and-white pointer bitch trained in and imported from Scotland by Louis Wehle, who himself handled the animal in the Monroe County Shooting Dog Stake, which was event number one on the program.

Echo ranged widely but was under control of her handler at all times. Four birds were pointed and held staunchly in the heat, which was enough to bring a rousing round of applause from the gallery and the blue ribbon from the judges. Jilly Jack, a black-and-white English setter owned by C. De Mar won the runner up berth for his ability to hunt and hold.

Wehle Importation Scores

Shown with his crack Scottish hunter, "Echo," owner Louis Wehle gained first honors yesterday in the Shooting Dog Stake in the Field Trial Club's shown at Wehle Farm, Scottsville Road. "Echo" held four points staunchly in his event

Wehle Chosen Speaker 2nd Annual Meeting Watershed Ass'n

Louis A. Wehle, Commissioner of the New York State Conservation Department, will speak at the Second Annual Meeting of the Upper Susquehanna Watershed Association on Sept. 28, it was announced today by Leigh St. John of Binghamton, Annual Meeting Committee Chairman.

Mr. Wehle will be principal speaker on the program highlighting a year's progress of the 17 County natural resources education study.

Scheduled to be held in Broome County this year, the Annual Meeting will draw together USWA members and conservation-conscious citizens from a 4,860 square mile area. The Watershed includes the Counties of Broome, Chenango, Cortland, Otsego and Tioga and parts of 12 others in New York and Pennsylvania.

The meeting will also premiere a new color slide talk illustrating conservation problems in this area and the cooperative efforts of local people to improve their soil, water, forest and wildlife resources, according to David G. Unger of Norwich, USWA executive secretary.

The meeting will be open to the public.

Wehle, Silverstein Named by Democrats

New vice-chairmen of the state Democratic finance committee are Louis A. Wehle, chairman of the board of the Genesee Brewing Company, and Joseph E. Silverstein, former city comptroller, according to Paul M. Fitzpatrick, state Democratic committee. The committee is raising funds for former Gov. Herbert H. Lehman's senatorial campaign.

ROCHESTER TIMES-UNION, TUESDAY EVENING, JULY 30, 1946

BUFFALO AREA SEEN SITE OF NEW HORSE RACE TRACK

Transportation, Population Favorable; City Men in Deal

A one-mile racing strip, long the dream of horse fanciers in Western New York, appeared to be a '47 possibility or later here today with the announcement from the New York State Racing Commission that it has approved the certificate of incorporation of the Western New York Racing Association Inc.

The approval followed the filing by the newly formed racing association with the commission of elaborate plans for a modern racing plant, designed by John Sloan, New York architect and designer of some of the foremost racing establishments in the United States and Mexico.

The new venture will have a definite Rochester background as the new association boasts as charter members Louis Wehle, Thomas Nagle, Frederick Tobin and Donald Dailey.

Ashley T. Cole, chairman of the State Racing Commission, stated that the racing public of Western New York and continguous areas can be assured of the best type of racing under the sponsorship of the new racing association. Numbered among its members are:

Wehle Member

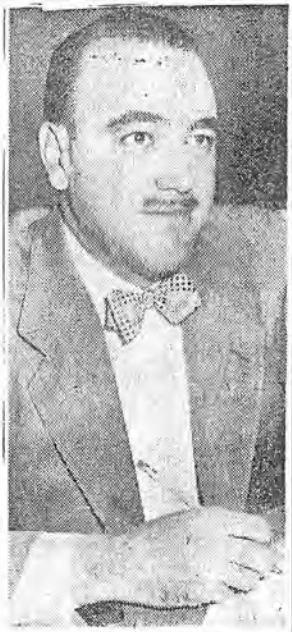
Seymour H. Knox, Buffalo, director and vicepresident of Marine Midland Corp., and director and chairman of the board of Marine Trust Co.; Paul A. Schoellkopf, Niagara Falls, chairman of the board of Buffalo Niagara Electric Corp., and president of Niagara Falls Power Company; Henry W. Wendt, Buffalo, chairman of the Board of the Buffalo Forge Co.; Louis A. Wehle, Rochester, chairman of the Board of the Genesee Brewing Co. Inc.; Thomas N. Nagle, Rochester, president and director of Whiting Buick Inc.; Frederick M. Tobin, Rochester, president and director of Tobin Packing Co. Inc.; Donald A. Dailey, Rochester, director and member of executive committee of Genesee Valley Trust Co.; Dr. Harry C. Guess, Buffalo, physician and member of the faculty, Medical School of the University of Buffalo, and William E. Kreiner III, Buffalo, of William E. Kreiner and Sons Inc.

The Commission's approval immediately started a wave of rumors as to the possible site of the one-mile strip which will also boast a one-mile training track, stables and stands of fireproof construction, together with large automobile and bus parking areas plus adequate railroad facilities.

Indications were today that the site would be in the Buffalo area, ruled more favorable because of its bigger population and its more varied transportation facilities.

The approval vetoes the application of the Buffalo Thoroughbred Horse Racing Association which had hoped to construct a $2,000,000 plant on the 600-acre Bit & Spur Riding Club site at Williamsville. Its application was filed with the State Commission recently.

GOVERNOR AT THE SPA—In Saratoga Springs for a meeting of the Saratoga Springs Authority, Governor Harriman, second from right, visits with Robert Roberts, left, chairman of the Spa Commission; Louis A. Whele, State Conservation Commissioner, and J. M. Cavanaugh, right, a member of the Authority and managing editor of The Saratogian. (Saratogian Photo).



JOHN L. WEHLE

John L. Wehle Elected to Board Of Valley Trust

John L. Wehle, president of the Genesee Brewing Company, yesterday was elected to thte Board of Directors of the Genesee Valley Trust Company.

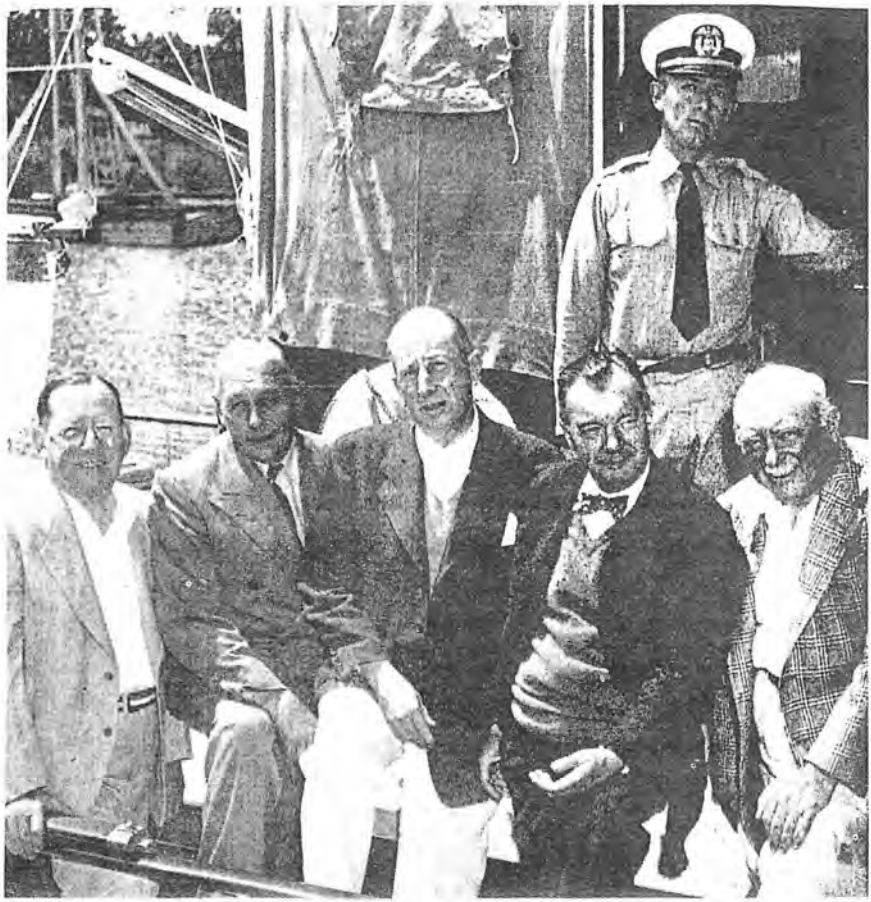
Wehle, who is 32, attended Yale University for one year and the University of Rochester for two years, where he was a member of Psi Upsilon Fraternity. He served for a year in the 209th Division and then became general manager of the brewing company's wartime distillery plant, making commercial alcohol for use in smokeless powder and synthetic rubber.

Subsequently, he was elected treasurer of the Genesee Brewing Company and on July 16, 1945, was made president. He is a member of the Airport Zoning Board and the Monroe County Planning Board, belongs to the Chamber of Commerce, the Rochester Club, Genesee Valley and Oak Hill Country Clubs, and has been active in all community financial drives.

Married and father of two children, he lives at the Wehle Farm in Scottsville Rd.

Buffalo Backers At Atlantic City

ATLANTIC CITY RACETRACK, Pleasantville, N. J., July 31.—Louis Wehle, Donald Dailey and Charles Maltby, backers of the new track to be built near Buffalo, N. Y., toured the Atlantic City racetrack with John Sloan, famed racetrack architect, who designed this plant. Sloan also will draw plans for the new course. In the party also was State Senator Joseph J. Dunnigan of New York, who legislative bill made possible pari-mutuel betting there.



BREWER ENTERTAINS SUPREME COURT JUSTICE—Louis A. Wehle, chairman of the board of the Genesee Brewing Co., Rochester, N. Y., was host last month aboard his diesel-powered cabin cruiser, "Jenny III," to U. S. Supreme Court Justice Robert H. Jackson. Justice Jackson, who served as chief prosecutor at the German War Crimes Trials at Nuremberg, was interviewed at the Rochester Yacht Club by reporters but declined to comment on the "inside story" of the Roosevelt appointments to the Supreme Court and other disclosures made by Harold L. Ickes, former cabinet member, in a recent series of magazine articles. Pictured aboard Mr. Wehle's cruiser for a holiday fishing cruise, were (left to right) Frederick M. Tobin, Thomas Nagle, Postmaster Donald A. Dailey, Justice Jackson, and Mr. Wehle. Standing in the rear is Aage Feldthausen, the vessel's captain.

Aug. 1948

Wehle Listed As Candidate For Senate

Louis A. Wehle of Rochester has been mentioned as a possible Democratic candidate for U. S. senator next year, but the hint came from the Republican side.

GOP State Chairman William L. Pfeiffer said in Washington he expects the Democrats to pick an upstate candidate to run against Senator Irving M. Ives, a Republican. Then, according to The Times-Union Washington Bureau, he named as possible candidates Wehle, chairman of the board of Genesee Brewing Company; Mayor Erastus Corning of Albany and Democratic State Chairman Paul C. Fitzpatrick of Buffalo.

• • •

WEHLE could not be reached today for comment on Pfeiffer's suggestion. He is expected to return Friday after a trip to Texas.

Pfeiffer reasoned that the Democrats would pick an upstate candidate because Senator Herbert H. Lehman comes from the New York City area. Asked whether Ives would be a candidate for re-election on the GOP ticket, Pfeiffer replied:

I expect him to run again. I know nothing to the contrary. I am acting on that assumption. However, I think it is up to the senator to make 's own announcement."

Entre Nous

• • •

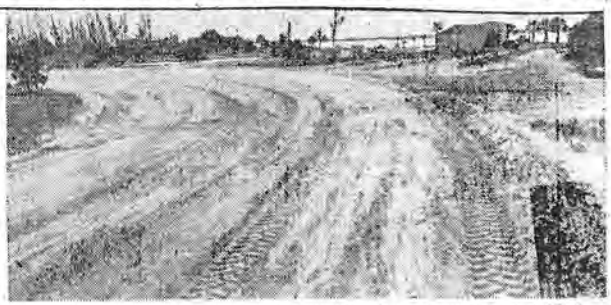
They Lunched At the White House.

Awaits Poot's Dinner

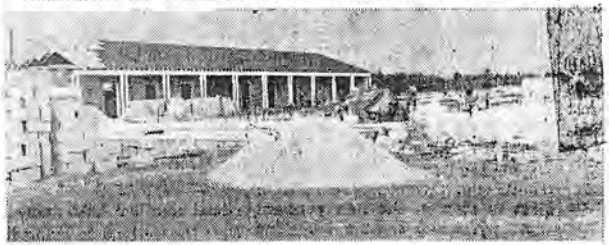
Tea Party For a Friend.

FILLED WITH ENTHUSIASM FOR, and anecdotes about the recent Inaugural ceremonies are many Rochesterians privileged to attend that national history-making event. Particularly honored, however, were Mr. and Mrs. Louis A. Wehle of Pelham Road, Mr. and Mrs. Donald A. Bailey of Canterbury Road and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas N. Nagle of Webster, who have just returned from Washington where they not only attended the Inauguration but were the guests of the President and Mrs. Roosevelt at a luncheon at the White House.

Progress Moves Up the River's North Fork



Trotters will get winter training work outs on this dirt track constructed for Wehle by Cleary Brothers of West Palm Beach.



RUHNKE PHOTO

Ten-stall stable for Louis A. Wehle's trotters. A residence and apartments are also being constructed at this site.

Louis Wehle Constructing Home, Track for Trotters

On the east shore of the North Fork just north of the terminus of Britt Rd., Louis A. Wehle, chairman of the board of the Genesee Brewing Company, Rochester, N. Y., is going to town with major improvements on the 270 acre Paul Kelley grove which he bought three years ago.

Wehle, who is now in New York but will return here around July 1, is building a winter home and creating a winter training quarter for his trotters. A half mile dirt track has been completed by Cleary Brothers of West Palm Beach, which firm also constructed a large yacht basin.

The residence, stables and apartments for guests and help are being built with the home facing the river and the stables and apartments directly behind it. The residence will be simple and spacious, with large living room, double bedroom, double bath and kitchen. John Birdsall of West Palm Beach is contractor. Elmer Wright of Stuart, a brother of Ken Wright, the tropical fish man, is building the 10 unit stable and four-unit apartments. Estimated cost of the improvements is around $150,000.

John Woggon, Genesee distributor for this area, who also supervises the large orange, grapefruit and Haden mango groves, said Wehle intends to stock quail and other game on the place. In the course of the improvement, three artificial lakes have been constructed which will be stocked with fish.

DEMOCRAT AND CHRONICLE
18 Rochester, N. Y.
Wednesday, August 29, 1951

Easy Living

It Can Ruin Trout And Pheasants, Too

By ROBERT C. RUARK

I can track a moral to its lair with the deadly intensity of that French fly cop who was always chasing Jean Valjean (and whose name I can never remember and refuse to look up) and I just nailed a moral.

Talk about sermons in stones: I got one in trout and pheasants.

There was a piece a while back about normally migratory waterfowl liking their pampered whereabouts so well they refused to migrate, but just sat there on their big fat complaisance.

Now I see where the New York state conservation chief, Louis Wehle, has got to start a program to make the fish able to swim without complaining—and dying—and he's going to have to reteach his artificially raised pheasants how to recognize a hawk.

Friend Wehle says the eight million trout he raises for release have got so soft from the easy living in hatchery waters that you could only call them decadent. They flop around in the hatchery in abnormally pampered circumstances, so that when they are released into natural waters there isn't enough oxygen for them. **And they have been dependent on the welfare state long enough they really don't know about bugs and frogs and larvae. So they die.** The conservation man says that 60 per cent survival is exceptional. The others just belly-up and quit.

He says he has the same trouble with the artificially reared pheasants, which he is supposed to release to a life in the raw. It is not the eager hunter who wallops the poor pheasant. They have been so accustomed to handouts that they don't know a hawk from a kinsman. They don't know a fox from a weasel, a fox from a fire. They don't even know where to look for food and water. They're so dumb they don't even know brush was made to hide in.

So Mr. Wehle got himself an appropriation to toughen up the trout and steel the pheasant to the exigencies of modern living, and he will skipper a training school for trout, and a life-is-earnest-life-is-real school for pheasant. He wants to hire some exchange professors, so to speak, from the wild birds, to teach the new-hatched birds the difference between flowers and bees before they are let loose on their own.

I don't believe he is going to be successful.

We have tried the same dodge abroad, like say with the French, and they don't seem to want to learn about hawks and cover.

Man, bird and beast, born on his own and reared the hard way, learns the value of protective reprisal and protective coloration, of adaptation to the forces and conditions around him.

We have been trying to teach our allies this knack, through the spending of money, and have gotten largely nowhere.

There is a great deal to be said against the subsidization of any form of human or animal life, because it gets fat and lazy.

You cannot really supervise and coach intelligence, whether you're working with a pheasant or a man, a fish or an ally. Intelligence, and the instinct for preservation, can't be bought. It is painfully acquired and exercised only after bitter experience.

—Acme Telephoto

WILY WEHLE—Louis Wehle had only a coy "no comment" for Stuart Dunham, Gannett News Service Washington reporter, after talking with President Truman at White House yesterday.

Wehle Cheerful---but Silent After Visit with President

Washington—(GNS)—Louis A. Wehle, Rochester brewer and prominent Democrat, was cheerful but uncommunicative yesterday after a brief meeting with President Truman.

As Wehle emerged from the White House, a reporter asked him for comment on the conference.

"I don't think I'd better say anything," Wehle replied with a smile.

A reporter then asked if his talk with the President had any connection with rumors that Wehle might succeed Paul E. Fitzpatrick as chairman of the New York State Democratic Committee.

Wehle hesitated and then said: "I don't think I'd better say a word. Put me down for no comment. You'd better say it was a purely social visit."

Later, the White House press office said the visit had been arranged by the Democratic National Committee but declined to give any further detail.

Wehle is chairman of the board of the Genesee Brewing Company Inc., Rochester. In his visit to the President, he was accompanied by former Representative George B. Kelly of Rochester.

THE SARATOGIAN

SARATOGA SPRINGS, N.Y. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 22, 1955

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, SAYS COMMISSIONER — After a tour of the Prendergast Point State Fish Hatchery, Conservation Commissioner Louis A. Wehle (center with cap) pauses while his grandson, Teddy, puts on his gloves to ward off Chautauqua's chilly winds which greeted Wehle on his Friday morning inspection tour of Chautauqua Lake. Members of the accompanying party include (left to right) J. M. Newhouse, Gilbert Bucklin, Deputy Commissioner Steve Onesko, Al Bottini, Albert Harrison, Teddy, Commissioner Wehle and John Wehle. (Sun Photo by Isaacson)

Expansion of Spa Recreation Facilities Seen Following Harriman Visit Here Wednesday

All of the recreation facilities, including the picnic grounds, at the New York State-owned Saratoga Spa may be considerably expanded after Governor Harriman and a group of officials visit the State Reservation next week.

The Governor, together with two park experts from his department, and Louis A. Wehle, state conservation commissioner, will meet with Robert C. Roberts, chairman of the Saratoga Springs Commission, at The Spa Wednesday. They will be following up on the Governor's recent suggestion that the possibility of enlarging the recreation areas be explored. The Governor met in Saratoga Springs with the commission in June just before leaving for his European tour.

It is believed that after the facilities have been thoroughly studied by the group, the findings and recommendations will be presented to the Saratoga Springs Commission and to the director of the state budget for further action.

As an example of the popularity of the Spa Authority, officials recently announced that over Saturday and Sunday, the weekend of July 23 and 24, nearly 37,000 persons for all parts of the country used the buildings and grounds. In addition to this, the three mineral water bath houses were exceptionally busy on Saturday.

The Broadway Drink Hall had 4,873 visitors. During the same two days, the Hall of Springs played host to 3,392 persons who entered that building to hear organ concerts, drink carbonated mineral waters and view exhibits. Most popular were the free springs, which were visited by 14,755 patrons.

Geyser Park with its open fireplaces, picnic tables and play areas accounted for 11,437 during the two days.

The Spa Recreation Center swimming pool, golf course, tennis courts and other open air facilities had 2,115 patrons. The Spa Information Booth in Saratoga Springs had about 1,500 visitors seeking data on local and out of town travel and printed material regarding The Spa and its facilities.

Since the golf course was opened for the season in April and the swimming pool late in May, the Recreation Center had 18,776 patrons up to Aug. 1, with April and May being the heaviest months at the golf course and the month of July at the pool. Figures show that last year during July the Recreation Center had 8,506 visitors, while this year it had 11,183, an increase of 2,677.

Last year the Hall of Springs was visited by 93,487 persons from the time it was opened in May until it closed for the season in late until July 31 show an increase of October, and admissions this year nearly 20 percent over last year's figures.

Wehle Donates Property to N.Y. for Fishing

Rochester, N. Y. — Louis A. Wehle's gift to the State of New York of $40,000 worth of property and several buildings to be used as a public fishing, recreation site and headquarters of the Conservation Department facilities near Scotsville was praised by Governor Averell Harriman. Mr. Wehle is State Conservation Commissioner and chairman of the board of the Genesee Brewing Company, Inc., of Rochester.

Governor Harriman's letter to Mr. Wehle said:

"It is a wonderful thing that you and your company are doing to turn over such a fine piece of land on the Genesee River to the State for the purposes of the Conservation Department. You are already doing so much for New York State and its citizens through your vigorous administration of the Conservation Department, and yet, apparently not satisfied with this, you are now making this splendid gift to the State.

"I understand that the Director of the Budget has officially approved receipt of the property by the State and I only want to express to you my personal and official appreciation of your generosity," he said.

The principal building on the site was formerly the Dumpling Hill restaurant. It will be remodeled to accommodate the central office of the 11-county Rochester-Buffalo conservation district, Wehle said.

The land and buildings, worth an estimated $40,000 are on Scottsville road five miles southwest of the city line in the Town of Wheatland. A frontage of 1,000 feet on the river and parking space for an estimated 300 cars are included in the property, which was donated by Wehle and the Genesee Brewing Co. Inc., which he heads as chairman of the board.

Workmen under direction of Raymond Doerer, chief engineer of the department, will begin to remodel the former restaurant, a 100-by-30-foot two-story frame building.

Wehle said the work will be completed by late August. Present offices of the Western District Fisheries Office at 383 Main street E. and of the District Game Protector at Room 513, Terminal Building, will then be abandoned.

The new headquarters also will provide space for other game personnel, a water control laboratory and a license office. Automobiles will be stored in a wing and boats on the lower story, which adjuts dock facilities.

A walled promenade and fishing platform will be constructed along the river frontage for the public's use.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 7, 1955
NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE

Conservation Chief Wins Personal Tilt With Brush Fire

Borrows Bulldozer, Calls Rangers

Special to the Herald Tribune

WATERTOWN, N. Y., Aug. 6.—State Conservation Commissioner Louis A. Wehle practiced what he preaches yesterday. While driving on Stony Point, he spotted a dangerous brush fire, reported it and took personal charge of fire-fighting efforts.

When local fire companies, summoned by Mr. Wehle, found they did not have enough men, he telephoned Albany and had a dozen state rangers sent from the Adirondack Forest Preserve. Normally, they do not fight fires outside of state parks.

Mr. Wehle also organized volunteer fire-fighters and borrowed a bulldozer from a near-by farmer to build fire-breaks. After four hours of work, the fire was brought under control. It had burned out 100 acres of Stony Point, a peninsula in Lake Ontario.

The commissioner had been driving to inspect land he owns on Stony Point.

Louis A. Wehle

NEWBURGH, N. Y. NEWS

DUNKIRK, N. Y.
GRAPE BELT
Circ. W. 2,731

DEC 27 1955

Bath Hatchery Fire Sends Wehle Into Fast Action

ALBANY (UP)—Action is under way to insure that the Conservation Department's 1956 - 1957 fish stocking program will not be curtailed due to loss of the Bath Fish Hatchery by fire Wednesday.

Commissioner Louis A. Wehle said none of the current production of the hatchery—second largest in the state—was lost. The fish are reared in ponds which were not damaged.

There was lost, however, about a million and a half "fry," fish of less than an inch in length, which were hatched this year and would normally be transferred to the rearing ponds as these became vacant when the larger fish are distributed to streams and lakes.

Wehle says he is confident a million and a half eggs can be purchased without delay from the Federal Fish and Wildlife Service and private hatcheries. These will be hatched in the Rome hatchery, and the resulting fry reared in the undamaged Bath ponds, he said.

Governor Meets with Spa Authority, Tours Grounds

Governor Harriman spent a busy two hours in Saratoga Springs today.

Scheduled for a brief meeting with the Saratoga Springs Authority for the purpose of "getting acquainted," the Governor arrived promptly at 11 a.m., driving from the Ballston Airport where he landed in a state plane. He was accompanied by Frederick H. Ecker, former Authority member and chairman of the Board of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.

Outside the administration building at the Spa, he left the car long enough to be greeted by Mayor Mallery and C. B. Elmore, superintendent of the Saratoga Reservation. Expressing a desire to tide around the reservation, Mr. Elmore joined the party, the Saratoga Springs Police escort was dismissed and the Governor spent an hour touring the Reservation. He indicated much interest and entered nearly all of the principal buildings.

Returning to the Administration Building where the Authority members had been in conference with Louis A. Wehle, State Conservation Commission, the Governor greeted each member personally and talked informally with them behind closed doors.

Following luncheon at the Gideon Putnam he was scheduled to leave at 1 o'clock for the western part of the state.

OCT 20 1955

Step Lightly, Mr. Harriman

Attorney General Jacob Javits is conducting an official investigation into the charges of Edward Hanna against Louis A. Wehle, conservation commissioner of the State of New York. Mr. Hanna, a member of the Central New York State Parks Commission from Utica has been feuding for four months with state officials over his charges the state park system is "plagued with irregularities, abuses of authority, illegal acts and errors."

The Utica man has sent a letter to Wehle with copies going to Governor Harriman and Javits, charging the Commissioner with "an apparent conflict of loyalty and dual interests . . . between your official position as conservation commissioner and your private position as chairman and main stockholder of the Genesee Brewing Company . . . "

Hanna has been trying since June to get an "unbiased" statewide investigation of his charges concerning "irregularities" in the parks administration, and has offered to resign if his charges are not substantiated. He detailed his charges before a special State Parks Commission subcommittee June 7. The subcommittee afterwards reported to the Council and the Governor that Hanna's charges were "irresponsible and libelous." A report which Hanna claims was a "whitewash."

Among the charges Hanna has brought are:

1. One man received a concession at eight parks without bidding and sells alcoholic beverages despite contractual limitation to food and refreshments. He also operates coin machines.

2. Golf pros at three parks are paid as seasonal laborers and operate lucrative golf equipment stores, rent caddy carts and pocket all proceeds.

3. Park officials' relatives and concessionaire's employees reside in rent-free, utilities paid state buildings. Receipts in some concessions are tossed in cigar boxes, although the state is supposed to take 25 percent.

Hanna's letter to Wehle charges the Commissioner has neglected to insist on competitive bidding in awarding contracts; that liquor sales in the parks violate "sound policy and the basic purpose of the parks." He stated that in one park Genesee Beer sells for 35 cents, although on private property nearby it sells for 25 cents.

It will be interesting to see what effect this letter has upon Governor Harriman, regardless of the investigation Atty. Gen. Javits is starting. Commissioner Wehle is a democrat and an appointee of Harriman, as is Hanna. One might draw a parallel between his situation in the N. Y. State government, and that of Sec. of Defense Wilson in the Eisenhower administration.

After Wilson was appointed by the President he resigned his position as head of the General Motors Corporation, but that did not satisfy the democratic senators who were sniping at the new administration. They insisted he sell all G. M. stock before they would confirm the appointment. This Willson did, at great financial sacrifice in order to serve his country.

How about Wehle? He stands accused of dual interest. He is president and a large stockholder in a brewery which is indirectly doing business with the state. Gov. Harriman better watch his step on this one, for he has been making noises that sound much like that of a man seeking the nomination for president.

AUG 11

Wehle Lists Youth Plan

500 Scouts to Learn Conservation

ALBANY (AP) — A program to educate youth to its responsibilities in the future management of natural resources was announced today by Louis A. Wehle, state conservation commissioner.

A pilot plan will be run at the summer camp of Rip Van Winkle scout council near East Jewett, Greene County, Wehle said. Under the supervision of a Conservation Department counsellor, about 500 Boy Scouts will learn the fundamentals of forest, fish and game management by working on actual projects in the field.

The Scouts will be instructed in another phase of the program by local sportsmen's groups, who will teach them the proper handling of firearms, archery and fly-tying, Wehle said.

He said he is hopeful that the successful conclusion of the trial will result in conservation training becoming a regular feature of the Scout camp program, and that ultimately it can be extended to other youth organizations.

AUG 8 1955

'Open House' At Wehle's

Ever since the Louis A. Wehles of Wehle Farms, Scottsville, took a house at Cape Vincent on the St. Lawrence for the season their vacation home has been filled with visitors.

Recent guests of the state conservation commissioner and his wife were State Comptroller Arthur Levitt, former Mayor Joseph Kelly of Buffalo, Judge John Daly of Herkimer and Industrial Commissioner Isador Lubin and Mrs. Lubin of Albany. They also have had as house guests, Judge Daniel Gutman and Mrs. Gutman of Albany.

Harriman Gives Wehle Pat on Back

Gov. Harriman today gave Conservation Commissioner Louis A. Wehle of Rochester a pat on the back for his activities in less than two weeks on the job.

The governor said Wehle would go to Riverhead, L.I., tonight and will be up tomorrow at 7 a.m. to go out with fishermen and drag the bays to study a scallop fungus.

"That's typical of Louis Wehle, if you know him," the governor said. "He sent for his duck-shooting clothes to keep warm."

Harriman said he had received a report from Wehle, "a young 65," dealing with the fungus problem which is threatening the scallop industry on the north shore of Long Island. Harriman said Wehle wanted to go to the scene himself to determine what to do.

• • •

THE GOVERNOR also revealed that Wehle had banned construction of $20,000 to $25,000 houses for junior employes of the Conservation Department. He said the money saved would be available for improving the conservation program.

Harriman pointed out that this is the first indication of the value of looking over construction projects. Harriman froze new contracts financed by the capital construction fund on Jan. 5.

The governor made his remarks about Wehle at his press conference today.

State Acquires 37,916 Acres of Forest Lands

ALBANY, March 4 (AP) — The state has acquired or contracted for the purchase of 37,916 acres of forest preserve land since last April 1, Gov. Harriman announced today.

* * *

DETAILS OF the land acquisition program will be contained in a report to the governor that Conservation Commissioner Louis A. Wehle will submit this week.

Harriman said the increase was 3,000 acres greater than the increase during the 12 years from 1942 to 1954.

He disclosed that 8,948 acres o the new land was a gift from Finch, Pryun & Co. of Glens Falls

In commenting on the gift, Harriman said:

"I am informed by Commissioner Wehle that this land includes valuable both as scenery and for watershed protection."

* * *

THE CONSERVATION department bought acreage only where it would add protection to headwaters of streams, afford access to presently owned state tracts suitable for hunting, fishing or other recreation, or consolidate present state holdings and cut administrative costs, Harriman said.

PHEASANT REPORT ASSAILS CHEATUM

Wehle Aide Is Blamed for Birds' Deaths at State's Delmar Game Farm

Special to The New York Times.

ALBANY, Sept. 11—Governor Harriman released today a report blaming one of former State Conservation Commissioner Louis A. Wehle's chief targets for the death of thousands of pheasants on a state game farm.

The report came from Justin T. Mahoney, Deputy Conservation Commissioner. The Governor had asked him to investigate the pheasant situation last June after Mr. Wehle resigned amid charges and countercharges.

Mr. Mahoney's report added little to the official knowledge concerning the state pheasant-rearing project that Mr. Wehle had promoted on Grenadier Island in the St. Lawrence River. It was there that about 15,000 pheasants died last year, some from a disease called botulism, some from other causes.

The Deputy Commissioner said he could not determine now whether the birds transferred to the island from the department's game farm in Delmar had been infected with botulism and, if so, whether they had passed the disease on to the 20,000 that ultimately made the island their home.

This inability, he reported, was caused by the fact that conservation department personnel had failed to observe the project fully and keep records of how the pheasants were behaving.

Such observations were required by the United States Fish and Wildlife Service, which was financing three-quarters of the $47,748 program.

Cheatum Is Criticized

However, Mr. Mahoney laid the blame for botulism deaths at the Delmar game farm directly on the doorstep of Dr. E. L. Cheatum, director of the department's Bureau of Fish and Game.

It was Dr. Cheatum whom Mr. Wehle had blamed for the pheasant deaths shortly before the Rochester brewer resigned.

According to the Mahoney report, officials in charge of the game farm told Dr. Cheatum as early as July 11, 1955, that birds were dying of botulism there, but he did not order proper diagnostic tests of dead birds until Aug. 3.

Had the tests been taken when botulism was first suspected and preventive procedures followed thereafter, the report declared, "the loss of pheasants in the rearing field on the Delmar game farm would not have mounted to the reported 12,000 to 13,000 birds."

Governor Harriman had no direct comment on the Mahoney report. He merely transmitted it to Mr. Wehle's successor, Commissioner Sharon J. Mauhs with instructions "to take such administrative steps as may be indicated so as to minimize the possibility of similar occurrences in the future."

Conservationist Subscription Price Is Now $2.00

Conservation Commissioner Louis A. Wehle announced today that the magazine published by his Department, the New York State Conservationist, was upped in price as of May 1st.

Annual subscriptions received after that date, he said, will be sold by the Department at $2 (until then the price is $1 per year) but a bargain price of $5 for three years is being offered. Readers also will get more for their money, Commissioner Wehle added, with eight more pages and more art work in each issue.

Commenting on these changes, Commissioner Wehle had this to say:

"I think there is a general agreement among conservationists in this State that our magazine serves a useful purpose, and that an increase in the subscription rates has been long overdue. I feel that our publication should not be a 'giveaway' proposition, but that on the other hand it should not be priced beyond the reach of the average man. All government agencies have to balance their budgets and in offering a bigger magazine at an increased price, I hope that we will be able to strike a sound balance between good government financing and good conservation education."

ROCHESTER TIMES-UNION
Mon., June 28, 1954

2 Top Backers, Wehle, Wilmot, Reported Lost to Bush

By KERMIT HILL

Roy F. Bush, Monroe County Democratic chairman, has lost the backing of some of his most influential supporters, including Louis A. Wehle and James P. Wilmot, it was reliably reported today.

Wehle, president of Genesee Brewing Co. Inc., and Wilmot, head of Page Airways, have been foundation stones in Bush's control of the local Democratic organization.

Democratic leaders on all sides of the factional dispute were keeping mum today on developments in the growing behind-the-scenes fight for party control.

• • •

WEHLE, REACHED by telephone in New York City, said he had "no comment at this time." Wilmot, likewise, declined comment. Bush said he would withhold a statement "until the other side says something first." There were no denials of the report.

The silence appeared to be merely the calm before a new storm in the party.

Democrats have been divided sharply for several months as the Organization Democrats for the Reform of the Party squared off for a full primary battle against the regular organization, which Bush heads.

Wilmot, heretofore, has been lined up publicly on Bush's side in his fight with the so-called Reform Democrats. In April, he was among signers with Bush of a blistering attack on the Reform group which has been seeking the ouster of Bush.

• • •

IT WAS UNCLEAR today where Wehle and Wilmot support would turn in the search for a new man to take over party reins. Bush apparently was ready today to fight it out even against the heavy odds presented by the opposition of Wehle and Wilmot.

Reform Democrats were reported prepared to insist that a new candidate for party leader come from their ranks. Neither side, however, ruled out completely the possibility of a conference to find a mutually-agreeable candidate who could assume leadership prior to the Sept. 14 primary, thus, avoiding a primary battle in an important election year.

There were statewide political undercurrents visible in the county Democratic battle.

Wehle and Wilmot are on record publicly as supporters of Rep. Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr. for governor. The Reform Democrats also are on record as Roosevelt supporters.

Bush has withheld expression of his views on the gubernatorial campaign.

• • •

CIRCUMSTANCES appeared to be pushing Monroe County into the Roosevelt camp, as a result of the break between Bush and his principal advisers. It was considered unlikely they would choose a candidate for party leadership who does not endorse Roosevelt.

Confirmation of the break-up of major influences behind Bush is expected to come later this week after secret party meetings aimed at fixing strategy for overturning Bush's hold on party machinery.

Good News for Hunters

Bans Along State Parkway Removed, Wehle Announces

Hunting bans along the Lake Ontario State Parkway, now under construction between Rochester and Hamlin Beach State Park, have been removed.

That announcement came yesterday from Conservation Commissioner Louis A. Wehle following a meeting in his Scottsville home. Attending the conference were representatives of the Genesee State Park Commission and local hunting and conservation organization representatives.

Commissioner Wehle has requested the Park Commission to establish a number of local parking areas as soon as possible along the Parkway and removed existing hunting bans imposed by the Genesee Park Commission.

Conservation 'Town Meeting' Plan

Wehle to Drop Advisers; Neutral on Panther Dam

By HOWARD KEMP
Democrat and-Chronicle Staff Correspondent

POUGHKEEPSIE, Oct. 6—Conservation Commissioner Louis A. Wehle will struggle through 1955 without aid of a state conservation council advisory committee; He will follow a hands off policy on Panther Dam and ignore future utterances of Edward A. Hanna, a state park commissioner, of Utica.

These things were revealed to delegates to the State Conservation Council assembled in convention at the Nelson House here tonight, where Commissioner Wehle was the principal speaker.

Wehle told the delegates he had taken a look at the records and found that former advisory councils had done little, if anything, in promoting conservation. So, he decided to get along without one. In this move, he said, he had the approval of Governor Harriman.

Instead of an advisory council, the commissioner has something new to offer. In place of a small group coming to him, he intends to appear before sportsmen throughout the state in a series of sessions patterned after "town meetings" where the rank and file of sportsmen can be heard.

LOUIS A. WEHLE
. . . tells conservation plans

"We feel it is a much more democratic process — a 'town meeting' plan for conservation, where everyone will have the opportunity to be heard," he said.

On the controversial Panther Dam project, he said: "Neither major political party has taken any position for or against construction of the dam, but has left the decision entirely in the hands of the people. You are urged to vote as your conscience dictates."

The commissioner cited that anglers have enjoyed a highly successful season and that the department was moving to improve conditions. He said a boat launching platform had been erected in Canandaigua Lake and that next year will see the completion of similar projects on the north and south sides of Oneida Lake.

The department is rebuilding six bass rearing ponds at Ogdensburg and is constructing five more to speed up bass production, he added. The commissioner also announced 100,000 birds are to be released for hunters this year. The deer herds in the state are reported in good shape and should produce good hunting results, he said.

NOV 22 1955

Opposes Any Rise In Campsite Fees

Wehle Would Keep Present Charge For Camping And Car Parking

Conservation Commissioner Louis A. Wehle is opposed to increasing state campsite fees, whether or not a survey shows the present fee to be insufficient to cover the cost of operating these state facilities.

Through a spokesman, the commissioner said yesterday in Albany there will be no increase in fees now charged at campsites next year, either for camping or the parking of cars.

The commissioner's statement was issued as the Governor's fiscal aides reviewed all state services, to determine whether the amount of fees being charged is equitable and adequate.

The Budget Division survey also covers those state services for which no charge is made.

Democrat and Chronicle

ROCHESTER, N. Y.
FRIDAY, JULY 23, 1954

Wehle Poll Shows Monroe Democrats Backing Roosevelt

By TRUMAN G. SEARLE

Thirty-seven of the 43 members of the executive committee of the Monroe County Democratic Committee are reported to favor Rep. Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr. as the party's candidate for governor this fall.

Louis A. Wehle, chairman of the board of the Genesee Brewing Co. and long active in Democratic politics, revealed last night he polled by telephone the 43 Democratic executive committeemen in the county and 37 of them favor Roosevelt as the Democratic candidate. The rest, he said, were non-committal.

As a result, Wehle predicted, "Monroe County will cast an overwhelming vote" for Roosevelt at the state Democratic convention Sept. 21-22 to select the candidate for governor.

Monroe County Democratic County Chairman Roy F. Bush declined to comment. He has steadfastly held to the position of not pledging his support to any candidate, asserting he would follow the lead of Richard H. Balch, state chairman, and Carmine DeSapio, Tammany Hall leader and national committeeman.

Prior to Wehle's announcement, Roosevelt's campaign headquarters claimed 280 delegates. That figure represents the total delegate strength of 42 upstate counties whose leaders have pledged support to Roosevelt.

If all the delegates pledged by leaders vote for FDR Jr. at the convention, he now has a total of 317 convention votes, 193 short of the 510 he needs for the nomination.

New York City leaders, who hold the balance of power, have not announced their preference for a candidate. Political observers in the state contend that DeSapio holds the key to the solution.

New York City's five Democratic leaders, who control 513 votes among them—Brooklyn 180, Manhattan 119, Bronx 109, Queens 93 and Richmond 12—were reported by the New York Daily Mirror this week as favoring New York City Mayor Robert Wagner.

The pre-convention maneuvers for delegates' votes has been complicated in the New York City area by a high-level party dispute involving the Queens County leadership. Balch and DeSapio Wednesday repudiated Queens County leader James A. Roe, supporting instead the county vice chairman Daniel A. Haggerty.

Roe was reported by The New York Times as having offered to support any choice of DeSapio for gubernatorial candidate. The offer was reportedly referred to Wagner who the Times said turned it down.

Wehle's statement, released by his office, did not name the committeemen in Monroe County who favor Roosevelt. The text of Wehle's statement follows:

"A poll of the 43 members of the executive committee of the Monroe County Democratic Committee has just been made. In the Democratic convention in New York City, Sept. 21-22, Monroe will have 43 delegates representing each of the executive committee districts.

"A poll of the committeemen shows that 37 out of 43, each representing a town or a ward, favor Congressman Franklin D Roosevelt Jr. as the Democratic candidate for governor. The other six committeemen were non-committal, expressing no choice whatever.

Strong Preference

"The poll shows a strong preference for Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr. for governor. Roosevelt is the overwhelming choice of all groups of the party and of the people of our towns and wards.

"We have had some differences over leadership in the Monroe County Democratic Committee Nevertheless I can state categorically that at the Democratic convention Monroe County will cast an overwhelming vote for Roosevelt. He is the only candidate who has both the outstanding qualifications for governor and who will win in November."

The Associated Press in Albany reported that the Albany County Democratic Committee last night unanimously endorsed Roosevelt and instructed its delegates to vote for him on all ballots.

DEC 29 1955

Wehle Replies to Local Letter on Deer Season

In reply to a letter and newspaper clippings sent to Louis A. Wehle, Commissioner of New York State Conservation Department, James S. Elting received the following letter:

Dear Mr. Elting:

This will acknowledge your letter regarding the recent deer of either sex season, expressing in particular your general dissatisfaction with it in view of the unsportsmanlike behavior of some of the hunters who participated in it.

I assure you that I was very reluctant to permit the opening of a deer of either sex season in any part of the State. The need for such, at least periodically, is pretty generally recognized, however, otherwise the authority to hold such would never have been delegated to the Department by the Legislature. The granting of this authority conveyed with it the responsibility of holding such seasons when necessary.

To make certain that it was necessary to hold a season where it was declared, I initiated the method this year of soliciting recommendations from three groups of interested persons before establishing the season, namely, the Department's District Game Managers, landowners, primarily agriculturists, and sportsmen. It was only in those counties where the recommendations of all three groups were in agreement that a deer of either sex season was declared last fall.

I can assure you that the State Police cooperated fully with our game protectors in the enforcement of the Conservation Law throughout the hunting season in Chenango County as well as in all other parts of the State. As for special game protectors, we have found in general that an untrained and inexperienced law enforcement officer can be more of a liability than an asset. The idea seems good but it just doesn't work out too well in actual practice, unless the unpaid Special Game Protector is willing to spend many hours afield with a regular game protector learning the "ropes". Very few people are willing to do this. However, in spite of our experience with the system, we do make a practice of utilizing special protectors rather extensively.

Careful consideration will be given to your suggestions and I am hopeful that before the need for another deer of either sex season becomes compelling, a more orderly way of running such a season off will be found.

Sincerely yours,
Louis A. Wehle.

JAN 1 9 1956

Jim Hurley's OUTDOORS:

Commissioner For New Striper Bill

• Mr. Wehle puts in a new one at Albany to make bass a hook and line fish only—asks all to support it.

Conservation Commissioner Louis A. Wehle goes all out for a hook-and-line-only bill for striped bass in a front page plea in the first edition of the New York Conservation News, a new publication of the Conservation Department.

The Commissioner points out that a striped bass bill had the endorsement of the conservation commissioner last year for the first time but failed to pass the Legislature despite that fact and the additional one that it was endorsed by nearly all the important sportsmen's organizations of the State.

"**CAREFULLY** compiled statistics clearly prove that the expenditure by sportsmen far overshadows the value of the take by commercial interests, with probably 50,000 fishermen enjoying hook and line striped bass fishing," says the Commissioner.

He states that he has prepared another striped bass bill for introduction in the 1956 Legislature which would limit the taking of this fine sports fish to hook and line. He points out that action similar to his proposed bill has already been taken by New Hampshire, Connecticut and New Jersey.

"I urge all of you," he says, "whether from the Marine District or not, to join in this effort, by petitioning your state senator and Assemblyman to insist on the passage of the striped bass bill this year." Which is pretty strong endorsement of a hook-and-line-only bill from the head of the Conservation Department, and let's hope the bill prevails this time.

THE 17th annual dinner of Ducks Unlimited will be held at Hotel Roosevelt, Thursday, Feb. 2 at 6 p. m., Stirling A. Adams, the dinner chairman for 1956, announces. This affair over the years has come to be recognized as one of the outstanding Winter gatherings of sportsmen in the New York area and the wildfowl enthusiasts themselves term it New York's traditional duck hunter's night out.

Ducks Unlimited is perhaps the one organization in this country responsible more than any other for the return of a healthy, numerous duck population on our continent. It is a non-profit organization of sportsmen in every state.

By the reclamation of land in the prairie provinces of Western Canada more than anything else Ducks Unlimited has contributed to the increase of the duck population on the continent, but it participates in many other movements for the benefit of the ducks and conservation in general.

Its annual dinner is outstanding in many respects. First off there are no speeches, dress is informal, motion pictures of excellence are always shown and a gala night of fun is had. Tickets are $11. each and tables have 10 places. Those desiring reservations should write to Ducks Unlimited, 165 Broadway, New York 6, or phone BE 3-7570 before 1 o'clock Jan. 31. Checks should be made payable to H. Dudley Gerard, treasurer.

HIGH TIDES (EST)	A.M.	P.M.
Governors Island	11:58	—
Sandy Hook	11:41	—
Willets Point	2:41	3:02
Barnegat Inlet (Beltzar)	11:21	11:52
Great South Bay (Babylon)	1:47	2:06
City Island	2:30	2:57
Meadow 4 (Wantagh C'way)	11:41	—

Cheatum Remains On Stand

Did Not Inform Wehle Of Outbreak, He Says

By EMMET N. O'BRIEN

Times-Union's Own Bureau

ALBANY—Louis A. Wehle, then conservation commissioner, was not advised "personally" of the outbreak of botulism among pheasants at the Delmar game farm or Grenadier Island in 1955, the man who is suing him for $200,000 in a slander action testified yesterday.

Dr. E. Leonard Cheatum, chief of the Bureau of Game of the Conservation Department, was testifying at a pre-trial examination in his action against Wehle, wealthy Rochesterian. Cheatum said that he had not "personally" reported the outbreaks to Wehle although he knew the pheasant-rearing experiment was "his pet project."

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THE TESTIMONY came at the close of the second day of the pre-trial examination. The suit was inaugurated after a blast by Wehle in a Watertown speech last year about the failure of the experiment in hardening pheasants on the St. Lawrence River island.

Dr. Cheatum maintained he was slandered by Wehle. Wehle resigned, giving ill health as the reason, in the controversy that broke out after his speech.

Cheatum reported yesterday that Conservation Commissioner Sharon Mauhs would not honor a court order, directed to Cheatum, to produce departmental reports dealing with the pheasant incident. Mauhs said a subpoena would be needed.

George R. Fearon, counsel for Wehle, prepared a subpoena and served it on Mauhs at a meeting of the Whiteface Mountain Authority and its ski advisory committee in the Ft. Orange club.

The examination adjourned this afternoon for several weeks after the Conservation Department records arrived. The adjournment was to allow attorneys time to study the records.

Yesterday's testimony dealt largely with botulism, the food poisoning, and its causes. Some questions drew objections from Nathan Medwin, Cheatum's counsel. The questions were set aside for a review by Supreme Court Justice Isadore Bookstein.

Harry D'Agostino, Albany attorney who is presiding as referee, is powerless to pass on objections.

ROCHESTER DEMOCRAT & CHRONICLE
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1956

HENRY W. CLUNE'S

Seen and Heard

CANDIDATE'S WIFE

LOUIS A. WEHLE, who gave a party at his brewery yesterday noon for Mayor Robert F. Wagner, Democratic senatorial candidate, had a man take me up to his office to introduce me to Mrs. Wagner. I was embarrassed. I didn't know what to say to a candidate's wife.

A blonde young woman left her chair and met me at the threshold and gave me a warm handclasp. Her graciousness seemed inherent. I didn't feel that it was a demonstration made entirely for political purposes. "Isn't this a wonderful place?" she said, indicating the walls of the office, which were covered with pictures that I am sure were very interesting. But I didn't look at the pictures, I was looking at Mrs. Wagner. I was surprised. For some curious reason I hadn't supposed a candidate's wife would look as she did.

I asked her if she had ever been in Rochester before and she said that she had. "Wag" (referring to her husband) "and I have two good friends here, both Republicans."

It turned out that Mayor Wagner had gone to Yale and later to Yale Law School with Karl K. Bechtold, the attorney, and that the Bechtolds are the Wagners' Rochester friends. She hadn't yet seen either Mr. or Mrs. Bechtold, but expected to meet them before she and her husband left the city. I asked her if she was making the full tour with the mayor. "I go anywhere Wag asks me to go," she answered, with wifely devotion.

Mrs. Wagner said that she was a native of Greenwich, Conn., and that most of her associates there were solid Republicans, but that they were still friends.

She is a handsome and extremely pleasant lady. I am trying now with no success to recall, in the interest of any ladies who might read these lines, what she wore, and all I can be sure of is heavy gold bangle on her left wrist. Nevertheless I know that everything she wore complemented her good looks. If I hadn't come upon her so quickly, and been more or less swept off my feet, I might have been more detailed in these notes. The mayor, when I met him later, seemed extremely agreeable, too. He wore a blue suit.

Gerling's statement in his paper,
"The Rochester Sun"

It has been suggested that the Veterans Memorial Corporation resign, the Veterans committee disband, and the commentators for and against the various versions of what to do about the $1,700,000 for the edifice quietly subside and turn the problem over to businessman and Democrat Louis Wehle for solution.

He'd probably solve it most any day between breakfast and lunch.

MAY 3 1956

Inventors ! Take Notice

When anyone is willing to pay a cool one thousand dollars for one lone fishhook, it's news in a big way. But, that's exactly what one man is willing to do and here is the story.

Commissioner Louis A. Wehle of the New York State Conservation Department is very much concerned about the large number of fish that are unintentionally killed by anglers each year. The records reveal that a high percentage of undersized fish, caught and returned to the water, perish as a result of damage done by the fishhook or by its removal.

Our present hooks are a vicious barbed affair, purposely designed to make it difficult for the fish to dislodge. The trouble is that this very design makes its almost impossible for the fishermen to dislodge when he wants to do so without serious damage to the fish. As a result, literally millions of our game fish are destroyed every year—all because of a fishhook.

Mr. Wehle, not being content with this state of affairs, is offering personally one thousand dollars to the individual who can come up with a new idea for a workable fishhook, which will minimize the damage to a fish. Many fishermen will immediately think of a barbless hook,but it won't do. The idea must be new.

It can be a mechanical device which makes it easy to remove. It can be made of a material which will dissolve if cut off and left to remain in the fish. Or it can be any new idea which accomplishes the purpose. However, it must be practical in every sense. It must be something that tackle manufacturers can and will put on the market—something fishermen will buy and use —and something that will hold the fish.

A board of qualified judges, appointed by Mr. Wehle, will give the award to the most satisfactory, workable solution to the problem.

If you have any bright ideas, send them to— FISHHOOK, C/O LOUIS A. WEHLE, 160 National St. Rochester, N. Y.

HERBERT H. LEHMAN
NEW YORK

JULIUS C. C. EDELSTEIN
ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT

THOMAS V. BRUNKARD
EXECUTIVE SECRETARY

United States Senate

WASHINGTON, D. C.

May 4, 1956.

Honorable Louis A. Wehle, Commissioner
State of New York Conservation Department
Albany, New York.

Dear Mr. Commissioner:

Thank you for your letter.

I have been very conscious of the importance of the Soil Bank Program to New York State, especially the provisions for acreage and conservation reserve.

These provisions are incorporated in H.R. 10875 as it passed the House. I shall watch the progress of this proposal in the Senate with great care, keeping in mind the point of view which you have expressed to me.

Yours very sincerely,

Herbert H. Lehman

Dear Louis:
Kindest regards.
I hope that you are
well and happy and
that you be casually
still can get to Florida
Herbert

MAY 16 1956

Nuclear Power to Operate World's Largest Fish Hatchery for NY State

NEW YORK, May 15 (AP)—Plans for the world's largest fish hatchery to be built on the St. Lawrence river and operated by nuclear power were announced today by the New York state conservation commissioner.

* * *

LOUIS A. WEHLE, in New York to [redacted] with engineers, termed the five-million-dollar undertaking a "conservation department dream." The hatchery, with its nuclear heating and push button controls, will be so modern, he said, that most of the present hatcheries will be abandoned.

Under plans, the project will be located near Massena. Water will come from the turbine discharge of the St. Lawrence power dam. The hatchery will be placed downstream to take advantage of the gravity flow.

While the undertaking must first receive legislative and governor approval, Wehle said he expected full support.

* * *

"THE AUTHORITIES are behind me on it," he said. "Governor Harriman has shown the greatest interest and assured me his strongest backing. Plans are already on the drawing board."

Wehle said the new hatchery would raise three times as many fish as all of the present 28 hatcheries combined. The cost per pound of the fish for stocking purposes would be 50 cents a pound or less in contrast to the present cost of $1.47 per pound.

Nuclear power will be used to maintain the water at a consistent temperature of 56 to 58 degrees, assuring healthy growth. Higher or lower temperatures, Wehle said, retard growth and raise the cost of stream stocking.

Transportation will be handled by air from the hatchery to the various points around the state, the commissioner added. The fish are to be put to sleep and packaged for the plane ride.

* * *

WEHLE SAID each tank will be a unit in itself. The water will be emptied and filled by push-button control. Water will be controlled so that fish may exercise themselves in lower water and help clean the tanks.

The commissioner said he was confident the nuclear-powered hatchery would produce more and healthier fish, better able to survive in wild waters.

"Many of the New York hatcheries are still in the horse and buggy stage," he added. "I feel it is time we did something about it. I have spent a great deal of time on the project in order to bring in to a workable stage and we are now ready to go in the interest of progress."

MOUNT VERNON ARGUS
Thursday, September 27, 1956

GAFF AND GUN

By FRED LUKS
Hunting & Fishing Editor

The facts behind the almost forgotten pheasant imbroglio which preceded the resignation of Conservation Commissioner Louis A. Wehle a couple of months ago, have come to light in a report submitted to Governor Harriman by Deputy Commissioner Justin T. Mahoney.

In a coldly impersonal document, Mahoney a long-time career man with the department, traces the history of the pheasant stocking experiment on Grenadier Island in the St. Lawrence through a disastrous outbreak of botulism up to the subsequent investigation he was ordered to make by the Governor.

When 28,000 pheasants at the State-operated Delmar and Grenadier game farms perished from botulism, an enraged Commissioner Wehle charged "mismanagement or sabotage" in his department was responsible for the deaths. The Mahoney report fails to provide evidence of sabotage but depositions from witnesses, including Dr. E. L. Cheatum, a key figure in a dispute with Wehle, indicate that responsible officials were guilty of a casual attitude bordering on laxity.

Wehle, himself, emerges completely blameless for any negligence. The report does not involve him in the planning or conduct of the study.

Grenadier Island which was being used to rear pheasants under conditions approximating those found in the wild had been described by game management sycophants as a "Wehle fiasco."

It develops that the experiment was underwritten largely by federal funds. A total of $35,811 was allocated to the test by the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service. New York State paid $11,937.

The study was oriented, according to the Mahoney report, in the Bureau of Fish and Game which is headed by Dr. Cheatum. In accepting federal aid the Conservation Department agreed to provide regular progress reports which it failed to do.

A serious indictment is contained in Mahoney's letter to the Governor in the disclosure that Dr. Cheatum, who acknowledged himself an authority on botulism had failed to test for the disease when it was first suspected at Delmar, the Albany County source of many of the ringnecks shipped to Grenadier Island.

Delmar Game Farm suffered a mortality of 12,000 to 13,000 pheasants during July of last year. Botulism, a form of food poisoning, was suspected as the cause of deaths by Assistant Superintendent of Game Farms, Poyner and foreman Fordham. They voiced their suspicions to Dr. Cheatum on July 11.

Dr. Cheatum did not make any tests for the disease until Aug. 3. Yet, according to a conclusion in the Mahoney investigation he agreed with Delmar Game Farm overseers Poyner and Fordham on July 11 that the cause of the deaths was botulism.

Shipments of birds from Delmar to Grenadier were in progress at the time that an unusual mortality was occurring on Delmar.

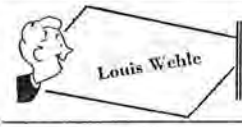
When Dr. Cheatum was asked why he did not test for botulism until Aug. 3, he said, "I don't know why it didn't occur to me to use the anti-serum test on birds showing symptoms of botulism unless it was because my thinking was diverted by Dr. Peckham that we might have an outbreak of encephalomylitus."

On July 21, two weeks prior to the time that Dr. Cheatum made his tests, Dr. M.C. Peckham, a pathologist at Cornell ruled out encephalomylitus and fell in line with the botulism idea. He so stated in a letter.

When it accepted funds for the Grenadier test the Conservation Department contracted to record observations on mortality, escapes, flocking and dispersals for the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service. It was also agreed that all birds scheduled for the island were to be stocked at one time. The Department split the liberations in violation of the agreement. Because of the way the piecemeal stockings were timed Grenadier Island received doomed birds from the already stricken Delmar.

When the Fish and Wildlife Service asked why proper records hadn't been kept on the Grenadier experiment department aids said they got the impression from Commissioner Wehle they weren't to go near the birds because it might cause them to become tame.

The aids failed to produce any directive to substantiate this. At the same time Wehle wrote Mahoney flatly denying he had ever given such an order.



PROFILES

By Rad Harris

Louis Wehle has had his ups and downs. There have been far more ups, of course, because in all his life he has had only one "down," and that came when Prohibition, more than 30 years ago, stripped him of his job as brewmaster in Lang's Brewery, Buffalo.

Some people believe that Wehle suffered another "down" in recent weeks when he resigned as state conservation commissioner after a heated discussion with some members of his staff. He didn't. As a matter of fact many of his associates and friends believed that he was nuts in the first place to accept the job of commissioner offered him by Governor Harriman because of his age and also because his health was not too good. But he accepted because he felt it was his duty to accept and he piled up so much work on himself that all the doctors in the world couldn't keep him on an even keel.

His Record Unmatched

Everybody knows of the dispute within the Conservation Department that ended with Wehle quitting. Some say he quit under fire. That isn't true either. He quit because he finally came to the point where he figured all the grief wasn't worth the efforts he was putting in the job, the first time that ANY commissioner had ever really worked instead of passing the bulk of that work over to subordinates.

What did Louis Wehle do in the 17 months he was commissioner? Let's take a look at the record.

1. Supported and encouraged the Conservation Youth Movement inaugurated by Thomas H. Crone in the Northwest Conservation Association.

2. Fostered legislation to make more State land available for the public.

3. Sponsored legislation to humanize the regulation regarding minor infractions of the Fish and Gam laws.

4. Improved the State's facilities for the benefit of picnickers, archers, skiers, bird watchers and campers.

Brought Salary Increases

5. Introduced a hardy strain of bobwhite quail in the State.

6. Introduced plans to develop more economic production of fish and game birds.

7. Developed training schools for game protectors and special protectors, to better fit them for their duties.

8. Increased enforcement staff to the largest in its history, to a total of 201.

9. Continued the program of establishing centralized District Conservation offices.

10. Inaugurated a State-wide survey to determine the wishes of the public regarding conservation services.

11. Acquired more State land than any previous Commissioner for vacationers and sportsmen.

12. Inaugurated procedures for more efficiently producing trees and shrubs through State nurseries.

13. Obtained salary increases for game protectors and forest rangers.

14. Personally surveyed every Fish Hatchery and Game Farm in the State to familiarize himself with the true facts of operations and to recommend improvements where necessary.

15. At his own expense he inspected fish hatcheries in many parts of the country, including California, Colorado and other states.

16. Increased number of bass and trout available to fishermen of New York through more effective hatchery operations and supervision; production at hatcheries increased by 20.6 percent.

17. Established "Conservation News," an information bulletin to inform the public with the Department's plans and programs.

A $41,000 Gift

18. Donated to the Conservation Department six and a half acres of land on the Genesee River, together with three buildings (with a value of $41,000) for use as a District office.

That's Louis Wehle for you. Not only did he do more than any other Commissioner but he gave to the State land and buildings worth $41,000, far more than he received as salary for the time he served as Commissioner.

His civic accomplishments stand out, most notable of which was the $37,000,000 raised by the State Polio Fund during the time he was chairman.

There is a great deal more that we could say, especially that both our daily papers, bone dry, complimented Louis on his accomplishments in spite of the fact that he is a brewer. Other commendations spoke highly of him, one from Republican Leo A. Lawrence, chairman of th Assembly Conservation Committee, who said in a letter to Wehle:

A Glowing Tribute

"Knowing of your long and enduring interest in hunting and fishing, I cannot help but feel badly over your decision to resign from the post of New York State Conservation Commissioner.

"As Chairman of the Assembly Committee on Conservation for the past 16 years, I have had considerable contact with the office of Conservation Commissioner. Likewise, with practically all of the heads of the several divisions within the Department. Hence, I have a good idea of the weight of responsibility that falls upon the shoulders of the Commissioner.

"I have known for several months that you were not enjoying the best of health. I, therefore, feel that your decision to protect and improve your health was a wise one. . . .

"I conclude by saying that as chairman of the Assembly Committee on Conservation it was a privilege to know you and a pleasure to work with you. . . ."

The Rock Tavern Rod and Gun Club sent Louis a letter signed by its President, William Shafer, saying in part:

"In the past week I have been reading of your pheasant loss in the Grenider Island, and I am sure that this wouldn't have happened if the personnel involved had been on their job and looked after this trouble when it began. . . The Rock Tavern Rod and Gun Club is with you 100 percent in one of the biggest house cleanings the Conservation Department has needed for a long time. . ."

J. M. Corbine, District game protector of the Watertown division, wrote, "As district game protector, in charge of the Watertown Division of the bureau of law enforcement, I would like you to know that this division supports you 100 percent in the departmental dispute. While I cannot speak for entire state bureau of law enforcement, I do believe the majority are for you. We are pleased to have a commissioner who is attempting to make better conservation for both the department and the sportsmen."

Other letters to Wehle came from the Council of Brewery, Soft Drink and Allied Industries Workers, the Walden Sportsmen's Club and many others. Irving S. Garrison, president of the Walden Club, said in part, "For the last 20 years the department (Conservation) has needed a good refurnishing and remodeling, and I am sure that you are the person to do so, that you are working for the sportsmen and not for the personnel under you. . ."

Breems Forrest Says

State Conservation News Has Commissioner's Plans

UNDER THE GUIDANCE of Commissioner Louis A. Wehle, the Conservation Department is working on several new projects to promote better hunting, fishing and conservation in New York State. Among the new projects is the "New York Conservation News," a four-page service bulletin outlining department plans, and hopes, of which issue No. 1 has just been sent out.

Among projects apparently well underway, according to the new paper, is a conservation advisory group. Members will be chosen for their outdoor backgrounds. The first meeting of the group will be held early in February. As this is being written the names of those selected have not been made public.

The Commissioner says it will be "a working committee . . . I am confident that the new ideas of the committee, together with their advise on the many projects now underway, or in the planning state, will help keep New York in the forefront in the nation's conservation picture."

IT IS ALSO NEWS to most of us that the "splake", a cross between the brook and lake trout, which Ontario fishermen have been talking for the last year or two, is not new in our state. According to the new paper, such a cross was developed here about 70 years ago and planted in some of our lakes by the famous Seth Green, father of fish propagation in America. Still more interesting is the news that the department is again at work on this cross, and that 1,590 hybrids were stocked in some Adirondack ponds last year.

The department is also "fooling around" with some other crosses. One is a "Sam Brown," cross between a salmon and a brown trout, another a "Sambo," between salmon and a rainbow.

A total of 40½ miles of trout stream rights were obtained by the department in 1955 and added to the water already controlled by the state. This brings the total to 832 miles of public trout fishing water, exclusive of the thousands of miles of state-owned streams in the Adirondack and Catskill forest preserves.

COMMISSIONER WEHLE also "has an ear cocked for a long-lost spring song—the cheerful whistle of the bobwhite quail in Upstate New York." In addition to stocking several upstate counties with quail reared on the department's Middle Island Game Farm, several hundred breeders have been ordered from Canadian and Wisconsin game farms, where "the birds have been acclimated to extreme cold."

In 1955 a total of 275 turkeys were stocked in Southern Tier and Catskill counties to "carry on with the hundreds of wild birds and their descendents previously released."

ACCORDING TO OTHER items in the bulletin, Commissioner Wehle is working on the idea for a "dream" fish hatchery, aimed at putting this state on top as a producer of better fish; a summer series of town hall hearings to give anyone interested a chance to speak up on conservation matters, and an idea to improve the fish hook which, if successful, would cut down the number of fish which die after being hooked and released.

BUFFALO BEACON

OFFICE: 205 MARYLAND ST. at PROSPECT AVE.
BUFFALO 1, N. Y.

Published Every Wednesday
BUFFALO BEACON, Inc.
MARIANO A. LUCCA, Editor

Phone After 6 P. M. EL. 0118

Advertising Rates: $2.50 per col. inch.
National Rates: $2.75 per col. inch.

BUFALO, N. Y., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 20, 1956

A Great Loss to the State

In the resignation of Louis A. Wehle of Rochester as Conservation Commissioner, the State of New York has lost a competent servant. And it's a loss from which conservation will need a long time to recover.

As Commissioner, Mr. Wehle accomplished more in a year and a half than most of his predecessors achieved in full terms of office, and there were tributes throughout the state for what he had done.

Mr. Wehle's heart was in his work. He liked the job. He liked what could be done to save fish and game for the sportsmen, and their habitants for the use of wild life.

From here it's a bit difficult to analyze, and there's nothing to be gained by such an analysis. Still, Mr. Wehle did a job. No analyst can take that away from him.

Whenever and wherever conservation is discussed, the Wehle name long will be remembered as that of a man who gave his best.

(Photos by Dante Tranquille)

State Officials Examine Site of Proposed Central Adirondacks Park

State Conservation Commissioner Louis A. Wehle finds the going tough as he inspects the site of the proposed Central Adirondacks State Park.

Beautiful Nick's Lake, near Old Forge, planned as the center of summer activity at the projected park, is admired by Wehle and A. Richard Cohen, Old Forge businessman and civic leader.

Year-around facilities are planned. Blueprints are examined by Frank J. Collins, the state's chief budget examiner, Wehle and Cohen. (Details Page 1-A.)

ADLAI E. STEVENSON
231 So. LaSalle Street
Chicago 4, Illinois

August 23, 1956

Dear Louis:

Before Estes and I leave on our first campaign trip, I want you to know how deeply grateful I am to you.

As I said last week, I pledge to you every resource of mind and strength that I possess to make your deed a good one for our country and for our party.

The weeks ahead will be hard and long -- but working together, I'm confident we'll win.

Cordially,

Adlai E. Stevenson

AES:JS

Wehle Gift Boosts Hospital Fund

A birthday presentation by business associates to Louis A. Wehle, president of the Genesee Brewing Company, has added $11,500 to the Rochester Hospital Fund.

The company's 42 distributors contributed the gift, which was presented to Wehle for his 60th birthday at a testimonial dinner last night in Buffalo, where the New York Wholesale Beer Distributors Association is meeting.

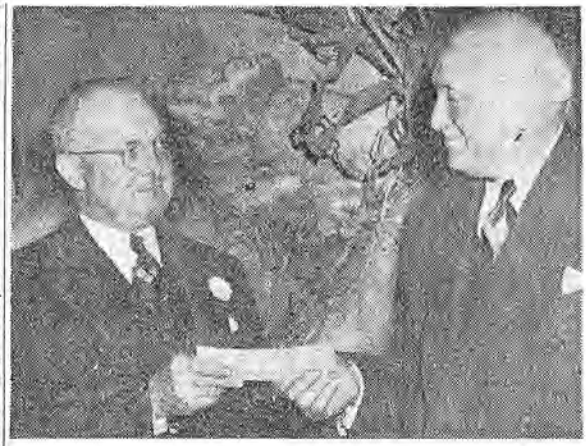
Additional progress of the $6,940,000 fund to bring Rochester's hospitals up to date was reported at a meeting of the special gifts committee this noon at the Chamber of Commerce. New pledges of $128,557 were added, bringing the committee's total to $278,855.

The Wehle gift will be used to establish an infantile paralysis laboratory, either in Strong Memorial Hospital or in the new North Park Hospital, of which Wehle is a director.

In a message of congratulation to the distributors, Theodore C. Briggs and Thomas J. Hargrave, cochairmen of the Rochester Hospital Fund, said, "The paralysis laboratory your fund will provide in our hospital building program will serve as a permanent reminder to his fellow citizens of Mr. Wehle's devoted service in the fight against polio."

For the past seven years, Wehle has been state director of the annual March of Dimes of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis.

J. A. Coughlin of Elmira, veteran Genesee distributor, made the presentation. Milton G. Silver, the firm's secretary and sales manager, presided at the dinner.



Louis A. Wehle receives $11,500 check on his 60th birthday from J. A. Coughlin of Elmira.

SYRACUSE HERALD-AMERICAN, Sunday, September 2, 1956

Wehle Renames Pond At Indian Village

Picture: Page 36

Louis A. Wehle, dethroned conservation commissioner, yesterday dedicated the Farm Pond in Indian Village on the State Fair Ground.

In so doing he changed the name of the 30 by 60 foot pond to Wehle Pond before an audience of Indians, Fair visitors and dignataries.

He said it was "pleasing" to him to dedicate the pool because "of my lifetime interest in the cause of conservation."

The former commissioner said he hopes the pond will serve as "an outdoor school to teach coming generations the art of good fishing which has been traditional among the Indians."

Conducts Dedication

Before tossing a handful of corn, the Indian's staple food of bygone days, into the water made murky by recent storms, Wehle said he dedicates the pond to:

"Almighty God with a prayerful hope He will look upon us with favor.

"The Six Nations — may their people prosper.

"The United States of America upon whose land this Indian Reservation has been established.

"To the State of New York, who, through the issuance of a federal grant, made funds available for the buildings.

"To the Indian Agricultural Society and to Dr. E. A. Bates of Cornell University who more than any other single individual has devoted his time and talents to the advancement and understanding of our Indian brethren."

Ex-Conservation Chief

Wehle, Rochester sportsman and businessman, resigned earlier this year after failure of a pheasant rearing project on Grenadier Island sparked a departmental feud. He was replaced recently by Sharon Mauhs of Cobleskill.

Asked if he had anythink to say about the situation, Wehle replied, "I would rather not stir up any trouble at this time."

He said, however, he expects some fur to fly when a watchdog committee submits its findings regarding Conservation Dept. activities.

STATE OF NEW YORK
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER
ALBANY

AVERELL HARRIMAN
GOVERNOR

September 6, 1956

Dear Lou:

I am going to be in Rochester on Saturday to help kick off the Monroe County campaign. Bill Posner tells me he has asked you to stop by his house that afternoon. I hope you can make it. I am looking forward to seeing you.

Sincerely,

Averell Harriman

Mr. Louis Wehle
Genesee Brewing Company
100 National Street
Rochester, New York

The above letter is result of the Governor asking for an appointment with me, I was very much provoked of his lack of support on the pheasant incident. Bill Posner phoned and said Governor wanted very much to see me and tour the lilac display in the Parks with him, I flatly refused, Posner called back and said what are your conditions to ride with the Governor? I replied thirty minutes alone with him behind locked doors. He phoned back shortly and said everything arranged. You will meet him at my house. Well, if ever a Governor got a calling down, he did that day – I threw the book at him, and all he did was look at the carpet and made no reply. He was thoroughly chastised and when it was over he got up and patted me on the back and said "Louie you are a great fellow."

STATE OF NEW YORK
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER
ALBANY

AVERELL HARRIMAN
GOVERNOR

September 26, 1956

Dear Lou:

Dan Gutman has sent me the editorials which you sent him September 19.

I was glad to read this material and to see that people are beginning to appreciate the unselfish and energetic job you did as Commissioner.

With my warm regards,

Sincerely,

Averell Harriman

Mr. Louis A. Wehle
Genesee Brewing Company
100 National Street
Rochester, New York

TOO LITTLE TOO LATE

TO THE VICTORS—Louis A. Wehle, state conservation commissioner, presents Wehle trophy to Captain John Quataert and Co-captain Nathan Morrall of Greece-Ridge Volunteer Fire Department, point champion in summer series of fire drill tourneys. Final drill was held yesterday at Union Hill, Point Pleasant winning.

Greece-Ridge Firemen Capture Championship

The Ridge Runners of Greece-Ridge Volunteer Fire Department yesterday emerged as champions of the summer-long tournaments, but honors for the day went to Point Pleasant's Pea Pickers.

In the final drill of the year, with Union Hill volunteers as hosts, Point Pleasant with 24½ points won over Greece-Ridge by a lone point. Third place went to Ontario with 21½ points; fourth, Sea Breeze, 9; fifth, West Brighton, 3½, and sixth, Spencerport, 1. Penfield and East Rochester with new teams were on hand to pick up experience.

Louis A. Wehle, state conservation commissioner, presented the Wehle Championship trophy to Greece-Ridge. Trophy for being the most improved team for 1955 went to Sea Breeze. This was a memorial trophy honoring the late Arthur Heid Sr., veteran member of the Point Pleasant Volunteer Fire Department.

The hazard yesterday wasn't the customary spray as contestants made fast hose connections—it was the rain that soaked competitors and onlookers alike. One injury was reported as the volunteers dashed through puddles of water and slithered through mud.

The Greece-Ridge and Point Pleasant teams will leave this week for Lake George to compete for drill honors at the state volunteer firemen convention opening Thursday. Yesterday's summaries:

Motor Hose C — 1st, Point Plesant; 2nd, Sea Breeze; 3rd, Greece-Ridge; 4th, Ontario; 5th West Brighton. Time, 24.0.

Motor Hose B—1st, Ontario; 2nd, Point Pleasant and Greece-Ridge, tie; 4th Sea Breeze; 5th, Spencerport. Time, 14.4.

Motor Hose Replacement—1st, Greece-Ridge; 2nd, Point Pleasant; 3rd, Ontario and West Brighton, tie; 5th, Sea Breeze. Time, 22.2.

Efficiency Replacement — 1st, Point Pleasant; 2nd, Greece-Ridge; 3rd, Ontario. Time, 35.1.

Two in One—1st, Greece-Ridge; 2nd, Ontario; 3rd, Point Pleasant. Time, 14.5.