

SPOTLIGHT ON



THOMAS BARKER

HOMETOWN Irondequoit
RESIDENCE Webster
AGE Around 70

Why he's in the news

Barker has just published a new book, "Newspaper Boy," depicting his experiences delivering the morning newspaper to customers on "route S-2," including Leland Road and Winona Boulevard in Irondequoit, in the mid-1950s. Coincidentally, it was International Newspaper Carriers Day Saturday, Oct. 8. The book chronicles not only the history of "news boys," but also how he got his paper route, overcame obstacles, made new friends, and endeared himself to the customers on his route.

Where to get the book

The 94-page book, containing a number of photographs, is published by Amazon's CreateSpace and is available in both paper and ePub directly from Amazon.com.

The economics

His paper route did "pay off," Barker writes in his book — "to the tune of about \$10 a week." He spent about 10 hours a week delivering papers and "collecting" from subscribers. "Minimum wage was about \$1 an hour, so I got just that," he writes. His income amounted to \$520 a year. He spent just under half that amount to pay his own tuition to McQuaid High School. At the time, it was \$240 a year.

His routine

To deliver the morning paper, Barker would be up at 5:30 a.m. seven days a week, and eat a "hearty" breakfast of Cheerios in the warmer months and hot oatmeal in the winter. He rode his red Rollfast 24-inch bike, for which he paid \$28.95 in the spring of 1948.

His research

He did contact the circulation department at the Democrat and Chronicle when he started the book, Barker said, but was finally referred to the local history section of the Rochester Public Library, which did provide several folders of clippings related to newspaper delivery boys. "I found a few gems and photographed them for the book," Barker said.

In his own words

"I remember one winter morning that I spent over an hour and a half pushing my way through the snow. WHAM radio reported that all schools were closed. I got the news out to my customers, who were in no hurry to rush out to work that snowy day. The City of Rochester had been shut down, as announced in the headlines the next morning."

—Linda Quinlan

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SUBMITTED

Bodybuilding show

Natural New York State bodybuilding show promoter Joe Christiano, pictured here with master of ceremonies Arkee Allen and judge Gabe Speranza, is ready for the show. All three men are Irondequoit High School alumni. Christiano's drug free bodybuilding competition is this weekend, Saturday, Oct. 15, at IHS, 260 Cooper Road. Christiano is a personal trainer at Boundaries Gym in Irondequoit for the past 15 years. For more information, call (585) 234-7564 or go to www.trainerofnaturalchampions.com.



SUBMITTED BY DEANNA VARBLE

Award winner

Anthony DiMarzo, president and CEO of Mark IV Enterprises, was presented with Flower City Habitat for Humanity's Golden Hammer Award on Oct. 5. DiMarzo (center) is seen with Arthur Woodward, CEO of Flower City Habitat for Humanity (left) and Mark Peterson, president of Greater Rochester Enterprise. The Golden Hammer Award recognizes a tangible contribution made to the well-being of our community.



SUBMITTED

Fall treat

Dorothy Carey, 77, from Irondequoit, now a resident at The Baird nursing home on St. Paul Street, looks over a plate of pretzels before making her selection during a recent Oktoberfest celebration with accordion player Henry Boessl.



SUBMITTED

Tournament raises \$3,500

Nothnagle Realtors raised \$3,500 for the Ronald McDonald House at the Nothnagle's Annual Golf Tournament held on Aug. 15. More than 140 agents and guests participated in the tournament held at Durand Eastman Golf Course. Ronald McDonald House Charities of Rochester has two locations in the area. The houses are specifically meant for families of children who are in the hospital due to illness, cancer, injuries or accidents, as a comfortable home away from home with minimal expenses.

5 THINGS TO DO



1 COUNT DRACULA'S JOURNEY

The Count journeys from his gloomy Transylvania castle to the bustling streets of London, leaving death and destruction in his seductive wake. Bram Stoker's "Dracula" will be performed at the Geva Theatre Center this weekend, 7:30 p.m. Thursday, 8 p.m. Friday, 2 and 8 p.m. Saturday, 2 and 7 p.m. Sunday. Tickets start at \$25 available at www.gevatheatre.org, (585) 232-4382.

2 IMAGEOUT FESTIVAL

The ImageOut Festival continues this weekend with film showings at the Cinema Theatre at 957 S. Clinton Ave. The festival works to present LGBT arts and cultural experiences showcasing films, other creative works and artists to promote awareness, foster dialogue and build community. For more information (585-271-2640) or go to www.imageout.org

3 SPIRITS OF THE PAST

Tour guides will lead guests through the darker recesses of the 19th-century village to revisit scenes from Edgar Allan Poe, Washington Irving, and others this weekend, from 6:30 to 9:30 p.m. Friday-Saturday (also Oct. 21-22, 28-29). The Genesee Country Village & Museum, at 1410 Flint Hill Road, Mumfords will host the "Spirits of the Past" Ghostly tours departing every 10 minutes, not recommended for children under 12; \$14 (\$12 members). Reservations are required at (585) 538-6822, www.gcv.org.

4 "AS YOU LIKE IT"

Watch this comic romp about love, life, and possibility at the Nazareth College Arts Center at 4245 East Ave. William Shakespeare's "As You Like It" will take place on October 14-15, and 21-22 at 8 p.m. and October 16 and 23 at 2 p.m. Tickets are \$12, \$11 seniors, and \$10 students. Available at (585) 389-2170 or visit the Arts Center box office or online at boxoffice.naz.edu.

5 FALL FESTIVITIES

The Fall into Canandaigua Festival includes some of the best fall activities, with wagon rides and food. The festival is from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. Saturday, Oct. 15. Live entertainment is at The Commons Park. Free wagon rides will be available from 1 p.m. - 4 p.m. and several craft, merchant and vendor booths will line the sidewalks. For more info go to www.downtowncanandaigua.com

An overlooked, underappreciated attribute of mothers

I don't understand why mothers don't get more recognition for the asset I am about to discuss. We get all kinds of kudos for our abilities to nurture and soothe and yank a dangling tooth, but when it comes to this particular knack, we get zilch.

I'm talking, of course, about our ability to identify, withstand and cope with smells.

This skill is tapped the day our kids are born, and it continues to be tapped until eternity.

Fathers don't warrant special recognition for this attribute, because, frankly, they don't seem to possess it. And this is not just my opinion: It is the opinion of hundreds of research scientists whose names are available upon request. These scientists, many of whom

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are employed by Jockey, have confirmed that, indeed, men are oblivious to scents that could fell a herd of charging holiday shoppers.

Why the plea for a little credit? In a word: It's a herculean task to be the family GPS: Grand Poobah of Smells.

Although I don't change diapers anymore, I do recall my ability to detect a full diaper. For a while, my ability was so keen I could detect Le Load a room away. Whenever this happened, I would stop whatever I

was doing and seek out the offender, which — no surprise here — would usually be sitting smack on my husband's lap.

"How can you not smell that?" I would ask, incredulously.

"Smell what?" he would say with big, wide eyes.

A mother's extraordinary talent to hang tight and soothe a yakking child deserves an Olympic gold medal. Honestly, it takes a tough cookie not to lose it when vomit molecules are making a nostril beeline.

And how about those untraceable odors that bring a household to its knees? You know the ones I'm talking about. They mysteriously arise and, just as mysteriously, refuse to leave. What's more, they reduce us mothers to animals. One minute we're standing upright, wondering what that

funky smell is; the next, we're down on all fours, rooting around like rabid beagles.

I am not kidding when I say it never ends. Just this summer, while my husband and I were away, my twenty-somethings put lobster remains in the trash and then forgot to take the trash out to the curb. The temperature soared that week. If you've ever wondered what the worst smell in the world is, well, it is not a rotting elephant corpse. It is weeks-old lobster trapped in a steamy garbage can.

In conclusion, we mothers deserve more recognition for our uncanny sense of smell. While words of appreciation are always welcome, roses are even better. Toss in some fragrant Chardonnay and we will never utter the expression "morning moose breath" again.