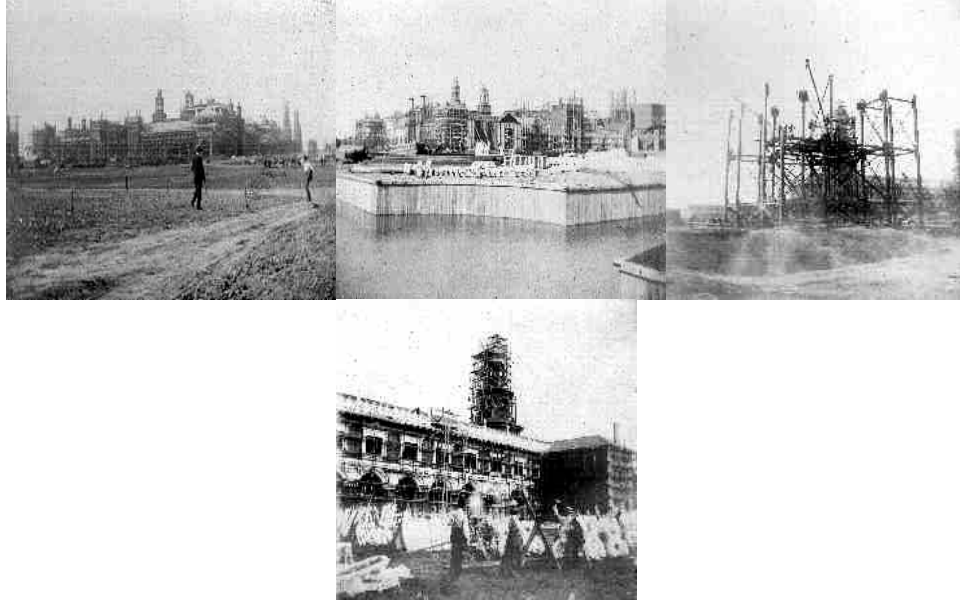


**The twentieth century is upon us, now.
For the first time I feel the awe with which I expected to welcome it
- The bells are still ringing -
is the peel a more joyful one now?
However it may be, we all hail the New Year, the New Century and pray that it
- may bring us -
peace.**

**Genie Strickler
January 1st, 1901**



The *Pan American* Exposition 1901 (viewed from outside the grounds)



Previously Unreleased Photos of the Pan American Exposition Under Construction taken August 25, 1900 by Imogene C. Strickler

- **Tuesday, January 1:** (9:30pm) The first-day of the new century dawned clear and bright - and has been passed by us quietly at-home

- **Monday, April 29:** The past few days have been perfectly perfect, warm and delightful and bright. Frank Cole came over Saturday evening with another young man. They visited the Exposition Sunday morning and were here to dinner. Returned last night, I am sorry for Frank.

I had a headache yesterday and couldn't go to Sunday School. It was a culmination of my exhaustion from working as steadily on photos while Mr. Sulley was here and having no rest after it. The folks have been visiting the Exposition Grounds lately but they say things are far from finished, There is to be no formal opening until May 20, although admission after May 1st will be 50 cents. We had a tremendous storm last week Friday, Saturday and Sunday, a very heavy snow and rain, but it was not cold. It has delayed *Pan American* progress somewhat.

- **Wednesday, May 8:** It is raining to-night but very warm. In fact we have had warm weather all this week. It is delightful, the trees are becoming beautifully green and all Nature looks lovely. Dr. Benedict sent me a pass to the *Pan American* good until the fifteenth. He wanted some photos and now I am to make a map of this locality and take in by the last of the week. I went out Friday and again Monday with Edith the last time. We stayed to the illumination, which is simply indescribably beautiful. It seemed like another world, so weirdly glorious and magnificent. We saw everything nearly, except the Midway shows many of which I don't care to see at all. It is a beautiful exposition, smaller then the Columbian it is true, but grand nevertheless.

Am awfully sleepy.

-Wednesday, May 15: It is cooler now, but still pleasant. Everything is beautiful but we have little time to enjoy it. Mary finished our sewing last week and now we are to finish our housecleaning and then will be ready for *Pan American*. I used my pass three times. That is all the good it did me, but I enjoyed it very much. We took our stoves down yesterday. This is a fairly early spring, considerably earlier than last year.

-Thursday, May 16: Mama and I have been to town this afternoon and made several purchases, among them being a half dozen silver knives and forks, three tablespoons, and two sets of cut glass salt and peppers, - a present to Lottie from Grandma. She was delighted.

-Saturday, May 18: This has been an unusually busy day. We have cleaned the sitting room and dining room with Theresa's aid, swept through upstairs, and pieced the dining room carpet - cleaned the back room and both verandahs with the help of Polish women, and took down the storm doors. I am tired, Mama is tired also.



-Tuesday, May 21: It has been quite warm all day. Mama and I went to town this afternoon. Yesterday was Dedication at the *Pan Am*. I went in with the boys and Edith to see the parade but we did not go out to the grounds, it was too cold and the prospect of being crowded did not appeal to us either. All the stores in town closed.

-Tuesday, May 28: We have just returned from Singing School and I have thought about this blank book and that I have not written in a week. It has rained every day for the last four or five and we are anxious to see the sun again. - Last Thursday was a beautiful day and I went to the *Pan Am* with Papa and Mama in the afternoon. We enjoyed it very much remaining to see the illumination, which commences every evening at 8 o'clock. On the Midway we went in to the Streets of Cairo and the Old Plantation - both worth seeing also Bostock's Trained Wild Animals. We expect Ada and Hettie next week, also Harold Robertson.



-Monday, June 3: For more than a week we had rain and cold weather every day. The rain has stopped somewhat but the cold weather continues. Saturday it was bright sunshine for the first time in this protracted unpleasant spell and we all went out to the Exposition. Lot and Lottie, Edith, Herbert, Howard and I and we did have a perfectly delightful time. We remained to see the illumination and fireworks in the evening, which were beautiful and We took the Trip to the Moon and saw the Burning Mountain on the Midway. None of the Midway concessions seems to me

very dignified. They are interesting - or amusing rather, to me, as Lottie says like the "pinny pinny poppy shows" of our childhood days.



-Saturday, June 22: It is warm this evening excessively so, and it is thundering and lightening vividly. Hettie and I took a walk

down to Aunt Sue's but did not stay long as it seemed so much like rain. We reached home just in time to escape a brisk shower. Yesterday I went to the Falls with Ada and Hettie and had a delightful time. We saw all there was to see except the Cave of the Wind. Went on the Belt Line down the Canadian side and back through the Gorge, which is a magnificently grand trip. We stopped at Brock's Monument where we had a fine view of the surrounding country. On Wednesday we went to the *Pan American* for the second time since they have been here, went through some of the foreign and state buildings and the Art Gallery. Sousa's Band is here now and we stayed until after nine o'clock to hear it. I ought to mention here that the Seneca Street Bridge, which has been building since last October, compelling us to walk around it all winter, was finally finished two weeks ago. It was a cause of rejoicing to all South Buffalo.



-Monday, June 24: It is a beautiful bright day making one feel like being out of doors. I expect to spend the afternoon, however, in ironing. Ada and Hettie calculate to go to town.

Yesterday was the twenty-ninth anniversary of my birth and I was delightfully remembered by Grandma who gave me a brush and comb and a beautiful tray for them also a book, which I have long desired to own "Poems of Cabin and Field" by Paul Lawrence Dunbar. Ada gave me a little individual tea-pot since I found out by consulting a Fortune Telling Calendar obtained at the Pan Am that "the prospects are that alone I'll be. Compelled to sit with my cat and tea." We have had lots of fun about it. Last evening Papa, Mama, Ada, Hettie and I went for a delightful drive to South Park & the Steel Plant. It was delightful.

-Friday, June 28: It has been very warm to-day and as I did not feel as well as usual, I did not go to the Pan American with Ada, Hettie and Howard this afternoon. I feel quite myself now, however. Went down to McMillans this evening to get my new hat which is very beautiful. Last evening Howard and I went to the High School Commencement at Convention Hall. Went to the Exposition Tuesday. We had a most enjoyable time. Wednesday evening we all took a moonlight ride to Crystal Beach. The lake was lovely, but in the return trip we had a magnificent display of

electricity, and by the time we reached Buffalo harbor the rain was pouring down in torrents. It let up a little when the boat touched the dock so that we did not get wet in going to the street cars, but we were barely settled on the Seneca St. car when it commenced again, continuing until after we reached Eyring's where we waited under the awning until it stopped and gave us an opportunity to get home.

-Thursday July 4: This promises to be a great day at home for me. Herbert has gone to the *Pan Am* with the Cooke boys from Parnassus and Frank Cole. They all came yesterday afternoon. In the evening we all went over to the lake for a boat ride. The night was beautiful and we stayed out two hours that is, Lot & Lottie with a Mr. and Mrs. Norse and Frank Cole and I with Miss Jenkins, Mrs. Norse's sister. The others went home earlier.

-Friday July 5: (9:00 pm) It is raining very heavily at present and the lightening is unusually vivid. Howard has been out with Miss Wood all the afternoon and returned just before the storm commenced about half an hour ago. Frank Cole was here to dinner and stayed all the afternoon. He intends to go to the *Pan American* again to-morrow with Lot. Some of the visitors went out to-day. Am afraid they will get wet.

-Tuesday July 16: The summer seems to be rapidly passing. It has been very intensely warm the past few days. Yesterday was dreadful. Last week we had a visit from Walter Robertson. He is very like Harold, but younger and taller. We all fell in love with him. He, like Harold, stayed until the last minute, going home on the 8:20 train Sunday night. Sunday morning quite a contingent from the Jersey City ecclesia arrived in Buffalo. They were quite tired from their long hot journey so did not remain late. They are going to visit the Pan American and the falls. I don't know how long they will stay.

-Monday July 22: It is a bright pleasant day, but rather warm. The heat is affecting me most unpleasantly. It seems quite lonely here now so many have gone. Ashford came last Thursday and stayed until Sunday morning. I went to the *Pan Am* with him Friday afternoon. We expect Annie Rileigh and Jack McKellar next week and Arthur Faust of Brooklyn the week after. I am not feeling a bit well on account of the heat. We are fortunate here in Buffalo however for it is the coolest place in the country.

We have had some delightful days lately.



-Monday Aug 5: It is a beautiful morning. We intend to take a drive about town this afternoon and show Annie Rileigh and Jack McKellar the city. They came last Wednesday and we are enjoying their visit exceedingly. They went to the Exposition Thursday and we took a drive to South Park Friday.

Saturday was Midway Day at the Exposition. All the young

folks went but myself I had a headache.

-Aug. 19: Saturday was Army Day at the Exposition and we all went except Herbert. The West Point Cadets are here now and they had a dress parade in the Stadium. Gen. Miles was there too, a fine looking man.

-Sept.8: The whole nation has been fearfully shocked at a deed committed here at the *Pan American* Friday afternoon when during the progress of a public reception by President McKinley in the Temple of Music, a rabid anarchist shot him twice in the stomach. The man is a Pole from Cleveland and as he approached the President to shake his hand he fired the shots from beneath a bandage with which his left hand was done up & in which a small 32 caliber revolver was concealed. McKinley's state is favorable but today is the critical time. There was strong talk of lynching the would-be assassin and thousands crowded the streets all night near the police headquarters where he was confined. Good sense prevailed however and the law will be allowed to take its course.

-Sept.14: Pres. McKinley is dead. He passed away at 2:15 o'clock this morning. He was apparently getting on so nicely that it was a great shock when he took a turn for the worse yesterday. All night the streets were crowded with people anxious for news. His last words were "it is God's way. His will be done not mine." The nation mourns for he was a good man. There is one gleam of brightness and that is that Roosevelt is President. I wonder why I feel such a thrill of satisfaction as I write that. Probably because it is something which I have desired for some years past - long before it was ever talked or thought of. He is such a strong forceful man that he can fearlessly deal with whatever questions may come up. Anarchy may be the first - the country is so thoroughly aroused.

-Sep. 17: Yesterday morning the train bearing the martyred President passed here. Mama, Lottie and I went down to see it and I took a snap-shot. The engines were draped in black. Friday evening Herbert took me to the Exposition to hear the Welch Singers at their Eisteddfod the Temple of Music and Saturday evening he took me to meet them again in the Convention Hall. The latter concert in particular was fine.

-Friday, Oct.11: Mary is here as expected nearly all last week. We wanted to go to the *Exposition* one day, but it was so cold and unpleasant that we could not think of it.



- Friday, Oct.18: It is cold this morning and we have not yet had our stoves set-up. Think we shall attend to very soon. Mrs. Robertson and Harold are here. They came last Saturday morning and have been going pretty steadily every day that has been pleasant Saturday afternoon they went with Howard

and myself for a boat-ride on the "Gen. Wilson," a trip similar to the one we had last fall. Monday afternoon Etta Spargo (a visitor who has been sleeping at Lot-ties) and I went to the Exposition and met Harold and his mother at six o'clock. Enjoyed it thoroughly. Tuesday we went for a drive to South Park in the afternoon and called on Aunt Ellen. Thursday, yesterday, Robertsons went to the Exposition again and Etta and I went to town to get souvenirs for her home folks. Mrs., Robertson and Harold left us tonight.

-Oct. 23: If it is pleasant tomorrow we, Papa, Mama and I expect to go to the Exposition and Mary Habermeyer too.

-Nov. 6: The assassin of President McKinley was electrocuted last Tuesday morning and all trace of him afterward obliterated.



-Nov. 27: We expect the Cooke family here tomorrow for Thanksgiving dinner. Papa brought home such a big turkey that we must have help to get rid of it. We have very little company now except on Sunday - quite different from what it was while the Exposition was in progress. I neglected to note the final night of that most beautiful of transient cities, November 2. At midnight of that date the lights were turned off forever and the contract has-been let for taking down the buildings and restoring the grounds to their former condition. It is a sad, sad thing to think of all that glorious beauty being gone, never to return. How like life. Nevertheless the memory of it remains and will continue to be a source of pleasant reflections and a "joy forever." The *Pan American* was a financial failure but it was also the means of causing our fair city to become far better known than ever before. It was the witness of one of the most - terrible tragedies in the history of our country, but it also witnessed many a joyous scene. It was the means of giving us some new and good friends and renewing the bonds with the old, so that for us, it is all a very pleasant remembrance with the one exception.

I wonder what good is accomplished in reality in keeping a journal of this kind. No one cares to read it but myself and indeed, I think I would not altogether relish the idea of allowing anyone else to read it if they did.

I was looking over last - years journal to-day, and I think that it is about the only one I have which does not contain some things which only I should see. But then, when I get to be an old woman, I may enjoy looking over what I have written, and living again in fancy, the days that are gone.

I wonder what the future has for me.

Some Family Members (photo from 1904) four generations



Emma A. Strickler "Mamma", Augusta Tyler "Grandma", Mrs. Harold R. Robertson
(formerly Imogene C. Strickler),
Imogene Robertson McCausland (on lap of her Great-Grandmother)

-Tuesday, December 31: I think that the last entry of the year deserves a little extra attention, so I have started on a new page. To-morrow I will have no diary to start in for the first time in some years, and I don't know as I care particularly, the years come and go bringing the usual routine of everyday tasks intermingled with pleasant events or sorrowful, not necessary to record.

The year which closes to-night has seen the death of many who hailed its birth in full vigor. Their deaths were some of the sad events of the year. For Buffalo, the *Pan American Exposition* was a fleeting, beautiful dream, a happy glorious memory for those who saw it. It witnessed the assassination of President McKinley, whom the nation still mourns. England also mourns the good queen who ruled so long and well, dying early in the year. China feels the loss of Li Hung Chang, one of the greatest of modern statesmen. The world however moves on without these personages, as it will continue to do...

Imogene C. Strickler
1901.

Imogene Christabel Strickler, 1901