

STEPHEN MERRELL CLEMENT

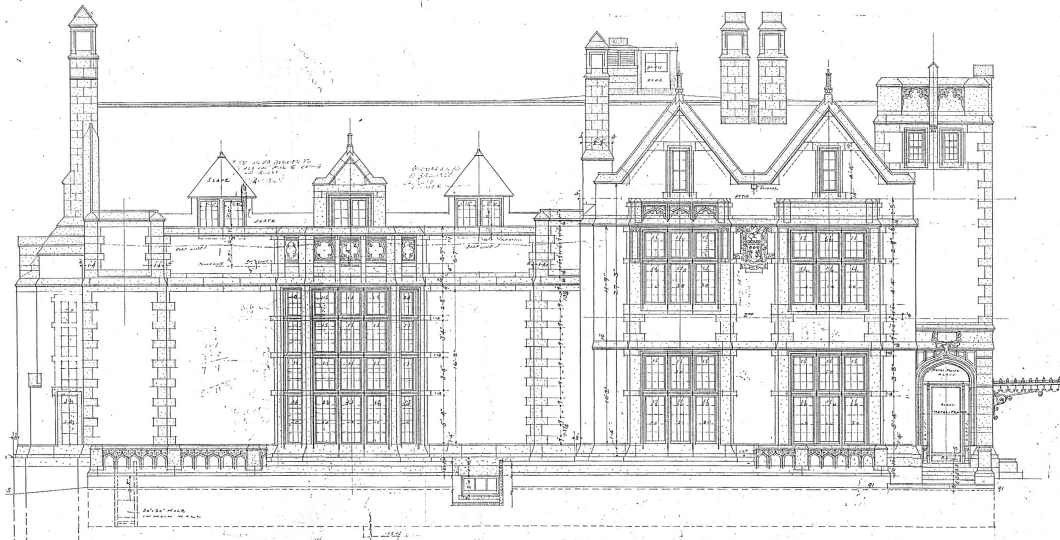
CAROLYN JEWETT TRIPP

786 Delaware Avenue



Rufus Frost

The original 786 Delaware, built in 1855 by Hon. Erastus Sabinus Prosser (1809-1888). Purchased by Augustus Franklin Tripp (1822-1908) in 1881. His daughter, Carolyn Jewett Tripp (1861-1943), was married there to Stephen Merrell Clement (1859-1913) in 1884. Emma Tripp Frost lived there with her son Lowell, after Charles Hubbard Frost died in 1894. After A. F. Tripp's death, Carolyn & Stephen tore the house down, in 1911, and built the present 786 Delaware Avenue.



E.B. Green / Red Cross

The East Elevation of 786 Delaware Avenue

Peter W. Clement 4 Waterbury Avenue Madison, CT 06443

Clement Day July 2011

09-SMC2 786 Scrapbook

STEPHEN MERRELL CLEMENT (1859-1913)

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The second 786 Delaware was designed by Edward B. Green (1855-1950), of Green & Wicks, beginning in 1911. E. B. Green was the pre-eminent designer in Buffalo at the time. He designed the Albright Art Gallery, The Buffalo Savings Bank building, among some 200 other buildings in Buffalo alone. For Stephen M. Clement, Jr. he designed a farm barn in East Aurora, the new Marine National Bank building, of 1915, his house at 786 Delaware Avenue, and for the Estate of Stephen M. Clement, the Genesee Building in 1924.



HTC Stereopticon Slide

“Beginning in 1892, the firm began to receive a succession of large residential orders that eventually were to include nearly every other house on what was then Buffalo's most exclusive street, Delaware Avenue. Between 1892 and the end of 1893, Green designed ten grand homes in a variety of styles, mostly Renaissance revival, for example the Charles W. Goodyear House at 888 Delaware in 1903, the George B. Matthews House at 830 Delaware, the George V. Foreman House at 824 Delaware, and the Stephen Clement House at 786 Delaware in 1913.” Chuck LaChiusa



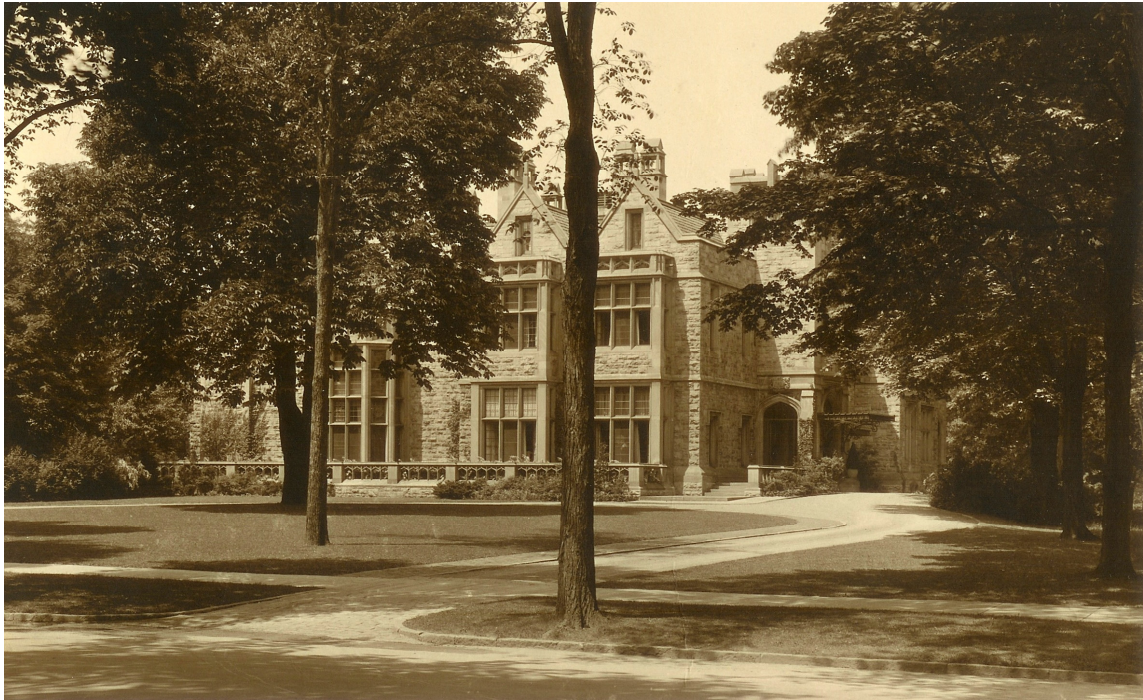
HTC Stereopticon Slide

*Capt Augustus Tripp¹, Ansel Tripp², Augustus Franklin Tripp³, Carolyn Jewett Tripp Clement⁴,
Norman, Edith, Merrell, Harold, Marion, Stuart⁵*

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Marion Clement Tener wedding book 1916

*Capt Augustus Tripp¹, Ansel Tripp², Augustus Franklin Tripp³, Carolyn Jewett Tripp Clement⁴,
Norman, Edith, Merrell, Harold, Marion, Stuart⁵*

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CTC Grandchildren's Album

786 Delaware Ave from the west.. The Dining Room and its Terrace at the left, the Music Room and its Terrace to the right.



CJC/SMCIII Album

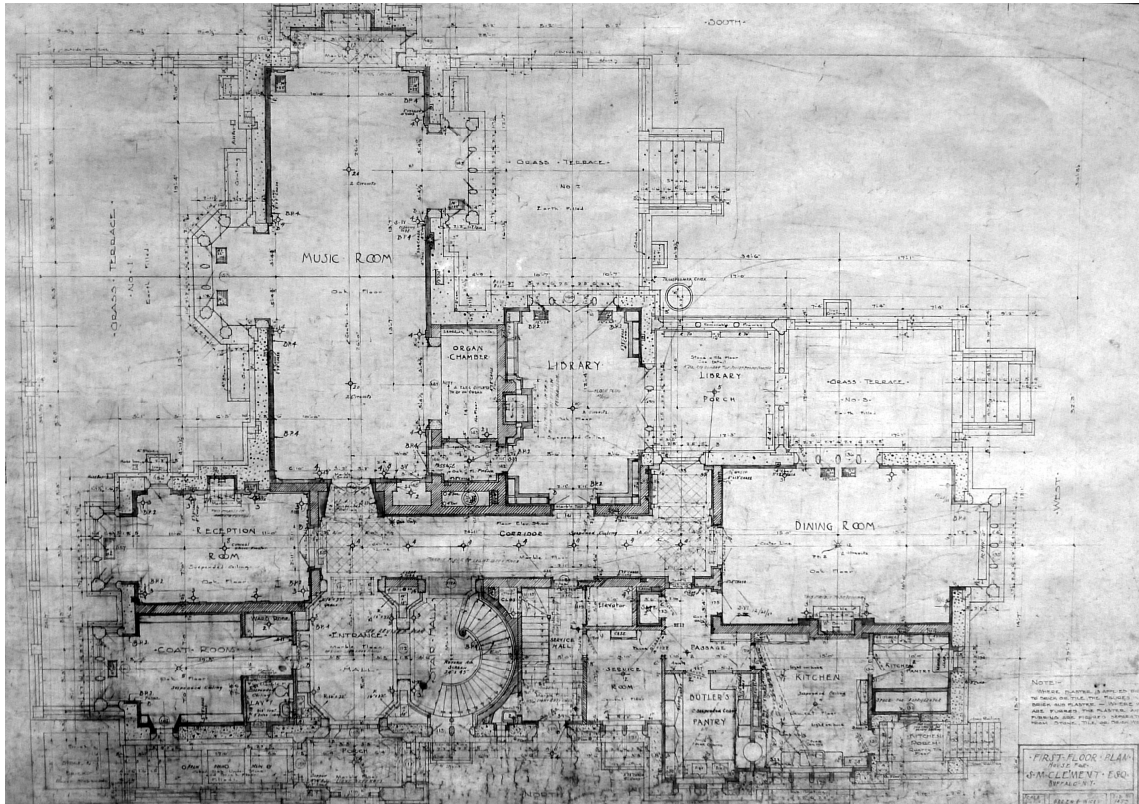
The garden looking west from the Music Room Terrace. The chimney of the garage is visible in the distance. The coal-fired heating plant was located there at Stephen Clement's request, to limit the infiltration of coal dust into the house: steam pipes ran underground in a tunnel to the house. HTC_{Jr} recalled that all winter there was a wide swath of green grass visible between the house and the garage. The house & grounds were presided over by "Judge," a terrifying presence to the grandchildren, when caught exploring the heating tunnel.

*Capt Augustus Tripp¹, Ansel Tripp², Augustus Franklin Tripp³, Carolyn Jewett Tripp Clement⁴,
Norman, Edith, Merrell, Harold, Marion, Stuart⁵*

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Red Cross

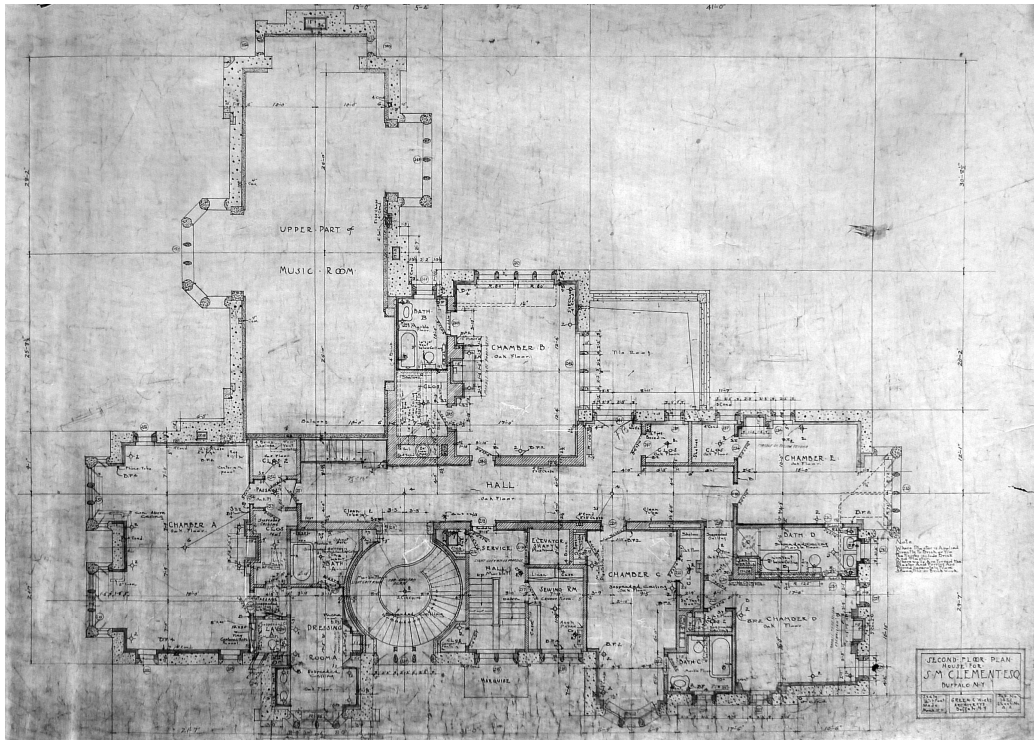
First floor plan of 786 Delaware Avenue. North is down, Delaware Avenue is to the left. Note the “Organ Chamber” between the Music Room and the Library. The space below that was a passage, hidden by an operable panel in the Music Room, and a moving bookcase in the Library. The air pump for the organ was controlled from this passage. Petie Clement Leslie was known to sneak into the passage when someone was playing the organ, an push open a leather flap-valve, that released the air pressure. The result was an rapid & exhausted-sounding tapering-off of the music, followed by a chase through the house. The terraces outside the Music Room and Dining Room are labeled “Grass Terrace.” The circle between the Butler’s Pantry & the Kitchen is a lazy susan for delivering the food to be “plated.” It also served as a merry-go-round for smaller grandchildren, after hours.

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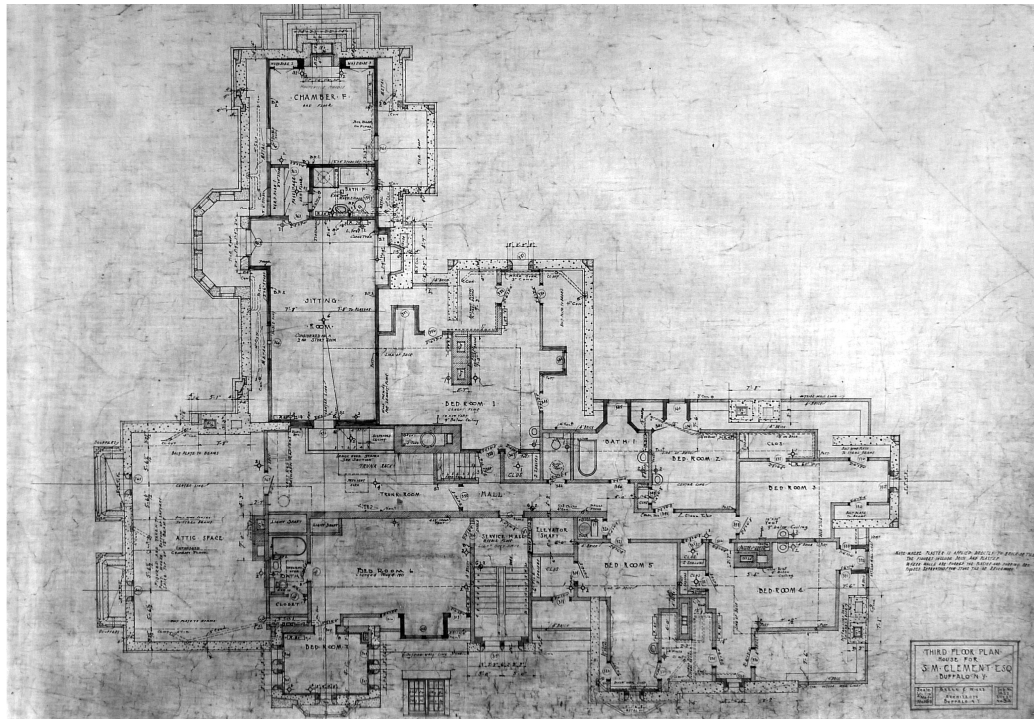
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The Second Floor Plan.



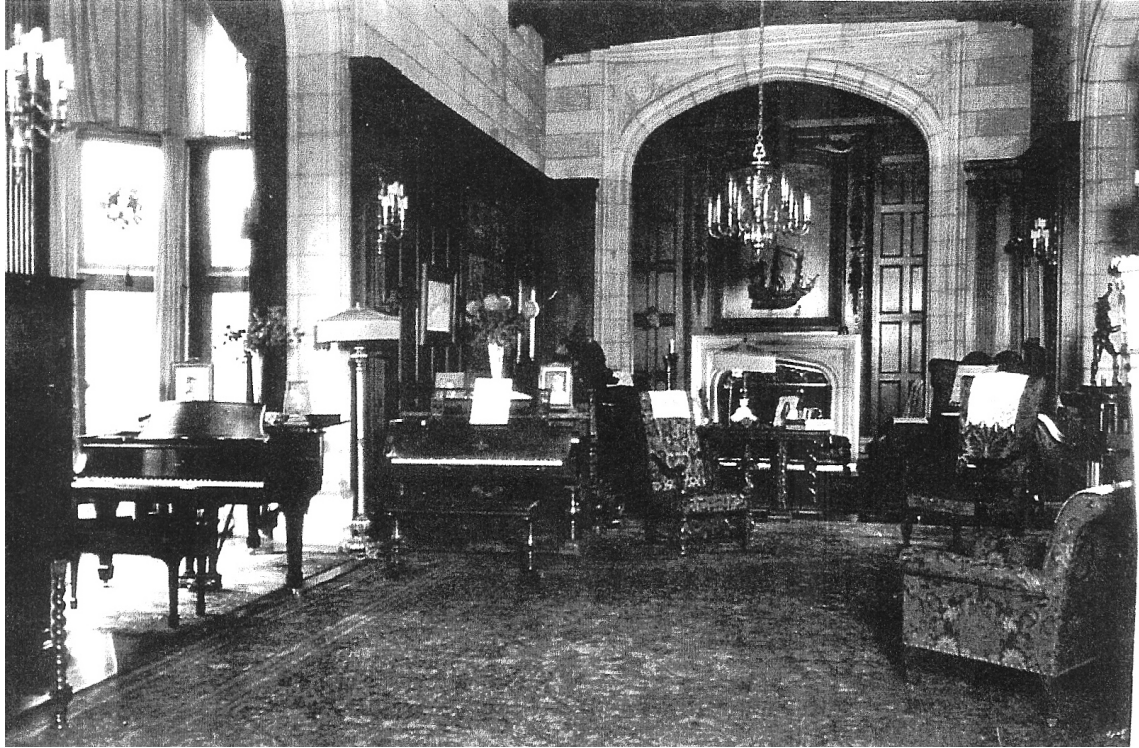
The Third Floor Plan.

*Capt Augustus Tripp¹, Ansel Tripp², Augustus Franklin Tripp³, Carolyn Jewett Tripp Clement⁴,
Norman, Edith, Merrell, Harold, Marion, Stuart⁵*

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CTC Grandchildren's Album

The Music Room looking south. The room was 20' wide by 52' long by 20' high: the furniture was necessarily over-sized to sit comfortably in such a large room. It held two Steinway grand pianos, often played by Carolyn & her sister Emma T. Frost. Carolyn had studied music in Paris for a year before she was married, continuing her father's love of music. In the room there was also an Austin pipe organ, recessed in an arched opening to the right, and a harp, just visible at the right edge of the picture. In addition there were a collection of banjos, guitars & mandolins available for impromptu musicales by the children.

Less impromptu use of the room occurred often during the Depression, when Constance Allen Clement (Mrs. Harold Tripp Clement), and Carolyn T. Clement, organized subscription concerts for the Buffalo Philharmonic chamber group. Several large houses were conscripted for these concerts, including the Baird house and the Seymour Knox house, next door to 786.

One of the musicians from the Philharmonic told CAC that he had been invited to hear Mrs. Clement & Mrs. Frost play some piano duets. He made a face suggesting that he wasn't looking forward to it. Con Clement raised her eyebrows and said, "Just you wait!" He reported later that he was very impressed, by the playing skill of both women, and by the selection of music; very eclectic, and interesting to a professional ear.

Carolyn Clement's granddaughter Petie Clement (Constance Allen Clement 2) wrote an essay about living in the house, which several branches did during the Depression. The essay was called, "My Castle," and was published in the Westover School literary magazine, The Lantern, in 1949.

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Marion Clement Tener Wedding Album 1916

Another view of the Music Room, as it was set up for the wedding of Alexander Campbell Tener, Harold Clement's roommate at The Hill, and at Yale, and Marion Clement. The Cecilia Beaux portrait of Stephen Merrell Clement is hanging over the mantle/altar.



HTC Album

Carolyn Tripp Clement at her writing desk in the Music Room.

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HTC Album

World War I



HTC Album

A Christmas portrait of CTC with her grandchildren in 1928. Earlier that year the family suffered the loss of Gordon Tripp Clement, and Stephen Merrell Clement 3rd, so the mood is subdued.

*Capt Augustus Tripp¹, Ansel Tripp², Augustus Franklin Tripp³, Carolyn Jewett Tripp Clement⁴,
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SPBC

Christmas 1928 at 786 Delaware

*Capt Augustus Tripp¹, Ansel Tripp², Augustus Franklin Tripp³, Carolyn Jewett Tripp Clement⁴,
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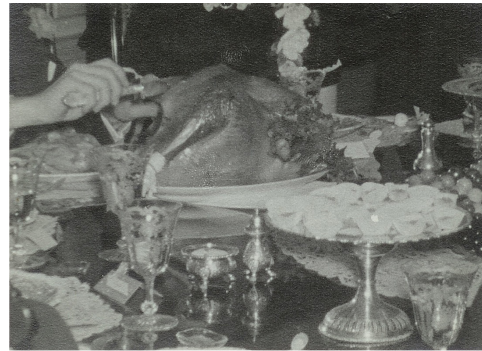


Red Cross



Red Cross

The American Red Cross continues the family's tradition of mounting a large Christmas tree in the Music Room (now conference room) window.



HTC Scrapbook

Thanksgiving or Christmas Dinner at 786 c.1940.

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HTC Album

Marion Clement posing for her debutante portrait on
the staircase of 786 Delaware Avenue.

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Web

A 1922 Cunningham Town Car (the driver's seat was exposed), similar to a car owned by Carolyn T. Clement. A custom-assembled car, hers was dark green, with black fenders, and featured lap robes and flower vases in the passenger compartment. Driven & cared for by Bates, the chauffeur.



Peter Clement

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Peter Clement

Vicky Clement & Charles Merrell Clement (Piper), on the
Library Terrace of 786, shortly after the renovations to the house: 2000.
5th generation.

*Capt Augustus Tripp¹, Ansel Tripp², Augustus Franklin Tripp³, Carolyn Jewett Tripp Clement⁴,
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The Changing Years:

BUFFALO COURIER-EXPRESS
Sunday, December 2, 1951

Luxurious Home Now Serving Humanity

By H. KATHERINE SMITH

From hospitality to humanitarianism—that's the transition of the spacious gray stone mansion at 786 Delaware Ave. at Summer St. to meet the challenge of changing times.

Forty years ago, when the house was built by the late Stephen Merrell Clement as a home for his family and meeting place for their many friends, it was designated by its designer, the late Edward B. Green, dean of Buffalo architects, as the second most luxurious dwelling of this city. Its elegance and costliness was surpassed only by the home of the late John J. Albright. For more than a decade—since June 27, 1941, this home of yester year has housed the headquarters of Buffalo Chapter, American Red Cross.

Typifies Transition

Probably no room is so typical of the house's transition as the one-time music room which measured 52 by 20 feet, with ceiling rising 2½ stories in height. Its walls have reverberated to

the singing of the Kedroff Quartet, the playing of two grand pianos by Bruce Simonds, former head of the Yale Music School, and his wife; the rich contralto voice of Sophie Breslau of the Metropolitan Opera Co., Mrs. Dilling's unforgettable harp and the flawless music of the Budapest String Quartet playing with Bruce Simonds in a quintet. In those days, the room was floored with imported marble, light and dark blocks skillfully blended in exquisite designs. Walls were of paneled oak surmounted by limestone. Above the huge fireplace was a priceless mantelpiece of sculptured marble. An organ of superlative tone was built into the room.

As one gives one's pint of blood in this very room today, its immaculate whiteness suggests, not the gracious entertainment for which it was designed, but the antiseptic sanitation of a modern hospital. Within the one-time music room, a complete white lining has been built, preserving and protecting the original decor unmarred by a single nail.

With the holiday season approaching, one can't resist a reminiscence of two of the Clement Music Room at Christmas. Every year, it was graced by a 17-foot Christmas tree. On Christmas Eve, 40 or more close friends of the family would be invited for the carol sing. The servants would join the guests, singing carols, to the accompaniment of the organ. Subsequently, the youngest members of the family would distribute gifts to guests and servants.

For the debut of the former Marion Clement, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold T. Clement, now Mrs. Edward C. Curnen, Jr. of New Haven, Conn., the music room was festive with the huge Yule tree decked in silver and white with a profusion of evergreens from which hung gilded pine cones. Before the fireplace, the orchestra played. Each musician, wearing a scarlet coat, contributed to the holiday aspect of the room.

The music room could be beautiful in Summer, too. Not a few Buffalonians still remember the wedding of

another Marion Clement, the late aunt of Marion Curnen, married there, in 1916, to Alexander Tener. For that occasion, a flower-banked altar was improvised before the fireplace, and wedding music was played on the fine organ.

It Had Secret Panel

To the splendor of the music room of the Clement home was added the romantic mystery of a secret panel which revealed to those who knew how to move it, a passage from the organ chamber into the library.

The building stands on the west side of Delaware, north of Summer. Constructed of Medina sandstone in English Tudor style. Three sides of the entrance are of glass chosen to enable the departing visitor to see his car approaching and the guest arriving to glimpse the gracious interior.

Unusual interior features of the mansion are use of limestone in the walls and not only mantels and floors, but baseboards, too, of fine imported marble. The circular staircase leading to the second floor is of carved gray limestone. The Clement home was equipped with an elevator which facilitated its conversion to use by the Red Cross.

In the front hall hangs a portrait of the late Mrs. Stephen Merrell Clement (before marriage Carolyn

Jewett Tripp), painted by the distinguished artist, Cecilia Beaux. The 20 rooms of the fine dwelling are so suitable for their present use, that no fundamental changes in interior or exterior design were necessary. The large dining-room, well lighted through French doors and large French windows, lends itself to use as a laboratory. The ample butler's pantry proves an adequate office for staff nurses. The large kitchen continues to function according to its original purpose. It is the canteen and also the classroom for courses in nutrition. Several groups of business girls taking the nutrition course cook their supper there, one evening a week, as a class assignment.

Plans for Fund Raising

The second and third floors, formerly divided into sleeping rooms and the suite for the boys, Norman P. and Harold T. Clement, now are occupied by administrative and fund-raising offices of the Red Cross. Last year, plans were laid in these rooms for the raising of \$820,000, the Chapter's quota for the work of the Red Cross. The luxurious atmosphere of the former Clement home is well suited to encourage raising of a sum so close to \$1,000,000. The carved marble mantel above the fireplace of

Talk on Banking For Inter-Club

When the Inter-Club Council meets for dinner at 6.30 p. m. tomorrow at 147 North St. Miss Ellen G. Quinn, year's program chairman, announces that delegates from the American Institute of Banking, Women's Buffalo Chapter, will be in charge of the evening's entertainment. Miss Margaret Valentine is chairman.

Guest speaker will be John M. Galvin, vice-president of the Marine Trust Company, who will talk on the Romance of Modern Banking. The Marine Trust Company chorales will provide Christmas music. Miss Elloeen Oughterson will preside.

the second, story front room was created at a cost of \$12,000.

Speaking of mantels, one of the most artistic in the mansion is in the reception room where blood donors are registered. Constructed of white Italian marble inlaid with a darker marble, it is centered with a white Grecian urn carved in relief against a background of darker marble. At either end is a delicately chiselled

medallion of daisies, also done in marble.

Back in 1912 when prices were less than half today's values, the Clement home cost \$300,000.

The mansion occupies a large tract of land with a frontage of 168 feet, on Delaware Ave., extending back from 252 to 475 feet. The original deed for the property was signed in 1813 by a representative of the Holland Land Company. It was owned successively by Alvin Dodge, for whom Dodge St. is named, and William Hodge, whose name is perpetuated by Hodge Ave. Dodge held the land 22 years, bought it for \$396 and sold it at a profit of \$55,000. In 1881, the property was bought by Augustus Tripp, grandfather of the late Mrs. Stephen Merrell Clement.

Never Lived In Home

Stephen Merrell Clement never lived in the home he built with much interest and pride. He died before its completion. The only children to live in the mansion were those of Mr. and Mrs. Harold T. Clement: Harold T., Jr.; Marion, and Constance. Constance, currently a student at Vassar, received a national collegiate press award for her story of the homestead published in a Vassar newspaper.

The huge heating plant is in the

garage. Pipes connecting it with the house pass through a four-foot tunnel. The Clement children foresook the elegance and luxury of the mansion to play, hour after hour, in that tunnel. Their favorite memories are of the heat tunnel.

Members of Family Here

Harold T. Clement is the only living son of the builder of the mansion. Other members of the family living here are Dr. Stephen Merrell Clement, M. D., son of the late Norman P. Clement; his son, Stephen M. 3d and daughters Barbara and Margaret; Constance, daughter of Harold T. Clement, and the latter's son, Harold T., Jr., with his children, Peter and Carolyn.

One tradition of the Clement family continued by the Red Cross Chapter is the 17-foot Christmas tree. No longer is space available for it in the music room. It is placed instead outside the building for all who pass to enjoy. It is good to know that, from this proud mansion, is sent blood to save lives in Buffalo hospitals and in distant Korea—6,000 pints of blood each month. A phase of the American way of life to be proud of is the conversion of an elegant home such as this into a center of humanitarian activities.

HTCjr

Buffalo Courier Express, 2 December 1951

Capt Augustus Tripp¹, Ansel Tripp², Augustus Franklin Tripp³, Carolyn Jewett Tripp Clement⁴, Norman, Edith, Merrell, Harold, Marion, Stuart⁵

STEPHEN MERRELL CLEMENT (1859-1913)

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786 Delaware Avenue

: MY CASTLE :

To my five-year-old eyes, my grandmother's large grey stone house was indeed a castle. It stood back from the elm-shaded avenue and remained silent and mysterious, sitting erect and immovable on its green carpeted lawns, surrounded by rambling stone walls. Ever since I could remember I had lived inside it (my family had moved in before I was born) and it had always been a source of fascination for me. My nurse had read me stories of castles and the little princesses who inhabited them, and having has a boundless imagination even at that age, I imagined myself in a flowing taffeta dress rustling through the drafty feudal halls of an ancient palace.

The house lent itself to my imagination. Already it was ancient, having been built *fifty* years ago, an almost unthinkable lapse of time. Since I was the youngest in my family, by the time I was five my four brothers and sisters were all in school and I was left most of the day to amuse myself in my castle.

First I would have breakfast in the breakfast room, one of the few rooms in the house which seemed cozy to me. It was a small room and always warm with delicious smell of damp earth and geraniums in the window boxes mingled with the sugary steam of hot oatmeal and buttered toast which rose from the white china dishes on the green checked tablecloth. The soft sunlight slid in through the window panes and dropped to the floor, making diamond shaped on the fuzzy green rug. I loved to dawdle over my breakfast so that I could just sit in this quiet room and absorb the beautiful morning.

Presently the gong of the grandfather's clock would rouse me and I would instantly become a princess. Gliding out of the room, I would wander down the long hallway, admiring the rich red tapestries hanging on the walls. I could never really make them out clearly in the morning, as the hall was quite dark and musty and it wasn't until the lamps were lighted in the evening that the intricate designs could be made out. (I had seen them only a few times by lamp light because by that time I was in my nursery having supper, but I pretended I had studied them carefully.)

On I would go and pause in the entrance hall. Here I would stay the longest because this was the place where I felt I was truly a princess in my castle. The walls were of grey stone and the floor marble. The winding staircase leading to the second floor was also of marble and I felt it my royal duty to walk sedately up and down it several times a morning, which I conscientiously did, sweeping my train behind me. Sometimes I would stand on tiptoe and peek through the large casement windows, or sometimes, quite unbefitting to my nobility, I would walk round and round the circular patterns in the Persian rugs, being very careful not to step on any lines.

The next room I came to would be the writing room. This was a small room, but neither cheerful nor cozy. In fact it was quite dark and somber. The walls were oak paneled and the heavy desk furniture of mahogany. The desk faced a large, dusky bay window, which in turn looked out on the drive way and the street beyond. The room was usually cold and seemed to have an unused air.

I would go on to the reception room which was all pink & sparkly. The chairs & tables were of delicate cherry wood, and a small gold clock bedecked with cupids ticked merrily from the marble mantelpiece. This too was always light and airy with a faint smell of lavender and fading perfumes left behind [by] visiting ladies. Whenever the breeze blew back the soft pink curtains from the windows, the crystals of the chandelier would begin to dance, and if you listened carefully you could hear the tiny sounds of a faraway music box.

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The music room was my favorite. It was the largest in the house and seemed to feel its importance. It was as long as the hallway and one and a half stories high. I always stood for a little while at the doorway, taking in what lay before me. My grandmother was very musical and loved having musical things around her. In one corner of the room stood the organ and directly across from it the organ pipes, concealed by a giant tapestry of a man on horseback defeating a dragon. In front of the tapestry stood the harp, golden and fragile. Two pianos faced each other in the french-doored alcove which led to the garden, and finally at the end of the room was the fireplace, surrounded by a congenial group of armchairs which sat in placid contentment before the crackling fire. In another alcove stood a desk and a large stand which held the Bible, flanked by two church candles. There was a kind of peace in this room which made you want to lower your voice upon entering it. Many concerts were given here and all the sounds which had echoed to the rafters had been lovely ones.

You could leave this room by two ways-the conventional one, by simply turning around and walking out, finding yourself again in the hall, or the way which appealed much more to me. Under just the right place in the tapestry, (I think it was in the dragon's mouth) there was a button which you could press, and after a few moments of dungeonly creaking, a panel would slide out the wall allowing you to pass through it. This I would do and find myself in the castle prison (known to the grownups as "the place where the organ pipes are.") I would be hustled through this passage by an imaginary jailer and would stop, trembling, while he would push another button. Another panel would slide open and there would be, miraculously saved from my cruel fate, standing in the library, while the bookcase swung shut behind me.

In this room I would usually end my morning journey. The room was lined with bookcases sagging with volumes of leather covered books. The carpet was thick and plushy, so that when you walked on it, your feet sank in and left footprints behind for several seconds. There was a large table by the window upon which rested several current books. Among these was Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, one of the largest books I had ever seen. I would ceremoniously tug open the big book and hunt through the tissue thin pages until I came to the colorful display of flags of the Nations. This I would study for some time and then drop it for the pictures in the weekly magazines. In this room could be detected the odor of last night's cigarette smoke and the smell of old leather and saddle soap and a few hints of lunch drifting in from the kitchen.

Of course there are many places I remember in my castle, but I have mentioned only the ones which I considered my own domain - that is, until I was rudely interrupted by the shouts of advancing robber barons coming home from school.

Constance Clement '50

The Lantern

Westover School

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[Constance Clement, known as Petie, is the daughter of Harold Tripp Clement (1890-1971) & Constance Ramsdell Allen (1892-1971).]

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CAC/SWC/PWC

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