

## Life Visits Mc Sorley's Old Ale House

Untouched by time, walls of New York's oldest and most famous saloon are crowded with memories of 90 years





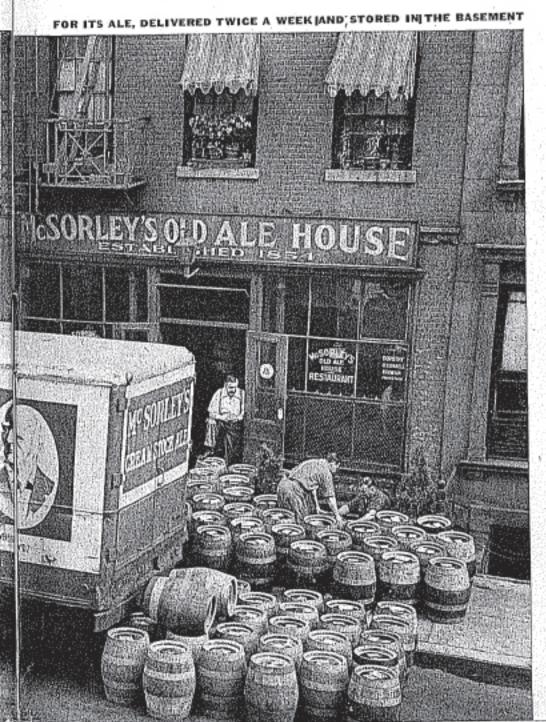




The oldest saloon in New York occupies the first floor of a red-brick house on the edge of the Bowery. It has been there since 1854, when John McSorley, late of County Tyrone, Ireland, opened under the name of Old House at Home. Peter Cooper and Samuel Gompers were steady customers in the old days. So were

the guardsmen from the Old 69th and the East Seventh Street neighborhood folk. Though the ale house passed in 1910 to McSorley's son, Bill, thence to a retired policeman, and finally to his daughter, it is little changed today. Old men who knew McSorley 50 years ago sit and nod over their ale, and the same faded prints

and memorabilia look down from the walls. In strict observance of old John's ruling, no women are allowed. McSorley's is described with nostalgia among other sketches of Manhattan in a new book by a New York newspaper reporter, Joseph Mitchell, called McSorley's Wonderful Saloon (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, \$2.50).







Disobeying . . . acting up . . . being contrary . . . that's just how not to be these days. You're supposed to be a comfort to the family, now that young Bill has gone away. So be friendly and helpful. After all you're treated right . . . gosh, Pard every day.

## PARD DEHYDRATED

Pard's so popular—your dealer may sometimes be fresh out. But please your dog and always ask for Pard first.

\*The family's best friend . . . your dog. Loyal, devoted, affectionate . . . he asks so little. Let's treat him well.



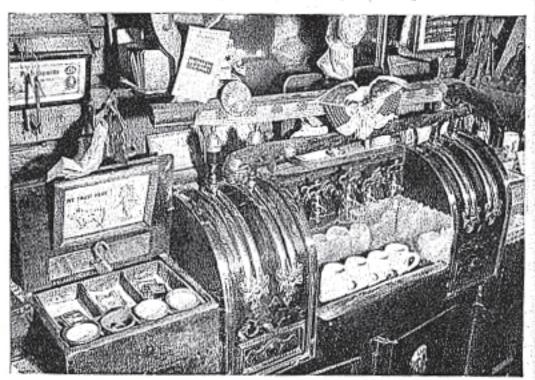
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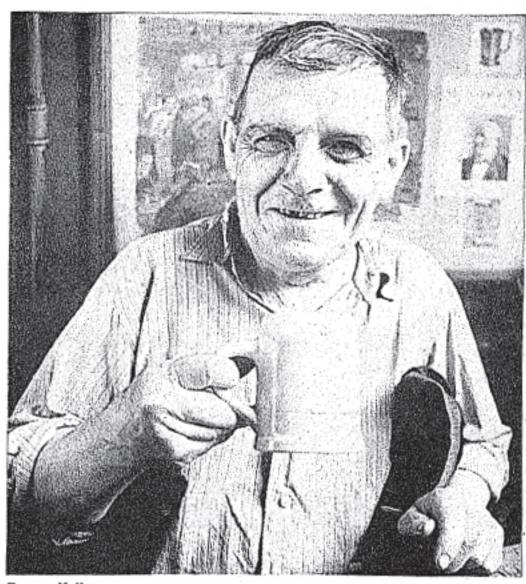
## McSorley's Old Ale House (continued)



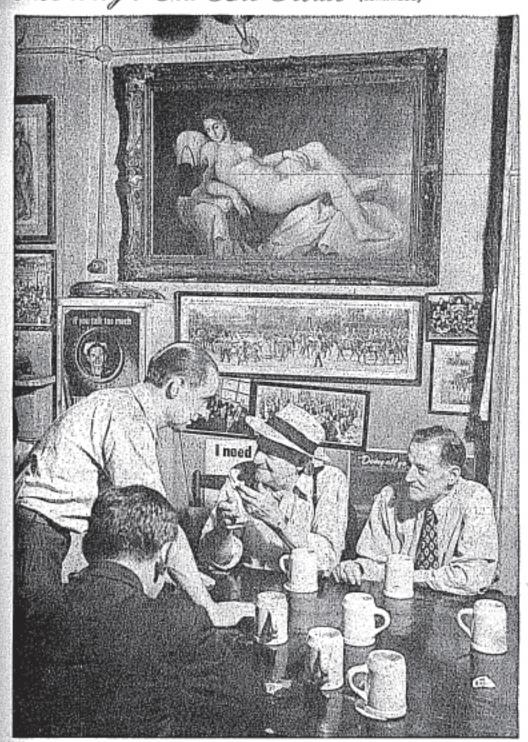
Cats are pampered at McSorley's as in old days when 18 had the run of the place. Present population is four which get liver in morning, fish at night from the cook.



Original ale pump, though not used, still shines brightly behind the bar. At left is Bill McSorley's old rosewood cash box, with dishes for coins and partitions for bills.



Tommy Kelly was for many years the unofficial M. C. of McSorley's; now he seldom comes in. Behind him (left) a Sloan copy of the bar; at right, a picture of old John.



Copy of a nude, Courbet's La Femme an Perroquet, hangs in back room. (Kelly calls it "duh goil and Polly.") Harry Kirwan (left) manages McSorley's for his wife.



Gnarled shillelaghs, one given old John by policeman who also grew up in County Tyrone, Ireland, hang near the bar. Others have been stolen by souvenir hunters.

