

Or take another example, one of the routine masterpieces by Meyer Berger, the *New York Times* Pulitzer prize-winning reporter, who wrote a daily column called "About New York." This is from his column of February 5, 1958:

In a few weeks or so the wreckers will come. They will tear down the two venerable brick and brownstone mansions that have stood hard by the First Presbyterian Church in West Twelfth Street for more than 100 years.

No. 12, nearest the churchyard, was built in 1849 for James W. Phillips, son of the Rev. William Wirt Phillips, who held the pulpit next door from 1826 to 1865. No. 14, built at the same time as a twin, except for the interior, was the home of Charles C. Taber, a prosperous cotton merchant.

The two dwellings are the last remaining two town houses in this city of the many designed by Alexander Jackson Davis. A modest man, he conceded that the interiors of his Twelfth Street designs were "remarkable." Even in their last stages of neglect the unpracticed eye can see that. They are lovely.

The buildings had famous tenants, too, at one time or another. Thurlow Weed, nineteenth-century Warwick—he was called that in his own day for his genius in moulding political careers—lived in No. 12 from 1866 to 1882. Most of the important men and women of his

