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RADNOR HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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Headquarters and Museum

THE FINLEY HOUSE

BEECH TREE LANE AND BELLEVUE AVENUE

WAYNE, PENNSYLVANIA

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LOCAL HISTORY AND COMMUNITY SERVICE

The Radnor Historical Society has long felt that good local historians in the community are numerous, if unrecognized. This was proved at the memorable March meeting this year by the participation in the program of six local merchants, representing long established business houses in the Township.

These "old merchants" (and several not-so-old) spoke spontaneously and warmly and the detailed, personal stories of the progress of their firms over seven decades were in the best tradition of "local history." The similarity in the sociological pattern of three of these businesses, started in suburban Wayne at the end of the nineteenth century by young Philadelphia-trained men, all of Northern European derivation, is striking. All present the strongest parallels between the more uncomplicated days of the turn of the century when work was hard but competition almost non-existent and today, when the situation is reversed.

Four of the papers are printed in this *Bulletin*. We hope that they will serve as an encouragement to many more of our neighbors to take pen in hand and jot down reminiscences, or to load a camera and make a record of their house, Church, shop, of their families, or of scenes in everyday life which will so soon become "historical."

A rapid urbanization of our community is effecting great changes in its physical character. The Main Line Golf Course is now being developed; soon the Clubhouse, the eighteenth century "Nantmell Hall" of the Morgan family, and the green fields surrounding it will be only a memory. A solid line of buildings on Lancaster Pike make the boundaries between Wayne and Strafford nonexistent and Radnor creeps on to meet Rosemont and King of Prussia across every meadow and woodland. An ugly monotony in commercial architecture and the inevitable signboard, is endangering a pleasant, countrified, suburban town.

As the scene changes, we must make a record of it and, even more important, we must work with the local civic associations to combat the social and esthetic problems of growth by providing important historical and architectural ammunition, not only through our five yearly programs and museum, but for the meetings of other civic groups which need it. There is a great deal of education needed and to do the job properly, we need:

MORE MEMBERS	MORE SPEAKERS
MORE RESEARCHERS	MORE LISTENERS

If you want to protect the historical values of your community and to help others understand them, JOIN THE RADNOR HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

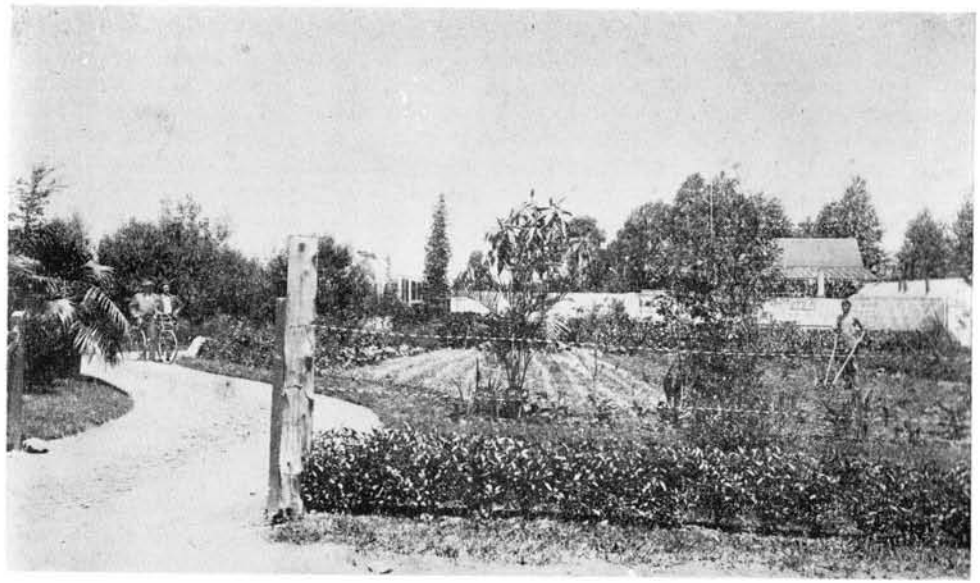
Membership is $3.00 a year. Send checks, please, to:
O. LOUIS EHMANN, JR., *Treasurer*
123 West Lancaster Avenue, Wayne, Pa.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give and bequeath .....,
.... *(state items or amount)*
absolutely, free and clear of all taxes, unto RADNOR HISTORICAL SOCIETY, for the uses and purposes of said Society.

ADELBERGER — FLORIST AND GREENHOUSES

Established 1888



Adelberger's as it appeared in 1900.

It was in the spring of 1888 that my father, Frank Adelberger, founder of this business, started to clear the ground on its present location, at the corner of West Wayne Avenue and Conestoga Road. This is a memorable date, never to be forgotten, for in March of that year we had the great blizzard which paralyzed all communication and transportation. It is still used as a measuring stick for "old man winter."

Dad's parents came from Bavaria, Germany, prior to 1853, the year his father, Louis Adelberger, first appears in the Philadelphia Directories at Tenth Street and Washington Avenue, and it was in this city that he was born. As he grew up he helped his father for a few years in the bakery business, but soon found new interest in a nearby flower shop. He was fascinated with the fragrance and beauty of its products and before long made his final decision to change his classification from baker to florist. He served his apprenticeship in a little store nearby and very soon wanted to go a step further.

This time he decided to get to the roots of the business and see how flowers were grown, and was accepted as an employee at Girard College Greenhouse where he gained his first knowledge of growing.

He noticed the ever-increasing demand in the city for all types of fresh flowers and made the decision to grow some of his own if he could locate a piece of ground near enough to the city which would facilitate making fast shipments daily.

After making several trips along Philadelphia's Main Line, at the age of 21, with the sole purpose of building in mind, he selected Wayne because of its beautiful estates and convenient location. It was on two great arteries of travel, the Lancaster Turnpike and the Pennsylvania Railroad.

His brokers, Wendell & Smith, had to refuse him his first choice, which was the corner of Aberdeen and Lancaster Avenues. He was told this land had already been sold to I. V. Hale. They then took him to West Wayne Avenue and Conestoga Road, pointing out that here would be a more favorable spot located on one of the oldest, if not the oldest, freeway in the country, opened prior to 1756, and still heavily traveled.

He agreed to buy and after making his down payment, rented a small house one block further west on Wayne Avenue. With horse and carriage, he brought his bride all the way from King of Prussia! After being stuck in the mud on North Wayne Avenue, near Dr. Wells' property, he finally reached his destination. It was in this little six-room house on West Wayne Avenue that he raised his family of nine children, six boys and three girls.

His first task was to clear the ground of rocks and boulders. This took most of the spring and when finished he not only had enough stone for his foundation, but sold over 60 wagon loads to building contractors, also having the foresight to put enough aside with the intention of building his own home.

There were no public utilities in those days such as water, electricity, gas or sewerage. Water for building had to be brought in by tank wagons. Labor, recorded in his first expense book, received $6.00 per week, $1.00 per day. It was not long before they insisted on $1.25 a day, as wages were increased at R. H. Johnson Company to that figure. Much of the work of planning and building he did himself, and in the fall of 1888 he was in business with four small greenhouses, barn, stable and storage shed. These first houses were heated by home-made brick furnaces, using terra cotta pipes as flues which ran the entire length of the buildings, each building having its own furnace.

At first he specialized in only sweet-smelling flowers such as Sweet Peas, Carnations, Mignonette, Freesia and Violets. From his past experience he had noted that these were in greatest demand in Philadelphia. He very easily disposed of his surplus at a Philadelphia wholesale cut flower market. This firm is still in business as The Niessen Co.

By the spring of 1889 he had gained a great many accounts on large estates, where he found there was a great need for landscaping. He combined his efforts and built up quite a nice business in this field. This brought such a demand for his flowers and plants that after 12 years he completely rebuilt his whole range of greenhouses, this time running them North and South, whereas they previously were East and West. This was done to admit more light. He then had five large houses which were heated by steam with hand-fired boilers.

From then on he did very little wholesale business, as Wayne was starting to grow and his services were confined more and more to his retail customers. As Wayne grew he had to grow with it and it was about 1918 when he again had to rebuild. From this date up to 1925 he slowly but surely erected three larger houses of the most modern type of Lord & Burnham buildings. In some cases these houses were built high enough to go directly over the old houses, in order not to disrupt the already planted stock.

At this time he also started construction of his own home on his property adjoining the greenhouses, using for its foundation the stone he had saved when clearing the property.

During all this time he had close affiliations with his fellow florists, being a member of the Philadelphia Florists Club and Society of American Florists. Often he would take a box of flowers under his arm and head for the city, by way of the Pennsylvania Railroad. After leaving his products with the wholesaler, he would attend his favorite club, have dinner and settle down in the bowling alleys. It was here that he had gained recognition in the sport, winning many trophies for the club, as well as individual prizes. He was also a member of the Radnor Cricket Club where he played his home bowling.

It was about 1918 when the writer found he could be of some small help in the business. I can truthfully say that I was not forced into the business, but found the mechanics of raising flowers and plants under glass very interesting. We were now getting into the modern age. Up to this time all our deliveries were made with an open wagon, travelling from Wayne to Newtown Square, Bryn Mawr, Valley Forge and Paoli. With the purchase of our first automobile, a 1918 Ford, went the end of our horse and wagon. We sold the horse and burned the wagon.

At this time we decided there was plenty of work to be done at home and gradually gave up the outside landscaping. As time went on, many of our employees in this field started out on their own and built up large businesses. Two of these whom I can remember were Frank Coccagna and Joseph Norcini. In both cases the elders have passed away, but the businesses are being continued by their sons.

My father died in 1941, at the age of 75, after having only two years before assigned all business and property over to me with, however, certain clauses stipulating that I was to clear all the property of existing encumbrances within a period of ten years.

Things were a bit rough just at this time because of the unsettled conditions brought about by the Second World War. Labor was hard to get and we had to put in many hours of overtime in order to succeed. Fuel oil was rationed to such a point that it was necessary for me to convert my boilers back to coal and these had to be tended, making it necessary to put in as much as 18 hours a day.

I managed fairly well, having had plenty of past experience in management and control. I graduated from St. Katharine's High School in 1920 and was married in 1925 to Mary Wack, a girl I had known since my school days. Mary came from a family whose history in the community goes back much further than ours, being the daughter of John C. Wack, formerly of Wacktown, which is now part of Strafford.

We raised a typical family of two children, Margaret Ann and Lawrence Theodore, Jr. They are our most cherished possessions and have given us much comfort.

Lawrence, Jr., better known as Ted (taken from his middle name), after graduating from Malvern Preparatory School, proceeded to take a business course at Villanova College until called into the service.

During this time I felt sure that Ted would want to follow in my footsteps when he returned from the service, as from a small child he had shown an avid interest in the greenhouse work.

In order to expand our business, we submitted plans for the erection of a store and display room, resulting in our present building in front of the greenhouses. Here again I favored one of our oldest firms, which had been in business here since 1888. John Lengel did a magnificent job for us and I believe it was his last endeavor before

retiring. The building was finished on the sixty-fifth anniversary of our business and we had a grand opening on December 4, 1953.

Ted is now married and has two sons, Lawrence, 3rd, and Daniel Adelberger, and, as we had anticipated, he anxiously awaited his discharge from the service to return to the business, working at the art of flower designing.

With all this past history we now have the most modern facilities for handling any type of order. We are members of world-wide flowers by wire service, known as The Florists Telegraph Delivery Association, and are able to send and receive orders the world over

We have truly made this a family business, with my wife in charge of the office and Ted in charge of the store, doing most of the designing of the daily orders. My heart is, of course, in the greenhouse where I thoroughly enjoy every phase of growing. I also do much of the funeral and wedding work. However, when we have our busy times, we are all able to pitch in and work along together in every department, and although it often means long hours and weekends, the work is enjoyable and gratifying.

LAWRENCE T. ADELBERGER

LONGFELLOW HOUSE

A specimen of the craftsmanship of the Derham Body Company (founded 1887) in front of the Longfellow house, southeast corner of Lancaster Avenue and Haverford Road, Rosemont, demolished October, 1958. In this house, then owned by Charles J. Arthur, poet Henry Wadsworth Longfellow spent a week when he visited the Centennial Exhibition in 1876. During the visit he went to Old St. David's Church, Radnor, and wrote his poem about the Church.

THE SUBURBAN & WAYNE TIMES

The publishers of The Suburban & Wayne Times have been asked by the Radnor Historical Society for some reminiscences of the early days of their business. This pleasant task has been assigned to the senior member of the firm, who has been associated with the newspaper since December 1, 1899.

The original Suburban, called then The Wayne Times, was a four-page tabloid, devoted to chatty items, little solid news and a few advertisements, sometimes used to fill the front page. Its history was erratic and can be only partially traced from fragments of old newspaper files still extant.

The earliest newspaper published in the community was the Weekly Wayne Gazette, which started in 1871 with Miss Seba B. Bittle as editoress. A file of this newspaper, which in May, 1872, became simply The Wayne Gazette, is in the Memorial Library, running irregularly from August 5, 1871 through October, 1872. This small sheet was published in the Wayne Lyceum Hall, later the Opera House, and it recorded the activities of the small, Presbyterian-oriented community which centered about the "Louella" property of J. Henry Askin. Miss Bittle was soon joined by John Campbell and Miss Sallie B. Martin as co-editors and in 1872, Miss Martin and Charles Robson took the paper's helm. We do not know how long a life the paper led.

It is said that "a Wayne Times" was founded in 1876, perhaps as a successor to the Gazette, but if this is the case, it was not of long duration in its earliest period. Later, early in 1886, The Wayne Times commenced publication under the editorial guidance of W. C. Stewart, who issued it every two weeks at a subscription price of fifty cents per year. The Radnor Historical Society owns Volume I, No. 10, of April 12, 1886, and scattered subsequent issues. Stewart was joined before November, 1886 by W. W. Pinkerton and F. O. Pinkerton, then very young men, who managed to put out a weekly until December, 1886, when, once again it became a bi-weekly. During 1887 the paper was called Wayne Times and Lancaster Pike Advertiser and was then abandoned.

Then, on March 17, 1888, W. C. Stewart and C. Y. Abbott, from their office in Philadelphia, issued a miniature edition of The Wayne Times, as it again was simply named, making it No. 1 of Volume III. Once again the sheet became a weekly and by February, 1894 George W. Brown & Sons were publishers.

Later, when the late Charles H. Stewart and Fred H. Treat became owners, it increased in size and became one of a chain of newspapers, each one called The Suburban, but with a local edition. At that time the firm published editions for Downingtown, Malvern, Berwyn, Wayne, Bryn Mawr, Ardmore (the present Chronicle) and Overbrook. The Wayne Times thus became the Wayne Times edition of The Suburban and ultimately, the autonomous The Suburban & Wayne Times.

Unfortunately, the files of The Wayne Times and those of The Suburban were lost in a disastrous fire on February 10, 1906. The blaze also destroyed the newspaper plant, a two-story brick building on the site of the present Hen Miller Buick agency, which had in turn succeeded an earlier office in the old Wayne Hall at Lancaster and Pembroke Avenues. Thanks to the fire, much material which would have been valuable to us in a compilation of this kind went up in smoke and is forever lost.

In these recollections, the editorial "we" will be used, as we have become accustomed to it by this time. We shall confine our remarks to incidents which have occurred within the scope of our business, and not attempt to describe the great growth of the township during the past 50 years, nor the changes in its government.

Following the fire, mentioned previously, the paper was printed in the plant of the Downingtown Archive, which we had acquired some time before, and continued printing there until the purchase of the present building—then known as the Maguire building. By this time we—meaning senior partner Albert M. Ehart—were sole owner of the newspaper.

Although the fire of 1906 was a fatal blow to the ambition to own a chain of Main Line papers, it proved a blessing to the community, for from the ashes of The Suburban rose the Radnor Fire Company, the first motorized fire-fighting organization in the country, which has, on untold occasions, demonstrated its value in the protection of life and property.

Our editorial duties were curtailed in 1908, when we were appointed postmaster in the Wayne Postoffice, which we filled, with more or less distinction, until 1914, when the Democrats took over following President Wilson's election. The four and a half decades since then have proved the most interesting and active, and it has been gratifying to see how the whole family has voluntarily taken up where the "old gray mare" balked.

As every editor knows, at times the most unlooked-for Gremlins can—and do—play pranks on the unwary. We have had many such experiences, some funny, some embarrassing, others downright fiendish.

One of the most humiliating experiences occurred in January, 1905, when we printed a long account of a concert by the Euterpean, Wayne's famous male chorus of those days. We went so far as to report the enthusiasm of the audience and the number of encores. The concert had to be postponed, however, because of a violent sleet storm, which started about five o'clock and lasted several hours. But the "review" had already been printed—and the Suburbans were safely on their way to the customers, residing in the postoffice for the night. We have often wondered what we said to our readers the following week!

Some years later we were caught napping in a similar manner, when we printed the text of an address, reported to have been given at a Radnor High School commencement. But the speaker was taken ill at the last minute and never did appear. Ever since, we have been careful in publishing "previews" as actual happenings.

"Typos," or typographical errors, are the bane of every newspaper. They crop up, no matter how careful the proofreader. A star boner on our part, several years ago, was the announcement of a birth of a "laughter'" to a prominent St. Davids family.

Another famous slip that convulsed the front office was one that occurred in a wedding write-up, when the principals' names were, shall we say, "O'Malley" and "O'Murphy." After the opening statement that Mr. O'Malley's daughter was married to Mr. O'Murphy's son, we wound up with a flourish that Mr. Patrick O'Murphy was best man for his "brither." The socially conscious mother couldn't see anything funny, however.

WAYNE TIMES.

VOL. I.—NO. 10. WAYNE, DEL. CO., PA., APRIL 12, 1886. TWO CENTS

Forever Young

The wild world hastens on its way
The gray haired century nears its close;
Tomorrow deepens day by day:
The summer bloom forsakes the rose,
But, darling, while your voice I hear
And while your dark-brown eyes I see,
Sad months and winters, seasons drear,
Are all the same, all glad, to me.
Despair can never touch me
While your soft hand I hold;
While your eyes love and teach me,
I never shall grow old!

They say that love forsakes the old,
That passion pales and fades away;
That even love's bright locks of gold
Must lose their sheen and change to gray;
But, darling, while your heart is mine,
And while I feel that you are true,
For me the skies will ever shine
With summer light and tenderest blue.
Yes, let old age decide me!
I scorn his mocking tongue,
Dear love with you beside me,
I am forever young!

"MAID-OF-ALL-WORK."

Rachel Ramsay looked very pretty, indeed, as she came down the narrow wooden staircase of the little brown farm-house, that afternoon, dressed in a white muslin dress, strewn all over with tiny pink rosebuds, and a fresh lace frill around her neck, tied with pink ribbon, while her pretty feet were buttoned into a new pair of boots, with high, French heels, and her hair was curled in loose, glossy coils of shining bronze.

"Eh?!" said Granny Ramsay, looking up from her everlasting knitting-work, over which she was half asleep, "goin' to church, hey?"

"It isn't Sunday, grandma," explained the girl, laughing and coloring. "I'm going to the Tower, to see Miss Calhoun. She has often invited me there—she and Miss Bell."

"Pshaw!" said Granny Ramsay, who was one of those venerable people privileged to speak their minds on all occasions; what do the fine city ladies at the Tower want of a farmer's daughter like you?"

"But, grandma, they've invited me!"

"It reminds me," said grandma, shrewdly, "of the old story of the iron pot and the china pot swimming down stream together; and they didn't mow-me suit."

Rachel said no more, but escaped out into the shady lane, where the maples were beginning to turn pale yellow in the first September frosts.

"Grandma is always criticising everybody," she thought. "I know the ladies at the Tower will be glad to see me. Miss Alice wants to sketch my head for 'Elaine,' and Miss Bell asked me to sing duets with her. She said I had a voice like a lark. And perhaps Mr. Harold Haroldson will be there! For I know he often visits at the house."

And Rachel smiled to herself, as she crossed the rustic bridge and went through the woods to the Tower, a fantastic wooden cottage with a semi-circular front, which was let for the summer, the owner thereof preferring to live in a square brick structure in the village.

The little side door was open and Rachel went in. From the left of the passage-way, a door opened into the kitchen, and there, to her infinite amazement, she saw Miss Alice Calhoun herself, in an enormous dress of pale sage-green, and roses in her hair, contemplating a pair of decapitated fowls which lay on the table.

"Miss Alicia!" she exclaimed.

"Is it you, Rachel?" exclaimed the city young lady, pouncing on her, as a drowning man pounces on the nearest floating straw. "O, I never was so glad to see anybody in all my life! These horrid hens! Bridget has gone away in a rage because I presumed to find fault with the coffee, this morning, and we have company to dinner, and I haven't an idea how to get the feathers off these creatures. But now that you are here, everything will be right!"

And she took on the big bib-apron, and stepped back, with a sigh of relief.

Rachel looked perplexed. She had come there, not to enact the role of kitchen maid, but to visit Miss Calhoun, to sit in her drawing-room and enjoy the conversation of her guests, and she did not exactly relish this summary dismissal to the kitchen.

"There is soup stock," went on Miss Alice, "and a salad, and delicate pieces of halibut, and with the fowls roasted, and a pie or pudding, or something which I dare say you can make, we shall do very nicely. I'm particularly anxious about the dinner, because we are to have company. You'll excuse me now, because I have to dress."

And away tripped Miss Alice, selfish and smiling as ever was Queen Cleopatra's self.

Poor Rachel! She stood a minute in the hot kitchen, the tears springing to her eyes, a pang of disappointment at her heart. She knew all about it. Harold Haroldson and Mr. Dallas were to dine there that day, and she—she was to be cook, waitress, maid-of-all-work—what signified it what she called herself? She remembered what grandma had said, and for once in her life gave that venerable lady credit for discrimination.

There was no help for it, however. She tied on the bib-apron, tucked the curls back of her ears, and went to work to prepare the chickens for the roasting-pan, now and then pausing to brush away the round bright tears which rolled down her cheeks.

These young ladies evidently intended to make her useful. She might have known that they did, beforehand. She could hear the soft sound of Bell Calhoun's guitar; the sweet, subdued tinkle of Alice's laughter; the deep, monotonous undercurrent of gentlemen's voices, and then she glanced down at her pretty muslin dress and bows of pink ribbon, and began to think that Miss Calhoun had taken an unfair advantage of her.

If she could only have heard the rapid and energetic colloquy which transpired between the two sisters in their drawing-room when first Alice came up stairs, she would perhaps have better comprehended the drift of things.

"Good news!" Miss Calhoun had cried, waving her scented pocket-handkerchief in the air. "I've got a girl in the kitchen!"

"No!" said Miss Bell, a fair-haired, cream-complexioned damsel, with pale-blue eyes and a perpetual smile.

"Rachel Ramsay," nodded Alice. "Come up here, in her best bib and tucker, to spend the day. Of course I confronted her at once."

"The bold, pushing thing!" said Bell with a disdainful gesture.

"She's a deal too pretty to bring into the drawing-room for Haroldson and Arthur Dallas to flirt with," added Miss Alice, knowingly. "And I don't see any way that I could have avoided it if it hadn't been for those lucky chickens and Bridget's fortunate fit of temper. Make haste, now. They'll be here in a minute. And I know little Rachel is a first-class cook, for I've been there to tea."

So the young ladies of the Tower were enjoying the feast of reason and the flow of soul in their cool drawing-rooms, with books, new-gathered roses and blue-ribboned guitars, while poor Rachel Ramsay was broiling in the kitchen over peach-tarts and Neapolitan creams.

She had not forgotten her disappointment, but, artist-like, she had thrown herself into her occupation with engrossing interest, and she was stirring the cream with a quick, energetic hand, when a step crossed the threshold.

"Here are some fresh trout, Bridget, to surprise your mistress," said a clear voice.

And, to her infinite amusement, Harold Haroldson stood before her, in his hunting-costume, with a fishing-rod lightly balanced on his shoulder.

"I'm not Bridget," said the girl, laughing, but still stirring on. "I'm Rachel."

"Miss Ramsay!" he exclaimed, lifting his cap. "How in the name of all that is wonderful came you here?"

And then, not without humor, Rachel detailed the manner and incidents of her capture.

"I am the maid-of-all-work, if you please," she said, with a courtesy.

"Then let me help you," said Mr. Haroldson, briskly tying a second bib apron around his hunting suit. "I used to be a pretty good hand at spider and gridiron when I camped out on Lake Cupsuptic, up in Maine."

"But you're not engaged," said Rachel, half-pleased, half-frightened.

"I can volunteer," observed the young man. "Give me the oil and vinegar, and you will see what a dressing, *a la mayonnaise*, I can provide for that salad of yours."

And if ever a pair of cooks spent a delightful, unconventional sort of morning in the kitchen, this pair did.

They laughed, they made innocent jokes, they behaved like two school-children.

And at last, when Rachel had run out into the garden to gather some water-cresses to deck the newly-roasted fowls, Mr. Haroldson heard the voice of Miss Bell Calhoun calling down the stairway:

"Rachel! Rachel! you may serve the dinner. Every one is here but that tiresome Haroldson!"

"And he's here, too," calmly responded that gentleman, who was washing his hands at the pump.

"What!" cried Bell, shrilly.

"The cook and butler are expected to take their meals in the kitchen," said Mr. Haroldson, with commendable gravity. "And I've no objection whatever to that arrangement."

And nothing could induce Harold Haroldson to come up to the dining-room. He and Rachel together ate their picnicking sort of repast, and washed the dishes—although the maiden somewhat lost its spice when the Misses Calhoun and their company all adjourned, en masse, to the kitchen, and persisted in joining their ranks.

And when the purple sunset came dreamily down over the dark cedars that overhung the brawling stream, and the gay guests had all departed, Alice and Bell Calhoun gazed dubiously at each other.

"Was ever anything so provoking?", said Bell.

"He has actually gone home with her!" said Alice, bursting into angry tears.

"And after all the pains we took to keep them apart!" sighed Bell.

"It was all your fault!" petulantly exclaimed Alice. "Noticing that farmer's daughter, and dragging her out of her sphere in that sort of way!"

"But it was you that plumed yourself on getting her into the kitchen," scolded Bell. "And a nice mess you've made of it!"

"But how were we to tell that it was going to end so?" groaned poor Alice.

"Well, Rachel," said Granny Ramsay, when the girl came in, just as the lamps were lighted, "what sort of a day [illegible]?"

"O, charming!" said Rachel, "I enjoyed myself more than ever I did before at the Tower, and I never went out of the kitchen. They had company, and I helped get dinner."

"Humph!" grunted granny. "That's a queer way of entertaining visitors. But p'raps that's city manners."

"Perhaps it is!" said Rachel, demurely.

"Who was it came home with you?" asked granny, who was not quite deaf or blind as yet, "and left you at the garden gate?"

"One of the other servants," said Rachel.

"Well, I never!" said granny. "Where's all your pride, Rachel Ramsay?"

"I never was prouder in all my life than I am to-night!" said Rachel. "Listen, grandma, for I have so much to tell you. Mr. Harold Haroldson, of New York, walked home with me; and I've met him ever so many times before this summer, at picnics and archery parties, and such places, but I never knew that he cared for me. And to-night he asked me to marry him, and he is to come here to-morrow morning to see father."

"Do you love him?" said Granny Ramsay, huskily.

And Rachel murmured:

"Yes!"

"Then God bless you, my child, and give you both a long and happy life!" said the old lady, softly smoothing the girl's bright head.

And every one was satisfied, except the ladies at the Tower.

—The Indians of the Western frontier have given General Sheridan the name of "The chunky-man-who-means-business."

—Until Andrew Jackson's time, office-seekers were not permitted to see the President.

WAYNE TIMES
of April 12, 1886

The earliest issue extant from the files of the Radnor Historical Society.

"Hoaxing the editor" is a favorite diversion of warped intellects, especially around April First. We have been the victim of several "jokes" which caused us no small amount of annoyance. (We might note that there is in Pennsylvania today, a law which provides fine or imprisonment for providing false information to a newspaper. We could have used it years earlier.)

One such "hoax" was the announcement that twins had been born to a North Wayne childless couple. One of the staff accepted the source of the information and the item was duly published. The following morning the irate husband descended on the office and to our consternation declared there wasn't a vestige of truth in the statement. He was convinced of our lack of ulterior motive when we finally divulged the name of our informant. Since same was his good personal friend and neighbor, he accepted our apologies and left. Now, we check and double check.

Politics are the life blood of a newspaper and frequently produce hot primary battles in the spring and again in the fall elections. We have been through many a sizzling campaign and have managed to come through, sometimes victorious, other times, though bloody, still unbowed. Usually we open our columns to the opposite party, with any ruffled feelings forgotten afterwards.

However, in the Landon campaign, one Democratic writer was so enthusiastic over this great Roosevelt victory that he wanted a couple of columns for gloating purposes. When we refused on the grounds that the election was over, he used such abusive, unprintable epithets that we got real riled and informed him that not only could he not have those two columns but that the only column in which his name would ever appear again in The Suburban would be in his own obituary notice. (We're ashamed to say, we kept our word.)

We would like to close on a pleasant memory—that of our recollection of the late Jarvis A. Wood, a retired advertising executive who resided in the Wesley Inn. Mr. Wood would frequently stop at our sanctum on Wednesday evenings on his return from prayer meeting, just to get "a sniff of printers' ink" as he put it. This kindly old philosopher and friend encouraged us in every way and was the progenitor of the "well-known Suburban treatment," which is embodied in the motto carried at our masthead for many years. "Follow its admonition, my lad," he'd say, "and you will sleep better and make many people happier."

We have followed his advice to the best of our ability and although we have known many judges, district attorneys and sheriffs, too, so far we have escaped any official attention on their part.

ALBERT M. EHART

ACTIVITIES OF THE SOCIETY, 1958 - 1959

May 16, 1958

The Eleventh Annual Meeting of the Society was held at the Art Alliance, in Philadelphia, upon the invitation of Theo B. White. In keeping with the "architectural" emphasis of the Society's program during the year, Dr. George Bishop Tatum, Chairman, Department of History of Art, University of Pennsylvania, spoke on the notable photographic exhibition of "One Hundred Years of American Architecture," then on display.

Herman P. Lengel, a founder and Director of the Society from 1948 to 1957, received from George Vaux, Vice President, the first Honorary Membership granted by the Society.

Re-elected to the Board of Directors for a three-year term were Richard W. Barringer, O. Louis Ehmann, Jr., Rev. John R. Dunne, O.S.A., Mrs. T. Magill Patterson and Miss Caroline Robbins. At a meeting of the Board of Directors held following the meeting, the officers of the Society were re-elected: Miss Robbins, President; Mr. Vaux, Vice President; Mr. Dallett, Recording Secretary; Father Dunne, Corresponding Secretary; Mr. Ehmann, Treasurer.

October 11, 1958

Five important early houses in the community were visited by the Society on its annual outing: "Faunamede," residence of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Godfrey, Darby-Paoli Road, Bryn Mawr (originally "Radnor Farm," built in the 1780's by George Brooke), "Pomona Farm," house of Mr. Morton Jenks, Darby-Paoli Road, Villanova (originally "Hickory Hall," the Federal type mansion erected by the Lewis family in 1842), the residence of Mr. and Mrs. David S. Biddle, Saw Mill Road, Newtown Square (which dates from 1852, built also by the Lewis family), Mr. and Mrs. G. Clinton Jones, IV's home, "Ashwood," Ashwood Road, Villanova (the residence from 1796-1888 of the Penn-Gaskell family, chief representatives of the Proprietors in Pennsylvania), and "The Homestead," the 1789 house of Miss E. Dorothy Finley, Beech Tree Lane, Wayne, the headquarters of the Historical Society.

November 17, 1958

William J. Murtagh, of the National Trust for Historic Preservation, spoke to the Society on "Preservation Prescription for Urban Octopitis" at a meeting in Walton Hall of Eastern Baptist College, St. Davids. Mr. Murtagh provided valuable formulas and procedures to be used by an organization such as this in preserving threatened structures of significance.

Mr. Dallett gave a commentary on the history of the township on a bus tour sponsored in the late autumn by the League of Women Voters, repeating his talk made on a similar tour in April.

January 22, 1959

Living models displayed important articles of antique wearing apparel at a "Historic Costume Tea" sponsored by the Society at the Saturday Club, Wayne. Historical narration was provided by Professor Arthur P. Dudden, of Bryn Mawr College, and by Miss Ethel Saltus, of Mendham, N. J., the leading American authority on antique

costumes, whose collection provided gowns of such historic personages as Queen Victoria, Emily Dickinson, Jenny Lind and Queen Alexandra, from her own collection.

Local ladies wore family dresses, some originally owned by Radnor women, and Chew family dresses from Cliveden, Germantown, were shown through the courtesy of Mrs. Richard W. Barringer.

The resignation from the Board of Richard W. Foster, a former President, was accepted and James Rawle was appointed to fill his unexpired term as Director.

March 18, 1959

Six of the older business firms in the Radnor Township area presented their histories at a meeting held at the First Wayne Federal Savings and Loan Association.

The lively narratives of Lawrence T. Adelberger, florist; G. Rodney Park, III, of Park's Hardware; Milton R. Yerkes, retired head of the Yerkes Surveying and Engineering Co.; J. Warren Burket, of L. K. Burket & Bro., fuel; Daniel N. Ehart, managing editor of "The Suburban," who read his father's reminiscences, and Miss M. Helena Lienhardt, retired owner of Lienhardt's Bakery, were full of interesting details of pioneer business activity in the Township. Four of these, written out, are herein printed.

Refreshments served were, appropriately, Scotch wafers, small crullers and Washington cake, old-time specialties of Lienhardt's.

NEW MEMBERS — *since our last printed list*

Mr. and Mrs. Robert I. Cummin	Mrs. Peter Godfrey
Miss Elinor Ewing Curwen	Mrs. W. Stanford Hilton
Mrs. Robert Dornan, II	Mrs. Clyde F. Newman, Jr.
The Reverend Canon Allen Evans	Mr. and Mrs. James Rawle
Layton R. Fireng	Mrs. Mark B. Rickabaugh
Mrs. Charles Gay	Miss Barbara Gilpin Ringe
Mrs. William G. Gerhard	Albert W. Ware

THE HISTORIC AMERICAN BUILDINGS SURVEY

Twelve early Radnor houses were made part of The Historic American Buildings Survey when, in the spring of 1958, the Radnor Historical Society cooperated with the National Park Service in making complete architectural, historical and photographic records of the dwellings which lay roughly in or adjacent to the Gulph Creek valley area of the Township. Because of the emphasis within the H.A.B.S. upon the documentation of important early structures in the Schuylkill River valley and its watershed, our Society was enabled to select certain significant structures, several of which will undoubtedly be demolished in the near future.

The H.A.B.S. survey sheets are now filed in the Library of Congress from which copies of the architectural and historical documentation (made by F. J. Dallett) or of the photographs (taken by John H. Ansley, of Wayne) may be obtained.

Listed in the project are the following: "Bel Orme," residence of Lester H. Sellers, County Line and Matson Ford Roads, Radnor (early nineteenth century stone farmhouse of Mark Brooke family with later additions); "Gaybrook," house of Charles M. Tatum, 516 King of Prussia Road, Radnor (originally "Hillside," an eighteenth century stone farmhouse of the William Thomas family which passed early in the nineteenth century to the Peter Pechin family); "Bolingbroke," King of Prussia Road, Radnor, owned by Roy J. McKee (a much altered residence of various periods of which parts of the 1792 section erected by David Brooke remain); the Rambo-DeHaven-Morgan farmhouse on Matson Ford Road east of King of Prussia Road, Radnor, owned by Lowry Chew Stephenson (dating from the third quarter of the eighteenth century with magnificent interior panelling, fireplaces and detail, all original); "Vanor," Radnor-Chester Road, near Wyeth Laboratories, Radnor, Pa. (the property of the Chew Estate and a historic mansion of the Morgan family, traditionally dating in part from 1715 and in part from ca. 1850 when a larger character was given to the original farmhouse); "Nantmell Hall" the clubhouse of the Main Line Golf Club, Lancaster Avenue, Radnor (which despite extensive multilation remains essentially the pre-1744 house of the Mordecai Morgan family); the Golf Club cottage at the north west corner of Lancaster Avenue and King of Prussia Road, Radnor (an early nineteenth century tenant house on the Morgan property which contains fine hand carved mantelpieces and detail unusual in so modest a dwelling); "Ashwood," 208 Ashwood Road, Villanova, the house of Mr. and Mrs. G. Clinton Jones, IV (erected prior to 1771 and from 1796-1888 the home of the Penn-Gaskell family, representatives of the Proprietors in Pennsylvania); "Woodstock," South Spring Mill Road, Villanova, owned by Mrs. Thornton Oakley (whose ancestral home it is, one section dated 1776 and one 1800, the stone country house of James Hunter, a founder of the First City Troop who fought at the Battle of Princeton and of his Ewing descendants); "Woodstock Barn," at the same location, now the residence of Mrs. Thornton Oakley (built in 1804 of fieldstone and frame by local carpenters and masons whose names are recorded); "Chuckswood," the house of Mrs. Charles C. Harrison, Jr., South Spring Mill Road, Villanova (a magnificent Federal period brick house with fine interior detail erected about 1800 and enlarged in 1807 by James Hunter, Jr., son of the builder of "Woodstock"); and the home of Mr. and Mrs. William A. Ringler, Lancaster Avenue and Farm Road, Wayne (a fieldstone farmhouse built in 1775 by Revolutionary officer John Pugh and later the Jones farm, with unusually fine panelling and woodwork throughout its superbly proportioned rooms).

MRS. LIENHARDT & SON,
BAKERY, CONFECTIONARY, ICE CREAM PARLOR
Established 1887

On April 23, 1887, Mrs. Helena A. Lienhardt and her son, Herman Benedict Lienhardt, opened at 102 East Lancaster Avenue, in Wayne, the bakery they had then recently bought from Louis Stritzinger. Although Mrs. Lienhardt died in 1906 and her son in 1929, Herman B. Lienhardt's daughter, Miss M. Helena Lienhardt, continued to operate the three generation family business until 1950 when it was sold to the present owner. The Radnor Township landmark fortunately, however, retains its old, familiar name.

Mrs. Lienhardt, herself a native of Speyer, on the Rhine, in Bavaria, was the widow of Benedict Lienhardt who came to Philadelphia shortly before 1869 from the ancient Benedictine town of Einsiedeln in Switzerland. Tradition has it that grandfather Lienhardt left home because his parents wanted him to enter a profession which was distasteful to him. As a boy in Switzerland he had learned to play the piccolo and he was connected professionally as a musician with many Philadelphia bands. It is said that as many as 27 of these followed his funeral cortege.

LIENHARDT'S BAKERY
about 1899

The shop is decorated for Christmas. Note the boxes of toy horns on the shelf, indicating the general nature of merchandise then stocked in a bakery.

The bakery bought by his widow had been established in 1882 as the pioneer shop of its kind in the community but the frame and brick building was enlarged by Miss Lienhardt's father and she can still see from her apartment on School Lane the roof of the steam oven he added. In those pleasant days, Lancaster Avenue was lined with old shade trees and a stone watering trough for the horses stood in the center of the line of shops. Lienhardt's had a small garden at its northeast corner, a patch of tree-shaded green behind a stone wall topped by an iron railing; here, in recent years, Christmas trees were sold. The area is now covered by one of two new shops.

In the early days of the bakery, its closest neighbors across the pike were the Presbyterian Church and the Opera House (now the Colonial Building) with Mrs. Ramsay's postoffice, and Welsh & Park, and in the block with the bakery, T. T. Worrall, the McCarthy Sisters, trimmings shop, Devereaux, the shoemaker, and Bensinger's and Levine's stores. The largest nearby private house was the residence of William D. Hughs (later "Woodlea," the site of the present Caley Nursing Home), and not far away was the office of the local physician, Dr. Smedley.

The large four-story bakery building housed a large number of people. The Lienhardts themselves, grandmother, son, daughter-in-law and four grandchildren, lived there. Then came several maids, paid about $3.50 a week. There were twelve bakers, hired in Philadelphia, who boarded in the house during the week, receiving their lodging and wages of $12.50 a week. These men slept in shifts, the cake bakers by night and the bread bakers by day, in double beds in a large "dormitory." It was a round-the-clock business for the shop, which opened in the early morning, officially closed at ten at night but frequently stayed open much later rather than turn out slow-digesting customers. Delivery boys were also accommodated on the premises. In the stable, which stood where the High School parking lot is now, were ten horses, wagons for summer and sleighs for winter deliveries. Upstairs was a family bathroom; downstairs, quarters for the help. All were fed three meals a day. Laundry was done on the place.

Lienhardt's delivered in a wide radius as far as Bryn Mawr, Newtown Square and Paoli. When outlying farms were reached a horn was blown and the farmers' wives came to the roadside to buy and carry home the loaves and other baked goods they needed. A big loaf cost five cents or six for a quarter. Crullers and cinnamon buns were ten cents a dozen. Private parties and picnics were also catered for and menus of chicken salad croquets, fried oysters and ice cream sound very cheap at, for example, twenty cents a head for a luncheon. The shop had an oyster bar and twenty wooden and marble-topped tables in the ice cream parlor, adjacent to the small garden, situated where the Country Cousin shop now stands. Special help was hired to turn the handle on the old-fashioned ice cream machine for the major holidays of the year, of which the chief then was the Fourth of July. All sorts of preserves and catsups were made and stored in the preserve closet.

Prices were lower and so were expenses. An old assessment for road repairs sounds fantastic today and the painting of a four-story house and a fence cost but

$150.00. There was little competition for the business then for at the turn of the century baked goods were sold nowhere else. Calories were not counted. Miss Lienhardt thinks more active physical exertion meant greater consumption of bread. Wayne was still small but its summer population enlarged it and the surrounding countryside relied for many of its needs on the village.

Everyone in the Lienhardt family helped in the business, the adults through a long day, the children when they returned from school. Of them all, Miss M. Helena Lienhardt lives in Wayne today, although other members of her family are living in the Far West. Somehow or other, as Miss Lienhardt talked, brandished the old delivery horn and read menus, bills and other family memorabilia, we seemed to smell the delicious fragrance from kitchen and bakery of catsups and new baked bread and to be removed to a simpler, perhaps livelier era in suburban community history. A hard working, energetic, forward looking business with its roots in the community and always a part of its celebrations and festivals, its happy times, was vividly described by one who had herself so long helped its expansion and its adaptation to the changing times in Wayne's history.

MISS M. HELENA LIENHARDT'S RECOLLECTIONS RECOUNTED BY CAROLINE ROBBINS.

GEO. R. PARK & SONS

Established 1897

The history of our firm, Geo. R. Park & Sons, goes back far before my own "beginning" in 1922 and in order to tell it, I have talked with older members of the firm and of my family and done quite a bit of research. It was, I think, time well spent. Our firm, like many other local businesses, is now serving the third generation of Wayne's older families.

It was in 1897 that my grandfather, George Rodney Park (1863-1949), joined in a partnership in the retail sale of hardware with Mr. William H. Welsh, under the name of "W. H. Welsh & Co., House Furnishing Goods." Their premises were located in the ground floor of the old "Opera House" building which we now know as the Colonial Building, at the northeast corner of Lancaster and Wayne Avenues in Wayne. The firm depended for its delivery service upon a horse and buggy. We would be in difficulties today if demands for quick deliveries had to be accomplished under those conditions!

Prior to Grandfather Park's entry into the hardware store, he had been engaged in the dry goods business in a shop on the south side of Lancaster Avenue. I am told that even Grandmother Park had more than a passing interest in the business world and that she trimmed hats herself. I am not certain just how successfully her enterprise was but I am sure that I shall always remember her as a wonderful lady with lots of hats!

My great-grandfather, Alexander Park (1836-1916), born in Scarborough, Yorkshire, and educated in Dorchester, established himself in 1860 in business in Philadelphia where his children were born. About 1887 he moved to Wayne, where he had spent several summers, and built the house now owned by Miss Lecian von Bernuth on Eagle Road, Strafford. This was for many years the family home. Mr. and Mrs. August von Bernuth made several additions to the original building. My grandfather followed his father out from town and after the first attempt at dry goods, entered the hardware business. About 1909 the name of the hardware firm was changed to Welsh & Park. My father, George Rodney Park, Jr., went into the store at the age of fifteen. In 1919 he was taken into partnership with his father and the business then became Geo. R. Park & Son.

My grandparents' home was the old stone house on Croton Road opposite Martin's Dam, now the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Basinger. Martin's Woolen Mill, the old enterprise which used the pond as a mill pond in the early days, was succeeded by a syndicate formed as a water company but which never went into operation. It rented the dam to my grandfather for $10 per annum and the Park family kept it under control and charged admission to swimmers from about 1908 to 1914. In my earliest years there were four houses of Park families on Croton Road, starting with my grandparents' house and running east to the present Greiner and Bohlen houses on opposite sides of the road.

Before my father went into partnership in the store, an unfortunate fire swept through the Opera House building, where it was still located, and, until repairs could be made to the store, the business was conducted from the Masonic Hall on South Wayne Avenue.

In 1925 a new store was built at its present location at 151 East Lancaster Avenue. It consisted of the main floor of the store and its basement and three apartments upstairs. It remains exactly the same today. Included in the property was a house that fronts to Louella Court, now the office of Dr. Albert R. Hunt. There was also a lot in the rear of the store which for many years was a testing ground for the seeds sold in the store. Dad always kept a wonderful vegetable garden there. Later this became a parking lot for customers when parking became a problem in Wayne.

In 1943 Pa Park decided it was time to step down from the management and he turned the business over to my father and to another son, Allyn S. Park. This partnership was dissolved in 1944 with George R. Park, Jr., remaining as sole owner.

My brother, Charles E. Park, and I both graduated from George School and started to work for Dad upon discharge from the service in 1946. Later we formed a partnership involving the three of us, as Geo. R. Park & Sons. Thus it remained until Dad's death in 1955. Charles and I were left the business and that is the way it stands today. We both enjoy it very much, realizing how fortunate we are to have had the hard work of those before us responsible for our futures. As there are six children in the next generation, three each belonging to Charles and me, and out of that number four are boys, we, too, look to the future and hope that the business will go on for many years to come.

In recent years, during my weekly Philadelphia shopping tours for the store, I have come across people who reminisce about their early experiences with our firm.

Some of them were invited out to Pa Park's for the weekend and, having the use of Martin's Dam pool, it was quite an event for them.

Our business has undergone many changes in the methods of operation. I paged through one of the old catalogs used years ago and found it to contain many items that I could not even name let alone attempt to sell to the customers of today. As a matter of fact, this catalog of 734 pages, contained some 4,000 items. Our present catalog has 2830 pages with a proportional increase in the number of items it contains. This is not an indication that we are any smarter today but rather that we are now dealing with a generation that may be harder to satisfy!

Yes, times have changed and our town is still growing. It is with deep pride that we continue to strive for our share of the growth in our community. This endeavor will always be sparks generated many years ago by our founders, with the hope that in years ahead when the business is in other hands that it will be worth the effort we put into it.

G. RODNEY PARK, III

Note: An interesting and detailed photograph of the store of "W. H. Welsh & Co., House Furnishing Goods," when located in the Opera House building, about 1905, was reproduced in this **Bulletin,** Vol. I, No. 6, Spring, 1956.

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MUrray 8-2204

ESPENSHADE'S, Inc.

108 East Lancaster Avenue

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MUrray 8-2626

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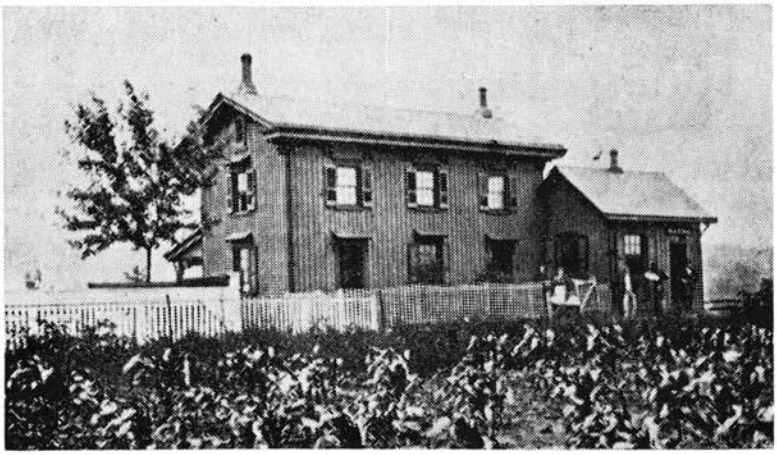

WAYNE STATION, P.R.R.
(Louella P. O., Pa.)
About 1875

The small building on the right was the station. The Stationmaster's house became the waiters' dormitory of the Wayne Hotel in recent years.

THE "OLD STORE" AT RADNOR
from an early photograph