INCORPORATED APRIL 30, 1948

Headquarters and Museum

THE FINLEY HOUSE

113 WEST BEECH TREE LANE
WAYNE, PENNSYLVANIA 19087

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News has been received that the American Historical Association gave their award for scholarly distinction in 1989 to Caroline Robbins, past president of the Radnor Historical Society. Miss Robbins (as she was always called at Bryn Mawr College) came to this country from London in 1926. She was an early (charter) organizer and served the Radnor Historical Society as a director, vice president, and president. While a professor of history at Bryn Mawr College, she authored many outstanding historical articles.

The following item from the 1984 Bulletin of the Radnor Historical Society (Volume 1, Number 4) is worth noting as a comment on Caroline Robbins earlier career achievements.

“Dr. Caroline Robbins, Professor of History at Bryn Mawr College and a Director of the Radnor Historical Society, is author of an outstanding research article, “When It Is That Colonies May Turn Independent: An Analysis of the Environment and Politics of Francis Hutcheson (1694-1746)” which appears in the April issue of the William and Mary Quarterly.

“Our former Vice-President is the recipient of a Guggenheim Fellowship and is currently completing research in the British Isles for a forthcoming book on Scottish-American political thought in the pre-Revolutionary period, the specialty on which she has written many articles and reviews.”

We wish Caroline Robbins well on the occasion of her latest award. Dr. Robbins continues to reside in Bryn Mawr.


Additional historical subjects are planned for future presentation on Radnor’s local access TV channel.

The fifth annual Olde Inns Dinner took place in March 1990 at the Audubon Inn. We had a large gathering who listened to Professor Joseph P. Eckhardt, who also discussed the nearby Betzwood movie studios. He showed excerpts from several silent movies produced at the Port Kennedy studios in the years before Hollywood became a film-making capital.

The program committee strives to select historically interesting nearby old inns for the Olde Inns Dinners. This well-attended historical activity may require a longer trek in the future to more distantly located old inns.

The Board of Directors, which meets monthly, is an active core group of the Society. I thank them for their regular participation in the program of the Society during the year. Also many thanks to the sitters who are on duty at Finley House almost 100 days each year from 2 to 5 p.m. on Tuesday and Saturday afternoons.

While our long-term effort to have a curator is not possible now, we encourage members to help with the continuing operation of the Finley House Museum and headquarters, and the Brooks Wagon House.
WHEN FINLEY HOUSE WAS A FRONTIER OUTPOST
By Charles E. Alexander
(Ed. Note: Mr. Alexander is a long standing member of The Society and has served on the Board of Directors.)

At least that is how it seemed to a ten-year-old boy, eighty years ago.

It was just around that time and age that I began to become aware of the boundaries of Wayne as a settled community.

In more recent years I have derived a certain amount of amusement by arguing that there are no such boundaries and that Wayne itself is something of a fiction — being no more than a name given to a railroad station and a post office. The jurisdiction of the latter now extends over three contiguous counties and includes not only Strafford, St. Davids, Radnor, Mt. Pleasant but even to the edges of Valley Forge Park. Anyone served by Wayne Post Office (19087) can, technically, claim to reside in Wayne.

But not so in my boyhood days, not by a long shot. Every boy knew exactly what line divided Wayne from St. Davids and that the Pennsylvania Railroad divided North Wayne from South Wayne. How else could we have staged a baseball game between the North and South, and even the Main Line Baseball League sported separate teams from Wayne and Strafford?

I don’t know who had originally laid down the rules but we never questioned their authenticity and there was never any doubt that beyond the boundaries of Wayne, St. Davids and Radnor lay the wilderness.

In North Wayne the frontier began at Eagle Road and although there were a few scattered clearings on the North side of the narrow, dusty road — such as the Learning and LeBoutilier estates and St. Luke’s School, most of the North country was forest primeval. It was populated mostly by wild game such as rabbits, squirrels, an occasional woodchuck and the phantom “Panther”.

The boundary line between Wayne and Strafford was Eagle Road bridge and all of the land north of the railroad tracks and between the bridge and Strafford Station was open hunting land. Here were the sources of Gulph Creek with its beds of fragrant watercress and here were century-old but still beautiful chestnut trees and patches of orange-centered violets, all of which were important elements of the ecology of a small boy.

In this area lay the “Old Reservoir” and the “Bums’ Camp”. The former was populated by muskrats and some enormous goldfish, and the latter by those migrant “tourists” of the period just preceding hitch-hiking. The focal point of this hobo jungle was a fine spring of water and an inexhaustible supply of dead chestnut limbs and other firewood. Within range of vision was the railroad and its long ascending grade westward. If the Home Signal at “SZ” Tower (later destroyed by the explosion of the Devon fireworks factory) was at “Stop” the “Approach” signal, just west of Wayne Station, would tell a freight train to start slowing dow, a friendly accommodation to those migrants seeking new vistas. Strangely enough, even to this day, I cannot remember the camp being left in a disorderly condition, such as one now finds at almost any roadside rest along the turnpikes and interstates of today.

The “Bums” were, nevertheless, a breed to be avoided by a small boy and we never ventured very close to the camp to see, or to catch the smell of a cooking fire. But if all were quiet we might approach the compound very cautiously and engage in a bit of treasure hunting. Needless to say, it was almost always non-productive; about the only thing a hobo might leave behind would be a small piece of looking-glass fastened to a tree by three bent nails.

My introduction to the presence and importance of the muskrat residents of the “Old Rezzy” came about through the acquaintance with two slightly older boys whose names must be imperishably associated with the Radnor Historical Society. One was Jack Mather who, over the years, donated many historical documents, such as that pertaining to the original Radnor Library. The other was Fran Dallet, father of our own Jimmy, charter member and a past president of our Society.

At this time I was by way of being a small businessman, selling the Saturday Evening Post, about 25 copies a week at a commission of two cents out of each nickel sale. In the partnership now to be formed, I represented “Capital” - the ways and means of acquiring three steel traps at fifteen or twenty cents each at Welsh and Park’s Hardware Store. Fran Dallet, with access to the family pony cart, represented “transportation”, while Jack with some scanty knowledge of the habitat and habits of the muskrat, represented “technology.” As a combined force we were an enterprise calculated to shake the Hudson’s Bay Company to its very foundations.

As I remember it, we never did catch a muskrat but eventually we traded our traps to another trapper for some skins which we sold to an Arch Street furrier and liquidated the corporation with a net cash profit of fifteen cents each - a better showing than that of many a more experienced entrepreneur. Much more importantly to me, it was this venture that opened the door to the great outdoors and greatly expanded my horizons.

Just east of the old reservoir and still north of Eagle Road, was the Learning property, a lovely old home nestled among tall trees with a lawn running down to the edge of the brook. Somehow, and without the necessity of posting “No Trespass” signs, the very character of the place was enough to command the respect of small boys, and even the “big guys”; and it was by-passed in the excursions that penetrated the rest of the surrounding wilderness. To the north of the Learning place was the large estate of Mr. Roberts LeBoutilier, upon which was situated an authentic Japanese garden, Mr. LeBoutilier’s pride and joy. Included in the garden compound were two small ponds, where we occasionally skated and, in later years, helped Mr. LeBoutilier get rid of the muskrats that were constantly boring holes in the banks and causing a lowering of the water level. Mr. LeBoutilier was a very dignified and somewhat awesome gentleman of the old school. If he never actually invited us to skate there, his attitude was at least permissive and he never bothered us except when one of the guys hit on the idea of using the tops of the stone lanterns for goal posts. We could not find much objection to that restriction, particularly when he pointed out the fact that the stones would have a tendency to sink if the ice melted and that they were expensive imports from Japan. After all, boys can be reasonable, too!

North Wayne Avenue bisected the LeBoutilier lands; the eastern half contained the gate house, the main house, the stable and carriage house and an extensive grape arbor. Except for the latter there was not much to interest us kids so we bypassed it and went on to the Biddle tract, twenty-three acres bordering on Eagle and Radnor Roads.

The Biddle lands were a wonderful place to find Crow’s foot violets - saleable at a nickel a bunch and chestnuts selling at the same price for a full quart. Before I had reached the age of commercialism, however, these woods and fields were a
really scary place. They were reputed to be the habitat of the aforementioned "Panther."

I do not know who was responsible for starting the panther legend, but nor did I know any doubting Thomases who were willing to demonstrate their fearlessness by venturing into those woods after dark. There were even a substantial number of believers among grown-ups. Until Charlie Cressman put the panther scare to rest by exhibiting the beast's hide (it was probably an old worn out bear or deer skin rug) to "all and sundry" at Wayne corner, kids didn't have to be told that Eagle Road was "far enough" and that there was enough room in the rest of North Wayne to play Hare and Hounds and Cops and Robbers.

By the summer of 1913 our spirit of adventure had increased in the same proportion that our credibility about panthers and fear of gypsies had diminished. Wedged in between the Biddle tract and the Lebouillier lands was a parcel of ground belonging to the Springfield Water Co. and the site of the new reservoir. Although no longer in active use, it was maintained as an emergency facility, capable of supplying all of North Wayne. It was oval in shape and about 200 feet long and maybe thirty feet wide, all lined with brick and full of crystal-clear water to a depth of ten feet. Remote from the road and further concealed by its own bank, it was a perfect private swimming pool for the members of the Eagle Athletic Club.

My brother and I were supposed to be swimming at the Walton's that summer but the Rezzy was much closer and ever so much more exciting. We used our private pool all summer and never got caught, and so far as I know we were never even suspect. That winter the Rezzy made a wonderful hockey rink. We never lost a puck as it just bounced back off the brick walls and we felt free to make all the noise we wanted; we felt that society would be much less outraged at our skating on its potential drinking water than swimming in it. In retrospect I think we were just a bit disappointed that nobody took exception to our brashness and consequently we never used it again. It was just a little too safe to be fun any more.

The hospitality of the Waltons is, I am sure, still legend. For the modest fee of $1.00 a season for swimming, and the same for skating, anyone who was willing to behave himself had not only the privilege of swimming or skating, but also the use of Billy's quarters in the log cabin for changing clothes or putting on skates and warming up by his stove. The dollar went to Billy, not the Waltons.

Billy Houston, who claimed to be a descendant of Gen'l Sam Houston (and without doubt what he also claimed to be, part Indian) was the caretaker and supreme authority. If a boy got to splashing the girl swimmers (they had a separate bathhouse on the opposite shore of the swimming pond, or ducking one another, Billy sent them home. The same treatment applied if the hockey players invaded the recognized territory of the fancy skaters. Billy sported a red sweater adorned with a big yellow "C" which he claimed to have won as a football player at the Carlisle Indian School. As Billy was barely five feet tall, that claim was even more incredible than his assertions relative to his lineage. However, as Bobby Burns was wont to say, "A man's a man for a' that." Billy is still remembered.

North of the Walton property, and extending along Eagle Road from St. Luke's School to the King of Prussia Road, lay the vast extent of the "Paul Place", residence of Mr. J.W. Paul and, later, of his son Drexel Paul and his daughters Mary Paul Munn and Mrs. Paul Dendla Mills. The entire estate was surrounded by a high iron fence, much of which still remains and enclosing Cabrini College. At the time of its erection it was reputed to have cost all of $10,000. As its total length was close to a mile, I am sure it did!

The fence is nearly eight feet in height with pointed palings. It was a real challenge to a boy's pants, even if not a complete deterrent, and it could be flanked by a circuitous route starting at the end of the St. Luke's grounds. But it was something else to get over it in a hurly when being chased by an irate caretaker after a Sunday morning skinny-dip in the irresistible outdoor swimming pool.

Beyond the Paul Place lay the grassy "Radnor Sheep Ranch", bane of the Radnor Fire Co., then the Mott place and on down along the creek, through the Strawbridge and the Clothier lands to Gulph Mills. All this was fabulous trapping country but a long way home on a biting cold winter day. And, actually, it was not necessary to go all that distance in pursuit of the ubiquitous muskrat. One could go back to Leaming's, cross Eagle Road, follow the brook through the tunnel under North Wayne Avenue and continue along the back yards of the houses on Oak Lane. Then on down through the property of Dr. George Miles Wells and across Poplar Avenue. It was mostly soft loamy soil on the banks and easy digging for the muskrats to make their homes. My very first catch, in fact, was made just where the lower end of Woodland Avenue crosses the brook adjacent to PECO's new brick buildings and where the Radnor Fire Co. made its first test of the locally invented First Automotive Fire Pump in America.

Wayne was, and always will be, a wonderful place to grow up, a conclusion obviously endorsed by several generations over the past eight decades. But, to accommodate their appreciation of its many other attractions, the wide open spaces have been forced into a stubborn though gallant retreat.

Inexplicably one small patch of my wilderness remains unvanquished. As you drive (and it is hardly safe to walk any more) down Eagle Road past the various halls of Eastern College, there is a tiny piece of Pechin's Woods still unclaimed and then a couple of new homes, half a century old, and then solid brambles all the way to the corner of King of Prussia Road. The wild lands continue along the edge of the road, down to and across the creek, and then back up along its south bank to the Eastern College fence.

I have never known just who ever owned this land, but in my 1913 trapping records it is referred to as "cassan's". Joe Cassan stabilised riding horses and gave riding lessons. He was succeeded by Arthur Fox who carried on the same business and boarded horses for General John P. Wood and other dedicated equestrians. The one-time farm was a mixture of hay field, alders and blackberry tangle. I guess you could just call it pasture, and there were some deep pockets in the creek where you could swim or even catch suckers and catfish. It was never posted and I always felt free to trap there or collect butterflies.

After a lapse of probably fifty years I got the urge to make a sentimental journey down there. I guess that was only five or six years ago. Tough as the going was, through the brambles along the old path along the south side of the stream, the effort was rewarded by spotting raccoon and muskrat tracks on the mud flats and sand bars.

The Old Rezzy has long since become Forest Road and the 500 block of West Beechtree. The Biddle Tract is Woodland Court and Fair Trout Road and if the Sheep Ranch could return to grassland overnight it would go for at least $100,000 an acre.

So be it, but I like to think that down at Cassan's there will still be fresh tracks on those mud flats tomorrow!
It all began some twelve years ago when Dorothy Terman's son gave her his ancient Kodak instamatic camera prior to a cruise around the world, and said, "You have to take a camera with you." This was over his mother's strenuous objections, since she refused to see the world through the eye of a camera. Nevertheless, the camera went along. As it happened, Dorothy took hundreds of pictures and had them developed on board ship. These photographs showed that she had a good eye.

From then on her camera saw a great deal of use, while graduating to a Nikon and eventually to a Leica. Along the way her work had such an appeal that a greeting card company purchased some of her designs.

In 1978 Dorothy discovered an island called Tory. She had gone to Edinburgh to meet a friend for the start of a motor trip through the Scottish Highlands. Her friend, who was Irish and very knowledgeable about art, suggested stopping at an art gallery that had an exhibit of Tory painters. Fascinated with the primitive and naive painting, she bought one with a view of the island as though seen from the air.

With a love for islands and having seen the paintings of Tory, she planned to go there one day. This came about in 1981 when she went for a brief visit. The three mile island sat on a rock, nine miles west of Ireland's Ulster coast.

Again it was by buying a painting that forged a strong link to Tory. Dorothy took photographs of the painter's two small daughters. Back home in Wayne, she sent Patsy Dan Rodgers, the artist, enlarged copies. After writing to express his thanks, a correspondence began. He told about his children and the aftermath of a severe gale. "Tory was at all times like a battleship," he said. However, it was of his concern for the island's future that touched Dorothy. In 1841 the population totalled nearly 400; it had been steadily declining ever since. Claimed Patsy, "Tory is beautiful, especially in the summer." Dorothy promised to come back.

In the meantime, she had discovered the use of a tape recorder and brought it with her on the return to Tory Island.

During this visit there was time for wandering along the cliffs in good weather and when the wind was on the rise, walks on the road to the lighthouse. Wildflowers appeared during the warmer months and friendly, little brown birds hovered close by.
As to the people, says Dorothy, "Island people are very different. They are hospitable, warm and welcoming, but there is a reserve right behind the friendly smile. It can take a while but gradually people get to know you and are able to get beyond the reserve."

Time played a different part in the islander's lives. Mornings would start slowly. Dorothy found that late afternoon and evening were the best time to visit. "I enjoyed the many hours of conversation, sitting cozily by the turf fires. With the talk is Tory tea, strong enough for a mouse to trot across. Whether I visited after midnight or afternoon, whenever I would begin to leave, the response was always 'sit back down, sit back down, there's time enough'."

Music and dance played an important part in the lives of the Tory people. The Sunday night dance never started before one o'clock Monday morning. Dorothy began to tape many songs and musical forms. Among the local musicians were several accordion players, a fiddler, Irish pipers and one who could make sounds of a flute-like quality from a tin whistle. Various men and women had fine a capella voices. A few of the ballads had been written by the grandfathers of those who sang for her. It was because of these very pleasant experiences that Dorothy decided, that on her next visit, she would ask a few of the older men and women if they would tell something of their lives, also if they knew any legends or fairy stories. One happened long ago when the wee folk were seen on their fairy boats, sailing on land, sometimes with a full crew.

Padraig Og Rodgers would be the first story teller. He had long since been elected "King of Tory". In conversations with him, his love and deep concerns for the island were evident, as was his fund of stories. A small man, he has stature

in every other way. After Dorothy had explained her interest to him, with hardly a pause, he launched into tales of his ghostly encounters and, among other things, descriptions of wakes in the old days. Over the next few years Dorothy collected island traditions, true and fanciful tales, and stories of every day life and by-gone events. It was all a collection of oral history-Tory style (bealei dees in Irish), literally meaning mouth learning.

There was Donal Doohan, now in his nineties, whose tales were peppered with boundless poetic license. He sang ballads with enthusiasm for "Do rikin," as he called her. No exaggeration was on hand when Patsy Dan Rodgers told his unvarnished tale of the runaway bubbling stream of poteen and how it was hastily buried under a covering of gravel. It was an old Tory custom, after distilling a batch of poteen, to spill a few drops for the fairies. If not, the angry fairies could wreak their revenge in very crafty ways.

What it was like being a fisherman in the old days was told by Dan Rodgers. At that time all sorts of omens flourished. For a black cat to cross your path before going out to sea was a good omen, while seeing anything red signaled disaster. With Grainne Bhriain Donnan, Dorothy asked about the remedies and cures used on the island. She had a wealth of information on the highly unique varieties used by her mother.

At a certain point, with the realization that there were now quite a few stories, Dorothy's thought was to have them typed, bound and given to the small Tory schoolhouse library. With the advent of television, storytelling would soon become a lost art. Listening to the tapes many times was followed by transcribing and seeing the words in print. However, there was an element, a cadence that seemed to be elusive.

In 1985 Dorothy was taken by friends to a lecture given by a professor at the Folklore Institute of Indiana University. In speaking with him, he suggested, "listen to the silences". It was after redoing the tapes, hearing them in this way, and with the encouragement of several friends, that the shape of her book came into being.
ARCHITECTURAL DRAWINGS AND
THE WENDELL & SMITH ACCOUNT BOOK
by George William Smith
(Ed. Note: George Smith is president of the Radnor Historical Society and a practicing architect in Philadelphia.)

In 1988 the Athenaeum of Philadelphia contacted the Radnor Historical Society to invite their participation in a grant request to the Pew Charitable Trust's Museum Loan Program. Conservation, photographing, and preservation of the Radnor Historical Society's architectural drawing and blueprint collection by the Athenaeum staff, with funding provided by the Trust, was proposed. In addition, the Wendell and Smith ledger was to be lent and conserved. The Athenaeum would also enter the architectural prints into a national database to preserve them for the future, and to make them more accessible to the appropriate public for research, publication, and exhibition.

The collection is unique because it documents the beginning development of residential suburban areas including Wayne. This type of architectural record rarely survives. The collection as a group is far more important than any single item, and although many of the drawings and prints are worthy of exhibition, their overwhelming importance derives from their value as historical documents. The Radnor Historical Society assembled the collection soon after its incorporation in 1948. The greater portion of the blueprints were indexed in 1981 with a few additional donations since that time. The conditions in which the documents were kept are not ideal. It was obvious that the Society is presently not able to store them in the Finley House under archival conditions. Ready access to and administration of the collection by a qualified curator is also not possible; hence, the agreement to make the loan to the Athenaeum for ten years.

At the Athenaeum this collection joins 110,000 other architectural drawings and nearly 95,000 books. They are accessible to students of American architecture and to curators who are planning exhibitions. Entry into RLIN, a database system, is particularly important because the collection represents the suburban work of so many architects over a relatively brief period of time. The drawings become part of the principal architectural drawing archive of the Philadelphia region, and through the database are accessible to scholars and curators throughout the nation.

The Athenaeum of Philadelphia is an independent research library founded in 1814 to collect materials "connected with the history and antiquities of America and the useful arts, and generally to disseminate useful knowledge." The museum collection is housed in a restored National Historic Landmark building near Independence Hall on the east side of Washington Square. In addition to drawings and books, the Athenaeum has 25,000 historic photographs and over 1,000,000 manuscripts relating to the field of architecture, making it one of the premier architectural museums in the United States.

The 722 drawings and blueprints being lent by the Radnor Historical Society document the residential development of Wayne and St. Davids in Delaware County, and the Overbrook and Pelham neighborhoods in Philadelphia in the years between 1890 and 1930. Also included is the manuscript ledger of Wendell & Smith, early speculators and developers of the above areas. The drawings represent the work of more than 30 architects including David K. Boyd (1872-1944), Joseph Huston (1866-1940), William L. Price (1861-1916), and Horace Trumbauer (1868-1938). The collection is unusual and rare because it documents late 19th and early 20th century suburban development; in particular, the relationship between the developer and his architect. The condition of the drawings, specifically the blueprints, required their treatment as soon as possible. In many cases, the blueprints are the only surviving images of buildings, and thus should be given a priority not generally afforded to non-original materials.

Architectural drawings — by their very nature — tend to suffer from mechanical damage in addition to the usual ravages of acid paper, unstable materials, and improper mending. Because of their size, they often present special problems of storage and retrieval, even for professionally-managed repositories which are not particularly equipped for their care and service. The drawings being lent to the Athenaeum of Philadelphia under the Pew Charitable Trust's Museum Loan Program all suffer, to a greater or lesser degree, from these problems and require conservation and/or stabilization prior to being transferred into acid-free folders and then being stored in steel flat-bed cases within an environmentally-controlled atmosphere. Conservation of the drawings will be done by accredited and nationally-recognized conservators who are specially experienced with architectural drawings and photo-mechanical reproduction prints.

The Radnor Historical Society has no expenses while the collection is on loan. The Athenaeum of Philadelphia has assumed responsibility for transporting the borrowed materials, for appraisal of them, for pre- and post-conservation photography, and for conservation. The collection has been insured for $21,000 by the Athenaeum.

Once conserved and catalogued, the collection will be available to the public for research use under controlled conditions during the Athenaeum's normal hours (Monday to Friday, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.). Members of the Radnor Historical Society are encouraged to visit the Athenaeum to view this restored collection and the other items in the Athenaeum's collection. The projected date for completion of the project is May 1991.

An agreement for a ten year loan has been made. Periodic previews of the borrowed drawings and the Wendell and Smith account ledger are scheduled for January 1995 and for January 2000. At a later date, the Radnor Historical Society will need to determine whether the collection should return to the Finley House or not. It is the Society's goal to have at least a part-time curator on duty at the Finley House by the year 2000 to oversee the proper storage and use of this collection as well as the other items entrusted to our care.

RADNOR HISTORICAL SOCIETY
PUBLICATIONS FOR PURCHASE

Past issues of the Bulletin of the Radnor Historical Society, $2.00.

The War of the Revolution in Radnor, by Francis James Dallet. $1.00.

"Map of Radnor Township Showing Ownership in 1776," research by Katherine H. Cummin, drawn by Herbert S. Henderson. $3.00.

"Rural Homes," Wayne advertising pamphlet of 1890. $.50.

"Comfortable Homes in the Suburbs on the Hillsides at Wayne and St. Davids," pictorial poster of 1890. $.50.

Poster (aerial view) of Wayne and St. Davids. $2.00.
THE DEVON HORSE SHOW: 
BRITISH INFLUENCE ON APPAREL AND TACK
by Deborah Morrison

(Ed. Note: Deborah Morrison is a painter and Adjunct Professor of Art at Eastern College. She had her studio training at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. She has illustrated the Devon Horse Show poster since 1985, based on her experiences hanging out at the show grounds for more years than she cares to admit. For more information about the Devon Horse Show, see A Week Down in Devon by Christopher Hyde, available at the Horse Shoe offices.

My invitation to ride on one of the four-in-hand carriages during the Sunday afternoon marathon included instructions to wear a skirt which would cover my knees and a hat with a brim. I was warned that the hat had better be firmly pinned on. No time would be wasted stopping the coach in the ring. The gentlemen who rode with us wore suits and were issued top hats by the owner/driver of the roof seat break coach. As we circled the ring with the other competitors, grooms up behind, matched horses stepping in gleaming harness, it struck me that the scene was a reproduction of British sporting prints and paintings which I had seen. The carriages and hunters at Devon give us a very accurate look at British landed gentry and their country habits going back to the eighteenth century.

The Devon Horse Show has been an important event on Main Line calendars for almost one hundred years. For those who spend a day there, it is obvious that a great deal of time and expense is spent on appearance of horses and riders. The catalog specifies that proper attire and harness, or "tack", counts for a substantial percentage of performance points in some classes.

Devon began as a local one day event on July 2, 1896, hosting one hundred entries in thirty classes. In contrast, the 1990 Devon Horse Show ran for nine days, had two hundred and forty classes and sixteen hundred exhibitors, including international entries. At its inception, the show was an opportunity for local farmers and landowners to see and purchase livestock. In 1896 horses supplied transportation, freight service, and farm labor in suburban Philadelphia. The show was held at its present site, then a polo grounds, and has been held there almost continually. The Country Fair division was instituted in 1919 and has raised almost $6 million for Bryn Mawr Hospital in its seventy years of operation. Today the Devon Horse Show and Country Fair is supported by three thousand volunteers who host one hundred thousand spectators during the nine day run. Devon has become an institution combining high level equine competition, a country fair with midway and sophisticated shops, and a social register cast of organizers and competitors which defies description. It is the rigid local control, the work of generations of Philadelphia and Main Line families, which has kept Devon largely a local event.

Britain's influence on equine tradition at Devon is easily established. Foxhunting and coaching dominated rural sporting in England for centuries. An insider's view by Francis Barlow, Severall Ways of Hunting, Hawking and Fishing According to the English Manner was published with woodcut illustrations in 1671. Note the emphasis on "English" manner. By that time the basic design features of saddles and bridles had been established and are perceived as remarkably similar to what we see in the ring today. Only the noseband of the bridle is missing in these early woodcuts. The distinctive shape of the English saddle was already a pattern in the late seventeenth century. We can see that these well
designed items allowed the rider to control the horse and sit securely astride. It is understandable that the minimal changes that have evolved over the last two centuries are refinements which allow for more individualized performances.

Riding apparel at Devon owes much to the enormous influence of one Englishman, George Bryan Brummell (1778-1840). Beau Brummell dominated the intensely clothes-conscious social scene in London during the Regency period. His exquisitely understated preference for simple dark coat, white shirt and cravat, and plain trousers became the norm for town and country. Modifications for the hunting field can be seen in such paintings as John Fennerly's "Andrew Drummond Mounted on Bucher" painted in 1822. Drummond is seen casually seated in black top hat, black long tailed coat, white cravat and tan breeches. His black boots have the white tops introduced by Brummell, a feature which gave Brummell the excuse to retire from the hunt at the first sign of a muddy run. This portrait of Drummond is very close to what we see worn in the hunter classes at Devon today. Judges in some classes give twenty percent of total points for appearance. The red coat seen on United States Equestrian team members is a color modification which appears as early as 1820 in a painting by James Ward, "Ralph Lampton and His Hounds". By that time, the red coat had become a choice for foxhunters. It is seen today in the hunt field, in jumping classes, and as evening wear in coaching events.

Special mention should be made of those valiant ladies in the sidesaddle classes at Devon. These athletes have an extremely difficult challenge: they must not only look relaxed and competent at walk, trot and canter with both legs dangling on the left side of the horse. They must also have a ladylike presence and impeccable equipment. Judges are looking for good manners, style and way of moving. Twenty five percent of points are given for appointments, formal hunting attire and general overall appearance. This is a lot to remember.

By the time I overheard the young lady's story she had been dismissed from the ring by the judge. Her mother, holding the girl's reins while she loosened the mare's girth, was silent. American Horse Show Association Handbook Article 2321 specifies that sidesaddle competitors must carry gloves, white or rain gloves, on the off (right) side of the saddle under the saddle flap. Fingers must point forward. Also carried on the off side is a combination sandwich box/flask container. The flask must be filled with tea or sherry. No specifications on the sandwich, but the young rider had not replaced the sandwich that she had packed for a show a month before Devon. The judge was not impressed.

The sidesaddle has two protrusions on top to support the rider's right leg as it crosses the saddle. The same design is evident in an oil painting by Sir Francis Grand, "Queen Victoria Out With Her Gentlemen", painted in 1840. The Queen's veiled black top hat and black riding dress are similar to the habits worn today. We can see clothing for sidesaddle use which is identical to contemporary habits in Sir Alfred Munnings portrait, "Princess Mary on Portumna", painted in 1930. A long dark coat, white shirt and cravat, long dark skirt over breeches, and standard black boots were worn. Add a yellow wool vest, consider that all these layers of wool are worn in June at Devon, and you have identified the real heroines of the show.

It is not difficult to find sporting art to support comparisons between Devon competitors and their British antecedents. It is more difficult to convey the tremendous excitement and rush of the show ring today. Our twentieth century staging of these equine events has added glitter and urgency—the race against the clock—to an already exciting class of athletic performers. A visit to Devon during its nine day run is the best way to witness this grand pageant.
ACTIVITIES OF THE SOCIETY 1990

February 13, 1990
Mr. Arthur Reist, Lancaster County agricultural historian and consultant, presented a talk on the history of the Conestoga wagon. Reist is a collector of Conestoga wagons, and his vehicles have carried President George Bush and former Governor Richard Thornburgh. Members viewed our own Conestoga wagon in the Brooks Wagon House before the talk. Refreshments were served.

March 6, 1990
The Audubon Inn in Audubon, PA was the site of the annual old inns dinner. Dr. Joseph Eckhardt, associate professor of history at Montgomery County Community College, presented a slide/movie lecture on the 1912 Betzwood motion picture studio of Siegmund Lubin and the Wolf Brothers’ Betzwood Film Company, which operated between 1918-1922.

April 10, 1990
Mr. Bill Lord, Wayne resident, presented a lecture on the history of Old St. David’s Church from its early beginnings to 1915. The meeting was held at the Finley House and refreshments were served.

May 12, 1990
The annual meeting and garden party was held at the home of Board member Mr. Ted Pollard in St. Davids. Local artist Deborah Morrison delivered a scintillating slide lecture on the ongoing traditions in coaching equine classes as seen at the annual Devon Horse Show. She compared current horse show photos with sporting prints and paintings of the 19th Century. Deb Morrison has designed six posters for the Devon Horse Show. Following her talk refreshments were served and Mr. Pollard led informal tours of his backyard quarry.

September 15, 1990
Stanley Short, Newtown Township Police Chief, and others led our group on a tour of the old Millhouse on St. Davids Road at Paper Mill Road in Newtown Township. Chief Short was president of the Newtown Square Historical Society and spearheaded a group which worked on the Millhouse restoration.

October 9, 1990
Dorothy Harrison Therman, past president of the Society and Director Emeritus, delivered a slide lecture on her illustrated book, Stories from Tory Island. The book is based on her many trips to the island off the coast of Ulster. Refreshments followed her talk.

November 13, 1990
Alice and Carl Lindborg presented a slide talk on old homes of Newtown Township. This was a follow-up to the September 15 tour of the old Millhouse in Newtown Township. The meeting took place at the Finley House, followed with refreshments.

December 16, 1990
The traditional Christmas open house at the Finley House followed the North Wayne carol sing at the Walnut Avenue triangle. Beatrice Lord, Board member, decorated the Finley House and supervised the affair. Wassail and cakes were served.

ACCESSIONS

Kathleen Overturf
The Sesquicentennial History of St. Denis Parish

Louis Hess
Holland and Jenks: The Citizen's Handbook

Martha W. Dale
“Share Our Vision” (booklet of the Cabrini College Comprehensive Campaign)

Bennett Hill (from the estate of Mrs. John W. Watson)
The Dolls of Yesterday
Paintings of Miniatures of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania
wooden book on picture stand
parts of World War I Red Cross volunteer uniform
metal watering can for garden

Bennett Hill (from “Belford”, home of Mrs. Philippus Miller)
one World War I Red Cross grey uniform smock to accompany Red Cross hats given previously

Allan Arnold
research information on William George

Mr. and Mrs. John Todd Stewart
Cherry pitter-iron with hand crank
iron pad lock
various Philadelphia Record newspapers
old Boston phone book

Katharine S. Leonard
cream ware mold (belonging to her grandfather, William Henry Salen)
two antique forks (belonging to her father, George W. Schultz)

Blanche Atkinson Ott
drum (Girl Scouts, Wayne, PA)
Girl Scouts filed day pictures, 1932

Bennett Hill
photographs of 209 Pembroke Ave., St. Davids, early 1900’s
portrait of a lady with violets
two “Williamsburg” bird bottles
five “Williamsburg” white vases

Dorothy Therman
1889 railroad atlas
Dr. and Mrs. S.F. Brandon
lady's dress, child's dresses, night shirt, children's books

Alice Pitt
framed map, 1896

Bob Goshorn
8" x 10" photo

George and Josephine Smith
Japanese maple

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Sharples, Jr.
tarpot

NEW MEMBERS

Warren W. Ayres
Richard Burroughs
Mr. and Mrs. William B. Callahan
Elyse Fiebert
Mr. and Mrs. George Freeland
Mrs. John Higgins
Mr. and Mrs. William J. Hirsch
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Mr. and Mrs. Donald McCown, Jr.
Lenore Merrell
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