THE BULLETIN
of
RADNOR HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Volume II  SPRING, 1968  No. 8

INCORPORATED APRIL 30, 1948

Headquarters and Museum
THE FINLEY HOUSE
BEECH TREE LANE AND BELLEVUE AVENUE
WAYNE, PENNSYLVANIA
Visitors Cordially Welcome. Telephone MURRAY 8-2668.

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## RADNOR HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
(a non-profit educational institution)

### Annual Treasurer's Report  
April 30, 1968

#### RECEIPTS

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<td>Dues</td>
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<td>Miscellaneous Receipts</td>
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Total Receipts: $5,002.77

#### DISBURSEMENTS

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Borrowed Money: $2,135.02

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<td>Miscellaneous Disbursements</td>
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Total Disbursements: $4,569.55

Balance Cash in General Fund — April 30, 1968: $442.22

#### Savings Account — $132.41

Membership is open to those interested. Dues $3.00 per annum.
Contributions to Society are deductible for Income Tax purposes.
Balance of Restoration Debt — $4,100.00
We need additional community support.

O. Louis Ehmann, Jr., Treasurer  
123 W. Lancaster Ave., Wayne, Pa.
THE PRESIDENT'S REPORT

The Society's twentieth year has been one of quiet and satisfactory progress. The Finley House settles more and more comfortably into its role of Headquarters and Museum. This is due in large part to gifts which continue to come to us from generous friends. The house is now graced by lovely blue and white Ironstone china; a small and tasteful new table and two ladder-back chairs add to the charm of the Victorian fireplace; and a rug covers one of the hitherto bare floors. (All accessories for 1967-68 are listed on another page of the BULLETIN.)

Mrs. Hunt continues to catalogue new books so that our library is in excellent condition, with the exception of the canvas cover of the Conestoga wagon which we hope to replace soon. Our appreciation goes also to Miss Isabella McKnight for her hours of work spent in refurbishing our two wagons and their accessories. They are now in fine condition, with the exception of the canvas cover over the Conestoga wagon which we hope to replace soon. Our appreciation goes also to Mr. Richard Barringer for his hours of work spent in refurbishing our two wagons and their accessories. They are now in fine condition, with the exception of the canvas cover over the Conestoga wagon which we hope to replace soon. Our appreciation goes also to Mrs. A. Atlee Harvey for her generosity and his practical idea for the use of the proceeds.

I am happy to say that our membership has increased during the year. The Finley House has been open, as usual, every Tuesday afternoon from 2 until 5 and at other times by appointment. We would appreciate volunteers whose duties would range from filing, sorting and simple cataloguing to "house-sitting" on Tuesdays. Those interested please call Mrs. Therman, MU S-4961 or Mrs. Cummin, LA 5-6593 for further information.

In closing I wish to thank again all those who have contributed, in so many ways, to the work of the Society.

Dorothy H. Therman.

NEW MEMBERS

Dr. Harrison McMichael
Mrs. E. Norton Hunt
Mrs. William L. Moskal
Miss Mazie E. Hall

Dr. William Wood
Mrs. M. A. Harvey

Edward W. Richardson
Mrs. Seaton Schroeder, Jr.
F. Phelps Todd
Mrs. A. Atlee Harvey

NEW MEMBERS

Mrs. Hughes Cauffman
Mrs. Walter Lucas
Cari F. Landeck
Mrs. William L. Wyman
Mrs. William M. Pew

NECROLOGY

Rev. Thomas F. Roland, O.S.A.

Andrew Fritz

E. Osborn Coates

"OLD BROAD STREET, THE PENNSY, AND OUR MAIN LINE"

(Bits of History and Some Recollections of the Pennsylvania Railroad)

By Charles E. Alexander
Before The Radnor Historical Society
May 21, 1967

I think that the compelling motivation which prompted this research and collection of recollections of the recent and rather startling discovery of which our present-day Radnor Community there are some of us who never actually saw Old Broad Street Station - nor would the term itself ever be one that, in Railroad parlance, would ordinarily limit itself to such a relatively short stretch of corporate empire. And yet as we know quite well, it is this very broad stretch that we call THE MAIN LINE, and that in all the world there is no other!

There is a story - it is really a very old one but it just might be new to some of you and I hope the rest of you will bear with me:

Just after the end of World War I, a prominent lady from these parts visited England and wangled an invitation to be present at Court. As her turn came to make her way to the Royal Couple, the Queen - the rather reserved Queen Mary - inquired very graciously: "Could you say from what part of America do you come? And without a tremor or a moment's hesitation, our lady replied: "From the Main Line, your Majesty." I do not know if it was true or not, but I think it could be, and somehow I always like to think that it is!

In any event, to be precise and to be able to effectively resist the claims of any imposters, we can factually ascribe the genius of this term "Main Line" as applied to our own particular and blessed part of America, to an Act of the Pennsylvania Legislature when John Quincy Adams was the President of the United States. The year was 1828 and I think that such antiquity gives us a fairly substantial basis for a pre-emptive claim. And here is how it came about:

During the early years of what was then the "new" Century, Pennsylvania suddenly found itself in a very unpleasant and worst-case situation. Its position as the highly lucrative "Gateway to the West," Philadelphia's bid to become the commercial capital of the East, were in serious threat from two very dangerous rivals - New York, of course, and Baltimore. The race had already been running on pretty much of a neck-and-neck basis and now it was really getting hot. In 1825 the State of New York com-
completed its construction of the Erie Canal, thus giving New York City the inside track to a water-level route to the West; a route that was in many ways more attractive than the Wagon Tracks over the Allegheny Mountains. And, at about the same time, the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was rapidly pushing its line toward Harper’s Ferry with Pittsburgh, in the very heart of Pennsylvania, as its ultimate goal.

While its competitors had been progressing these strategic advances, Pennsylvania had built some noteworthy highway bridges across the Susquehanna—at Columbia, Harrisburg, and Northumberland. It also authorized a Turnpike, to extend from Carlisle to Pittsburgh, but the seed of that dream was not to bear a bumper crop of fruit until a Century later. A State Commission was also exploring the feasibility of several canal systems, and had even recommended one that would cross the entire State from East to West. The little problem of the Allegheny Mountains would be neatly taken care of by digging a four-mile tunnel. This, I am sure, would have provided an exciting diversion for passengers but for rather obvious reasons this grandiose scheme was never carried out. Still, at its estimated cost of $480,000, such a tunnel might have been a real bargain at that!

Finally, after several other such excursions into “dreamland,” the State authorities really “got with it” and came up with some effective and far-sighted action. On March 24, 1828 the Governor approved a Bill providing for a coordinated system of canals and railroad lines which would be officially designated as “THE MAIN LINE OF PUBLIC WORKS OF THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA.”

The Master Plan included the construction of a railroad between Philadelphia and Columbia and authorized immediate construction of 20 miles of line out of Philadelphia, as well as another 20-mile stretch from Columbia east.

There were other “State Works” in progress at the time, and the title “Main Line,” as appearing in the Act, seems to have been chosen with conscious care to distinguish this courageous and ambitious project from all the others and particularly from the various lateral canal routes that were coming into existence. And thus THE MAIN LINE acquired its name and the design of its great destiny!

Construction appears to have progressed rather slowly, for it was not until 1832 that the Grandire of all the Paoli Locals made its initial trip from Philadelphia—its destination the Green Tree Inn, just west of Paoli.

(Do you remember Green Tree Station?)

And if you don’t remember the Station you should remember that death-trap of an underpass when “U.S. 30” was still the “Lincoln Highway.”)

On the outbound leg of its maiden voyage the train made a number of unscheduled stops while the crew and the passengers foraged for fence rails to keep the engine hot and it barely made Green Tree before running out of water. Before it could start back to Philadelphia it was necessary for the crew—and the passengers—to form a bucket brigade and fill the tank with water from a nearby well. The round trip of 40 miles was completed in 11 Hours—not much slower than a well conditioned outdoorsman could have walked it, and without disturbing a single fence rail!

Please bear in mind, however, that this was not yet the Pennsylvania Railroad! The Main Line of Public Works was strictly a State-owned and State-operated facility. The Railroad segments were, in effect, Turnpikes on which cars were drawn along the rails either by steam locomotive or horses. The cars were generally privately owned but both types of “horsepower” were furnished by the State.

These methods of operation, and the attendant problems, were not only unique but also somewhat of a forecast of the future. As one historian drily noted:

“...it was inevitable that there would be conflicts between the two types of motive power. Frequently the driver of the horse or mule team would stop to water his animals at a nearby water trough, while a locomotive with its train would be impatiently waiting to proceed."

And another contemporary commentator charged that “Teamsters took a vicious delight” in annoying their competitors at the reins of the Iron Horse. The participants have changed and so has the setting, and Progress has produced such panaceas as the Schuykill Expressway, but the hereditary descendants of the Teamsters are still with us and still exercising their “vicious delights.”

The original route of the Main Line began at Broad Street and Vine; it headed up Broad Street a short way and then turned west and northwest to the Schuylkill. It crossed the River at the site of the present Reading Railroad Bridge and thence to the foot of the famous “Belmont Plane” — an inclined plane rising 187 feet in a distance of about half a mile. The 7% grade was (and still would be) much too steep for a locomotive to negotiate, and so the original engine would be uncoupled from its train of cars and they would be raised—or lowered—from a 9-inch rope cable and a 60-horsepower stationary engine. At the crest of the plane, another
locomotive was attached and the train would proceed out past the location of the present Belmont Reservoir and Filtering Plant, thence through Cywynd Station and out along the route of Montgomery Avenue to Ardmore.

In 1850 a new line was built from Ardmore to West Philadelphia and the old "Belmont" line went out of business — then known, I believe, as the "North Penn" Railroad. From Ardmore west, however, the Main Line followed pretty much its present course. One of its later major deviations was its route through Bryn Mawr, and you can still see the remains of the earlier and different line between Villanova and Radnor.

So much for the infancy of the Main Line. Let us move on to the birthday of the Pennsylvania Railroad, which received its Charter by Act of the Legislature, which was signed by the Governor of Pennsylvania on April 13, 1846. As originally conceived and constituted, the Pennsylvania Railroad was to connect the cities of Harrisburg and Pittsburgh, crossing the Allegheny Mountains, and affording connection, at another point named the "Harrisburg, Portsmouth, Mount Joy and Lancaster," its President was also to establish "Portsmouth and Lancasters" in Lancaster, and if the name of "Portsmouth" doesn't ring a bell, it is now called Middletown.

In 1849, the first year of the Main Line, the Public Works had completed the "Philadelphia and Columbia Railroad" so the combination of the three systems would afford a continuous rail line from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh.

As time moved on, various considerations pointed to the desirability of the Pennsy's acquiring the State's Main Line, and other equally persuasive considerations convinced the State government that it would be good business to get out of the railroad business and let railroaders run it. After protracted negotiations and legislative action, the Main Line was sold to the public auction on June 25, 1857. The propertys comprehend in the sale included not only the Philadelphia and Columbia Railroad, but also the Portage Railroad through the Mountains, and the Stat Canals.

Although the sale was largely attended, there was only one bidder and one bid. The Pennsy's President, John Edgar Thompson, bought it for $7 1/2 million, and wouldn't you? But if that sounds like a ridiculous price, you have to note that this amount was equal to the entire amount of the original capitalization of the Pennsylvania Railroad — 150,000 shares at $50 a share. There was also a rather long string attached to the transaction: in addition to the principal sum of $7 1/2 million, the Pennsy agreed to pay an additional $5 million over the course of 10 years. This was known as the "commutation of tonnage tax." That was a tax that the State had been collecting for all traffic moved on lines competitive with the State's. The purpose of the tax was to give State aid to the completion of eleven other railroads in the State. The Pennsylvania's assumption of this obligation that gave birth to the bright idea of expecting the Railroads to continue to subsidize their cars so as to earn a profit.

Well, now that the Pennsy has acquired the Main Line, let's see what she is going to do with it. This would be an excellent opportunity to launch off into a dissertation on the Civil War, and the manner in which the Pennsylvania Railroad and some of its Officers like Thomas A. Scott, Herman H. Haupt, and Andrew Carnegie, contributed to Union victory. But I shall have to conserve some time and so I shall move along to the late 1870's. After the War, Mr. Scott, who served as President Lincoln's Agent of War, and later President of the Pennsylvania, to become its President. He, in turn, was succeeded by Mr. George Brooke Roberts, a young attorney here at "Pencoyd Farm" in Montgomery County, an estate which had been the Roberts family home for generations. It would almost be superfluous to say that the original ancestral home had come from Wales as was probably the case with his mother's family, for she was a Brooke, another name long associated with Radnor history.

The Roberts family history and that of the Pennsylvania Railroad have run on parallel tracks for close to a century, and there has never been an actual Pennsy employee who didn't serve as a Director of the Company for many years and his son, Mr. Bayard H. Roberts, is the present Secretary of the Company.

It would require far more time than I have at my disposal to trace all of the development of the administration of President Roberts, so I shall limit myself to just one of his accomplishments. As First Vice-President of the P.R.R., he had conceived and proposed restoring the site of the principal Philadelphia station to a downtown location, and he was the driving force behind the project. As President, he proceeded to put his recommendations into effect, and on December 5, 1981, a little over a year after his assuming office — Broad Street Station opened its doors to the people of Philadelphia. For the next 50 years it was the hub of their economy. It was also something of the Golden Age of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

I have always been somewhat baffled, however, in my endeavors to unearth any record of the new "Old Phil Broad Street" acquired that precise name. As many of you will recall, the bouncing blocks at the ends of all tracks were at 15 feet apart. And, even after you had descended the Grand Stairway and emerged at Street level, you were still at Penn Square and the "4th Street".

According to the "Centennial History of the Pennsylvania Railroad," published in 1946, the passenger station was a five-story building on a plot bounded East and West by Broad and Fifteenth Streets, and extending from Filbert Street 133 feet toward Market Street.

From that I would judge that the Railroad owned the property all the way to Broad Street, it did not build on all of it. It would also seem from some of the old photographs and sketches in the collection of our old friend James Heilner, that there was quite an extensive open space in front of the Station, reserved for the accommodation of Hansom Cabs and private carriages. This area may have extended in a manner to assist Street business of the city, and in any event that name had a nice sound to it and far more conducive to confidence than something like "Shock Street" — one of the old cross streets at the west end of the brick arch section of the Chinese Wall.

Broad Street Station, as originally designed and occupying about half of its future space, was soon being pushed to the limits of its capacity. By 1886, five years after its opening, it was handling a million passengers a month.

Both the Office and Operating areas were extensively enlarged, and by 1893 the Station and its supporting trackage had reached its ultimate contours. The Company's General Offices were transferred to new offices at 225 South Fourth Street to the new 10-story building filling the entire block between Market and Filbert and these headquarters became known as "The Golden Age of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Here sat Alexander Johnston Cassatt as he planned his tunnels under the North River and through the subway, and the realm of his powerful adversary, the Goulds and the Vanderbilts. Here also sat Samuel Rea who completed Mr. Cassatt's tunnels and his dream. And then William Wallace Atterbury, whose Woodrow Wilson tapped on the shoulder when General Pershing cabled from France: "Send me the ablest Railroad Man in the United States."

But General Atterbury's greatest battle was fought during the depression years of the early Thirties, and his answer to the despair and hopelessness of that time was the "Multiple Unit" electric train system — from Philadelphia to New York and Washington and west to Harrisburg — projects that gave employment to thousands of men and women, and what will now become the fastest railroad in the World. The operating facilities of the "new" Broad Street Station were housed in a structure more awesome, I am sure, than Houston's Astrodome. The Train Shed was 900 feet wide, with a glass dome that covered it all feet high. It was an "8th Wonder of the World" to childish eyes, at least, and if it was a place of steam and smoke and smell, it was also a place of excitement and mystery. And way late at night, when no one was left for Pittsburgh, Buffalo and Erie, it attained something of the solemnity of a Cathedral.

For rush hours the 16 loading tracks were in constant use and within another 20 years their capacity would again reach its limit. Remember, if you will, that all these trains and systems were locomotive powered, and that required a minimum of three switching movements to dispose of each inbound train and three more to place an outbound train for loading. The Train Shed was fairly bursting at its seams, but track capacity was at a premium, so was Real Estate. Further expansion of physical facilities was out of the question and the only answer was to make more efficient use of what there already was. It was while considering the "Multiple Unit" electric train with no engine to bother with, and the moment that an outbound train stopped it was already "made up" and ready to serve as a trainshed out the train. The "engine" didn't even have to go to the engine house to be turned, just the cars that had to be turned were the seats.

Electrification service on the Main Line began on September 12, 1915, and I remember the day when General Pershing stepped into the Broad Street Station to watch the first "regular" train come down from Paoli. The Main Line experiment was a success — and that in "stretching the wire" out to Chestnut Hill, in 1917. Ten years later, electrification also reached out to Wilmington, Media and West Chester.
The Wilmington electrification was begun in 1926 and completed in 1928; the Media-West Chester line was also completed in 1928.

Although electrification of the suburban lines relieved the operating crisis, Broad Street continued to be the bustling place throughout the "Roaring Twenties." It was still the terminal for the New York "Clockers" — every hour on the hour, as I recall it. There were also a couple of trains to Lancaster and Parkesburg, and on their return trip they left Philadelphia at 4:40 and 5:25 with the first stop at Wayne or St. Davids. They were very popular and nobody in Wayne or St. Davids ever raised any question or complained about being so lucky!

There was a real aura of Majesty surrounding the Pennsylvania Railroad and the complete freedom from those pre-depression days. From 1923 to 1930 the dividend rate moved up from 6% to 8% and everybody was happy. When you got off of a train in the vicinity of Track No. 1 you would sometimes see quite a string of Business Cars parked there: Car No. 90 belonged to President Samuel Rea and the "180" to W. W. Atterbury, who was Operating Vice-President before he moved up into Mr. Rea's place. The 120 was assigned to Albert Joiner, of St. Davids, Vice-President in Charge of Finance and Accounting, and No. 60 was the travelling office of Charles Shaler Krack, General Manager and later Vice-President.

The Pennsylvania called itself, proudly and without challenge, "the Standard Railroad of the World," and the "Good Guys" — the Passenger Conductors and Brakemen even wore White Hats! From mid-May until the end of September, the standard uniform included a white linen topped cap and the "Boys" really looked regal.

One hot summer night (June 11, 1923) the Train Shed at Broad Street caught fire and within minutes the formerly "fireproofed" steel and glass was a raging torch, and within a few hours it would be a complete shambles. This was a body blow not only to the Railroad, but for many people whose livelihood depended upon their ability to get to Town. The challenge was a tremendous one, but the manner in which the Pennsy more or less met it was an outstanding example of the Railroad tradition of obligation and resourcefulness. The fire broke out just before One O'clock in the morning, but even before the fire had gained full headway, arrangements were being made to take care of the morning's incoming trains. The regular scheduled inbound train was taken care of some at North Philadelphia, but most of them at "West Philadelphia" or at the West Philadelphia Produce Yard; and 95% of that day's outward trains were also operated. Before daylight had broken, and while the fire was still at its height, groups of men were building new platforms right up to the outer end of the Train Shed, with temporary stairways down to Market Street and Filbert. That evening, 58 trains made their departure from the "New" Station.

Five days after the fire was officially declared "Out," all 16 Tracks were back in service for their full length, but the great arched glass dome was gone forever. It was replaced by "umbrella" sheds which provided adequate shelter and made the whole station brighter and better than it had ever been.

Fire struck again, in September 1943, and it was a real one this time, and 20 years earlier, the fire was kicked and service restored in a few hours. In the fire of 1943, the "New" Station was destroyed. This was the subject of an illustrated talk by Mr. John Grant on November 28, 1967, in the Community Room of the General Causeway Federal Savings and Loan Association. Mr. Grant said that in the early years of our Republic there were a total of fifteen mills in the less than three miles stretch between Sawmill Road and the Chester County line, including the Little Darby Creek to the Mill Dam. Six were looked out and left their grade on the paper, one clever and two unidentified.

The Darby-Paoli Road, which served these mills and their staffs, was laid out in 1767.

1. **Levi Lewis Mill.** This was a grist mill which stood near the intersection of the Darby and Walltown Roads. Property deeds show that it was owned by a man who had been in 1711 by one William Davis to Hugh Williams, and then passed to Thomas Thomas in 1719 and finally to Levi Lewis. A mill census of 1826 stated that the mill had a head of ten feet and ground 101,000 bushels of grain per year; and that it was operated by one John Weaver. In 1870, Levi Lewis' son Tryon was owner and operator and employed two men full time. By then, it had a fourteen foot head and ground 650 barrels of wheat flour, 3500 bushels of corn and 1,500 tons of feed. By 1880, business had fallen to about a quarter of what it had been just ten years earlier.

Early in this century, Tryon Lewis sold the property to Robert L. Montgomery. In 1920 the mill was torn down. The millpond is now a cow pasture.

The millpond is now a cow pasture. The property is now owned by the Oppenheimer family. The millpond is now a cow pasture. The property is now owned by the Oppenheimer family. The millpond is now a cow pasture. The property is now owned by the Oppenheimer family. The millpond is now a cow pasture. The property is now owned by the Oppenheimer family. The millpond is now a cow pasture. The property is now owned by the Oppenheimer family. The millpond is now a cow pasture. The property is now owned by the Oppenheimer family. The millpond is now a cow pasture. The property is now owned by the Oppenheimer family. The millpond is now a cow pasture. The property is now owned by the Oppenheimer family. The millpond is now a cow pasture. The property is now owned by the Oppenheimer family. The millpond is now a cow pasture. The property is now owned by the Oppenheimer family. The millpond is now a cow pasture. The property is now owned by the Oppenheimer family. The millpond is now a cow pasture. The property is now owned by the Oppenheimer family. The millpond is now a cow pasture. The property is now owned by the Oppenheimer family. The millpond is now a cow pasture. The property is now owned by the Oppenheimer family. The millpond is now a cow pasture. The property is now owned by the Oppenheimer family. The millpond is now a cow pasture. The property is now owned by the Oppenheimer family. The millpond is now a cow pasture. The property is now owned by the Oppenheimer family. The millpond is now a cow pasture. The property is now owned by the Oppenheimer family. The millpond is now a cow pasture. The property is now owned by the Oppenheimer family. The millpond is now a cow pasture. The property is now owned by the Oppenheimer family. The millpond is now a cow pasture. The property is now owned by the Oppenheimer family. The millpond is now a cow pasture. The property is now owned by the Oppenheimer family. The millpond is now a cow pasture. The property is now owned by the Oppenheimer family. The millpond is now a cow pasture. The property is now owned by the Oppenheimer family. The millpond is now a cow pasture. The property is now owned by the Oppenheimer family. The millpond is now a cow pasture. The property is now owned by the Oppenheimer family. The millpond is now a cow pasture. The property is now owned by the Oppenheimer family. The millpond is now a cow pasture. The property is now owned by the Oppenheimer family. The millpond is now a cow pasture. The property is now owned by the Oppenheimer family. The millpond is now a cow pasture. The property is now owned by the Oppenheimer family. The millpond is now a cow pasture. The property is now owned by the Oppenheimer family. The millpond is now a cow pasture. The property is now owned by the Oppenheimer family. The millpond is now a cow pasture. The property is now owned by the Oppenheimer family. The millpond is now a cow pasture. The property is now owned by the Oppenheimer family. The millpond is now a cow pasture. The property is now owned by the Oppenheimer family. The millpond is now a cow pasture. The property is now owned by the Oppenheimer family. The millpond is now a cow pasture. The property is now owned by the Oppenheimer family.
Fluted millstone found by Mr. Grant just below present Mill Dam Spillway. Now in possession of Radnor Historical Society.

smith shop on the west side, near the mill, has disappeared but a big sycamore tree that stood over it is still there. The millpond lay to the north of the mill, with a race between Darby and Little Darby Creeks to funnel water from the former around a hill and into the pond. The main dam on the Little Darby is still visible.

2. Levis Lewis Sawmill. This stood on the west side of the streams at their confluence, near the Price house. In 1860, it had a perpendicular blade with an invested capital of $2,000.00 and sawed 200,000 feet of lumber worth $5,000.00 annually but, by 1880, production had dropped off sharply. In 1843, all the dams broke before heavy storms and floods.

At this point, Mr. Grant stated that Sawmill Road was constructed in 1812 and Earl's Lane in 1855.

3. Samuel Caley's Sawmill. This mill was built in 1826 at the confluence of Darby Creek and Camp Run, with a millrace to bolster the flow. It had a head of 15 feet. The one-story buildings were 28 by 28 feet, and were open on two or three sides. The later mills had circular blades.

Originally, there was a covered bridge at Darby Creek and Sawmill Road but this was torn down in 1922.

4. James Jones Sawmill. This was upstream a little way and, other than the fact that it was owned and operated by James Jones from 1771 to 1784, little is known about it.

5. John Brooke bought a 75-acre plot of land from John Moore and another of 5 acres from either James Jones or Jonathan Moore in 1794 and 1795. In 1796 he built a blade mill, 28 by 28 feet, on the first: a tilt mill, 26 by 32: a coal house, 16 by 16 and a "small house." 20 by 40. The tilt mill had a head of 17 feet and a mechanical forge for making tools. All of these buildings were in operation in 1811 but not in 1823.

It is believed that Brooke had another, earlier mill elsewhere, in Radnor, which was unsatisfactory because of insufficient flow. There are remnants but no official records of it.

6. Samuel Jones and Alex Moore Woolen Mill. From 1835 to 1861, this was on the same plot as the Brooke mill. A 2½ storey, stone factory, 40 by 60, was built in 1835 and, in 1838, a second mill, 50 by 50 and one storey, downstream on the other side of the road.

These two mills had a capital investment of $20,000.00. The equipment consisted of an overshot wheel and steam engine, 1000 spindles, 42 looms, carding machines and picking machines. They employed 23 males and 19 females. The male employees were paid $450.00 per year and the females $344.00.
Moore's Wooden Mill

Annual production was 225,000 yards of jeans, cashmere and tweeds. They sold to the outside world but not for local consumption. Thirty-three families lived on the miller's land, with all services provided. These "hands" were mostly immigrants of English descent. There were 16 tenant houses and Levi Lewis rented to some of Moore's employees.

7. John Stitt. In 1857, one of the Moore mills burned and, next year, a $20,000 mortgage was foreclosed. From 1859 to 1861, John Stitt operated this mill, which had 35 looms and 3 carding machines. He converted to cotton in 1860 (of all times!) and produced $20,000 worth, but this mill, too, burned. The Moore mill was a 2½-storey stone building, 40 by 60, and one of its walls still stands. The millrace is now a road. One of the tenant houses has now been remodeled and is occupied as a dwelling by Mr. Rose. The oldest house on the premises — a stone building with one portion left — is now occupied by Mr. S. H. Brown. The millrace ran through Levi Lewis' property in Radnor Township.

8. William Hayman Mill (1778-1800). This was on Happy Creek Farm. Hayman was General Anthony Wayne's brother-in-law. The land had passed from R. Edings to Isaac Wayne to Anthony Wayne, who sold it to Hayman. The mill was 12 by 48, had a head of 15 feet and, in 1783, was operated by William Vanderbrooke.

9. William Crossley bought from Hayman in 1828 and erected a woolen mill. It had 24 employees, a capital of $20,000 and made 112,000 yards of jeans, etc. In 1856, Crossley died and in 1860, a Mr. Griffith became operator on behalf of Crossley's sons, who owned it. This mill was the same size as Moore's but had fewer spindles. It sustained a bad fire in 1861 and was auctioned the following year.

10. Casper S. Garrett built a paper mill in 1887, across the creek from the long tenant house. It burned in 1887. This mill had a 20-foot head of water and steam power and a capital of $20,000. Its official name was the Union Paper Mill. It employed 26. At its peak, it used 200 tons of rags and 1000 tons of old paper to make 700 tons of wallpaper and gross $30,000 annually.

In 1891, C. C. Harrison bought the property and used the millrace and water wheel to power his house, perched on its high hill, until electricity was brought in from Devon, in 1900.

11. N. Matlock. The dam across the millrace on Little Darby Creek, at the intersection of St. David's and Darby-Paoli Roads, is still plainly visible. The tailrace ran through Mr. S. H. Brown's property in Radnor Township. The fifteenth could have been earlier Brooke mill to which reference was made in Section 5 of this account.

12. There is a millrace and site on the John Brooke property (Little Darby Creek) that could have been a mill.

13. William Siter Sawmill (1805-1865). William died in 1825 and the business was carried on by William, Jr., until his death in 1857. This mill had an overshot water wheel, in 1850, the mill, which had a 14-foot head, produced 320,000 feet of lumber per year.

Siter also had a small sawmill to cut wood from old millrace. The tailrace ran through Levi Lewis' property in Radnor Township. The fifteenth could have been earlier Brooke mill to which reference was made in Section 5 of this account.

14. Mahlon Edwards Mill. This was on the site of the present Mill Dam Club. John Siter ran it from 1857 to 1866; then sold it to Edwards. Mahlon Edwards also erected a grist mill on this site. Two sets of millstones ground wheat, oats and corn flour. There were two employees. In 1890 it was converted to a sawmill and it ceased to operate, about 1900.

Mr. Grant found one of the Edwards millstones with pretty fluting, below the present dambract. He offered it to the Radnor Historical Society and, after consultation obtaining the consent of the late Mrs. W. W. Montgomery's executor, the offer was gratefully accepted.

Editor's Note: This seems to account for only 14 of the 15 mills that Mr. Grant said existed along the two Darby Creeks in Radnor Township. The fifteenth could have been earlier Brooke mill to which reference was made in Section 5 of this account.

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Miss Mary Allen: rug.
Richard W. Barringer: leaflets on Pennsylvania historical sites.
Mrs. Gertrude Ware Case: kerchief commemorating the 1912 presidential race and photographs.
Mrs. Henry Conklin: rug.
map of Pennsylvania by Reading Howell, 1792 (print).
Francis James Dallett: diary of William Davis Hughes 1866.
O. Louis Elman Jr.: stationery.
Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Forstall: 10 pairs of curtains.
Mrs. H. Paul Gant: large collection of china c. 1825, once property of Mrs. William Pugh of Radnor.
Miss Frances Hilton: scrapbook of Wayne mementoes.
Herman Lengel: four mantels from the house of Miss Martha Brown, Radnor c. 1825.
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EXCERPTS FROM THE MEMOIRS OF GEORGE L. HARRISON

By Dorothy H. (Mrs. Per-Olof) Therman

February 27, 1968

My father, who was born in 1872 and died in 1935, wrote two sets of memoirs. The first, called "Memoirs of Sixty Years," was written in the early 1930s. The second, entitled "Philadelphia as I Remember it, 1875 - 1935," was begun and finished between his 76th and 81st birthdays. Both were written for his children and were not for publication. They were typed by his secretary and then simply and neatly bound. There were eight slim volumes, six in all, made even more personal by notes in my father's handwriting, added at different times in later years as he remembered something more. They thought might be of interest. There are also photographs, clippings and a few letters. I have brought one volume tonight which I thought you might like to see. There is a rather nice photograph of my father and mother and spaniel Janie. She was the great-grandmother of my faithful dog John — the brown and white Springer Spaniel whom some of you will remember, as he always went with my father on his visits to Wayne.

It was rather difficult to decide just what to "excerpt." I had hoped that there would be more mention and description of the father's hilltop for my readers. To ship in general but there was really not enough for an evening's shooting, fishing and other sports and although it was fascinating I did not feel I could show it to the book. A large part of the "Memories of Sixty Years" was devoted to shooting, fishing and other sports and although it was fascinating I did not feel I could show it to the book. My father had asked me to write a little about the bringing up and education of his children, a nurse and seven servants, 16 people in all. For these 16 people there were two bathrooms and a toilet on the third floor for the family and a servant's toilet, but no bath, in the cellar next to the ash bin; no water on second or fourth floor so that all the water for the wash basins had to be carried up and down stairs as well as the "slops." I asked if this was the way he would allow this in the slums today and was given an emphatic "No."

One of my earliest recollections is moving to the "country" as Ellerslie Ge in Germantown, at the corner of School House Lane and Gypsy Lane was known to my family. The first of these movings that I remember must have been when I was either three or four years old. It was on a morning of the early Spring of 1875 or 1876 and I can see now the eight or ten one-horse wagons drawn up at the doors of our neighbors, horse and team and other impediments. These wagons were driven up 16th St. to the Ridge Road and thence up to Ridge Road House Lane. I do not know how my mother went out, but Margaret Robinson, my nurse, with my sister Ellen and myself took a route I was soon to know very well, from Home Lane, 16th St., a horse-car of course — we went to 16th and Green Sts. where we changed to another car which took us to 9th St. and then to the Terminus of the Reading Railroad. There from a train took us to School House Lane Station and we walked up the hill to the house. (Trip to school)

Ellerslie was a well built house as were many of that period. Of course there were open fire places in almost all the rooms and also two hot air furnaces heating the house. My mother, I think, would have preferred to have the chimneys cleaned and as when as a result they caught fire would say. I believe that there was much work in this respect, doubt if my mother was really as sure of this method as she professed to be, for I have a lively recollection of the Rev. Mr. Perry, Rector of Calvary Church, Germantown, astride a high steet roof, during the course of a visit he was paying her, busily engaged in putting salt down a chimney. When I went to the cellar it was full of ash. When it was in the Autumn and he had on a silk hat and a tall coat, he was a gallant sight against the evening sky. My grandmother, when I was about thirteen, knew countless things on most things. The following is one example.

One Sunday at St. Luke's Church on 16th St., the Bishop said in his sermon that he had asked a Bible class of boys what was the greatest thing in the world. My mother was at one end of a long pew, I at the other. The first boy said "Money" but he was wrong. I watched my mother who nodded her head in agreement. The next boy said "Power" and he was wrong. My mother nodded her head in agreement. The third boy said "Meekness" and he was right. My mother, who was slightly deaf, called down to me in a loud voice "The man's right." Whether the many who heard her agreed, I do not know.

Car was laid on and we had gas for lighting. An old gas bill of November, 1874, shows that gas then cost $2.30 a thousand feet. Gas, of course, was a great advantage over candles and lamps, but it always heated a room and burned up besides a great deal of oxygen. It also burned other things, for in those days ladies wore large hats and the flames were often very attractive. Now, the glass globe that went around a gas light was an ideal place on which to perch a bonnet or hat and put away; and on several occasions my father, coming into my mother's room when it was dark, would light the gas only to have the bonnet or hat go up in flames. This implied danger of setting fire to the nearby curtains.

Margaret Robinson, our nurse, was a tall father of my mother's and devoted to Protestant with a burning hatred of the Pope and all his works. Honest and faithful and frugal in all but one thing — for she cleaned my clothes without aingle word — she was as saving that she always buttered the side of the slice of bread which had the lesser area and then scraped the crumbs into the ash bin. As I remember, my prayers and the back of my neck seemed of first and equal importance and well and hard she was for me — the affection for her and she showed none for me, yet when she went on her only holiday I cried myself to sleep for a week before she left, and I was five then.

Margaret did not believe in playing with or amusing her charges. In fact I am sure that such an idea never entered her mind. I remember that when I would build a wonderful block castle and would ask her to look at it she would never turn her head but would remark that she had eyes but that they were not for this. She would try to amuse myself in my own way and I am thankful to say that I have been able to do so ever since. My Father would sometimes ask me how I was getting along but he was always devoted to me, never played with
children. She affectionately called me her "Little Dog" and let it go at that.

If I hurt myself and cried there was no father or mother to tell me that I would be all right before I was "twice married and once a widower". A bruise might arise put on it; a cut always had a drop of "French" or collaret to stop the bleeding. No antiseptics in those days. Indeed there is no doubt that cleanliness, as we now know it, was then unknown. The streets was unbelievable in extent. Flies were everywhere. My Grandmother Harrison had a horror of them and was the only person I knew who had them in the windows. These screens were made of sheet metal with pin hole punctures, letting in little or no air and very difficult to see through. And when the warm days came in the was really watching the crows.

Amusements for the young in those days were unknown. We had blocks when very small, played house and, when in town had games of tag in Rittenhouse Square, pulled an express wagon about and generally led the simple life. At Ellersleigh for a time a butcher came with his wagon and the cook would inspect the different joints as they hung inside it. He would always promise me a piece for my cat if I could stand near his chopping block and not wink when he the clover down. Always winked but he always gave me the scrap.

There was one form of amusement which I hated and that was a drive with my not. I would be taken in play, washed, dressed and then seated on a chair to await his arrival in a phaeton with a black pony, Jet, in the city. When I came near the house I would notice she was old enough. These drives seemed to me to occur every day, though of course they could not have been as frequent as I always disliked lessons, school and college. No attempt was again made until I was six years old, when my mother tried her hand at teaching me. I had, however, a book of Bible pictures kept by Margaret Robinson for that purpose, and a book of verse containing, among other games which she read to me, the words "Reading Without Tears". But I am afraid that there were many years on my part as my mother was not of the disposition to "suffer fools gladly," even her first born. Later I had as teacher a Miss Hickman, when my father had lost his guide when he visited his children. At age five, 1863, I had learned to read, perhaps, or more of the same, but he always gave me the scrap.

When I was three I knew words of "I want to be an Angel" and the Angels stand A picture of the "Scribbled man" drawn near within my hand."

Taken to church when very young — so young that I remember coming home very wet and Margaret Robinson to play church on Sundays; but even this was stopped when I was found giving communion to imaginary churchmen.

An interesting sidelight on the thought of that day is the name given to the building at the South West corner of Broad and Market Streets. Although built for an opera house, it was named the Academy of Music as a sort of a certain section of the public not favoring the fine arts, and the Society of the Fine House Club began life as the Social Arts Club, so called because some parents objected to their sons joining the Philadelphia. But, if I did like to read, I liked at least to be read, provided always that the reader did not stop to explain the text; and provided also that the text had to be a very early age that kind. This was thought to be very difficult, and the fact when I was 18 years old, the Rocky Mountains of the then thought of as the "Sinking of Iniquity." Backgammon was then the rage and the fact that a certain member of the Philadelphia was not lying in a sifting box of the downed and the wilderness. Luckily I found a treasure in Mary Dalton the seamstress. She enquired and we read many books together, among others "Captain Adams and His Grizzly Bears." In some way we got several of the "Frank" series and the books by a certain author that I never saw anything about it. In fact, I read "Frank in the Rockies" when my father came into room. Mary was just reading "Where is the Red Devil?" when his ill

time entrance took place. Shocked at the language, for it happened unfortunately to be Sunday as well, all such books were removed. Mary and I had other books, however, some of which was "Log of the Ouzel Galley" which was read over and over, as well as an English book entitled "My Boyhood," "Black Beauties," "Little Big Horn," "Or Little By Little," showing the downward path of a schoolboy. Also "Hans Brinker and the Silver Skates," "Children of the Forest" and others. Think I remember Sunday this was at a very early age — as the day that all toys and picture books, or scrap books as they were really called, were made of linen pages bound together on which pictures of all kinds had been pasted. Mine was made for me by my mother's cousin, Miss Mary Bly. There was also no drawing of pictures, as pencils and the single piece of paper allowed on weekdays were not to be thought of. I had, however, a book of Bible pictures kept by Margaret Robinson for that purpose; and a book of verse containing, among other games which she read to me, the words "Reading Without Tears." But I am afraid that there were many years on my part as my mother was not of the disposition to "suffer fools gladly," even her first born. Later I had as teacher a Miss Hickman, when my father had lost his guide when he visited his children. At age five, 1863, I had learned to read, perhaps, or more of the same, but he always gave me the scrap.
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The first great excitement of my life was the gift of a donkey and cart. Nellie, the donkey, was supposed to have belonged to Mr. Bertie Adams when he was a boy which would have made her twenty years old at least; but this I doubt. In any case it was the year that my father went to Mexico, 1878, that Nellie arrived at Ellersleigh, for weeks ignorant than their masters. My grandmother did not, as a rule, care about exercise which was by no means in vogue at that time; and besides a good many had had, I was then six years old. I remember that when my father had returned from the West. For weeks I had been planning to surprise him by driving the donkey up to the door of the family. However, as we were entering the West Drive of the Park, where Cedar Grove now stands, I could keep the donkey back no longer and blurted out, "Father, I have a donkey.

Like all donkeys, Nellie was very self-willed and would always defeat us by lying down when she thought she had gone far enough. Rattling a tin can full of stones had an inspiring effect upon her but I was too proud to do this in the busier parts of town. Sometimes we sent on errands and where she used to cause me many anxious moments; particularly one day when she lay down at the intersection of Chelten Avenue and Main Street (now Germantown Ave.), completely blocking the car tracks.

A great excitement for the Lane was sent out from town; butter and eggs, etc., coming from Bender and meat from Bradley. The hampers came to School Lane Station, where the donkey cart, delivering them to my mother and grandmother at so much a week. Soon I had other patrons along the Lane to whom I delivered the hampers from whom I collected my pay. After a time my parents heard of this proceeding and told me that I could not accept money but could still deliver the hampers. This took all the fun from the game, and that I regret of all concerned, being out of business, only delivering to my mother and grandmother who continued to pay me for the donkey cart, as I was eight and ten years old at this time.

The donkey had one curious trait. She would not drink if anyone was looking at her, but would drink if anyone was looking for her. This was sometimes rather surprising, when ringing the bell, to find the donkey staring at it as a small boy I had been very much afraid of horses; and I had good cause to be as the horses of those days were a wild and bally. In any case, the tournament had narrowed down to two, and it was the year that my father went to Mexico, 1878, that Nellie arrived at Ellersleigh, that a gentleman always prepared a lady going upstairs and followed her down so that he would not see her ankles.

My earliest recollection of riding is seeing Mrs. Norris leaving Tobin's Riding School on 18th street, where the Racquet Club now stands, on a cold winter's morning, her horse shying and slipping on the cobblestones. Dressed in the tight fitting habit of the day, and with a high silk hat, she rode alone in the Park. When next I saw her, she was again on a horse, but with only one arm, the result of a bad accident. Miss Eaton, who was a bachelor, had an unhappy life. Even on her wedding day the bell-ringers at Christ Church, through an error in orders, tolled a funeral dirge instead of the joyful sounds which proclaim the wedding of two people. And her only son was killed in a hunting accident here in the woods.

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It was about this time, 1882, and when we were staying at Ellersleigh, that a rather curious cure took place, which showed the power of progress to the deep straitened circumstances. While Miss Eaton did not take her lunch with us, she had no hesitation in mentioning the fact she could not find room for the needful food. Worse still, the fish was getting restless, and every time it turned around it caused her much distress. Miss Eaton had been obliged to pay on account of a stroke of bad luck which might have happened to anyone. It appeared that when she was young, she had gone on a picnic and had been bitten by a snake. Unfortunately, while drinking, a minute fish had gone down her throat and in time had grown to such a size in her "tummy" that she could not find room for the needful food.}

When I first went to Dr. Jack, all cutting was done by hand and it took me about three days to do what the little drill does now in seconds. The donkey had one curious trait. She would not drink if anyone was looking at her, but would drink if anyone was looking for her. This was sometimes rather surprising, when ringing the bell, to find the donkey staring at it as a small boy I had been very much afraid of horses; and I had good cause to be as the horses of those days were a wild and bally. In any case, the tournament had narrowed down to two, and it was the year that my father went to Mexico, 1878, that Nellie arrived at Ellersleigh, that a gentleman always prepared a lady going upstairs and followed her down so that he would not see her ankles.

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The donkey had one curious trait. She would not drink if anyone was looking at her, but would drink if anyone was looking for her. This was sometimes rather surprising, when ringing the bell, to find the donkey staring at it as a small boy I had been very much afraid of horses; and I had good cause to be as the horses of those days were a wild and bally. In any case, the tournament had narrowed down to two, and it was the year that my father went to Mexico, 1878, that Nellie arrived at Ellersleigh, that a gentleman always prepared a lady going upstairs and followed her down so that he would not see her ankles.
years old, my sister Ellen and I went to
England with our parents. As I remember, I
felt no excitement when told that we
were to go, nor do I think that I cared
whether I went or not. We
were engrossed with our own narrow life
into which the outside world of our
parents did not enter. But I had not for-
gotten the days when we had enjoyed
when they had left us behind on a pre-
vious occasion. Even Margaret Robinson
had relaxed to a slight degree during their
absence. The memory of those days was
still a vivid picture, as well as the fact
that we had cried when told that our
parents would be gone for a long time.
For then, we knew, our fun would be over.

I have made just this one excerpt
from my father's description of the trip,
as I thought it appropriate to our
school term must have been well under
the corner of Juniper and Locust
lived with
the different class
England with
a general factotum, to the different class
of the family had been pupils there. The
Masters were Dr. Klapp
and others. Anderson,
Mc-
Michael, Lott and Vaughan Merrick.

I started to work at once with my
form. Reecess came at 11:45 and
lasted twenty-five minutes, during
which time many boys played in the "yard" or got a bit of
lunch. From a lunch counter on this
day I bought a bun—a large affair
covered with powdered sugar. Just as I took
my first bite, another boy blew the sugar
into my eyes and grabbed the bun which he then ate. The third was Sam Earle, now
a trusted employee of the Federal
Reserve Bank.

School began at 9:00 A.M. and we
were let out at 12 o'clock. When we
were at Ellerslie I would walk to
School Lane station and take the train to
the town station. There was a
horse car down 10th St. and another up
Walnut. On going home I would take
the Chestnut Street car to 9th St. and then
one up 9th St. to the terminus. But
often I would walk up ninth to look in
the windows of the various pet shops
that lined that street. Many times I would
walk up and then turn to the
school, or part way, to see the school
cars for other purposes. I always enjoyed
the trip and it was a delight to see the
men mow the grass by hand mowers. A man
would walk along the top of the bank to hold the
mower in place with a long rope while
another man would push it. Everything
was done to make the Main Line popul-
lar. For many years all packages and
mails were carried by hand. The con-
ductors on the trains wore frock coats
and the brakemen sack coats.

Until some years after motor cars
were popular, the roads were not tarred. On
Montgomery Avenue and the Pike
were macadam, together with Bryan Mawr
Avenue. I was as far as Mr. Rudolph Ellis' gate.
Mr. Ellis was President of the township
commissioners.

When motor cars were first made, my
brother Harry and I invested in a Winton.
At that time no car had a top or even a
glass windshield and there was always
the danger of a bird hitting the driver in
the face when the car was speeding along
at 15 miles an hour. Our car had two
and front and three in back with a door
in the middle of the rear seat. Its horse
power was low and it had an iron spine attached
to the bottom of the car, one end of which
could be dropped by a cord at the driver's

ACTIVITIES OF THE SOCIETY

Annual Meeting, May 21, 1967

The twentieth Annual Meeting of the Society
was held at the Finley House at
three p.m. Charles E. Alexander spoke on
"Old Broad Street, the Penny, and Our
Main Line." His talk will be found elsewhere in
this Bulletin.

At the Annual Business Meeting Richard
W. Barringer, O. Louis Eshmann, Jr., Ed-
ward L. Forestell, Miss Caroline Robbins,
Mrs. Per-Olof Therman and Mrs. Robert
W. A. Wood were elected Directors for
three-year terms and Mrs. Richard Tusni
for one year, to fill the unexpired term of
James Rawle.

October 21, 1967

Members of the friends of the Society
(there were sixteen children) met at the
Strasburg, Pennsylvania, railroad depot
for a picnic lunch, a tour of railroad ex-
hibits, and rode the train to Paradise
and back.

November 28, 1967

John H. Grant addressed the Society in
the General Wayne Federal Savings and
Loan Association Community Room at
eight p.m. on "Mills of the Upper Reaches
of Darby Creek.
A condensation of his
remarks will be found in this Bulletin.

February 27, 1968

The Society met at eight p.m., again in the
Community Room of the First Mrs.
Per-Olof Therman present excerpts from
the memoirs of George L. Harrison. Her text
will be found in this Bulletin.

August 14, 1968

The Reverend Edwin T. Grimes, O.S.A.,
addressed the Society on "The Genesis of
Villanova." His talk was given at the
Society at eight p.m. in St. Mary's Col-
lege Seminary. Father Grimes described
the celebrated 'struggles of the Augustinian
Fathers in the Philadelphia area, and the
founders. In 1846, the Rev. John O.
has become
Villanova University. After his talk several
Seminarians not only provided refresh-
ments for the Society but also conducted
tour of the building of the
first floor of the handsome building.

In all probability, Father Grimes' talk
will be printed in our next issue.
June and, as I was leaving for home the next morning kept “open bar” for everyone as I had many friends there. On my first visit I had noticed that when the barkeeper was asked to join in the drinks he took some of his “own special brand” which he kept in a bottle below the bar and which proved to be weak tea. That evening I drank his brand, so was quite fit for an early breakfast before leaving on the long drive for Lytton. The Sheriff, before passing out completely, handed me a letter which he had written earlier in the evening. It was as follows:

Victoria Hotel
M. R. Eagleson, Proprietor
Jilloet, B.C., June 26, 1902
G. L. Harrison, Esq.
Old Man.

Since you have come to this little town I am compelled to scribble you a few lines in appreciation of a true Sportsman. You came here in a non-de script kind of way. You did not tell us that you was a Lord nor did you tell us that you was a Count. You went out on a bear hunt with a man called Manson, one of the best men in this part of B.C. Whether you were successful or not you are the best judge. But this I will say: The people of Jilloet have passed the remarkable fact that you are about the nearest approach to a gentleman ever visiting this section as a hunter and their earnest wish is that you will come back in the fall of the year and capture some Big Horn Game.

Your respectfully,
R. A. HUME, Constable
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