

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

Balance Cash—April 30, 1967	\$ 292.33
Dues	570.00
Contributions	1,666.78
Rent	1,019.57
Interest — Common Stocks and Sausser Trust	1,293.96
Advertising	144.50
Miscellaneous Receipts	15.63
Total Receipts	\$5,002.77

DISBURSEMENTS

Stationery and Printing	\$ 196.38
Bulletins	405.35
Telephone	90.00
Insurance Premiums	299.00
Gas and Electric Service	208.41
Water and Sewer	41.28
Fuel Oil	533.68
Lawn Care and Snow Removal	50.50
Borrowed Money::	
Interest	\$ 335.02
Principal Payments	1,800.00

Borrowed Money:

	2,135.02
Repairs and Maintenance	233.83
Furniture and Fixtures	9.34
Dues and Subscriptions	10.00
Investment Account	275.00
Transfer to S.A. #4614	45.00
Miscellaneous Disbursements	27.76
Total Disbursements	\$4,560.55
Balance Cash in General Fund—April 30, 1968	442.22
	\$5,002.77

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 antique 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 order and of value to those interested in research. I must give thanks 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 of the Conestoga wagon which we hope to replace soon. Our appreciation goes also to Miss Isabella McKnight for sending out the dues notices and keeping membership records.

Other activities of the Society include meeting at the Finley House with Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts; a meeting of The Questers held at the house, and cooperation with Eleutherian Mills in its project of cataloguing early business records. Mr. Barringer represented our Society at a meeting on Preservation of Antiquities at Harrisburg. Mrs. Robert Cummin gave a talk on the history of the Township to new teachers in the Radnor School System; and to the fifth grade of the Ithan School. The secretary has answered a wide variety of written requests, ranging from questions about real estate to information regarding

the whereabouts of relatives of a former West Point graduate, Class of 1869, once a St. Davids resident.

It is with regret that The Board of Directors, after a year's deliberation, has decided to withdraw use of the Finley House as the polling place for The First Ward, First Precinct of Radnor Township. It has been a pleasure thus to serve the community but The Board is convinced of the possibility of danger to the basic structure of the house, because of the weight of the voting machines, and the chance of accidental damage to the Society's collection. We are extremely sorry to have had to reach this conclusion.

I am pleased to report that we have reduced our debt by \$1,800 more; this leaves a balance in the amount of \$4,100. In this connection Mr. Herman Lengel has presented The Society with four (4) handsome wooden mantles; circa 1825, which came from Miss Martha Brown's house in Radnor. He has asked that they be sold and the proceeds used to reduce our debt. We are deeply grateful to Mr. Lengel for his generosity and for 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 8-4501 or Mrs. Cummin, LA 5-6933 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
William R. Wood
Mrs. E. Norton Hunt
Mrs. Bernard P. Moskal
Miss Mazie B. Hall

Mrs. Hughes Cauffman
Mrs. Walter Lucas
Carl F. Landeck
Mrs. William W. Lynam
Mrs. William M. Pew

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

NECROLOGY

E. Osborn Coates

Andrew Fritz

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

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

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

By Charles E. Alexander

Before The Radnor Historical Society

May 21, 1967

I think that the compelling motivation that prompted this research and collection of recollections was the recent and rather startling discovery that in our present-day Radnor Community there are some of us who never actually SAW Old Broad Street Station — and to whom even the Name is, at the very best, not much more than a hollow echo. That discovery was, indeed, a truly horrible "Moment of Truth."

And then, on top of it, came the even more appalling thought that if this could be true of "Old Broad," and if that Noble Edifice could crumble into dust — both in memory as well as in fact — then what of "THE PENNSY" itself? For surely the day will come when, notwithstanding such minor obstacles as the Supreme Court, there will no longer be a Pennsylvania Railroad, as such. In its stead we shall witness the birth of a new creation to be entitled the "Pennsylvania-New York Central Transportation Company," and by what affectionate abbreviation shall that awesome creature be known? And what shall we do with the familiar keystone with the interlocked initials, "P.R.R.?"

Happily, however, there would seem to be no serious threat to the perpetuity of the "Main Line" — either in name, in fact, or as a Way of Life.

Not so very long ago, all Three — Broad Street Station, the Pennsy, and the Main Line — were seemingly inseparable and indestructible elements of each other. But now, with One down and One more to go, the time may indeed be appropriate to take a backward look before living memory has completely faded, and to make a record of what these three institutions were, as related to Radnor's History.

Just to set the record straight, I really should put these elements in their proper sequence, which — on the basis of Seniority — is just the reverse of that in which I have introduced them. The fact is that the "Main Line" existed for some years before the Pennsylvania Railroad came into being, and "old" Broad Street Station was, of course, the very Junior Partner of the trio.

So now this seems like a good place to ask the question as to **Where** and **What** is this Main Line that we hold so dear, and **How** did it come to be?

Of course every railroad, of any size,

has its own main line — as distinguished from its branch lines and secondary tracks and even though the Pennsylvania has **always** been the mightiest of them all, that would not necessarily entitle it to a virtual copyright in the use of the term — "main line." Nor would the term itself be one that, in Railroad parlance, would ordinarily limit itself to such a relatively short stretch of corporate empire. And yet we know that the term is appropriate, that this is 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 presented at Court. As her turn came to make her curtsy to the Royal Couple, the Queen — the rather reserved Queen Mary — inquired very graciously:

"And 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 whether the story is 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 worrisome situation. Its position as the highly lucrative "Gateway to the West," and Philadelphia's bid to become the commercial capital of the East, were in serious jeopardy and 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-



Broad Street Station trainshed as it was, 1892 to 1923. The Station was originally built in 1881 and was greatly enlarged eleven years later, making it the largest passenger terminal in the world at that time. The trainshed measured 600 feet in length and nearly 300 feet in width, containing sixteen tracks.

pleted 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 co-ordinated 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 Grand sire 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?



Flames fast reducing the historic structure to ruins. Looking east along Market Street, with City Hall Tower as a background. The torrents of water poured into the flames flooded the Rapid Transit subway beneath Market Street and threatened for a time to stop its service.

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 Schuylkill 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 — by 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 Cynwyd 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 was sold to the Reading — 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 Pennsy. The Pennsylvania Railroad received its Charter by Act of the Legislature, which was signed by the Governor 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 with another railroad, at Harrisburg, named the "Harrisburg, Portsmouth, Mount Joy and Lancaster." Its President was one James Buchanan of "Wheatlands" in Lancaster, and if the name of "Portsmouths" doesn't ring a bell, it is now known as Middletown.

In the meantime the Main Line of 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's government that it would be a good idea to get out of the railroad business and let railroaders run it. After protracted negotiations and legislative action, the Main Line was sold at public auction on June 25, 1857. The properties comprehended in the sale included not only the Philadelphia and Columbia Railroad, but also the "Portage Railroad" through the Mountains and the State 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 \$7½ Million, and wouldn't you? But if that sounds like a ridiculous price, it may be well 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 \$7½ million, the Pennsy agreed to pay \$13,570,000 over a period of years for so-called "commutation of tonnage tax." That was a tax that the State had been collecting for all traffic moved on lines competitive with its Public Works, and the purpose of the tax was to give State aid to the completion of eleven other railroads in the State. Possibly it was the Pennsylvania's assumption of this obligation that gave birth to the bright idea of expecting the Railroads to continue to subsidize their competitors for years to come.

* * * * *

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 Assistant Secretary of War, returned to the Pennsylvania to become its President. He, in turn, was succeeded by Mr. George Brooke Roberts, a young man who had been borne at "Pencoyd Farm" in Montgomery County, an estate which had been the Roberts family home for generations. It would almost be superfluous to note that the original paternal ancestor 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 for, although George Roberts' son Isaac was never an actual Pennsy employee he did 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 developments that took place during 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 moving thence from West Philadelphia. As President, he proceeded to put his recommendations into effect, and on December 5, 1881 — 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 a landmark of the beginning of the Golden Age of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

I have always been somewhat baffled, however, in my endeavors to unearth any really conclusive answer as to how "Old Broad Street" acquired that precise name. As many of you will recall, the bumping blocks at the ends of all tracks were at 15th Street. And, even after you had descended the Grand Stairway and emerged at Street level, you were still at Penn Square and not "14th" 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 193 feet toward Market Street."

From that I would judge that the Railroad owned the property all the way to Broad Street even if 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 all the way to Broad Street itself, and in any event that name had a nice sound ring 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 from their old location at 223 South Fourth Street to the new 10-story building filling the entire block between Market and Filbert and these headquarters became a veritable Mt. Olympus.

Here sat Alexander Johnston Cassatt as he planned his tunnels under the North River and into the heart of Manhattan and the realm of his powerful adversaries — the Goulds and the Vanderbilts. Here also sat Samuel Rea who completed Mr. Cassatt's tunnels and his dream. And then

William Wallace Atterbury, whom 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 expansion of the Pennsy's electrified system — from Philadelphia to New York and Washington and west to Harrisburg — projects that gave employment to thousands and laid the foundations for what may still 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 600 feet long, 300 feet wide, and the great glass dome that covered it all was 100 feet high. It was an "8th Wonder of the World" to childish eyes, at least, and if it was a place of steam and noise and smoke and smells, it was also a place of excitement and mystery. And way late at night, when the last train of the day had left for Pittsburgh, Buffalo and Erie, it attained something of the solemnity of a Cathedral.

During 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 trains were being operated by steam locomotive power, 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 if 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 was. The solution was the introduction of the "Multiple Unit" electric train with no engine to bother with, and the moment that an inbound train stopped it was already "made up" and ready to serve as an outbound train. The "engine" didn't even have to go to the engine house to be turned; the only thing that had to be turned were the seats.

Electrified service on the Main Line began on September 12, 1915 and I well remember standing in the crowd at Wayne Station to watch the first "regular" train come down from Paoli. The Main Line experiment was so successful that little time was lost 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 a busy, bustling place throughout the "Roaring Twenties." It was still the terminal for the New York "Clockers" — every hour on the hour, as well as for many trains to the North, West, South and the Seashore. To-day, it seems hard to believe that there was once a well patronized Commuter train known as the "York County Express," leaving York, Pa., in the early morning and returning from Broad Street Station at 5:50 P.M., as I recall it. There were also a couple of other steam trains, from 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 bastions of Old Broad Street in 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 John County, of St. Davids, Vice-President in Charge of Finance and Accounting, and No. 60 was the travelling office of Charles Shalter Krick, General Manager and later Vice-President.

The Pennsylvania Railroad called itself, proudly and without challenge, "The Standard Railroad of the World," and the "Good Guys" — the Passenger Conductors and Brakesmen 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 quite classy!

One hot Summer night (June 11, 1923), the Train Shed at Broad Street caught fire and within minutes the seemingly "fireproof" structure of steel and glass was a roaring torch, and within a few hours it would be a complete shambles. This was a body blow not only to the Railroad but to most people whose livelihood depended upon their ability to get to Town. The challenge was a tremendous

one, but the manner in which the Pennsy met the emergency is still an outstanding example of the Railroad tradition of obligation and resourcefulness. The fire broke out just before One O'clock in the morning, when nearly everybody was home in bed, but even before the fire had gained full headway, arrangements were being made to take care of the morning's incoming traffic. On that very day, every regularly scheduled inbound train was taken care of — some at North Philadelphia, but most of them at "West Philly" station or at the West Philadelphia Produce Yard; and 95% of that day's outbound trains were also operated. Before daylight had broken, and while the fire was still at its height, construction gangs 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, 38 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 place much lighter and brighter than it had ever been.

Fire struck again, in September 1943, and it was a bad one too, but there were still people around who had served their "fire apprenticeship" 20 years earlier, and the enemy was licked and service restored in a couple of days. But, even prior to this second fire, the death knell of Old Broad Street had been sounded.

The notorious "Chinese Wall" had long been an eyesore and an impediment to rapidly increasing street traffic. Back in the late Twenties an agreement had been reached between the City and the Railroad for its removal, and for the substitution of an underground Suburban Train Terminal — with a new Station for the "Through" trains at 30th Street. Broad Street "Suburban" went into operation on September 30, 1930 and Thirtieth Street about three years later. However, the Great Depression intervened about this time and both the Railroad and the City had to postpone the consummation of their respective plans — and Old Broad got a reprieve for nearly 20 years more!

But, while the elimination of Broad Street had to be held up, the Pennsy proceeded at full throttle with the extension of its electrification, and here the Main Line got an extra bonus. When the electrification from Trenton to New York was completed, that provided a continuous electrified line from Pennsylvania Station, New York, to Paoli — BUT trains had to

stop at Paoli to change engines. Inasmuch as the stop had to be made for that purpose, the Time Tables were amplified to show Paoli as a "Conditional" Stop for all of the fancy "Blue Ribbon" trains. Theoretically the stop was for the sole accommodation of passengers for points beyond Pittsburgh or Fort Wayne, and such places, but the astute "Main Liner" soon discovered that the "Broadway Limited," from Paoli, was just dandy for a trip to New York. The operating need for the Paoli stop has long since disappeared, but the Conditional stops remain!

By 1950 the Handwriting on the Wall — the Chinese Wall, that is — had become pretty clear, and finally the date was set for the formal closing of Old Broad Street. That date was April 27, 1952, and for the old-time railroader and the Railroad "Buff," it was like a proclamation of the end of the World!

The last train to leave would be the 10:00 P.M. New Yorker, and if it had not been showing a profit up until then, it broke all records that night — at least on a "Revenue per Passenger Mile" basis. Knowing the nostalgic proclivities of the Railfan, the Passenger Traffic Department put on an advance sale of Souvenir Tickets, good only on that train — at 25 cents "per." The ticket holder was entitled to a ride all the way from Broad Street to North Philadelphia, and more than 2,000 tickets were sold. Some 700 passengers actually rode the train, most of them to 30th Street. The only substantial showing of any honest-to-goodness traffic was the Philadelphia Orchestra making its 885th trip out of Broad Street Station.

To bring that tear-streaked picture be-

fore you in truly appropriate style, I shall have to quote the "Inquirer's" reporter, who should have received a Pulitzer Prize:

"The last train glided out of Broad Street Station at 10:00 o'clock last night, to the nostalgic strains of 'Auld Lang Syne.' Spotlights flooded the platform of the observation car 'Queen Mary,' where trumpeters and trombonists of the Orchestra, wearing the denim caps of railroad enginemen, blared their salute as Maestro Eugene Ormandy led 5,000 Philadelphians in the good bye song. As the train slid past the sheds in the drenching rain, the floodlights were darkened and in the gloomy downpour the last notes of the brasses drifted back to the waving crowd.

Slowly the throng turned away into the waiting room and down the Grand Staircase for the last time. Lights were turned off and Broad Street Station, a scene of hustle and bustle for Philadelphia for 70 years, had become an empty brick building waiting for the wrecker to tear it down."

It took just One Year for the Wreckers to tear it down, but even before the last load of rubble had been hauled away, excavation had begun on the first building of the new Penn Center.

SIC TRANSIT GLORIA!

I think it was Tennyson who wrote of "THE BROCK."

"And men may come and men may go
But I go on forever."

Old Broad Street has come — and gone. The "Pennsy" is destined soon to go, but — Hopefully, and Thankfully — Our Main Line goes on forever!

MILLS ON THE UPPER REACHES OF DARBY CREEK

This was the subject of an illustrated talk by Mr. John Grant on November 28, 1967, in the Community Room of the General Wayne 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 mile stretch between Sawmill Road and the Chester County line, including the Little Darby Creek to the Mill Dam. Six were sawmills, two grist, two woolen, one paper, one clover and two unidentified.

The Darby-Paoli Road, which served these mills and their staffs, was laid out in 1710.

1. **Levi Lewis Mill.** This was a grist mill which stood near the intersection of the Darby-Paoli Road and Sawmill Road. Property deeds show that it was on land that had been left 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 10,000 to 12,000 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 35 tons of feed. However, by 1880 the 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 and in 1920 the mill was torn down. The mill-pond is now a cow pasture.

There were several other buildings forming a part of this enterprise. A wheelright shop on the east side of the Darby-Paoli Road fell during the last decade. A black-



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 mill-pond 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 mill-race to bolster the flow. It had a head of 15 feet. The one-storey buildings were 12 by 50 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

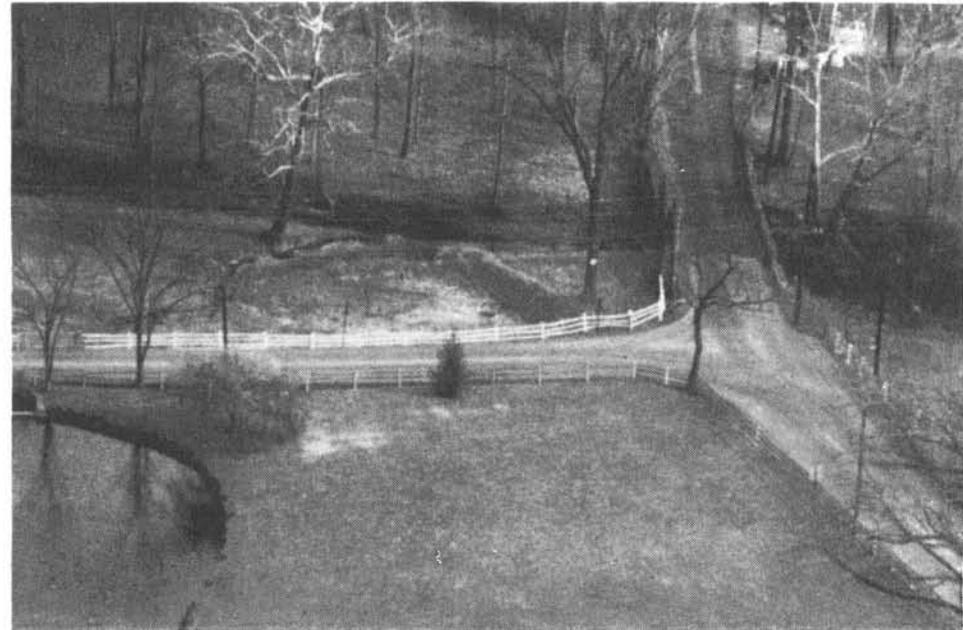
James Jones from 1771 to 1784, little is known about it.

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.

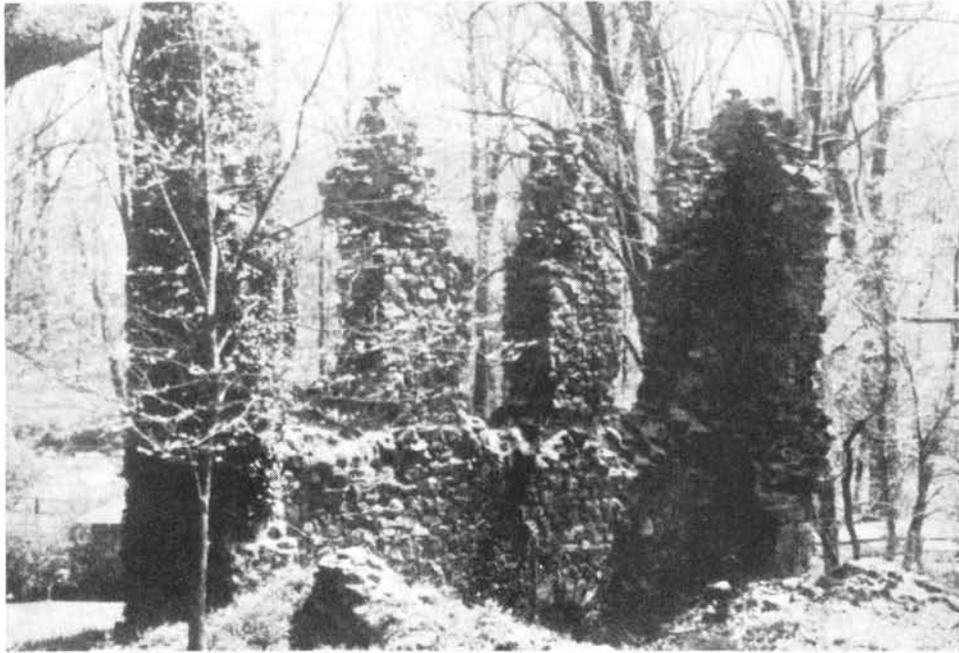
These two mills had a capital investment of \$20,000.00. The equipment consisted of an overshot wheel and steam engine, 1000 spindles, 42 looms, carding machines and picking machines. They employed 23 males and 19 females. The male employees were paid \$460.00 per year and the females \$344.00.



Remains of dam breast at intersection of St. Davids and Church Roads.



Edwards' Sawmill on Little Darby Creek



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 a Mr. Rose. The oldest house on the premises — a stone building with one portion log — is now occupied by Mr. S. H. Brown.

The tailrace 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. Iddings to Isaac Wayne to Anthony Wayne, who

sold it to Hayman. The mill was 12 by 48, had a head of 18 feet and, in 1798, was operated by William Vanderbrock.

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 1867, 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 \$90,000 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. Matlack.** The dambreast of this mill on Little Darby Creek, at the intersection of St. David's and Darby-Paoli Roads, is still plainly visible (See illustration).

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 — at least, in 1850. The mill, which had a 14-foot head, produced 130,000 feet of lumber per year.

Siter also had a small clovermill to sift clover from chaff.

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 dambreast. He offered it to the Radnor Historical Society and, after consulting and 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.

ACCESSIONS IN THE PAST YEAR

Miss Mary Allen: rug.

Richard W. Barringer: leaflets on Pennsylvania.

Theodore B. Brooks: early nineteenth century book on United States history.

Mrs. Gertrude Ware Case: kerchief commemorating the 1912 presidential race. photographs.

Mrs. Henry Conkle: rug.

Mrs. Robert I. Cummin: book **In the Footsteps of a Giant.**

map of Pennsylvania by Reading Howell 1792 (reprint)

Francis James Dallett: diary of William Davis Hughs 1864.

pamphlet, **An Architectural View of Washington Square** by Mr. Dallett.

framed picture of Owen Hughs of Philadelphia.

O. Louis Ehmann 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.

two long augurs.

John L. Mather Jr.: two framed documents relating to horse races in Phoenixville (1888).

Robert Alexander Montgomery: three handwoven baskets found in Hickory Hall.

one gourd faced with handwoven fabric. Horace B. Montgomery: (loan) two rugs. (loan) book, **Forges and Furnaces of Pennsylvania.**

North Wayne Protective Association: (loan) box of record books and correspondence.

(loan) framed charter.

Miss Marjorie Shaw: silk baby mittens, old knitting bag and knitting needles.

Mrs. Alfred R. Thayer: brass kettle, warming pan.

Euterpean program.

photograph of Derham carriages. Wayne Directory, 1888.

W. Furness Thompson: book, **Master of Radnor** by Charles L. Mather.

Mrs. Edward W. Westhead: clock repair, Donald Alexander Wood: watermain cover, inscribed Pfersching, Plumber, Wayne.

Mrs. Robert W. A. Wood: pamphlet (two copies, Prospectus of Edgewood Lake, St. Davids.

dues receipt, Merryvale Cricket Club, 1890.

article on polo at Devon.

pamphlet, **Club Memories** on history of the Saturday Club.

prints (two) of the Centennial.

porcelain feeder for infants or invalids, advertisement of telephone muffler invented by Wayne resident George W. Schultz.

article on Philadelphia waterworks. (with Mrs. Cummin) small antique table and two ladderback chairs)

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 1955, wrote two sets of memoirs. The first, called "Memoirs of Sixty Years," was written in the 1930's. The second, entitled "Philadelphia as I remembered it, 1875 - 1950," was begun and finished between his 78th and 81st years. Both were written for his children and were not for publication. They were typed by his secretary and then simply and neatly bound. The rather slim volumes, six in all, were made even more personal by notes in my father's handwriting, added at different times in later years as he remembered some item that he 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 father's 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 Devon, Wayne and Radnor Township in general but there was really not enough for an evening's talk, although I have put in a few paragraphs at the end.

I also realized that a large part of "Memoirs of Sixty Years" was devoted to shooting, fishing and other sports and although it was fascinating I did not feel that it was necessarily appropriate for an Historical Society meeting.

However, I decided on my subject after reading the following paragraph which my father had written as part of a description of his father, Charles C. Harrison. I quote:

"All his life he expected perfect obedience from his children, in the same way that he had obeyed his father; but this was not difficult for us as he never made an unfair demand. In those days nearly every child was brought up to obey without question and our country prospered through the work of such men. The idea that a child's future would be ruined if he were not allowed to express himself in his own way—in other words, to do as he pleased—was unheard of; as inhibitions, frustrations and complexes were luckily unknown. In any case, they would have

been rightly looked on as 'Original Sin'—to be at once corrected."

And so now, in the late 1960's and during the continuing controversy as to how to approach the seemingly appalling task of coping with the modern child, I will read you a little about the bringing up and the growing up of a boy in the late 19th Century, and of the world around him. As my father did not always write consecutively, going back and forward in time on occasion and interrupting himself; and as I have taken a few paragraphs from each of the different volumes and tucked them in where I thought they might be of interest, this may be a little like a patchwork quilt—as old-fashioned and as gay and as comfortable.

(Reading from the Memoirs)

I was born on March 23, 1872, at 1618 Locust St, Philadelphia. At that time and for many years afterwards various other members of the Harrison family lived nearby; my father's cousin, Thomas S., at 1520 Locust St., my uncle Alfred at 1616; my grandfather, George L. Harrison, at 1620; my father's cousin, John, at 1628; and another cousin, George L., named for my grandfather, at 1704 Locust St., where incidentally, he still lives at this writing, having attained already his 99th year. Both having the same first name, Mrs. John at 1628 was known as Emily John; Mrs. George at 1704 as Emily George.

During the War 1939-1945, I returned to the Board of the Octavia Hill Association, an organization for giving better housing to the very poor. I felt that perhaps we were doing too much for our tenants and that it would be better to make a slight improvement in the lot of, say 1000, than to give more aid to 500. I called the attention of the Board to the fact that I had been born and brought up in a slum house. As many on the Board did not know my life history, this caused some interest among the more earnest workers. I said that the house where I had lived for thirty nine years was only 22 feet front by 126 feet in depth and covered nearly the entire lot, so dark that a light burned in the hall even at noon day. In it had lived my parents, six 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 the Board of Health would allow this in the slums today and was given an emphatic "No".

One of my earliest recollections is of moving to "the country" as Ellersleigh 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 door and loaded with trunks, hampers and other impedimenta. These wagons were driven up 16th St. to the Ridge Road and thence out the Ridge Road to School House Lane. I do not know how my mother went out, but Margaret Robinson, our nurse, with my sister Ellen and myself took a route I was soon to know very well. Boarding a car at 10th and Locust Sts.,—a horse-car of course—we went to 16th and Green Sts. where we changed to another car which took us to 9th and Green Sts, then the Terminus of the Reading Railroad. From there a train took us to School Lane Station and we walked up the hill to the house. (Trip to Bar Harbor—10 changes)

Ellersleigh was a well built house as were many of that period. Of course there were open fire places in almost all the rooms and two hot air furnaces heated the house. My mother, I think, would forget to have the chimneys cleaned, and when as a result they caught fire would say it was the best way to clean them. I 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, astraddle a high steep roof, during the course of a visit he was paying her, busily engaged in putting salt down a chimney from which a flame was roaring. As it was in the Autumn and he had on a silk hat and a tail coat, he was a gallant sight against the evening sky. My grandmother had, usually, very strong opinions on most things. The following is one example.

One Sunday at St. Luke's Church on 13th Street below Spruce, the Rev. Dr. Steele 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 shook her head at this. 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 a fool" and I agreed with her. Whether the many who heard her agreed, I do not know.

City water 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 advance over candles and lamps, but it heated a room and burned up besides a great deal of oxygen. It also burned other things, for in those days ladies wore bonnets with ribbons tied under the chin, and very attractive they were. Now, the glass globe that went around a gas light was an ideal place on which to perch a bonnet until it was 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 go up in flames to the imminent danger of setting fire to the nearby curtains.

Margaret Robinson, our nurse, was a tall, gaunt North of Ireland Scots-Irish 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 nails before she cut them—she was so saving that she always buttered the side of the slice of bread which had the lesser area and then scraped the butter off with the back of the knife. As I remember, my prayers and the back of my neck seemed of first and equal importance and well and hard she scrubbed the latter. I never felt any 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 in the back of it. This soon taught me 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 visit the nursery to try to play with me, but his idea of play was always highly educational and before we had gotten far would turn into a lecture. My Mother, 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 fuss made. Margaret would tell me that I would be all right before I was "twice married and once a widower". A bruise might have arnica put on it; a cut always had a cobweb brought up from the cellar to stop the bleeding. No antiseptics in those days. Indeed there is no doubt that cleanliness, as we now know it, was then unknown. Spitting on 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 fly screens 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 Spring, and the wind was in the South, the smell of the piggeries in the "Neck", as S. Philadelphia was called, could be very disagreeable even as far distant as Locust Street.

When I was five years old I had a very severe attack of Scarlet Fever. (When first in hospital at age 81, first serious illness 76 years before.) We were then in town and I occupied a large, always cold room on the third floor back. As my brother Charles arrived in this world towards the end of my illness, I was often left alone for hours at a time. Now, as I have just said I had early learned to amuse myself; and as usual this stood me in good stead for when "peeling time" came I was kept busy. My ambition was to peel a strip of skin from shoulder to toe, but I never succeeded in accomplishing it. For I learned, as I developed the technique, that when one had "gooseflesh" one peeled badly, and I always got gooseflesh when standing before the window with my nightshirt around my neck.

In those days of brooms—not carpet sweepers—it was the custom to scatter over the carpet damp tea leaves which were saved by the cook for this purpose. I could never understand the reason for this although I gave it great thought. I did not ask, as "little boys did not ask questions". "Lay overs for meddlers and crutches for lame ducks" was the usual answer; and not a bad one as it taught children to use their brains. Children were never spoken to at meals nor, for that matter, at any other time. Children should be seen but not heard was the rule for those far older even than we were. We were never consulted about anything nor told of our parent's plans. I remember being very pleased indeed when my mother

asked me if I wanted to go to an Uncle's wedding, to which I promptly replied "No".

When I was very young Margaret made the only suggestion about amusing myself that I can remember. In those days vast quantities of crows roosted in N. Jersey and flew west in the morning and back at night. She suggested that I look out of the window and count them; and from looking out the window I derived untold amusement in watching, not the crows, but the antics of the many drunken men thrown out of a saloon in the back street. At that time there were no Police Patrols, so in difficult cases the police would borrow a wheelbarrow from a nearby stable and in it remove the victim. As I knew that this pleasure would be denied me if known, I always pretended that I 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 brought the cleaver down. I 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 grandfather Harrison. I would be taken in from play, washed, dressed and then seated on a chair to await his arrival in a phaeton with a black pony, Jet, in the shafts. My sister Ellen also went when she was old enough. These drives seemed to me to occur every day, though of course they could not have been as frequent as that. But now looking back to that time I feel sure that I should greatly enjoy my grandfather and his early reminiscences for he told me things that he had never told to his sons and he never talked down to me. He told me, for instance, how he had, when at Harvard, helped to take a horse up two flights of stairs to a professor's room; about a classmate from Kentucky who shot the heads off all the turkeys which a farmer brought in and on which he usually made a small fortune at so much a shot; and, how as a young man, he had gone to the frontier to buy some land and, having befriended the Indian who was his guide when he visited his prospective purchase, the Indian pointed out to him a scar on a tree high above his head made by the ice in a Spring

freshet; and that, as a result, he did not buy the land to the chagrin of the man who was trying to sell it to him.

Another recollection is of the cricket matches at Stenton, the grounds of the Germantown Cricket Club. Huge crowds for those days, often 10,000 people, would be present for at that period the mills in Kensington were manned by Englishmen. The score boards in town attracted many and, as the telephone was then unknown. A carrier pigeon would be set free at the fall of each wicket to carry the news to the newspapers. I remember a match played against an English team which we won by a narrow margin due to the batting of Mr. Bob Newhall. Mr. Newhall was head of the Sunday School at Calvary church and, the next day being Sunday, the older boys rose and cheered him when he came into the hall and we younger ones joined in at a great rate.

When I was three I knew words of three letters, cat, mat, rat and others of that kind. This was thought to be very advanced and my books were taken away lest I over do my brain. This action must have killed any love of education I might have had, as I always disliked lessons, school and college. No attempt was again made to teach me until I was six years old, when my mother tried her hand at it while we were at Bar Harbor. My parents had been abroad in 1877 and had returned with a wonderful book, "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, an aunt of Mrs. Robt. E. Strawbridge. With her I learned to read and write, to "bound" the countries and states, to say in sing-song the capitals and rivers they were on and to announce to the world the six largest cities chosen — I always suspected — because they rhymed. They were: London, Paris and Peking, Constantinople, Vienna and Berlin.

But, if I did not like to read, I liked at least to be read to, provided always that the reader did not stop to explain the text; and provided also that the text had to do with country life and, best of all, the wilderness. Luckily I found a treasure in Mary Dalton the seamstress. She enjoyed reading to me 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 one day were in the most exciting part of "Frank in the Rockies" when my father came into room. Mary was just reading "Where Is the Red Devil" when his ill

timed 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, not as exciting but very good. Kingston's "Log of the Ouzel Galley" was read over and over, as well as an English book entitled "My Boyhood," "Black Beauty" and a horrible work called "Eric, Or Little By Little," showing the downward path of a schoolboy. Also "Hans Brincker and the Silver Skates," "Children of the Forest" and others.

I first 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, were put away. These scrap books were made up of linen pages bound together on which pictures of all kinds had been pasted. Mine was made for me by mother's cousin, Miss Mary Reed. 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 day; and a book of verse containing, among other games which she read to me, the following stanza:

"I want to be an Angel
and with the Angels stand
A crown upon my forehead
A harp within my hand."

Taken to church when very young — so young that I remember coming home very wet — we were encouraged by 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 Locust Streets. Although built for an opera house, it was named the Academy of Music as a sop to a certain section of the public; just as in after years the Rittenhouse Club began life as the Social Arts Club, so called because some parents objected to their sons joining the Philadelphia Club, at that time looked upon by many as the "Sink of Iniquity." Backgammon was then the rage and the fact that a certain member of the Philadelphia Club had lost \$50,000 at a sitting may have had something to do with this impression. My father, when a boy, had heard the Rev. Mr. DeWolfe Howe preach in St. Luke's church against the Academy and the operas given there.

Many topics, now freely discussed, were never mentioned in my young days. I remember when in London in 1893, Lloyd Griscom, who was at our embassy, telling me how odd the English were for they

had no hesitation in mentioning the fact that an increase was expected in a family — a statement that I thought at the time hardly creditable. I like the new expression "a bun in the oven" for an expected increase. When I was taken to the White Mountains in the '80's, I remember watching a game played by drawing separate letters to make words. (Scrabble?) The tournament had narrowed down to two spinsters who were striving keenly for the prize. They were even, with only one more word to win. One had in her lists of words "omit." The other drew a "V" but would not use it for it would be unladylike, and so lost out. Mentioning a bath was frowned on even in my family, and I once read in a newspaper of the day, that a "gentleman" always preceded a lady going upstairs and followed her down so that he would not see her ankles.

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 and for a time I had a donkey boy but soon learned to drive her myself. I was then six years old. I remember that I went in the carriage to meet my father on his return from the West. For weeks I had been planning to surprise him by driving the donkey up to the door the morning after his arrival. However as we were entering the West Drive of the Park, where Cedar Grove now stands, I could keep the news 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 Germantown where I was often sent on errands and where she used to cause me many anxious moments; particularly one day when she lay down at the intersection of Chelton Avenue and Main Street (now Germantown Ave.), completely blocking the car tracks.

A great deal of marketing 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 and I went for them in 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 hampers and 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 gilt off the gingerbread and, to the deep regret of all concerned, I went out of business, only delivering to my mother and grandmother who continued to pay me for my work. I suppose I was between 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 put her lips to the water and turn her head away. Whenever she got loose in summer, she would always walk in the front door and stand perfectly still in the dark hall looking out. Visitors were sometimes rather surprised, when ringing the bell, to find the donkey staring at them.

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 badly broken lot. It was then, of course, soon after the Civil War and everyone was busily engaged in business, making good the damage done by those four years of conflict. The few who were not in business did not, as a rule, care about exercise which as by no means in vogue at that period; and besides a good many had had, from '61 to '65, enough exercise to last them for some time. So the buying and stable management, as well as the driving, were left to coachmen who were more ignorant than their masters. My grandmother was not the only woman who preferred in summer to take the air in a street car than in her own carriage.

My earliest recollection of riding is seeing Mrs. Norris leaving Tobin's Riding School on 16th street, where the Raquet 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 fall. Mrs. Norris, who was a Miss Meredith, 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 ringing out those joyous sounds which proclaim "one more poor man undone." And her only son was killed in a railroad accident while on his way to Monmouth Park to ride in a race.

Runaways, indeed, were a frequent occurrence and old Dr. Elwood Wilson who brought me into the world, nearly sent me out of it at an early age when the horse he was driving in his doctor's gig ran away up Locust Street. Mr. Edward Coles, Mr. Leonard Mackall and "Jimmie" Markoe were all killed in runaways besides many others. So when my father sug-

gested a pony when I was ten years old I agreed, but only because his suggestions were law.

It was about this time, 1882, and when we were staying at Ellersleigh, that a rather curious cure took place, which showed that some young doctor was progressive to say the least. My brother had engaged a Miss Eaton to sew for two or three days a week. I think it was really to help her out as she was in very straitened circumstances. While Miss Eaton did not take her lunch with us, she had it on a tray in the sewing room and did not go to the kitchen for her meals. One of the principal causes of her financial troubles was the numerous doctor's bills she had been obliged to pay on account of a stroke of bad luck which might have happened to anyone. For it appeared that, when quite young, she had gone on a picnic and had drunk from a spring. 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. Worse still, the fish was getting restless, and every time it turned around it caused her pain. My mother became interested in the fish and took Miss Eaton to a famous doctor who pooh-poohed the whole story and told my mother and Miss Eaton that it was impossible for a fish to live, let alone grow, in a stomach among the gastric juices. We must remember that at that time everyone believed that Jonah had withstood the gastric juices of the whale for three days. My mother was depressed with the outcome of the interview and the fish more active than ever as a result of it.

In time my mother decided to have another try and took Miss Eaton to a very young doctor whose name I have forgotten. After hearing the history of the case, he announced that by a remarkable coincidence he had just read in a German scientific magazine of a precisely similar case and showed both my mother and Miss Eaton the article in question, written of course in the old German characters which were as readable to them as Sumerian would have been. He then gave Miss Eaton a dose to quiet the fish and told my mother to bring her back in three days. The doctor was so persuasive that I think he really convinced my mother that the fish was there. In three days time my mother took Miss Eaton again to the doctor, when such a powerful emetic was administered that the patient was in a state bordering on collapse. When the clouds rolled away, a very unfortunate fish — alive — was found in the basin. A soothing potion was

given to ease the scratches on the "tummy" caused by fins and tail, and Miss Eaton, having recovered her former health, faded from the picture.

The above is an exact account of this occurrence, as from the first I was deeply interested in the case and for some time afterwards would not drink directly from streams and springs. The doctor, of course, was far ahead of his time in his psychological treatment of the whole proceeding.

And while on the subject of medicine, I have included the following:

Our dentist was Dr. Louis Jack. He lived at the Northeast corner of 16th and Locust streets in a house which had been built by my Grandfather Harrison before the Civil War at a total cost of \$9,000.00, as my father once told me and of which I made a note at the time. Dr. Jack's principal attribute was a flowing red beard which in time became the color of a grey squirrel's tail, and which to me, seated in his dentist's chair, seemed to be just as animated. Time after time, during my hour of torture, this beard would tickle my nose and lips as he flicked it, like a veritable squirrel's tail across my face.

When I first went to Dr. Jack, all cutting was done by hand and it took minutes to do what the little drill does now in seconds. The gold fillings were tapped in with a little hammer, swung by his assistant, Miss Spearing. Later on Dr. Jack invested in a machine called by the younger members of our family, "the foot machine." This drove the cutting instruments as at present, but the power did not come through the electric wire as now, but from Dr. Jack's foot. At first the results were horrible. To work the machine properly was like the old trick of trying to pat one's stomach and rub one's head at the same time. Thus, in the beginning, when the doctor pressed down with his foot, he, at the same time pressed down with the instrument he was using. When he thought of his foot, he forgot his hand and bored one's tongue or cheek. But in time he improved.

Once, when arriving to keep an appointment, I found a mother in the waiting room listening in some dismay to the groans of her offspring in the chair. The patient and the doctor came out together, and to the mother's question as to whether he could not make it less painful, Dr. Jack replied: "Madam, perhaps I could, but the more I hurt your son the better care he will take of his teeth." For at least two weeks after a visit to him I, myself, would obey his command to "pick and seth" after meals.

In the Spring of 1882, when I was 10

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 stayed at home. We were engrossed with our own narrow life into which the outside world of our parents did not enter. But I had not forgotten the good times we had enjoyed when they had left us behind on a previous 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 soon be home; 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 might entertain you.)

After a few days in London we went to Seven Oaks where a landau and pair met us. We then drove to Torquay, stopping for a night at each of the following places: Tunbridge Wells, Reigate, Dorking, Guildford, Farnham, Winchester, Salisbury and Sherbourne. An amusing thing occurred at the latter place. We had arrived at about tea-time, and, while waiting for tea to be served in our sitting room, were much surprised to see the landlady removing the ornaments from the mantelpiece. It was not until we were on our way the next morning that we learned from our coachman that she had expected my father to put his feet on the mantel shelf. This, she had understood, was the regular custom of all Americans, of which race we were the first specimens that she had ever seen.

As I have told you, there are many extra notes in my father's handwriting.

(I once received a questionnaire from the Episcopal Academy asking, among other items why I chose the Episcopal Academy. The answer is at the foot of this page.)

One evening in the autumn of 1882 after our return from abroad, my father told me that on the next day he would take me to the Episcopal Academy, then at the corner of Juniper and Locust Sts. My father and my uncles on both sides of the family had been pupils there. The school term must have been well under way at the time for, after being introduced to the Headmaster, The Rev. James Robins, D.D., I was taken by Mr. Short, a general factotum, to the different class rooms to be examined. A few questions were asked by each Master as to my scholastic abilities in his particular subject and a notation made on a card carried by Mr. Short, with the result that I entered the form called I which was next

to the lowest. The Masters were Dr. Klapp and Messrs. Anderson, Kirk, Jenkins, McMichael, Lott and Vaughan Merrick.

I started to work at once with my form. Recess came at 11:45 and lasted twenty minutes, during which time the boys played in the "yard" or got a bit of lunch. From a lunch counter on this first 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 thief 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 a quarter to two o'clock. When we were at Ellersleigh I would walk to School Lane station and take the train to the terminus at 9th and Green Sts., 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 again. But often I would walk up 9th to look in the windows of the various pet shops that lined that street. Many times I would walk and run from the station to the school, or part way, to save the car fare for other purposes. What I always enjoyed was the trip to and from town in the train. The section around what is now North Philadelphia Station, was then a no-man's land covered with shanties about which fed quantities of goats. I soon knew all by sight and would watch with interest the growth of the numerous kids, which usually disappeared when half grown — into the pot, I suppose. I early determined to live in that Eden and to keep all the kids that my goats produced. Another enjoyment was watching the brakemen run through the cars to put on the hand brakes when the train stopped, particularly at School Lane Station which was on a steep down grade.

I always stood well in my class, never below fourth in a class of at least twenty. This high average was the result of fear of my father not love of my studies for, as I have said before, I never liked either school or colleges. Fred Davies was always first in the class. As he never seemed to me to be particularly brilliant, I must have wondered how it happened; and I remember my surprise, when staying with him later, to find that his two elder sisters gave up their evenings to helping him with his lessons. This I thought decidedly low in children of a Bishop and so stated my view which caused a coolness for a few weeks.

Several years later I became ill and was taken away from school. After a Spring and summer free, I went to the Rev. Mr.

Batten who tutored me until the autumn of 1889 when I entered the class of '93 at the University of Pennsylvania.

The cost of tuition at the Episcopal Academy, in those days was — with no extra charges — for the Upper School \$125, Middle School \$100 and Lower School \$75.

And now a few excerpts from the late 1890's and early 1900's, a time when, to quote my father, "Devon was considered almost the western frontier of civilization. Ultimo Thule and was included in civilization only because Mr. Harry Biddle lived there."

In 1891 when we moved to Devon, the banks along the railroad tracks as far as Paoli were like a lawn, seeded and kept mown 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 popu-

lar. For many years all packages and marketing were carried free. The conductors on the trains wore frock coats and the brakemen sack coats.

Until some years after motor cars were popular, the roads were not tarred. Only Montgomery Avenue and the Pike were macadam, together with Bryn Mawr Avenue — 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 held two in 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 spike 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 Pennsy, and Our Main Line." His remarks will be found elsewhere in this **Bulletin**.

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

October 21, 1967

Members and friends of the Society (there were sixteen children) met at the Strasburg, Pennsylvania, railroad depot for a picnic lunch, a tour of railroad exhibits, 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, to hear Mrs. Per-Olof Therman present excerpts from the memoirs of George L. Harrison. Her text will be found in this **Bulletin**.

April 4, 1968

The Reverend Edwin T. Grimes, O.S.A., addressed the Society on "The Genesis of Villanova" at eight p.m. in St. Mary's Collegiate Seminary. Father Grimes described the early struggles of the Augustinian Fathers in the Philadelphia area, and the founding, in 1842, of what has become Villanova University. After his talk several Seminarians not only provided refreshments for the Society but also conducted its members and friends on a tour of the first floor of the handsome building.

In all probability, Father Grimes' talk will be printed in our next issue.

seat. This was always dropped when going up hill so that if the engine stalled or the brakes would not hold, the car would not run backwards. A good invention, as the first time I used the hand brake on our car it came off in my hand.

One of our first rides in this Winton car was from the Devon Polo Field to Robert Strawbridge's house on Bryn Mawr Avenue. We were breaking the speed limit, which in Radnor Township was then ten miles an hour, and the wind, with no windshield to protect us was whistling about our ears as we flew along. We passed Ithan, going at least fifteen miles an hour, and came to the Sorrel Horse Inn; but there the scene changed for we did not have enough power to get up the hill, even with the passengers pushing, as they so often had to do in those days when on grades. There was nothing for us to do but to go ignominiously back to Five Points and then over to the Pike.

The motorists of that period were never very sure of getting to their destination and many, when going out to dine, would take a pair of walking shoes in the car. When out in the rain we wore rubber smocks which slipped on over the head, fitting snugly about neck and wrists. On a hot night when it was raining gently we would arrive at a dinner party in a very moist condition. There was, of course, a horn on the motor but this was seldom needed. Our two-cylinder engine without any muffler gave ample notice of our approach, and some of the residents along the Conestoga Road were frequently not mute in expressing their opinion of the terrible noise our progress made in the stillness of the country night.

In ending this talk I will say that:

My father was a quite remarkable man — in his own words he was "cursed with a stammer and blessed with a very comfortable superiority complex." He was also blessed with a great deal of practical, and pertinent, common sense; a dry wit and a lively sense of humor, an amazingly liberal point of view for one of his generation and a kindness and generosity that was rarely publicized. He was, to use a perfectly good cliché, a gentleman in the true sense of the word. He received, no doubt, during his long life a certain number of compliments; but the letter, which soon follows, contains, I think, the most delightful — if some what oddly phrased compliment — that was probably ever given to him.

In June of 1902 he had been on a trip to British Columbia to shoot Big Horn Sheep and Grizzly Bear — I quote again from his memoirs:

I got back to Jilloet towards the end of

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 bar keeper 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 think fit to come back in the fall of the year and capture some Big Horn Game.

Your respectfully,
R. A. HUME, Constable

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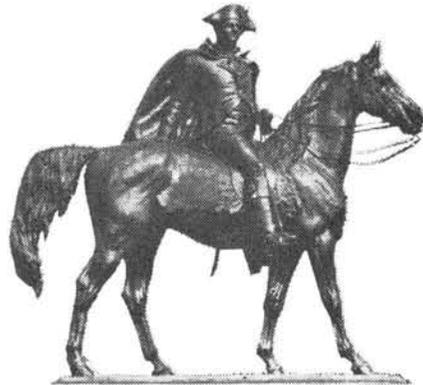
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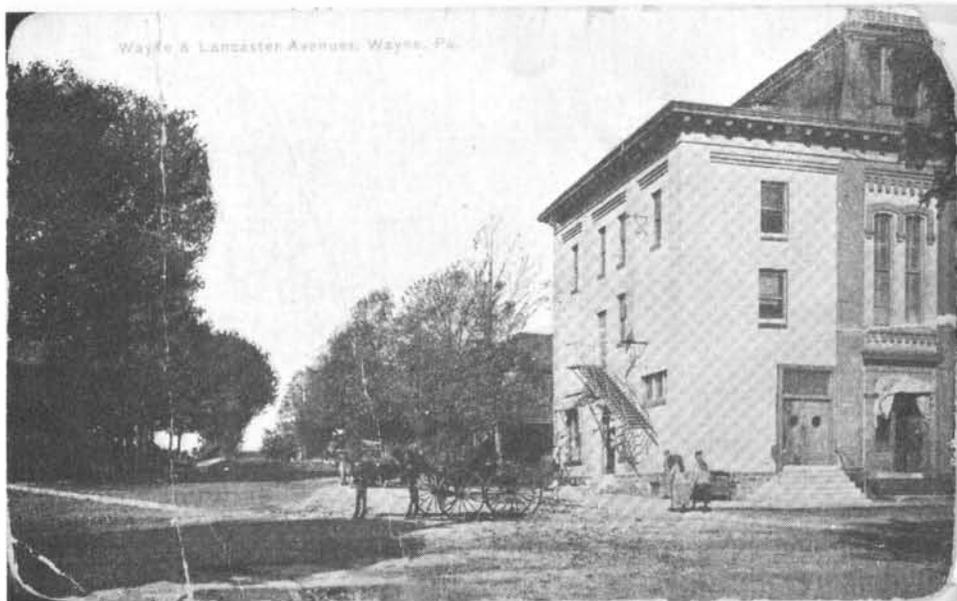
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