

**THE BULLETIN**  
*of*  
**RADNOR HISTORICAL SOCIETY**

Volume III

FALL, 1974 No. 4



INCORPORATED APRIL 30, 1948

***Headquarters and Museum***

**THE FINLEY HOUSE**

BEECH TREE LANE and BELLEVUE AVENUE  
WAYNE, PENNSYLVANIA 19087

Visitors Cordially Welcome. Telephone MURray 8-2668.

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## REPORT OF THE PRESIDENT

April 30, 1974

Ten years ago Miss E. Dorothy Finley gave the Radnor Historical Society the house in which she was born as a memorial to her mother and father. The Finley House was modified into a museum with a small apartment on the second floor to accommodate a tenant-caretaker. In addition a wagon house was built and the necessary debt incurred at this time was retired in 1971. We are planning further improvements to the main house, including carpeting in the principal exhibit rooms and storm windows for the first floor.

We continue to be given additions to our collection of Radnor memorabilia, a list of which appears elsewhere in the **Bulletin**. During the past year we were particularly indebted to Mr. Francis James Dallett, a member of our Board of Directors, for providing and putting to use acid-free folders for our fine manuscripts and photographs. We are looking forward to making prints of Mrs. Richard Howson's interesting collection of turn-of-the-century glass slides, and to hanging three portraits from the collection of Miss Elinor Curwen and her sister Mrs. Edward Forster McKeen. The portraits are of ancestors of both the Curwen and Finley families. With money from our savings account the Society purchased the ceremonial shovel used at Wootton, the home of George W. Childs. It is inscribed with the names of the many famous people who each planted a tree.

Since 1968 Miss Isabella McKnight has taken care of the thankless task of sending out the dues notices for which we have been most grateful. This year, Mrs. Percival B. Moser has taken over the duties of Membership Secretary.

During the winter we were much interested in the archaeological investigation done in the old basement kitchen of the Finley House by members of the Anthropology Department of Eastern College. We are looking forward to seeing a report of this activity in a subsequent issue of the **Bulletin**.

Under the auspices of the Memorial Library of Radnor Township, History of Wayne Day was celebrated on April 25. Four members of our Society gave talks illustrated by items from our collection. An open house tour organized by the North Wayne Protective Association attracted many visitors. Refreshments were served in the Finley House. This is a continuation of many years of cooperation among the three organizations. Posters and booklets of old Wayne houses, reprinted from originals in our collection, are for sale at the Society's headquarters.

The Finley House has been the scene of meetings of Historic Delaware County, the Radnor Conservancy, the Radnor Open Space Committee and the Board of Directors of the North Wayne Protective Association. We hope to continue to be of assistance to other local organizations and to individuals seeking information about people and events of Radnor's past. A synopsis of the regular meetings from the past year of the Society are described elsewhere in the **Bulletin**.

As usual, our thanks go again to friends and benefactors for their generous support.  
Dorothy H. Therman

### NEW MEMBERS 1973 - 1974

Mrs. George Amman III	Miss Susan Lucas
Mrs. John S. Arscott	Gene Roberts
George R. Atterbury III	Mrs. Gene Roberts
Mrs. Frank J. Bowden, Jr.	Carl O. Saalbach
Henry T. Bryans	Mrs. Lester H. Sellers
Mrs. Henry T. Bryans	Mrs. William Sellers III
Mrs. William M. Fletcher	Lyle R. Tanner
Mrs. J. Barton Linvill	Mrs. H. Ross Watson, Jr.
	Mrs. Clayton S. Wetzel

### NECROLOGY

Mrs. George F. Brown

J. Warren Burket



Spread from the 1890 advertising brochure of Wendell and Smith.

## BRUIN LODGE

Lot 60 x 225,	Price \$5250
On a corner lot, 65 x 225,	\$5500

### Design

This house was designed to be the cheapest house we were willing to build for sale.

Contains Living Room, Dining Room, Pantry, Kitchen, Shed and Servants' Closet on first floor. Five Chambers and Bath Room on second floor. By leaving a partition out a front chamber 22 feet by 14½ feet can be had.

Plumbing is done in very best manner.

Having sewers, we use inside water closets in all cases. Back stairs.

## HISTORY OF WAYNE DAY

April 25, 1974 was celebrated as History of Wayne Day when the Memorial Library of Radnor Township, the North Wayne Protective Association and the Radnor Historical Society collaborated (with the help of others) to remember the founders of Wayne.

Directed by Mrs. Salvatore Caltabiano who heads the Library staff, a committee representing these organizations arranged the Day. For two weeks ahead of time the Library displayed objects from the Society's collection, including the minute books of the Radnor Library Company (begun in 1809), the account books of the firm of Wendell and Smith and of the Lengel family, the ceremonial shovel from "Wootton" (see the list of accessions elsewhere in this issue), a 19th century costume, and the Radnor Township Poor Book (begun in 1765).

Tickets for the morning lecture were sold out almost immediately. The remaining tickets, for the house tour only, were oversubscribed and the list closed some days before the event. The modest cost defrayed expenses.

Those who attended the full celebration met at ten a.m. in the Library's Winsor Room to hear the history of Wayne and listen to a discussion of its early days, directed by Francis James Dallett, Jr., founder and Director of the Radnor Historical Society, and presented by him, by Charles E. Alexander, Theodore B. Brooks, Mrs. Richard Howson and Mrs. Caltabiano. Photographs and artifacts of the Society illustrated the talks. Recollections of Wayne and its people, its organizations from the North Wayne Protective Association to the South Wayne Public Safety Committee, from the Merryvale Cricket Club to the Natatorium, from the Bellevue Hotel to the Louella, from the Opera House to movie house, engaged the audience. Fires, transportation, schools, churches and characters were also covered.

Following the talks the audience embarked on a walking tour of North Wayne houses. Approximately 1890 the firm of Wendell and Smith published a small brochure on "Rural Homes" it was building in Wayne under the personal supervision of George W. Childs, proprietor of the **Public Ledger**. Six different house designs were featured, with prices ranging from \$4,500 to \$8,500. The firm also printed posters advertising other styles. Of these, five examples were open on History of Wayne Day. On Oak Lane visitors explored a Pillar House, a Round End House, a Medium Cottage, and a Bruin Lodge. On Beechtree Lane they saw a New Tower House and what remains of the Merryvale Cricket Club, now a private dwelling. Refreshments were served in the Finley House.

For the occasion the Society reprinted the old real estate pamphlet as well as the poster. Copies are still available at the Society's headquarters for fifty cents each.

The houses, solidly built, adapted to life in 1974, were decorated by arrangements from the Community Garden Club of Wayne, the Club of Little Gardens of Malvern and the Glen Valley Garden Club. To all the householders whose generosity made the tour possible, their visitors were grateful.

The History of Wayne Day Committee consisted of Mrs. Caltabiano, Chairman, and Mrs. James Butcher of the Memorial Library, Mrs. Michael F. Carson and Mrs. Robert LaRouche of the North Wayne Protective Association, Mrs. John M. Flood of the **Suburban and Wayne Times**, and Mrs. Robert I. Cummin of the Historical Society.

## THREE CENTURIES OF RADNOR AND THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

By Francis James Dallett

NOTE: At a joint meeting of Historic Delaware County, the Delaware County Historical Society and the Radnor Historical Society, on November 27, 1973, Mr. Dallett gave a talk which briefly summarized the history of Radnor Township and the history of the activities of the Radnor Historical Society. With the thought that newer members and others, would welcome a perspective on the "historical scene" those remarks are printed here.

To set the scene for your visit to Radnor Township and for our cooperative meeting in the headquarters of the Radnor Historical Society, I propose to skim lightly and rapidly over three centuries of Radnor history and to describe the origins and program of our Society, your host this evening.

It is hard to believe that our intensively developed suburban township, but twelve miles from the fourth city of the nation, was once the forested domain of the Lenni Lenape Indians. This, however, was the case and there still stand in Radnor a few of the trees which witnessed the Indian civilization of the seventeenth century and the coming of the white settlers.

Radnor Township was first settled by Europeans in 1683-5 when a company of twenty seven Welsh Quakers from Radnorshire took up 5,000 acres of land, part of William Penn's Welsh barony. Their new settlement received the name of the county from which they had come. The Welshmen erected a meeting house in the new Radnor on the Indian trail leading from the Delaware to the Susquehanna, a trail which became the Old Lancaster, or Conestoga Road.

Some of these Welsh Friends turned Anglican, under the influence of Philadelphia clergy missionaries, and in 1715 built St. Davids Church. The eighteenth century farming and milling rural community here did not play a large part in the Revolution, which had more impact on neighboring areas, but our citizens had their livestock carried off by British raiding parties, a few served in the Continental forces or in the Chester County Militia and protected outposts or manned Sentinel Trees for Washington's encampment nearby at Valley Forge.

Some of our early farmers had servants and even a few slaves. As their economic situation improved they built taverns and, in 1749, a school house adjoining St. Davids Church. Life, however, was isolated and dull. In fact, one rector of St. Davids was so bored he literally ran away to Barbados.

Change came with the opening of the Lancaster Turnpike Road — our Route 30 — in 1792-4, and with the arrival of the Railroad in 1834. Philadelphians bought country places in the Township or summered here on farms and in a few scattered boarding houses. The establishment in 1842 of an Augustinian College named for a long-ago Spanish Saint, and the development of a circulating library, and of the John Evans arboretum on Ithan Creek indicated new cultural patterns in a changing neighborhood.

Shops opened in competition with general stores. Hotels replaced boarding houses at the several principal crossroads in the Township: White Hall, Morgan's Corner, Eagle or Sittersville, Radnorville (later called Ithanville and finally Ithan), Garrettville (now Garrett Hill) and Cleaver's Landing, now Wayne.

Cleaver's Landing was a milk stop of the Railroad and the 300 acres of land surrounding it was acquired in 1865 by J. Henry Askin. Askin was a West Philadelphia real estate promoter. He built a mansard-roof mansion for his family and developed a small, staid, Presbyterian-oriented supporting village complete with church, lyceum and an "avenue" of mansard-roof villas called Bloomingdale. This manorial village was renamed Louella, for two of the proprietor's daughters. The mansion house later became a hotel and survives in the heart of Wayne today as the Louella Apartments. A cast iron dog, Caesar, who once stood on the Askin verandah is now on the front lawn here at the Historical Society.

The Louella enterprise lasted fifteen years, when sadly, Mr. Askin's venture failed. His hopes and ideas, — and his land — were purchased, together with an additional 300 acres of farmland, by Philadelphia entrepreneurs George W. Childs and Anthony J. Drexel. Drexel and Childs were richer than Askin, and smarter. They set out to create what is now



Louella, the mansion house of J. Henry Askin, now the Louella Court Apartments, as it appears today.

considered as the second successful planned suburban community in the country. This was Wayne, a town of family houses (or cottages as they were awkwardly called) and summer hotels,, linked to Philadelphia by good, fast train service.

Along the Railroad, the spine of the Main Line, Wayne, and its satellite St. Davids were developed. Back from the town, on large properties made up from farms, and living in neo-Elizabethan or neo-Georgian mansions which had supplanted smaller farmhouses, were the large landowners whose means and way of life kept Radnor Township very rural right down to World War II. Many of these country houses were designed by the country's leading architects and gave character and beauty to the community. Further "green belt" protection was afforded by the preserve of the Radnor Hunt — before its move to White Horse — and by the acreage of two Golf Clubs and several educational institutions including the Valley Forge Military Academy.

Immediately after World War II change set in. Increased taxes, and housing pressure from Lower Merion and Haverford Townships to the east and south, contributed to the break up of the larger properties. (Before the War — as recently as 1940 — sheep still grazed along Lancaster Pike on Vanor, The Chew estate at Radnor, and at Old Oaks, the Baker Place in Villanova. Can you imagine a flock of sheep on Lancaster Pike today?)

1. Editor's Note: As a matter of fact, I recall with pleasure how enchanted I was to see sheep grazing on the broad lawns of the Converse Estate in Rosemont. (now the Chetwynd Apartment) when I first moved to the area in 1948.

Long distance automobile traffic going through the Township and the first nibbles from industry anxious to "go suburban" started to be felt. It was at this point, two years after the end of World War II, that residents of Radnor Township — which had supported every other kind of civic and amenity organization since the days of Childs and Drexel — finally created a township historical society.

The Radnor Historical Society was founded in 1947. It was the conception of Mrs. Malcom G. Sausser, a sixty-five year old Wayne housewife and amateur genealogist who was born in Wayne in 1882. Frances Hughs Sausser recognized the changes which were turning old, semi-rural Radnor into another sprawling suburb. She knew she could not stop so-called "progress" but she determined to battle indifference and forgetfulness of the past.

I was then in college and Mrs. Sausser, an old friend, asked me to help her create a local historical society which would promote interest in local history and preserve historical evidence. Mrs. Sausser and I hoped to start, how we did not quite know, a miniature edition of the Chester County Historical Society which both she and I admired.

In November, 1947 a group of long time Radnor residents was invited to a public meeting to hear about the plan to incorporate an historical society. They gave the project their unqualified support. In April, 1948 the new organization secured a State Charter as a non-profit educational institution. A month later we held our first official meeting. Herbert S. Casey, a much loved resident of Wayne, became our first President.

In that summer, 1948, we were given storage space for the donations which were already coming in, here in the Finley House, in the basement kitchen which is just beneath this room. The house was the home of Miss Dorothy Finley, one of our members and directors, and through her generosity, in 1964 we became the fortunate owners of a building of our own.



The Finley House, the home of the Radnor Historical Society, as seen from Beech Tree Lane.

So, for nine years we have had our corporate headquarters here. Our Board meetings take place in this room and we hold an occasional meeting of the Society here. As lectures and other programs normally draw a larger attendance than can be accommodated in the house, most of them take place in the Main Line Federal bank building in Wayne, a happy arrangement started by the bank's president our late Treasurer, O. Louis Ehmann, Jr., who did so much to improve our financial position. His hospitality is now continued by his son-in-law who succeeded Mr. Ehmann at the Federal and on our Board.

Our collection is open to the public one afternoon a week. Members of the Board volunteer their time to receive and help visitors, who may be neighbors, students from Eastern College and Radnor High School, or just passers-by who bring historical queries to us.

The house contains our small library and museum. A wagon shed outside houses an original Conestoga Wagon, one of our great treasures, and other early vehicles.

The "museum" here in the house — and museum is rather too grand a word for our collection — makes an indifferent showing. We do have interesting and valuable artifacts, but the pot-pourri of cannon balls, arrow heads, ladies' reticules, toys and daguerreotypes, detracts from fine 18th century tavern licenses, the early minutes of the Radnor Library Company, a Rittenhouse surveying instrument, trade cards and political broadsides. Our display cases are discards from local shops. We do recognize the situation and, in time, will correct it. The problem is, that like members of your organizations, and everyone else, we are all busy and overextended. However, the Bicentennial impetus is a welcome goad. If you come back in 1976, things should be different visually. Even very simple Museum exhibits can be exciting and after nine years settling in here, I think some changes are imminent.

Having made my confession about our Museum presentation, I want now to talk about our archival collection, our publication and our programs. All of these we feel we do well.

Our archives include printed, manuscript and iconographic — or pictorial — materials. Maps and photographs form important collections. Some of our long run maps of Radnor are framed and on the walls here. The photographs, either in albums or in filing cabinets, are a valuable and fascinating 110 year record a changing Radnor Township.

We have, for example, an 1868 album of J. Henry Askin's estate and village of Louella. We have many albums of the photographic work of former townsmen George W. Schultz and James K. Heilner who, starting in the 19th century and working down to World War II, produced hundreds of shots of transportation subjects, taverns, churches and houses, cricket matches, Fourth of July fetes, street scenes and shop interiors. We have, really, a photographic archive which is of great quality.

Our photographs have been used to illustrate the Society's **Bulletin**, the annual journal we have published without a break for 23 years. The **Bulletin** is certainly the principal achievement of our small 200-member organization.

We have printed stories of local business houses, Park Hardware, Adelberger the Florist, Lienhardt Bakery, the **Suburban** newspaper. The stories were written by the head of each firm — and in this way we involved local merchants in our work.

We have carried articles about such local artists as landscapist John Ramsay Conner, sporting artist Charles Morris Young, and Brandywine School painter Thornton Oakley. We published a scholarly account of pre-Revolutionary Education in Radnor, written by our own internationally known historian, Board member and former President, Caroline Robbins, and an essay on the region in Radnorshire, Wales from which our earliest settlers came, which I wrote after a visit to Radnorshire.

Local educational institutions like Villanova University and St. Luke's School have been described, the latter by alumnus Charles E. Alexander of our Board. Articles on the Radnor Friends Meeting, Radnor Methodist Church and on Wootton at Bryn Mawr, the estate of entrepreneur George W. Childs, have grown out of programs the Society held on location at those sites, much as your group is on location here tonight.

We have published material on old houses in Radnor some of which were included in reports we made up for the HABS — the Historical American Buildings Survey in Washington — which for years was directed by James Massey, a former member of our Board and your organization.

One of our notable early articles was on the old mills of the area. It was written by a local scoutmaster who took his Boy Scout Troop along Darby Creek and Little Darby Creek to map the sites of now-vanished mills, mill races and millers' houses. The idea and

the financial backing for this project (which represents the finest form of local history) came from one of our most gifted and thoughtful Board members and foremost citizens, the late George L. Harrison. Mr. Harrison was the father of our current President, Mrs. Harrison Therman, who in her own dedication to this Society is living proof that history can — and does — repeat itself.

The Society's programs have been as varied as issues of the **Bulletin**. We have devoted some programs to antiques and the decorative arts. Others have featured reminiscences of elderly citizens. Occasionally there have been joint meetings with other societies such as the 1956 meeting with the King of Prussia Historical Society.

We have heard the story of minority groups in the community: the Italian-Americans who came here to build roads and lay out estate gardens early in this century, and, recently, from our Secretary, Mrs. Cummin, of the early blacks in Radnor whose roots as householders go back to the end of the 18th century.

Mrs. Cummin, a Connecticut expatriate, is a busy, creative historian. She was interested in genealogy, in land tenure and in architectural history before she came to Radnor. When she arrived she found that this Society sponsored an annual Open House Tour, a program of visits to old local houses — which, incidentally, is another activity which we did rather well for the first fifteen years when old houses were more plentiful than they are now and when we did not have to repeat calls on the same owners. At any rate, Mrs. Cummin enjoyed these tours and quickly became involved in research into local architecture and genealogy.

In 1962 when I was preparing to move to England for a number of years, I gave Katharine Cummin my copy of the Direct Tax Assessment of 1798 — that uniquely valuable record of every dwelling house in Radnor at the time. These tax returns furnish house dimensions and numbers of windows. They list the materials of which the houses were built and give the value of the real estate and other information.

The Direct Tax returns have become the cornerstone upon which Mrs. Cummin has based her subsequent research into the histories of the houses concerned, and of the families who built or occupied them. She has spent many days in the Courthouses and Historical Societies of Media, West Chester, and Philadelphia. A scholarly book which will document our heritage in Domestic Architecture (without denefit of Brognard Okie improvements!) and of our land tenure, is in the offing and is eagerly anticipated. The Radnor Historical Society hopes Mrs. Cummin's work will be finished in time for the Bicentennial in 1976. There could be no more fitting form of celebration.



**"Ceasar," moved from the veranda of Louella to the lawn of the Finley House.**

## ACTIVITIES OF THE SOCIETY

May 20, 1973

The 26th Annual Meeting of the Society was held at the Brick House at 101 South Spring Mill Road, Villanova. Mr. Conrad Wilson, host on this occasion addressed the Society on the early history of the Siter family of Radnor Township, a pleasurable occurrence, for which he is eminently qualified, as will be hereinafter shown.

Few families have contributed so much to the growth and business development of a community and yet have been able to remain so obscure and almost unknown as the Siter family of Radnor.

In the second half of the 18th century and the first half of the 19th this family controlled almost every commercial and business enterprise in what had been primarily an agricultural township. Beginning with a tanning business, they soon branched out into saw mills, grist mills, a famous inn, blacksmith shop and general stores. They were the first to break away from the agricultural traditions of the early settlers, had the dubious distinction of being the first polluters of our streams, and they began, in Radnor at least, the population explosion. This was a huge family that within a very few generations was to be found in all walks of life, along every main road and stream in Radnor, and still continues in its life stream, virtually unknown, in a large part of our population. In fact, it is now spread far and wide beyond the confines of our township to all parts of the Commonwealth and the nation.

Who were they? Why have they remained so obscure? How can we rescue from oblivion this once important family of Radnor?

Tradition in several main branches of the family, consistently repeats that they were Welsh—the "black Welsh"—swarthy, black haired descendants of ancient pre-Celtic tribes in Britain that to this day can be found in isolated pockets in Wales, and especially in Radnorshire from which many of our earliest settlers came.

This tradition, as with many family traditions, appears to be somewhat questionable insofar as the name itself is concerned, but this tradition may provide us with a valuable clue as to why they—the Sifers—happened to come to Radnor and how the Welsh tradition became so firmly rooted in the family.

For the original Sifers were almost certainly German: it is obvious not only from the surname, but also from the Christian names of the children. Of the first generation in Radnor: Adam, George and Jacob are names that were not often used by our early Welsh families in this area.

On September 1, 1736, the ship "Harle of London" from Rotterdam docked in Philadelphia with a burden of 156 men, 65 women, and 165 children under the age of 16. Among the lists of heads of families is found the name of one Adam Seider, aged 38. He spelled his name: "S.E.I.D.E.R." The following month, on 22 October 1736 Adam Seider of Germantown, in Philadelphia County, wrote a will in German, which was proven on November 2nd of that year, two months and a day after the arrival of the "Harle of London." An English translation of this will appears on page 16 of Will Book I at the City Hall Annex in Philadelphia. It is short and to the point and reads as follows:

"Well considered and by full sence, I order as my Last Will and Testament that in case God should be pleased to take me out of this world that Jacob Bowman and John Bechtel shall be my Exrs to my Estate being in this country. Also that after the needful charges the Children of my Body shall have Equall share of the remainder delivered to them. But in consideration that according to the laws of the country where I lately lived, my wife having her share already.

Witness my own hand and seal 22nd of 8 br 1736. Adam Sider." SEAL. (Note that he spells the name S I D E R)

Witness present: Abraham Sahler, Joseph Graff, Christopher Saur.

Two of these witnesses, Abraham Sahler and Christopher Saur appeared before Peter Evans, Register General at Philadelphia on November 2, 1736, only 11 days after the signing of the will and declared they saw and heard Adam Saider (note the spelling) sign and seal the will. Peter Evans then granted probate and letters testamentary to the executors named in the will: Bowman and Bechtel. It is noted in the will-book copy that the original will of Adam "Saider" is written in the German language.



Home of Adam and Elizabeth Siter, as it appears today.

It is noted that no children are mentioned by name in the will of this Adam Sider, but wife and children are referred to, and it is entirely possible that this man who was 38 years old, having been born in 1698, could very well have been the father of the Adam Sider who came to Radnor in 1749. A son born about 1722, when the father was 24 years old, would be 27 in 1749—when our Adam Siter came to Radnor. Formerly there was no positive proof that this German immigrant had a son, Adam, but recently this proof was found by examining the original papers of the Estate of the first Adam Seider. As already noted the original will in German, along with a translation into English actually exists, but more important, the account of the executors from October, 1736 until distribution to the heirs in December, 1745 is also extant. Division of the Estate, which had been delayed until the children were apparently of age, was made as follows:

“To Adam Seider junr one third pounds 46: 9: 11½  
 To a sister of hisn another third pounds 46: 9: 11½  
 To another sister of hisn ye last third 46: 9: 11½  
 which amounts to a total sum of pounds 139: 9s: 10½ d.”

From the charges made by the executors, John Bechtel and Jacob Bowman we learn that funeral expenses were pounds 1: 0: 4; that a letter was sent to Germany costing 1 shilling (probably informing relatives that he had died); that Michael Hillegas had paid the Diet of Adam Seider in his lifetime and charged only 16s. 6d. (This was probably during his last illness). Payment was also made to Captain Harrell for his passage or freight of pounds 8, 14s. It is assumed this means the passage of Seider from Germany to Philadelphia.

Abraham Sahler, one of the witnesses to the will was paid 1:10s. for six days work to get and find some of the debtors of the estate in Lancaster; Bernard Reser was paid 6s. for taking a chest of the deceased to Germantown; Christopher Saur, another of the witnesses to this will was paid 6s. for medicines.

Of particular interest to us in this accounting of the estate of Adam Seider, because it corroborates the fact that there definitely was a son, is a charge for “sheep skins for breeches, buttons, and making for Adam Seider, junr” costing 9s. 6d. and another entry “for a pair of shoes for Adam Seider, junr” costing 5s. 3d. There are no charges for the widow or the two sisters, who may have been older and already married. Young Adam was probably over 14 when his father died soon after arrival in this country and was therefore probably apprenticed to a leather tanner, for that became his trade. It is unfortunate that an inventory of the estate does not exist, and that the occupation of the deceased is not mentioned in the will or the accounts of the estate.

It has been claimed by the Siter descendants that a marriage appearing in the Registers of the First Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia, under date of February 27, 1745, is the marriage of Adam Siter, the patriarch of the Radnor family, to a wife with the unlikely name of Elizabeth Pleo. There is no problem with the date: it fits nicely for our Adam and Elizabeth; but there is only one trouble, the original Registers of the Church spells the groom's name “Syker,” was published in the Pennsylvania archives. Inasmuch, however, as it has been well authenticated that the name, originally spelled Seider, was also variously spelled Saider, Sider, Cyter, Siders, and of course Siter, it is not unlikely that it could also have been misspelled Syker, an understandable mistake of a well intentioned but erring English pastor.

The bride's name Pleo, also raises problems, though, for there is no such name appearing anywhere on any records, name lists, or histories of surnames in the colonies. Because of the damage and the resultant obscurity along the edge of the page of the Register, however, it is altogether possible that the name should be read “PLOO” in lieu of “PLEO,” which might be a German name and may be a corruption of “Blue” or “Plough,” both of which are German names of record.

Regardless of this, it is logical to assume, with no evidence to the contrary, that these are our Adam and Elizabeth Siter. In any event, when this Adam Siter appeared on the scene he quickly acquired property and built a tannery. He lived in a fine stone home, on Conestoga Road between Ithan and West Wayne, which is shown as it looks today in the accompanying illustration. It has a date stone inscribed A & E S for Adam and Elizabeth Siter, 1780.

children, five sons and three daughters, all born after they moved to Radnor. The oldest son, Adam, Jr. or the Third, definitely did marry a Radnor girl of Welsh descent, Sarah Jones, a niece of Edward Jones, Jr., and possibly the daughter of an Amos Jones, who was an inn-keeper, whose wife was probably Hannah Tucker. This would lead the way into how the Siders became inn-keepers. There is no question that the Jones were among the earliest Welsh settlers in Radnor and hence the tradition of Welsh antecedents in the descendants of this third Adam Siter. But, interesting enough the tradition is even stronger in the descendants of two of Adam's brothers who married two Taylor sisters of Chester County, daughters of John Taylor, a native of Ireland or England, and of Elizabeth, his German born wife.

Was Elizabeth, the wife of “tanner” Adam actually Welsh, then, and not German? Although it is not likely, perhaps she was the sister of Edward Jones, Jr., for the name of Edward Jones Siter was given to one of John Siter's sons, for no other apparent reason; except that it should be noted that it was an accepted custom for parents to name their children for their direct grandparents. This lends credence to the Welsh tradition. We can only hope that documentary evidence will eventually be discovered to clear up this mystery.

The five sons went into business in the area; they owned saw mills, grist mills, inns, and general stores, one of the stores being the building now occupied by Braxton's Kennels on the Lancaster Pike in a locality which was so dominated by this family that it was once called Sidersville. Another of the stores was located near the Radnor Meeting in Ithan on the Conestoga Road.

The most prominent of the sons was the oldest, Adam, Jr. or Adam III, previously mentioned. He had at least three mills, one in Tredyffrin, one in Upper Providence, and one in Radnor. He also became the owner and the proprietor of the famous Spread Eagle Inn, which was passed along to his son Edward at the time of the former's untimely death. Had he lived he would have become a very wealthy man, for he had acquired many properties, had gone into Philadelphia and had purchased the “Middle Ferry” which was the chief ac-



Elizabeth, or Eliza, Sister Wilson, born December 28, 1789, died April 6, 1870.

cess to Philadelphia across the Schuylkill River on the Lancaster Pike. He later purchased the "Upper Ferry", about where Spring Garden Street Bridge now crosses the River. It was soon after this in 1797 that he was killed by a blow on the head, whether by accident on the ferry, or otherwise is not known.

He left a widow with eight children and she gradually had to dispose of the property in order to support her family. In fact, it was not until the 1860's that all of the settlements of the estate were finally accomplished.

It was at this time, i. e. around the early 1800's that the family began its rapid expansion. David Wilson, Jr., postmaster at Spread Eagle, married the daughter of Adam Siter, Elizabeth, or Eliza as she was intimately known and thus the Wilson and the Siter families became allied. The accompanying illustration pictures her in her later years, and the romantic silk embroidery of Mary and her lamb (?) was done by Eliza when she was a student in Liditz School (Moravian) in 1806 when she was 17.



Needlework picture, done by Eliza Siter in 1806 while at Liditz (sic) School. (Moravian)

David Wilson was the great-great-grandfather of Conrad Wilson, the speaker of the afternoon. Of course, there are literally hundreds of others descendants of these early Siters, among them being, Matlacks, Jacobs, Bowens, Abrahams, Jordans, Davises, and probably many more by this time. Ironically, though, there are only eight listings of the name "Siter" in the current Delaware County-Main Line telephone directory, and none at all in the Philadelphia directory.

A number of these descendants were in attendance at the meeting. Siter memorabilia from the collection of Mr. Wilson and Mrs. Henry Pemberton, who, incidentally, is a Siter, and is the oldest child of the oldest child going back to Adam Siter III, documented the talk. Research into the Siter family history is a continuing process and it is hoped that a more comprehensive article by Mr. Wilson will appear in some forthcoming issue of the Bulletin.

September 27, 1974

Mrs. Lawrence S. Smith addressed the Society in the General Wayne Room of the Main Line Federal Savings and Loan Association in Wayne, describing the buildings to be open on Chester County Day on October 6, 1973. She recounted the history of each house, illustrating her talk with slides. This tour will include a number of old buildings near Radnor Township in the area of St. David's Church.

Sunday, October 28, 1973

The Society met at 3:00 p.m. at Ridley Creek State Park. Dr. Jay Anderson of the Bishop's Mill Historical Institute gave the history of the mill and farm complex within the Park and explained the Institute's plans for the use of the property as a teaching center. Displays of weaving and other handicrafts, as well as horses, costumes, and archaeological discoveries were interestingly and attractively arranged for the Society.

January 15, 1974

Chief John W. Litzenberg shared his recollections of the Radnor Police Department

with the Society at their meeting on January 15 in the General Wayne Room of the Main Line Federal Savings and Loan Association in Wayne.

Radnor was organized as a first class township on March 12, 1901, and although a quorum was not present at the first meeting, one Edward Rodebaugh was hired a police officer, was placed under the jurisdiction of the Committee on Sewers and Public Comfort, and was paid the munificent salary of \$40.00 per month. Reporting to F. H. Treat, Chairman, with Frederick Kimball and John P. Wood as other members on the Committee, his duties were described: "(he) shall see to people always of district, remove all nuisances, such as smelling pig pens, butchers heaps, bad drainage, straying cattle, and all things detrimental to public health and comfort; and shall be empowered to improve and collect fines." (Talk about power in one man!)

Nothing was said about the apprehension of criminals, or the enforcing of laws, or of protecting the public from physical violence, but that did not last long. On April 29, 1901, Radnor became the first municipality in the Commonwealth to pass a law against speeding on the public highways. Anyone driving a rubber tired vehicle in excess of ten miles per hour was to be fined \$10.00 and anyone causing "a horse to frighten shall instantly come to a full stop until said horse is under control." Penalty for not complying was also \$10.00.

Evidently some disputes soon arose as to whether or not the early "Barney Oldfields" were actually making ten miles per hour for the ordinance was changed on May 2, 1904, to make anyone traversing a mile in six minutes guilty of speeding. The situation must have worsened before this, however, as the fine was increased to \$25.00 for the first offense and \$50.00 for each succeeding offense on April 28, 1902. Business was evidently thriving, as six speeders were arrested in September, 1902, including Samuel Chew, a bicyclist.

Charles Woodruff was soon thereafter added as a second policeman apparently to try to keep the "tramp-camps" along the railroad under control, but must not have been wholly successful for there was one still flourishing as late as 1938 near the Villanova station.

The department gradually grew until it was decided that some kind of formal organization was needed and Charles Hackett, a former Philadelphia policeman, was brought in to head up the department of eight men. Mr. Hackett stayed on until 1914, when he was succeeded by Mark Mulhall, a blacksmith, who had his shop on Sugartown Road. Mr. Mulhall remained on the job until his death in July 1920 when Edward J. Sweeney was appointed Chief of Police. Mr. Sweeney, a former investigator for duPont remained until June of 1923 when he was succeeded by James J. Lafferty who had been raised in Radnor Township. After service in World War I, Mr. Lafferty had been a member of the Pennsylvania State Police. Under Jim Lafferty the Department grew to a force of 25 men with two lieutenants and two sergeants, and he did much during his tenure to modernize the Department, although the force was cut to 23 men during the Depression. Lafferty left in 1936 and was succeeded by Wilbur Clemens who was Chief in 1938 when Chief Litzenberg first came with the Department.

Although Radnor Township had motorized vehicles in the Department since 1905, Chief Clemens was a familiar sight riding his horse around the township. In fact, the officers became such proficient horsemen that the police trophy room is decorated with many prizes won at the Devon Horse Show.

Chief Clemens, or "Cap" remained until 1951 when he was succeeded by James H. Bones, another resident of the Township. He retired in March of 1958 and was succeeded by Wm. J. Barton. Chief Litzenberg became the Chief of the Department in December of 1964 and still serves in that capacity.

It is indeed a far cry from the one man force in 1901, with a salary of \$40.00 a month to the present day department of 47 with an annual budget of \$862,000.

March 31, 1974

The Society had the pleasure of accepting the very kind invitation of the Harriton Association to attend its Annual Meeting at three P.M. in the Merion Cricket Club. After reports on the progress on the restoration work at the mansion, we heard a presentation by Robert L. Raley, architect for the restoration, describing a recent trip to England where he found a number of stone houses near Bristol similar in design to Harriton. This study not only gave historical authenticity to some of their theories about the house but gave them very valuable clues as to how some of the reconstruction should be planned. A social time with refreshments followed the formal presentation.

## THE SPINSTER

Henry Pleasants, Jr.

### Editor's Note:

Rockland, the handsome old stone house at what is now called 425 West Wayne Avenue, Wayne, and now the residence of Mr. and Mrs. George G. Miller, became the country place of the Pleasants family in 1848. The late Dr. Henry Pleasants, Jr., a member of the small group which met to discuss the formation of the Radnor Historical Society in 1947, describes one of its most colourful early residents, his spinster aunt, in the following story. This article was first printed in **THE GENERAL MAGAZINE AND HISTORICAL CHRONICLE** of the University of Pennsylvania, Volume LIII, No. 1, Autumn 1950. At that time the author had recently added to a long history of public service and activities in wartime the responsibilities of Medical Director for Chester County in the Pennsylvania Department of Health. While a resident of West Chester in his later years, he never lost his affection for his native Radnor Township and is buried in St. David's Churchyard near his "Aunt Elizabeth."

Aunt Elizabeth was the unmarried sister of my father. However, to consider that she belonged in the category of "The Spinster Aunt," so ably portrayed by that master of character analysis, Charles Dickens, is utterly unfair. Equally so would be to classify her with the career woman of the present era who was a rare bird at the turn of this century. The fact that she could carry along to the ripe old age of seventy-seven years, in the presence of succeeding crops of nieces, nephews, cousins and other relatives by blood and marriage who adored her unreservedly, was unusual. That she did so without falling into the rut of spinsterism or leaning upon the crutch of a personal career for which she would have been abundantly qualified was phenomenal.

Many well-meaning realtives and friends referred to Aunt Elizabeth as a "saint." It is significant, however, that such a suggestion was never made within her hearing. She would have resented it vigorously and volubly. In many ways, this appellation was justified. On the other hand, in my own experience, it is seldom that one encounters a human saint who has a keen sense of humor and a perfect sense of relative values. Besides that, the human saints I have encountered have been dull, tiresome, self-righteous, critical, hopelessly patient martyrs to some unworthy cause such as a drunken husband or a wayward son. The amount of air they have exhaled in sighs would float a blimp. Aunt Elizabeth was disqualified in the first round. She had a gorgeous sense of humor that was as frequently directed towards herself as anyone else. She had more common sense than the law allows; and she was afflicted with what other branches of the family referred to as "the Pleasants' temper." If that were not enough, she admitted frankly that she thoroughly enjoyed an occasional glass of nice, cold Tannhauser beer in hot weather. Saints are not supposed to have tempers; and they are not supposed to touch beer with a ten-foot pole.

Aunt Elizabeth was father's sister. She was two or three years older than he; but their comradeship had been complete since childhood. The mere incident of father's marriage to mother and the subsequent arrival of a problem child in the family created not the slightest ripple in the serenity of their devotion.

My earliest recollections of Aunt Elizabeth date from the period of the late eighties when my grandfather, Doctor Henry Pleasants, usually referred to as "The Doctor," was living in the old family mansion, **ROCKLAND**, a massive stone, whitewashed house with "L" porch and surmounting portico, set back from the road on a hilltop, and surrounded by age-old pines, maples and hemlocks. Father and mother and I were living in what was referred to as "The Avenue House," a third of a mile closer to the suburban town of Wayne, Pennsylvania. We spent much time at Rockland, for it was cool and comfortable on the porch in hot weather; and there was a wealth of lawn space for youngsters to play under the big trees. Besides, there were plenty of interesting things going on in the big barn back of the house or somewhere in the twenty acres of farm land. Even when grandfather was living, the entire life of the establishment seemed to center around Aunt Elizabeth. She ran the whole place in her own way, and without any fuss.

In appearance, Aunt Elizabeth was not especially striking in those days. She was then perhaps thirty-five years of age, possibly more, with strongly chiseled features, rather large nose, high, intelligent forehead, firm mouth and strong jaw. She might have been considered angular and severe had it not been for her expressive grey eyes which



Front view of the Pleasants' Home, Rocklands, as it appears today.

radiated friendliness, and the tiny wrinkles at their corners which gave evidence of her ability to see a joke around the next corner. Her hands were large and capable rather than soft and beautiful. She referred to them frequently as "typical ugly Pleasants' hands," but in the sick-room the patient found them tender and efficient. She never fumbled with them.

In those early days, Aunt Elizabeth seemed invariably associated with the kitchen, in spite of the fact that there was a cook and a waitress in the offing always. It was inevitable that the small boy would spend most of his time in that section of the establishment, for so many completely enthralling things were happening there at all hours. Besides that, Aunt Elizabeth seemed to like to have him around.

The kitchen itself was interesting. The ceiling was so low that a very tall man was likely to strike his head on one of the white-washed beams overhead. An enormous wooden pump with knobbed iron handle brought water from a deep well directly under the kitchen cellar, thereby obviating the exposure of the temperamental cook to inclement weather. A large wooden trough below the spout of the pump emptied through a hole at the farther end into what was referred to as "the drain," a zinc-lined sluiceway which ran along the wall to an opening near the outside door. What happened to the wash water in the great beyond, the chickens and ducks could tell you. Flies were just an act of God in those days.

Practically all of the duties of the cook in preparing food were carried out on a low pine table adjacent to the pump. It was here that Aunt Elizabeth "worked" the butter after it had been churned. This operation was carried out in an enormous wooden bowl, completely round on the bottom so that it could be moved conveniently. To me, this procedure was just about the last word in fascination. On one occasion, I was standing on the edge of the zinc-lined drain watching the buttermaking, when my foot slipped. I grabbed the butter-bowl as I fell lengthwise into the drain. To this day I can see Aunt Elizabeth's expression change from utter horror to uncontrollable glee, as she dove after me and fished me out, completely soaked with buttermilk. Her comment later was that little Hen was starting early to improve his complexion with buttermilk baths!

Aunt Elizabeth's dry humor was occasionally directed towards someone she adored. For years, the family told the story of the time when father brought mother as a bride to Rockland, and decided to show her the sights. Mother was a city-bred young lady. They wandered rapturously through the vegetable garden, the pear orchard and the berry patch, pausing to glance through the barnyard gate at the lowing herd browsing in the corn fodder on the manure pile. They wended their way back of the barn to the ancient pigsty. Here, Father, proud of his bucolic background previous to his professional career in law, called in a throaty bass voice, "Here, pgi-pig-pig. Here, pig-pig-pig!" Nothing happened. Again he called, louder, "Here, PIG-PIG-PIG! Here, PIG-PIG-PIG!" Still no response.

Aunt Elizabeth came around the corner of the barn on her way to the chicken house for eggs. She stopped, and looked at father for a moment.

"Henry," she observed, mildly, "You know we've not owned a pig for the past ten years!"

We youngsters often wondered why Aunt Elizabeth had not married. Eventually, we learned that she had been devoted to one of the brothers of her dearest friend; but that he had died of typhoid fever. She had never seemed interested in men after that, although she was perfectly friendly with them; but her devotion to children of all ages was close to religion. It was reciprocated, too.

Aunt Elizabeth always seemed to take everything in her stride. She worshipped her mother, who was an invalid for many years. When grandmother died, it was a severe blow to her; but probably the blow was made greater because grandfather married a second time some two years later. However, she really adored "Aunt Anna," as we youngsters called her; and there was never the faintest trace of jealousy or acrimony between these two in the household. Aunt Elizabeth and father just called her "Anna," and treated her like a really adored sister.

Things became even more complicated in the early nineties. Aunt Elizabeth fell desperately ill with typhoid fever. Grandfather was nearly beside himself with anxiety, so he had little resistance when pneumonia struck him. He died within a few days. Aunt Elizabeth stood the shock, and eventually recovered; but in the meanwhile, father and mother and I had moved up to Rockland. It had seemed the most advisable thing to do under the circumstances.



Rear view of Rocklands as it appears today.

It is said that it is impossible for two families to live together harmoniously under the same roof. I will agree that this is usually true; but it seemed to work out satisfactorily at Rockland. Aunt Elizabeth actually owned the place, having inherited it from Grandfather, but she could never have afforded to keep it up in the old familiar manner without considerable financial assistance. She could have sold it, and lived comfortably elsewhere; but the idea was not attractive in the least. She loved the old home, and she had no false pride about doing what was obviously sensible. She just accepted the new order of things enthusiastically. The house was really enormous, with plenty of extra rooms for visitors, some of whom came for a few weeks, and spent years. Whether or not there was any written or verbal agreement between mother and Aunt Elizabeth as to who was really boss, I have no way of knowing; but there were certainly no clashes of authority. Father went to his office in the city every day; and he let mother and Aunt Elizabeth run the house and the farm as they wished. As to the visitors, transient and permanent, the more we had the better he seemed to like it. Twelve persons at the dinner table was far from unusual. Where and how some of them slept, the Lord knows; but I can vouch for three boys in one bed on many occasions. They all were fed, too. It was a houseful most of the time!

Mother was a little insistent upon making some radical changes at Rockland. There was ample reason for this: the age-old trees on all sides of the house shut out practically all sunlight, except in winter. On humid days in the late summer and fall, Father used to say that he could swim down the mahogany bannister in the hall. Since the foundation walls of the house were exactly thirty-five inches thick by actual measurement, it was no wonder that the place was damp. Mother was sure that the dampness was largely responsible for Aunt Elizabeth's severe asthma, from which she had suffered ever since the attack of typhoid fever. Anyway, a good many of the big trees close to the house were cut down. Mother also revised some of the pioneer features of the kitchen, such as the ancient wooden pump and the zinc-lined drain, and closed the well under the kitchen cellar permanently. The barnyard, which was really close to the west side of the house, was eliminated; as was also the ancient ice-house and subjacent creamery. A windmill pumped water from a deeply driven well to a tank in the third floor. This afforded ample water supply for household purposes, including a new bathroom in the front part of the house. When mother went into action, she really got things done. Even Aunt Elizabeth had to admit that these things were necessary, although it is improbable that she would have taken the initiative in bringing them about even if she could have afforded the expense.

Both mother and Aunt Elizabeth were active in church affairs. Mother took her religion seriously. Aunt Elizabeth tempered her own zeal with plenty of common sense. She seldom got excited over the perennial visitations of much-heralded evangelists, some of whom had to be entertained at Rockland for a night or two. Incidentally, one of them, whom Aunt Elizabeth disliked cordially on sight, nicked father for a loan of considerable magnitude, and neglected the formality of reimbursement. Both she and mother, and father occasionally, taught classes in a Sunday School; and their pupils were devoted to them. On Wednesday evenings, the family went to prayer meeting at the church. Besides that, both of the good ladies read the Bible every day in their rooms. However, when it came to discussions of religious matters at the dinner table, Aunt Elizabeth usually kept quiet. Her religion was expressed more in her daily life than in words.

The informal organization of our household menage permitted Aunt Elizabeth to go and come as she pleased at short notice. If some member of the family of a friend or relative were sick, she would go to that house and practically take full charge of the patient as long as she was needed. She carried out the instructions of the physician to the letter; but occasionally she had some bright ideas of her own. My little cousin, Savery Johnson, had developed the worst form of laryngeal diphtheria. In order to save him from strangling, Dr. Tunis, of Philadelphia, who had been called in consultation by the family physician, the reverend Dr. Richardson B. Okie, performed what was then the unusual operation, tracheotomy, and inserted a silver tube in the boy's trachea, or windpipe. When the youngster recovered, he seemed to have lost confidence in his own ability to breathe normally. When the tube was removed, he immediately went into spasms of strangling until it was replaced. He seemed terrified by the very thought of not having that precious tube in place. Even in his sleep, his hand would occasionally reach up to the tape around his neck that held the tube in place.

The doctors were frankly puzzled. Obviously, he could not go through life with a silver tube in the front of his neck. Aunt Elizabeth then suggested that the tube be removed, but the tape tied as usual around the neck. The ruse worked perfectly. The doctors were greatly impressed.

Second only to children, Aunt Elizabeth adored flowers of all kinds. Her room was a veritable bower of potted plants all winter; and as soon as the frost was out of the ground in the spring she was busy in the garden. It seemed to us that no plant that she ever touched failed to do well. In spite of her devotion to flowers, and her pride in her horticultural accomplishments, she never complained when a cricket ball or baseball broke the tallest hollyhock in full bloom, or when one of us tripped over her prize yucca while running for a catch. It must have tried her very soul to see us hunting for a lost ball in the center of her enormous bed of lilies-of-the-valley; but she seldom objected. I am just a little thankful, however, that one of my earliest efforts at carpentry was to build her a greenhouse for her plantings. It was not such a handsome greenhouse from an architectural standpoint; but I think she got the idea. I owed her about ten greenhouses for all the plants I had ruined.

I can never understand how she could have put up with all the grief and tribulation a small boy invariably brings into a well-ordered family. Actually, she seemed to get a kick out of some of the atrocities. Like the time I went bull-frogging one spring:

We kept the milk during the winter months in what we called the "lock closet" in the dining room. Actually, this was the space between the door that led out onto a small side porch and an extra "storm door." As the walls of the house at that point were close to two feet thick, there was plenty of room for shelves which were taken down in summer.

I had had fair luck that day, and brought home two nice bull-frogs tied together with a big of string. I was late to lunch, so I parked the prizes on a shelf in the lock closet, intending to skin the legs later. Of course, I forgot them. Before I went to bed, Aunt Elizabeth had something to say to me. The darn frogs had come to life and vigor, and had somehow jumped down from the shelf into the pan of milk just below. They were busily churning it into buttermilk when the good lady heard the row and investigated. I'll still swear that those frogs were as dead as Julius Caesar when I put them on the shelf.

Father's interest in the farm activities was never too great, and it sank to sub-zero as his professional duties increased. When we first moved to Rockland from The Avenue House, he did make a pretense of overseeing the major items of management, such as the rotation of crops, the cutting of ice in the winter, the purchase of cows or horses, and the hiring of help. When it came to the actual supervision of work, Aunt Elizabeth could run circles around him. He could milk a cow if he had to; but he made it clear that if I were around, he would not have to. Of course, Aunt Elizabeth was immune to such menial jobs as milking or hooking up a team; but I'll wager she could have done anything in an emergency. She never interfered with any orders father had given; but since he was seldom specific in his directions, she usually managed to have things done her own way without giving offense. Eventually, when the farming was done "on shares" by the incomparable Tom Hogan, the local contractor and general handy-man, father dropped the matter of agriculture permanently. Aunt Elizabeth seemed perfectly satisfied. Anyway, since the new improvements had been made, the ice house did not have to be filled; and the butter was bought at Beadle's store. Even the truck patch required little supervision, provided the hired man kept sober and knew his business. Besides that, Aunt Elizabeth was suffering increasingly from her asthma, and could not undertake too much.

Father and mother enjoyed traveling. As a rule, I was left at home. This was better on all counts. I would have been a nuisance, and I was far more contented at home. Always in summer time there would be a crowd of congenial boy and girl cousins of various ages living at Rockland, and there were plenty of things going on. Later, when my cousin, Elizabeth, named of course for Aunt Elizabeth, came to live with us permanently after her mother's death, the good lady had her hands full of such items as dresses and schooling, and had little time to keep an eye on the small boys of the family. We got away with murder in those days!

It is interesting to know a maiden lady who approaches middle age without resentment. Aunt Elizabeth was one. She accepted her advancing years without the slightest change in her enjoyment of life or her interest in her friends and relatives of all ages. With the exception of her hair, which gradually became a superbly soft, silky white, seemingly more luxuriant than ever, and the inevitable deepening of the lines of her face, she seemed the

same as ever in appearance. When mother died very suddenly, Aunt Elizabeth took over the affairs of the household completely once more. In many ways her comradeship with father became closer than ever. Elizabeth had studied nursing for several years; but as Aunt Elizabeth's health gradually failed, she gave up her profession and took over the heavier duties of housekeeping and shopping.

Eventually, it seemed wise to sell Rockland. The great house was too much of a burden of care and expense. Aunt Elizabeth gave the matter careful consideration, and reached a logical conclusion. Father had suffered from severe depression following mother's death; and the very thought of trying to run the place in the old way overwhelmed him. When a purchaser was found, Rockland was emptied of its treasures of family furniture, china, glassware, portraits, and books. These were removed to a comfortable house within easy walking distance of St. David's Station. Here, Aunt Elizabeth established exactly the same type of hospitable home that Rockland had been, but on a much smaller scale. Since the tiny lawn contained no such boulders as had given the old home its original name, she called the place "Rockless."

Not long after settling down in the new home, Aunt Elizabeth fell and fractured her hip. Since at that time the more modern methods of pinning the displaced fragments had not been devised, her outlook was pretty hopeless insofar as real recovery was concerned. The severity of her attacks of asthma necessitated her sitting erect in bed at frequent intervals each night, hence whatever chances of healing might have existed were ruined at the start. Just to complete the picture, the third floor of the house caught fire one cold morning from an overheated flue. The patient had to be removed hastily to the home of a kindly neighbor, Dr. G. L. S. Jameson.

As usual, Aunt Elizabeth — and father, for that matter — treated the whole episode as a mildly interesting adventure. When the damage had been repaired, they moved back and settled down as if nothing had happened.

Father, being the family lawyer, always handled financial matters. The bills of nurses and specialists were paid by him. Aunt Elizabeth occasionally complained about this; but father invariably put her off: "You have plenty of money for necessary things, Sister," he would say. "Proper nursing care is necessary."

"I know that," Aunt Elizabeth would retort "but you and I are not millionaires. These things cost a lot." Father had pointedly refrained from letting her know that he had been dipping into his own principal regularly.

It was probably fortunate that father died before Aunt Elizabeth. He was sick but a few days following a sudden heart attack. Possibly she stood the parting better than he could have done; but at that, she survived him only a few weeks. That was the last emergency she really had to meet in life; and she met it, for she was one of those rare individuals who seemed able to meet any emergency as it came.

## ACCESSIONS

- Mrs. Joan H. Blume:  
Wedding dress of Josephine Wood McCurdy, who was married in "Woodlea," Wayne, in 1902.
- Joseph Brooke:  
Two rabbit planes.
- Theodore B. Brooks:  
Pamphlet - "Harvest Home Fete 1915."
- Mrs. G. W. Case:  
Bed made in Philadelphia, 1840. To match other bedroom furniture previously given to the Finley House by Mrs. Case.
- Mrs. Herbert S. Casey:  
Book - **The Enemy's Country**
- Miss Elinor Curwen and Mrs. Edward Forster McKeen:  
Fourteen Finley Family letters; Newspaper - one issue, **The Times** of Villa Nova, November, 1918; Book - **A Family Tapestry** by Patricia Talbot Davis; Photographs of the Brandywine, the Hanging Rock, and Darby Creek; Album of photographs and pictures of the Finley Family (19th Century) with identifications; Water color painting of

the Great Valley by Juliet Lavinia Tanner; Three portraits in oil destined to hang in the Finley House remain with the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts for cleaning.

- Francis James Dallett, Jr.:  
Acid-free folders for the Society's files.
- Mrs. Arthur Davis:  
Photographs of Radnor properties.
- Mrs. Henry Ecroyd:  
Volunteer policeman's badge worn by Mr. Ecroyd in World War II, in Wayne.
- Estate of O. Louis Ehmann, Jr.:  
Two parchment deeds to Philadelphia properties.
- Edward L. Forstall:  
World War II Air Raid Warden's Helmet.
- Mrs. Stephen Fuguet:  
World War II air raid warden instructions and other memorabilia including Mrs. Elliston Morris' driver's license of early date.
- Seymour Green:  
Pamphlet on Pennsylvania Railroad History by William Hasell Wilson; 116 issues of various periodicals including **Quaker History**, the **Pennsylvania Genealogical Magazine**, and the **Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography**.
- Henry C. Hadley:  
1926 Atlas, Overbrook to Paoli.
- Mrs. Richard Howson:  
Glass Plates of Wayne scenes; Main Line Directory, 1900-1901.
- Mrs. Richard Jenney:  
1897 Atlas of the Main Line
- Mrs. Alfred S. Leidy:  
Nineteenth Century clothing
- Mrs. James S. Maier:  
Typescript - "The Willows"
- Mrs. Charles E. Martin:  
Office scales of Dr. Joseph Egbert of Wayne.
- John L. Mather, Jr.:  
Books - **Old Eagle School**; **History of St. David's Church**; Photographs of John L. Mather and the Hunt near Gulph Mills; Account Books of Nathan Moore, one beginning in 1830, one in 1879.
- Mrs. W. Peter Musser:  
**Second Annual Report of the Pennsylvania Historical Commission.**
- Radnor Open Space Committee:  
Vassar Show House Catalogue.
- South Wayne Public Safety Committee:  
(Permanent loan) Early minutes and records.
- Mrs. Louis F. Tabor:  
Photographs of St. Davids Golf Club and golfers on what was the Main Line Golf Course.
- Miss Beatrice Tees:  
World War Uniform of Ambler B. Tees (104th Engineers); Photographs of the railroad water works in Wayne, of the Toll House, and of the Wesley Hotel; Maps of Wayne in 1904 and 1920; Brochure on Wayne, St. Davids, and Overbrook Houses.
- Mrs. John W. Watson:  
Photographs
- Mrs. Frederick D. Wentzel:  
Twenty-five postcards of Wayne, c. 1900.
- Conrad Wilson and Mrs. Robert I. Cummin (with the cooperation of the Chester County Historical Society, which owns the originals):  
XEROX copies of Radnor tavern license applications - 1718-1789.
- By Purchase:  
Shovel used in the ceremonial tree plantings at Wootton, George W. Childs' estate, in the 19th Century.

**RADNOR HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
(A Non-Profit Educational Institution)**

**Annual Treasurer's Report**

**April 30, 1974**

**RECEIPTS**

Balance Cash April 30, 1973 .....	\$ 936.39
Dues	
1973 - \$ 94.00	
1974 - \$457.00	\$ 551.00
Contributions*	\$ 550.00
*Contribution of \$1,000.00 from	
Estate of Herman P. Lengel, Deceased Deposited 3-4614	
Interest on Investments .....	\$ 850.41
Rent .....	\$1,500.00
Advertising .....	\$ 156.50
Bulletins & Publications Sold .....	\$ 228.00
Miscellaneous .....	\$ 317.26
Phone from tenant .....	\$ 57.82
<b>TOTAL .....</b>	<b>\$5,147.38</b>

**DISBURSEMENTS**

Printing and Postage .....	\$760.39
Telephone .....	\$186.48
Insurance .....	\$682.00
Gas/Electric .....	\$411.58
Water/Sewer .....	\$102.90
Fuel .....	\$720.00
Maintenance - Yardwork .....	\$515.00
Maintenance - Floor & Window .....	\$ 81.00
Repairs .....	\$115.52
Refreshments .....	\$ 12.64
Transfer to Savings 3-4614 .....	\$290.26
Miscellaneous .....	\$255.76
Secretarial Aid .....	\$ 25.00
<b>TOTAL .....</b>	<b>\$4,158.53</b>
Balance Cash April 30, 1974 .....	\$ 988.85
<b>TOTAL .....</b>	<b>\$5,147.38</b>
Balance Savings Account 3-4614 .....	\$3,893.46
Balance Savings Certificate 335-00004 .....	\$15,000.00

CHARLES R. MYERS, JR.  
Treasurer

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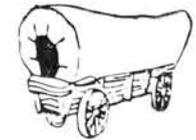
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