



The Landmark Society

News

Bradford, PA 16701

March 1990

N.S. #20

MEMBERSHIP DUES TO THE LANDMARK SOCIETY ARE NOW PAYABLE FOR 1990

Please make your check payable to The Landmark Society and mail or deliver to our headquarters at 45 East Corydon Street, Bradford, PA 16701. The "Bakery" is open 1:30 to 4:30 Monday, Wednesday, Friday.

Regular.....	\$5	per year
Contributing.....	\$10	per year
Life.....	\$100	

NOTES FROM THE PRESIDENT

Meeting Notice

The Annual Meeting will be held April 20, 1990 at the Pennhills Club
Social hour at 6:00 PM, buffet dinner 7:00 PM \$14, choice of 4 entrees
Please call the Bakery for reservations: 362-3906

The speaker will be Mary Ellen Perry from Rochester, NY. She will discuss preservation of clothing and other artifacts.

Activity at the Bakery

Pam Fredeen and co-workers have taken on the task of sorting, cleaning, storing and completing cataloging of clothing and related memorabilia at the Bakery. To assist in this project they are requesting donations of old white cotton sheets, dress boxes and padded dress hangers. Any items may be left at the Bakery.

Mary Ann Whitbeck was responsible for preparing our recent window display of antique buttons. She would like to hear from anyone interested in starting a button collectors club.

We welcome Helen Johns-Richardson who will be helping both at the Bakery and the Crook Farm.

Seminar Report

The seminar series sponsored jointly with the University of Pittsburgh, Bradford, Social Sciences Division, held Thursday evenings January 25 - February 22, 1990 was a huge success. The special dining room in the Frame-Westerberg Building was filled to capacity each night.

In Memoriam

Recently Landmarks lost three loved and devoted workers. Martha Sage, Dottie Grow and Griffith Herold contributed immensely of their time and talents to the benefit of the Landmarks Society. They will be sadly missed.

Harry Taylor

The year 1879 was Edison's comet, launching not just the electric light but the electrical distribution idea for the world. What can be more momentous than that? Edison not only devised the electrical networks and dynamos needed but invented everything from insulating wire and friction tape including electrical instruments and the fixtures for the lamps. This at a time when the basic practical instruments had yet to be developed. Lord Kelvin, elevated to the peerage by Queen Victoria as the premier English scientist, still didn't understand the significance of Ohm's Law - considered elementary science today. (Ask any high school kid....well, try!) Suffice it to say that while Edison had a reputation as a tyrant many of his closest associates became millionaires including the president of Chicago Edison Company, a street-car manufacturer in St. Louis and a German immigrant who returned to Germany to found the largest electrical manufacturing company in Europe. He himself started General Electric only to abort his interest. Steinmetz, an employee only briefly, became a distinguished scientist in his own right.⁽⁵⁾

On the far side of Europe on the south-west shore of the Caspian Sea (Russian mid-east) petroleum obtainable from shallow pits had been known for at least 2000 years. But the 1880's development of this source couldn't provide a greater contrast than with that of the Bradford field. In the world's least industrially developed nation the Baku oil field led the world in production, although briefly, by 1900. The wealthy Swedish brothers Alfred, Robert and Ludwig Nobel introduced the most labor considerate work system anywhere and that in a country where serfdom had just recently been abolished. (Child labor and sweat shops were common in the U.S. and England.) Their problem was not getting the oil - it could be dipped out of pits not deeper than 50 feet - but refining it and getting it to market. This they did with spectacular success, all the while providing unheard of benefits to their employees. Unlike Bradford bustling with the free spirit of thousands of independent entrepreneurs, the Nobel brothers' operation was based on a franchise from the Czar. Starting in 1873 by 1878 the Nobels had invested \$2,500,000 in an oil industry colony that provided everything for the engineers and workers anticipating the paternalist philosophy of Henry Ford by 35 years.

The Baku oil field was located in a desert. Soil for trees and vegetation had to be brought in as well as water for irrigation. The colony of houses and dormitories and 15 villas for the administrators and engineers was built in a park including dining and recreation buildings, schools, a bowling alley, library and commons hall. There was also a "Technical Club" started by Ludwig with its own meeting rooms.

By 1876 a refinery occupying a square mile of space was completed featuring a "flow-thru" system of distillation. In this system the feed stock flowed successively through a series of progressively hotter retorts rather than into a single vessel heated progressively. Alfred was a practising chemist with more than dynamite to his credit.

In 1880, Ludwig, who managed the operation, received their first ocean going tanker built in Sweden at the Motala Works. By 1884 they had 12 more tankers and by 1898 a total of 53 were operating in the Caspian, Black Sea, Mediterranean and Atlantic. By 1883 they had 1500 tank cars on the Russian railway system. Storage tanks holding 100,000 barrels each were in use. An 8 mile pipeline connected to the producing field.⁽⁶⁾

Returning to North America, 1885 saw the "saving" of Canada as a nation. Not figuratively but literally. The price was the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway from Toronto to Vancouver. It was part of the bargain agreed to by British Columbia. Without the transcontinental railway within Canadian borders British Columbia threatened to join the United States and surely would have because all their inclinations and contacts were with our West. Ontario and Quebec were "foreign countries". Ontario and Quebec, with barely 9 million people succeeded in raising the 400 million dollars needed with the help of financier Lord Strathcona. It was a saga of derring-do, a thriller in every respect.⁽⁷⁾

HAIL TO THEE, BLITHE SPIRIT.....!

Betty Robinson with her husband distinguished Professor Emeritus Paul N. Robinson is leaving us! How can that be? Betty knows the genealogy of Bradfordians better than any native. A first time visitor from 3000 miles away walks into the Bakery seeking information about her grandfather; Betty locates the information right away. Casual conversation touches on half a dozen Bradfordians; Betty knows the antecedents of all! How can we do without her? It is ever thus; gems in plain sight are often not discovered until it is too late. But we are not going to say farewell, just wish them well on their retirement to Bellevue, Washington; after all, as Bradfordians Emeritus they might just start another Bradford Colony rivaling Arizona and Florida!

1880's PERSPECTIVE

"Oilmen are like cats. You can never tell from the sound of them whether they are fighting or making love."⁽¹⁾ Choice metaphor for the oil moguls of the mid-twentieth century but not quite right for the 1880's. Oh, they were fighting alright and no doubt making love concurrently, perhaps even on the same playing field (level or not) but not under the same heading. Ida Tarbell's father, a tank builder at Pithole and a successful producer later, wasn't making love to Rockefeller or vice versa!⁽²⁾ Poor Pithole, phenomenal boom that it was in 1865, lasted only 16 months; the discovery well flowed as much as 200 barrels a day but the total production for the 16 months was not more than about 500,000 barrels.

It is surprising how little recognition if any has been given to the Bradford oil field by either 19th or 20th century writers on petroleum. One book on the "history" of oil published as late as 1919 reads as if the author hardly heard of Bradford.⁽³⁾ Was this an under-cover dig from the Standard Oil Company? The recent demolishing of the headquarters of Standard Oil in Bradford may have been a form of retribution (accidental?) even if it did away with perhaps the earliest, most opulent historical landmark, not to mention that it was the office of the buyer of nearly all the production from the early Bradford field. (Not including 8 oz. bottles sold at Hennage's Drug Store.)

Tracing the history of Western Pennsylvania oil, meaning Oil City, Titusville, Franklin, Pithole and some other places, most of "Bradford Grade" came from McKean County, otherwise known as the Bradford field. Peaking at 23,000,000 barrels in 1881 from about 12,000 wells Bradford was by far the major source of "Western Pennsylvania" oil.

Right next door to Bradford in Cherry Grove, Warren County, in 1882, the discovery well flowed 4000 barrels the first day. Imagine the rocket of blood pressure that that set off in the wheelers and dealers and the rough and ready of every stripe for a distance of 100 miles in every direction. And this at a time when serious communication was still chiefly by horseback. Within three months an army of adventurers with teams of horses and machinery set up two shanty villages, Farnsworth and Garfield, drilled 200 wells and within the next five months pulled the oil table down to near stripper well significance. In eight months the 2-1/2 mile long by 1/2 mile wide field provided first, the thrill of success then the crash of disappointment. At 49 cents a barrel no millionaires resulted but what fun it must have been while it lasted. The oil field tradition of rich today and broke tomorrow was not fatal; there would always be new fields to rush offering something for everyone as long as he was strong, able and spirited.⁽⁴⁾

Do certain dates have a magical property or have momentous events become commonplace? While Bradford was riding the crest in the 1880's, attracting the courageous, the energetic, the devil-may-care plungers, showering wealth on many and casting an aura of "living and striving can be fun".- what was the rest of the world doing? Not everything or everybody but just some of the best or smartest or most intriguing? Indeed, so many events of distinction occurred in the 1880's that it is hard to narrow the choices.

Did it seem that the time from 1979 to 1990 went by very quickly? It must have been the same between 1879 and 1890. H. M. Stanley, of "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?" fame, did know it but during 1879 - 1885 he was busy shaping up a huge stage set - more than three times the size of Texas - for C. S. Forester's "African Queen" to be rewritten by Peter Viertel for John Houston, Katherine Hepburn and Humphry Bogart. He thought, of course, that he was merely staking out a private ranch for King Leopold II of Belgium.⁽⁸⁾ Not many people knew about it and cared less except, perhaps, Joseph Conrad who preempted the opportunity for writing "Heart of Darkness". To paraphrase Shakespeare, to such whimsical ends the facts of history do derive! Now, of course, the Belgian Congo is back in the hands of natives and known as the country of Zaire. Bradford is back in the hands of woodcutters and it seems like only justice.

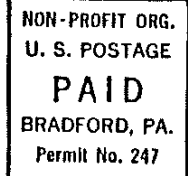
Geo Kish

- (1) Attributed to an international wheeler-dealer; Sampson, Anthony, "The Seven Sisters", 1975, Viking Press
 - (2) Tarbell, Ida, "All In The Day's Work, An Autobiography, 1939, Macmillan Co.
 - (3) McBeth, R.S., "Oil", 1919, Markets Publishing Corp., New York
 - (4) Miller, E.C., "This Was Early Oil", 1968, Pennsylvania Historical and Museum Commission
 - (5) Josephson, Matthew, "Edison", 1959, McGraw-Hill
 - (6) Pauli, H.E., "Alfred Nobel", 1947, Nicholson and Watson, London
 - (7) Berton, Pierre, "The Last Spike", 1971, McClelland and Stewart, Toronto
 - (8) Encyclopaedia Britannica, 1962
- For an interesting sequel to the Belgian Congo see Winternitz, Helen, "East Along The Equator", 1987, Atlantic Monthly Press
See also: "Petroleum Facts and Figures", 1929
American Petroleum Institute
"History of the Counties of McKean, Elk, Cameron and Potter, Pennsylvania, J.H. Beers Publishers, 1890, Chicago

BRADFORD LANDMARK SOCIETY

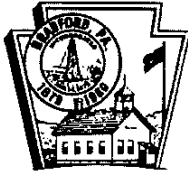
45 E. Corydon St.

Bradford, Pa. 16701



Mr. and Mrs. Elmer De Lucia
160 Summer St.
Bradford, PA 16701

148



The Landmark Society

News



Bradford, PA 16701

August 1990

N.S. #21

COME TO THE COUNTRY FAIR

SATURDAY AUGUST 25, 1990

SUNDAY AUGUST 26, 1990

AT THE CROOK FARM - 1.1 MILES FROM THE BOLIVAR DRIVE TRAFFIC LIGHT

ADMISSION: \$1.00 CHILDREN FREE ACCOMPANIED BY ADULT

FREE SHUTTLE BUS TRANSPORTATION FROM DOWN-TOWN BRADFORD EVERY HOUR
FROM THE FOSTER BROOK MALL EVERY HALF HOUR

84 EXHIBITORS

CRAFTS OF ALL KINDS, DEMONSTRATIONS OF CHAIR CANING, WHEAT WEAVING,
DUCLIMER MAKING, BLACKSMITHING

VISIT THE PERIOD SCHOOLHOUSE, CROOK FARMHOUSE, BLACKSMITH SHOP,
RAILROAD DEPOT, VINTAGE OIL WELLS

FOOD - FOOD

BOTH DAYS: HOT-DOGS, HOT SAUSAGES, SLOPPY JOES, POPCORN
COTTON CANDY, ICE CREAM, SOFT DRINKS

SPECIAL - SATURDAY AUGUST 25 ONLY - CHICKEN BARBECUE - 4 PM to 6 PM - \$5.00

SPECIAL - SUNDAY AUGUST 26 ONLY - COUNTRY BREAKFAST - 10 AM to 2 PM - \$4.00 ADULTS
\$2.00 CHILDREN
PANCAKES, EGGS, SAUSAGE, SWEET ROLLS, JUICE, COFFEE

ENTERTAINMENT

SATURDAY AUGUST 25, 1990

"JACKS AND JILLS" 10:30 AM to 11:15 AM

"COACHMEN BAND" 11:30 AM to 12:30 PM

"BUFFALO ZEW REVIEW" 1:45 PM to 4:45 PM

SUNDAY AUGUST 26, 1990

"RAGS TO RICHES" 11:00 AM to 1:15 PM

"COLONIAL CLOGGERS" 12:45 PM to 1:30 PM

"BEAVER CREEK" 1:30 PM to 4:30 PM

'ROUND THE BAKERY

NOTES FROM THE PRESIDENT

"Due to the early scheduling of fall, summer will be a short 94 days." This is quoted from a TV announcement.

Each year it seems that as soon as the school program is over in mid-June, time passes swiftly and heralds the approach of the Country Fair.

With passing time word is spreading about the value of the Crooker School Program as indicated this year by an increase in participation to 16 communities.

The "Crafty Ladies" have been busy playing catch-up, painting, sewing, decorating, etc. the many new items for the Fair and the Christmas house.

We are looking forward to an even bigger and better Fair under the guidance of Jane Larson, Marion Bromeley and John Kijowski. Eighty-four exhibitors have been obtained as well as artisans in several demonstration crafts. You will have to attend to learn what they are.

I regret to report on the untimely death of Bob Doyle on July 19, 1990. Bob had been a director since 1981 and served as treasurer since 1986. Most certainly he will be missed by all his friends.

See you at the Fair

Harry Taylor

REPORT FROM CROOKER SCHOOL

The Crooker School Program was as big as ever this year directed by Beulah Blair assisted by Jean McClure and Jerry Zetler. Between May 7 thru June 20 approximately 1255 fourth and fifth grade children spent a day at the farm. Part of each day was spent attending the old fashioned school with teachers dressed for and enacting their roles. The balance of the day was spent visiting five vintage areas with volunteers also dressed for their roles and portraying such activities as candle making, weaving and blacksmithing. This part of the program was supervised by Margrieta Hewey assisted by more than 40 volunteers. You are the ones that make this program possible and we thank you each and every one.

From May 7 thru May 14 Bradford schools including St. Bernards were hosted. Then followed schools from Kersey, Eldred, Landers, Kane (3 days), Rixford, Sugar Grove, Emporium (7 days), Salamanca (3 days), Hinsdale, Richberg, Franklinville, Little Valley, Cattaragus, Limestone and a Scout group from Johnsonburg.

THE BAKERY CARRIES ON

What you see first when you walk into the Bakery are the glass display cases on either side which used to grace a real candy store in East Bradford owned by a darling lady, Miss Frances A. Crooks (no relation to the Crook farm Crooks), and her wire soda fountain chairs with matching tables are there too. What's missing is the pot-bellied stove and lined basket with tabby cat, purring for the customers. The tabby cat should be presiding on the desk of the Bakery Hostess (Curator, to you visitors) but Jane keeps her pets safely at home.

Every general store had a host or hostess, not necessarily so regarded or even the owner, and the Bakery is no exception. The position is certainly well founded and needed for there is a steady, even flow of visitors - not a flood, fortunately, or the place would be swamped - but the gracious, friendly greeting and attention given to every stranger is no accident.

As you go back into the other rooms containing memorabilia, artifacts, books, papers, vintage clothing and equipment from the original Herbig's French Bakery you may notice on the right, back of Jane's desk, a few 9 ft. shutters saved from Breakey's Star Theater (present site of Colony Bank). But you must have a guide otherwise you would miss significant historical items. The second floor exhibits clothing from the nineteenth century and is particularly fascinating. In addition to Jane Stack, our curator, Margaret Clark is there as well as Helen Johns-Richardson. Linda Wasson has also been attending and providing welcome help in the many day-to-day details that need to be taken care of. (More filing and storage cabinets are badly needed.)

The museum function of the Landmark Society is very much alive and ever growing thanks to the many members who are drawn to the idea of preserving just a little bit of the past for the information and continuity of the next generation. There is also the vicarious pleasure of reliving just the recent past by those of us who can still remember some of it because time seems to fly by ever faster and faster.

Since our last Newsletter many wonderful things have been donated to the Landmark Society. The donors include Nell Fisher Grimm, Mary Herold, Mike Fair, Ainee and Jim Schonblom, Fie and Betty Shannon and Dorothy Withey. The treasures included many photographs, books and articles of clothing of a by-gone era. One picture shows the burning of the Derrick City School; another shows a line-up of all the children stretching for at least a hundred feet (count the boys wearing "high-tops"). There is a copy of Fettke's "Bradford Oil Field" and a copy of the history of the Pennsylvania Railroad; there are pictures of wood consuming chemical plants and many others. We thank you, kind thoughtful people for sharing these things with us and with many others who will enjoy them in the future.

One day a young man came wanting to borrow suitable attire such as a gentleman of the 1890's would wear. He was fitted out with dress coat and tails, wing collar, cravat, derby and walking stick. He returned the articles after wearing them to a function.

Helen Beam and Jane Stack packed up a car full of vintage clothing and put on a "Show and Tell" performance for the Kiwanis Area Convention, the Bradford Hospital Pavilion and the Ecumenical Home. On three occasions groups of children from area schools were hosted at the Bakery.

The "General Store" lives on. Let's not forget Larry Richmond who is present almost always and working on genealogies. But please, let's nobody bring in a tabby cat!

IDA TARBELL 1857 - 1944

Bradford is lucky. It is young historically and its early heroes can still be identified by contemporaries and related to a distinction. That distinction, of course, is the second largest area oil field in the United States (Still true in 1938); ⁽¹⁾ not the earliest nor the pioneer primitive but the first most coherent establishment of free enterprise for producing petroleum from the earth. If a portrait of the arch-typical, intrepid oil-man is to be selected for placing above the mantelpiece it would most certainly be that of Lewis Emery, Jr., not because he was a successful producer but because he was a leader in the fight against unbridled monopoly at a time when independents might not have survived without a champion. And a fitting companion portrait would be that of Ida Minerva Tarbell.

Who was this lady? At the turn of the century she was the most widely known and highly respected woman in the United States - loved by many but also hated by some. The weathervane politics of Theodore Roosevelt is an indicator of her impact. Teddy hated and loved her in turn; hated her when currying favor with robber-barons was fruitful, favored her when public opinion tilted in her direction.

But Tarbell was not a politician. It is easier to cite what she was not. Essayists, editors, biographers, even PhD seekers⁽²⁾ have left a trail of bewildering analyses. She was fair game for anyone looking for a subject for a thesis. And topics for dissertations extracted from her life style have hardly been scratched. To say that she had the power of the pen based on exhaustive research is trivial. She was much more than that. But what was she?

She was not a suffragist and certainly would have shunned the NOW organization. She never married but was physically and socially attractive. This aspect alone continues to be an inexhaustible subject for speculation, particularly because she carefully avoided leaving any solid clues about her feelings for her many male associates. Henry Rogers, rich, handsome and powerful was just one of several made-to-order candidates for her affections, the suave, urbane lead that any Hollywood writer would relish. An independent wildcatter living just a half mile away on the other side of the Rouseville valley when she was only 12, he soon became a defector, joining the enemy in order to become even more wealthy. Later, at the height of their separate careers and lives she interviewed him regularly for two years in his formidable bastion of corporate power (26 Broadway, NYC) before writing the blistering attack which made her famous without really hurting the empire he represented. (100,000 employees worldwide, larger than the US military at that time, Come on, authors, can't you make something of this? James Thomas Flexner did it for George Washington!)

Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Mary Livermore, Susan B. Anthony and Jane Addams, to name a few, couldn't understand why she didn't take her place at the head of the pack - perhaps like Manon Roland, Ida's heroine of the French revolution - but Tarbell wasn't a revolutionary. Eighty years later, on the campus of Wellesley in 1990 she would have warped the minds of the "Wellesley 150".⁽³⁾ Epitome of the career woman but in tune with Barbara Bush! Even Peggy Reid, a leader of the protesters, said, "I feel like we have the choice to get married, raise a family and have a career. But I have watched a generation of women before me not be able to do it all. I don't know what I am going to do."⁽⁴⁾ At a time when most women were covered from chin to the ground in somber black did Ida Tarbell have such a choice? At age 35, on a rare occasion when she was by herself in Paris, she wept tears of loneliness.

But was she really alone, ever? How often does it happen that almost miraculously, by a fortuitous circumstance, two people meet, perhaps the only two that are right for each other to produce a spectacular success. Either one without the other might have drawn a blank. For Ida Tarbell that person was Samuel Sydney McClure. At age 9 McClure had arrived from Ireland with a penniless, widowed mother and three younger brothers. By age 35 he had scabbled his way thru a college education and had the big idea of starting his own magazine with about \$6000. In the meantime, with even greater daring for a woman in the Victorian age, Ida Tarbell had not only survived and relished college with honors (one of the first of women to be admitted) but boldly traveled to Paris with the novel idea of earning her own living by working as a free-lance correspondent. She had the grand sum of \$100 in her purse and incredible faith in her college French.

She was lucky from the start. Three girl friends on a lark accompanied her. They established themselves in a small apartment (in the Latin quarter - where else?) and, for a year, pioneered modestly merry adventures in a Paris not yet spoiled by fun seeking Americans. But Ida did more. Seventeen days after leaving Titusville she was busy at her desk every morning at six o'clock, writing articles about her Paris experiences, hoping to sell them to American publishers for \$5 apiece.

After a year her compatriots left for home, their daddys' vacation allowances having been expended. Ida was alone living on 19¢ dinners and at one point hocked her beaver coat. Her articles were well received but the \$5 payments were not always prompt in coming. On November 12, 1891 she got her first check from the Cincinnati Times-Star for \$6. She sold articles to the Chicago Union Signal, Pittsburgh Dispatch, Harper's Bazaar and others. McClure's Syndicate paid her the handsome amount of \$10. Finally, Scribner's accepted the only piece of fiction she ever attempted, "France Adorée", for the sum of \$100. When it appeared in May 1892 she became a minor celebrity in the American community. She was successful in less than a year after arriving in Paris.

At this point enter Sam McClure - stage right! McClure was a bundle of energy and nerve riding on adrenaline. Everything about him was intense. One day he read one of Tarbell's articles and immediately decided that he must have her to help start his magazine, "McClure's". Intuition, or whatever, he was right on target. The most prestigious magazines of the day were Harper's Bazaar, Scribner's and The Century but in five years, "McClure's", the upstart, was the new leader in the field, due mainly to the presence of Ida Tarbell on the staff.

Sam had dashed off to Paris and tracked her down in the fourth floor room she lived in after her room-mates had departed and she could no longer afford larger quarters. He didn't leave until after he had promised her the moon and charmed her with his enthusiasm. He succeeded in bringing her back to New York to pay her the fine salary of \$40 a week. Her first assignment was a series of articles on the life of Napoleon in direct competition with The Century. Ida's first installment in McClure's and William H. Sloan's in The Century appeared the same month, November 1894. Ida's writing enhanced with the new process electroengraved pictures won hands down. McClure's circulation jumped from 24,500 to 65,000. Sloan was prompt with his letter of congratulations. For the next five years McClure couldn't print enough copies to keep up with demand.

By November 1895 circulation reached 175,000 when Ida's new series on "The Life of Lincoln" started. In December 1895 circulation reached 250,000 surpassing both The Century and Harper's. For the next three years McClure's enjoyed the largest advertising patronage of any magazine in the world. Sam McClure, of course, was in seventh heaven and promptly bought a new printing plant on credit. By 1899 the McClure Enterprises was the envy of the publishing world occupying a solid block of buildings on Lexington Avenue between 25th and 26 streets.

Ida Tarbell's style of writing was refreshingly clear and understandable, setting a new standard of excellence at a time when most writers were still burdened with the stuffy rhetoric of traditional nineteenth century training. But more than that, all references were checked and checked again for accuracy and reliable documentation. Sam McClure read every article three times with rewrites between; if, after the third review it still seemed dull it was either completely rewritten or discarded. The reading public liked the results. Charles Dana, editor of the New York Sun told McClure that Tarbell's "Life of Lincoln" was one of the ten most important books that Americans should read.

When Ida started her researches on Lincoln, John Nicolay, former private secretary to Lincoln, had already published a ten-volume biography co-authored with John Jay. At a gathering of the Washington Literary Society Ida had the temerity to ask Nicolay if he had any material left over from his researches. Nicolay was no doubt apprehensive because Tarbell's reputation for accuracy and thoroughness was spreading. He told her bluntly that the subject was his and that she should stay away; besides, he said, he had already covered everything worth covering. Little did he anticipate that Ida would find 300 letters he had missed or that his remarks would only serve to spur her on. Tarbell's magazine series to be published in book form eclipsed Nicolay's ponderous production.

Tarbell wrote biographies of many celebrities of the day such as Louis Pasteur, Emile Zola, Carl Schurz, Samuel Langley and General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. Commander-in-Chief during the Spanish American War, but the "Life of Lincoln" brought her lasting fame. Young writers like William Allen White were thrilled to be invited to have lunch at the old Ashland House with Ida Tarbell, Sam McClure and their cohorts. Was this Ida's high water mark? Not quite. Even greater fame was yet to come.

Her most memorable work (History of the Standard Oil Company) was influential in generating four pieces of federal legislation that came to the aid of Lewis Emery, Jr. and all the oil producers in Bradford.⁽⁵⁾ Even today her lesson to us - after perusing the Savings and Loan debacle - would no doubt be: "Even a democracy needs some regulation." (To be continued)

Geo Kish

Unless otherwise noted primary sources were:
Brady, Kathleen, "Ida Tarbell", 1989,
University of Pittsburgh Press
Tarbell, Ida H., "All In The Day's Work,
An Autobiography", 1939, Macmillan Co.
Grateful acknowledgement is made to Margaret Moser,
Librarian, Pelletier Library, Allegheny
College, for her considerable assistance.
(1) The East Texas Pool was larger. See Fettke,
G. R., "The Bradford Oil Field", 1938,
Pennsylvania Dept. of Internal Affairs
(2) Some PhD seekers of record:
Sheiffer, Isobel C., 1967, New York University
Beltz, Lynda Ann, 1968, Indiana University
Trubey, Lillian P., 1972, Florida State U.

- (3) 150 Wellesley girls protested inviting Barbara Bush to give the 1990 commencement address.
- (4) U. S. News and World Report, May 28, 1990, p. 31
- (5) 1906 - Hepburn Act - Classified pipeline companies as common carriers. Provided more effective control over railroad rates.
1910 - Elkins Act - More power to Interstate Commerce Commission to regulate pipeline rates.
1914 - Clayton Act - Prohibited unfair competition.
1914 - Federal Trade Commission Act - Monitor unfair business practices.

BRADFORD LANDMARK SOCIETY

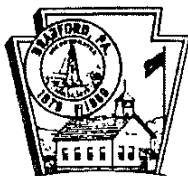
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The Landmark Society

News

Bradford, PA 16701

November 1990

N.S.#22

CHRISTMAS OPEN HOUSE AT THE CROOK FARM - SUNDAY DECEMBER 2, 1990 - 2:00 to 5:00 PM

Santa Claus will preside at the Crooker School with hot chocolate and cookies. There will be a hayride around the Crook Farm property. The farm house will be open to visitors. The Christmas Shop has a special feature this year, the "Dress-Me-Doll, Betsy Barron Crook" Coloring Book (\$4.50). Come see the new, life size papier mache horse!

See you there

Trudy Ostrander, Chairman

NOTES FROM THE PRESIDENT

Winter approaches and it's time to bundle up the farm. The three sheep will winter at Moody Hollow under the personal attention of Ginny and Bud Smith.

It was necessary to replace the entire cedar shake roof of the farm house because of rot and water leaks in the child's bedroom, original kitchen, cellar hallway and the modern kitchen. The causative factors for the roof deterioration were the proximity of the large trees surrounding the house plus the relatively flat roof slope on the east side. Ceiling repairs and painting have been completed and the house will be ready for the Sunday afternoon Christmas open house, December 2, 1990.

The farm has a new resident as yet unnamed. It's in the form of a full size, papier-mache horse. Tim Wissmann devised the wooden framework, HET assembled the parts and Cathy Daggett and friends completed the task of applying the wire mesh and papier-mache, plus the finishing touches of glass eyes and real mane and tail. It really is a striking piece of art.

The Herbig Bakery sign, painting donated by Jack Wells and designed by the late Bob Doyle, has been installed and adorns the Landmark Society's headquarters.

Enjoy the holidays

Harry Taylor

REPORT FROM 'ROUND THE BAKERY

In addition to many visitors from the local area, people from 18 states and Canada stopped in at the Bakery during the summer. Most of the interest focussed on genealogy, inquiries about relatives who used to live in the Bradford area. There have also been some newcomers inquiring about the history of their newly acquired homes. In all of this Jane Stack and Margaret Clark have been very busy with many assists from Larry Richmond. Larry, incidentally, is working on a history of the first families of the Tuna Valley.

Our special acknowledgment and affection to Betty Robinson, now living in the state of Washington, who has kept in touch with the Bakery by phone and mail. A most loyal member of the Bradford Landmark Society, distance hasn't distanced her from us. She sends greetings to all her Landmark friends.

A final note: Next time you go by the Bakery, notice the splendid new sign above the entrance identifying the headquarters of the Society.

IDA TARBELL 1857 - 1944 (Continued from August 1990 Landmark News)

Like Lincoln, whom she was later to celebrate in her famous biography, Ida Tarbell was born in a log house. Under storybook conditions her father had gone "west" to Iowa, looking for the land of his dreams, leaving his pregnant wife at the cosy farm home of his in-laws somewhere near Erie, to return eighteen months after Ida's birth on November 5, 1857.

The depression-panic of 1857 left Franklin Tarbell stranded in the prairie. Railroad construction stopped leaving tracks half finished; houses were abandoned roofless; you could starve on rich farm land. He had to go back to Pennsylvania crossing Illinois, Indiana and Ohio on foot. When he finally arrived home his 1½ year old daughter, shocked to see him take her mother in his arms, said, "Go away, bad man!"

Franklin still had hopes of returning to Iowa with his wife and daughter to claim a homestead. But how to do it? He had tried everything to earn money from part time teacher to river boatman to carpenter. He now found work again as a boatman on the Allegheny. Coming back up the river from a trip to Pittsburgh he was surprised to encounter a rush of men hurrying to a tributary of the Allegheny known as "Oil Creek", the scene of a new bonanza, oil spouting from the ground from shallow wells. Investors were flocking to Venango county to lease land and hire any available men to help drill holes in the ground resulting in the free flow of more oil, some into hastily dug pits but much of it on the ground and into the creek.⁽⁶⁾ Skimming oil from eddies in Oil Creek and the Allegheny river was a profitable occupation for many. Like panning for gold in California it didn't require much equipment. The early market price was at least \$20 a barrel.

Franklin left his river job to investigate. Just four miles north of Oil City he found a man both jubilant with success and frustrated with a dilemma. His beautiful gusher was pouring oil into the creek. At last Franklin found himself at the right place at the right time to apply his other skill, carpentry. He said he could build a tank out of wood to catch the oil; Mr. Henry Rouse had the money to pay for it. The Tarbell tank building business got started. The first shop, built right on the spot, was hardly more than a shack. And it wasn't long before Franklin returned to Erie to load his family into a wagon for a rough, disagreeable three day journey to Cherry Creek, later named Rouseville, to install them into a one room cabin adjoining his shop.

Ida and Esther, her mother, were miserable. They had been removed from a comfortable farm life with all the amenities that an established, successful farm could offer. Wasn't that the best that anyone could hope for, the joyful pastoral life? Now they were in the midst of filth and devastation. Everywhere was a sea of mud and oil, crude derricks, clanking machinery, shanties and the stump and trash remains of what had been a forest. Not only that, but the men and women, by Esther's New England moral standards, were uncouth and rowdy, not fit examples of humanity for young children. Ida's brother Will had been added to the family in Erie and was barely a year old.

At age 5 Ida tried running away, to go back to the life she knew in Erie, only to return home in tears and disconsolate. She couldn't cross the creek and admitted not knowing the way. Not long after that Franklin managed to build a fairly respectable cottage a short way up the hillside screened by a few remaining trees. Things got better and years later Ida would remember this phase of her life with nostalgia when she explored the hillside for flowers, plants and rocks. But Esther still had to provide daily meals for the men employed by her husband in typical farm fashion.

When Ida was just 7, in January 1865, the fabulous Pithole field was discovered, located 10 miles from Rouseville. It boomed and peaked in less than a year with almost complete abandonment after two years. It has been estimated that at the beginning production was on the order of 6000 barrels a day, but as to how much of this actually got to market is uncertain. Processions of a hundred or more teamsters, each hauling 5 or 6 barrels of oil to the nearest river dock or railhead were a common sight. The Tarbell tank building business also boomed. In less than a year the market price dropped from \$6 to 10 cents a barrel.

Incredibly, a town that developed a population of 15,000 and then disappeared again, all in four years, including 57 hotels and many other buildings also experienced at least 12 major fires. One of the hotels built at a cost of \$60,000 was purchased by Franklin for \$600, dismantled and the salvaged materials used to build a fairly pretentious home at 119 East Main Street in Titusville. Ida was 13. They had lived in Rouseville for 3 years on the flats, 5 years on the hillside.

The Tarbells were now moderately affluent. Years later Franklin said that he never expected to make as much money from a lifetime of farming as he had from tank building. But wooden tanks were being replaced by steel tanks. By 1869 the Oil Creek area was networked with railroads, many short pipelines, steel tanks and several small refineries. Teamsters hauling barrels of oil and oil barges on the river were things of the past. (The historical stage was set for the next big strike: the Bradford field.) Franklin started investing in oil production, first, with a partner on the other side of the Rouseville valley. H. H. Rogers, eventually to head Standard Oil, also lived on the other side of the Rouseville valley but Rogers was not the neighbor that became Franklin's partner. (Ships that pass in the night.)

Life in Titusville was as happy and fulfilled as that of any prosperous, church going, civic minded citizen. A Bradbury piano was in the parlor, there were annual vacations at Chautauqua Lake, elaborate picnics by train, a trip to the 1876 Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia and money for college for Ida, her sister Sarah and brother Will. While still in high school Ida persuaded her father to let her buy a microscope. A microscope for a country girl in the 1870's? Before marriage both parents had been young teachers. As soon as they could afford it they had subscribed to magazines and invested in books. Ida read Darwin and was stunned. What was life all about? She thought that with a microscope she could find out.

Obviously, Ida was not your typical country girl. Nor did she understand her place in a man's world. A man did not discuss business matters with his wife. She was not privy to how much money was in the bank or how much was coming in. There were certain things women were not considered capable of doing or understanding. Neither Ida nor her mother had any knowledge of Franklin's business doings in the world of obtaining leases, drilling wells, producing oil and selling it. As a consequence, in later years Ida had no background in the details of her father's decline in income except to know that somehow her father and the other independents had been victimized by a monopoly.

This was the state of the Tarbell life style when a certain Methodist minister was the Sunday dinner guest at the Tarbell home in the summer of 1876. Rev. Lucius Bugbee also happened to be the president of Allegheny college where women had been admitted since 1870, three years before Cornell. Until then Ida had planned on attending Cornell but Bugbee was persuasive. In September Ida was the only woman in the Freshman class of 40 men at Allegheny.

Ida did not plan on becoming a writer. She wanted to be a biologist and use her microscope. Luckily, Dr. Jeremiah Tingley, professor of natural sciences was a brilliant teacher and motivator. Ida was completely taken in and was ever astonished at how much fun learning could be. The days were not long enough. She breezed thru a liberal arts menu of literature, history, languages and the sciences. She also accepted four Fraternity pins, not understanding that each boy thought that he was her steady - and, mon dieu - wore all four at the same time! (Briefly, we assume - how this was resolved is not recorded.) Only one, a Warren Shilling from Sharon claimed that he was engaged to her.

After graduation Ida experimented with teaching for two years - at \$500 a year - and gave it up. Things were no longer in a happy state at home. Her parents were abrading each other without knowing why. The oil business was deadly for Franklin but he didn't confide and Esther didn't understand. Ida felt she must leave and the only way was to get a job. She had no intention of getting married; wouldn't it lead to unhappiness? For the next seven years she worked as a writer for the "Chautauquan" living in Meadville. This was experience in the male dominated world where she did the significant work but the owner's profligate son got the credit. Judge John I. Henderson of the Crawford county court courted her as did a wealthy benefactor of the Chautauqua Institute, James H. Kellogg, but neither got anywhere.

The turning point in Ida's life came in 1890 when she escaped to Paris with three girl friends, putting her on a collision course with her destiny. Four young men on the same ocean liner, also traveling to Paris, soon joined the girls for dancing partners on board ship and helped launch their welcome to Paris. One of them, later becoming a notable surgeon in Boston, remained Ida's friend for life. Ida's first European tour became almost at once a succession of meetings with writers and journalists, both French and English, both men and women, and with famous world figures such as Louis Pasteur. She also met her new editor and irreplaceable partner for success in journalism, Sam McClure. Sam was not the dominating, superior male but one who treated her with respect and admiration - and one who might have become closer except that he was already married.

For the next three years that Ida spent in Paris she was never at a loss for escorts, to the amazement of her landlady, who had never been across the Seine. Charles Bogeaud, a Swiss scholar, took her to so many functions and salons that at least one biographer miscast him as a lover, which he was not. In her work one introduction led to another so that her path crossed with many that were already well known or would be. Among the French these included Alexandre Dumas fils, Émile Zola, Alphonse Daudet the historian, Francois Coppée a French Dickens, Jeanne Delafooy an archeologist, and a group of suffragists such as Mlle Séverine and Mme Blanc. She also met Henry W. Steed who was to become Editor of the London Times and Edward L. Burlingame, editor of Scribners, not to mention George F. Southard, head of Standard Oil in France.

Returning to the United States, after having spent much of her time at the Paris library, the Bibliotheque Nationale, and at the Sorbonne attending some classes, it was ironical that her first assignment would be to write a biography of Napoleon which she thought she could have done better in France. However, Gardiner Hubbard, the multimillionaire father-in-law of Alexander Graham Bell and promoter of the National Geographic as well as of the Napoleon project had a major collection of books and documents on Napoleon. With additional information from the State Department and the Congressional library Ida had more than enough references. She was installed in Hubbard's palatial mansion in Washington while writing her highly successful biography of Napoleon.

Her life now became a continuous series of meetings, interviews, research trips and attending functions for persons of prominence in American and world affairs. She entered into research for the "Life of Lincoln" like a person possessed. William Dean Howells, then America's foremost man of letters, confessed to Ida that the biggest mistake of his life was not going to Illinois to interview people he thought not worth seeing. When asked to write a campaign biography of Lincoln he had sent someone else. Tarbell did her own researches and it made her a star journalist and the foremost biographer of Lincoln in her time.

Her intense efforts, never being satisfied with halfway involvement, began taking a toll. She started having physical break-downs from sheer exhaustion. She went to Clifton Springs Sanitarium near Rochester for a couple of weeks and continued this practice many times for the rest of her life.

Ida was well established as a respected author before starting on "The History of the Standard Oil Company". In fact, selecting Standard as the target was an afterthought that came out of a conference with her peers in New York. She recalled that, after all, she grew up in the midst of the oil discovery. The project turned out to be prodigious beyond her expectations. People were afraid to be interviewed. Her own father said, "Ida, don't do it! Standard will ruin you and McClure." A vice-president of the City National Bank of New York (Rockefeller's bank) took her aside at a soiree in Washington and warned her. Ida was indefatigable and over a period of four years turned out 796 pages of text and documentation that was to be the crowning work of her life.

In 1905 she was feted in Tulsa and Kansas City as the heroine of the new generation of oil men. Governor E. W. Hock of Kansas approved a bill passed thru the legislature of Kansas authorizing construction of a state owned refinery to compete with the Standard (not carried out). Presidents Theodore Roosevelt and William Howard Taft honored her; Woodrow Wilson appointed her to committees and sent her to Paris as a member of the U. S. Armistice delegation. Accolades and honors were heaped at her door.

The sad part is that Sam McClure, her cherished partner and alter ego, didn't really understand how much of Ida's energy went into the company he headed; he was starting to fall apart mentally. To Ida's sorrow Sam lost his usual cool judgment, breaking up the partnership with his faithful colleagues including Ida, fragmenting the company. Her personal life also felt the tragic fallout of her brother's illness and failure in business. Ida needed the money to support what was left of her family and took on jobs that might better have been passed up.

From then on Ida's center and love of her life, the citadel from which to spread enlightenment and fight injustice, was shattered. She worked harder than ever, trying other crusades and enterprises, but it was not the same. She gathered her family together in Redding Ridge, Connecticut and worked gallantly to the end of her days, going on speaking tours and writing her autobiography.

Ida's monumental expose, "The History of the Standard Oil Company", was a journalistic triumph, winning the hearts and minds of the public over a flood of newspaper articles and other publications promoting monopolies. Fighting the Standard in the courts had begun thirty years before her magazine series producing tons of testimony and providing employment for hundreds of lawyers but little else. After Ida, courts and legislatures came alive curbing monopoly to some extent and the cause seemed especially virtuous, as if Joan of Arc had returned with the Holy Grail.⁽⁷⁾

(6) Between 1859 and 1870 most of the venture capital for exploration and development of the Pennsylvania oil fields came from: Philadelphia, \$168,000,000 and New York, \$134,000,000. From "The History of the Standard Oil Company", Ida M. Tarbell, 1904, Macmillan Co.

(7) Upon graduating from college in 1972, Peggy Noonan, a Reagan speechwriter, said she had "...a desire to expose injustice like Ida M. Tarbell..." From "What I Saw At The Revolution", Peggy Noonan, 1990, Random House.



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If you are not already a member of the Bradford Landmark Society why not become one today? If you are a member or about to join, why not stop in and visit when you pay your dues? The "Bakery" is open 1:30 to 4:30, Monday, Wednesday, Friday. Of course, your check via mail is also most welcome!

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148