

The Landmark Society

News

Bradford, PA 16701

April 1991

N.S. #23

NOTICE OF MEETING

Friday April 26, 1991

Gino's Restaurant - Howard Johnson's Motor Lodge
100 Davis Street, Bradford, PA

Reception: 6:00 PM

Dinner: 7:00 PM

SPEAKER

Rebecca Ryan of Mt. Alton, PA will talk on:

Laura Ingalls, "All American Girl"

Choice of: Baked Haddock \$12.50 per person; cash bar
or: Swiss Steak

Reservations may be made at the "Bakery", 45 East Corydon St., phone 814-362-3906
The "Bakery" is open Monday, Wednesday, Friday, 1:30 PM to 4:30 PM

Please make reservations by Monday, April 22, 1991

There will be a brief business meeting including election of officers

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Membership

Once again it is time for the Bradford Landmark Society dues to be paid. If the address label on this issue of the Landmark Newsletter has a red line on it your dues have not been paid according to our records. Please mail your payment to Bradford Landmark Society, 45 East Corydon St., Bradford, PA 16701, or you may pay at the dinner. If you would like a membership card please enclose a stamped envelope.

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

THAT BOX OF CLIPPINGS AND OTHER REMINISCENCES

Yesterday's news is today's fillers. But more than that if you take to heart that bit of philosophy quoted by Joe Cleary in "Round the Square" and provided by our ever alert Northwest Scout Betty Robinson from Seattle, Washington: "You get old on the outside...you don't get old on the inside...you remain and feel the same person on the inside that you have always been..." And how young everyone looked in the pictures in that box of clippings! The scrapbooks of clippings are yellowed with age and crumble to the touch but the pictures are of beautiful people, as young today in our mind's eye as they ever were; the paper can't take that away. We can't reproduce the pictures but we can tell again, at least in part, some of the stories that went with the pictures.

To begin with, we are indebted to Mary Yvo Flanigan, the Era's Society Editor for ten years (1930-1940) for that box of clippings. A legend in her own time, when she wasn't winning beauty contests she might be seen riding a lavender bicycle around town. Later, much later, after marrying Jack Hynes, manager of Sheas, The Grand and Lyceum theatres, she could be seen wheeling the sportiest perambulator anywhere (a Lamborghini?) complete with flouncy parasol top and furbelows. She not only sparked all the local news "fit to print" but was herself a frequent news item. Dateline: June 11, 1931, the Era reported in 3/8" headlines that:

"Era Society Editor Escapes Death As Speed Boat Hits Sand Bar in the Ohio River - Mary Yvo Flanigan and Five Others Rescue Selves From Water" They were headed for Coney Island, Cincinnati's popular summer resort, and were about three miles from their destination when they struck a sand bar, breaking the pin on the propellor." Thank you, Mary Yvo, for surviving and providing us with your stories.

TENNIS AND MORE

Dateline 1933: Bradford's tennis champion Jim Schonblom defends his title once again, a title he's held since 1928. The action takes place in Hanley Park, a recreation area we take for granted, donated to Bradford by William Hanley.

William Hanley was an early builder and contractor. "When I built our home at 44 Jackson Avenue (in 1881) there were only four other houses on Jackson Avenue," he reminisced at their golden wedding anniversary. "Fifty years doesn't seem so long ago and if time could be moved back fifty years I would still be courting the same sweetheart." ('She cannot fade...forever wilt thou love, and she be fair...')*

"Before I was married I came here in 1876 at the climax of the discovery of oil in the Tuna Valley. I roofed all the tanks in this field. I roofed the first two big iron tanks erected in Jackson Avenue, three at Salamanca, one or two at Carrollton, Derrick City, Red Rock and Custer City. In 1878 I erected the second brick building to be built in Bradford, the Berry Building (corner of Main and Public Square). I built the post office, Carnegie Library, City Hall, the YMCA, St. Bernard church and several other buildings."

UNCLASSIFIED

"Rare Love Bird Escapes From Cage, Makes Tour of Bradford," appeared in headlines in the Bradford Era. It seems that Petey, a colorful bird with pale green plumage, belonging to Rose Tierney in the Terminal building, squeezed between the bars of his cage and flew away. Petey had been brought to Bradford by Grace E. Emery from her winter home "Content" in Jamaica, British West Indies and presented to Miss Tierney. A "Lost" ad in the Era's classified section resulted in the bird's recovery by Rose. An Era carrier boy found Petey and took him home. But Petey first explored Congress Street, stopping at Mrs. F. G. Crittenden's home to use the bird bath.

EARLY FLYERS AND FLYING

Amos Prentice "Hal" Chase of Derrick City - first to deliver a shipment of beer in Bradford after repeal (for Dana Beers) - told us of his volunteering for the fledgling Air Force when the U. S. entered World War I. He was sent to what is now Wright-Patterson Airfield in Ohio for training. According to Hal, after about a couple of hours of in-flight instruction, he was pronounced ready to solo. In order to pass his solo test he wasn't required to perform stunts such as barrel rolling, spinning or other tricks but he did have to do a gentle dive. In fact he was told not to dive too deep because the wood stave, varnished canvas and wire biplane might lose its wings. He took off alright and gained altitude. To dive all he had to do was pull back on the "stick". After diving for a short interval he pushed ahead on the "stick" but the plane kept on going down. Finally, in desperation - he could see the ground getting closer - he tramped on the pedals with both feet (as you might in an automobile) and this did the trick, pulling him out of the dive. After that he managed to land and was congratulated for being a brilliant student and a daring one. He was quickly promoted to instructor. (Armistice was declared before he could fly in France.)

The last street car had run down Main Street when Mrs. Lucretia Stinson, 82, of Fields Court, enjoyed a ride in a tri-motored Ford airplane assisted by her grandson, Jimmy Stinson and Andy Legge, man-about-town and gallant Ford salesman for C. L. White Motors. Jimmy Stinson had already learned to fly under the tutelage of Harri Emery, Bradford's beloved airman. Interviewed after her flight Mrs. Stinson said, "I wasn't a bit afraid before I boarded the plane nor after we were soaring through the air."

Still in the 20's the Taylor Aircraft Company started operations in Bradford with W. T. Piper as Secretary-Treasurer of the company. It was later that our ubiquitous Era Society Editor, Mary Yvo Flanagan, was invited by Mr. Piper to go for a ride with "Bud" Havens, Taylor test pilot. The beautiful blue and gold Taylor Cub was fully enclosed and Mary Yvo was ecstatic about this because no goggles or headgear was necessary and you could talk to the pilot. "'Contact', the propellor whirred; there was a beating of wings, and we were off," she reported. Flying at 80 miles per hour while 1800 feet up in the air was thrilling and she wanted to stay up longer.

On August 28, 1937 Miss Harriet Fertig of West Corydon Street became Bradford's first licensed aviatrix. ("aviatrix" was a new word) Two years later she was honored by becoming a member of the Ninety Niners, an international group of 35 women pilots, founded by Amelia Earheart. After that flying was no longer startling.

BIG AND NOT SO LITTLE THEATRE

(1932?) "The first pictures ever made in America were talkies," said Jack Hynes in a talk to the Harlequin Club of Bradford High School. When Thomas Edison returned to America in 1889 from the Paris Exposition he hurried to his laboratories in West Orange, NJ. He was greeted with the first real motion picture prepared by his co-worker, William Dickson.

"Good morning, Mr. Edison," said the screen-projected Dickson by means of a synchronized phonograph record. Mr. Edison opted for the short term success of the phonograph, neglecting further development of his important invention, the motion picture. It wasn't until 37 years later (1926) that Sam Warner - risking his entire fortune - launched the first Vitaphone production, "The Jazz Singer". After that the future success of "talking pictures" was assured.

In Bradford, either before, during or after the advent of silent or talking motion pictures, there has been no effect to diminish enthusiastic interest in live theatre, both big time and amateur. It would be impossible to cite all the names of generation after generation of Bradfordians who contributed to the enjoyment of stage productions. The voluminous records of Emory Heath, Bradford's premier theatre historian, testifies to that. But at the risk of omitting significant names, a sampling of names from the 20's, 30's, 40's and 50's at least brings back nostalgic recollections.

Out of date now, Lawrence Riley's "Personal Appearance" made the big time on Broadway at the Henry Miller theatre in 1935, featuring actress Gladys George. Riley worked on the Bradford Era during the Cooledge era. Doris Kenyon, Dorothy Hall and Betsy Lindsey all made it to the Broadway stage. Corinne Griffith made it in Hollywood.

"The Player's Workshop" started with its own stage at its headquarters on Bank Street. Sylvia Day, director-actor of many productions also wrote plays including "Six of One" with members of the cast including Aline Schonblom, Bill Hulme, Jane Busby, Sam Gregg, Elizabeth Raub, Louise Sorrentino, Lillian Ingleright, John Grady, Kay Heasley, Walter Heasley, Rob Roy McLeod, Gordon Thompson with music by Earl Collins.

Joy Perry, first president of the Player's Workshop, also played the lead in "The Perfect Alibi". Gloria Kirsch played the leading role in "When Ladies Meet". Other productions included "Holiday", "Outward Bound", "As Husbands Go", "The Voice of the Turtle", "Saturday's Children", and "Three Cornered Moon". Players included Lory Avery, Jack Burns, Sharon Carrol, Marion Johnston, Rocco Tito, Lewis Moffatt, Armat Duhart, William Hulme, Mary Schilling, Rev Henry Sizer, Celia Kohn, William Loveland, Arlene Fisher, Bill Evans, Mr. and Mrs. William Vernon, Seth Custin, Leo Lacey, Ruth Mutter, Genevieve Fesenmyer, and Gloria Jack Dresser, to name a few.

The "Arena Theatre" (in the round) and the "Seneca Highlands" (proscenium) carried on in the 50's and 60's. "Arena Theatre" produced at least 48 professionally written plays starting out in space above Woolworth's. "Seneca Highlands produced "My Sister Aileen" directed by Sharon Carrol and together with "Arena" accounts for stacks of playbills and notices.

PARTIES, PARTIES, PARTIES

New Year's Eve, 1935: "Four thousand Bradfordians, one-fifth of the city's population, ushered in the new year. Shea's Theatre featured Shirley Temple in "The Littlest Rebel", Walt Disney's "Cock of the Walk", Bill Corum's "Tomorrow's Half-back", a two reel musical "The Roof Tops of Manhattan" and a news reel. The New Bradford Theatre featured Miss Miriam Kreinson's "Hello 1936" revue, a Major Bowes Amateur production movie and "Frisco Waterfront" on the screen with Ben Lyon and Helen Twelvetrees. David Kreinson acted as master of ceremonies for "Hello 1936", a dancing revue, featuring George Angelo, Jean Conwell, Marjorie and Ruth Greenberg, Marjorie Winsor, Betty Peebles, Adele Friedman, Mary Alice Onofrio, Christine Ross, Jean Hyatt, Nancy Sage, Helen Cunningham, Kathryn Abbey and Jean Kerr.

"The seventh annual Cod Club party held at the Moose Club for 150 couples was chaired by Jim Schonblom and a committee composed of Arnold Partiss, Jack Watson, Jerry Newman, Lewis Mallory III, Leon Connelly, Sam Gregg, Jack McDonald, Julian Carson, Charles Corwin, Dick Camp, Steve Benton, and Wayne Fesenmeyer. The American Legion entertained 110 couples with two orchestras, a floor show with supper at midnight and a breakfast at 4:30 AM; the Odd Fellows party had 100 couples; Elks Lodge 70, Progress Club at the Emery 120; V.F.W. over 100; Red Men's Club 80; T.E. Hanley 60; parties were also held by Dr. and Mrs. F. G. Crittenden, the Three Links Club and no doubt others not listed."

GAS FLARES FOR SAFETY

There was no mistaking who was affluent in the oil business. After about 1890 through the 1920's and even in the early 1930's if you had at least one producing well you might have a burning gas flare near your back door. The open, yellow flame might extend anywhere from 12 inches to 3 feet depending on the gas pressure. Up and down various streets - not a great many - but quite a few flares would be burning, night and day, summer and winter. Was this a showy exhibition of wealth? Not at all. It was a safety measure. Gas from your wells was piped into your house for cooking and heating; as long as the flare was burning you knew that there was

pressure in the line and safe. If, however, the flame was out it meant that something had happened to stop the flow such as a break in the pipeline; as soon as this happened it was important for someone to quickly close the valve on the pipeline. Failure to do so could result in gas escaping into the house either through unlighted pilots or open burners as soon as gas flow was restored.

BANK STORIES FROM THE OIL FIELD, THE POWER OF INTUITION

During the thriving oil field days you couldn't tell a roustabout from a millionaire; they often wore similar clothes. However, a newly arrived vice president in Bank A didn't know this. One morning Mr. Lucky walked into Bank A, approached the vice president and asked for a short term loan, offering the customary promissory note. The VP thought this was rather cheeky and turned him down flat. With that Mr. Lucky walked over to a teller, withdrew whatever accounts he had, went across the street to Bank B and opened an account there - and obtained his loan. What the VP also didn't know was that Mr. Lucky owned oil property valued at more than the capital of his bank.

During the depression a wealthy man decided to come to Bradford to invest in the oil business; it probably seemed like a fun thing to do although he knew nothing about oil. In the movies the hero always appeared among his derricks smartly dressed in riding breeches and carrying a swagger stick. Accordingly, properly attired, he decided to take a walk through his holdings one morning at about ten o'clock to see to it that his employees were busy at whatever they were supposed to be doing. Sure enough, there's a guy sitting on a log eating his lunch; let's call them Rocky and Pat:

Rocky - (angry) What are you doing?
Pat - (between bites) Eating my lunch.
Rocky - Oh, is that so? Well, you're fired! What's your name and how many hours have you worked?
Pat - (gives name and number of hours worked)
Rocky - (whips out check book and writes check; hands it to Pat)

Sequel - As soon as Rocky is out of sight Pat gets in his car and dashes down town to the bank and cashes the check. Pat wasn't employed by Rocky; he was working on an adjoining lease.

In this story we'll mention names except for a certain young man whom we'll call Joe. Joe was not well known, had no property but did have a job. In those days the Bradford National Bank exposed its president and vice president in an open space near the entrance shielded only by a low marble railing, in a sort of sanctuary. Joe managed to enter the sanctuary and gained an audience with Mr. Loveland, the VP:

Joe - My name is Joe and I'd like to borrow some money.
Mr.L - Three questions: 1. How much do you want?
2. What are you going to do with the money?
3. How do you intend to pay it back?
Joe - (Answers) 1. \$1000
2. I want to buy a car.
3. Pay on a renewable note every month.
Mr.L - (Writes something on a little piece of paper) Take this to a teller.
(End of interview)

That's all there was to it. Joe got the money and paid it back on time (at 6% interest)

Geo Kish with Aline Schonblom and Jane Stack

P.S. Whatever happened to the life size Cigar Store Indian that used to guard the entrance to Hatch's Variety Store at 65 Main Street?

WEAVER'S GUILD

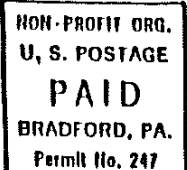
Doris Knight informs us that plans are underway to start a Weaver's Guild for the area of Northern Tier Pennsylvania and Southern Tier New York State with a nucleus in Bradford-Olean.

A preliminary meeting has been arranged for all those interested in weaving in any way and will be held Friday, May 10, 1991 at 7:00 PM at the Penn Bank Annex on Main Street in Bradford. Linda Georgian, a weaving teacher, has agreed to address the meeting and help get an organization started. Mrs. Georgian is a former member of a Weaving Guild located in Georgia. She is also a member of a Spinner's Guild that meets in Wellsville, NY and has participated in the "Sheep-To-Shawl" contest at the Angelica, NY Fair. Mrs. Georgian and her husband, a professor at St. Bonaventure U., and their four children live in Olean.

Everyone who is a weaver or is interested in weaving is cordially invited to come to the meeting.

For further information please call Doris Knight in Bradford at 368-3390 or Irene VanScoy in Limestone at 925-8850.

BRADFORD LANDMARK SOCIETY
45 E. Corydon St.
Bradford, Pa. 16701



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

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The Society should be proud of its considerable archives which have now reached a very respectable size. Availability of the archives to our community is due to the generous donations down thru the years by many contributors. In the last six months, for example, many artifacts and documents were donated by Robert Armstrong, Joseph Conn, Mike Fair, Cedric Hulme, Mr. and Mrs. Werner Lieutert, Zeke McCommon, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Perry and Mr. and Mrs. Jim Schonblom. To all the contributors our grateful thanks. Your thoughtfulness is what makes the Bradford Landmark Society Museum a success.

THEY PASSED BY

The year 1800 was not as early as you might think. Westward expansion was well underway. Waves of pioneers had already passed Ohio, Michigan and beyond, not to mention western New York state. Kentucky became a state in 1792, Tennessee in 1796 and Ohio in 1802. Pennsylvania was the fastest growing colony after the Revolutionary War but nobody settled in the Tuna valley. By 1810 McKean County had been well explored and traversed by more than one surveying party. "The Great Iroquois Main Road" also known as "The Kittanning Trail" was an Indian trail - meaning that it might not have been clearly discernable to white men's eyes - ran from Kittanning on the Allegheny River to Olean, NY, also on the Allegheny River, a distance of about 125 miles, passing thru McKean county. The Ellicott wagon road passed thru McKean County in 1806 following the west side of Tuna creek, running from the Susquehanna River to Ellicottville, NY.¹

By 1810 Warren, Ridgeway, Roulette and Olean were started, Olean a supply center for provisions served by boat from Pittsburgh. The future site of Bradford was surrounded by settlers. In the northeast corner of McKean County, at Ceres, a certain Francis King settled in 1798 with a large family and a number of "workers". King represented John Keating who had purchased 300,000 acres from William Bingham. A Benjamin Cooper settled at Instanter in 1809 and a James Otto settled at Farmers Valley. Beers says that in 1810 there were 142 people in McKean County. But there was nobody in the Tuna valley.³

Accessability and transportation was not a problem. If you couldn't go horseback or ox-cart you could always walk. (Walking was an ordinary way of getting from A to B!) Just a short distance east of the McKean County line at Roulet (misspelled Roulette later), a young man accustomed to calling on his girl every Friday night found himself detained at Jersey Shore (a provisioning port on the Susquehanna River), so he simply walked the 77 miles to Roulet arriving at the girl's house after 17 hours on a Friday evening as expected. The next day he walked back again to Jersey Shore to resume his mission of picking up provisions....and nobody thought his side trip was unusual.²

In the very southeast corner of McKean County, at a place labeled Gardeau on current maps, there existed a natural spring with heavy salt content. This was known to Indians, probably due to the unusual attendance of deer and elk to lick the salt. It may have been the place of earliest settlement by a white man in McKean County. But thereby hangs a bizzare legend.

During the late eighteenth century when British warships dominated the Caribbean and capturing Spanish ships bearing treasures back to Spain was a popular sport, some privateers (called pirates) also engaged in the same sport. Captain William Thomas was one of the privateers operating off the coast of Florida. After amassing a fortune in silver taken from Spanish ships he decided it was time to quit, or, more likely, persuaded by the hot pursuit of both British and Spanish ships of the line. After burying the silver in the traditional manner of pirates (Did he leave a map?) he started to look for a place of retirement. What better place to look than in an unexplored wilderness? Being a sailor and navigator he carefully avoided the seacoast towns and even in that early time the knowledge that the "Northwest Territory", meaning northwestern Pennsylvania and New York state, was unexplored and wild must have been known to him.

Captain Thomas sailed up the Susquehanna. After all it had been almost 200 years (1608) since Captain John Smith - made famous by Pocahontas, his native girl friend - had sailed up the Susquehanna to encounter the Susquehannock Indians.⁴ Entering the Sinnemahoning River and then the Portage Branch he knew he was away from civilization and all he had to do was to select the spot of his choice. In 1794 General Wayne had finally subdued the Indians so he was also safe from Indian ambush. This was sometime between 1794 and 1800. By 1800 all unseated land was for sale by Pennsylvania. But who was there to administer actual possession? Many claims to land were based simply on years of occupation. Finding the salt spring by chance in a vast wilderness does not seem likely. It is more likely that he had help, probably from Indians.

Just how Captain Thomas found his paradise in McKean County is not known nor who or how many people he had with him. The salt spring not only attracted a steady parade of game in front of his doorstep, guaranteeing a food supply, but he had the temerity to develop a salt supply business. He evaporated the water to obtain salt crystals and settlers from Potter and Elk Counties beat a path to his door to barter for the salt which could not be obtained anywhere else. Pioneers who got their supplies from Olean or Jersey Shore could exchange some supplies for salt at Thomas's place.

Of course the traders at the Thomas Salt Supply knew of his alleged previous career as a pirate - what a juicy legend - and particularly the rumor that the old codger must have buried the silver somewhere. As recently as 60 years ago the taverns frequented by drillers and tool dressers at all hours of the day and night in Bradford had for favorite topic of speculation the tantalizing idea that somewhere in McKean County there is a horde of Spanish silver buried. The old timers in Roulet had a different concept. They believed that a certain Noah Parker, who might have been a descendent of Thomas or a Thomas contemporary, found the treasure under a live oak tree along the Manatee River in Florida. Parker took over and expanded the salt supply business and under him it flourished for many years.²

GO WEST, GO WEST

In 1804 while Captain Thomas was selling salt to a handful of settlers at his hideaway, it was possible to travel from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh and across New York state from New York City to Buffalo. Some settled along the way but the usual objective was to get to Michigan, Ohio, Indiana and farther west. It took only 15 days to travel from New York to Buffalo by horse and wagon and a similar time to reach Pittsburgh. Once arrived at Pittsburgh it was easy to go by boat to St. Louis. From Buffalo you could sail to Ohio or Michigan on Lake Erie. No one had reason to focus on the Tuna Valley in the Appalachian mountains known to be rugged and wild, not suitable for farming. Good farm land was in the Ohio valley and beyond.

A significant event promoting the westward rush occurred on May 11, 1804. Captain Meriweather Lewis and Lieutenant William Clark started up the Missouri River on their famous exploration trip to the west coast from St. Louis to the present site of Salem, Oregon. They had 40 men all accustomed to pioneer living and included experts in various fields. They started in three boats carrying 21 bales of presents for Indians and 5-1/2 tons of supplies including 750 lbs. of salt. President Thomas Jefferson had given them detailed instructions which they followed to the letter keeping diaries, collecting specimens and making maps. Among the specimens sent back to Jefferson were several boxes of mammoth bones which he shared with French scientists.

Sacagawea, the Indian girl friend of the French-Canadian interpreter accompanying the excursion, has been called the heroine of the expedition. She made many suggestions contributing to the success of the trip. Not the least of her contributions was to embellish the wide publicity provided by every newspaper and publication in the country and by many publications in Europe. After they returned to St. Louis in September 1806 Lewis and Clark each received 1600 acres of land; the men received 320 acres and double pay. First Lewis and then Clark became governor of the Louisiana Territory which was everything west of the Mississippi-Missouri, having been purchased from Napoleon I for a song.⁵

The engraver-illustrators of the publications of the day produced fanciful illustrations of the "beautiful squaw lady" who was a key guide for the explorers and without whom the expedition would have failed (!). The marvelous rich earth ready-made for farming and abounding in grazing land, vast herds of bison, valuable minerals sure to be discovered, all there in endless acreage, there for the taking.

How did this high voltage publicity affect McKean County? It meant that pioneers were more than ever eager to migrate to the Golden West. Who would want to get side-tracked in the brutal mountains of western Pennsylvania where six-foot diameter trees had to be cut down for farm land and you might get clawed by bears and wild cats and wolves would kill your live stock?

LAST BUT NOT LEAST

Finally, in about 1827, the first settler appeared in Foster Brook. Leonard S. Foster and his new bride came by ox-cart from Connecticut to claim land given to Foster by the United States Congress for services rendered during the War of 1812. This was hardly a first choice. Good farming land had been either sold or given instead of money for military service and only the hilly land in northwestern Pennsylvania was left. Even so, how this transaction came about is not clear because supposedly all of McKean County had been purchased before 1800 by William Bingham, John Keating and Jacob Ridgeway, wealthy Philadelphians who never visited the area. Speculation in land sold and resold starting at a few cents per acre was at its height.

Also in about 1827, John F. Melvin and other settlers came up the Tunagawant creek settling at Kendall Creek. But by this time a new discovery became known to at least some of the pioneers. The discovery was that a wonderful wood, the white pine, was not only standing conveniently near creeks and rivers but that it could be floated down stream to ready markets in Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, St. Louis and even New Orleans.³

By 1827 the harvesting of white pine was well under way in northern Potter County in the Oswayo creek area where the stands of timber were particularly dense. Historians are limited to generalities because no records of all the lumbering operations were kept. Almost every sizeable creek had a crude water power installation served from a dammed up pond. A paddle wheel turned the mechanism for an "up-and-down" saw blade and the pond stored the logs floating down stream. The woods must have been full of farmers turned woodsmen, hacking out logs and skidding them to the creek. When there was more than one claimant to the logs caught by one saw-mill operator each claimant branded his logs at one end.

The Allegheny River was the scene of surprising lumbering activity. Small rafts from creeks were combined with more rafts from other creeks and then combined again into larger rafts as the size of the river broadened. The rate of industrial development was astonishing. Almost overnight steam power appeared together with circular saws first and then band saws concurrently with steam powered river boats. The Pennsylvania Railroad incorporated April 13, 1846 just twenty years after the beginning of lumbering.⁶ With railroads displacing river and canal transportation it wasn't long before almost all the big, virgin white pine was gone. After 1880 only small stands of white pine remained so that the Era of the White Pine may be said to have lasted about 50 years.

The White Pine Era was followed in 1880 to 1910 by the Hemlock Era for a period of thirty years, coinciding with the Chemical Wood Era to about 1920. The hemlock tree was valued primarily for its bark used in the tanning industry although the wood was also used. Hardwoods including maple, beech, cherry, chestnut, ash and other species were used in the "chemical wood" business where the wood was cooked in ovens excluding air to produce charcoal and vapors condensed into methyl alcohol and acetic acid. But the interesting thing about the wood business at this stage of events is that almost every major lumber company or chemical wood company built its own little railroad to transport the timber to the mill and then the finished products to connect with a major railroad. The McKean County lumber industry boasted of having no less than 130 locomotives operating on little railway lines owned by about 50 separate companies.⁸

The story of lumber in McKean County is an interesting side light to the all pervasive history of oil - a subject which will never end in these pages - and one that is graphically illustrated by the following table of population growth in McKean County:³

1810 -	142	persons
1820 -	728	"
1830 -	1,439	"
1840 -	2,975	"
1850 -	5,254	"
1860 -	7,651	"
1870 -	8,826	"
1880 -	42,578	"

How many returned to Pennsylvania, drawn by the discovery of oil, after trying elsewhere? We know of one family that came back to Bradford from Iowa.⁷

But the end of the lumber industry is not in sight yet!

THE LAST OF THE OLD HURRAHS

After the last of the big white pine was gone in 1880 and in another twenty years the last of the big hemlock would also be gone there would still be quite a few small operators cutting pockets of passed over evergreen trees, operators taking advantage of the soon to be abandoned private railroad tracks. This prolonging of the real timber business till about 1920 also gave extended life to a significant peripheral business - a surprising and forgotten wood business that was based not on the lumber product but on the scrap from the saw mills that would ordinarily be burned or left to rot. This is a story that has to be told.

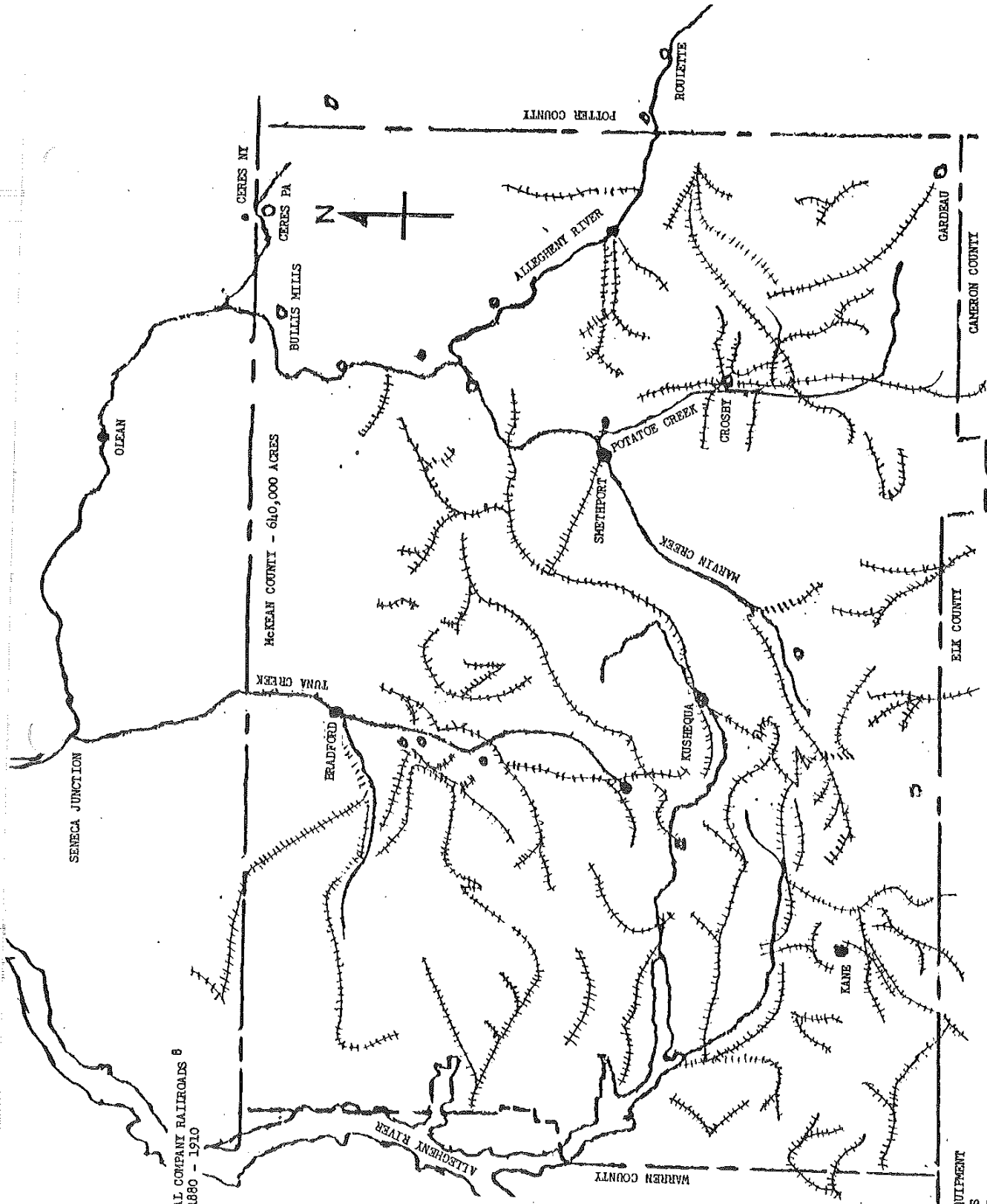
How do you start a coal fire in your kitchen stove if you live in a New York City apartment? A hundred years ago you could go to the corner grocery and for 2 cents buy a pancake size cluster of little pieces of dry, resinous wood held together with an asphalt soaked string. The string attached a paper tag advertising the name of the manufacturer and giving instructions for fire starting. The tag also served as a sort of fuse. A match started the tag burning (Zippo lighters came later), the tag started the string burning, the string started the wood and the burning little pieces of wood started the coal.

This ingenuous idea was the brain child of E. Ferrin Blaisdell and his eight sons from Winterport, Maine with headquarters in Brooklyn, N.Y. Between 1882 and 1919 they built 22 factories in seven states with the largest plant located in Bradford. The Bradford plant known as the Standard Wood Company utilized scrap wood amounting to 31,000 cords per year which would make a 4 ft. by 4 ft. pile 50 miles long. The finished product bundles placed side by side would reach from New York to Chicago and require 15,000 miles of string.

The key to the Bradford operation of Standard Wood was the availability of natural gas needed to dry the raw wood in a huge kiln 60 feet high, 160 feet long and 58 feet wide. The work was done by 180 employees including 120 boys and girls working before and after school. Enough labels for all the factories, about 400,000 per day, were printed in the company's own print shop. The monthly payroll was about \$7000 rating the company as the ranking non-oilfield employer in Bradford.

Philo Blaisdell, one of Ferrin's eight sons, managed the Bradford plant of Standard Wood as well as the Blaisdell Machine Shop (present location of Georgia-Pacific Corp.) Philo, of course, was the father of George Blaisdell, founder of Zippo and a distinguished benefactor of Bradford.⁸

Geo Kish with Jane Stack



LIST OF SAWMILL & CHEMICAL COMPANY RAILROADS 8
IN MCKEAN COUNTY 1880 - 1910

ALLEGHENY LUMBER CO.
ANDERSON, EDWARD
BALL, GEO. L. & CO.
BLAISDELL, STANDARD WOOD
BRIGGS & FARNSWORTH
UNITED LUMBER CO.
BRADFORD CHEMICAL CO.
BULLIS, SPENCER S.
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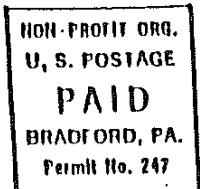
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--- Regular \$5 per year
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BRADFORD LANDMARK SOCIETY
45 E. Corydon St.
Bradford, Pa. 16701



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

148 0



The Landmark Society

News

*Merry Christmas
Happy Holidays*

Bradford, PA 16701

November 1991

N.S. #25

CHRISTMAS OPEN HOUSE AT THE CROOK FARM - SUNDAY DECEMBER 1, 1991 - 2:00 to 4:00 PM

Santa Claus will again preside at the Crooker School with hot chocolate and cookies. Hot punch and coffee will be served at the Crook House and Becky Ryan will supervise an old fashioned taffy pull (Betsy's kitchen). Come visit the farm house for Xmas sweets, other good things and copies of the "Dress-Me-Doll, Betsy Barron Crook" Coloring book are still available. Don't forget to see "Smokey" the paper mache horse.

Will look for you there Trudy Ostrander, Chairman

NOTES FROM THE PRESIDENT

1991 is winding down!...It's always a little sad to store supplies susceptible to freezing in the cellar, disconnect the water system and secure the farm for winter. The farm is only operational for six months of the year.

During the summer drought the sheep were allowed to roam the farm during the day for the forage of their choice. After Fair time they were allowed their complete freedom which they enjoyed. This winter they will reside in Limestone.

In September Jane Stack, Margaret Clark, June Gray, Mebane and I attended a conservators' program at the Pennsylvania Lumber Museum. Decorative arts conservators April Berry and Brian Howard instructed the audience on the protection and preservation of iron objects with tannic acid and wax and the protection of polished metal with a microcrystalline/mineral spirits mixture.

At last report there were still some outstanding bills from the Country Fair but at this point it looks like 1991 was the most successful Fair of all.

Best good wishes for the holidays, Harry Taylor

REPORT FROM 'ROUND THE BAKERY

The Bakery has acquired a deluxe copy machine which has already been used to great advantage in making enlarged copies of pictures for further copying by newspapers, copying original documents by researchers and assembling booklets suitable for lending. Several state-of-the-art features contribute to labor saving by the Bakery staff.

Again, during the summer, many visitors stopped in at the Bakery. We were favored by a visit from Dorothy Newell Ricketts from Asheville, N.C., who is a direct descendent of Augustus Newell. Mr. Augustus Newell operated the first successful railroad between Bradford and Carrollton in 1866, eventually to be taken over by the Erie railroad. The hill on the northwest side of Jackson Avenue also bears the Newell name. On October 2 we were also pleased to be visited by a group of eight members of the Jones Township Historical Society representing Wilcox, PA.

During the past six months we received many documents and pictures to add to our museum and historical collection. Our grateful acknowledgement and many thanks are extended to the following: (and we hope we haven't omitted anyone) Lester Brauser, Jim Bryner, Kevin Conklin, Joe Conn, Lou and Hylah Exley, Mike Fair, Joseph Fedorko, Mae Gardner, Thomas George, Janet Glover, Cliff Hastings, Ida Halberstadt (Crosby family), Mary Downs Herold, Boyd and Ruth Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Hutchins, Cedric Hulme, Ike McCommon, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Perry, Mary Samuelson, Mr. and Mrs. Jim Schonblom, Joe Shurrilla, Larry Smith and William Smith.

TRAVELS WITH MR. BRADFORD

(Any resemblance to real persons in this dramatization is surely coincidental;
actors and actresses are suggested.)

<u>The cast:</u>	David.....Michael Fox (Act 1)	Will.....Charles Shaughnessy
	Robert Redford	Frank.....Corbin Bernsen
	Mother.....Diana Riggs	Capt. Red.....Harrison Ford
	Maman.....Florence Henderson	Ruby.....Ann Margret
	Jafie.....Jeroen Krabbe	Bob.....Patrick Swayze
	Elizabeth.....Joan Collins	Louisa.....Linda Evans
	Roger.....Patrick Duffy	Lewis.....Ted Shackelford

The time: 1914 to 1933

Act 1
Berlin Germany - August 2, 1914

The plot so far:

Mother is a vibrant young widow from a wealthy oil town in Pennsylvania who has picked a bad time for her first European trip with her young son. After touring France and Belgium they find themselves in Berlin on the very day that World War I begins. Although the United States is still neutral no foreigners are allowed to leave the country until the German army can be deployed. Mother and son are confined to their hotel.

David - (Looking out of a corner window on to the Wilhelmstrasse) Mother!...Come quick!
There are a lot of soldiers marching by!

Mother - (Comes to the window; studies the scene) I'd like to go out there and tell them to stop fooling around and go home!

David - Oh, Mom!...You're no Louella Harris!...They would just grab you and put you in jail!

Mother - Maybe I'm no Louella Harris but I'm not used to being disobeyed!...You just have to be firm and when people see that you are firm they will pay attention. It hasn't failed me yet.

David - There's more of them coming around the corner.

Mother - All I'd have to do is to confront the first one.

David - Look...over there on the other side...There's a bunch of good looking girls waving to the soldiers...That one on the far left is kinda cute.

Mother - Davy, honey, you're too young to be looking at girls!...Anyhow, they're too old for you.

David - Mother!...I'm not a little boy any more!...I am 13, you know!

Mother - I said you're too young...When the time comes we'll find the right girl for you.

David - Ha!...I know something you don't know I know!

Mother - Of course, dear...you'll be in the eighth grade next month.

David - Well...you didn't notice her but I did...that gauzy lady all dressed in purple with the ostrich feather...the one that looked like Sarah Bernhardt...at the railroad station in Paris when we got off the Orient Express from Cherbourg. She was a SPY!...and a double agent besides...and the man that got off the train to meet her...the man with the gray spats and monocle...he was a Russian spy!

Mother - (Amused) How do you know all that?...Certainly not from Miss Tompkins your seventh grade teacher.

David - It's very simple...It was all in Flynn's Detective Fiction Weekly last month. The Russian spy is going to tell the double agent that the Czar is mobilizing his army to help the Germans!...As soon as we get to London we ought to warn Mr. Churchill!

Mother - I knew it!...When you were nine years old you spent too much time looking at Halley's comet!

CUT

Act 2

The French Connection

The plot continues:

Time has gone by. David has grown up, graduated from college and is ready for more adventures. He travels to Paris alone, buys an automobile then meets Mother and a friend who arrive on schedule and they begin a European tour together. The friend, Mother's traveling companion, is none other than the beautiful Elizabeth, undeniably a most attractive young lady from their home town. They have been invited for the weekend to a chateau south of Paris in the Sologne district. We find them at dinner with Countess Le Cheverny, "Maman", and her son the Vicomte, "Jafie":

Maman - (In perfect English) Jafie, darling, I think it is time to honor our guests with a toast.

Jafie - Ah!...ce est certainment, maman!...To ze greatest petrol country anywheres!... (reading a note on his cuff) To le Bradford, America, "Ze High Grade Oil Metropole of Ze World." (Maman and Jafie sip champagne)

David - (Starting to raise his glass) You are very kind, Monsieur. I would also like to....

Jafie - (Interrupting but with humour) Pardon, Monsieur, if you will permit...but I am not yet finish...I propose a toast also to Mlle Elizabeth, la belle tres charmant! (they all sip champagne)

Mother - (Aside to David, stage whisper) Do something!

David - (Raising his glass) To our gracious hostess, Mme de la Cheverny! (they sip more champagne)

Jafie - (Directing his attention to Elizabeth, approx. translation) Here we are in a forgotten forest, in a lonely castle, but we have with us...all the way from America...the most beautiful girl I have ever seen...only at the Ritz in Paris would I expect to see someone half as lovely!

Maman - I wish you weren't planning to go into the Alps. The Hannibal Pass is likely to be deep with snow...Why don't you stay with us for the rest of the week?

Jafie - Yes!...Yes!...Do stay!...We are expecting a whole bunch of clowns from le Université, you know, student friends...and we will have much fun and dancing, and there will be stories and jokes...and perhaps I could help Mlle Elizabeth with her tennis!

David - We are not afraid of snow. We have lots of it in Bradford.

Maman - If you get caught in the snow you would have to stay with some monks on the mountain. There is no other habitation and you might not like it.

Mother - We are expected in Venice next week.

Elizab - "Mother", dear, I don't want to upset our plans, but Scott and Zelda are always flexible...it is so beautiful here in the Loire...and I could use some help with my tennis.

CUT

Act 3
The Freighter

Mother, David and Elizabeth got caught in a four foot snow drift as predicted after spending another ten days with their French friends. They were rescued by St. Bernard dogs and the monks were very hospitable. The vicomte had professed his love and admiration for Elizabeth without let-up and she was indelibly impressed. They parted with a sigh and she promised to meet him at the Colony Club in NY sometime. David was only too happy to get back to New York, just in time to begin a nine month world tour via the south Pacific aboard a slow freighter with three classmates. After picking up tobacco in Charleston and making several other stop-overs along the Atlantic coast they passed thru the Panama canal and are on a 28 day, tedious stretch across the Pacific. The four young men occupy a cabin near the wheel house and are the only passengers aboard. They have just returned from dinner in the officer's mess:

Roger - (Putting a record on the phonograph) Here's "Honolulu Eyes", played by Prince's Dance Orchestra, Columbia Graphophone Co. No. A3343.

Will - You're going to have that one worn out before we get there.

Frank - If we go thru with David's wild bet with the captain we are going to be worn out!

David - It can't be any worse than tending the forge at my uncle's machine shop.

Roger - Well, the time that I visited you in Bradford I thought they were banging iron just for the fun of it. Every night at midnight, from every hillside, came an anvil chorus.....bang, bang, bang...like telegraph drums in the heart of Africa.

David - That's different. When the midnight tower comes on the first thing they have to do is to dress a bit because the previous tower left all the bits flared out of gage.

Will - I don't know what you guys are talking about. According to David's bet, as I understand it, we will have to shovel coal all day in 130 degree heat.

(Knocking on the door is heard.. Enter Capt. Red stage right.)

Capt. - I just thought I would check with you guys....Are you sure you want to go thru with it?

David - Sure, we want to go thru with it.

Roger - If it can be done in Bradford we can do it.

Frank - This is a tryout for a job in the Bradford oil field.

Will - If I don't make it send my remains to Broadway.

Capt. - Alright, then, be down there in the boiler room at 5:00 AM sharp. Remember, you have to keep the pressure up to 250 pounds. If you win you each get a bottle of scotch when we get to Singapore; if you lose you have to stand a double for each man below deck...and there are 60 of them. Now, you better get some sleep.

Roger - (Changing the record) The other side of "Honolulu Eyes" is "June", played by Art Hickman's orchestra.

CUT

Epilogue (Act 3): They won the bet, but just barely. Shoveling coal continuously for 12 hours they took turns pouring buckets of water on each other's heads in order to survive the intense heat, four inexperienced young fellows against a hardened crew. They celebrated with abandon at the Raffles Hotel and Bar in Singapore with Captain Red, collecting on the bet. Afterwards they had enough time to explore the area including Kuala Lumpur famous for its ancient temples and relics. They also visited that "other island" which became famous thirty years later as "Bali Hai" in the motion picture version of South Pacific.

But before touching at Singapore they disembarked at Yokohama for adventures in Japan for ten days before rejoining their ship at Kobe. Traveling to Tokyo they were entertained royally by Count Kabamaya. With everyone seated on the floor one geisha for each guest served food and drinks. Their host, an older Amherst graduate, gave them a message to take back to the United States: "The older, wiser element in Japan is being threatened by a radical, militant faction. If they succeed in taking over the government, watch out America!"

Little did they anticipate that 40 years later some of them would return to Tokyo to be entertained royally again, this time by the aunt of Prince (now emperor) Akihito. David would be the guest of honor representing the American Cancer Society and become a long lasting friend of the Princess.

The freighter trip included many other adventures around the world with a stop in India, visiting the Taj Mahal, going thru the Suez canal and stops at Cairo, Alexandria, Athens, Rome and Marseille before returning to New York.

Act 4

Alaska

The operatic team of Ruby and Bob with accompanist Paul carry out a concert tour of the west coast including Canada and Alaska. The advance agent obtaining bookings, hiring concert halls and making hotel reservations is none other than our friend David who has spent months scouting the route and making all arrangements. After many adventures including the rescue of Ruby and Bob from a crash landing of their little plane between Anchorage and Fairbanks they are finally on their way home. They leave Fairbanks at 2 AM in a seven passenger limosine on a 26 hour treacherous trip to catch a ship at Valdez. David, Ruby and Bob occupy a middle seat. Paul rides with the driver and baggage occupies the remaining space.

Ruby - (Wrapped in furs and snuggled between the two men) I know it's 2 o'clock in the morning, pitch dark out there and cold, cold and we are in the middle of nowhere, hundreds of miles from any civilization, alone on a dangerous road - but you know something?....for the first time in months I am relaxed and content...tired but happy.

Bob - (Holding her gloved hand) I feel the same way....just glad to be with you, Paul and Dave...and no concert to do tomorrow or the day after that and the day after that...just thankful that David took such good care of us.

David - I've enjoyed every minute of it but I too am glad to be going back....For you it's 3000 miles to New York and the Metropolitan...for me it's almost as far but just to Buffalo...and a landmark event in my life....I expect to see all of you at my wedding.

Bob - Tell us, Dave, how did you meet the love of your life?

David - (Reminiscing) Well, it was like this: I was invited to a winter house party at a friend's lodge on Lake Erie. It was great. Ice boat sailing, skating, cross-country skiing and just good fun in front of a huge fireplace. The best hot buttered rum, Tom-and-Jerrys, roast beef sandwiches, everything to eat and drink, singing and telling stories. There were about 10 of us.

I think we were up all night the first night. It was clear and cold outside but we were warm and happy, glad for each other's company after a big day of fun in the snow and on the ice. Of course there were some couples that came together and they were obviously in love. As the evening progressed those that were singles became more obvious; they weren't in somebody's arms, at least not yet. When I finally fell asleep in front of the fire I didn't care about anything, just succumbed to an overwhelming euphoria.

Next morning - not too early - when I woke up somebody already had the fire going. The roar of the flames woke me up. I was sleeping under a huge fur coat, the kind that teamsters wear that reach to your ankles. I reached out and my hand touched another heap of fur. There was a girl under it.

Pretty soon I saw a face looking at me, out from under the fur. I thought, my God, either I'm in a Russian play or we've all turned into marmots!...and we're hibernating for the winter! There was something about the face. In a flash I knew!

Late in the afternoon we played "follow the leader" on skis. There was a little hill from the interurban street car line down to the beach, now covered with snow. She said, "I can beat you down the bluff and across the bay!"...and she did. The others were headed for Silver Creek. When I caught up with her she said, "We'll take a short cut across the neck and beat them."

On the other side there were no ski tracks anywhere. "You're not thinking of following our tracks back, are you?" she asked. "Of course not," I said, pulling her to me. Her face was cold when I kissed her but I knew that I had won.

There was an early moon and we hardly noticed that the sun had gone down. We lost track of time and lost our party as well. Luckily, we ran into a little skating party and were glad to be invited into their club house to thaw out and warm up. While they were skating we found out we were in love. I don't know what happened to the time but we didn't get back to the lodge until 3 o'clock in the morning!

Bob - (Ruby's head is on his shoulder) I do believe Ruby is sound asleep.

CUT

Act 5
The Honeymoon

Our hero and his Snow Maiden had a gala wedding in West Aurora attended by 200 guests from his home town, 12 bridesmaids, 2 best men, 24 ushers and several ministers and grandparents not to mention 100 or more relatives and local guests. The reception, MC'd by Elbert Hubbard, Jr., was the high point of the season at the Roycroft Inn. Finally, they started on a 4 month honeymoon with the first ten days at Letchworth Park, another two weeks visiting George Holley, Sr. at his Lake Placid estate and following Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt around the Gaspé peninsula. Then, off to the far north from Montreal via cruiser, salt schooner, fishing ketch and whale boat to a tiny island near the north coast of Labrador. Their destination was a small medical missionary outpost manned by a Princeton cum Johns Hopkins 3d year student effectively practicing medicine for the benefit of Eskimos, fishermen, Viking descendents and lost explorers. Half frozen, but thinking it hilarious fun, they reached a place named Spotted Island, the size of Veteran's Square. Ah! But now that they have arrived - not too far from the Arctic circle - how are they going to get back? There is only one ship a year that passes within reasonable distance. If they miss that ship - a schooner taking on salt cod - they could be isolated for a year reduced to living on walrus meat, canned caviar and Sveringen vodka. At midnight on the scheduled day, signal lights from the schooner urge any would-be passengers to hurry aboard - there will be no waiting. Dr. Lewis Tyeffer (pronounced "Tree-for") hustles his guests into his mini-whale boat and they head for the Schooner "Sir Grenfell".

Louisa - (Shivering in her oil skins) Oh!...brrr...that spray is so cold!...Oh, Lewis, how are we even going to get along without you?...You've been so good to us.... David and I will never be able to repay you!

Lewis - Well, we could use a couple barrels of your high grade Pennsylvania kerosene.

David - Let's not wait another eight years since we last met in Paris.

Louisa - You must come visit us in Bradford...We could use a really good doctor...and we have venison, elderberry wine, and...what else do we have, David dear?

David - We have lillies of the valley in summer...Christmas trees in winter...and we have lots of entertainment...parties and dances...New York stage plays come to Bradford and we always have local theatricals...You can catch an overnight Pullman to Bradford from New York direct.

Louisa - Everybody and his brother will be at the station to meet you. The party in your honor will start right away. The air is so pure and the climate is so gentle and refreshing that you can expect to live forever.

Lewis - (They approach the boarding ladder to the schooner) Hold the ladder, David. Wait, Louisa, we'll help you.

Louisa - This is so exciting...So exciting to start for home and we won't say goodbye because we will see you again soon.

David - (Handing baggage to a sailor) Louisa, honey...what's in this box?

Louisa - Christmas cards, dear...Christmas cards from Spotted Island, Labrador, to everybody who came to our wedding.

Lewis - (Good naturedly) Don't forget to send the kerosene!

CUT

Geo Kish

Postscript:

Larry Richmond continues his work of developing the history of the First Families of Tuna Valley. He would like to have more contributions from anyone. He says that there was an active Tuna Valley Association between 1925 and about 1950.

* * * * *

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Membership schedule

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

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