



The Landmark Society

News

Bradford, PA

April 1994

NS#29

ANNUAL DINNER, AWARDS AND MEETING

Thursday, April 28, 1994

Bradford Club - Boylston St., Bradford PA

Reception: 6:00 PM
Dinner: 7:00 PM

SPEAKER

Stanley E. Pecora, Jr.

Topic:
Vintage Bradford Buildings

MENU

Prices include tip and tax

First Course:	Fresh Fruit Cup	
Salad:	Tossed Salad with House Dressing	
Entrees:	Fresh Filet of Sole w/Lemon Butter	\$16.00
	Boneless Stuffed Chicken Breast w/ Wild Rice	\$13.50
	Prime Ribs of Beef au jus	\$17.00
Vegetable:	Green Beans Almodine	
Potatoes:	Baked Potatoes	
Dessert:	Banana Split Dessert	

Reservations may be made at the "Bakery", 45 East Corydon St., phone 362-3906

The "Bakery" is open Monday, Wednesday, Friday, 1:30 to 4:30 PM

Please try to make reservations by Monday, April 25, 1994

(Last minute reservations will be accepted Wednesday, April 27, 1994)

There will be a business meeting including election of officers and directors

LOST ARTS FESTIVAL AT THE CROOK FARM

May 21-22, 1994 - 10:00 AM to 4:00 PM - Admission \$2.00 per person

Many exhibits and demonstrations including:

How soap was made the old fashioned way by Dr. Harry Taylor; the whole process of washing wool, spinning and knitting by Kathleen England; hand carving ducks and birds by Jack Moyer; period costumes by Constance Parnick; cross-cut saw filing by James Van Scoy; bow building (like for bow and arrow) by Mark Taylor; and many more. There will be an exhibit by the Kinzua Quilters.

There will be old time music!

A Bake Sale will be chaired by Marlene Kijowski. Please call her if you would like to donate baked goods.

The event is chaired by Pam Fry assisted by Trudie Ostrander.

NOTICE OF PROPOSED AMENDMENTS TO BYLAWS

At the Annual Dinner Meeting on April 28, 1994 John Kijowski intends to make a motion to amend the Society Bylaws as follows:

Article V, Section I

Add: "No officer shall be elected to serve more than six (6) consecutive years."

Article IX (Committees)

Add: "Section IV No chairperson or head of a functional or organizational committee shall serve for more than six (6) consecutive years."

ANOTHER NOTE

A reunion of descendents of Erastus Crook will take place this summer. Time to be determined.

NEW SCHEDULE OF DUES FOR MEMBERSHIP

Senior Citizen.....	\$5.00 per year
Individual.....	\$10.00 per year
Couple.....	\$15.00 per year
Life.....	\$100

Now payable

THE OILMAN'S DAUGHTER, A Biography of Aline Barnsdall
by Norman M. and Dorothy K. Karasick, 1993, 268 pp,
Carleston Publishing, Inc., 17337 Ventura Blvd.
Encino, Calif. Credit is included in Acknowledgements
to Jane Stack, Betty Robinson, Marion Vernon and Sam Gregg.
The book may be ordered at the Bakery.

On February 23, 1942, 74 days after Pearl Harbor, a Japanese submarine surfaced off the coast of California, a few miles north of Los Angeles and spent a half hour shelling a Barnsdall refinery and well field. It was probably meant to be symbolic, coinciding with President Roosevelt's annual report on the state of the nation. There were no casualties and some sheet metal was blown off a drilling rig and a pump house. It was the only attack on our west coast by Japan.

At the same time Aline Barnsdall was enjoying the tranquillity of a Colorado winter. Her father, Theodore "Thede" Newton Barnsdall had been dead for twentyfive years, but the entire country was alarmed, the story crowding President Roosevelt's message off the front pages. He was the second richest oil and gas man in 1917 and an independent - after John D. Rockefeller - and Bradford's incidental claim to a footnote in history as his launch pad for empire. The Barnsdalls began in Titusville drilling the second oil well after Drake but they didn't really get started until they came to Bradford.

Aline and her sister Frances were born on Walker Avenue in 1882 and 1884 respectively, auspiciously carrying on what might be characterized as both a lurid and benevolent tradition, but little did they know that, when, as little children they would hide under the bed when their father would come storming in for a quarrel with their mother. Lurid because Thede's attempt to divorce Angie, his wife, failed three times while openly having an affair with "the other woman". Benevolent because at his death in 1917 newspapers across the country carried the message that, "A Thousand Free Meals Have Been Cancelled". Barnsdall was famous for helping any worker down on his luck.

Bradford's social atmosphere became intolerable to Thede as a consequence of his well publicized divorce attempts so he moved to Titusville with his family while Aline and Frances were still children. This was to the girls' advantage because now they were surrounded by relatives of means and solid citizens who gave them the love and affection that Angie couldn't provide by herself. The girls received the best education available in Titusville and later in Pittsburgh when Thede moved the family there to a mansion in 1903.

Aline early became interested in drama, the Greek theater and Shakespeare in contrast with Frances. Frances loved the extravagant life, lavish parties, exclusive clubs, fine homes and yachts but Aline would not cooperate and they fought like cats and dogs. When Frances married Robert Law, Jr. in Denver in 1906 they came to live with Angie and Aline in the Barnsdall mansion. Thede, of course, was never home. The next year, 1907, Angie and grandmother Fidelia died as well as cousin Barney Snakard, an undergraduate at Princeton. Barney had been Thede's favorite and male heir apparent. Now Aline replaced Barney as a favorite companion and Frances' husband received the nod, first as president of one of his companies and later as principal manager of all of the Barnsdall interests.

Aline went everywhere with her father and admired his life style. At age 30, with at least 12 years of serious interest in the theater and more than four years of traveling with Thede, she had just spent two years in Europe meeting famous actors and directors including Eleanora Duse, a prominent actress; she was not a theatrical novice. At this point in her life she met a young American in Berlin, Lawrence Langner, a 22 year old rookie salesman and patent attorney trying to sell the Delco self starter system for automobiles without much success. He was to play a small but passionate part in Aline's major dedication to producing plays and attempts at leaving a grand civic legacy to the Los Angeles community.

At any rate, Aline was already as theater-wise as wealth could make her at a time when Langner was still in short pants. The difference in their ages and experience didn't matter. It was a combination of romance and love of theater that brought them together. It may have been the only real romantic episode in Aline's life but not an infatuation leading to quickly falling in bed.

The love story begins after a memorable performance at the Reinhardt Theater in Berlin. It was a moonlit night as they walked leisurely through the Tiergarten on the way to Aline's hotel. The euphoria left by the just experienced emotions projected by the play cast a spell that was intense and shared equally between them. There is no doubt that the theater provided them with a common bond. Langner left her at the hotel reluctantly that night but he left.

Lawrence Langner had to leave Berlin on business for several weeks. They discovered that they missed each other very much. As soon as he returned they arranged to have dinner together at a little place near Pottsdam. Again they walked and talked, reliving the vicarious impact of the play they had seen together. It started to rain, a light drizzle at first, developing into a downpour. They huddled together protected only by Aline's dainty umbrella. Aline looked at Langner and said, "Let's not philander - let's be honest and direct and live together!"

They planned it over dinner. They would go on a walking vacation through the Bavarian Alps. Marriage would be out of the question until they were sure that they were suited for each other. They would stay in separate hotels in Munich. Then they would take the train to Walchensee, stay at a small hotel, sleep in separate beds separated by a window. Next day they would start up the mountain with backpacks, their destination, the top. Arriving there they would again stay at a small hotel where they would start their life together.

It was an idyll, dramatic enough for both, envisioned mostly by Aline. They arrived at the top of the mountain tired and hungry. Alas, the little hotel consisted of cubicles separated by flimsy partitions. The sounds from either side were loud and annoying; it just wasn't right; again they slept in separate beds. Next morning they went back down into the valley where they found a neat hotel and began their life together, if only for a short period of time. An omen, perhaps, of the ups and downs that pursued Aline ever after.

For the next two weeks they tramped the countryside very happy together. Maybe it was the only time that the poor little rich girl ever had complete happiness. They both wanted to produce plays in America following the Reinhardt style. It didn't hinder their happiness but it soon became evident they couldn't agree on how it should be done. Aline had years of exposure and the money to bring it about. What did Langner contribute? Lack of knowledge of the theater didn't faze him, he was stubborn; to his credit he didn't play the sycophant. Was it the persistent nineteenth century tradition that women should defer to the judgement of men? That wouldn't work with Aline. But ironically, she was confronted again and again by men who thought they knew something better. Later she sometimes caved in against her better judgement. At this point their intimacy came to an end but not their friendship.

After several months apart they were back in New York. Langner rejoined his brother in the patent procurement business operating out of an apartment over a Chinese laundry in Greenwich village, Aline back in her life style of almost continual traveling back and forth across the country. When in New York Aline stayed at a permanently retained apartment at the Hoffman House at Fifth Avenue and 30th Street. She resumed contact with Langner only to disapprove and find fault with his friends in the "Liberal Club", a coterie of actors, writers, poets and some alleged Socialists such as Sinclair Lewis, Upton Sinclair, Emma Goldman's niece and Eugene O'Neill's dentist. This is noted only to contrast with her support of the same type of people later.

Was she having pangs of remorse, an upwelling of the old attraction? She invited Langner to visit all of her four residences across the country; affairs of the heart defy logic. But serious differences in perceptions continued. She hated New York, he loved New York and wanted her to start her theater productions there. Aline was fond of theaters in Chicago. Langner joined her there at the Blackstone Hotel and introduced her to another colony of artists at the Fine Arts Building. It was there that she became acquainted with many cultural elite of the mid-west and where she launched on a career of producing plays in New York, Chicago and Los Angeles. We learn that her father owned one of the first movie houses in Hollywood; the infant motion picture industry was also an attraction for Aline. In Chicago she met Frank Lloyd Wright for the first time.

Until she engaged Frank Lloyd Wright the plays that Aline produced were a huge success. The performance of "Nju" opened in Los Angeles October 31, 1916 directed by Richard Ordynski with set design by Norman Bel Geddes. In the audience were Charlie Chaplin, Harold Lloyd, Francis X. Bushman, Eric von Stroheim, Bebe Daniels, Cecil DeMille, Gloria Swanson, Douglas Fairbanks, and Carl Laemmle with a full house. It was another success. Flushed with a string of successes she hired Wright to build a theater and civic complex in the center of Los Angeles on a 36 acre plot known as Olive Hill.

Prior to 1914 Wright spent a year in Italy with Mamah Cheney, a neighbor's wife, then built her a typical "Wright" style house in Spring Green, Wisconsin, having left his wife, six children and his architectural practice. It was a scandal in Los Angeles and hurt his reputation but it didn't bother Aline. Wright duped Aline again and again with his intransigence, and yes, incompetence. Fifty years later Alistair Cooke would write: "... (Wright's) delicate and warmly modulated voice had for fifty years seduced wax manufacturers, oil tycoons, bishops, university boards of trustees and at least one Emperor of Japan into commissioning cantilevered Aztec structures, most of which were later rescinded, condemned as unsafe or merely paid for and deplored."

Wright said that he did not need to understand the theater to design one and would not listen to Norman Bel Geddes. His design of a theater for Aline was totally unsuitable. His design of Hollyhock House, including a residence for Aline, was unliveable. Aline said she needed two men and a boy to operate the concrete slab doors; the master bedroom was Japanese styled for sleeping on the floor and not big enough for a bed. The roof leaked like a sieve due to poor structural design.

Wright was disliked in Los Angeles - "... a fake architect fooling the rich woman." His unlikely designs and actions hurt Aline's perception by the public adding to her difficulties in trying to work with Los Angeles officials. But Aline allowed Wright to live in residence B, a guest house, with Maud Noel for a year after the tragedy that killed Mamah Cheney and her children. (A fire started by a crazy person in the Wright house - probably difficult to escape from.) This didn't help matters. Wright's intransigence thwarted Aline's noble dream of a theater complex and robbed Los Angeles of an important cultural center.

By the time of her father's death in 1917 Aline's problems started increasing. Her success as a producer in the theater was due to good choices in directors and set designers. Richard Ordynski was hired because Aline knew that he had studied under Max Reinhardt. But Ordynski was an opportunist, not the forthright and sincere Langner. He made no bones about being primarily interested in the Barnsdall money, frequently "borrowing" from Aline to supplement his salary. Like Wright, his charm was studied and effective, disguising the "love 'em and leave 'em" ethic. The foreordained falling out occurred coinciding with Aline's discovery that she was pregnant. Ordynski promptly left her for New York, money or no money.

Aline had "liberated" ideas but she wasn't about to be pilloried for indiscretion. She decided to go into seclusion. Three months pregnant she attended her father's funeral in Pittsburgh where she encountered a friend from Arizona, Roy McCheyne George, who was also in Pittsburgh to attend to his mother's estate. She was able to persuade George to pose as the father on a tour among strangers where they would be unknown. However, this was war time and Aline was under surveillance by the FBI because she was suspected of being friendly with questionable characters. They were followed.

After traveling about the west coast area in out of the way places, discreetly posing as man and wife for six months, on August 19, 1917 Aline gave birth to a baby girl in the Swedish Hospital in Seattle. The birth certificate recorded the baby's name as Louise Aline, the mother as Louise Aline Barnsdall, critic and director, and father as Roy McCheyne George, writer. After it was all over Aline rewarded George handsomely and he went on his way. Then she tried to put her life back together again, mainly to renew producing plays.

While avoiding Los Angeles on her incognito caper she nevertheless kept in touch with Norman Bel Geddes, trying to keep him available for big things to come. She promised him a big salary if he would stay in Los Angeles. She even took him and his wife on a lavish European tour, all expenses paid. It didn't work, Geddes wanted to get back to New York. In the meantime Ordynski staged a production of Nju in New York without giving credit to Bel Geddes or Aline; it was a flop. Aline told Geddes that she never wanted to see Ordynski again.

Although Aline's driving motivation was live theater - not motion pictures, unfortunately - her main appearance in the public eye, always with a hostile press, was her effort to create a theatrical, art and community center in Los Angeles from 1916 until she died in 1946. It is probably the chief reason that prompted the Karasicks to pursue her biography. The authors devote a large part of the biography to tracing this part of her story and it is difficult to follow, rivalling the so called "Whitewater Affair" of winter 1994 in its convolutions in the media. The obstacles in her path never ceased involving politics of the jousting with windmills variety, espousing unpopular causes, fighting with personalities, seeking justice for a wrongly accused labor leader (Tom Mooney was proved innocent after 26 years of imprisonment), lack of a strong and effective advisor and supporter, her own bad judgement and eccentricity, not to mention her continuing trust in the outrageously counter productive Frank Lloyd Wright. She was her own worst enemy.

After two years, in spite of her declared rejection, she was back on visiting terms with Ordynski, even going on a junket to the Isle of Capri with him and her daughter. (Ordynski was a very handsome fellow and charming when it suited him.) Aline's daughter at age 15 was sent to a "school" operated by Ogilvana Wright, the architect's latest wife, actually for the purpose that the tuition would bolster Wright's income. Previously, Betty, as she wanted to be called, had rebelled at being taken abroad and enrolled in a Swiss school. Afterwards Betty changed her mind and decided that she liked traveling everywhere.

At Ogilvana Wright's school Betty met Arthur Irving Shaw, 25, a fellow student of dubious reputation. Two years later at age 17 she eloped with him and a year after was ready for divorce. Aline went with her to Reno. During the required six weeks waiting period Betty met Barry Devine, 27, a singer from Miami. As soon as she got her divorce from Shaw she went across the corridor to another court room and married Devine. Eventually Betty would be married four times.

Among Aline's eccentricities was a great love of dogs; she kept twenty-two of them. When she was found dead beside her bed by her chauffeur on December 18, 1946 two of her favorite dogs were standing guard over her. She had been carrying water in a pail to fill her bathtub; the city had cut off her water over a silly feud. Betty had become estranged from her mother over the years and sent Barry Devine to make arrangements. She wouldn't attend Aline's funeral in Titusville; Aline was buried in the Barnsdall mausoleum. After probate Betty ordered all her mother's papers destroyed but Barry managed to save a few.

This book is worth reading because it is part of the history of Bradford. Actually, it is a sequel to the Barnsdall story, taking place mostly in Los Angeles, but many new anecdotes about Thede himself are included. It details the great legacy that Aline wanted to give to Los Angeles but only a pitiful shred of that dream ever materialized. We are touched by her story. We wish she had found greater happiness and that she could have prevailed in her sincere efforts to do good. It is a story about the final disappearance of a family, one that rose and fell in the space of a hundred years - where the center of that space was Bradford, however briefly noted. It is a parody of one family and maybe of many families, perhaps not as auspicious but possibly as compelling.

Geo Kish



The Landmark Society

News

Bradford, PA 16701

August 1994

N.S. #31

COME TO THE COUNTRY FAIR

SATURDAY AUGUST 27, 1994

SUNDAY AUGUST 28, 1994

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

ADMISSION: \$1.00 CHILDREN UNDER 12 FREE ACCOMPANIED BY ADULT

78 EXHIBITORS

CRAFTS OF ALL KINDS, DEMONSTRATIONS OF CHAIR CANING, QUILTING, WEAVING AND
BLACKSMITHING

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

FOOD - FOOD

BOTH DAYS: HOT-DOGS, HOT SAUSAGES, HOT MEAT-BALL SUBS, POPCORN
COTTON CANDY, ICE CREAM, SOFT DRINKS, FUNNEL CAKES, SNOW CONES

SPECIAL - SUNDAY AUGUST 28 ONLY - COUNTRY BREAKFAST - 10 AM to 1:00 PM - \$5.00 ADULTS
\$3.00 CHILDREN

PANCAKES, EGGS, SAUSAGE, SWEET ROLLS, JUICE, COFFEE

ENTERTAINMENT

SUPPORTED BY THE McKEAN COUNTY COUNCIL OF ARTS

SATURDAY AUGUST 27, 1994

"23 SKIDO"

12:30 PM to 3:30 PM

"COLONIAL CLOGGERS"

3:45 PM to 4:45 PM

SUNDAY AUGUST 28, 1994

"WILY MILO STRING BAND"

9:30 AM to 10:45 AM

"LAZY RIVER JAZZ BAND"

11:00 AM to 1:15 PM

"CREEK BEND"

1:30 PM to 4:30 PM

AMENDMENTS TO BY-LAWS APPROVED AT ANNUAL MEETING

Two amendments to the By-Laws of the Society that in effect limit the terms of offices of officers, committee chairpersons, and heads of functional or organizational committees to six full consecutive years were approved by the membership, with but one dissenting vote, at the last annual meeting.

The amendments are intended to encourage broad and diverse participation in the service and leadership of the Society, to broaden and develop the cadre of knowledgeable volunteers, and to promote fresh, vital, and innovative approaches to the historical mission of the Society.

Term limitations of officers were recommended by the 1994 Nominating Committee, which additionally recommended that a formal mechanism be provided to identify suitable candidates from the membership. The Board of Directors agreed to solicit names of suitable nominees in the Jan, 1995 edition of the Newsletter.

EXECUTIVE SECRETARY

The position of Executive Secretary of the Society was created by the Board of Directors upon recommendations by the Long Range Planning study group. The duties are those of a coordinator who reports to the Board. A salary of \$6000, plus expenses for the first year, has been budgeted.

The search committee consists of Mr. George Kish, Dr. June Gray, and Dr. Don Watkins, with Mrs. Margaret Clark as advisor.

LONG RANGE PLANNING STUDY

Recommendations by the long range planning study group included, in addition to establishment of the position of Executive Secretary, a statement of mission and a revised organizational structure delineating areas or functions of Finance, Country Fair, Activities, Membership, Public Relations, Operations, Planning, and Endowment. The study was facilitated by Mr. Tom Urban. The complete report is available for examination at the Bakery.

John Kijowski

BOARD OF DIRECTORS 1994

- | | |
|----------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| ** Anne Bouquin | * Marjory Knox - Ass't Treasurer |
| * Robert Blair - Treasurer | * Jane Larson - Secretary |
| Margaret Clark | Helen McKay |
| June Gray | ** Warren Paynter |
| * Margrieta Hewey | Sue Shepley |
| ** William Kaschube | * Jane Stack - Curator |
| John Kijowski | * Donald Watkins - Vice President |
| * George Kish - President | |

TRUSTEES, ENDOWMENT FUND 1994

- * Steve Hodges
- * Harry Taylor

- * Re-elected
- ** Elected first time

(Referenced from minutes of
the annual meeting 4-28-94)

NOTE FROM THE CROOK FARM

On the 8th of October, 1994 there will be a Harvest and Applebutter Festival at the Crook Farm, 10 AM to 4 PM. Mark your calendar.

Margrieta Hewey

LIFE AT THE BAKERY GOES ON

The reception for Jane Stack On July 14, 1994 was attended by a very representative assembly, both members and non-members of the Bradford Landmark Society, representative of the wide impact of local history as recalled and retold with affection by Jane during the last twentyfive years. It testified not only to the high respect for her personally but also to the respect and cherished nostalgia elicited by linkage to Bradford's past. A treasury of events surviving not only in memory but supported by a collection of papers and vintage clothing donated by more than 1600 Bradfordians to our archives and museum. This is a treasure indeed.

Of course it is a part of history, more properly, an archive of papers from which a researcher can derive a narrative story. The stories that emerge are really a part of your life, even if you are not a native. If you are native you can't help it because it is all that you have. In any event, the local lore can extend back vicariously for you, perhaps, for more than just your generation. The history found in "history books" usually is devoted to generalities with emphasis on notable personalities. The history here is of the personal kind, of anecdotes that you can relate to, of events that are tied to specific places and times, some recalling or projecting happy occasions, some not so happy, some that may have affected your life.

A casual look at the guest list of attendees at the reception suggests that the majority of the 120 plus were at least 55 or older. What a celebration of potential reminiscences! Everyone with a life story, some extending back at least a lifetime and more vicariously and all linked to Bradford, some linked only partially but with a fine sense of belonging. We might say that it was like a grand reunion. And all sparked by the desire to pay tribute to a grand lady, our dynamic Curator. Jane Stack will still be around, of course, as near as your telephone. The archives and artifacts housed at the Bakery, 45 East Corydon Street, are her legacy.

Jane Stack was one of a kind and we can't expect to discover her replacement any time soon if ever. But we can revitalize some of the many sincere volunteers who helped her down thru the years who are still available as well as new volunteers who have shown an interest in preserving and celebrating the special history of Bradford. This we hope to do with get-together meetings for the purpose of getting acquainted better with each other and with our treasure trove of papers and artifacts. Not everyone may be able to attend regularly to the many activities that make up the business of the "Bakery" but even one day a week or every two weeks or whatever will together build a cadre of history minded who will discover that they have found an existing center for their interest and expression for linkage to what is really their own history. The Bakery will come alive again supported by not just one or two but a viable group; there is an opportunity for all the really Bradford history minded to participate. Invitations have gone out for a meeting this month (August) and by the time this Newsletter reaches you it may have already taken place. If we missed you and you expect to have some time available regularly in helping to preserve and enhance the history of Bradford at the Bakery, please call George Kish, 368-6594.

Geo Kish

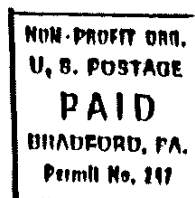
We wish to thank all the members who have paid their dues this year. For those who have not, it's not too late and we need to hear from you.

Annual Dues

Individual	\$10
Senior Citizens (60+)	\$5
Family	\$15
Life Membership	\$100

Anne Bouquin

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





The Landmark Society

News

Bradford, PA

November 1994

NS#32

CHRISTMAS OPEN HOUSE AT THE CROOK FARM - Sunday, December 4, 1994 - 1:00 to 4:00

Adults \$2.00

Children 6 to 12 \$1.00

Under 6 Free

Santa will preside at the Schoolhouse

There will be hay rides

Children from the Childrens Home will portray the Nativity Scene live

There will be outdoor caroling

Marlene Kijowski will be making plum pudding in Betsey's kitchen

A bedroom in the Farmhouse will be full of toys to look at

The Craft Shop will be open

Trudie Ostrander

THE SEMINAR IS COMING AGAIN IN FEBRUARY

The '95 Seminar Series, tentatively titled "Our Heritage Revisited," is in preparation. It will be held the four Thursdays in February. So far we have Warren Paynter and we hope John Bryner speaking on shooting oil wells; Dr. Watkins on early hospitals and medicine; a girl from Warren, Ginger Robinson, on clothes from the Victorian period; Bill Porter on guns; Dr. Holly Dworkin-Cooley on Victorian Literature; Dr. Richard Fredericks on entertainment of the times; and Jeanne Nakjavani on Victorian food/drink.

Ginger Robinson is a non-traditional student at UPB and has a dress shop in Warren featuring clothes from times past. She will show clothes from her collection.

We have a vacant spot in which we hope to entice someone to talk about tintypes and other early photographs. Any volunteers? or do you know someone who might be interested? If so let Isaabel Champlin, Marian or June know.

The Series will be held in the dining room of UPB as it was two years ago. We hope you will come and bring your friends.

June Gray

What is the first thing that you really remember? In my case it was a fire. I remember being held up to a window (on Jackson Avenue) to see it. The wood rim bicycle wheel factory on Mill street was burning. This was located about where the expressway now crosses Mill street and previously the site of the Kendall Refining Company mechanical laboratory. I was about two or three. If I was two the date is circa 1917; if I was three the date is around 1918. (Now you know how old I am - sorry about that.)

Why bring this up? The thing is that the image of the fire is indelibly printed in my mind, I can't help it. In other words, my participation in history is there whether I want it or not, it is part of me. Dr. Eric Nakjavani of UPB would probably identify this as nostalgia. In a recent essay, "Nostalgia, Its Stylistics and Politics in Hemingway's 'For Whom the Bell Tolls'", he examines the combining of Hemingway's personal experiences in Spain with his later literary work in writing fiction. The result may be classed as historical fiction but it has been read more widely than any straight history in English on the history of the 1936 Spanish civil war.

Nostalgia by any other name may be related to history and coincide with our life. But that's just the beginning. Pretty soon, if you're not careful, things that happened before you were born can creep into nostalgia, let alone contemporary events that you know about. This is how you get trapped into being interested in history, maybe just a little bit. Now we are up to the part where the Bradford Landmark Society enters the picture, specifically, the archives at 45 East Corydon Street known as the "Bakery". After many years, at the Bakery, I became interested in Bradford's history. I never gave it a thought before.

Browsing among the records and maps I discover that on the up-stream side of Mill Street there used to be a mill-pond. When? Before the Civil War at the height of the lumber industry in Western Pennsylvania. The pond caught logs floated down the Tuna-gawant creek and the fall of water from the dam powered a paddle wheel at a saw-mill on the Jackson Avenue side of Mill Street to cut the logs into lumber. On the East Main Street side of the pond Mr. Fisher's grist mill was also powered by the fall of water. How neat. No steam or electricity was required to grind grain and make lumber for housing. More years go by. The oil industry blossoms and puts Bradford on the map, not as the primitive discovery digs - that occurred a bit farther south in western Pennsylvania - but as the maturing, premier oil center in the world. The pond is no longer needed for water power. Getting oil out of the ground is the latest bonanza also providing the richest natural gas anywhere in North or South America. It seems logical that Lewis Emery, the local champion and hero of the independent oil producers, should choose the location of the retired saw-mill on Mill Street for his hobby and fun type investment, a factory for making bicycle wheels. He was building his own oil refinery on Mill Street and owned the land. More time goes by. Now, that too, the oil boom, is a thing of the past.

Curiosity may be in action here. Reminiscence may lead to a desire for more information (more nostalgia). The oil explosion was obviously a big thing but why was it unique? Why was it any different from any other early oil town? Or was it? The story may be there, at the Bakery, in a mass of letters, newspaper articles, pictures, books - sometimes, where only one sentence in a letter or article can provide an important link to a thesis - waiting for a searcher to recognize and put into place. Of course, the oil example is just one. Whatever your inspiration for pursuing a bit of history it is all that you have. It can also be fun!

Also just for fun, to contrast with the past, on the other side of nostalgia, take a perspective look at the distant future: "Seeing Stars."

Geo Kish

SEEING STARS, by Timothy Ferris, University of California, Berkeley
Reprinted here by permission from the "Shouts and Murmurs" section of
the New Yorker, January 31, 1994

The emergence of the first fish that flopped out of the ocean and managed to survive on dry land would have played poorly on live TV. Those fish - Crossopterygii, destined to become the first amphibians - were unphotogenic. With their beady eyes and slick, polished, sloped heads, they looked like vacuum cleaners with teeth. They lived four hundred million years ago, during the Devonian - a hardscrabble, party's-over period when the seas were receding and fish were dying everywhere as tide pools dried up. The few who subsisted by gulping dry air were obliged to make a living in an alien environment, violently hot and bright by day and cold and dark by night.

The story of Crossopterygii came to mind as I watched the live television coverage of the space-shuttle mission to repair the Hubble Space Telescope, and again, a month later, when the first photographs taken by a refurbished Hubble were released. The mission was wreathed in historical significance - NASA's tattered reputation at stake, brave astronauts obliged to put their lives on the line to repair bureaucratic bungles and open human eyes to the far reaches of the universe - but watching it was at first about as exciting as hanging around the garage while a team of mechanics overhauls the transmission on your Subaru.

After about twenty hours of steady viewing, though, this stuff became hypnotic, then essential. Gradually, one began to sense what it's like to live in space. Most evident were the insistent oddities of weightlessness. Empty space-suits bobbed in the spaceship's changing room, their bloated fingers groping like those of floating corpses. The astronaut Jeff Hoffman ate a banana in the shuttle cabin, the peel drifting up to enclose the banana after each bite. Out in space, Hoffman and Story Musgrave toiled painstakingly over a single bolt, the hydra-like straps and wires on their tool kits writhing furiously in the vacuum, more animate than the living beings they served.

"We are in a strange place that we're still getting to know," Story Musgrave said. Fifty-eight years old and a veteran of more than eight hundred hours in space, Musgrave sports what approaches a parody of an astronaut's overachieving resume. In addition to his medical degrees he holds bachelor's degrees in statistics and chemistry and master's degrees in business administration, biophysics, and literature. He is the author of twenty-five scientific papers, the father of five children. He is also a mystic, who reads Teilhard de Chardin and has speculated about encountering an alien life-form while in orbit. With his shaved head and cold blue eyes he looks rather like an extra-terrestrial himself - a vision of evolution gone off on a tangent, a high-I.Q. salamander.

Musgrave was interviewed from orbit for "Nightline." Pumped up for the mission, he spoke so rapidly - in his Kentuckian jet-jockey accent, with his words tripping over one another - that it was hard to understand him. But to listen carefully was to hear the voice of the Crossopterygii.

"I love space, for all kinds of reasons," Musgrave said. "Zero g is kind of magical, because we have evolved, and we have been designed, by having that force between us and gravity, and so now, in an evolutionary sense, here we are kind of floating around, and we really weren't designed to be floating around, so that gives it a really kind of mystical, magical environment."

Ted Koppel asked him the "why" question: Why go to the trouble of exploring space when it's so dangerous and expensive?

"We have no choice, sir," Musgrave replied. "It's the nature of humanity. It's the nature of life....And maybe I'm not just a human up here, you know. Now life is leaping off the planet. It's heading for other parts of the solar system, other parts in the universe....It isn't simply technology. It's really not just the essence of humanity, but it's sort of also - You could look at it as maybe the essence of life."

Thirty-one days after the shuttle landed, the first photographs taken through the repaired Hubble telescope were released. That showed a jewel-box star cluster in a galaxy called the Large Magellanic Cloud, and a gorgeous spiral galaxy - its coral-pink inner spiral going to dove-gray along the dusty disk - that lies fifty million light-years away in Virgo. To one accustomed to scrutinizing photographs of galaxies, the improvement in clarity was startling. It was like emerging from the ocean to see, for the first time, through lucid air.

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