

MEMOIRS
of
MEDIA

by
C. FRANK WILLIAMSON



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It is a rare privilege for the Chester Times to publish this book of memoirs of Media, the County Seat of Delaware County, by the borough's oldest native-born resident, C. Frank Williamson.

So often history must be compiled from the records of men long dead, leaving many questions unanswered, but this little historical account has the vitality of contemporary recollection.

Active and alert in his 93rd year, Mr. Williamson has recalled and written fact and anecdote of Media where he has played a prominent part in all but a few years of its 103 years existence.

Mr. Williamson was born on Feb. 28, 1861, in the double brick store and dwelling at the southeast corner of Front and Orange streets.

He became a successful business man and a civic leader. Little occurred in the borough that he not only knew about but was a part of, and it is from this vast storehouse of intimate knowledge of Media, its geography, residents, and progress, that forms the basis for these memoirs.

William Penn Sold Ground For 10¼ Cents Per Acre

CHAPTER I

For some years I thought I would write a history of Media, but never got it accomplished. I don't know what put the idea into my head, unless it was that my entire life has been spent in this town. And of course I knew many of its people and many of its happenings, also many things these people did and said.

I don't know what kind of writer of history I will make, but as I make no pretensions in that line, I guess it will not make any difference. I will mention things that come into my mind, maybe not in order but a kind of "jot 'em down" style.

This attractive town, surrounded by beautiful hills, and valleys that I never tire looking at, deserves a much more versatile writer than I. So I will start at the origin of Media, giving information secured from a number of sources, together with observations of my own.

As I look over Media today, it is hard to realize that the section upon which the town lies was sold by William Penn to Peter Taylor about the year 1690 at 10¼ cents per acre. From what we learn, William was glad to unload on Peter at this price, as the land was considered as poor as could be found, in fact so poor that it was called "Poor Providence."

This doubtless was the origin of the word "Providence" that preceded that of Media. Progress of the settlers was extremely slow because the unproductive soil required so much cultivation.

REMINDERS FADE AWAY

I might say here that Gen. Zachary Taylor, hero of the Mexican

war and President of the United States, was a lineal descendant of Peter Taylor, the purchaser of the future Media. One of the last portions to remind us of its early history was the desolate burying ground with the old inscriptions on the tottering tombstones, hidden by weeds, on the great highway running to Chester.

This old burying ground became known to us as the Sandy Bank graveyard. It was well named, and I once examined the sand for commercial purposes and upon taking it to experts learned that it was so fine in texture there were very few purposes for which it could be used. It was red in color and felt like pulverized sugar.

Media was not laid out in a straight line, like so many places, but was laid out in squares for a future town. Chester was the first county seat of Delaware County, then West Chester which removal was objected to most vigorously by the citizens of Chester County and vicinity. This required three acts of the legislature and extended over three years to 1780.

There was a great controversy in 1845 about moving the public buildings of the county from Chester to a more convenient place, but a majority of 762 votes, out of 3,152 reflected the public opinion.

One thing of great importance was the erection of a new jail. The county commissioners were required to fix the exact location which was to be "not more than half a mile from the farm attached to the home for the support and employment of the poor" of Delaware County and not more than a mile from the state road leading from Philadelphia to Baltimore which became known as

Baltimore pike. The farm was a tract of 150 acres belonging to the county and called "The Poor House Farm," lying to the eastward of the present court house which for 40 years had been used as the title indicates.

The location selected by the commissioners was believed to be near the middle of the county and the Rose Tree Hotel to the north; Providence Inn to the east and the Black Horse Tavern to the west.

So the name of "Media" was very appropriate and was suggested by Minshall Painter. Soon after the constitutionality was assured, the commissioners bought a tract of land containing 48 acres situated on the present Front street, and upon it located the courthouse square.

Soon after this the first public sale of lots took place and the result exceeded all expectations, the total sum received for only part of the 200 lots laid out was almost equal to the amount paid for the 48 acres. This sale took place in a field where the Media Title and Trust Building stood. So great was the public interest that shocks of corn recently cut had to be removed to make room for the vehicles of whose who came from far and near to bid on the lots.

The first lot at what now is the corner NE of State and South avenue was sold to John C. Beatty for \$367.50. I can well remember when Beatty's store was afterward built on this lot. It was a grocery and feed store typical of that time, with a display of rakes, shovels, bags of feed and phosphate on the front porch.

The lot across the street where the Charter House was built was sold to Daniel F. Hawkins for \$240. Some lots sold as low as \$30.

In 1851 the court house was ready to receive the public records and the jail to receive prisoners. It was

originally intended to have the court house and jail on the same lot. There also was a plot selected for a public market which was never built. Private parties purchased this and put up their own markets.

The first session of court was held on the 4th Monday of August, 1851, Judge Henry Chapman presiding.

It is interesting to look back and note some of the judges and lawyers active in the court house in those early days. There were comparatively few young lawyers, but among these were Gil Robinson, Jesse Baker, Horace Green, Horace Manley, Roger Fronefield and Ben Potts. I think the judges on the bench at that time were Judge Clayton and Judge Broomall. My father, Charles R. Williamson, was an associate judge. These latter of whom there were only a few were not required to be learned in the law, but their advice was sought on practical subjects.

Judge Johnson, who followed some years later, was much liked. He was a self-made man and never had a college education. He was quite a quoit pitcher, and used to tell me of many of his games at nearby county stores. I remember saying to him one day: "Judge, how is it that you can control your temper so successfully for I know it must be tried often?"

He replied: "Frank, I have always found that in an argument the man who can keep cool always has the advantage. A man may get terribly mad, but if he is the only one mad there will never be a quarrel." I never forgot this.

In those early days, the jurors would drive in from their homes, and of course could not get home every night. So they stayed at the Charter House or some other place during the week. They gave their services for nothing, but were paid so much a day to cover their board.

Then they were paid traveling expenses, once for coming and once for going, and that general plan has existed until today.

The square surrounding the court house has always been an asset to the town. My first recollection of the court house was that of a rectangular building with steeple and bell and wide steps leading up to the front door, probably 10 of them. The square was filled with plants and trees, many of them from foreign countries and very rare in some cases. They were tagged with their proper names.

There is an incident relating to this matter which is still in my mind's eye—that of Grace Anna Lewis caring for the plants. I can see her now with her big straw hat, trowel in hand, attending to the plants. Much of the beauty of the square can be attributed to her.

Some time afterward, an iron fence was erected all around the square and iron gates at the center of each side. The soldiers and sailors monument, erected in the east part of the square in memory of those who died in the Civil War, is a beautiful shaft which was unveiled Saturday, May 9, 1903, with appropriate ceremonies. The monument came from Barre, Vt. With the fences and walks, it cost \$10,000. The grand jury on June 5 of the previous year gave approval for the commissioners to have it

erected. The committee appointed consisted of Daniel McClintock, George Eachus, Samuel R. McDowell, Thomas Chambers, William McGowan and Thomas Lees.

COLD WEATHER SETS IN

The monument reached Media station Feb. 1, 1903, but because of the cold weather the erection was much delayed. I remember when it was hauled up the station hill. Forty horses were required. When it reached a level stretch at the top the horses were all unhitched and geared to the back of the truck to take it over the bridge and up Orange street, and it at last reached its destination without mishap.

The monument was built of the best stone to be found in America. It consists of three bases, reaching a height of 42 feet and surmounted by the figure of a soldier with the well-remembered Civil War uniform standing in an easy attitude with his gun at parade rest. The monument weighs 100 tons.

At the dedication ceremony, chief marshal of the parade was Thomas J. Dolphin and the chief of staff was John G. Taylor. The formation consisted of a Battalion of the 6th Regiment, Pennsylvania National Guard, posts of Grand Army of the Republic, veterans' associations and civic organizations. It was a great success.

Pupils Studied in Wigwam While School Was Enlarged

CHAPTER 2

The present courthouse bears no resemblance whatever to the original one. It is many times larger one of the handsomest buildings in and built of white marble, being the country. The iron fence and

bell were removed years ago, and although I tried hard to find that bell, I was not successful.

The interior is lavishly furnished in every particular, both as to furniture and hangings. Accommodations for jurors consist of 16 rooms

and baths with every equipment found in the best hotels.

The county jail in general appearance had not changed much before it was demolished a few years ago, the front presenting the same appearance and the same high wall surrounding it. Some years ago a new jail was built at Broadmeadows. This is an immense jail costing over a million dollars, having no wall. The farm produces most of the vegetables required for all the prisoners.

Some years before the present writing, it was decided to move all prisoners to the farm jail, and the old jail was used to house a large number of Jamicans who worked at the Sun Shipbuilding yard, at Chester.

The public school—there is so much to say about this that I hardly know where to begin. It was situated at 3rd and Olive, a well built brick building. This building eventually was sold to a colored church, as I remember, and I am inclined to think it was used by several colored families as living quarters.

NOW GRASSY PLOT

This building was sold to the county commissioners at a price considered entirely too high. It was torn down. The ground was leveled off and is now a grassy plot.

I remember at one time, when the original building was enlarged, classes were held in a large wigwam north of the school. For a time afterward, this was used for political meetings.

Miss Sue Pierce was the first teacher I remember, and she was not of any too pleasant a disposition, according to the boys. There was one room in the original building that I will never forget—the coat room. On a rainy day when about 40 scholars would hang their coats there and deposit their lunch baskets, there was an odor that is as distinct to my senses today as it was in those days long ago.

The ball field of the school was immediately north of the building. It was a bare field running as far as Rowland's farm which was situated opposite the present Sandy Bank School.

There were many fellows who went there in those early days. Only a few of them are living. Perry Borrell had a pair of very high stilts and when he got on them it was from the roof of Ad Thomson's porch, across the street.

There was a small umbrella tree on the corner near the school which seemed to live notwithstanding the onslaughts of many jack-knives. I remember seeing a note tacked on that tree, stating that Isaiah Owney and Cattie Mathius would have a fist fight at a certain time and place. Whether it came off or not, I do not know.

GOOD SPELLER

Every Friday afternoon we would spell on sides. This was one of the few things I did well. When only a boy I took part in a public spelling contest held in Institute Hall. There were about 60 people in it, all older than myself. I kept up pretty well, however, coming out number 10. I remember going down on the word "poignant" having left the "g" out.

Teachers' institute was held for a week each year in Institute Hall. James W. Baker was the county school superintendent at the time. In these meetings, which were attended by the teachers of the county, school matters were discussed in the mornings and afternoons, while the evenings were taken up by entertainments, some of them being excellent. There were musical programs and I well remember the Swiss Bell Ringers and the Meigs Sisters who sang. A number of lectures were given.

I well remember Daniel Dougherty, the silver tongued orator, being there one evening when a funny thing happened. Horace Brooks, of Newtown Square, was in the gal-

lery immediately to the right of the lecturer. Brooks stood up to take off his overcoat and inadvertently got most of his other coat off, standing for a moment in his shirt sleeves. Of course there was much tittering in the audience and craning of necks. Dougherty looked up and immediately said "Never mind, my good friends, not many of you can change your habits as quickly as that"—a very smart remark I thought.

For many years I was one of the ushers at these evening entertainments, and I had some funny experiences.

One evening when I was hunting two seats for a man and woman, I said—"I'm sorry but I can't give you two seats together." He replied—"It won't make any difference, she's my wife." It's funny how these little incidents remain in your mind for years.

At school we had entertainments given by the scholars and one of the best in this line was Lydia Green who long afterward married Alf Hawkins. She recited "Curfew shall not ring tonight" most realistically. Most of my school days were spent in that school, although one year I attended Shortlidge's Academy which stood where the public school stands today.

On one occasion, while at public school, some of us went to the Howellville school to give an entertainment. Benjamin Lehman, who was the teacher, went along and was illustrating some law in mechanics. The machine he used had a crank, and at one time he said—"this thing is let down by a crank, I'll now let it down." He never heard the last of that.

I enjoy bringing to mind some of the scholars there in those early days. Hannah Fairlamb was one, Clara Cowperthwaite and Mart, her sister, who was a snappy girl in her manner. Whenever a funny story was told to Clara I can see the tears run down her cheeks. She

married Isaac Johnson Jr., son of the judge.

Young Isaac had a brother named Littleton, a great big fellow over six feet tall, who was quite a character. Once he borrowed \$2 from Cale Brooks, who worked for me, promising to repay him the next Saturday night. He met Cale and said "I'm sorry I can't pay you tonight, will you lend me \$2 more?"

Most of these persons spoken of have been dead many years.

Then there was the Prince family, which came from Mexico. The oldest one was James, a fine fellow. Cosmi, a black haired good looking chap, was next. Lizzie, the oldest girl, who was homely but a very pleasant girl, and Aggie who was a regular Mexican beauty. They have all gone years ago. They moved from here to California. Cosmi became a doctor.

Then there was Maggie White, who had red hair, Ella Sweeney, Joe Rowland, George Worrall and many others whom I might recall.

Baseball was always a popular sport at Media. I never was much of a player, but took part in the game to some extent. The first club I belonged to was "The Ivy Leaf." Harry Smedley was the captain. We had no regular uniform, but our insignia was an ivy leaf sewed on each suit, of which we were very proud.

I remember once an out-of-town club came to Media to play us. They had regular uniforms and we were much awed at this. However, we beat them, showing that suits don't make baseball players any more than clothes make the man.

It was very many years after that we had a relay game. This somehow originated in my mind. We at last put it through, but I never heard of another. The game was between the professional and the business men of the town. None of the players had played for twelve years previous.

There were 18 men on each side, nine playing for two innings, then they retired while nine others of each side took their places. No one was allowed to play twice in the same position.

It was quite a complex game. I think the thing that impressed me most was Dr. Fronfield running the bases, part of his attire being a white vest and kid gloves. A great crowd of the friends of the players witnessed the game.

The greatest thing Media ever experienced in the baseball line was when the Athletics came to

Media to play the Media Club-the Cornplanters. The result of the game was Athletics 119 and Media 7. The game was played in the field back of the prison. There was only one house standing there then, a frame house at the corner of 3rd and Orange. All beyond that was vacant ground.

At that time, everything about the game was very different from what it is today. There was no fence back of the catcher. No gloves were worn. That would be effeminate. The catcher wore no mask.

Landing Field Acquired; Used for Early Air Show

CHAPTER 3

Now for the Media Band:

Charlie Pedrick was the leader and he could certainly fill a cornet! When he did triple time he always attracted attention.

I remember a funny thing that happened one evening when the band was playing on the street in front of the courthouse. A colored man by the name of Reese was watching when Charlie opened the valve to let out the spittle. Upon seeing this I heard Reese say—"a man must be a good player to play on that key." Ain Worrall played a coronet; Jack Liggett the slide trombone; Lew Price pounded the base drum. He was left handed, by the way. Ed Spencer played the cymbals. Then there were Pass Baker, Levi Carr, Jim Alcorn, Frank Broadbelt, Lew Suter (Big Lew), Ike Worrall, who played the clarinet, Harry Crothers, George Yeager and some others I don't remember.

A good many times the band was engaged to play in political parades and were called to nearby

places. Some years after this I conceived the idea of getting up a drum corps, as by this time the Media Band had passed out. After getting promises from 15 or 20 men to join such an organization, the next thing was the equipment.

I happened to hear that a drum corps at Ardmore had disbanded and that its equipment could be bought for \$100, which seemed fair as the instruments were in fine condition, consisting of snare drums, a base drum, trumpets and cymbals. I found a man to help me out, George Wood, owner of the Wawa Dairy, who generously supplied the required amount.

Somehow money was raised for uniforms and Media had a very creditable drum corps. Al Long was the head of it. He came by it naturally, as his father, Bill Long, had been drummer in the defunct Media Band and he was a fine one. The drum corps was a great success for a while, but interest waned and the organization petered out. I could never account for the disappearance of the equipment.

SEES FIRST PLANE

I remember well the first time I saw a plane in the air. I was in church on a Sunday morning when I heard the noise which I knew must be a plane. I immediately went out and found I was correct.

At one of the meetings of the Media Business Men's Association, of which I happened to be president at the time, the subject of a landing field was brought up. Elwood Allison was present and offered the 50-acre tract on Baltimore pike immediately east of Media, of which he was the owner. This resulted in the association leasing the tract at a very low sum.

Media was either the first or second place in the country to have a demonstration of airplanes, and this fact gave us considerable pride. Up to this time all demonstrations were made by the Federal government.

As president of our association, I went to Washington to arrange for the dedication of the field. This was in the spring of 1924. I introduced myself to Gen. Mason M. Patrick, chief of U. S. Army Air Force. I had a most cordial reception which started a friendship that has continued to the present time. The general entered into the project most heartily and said he would be with us personally or send a representative, which he afterward found necessary to do.

DIRIGIBLE ARRIVES

At the "meet" there were 28 planes and a dirigible balloon. The planes began to arrive about the middle of the morning and all gathered in a few hours. One of the unexpected visitors was a large bomber which saw the other planes as it flew over and decided to drop in on us which it almost did literally, as our field was not quite suitable for a plane of that size and there was a great scurrying to get out of the way when it landed.

Because of air pockets, it was some time before the dirigible got over the field and it was an unusual sight. It took 75 men to handle the land ropes. Had we not had a company of Marines with us, it is not likely we could have picked up that number, for it was no pleasant job to stand out there for two hours at the end of a rope.

After the dedication the position of the field was shown on all government maps. The field was only a landing field, having no buildings, but it did have a wind bag to show the direction of the wind. The field was frequently used as a convenience by flyers, and was known as an emergency field. At one time, when a flyer discovered he had somehow lost a wheel in the air, he was in a terrible predicament until he saw our field and decided to risk getting down on it, which he did without accident.

At one of the business men's banquets, General Patrick was present with a number of noted flyers. In addition, at the banquet, was the commandant of the Philadelphia Navy Yard, and a number of naval officers. Our Washington guests arrived at the aviation field in four planes and were met by a cavalry squad from the Pennsylvania Military College, who escorted them to my home where a public reception was held before the banquet at the Media Club.

The military uniforms of the Army and Navy men, many local men in uniform, beside the graduating class of PMC of which my son, Sterling, was a member, made a colorful display. The general and his accompanying officers stayed at my home overnight and in the morning were given a hearty send-off.

Another outstanding event was in relation to the world flyers, on Sept. 9, 1924. The flight around the world was arranged and carried out by General Patrick. There was an enormous amount of work attached to it, as consent had to

be had from so many countries and gasoline placed at certain places for the use of the flyers. The end of the flight took the planes from New York to Washington, but not over Media.

I wrote to the general (much to the amusement of many) and asked him, if possible, to have the planes over Media. In my letter I asked him to have the planes fly low. I, too, felt the whole thing was a good deal to ask, but I was much gratified to have him answer saying he would try to arrange it.

I received two telegrams that morning, one quite early telling me the planes would fly over Media, and the second a little later, telling me what time they would arrive.

Of course, this was widely advertised, and the plan provided for the ringing of the fire house bell

as soon as the planes were seen. **PLANES ARE LATE**

Noon was the arrival time. Noon came, but not the flyers. There was a large, impatient crowd, and many went to their homes convinced that they had been fooled.

It was all caused by not taking into account the difference in time between Washington and Media, for at one o'clock the fire bell rang out and the planes came in sight. They came right over State street, lead by the general, and they did fly low, making a terrific noise. There were four altogether, and upon one of my later visits to the general's office, in Washington, with a friend, he told me that the trip over Media was the only detour on the trip around the world. We felt that we were very much favored.

Good-will Flyers Appear For First Time in Public

CHAPTER 4

The Media Business Men's Association was very active in honoring distinguished men. A public dinner at the armory was given Rear Admiral William Bullard. Will was a Media boy and lived in the house on Front street next to what was Gleave Hall.

On this occasion we had Major Dargue and his six associate flyers who made the good-will tour over South America. The flyers were to have come to Media in their planes, but as the latter were equipped with pontoon boats, this was impossible.

The town was highly honored in having them, as their presence was sought for in different parts of the country. Media was the first place they appeared in public. For this we thanked our good friend, General Patrick.

The First Methodist Church of Media was almost like a second

home to me for many years. My first recollections run back to when I was about five years of age in the infant school. I well remember our first teacher, Mrs. Dr. Kerlin, of Elwyn Training School. I can remember some of the songs, so I have concluded that my memory is very good.

It's hard to tell where to start on this subject. I may as well tell of some of the men and women active in those early days.

Joseph Carlisle was a local preacher, and he lived in the house west of the present parsonage. How well I remember this stocky old gentleman walking along with his heavy cane.

Early in the list of pastors was the Reverend Hurn, who had a delightful wife. They had one son, Harry, who was a character. He told me one day that he owned a horse

and wanted to get a carriage, so he sold the horse to buy the carriage. That sounded like Harry.

Presiding Elder Swindells was a large man with a full beard. He, like so many ministers, was very fond of croquet and as we had a croquet ground at my father's house on S. Orange street, we played many games there with the Reverends Gray, Griffith and Hurlock.

DOG WALKS IN

At a Wednesday night prayer meeting, one evening in summer, the door being open, a dog walked in and Mr. Griffith, upon seeing the dog from the pupit, said in a loud voice, "Will someone put that dog out before he comes in." This was one of those little things we remember.

Mr. Hurlock, while not a fine preacher, was a remarkably fine man, such a one who was a comfort in times of trouble. He, and his good wife, were liked by all. He had one son, Frank, about my age. He and I were quite intimate and we caused a little sensation one night when we appeared on State street wearing derby hats and turnover collars.

Rev. Geo. H. Bickley was one of the younger ministers. He was very serious-minded, but his wife was quite the opposite. Many a Sunday evening after the service, with Harry Smedley and his wife and a group of friends, we had a jolly time in the parsonage. Dr. Bickley later became a bishop and was stationed in Borneo where he lost his health.

Dr. Heilner was a slight, short man who was full of fun and who got off many a joke. Then there was Reverend Martin; and Reverend Hetherington, who could tell you all about a horse. Reverend Yeager had two little girls who once disturbed him while he was preaching by putting handkerchiefs over their heads and looking at their father from under a bench.

Reverend McIlwain was a sainted Methodist. There are others who might be added to the list.

PLASTER FALLS

At one of the Wednesday evening services a funny thing happened that might have been serious. Miss Carrie Weaver, a very fine, cultured Christian woman in the church, rose in the meeting and said, "I've been looking for a blessing." Just then a piece of plaster fell from the ceiling, but fortunately only grazed her hat. Miss Carrie said she thought that was a warning for her to keep quiet.

After this happened it was thought best to put on a new ceiling of boards. It was placed in the hands of Harry Smedley and myself and we had a good looking panelled ceiling put on by Win Worrall which still remains there.

Harry and I took much interest in the school and had an ornate library built in the southwest corner of the room. That was when children took out books to carry home before the time of public libraries. The infant scholars received tickets for attendance which some of you remember—10 red entitled one to one blue and a certain number of blue entitled one to a certificate. Seems sort of childish today, but not in those days.

The church has something attached to it which you would hardly find duplicated, a porch on the south side of the building. This porch enabled us to put an up-to-date kitchen in the basement. Many church dinners were prepared there, for with a large hotel range, dishes, silverware and linen, the men and women who got these dinners up could well take care of the crowds which invariably attended.

They were especially noted for the coffee prepared in a large caldron by Mary Jane Tuckerman. It was always good and never varied. Mrs. Reese Hawkins, Mrs. James Mc-

Dowell, Mrs. Warren Baker, along with many other women, were great workers.

Alf or John Hawkins always carved the turkeys. They could make a turkey serve more people than anyone else. The tables were spread in the Sunday school room and the waitresses were young women of the church.

I was always interested in music and because a member of the choir in this church in 1875 and continued to sing in it for many years. We sang good music in that choir, giving many cantatas. One of the leaders was a Miss Donnelly, a Catholic, by the way, who had a good voice and the choir made good progress under her.

Miss Gertie Hamilton was the faithful organist for many years, and was very proud of the new pipe organ installed after having used a cabinet organ for many years, and then an organ pumped by hand. It seemed desirable to have a cornet to accompany the organ in the church services. Although there was considerable objection, he got down back of the organ so he could not be seen by the congregation.

QUARTET PLAYS

Will Calvert played the coronet in the Sunday school for many years, and sometimes we had a quartet of horns. At such times, John Liggett played the slide trombone, which caused one of the children to tell her mother that a man at Sunday

school pushed a horn down his throat.

To get back to the church choir, the first I knew of it before I was old enough to be a member, it was on an elevation at the back of the church. My sister, Ella, was the organist, commencing to play the organ there at 12 years of age. She had an unusual alto voice. My sister, Sallie, was the principal soprano, with a rare voice. They were in the choir for many years.

Annie Rowland led the singing and taught in the infant room. Fannie Weaver, who afterward married Dr. Frank Rowland, was one of my teachers. Both Annie and Fannie moved to California years later where they both died.

At that time, and in a country church, lots of funny things were apt to happen. I remember at an evening service Isaac D. Chalfant, who was on his knees, supposedly praying, saw a friend across the aisle. He went over on his knees, shook hands with the friend, and crawled back to continue his prayer.

Mrs. Wagonseller was a prim, pious old lady who was always followed by Mary Williams, a frail little niece. On one particular evening, Mrs. Wagonseller had risen to speak in prayer meeting. While she was speaking, Mary Kater, who was next to her, placed a half opened book on the bench and as she sat down she was heard to say in one breath, "Glory be to God, I thought I sat on you."

Biggest Rain in 30 Years Mars Media 50-Years Rites

CHAPTER 5

The Sesqui-Centennial of the borough of Media took place May 19, 1900. Great preparation had been made to have this the outstanding event in the history of the borough. The day opened with the ringing

of church and fire bells and blowing of whistles. Then followed the exercises at the courthouse, presided over by Burgess Henry C. Snowden. Prayer was offered by Rev. W. O. Thatcher, of the Baptist Church; a welcoming address was

made by Edward A. Price. Col. A. K. McClure, a prominent Philadelphia editor, made the principal address.

The following were officials of the event: Chairman of executive committee, George E. Darlington; entertainment, Emil Holl; parade, Winfield S. Worrall; industrial, C. Frank Williamson; reception, Harry R. Greenfield; finance, William P. Hipple; transportation, C. J. Bechdolt; decorations, Samuel A. Field; literary, H. P. Green; printing, George E. Darlington; music, Charles H. Pedrick; press, Thomas V. Cooper; badges, Frank I. Taylor.

The most startling thing that happened that day was the rain, the greatest in 30 years. The military and civic organizations were ready, as well as the industrial section, but the rain spoiled everything and the event was put off until the next day, but of course it was not as successful.

We had 22 floats all ready for the 19th, prepared by the business men at great expense. One of the exhibits by a druggist of the town was a wagon decorated with hundreds of sponges.

DOWNPOUR OF RAIN

When he went out the first day, the downpour of rain increased the size of his exhibit two or three times. Toward the latter part of the day the rain stopped, but too late.

I think it was on this occasion that I secured from Mayor Moore of Philadelphia, six police horses, saddled and bridled for our use in the parade. Media has never been known to let occasions like this go unnoticed.

There are a number of things about the early days of Media that I seem to have omitted. The first building put up in Media was the Beatty store, which was mentioned. The Charter House Association was organized in 1850 to build a hotel,

and it was first rented to D. Reese Hawkins.

In the first three years, 59 new dwellings were erected. At that time the railroad had not been completed to Media.

In 1853, there were in the town, two stores selling dry goods and groceries, a shoe store, a trimming store, a drug store, an inn, a printing office, post office and school house. There were two tailors, two blacksmiths, one wheelwright, one coach maker, one tinsmith, one saddler, two cabinet makers, three carpenters, one plasterer, one butcher, five lawyers, three doctors and one dentist.

RAILROAD BY 1854

In 1854, the railroad reached Media. The public water works were inaugurated in 1855. In 1858, the corner stone was laid for the Episcopal Church, and the M. E. Church was started about the same time. In 1872 the Baptist Church was started, and in 1875 the Friends Meeting House on North avenue.

When the World War came on, Media, like other patriotic places, was ready to do its bit. The ladies met systematically and made socks and sweaters to be sent to those at the front. From the vast piles of socks seen, one might think that no one would be without them. When the draft came on it seemed necessary by the county commissioners to put the departure of the draftees in one particular hand, so I was selected to take care of this part of the county, giving me the official title of "captain." But I am afraid that would not get me very far in military affairs.

When each body of men departed for war, it was necessary to have appropriate ceremonies to speed them on their mission. That's where my work came in. As each group left, it was a sorrowful occasion, for we knew that some would never return. The start was always from the courthouse. There

was always a speaker and a parade to the station. As there were sometimes two or three departures in a week, there was some work in getting up appropriate exercises.

I tried to vary this as much as possible, and on one occasion had a flag parade. I secured flags representing 16 different nations through the generosity of Simon Delbert, who supplied the money. My next job was to get men of the different nationalities to carry their flags. The greatest difficulty was to find a Chinese flag. After quite a hunt I found one in a Chinese store on Race street, Philadelphia, and the Chinese was willing to sell it. This accomplished, I still had to get a Chinese to carry it. I was unsuccessful for a while, as the Chinese laundryman refused to take part. Then the thought occurred to me to send an officer of the law to him. This show of authority was successful.

There were 23 draftees that day, bound for Camp Lee, Va. The arrangement was that the train would immediately depart from the station upon the arrival of the men. Previously there had been a wait at the station and the friends of those going away said their farewells many times making it hard for all concerned.

This day there were two railroad officials at the foot of the steps who prevented any relatives from going beyond the line which allowed the men to enter the train without delay.

ERNEST L. GREEN SPEAKER

The fathers and mothers kept up bravely until the train departed, then they gave way to their feelings, I shall never forget it. The Glen Mills Band was in line that day. Ernest Leroy Green was the speaker, and he acquitted himself admirably. Reverend Michaels, of the M. E. Church, offered the prayer. Dr. E. L. Clark and Louis D. Baugh were my assistants. The

Home Guard of Media cleared the line of march, thus adding to the success of the parade. In the line were members of the Bradbury Post, No. 149, G. A. R.; the Media Branch of the Emergency Aid; Media Fire Company; the Emergency Aid of Wallingford, and mothers and wives of the boys.

Elizabeth Hall was in charge of a group of girls who carried a large American Flag. A partial list of those carrying foreign flags is: Belgium, Peter Vervacke; French, Henry Supiot; English, William Taylor; Italians, August Valenti; Japanese, Mrs. Lewis Butler; Chinese, Sam Lee; Irish, John Fitzpatrick; U. S., John Bruce. I had also personally presented each man going away a little silk U. S. flag to be always carried with him.

PRETENTIOUS PARADE

So ended this draftee parade, which was the most pretentious of all. The Home Guard of Media consisted of men too old to enter the service, but we were banded together as a semi-military organization meeting for drill regularly at the Media Armory under Frank Mathues. We were never called out for service. As the war progressed, we who had sons in the service would scan the papers each morning for lists of casualties, this being the only source of news.

Then came the Armistice.

The way to let people know of this event was as follows: The Philadelphia Ledger was to telephone me as soon as it occurred. I was to call John M. Broomall 3rd (now judge), who boarded at the Charter House.

The word came to me early in the morning, and I immediately called John, who ran half-dressed to the Media Fire House and had the bell rung. I ran down to the railroad station and had the loud fire alarm sounded, as well as the whistles on two locomotives standing there. These were the signals

for the blowing of all whistles and ringing of all bells, and Media soon became a wild place, men and women, boys and girls, going through a snake dance on State Street. This was all done and Media like thousands of other places learned the news was false.

The true Armistice came on Nov. 11, 1918, and peace was finally declared. I remember the afternoon so well. I came out from Philadelphia on the trolley and repeatedly heard the news. Upon reaching Media, I had it confirmed, and we soon had the fire truck going over the town announcing the good news.

Then happened the joyous home coming of the soldiers. As I sent most of them away, I was selected to head the committee to receive them. This happened at the armory, and as I stood on the steps my feelings could not be described, for some never came back. Exercises were held in the Armory for them. When the subject of a peace jubilee was broached, it was concluded that this was to be a county affair and that Media would be the

appropriate place to hold it. I again had an honor put on me by being made the county chairman. This I felt was a great responsibility.

In J. S. Stewart, of Lansdowne, my vice chairman, and W. R. Johns, of Media as secretary, I had two able assistants. The members of the committees were selected from all over the county, and we had many meetings which were held over John Broomall's office. Seats were erected opposite the Armory and Church st. on the side was barred to traffic to provide tents for many of the military participants.

The parade was a wonderful one consisting of Army units with an Army band, and Navy units with a Navy band. Beside these there were organizations such as Emergency Relief, nurses division, and many others.

As I sat on the stand that day and saw hundreds marching by accompanied by many gun carriages, I could not believe it was in Media, and I was certainly glad that I had worked so hard to make it the success it was.

Borough Social, Civic Life Centered in Charter House

CHAPTER 6

The Charter House, which has already been mentioned, was a noted inn at which no intoxicating liquors were sold. Media had a charter prohibiting forever the sale of intoxicating liquors, but the word "forever" was finally wiped out, much to the sorrow of many of the old inhabitants. Along the front of the hotel extended a wide porch which was much used on summer evenings. Adjoining the inn on the west was the large stable and the yard was enclosed with a high board fence, back of which carriages stood.

The first proprietor of the hotel was D. Reese Hawkins, admired and respected by all who knew him. Mrs. Hawkins, who managed the culinary department, provided meals above criticism, and I remember a prominent man who boarded there saying he would be perfectly satisfied to be blindfolded and let Mrs. Hawkins put anything in his mouth that she chose. No higher recommendation could be given a hostess than this.

Bob Rickabaugh, who lived near Newtown Square, sold farm implements. He would take orders during the winter and in the spring have these brightly painted imple-

ments arrive by train and the farmers would get them at the station. They would all be taken to the Charter House, and after a dinner provided by Rickabaugh, a parade would take place through the town before the farmers separated.

State street would often be used for a place for patent medicine men or trained horses.

IDLEWILD HOTEL

If it were possible to see the old hotel register, the names of many prominent men would appear. A number of proprietors followed Hawkins, but none had the success he had. Afterward the Hawkins family had the Idlewild Hotel, just east of Media, along the railroad. This was a large frame building, very popular, with a fine class of people, some of whom had engaged their rooms before the hotel was finished and who occupied them until it ceased to be a hotel. It eventually was bought by a Catholic institution with the thought of turning it into a school. This was never done and the buildings were torn down.

BROADHEAD STABLES

At the corner of State and Orange streets stood the sales and livery stables of Wessel C. Broadhead, a big, pleasant-faced man who always wore a big watch chain across an expansive double-breasted vest, and he invariably carried a carriage whip when he was around the stable. He also carried in his pocket a wad of bank notes big enough to choke a cow. The public sales of horses he held were attended by large crowds and I think John J. Rowland was often the auctioneer. Mrs. Broadhead, with her black shiny hair, provided sandwiches and coffee in the basement of the house. I remember one horse belonging to Broadhead that father used to hire when the family would drive down to King-essing to visit Dr. Hoopes and his family, who were relatives of ours.

RECALLS PLANK ROAD

Part of this drive took us over a plank road. We would also drive to Radnor to see the Brookes, brother Wills father-in-law, Mark Brooke. He made the celebrated "Brooks Delaware County Ice Cream," the first sold in Philadelphia markets. It certainly was good, and I ought to know as I always had my fill when there.

The horse I mentioned was named "Montreal," a big sorrel pacer that could haul almost any load. In winter time when this horse was geared to a big yellow wicker sleigh that father owned, with buffalo robes over us and wolf-skins with the tails hanging over the back, making music in the zero weather, made a sight worth seeing.

There was another unusual sight when the stables were torn down. After years of use, hundreds of rats infested the buildings. There was a regular rat-fest in which hundreds were killed by ferrets and clubs and thrown in a great pile.

DEDICATE MEMORIAL

The dedication of the memorial tablets on the bridge over Crum Creek, east of Media, took place on June 16, 1926. On these two tablets were the names of those from Delaware County who lost their lives in World War I. The dedication had been delayed for some reason. The tablets are said to be the largest ever cast in this country up to that time. The two tablets had been boarded up for a long time, so Capt. Bob Jones, of the American Legion, and I went to the county commissioners' office and it was decided to get busy right away. A meeting was arranged which took place at the home of the Legion, Front & Orange streets, Media. At this meeting, General William G. Price Jr. was made the general chairman, and I was made chairman of the celebration.

The date was selected so as to follow the opening of the Sesqui-centennial celebration in Philadelphia, as near as possible, as we thought we could get troops from there for our celebration.

Just after the opening meeting, General Price was compelled to drop everything and go to Europe, thus leaving me to carry out the plans. We had weekly meetings and a large executive board was formed. The chairmen of the different committees were as follows: program, F. M. Brewer; finance, George T. Butler; traffic, J. Borton Weeks; guests, C. Frank Williamson; school music, Carl Leech; American Legion, J. H. Carpenter; Auxiliary, American Legion, Mrs. R. H. Cavender; G. A. R., Thomas Dolphin; Red Cross, Lucy Hathaway; entertainment, H. C. Snowden Jr.; transportation, J. Percy Bell; secretary and treasurer, W. R. Johns.

As the time approached, things got in readiness. The day was somewhat cloudy, but no rain fell. We had several invited guests and those with the members of the committee took lunch at Idlewild Hotel at noon. General Fuchet, assistant chief of Army Air Service, arrived at the aviation field in a plane, accompanied by two other officers in planes from Washington. General Fuchet represented General Patrick, who was unable to be present.

The parade left the Courthouse at 2.30 p.m., with General Edward C. Shannon as chief marshal, and

Colonel Heller as his aide. It was a most creditable parade, consisting of 200 regular Army men, accompanied by an Army band from the 12th Regiment. About 125 marines with a Navy band, beside G. A. R. men, American Legion men, six machine guns from the National Guard, drawn by horses; Boy Scouts and several hundred school children.

The soldiers and marines came to Media by special train. When the cavalcade reached the bridge, the cars drove over the structure and those having the officers, war mothers and Red Cross deposited their passengers under the arch in the middle of the bridge where a platform had been erected.

SPROUL OPENS EXERCISES

In my capacity as chairman, I introduced former Governor William C. Sproul, who opened the exercises and introduced Supreme Court Justice William I. Schaffer, who made the principal address. The two tablets were then unveiled by Mrs. Albert Clinton Wunderlich, of Lansdowne, whose son was killed in the Argonne.

Several planes flew over the bridge at this time and flowers were dropped from them. "America" was then sung, after which Col. Fred Pusey delivered the acceptance address followed by a benediction by Chaplain W. H. H. Joyce of the 315th Infantry. Rev. Francis M. Taitt made the opening prayer. The whole dedication passed off most successfully.

Old Town Loved Parades; Took Politics Seriously

CHAPTER 7

Politics took the attention of many people in the early days of Media. Tom Cooper and Jack Robinson were prominent on the Re-

publican side, and Ben Potts and Horace Manley on the Democratic side. At one time there was a wigwam on N. Olive Street which was used for political meetings. These meetings drew people from far and

near. They would come in hay wagons before the parade, and the women would be placed in the wagons along the line of parade to see their men march by with oil cloth caps and capes, each man carrying a swinging oil lamp attached to a pole carried over the shoulder.

These parades were interesting sights. Sometimes there would be mounted clubs from the Lamb Tavern, or maybe one of the bakers would head a club from Howelville. Others came from West Chester and other points wearing different colored caps and capes. There was great rivalry between the clubs. After the parade there would be speaking in the court house square.

John J. Rowland was often the chief marshal. Tom Cooper, "red-headed and hopeful," was a prominent speaker, and when he got up steam you'd think he'd burst his jugular vein. Ad Thompson was another good speaker and an elocutionist of note. When he recited "Roger and I," he was worth hearing.

GREAT FOR PARADES

Media has always been a great place for parades and celebrations. Each Fourth of July had its swimming events at Broomall's dam in the morning and in the afternoon sports were held at the public school grounds, then fireworks at the aviation ground in the evening when a fine display took place provided for by money raised by the people of Media.

I remember years ago on a Fourth of July some of the boys thought they would fire off an old cannon which had stood in the court house yard for years. They got the powder in and also rammed in a lot of dried grass. The result was the cannon exploded, blowing a finger off of one of Horace Haskins' hands and peppering Jim Sweeney's face with shot.

Halloween always had a celebration in the evening with a parade.

They were always very good, having fancy and comic clubs beside bands and drum corps to liven the event. For one, I remember we hired six paper-mache horses and placed six young men on them to act as policemen. It was interesting to see how effective they were in moving the crowds back. These events were always fostered by the Media Business Men's Association and Jim Skelly was invariably the chief of parade. This association was organized years ago, J. H. Rigby being the first president. It almost died out, but new life was put into it by many joining it and at this time it is a real adjunct to the town.

At the southeast corner of State and Orange streets was a lot where the children had a swing attached to an apple tree. This lot was bought by Chris Schur, the baker, who put up a substantial three story brick building which still stands and is in use today. Chris had a stubby mustache and always had a short stump of a cigar in his mouth. He never got to speak English without a decided German accent. He had a most capable wife who indeed was a helpmate, a stout rosy-faced woman who was always on hand. The bakery was unexcelled for the ice cream it made all summer but not in winter as there were no purchasers for it when cold weather came. I knew how good it was, for every Saturday afternoon in summer I would take my five cents and enjoy a plate to the last drop. I once took a boy with me and asked for a five cent plate with two spoons. Mrs. Schur was not so amiable then.

TRIP FOR YEAST

One of my duties was to take the little yeast kettle and bring back the yeast for the baking of bread which was always made at home. It seems to me that I can still detect the odor of fresh made bread in my home.

On State street, west of Orange, was the shop of Samuel P. Rush, well known for the excellent harness he made. All his harness was handmade and brought high prices. You could hardly ever enter his shop that you would not see him on the wooden horse on which he made the harness. He was always in a good humor, wore a blue checkered apron and was a most proficient whistler. He certainly could "whistle as he worked."

He had many rich customers for miles around who would not think of buying elsewhere and who always paid him the highest prices. He was of a large family and once showed me a photograph of the family consisting of seven sons and seven daughters, all living at the age of 50 years and over. He had a helper in those early days, Harry D. Pratt, who later had a harness shop opposite the present site of the fire house.

Across the street from Rush's shop lived Dr. Joseph Rowland, probably the best known doctor in the county. He was a wonderful horse back rider, indeed, I never saw him in a carriage. He was so much at home on a horse that many times he went to sleep and maybe the next morning found himself astride the horse as it was eating apples in someone's orchard. He was a great man to play jokes and would often make light of one's sickness until he realized it was serious and then no one could be more serious and attentive and he had wonderful skill in his line. Dr. Rowland would enter the homes of those he knew at any time of the day or night. He was known to make mistakes, and in the morning wakeup in the home of someone he didn't know. Then there was some explaining to do.

LOSES TEETH

He had an experience in going abroad with Paul Farnum that his

friends never let him forget. It seems he had been eating oranges in his stateroom one night before retiring and had placed the skins in a bowl under the wash stand. He had taken out his false teeth and had placed them on the edge of the wash stand. The motion of the ship in the night caused the teeth to slip off the stand and fall into the bowl. Not knowing this when he awoke, he threw the orange skins and his teeth out the port hole and so made the balance of the trip without teeth.

Back of the Rowland residence, which still stands, there was a large barn that stood for many years. His son, Francis Rowland, became a prominent physician, but before reaching middle life moved to California to end his days. He originated the "Tournament of Roses," Pasadena's greatest attraction. He was a fine horseman and generally led the parade on a fine horse. This tournament still continues. Beecher, a younger son, became a prominent veterinarian and widely known through the East before he, too, moved to California.

Almost directly back of Dr. Rowland's home on Front street was the marble yard of Daniel McClintock, who cut tomb stones and made a good job of it. Daniel had red hair and a rather fierce looking mustache. Many of his products can be seen in the Media Cemetery today.

David Hardcastle lived just below Daniel. He was a pavement layer and laid most of the pavements of the town. He was very slow, but when he got through laying a pavement, you could be sure it was a good one. I hardly ever came across him at work without seeing those heavy pads, like pillows, which he wore to protect his knees.

I have an indistinct recollection of the old Poor House barn, where the Media Public School now stands. I remember that Nicholas F. Walter kept his cow there and I used to go with his son, Harry, to get the milk. Nicholas was quite

a character, always had a smile that nearly hid his eyes and he wore his spectacles on the end of his nose. He was a conveyancer as well as a justice of the peace, and had his office on South avenue, near the Court House.

Many Old Buildings Are Steeped in Early History

CHAPTER 8

Shortlidges Academy stood on the site of the old Poor House. It was a large frame building for boys, and was widely known. Some of the scholars became men of note, and I might say that Shortlidge himself was a man of note, as I never knew a man to give more promissory notes in business. He was a large, muscular man, really an athlete. I have known him to use his fists on some of his obstreperous scholars for that was the only method that counted.

At the southwest corner of Baltimore avenue and South avenue there was a saw mill run by Lewis Palmer, who also gathered the ice for us from Palmer's Dam over near the training school.

Where the Media Club now stands was a feed mill operated by William F. Lewis. Dr. Scholl had a drug store at the corner of Orange street and Baltimore pike, and it was a real drug store, no sandwiches or anything else but drugs. I can imagine I can smell them yet. This drug store was later owned by Dr. W. T. W. Dicken, who kept it in the same general way. Afterward it was owned by Will Dickeson.

Wardle Ellis later had a drug store across the street and I think it was the first one in Media to sell soda water. His fountain was considered very fine. Mrs. Hoeck-

ley owned and operated the Chestnut Grove Hotel, opposite my present home on South Orange street. She was a most capable woman for her job and well able to take care of herself. She had a fine class of boarders.

It was first a summer boarding house, but afterward became an all year house. It got its name from the many beautiful chestnut trees on the grounds, I, with my family, stayed there several months after we were burned out of our home just opposite, although at that time it was owned and managed by Nicholas H. Wagner.

WELL KNOWN SCHOOL

Almost back of it was Brooke Hall, named after H. Jones Brooke, who built it. It was a private school for young ladies under Miss M. L. Eastman, ably assisted by Miss Hattie Gault. The wife of President McKinley went there before she was married, and this always added to the prestige of the school. After it closed it became a summer boarding house for awhile and then was made into an apartment house, which it continues to be.

I remember Ernest Schelling, now a noted pianist, boarded there with his sister Julia. Because of the poor piano there, he had permission to use our Chickering piano. He was so small his feet hardly reached the pedals.

Among the boarders at Brooke Hall was a Mr. Brown, a noted Shakespearean scholar, who was very eccentric. I remember he met me once on State street and without any salutation said, "I contend a man's a fool when it's hot he wants it cool; when it's cool he wants it hot, always wanting what is not, I contend a man's a fool." So he left me.

I was born in the house I am about to speak of. It was at the corner of Front and Orange and was built by my father.

At that time it was considered a large building. The front was a shoe store, as that was father's business. There were wide steps around the corner. A number of army contracts for "brogans" were taken, this being the popular kind worn in the army. All these shoes were made by hand by shoemakers living around the county, and were carried in bags to the store from which they were shipped to various points.

Though very young, I can remember these men coming in with bags of shoes.

I think father was the third postmaster in Media, the postoffice being in the store. I have always understood that much of the mail came by horseback and the pieces were often accompanied by a bill of lading.

Two things in this house stand out in my mind; there was a smoke room in which hams were cured, and also a well in the cellar in which butter and perishable things were kept as there were no refrigerators then.

One of the faithful assistants at the store was Robert Watkins, who made wax ends for me to sew the homemade baseballs we then used. He also cut my hair periodically. He would place me on a high stool, put a long work apron about me, and then commence the operation with a pair of long scissors not too well suited to the purpose. It was

at this store that the following incident took place.

Among things sold were the large old fashioned carpet bags. They were really made out of carpet. The store was robbed one night, and a couple of days after several of these bags filled with shoes were found in the hay mow of H. Jones Brookes' barn, which was on S. Orange street, near my present home.

It seems the hired man there was getting some hay from the mow with a pitchfork and stuck it into one of the bags and thought he had stuck a man. Having reported this, two or three men were stationed in the barn thinking the thief would return for the booty. This happened, but he was not caught, and I will always remember father's disgust at being awakened in the middle of the night and told that the thief was there but got away.

I wonder how many people remember the large camp meetings held by the colored people in the woods on the west side of Orange street, just beyond the jail? I can remember a large platform for the speakers, and tents were used by many who stayed on the grounds. Of course, Sunday was the big day, and on these days streams of people came from the morning trains and departed some time before night. The singing and voices of some of the speakers could be heard a long distance. The actions there were not always religious, as officers had to be called at times to quell disturbances.

CIRCUS DAYS

Circus days were great days in Media when I was a small boy. Of course, circuses were transported by wagons in those days, and I, with other boys, would get up early in the morning and walk to the covered bridge at either end of the town to see the elephant cross it. As he crossed the wooden bridge,

he would feel his way most carefully, step by step.

The early circus ground was on Providence road opposite the present home of Harry Wagner. Of course, the arrival of the circus brought a great crowd of boys and girls and, I might add, men. When the circus reached the ground, the first thing put up was the eating tent so the hands could have breakfast before going to work. Then came the center pole for the main tent. The canvas would be stretched and the tent pins driven in with about six men at each pin.

The parade always started about two o'clock and went through the main streets of the town. Some of the boys thought it a fine thing to lead the ponies in the parade, the only uniform being a cap loaned them by the circus. Another thing the boys liked to do was to carry water to the animals. Of course, doing these things meant a ticket to the show.

Grocer Buys First Auto; Finds Horse More Reliable

CHAPTER 9

When automobiles first appeared in Media it was quite an event. I think the first owner of one was Willard G. Hough, who owned a grocery store in the town. Willard had a hard time with this machine when he used it for deliveries. Hardly a day passed but that you would see Willard's machine being hauled in by a horse. I don't know what power it had when going out, but it certainly had one-horse power in returning.

I think the second owner was Mort Dickison. For a while one was able to name all the owners in town, but they soon became too numerous for that.

Some of these machines were sights to behold and the riders invariably wore linen dusters in

Some of the "higher ups" of the show did not eat or sleep on the grounds, but they had quarters at Caleb Hoopes', who lived on State street where the A&P now stands, or at other places where they could be accommodated.

I well remember one occasion, the circus was to show on a Saturday but there was such a terrible storm that it was impossible to raise the tents. Caleb Hoopes' house was filled over Sunday with a motley crowd of all kinds of circus folks, many of whom got drunk on Saturday night and made things very lively.

It must have been a big job for the two policemen who made up the Media police force. There was quite a joke on the force of two. It seems that one of them got drunk one night, and the next day a Philadelphia newspaper published the fact that half the police force of Media was drunk the night before.

summer, with the women wearing large veils over their hats. Machines were always put away for the winter. It was a common sight to see drivers get off their wagons and hold their horses when an auto appeared.

The number grew so rapidly that today nearly every family owns an auto and hardly a house is built without a garage. Horses have disappeared so rapidly that one is seldom seen on the streets of Media. A great deal of fun was made of the Fords in early days, and I can remember that Ford stock was offered at 10 cents a share, with no takers.

FIREMEN ORGANIZE

The early days of Media Fire Co. were very interesting. The company started at the house of

Frank Taylor, a bricklayer living in east Media. Tom Dolphin was an active spirit in the association, and I think was the first president. Many times I have pulled on the rope and helped haul the little old hand engine to a fire, accompanied by the jingle of the little bell. They used leather hose in those days, and the hose stood the pressure about as well as the hose on your feet.

One day there was a fire, and no one seemed to know where the engine was. At last it was found in a stable. Unfortunately, the owner had gone to Philadelphia, and had the keys in his pocket.

One day Will Rowland's market was on fire. It stood on the southwest corner of Orange and Front streets. Ike Ivison was lying flat on his stomach cutting a hole in the peak of the roof with an axe. The fellows commenced to work those handles up and down and a strong stream of water caught Ike right under his coat and he had a narrow escape from being washed over the peak of the roof.

In thinking it over, I am not sure that Terrance Riley was not the first president and Tom Dolphin the secretary. Terrance dealt in soap fat. Everybody liked him. He was genial, full of humor and never lost his Irish brogue.

William T. Innes had a tobacco store on the east side of State street, opposite the present site of the Snowden store. Before this he was a tailor, and I just recently saw the sewing machine he used, now in the Institute of Science. There was a wooden Indian standing just outside his door, this being common before tobacco stores. It

would be hard to find one today. This store was a favorite place for some of the men to gather in the evenings and swap tales.

TALL TALE

It seems a group was there one evening when Silas Lapham, an ardent fisherman who lived on S. Orange street, opposite the Episcopal Church, told an almost unbelievable story about a fish he had caught. Tommy Williamson, who was quite a wag, listened to it, but couldn't swallow it. "Silas," said Tommy, "your story reminds me of a thing that happened to me. When I was a boy, I lived with my father on a farm in Nether Providence. He butchered hogs, and one day said to me, 'Thomas, I want thee to load two tons of blown bladders on the haywagon and take them to Chester.' This I did, but I had to keep clear of the woods."

Upon hearing this, Silas immediately left without saying a word.

At another time, George Tyler, who had just come from California, was telling of some enormous beets he had seen there. His story was too much for Dan McClintock, who was present. He said he was down at Wetherill's, in Chester, and saw them making an enormous boiler. The boiler was so long that a man striking the head at one end could not be heard by a man at the other end.

Tyler standing there with his legs far apart and his hands in his pockets, a usual habit, asked in his gruff voice, "Dan, what were they making such a boiler for?" To which Dan replied, "To boil some of your beets in."

Pioneers In Media Recalled As Colorful Characters

CHAPTER 10

Isaac L. Chalfant had a livery stable on the site of the present post office. Just west of it was the site of the first home built in Media. Near there was the blacksmith shop of John McMullen. I think Bill Smith lived near, too. Bill was noted for attending public sales, and was always looking for bargains. If a box of odds and ends was put up and nobody wanted it, Bill would invariably buy it.

Chalkley Chalfant, brother of Isaac, was the principal painter of the town. Whenever you were near him you could smell paint. He had a two-story frame shop on S. Orange street, and he was noted for his absent mindedness. He would often go to a job outside of town, take his dinner with him, forget that he had it, and would go home in the middle of the day to eat.

The funniest thing he did in this line was on one Sunday night when he drove to Mount Hope Church to attend the evening service. Upon arriving he put his team under the shed. When the service was over he got in conversation with some one from Media who asked him to ride home with him, which he did. The next morning when he went to his own stable to get his horse he remembered that he had left it at Mount Hope overnight.

LONGEST STRIDE IN TOWN

Samuel Dutton was a pleasant-faced man who grew to an unusual age, but was always active and had about the longest stride of any man in town. For a while he was postmaster, and had the office in his store opposite the Charter House. There used to be a pump in the middle of the pavement on S.

Orange street, opposite Schuchardt's barber shop. On the shelves you could see the fancy shaving mugs on which were the names of many citizens of the town.

Across the street where the "Media News" now is was Dennis Leaches' store. He collected old iron, and I think his niece took care of it. At this time I can't recall her name, but I yet can see her face plainly. Next to him was Rice's restaurant, where the juries were always taken when the county had to furnish their meals.

OLDEST BUSINESS

You could always be sure of getting good oysters at Rice's. All the family has died except the two boys, Dan and Walter, who still carry on the business which by the way is the oldest in town.

Opposite was the candy store of old Mrs. Ellis Wardle's mother. This was a tiny store. When you opened the door, the bell would always tinkle, and Mrs. Ellis would appear to receive the many pennies the children of the town spent there. She always got in a bad humor if you spent too much time in your selection.

BUCKLEY TINSMITH SHOP

At State and Olive stood the tinsmith shop and store of Ralph Buckley, a rugged Englishman. The store was in charge of his niece, Lydia Bowden, who for years kept a dove in a cage in the store. George Bowden, a delicate nephew, labored at all kinds of work for his uncle, and looked as if he had one foot in the grave, but it was a long time before both feet got there. Outside, on the corner of the building, was a sign that always attracted attention. There

were a great many fancy circles and among them were the figures of four rabbits which were hard to find. Henry Burke painted this sign, and he was a real artist in his line.

NEWSPAPER LAUNCHED

"The Delaware County American" was started in Media in March, 1855, by Cooper and Vernon (Dr. Vernon), and the office was on State street, opposite the Charter House. This was a weekly publication, and became widely known over the country as one of the best weekly papers. For 45 years after starting, it never missed an issue. How long it kept this up, I do not know. Thomas V. Cooper was the active member of the firm and as he took considerable interest in politics, the office did a great deal of printing for the state. Dr. Vernon never seemed to have much to do with the running of the paper, but his son Tom was active, as was Cooper's son, Fred.

The Cooper family was prominent in Media and at that early date lived next to the Methodist Church, on State street. It was a great place for the young people to gather, as they always were welcome and had a good time. Ada, the daughter, was considered the most beautiful girl in Media.

Joseph Chadwick was proprietor of the Delaware County Record, and this office was on Front street, next to where the County Building now stands. He was a sharp-featured Englishman, and was known as an able debator. Charlie Williamson, a cousin of mine, was one of the editors of that paper, with a man by the name of Batten. John B. Robinson also had a paper, the Media Ledger, the office was at the corner of State and Jackson. This publication was not so successful, but was more of a help to Robinson in his political life.

FIRST POST OFFICE

In regard to the post offices in Media, the first one was at Peter Worrall's, at Providence road and Baltimore avenue, "The Anvil Hotel." It was called Providence Post Office. In 1853, it was changed to Media Post Office, the first postmaster being Ellis Smedley. In 1857, Charles R. Williamson was appointed postmaster, and had the office at Front and Orange streets. He resigned when made county treasurer, in 1858.

Thomas M. Williamson followed him with the office at Orange and Baker streets. Then followed William T. Innes, with the office at his tailor shop on State street. Succeeding, though probably not in order, were Joseph Addison Thompson, Joseph G. Cummins, Samuel Dutton, Mrs. Miranda Williamson, James C. Henderson, Capt. Edgar T. Miller, Henry C. Snowden, Emil Holl, Miss Harriet F. Gault, who was appointed at the solicitation of President McKinley's wife, who had attended Brooke Hall School.

Now we have a modern post office at the corner of State and Jackson streets, which is already too small for the business done. Unknown to most people, there is a system of spy holes in the building, so don't try to take anything.

RECALLS ONLY DENTIST

When I was a boy, Abram P. Smedley was the principal, if not the only, dentist in town. I well remember him not only by the impression he made on my mind but also by the impression he made on my teeth by pounding the silver into a cavity with a hammer as big as a tack hammer, using a small blunt chisel. He could fool you with his forceps. His chair had a wooden arm and under the right hand arm he had fastened a block of wood to fit the forceps. I can hear him say, "Open thy mouth as wide as all out doors" and before you knew

it he had the forceps in your mouth and with a twist of the wrist yanked out your tooth.

Mrs. Smedley was a scrupulously clean house keeper and the plate glass in the office window was so clean you never knew whether it was up or down. This was her undoing, for one day a patient let go a lot of blood on the glass thinking it was up.

Abram thought he would take to horseback riding so he bought a quiet horse, but very often if you met him out in the country you would see him walking and leading the horse by the bridle. After he died, his son, Harry, took the office and was most successful in his profession for many years. He took an interest in borough matters and was once the Burgess, making a good record. He finally decided to

Blizzard of 1888 Tied Up Transportation In Media

CHAPTER 11

The blizzard of 1888 was one long to be remembered. It started on a Sunday night with a light snow, but before morning the snow had become very deep. It continued to snow for two days. By that time, all roads were obliterated, trains stopped running, and for days we didn't hear the sound of a locomotive whistle.

Being connected with the coal business at that time, I remember very well the difficulty we had with deliveries. We first tried putting four horses to a sled and sending out a half ton of coal to be distributed to those in need, but this proved to be impossible, and the only way we could deliver for a while was to put a man on horseback with a bag or two of coal for those who were actually

live in California, after making several annual trips. He and his wife lived in San Diego until he died.

Mark Packard was a well known man in Media. He had a large dry goods store at the corner of Front and Orange streets. He was a very austere man and almost fanatically religious. He established the Methodist Episcopal Church in South Media, now known as the Packard Memorial Church, which has continued to this day. He was opposed to any innovations. It was a long time before he would allow chandeliers in the church, and an organ was almost blasphemy, but at this time the church has all the facilities for social and religious meetings. When you entered his store, you were at once impressed with the religious atmosphere created by his presence.

suffering. It was many days before the huge drifts disappeared.

On Orange street, just south of Baltimore avenue, lived Mrs. Hoskins, a widow who had four sons, all of whom became leaders in their different lines. Mrs. Hoskins had a notion store to which she devoted her attention. Atwood, the oldest son, was a dealer in fancy pigeons and sold a great many to distant points. Horace was a veterinarian whose reputation extended all over the east, and he became quite an authority on the horse and other animals. Preston, the youngest, was a professor at Princeton University. Then came Frank, and it is he of whom I want to speak in particular.

When a young man, Frank worked in my father's shoe store on State street. He was very stud-

ious and whenever opportunity offered would be improving his mind. He also played the violin. After finishing college here, he went to Persia as a medical missionary and became quite famous there. He often was asked for his opinion by the reigning powers on important subjects. He was also a writer, and following this trend, he followed the course of the Israelites from beginning to end, taking pictures of important subjects. I saw this article in the National Geographic Magazine, and I could not help think how successful he had been.

CAUGHT IN 'FRISCO QUAKE

What a wonderful thing memory is, when people can recall people and places of years ago. I am thinking of people who lived in Media years ago.

J. Morgan Baker comes to my mind. He was warden of the prison at one time; a short, stout man who always had a pleasant smile. He had an experience that he never forgot and I will let him tell it in his own words.

"I had been to Honolulu, and reached San Francisco the night before the great earthquake. When I awoke in my room at the hotel I noticed a slight tremor, but as I have experienced shocks before, I was not alarmed until I awoke in the morning and saw the tall wardrobe of the room walking over toward me. I put up my fist to keep it from dropping on me, but soon had to get up. I went to the wash stand, and while washing my hands the plaster fell and filled it. Then I knew I had to get out, so picked up my two large handbags and went down to the office where I found many soldiers.

"I objected to the way they pushed me along with the butts of their guns, telling them I was an old man and couldn't hurry. They told me I had to get out as they

were about to dynamite the building. I went out on the steps and tried to get a conveyance to take me to the ferry. There was a mob going by, and I asked a cabbie what he would charge to take me. He said \$5.00, and I said it was too much. Presently a huckster came along with his empty wagon and he said he would take me for \$2.50.

"On up grades, I had to get out and push, and on down grades help to hold back, but we finally got there and I was among the thousands trying to get to the gate, which I did just as the gates were lowered in my face. Finally I got on the ferry and was glad to get away from that stricken city."

ELWYN PICNIC GROUNDS

One of the large picnicking grounds years ago was at Elwyn station next to Media. It was then called "Greenwood," and long trains of people would come from Philadelphia and other points to enjoy the woods at that point. I think the station standing there now was the same one put up years ago, and I imagine the only reason for keeping a station there now is the proximity of the Pennsylvania Training School for Feebleminded Children, of whom there are about 1,000.

There were no public parks then, as we have them today. We have several of them in this section today, built under county supervision. One of the best is "Glen Providence," at the west end of State street, in Media. The property on which it stands was given for the purpose by George T. Butler, and James J. Skelly.

When I was a boy I well remember going down to get "suckers" out of the little stream that still flows through Glen Providence and now ends in a very attractive little lake that has been filled with fish.

WISE INVESTMENT

Also, a large number of ducks are there which help make the park very attractive to the large number of people who use it in summer. A good deal of money has been wisely spent on it. At the top of the hill when you enter is a substantial building with all necessary facilities, a stone floor with heavy railing surrounding it which gives a good opportunity to look down over the grassy slope, where one sees rustic bridges spanning the stream, with an unusual variety of trees and flowering plants, and many birds. The park is kept in the best of order by uniformed guards who occupy an office provided for them.

The best of vocal and instrumental music is provided at weekly concerts in summer, and listened to with great pleasure by hundreds who gather on the benches or the grass.

Broadhead's Omnibus Plied Between Media and Chester

CHAPTER 12

Probably in the last 50 years, there has not been more progress made in any line equal to that of road building. In the spring, many country roads were almost impassable on account of the mud, which would last for weeks. In those times the roads were built largely by men who broke the stones with hammers and thereby paid their taxes.

Now roads are built by engineers trained for the work and the concrete roads that we now have not only enable people to travel more comfortably but in much shorter time. Nowadays, a trip to Florida or California by motor is a frequent occurrence. It is a long way from Broadhead's omnibus, that hauled people to Chester, to the wonder-

Another park now under construction is "Hemlock Park," just east of Memorial Bridge, on Baltimore Pike. The name has recently been changed to "The Samuel L. Smedley Park," in recognition of Mr. Smedley's work in this line. This park will be quite an extensive one when finished. It has ovens and benches and all other things for picnickers, and eventually will have a large swimming pool constructed.

I was recently reading about the covered bridges in this section. The number that remain are very few. Many think the covering on these were for the protection of travelers, but that is not the case. The real reason was to prevent the floor and timbers from rotting. Then, of course, they were less expensive, as the timber and labor were close at hand.

ful Greyhound buses that travel day and night over the whole country. And the railroad transportation is so different.

RAILROAD CARS DESCRIBED

In those early days the railroad cars were small wooden affairs which in winter had a large stove in either end. Of course, there were no air brakes, only hand brakes, and as the train approached the station the brakeman would hurry to the car platform to apply the brakes, sometimes bringing the train to a stop before reaching the station, and other times beyond it, and occasionally at the right spot.

The locomotives were small with large smoke stacks which emitted

clouds of smoke, very different from the beautiful streamlined trains we have today. The freight cars were entirely different, too. There were no air brakes and the brakeman usually sat on top of the car where the hand brake was applied. In coupling cars in those days, the brakeman had to walk in front of the moving car with a link in his hand and when the cars met he had to slip the pin through the link at just the right time. The coal cars were all built of wood, the smallest holding five tons. The next larger were eight wheelers that held 12 tons. Compare these with the steel cars of today holding as much as 100 tons. The Media freight house at that time was a little frame building that held one car.

MEDIA Y.M.C.A.

I imagine only a few people living today know that we once had a very complete Y.M.C.A. in Media. The house was next to where Dr. Parsons lives. It was rented and fully equipped for the purpose. Dr. Risley was president and I was made treasurer. I do not remember the others prominent in it, but I recall that Walter Corkran took an active part in it. We had classes taught by capable teachers, with frequent lectures, beside gymnasium equipment. I guess the project was too ambitious for the town at that time for after a few years it died out.

A town such as Media always has a number of characters known to nearly everybody, and we had them. Pat Cook was an Irishman who for years drove an express wagon for W. C. Broadhead. When anyone was going on a trip and took a trunk along, Pat would be called to get the trunk and he would carry it on his back to the wagon and drop it with a thud. The horse which he used for years was as much a part of the outfit

as Pat. One first of April, I saw Pat driving along State street as Tom Cooper came out of his printing office. When we saw him, he said, "Pat, some one has tried to April fool you, they tied a dog to the back of your wagon." Pat pulled up his horse, got down and walked to the back to find that Tom Cooper had really April fooled him.

Another of those early characters was Sam Bull, a man of immense size, who brought lime down from Chester County with a team he owned consisting of four horses geared tandem. Sam had a whip with a long lash which he used with great dexterity. Tom Carney was another character who would often be seen standing in the middle of the street with a long cane balanced on his outstretched arms. Tom often had too much to drink and his favorite saying was "Steady heart, steady head, steady hands." He was popular with children because he was always giving them pennies.

I don't remember where Aaron James lived, but he was an old man who had an apple orchard where William H. Miller built his home. This orchard was a great temptation to the school boys who may have thought "an apple a day keeps the doctor away," but it didn't keep Aaron away when we approached the orchard. I can still see him running toward us, armed with a big stick, as we retreated over the fence.

FIRST TELEPHONE

Our lumber yard was one of the early users of the telephone. I saw one at the Centennial Exposition in 1876, and I believe that was the first one used, running from one end of a long building to the other end, through which the voice passed. I was using it one day at the office when a man standing by

said, "Well, that's a hell of a convention."

We had an adding machine very early, too. It took father a long time to install one in the office. He hadn't much faith in them at first, and would often prove the result by going over the figures with his pencil. When the Williamson School was built beyond Elwyn, I remember sending the first load of lumber over there to build a shed.

The first time I saw Isaiah V. Williamson, the founder, was when he came over to look over the site. He got off the train at Media to see some of the railroad officials, and I was impressed with the fact that he was not warmly dressed for such a cold day. He

was extremely careful in spending money, and it was said that he often got his lunches at the cheapest lunch counters. But all this was done, no doubt, with the thought of putting everything possible in the wonderful school which has stood as a monument to him for many years.

In speaking of the telephone, I had intended to show the great difference in its use since I heard the first one, in 1876. I was in bed one morning several years ago when I had a call from the Media exchange telling me to be ready for a call from Wilmington, Calif. In a few moments I distinctly heard a voice, "Is that you father?" It was my son, Sterling, calling from California.

Poetry in Advertisements Attracted Wide Attention

CHAPTER 13

When I was in business, I took great interest in advertising and had a style of my own which was noticed from points far and near. And I guess it brought in some business. Those ads were in a poetic form, and while the main object was to attract business, I always had a little human philosophy mixed in. Curiously enough, while over 40 years ago, even yet people speak to me about them, and I used to receive letters about them from publications over the country.

Most of those advertisements were published in "The Chester Times." They told me I was their first advertiser to change the copy almost daily, instead of having a set ad. At that time, Sam Turner was the efficient manager of the Media Office. Sam was short and fat; a very agreeable person. I can see him now as he approached me

on the street wearing a smile and carrying a good sized stomach that oscillated as he walked.

BECOMES MAYOR

Sam afterward became the mayor of Chester, and his unlooked for death was a great shock to his many friends. Nan Dutton was his able assistant for many years and she was in the Media office rendering valuable service, not only in the newspaper line, but to people generally who wanted advice and assistance.

The first bicycles used were built with a large wheel in front, probably five feet in diameter, and a small wheel at the rear, two feet in diameter. To look at the thing, you would wonder how anyone would get up on it, let alone ride it. After these came the low bicycles, such as are still used. These were looked down upon at first and it was considered "sissy" to ride one.

I remember so well on State street one day seeing a prominent lawyer of the town riding along majestically. Two ladies whom he knew were on the pavement, and to be polite he took one hand off the handle bar to tip his hat, but unfortunately tipped himself on the street, much to the merriment of the ladies.

The ladies joined the men as riders, and it became a common sight to see groups of prominent men and women on an outing. Many of the ladies wore leggings to the knee with short skirts. Then motorcycles came into use and they are numerous today, making sometimes 80 miles per hour. Why this should be is hard to understand. Then came along the auto trailers. Thousands of them travel over the roads today and in many cases are the permanent homes of the owners.

TELLS TALL TALES

Bill Spencer was a carpenter, how good a one I can't know, but he certainly was a good talker. He was a Civil War veteran who always appeared in his old uniform on military occasions. According to Bill, he was in the Army as well as the Navy and the feats he performed were entirely beyond belief, and, of course, were not believed, I am sorry to say. This story is attributed to him, whether he really told it I cannot say, but here it is:

Bill said one day while in the Army he was on scouting duty in high grass, and he came upon one of the enemy so abruptly that he couldn't raise his rifle. So he grabbed his knife and slashed the man so badly that the enemy ran half a mile with his liver hanging out.

Harry Dubbs, who still lives at a good old age, is one of those faithful husbands who will receive a reward for his faithful attention to a sickly wife. Harry was a great

whistler, and I imagine he is still good at it. Years ago he worked in the undertaking establishment of William C. Rigby. His habit of whistling did not seem to be compatible with that business, and Will Rigby said to him one day, "Harry you will have to give up your whistling or give up your job." Harry at once replied, "I give up my job." That is as I heard it.

A few months ago Harry told me a remarkable story which is worth repeating.

\$1,500 DISAPPEARS

About the year 1869 his mother left \$1,500 in cash with a clerk in Hawley's hardware store. I knew this clerk well, and he afterward became a prominent lawyer in Media. When Mrs. Dubbs called for the money it had disappeared entirely, much to the distress of all concerned. A friend of Mrs. Dubbs suggested that she consult a well known fortune teller, which she did. The latter said, "Give me a dollar and I will tell you where to find it."

When Mrs. Dubbs approached the fortune teller the latter said, "you look worried, you have lost some money." Mrs. Dubbs said that was true. She then told her to go to that store and have them look in a certain drawer and the money would be there. She did as she was told, and sure enough the money was there. This seemed impossible to me but just lately Harry showed me a letter with a receipt dated in 1869 from the clerk for the money in question.

I know I spoke of automobiles earlier in this history and this led me to think of my own experience with them. I think it was about 1912 that I bought my first one, a two-seated Ford. It was a red one with a top that folded like a buggy. Whenever it rained I put up the top, unrolled the side and back curtains, fastened a rubber apron over the dash board, buckled it to each side and, looking through

the isinglass window in the apron, was ready for rainy weather. Of course, the thing had to be cranked in front, as all cars were, and if you were not careful the crank handle would fly back and sometimes break your arm. Acetylene lights were used and there was no mirror or windshield wiper. In the very early days the speed limit was eight miles per hour (if that could be reached) and before driving on a ferry boat all gasoline had to be removed. One was compelled to stop within 300 feet of a horse.

I don't know how many autos I have owned, But I can count up to 15, ranging from that little Ford to a seven-seated Marmon which at that time was about the acme in automobiles. None impressed me as much (in many ways) as that little red Ford. I remember most distinctly bringing it home. Samuel, my son, was with me, and the salesman drove us to Darby where he left us. I felt like a young mother with her first baby when the nurse left her, and she had the baby to herself. I can't remember how many times we stalled the car but we finally got home, some hours after starting.

Until I learned its peculiar disposition there were many times when I was out on the road that I would have sold it at half price had a buyer come along.

THOSE BLOWOUTS!

When a puncture occurred, it meant real work. First getting the tire off the wheel which was not easy, and then using that hand pump to inflate it. Sometimes when

you thought everything was fixed and you got in and started out, down went that old tire and everything had to be done over. It was the custom to carry a pair of overalls in the car to use when you had to "get out and get under."

After I had learned to drive it was a long time before I would drive in Philadelphia, although I would drive anywhere through the country. I finally overcame this fear and would drive anywhere. I think the longest trip I had was with my son, Sterling. We left Media one night about nine o'clock, drove all through the night with a couple of stops for rest and refreshments. We arrived at Newfound Lake, N.H., at noon the next day, having gone about 500 miles. Sterling did the driving and I will never forget that drive through the darkness when the only things we saw were the route numbers which stood out brightly, and perhaps the eyes of some fleeing small animal.

Horse and buggy days were most interesting. First the team—a one seat box body with a top that folded back when desired; the whip in its socket, a fly net over the body of the horse with tassels hanging from the fly nets on the horses ears; patent leather blinders for its eyes. In case of a shower, the rubber cover was fitted on the dashboard, and fastened by straps to the sides of the top. Perhaps there were two on the seat, she with her hat kept on her head by a long veil tied under her chin; he with a black derby hat and a three buttoned cutaway coat.

Such was the picture.

Most Parlors Were Reserved For Extraordinary Events

CHAPTER 14

So many things go with those times, one hardly knows where to begin or stop. Those were the times when twisted lamp lighters made from paper saved many a match and the lamps were often works of art. Well do I remember the first chandeliers we had in our house. They were in the parlor, and to me they were things of beauty hanging from a tinted center piece of plaster of paris on the ceiling.

In many homes parlors were only used for special occasions, but not so with ours, as my sisters and I spent many nights together in singing songs that are still fresh in my memory. Many things in that parlor stand out in my mind; that "what not" in the shape of a bass-viol, with a mirror in the center, and shelves on the sides containing various things—a stereoscope with the pictures; a little music box, vases and things brought home from travels; pieces of petrified wood and shells.

Speaking of the latter makes me think of the home of Miss Phoebe and Miss Anna Rhoads, just across the street. They had a large collection of shells formed like a pyramid on the parlor shelf. I always had the greatest desire to pull one out at the bottom and see the effect, but of course I never did. In most parlors you would find a little table with a marble top on which there were wax flowers or fruits covered by an oval glass. A cuckoo clock often stood on the mantel.

RETURN OF FEATHER BED

Those were the days of feather beds. It used to be wonderful to drop into one on a cold night. The last time I came across one was some years ago when on a lumber

inspecting tour in central Pennsylvania. We had to spend the night at a little hotel in the mountains and, lo and behold, a feather bed. That was the place where at 5 o'clock the previous afternoon the landlady appeared in the office and said, "Eat hour, hang your hats on the hooks."

I often wondered whether the "Zootrope" in those days gave someone the idea of moving pictures. This affair looked like a cheese box with vertical slits in it. A piece of paper was placed inside with a series of pictures succeeding each other. When the whole thing was whirled around you had the effect of the pictures in motion.

The Esty organ was one of the things often found, generally accompanied by a Moody and Sanky song book.

It is interesting to recall the dress of the men and women in those days. Those were the days of bustles and hoop skirts for the ladies and large hats with a small flower garden on them. Finger rings with dainty lace handkerchiefs attached to them. Indian shawls and very small parasols with long handles. Dresses reaching to the ground with several highly starched underskirts. It was highly improper to see above the shoe top. High silk hats denoted prosperity for men. Beards were worn, and big watches with large Masonic charms were carried. Any man who wore a wrist watch was considered a "sissy." Button gaiters for men were worn, but considered somewhat effeminate. High boots for men were common. I think the last man to wear them in Media for street wear was Dr. Pratt. Foot scrapers were always seen at the front door and stones at the curb on which to alight

from the carriage. Oil lamps on posts along the streets and not many of them.

I wonder what has become of all these things.

FIRES CAUSE DAMAGE

I was thinking of the fires that occurred on my properties. The first one was a fire that did a great deal of damage to the home in which I now live. The circumstances are very vivid. I was up on State street and had hitched my horse to a post when I heard the fire bell ring at the fire house close by. I thought to myself, I'll see the new steamer go by. When it came opposite, I called to one of the firemen, "Where is the fire?" He answered, "down at your house."

I lost no time in getting there, and the fire was in full swing. The Media Fire Co. was on hand and had a ladder to the second story window and were delivering articles to the ground. The fire started in a partition and ate out the center of the house. Of course, we had to seek new quarters and moved the whole family across the street to "The Colonial Hotel" kept by N. F. Wagner and were comfortable there for some weeks.

One night, after midnight, Grant Reilly, who had just gotten off the midnight train, awoke me and told me that my warehouse at Morton was burning, so down I went to find it in ruins. One Easter Sunday night I had been singing in the choir at the Methodist Church. While walking home on State street some one ran up to me and said, "I think your lumber yard is on fire." He was right, as I found upon arriving there. A large shed filled with lumber was consumed.

One Sunday morning I heard the fire bell ring and was told by some one that my block plant was burning. That was correct, too. The building was a large frame

one built of two by six hemlock nailed together. It was down in an hour. I could tell you of others, but what's the use. I always carried ample insurance. Speaking of insurance, about the year 1914 one of the pleasant things of my life took place. Edward F. Henson, president of the Pennsylvania Mutual Lumbermen Fire Co., surprised me by asking me to become a director of the company. I was duly elected and at this time hold the office of 1st vice president.

BECOMES DIRECTOR

My association with it through these years could not be more pleasant. Mr. Henson died, and Justin Peters became president. He and I were close friends. At his death, Herman J. Pelstring became president. "Pelly" started as errand boy and reached the highest position by his work and devotion to the company. He is most capable, and has introduced many new things that have made the company an outstanding one.

At a meeting of the Pennsylvania Retail Coal dealers, held at Reading, I don't know how many years ago, the state association was formed, and I was elected treasurer, a position I held for several years. This was an active trade association. Some years later, I was made president of the Pennsylvania Retail Lumbermen's Association. It also was an active association and it had many pleasant summer outings. At this writing I am the oldest living ex-president of the association which has grown to be a large one.

The lumber yard at Media Station, which I eventually owned, belonged to Eves and Brinton. It was sold on a Saturday. My father bought it, and on the following Monday morning he and I took up the business without the least knowledge of it. Jesse Abel was our efficient manager, as he had been with the firm for several years. This was in 1879. The business

passed through the family and I relinquished it after 50 years.

A number of years previous to relinquishing it, I rented a similar yard at Morton, Pa. and carried on that business for 15 years in connection with the Media yard. I had efficient help in George Stewart and Mrs. Worrell. I almost had a third yard at West Chester, Pa. This was owned by an old Quaker friend of mine David Scott. David would often say to me, "Frank, I'm

getting too old to be in business, I wish thee would rent my yard." I had no thought of it at first but after many importunities and visits to the yard I decided to rent it.

When I told David of my decision he said, "Frank, I don't think I can let thee have it." Bob Kay, his son-in-law, told me he wouldn't advise him in the matter as he felt that either keeping it or letting it go might cause David's death, which did occur soon after.

Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club Believed Oldest in Nation

CHAPTER 15

One of my friends who knew I was writing this history suggested that I speak about the Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club, as it is close to Media. I followed the advice and went up to the club and got most of the information from a book written by George E. Darlington, Esq. This book was kept under lock and key and I was fortunate in seeing it.

Delaware County has long been noted for foxes and fox hunting. It, with Chester County, are the two most prominent counties in the state for the sport. Darlington and J. Howard Lewis were probably the founders of the club, which I understand is the oldest club in the country, and has one of the few figure eight tracks. It is for running horses, no sulkies. The setting of the ground is magnificent. On a cool October day at race time one sees the most gorgeous display of hills and valleys covered with grass and beautifully tinted leaves on the many trees.

George W. Hill was the first master of hounds, and he furnished many of the dogs. His hunting coat of red, with whip, horn and other items, hang in a glass case on the wall of one of the rooms of the clubhouse.

FEARLESS RIDERS

The Moon family had packs of hounds as far back as 1845. They were fearless riders in their days. Among them, the Pratts, Wash Bishop, of Upper Providence, and Jess Bishop, of Thornbury, each had fine packs of hounds.

The club was founded in 1859 at the Rose Tree Inn, J. Morgan Baker being landlord of the tavern as well as the owner. He was also the first treasurer. The president was Lewis, and the secretary, Darlington. Every member was a trained and active hunter.

Among the early members were Pratt Bishop, Thomas and Wash Bishop, Gideon Malin, John J. Rowland, Fairman Rogers and J. E. Farnum. Among the well known hunting places were Hunting Hill, Cedar Barrens, Castle Rock, Snake House Woods and Painters Woods.

The most famous was Castle Rock. This was densely wooded and was located on the Old King's Highway. Here originated the story of "Sandy Flash," a noted robber portrayed in Bayard Taylor's "Story of Kennett."

ANNUAL CHRISTMAS HUNT

From 1853, Lewis for 10 years always had a Christmas hunt from his home on Paper Mill Road, where he kept a den for the hunt-

ers. Sunday mornings it was a meeting place for men like Sam Lewis, General Beale, Darlington, George W. Hill, Dr. Huideroper, George Lewis, Fall Lewis, Jared Darlington, W. H. Corlies, W. M. Sharpless, William Little and others.

Edward Lewis had a home on Ridley Creek, where the water works are now situated. Here cider and ginger cakes were found in abundance to welcome the hunters.

As stated, Baker came to the Rose Tree Inn in 1859, it having been built years before. It had been purchased from the Cummins family and after passing through various hands came into the possession of Darlington, in 1872, being held in trust by him. Then Benjamin Rogers became the landlord, having had the Lamb Tavern since 1868. He was known as the "Quaker Landlord." He was very abstemious, didn't drink himself and when anyone applied for a drink and showed signs of already having too much, Benny would always say, "You'd better have a parella."

In one of my visits to the club to get information, I met Spencer Miller, a man whom I had known all my life. Spencer gave me a full account of something I had only known in part, the story of Dr. Huideropers horse "Pandora." Here is the story:

George Hill, whose name has come up before, was once the proprietor of the Black Horse Hotel. He bought horses and cattle and had public sales at that hotel. Those sales attracted many buyers. At one of the sales there was a big handsome gray horse that was wild and entirely unmanageable and nobody bid on it until J. Howard Lewis saw it. He said to Hill, "George, I can manage that horse." And George said, "All right, Howard, you can buy her." And this he did.

CAN'T HANDLE HORSE

But Howard found he could not do anything with the horse singly,

so he geared her alongside an old horse and used to drive the team to Philadelphia Market. Here it was Dr. Huideroper, of the Veterinary Department of the University of Pennsylvania, saw the horse. He was taken with the horse at first sight, and told Howard he would like to buy her, as he knew he could handle her. Howard willingly sold the horse to Huideroper and he named her "Pandora."

The horse became noted at the Rose Tree, for Huideroper could ride her and the horse became a noted jumper. After Huideroper decided to get rid of her, which he did by deftly using a sharp knife at the proper place, "Pandora" was no more.

SERVES HORSE STEAKS

Huideroper conceived the idea of giving a big dinner in Philadelphia to a large number of his medical friends. Many from Rose Tree Club were guests. On the menu were some steaks that the diners enjoyed very much, but little did they know they were "Pandora" steaks until after they had eaten them, and then they saw the door open and two men bore in the head of "Pandora" on a large silver platter.

It was said that many of the diners lost their appetites at once, and that was not the only thing they lost.

Across Providence road from the present clubhouse was a half-mile circular track laid out and built by Baker. I remember that track well from the fact that a sort of fair was being held there at one time and there was a live buffalo there, the first I had ever seen.

The club house today is very comfortable and entirely suited to its purpose. Stuffed fox heads adorn the walls and pictures of fox hunts and other paintings pertaining to the sport. Old mugs abound and much silverware in the shape of prizes, as well as that used at banquets.

In writing about Media I have tried to incorporate any incident that might add to the interest of the story. One such came to my attention.

Mrs. Minnie V. S. Cully has lived in Media all her life, and at this writing she is 82 years old and has a most interesting story of her grandfather, Felix Velott, who might possibly have been Louis XVII of France.

HELPS BOY ESCAPE

Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette were executed in France in 1795. It is maintained that the son of Louis XVI was taken out of Temple Prison after the execution by Barrass, of the Revolution Committee, acting upon the request of Josephine, the French Creole who later married Napoleon. She sympathized with Dauphin, the son. Another boy was taken into the prison and substituted for Dauphin. When this boy died through illness, the little French King was supposedly taken away in a coffin. One of Josephine's ladies in waiting, Mlle. Lenormand, helped in the escape and took the boy to Martinique with a servant Laurent who brought the boy to Philadelphia.

Velott remembered that he had been taken to the mob-thronged square where a man died on the guillotine. Later he remembered a long sea voyage and a plantation in the West Indies. Then he clearly recalled a candle-lighted room in Philadelphia where he was turned over to the French Consul.

For a year, probably 1796, Felix lived with a family by the name

of Rose, in Philadelphia where he attended a private school. He spoke no English, and made few friends, so it was decided to put him with an American family. Velott told Mrs. Cully that Rose took him to market in Philadelphia where he talked with Elisha Worrall, a farmer from Delaware County.

When the boy finished school he helped Worrall on the farm and later worked for Dr. George Smith. In 1826, he married Abigail Dizer, a niece of Worralls, and Mrs. Cully has a photographic copy of the marriage certificate stating they were married at 157 S. 9th st., Philadelphia, by a preacher named Dagg.

Felix bought a large stone mansion with 140 acres near Crum Creek. This house is now owned and occupied by a friend of mine, Judge E. LeRoy Van Roden, and it has changed but little in the last 100 years. Vett wanted to know who paid for his board and education while in America, but never found out, the records having disappeared years ago.

Mrs. Cully has little doubt that the boy, Felix, was Louis XVII, and just recently saw a portrait of the Dauphin painted late in the 18th century by David Court, artist to Louis XVI. This portrait has a strong likeness to Felix Velott, and while Mrs. Cully said that the foregoing might be a mistake, she still says that no finer man lived than her grandfather, Felix Velott.

Well, that's the story you may take it or leave it.

Centennial Greatest Event In History of the Borough

CHAPTER 16

The Centennial Celebration was the greatest event of the kind Media ever had. It started on Saturday, June 3, 1950, and ended

June 10, and the event of each day was a great success. Preparations commenced fully one year ahead and each worked, leaving no stone unturned, to make it a success.

TOWN JAMMED

Never had so many people congregated in our town and the traffic question almost baffled those in charge, but careful arrangements carried the day. The outcome financially was a thing almost unheard of. The amount of money taken in was enough to return several thousand dollars to the givers.

The weather was most propitious, rain fell only one day, which did not interfere to much extent. The general chairman was Burgess J. Fred Schultz who gave himself unreservedly to the work. He with his able assistant Secretary Edward V. Struper proved themselves able to carry on the work of their offices. The vice-president was Hugh Bonner, assistant secretary, Patricia A. Booth, treasurer George A. Rigby, public relations director Crosby L. Smith and Edward J. Young, office director.

A large list of well-known people comprised the executive committee. Various committees did an enormous amount of work needed to make the affair the success it was.

BIG PARADE

The first day of the celebration, Saturday, June 3, James J. Skelly was the chairman of the day, and the parade started at 2 p.m., being an imposing affair consisting of Army and Navy detachments. The Veterans Organization, American Legion and VFW comprised the Media honor unit. Among the organizations was a combat team from Fort George Meade, a Navy detail from Philadelphia Naval Base, military reserve units, 114th Bomb Group, 6th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers and what seemed to be an endless line of war equipment that rolled over the streets, showing the readiness of our country for any emergency.

MANY BANDS

The musical organizations consisting of bands and drum corps

added very much to the parade. On Sunday, June 4, Rev. William H. Michaels being chairman, services were held in the various churches of the borough with special reference to the centennial. The 21st annual reunion of the 6th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry took place, also a memorial service at 2 p.m. at the courthouse plaza conducted by Jacob S. Haugh, chaplain. In the evening services were held at Glen Providence Park, with Dr. Francis Harvey Green as the speaker, with a combined chorus being featured. Monday, June 5, was County Day. Frank A. Snear was chairman. In the morning bus tours were made to Broadmeadows Prison Farm and to Fair Acres Farm. At 2 p.m. there was fancy riding by the Pennsylvania State police.

ANOTHER PARADE

In the evening there was a parade to Glen Providence Park featuring the U.S. Air Force Band. Gov. James H. Duff was the speaker. At 7.30 the band gave a fine concert and the day ended with a fireworks display. Tuesday, June 6, was Youths Day. M. James Parson and Rev. Geo. W. Shay were co-chairmen. There was an art exhibition, orchestral and choral music at the Media Public School, Folk lore dancing, a baseball game and a costume ball. Wednesday, June 7, was Civic Day with Walter M. Strine as Chairman. At 1 p.m. the Glen Mills School cadets gave a band concert and drill at the school grounds. Neighboring high school bands also participated. At 9 p.m. there was a twilight parade to Glen Providence Park, the guest of honor being Miss Greater Media.

WOMEN'S DAY

Thursday, June 8, was Women's Day, with Mrs. Walter P. Bodine Chairman. Historical pilgrimages, a luncheon at Methodist Church, a Red Cross exhibit, exhibits by local artists, demonstration of crafts,

Girl Scout exhibit, evening parade, floats and costumes, promenade of yesterday and play at Providence Park, "Media through the Years," were featured.

Guest of honor was Miss Nan Dutton. Friday, June 9 was Borough Day, and Charles Neville was chairman. A visit to home of Minshall Painter, who gave the borough its name, was featured, and the museums and buildings at Tyler Arboretum were open. Awards for best decorated houses were made, and there was a reception for former Medians at borough hall. Award of the grand prize in the beard growing contest also was made. There was a parade of fraternal orders.

The Mounted Lu Lu Temple paraders were the highlight of the parade and their drill at the ball field was beautiful. Their famous band and choir entertained. There was an industrial exhibit at the armory.

FIREMEN'S DAY

Saturday, June 10 was Firemen's Day. Joseph Abernathy was chair-

man. There were more people in Media on this day than ever before. The main streets were crowded and fire companies and their equipment extended out Baltimore pike almost to Swarthmore.

The size of the parade was beyond expectation and the line of parade was constantly changed to give the paraders enough streets to parade on. The policing of the town was a very serious problem but was successfully carried out by the addition of many public citizens who gave their services. The congestion of automobiles was even a greater problem. Many had to park entirely outside the town.

The parade itself, led by our own fire company, was the largest ever held in Media and the work of the day was a credit to the town company. The Ladies Auxiliary of Delaware County Fire Companies added greatly to the event.

Forty planes of Delaware County Flying Club circled over the paraders. So ended an event that will long be the talk of the people of Media.

Many Persons Left Media To Make Successful Careers

CHAPTER 17

I was thinking recently of some of those people who left Media to make their homes in other places. I have already spoken of a few.

Some years ago the Martin family lived in Media. The father had a fine position with John Wanamaker, and at one time was proprietor of the Charter House. There were several children in the family, but I want to speak particularly of two of them—Jessie and Catherine—both very bright girls.

Jessie was my secretary when I was chairman of the Peace Jubilee

Committee of Delaware County. Catherine was the older of the two, and was quite a pianist.

As I remember, Mrs. Martin was quite a singer and Mary, the oldest daughter, taught music, so you see there was talent in the family.

BACK TO THE GIRLS

But to get back to the girls; they were ambitious and decided to go to California to get into the movies. I may not be correct about all the details, but I think I am right in the main. The girls did not have an overabundance of money, but they had an uncle living in Los

Angeles, and they felt that he would help them financially, if necessary.

On the train going west they got acquainted with a gentleman who saw considerable of them and became interested in their purpose. He told them when they reached their destination to get in touch with him if they needed advice. Upon arriving at Los Angeles, they found their uncle was not there and they never learned of his whereabouts. On their arrival they tried to get into the movies but this was not easy. They did some work in this line, but it was uncertain and did not bring in much money. However, they secured a little home and Jesse secured a piano and they managed to get along after a fashion.

MARRIES CATHERINE

Now comes the romance. The gentleman they met on the train was the Pacific Coast manager of Marshall, Field & Co., of Chicago, a man of high standing and ample means, and he eventually married Catherine.

Among Catherine's positions before she was married was that of private secretary to Schenck, the movie producer. My wife and daughter were with me in California at that time, and through Catherine we were permitted to see the filming of a picture, which was most interesting.

LUNCH TIME

I well remember when the whistle sounded for lunch that day, all hands hurried to the dining room, dressed and undressed in garbs they had on at the time.

Catherine and her husband visited us on a trip East. We were much impressed with her husband and found Catherine to be the same attractive and vivacious girl whom we knew years before. Jessie was fortunate in her experience, too.

She married the district attorney of San Francisco.

SON OF CONTRACTOR

Howard Worrall was the son of Win Worrall, one of the reliable contractors of Media. Howard was a clerk in one of the banks of Media, and having saved some money, decided to take a trip. So he started and arrived in Chicago, became acquainted with a young man who lived in Minneapolis whose father was a minister there. When the young man went home, Howard went with him. Upon meeting the minister, he made a very good impression and secured a position in a bank at Minneapolis.

But the urge of travel was upon him, and next we find him on the Pacific Coast, taking a boat for Honolulu.

MEETS DOLE

Aboard ship was Dole, head of the pineapple company, bearing his name. Howard was one of those likable fellows and happened to get acquainted with Dole, who asked him to enter the service of his company, which he did upon their arrival.

Success followed success as Howard eventually filled one of the high offices of the company, and afterward married a young woman who made him an excellent wife. He was not only prominent in the business world, but also in politics and religious work, being the head of the YMCA movement. He was also successful financially and altogether made a name for himself of which his many friends were proud.

NATIONAL GUARD

This is a little account of our National Guard in Media. The company has born several names since its organization in 1877 as "The Cooper Rifles," named after Thomas V. Cooper, a man prominent in politics at that time. It next became Co. "G" 11th Infantry, and

finally Co. "M," 11th Infantry. Here it lost itself as the men were inducted into the U. S. Army. It was always an active company and answered many calls.

In 1892, it was sent to help quell a riot and strike at Homestead Steel Works. I remember the departure very well, as my cousin, Charles D. Williamson, was one of the members. Then they were also called out for a coal strike that year. More important things followed, for in 1916 they were sent to the Mexican border in the war against Spain.

GO TO FRANCE

And in 1917 they were sent to France.

I well remember a number of men belonging to the company. Jack Jones was the first sergeant, and these notes were secured from him through his son, Bob, who much later was a captain of the company. When the company went to the Mexican border, it was sent to police Pancho Valley, first going to Camp Stewart, Texas.

When the trouble occurred at the European front the guard was again called, but the married men were discharged. In the group that went over, some never returned, Charles Laxton and Alfred Higgins losing their lives in France.

The Spanish-American War was also participated in by the Media boys, many family names being in the group. Although the company was recruited from all over the county, Media contributed the largest part. A. Wilson Mathues, Judge Frank Perrin, Lew Copple, Chris Reeves, Ed Clarke, Win and George Jones, Gerald Robinson, Walter Johns, William Wescott, Bob Jones and Fred Schultz.

Col. Frank P. Haller commanded the company in the border conflict, as well as in the World War, and is still living. The company, now filled with young men, is ready

at this time to move to Indian-town Gap, where suitable quarters have been built for them to undergo at least a year's training. On Feb. 3, a dinner was given for the boys at the Armory.

On Feb. 27 they boarded cars at Media and started for camp. So the Cooper Rifles graduated into the U. S. Army.

All this I have been writing about pertains principally to Media and its people, and I thought of some poetry I composed that fits in very well and here it is.

TEARS THINGS DOWN

The man who's always talking against his own home town is the one who never builds things up but always tears them down. There's not a thing that pleases him and not a thing goes right, if all folks talked as he did, there'd be an awful blight. You'll notice when there are things to do and some are called to boost, this type of man lets others scratch while he sits on the "roost." That man is no true citizen who has no tinge of pride for the town in which he spends his life and where his friends reside. To merely live in any place and only hang your hat is to show but little judgment and very poor at that. There's one thing sure about this thing that we must bear in mind, a place will go to pieces when all folks are resigned. One must be true to family, to church and public good, and not find fault with others who've done the best they could. If in the town in which you live all things seem dreadfully tame, the ones who show no interest are just the ones to blame. The place that's filled with happy homes is where contentment reigns, where each desires to win esteem and friendship never wanes. You'll find all kinds of structures as o'er this world you roam, you'll find men to build your houses, but you must make your home.

Razing of Jail at Media Brings Back Many Memories

CHAPTER 18

The county jail stood until the year 1952 when it was torn down, having been empty for several years. To take it down was a big job, for when it was built stone masons built well. Beside the jail, the wall had to be taken down and hauled away, ready for the two county buildings that are being erected. One of the main purposes of these buildings is to store court records which have accumulated for years. I remember the old jail very well and always entered it with a feeling of awe. Fortunately I was not detained there. I was often a member of a singing group who sung hymns for the prisoners on Sunday afternoons. Whether they considered this an addition to their sentence or not I do not know, but we always managed to get out. At one time Judge Roger Fronefield asked me if I would accept the position of warden but I declined as I did not think I could fill the position. A fine home was built next to the jail for the warden, but this became the home for delinquent children.

WELL-KNOWN STORES

The store of John C. Beatty was afterward that of William F. Campbell, situated at South avenue and State street. This was principally a feed store with farm and garden implements. Will Calvert had charge of the store for many years. Halderman's store at the corner of State and Olive was considered quite an emporium in those days. It had a grocery department besides a dry goods department. The proprietors of the store were Tom and Larry Halderman and Lizzie. Halderman took care of the dry goods department.

COURTHOUSE LIBRARY

In the courthouse is a room which is known by comparatively few people. It is the library on the third floor—a large well lighted room—the floor of which is covered by beautiful rugs and the furniture is of the best. There are about 15,000 books with new ones coming in almost daily, according to information given by the efficient caretaker, Mrs. Charles Hawlings. Of course this room is principally for the use of members of the legal profession, but residents of the county have access to it during the regular hours. It is maintained principally as a place for study. On the walls of the room are the portraits of all the present judges and a number of the early judges.

The First National Bank of Media opened its doors on March 21, 1864 and the deposits that day amounted to \$14,623.00. It has been in operation longer than any other business in the town and became the first bank in Delaware County to operate as a national bank. It has been most successful, never having failed to pay its dividend. It has repeatedly been compelled to increase its personnel, install modern operating methods and machines and to provide larger quarters for its workers.

In 1870 the lot where it now stands was purchased. At that time it occupied a store opposite the present site. Isaac Haldeman was the first president and served until his death in 1878. Joseph Hawley was elected the first cashier and served until his election to the presidency in 1894.

SECOND PRESIDENT

In 1878 Thomas J. Haldeman was elected the second president, suc-

ceeding his father and served until 1894. In 1899 the present building was planned and work commenced, the final cost being approximately \$50,000. William H. Miller was elected the fourth president and served until 1925. I was secretary at that time, having come on the board in 1907 and can see Mr. Miller open the meetings by tapping the table with his lead pencil. The bank gave liberally of its resources and the time of its employees in assisting the finances of World War 1. In 1925 Robert Fussell was elected the fifth president and served until 1940. George A. Rigby was elected the seventh cashier and served until 1945 at which time he became vice-president.

REMODELED

In 1926 the bank building was remodeled and greatly increased in size. Deposits at that time were 3 million. In 1940 Edward Shirley Borden was elected the sixth president and served until 1945 at which time he voluntarily retired and became the first vice-president. In 1944 the capital stock was increased in the amount of \$100,000.00, making the new amount 300 thousand dollars. In 1945 Richard G. Burn became the seventh president and still retains that office. Edward H. Rigby became the eighth cashier and is the incumbent. Springfield had been badly in need of a bank for years. On Sept. 5, 1951 a bank was opened there as a branch of the First National Bank of Media. It is staffed by Springfield people and is growing very fast.

MEDIA CLINIC

This institution is situated on W. Baltimore avenue and was established in 1948. Its aim is to practice medicine as a group, so that the people of Media and vicinity would have medical specialists available in one building, thus making it more convenient for the patients. When it was established, there were two internists, one pediatrician, two

surgeons, an ophthalmologist, radiologist, otolaryngologist and obstetrician-gynecologist, all on part time basis. Since then other physicians have joined the group, many of them spending full time at the clinic.

The clinic has a complete laboratory as well as a complete x-ray equipment and a part time physiotherapist. In September, 1952 an addition was started which is to be completed in the following spring. There is no plan to make this a hospital. One of the members of any of the specialties is available at any time. The doctors all practice by appointment and make home calls. In the event that a patient is referred to the clinic for consultation by another physician, he is always returned to his own physician.

'HARD WORK'

This thing of doing nothing is sometimes hard work. I don't think any man who has his health should put himself in that position. He might not have a steady job yet there are many ways for him to help his fellowmen and make somebody happy.

I am reminded of the old man who was asked how he spent his time. He answered "I just sit and think" and when asked what he did when he didn't think, he answered "I just sit."

Now that's the trouble, there are too many "sitters" and too many "thinkers" who never become "doers." That was not the case when Media was started, as things developed rapidly. People commenced to move in from the country. It was a common thing to see hay wagons filled with household belongings of every description, and there was usually a dog tied under the wagon.

NEW HOUSES

New houses commenced to be built and that was the beginning of an era which has developed like

mushrooms. A new idea has now come into play- "centers." They are springing up everywhere. They often cost several millions to build but a million dollars does not seem to be as much as it used to be although there are quite a lot of people who don't have a million. These centers consist of a shopping area, stores, dwellings, sometimes a "movie" house, swimming pools, playgrounds etc. I just heard of one costing 20 millions which may be built a few miles from Media. Everything has to give way for progress. At Wallingford, the Sykes property which was widely noted for its magnificent trees and flowers is fast disappearing as fine houses are being erected.

One thing that amazes me is the large number of new people in this town. As I sat in my car on State street the other day, of all the people who passed by in about five minutes. I only knew one. This seems impossible. Then in contrast

Presbyterian Church Makes Lasting Impression On All

CHAPTER 19

The Presbyterian Church of Media is well known to people living all over the country because it is on the route used by motorists from far and near. One could not help being impressed by this wonderful old church with its beautiful fluted pillars, everything in white. I have a vivid recollection of all the ministers and strange to say, there have only been five. Rev. J. W. Dale was the pastor from 1852 to 1874. He was a fine looking man and a polished gentleman. He had three children. Annie, who became a foreign missionary, was a very attractive young woman. Another older daughter and Jim, a son. The next minister was Rev. E. H.

to this, I thought of people I did know but did not expect to see.

One time I was writing a letter in a hotel room in Seattle, Wash. Seated opposite at the same desk was a young man also writing. We got in conversation, he found out my name and told me his was Rudd. I said "that's an uncommon name." I only knew one man of that name. He answered he was that Holly Rudd of Media. Strange, wasn't it?

Another time I was in Paris and was going up the Eiffel Tower. In this tower there are four elevators that take you up 250 ft. when you go farther up on a single elevator. Passengers going up pass those coming down, and I passed Mr. McCalla of Wallingford, coming down. When I saw him afterward I said it was most unusual to meet a friend three thousand miles from home and 250 ft. in the air. It only shows that Media is not only known in foreign lands but also in the air.

Robbins, 1874 to 1886. My memory of Mr. Robbins was not very extensive but I think he was well liked and I think fine looking. Now, the next minister, Rev. David Tully, I knew quite well. Everybody loved him and he was very popular with the town people. I think he built one of the first houses in Springfield. He was pastor from 1886 to 1901. He lived a long life, almost 100, I think. He used to say that all his friends had passed on and he thought the Lord had forgotten him. The Rev. S. H. Leeper was pastor from 1904 to 1929 and made many friends during his pastorate. Rev. Charles V. Hassler became pastor in 1930 and stills holds that position. His pas-

torate was broken by a call as chaplain in the U. S. Army. He was sent to a number of countries and acquitted himself with honor. Under his pastorate the membership of the church has increased, a good sized choir is ably conduct-

ed by Mr. Charles and the unusually fine organ is most ably played by the regular organist, Mrs. Strine. The church has recently been painted and decorated and altogether is an asset to Media and vicinity.

'Stroll' Through Old Town Revives Pleasant Memories

CHAPTER 20

Let's take an imaginary walk over a part of Media. Where will we start I guess it will be at State and Monroe streets. There was a grocery store there kept by Morgan Wood, who married Carrie Malin. Morgan was a big man, always pleasant. He wore a friendly smile and a white apron, a little soiled. Now, if you look across the street you will see a large three story brick building owned by Will Carey. He and his brother, George, were tinsmiths. Next to them, I believe, was a substantial stone garage built by Charlie Worrirow, who had a nice home in Middletown. Maxwell Smith's father had a real estate office next to that. Maxwell is now president of the Keystone Auto Club. Let's move on.

Soon we reached Harry Pratt's harness shop, already spoken of. At this point, I faintly remember a path that I used to take to South Media. Very few houses on the way. Right across the street was the firehouse which is still there. Now, back again to the Ledger Building where Blain Dixon managed the Media Ledger for Jack Robinson. Blain had two attractive daughters, and one was a good singer. I am a little hazy about this section, but Max Lampert, who owns the Washington Market, started business in a little store near where Snowden's is now. A little farther on was the P.O.,

now occupied by John Abernathy, who afterward sold it and bought a farm over near Oxford, which I think is a milk farm.

SON CARRIES ON

Across the street, a little to the east is the printing shop of A. P. Ottey, a good Methodist brother, who had the shop for many years. When he died Harry his son carried on the business. Back again, across the street was the cigar store of Birdsall and Adams of which Adams was the active member. If you will look across the street, Pennell Webster had a milk store, but not many of you will remember that. Pennell was an honest man who seemed to thrive on a small business. I forgot to say that next to Birdsall and Adams, John Kirchnick had a jewelry store. On a trip John made to Europe, he brought back a large street clock which was quite renowned. It kept good time, but its time had come when a truck backed into it and messed things up so it could not do its job.

The post office for several years was situated where Snowden's store stands. At that time, Miranda Williamson and Miss Hattie Gault were postmistresses. Hoopes and Newbold were bankers where the Bell Telephone building now stands. Samuel Dutton worked for them. Emma Valentine had a trimming store on State street. At the corner of State and Orange, Emil

